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The Interview

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FEATURES

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The 22-year-old wunderkind still wields the hottest trumpet on the scene today: witness his double-Grammy win this year, the first artist ever to be cited in both the jazz and classical instrumental soloist categories. Here, in a detailed conversation with Howard Mandel, Marsalis sets the record straight on some of his previously misconstrued quotes, and charts his future course.

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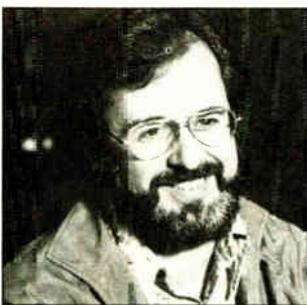
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Phil Collins



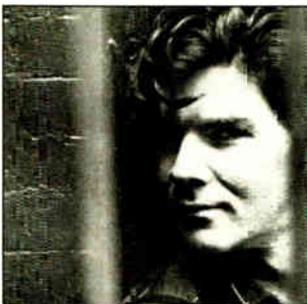
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down beat

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I'm about to expose myself; to lay open the secret, heretofore hidden recesses of my soul; to make myself completely and utterly vulnerable. I'm going to tell you about my personal listening habits.

But first, let's talk about you. When do you listen to music? Is it an avocation or an addiction? Of minor importance or major concern? And how do you listen to music? For relaxation? Inspiration? Entertainment? Background sounds? To dance? To meditate? To kill time?

I find that I listen with more than two sets of ears, depending upon the situation, the place, my mood, and the music. Due to my job (and my ever-present curiosity—I definitely fall into the "addict" category) I'm obliged to listen to a lot of music I might not otherwise come in contact with. There's a lot of bad music that's been created over the years and is being made today; music which doesn't deserve to be recorded; which only gluts the market, the airwaves, the clubs; which confuses buyers, misleads listeners, wastes their time and mine. On the other hand, there's an awful lot of good music out there—not only new sounds of up-to-the-minute origin, but also time-

less sounds from the past that deserve to be heard.

In fact, there's so much good music available that listening often seems incredibly frustrating. Like the little boy in the candy store, there's an embarrassment of riches to be sampled and so little time to get to them. It's important to me, personally and professionally, to keep up on everything that's happening now, and believe me, that's a full-time 24-hour-a-day job. But given the time and the instigation, I sometimes think I'd love to devote all my listening to discovering and recovering great music of the past. So it's frustrating not only to think of all the music that I don't have time to hear, but also to think that so much worthwhile music will be ignored or forgotten simply because of the passage of time. Good music doesn't become less good as time goes by, nor can it be superseded by the new. Does the existence of Stockhausen negate Scarlatti, or Carla Bley lessen Don Redman? Aesthetic values notwithstanding, trendiness is one of our century's gravest sins.

Left to my own devices, and not the demands of my job, I find I listen in

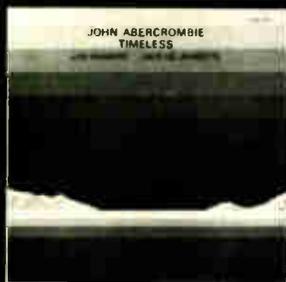
cycles. I may go months with no desire whatsoever to hear Mozart or Prokofiev, Ellington or Coltrane (is this heresy? see what I mean about exposing myself?)—and then a time will come when I feel an almost physical need to digest their entire creative outputs, for intellectual and emotional reasons. They say that your body knows when it needs a certain type of food or mineral to remain healthy, and that it sends a subconscious signal when it registers a lack; I feel a similar acute craving for particular musicians or certain musics at various times. Those artists I love most (love need not be logical; remember, we're not talking about respect or enjoyment now, but unabashed love)—like, for a partial but potent sample, Pee Wee Russell, Monk, Bach, Mahler, Hodges, Billie, Bloomfield, Miles—I can return to after a long period of neglect without feeling guilty; they're dear friends, after all, and friends understand such treatment.

I find that, whether due to my personal training or my own internal resonance, I listen to most everything with an automatically critical ear, to store facts, details, opinions about what I hear. At the same time, I hear with an ear for immediate emotional response—"I like that." "That's boring."—that precedes, though hopefully never overrides, my critical response. The process that follows involves combining the two.

I need repeated listenings to *know* some music, but often can enjoy things on the first crack. Of course, some pieces demand rehearing, while others dismiss themselves immediately.

To answer those questions I asked you: Yes, to all of the above. I listen to some music solely to dance, some to relax, some as sheer uninvolved background, all to learn what can be accomplished within the creative confines of the heart and mind. I listen to jazz, rock, classical, ethnic, r&b, blues, and practically any and every kind of music I can get my hands on. And I believe what Duke Ellington said is true: There are only two kinds of music—good and bad. Bad music can't be defined. Good music, whatever the source, is life-sustaining. **db**

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CHORDS & DISCORDS

Pat on the back

As a professional musician here in the Apple, I've been reading *down beat* for a number of years now, and can usually be lumped with the complainers who bemoan the move from "jazz" to "contemporary" (i.e. rock) music. However, I don't fancy myself as narrow-minded as some of your letter writers seem to be (I do like rock; I just read about it in other places, reserving **db** for the jazzers).

But being curious about the Police, I found myself intrigued by the intro to the Stewart Copeland interview in the May issue. I soon found myself absorbed. The writer, Charles Doherty, really did his homework, offering perceptive and enlightening insights into "the man and his music," as they say.

I hope more articles of this caliber will be forthcoming in **db**; if so, you won't find me screaming, "Can contemporary, just jazz please," cause I'll be the first in line at the newsstand to pick up my issue each month.

PS: Also, thanks for the story on John Gilmore in the same issue. This tenor titan has been overlooked for way too long.

Pat O'Conner

New York City

Spit who?

I am 13 years old and a rock & roll drummer and a big fan of the Police and Stewart Copeland, of course. I read everything written about him. I always thought *down beat* was a jazz magazine and never read it until I saw the Stewart Copeland issue (May '84). Wow! What a great interview! I learned more about Stewart and his music than in any of the dozens of other stories that I have read about him.

Some of the other stories in *down beat* were good, too. You guys should write more about my other favorite musicians like Phil Collins, Simon Phillips, Terry Bozzio, Freddy Steady, and Spit Stix, and I'll keep buying your magazine.

Steve Bailey

San Bernadino, CA

Your wish is our command. Check out the feature on Phil Collins in this issue.—Ed.

Pop exposure

I wonder if all the jazz people who complain about the pop music featured in *down beat* have stopped to think how this practice can actually help jazz. I think if **db** was an all-jazz magazine, it would automatically alienate itself from other readers; in other words, only jazz people would read it. By featuring other styles as well, not only do jazz people read **db**, but also fans of the other styles; thus more types of people are exposed to the

jazz in the magazine, increasing the chance that they'd become interested in a jazz artist and take in a performance or buy a record.

Exposure is the key word—**db** provides it for the jazz musician not only to the jazz audience, but to other people as well, and that's the only way jazz is going to make any headway in popularity.

Jim Snedeker

Plainsboro, NJ

Blissful over Brecker

I have been closely familiar with **db** for the past two decades. Your recent article on Randy Brecker (**db**, May '84) by Jeff Levenson was excellent—clear and refreshing.

On far too many occasions I am disinterested in jazz articles because of a strong temptation of authors to translate and interpret. Levenson managed to transmit Brecker's personality and music; I attained a sense of Brecker the musician and man.

I am looking forward to reading more by this author. Keep up the good work.

John Bliss

New York City

Jeff Levenson regularly contributes to **db**. Check out his Bob James feature this issue.

—Ed.

Record whacks

Your April '84 *down beat* review of Sarah Vaughan's *Gershwin Songbook*, that she did back in the 1950s, received a measly three-star rating by Bill Shoemaker. Did he really listen to this record before declaring it the sappiest record Sass has ever recorded? Several songs in that collection alone deserve five stars—*But Not For Me*, *Summertime*, and *Do It Again* are all outstanding.

No singer could live up to being described as the greatest singer of the century, for there are too many God-given talented singers for that kind of mush, but during this time in her career, Sassy was putting out real art, and 30 years later, that music still sounds eloquent and beautiful to me, worthy of many more stars than Mr. Shoemaker was willing to give out.

By the way, contrary to Shoemaker's statement, Sarah's Gershwin came out before Ella Fitzgerald's. To think that thousands of people may read this review and be impressed by it, is sad.

Roy Lott

Richmond, CA

In all of the many years that I have read *down beat*, I have never seen a more inaccurate and unfair review than of Mark O'Connor's new album *False Dawn* (**db**, May '84). O'Connor's music is definitely the most adventurous and brilliant of all the New Acoustic Music.

On *False Dawn* he blends different musical styles (classical, jazz, country, and more) into a magical blend. The compositions are completely original music in a complex swirl that is lyrical, funky, outrageous, and beautiful. O'Connor's violin playing is soulful and rich, and his guitar and mandolin picking bristles with energy and intensity.

How a 22-year-old has created the most daring and exciting music of the '80s is a remarkable achievement that is beyond me—and way beyond reviewer Frank-John Hadley—and should not be missed by *down beat* readers because of his review.

Ethan Wiley

Santa Monica, CA

Still Gil

Just a word of thanks for the article on Gil Evans (**db**, Apr. '84). He is still the most unique and interesting arranger on the scene, and I have enjoyed his music for years. May he live to be 150 and keep recording.

J. Grossman

Boulder, CO

Chord applause (unamplified)

I am applauding Paul Cantrall's letter (*Chords*, **db**, Apr. '84) in regard to the distortion and abuse of amplified instruments. I have often wondered if certain musicians intend their sound to be as it is presented through recordings and sound systems. Surely this listener prefers that acoustic piano *not* sound like an electric piano with no overtones, or acoustic bass sounding like a kazoo.

I have been following the voice/bass duo of Sheila Jordan and Harvie Swartz, and the sound when they perform and the sound on their album is *what it is*—for real. We need more of this.

Judy Grodowitz

New York City

Dub flub

Just wanted to thank *down beat* and John Diliberto for the excellent story on John Gilmore (**db**, May '84). And *where* did you get that photo on page 27? *Whew!*

One correction, though. In the Critics' Choice of the same issue, Charles Doherty listed the Dub Syndicate *One Way System* ROIR cassette in his "Rara Avis" section, and wrote: "Killer, hypnotic reggae grooves from the studio wizardry of Michael 'Dub' Shore." Very well written, and I happen to agree—but it's not *my* studio wizardry! Adrian Sherwood is the producer/auteur in question here; I only wrote the liner notes for it! So, thanks for the plug, but. . . .

Otherwise, keep up the great work.

Michael "Dub" Shore

New York City



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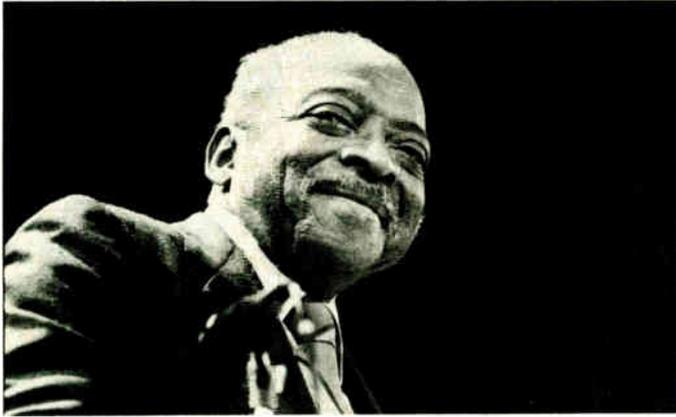


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JON CHASE

Count Basie, 1904-1984

HOLLYWOOD, FL—William "Count" Basie, bandleader and pianist, died here Apr. 26 of pancreatic cancer after a career that began in 1935 and was just one year short of half-a-century. He was 79 years old.

Basie was one of the major innovators in the history of jazz. (He didn't consider himself an innovator, but most of the true ones never do.) He brought an unprecedented simplicity and modernity to big band jazz during that brief, unique decade when the big band was at the center of both jazz and popular culture. It was the soloists who gave content and substance to the spare, riff-based arrangements that formed the core of his music. And it was the rhythm section built around drummer Jo Jones, bassist Walter Page, guitarist Freddie Green, and Basie himself which gave the band its timeless grace and helium-filled swing.

Any survey of the long career of Count Basie must first acknowledge that there were two distinct but related Basie bands. The original Count Basie band evolved from 1935 to the end of 1949. After 1952 came the contemporary Basie band, a tightly structured, somewhat stylized, but powerfully swinging jazz and show band that ultimately carried Basie to the biggest audiences of his career. In the first band the soloists were the stars. In the second band it was the arrangers. The second band made Basie rich. But the first band made him immortal.

Born Aug. 21, 1904 in Red Bank, NJ, William James Basie grew up as an only child after the infant death of a brother, Leroy. His first infatuation with music was through the drums, but he switched to piano in his early teens and got his first job playing a summer gig in Asbury Park.

But Harlem was just across the Hudson River from New Jersey, and he found his way there in the early '20s when he fell under the spell of the stride piano masters, mainly Fats Waller. He replaced Waller in a touring vaudeville show and spent several years on the road. One of the tours took him west to Tulsa, OK, where he heard a Southwest territory band, Walter Page's Blue Devils. When the troop went broke in Kansas City, Basie was stranded and the real story began.

He jobbed around the area and in 1928 finally joined the Blue Devils in Dallas. Here began the famous associations that would one day mark the original Basie band as special: Walter Page (bass), Jimmy Rushing (vocalist), and Hot Lips Page (trumpet). The Devils scuffled until the key players, including Basie, were finally absorbed by Bernie Moten, an established Kansas City bandleader who soon found himself fronting the hottest band in the Southwest, if not the entire country.

Basie first appeared on records in Oct. 1929 (*The Complete Bennie Moten, Vols. 3 & 4*, available on French RCA) and continued recording with Moten through the last Victor date of Dec. 1932, which produced the original *Moten Swing* (Basie's first theme before *One O'Clock Jump*), *Toby*, *Blue Room*, and others in one of the landmark big band sessions in the annals of jazz (*The Complete Bennie Moten, Vols. 5 & 6*, French RCA).

In 1935 Moten died, and after jobbing about, Basie finally recruited former Blue Devils and Moten players to form the band he took into the Reno Club in Kansas City. It was on a broadcast from the Reno that John Hammond first heard the band on his car radio in Chicago around Feb. 1936. By now Jo Jones, Lester Young, and

Buck Clayton had joined Basie, to form a 10-piece group—a big band with the spirit and flexibility of a small group. Hammond had never heard anything like it before, and he promptly began writing about it in **down beat**.

In the summer of 1936, Hammond drove to Kansas City to catch Basie in person, and with the help of Willard Alexander (then with MCA) and Benny Goodman, began arrangements to book the band in New York. The first stop was Chicago's Grand Terrace Ballroom in October, and subsequently a small contingent from the band recorded *Lady Be Good* and *Shoe Shine Boy*, which became Lester Young's first records.

Success was not instant. Still ragged and unsophisticated by New York standards, Basie opened on Christmas Day at Roseland opposite the first Woody Herman band, and received generally poor reviews. Soon Freddie Green completed what is still regarded almost universally as the most perfect rhythm section ever assembled, and Basie began the classic Decca sessions which would include *Jumpin' At The Woodside*, *One O'Clock Jump*, and many others. (Most are collected on two indispensable MCA twofers, *The Best Of Count Basie* and *Good Morning Blues*).

In 1939 Basie switched from Decca to Columbia, where he would remain until 1947 and produce a body of work equal if not greater than the Deccas. (French CBS has issued *The Complete Count Basie* in 20 volumes). The Columbia association, engineered by Hammond, also gave Basie an opportunity to join forces with Benny Goodman on several of the brilliant Goodman sextet dates with Charlie Christian.

Basie's formula coming out of Kansas City was simple: a lean blend of riffs based on the blues or a 32-bar song, framing the work of some of the greatest soloists ever gathered into one group. But the formula depended on the soloists. And as the '40s passed, changes began whittling away at the band's most precious resource. After the war, big bands declined as a force in popular culture, and jazz became almost exclusively oriented toward small groups. By 1949 Basie was no longer able to sustain a big band, and he too went the small group route—brilliantly, with an octet featuring Wardell Gray, Clark Terry, and Gus Johnson.

The second coming of the Basie band emerged in 1952. Neal Hefti was the first of a team of crack

arrangers who would fashion a tighter, more formal, more contemporary framework for Basie that could continue relatively immune to changes in personnel. It contained strong links to past traditions and trademarks, but was distinctly a postwar, post-Swing Era band. The rhythm section remained the center pivot point, but more varied voicings and wide dynamic contrasts between Basie's hunt-and-peck piano and the massed force of the brass replaced the ephemeral voices of Young, Clayton, Dickie Wells, and Jo Jones. Nevertheless, fine soloists continued to come Basie's way, including Paul Quinichette, Frank Foster, Budd Johnson, Frank Wess, Thad Jones, Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis, and Kenny Hing.



66 ARCHIVES

Count Basie, early '40s

The band soon found a new audience of young jazz listeners and added a whole new series of Basie standards to the repertoire: *Lil' Darlin'*, *Shiny Stockings*, *Cornet Pocket*, *April In Paris*, etc. And Joe Williams helped Basie win an even larger audience with showpieces like *Well All Right*, *You Win*, and *Everyday I Have The Blues*.

The remarkably consistent course of the second Basie band has been well documented on many LPs—on *Roulette*, *Dot*, and most notably by Norman Granz on Clef, Verve, and for the last decade, Pablo. The Pablo series contains what may well be regarded as the most fruitful period of his postwar recording career, including many Basie-led small group sessions featuring encounters with Benny Carter, Oscar Peterson, Dizzy Gillespie, Roy Eldridge, and Milt Jackson, as well as superb Basie trio dates. Here the essence of the Basie magic becomes palpable, as does the clear line of descent from the full-throttle stride style in which Basie began to the wide-open, only-the-verbs-please piano that became his signature. The Pablo period provides an extraordinary coda to one of the half-dozen or so great careers in jazz history.

—John McDonough

NEWS

Red Garland, 1923-1984



TOM COPELAND

DALLAS—William "Red" Garland, pianist, leader of a number of recording dates for Prestige, Muse, Galaxy, and others, and perhaps best known as a key cog in the classic Miles Davis quintet of

the 1950s, died Apr. 23 of a heart attack at his home. He was 60.

Though he initially toured with trumpeter Hot Lips Page, who discovered the young pianist still in Texas, and later performed with such artists as Charlie Parker, Billy Eckstine, Charlie Ventura, Roy Eldridge, Coleman Hawkins, and many others, it was his work with the popular and critically acclaimed Davis quintet which brought Garland into the public eye. There, his clear, uncomplicated comping and propulsive yet subtle soloing served as ballast to the more explosive natures of Davis, Philly Joe Jones, and John Coltrane.

Ralph J. Gleason, writing in *db* in the '50s, said of Garland: "He has brought back some long absent elements to jazz piano, made them acceptable to ultra-modernists, and proved over again the sublime virtue of swing and a solid, deep groove."

Garland retired to his Dallas home in 1960, and it wasn't until the late '70s that he returned to the national music scene, occasionally playing NYC clubs and recording. —*Jim DeJong*

Machito, 1908-1984

LONDON—Machito, the Cuban-American bandleader who pioneered in the cross-fertilization of jazz and latin music, died here Apr. 15 following a stroke, at age 75.

Born Frank Grillo, Machito sang with many of the most popular bands in Havana before coming to the U.S. in 1937. His brother-in-law, Mario Bauza, had already established himself in New York as musical director of the Chick Webb and Cab Calloway bands; after singing with Xavier Cugat and Noro Morales, Machito founded his own Afro-Cubans with Bauza in 1940. Bauza's jazzy arrangements—combined with island rhythms more authentic than Americans had been previously exposed to—made a profound impact on both jazz and latin musicians.

A jazz fan from childhood, Machito performed at both jazz and latin venues in New York, and was quick to associate himself with the emerging bebop movement. After a wartime hitch in the U.S. army, Machito and his Afro-Cubans played a historic concert at Town Hall with the Stan Kenton Orchestra. The following year he recorded the first in a series of



D. SHIGLEY

Norman Granz-produced, Chico O'Farrill-arranged sessions with Charlie Parker and an ensemble of jazz and latin all-stars. He continued to employ jazz players in his own band, including Doc Cheatham, Johnny Griffin, and Curtis Fuller.

Machito was a leading figure in the mambo craze of the late '40s and early '50s. He toured actively worldwide since. He received a Grammy nomination for his critically acclaimed Pablo LP with Dizzy Gillespie, *Afro-Cuban Jazz Moods*, and later won a Grammy for the album *Machito And His Salsa Big Band* 1982.

—*Larry Birnbaum*

final bar



Bob Share, Provost and chief administrator for the Berklee College of Music, died Apr. 5 in Boston of a heart attack at age 54. (He is pictured above, center, at the college's '83 commencement with president Lee Eliot Berk, left, and alum Quincy Jones.) A genial, witty, and warm man, Share's involvement with Berklee spanned four decades. College founder Lawrence Berk, who taught him the Schillinger System in 1945, regarded him "as a son." His extensive professional credits as an instrumentalist and arranger include famous orchestras in addition to tv and theater work. He served on numerous national and international music committees and organizations, and his contributions as an academic leader and spokesman will remain a legacy in the field of music education. At the request of his family, the Robert Share Memorial Scholarship Fund has been established at Berklee for memorial contributions.



Mabel Mercer, the singer's singer who in her failing years became an unforgettable *raconteuse* of song, died Apr. 20 of a heart condition at her 30-acre farm in East Chatham, NY. She was 84. Mercer took Paris by storm before World War II and New York bistros thereafter. Her unerring readings of American popular song, impeccable diction, and subtly shaded phrasing all had strong impact on singers from Barbra Streisand and Frank Sinatra to Peggy Lee to Nat Cole. She was—unfailingly and amazingly—able to "get to the root of a song" (said Bobby Short) by speech and

gesture and glance long after her voice held but a ghost of its former strength.

.....
Harry Salter, conductor for radio orchestras featuring the Dorsey brothers, Artie Shaw, and Gene Krupa, died Mar. 5 in Mamaroneck, NY. He was 85.

.....
Juan Tizol, big band trombonist noted for his composition *Caravan* (written with Duke Ellington), died Apr. 23 in Inglewood, CA of a heart attack at age 84. The Puerto Rican native's latin-flavored style graced the bands of Ellington, Harry James, and others.

.....
Ethel Azama, singer and first lady of Hawaii's jazz scene died Mar. 5 of a cerebral aneurysm at age 48. She recorded two albums early in the '60s and later sang and toured with Mel Tormé, but had spent most of the past 20 years in Honolulu.

.....
Sonny King, alto saxophonist, died Dec. 2, 1983, in Portland, OR at age 52. He was a music educator in the local school system, toured extensively here and abroad, and had recorded with Clifford Thornton.

ZILDJIAN CRASH CYMBALS AND THE ART OF PUNCTUATION

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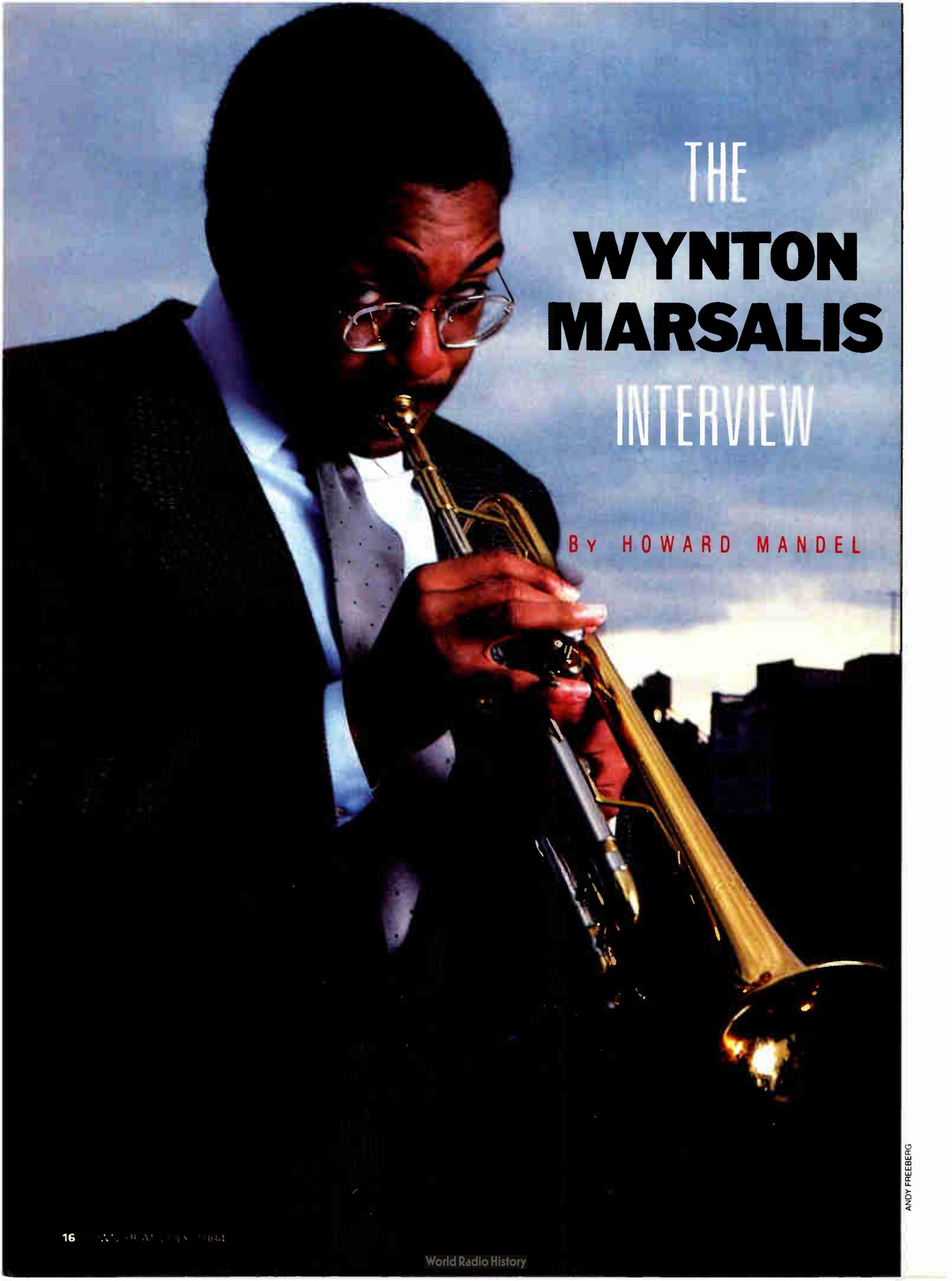
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Zildjian®
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THE
**WYNTON
MARSALIS**

INTERVIEW

BY HOWARD MANDEL

W

Wynnton Marsalis is still the wunderkind, a 22-year-old son of the Crescent City, bowing to accolades from the jazz world with a trumpet in his hands, nodding towards the European classical tradition with equally serious vision. After becoming the first musician ever to win Grammys in both jazz and classical categories—with uncompromisingly traditional productions yet!—Marsalis sauntered into CBS headquarters in Manhattan one late morning, after a day of travel from New Orleans to New York, to Philadelphia for a classical recital rehearsal, then back to his brownstone (shared with his brother, saxophonist Branford) in Brooklyn. He had scheduled, in the near future, a concert with the Boston Pops, but was eschewing a summer tour of European jazz fests to mount a trip through the U.S. and to Japan with his quintet (as of this writing, Branford on tenor, pianist Kenny Kirkland, bassist Charles Fambrough, and drummer Jeff Watts). It took a few minutes for the opinionated, good humored, and very personable young man to warm up. What he needed most was breakfast, and when he got it, ideas began pouring forth as solos shoot from his horn: confidently brash, improvised from a well-considered and consistent viewpoint, whole. What follows is an edited transcript of our discussion.

Howard Mandel: I was wondering about your early playing experiences in New Orleans. I've read your bio . . .

Wynnton Marsalis: A lot of that stuff is incorrect, though.

HM: What's the truth?

WM: Let's see, this is difficult. Well, you know my father's a musician. So I had a trumpet when I was six. I wasn't really serious about music, but when I was eight or nine I played in the Fairview Baptist Church marching band, led by Danny Barker, for young kids like us. But I was the saddest one in the band. We played at the first New Orleans Jazz & Heritage Festival, but I remember I didn't want to carry my trumpet because it was too heavy, so after an hour somebody else was carrying it for me.

So we grew up. My father was always working gigs, trying to make enough money to feed all of us, because New Orleans is rough on jazz musicians—there's really not that many gigs there. He worked on and off in different places, free-lance, then he started teaching at the New Orleans Center for Creative Arts. At that time I was 12; I had a trumpet but didn't really play. I knew tunes like *The Saints* and second line, but I didn't have any technique. I just heard music.

HM: In a previous interview, you said playing together wasn't part of your family life.

WM: My father was working all the time at night, and we were going to school during the daytime. But one thing I remember: once I got serious about music, the best thing about New Orleans for me and other young musicians is that we had a generation of older musicians, maybe seven or eight people, who loved music so much they would do anything for us, because we were trying to actually play it. My father would stay up with anybody—not just me, 'cause I'm his son—but any musician could come to our house after 11 at night, and my father, if he was home, would show them tunes, play changes and all. Get these names, they're important: there was my father; [clarinetist] Alvin Batiste; John Longo, my first teacher—I hardly ever even paid him, and he used to give me two- and three-hour lessons, never looking at the clock; Clyde Kerr; Alvin Thomas—he died; Kidd Jordan, who put on a

concert that brought together the World Saxophone Quartet—I was there, but I didn't know any music but pop music then; George Jensen was my teacher—he just died, too; Danny Barker, who led the band. All these guys wanted us to learn how to play.

HM: Did they steer you away from playing junk?

WM: No, as a matter of fact, my father told me to go play in the funk band we had when we were in eighth grade. He said, "Man, go play in the band, get some experience at playing music." I've told this to people in interviews, but they always write the same thing, using me to express what they want to express. I've never said popular music is not good. All I said was it's not jazz. That's just clarification for purposes of education.

Man, I played in a funk band for four years; I know all those tunes from the '70s, by Earth, Wind & Fire, Parliament/Funkadelic. I played that music. That's why I know it's not jazz. People think a simple statement like that is condescending to some other kind of music. But all music is better than no music.

HM: But you have a good idea of what you want to do yourself, and it's in the jazz vein . . .

WM: What I'm saying is I'm a student of music. I'm humbled by music, not by people. Great music is what humbles musicians, and it's the precedents set in music that keep musicians honest. When you start redefining what music is, and replacing something that's great with something that's mediocre, then the next generation of musicians doesn't know what their job is. I'm embarrassed to admit it, but when I joined Art Blakey's band, I hadn't even listened to Art Blakey's records. I was just playing scales on chords—I didn't know you were supposed to *construct* a solo.

HM: You must have studied assiduously from Blakey on, because your music seems closely linked to the jazz of the time you were growing up.

WM: People miss a great part of what my music has. They don't understand what we're trying to do, but they think they do, and they lash out against it.

I have to phrase this very delicately. My music is a very intellectual thing—we all know this—art music, on the level we're attempting. Sonny Rollins, Miles, Clifford Brown, Charlie Parker—we don't have to name all the people, maybe just the main ones—Monk, Charlie Parker, Duke Ellington, Louis Armstrong. These were extremely, extremely intellectual men. Whoever doesn't realize that is obviously not a student of their music, because their intellect comes out in that music. It's obvious that the average person couldn't stand up and play like that.

See, the faculty of creating comes with observation, hand in hand. The ability to translate what is observed into a very precise language, that's where the intellect comes in. People have every kind of tragedy imaginable befall them—that doesn't make them able to translate their experiences into as precise a language as music, 'cause they don't have the technique to do it. They might have the imagination, but they don't have the invention—because invention means *worked out*.

But in jazz, people write it backwards. They think the opposite way, most jazz critics. They think because Louis Armstrong sat back all folksy, that in his mind he didn't *know*. How many times have you heard, "Louis Armstrong was an intuitive genius"? That implies he didn't know he was great, he



ANDY FREEBERG

just naturally could do that. It implies that he was just lucky. But if you're lucky, you can't be consistent. Pops was not an intuitive genius; he knew what he was doing, and I've read interviews he gave where he let people know that he knew what he was doing.

HM: But Armstrong, Ellington, all the great artists, had spiritual and emotional resources too, not just intellect, didn't they?

WM: You never find a musician with technique as great as theirs who doesn't have the other two. Never. People get confused, and think velocity is technique. It's not. Emotion is an aspect of technique. If your intellect is on a certain level, like Ellington's was, you automatically experience those other things. We think of intellect as sitting down, reading, and spewing out the words we read. Then there's somebody who has the sensitivity to observe what's around them, process it, and make something out of it. Someone has intellect who knows what their relationship is to what goes on around them; great artists always have that. That's the key to any music. And that's what makes them have the technique—because they want to be great, and they understand they aren't great, so they develop the technique to be great. You have to defer to the musicians who keep you honest, like Beethoven writing in his letters, "Don't compare me to Mozart and Haydn, yet." Bird spoke of Lester Young; Pops talked about King Oliver; Duke Ellington deferred, too. Duke had everything, but that's because he experienced life on a more acute level than most of us do, because he was so aware of what was going on around him. That's what's important.

Jazz is about elevation and improvement. Jazz music always improves pop music. What Louis Armstrong did, singing songs by Gershwin and Irving Berlin, was improve them. Bird improved *I'll Remember April*, just like Beethoven improved folk melodies. What we have to do now is reclaim, because the cats went astray in the '70s.

HM: On reclaiming music: I take it you're reacting to music watered down by fusion, simplified by funk. You think there's nothing there.

WM: Everybody knows it, too.

HM: But rather than reclaiming, you're exploring things from the '60s.

WM: People don't hear what we're doing on *Think Of One*. I'm doing things from the '70s, too, because that's the era I grew up in. I had all the records, man. We're playing funk beats, too. We don't reclaim music from the '60s; music is a continuous thing. We're just trying to play what we hear as the logical extension. But before you understand what the extension of something is, you have to understand what that something is. If you don't study and understand it, a large part of your program's missing—to me, the most important part. A tree's got to have roots.

In the '70s the tunes were static. They aren't like Monk's tunes, man. The goal of the music was different; a different element was introduced, and if it's good, and popular, well, good for that. But the musicians know that what Trane and Mingus, Monk and Miles did in the '60s was the baddest stuff. Duke Ellington's bad, man. That's the level the music must exist on.

HM: What got established in the '70s, within the jazz tradition, that moved the music along?

WM: Nothing. Not one thing. I don't think the music moved along in the '70s. I think it went astray. Everybody was trying to be pop stars, and imitated people who were supposed to be imitating them. Then there's the school of music that sounds like European music people were writing in the '30s.

HM: You're very interested in European music.

WM: I love European music, great European music Europeans wrote, 'cause it's great music. I like pop music too, but neither one is jazz.

HM: Are you particularly fond of the Baroque period?

WM: No. I love every period. I love Bartok. I put out one record, and played classical concerti, because on your first record you have to show people you know this part of the literature, because it's standard. I love Bach, too. My new album has Baroque on it, too. My recital program includes some modern music by Hindemith and Halsey Stevens, which is Copland-sounding. I played a Hale Smith piece, *Exchanges*, when I was in school.

HM: When do we get to hear some of that?

WM: I'm 22 years old, man! I can't record everything at once. Right now I'm just doing this; Baroque music is cool. All music's the same, saying different things about human existence at the time. Pop music is here today, gone tomorrow. Great music is idealistic, but it's realistic.

HM: Maybe pop music is trying to be great studio music?

WM: Ain't nothing happening in pop music, today. In the '70s you had Marvin Gaye, Stevie Wonder, creative cats, geniuses, making music that musicians would try to sit down and figure out. Now in pop music they're just trying to see who can wear the most sweaters, dresses, Jehri-Curl their hair. The arrangements behind Michael Jackson are nice arrangements, but Duke Ellington did arrangements in 1930. What standard are we using? Compared to what? Louis Armstrong made statements for all time about the condition of American humans at the time that he lived. To me, in music in the past five years, I don't hear anything great.

HM: When you compose, are you trying to express a particular idea?

WM: No, an overall feeling. It's difficult to translate music into language, because music is its own universe. You're just trying to write or play music. And there's so much going on, especially in jazz. Because jazz is the most precise art form in this century.

HM: What does the precision attach itself to? Where can you hear it?

WM: The time. What the jazz musician has done is such a phenomenal feat of intellectual accomplishment that people don't believe it is what it is. What the musicians have figured out is how to conceive, construct, refine, and deliver ideas as they come up, and present them in a logical fashion. What you're doing is creating, editing, and all this as the music is going on. This is the first time this has ever happened in Western art. Painting is painted. Symphonies are written. Beethoven improvised, but by himself, over a score. When five men get together to make up something, it's a big difference.

HM: But when you create with your band, there's a thoroughly understood idea of what's going to happen in the piece.

WM: No. There's a language of music present, but how that's going to be used, how something will be used to achieve whatever effect you're after, we don't know what that is. First thing is, we don't have set chords all the time. We don't play on modes, ever. Whatever chord Kenny plays, that's what chord it is. If Jeff plays a certain beat, the piece becomes in that time. The form has to stay the same, the structure must be kept, but our understandings are very loose. We understand the logic of our language.

I love my band. Kenny Kirkland and Jeff Watts are the greatest young musicians on the scene, and they get no credit. People say Kenny can't do this, and Jeff can't do this, but they don't hear what they *are* doing, because they're too busy hearing what they've already heard. Then they say it sounds derivative.

What you have to do is *not* look at part of something and make that into the whole. When you hear my records, I want you to listen to the sound of each piece, the flow of it, just like you would with any music. I listen to the sound of music, then the textural changes. Then I think, what are they trying to say in this? And I figure out what's going on, not theoretically, but musically.

When I study, I listen to certain things, specifically, for a reason. What's on this record? What chord is this? How does he get to this chord? What's the development section to this? What's the drummer doing here? What chord does this affect? How do these two people hear this? How can you achieve this effect?

I can listen to Schönberg and analyze those pieces, I've read *Structural Functions Of Harmony*, and I know what's in that book—I'm not guessing; I know what he's saying. I sat down for hours until I knew what was being said. But the theories now hurt me more than anything, because these people are not sincere, and they don't want to pay the dues that it takes to



HYOU VIELZ

WYNTON MARSALIS' EQUIPMENT

Wynton Marsalis' main axe is a Bach Stradivarius B \flat trumpet with a 72 bell, an MLV 44 lead pipe, 23 throat, and Bach 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ -C mouthpiece. He also plays a large-bore Bach C trumpet, a large-bore Bach D trumpet, a Schilke E \flat trumpet with a 238 bell, a Schilke E trumpet with a G tuning bell, a Schilke piccolo trumpet, and a Bach cornet. He uses cup and Harmon mutes.

WYNTON MARSALIS SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

as a leader

WYNTON MARSALIS—Columbia 37574
THINK OF ONE—Columbia 38641
HAYDINHUMMEL. MOZART: TRUMPET
CONCERTOS—CBS Masterworks 37846

with Art Blakey

IN SWEDEN—Dominus/Amigo 839
ALBUM OF THE YEAR—Timeless 155
LIVE AT MONTREUX AND NORTHSEA—
Timeless 168
STRAIGHT AHEAD—Concord Jazz 168
KEYSTONE 3—Concord 196

with Herbie Hancock

QUARTET—Columbia C2-38275

with Chico Freeman

DESTINY'S DANCE—Contemporary 14008

with various artists

FATHERS AND SONS—Columbia 37972
JAZZ AT THE OPERA HOUSE—Columbia
C2-38430
THE YOUNG LIONS—Elektra Musician
60196-1
AMARCORD NINO ROTO—Hannibal 9301

learn how to play this music. They don't swing at different tempos. What you must learn to play our music is not being learned—and cats are getting over.

The most important thing in jazz is swing. Rhythm. If it don't swing, I don't want to hear it; it's not important to hear whatever it is if it's not swinging if it's jazz. There are different feelings of swing, but if it's swinging, you know it. And if you ain't swinging, you ain't doing nothing. The whole band must swing. You can't have weak links. Every musician in your band has to be as good as the others—has to hear just as well, understand the concept as well, think on his feet just as well. See, our music is really for the moment—that's what makes it so exciting. That's why it can either be sad or great.

We're just trying to come up with an improvisation on the spot. Bam! D over E \flat . What is that? You know, immediately, what the chord is. You're going to five, you know what the rhythm is, you just have to respond. But it has to be correct; it's not just playing any kind of thing. You don't just hit a chord 'cause you feel like hitting it—you got to understand the logic of the progressions of harmonies—the logic of sound, the logic of drums, the logic of how bass parts should go. Contrary motion. That's what my brother and Kenny Kirkland understand real well. On those records I didn't write out any music for *Bell Ringer* and those long tunes. I just said, "Branford, play a contrary motion there. Kenny, what do you hear on top of that, man? Jeff, what rhythm do you think would fit there?" Good ears, man. Musicians.

HM: Do you yourself hear music your small ensemble isn't

CONTINUED ON PAGE 67

An impressionable Chiswick lad of 19 spots an advert in the British rock weekly *Melody Maker*. It reads: "Tony Stratton-Smith requires drummer sensitive to acoustic music." Intrigued and full of confidence after having achieved some local acclaim with an ill-fated combo known as Flaming Youth, he decides to ring up the founder of England's Charisma Records to arrange for an audition.

His skills immediately evident, young Phil Collins is hired on the spot, becoming the fourth drummer in the fledgling outfit known as Genesis. He makes his record debut with the band on its 1971 album, *Nursery Cryme*, their third as a unit.

With the departure of the theatrically inclined Peter Gabriel in 1975, Genesis suddenly finds itself minus a lead singer and frontman. Critics predict the band's demise. "Who can replace Gabriel?" they question. But Collins rises to the occasion, stepping out from behind his drum kit to take over center stage. He proves to be a versatile and expressive vocalist, and a superb showman to boot. The band stays together and indeed goes on to enjoy unprecedented success. And in the pivotal frontman role, Collins attains mega-stardom.

Parallel with the band's ascendancy to supergroup status, Collins takes a giant step forward in 1981 with the release of his debut solo album, *Face Value*. It's an unqualified smash, catapulting Collins to yet a higher plateau. His follow-up album in 1982, *Hello, I Must Be Going!*, sees similar commercial success, supported by Collins' first solo tour of the states.

* * *
 "One of the most enjoyable aspects of a Genesis tour or my own tours is between songs," Collins says. "The best thing for me is the sound of an audience laughing. I love it. I think the audience enjoys the music more if they have a good time."

Because he is the focal point for both his own shows and the Genesis live tours, Collins only plays drums for about a quarter of the time in concert, relying on Chester Thompson to fill in on drum duty. He seems to enjoy this role as frontman, drawing on a theatrical background from his days as a child actor. (At 14 he starred as the Artful Dodger in a West End production of *Oliver*.) But apart from being the rakish entertainer with a penchant for puns, limericks, and other bawdy tales, Collins maintains that he is first and foremost a drummer.

"I only sing in Genesis because we don't have another singer," he says. "And I sing my own things because I write them. I don't really think of myself as a singer as such. I think of myself more as a drummer. It's much easier for me to slip into a different role as a drummer rather than as a singer. I can put on any hat you

PHIL COLLINS



PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE

Genesis Of A Drummer

By Bill Milkowski

want—I can put on my John Bonham hat or my Keith Moon hat or my Ringo hat or even my Buddy Rich hat, if you like. Whatever else I am, I'm a drummer first. I've been playing since I was five, and my ambition was to be respected by other musicians who might say, 'I like what you're doing.'"

As it turns out, a lot of people like what Phil Collins is doing. Especially with the distinctive huge drum sound he gets in the studio on tracks like *Intruder* from Peter Gabriel's third solo album or *In The Air* from his own solo debut.

He's also become a highly sought-after producer of late, putting together albums for Led Zeppelin's Robert Plant, Adam Ant, ABBA's Anni-Frid (Frida) Lyngstad, and Scottish singer/composer/guitarist John Martyn. One recent proj-

ect that Collins undertook with fervor was a new album by Eric Clapton.

"What happened was, Eric's manager said to him, 'On the next album I think we should go for more of a Phil Collins-type sound.' Well, Eric and I are neighbors, so he just sort of bypassed the third person and asked me would I produce the album for him. And I agreed. It's hard to say specifically what we'll do. I'm just going to try and make him sound as new and modern as possible. We're going to try to give him back the edge that maybe the last two or three albums have lacked."

That new and modern sound, the Phil Collins sound, is achieved by playing with the natural ambience of a live room—putting microphones up in the corners of the room to capture the re-

sidial sound of the drums—and then adding noise gates and compressors to create that huge sound.

"It sounds like synthesized drums, but they are just drums that were treated," explains Collins. "It came about on the Gabriel session I did in 1980. Peter and I were literally mucking about with the sound of the drums. I was just playing around, and the engineer, Hugh Padgham, was setting everything up. At one point, when the compression was set up, I hit a snare, and it elongated the decay. That's really how this so-called Phil Collins sound came about."

While Collins does enjoy playing with the natural acoustics of the drums, he is not averse to playing with drum machines as well. On-stage with Genesis he works with both a Linn and a Roland drum machine for different effects. "I think drummers shouldn't be threatened by the advent of these drum machines," he says. "They're only as good as the people who program them. And I don't think that drummers will ever be redundant. There's no way you can get around them. You'll always need drummers to program the machines to make them sound good."

Since incorporating drum machines into their act, beginning with the *Duke* album of 1980, Genesis has taken a decidedly different course with its material. Their writing got more spacious, while the individual tunes got shorter and tighter and catchier—a far cry from the ponderous, portentous suites that typified their style with early albums like *From Genesis To Revelation* (1969), *Trespass* (1970), *Nursery Cryme* (1971), *Foxtrot* (1972), and *Selling England By The Pound* (1973).

Those albums were often full of church organ flourishes, triumphant processional passages, unorthodox rhythmic constructions, and genteel medieval inflections. It was highly synchronized, tightly orchestrated music full of shifting time signatures and sophisticated harmonies, complemented by highly literate story-images. In other words, a lot to swallow. Gabriel's poet-medieval tendencies seemed to hover over the band, and when he left in 1975, he took those pretensions with him.

* * *
Today Collins and his Genesis colleagues (Mike Rutherford, guitar/bass; Tony Banks, keyboards) have mastered the pop idiom. Their writing and playing have become simpler, relying less on flourishes and fills, putting more emphasis on the overall sound and the production elements. Their hook-oriented material today owes more to Prince and Michael Jackson and Steely Dan than any of the art-rock bands that predominated at its inception some 18 years ago.

They've become slicker in their old age. They're putting up the funk now.

And that influence can be directly traced to Collins' solo debut, *Face Value*. Utilizing the Earth, Wind & Fire horn section for that LP, Collins cut a lively remake of *Behind The Lines* (from *Duke*) that skips along with sassy confidence while staying strictly in-the-pocket. It has a kind of punch and verve that Genesis had been lacking, and it's this energy that Collins brought back to the mother band for their next outing, the funk-inflected *Abacab* album of 1981. It was the beginning of a new era for the band that many said had become a dinosaur.

Collins supplied a much-needed funk injection into the pompous art-rock outfit, and the payoff came in even greater record sales. On their latest album, simply titled *Genesis*, the synth-pulse is prevalent and the move toward minimalism is apparent. Plus, they have packaged more hooks than they had played in the previous decade. *It's Gonna Get Better*, *Just A Job To Do*, *That's All, Mama*, and *Illegal Alien* are all killer pop hits.

Of their recent conversion to the wonderful world of funk, Collins says, "Well, I guess I'm a little blacker than the Genesis boys. So left to my own devices, I'll bring in the horns. It all goes back to my youth, really. I was raised on the Beatles and was very much influenced by the Shadows, which was a British equivalent of the Ventures here in America. But at the same time I listened to all the old Motown and Stax records. That's as much a part of my background as anything else. And it's only now coming to the surface."

Phil's favorite drummers at the moment are Steve Gadd, Tony Williams, Chad Wackerman, Terry Bozzio, and Alex Acuna. And, believe it or not, Ringo Starr. "The fills he did on *Strawberry Fields Forever* are just phenomenal. Nobody can do that. Ringo did some incredibly subtle things that people didn't

appreciate." Not to be left off this list is his in-concert drumming partner Chester Thompson. "The high points of the show for me are when we're both playing together. We've developed such telepathy over the years that it's become very synchronized and incredibly strong. It's become more orchestrated now. We try to avoid the old cliché drum-battle idea in favor of getting it to sound like a perfectly synchronized machine."

Naturally, as Genesis' writing gets sparser, Collins plays less drums. Rather than going in for lots of busy fills and Cobhamesque bombast (as he did frequently in the early days on tunes like *The Fountain Of Salmacis* from *Nursery Cryme*, *The Battle Of Epping Forest* from *Selling England By The Pound*, or *The Waiting Room* from *The Lamb Lies Down On Broadway*), Collins is now playing groove-oriented drums.

"I think the turning point for me was in 1976 with the *Trick Of The Tail* album," he notes. "That's really when I began understanding the old adage that less is more; that it's not what you play, it's what you don't play." Coincidentally, that was also the first album Genesis produced without the services of Gabriel. The band had hit an all-time peak for pretension in 1974 with *The Lamb Lies Down On Broadway*, a full-blown operatic concept double-album to rival Pete Townshend's *Tommy*. That album was clearly The Peter Gabriel Show, with the mime-oriented frontman adapting the role of the hero Rael, a Puerto Rican outcast struggling to survive in the cold, cruel world of New York City. The album liner notes featured a verbose, self-indulgent diatribe by Gabriel, including special thanks to the poet Keats for offering inspiration.

* * *
Gabriel announced that he was leaving the band shortly after the tour in 1974, which was just fine with Genesis.



GENESIS TOURING BAND: Pictured from left, on-the-road guitarist Daryl Stuermer, full-timers guitar/bassist Mike Rutherford and keyboarder Tony Banks, on-tour drummer Chester Thompson, and Phil Collins.



PAUL NATHAN/PHOTO RESERVE

PHIL COLLINS' EQUIPMENT

Phil Collins has several different drum kits (Gretsch, Pearl, Premier) for different occasions. On tour with Genesis, Robert Plant, and on his own tours, he uses a Gretsch set, which he is currently endorsing ("They've always had a lovely sound"). His toms are 8-, 10-, 12-, 14-, 16-, and 18-inch, all single-headed with Remo Weather King clear Ambassadors. On his snare he prefers a coated Remo Emperor. His bass drum is 20-inch, although the bass drum on his Premier kit is 22-inch. He says he has about 150 different cymbals for all occasions—Sabian, A. Zildjian, and Paiste. His drum machines include a Roland, a Linn, and an English version of a Linn called The Movement. For a while he was using Billy Cobham model Pro-Mark sticks, sawed down about an inch or more. He is currently using his own signature sticks, manufactured for him by the Professional Percussion Center of New York City.

PHIL COLLINS SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

- as a leader**
- HELLO, I MUST BE GOING!—Atlantic 16029
- FACE VALUE—Atlantic 80035
- with Genesis**
- NURSERY CRIME—Atlantic 80030
- FOXTROT—Charisma 1058
- TRICK OF THE TAIL—Atlantic 3#101
- SELLING ENGLAND BY THE POUND—Atlantic 19277
- THE LAMB LIES DOWN ON BROADWAY—Atlantic 2-401
- WIND & WUTHERING—Atlantic 38100
- SECONDS OUT—Atlantic 2-9002
- AND THEN THERE WERE THREE—Atlantic 19173
- DUKE—Atlantic 16014
- ABACAB—Atlantic 19313
- THREE SIDES LIVE—Atlantic 2-2000
- GENESIS—Atlantic 80116
- with Brand X**
- UNORTHODOX BEHAVIOR—Passport 9819
- MOROCCAN ROLL—Passport 9#22
- LIVESTOCK—Passport 9824
- MASQUES—Passport 9829
- PRODUCT—Passport 9840
- DO THEY HURT?—Passport 9845
- IS THERE ANYTHING ABOUT—Passport 6016
- with Brian Eno**
- TAKING TIGER MOUNTAIN (BY STRATEGY)—Editions EG ENO 2
- ANOTHER GREEN WORLD—Editions EG ENO 3
- BEFORE AND AFTER SCIENCE—Editions EG ENO 4
- with Frida**
- SOMETHING'S GOING ON—Atlantic 80018
- with Robert Plant**
- PICTURES AT ELEVEN—Swan Song 8512

They were none too pleased with the direction that things had taken during this Gabriel catharsis period. The music was more orchestrated than ever, which was especially annoying to Collins.

"Right around this same time, I had been listening a lot to the Mahavishnu Orchestra. And I was really inspired by that. So I was heading in that direction while our show was becoming more staged and orchestrated. And people were beginning to comment more on what Peter would be wearing than on the music, so that got a bit frustrating as well. I was just yearning to bust loose and play, so that's when I formed Brand X."

That group, with Percy Jones on fretless bass, John Goodsall on guitar, and Robin Lumley on keyboards, released its debut album, *Unorthodox Behavior*, in October of 1975 and instantly became an overnight sensation, virtually the only jazz-rock instrumental band in the United Kingdom. "We just wanted to blow," recalls Collins. "It was like having a mistress on the side. It was very exciting, and the other guys in Genesis were very much alienated by it."

Live appearances proved more difficult to arrange. Phil had his Genesis commitments, and the others were often tied to studio sessions. Brand X did manage a successful two-week engagement at Ronnie Scott's club in London in 1976. Their second album, *Moroccan Roll*, came in 1976, followed by two extensive U.S. tours, which yielded the 1977 live album, *Livestock*, and 1978 saw the release of *Masques*, with Chuck Bergi filling in the drum position for Collins. The following year brought *Product* and another U.S. jaunt. Meanwhile, Genesis continued its surge toward widespread popularity. Time for Brand X was getting harder to come by, either live or in the studio.

Collins says there were actually two separate Brand X units at that time. He explained a unique platooning system that they used for the recording of *Product*: "We had two weeks booked at Ringo's studio, Startling. We had two engineers and two lineups—John Goodsall, myself, Jon Giblin, and Robin Lumley would work together on one shift while Percy Jones, Peter Robinson, Mike Clark, and John Goodsall would work together on the other shift. So we had two separate groups, one working during the day and the other through the night. We'd be having dinner while the others were getting up for breakfast. It was total lunacy."

They used the same system for 1980's *Do They Hurt?*, their sixth LP. The band went into hibernation but emerged in the summer of 1982 to record *Is There Anything About?*, which Collins maintains is the final Brand X album. "I originally joined Brand X because I was feeling stifled in Genesis. I wanted to play more. I was frustrated with not being able to get that side of me out. Being in both bands

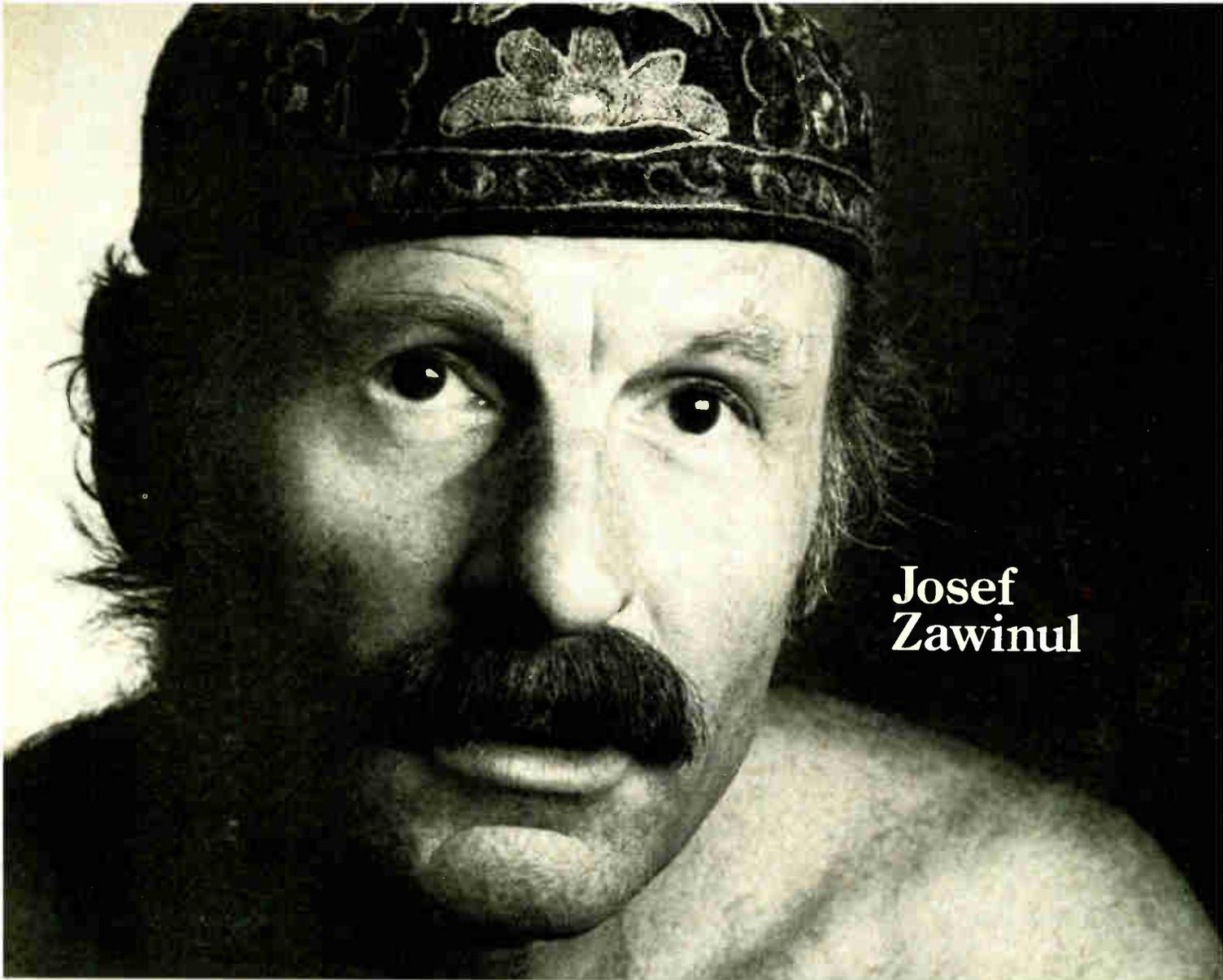
at the same time was very appetizing to me. But eventually Brand X started to get more formatted in the fusion thing while Genesis started getting a bit looser. They began to overlap after a time. They were meeting in the middle—Brand X was getting tighter, and Genesis was becoming less rigid. There was no real reason for me to continue doing both."

Especially not after emerging as a successful solo artist in his own right. Of that side, Collins says, "My songs are very, very personal songs, lyrically, and I feel so close to them. It seems to me that that is what I really do. Me on my tour and my albums . . . that's really me. What I do with Genesis is really an interesting experiment in seeing if the three of us can write together and get on. So really, the most important thing for me is my own career. I had a great time on my last tour, and now I can't wait to go out again. You know, it's that whole thing of being on your own and being totally responsible for everything that happens. That's a great feeling."

And the side projects continue to pour in. Recently he wrote the title tune for the movie *Against All Odds*, directed by Taylor (An Officer And A Gentleman) Hackford. He was also called upon to film the video clip of that tune for future MTV-play. Other producing projects on the horizon include a new album by Philip Bailey, the vocalist for Earth, Wind & Fire, and a new album by singer/songwriter Stephen Bishop. And if that weren't enough, he's also considering a part in a comedy film being scripted by a close friend of his.

In light of all these separate projects, Collins is quick to point out, "There's always rumors about Genesis splitting up. But we're not. We're very, very tight as a three-piece band. We get on wonderfully. There's friction alright, but good friction. We get on better now than we ever have. It's just that to keep the band together for so long, we always have to do other things to keep ourselves fresh. And we are constantly bringing these new, fresh ideas back to the band when we get together."

That won't be for a while, it seems—at least until March of 1985, when the three members of Genesis meet again in the studio. Until then, you can rest assured that Phil Collins will keep busy. He's got plenty of projects in the works, and a few fantasy collaborations that he sometimes dreams about: "I would love to be involved somewhere down the line with the Weather Report lineup. I especially loved their *Sweetnighter/Mysterious Traveller* period, that more spacious kind of sound they had. And I would love to get involved with Earth, Wind & Fire. I'd like to sit in—two drummers, me and Freddie White. I think that would sound great. And one other thing—I'd like to produce a record with Tina Turner. That would be interesting, to say the least." db



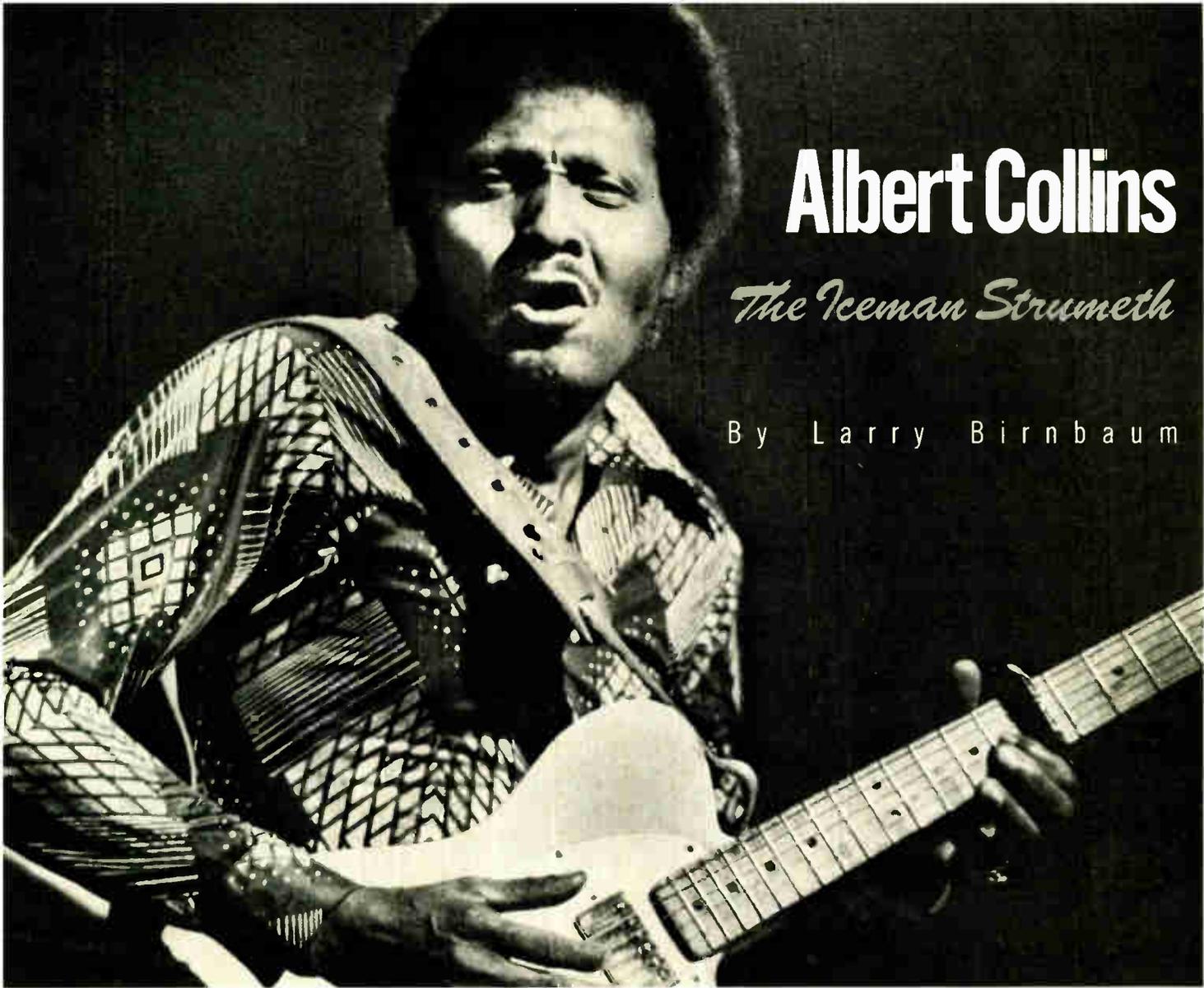
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Albert Collins

The Iceman Strumeth

By Larry Birnbaum

D. SHIGLEY

"I like fire, man. I like a lot of fire when I play, that drivin' rhythm section. I've always been into that." Albert Collins is the fieriest blues guitarist alive, a lean and dangerous-looking musician who electrifies audiences around the world with onslaughts of raw, stinging blues notes and razor-edged sustains. Plucking and slapping the capoed strings of his vintage Telecaster with a calloused thumb and forefinger, Collins still plays in the open D-minor tuning he learned as a child in East Texas, but his hard-rocking, Hendrix-tinged sound is closer to heavy metal than to country blues.

Best known for his stomping Texas shuffles, Collins also excels at slow, keening blues, tempering his instrumental intensity with clever songs and droll recitations. Inevitably, he climaxes his stage act by strolling into the crowd, swaggering and grimacing in time to the pungent tones he wrenches from his axe, his 200-foot guitar cord trailing behind him as he makes his way through the aisles, across bar tops, and often out into the street.

Although he cut a string of regional

hits in the early '60s and worked the psychedelic ballroom circuit later in that decade, Collins had faded into semi-obscure by the time he signed with Chicago-based Alligator Records six years ago. Since then his career has skyrocketed: he plays to packed houses in the U.S., tours Europe twice a year, and he has received three Grammy nominations, as well as awards from the Montreux Jazz Festival, *Melody Maker* magazine, the French *Academie du Jazz*, and the International Blues Foundation. His latest Alligator LP, *Live In Japan*, presents Collins in a typically ebullient performance (this time before a cheering throng at Kudan Kaikan in Tokyo) that kicks off with a torrid version of Eddie Harris' *Listen Here!*, winds through an extended workout on T-Bone Walker's *Stormy Monday*, and concludes in a blistering rendition of Jimmy McGriff's *All About My Girl*.

Albert Collins was born in a log cabin on a farm near Leona, Texas, about midway between Houston and Dallas, on

October 1, 1932. Leona was also the hometown of Lightnin' Hopkins, Albert's cousin and first musical inspiration. "He practically raised me," says Collins. "I used to just watch him play, mostly like at family reunions—they called 'em associations then. He'd be out on the big grounds they had, sittin' there on a stool and playin' guitar."

After his family moved to Houston in 1939, Collins learned to play piano. "They had a teacher that'd come to the school I was going to," he says. "She had to come 35 miles every Friday, and during the winter months the roads was so bad—it wasn't paved roads then—that she couldn't come and teach piano lessons. So I started takin' up guitar. I heard this tune that John Lee Hooker had called *Boogie Chillun*—that's really when I first thought I might take up guitar—and I had a guy teach me the standard tuning, and I tried it for a while, but it was really complicated to me. So my cousin, Willow Young, he taught me the other tuning, and I started playing that way from then on. He would lay

the guitar in his lap and play it with a knife, like you do a steel guitar. I used to try to play like that, but I quit doin' it. I started out tryin' to play with a pick, but it just seemed like it was in my way. I was used to seein' people play with their fingers, you know. I used to play with all my fingers, like you play on piano."

Albert played a short stint as a guitarist in his mother's church before enrolling at Jack Yates High School, where he organized his first band. "I was a big guy then—through the years I got small—and I went out to play football, and they almost killed me. When that happened, I thought I'd better stick with music. I was playin' guitar and piano, and I bought me an organ, and I got my organ stole from me on the highway, so I just never tried to fool with it any more." His fascination with the organ sound, however, lingered on throughout his career.

Acquiring an Epiphone hollow-body guitar, Collins turned professional in 1950, forming his eight-piece Rhythm Rockers. "I was listenin' to the big bands: Jimmie Lunceford, Tommy Dorsey, Jimmy Dorsey. I used to love the big band sound. And I had some jazz musicians playin' with me. I was playin' blues, but they taught me my timin'. This guy named Henry Hayes—he's an alto player and piano teacher—he helped me a whole lot. Illinois Jacquet's father was playin' alto with me too, but just around the city—he didn't do no travelin'. I played at the Manhattan Club in Galveston, on Manhattan Beach, but mostly around Houston." Johnny "Guitar" Watson, then a pianist, also played briefly in Albert's band before moving to California.

Like his fellow Houstonian, Gatemouth Brown, Collins was deeply influenced by another Texas guitarist, T-Bone Walker. "He was actually the guy that made people start listenin' to the guitar," says Albert, "because saxophone and piano was very popular in them days." Collins absorbed the recorded sounds of Mississippi and Chicago artists like B. B. King, Elmore James, Howlin' Wolf, and Little Walter, but was more attuned to the bluesmen of the Texas-Louisiana region. Hot guitar instrumentals like Pee Wee Crayton's *Texas Hop* and Gatemouth Brown's *Okie Dokie Stomp* rode high on Southern r&b playlists in the early '50s; Collins was so moved by a Gatemouth performance that he bought himself a solid-body Fender Esquire guitar to match Brown's.

Collins accompanied his friend Malcolm Moore on a couple of recordings, then toured the South in 1953 and 1954 with vocalist Piney Brown. "We worked mostly out of New Orleans," he says. "I used to use part of Louis Armstrong's band when I was there, and I used some of Fats Domino's musicians." Returning to Houston, he worked as a truck driver, playing only on weekends; later he



ALBERT COLLINS AND THE ICEBREAKERS: From left, Robert Noll, A. C. Reed, Collins, Casey Jones, Johnny B. Gayden.

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 mixed auto-body paints for the ZacLac company, a job he held until the mid-'60s. "That was my real trademark," he says.

His former sideman and teacher, Henry Hayes, had gone into partnership with another music instructor, Mel Young, to form Kangaroo Records. "I was cuttin' for them with a group called the Dolls," Albert recalls, "and they had some time left after they got through doin' their recordings." In the remaining studio time Collins waxed his version of *The Freeze*, a funky instrumental tune that Fenton Robinson had recorded earlier for Duke Records. Issued in 1958—the year in which Duane Eddy, Link Wray, and others broke wide open the market for guitar instrumentals—*The Freeze* b/w *Collins Shuffle* brought Albert to local prominence; soon he was sharing the stage with his idols: T-Bone Walker, Gatemouth Brown, and Guitar Slim.

Bill Hall had already been recording blues and rock & roll artists for various local labels at his Beaumont, Texas, studio, when he and country & western songwriter and publisher Jack Clement signed Collins to their newly founded Hall-Way Records. Inspired by a fogged-up windshield on a trip through Corpus Christi, Albert recorded *De-Frost* b/w *Albert's Alley* in 1960. Johnny Winter, a regular session player at age 16, and Janis Joplin, a year older, were in attendance when Collins cut his follow-up single, the

million-selling *Frosty*, for Hall. "Janis would hang around the studio all the time. She always wanted to be a musician," he remembers. "So Janis said that *Frosty* would be a hit, and that's just what happened."

* * *
 Collins continued with a series of similar funk-blues instrumentals, with titles like *Frost Bite*, *Thaw-Out*, *Icy Blue*, *Sno-Cone*, and *Don't Lose Your Cool*. Albert justified the frigid metaphor with spine-chilling high notes and spiky tone clusters, set in the sparsely arranged context of an organ, sax, and brass combo and accentuated with amplifier reverb and studio echo. His bluesy shuffles have a timeless appeal, but other tunes are raunchy period pieces, suggesting by turns James Brown, surfing music, latin-rock, and even Jamaican ska. At Hall's instigation, Collins sang on one selection, *Dyin' Flu*. "I never was a singer," he acknowledges. "I never liked to sing."

He continued to perform in the Houston area through the mid-'60s, appearing with Gatemouth Brown, B. B. King, Freddy King (Collins' cousin by marriage), Jimmy McCracklin, O. V. Wright, and the Jazz Crusaders. He met Jimi Hendrix when he briefly replaced the younger guitarist in Little Richard's touring band, and later accompanied Big Walter Price on the pianist's recording of *Get To Gettin'*, which Collins re-cut for an Alligator LP. In 1965 Hall arranged a



BROTHERLY LOVE: On-stage at Kingston Mines in the Windy City; from left, Dan Ackroyd, Steve Cropper, Carey Bell, John Belushi, Albert Collins, Duck Dunn.

distribution deal with 20th Century Fox, and Albert's singles were compiled on an album entitled *The Cool Sound Of Albert Collins* on the TCF Hall label (later re-released as *Truckin' With Albert Collins* on Blue Thumb). Collins was finally able to quit his paint-mixing job, but *The Cool Sound*, and his succeeding singles for 20th Century Fox, were indifferently promoted. In 1966, following his mother's death, the guitarist moved to Kansas City, where he met his wife Gwendolyn.

In Kansas City—then a mecca for organ combos—Collins sat in with Jimmy Smith and Jimmy McGriff, and befriended guitarist Grant Green. "After I was with the jazz musicians," he says, "I started wantin' to play like Kenny Burrell and them. But within my mind I said, 'Naw, that won't fit me.' So I stuck with the blues." He worked his own dates with drummer Buddy Miles and shared engagements with Albert King, returning to Houston periodically to perform, often with Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson. He was playing at a Houston club called the Ponderosa when Bob Hite and Henry Vestine of the group Canned Heat dropped in to hear him in 1967. Duly impressed, the two persuaded Imperial Records of Los Angeles to sign Collins to a contract, and brought him out to California to record an album the next year.

At the end of 1968, he played in San Francisco for impresario Bill Graham; someone taped the performance, and it was issued a decade later, after Collins' success with Alligator, on the British Red Lightnin' label. "That was sickenin'," says Albert. "My first show was at the Fillmore West, and I had my organ player [Bobby Alexis]—I brought him out from Houston—but I had to pick the rest of my musicians up out there." He moved to L.A. permanently in January 1969, "so I could be closer to Canned Heat—I played some shows with them, too. The first job I played with them was the Shrine Exposition. They had rented a big old elephant, and they had [300-pound] Bob Hite ridin' on top of this elephant, with just diapers on."

Always at his best in front of an audience, Collins won new fans at clubs, colleges, dance halls, and outdoor festivals along the West Coast. His Imperial albums, again produced by Hall, were oriented more toward the soul-funk market, however, than to novice blues lovers. Recorded at L.A.'s Record Plant, *Love Can Be Found Anywhere (Even In A Guitar)* simply picked up where the Hall singles had left off, sans icy nomenclature. A typically James Brown-flavored track, *Do The Sissy*, probably inspired the Meters' first hits, *Sophisticated Cissy* and *Cissy Strut*, but the all-instrumental album was a disappointing seller. Hall then had Collins record a second LP,



D. SHIGLEY

ALBERT COLLINS' EQUIPMENT

"I got a '57 [Fender] Telecaster, and I got a '61," says Albert Collins. "The '61 had Gibson humbucking pickups on it when I bought it. And the Fender company gave me another guitar the year before last—I still got it at home.

"I used to use Fender Rock 'n' Roll 150 strings, but I endorse Gill guitar strings now. I still use the same gauge: .010, .015, .023, .026, .032, and .038. A long time ago I was playin' with Black Diamonds—they was heavy strings, 'cause I used to play acoustic guitar.

"I used to play through a Leslie speaker—the kind that goes to a Hammond B-3 organ—but now I use a Fender Quad-Reverb amp. It runs 300-watts, and I got four 12-inch JBL speakers in it. I can play it in the United States, and I can play it in Europe—just switch it back."

ALBERT COLLINS SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

LIVE IN JAPAN—Alligator 4733
 DON'T LOSE YOUR COOL—Alligator 4730
 FROZEN ALIVE!—Alligator 4725
 FROSTBITE—Alligator 4719
 ICE PICKIN'—Alligator 4713
 THERE'S GOTTA BE A CHANGE—Tumbleweed 103
 ALIVE & COOL—Red Lightnin' 004
 THE COMPLEAT ALBERT COLLINS—Imperial 12449
 TRASH TALKIN'—Imperial 12438
 LOVE CAN BE FOUND ANYWHERE (EVEN IN A GUITAR)—Imperial 12428
 TRUCKIN' WITH ALBERT COLLINS—Blue Thumb 8808

Trash Talkin', in Memphis, heralding Albert's vocal emergence with titles like *Jawing*, *Chatterbox*, *Lip Service*, and *Tongue Lashing*, although these also were instrumentals. Collins confined his oral efforts mainly to the comic narrations of *Conversations With Collins* (later re-recorded for Alligator) and *Trash Talkin'*—weaving a dozen of his earlier song titles into this song's rap.

Collins actually sang, rather woodenly, on five tracks of his third and final Imperial album, *The Compleat Albert Collins*, which was recorded at Clement's studio in Nashville using c&w musicians. The material and arrangements, though, were much the same as before, aside from a mangled Ivory Joe Hunter ballad and a pair of Cajun songs by Stephen

Hollister. "Bill Hall wanted something different," says Albert, "but it didn't work. They were good musicians, you know, but they was used to playin' country music."

In 1971 he became the first artist to sign with Eagles-producer Bill Szymczyk's Tumbleweed label. Despite an occasionally obtrusive horn section, Albert's Tumbleweed album, *There's Got To Be A Change*, was better adapted to the contemporary blues market, with Collins confidently singing his wife's witty lyrics on many of the Albert King-styled numbers. Szymczyk then issued a would-be crossover single, *Eight Days On The Road*, with an overwrought pop-rock arrangement by Joe Walsh, but unfortunately, Tumbleweed folded soon after. "ABC Dunhill picked up my rights," Collins recounts, "so I went to try to cut for ABC Dunhill. They already had B. B. King, and I waited too long, and they had signed Bobby Bland. They said they had enough blues. Six years I didn't have a record, and I just worked up and down the West Coast."

Pausing briefly to record behind Ike and Tina Turner, Collins steadily plied the club circuit between San Diego and Vancouver through the mid-'70s, picking up accompanists like the Fabulous Thunderbirds and the Robert Cray Band along the way. In Seattle he met bluesologist Dick Shurman, who subsequently moved to Chicago and recommended Albert to Bruce Iglauer of Alligator. It was not until 1978, however, that Collins made his performing debut in the Windy City and waxed his first Alligator LP, *Ice Pickin'*, with a top-flight Chicago rhythm section that became his regular touring and recording band, the Icebreakers. (The Icebreakers currently include tenor saxophonist A. C. Reed, drummer Casey Jones, bassist Johnny B. Gayden, and guitarist Robert Noll.)

Combining cover versions of little-known blues gems with new and old originals by Collins and his wife, *Ice Pickin'* showcased Albert at his multifaceted best. The album drew rave reviews, paving the way for concert dates throughout the U.S. and Europe. A second Alligator LP, *Frostbite*, was issued in 1980, followed by *Frozen Alive!* (recorded at a Minneapolis performance), *Don't Lose Your Cool*, and *Live In Japan*, all in a roughly similar format that included singing, story-telling, and guitaristics galore. His Alligator albums have firmly established Collins as a major modern bluesman, but his admitted predilections for rock and funk—he was once touted as "the James Brown of Texas" and later performed Sly Stone material using a wah-wah pedal—are still evident in his live shows. He is undismayed, however, at the 12-bar preferences of his young white fans. "It's an honor to me," he says, "because long about 20 years ago, man, white kids didn't listen to no blues." db

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BOB JAMES

While traveling to meet Bob James at the offices of CBS records in New York, a thought came to mind: given James' golden touch—five straight albums reaching the #1 position on the jazz charts; six Grammy nominations and one winner; numerous awards including *Cashbox*' "Jazz Producer of the Decade" ('70s); ownership of a record label (Tappan Zee); writing and recording assignments for the hit tv series *Taxi*—it would be truly impossible to calculate the number of people who have heard or been affected by his music.

In a career spanning over 20 years, James has shaped an identifying sound, one that favors the use of synthesizers and that features, in large part, a regular cast of New York City's most in-demand musicians. While performing at the Notre Dame Jazz Festival in 1962, James first came to the attention of Quincy Jones, the person most responsible for giving him his start. He soon landed record deals with Mercury and ESP, and then enjoyed a four-year stint as Sarah Vaughan's musical director. His audience expanded considerably after he joined Creed Taylor's CTI label, first as an arranger and then keyboardist and producer for virtually every artist under contract to the company; at that time the roster included Freddie Hubbard, Grover Washington Jr., Ron Carter, Stanley Turrentine, and Hubert Laws.

His stay at CTI proved especially meaningful for James' development as a recording artist. He did four of his own albums, all successful, before joining CBS where his talents meshed neatly with those of Paul Simon (*Still Crazy After All These Years*), Neil Diamond (*A Beautiful Noise*), Kenny Loggins (*Celebrate Me Home* and *Nightwatch*), and other CBS artists.

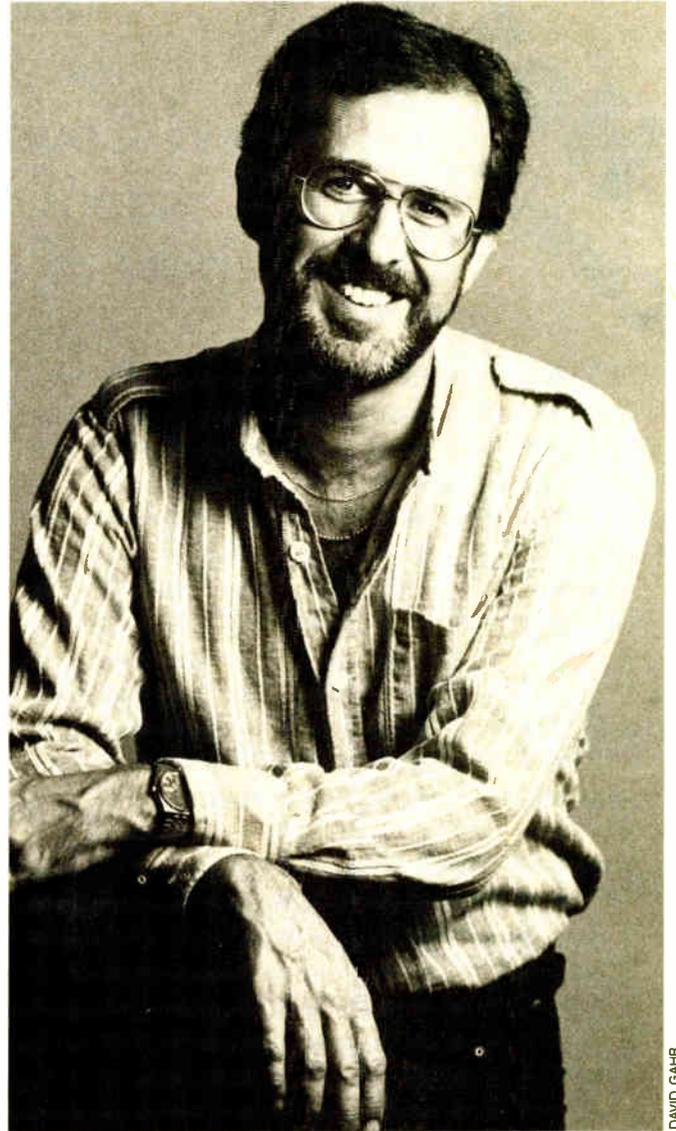
Since forming Tappan Zee, his own label, in 1977, James has continued to score impressively with his own records, receiving considerable airplay on radio stations around the country and selling exceedingly well.

By his own admission, James' goal has been to "create sounds that will reach out across all the invisible barriers that exist in the world of music and speak to as wide an audience as possible." To that end, James has succeeded far beyond his earliest expectations. He is fairly communicative about his role as a creator and communicator.

Jeff Levenson: You have sold millions of records, you have written for a major tv series, and you have popularized a kind of music that has become your signature sound. The music is pervasive, almost atmospheric in that one hears it everywhere. Has that had an effect on how you create?

Bob James: I'm flattered that you offer that as an opening question. I'm not sure that I'm the one to answer that, but I'll try. I think all that is meaningful to me, overall, because I am a believer in communication, and I love to have my music reach people. I also think it is dangerous to the creative process. If one begins to think of the audience, specifically, when trying to create music, one runs the risk of trying to anticipate what people think and what they want. There's a trap to that.

JL: It sounds like it has something to do with the notion that familiarity in music is a double-edged sword. On the one side people respond to what they expect to hear. On the other side,



DAVID GAHR

Hybrid Harmonies

By Jeff Levenson



DAVID GAHR

THE JAMES GANG: From left, Jay Chattaway, Gary King, Bob James, Mark Colby, Eric Gale, Steve Gadd, Joe Jorgensen.

you've created something that, in a sense, has already been heard.

BJ: Absolutely. Once you have one record with your name on it, people start to identify you with that style or that sound. If it's successful, they'll want to hear more of it, and they'll get upset when you come out with something different. It becomes an ongoing battle whether or not you should stick with "your style." When you succumb to the temptation to give people what they want to hear, almost always they don't want what you've created. Some artists resist the temptation and continue to change all the time. In my case I try to challenge myself: it is necessary to set up arbitrary challenges in order to stay fresh. There are all kinds of devices you can use. It can be simply a double bar at the end of a blank music paper, where you know that you have a certain number of measures to complete the composition. When you get to the double bar, it's finished. Or, often in the recording process, it's a fixed period of time. You know that an album usually cannot last more than 40 minutes.

Of course, time deadlines work too. If I don't fix a deadline for myself, I'll stall forever. If I book a session, specifically, on a Monday morning, I know it will get done. It might be late Sunday night or early Monday morning when I get it together, but it gets done.

JL: Your music has fared impressively on different charts—jazz, pop, even r&b. Have you ever concerned yourself with the concept of categorization, how your music is labeled?

BJ: I'm most interested in making music. The labeling, which I really don't have much to do with, comes afterward. For example, I'm influenced by latin rhythms. I don't consider myself an expert, but I listen to them enough so that they rub off in my music. After composing a piece, I may be left with a rhythm that is half-latin and half-something else. It becomes hard to answer the question, "What is it?" or "What do you call it?" So I've created a hybrid, and I've also created a problem for the labeler.

This leads to another related issue. I have always felt that jazz, in particular, is a field that has to change; it can't stay the same. There is no legitimate or right way to do things, no right style. All the greats throughout the history of jazz were the people who changed it. In a general sense there is a real big world out there, and room for lots of music. I think the word "jazz" pertains to all kinds of stuff, and the word "hybrid" is really a term we should consider using more. I think what I do is create hybrid music.

JL: You've done most of your recording in New York, including the music for *Taxi*, yet producing television programs appears to be the archetypal L.A. activity. Was there ever a disparity in musical sensibilities relating to the respective coasts where these creative endeavors took place?

BJ: I think there is a stylistic difference between New York and L.A., but it gets very confused because a number of the

best creative people in both businesses routinely go back and forth between the coasts. In music it is not unusual for a West Coast guy to fly out to do a New York session, and vice-versa. One of the ways it is different is in the lifestyle, so that the sessions themselves take on a different atmosphere. There's a kind of tension in New York that obviously works better for some people. It does for me. In L.A., if there's a nice, sunny, beautiful day out there, I have some resistance to work.

JL: How did you get involved with *Taxi*?

BJ: I was pretty lucky. The producers of the show came to me after having heard my records. They liked my style of music,

BOB JAMES' EQUIPMENT

"I made my reputation on the Rhodes [electric piano], and I've been told that the sound is identified with me," says Bob James. "Recently I've been getting used to the Yamaha GS1 and GS2, because of their feel and closeness to the [acoustic] piano.

"I have never felt completely comfortable as a soloist with a non touch-sensitive synthesizer. Mostly I use them for color and orchestral effects. You can now do orchestral improvising from a keyboard; it's very exciting. I used the Roland Jupiter 8 extensively on my last two albums, and it's very flexible even though it's not touch-sensitive.

"In acoustic pianos, I have a Yamaha at my summer home in Michigan and a Steinway here in New York."

BOB JAMES SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

as a leader

- | | |
|---|---|
| EXPLOSIONS—ESP 1009 | SIGN OF THE TIMES—Columbia/Tappan Zee 37495 |
| ONE—Columbia/Tappan Zee 36835 | THE GENIE—Columbia/Tappan Zee 38678 |
| TWO—Columbia/Tappan Zee 36836 | FOXIE—Columbia/Tappan Zee 38801 |
| THREE—Columbia/Tappan Zee 36837 | HANDS DOWN—Columbia/Tappan Zee 38067 |
| FOUR—Columbia/Tappan Zee 36838 | |
| HEADS—Columbia/Tappan Zee 34896 | |
| TOUCHDOWN—Columbia/Tappan Zee 35594 | |
| | with Earl Klugh |
| LUCKY 7—Columbia/Tappan Zee 36056 | ONE ON ONE—Columbia/Tappan Zee 36241 |
| H—Columbia/Tappan Zee 36422 | TWO OF A KIND—Capitol/Tappan Zee 12244 |
| ALL AROUND THE TOWN—Columbia/Tappan Zee C2X3678 | |

and they asked me if I could create something for them along the lines of what I was already doing.

JL: That's a rare situation, for them to solicit a musician that way, isn't it?

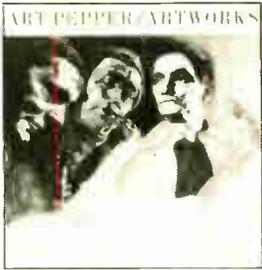
BJ: Very unusual. It was my first experience with tv, and it was a built-in opportunity to make more records.

JL: Did you see visuals at all?

BJ: A few times early on they would show me episodes. Towards the end, after we got to know each other and developed an attitude about the way we were going to work, it really didn't matter to me whether or not I saw the shows. A number of times I had anticipated what they wanted in a particular scene, and then they picked another track of mine for that scene, using my original choice for another scene entirely. So I decided to make many different mood pieces—

CONTINUED ON PAGE 67

NEW ARTWORKS



ART PEPPER
Artworks (GXY-5148)

Anthropology, Body and Soul, Desafinado, Donna Lee, You Go to My Head, Blues for Blanche

with George Cables, Charlie Haden, Billy Higgins



SONNY ROLLINS
Sunny Days, Starry Nights (M-9122)

Mava Mava, I'm Old Fashioned, Wynton, Tell Me You Love Me, I'll See You Again, Kilauoa

with Clifton Anderson, Mark Soskin, Russel Blake, Tommy Campbell



**JORGE STRUNZ/
ARDESHIR FARAH**
Frontera (M-9123)

Quetzal, Zona Liberada, Reng, Cassiopeia, Rio Nuevo, Abrazo, Amritsar, The Dervish

with Steve Tavaglione, Eduardo del Barro, Alex Acuna, Stanley Clarke, Luis Conte, and others



BILL EVANS
From the Seventies (F-9630)

Nobody Else But Me (trio and quintet versions), Up with the Lark, Quiet Now, Orson's Theme, Gloria's Step, Elsa

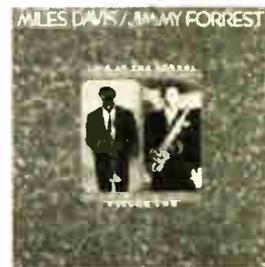
with Harold Land, Kenny Burrell, Ray Brown, Eddi Gomez, Philly Joe Jones, Marty Morell, Eliot Zigmund



HANK CRAWFORD
Indigo Blue (M-9119)

All Alone and Blue, The Very Thought of You, Things Ain't What They Used to Be, Funny, Indigo Blue, Just for a Thrill

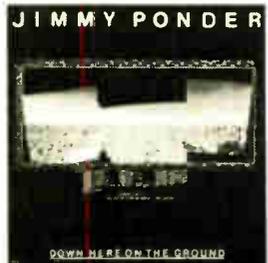
with Dr. John, Melvin Sparks, Wilbur Bascomb, Bernard Purdie, Martin Banks, Danny Moore, David Fathead Newman, Howard Johnson



**MILES DAVIS/
JIMMY FORREST**
Live at the Barrel, v. 2 (P-7860)

Perdido, All the Things You Are, Our Delight, Lady Bird, Oh Lady Be Good

with Charles Fox, Johnny Mixon, Oscar Oldham



JIMMY PONDER
Down Here on the Ground (M-9121)

Billie Jean, Another Kind of Love, Epistrophy, Superstition, Down Here on the Ground, El Samba, Lush Life, My Funny Valentine

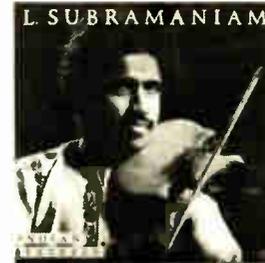
with Mickey Tucker, Paul West, Arnold Sterling, Mino Cinelu, and others



STEVE DOUGLAS
King Cobra (F-9632)

Mystic Journey, King Cobra, Going Home, Jump Up, Wrapped Around Your Finger, Angular Action, Sashay, Let It Be Me, Harlem Nocturne

with Tim Gorman, Robin Sylvester, Brad Bilhorn, Ry Cooder, Duane Eddy, Barbara Mauritz, Jeanette Sartain



L. SUBRAMANIAM
Indian Express (M-9120)

Indian Express, I Can't Forget, Grasshopper, The Pink Moment, Guess What, Whispering Moods, Flight of the Humble Bee

with Jorge Strunz, Stanley Clarke, Stix Hooper, Hubert Laws, Ardeahir Farah, and others

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DAVE HOLLAND

JUMPIN' IN—ECM 1269: *JUMPIN' IN*; *FIRST SNOW*; *THE DRAGON AND THE SAMURAI*; *NEW-ONE*; *SUNRISE*; *SHADOW DANCE*; *YOU I LOVE*.

Personnel: Holland, bass, cello; Steve Coleman, alto saxophone, flute; Kenny Wheeler, trumpet, pocket trumpet, cornet, flugelhorn; Julian Priester, trombone; Steve Ellington, drums.

★★★★★

LIFE CYCLE—ECM 1238: *LIFE CYCLE (INCEPTION, DISCOVERY, LONGING, SEARCH, RESOLUTION)*; *SONNET*; *RUNE*; *TROUBADOUR TALE*; *GRAPEVINE*; *MORNING SONG*; *CHANSON POUR LA NUIT*.

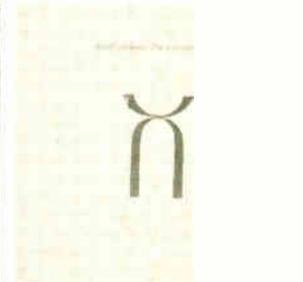
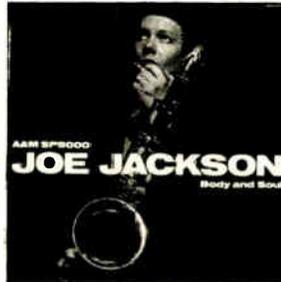
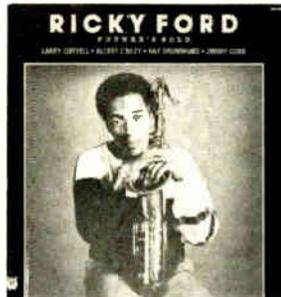
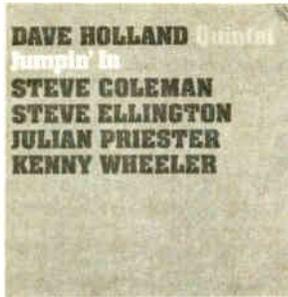
Personnel: Holland, cello.

★★★★★

It has been over 10 years since ECM released Dave Holland's *Conference Of The Birds*, a quartet date with Sam Rivers, Anthony Braxton, and Barry Altschul that has taken on classic proportions with age. Given his long-standing affiliation with ECM, Holland's discography as a leader/solo artist is so scant that the release of *Jumpin' In* (worth the decade-plus wait) shortly after the appearance of his solo cello LP *Life Cycle*, gives cause for them to be considered jointly. One of the very few European jazz musicians of his generation to successfully transplant careers in the U.S., Holland is—in addition to being a virtuosic bassist and cellist—a facile composer who favors unadorned idiomatic essences and forwards a lyricism that is both bluesy and pastoral. His is a multifaceted sensibility that these contrasting collections only begin to explicate.

Holland's English roots are more evident on *Life Cycle* than on any of his other recordings, particularly in the boldly bowed chords and dance rhythms of *Inception* and the melancholic *Sonnet*. Yet, Holland does more than reflect his heritage; permutating rhythms and scales, he seamlessly blends materials from various cultures, particularly on the programmatic title suite. Interestingly, Holland's *Resolution* is a twangy blues; to a degree, his sense of ease with the idiom is attributable to his tenure with Rivers, as is the cello sequencing of materials from various idioms. Holland's technique is finely wrought, and his bearing is, at times, formal; on balance, however, his attack is impassioned.

On *Jumpin' In* Holland's bucolic lyricism is most pronounced on *First Snow*, a gliding mid-tempo vehicle for Kenny Wheeler's full-bodied flugelhorn, and on *Sunrise* in the solemn scoring for flute, trumpet, and trombone. Elsewhere, the bassist's consonance is undermined by his propulsive rhythms (Steve Ellington also deserves credit for this) and his penchant for collective improvisation. Holland favors polyphonous transitions between themes and solos instead of a quick cut; this prompts absorbing banter among Wheeler, Steve Coleman, and Julian Priester on such spirited sprints as *You I Love* and the title composition. Holland's conversant unit gives his music the sharp, hot edge it requires; as a result, *Jumpin' In* is the more cogent representation of Holland's compositional strengths.



It also proves that *Conference Of The Birds* was no fluke. —bill shoemaker

RICKY FORD

FUTURE'S GOLD—Muse 5296: *A-FLAT NOW*; *YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT LOVE IS*; *SAMBA DE CARIBE*; *GOODBYE PORK PIE HAT*; *FUTURE'S GOLD*; *KNOWLEDGE*; *CENTENARIAN WALTZ*; *HINDSIGHT AND NECESSITY*.

Personnel: Ford, tenor saxophone; Larry Coryell (cuts 5-8), electric, 12-string guitar; Albert Dailey, piano; Ray Drummond, bass; Jimmy Cobb, drums.

★★★★★

RICHIE COLE

ALTO ANNIE'S THEME—Palo Alto 8036-N: *JEANNINE*; *KEY LARGO*; *BOPLICITY*; *SOPHISTICATED LADY*; *CALL OF THE WILD*; *SONG FOR AARON COPLAND*; *ALTO ANNIE'S THEME*; *TANGERINE*; *SHEAF OF WHEAT*; *EASY TO LOVE*.

Personnel: Cole, alto, tenor, baritone saxophone; Dick Hindman, piano; Brian Bromberg, bass; Victor Jones, drums; Babatunde (2), percussion; Bruce Forman (2), acoustic, electric guitar.

★★★★★

Both Ricky Ford and Richie Cole have a solid confidence in the rightness of their musical directions, coupled with more-than-serviceable chops and an infectious enthusiasm for flat-out blowing. Their approach to music is at once eclectic and ingenuous as they rediscover the lore of the saxophone, reshaping it to their contemporary musical needs.

Ford's musical lineage has been traced to Coleman Hawkins, and indeed there's a good helping of Bean's robust tone and extroversion in his playing. But Ford's work also has more than a touch of Sonny Rollins, minus Rollins' sly sarcasm. For instance, on *A-Flat Now*, a bright, show-type tune, Ford breezes through the

snappy head as his fat tone toys with the opening motif, rippling through nimble runs. His soloing is marked by a feeling of sustained, forward-driving momentum and a seemingly unshakable confidence in the improvisational course he's plotting. Countering Ford's forthright lines are pianist Albert Dailey's facile phrases that verge on hard-bop glibness and point up the difference between playing with a kind of forced intensity and playing with conviction.

Goodbye Pork Pie Hat, in a nice touch, is done with tenor and bass only. Ford opens with a virtuosic cadenza (not Rollins, but close), then pensively intones Mingus' dirge. Ray Drummond's bass lines weave a dark, ruminating counterpoint to the tenorist's expansive phrases. On *You Don't Know What Love Is*, the other slow piece here, Ford gets into restrained preaching, finally sliding into assured, sing-songish double time, complemented by Dailey's treble figures.

Less convincing are *Samba De Caribe* and *Hindsight And Necessity*. These latin/West Indian pieces seem compositional and improvisational exercises. On them, Ford is resonant, powerful, yet too prone to opt for obvious note choices and rhythms. Larry Coryell joins Ford on the second side of this release, and it's a happy pairing. Throughout, Coryell avoids mechanical change-running and holds out for the well-chosen note and nuance. His solo on *Future's Gold*, a happy swinger, is gracefully light-fingered, while on *Knowledge*, a loping line reminiscent of Monk's *Epistrophy*, he proffers consistently laid-back, thoughtful lines. But the guitar/tenor sonorities blend best on the sentimental *Centenarian Waltz*, dedicated to Eubie Blake. Here, as elsewhere, Ford plays without a hint of tentativeness, reminding us what the term straightahead is all about.

Richie Cole also knows something about playing straightahead, as evidenced by his no-frills tenor work on a happy chestnut-like *Tangerine*. Opening and closing with a defiantly swinging riff (with background effects from the "Alto Madness International Finger Snappers"), Ford rides throughout, continu-

RECORD REVIEWS

ously pitching forward in blatant swinging, all of which is helped along by Brian Bromberg's snappy, plucky bass. *Boplicity*, Cleo Henry's *Birth Of The Cool* classic, swings in a lighter groove. Cole solos on alto with consistently on-target references to the theme. His melodic paraphrases culminate in a chorus of neatly crafted tutti figures with pianist Dick Hindman, done with the sort of finesse that characterized the Miles Davis Nonet version of this piece. After playing homage to the cool, Cole heats things up in a pad-busting tenor romp through *Easy To Love*. Cole, like Ford, has no uncertainty about which turn to take next, and his stamina is impressive. *Jeannine*, yet another swinger, recalls both Cannonball Adderley and Eddie Jefferson, Cole's late colleague. Cole's alto soars and riffs through this one, and there are creakingly comic baritone asides overdubbed on the out chorus.

Unlike Ford, Cole, as commentators have noted, has a cultivated flair for exaggeration and melodrama. These tendencies surface on *Sophisticated Lady* as his baritone bulges and see-saws through Ellington's standard. Cole's direction is clear, although his means for reaching it may be called into question. The same is even more true of *Call Of The Wild*, a bit of serio-comic fun replete with a real chorus of wolves recorded on location, and ambitious passages from Cole's overdubbed Mega-universal Saxophone Orchestra (!), an ensemble that favors us with both pastoral passages in the manner of Aaron Copland and spoofs of the jazz avant garde.

While some have questioned the propriety of Cole's occasional propensity toward comic exaggeration, the attractiveness of his lyrical side shouldn't be slighted. *Song For Aaron Copland/Alto Annie's Theme* shows that he's not afraid to play pretty. A song-like, effectively simple opening gives way to a lyrical waltz that's refreshingly unpretentious and infectiously swinging as it makes its straightahead point in 3/4 time.

Two solid performances by two saxophonists who know where they're going and seem to have figured out how to get there.

—jon balleras

JOE JACKSON

BODY AND SOUL—A&M SP-5000: *THE VERDICT*; *CHA CHA LOCO*; *NOT HERE, NOT NOW*; *YOU CAN'T GET WHAT YOU WANT (TILL YOU KNOW WHAT YOU WANT)*; *GO FOR IT*; *LOISAIDA*; *HAPPY ENDING*; *BE MY NUMBER TWO*; *HEART OF ICE*.

Personnel: Jackson, vocals, piano, saxophone; Graham Maby, bass; Vinnie Zummo, guitar; Ed Roynesdal, keyboards, violin; Tony Aiello, saxophones, flute; Michael Morreale, trumpet, flugelhorn; Gary Burke, drums; Ellen Foley, Elaine Caswell, vocals.

★ ½

There's no denying Englishman Joe Jackson has a knack for penning irresistible melodies. Chart successes *Is She Really Going Out With Him?*, *It's Different For Girls*, and *Steppin' Out* are models of melodic pop sprightliness. But Jackson is imprudent. Not content with mixing pure-pop craft and ironic lyric, he recorded a

travesty "honoring" '40s jump-master Louis Jordan—*Jumpin' Jive*, in 1981. The more recent sales blockbuster *Night And Day* drew from funk, jazz, and salsa in bleached-out, specious fashion.

Dilettante Jackson's new effort is pompous, unintentional goofiness of the highest order. The record jacket copies the design of Blue Note jazz releases of the '50s. The record's title initially had me in a dither that he'd bastardized the jazz world, the memory of Coleman Hawkins. (After all, the cover photograph of nouveau-beat Jackson has him with, god forbid, a saxophone.) Luckily the incidental quasi-jazz touches on the album have no reference point. Oh yeah, the hornmen are Tony Aiello and Michael Morreale.

The music befits pop's top fop. Regally solemn horns in *The Verdict* go hand-in-hand with Jackson's stagy singing about human irresolution. The ersatz latin ballad *Not Here, Not Now* is a trifle, music and lyric both trivial. *Go For It* has all the energy of a senior high pep rally; good enough, but Jackson's *sincere* message is that we can strive to be heroes just like Babe Ruth and . . . Ray Charles! The brooding instrumental *Loisaida*, meant as a musical ancestor to warhorses *Harlem Nocturne* and *Slaughter On 10th Avenue*, has Aiello's steeped-in-vinegar alto saxophone and Jackson's simple-is-profound piano in the spotlight. Haunting? Nah, it's stylishly nutso.

Jackson's *Harlequin Romance* soul-searching rankles the ears. His expressions of optimism and cynicism are superficially silly. Saving graces are the melodies of *Happy Ending* (a duet with Elaine Caswell—I pine for Marvin Gaye/Tammi Terrell or Otis Redding/Carla Thomas), and *You Can't Get What You Want*.

—frank-john hadley

PAT METHENY

REJOICING—ECM 1271: *LONELY WOMAN*; *TEARS INSIDE*; *HUMPTY DUMPTY*; *BLUES FOR PAT*; *REJOICING*; *STORY FROM A STRANGER*; *THE CALLING*; *WAITING FOR AN ANSWER*.

Personnel: Metheny, electric, acoustic, synthesized guitar; Charlie Haden, bass; Billy Higgins, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

This trio setting harkens back to Metheny's first album as a leader, *Bright Size Life*, recorded eight years ago while he was still a member of the Gary Burton Quartet. That impressive debut featured sensitive support from drummer Bob Moses and bassist Jaco Pastorius.

The kid from Lee's Summit, Missouri, has done a lot of growing up since then. *Rejoicing* shows the gifted guitarist playing with a scope and maturity only hinted at on *Bright Size Life*. Perhaps it's the company he keeps. Backed by the sublime accompaniment of Haden and Higgins, kindred spirits from their days together in the revolutionary Ornette Coleman Quartet of the late '50s, Metheny seems especially inspired on this outing.

Throughout side one the guitarist's playing is imbued with the spirit of Wes Montgomery and Jim Hall. His tone is warmer than usual, a la Hall, and he swings furiously in ways that he

rarely can with his own electrified group. His gentle chording-the-melody work on *Lonely Woman* is particularly reminiscent of Wes. Haden walks a sparse bass line while Higgins tip-taps lightly and politely in the background with brushes on this moody Horace Silver ballad. Both Higgins and Haden are uncanny listeners and both exhibit luminous, vocal qualities in their subtle playing.

The centerpiece of side one is the Coleman composition *Humpty Dumpty*, where Haden and Higgins break away from the chord changes and indulge in more personal expression. On Haden's *Blues For Pat* they engage in more inspired interplay while Metheny sails over the top with characteristic deftness. And Higgins and Metheny team up for some rapid unison lines on the title cut, another Coleman composition, proving that drums can play melody as well as any other instrument.

Side two is a whole other story. After a mournful acoustic guitar ballad, Metheny's *Story From A Stranger*, he pulls out the high technology weapons and launches into a frenzied 10-minute manifesto for the guitar synthesizer. This triumphant freak-out session, entitled *The Calling*, is as daring and full of tension as anything he's ever recorded—an extension of his dissonant excursions on the title cut from *Offramp*, his group's last studio album.

Fans of Wes may want to avoid this piece and concentrate on side one. But those open-minded listeners who are interested in this new voice that Metheny is still developing into his guitar vocabulary will want to key in on *The Calling*.

—bill milkowski

ELLIS MARSALIS

SYNDROME—Elm 4834: *SYNDROME*; *THE GARDEN*; *THE FOURTH AUTUMN*; *MOMENT'S NOTICE*; *TELL ME*; *WHISPER NOT*; *AFTER*; *DE-ACCELERATION*; *ZEE BLUES*.

Personnel: Marsalis, piano; Kent Jordan, piccolo, soprano, alto flutes; Bill Huntington, bass; James Black, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

As we all know by now, Marsalis Sr. has sired several equally talented offspring, and one—Delfeayo Marsalis—appears here in the role of producer. His other two sons, Wynton and Branford, have been well documented. So, it's with great pleasure that one of the instigators of all that talent is given an opportunity to show his stuff.

Marsalis pere is a superlative craftsman, either in improvising on Coltrane's *Moment's Notice*, or in playing a wholly composed work, such as *The Fourth Autumn*, with its impressionistic air and a sense of the season it portrays. He has three opportunities to display his solo expertise; on the title track, on *The Fourth Autumn*, and on the short, stride-like *Zee Blues*. However, it is his interaction with his comrades that gives this album its buoyancy. For example, *Whisper Not*, a familiar jazz classic, is given an unusual quality by featuring bass throughout, with the other three instruments providing a background, and occasionally coming in to make a brief statement. It

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works well and shows what can be done with well-worn material. Another highlight is *After*, in which piano and flute converse with each other, then venture into out-of-tempo explorations. This bears the true mark of the exploratory jazzman, and beautifully complements some of the other more traditional-sounding tracks.

It has been noted in the liner notes that this album was recorded "free from studio manipulation," in a small chapel on the campus of Newcomb College. While at times this is an advantage, apparently this could have something to do with the drums sounding hollow and the piano being under-recorded. Nevertheless, this is a collector's item, in that it reiterates jazz values which often tend to become lost in the shuffle of elaborate overdubbing, sweetening, and synthesizing.

Marsalis is a master at his art, having been at it both as performer and teacher for more years than most of us realize. His work on *Syndrome* is proof positive of the validity of his genre of musical artist.

—frankie nemko

BILL EVANS

LIVING IN THE CREST OF A WAVE—Elektra Musician 60349-1-E: REEF CARNAVAL; WHEN IT'S A GOOD THING (YOU KNOW IT); DAWN (IN WISCONSIN NORTH WOODS); THE YOUNG AND OLD; PAST THOUGHTS; LIVING IN THE CREST OF A WAVE.

Personnel: Evans, tenor (cuts 5-6), soprano saxophone, OBXa, modular Oberheim, flute; Mitch Forman, piano, OBXa, modular Oberheim; Mark Egan, bass, eight-string fretless bass; Adam Nussbaum (1-5), Danny Gottlieb (6), drums; Manolo Badrena, percussion, Angolan wave-tones (1-5).

★ ★ ½

What ideas has saxist Bill Evans carried away from his three years with Miles Davis? Latin colors (Badrena's conga and chekere), cute if insubstantial vamps (*Reef Carnival*, *When It's A Good Thing*) that go on too long, composing with more texture than substance, yes. But building and sustaining a groove, no: his horn leads seldom carry the ball, and much of the weight in the sound mix falls to Nussbaum's thrashing, hissy kit. Evans' soprano makes a tiny, whiny banshee on side one, and there's little to sink one's teeth into except Egan's fat bass and Forman's voluptuous splashes.

Some tracks work well: Evans finds a simple but pretty song to sing on *The Young And Old*, and sings it with passion (alternating with a nice Forman slot) to the end. *Past Thoughts* conjures up Miles' *Filles De Kilimanjaro*, where intriguing voicings, keyboard layers, and ominous sonorities may have been inspired by co-producer Mike Gibbs. *Dawn's* OBX overlays and flute arpeggios carry a backdrop with feet of their own, and a brief, cryptic soprano solo with character contrasts with the alert, evocative flute intro sounding like a loon on a northern lake.

Stronger material is needed here for backbone. But Evans still shows promise—the tenor momentum on *Thoughts* impresses on relistening (such *cojones* merit more than one track). Stay tuned.

—fred bouchard

Zulu Jive

In 1841, while rebellious youths in Paris danced to a wild and sensuous new rhythm imported from the primitive East—the polka—a British traveler to Africa reported from Ghana that "the native band . . . plays admirably by ear, several of the most popular English tunes." Today it is African music that is sweeping the West: not the folkloric music of Africa's myriad tribes, but the Westernized pop music that originated when native army and police bands, equipped with European instruments, were trained to entertain their colonial masters. Although the musicians, recruited mostly from missionary schools, were forbidden to perform "heathenish" traditional music (drumming was especially frowned upon), many Africanisms inevitably remained.

Louis Armstrong became the first pan-African superstar after jazz records were introduced in the '20s, appealing particularly to such culturally assimilated groups as the Cape Coloureds of South Africa, who paraded on New Year's Day in much the same fashion as New Orleans' "Creoles of Color" had on Mardi Gras. "Jazz" became the catchall term for all of the occidentalized hybrid styles that evolved in different regions of the continent: High Life in West Africa, kwela in South Africa, the rumba Congolaise in Zaire. Since World War II, however, the guitar—first adopted by tribal harpists—has become the most popular instrument, and latin music, calypso, rhythm & blues, country & western, and—more recently, reggae—have replaced jazz as the chief Western influences.

Caribbean and Brazilian musics, with their African-derived rhythms, reinforced native elements in African pop, while the nationalistic fervor of the independence movement encouraged the integration of tribal and popular forms. Afro-Cuban music made its greatest impact in the Congo River basin (now Zaire and the People's Republic of the Congo), where bandleader Kabaselle (Kalle Jeff) pioneered in the development of the guitar-based rumba Congolaise, which subsumed various Cuban and other Caribbean rhythms as well as French song forms. The mellifluous Congo style spread throughout Africa and Europe, as former members of Kabaselle's Orchestre African Jazz, recording in Parisian studios, became leading figures in their own right: Manu Dibango, "Doctor" Nico Izieda, Serge Essous, and the most popular vocalist in Africa, **Tabu Ley Rochereau**.

Le Seigneur Rochereau, as he is called, became artistic director of African Jazz in 1959, at the age of 19. Under his leadership, the band—successively renamed African Fiesta, African Fiesta National, and Afrisa International—became the most famous on the continent, rivaled only by the Orchestre T.P.O.K. Jazz led by Rochereau's fellow Zairean, guitarist Franco (Luambo Makiadi). Rochereau's imported French pressings have long been available in the U.S., but *Tabu Ley* (Shanachie 43017), issued on the heels of an

introductory American tour, is his first domestic release. Omitting the soul-jazz tunes, Beatles songs, and other Western material that Rochereau performs on-stage, the album offers a representative sampling of his recent work, spotlighting his new female protege, vocalist M'bilia Bel, on two of its six tracks.

Although the vamping mambo-style codas and Hispanic guitar progressions reflect a lingering latin influence, Rochereau's current soukous sound has a distinctive beat of its own: quick eighth notes tapped on a hi-hat over the thudding one-and-three "frontbeat" of the bass drum, with minor accents provided by congas. Floating buoyantly over the brisk rhythms, a tight horn section and close-harmony chorus alternate sweet reiterating motifs, punctuated by tremulous salsa-cum-c&w guitar figurations. Rochereau's suavely modeled high tenor singing is still Afrisa's main attraction; he leads the ensemble to a peak of hypnotic intensity on the Gallic-flavored *En Amour Ya Pas De Calcul*, but the more typical rumba Lingala selections—eminently danceable and often enchanting—are carried to excessive length.

A second LP release of a Congolese group is *Double Double*, by vocalist **Nyboma and La Orchestre le Kamalé** (Rounder 5010). Nyboma's high, sweet singing, typical of the soukous style, lacks Rochereau's expressiveness, and his music is more obviously derivative of Cuban and Puerto Rican forms, but the hypnotic choral vamps, soothing guitar duets, and deft horn motifs are consistently appealing and intermitently delightful. Each of the four long tunes is a well-structured piece of pop craftsmanship, laden with catchy melodic hooks and clever segues, but the material is stretched thin through repetition, and the album is only two-thirds the length of Rochereau's more powerful, variegated, and innovative disc.

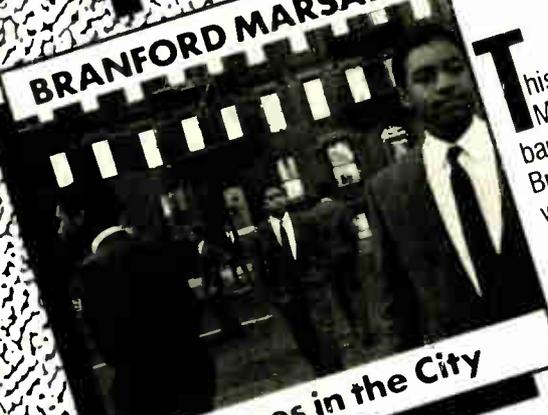
Less ethnically diverse than the Congo, South Africa has evolved its own "jive" sound, blending Anglo-American and West Indian influences with indigenous Zulu melodies. **Zulu Jive** (Earthworks 2002) presents a cross section of contemporary "township" music, featuring four numbers by Joshua Sithole and two each by Aaron Mbambo, Shoba, and the Rainbows. With lyrics that reflect social and familial tensions, today's South African music is not as lighthearted as in the past, but the propulsive bass motifs that are jive's most distinctive trademark (and which were appropriated on new wave guru Malcolm McLaren's jump-rope anthem *Double Dutch*) provide an undercurrent of stoic determination.

The rollicking sound of '60s-style instrumental jive is approximated by the Rainbows, but with a concertina in place of the once ubiquitous solo saxophone. The still older kwela style is revived by Shoba, whose penny-whistler faintly echoes the Zulu folk classic *Wimowe* (*The Lion Sleeps Tonight*). Aaron Mbambo emphasizes tribal-like call-and-response chanting over ostinato guitar and bass figures and strongly accented march rhythms, while Joshua Sithole intones sweetly harmonized melodies to the modernistic accompani-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

THE SOUND OF THINGS TO COME.

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Branford Marsalis "Scenes In The City"

KENT JORDAN

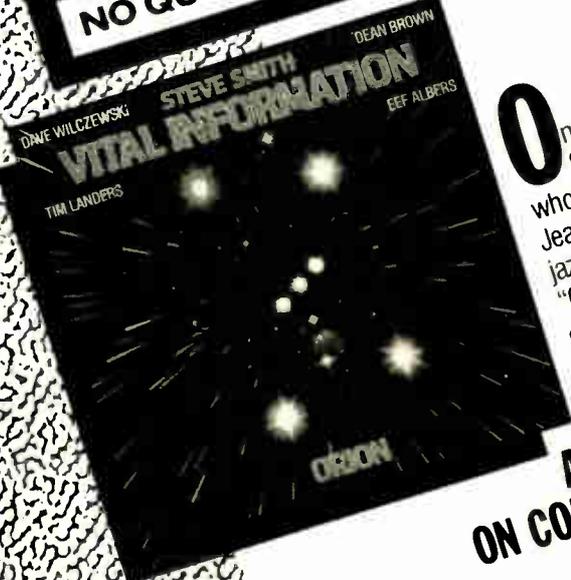


NO QUESTION ABOUT IT

On his debut album flutist Kent Jordan leaves no doubt he's a major new talent. Kent's classical training and New Orleans jazz background come through loud and clear. And Stanley Clarke's production adds a funky flavor to the sound. It's music that's hard to classify, but easy to love. No question about it.

Kent Jordan "No Question About It"

VITAL INFORMATION



On his second album, "Orion," drummer Steve Smith and his band, Vital Information—whose collective credits include work with Al Di Meola, Jean-Luc Ponty and Billy Cobham—continue to meld jazz and rock in most creative ways. The music of "Orion" shows a new star is on the rise.

Steve Smith/Vital Information "Orion"

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ment of an electric organ, even essaying a clumsy reggae beat on *Sedelini Thina (Give Us A Chance)*.

To judge by another anthology, **Viva Zimbabwe!** (Earthworks 2001), the musical mood in the nation once known as Rhodesia is one of exultation, despite mounting social, economic, and political woes. According to the album's liner notes, Zimbabwean pop tastes were dominated by Congolese and South African imports until the liberation movement spawned a musical underground led by singer Thomas Mapfumo. Mapfumo's single contribution here, *Ndamutswa Nengoma (Drums Have Woken Me Up)* stands apart from the other songs, however, in its propagandistic message, its tribalized harmonies, and its Zulu-like beat. The highly developed mbira (thumb piano) tradition of the Shona tribe is alluded to in the lyrics of the Four Brothers' ebullient *Makorokoto (Congratulations)*, but the group's brilliant rhythmic intermeshing of guitar and bass riffs

bears greater resemblance to Zulu or Congo pop than to mbira music.

The Four Brothers are joined by Patrick Mukwamba on the bittersweet *Zvinonaka Zvinodhura (Good Things Are Expensive)*, a mordantly poetic comment on the costs of urbanization. Even the doleful lyrics of James Chimombe and Elijah Madzikatire are leavened by sugary Western harmonies; up-tempo love songs by the Devera Ngwena Jazz Band and the Nyami Nyami Sound are as sweet and frothy as cotton candy. Sometimes, as on *Magumede (Fatty)* by the New Black Montana, an unexceptional tune is redeemed by an exhilarating pop-rock vamp coda; moreover, the solid, quick-stepping rhythms make even the weaker material palatable; and where strong compositions are combined with top-notch musicianship, as on the three Four Brothers tracks, the new sound of Zimbabwe is irresistibly fresh and exciting.

—Larry Birnbaum

STEVE TIBBETTS

SAFE JOURNEY—ECM 1270: *TEST; CLIMBING; RUNNING; NIGHT AGAIN; MY LAST CHANCE; VISION; ANY MINUTE; MISSION; BURNING UP; GOING SOMEWHERE.*

Personnel: *Tibbetts, acoustic, electric guitars, kalimba, tapes; Marc Anderson, congas, steel drum, percussion; Bob Hughes, electric bass; Tim Weinhold, vase; Steve Cochrane, tabla.*

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

If the concept of "world music" has established itself in recent years, then Steve Tibbetts must be included in the list of pioneers. This is his fourth album (two self-produced LPs and an earlier ECM release, *Northern Song*), and it would be hard to imagine a more adventurously eclectic record.

The elements of Tibbetts' music are truly pan-global. Consider the instruments: the acoustic guitar is of Spanish origin; the electric guitar and electric bass are recent American inventions; the kalimba is African; the tabla Indian; the steel drum and the various percussion instruments are from Latin America. Some of these instruments are very old while others are virtually brand new. And Tibbetts' techniques—especially his use of tape manipulation and multi-track recording—are based on very recent technology.

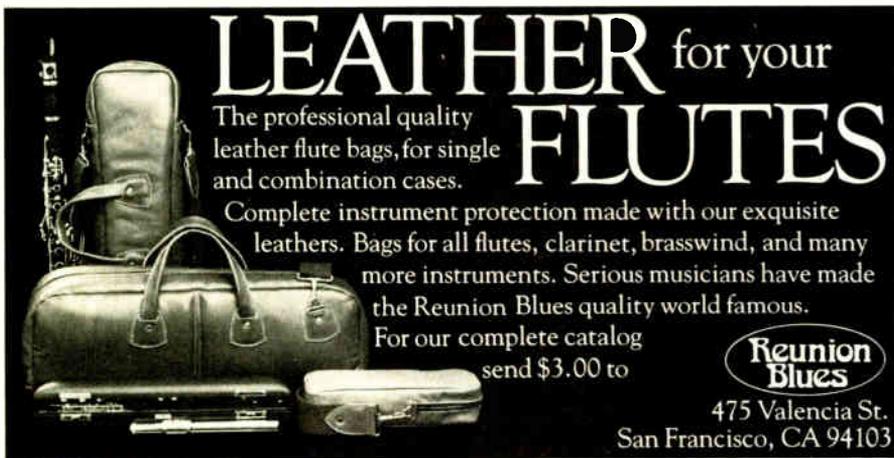
Tibbetts' music, like the instruments he uses, is culturally diverse. Like Kip Hanrahan, he is a composer/conceptualizer whose ideas are not contained within conventional musical boundaries. Unlike Hanrahan, Tibbetts is the chief instrumentalist in his work, and his compositions are based on the multi-tracking of his guitar and kalimba parts.

Each piece on *Safe Journey* is a textural construction, a layering of sounds, rhythms, and ideas. The fundamental concepts are primarily Western—bits of folk music, rock, jazz, and modern classical—but Tibbetts' use of repeating figures and cyclic structures brings to mind the Indonesian gamelan music that influenced Steve Reich. Tibbetts' guitar playing is rooted in familiar folk and rock techniques. When he chooses to overlay distorted power chords with screaming single-note lines, it is easy to hear the legacy of Jimi Hendrix. His use of space and long sustaining passages, though, suggests early Pink Floyd and Soft Machine, and some of his layering and tape manipulation recalls the experiments of the Beatles (think of *Strawberry Fields*).

Although many of the guitar parts are certainly improvised, Tibbetts' music does not sound much like jazz. Still, there are certain rhythmic ideas that show the influence of jazz on his thinking. On *Running*, for instance, the central section of the piece has a 12/8 feel, and there are several other pieces that "swing" with the three-over-two feel that jazz derived from African drumming.

If the album has a flaw, it is that some of the pieces are too brief—they end just as you are being drawn into them. But, overall, Tibbetts' music has a persuasive charm that grows on one with repeated listenings. It encourages you to listen and hear in new ways, and that is one of the best things that any music can do.

—jim roberts



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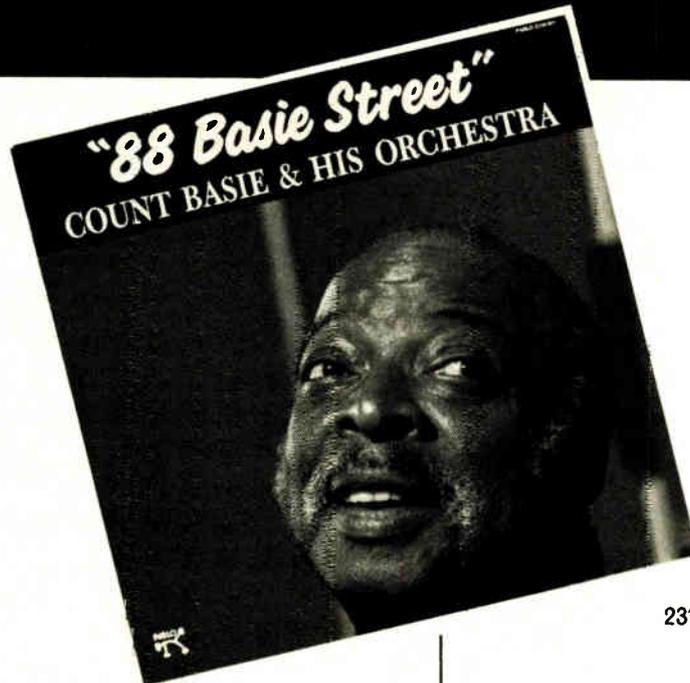
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DAVID FRIESEN

AMBER SKIES—Palo Alto 8043-N: *AMBER SKIES; BLUE AND GREEN; UNDERLYING; JENELLE NUMBER FOUR; IN THE PLACE OF CALLING; SITKA IN THE WOODS; VOICES.*

Personnel: Friesen, bass; Joe Henderson, tenor saxophone; Paul Horn, flute; Chick Corea, piano; Paul Motian, drums; Airto Moreira, percussion.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"Part of the happiness of life comes from finding what you are called to do, and I feel I'm called to play music," Friesen told Portland, Oregon, writer Lynn Darroch in *Northwest Magazine*. Friesen, in turn, gives each note of his music its calling. Sensing this urgency, his partners respond with questful, ingenious playing. No idle wanderers here.

The band breaks up into various ensembles, from duo (flute and bass on *Sitka In The Woods*) to quintet. (Horn and Henderson do not appear together.) Each group achieves a miracle of musical freedom: unity and openness within compositional structure. The most familiar example is the Miles Davis/Bill Evans tune *Blue And Green*, elsewhere known as *Blue In Green*. Horn's flute tone is a spiritual presence like the dawn of Creation slowly rising; Corea heats up to a fluid swing tempo

but maintains the delicacy of Evans; and then—*then*—Friesen adds a bass solo full of concentrated tone, multiple stops, and authority, with the written melody seeping through from a deeper level. Exceptional control.

The bassist and Paul Patterson wrote *Jenelle*, which receives a trio (piano/bass/drums) reading. Again, it's an extended performance, in the sense that the musicians extend the harmonies (Corea's strongest asset throughout his eclectic career) and the concept of interplay. Friesen penned the remainder of the tunes, and the underrated Henderson plays on all of them save *Sitka* (the latter tune being an outgrowth of the recent Horn/Friesen tour of Russia).

Henderson makes his lines bulge with rhythmic loops, stamping staccato notes, and bursting gusts. Who has better control of the low register, more sinew in his timbre? When Friesen drops out on *Underlying* to let Henderson and Motian spar on the blues, the saxophonist sounds like the best of John Coltrane and Ornette Coleman combined.

There are other examples of excellence here, from the appropriateness of the percussionists to the strong post-bop writing, but underneath everything is Friesen's guiding sense of purpose and exploratory assurance. His instrument is a specially designed "Ore-

gon bass," a collapsible, solid wood bass that may end certain portage problems peculiar to bassists. A new instrument for an ancient calling.

—owen cordle

GATO BARBIERI

GATO . . . PARA LOS AMIGOS!—Doctor Jazz W2X39204: *INTRODUCTION; LLAMERITO Y TANGO; CARNAVALITO; BRAZIL; VIVA EMILIANO ZAPATA; ENCUENTROS; LATINO AMERICA; EL ARRIERO; BOLIVIA; FINALE.*

Personnel: Barbieri, tenor saxophone; Eddie Martinez, piano; Frank Ferrucci, keyboards; Bill Washer, guitar; Lincoln Goines, bass; Bernard Purdie, drums; Guillermo Franco, percussion; Skip, timbales; Pancho Moráles, conga.

★ ★

It's not hard to understand why producer Teo Macero thought this live concert would be a suitable reentry vehicle to the '80s for Gato Barbieri. A consistent, passionate variety of Gato's familiarly stamped sambas, mambos, and tangos, it retrieves the organic vitality lost to him on his canned-funk A&M releases (*Tropico*, with Santana, being a happy exception) and updates his soft-focus latin-jazz with muscular bass and thwacking, rock-oriented drums. Compare *Encuentros* here, for exam-

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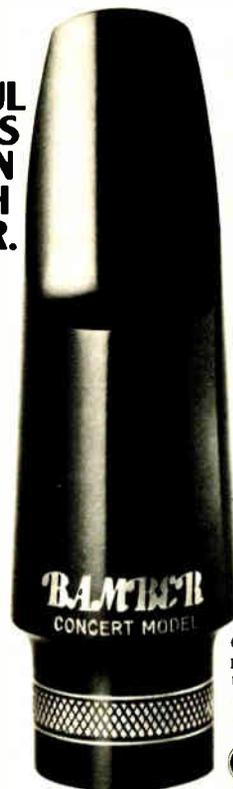
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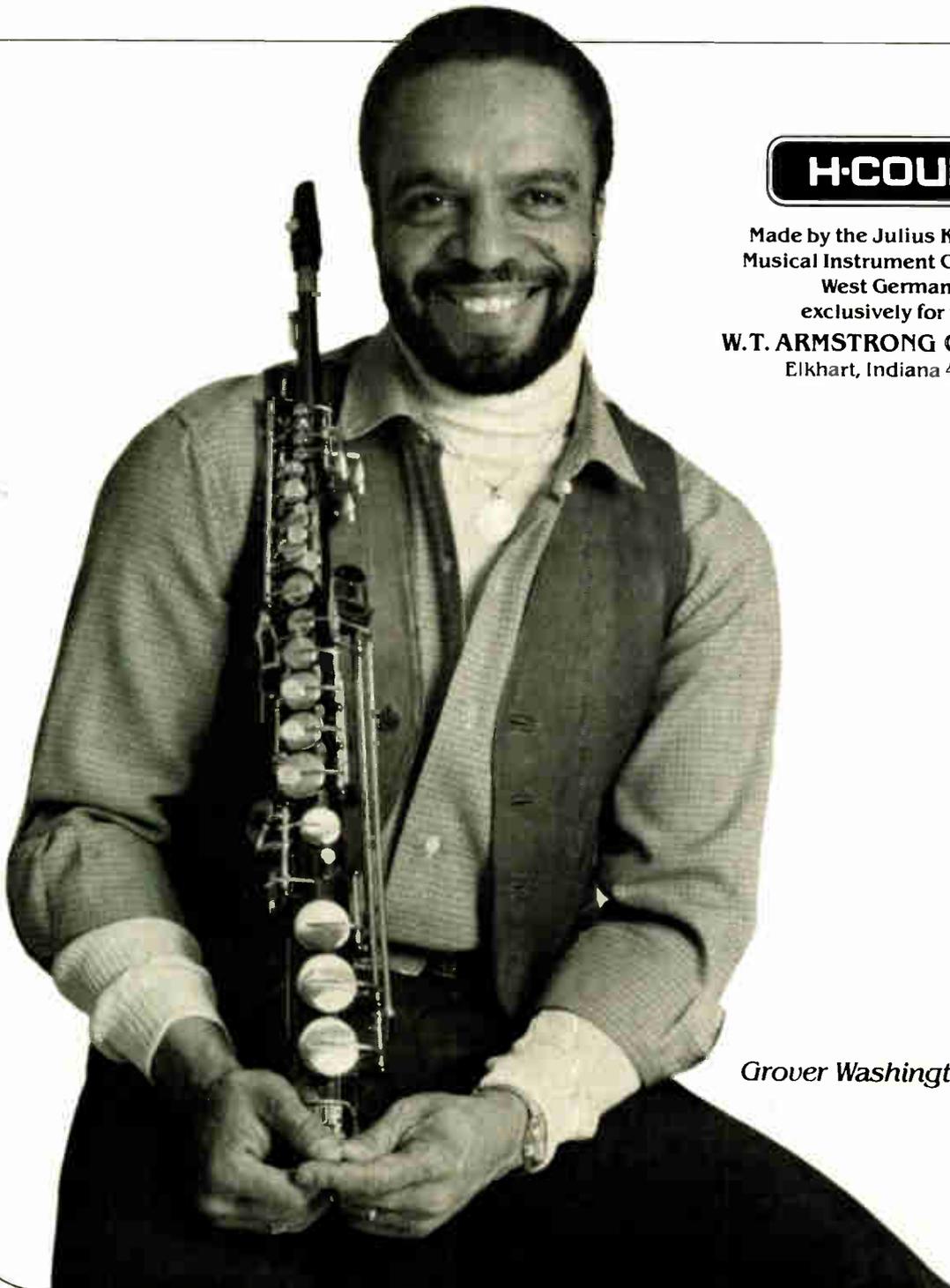
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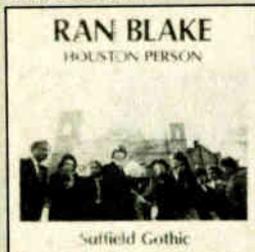
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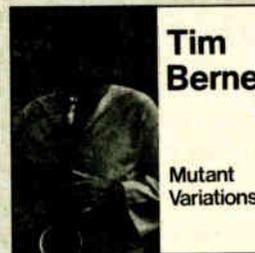
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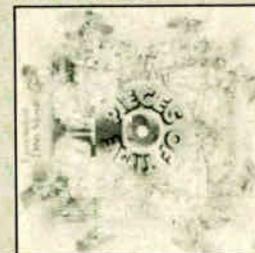
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RECORD REVIEWS

ple, to the milder version on *Chapter Two, Hasta Siempre* (ABC-Impulse 9263). Even the crowd noise (an outdoor festival? no place name is given, only the date—1981), usually a nuisance, adds to the immediacy.

Unfortunately, I can't imagine Gato's "amigos" being interested in this record, mostly because he's already covered every tune, every lick, and every mood on it elsewhere, and usually better. As a document, it only tells us how firmly stuck Barbieri is in his role as professional Latin American. How many more times can we be ignited (on *Latino America*) by this man shouting South America place names over timbales and congas? Particularly when the hooting spreads indiscriminately over the only promising new tune, Atahualpa Yupanqui's *El Arriero*. This lovely song poem, as well as Ary Barroso's beautiful *Brazil*, are both peremptorily reduced to ruins by the strafing of Barbieri's yakkety sax, as he snatches a phrase from the bridge of each and leaves the tune to the listener's imagination. The simple grace of *Brazil* turns on a melodic hesitation that Barbieri, in his obsessive affection for playing the same note over and over, completely ignores. The black-hatted Argentine not only bulldozes his material, he flattens his sidemen. Time after time, electric keyboardist Frank Ferrucci and electric guitarist Bill Washer—down in the live mix to start with—embark on solos, only to be drowned by Barbieri's squalls and shouts.

Gato Barbieri has created some wonderful music over the years, from his free-improvised work with Don Cherry in the '60s to his piercing announcement of the Third World in the '70s. Let's hope he finds a direction for the '80s. Even the pop audience knows there's a Third World now. That work's done. Let's leave the warmed-over schtick behind. —paul de Barros

DIRE STRAITS

ALCHEMY—Warner Bros. 25085-1; *ONCE UPON A TIME IN THE WEST*; *ROMEO AND JULIET*; *EXPRESSO LOVE*; *PRIVATE INVESTIGATIONS*; *SULTANS OF SWING*; *TWO YOUNG LOVERS*; *TUNNEL OF LOVE*; *TELEGRAPH ROAD*; *SOLID ROCK*; *GOING HOME*—THEME FROM "LOCAL HERO."

Personnel: Mark Knopfler, guitars, vocals; Hal Lindes, guitar; John Illsley, bass; Alan Clark, Tommy Mandel, keyboards; Terry Williams, drums; Mel Collins (cuts 6, 7, 9, 10), alto saxophone; Joop De Korte, percussion.

★ ★ ★ ★

This two-record set of excerpts from a recent Dire Straits concert culls some of the best material from the group's first four albums. To the uninitiated, *Alchemy* will serve as a suitable sampler, offering a taste of one of the most evocative, intelligent bands in rock music today. To those already sold on the group (and there appear to be millions, given the group's near-platinum status), it offers a chance to hear Mark Knopfler stretch out on some solos—a real treat for guitar enthusiasts.

Knopfler is the band's triple threat (singer/songwriter/lead guitarist). While his singing has often been criticized as sounding just a bit too reminiscent of Bob Dylan or Bruce Spring-

steen at times, he possesses what is perhaps the most distinctive guitar voice to come along since Jimi Hendrix. Not to say that Knopfler goes in for fuzz tones and feedback. On the contrary—by using his fingers instead of a pick, he enhances the acoustic quality of his Fender Stratocaster. He's a warm, lyrical player, not a blues-based screamer or rock riffer. His guitar sings and sighs. Too bad his vocals aren't as sonorous as his playing.

Whether he's chicken-picking arpeggios on *Tunnel Of Love* or the band's 1978 breakthrough hit, *Sultans Of Swing*, or painting moody melodic figures as he does on the haunting 13-minute ballad *Telegraph Road*, his guitar playing is always memorable, for the sparkling tone if not solely for the lines.

Knopfler has an uncanny ability to edit and compress his solos to make every note count. With the exception of James Burton, whose economical licks behind Ricky Nelson, Elvis Presley, and countless other singers set the standard, there isn't another rock guitarist around who plays with such finesse. His well-crafted solos are best demonstrated here on *Expresso Love* and *Once Upon A Time*.

As a songwriter Knopfler has a penchant for literate prose than can get a bit excessive. Many of his pieces, like the 15-minute *Tunnel Of Love* or the equally lengthy *Telegraph Road*, are epics that demand the listener's undivided attention. But Dire Straits have always challenged the average pop fan's attention span.

There's a schizophrenic quality to Knopfler's writing that gives the band depth. There's a sharp and fiery side in such killer hits as *Sultans*, *Expresso*, and the nasty Stones-snarl raunch & roller *Solid Rock*. The other side of the coin is soft and seductive, demonstrated on the gentle acoustic guitar renditions of *Romeo And Juliet*, *Private Investigations*, and *Local Hero* (from Knopfler's swirling soundtrack album of last year). Sometimes Knopfler combines the two disparate sensibilities, as on the epic *Telegraph Road*, where he explores the full range of dynamics with the band.

But when you've gone through these four sides, what stays with you is not the lyrics or the band's interplay or the individual melodies—it's the feeling and presence of Knopfler's singing guitar that sticks. —bill milkowski

JIM PEPPER

COMIN' AND GOIN'—Europa 2014; *WITCHI TAI TO*; *YA NA HO*; *SQUAW SONG*; *GOIN' DOWN TO MUSKOGEE*; *COMIN' AND GOIN'*; *LAKOTA SONG*; *WATER*; *CLUSTER GETS IT*; *MALINYEA*.

Personnel: Pepper, vocals, soprano (cut 7), tenor saxophone; Nana Vasconcelos, vocals, percussion; Kenny Werner, piano; Don Cherry (3), trumpet; Colin Walcott, tabla (2,3), sitar (7,9); Jane Lind, Caren Knight, vocal (6); Bill Frisell (6), John Scofield (1,4,5,8), guitar; Lester McFarland, electric bass (1,4,5,8), vocal (4); Hamid Drake, drums (1,4,5,8), vocal (4); Ed Schuller (6), Mark Helias (3,7,9), acoustic bass; Danny Gottlieb (3,7,9), drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Jim Pepper's *Witchi Tai To* was one of the most hypnotic songs to grace the Nixon-era radio

ECM

waves. A minor Top 40 hit and a staple on FM "underground" rock stations, the giddy Comanche peyote dance chant briefly brought Native American music out from the mythic shadows where it had been hidden since national interest drummed up by Bohemian composer Antonin Dvorak waned decades ago. Kaw and Creek-blooded Pepper, once a rock-jazz pioneer with the Free Spirits, soon dropped from sight and sound, leaving behind the out-of-print 1971 Larry Coryell/Billy Cobham-fueled *Pepper's Pow Wow* album (Embryo 731) as testimony to his modest musicianship and noble heritage.

Fortunately, Pepper's story continues. He's added his tenor saxophone to the compelling musics of ex-Free Spirit Bob Moses, Don Cherry, and Charlie Haden's Liberation Orchestra in recent times. The new Pepper headliner, *Comin' And Goin'*, is confirmation of the man's indomitable spirit, his unflagging passion for music as sacred rite. The majority of the record's songs are Indian prayers/dances; when the chanted orisons merge with the jazzy, contemporary instrumentation, there's a timeless magic present.

Two selections are particularly fascinating. The return of *Witchi Tai To* is welcome: Pepper's sung monotones winsomely give way to his vinegar-toned saxophone expression of the spiraling, cavalier theme. The incantation, carried along by the graceful rhythm players, energizes this listener. *Ya Na Ho*, another link to Indian peyotism, conveys a similarly bewitching urgency with Pepper's husky native (plus English language) chanting accompanied solely by Colin Walcott's tabla and Nana Vasconcelos' percussion. This plea for love outside marriage, deviating from the Peyote Road ethical code, is poignant.

There are many deeply moving moments. Pepper's listing of tribes in *Squaw Song*, a song passed on to him by his father, has an exalting grandeur; placid trumpet from worldly wise Don Cherry impresses as does the leader's emotive saxophone howling. The title song's unsettling mix of joy and resignation comes by way of John Scofield's guitar and the singing. *Lakota Song* has mournful saxophone and female voices. *Custer Gets It* fascinates with its Kaw war dance chants bracketing a chaotic free-jazz segment, the aural equivalent of the golden-haired cavalryman and troops meeting their end on the bloody high ridge. All told, Pepper has succeeded in expressing the righteous specialness of the music that is his life force.

—frank-john hadley

TERJE RYPDAL/ DAVID DARLING

EOS—ECM 23799-1: *LASER; EOS; BEDTIME STORY; LIGHT YEARS; MELODY; MIRAGE; ADAGIETTO.*

Personnel: Rypdal, electronic guitar, Casio MT-30; Darling, cello, eight-string electric cello.

★ ★ ★

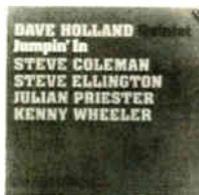
Norwegian guitarist Terje Rypdal is an anomaly: a blistering electric guitarist who doesn't ply the heavy metal arenas or the high-speed fusion test-tracks. Instead, he sculpts electric



1/4-25003

CARLA BLEY *Heavy Heart*

Why has everyone been talking about Carla Bley for so long? With *Heavy Heart*, you'll find out. With Hiram Bullock (guitar), Steve Slagle (saxophones), Gary Valente (trombone), Kenny Kirkland (piano), Steve Swallow (bass), Victor Lewis (drums), Manolo Badrena (percussion), Carla Bley (synthesizers) and more. "She has soul, quirky kinetic drive, wicked funkiness and a broad palette for setting moods." (*People*)



1/4-25001

DAVE HOLLAND QUINTET *Jumpin' In*

"*Jumpin' In*," writes *The New York Times*, "will doubtless be one of the year's definitive jazz albums." It's the first LP from the Dave Holland Quintet with Kenny Wheeler (trumpet), Julian Priester (trombone), Steve Coleman (saxophone) and Steve Ellington (drums). This group, according to the *Times*, "achieves a precise, constantly shifting balance of written and improvised music, and that makes sophisticated ideas about form sound like free-wheeling fun." Says the *Boston Phoenix*, "May they continue to build on this auspicious debut."



1/4-25002

STEVE TIBBETTS *Safe Journey*

Steve Tibbetts performs some of today's most powerful guitar music, but it's not like anything that's heard in rock or jazz. Tibbetts describes his latest album, *Safe Journey*: "Lots of guitars with percussion and tape loops. Acoustic electric loud soft everything." "A wildly exotic program that evokes moods and images, both urgent and subdued." (*Chattanooga Times*) With Marc Anderson (percussion), Bob Hughes (bass), Tim Wienhold (vase) and Steve Cochrane (tabla).

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RECORD REVIEWS

BILL BRUFORD

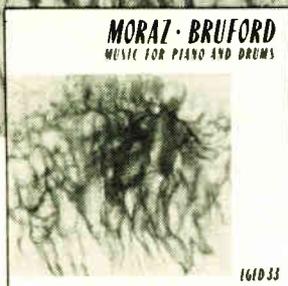
(King Crimson)

PATRICK MORAZ

(Moody Blues)

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chamber music for the inner mind. His early recordings reflected a post-*Bitches Brew* modality with hypnotic, ostinato rhythms driving the most scintillating guitar forays this side of Hendrix. In later albums he moved towards more ethereal atmospheres and fluid rhythms.

Rypdal's best playing has been with his own working bands, yet he hasn't recorded with them since 1979's masterful *Descendre*. Instead there's been a second uneven collaboration with Miroslav Vitous and Jack DeJohnette, and now, three years after that, this outing with cellist David Darling. *Eos* was not the album I expected Rypdal to be pondering these last three years.

Drones and darkness are the operative

words for *Eos*. Each arco sweep of Darling's cello is amplified and processed into sheets of reverberant waves. Rypdal adroitly uses his volume pedal to form violin-like attacks and sustains. *Eos* flows in echo-laden expanses with enough space for even Capt. Kirk to get lost in, but Rypdal's music has always been concerned with the spaces in music. His playing and compositions aren't predicated on notes so much as carving sound windows into the air. Rypdal peels aside the aether to reveal the dark, pulsating undertones beneath. On the title track, animal growls seem to well up from a hidden underground cavern and turn into a weeping, whining, soul-searing sustain.

Darling is a sympathetic co-atmospherist for

critics' choice

Art Lange

NEW RELEASE: Branford Marsalis, *Scenes In The City* (Columbia). The sparse trio and quartet settings give the energetic saxist plenty of blowing room, and he wails.

OLD FAVORITE: Sam Rivers, *Involution* (Blue Note). One disc of stimulating sextet, another w/ the Andrew Hill quartet, both galvanized by the multi-instrumentalist's charts and solos.

RARA AVIS: Kings Of Rhythm, *I'm Tore Up* (Red Lightnin'). Mid-'50s Federal sides that rock and bop with r&b fervor; instigator Ike Turner's guitar screeches like a banshee on the title tune.

SCENE: The Henry Threadgill Sextet brought good spirits and high intensity to Joe Segal's Jazz Showcase at Chicago's Blackstone Hotel.

Charles Doherty

NEW RELEASE: Bob Moses, *Visit With The Great Spirit* (Gramavision). Rahboat does it again—another swinging big band, imaginative charts, modern arrangements (w/ Mike Gibbs), and stellar soloists with all-star support.

OLD FAVORITE: Jefferson Airplane, *Bless Its Pointed Little Head* (RCA). Forget the Starship; this was a highwater mark for the Bay Area sound, running live for nearly an hour and featuring inspired solos.

RARA AVIS: Various Artists, *Detroit Gold Vols. 1 & 2* (Solid Smoke). Not all the Motor City '60s soul came from Motown; together these two releases gather 30 classic hits by Barbara Lewis, Deon Jackson, Belita Woods, the Capitols, the Fabulous Counts, a dozen others.

SCENE: Ronald Shannon Jackson at CrossCurrents in Chicago. With something old (guitarist Vernon Reid, bassist Rev. Bruce Johnson) and something new (saxist Eric Pearson, violinist Akbar Ali), the current Decoding Society is a little looser but still burns.

Bob Henschen

NEW RELEASE: The Pretenders, *Learning To Crawl* (Sire). The experience of motherhood has done anything but dull Chrissie Hynde's reality-based insights on *Middle Of The Road* and other new rock gems.

OLD FAVORITE: Modern Jazz Quartet, *Live At Carnegie Hall* (Atlantic). Memories of my first jazz concert at Phoenix College, circa '67... conservative John Lewis, cool Connie Kay, swinging Percy Heath, and Bags grooving full of charisma.

RARA AVIS: Incredible String Band, *The Hangman's Beautiful Daughter* (Elektra). Childlike and eerie, this is the most beautifully abstruse of the String Band's strange '60s compilations, as naive and charming as it is eclectically ambitious.

SCENE: An unpretentious Simon & Bard Group at Chuy's in Tempe (AZ). Organic and electric, they're waiting for culture to rediscover universal folk music in the '80s.

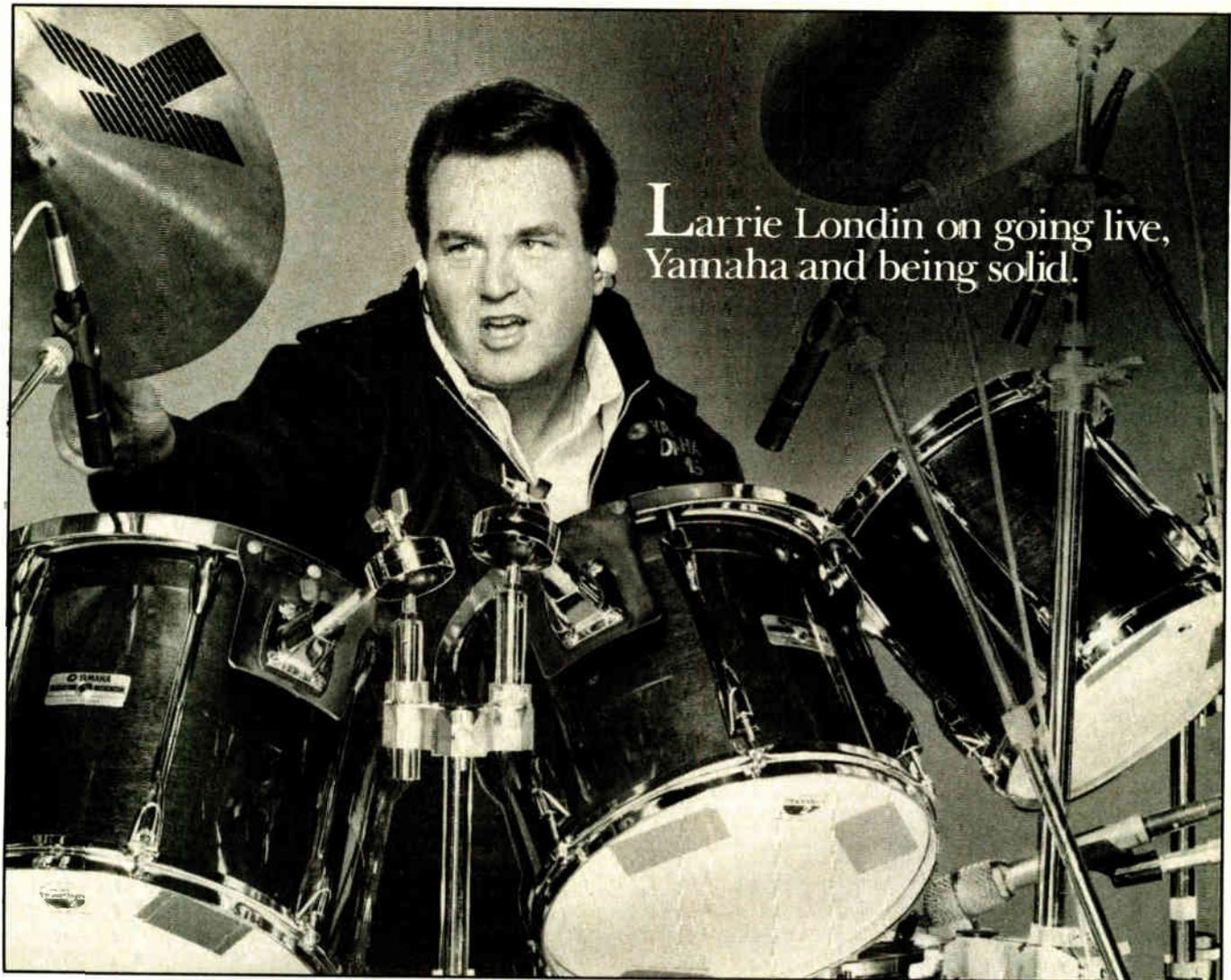
Paul DeBarros

NEW RELEASE: Lauren Newton/Urszula Dudziak/Jeanne Lee/Jay Clayton/ Bobby McFerrin, *Vocal Summit* (Moers). Total vocals. If jazz singing is ever to break the period music barrier, chattering, wailing folks like this will certainly do it.

OLD FAVORITE: Eric Dolphy, *Out To Lunch* (Blue Note). Is there any reason I should ever stop listening to this '64 session that not only recalls a brief, somber NYC mood, but prefigures so much to come?

RARA AVIS: Atahualpa Yupanqui, *La Cancion, El Poeta Y El Hombre, Vol. 2* (Odeon/EMI). This granddaddy of Argentine guitar and vocals, troubador-style, mixes the finesse of Spanish classical music with the bravado of the pampas.

SCENE: Cab Calloway with the Count Basie Orchestra at the Paramount Theater in Seattle. Stepping in for the then-ailing Count, Calloway proved that half of what we know as show business today was his invention.



Larrie Londin on going live,
Yamaha and being solid.

"When I go live, I use a larger set-up with double bass drums. It's more demanding than playing in a studio because I have to play harder. I make more demands from the drums volume-wise. When I'm looking for drums to play onstage, I'm looking for volume and tone. You have to do a lot of preparation when you play live because it's much *heavier* playing, depending on the artist."

"When it comes to sound, I'm a real low end freak. I tune the bottom head down, and when you do that live, you usually lose the clarity. Yamahas sound different, you can get a lower sound — even with a tighter tension. If you play with a lighter touch, you can still get that low end; it just seems to be built into the drum. I don't know if it's the wood they pick, or the way they bead the top of the drum where the head sits, but there's a warmth you don't get anywhere else. It's kinda like my wife, Yamahas look great, they feel great and they get better with age."

"The hardware holds up unbelievably well too. When you're out on the road for weeks, you usually have a lot of things getting stripped because a bunch of guys are tightening them

down. But I haven't had any problems."

"When I'm trying to get a nice solid backbeat on the snare drum, I hit the rim and the center of the drum at the same time. That way, I'm getting a nice full sound and power behind the impact. It takes the same kind of finesse and control to hit a hard stroke as it does for a soft stroke. And if you have both of those, you know exactly what you want to get out of that drum. And a drum can only give you so much volume — after that, you're only wasting energy."

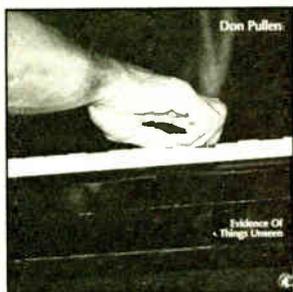
"A lot of times, people think power means bashing on the drums. I think of my power as trying to be *solid*. Trying to be definite about what I'm playing. If I'm sure about what I'm playing — even if it's a mistake — the band is gonna be going with *me*."

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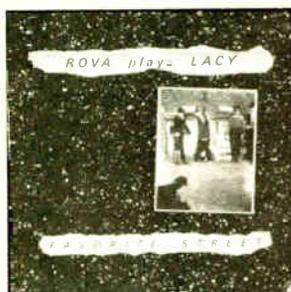
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RECORD REVIEWS

Rypdal. He contrasts the earthy resonance of the acoustic cello with the electric reverberations of the electric eight-string (it's similar to a 12-string guitar). His *Light Years* is an impassioned statement, and the pizzicato minuet of *Mirage* forms one of the few delicate moments on *Eos*.

Eos is a compelling recording of dark and anguished moods, but I feel that there's more going on with these artists, particularly Rypdal, that we're not hearing. That might account for the opening track, *Laser*, a four-minute electro-distortion solo by Rypdal that may be the angriest—albeit worst—guitar Rypdal has ever played. On *Eos* it looms like a grimy sludge on a crystal lake. There's a message here—*let this guitarist loose!* —*john diliberto*

their more modest levels of achievement. The balance of the program, like *City Life*, consists of group-generated songs, none of which is more than merely pleasant both lyrically and musically, but in fairness to the group, they do their utmost to infuse them with as much interest, coloristic variety, and excitement as they bring to the other selections. There's a high level of craft to these efforts but, as songwriters, the group has quite a way to go before their productions approach the level of professionalism evident in the LaTouche/Moross selection, for example. Good intentions are, after all, no meaningful substitute for good songs, and this is, I feel, Alive!'s only major deficiency. —*pete welding*

ALIVE!

CITY LIFE—Alive! 543: *CITY LIFE*; *DIAMONDS ARE WHERE YOU FIND THEM*; *HAPPY ENDING*; *AFREAKA*; *SKINDO LE LE*; *ANOUAMAN/LAZY AFTERNOON*; *WHAT IS LIFE*; *FOUR*.

Personnel: Janet Small, piano; Suzanne Vincenzo, bass, cello; Mary Fettig, alto saxophone, flute; Barbara Borden, drums; Carolyn Brandy, Annette Aguilar (cut 5), percussion; Rhiannon, vocal.

★ ★ ★ ½

By keying so strongly to vocal centerpiece Rhiannon, Alive! gambles the success or failure of their recordings almost solely on two factors—song materials and vocal performance. As revealed by this LP, their second, when the group has interesting songs to work with, they deliver the goods. Rhiannon is a husky-voiced, more-than-capable singer who brings intelligence, taste, and control to her performances; the rhythm section work is solid and muscular, and here has the added benefit of guest performer Mary Fettig, on alto saxophone and flute, to enhance the group's sound with both color and excitement. Adding her was a splendid idea, yielding a much higher quotient of musical interest and textural variety than was the case with the group's debut LP.

To my ears the most successful performances are the sole instrumental, Cedar Walton's *Afreaka* (where Fettig's forceful, confident Cannonball Adderley-influenced alto really crackles), and Jon Hendricks' vocal setting of Miles Davis' perennial *Four* (which Rhiannon delivers in fine fashion, giving the hip, densely packed lyrics their due and indulging in a bit of effective improvising as well). Too, her insinuating treatment of the attractive John LaTouche/Jerome Moross ballad *Lazy Afternoon* is suitably languid, aided nicely by Fettig's warm, lyrical flute, and the easy-tempoed *Skindo Le Le* comes off pretty well, primarily as a result of its singing infectiousness, unpretentious lyrics, and the buoyant groove the group generates.

In comparison, the other pieces are somewhat less compelling, although *City Life* succeeds quite well in conjuring up the frantic pace of contemporary urban living with lyrics that are pretty much on the money. Still, one has but to contrast them with Hendricks' subtle, wickedly clever *Four* to have demonstrated

ANDREA CENTAZZO

CJANT: CONCERTO PER PICCOLA ORCHESTRA—Ictus 0023/24: *CJANT*.

Personnel: Centazzo, director; Carlo Actis Dato, Theo Jorgensmann, Roberto Mannuzzi, Gianluigi Trovesi, Roberto Ottaviano, clarinet, saxophone; Gino Comisso, Franz Koglmann, trombone; Piero Bertelli, Aurelio Corradini, Guido Vianello, Paolo Zanella, percussion; Andrea Anzola, Silvio Stagni, french horn; Franco Feruglio, Federico Passera, bass; Stefano Benicivenga, Luciano Bolzon, Giorgio Fava, Roberto Frisone, Marco Macorigh, Marco Paladin, Mario Paladin, violin; Franca Macuz, Lorenzo Nassimbeni, viola; Luca Fiorentini, Carlo Teodoro, cello.

★ ★ ½

BARRY GUY

STRINGER—SAJ-41: *FOUR PIECES FOR ORCHESTRA*.

Personnel: Kenny Wheeler, Harry Beckett, Dave Spence, trumpet, flugelhorn; Paul Rutherford, Alan Tomlinson, Paul Nieman, trombone; Milvin Poore, tuba; Trevor Watts, Evan Parker, Peter Brötzmann, Larry Stabbins, Tony Coe, saxophone, clarinet; Phil Wachsmann, violin; Howard Riley, piano; Barry Guy, Peter Kowald, acoustic bass; Tony Oxley, John Stevens, percussion.

★

Imagine the soundtrack from a film that never was, and you have *Cjant*, the product of a talented composer whose considerable skills as a descriptive orchestrator outstrip his ability to create abstract music. Composer/director Andrea Centazzo's quotes of other styles and his frequent use of sustained strings to set a suspenseful backdrop add up to a work well suited to be a film score, and less successful on its own.

Structured in six movements, the work is a free mix of classical, jazz, popular, and minimalist styles. For the most part, the blend is precomposed; at times, though, players improvise, and this is when the music comes alive as an entity independent of visual associations. The players in this 26-member "small orchestra" of winds, percussion, and strings all solo well, if more restrainedly than American

jazz players. One especially notable soloist is Roberto Ottaviano, whose soprano saxophone solo in the first movement is as plaintive as an oboe, coiling around the horizontal bands of string lines.

Centazzo claims the Friulan folk song as his *idée fixe* for this concerto, writing in his notes that this Northern Italian "folk theme which appears every time represents in every case the heart of a music which, although new, is meant to be a tribute to the past." The past it summons for this listener is more recent than Centazzo might have intended. Echoes of the populist era of the '30s in America filter through; Copland and his ubiquitous fourths are invoked more than once. The wailing clarinet of Gershwin gets summoned up too, in a solo by Theo Jorgensmann. The feeling this player has for phrasing and style lends appeal to the rather shopworn material.

While Centazzo's music might appeal broadly, given the right setting, Barry Guy's is directed to a more limited audience. Judging from the style and the title—*Four Pieces For Orchestra*, recalling the generic title of Schönberg and Webern—the Second Viennese School is one of Guy's reference points.

The second piece addresses Webern's concept of *klangfarbenmelodie* (sound-color melody). In a manner recalling the early atonal school, Guy runs a passacaglia up from the bass through wind instruments, outlining note-

by-note, coloring the steps with different tone qualities. A trumpet solos over this line, which is sustained at various points as a punctuating device before repeating the process again. Despite the promising beginning and the lure of the tonal colorations, the repetitions become monotonous, and eventually meaningless.

In the remaining three pieces Guy depends on improvisation and interplay to provide continuity, but a cohesive structure never materializes. Some hot solos might make up for formal weakness, and the reverse, to a lesser extent, is also true. Without either attribute, all that is left is an earnest attempt, and that doesn't make very compelling listening.

—elaine guregian

KING CRIMSON

THREE OF A PERFECT PAIR—Warner Bros/EG 25071-1: *THREE OF A PERFECT PAIR*; *MODEL MAN*; *SLEEPLESS*; *MAN WITH AN OPEN HEART*; *NUAGES*; *INDUSTRY*; *DIG ME*; *NO WARNING*; *LARK'S TONGUES IN ASPIC PART III*.

Personnel: Robert Fripp, guitar; Adrian Belew, vocals, guitar; Tony Levin, bass, Stick, synthesizer, vocals; Bill Bruford, drums, electronic drums.

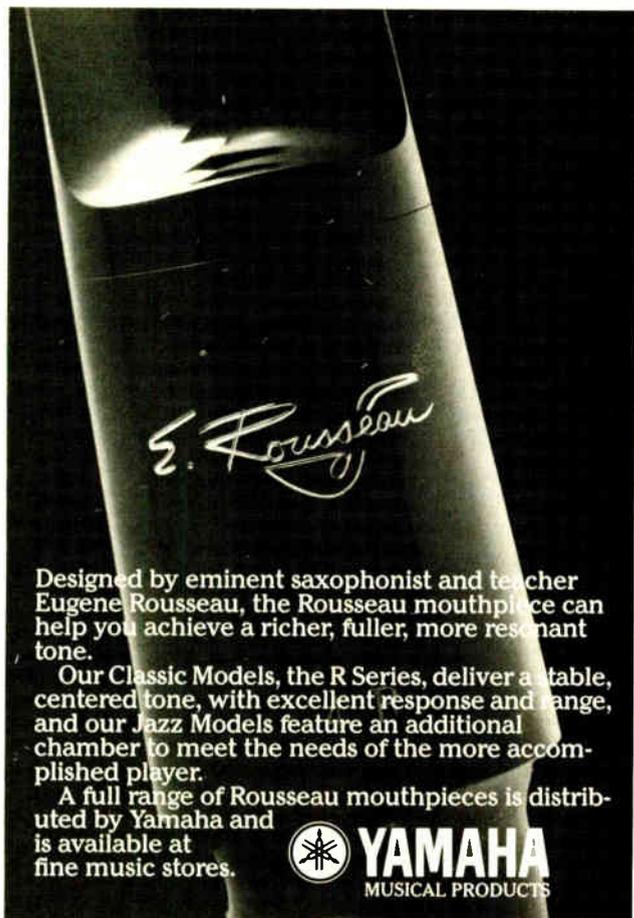
★ ★

This is the third LP from Robert Fripp's recent

incarnation of his enduring art-rock band, King Crimson. As the title may obliquely suggest, they should've stopped at two, because *Three Of A Perfect Pair* is an album of stale leftovers that emits the moldy smell of a contractual obligation. Take a couple of tunes that weren't good enough for *Beat*, the previous Crimson LP, and fill up space with some disconnected jams and you can understand why this album was delayed for over a year.

The album's "Left" side features attempts at FM airplay. This version of Crimson is more comfortable with songs than any others. On *Discipline* and *Beat* they used new approaches to the pop formula with deceptively complex structures and cagey inner dynamics centered around the twin-guitar plectrum cycles of Fripp and Belew. Songs like *Elephant Talk*, *Thela Hun Ginjeet*, *Neurotica*, and *Neal, Jack And Me* jumped with a freshness and reckless intensity that's absent from this LP. The intricate, single-note guitar cycles that were exhilarating before have become rote on the title track, while *Model Man* is by-the-numbers arena-rock. Only *Sleepless* retains some of that on-the-edge Crimson intensity, with Levin's nervous funk bassline and Fripp's screaming guitar slides.

Surprisingly, the "Left" side closes with a dreamy instrumental that recalls the poignant majesty of *The Sheltering Sky* from *Discipline*. It's country & eastern music in space, with



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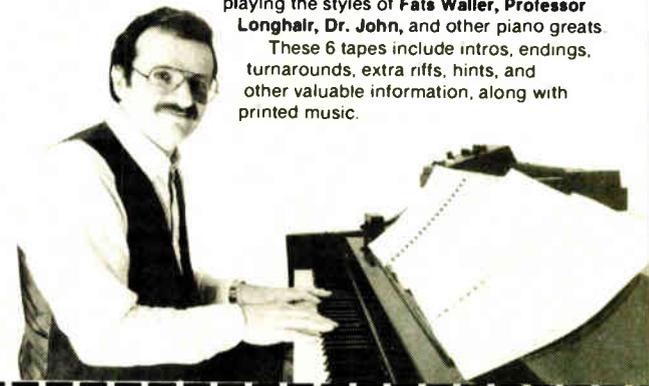


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RECORD REVIEWS

Bruford's electronic drums tuned like tablas, a lazy Frippertronic drone in the background, and some gentle, drifting guitar.

The "Right" side is the real disappointment of this LP. I never expected them to master the song-form, so I'm not dismayed when they fail. However, I do expect inspired improvisations, sensitive interplay, and a certain amount of manic flash. But the three instrumentals that dominate this side meander in free-form disarray. If the compatibility of a group is reflected in its improvisations, then Crimson better see a divorce lawyer.

Collectively and individually these musicians have made some brilliant and enduring music, but they took a vacation on this one. The closing instrumental, *Lark's Tongues In Aspic Part III* only calls attention to its inspirational void by referring to that brilliant King Crimson LP of the past. —*john diliberto*

century ago showed young musicians across the Atlantic a vast vista of possibilities. The music that evolved, seldom performed over here and not influential at all, is almost an alternative world, vigorous, both optimistic and realistic, and—this is important—embracing wide diversity of style and viewpoint. These musicians are familiar with the American modern jazz scenes, of course. It's pleasing that in recent years there's been real interest over here in the best of these musicians, like the players on these Dyani, Brötzmann, Schlippenbach, and Bauer albums. Maybe jazz is really becoming the medium of international exchange that we've always been told it was.

From Sweden comes hard-bop tenorman **Tommy Koverhult** and a real Blue Note session. *Our Friendship* could be a Jazz Messengers theme; baritonist Gunnar Bergstrom and pianist Bobo Stenson spin bop lines, and Koverhult solos in a 1960 Wayne Shorter vein, all booted merrily along by expatriate American drummer Leroy Lowe. In fact, the best Koverhult themes, the uptempo ones, recall hard-bop writers like Shorter and Freddie Redd, and the tenor solos are blocked formally like Shorter's to achieve power via organizational impact. The difference is that Koverhult's phrasing is simply less earthy, less vivid, constrained to arpeggio figures. In the latin *Global Secret* he plays the early Shorter style on soprano sax, which Shorter himself has not done.

On the **Upsilon** album (from Switzerland), Jurg Solothurm really does capture the lyricism of '70s Shorter in two soprano solos (*Air-Way, Plains*). But eclecticism is this quartet's distinguishing—if that's the right word—feature. So he plays appropriate tenor hysteria in *For Albert Ayler*, and throughout the album Jurg Amman patches together Taylor, Abrams, Hancock, and all sorts of other modernistic pianists. Actually, Upsilon's basic territory is modal, and *Plains* is unamplified Weather Report. At opposite extremes are the Ayler dedication and a fine performance, *Time Unit A*, with thematic improvisations that incorporate a welcome, rather Monk-like sense of space. Michel Poffet's ever-mobile bass playing is Upsilon's main virtue, but overall the level of musicianship is obviously high, the players demonstrate subtle sophistication within their various idioms. Is this group on the way to discovering its own distinctive voice? Or is this album's eclecticism an avoidance of the deepest intimacy?

I don't enjoy the combination of conservatism and cautious exploration in the **Adelhard Roldinger** LP, which is apparently among the ones that (German) ECM doesn't sell through its American distributor. Apart from the leader's multi-tracked bass self-duet *Lufti*, the music tiptoes paths that Miles Davis, in 1965, discovered along the border between modes and freedom. There are the decorative sounds of guitar, marimba or vibes, wordless soprano voice, and engineered-in echo to guarantee moody indistinction—but even echo can't wholly bowdlerize Heinz Sauer's tenor assertions or the percussion waves of Micheal DiPasqua.

By contrast, there's the brightness of much of **Bernd Konrad's** modal music, played by a

saxet (recorded in Germany). The improvising tends to the forthrightly swinging, Konrad's soprano soloing is vigorous, and his baritone solo piece—the title track—is both inside and outside. The soloists tend to decorative content, and sometimes it's a game to guess which sound comes from Konrad's soprano, Hans Koller's soprano, or Didier Lockwood's violin.

The trio of tenorman **Juhani Aaltonen** (Finland) takes us unreservedly into outside jazz. There are two short flute pieces and a brief display piece for bassist Reggie Workman (!). The others feature long, Ayler-like blurs of tenor sound alternating with Coltrane's energy methods without the structure so essential to Coltrane's message; the result is not the best of both worlds, but something intermediate. Aaltonen, Workman, and a very liberated drummer, Edward Vesala, perform as three separate entities, the only cohesion being a meterless headlong rush. Here are three lives lived separately in spectacular, virtually formless extremes: the techniques of free jazz may liberate, but the result is not fulfillment.

More totally free improvisation comes from **Moholo/Stabbins/Tippett**, based in England. Despite passages of intensity, the fast brilliance of drummer Louis Moholo finally blurs together into a seemingly unvaried, thick carpet of sound; stylistically, he is undeniably the contemporary of Sunny Murray and Andrew Cyrille. Larry Stabbins offers long tenor and soprano sax lines of brittle phrases, much fragmentation, sputtering, and repetition, in a sort of slowed-down and undeveloped Evan Parker way, while pianist Keith Tippett contents himself with building tension, never resolved. Developmentally, this trio's music is static, and the two discs of their concert are an overabundance.

The **Detail** album opens with simple, spaced, assertive tones from the full-sounding bass of Johnny Dyani; softly, the brushes of drummer John Stevens provide comments, and Frode Gjerstad's melodic tenor phrases enter into conversational discourse. When Dyani initiates a waltz pattern, the others join, ever so subtly; side one continues this state of intensity into stages of high detail and complexity without ever succumbing to the temptations of high energy or forced emotion. Here, for a change, is a true *ensemble*, three fine artists creating together with deep sensitivity for their own and each other's evolving concepts. The second side, much of which includes Gjerstad's soprano, is almost this stimulating; altogether, the album is among Dyani's best, and is recommended.

Johnny "Mbizo" Dyani, of course, is one of the expatriates who discovered personal and musical freedom by leaving his native South Africa in the '60s. Since then, he's played bass with a wide variety of European and American musicians, even though his unique combination of control and intensity is not readily assimilated into all contexts. He shouts/chants/sings the title track of *Grand Mother's Teaching*, a most vivid display of vocal pyrotechnics. "I am a folk musician," he asserts; the unique, characteristic blend of extroversion and sorrow in his lovely quintet songs is one result. American cornetist Butch Morris is among the contributors here, and one track is dedicated to Nelson

waxing on

New European Jazz

TOMMY KOVERHULT'S KVINTETT (*Coprice* 1289) ★ ★ ★

Upsilon: *HEAD IN THE CLOUDS* (Unit 4002) ★ ★ ★

ADELHARD ROIDINGER: *SCHATTSEITE* (ECM 1221) ★ ★

BERND KONRAD: *TRAUMTÄNZER* (*hot Music*s 3509) ★ ★ ½

JUHANI AALTONEN: *PRANA/LIVE AT GROOVY* (Leo 013) ★ ★ ½

MOHOLO/STABBINS/TIPPETT: *TERN* (FMP SAJ-43-44) ★ ★

DETAIL: *BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS* (*Impetus* 18203) ★ ★ ★

JOHNNY "MBIZO" DYANI: *GRAND MOTHER'S TEACHING* (*Jam* 0582/JD030) ★ ★ ★

MARIO SCHIANO: *OUT OF DATE* (*Soundstudio* 010) ★ ★ ★

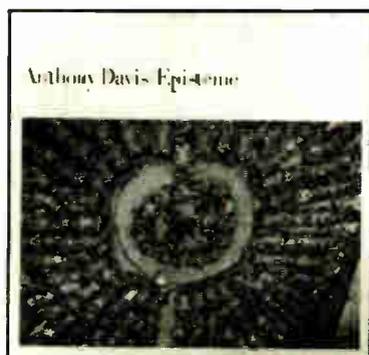
SCHLIPPENBACH QUARTET: *ANTICLOCKWISE* (FMP 1020) ★ ★ ★

PETER BRÖTZMANN GROUP: *ALARM* (FMP 1030) ★ ★ ★

CONRAD BAUER QUARTET: *'ROUND ABOUT MITTWEIDA* (FMP 0980) ★ ★ ★

The menu is late hard-bop, modal, mild fusion, and free music, all well-played, most of it stunningly executed. The chefs are almost all European, including several South African refugees who've long been vital presences on Europe's homegrown jazz scene. Six of these albums take off directly from American influences; to us U.S. listeners, it's significant that six others do not. It's not just that Europe has maintained its own busy, popular jazz scene down through the years. The windows to freedom that Ornette Coleman opened a quarter-

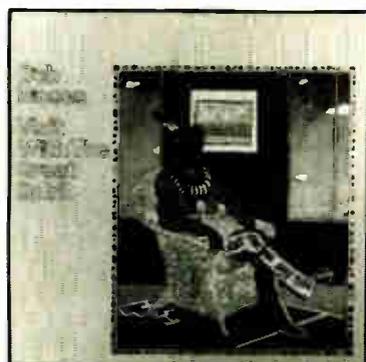
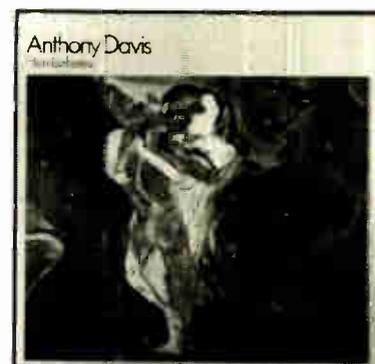
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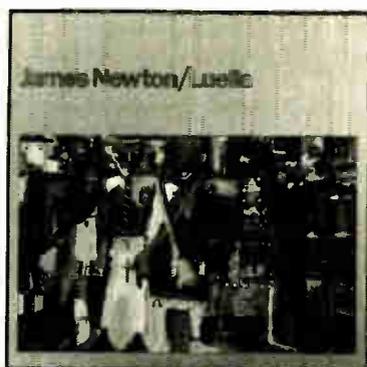
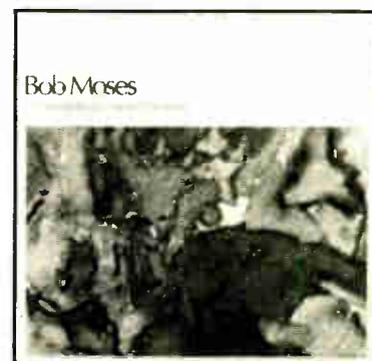
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RECORD REVIEWS

Mandela, the long-incarcerated South African black leader. Apart from the title piece, though, this is not among Dyani's best LPs.

Though little known outside of Italy, **Mario Schiano** has for many years been an active free jazzman. *Out Of Date* begins as a parody of a conventional A-B-B-A pop song that turns awry as four saxophonists play pop solos that inexplicably manage to freak out—the quirkiest is altoist Schiano himself, with a grainy, bent sound and off-the-wall rhythm that suggest early Roscoe Mitchell. After that, the two-sided piece becomes a series of group improvisations, passing duets, and regroupings, without further soloing. It's all good-timey music, modest in intent, the instrumental gatherings swallowing individual voices. But there is just enough distinctive alto by the leader that I'd like to hear more.

The remaining three albums are from the

FMP label in West Berlin. Since 1970, this musician-owned company has issued around 150 albums conscientiously documenting the evolution of Europe's alternative jazz world, including virtually every truly important player on the scene. Suddenly in 1984, West German government assistance, so necessary in the past, has dried up, and FMP is on the ropes. So this may be the last batch of FMP jams we get to hear for a long while.

The players in the **Schlippenbach Quartet** are among Europe's first and finest free spirits. Again, the music is group improvisation, completely unbounded by given rhythmic/harmonic referents, music that ebbs and flows in density, texture, and intensity as the ensemble relationships move and change. Pianist Alex von Schlippenbach's love of extremely active, multi-level dissonance and soprano/tenor saxist Evan Parker's harsh, distempered pitches,

sound, and phrasing guarantee that the music's surface exists in areas far more abstract than the Detail album. Yet this, too, is an ensemble music, each player an equal in the music's flow. Neither bassist Alan Silva (ex-American) nor drummer Paul Lovens fulfill conventional timekeeping roles, of course; they are most remarkably sensitive to the weight of their own sounds and motions within the quartet. Just incidentally, there are tenor passages that suggest Parker, by now an acknowledged international figure, has lately been paying close attention to Archie Shepp's energy music phrasing.

For most of two decades by now, saxman **Peter Brötzmann** has been a principal catalyst in Europe's free music activity. *Alarm* is by a nine-piece band of, again, Europe's finest. It begins with long unison siren wails; solos follow, both unaccompanied and over a violently charging rhythm section, as horn screaming moves in and out and collective improvisations appear. As the wailing and moaning continues, the amazing East German trombonist Johannes Bauer trills, bubbles, and chatters a wayward line that climaxes as the band swells to screams. Saxmen Brötzmann and Willem Breuker duet, unaccompanied, in a peasant fugue; Moholo and Schlippenbach are among the other participants in *Alarm's* madness. It's loud, happy, wild music, packed with event and structured for maximum visceral impact, an ingenious form to enhance energy music materials. Moreover, *Alarm* is the most accessible of these free albums to listeners curious about just what European jazz is up to. But ex-American Frank Wright plays the tenor solos here. Brötzmann is a valuable saxophonist himself in a personal, post-Ayler idiom, and you can hear him stretch out in (**Andrew Cyrille Meets Brötzmann** (FMP 1000), also issued in this batch).

Some of the freest music among all these 12 albums comes from the **Conrad Bauer Quartet**—based in East Germany, of all places. In the April **db**, Francis Davis described the dilemma of the jazz artist behind the Iron Curtain, but fortunately Bauer and younger brother Johannes have occasionally performed in the West. Both are musical cosmopolites. For years, now, most major thrusts in the trombone's evolution have come from Europe, and at the forefront, with Albert Mangelsdorff, Paul Rutherford, and Gunter Christmann, stands Conrad Bauer—incidentally, he's certainly the outstanding Soviet bloc jazz artist that I've heard. This quartet pairs Conrad (poised, even thoughtful, for all his abstract activity) and Johannes (more disorderly, full of sonic caprice) with guitarists Helmut Sachse and the bold Uwe Kropinski. It's a curious combination of strumming strings and bubbling, rhythmically liberated brass—most curiously, the separate worlds meet, dialog emerges despite the musical language barrier.

The acceptance of such extreme disparities in musical discourse is among the most attractive qualities of European free improvisation. It's good that American record importers are offering these albums; let's all hope that FMP will survive to continue its important work.

—John Litweiler

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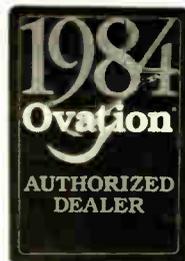
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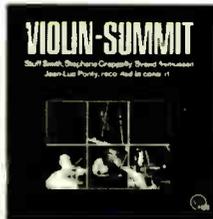


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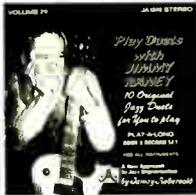
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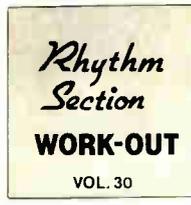
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BLINDFOLD TEST

1 BOB FLORENCE. *SOARING* (from *SOARING*, Bosco). Chauncey Welsch, trombone; Warren Luening, flugelhorn; Nick Ceroli, drums; Florence, composer, arranger.

Really liked the piece—I don't know who it is exactly; it sounds like a lot of people. I suspect it may be Ashley Alexander playing the double trombone—the valve slide trombone. Sounds like him, and that instrument; if not, I don't know who it is. Either he's a very slippery slide trombone player, or he's playing a double trombone.

The composition was great; the whole unison first part was lovely. I very seldom write unisons—I always have the desire to voice everything 38 ways, and it reminded me of how nice unison is sometimes. Nice rhythm section; I thought the drummer was excellent. It was sort of a modified samba time.

The recording quality wasn't bright enough for my taste. The arrangement seemed Bill Holman-inspired, the unisons especially. Lovely last chord, in tune and very plain. The whole thing was delightful. Four stars at least.

2 AKIYOSHI/TABACKIN. *MARCH OF THE TADPOLES* (from *MARCH OF THE TADPOLES*, RCA). Gary Foster, alto saxophone; Bill Reichenbach, trombone; Bobby Shew, flugelhorn; Phil Teele, bass trombone; Peter Donald, drums; Don Baldwin, bass.

I'm a little apprehensive now, after completely killing myself on the first one, but I think it's Toshiko and Lew's band, and probably Bill Reichenbach, and Phil Teele on bass trombone, with Gary Foster, Bobby Shew, and all the L.A. animals. I love that chart, very effective—the trombone soli, the greatest. I would never write that hard for trombones myself, because if I tried the parts, I probably couldn't play them! Had a real nice feel, the whole thing, well-played, interesting. It almost sounds like a Lenne Tristano head, on *All The Things You Are*. I liked it all, liked the drummer. Four-and-a-half out of five, easy.

3 COUNT BASIE. *HOW SWEET IT IS* (from *WARM BREEZE*, Pablo). Basie, piano; Sam Nestico, composer; Sweets Edison, trumpet; Danny Turner, alto saxophone; Cleveland Eaton, bass; Gregg Field, drums.

Well, I loved that. Great blues chart, lovely band, excellent drummer, bass player. Piano player sounds so much like Basie that it might be him, but I think not. I don't remember hearing it before. If the trumpet player isn't Sweets, he's listened to Sweets an awful lot! If the lead alto player isn't Marshal Royal, he's listened to him a lot. The piano player same thing vis-à-vis Basie.

Rob McConnell

By LEONARD FEATHER

That Rob McConnell's Boss Brass big band is not universally acclaimed as one of the foremost orchestras on the jazz scene can be attributed to a variety of factors, none of which reflects on the band's merit. (The Boss Brass did manage to place third in the '83 *db* Readers Poll.)

First, the group, established in 1968 in Toronto, works together only on a sporadic basis. Most of the 22 members are steadily employed free-lance musicians in the Toronto studios. Second, it was only with some financial help from the Canadian government that the band finally got to the U.S. in 1981, to play the Monterey Jazz Festival. Again on a subsidized basis, it toured briefly in California in 1982 and again last January.

McConnell, who composes or arranges most of the library for this vividly textured



ensemble, also plays some of the best solos (on valve trombone) and relates well to audiences with his dry, laconic wit. He has earned five Grammy nominations, including two this year for his *All In Good Time* LP on Dark Orchid and for his *I Got Rhythm* chart in that album. Other Boss Brass albums are available on Pausa Records.

This was his first Blindfold Test. He was given no information about the records played.

A guess would be Bill Berry's band with Marshal and Sweets. I loved it, loved the solos, especially if it was Sweets. If it was Bill, I loved it anyway. Five stars. The recording's nice—everything about it was great.

4 GERALD WILSON. *YOU KNOW* (from *LOMEUN*, Discovery). Wilson, composer; Ernie Watts, flute, tenor saxophone; Gamett Brown, trombone.

I have no idea who this is. I didn't care for the composition much—one of those two-chord, three-chord, four-chord jobs. It wasn't any *Autumn In New York*—apologies to the composer. That's not really up my alley. I found the composition a little disquieting, when it goes from straight swing time to straight eighths; it never really established itself, so I found it disconcerting rather than fresh and exciting. All the solos were fine—trombone, tenor, flute. I don't like a fade ending. I've done it myself and hated it when I've done it. Three stars.

5 GIL EVANS. *LITTLE WING* (from *THERE COMES A TIME*, RCA). David Sanborn, alto saxophone.

Have no idea who it is or what it is. It's an awful distance from Count Basie to this music, and I haven't traveled the distance too well, I'm afraid. It was a bunch of good players; I liked the alto solo. I don't understand this music, and do not enjoy it that much. And yet I'm probably sticking my neck in a noose, because it's

probably people I know and respect. Sometimes I like it in a live situation, but I wouldn't listen to it for pleasure, and it didn't emotionally involve me, and I don't know what all that, uh, noise was from the rhythm section, all that electronic gear! So I must be honest, I just didn't enjoy it that much. Give it two-and-a-half stars.

Gil Evans? I'm not surprised. I preferred the original Gil Evans. Gil has left me, and I'm sorry about it, because to me he was one of the top arrangers of all time.

6 DUKE ELLINGTON. *ARISTOCRACY A LA JEAN LAFITTE* (from *NEW ORLEANS SUITE*, Atlantic). Ellington, composer; Harry Carney, baritone saxophone; Fred Stone, flugelhorn; Johnny Hodges, alto saxophone. Recorded 1970.

I think that was Duke's band, with a flugelhorn player from Toronto, Freddy Stone, who's an old compatriot and fellow musician. I'd recognize Freddy Stone anywhere; he was in the original bands that I had, including the Boss Brass, and is a distinctive player. Harry Carney and Johnny Hodges, and the band from the early '70s, would be my guess. I don't know if that's Duke's tune. It was a kind of pleasant jazz waltz.

Ten stars for anything Duke Ellington ever did in his life. He's the father of us all, all the writers, all the bandleaders. I've enjoyed other Ellington music more, but that's neither here nor there. *db*

CAN YOU DISCOUNT

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF TRUST?

In August 19, at the Elk Grove Village, Illinois, store of Karnes Music, Jim Kleeman, the company's executive vice president, and George Hove, the coordinator of music education for School District 46, talked with *down beat* about how and why their relationship – and friendship – have spanned 25 years.

The conversation lasted the afternoon, covering everything from their joint recruiting efforts to build one of the most successful band and orchestra programs in the nation, to the teamwork they employed five years ago to save that program from elimination. The day served to remind us there's no way to put a price on the value of the face-to-face relationship between the school service dealer and the music director.

There's just no way to put a discount on 25 years of trust.

GEORGE HOVE "Our department decided to go with Jim in '58, and we've been happy every since. Depending on who the school district has to deal with, it sure can add or

detract from the program."

down beat "So what makes Jim a good music retailer?"

GH "Honesty is one of the big factors in our choice, because I can't deal with the parents and give them the wrong story. We can't recommend somebody that's going to come back to haunt us later on."

JIM KLEEMAN "We do have a responsibility to produce. If we don't, we won't be back next year."

GH "Having a complete local dealer like Karnes helps my teachers an awful lot because it doesn't take away from their teaching time. With my type of supervision, I put myself in the place of the teacher – what's good for them is good for the whole program, the whole district. The teacher has to have every available good source to keep it going. Good merchandise and good service when you need it – that's the important thing."

JK "Each of our guys has a territory and he sees that director once a week – more often if necessary. If there's a panic, that's when 'more often' is necessary."

GH "With the type of schedule and number of students that most of our teachers have, they haven't got time to mess around wondering if a kid's got an A-string for his violin. If we don't have these things – whether they're something as little as decent clarinet reeds or as large as loaner instruments for a vandalized bandroom – we get on the phone to Karnes and we've got them."

db "It sounds like you never miss, Jim..."

JK "As long as human beings are involved, anybody can make a mistake. What you do about it when you have a problem – that's what's important."

The editors and publisher of *down beat* magazine ask you to support the school service dealer in your area, because the support you provide will be returned many times over.

JK "You just have to have a rapport and share a certain amount of trust, that's all."

GH "Can't make it otherwise."



JIM KLEEMAN AND GEORGE HOVE.

down beat
For Contemporary Musicians

Jody Harris

Whether improvising two-guitar electronic jams or energizing surf-instrumental sounds, there's an exploratory edge added to the Kansas twang of Harris' guitar.

BY BILL MILKOWSKI

"I started out as a rhythm guitarist in r&b bands," says Jody Harris, "but I also liked to play outside. And in Coffeerville, Kansas, there was no opportunity at all to play outside music.

"I was bored, going out of my mind working with this miserable Top 40 band. Everybody in town was playing bluegrass. And because Coffeerville is right on the Oklahoma border, there was a lot of country & western around. So those influences must've seeped in somehow. But when I heard Miles Davis' *On The Corner*—mindboggling! I don't know what to call it. I mean, it's definitely funk in a way, but it's also similar to 12-tone music. And I liked that album not so much for the guitar playing, because there were no solos, and the guitarist on the date wasn't even identified. I just liked the overall attitude of the music. And that's what I wanted to do when I came to New York. I wanted to be able to distill that attitude and make the sound of the entire band on my guitar."

In 1975 New York City was abuzz with word of mouth hype on such underground bands as the Velvet Underground, Television, Blondie, Talking Heads, and a host of other seminal new wavish outfits that worked out of havens like CBGB's and Max's Kansas City.

Going against the grain and following his own instincts, Harris fell in with the no-wave art-noise crowd from downtown, until he met up with James Chance, the enigmatic leader of a notorious proto-punk-funk group first called James White and the Blacks, and later called the Contortions. As Harris recalls, it was a perfect marriage. "I was the only guy they knew who could actually play good, solid rhythm guitar in an r&b context, yet also play outside. So that worked out."

He remained with the Contortions for two years and appeared on the albums



DARRYL PITT

No New York (Antilles 7067), *Off White* (Ze 33-033), and *Buy Contortions* (Ze 33-002). Harris explained that the musical concept of the band was not unlike Ornette Coleman's harmolodic theory. "Basically, James had time divisions. He assigned everybody a specific time figure to play in. The harmonic content, at least in my case, was pretty much up to me. My job was to be the rhythm guitar player and keep as steady as possible, which I loved. But harmonically I could get as weird as I wanted, which I also loved. It was great.

"It was extremely syncopated with weird accents: basically playing poly-rhythms in a 4/4 context. It was pretty much like what Ornette is doing now with Prime Time. And, to me, the two actually have the same defects. With the Contortions it got to be a bore just squalling for hours on end. And the harmonic character of the music was so relentless. Everything was voiced in flatted fifth, flatted seconds, and without relief it just gets boring. Of course, I realize that in both cases James and Ornette have a personal kind of intensity that requires them to do that, to play at that fever pitch constantly. But I really like to relax and lay back once in a while. I like a bigger harmonic palette to work with."

After leaving the Contortions in 1979, Harris decided to go in a distinctly different direction with his music. Along with former Contortions drummer Don Christiansen and Lydia Lunch-sidemens Pat Irwin and George Scott, he formed the Raybeats, a slightly campy instrumental surf-noise dance band.

"We started the band as a reaction against punk-funk," Harris explains. "I wanted to tap a whole other genre of music that I really liked but hadn't yet

played, which is the real sappy, almost muzak-sounding guitar instrumental stuff from the late '50s and early '60s—the Ventures, the Chantays, the Surfaris, and the greatest of them all, the Shadows."

The Shadows, led by guitarist Hank Marvin, was England's answer to the Ventures. Marvin served as an inspiration for countless British rock guitarists from Eric Clapton to Fred Frith, but Harris first got a taste of the Shadows when he came to New York and met fellow guitarist Robert Quine, who was playing at the time with Richard Hell & the Voidoids and has since gone on to play right-hand man to Lou Reed.

"Quine actually gave me my musical education, just by the sheer vastness of his record collection. When he played me a Shadows record, I was prostrate for days. The guitar player had such an incredible tone, and he was playing these gorgeous, totally vapid melodic figures. I had never heard anything like it before. Coming out of the punk-funk thing, it was like a breath of fresh air. Quine and I sat around his apartment for about six months after that, just learning how to play Shadows tunes."

At this time Harris collaborated with Quine on *No Escape* (Lust/Unlust 236), a sparse duet album of swirling guitar patterns and drum machine textures, which they recorded on a four-track Teac unit in Quine's East Village apartment. Later, in '82, Harris recorded his own LP, *It Happened One Night* (Press 4001), which combined one side of quintet arrangements with a side of stripped-down trio sounds, including jazz great Dennis Charles on drums. Both projects were something of a departure from the giddy-twangy dance music Harris was simultaneously pursuing with the Raybeats.

The Raybeats released their first EP, *Roping Wild Bears*, in January of 1981 and by April of that year they went to England to record their first full-length album, *Guitar Beat* (PVC 8904). Their mutated versions of surf and spy music instantly grabbed the ears of Manhattan dance club enthusiasts. The music was upbeat and strictly good-time, with some abstractions (in the form of Harris' shriekback guitar) thrown in to appease the serious downtown art-noise crowd.

With their latest album, *It's Only A Movie* (Shanachie 82003), Harris says they've become more accessible. "There's more of an r&b groove to it now. It's less of a novelty. It was just basically too crazy before for anybody to really dance to." On the album they utilize drum ma-

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TABU LEY ROCHEREAU

SAVOY BALLROOM

NEW YORK—Within three months, two of Africa's premier orchestras, Franco's T.P.O.K. Jazz and Tabu Ley Rochereau's Orchestra Afrisa, performed in New York City. In fact, singer and composer Rochereau appeared twice during that span, affording New Yorkers a rare chance to familiarize themselves with his frothy, sometimes glitzy brand of music from Zaire. At the Savoy Ballroom, Rochereau returned to New York after a month-long North American tour. The crowd wasn't as large as at the previous New York gig; however, it was decidedly African and enthusiastic.

Although emanating from the same continent, Rochereau's guitar-based, Afro-pop amalgam of African, French, and Afro-Cuban musics is distinctly different from the music of Sunny Adé which was the rage last year. Orchestra Afrisa, though percussive, is not dominated by drums, talking or otherwise, nor does it possess the mystical incantatory quality of Adé's juju band. Afrisa also has brass and reed sections whose pop-and-shout and limber, hip-dippin' solos soften the hard edge of the Afro-Cuban rhythms. Despite these obvious differences between two styles of African pop (of which some rock and jazz critics were seemingly unaware), Rochereau, like Adé, had a well-defined sense of the groove. And when they hit it, you sure didn't want 'em to quit it.

Afrisa is a band which swings from the strings. Although the three guitarists had prescribed roles—lead, half-lead, and rhythm—none of them simply played chords. They intertwined quick repetitive figures to create a bright, lilting sound which evoked the complex polyrhythms of the mbira (thumb piano, which is played with more than the thumbs). The sweet, alluring guitars were the undulating vortex of the band and the orchestrators for the dancers. Layered beneath the guitars were the bass and drums whose celerity and crispness resulted in a murmurous sound which reverberated in the chest and hips. Above all this, Rochereau's pliant tenor and three back-up singers clearly and fluidly harmonized about life and love in French, Lingala, and Swahili. The horns added strut, bravado, and some jazzy solos for accent.

Yet, Afrisa is more than just a groove-laden dance band. They employed ele-

ments of Central African folklore with a host of swirling, colorfully attired dancers and a popularized version of the rumba. In this case what was African sexual ritual, transplanted to the Caribbean and back again, was as much showbiz pagentry as folk-opera. The female dancers, up to six at a time, circled the stage and Rochereau, miming the deft guitar lines with agile, well-controlled pelvic rolls and thrusts and wild, gyrating shoulder and hand movements.

When Afrisa went into a jam, the orchestra and crowd literally pulsated, but Rochereau's show band routines and occasional use of western material, like a c&w soul duet with M'Bilia Bel, kept the build-up and release of tension from being sustained. Yet, outside of a few bands such as James Brown, Basie, Ellington, and George Clinton, I've never heard a 16-piece band with Orchestra Afrisa's house-rockin' ability.

—don palmer

STAN GETZ

RICK'S CAFE AMERICAIN

CHICAGO—When one thinks of Stan Getz, stretching back over his four decade-long musical career, the first thing that comes to mind is that *sound*—a tenor tone of velvet texture and warm sensuality, especially on ballads and gentle sambas. But that's only a first—albeit lingering—impression, and first impressions are notoriously misleading.

If anything, throughout his career Getz has proven to be something of a chameleon—a man of many talents, of contrasting sensibilities, of clear-thinking curiosity, but with a consistent touchstone: taste. He's shown flexible and imaginative instrumental prowess in big bands, bop combos, hot JATP jam sessions, cool latin collaborations, and the classic quartet configuration—usually with a young, free-thinking, goading rhythm section to spur him on.

This evening in the Windy City continued that latter trend, as Getz brought along his keyboard compatriot of recent years, Jim McNeely, plus newcomers Michael Formanek on bass and drummer Ralph Penland (Chicago pianist John Campbell also sat in later in the week, to good effect). And as ever, the *sound* was there. Getz seemed intent on suggesting that variety was the source of his magic, though, and the sound that often started evanescent, soft, and winsome would turn hard, sting deep, and hold fast. On both *My Old Flame* and *Time After Time*,



NOEL NEUBURGER

for example, Getz began by caressing the melody, then slowly incorporated little riffs and held notes that grew into corkscrew phrases alternating with bluesy wails, all in a slow crescendo of volume and intensity.

Part of the paradox behind the saxophonist lies in the fact that he makes his playing appear to be smooth and effortless, yet there's an underlying edge—of sharp pain, of wistful longing, of yelping joy—everpresent. In Benny Golson's *Stablemates* this led to unpredictable patterns and melodic curves, as Getz explored the tune from various angles, some sheerly lyrical, some surprisingly oblique, but all satisfying.

Though the set contained nothing quite as haunting as last year's interpretation of Billy Strayhorn's *Blood Count*, McNeely's yet-untitled ballad contained the most moving playing of the evening from all hands; Getz' tone here was like blood thickening, without haste, and his statement of the somber chromatic theme was a hazy sentiment of pensive emotions. McNeely, a hard player with a soft touch, probed the changes gently; elsewhere he created bright flashes from glinting hard shards of melody. Bassist Formanek's agreeably woolly tone and drummer Penland's solid support assisted ably throughout.

One wants to say that the last few years have seen a Stan Getz renaissance, but the truth is that his playing contains the four essential qualities he believes every musician needs: taste, courage, individuality, and irreverence; and from these qualities he's seldom strayed.—art lange



JOEL H. MARK

BRADFORD/ CARTER/HADEN/ HIGGINS

HOP SINGH'S

MARINA DEL REY—Appearances can be deceiving. A quick glance at the names in this band might place it in the camp of Ornette Coleman's musical progeny. The playing time logged with Ornette is central to the development of Bobby Bradford, Charlie Haden, and Billy Higgins, and writers never tire of (erroneously) referring to John Carter as a Coleman descendent. Their debut at Hop Singh's put the Coleman connection in its proper perspective. On this evening all of the material performed came from the three composers within the band (Bradford, Carter, and Haden)—no standards or anthems, harmolodic or otherwise. That should dispel the notion of this quartet as a West Coast version of Old And New Dreams.

Although each man has played with the other three at various times, this particular configuration is new. There's an immediate cohesion in the ensemble sound that suggests they've been playing together for years, yet there's a spontaneity and sense of discovery as well. On Bradford's medium bounce *Sho Nuff Blues*, he began a warm-toned trumpet solo that became energized as Higgins gleefully goosed him with a series of triplets around the drumheads. The energy level cooled with Haden's solemn bass solo, and as clarinetist Carter and Bradford reentered, Higgins played a march figure that inaugurated a fast, spirited two-beat chase sequence from the two horns. This out-chorus recalled both dixieland polyphony and bebop acceleration.

Bradford's trumpeting has, in the last five or so years, taken on an intimate, confessional quality. He rarely plays fortissimo, except where the heads require it, and he confines himself mainly to the middle register. Within those perimeters he has constructed an entire personalized vernacular of irregularly shaped sounds, like the gullet-pitched tremolos in his own *Comin' On*. Bradford ran down a catalog of tonal objects on *Ashes*, made up of various combinations of long and short, hard and soft, rounded and sharp-edged sounds.

The level of dynamics seemed to be controlled by Higgins, more often than not. On medium tempo tunes he kept the fire on a more or less even flame, maintaining a steady sizzle on the ride cymbal and accenting the drums with the other hand. During Carter's *Juba Stomp*, Higgins turned the heat up with a press roll that gained intensity and took the whole band along with it. When Haden was featured on the same piece, Higgins took it way down and accompanied with light taps on the drum rims.

Carter's adventurous compositional harmonies owe something to 20th century classical music, but he seldom strays from folk themes or sensibilities. As a soloist Carter is an almost polar opposite to Bradford, playing clarinet with a fluidity that sweeps upward or down, and usually eschews the middle area. Where Bradford takes you into his confidence, Carter makes declarations. On *Woodman's Hall Blues* the clarinetist played a quick, ascending stairstep run made of overtones and then swirling, downward flourishes that utilized circular breathing.

As with Higgins, Haden provides the bulwark of any band he's in, and this is no exception. His solos are always deliberate and forthright in their simplicity and emotional directness. —*kirk silsbee*

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PRO SESSION

Ask The Sax Doctor

BY EMILIO LYONS
(with Fred Bouchard)

Emilio Lyons is a legendary woodwind repairman who works at Rayburn Music in Boston. So well-regarded is his repair work, that he is known as the Sax Doctor to his legion of fans.

When Emilio Lyons gave some keys to basic maintenance of saxophones in his previous Pro Session (db, Dec. '83), reader response was heavy with questions. Some of the best are answered below. If you have some questions of your own, write the Sax Doctor, c/o down beat, 222 W. Adams, Chicago, IL 60606; please check the 12/83 column and the one below to make sure your question has not already been answered. We will run as many answers as we can in future columns; please don't expect the Sax Doctor to be able to answer them all.

The walls of Emilio's store and home workshop are lined with the autographed photos of famous players who appreciate his art, but Emilio remains a modest, hard-working man who prefers

to pay respects to his influences rather than bask in limelight. "The main inspirations [among the many] who keep me going in my service to musicians," says Lyons, "are Joe Viola, Chairman of the Saxophone Department at Berklee College of Music; Pasquale Cardillo, clarinetist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra; and Stan Getz, genius."

I have been playing a Selmer Mark VI alto for three years. There's been a problem with upper C through F sounding very stuffy and flat. Is there any way this can be remedied without affecting the intonation of the whole horn?

Darren McCarty, Lake Charles, LA

The cups aren't opening enough. Start with the left-hand stack and go up. When you open G, the space between the pad

and tone hole should *just* let in the eraser on a normal pencil. That space gets smaller as you go up, and the palm keys—D, E, F—should *not quite* let in the same eraser. If these spaces are too closed, open them by rubbing the key corks with sandpaper, or trimming them very carefully with a sharp one-edged razor or an X-acto blade.

Is it a positive idea to have my Mark VI Selmer relacquered? Will it interfere with the beautiful tone of the tenor I now get from it?

Jim Holley, San Luis Obispo, CA

There are two schools of thought on lacquering. I personally prefer to work on original lacquer saxophones. A sloppy relacquering job can ruin the evenness of the tone holes and make overhauling a nightmare, because the pads won't seat right. Besides, it destroys the natural beauty of the horn.

But, on the other side of it, there are people who can do very good relacquering jobs, and a patient, skilled repairman can make these horns sound as good as ever.

Is there a test you can use to tell if your horn is really tight? *Justine Bergeron, Phoenix*

As you finger the low B^b, the sound of the last flap closing—no blowing!—should



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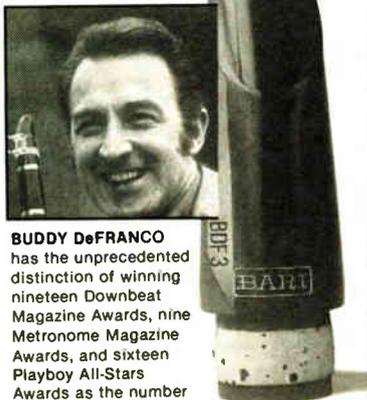
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be a nice, rich F, B \flat on alto. These are the test notes for an airtight horn. If it sounds any higher, your horn is leaky.

You said we can replace our octave key pads with a nine-mm pad, but I can't get my local repairman to sell it to me. What can I do?

Russ White, Brooklyn

You can do two things:

- 1) Cut your own makeshift pad out of soft rubber or plastic and glue it to the octave key neck.
- 2) Order pads from Erick Brand, 1117 W. Beardsley Av., Elkhart, IN 46514 or from Ferree's, POB 1417, Battle Creek, MI 49016. Both companies have good quality products and are reliable.

How can we waterproof our own pads?

Aubrey L. Grant, Soledad, CA

For average home maintenance, soften your pads by treating them lightly with neatsfoot oil applied with a Q-Tip or pipe cleaner. Just a little bit! Another leather treatment oil will do. I use an extremely quick, light spray of WD-40 sometimes. Special problem areas: left-hand stack, palm keys, low E \flat . A little oil softens them up, waterproofs them, and gives them a longer life.

How do you keep G# from sticking, and what do you do when it does?

Albert Dee, Cicero, IL

This is a very common problem. The easiest way to keep G# from sticking is to place a matchbook cover under the G# cup when not in use. The paper will absorb the dampness that makes it stick. Blotter pieces are good, too. Keep them in your case always. Do the same for low C#, another sticker.

Now listen carefully: if that doesn't make the problem go away, you have to stiffen the G# cup spring. Stiffen it by bending it gently away from the rod. If you do that, you have to make sure that the G# key spring is in balance with the cup spring you just stiffened, so you have to stiffen the key spring a little more, too.

How do I take care of the problem of an off-tone on the middle B of the C clarinet?

Naomi G., Edgewater, NJ

That is one of the critical problems on the clarinet. Two steps should fix it:

- 1) Make sure your octave key pad is a synthetic or cork one. This is important: skin pads make the B vibrate.
- 2) Make sure the C and B pads are firmly seated, and that when you use

the key that your left pinkie closes, that they both close together. If not, get them repaired.

There are lots of problems that the Sax Doctor has to see to fix. One occurred when Branford Marsalis was in town with brother Wynton, playing at Berklee Performance Center.

Branford walked into Rayburn with a long face and a low C# key that would not bounce back. This was not a sticky key to be cured with a matchbook cover! Emilio let his eye run up and down the lines of the horn as we watched him expectantly. Then he smiled slowly, and held up the horn for us to see that the rod for the key in question was ever so slightly bent. Perhaps a little bang nicked it, suggested Lyons, and made it bind as well.

Emilio cupped his hand and squeezed the rod ever so gently back into place, maybe one centimeter, at most. (That's nothing; he tells the story of bending Wayne Shorter's soprano right over his knee!) Emilio handed the soprano back to Branford, who played a flurry of nicely articulated arpeggios. He beamed: no more sticking! The Sax Doctor strikes again. db

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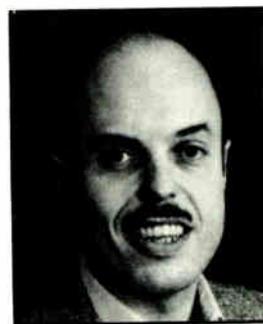




PRO SESSION

Recording On A Budget: The Best Bass Sound

BY WAYNE WADHAMS



Wayne Wadhams toured and recorded as lead singer/keyboardist for the Fifth Estate and other rock groups on Jubilee, U.A., and other local labels from 1965-70. Moving to Boston, he formed Film Associates, which has produced tv spots, documentaries, and worked on feature films. In 1974 he opened Studio-B Inc., a 16-track facility which later became the home base of the regional label, Boston International. Since 1979 Wadhams has produced LPs for B.I., CBS, Portrait, Cosablanca, MMG, and others.

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Taken as a group, bass, drums, and lead vocal or instrument define the foundation and main structural elements of most pieces to be recorded. Among these three parts we can hear many of the rhythmic subtleties, basic chord structure, overall dynamics, and of course the melody and lyrics, if any. In recording terms these three parts are most important simply because they will contribute most of the audio signal level which will be recorded on tape. We've discussed the "10-minute Drum Sound" in this series (db, Apr. '84), so here I'll focus on bass. Apologies to electric guitarists and synthesists, whose instruments, because of the infinite varieties of EQ/distortion/wah and other devices in current use, will be covered in future articles.

To refresh your memory, the object of these articles is to allow you to come up with a good "starting point" sound in the studio, so that you can get on to rehearsing and recording your own material, rather than spending large amounts of time banging a snare drum or playing the same chord for the engineer. In order to find that starting point for bass, there are some questions to be answered about the musical part and instrument.

How does the bass function in the piece(s) you're recording? Should it be a full and sustained support to the chords and melody, or is the bass line contributing a separate rhythmic structure that works independently of the kick drum? If the bass works closely with the kick drum, it is probably a good idea to de-emphasize the "pluck" of the bass strings (acoustic or electric) and let the transient of the kick drum define the rhythm pattern. If, on the other hand, bass and kick drum each contribute a part of the bottom-end rhythmic pattern, then the pluck of each bass note should be as audible as the transient of each kick hit.

It is obvious from rapping an acoustic bass with your knuckles that its body has an inherent resonant frequency, due to the very size of its interior cavity and structure of the wooden parts. Whenever any note is played on the instrument, the bass will emit a short burst of this reso-

nant frequency at the instant the string is plucked. This resonance can be identified precisely with a parametric equalizer capable of narrow bandwidth or "Q," say one-quarter octave or less, and is usually between 60 and 100 Hz. Beware that, since any electric pickup mounted on the bass is acoustically a part of the instrument, pickups won't tend to pick up very much of the pluck resonance. Their sound is clean and good for recording, but if possible should be augmented by a microphone (cardioid, condenser preferable). Bringing the pickup and mic into separate console inputs, check the phasing between them. The combination which gives deepest bass is correct (and will be obvious).

Before applying any compression—although a compressor should be patched in and ready on the mic channel only—walk up and down a scale or two on the bass, playing as evenly as you can, noting the levels in the console. Strictly speaking, the level should taper off a few dB from the lowest notes to the top of a two-octave run. You may find that one string is louder than another, or that there is a "bump" in the output of the bass in a certain range of notes. These can be smoothed out with another band or two of the parametric equalizer, rather than flattening out the whole instrument with the compressor. Then, after equalizing the pluck tone to optimum level, blending and phasing the direct and mic inputs, and smoothing out the overall response of the instrument, apply just enough compression so that, when the bass is playing its lines at volume, the instrument sounds full and even. The ear should not be aware of the compressor working except when the player hits extremely loud notes, and the compressor should not work at all on the softer passages.

It is an engineering convention to equalize after compression, and I know many engineers will cringe at the suggestion of reversing this order. However, remember that compressors are activated by their total input level. In treating kick and snare drums, we eliminated

loud, unusable portions of the sound caused by body resonances and the necessary evils of close-miking *before* compressing. Get rid of the bad stuff, then compress the good stuff as much as necessary. Compression is all too often used to change the sound, but in reality it can only affect the dynamic range of any instrument. For instruments whose audio level is mainly in the low frequencies, the unwanted part of the signal which comes to the console can be as loud as the good stuff. When the flaws are eliminated, it is often surprising how *little* compression is needed. The less compression, the less forced the sound, and consequently the greater the dynamics the finished tape will have. You can probably tell that I'm not a great fan of lots of compression, except in its proper place, rock.

Compression for a bass should generally have a slow attack time, somewhere between 10 and 20 milliseconds. A shorter attack time will reduce the transient pluck tone which we have worked to optimize. A longer time won't prevent overload on very loud passages or notes. The release time will depend on the type of music and speed of the bass part. A walking bass line or relatively slow bass part will be smoother with a long release time, i.e. over one second. A part which adds syncopations or has fast riffs will do better with one-quarter- to one-half-second release. Thinking these variables through will allow you to quickly set up all the processing parameters and begin playing music. A low compression ratio of around four-to-one will provide good control, while allowing the bassist some dynamics, even in his loudest passages.

Once the attack, bottom-end response, and compression of the bass are adjusted, midrange and highs can be adjusted to taste, depending on the density and type of instrumentation to be added. A bright sound will be heard better through dense horn arrangements, even though it may sound too thin in solos. On the other hand, a bright bass will steal center stage from a mellow vibes lead. Keep in mind what's to come, and don't be afraid to compromise a bit on the sound of each instrument to get the best ensemble.

Electric bass can be treated in much the same way as the string bass. Because its body and neck are both smaller and stiffer, most electric basses have a less predominant "pluck resonance." The added stiffness also prevents energy from dissipating quickly through the body, so the notes sustain much longer than those of a string bass. In many cases the direct sound from the instrument

itself, run through a good "direct box," will be all that's needed for recording. Again, the pluck tone can be optimized for the type of music, the overall response of the instrument evened out, then compressed. If one string is much louder or softer than the others, it will be best to correct this with the appropriate screw or allen-wrench adjustment on the instrument's own pickups. Obviously the same imbalance will thus be corrected for live gigs too.

Incidentally, there is a neat and easy way of getting the feel of an acoustic bass sound from an electric, and it will only take a couple of minutes of studio time. As we know, the acoustic bass will have much more of the transient pluck tone, and a much shorter decay than the electric. Thus, make a multiple of the direct signal from the electric bass, locate and boost its pluck tone or frequency using a parametric equalizer with very narrow "Q" or bandwidth, and then run the resulting signal into a noise gate. Set the attack to 10 milliseconds, as usual, to emphasize the transient; set the fade time to one-half second or less, approximating the decay time of the string bass; and set the floor at perhaps 20 dB below threshold. Bring the output back into the board on a separate module, assigning this along with the normal direct bass module to the same track. By playing with the balance between the two bass modules, you can give the normal signal as much pluck and decay as you want, perhaps using different balances in various parts of a tune, or in different tunes. Be sure to check the phasing between the normal and gated signals—otherwise, disaster. This technique is very good in jazz ballads. In more uptempo pieces reduce the fade time on the gated signal; the blend will open up the bottom end of the whole recording and leave a "hole" after each bass note for snare hits and other fills to shine through.

Use of a bass amp miked and coming into the console through a separate input can add a more live "feel." The inherent resonance of the string plucks will indeed work with the natural cone and enclosure resonances of the speakers and cabinets, giving a punch which is not there in a direct signal. However, the bass amp should be run at a considerable volume in the studio to get this good stuff out of it, and the problems that it will cause by leaking into other mics may cost more time than a little added punch is worth. It's your decision. Perhaps the thing to do is set up the amp and mic but don't fool with it until the entire band is miked and playing. Then, if the bass sound needs live help, go for it. db

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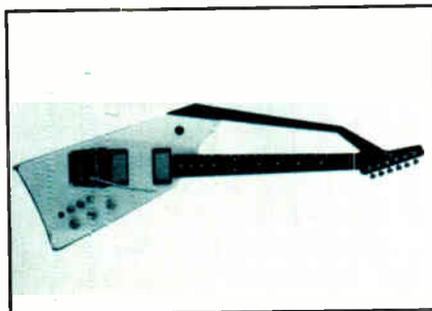
REED WORLD



La Voz' Reedgard II

LA VOZ CORP. (Sun Valley, CA) recently announced that their Reedgard II, a heavy-duty plastic case that offers thorough protection to two reeds, is now available in a rainbow of assorted colors to suit all tastes, and in two models—one accommodates reeds for E^b and alto clarinets and soprano sax; the other, tenor, C melody, and baritone saxes and bass clarinet.

GUITAR FAMILY



Roland's G-707

With their new G-707 guitar and GR-700 guitar synthesizer module, ROLAND CORP. US (Los Angeles) brings the full gamut of modern synthesis to today's guitarist. The G-707 has traditional premium guitar features (rosewood neck, dual humbuckers, sensitive tremolo) plus the new graphite Support Bar that provides greater stability for reduced vibration—hence no dead spots, glitches, or unwanted resonances. The G-707 has a hexaphonic synthesizer pickup on-board, in addition to several useful synthesizer controls, including touch sensitivity and one that regulates any of 32 different synthesis parameters on the GR-700 module. The touch-sensitive GR-700 module features 12 digitally controlled oscillators (two per string), plus six VCFs, VCAs, and envelope generators (one per string), in addition to LFO modulation and stereo chorus. The two DCOs per string allow the player to create fat synth and metallic

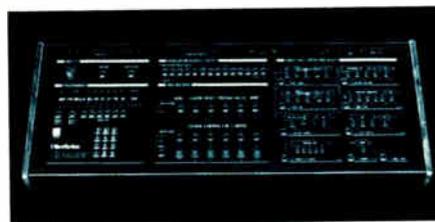
sounds; voices, pitch bend, and hold are separately assignable to each string. The GR-700 has enough memory for 64 different patches, which can also be stored in the memory and edited; an optional cartridge doubles the memory; with the optional PG-200 the guitarist can synthesize sounds from scratch. The GR-700 has a MIDI output and can be interfaced with any MIDI-equipped instrument or computer; the GR-700 is fully compatible with all existing GR gear.



Carvin's V220 Tremolo

CARVIN CORP.'S (Escondido, CA) answer to the serious rock & roll guitarist is their new V220 Tremolo. Featuring a new radical shape (perfectly balanced for comfortable playing) and the Kahler locking tremolo system (which offers the "dive bombing" effect without going out of tune), the V220 comes in five durable polyurethane colors, with one standard M22 pickup in the neck position and a M22SD at the bridge, giving maximum power and sustain for lead playing. Other features include dual-to-single coil switching, a brass nut, and Schaller M6 Mini tuning keys. The V220 is also available with a standard bridge instead of the Kahler tremolo.

ELECTRONIC GEAR

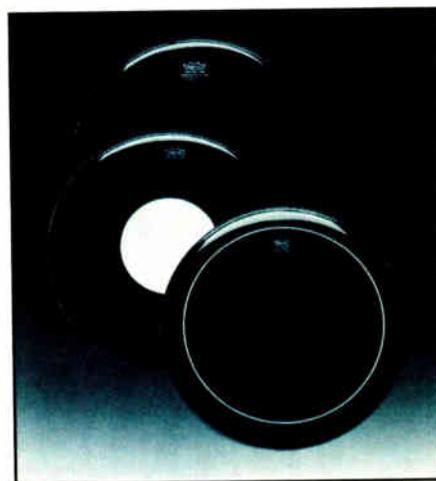


Oberheim's Xpander

New from OBERHEIM ELECTRONICS INC. (Los Angeles) is the Xpander, a six-voice individually programmable synthesizer that incorporates a new voice design with timbral possibilities previously unavailable. The Xpander interfaces with any keyboard, sequencer, guitar, or computer with MIDI or control voltage/gate outputs, and vastly expands the capability of the Oberheim Music System. Each

voice is separately programmable and can be independently controlled via MIDI channel or CV input, and each voice contains two oscillators and an FM capabilities, along with 15 VCAs, five LFOs, five envelope generators, four ramp generators, three tracking generators, a 15-mode filter, and a lag processor all controlled by two high-performance microprocessors for flexibility and performance.

PERCUSSION SHOP



Remo's Ebony Series Heads

New from REMO INC. (Hollywood, CA) is the Ebony Series of drum heads that offer a "darker" sound than comparable smooth white and translucent film heads. The Ebony Series of batter and bass drum heads includes three different black plastic film head-types offering full performance capabilities—Ebony Ambassadors and Ebony CS White Dots come in sizes from six to 40 inches; Ebony PinStripe heads run from six to 30 inches.

NEW MUSIC RELEASES

■ Jazzers should rejoice at the availability of a legal, accurate, contemporary fake book. *The World's Greatest Fake Book*, now on the market via SHER MUSIC CO. (1444 Waller St., San Francisco, CA 94117) contains over 200 tunes (by the likes of Chick Corea, Wayne Shorter, Herbie Hancock, John Coltrane, Freddie Hubbard, Charles Mingus, Jaco Pastorius, dozens more) in 484 pages. Features, generally not found in "underground" fake books, include legibility, separate horn harmony parts, separate bass parts, chord voicings, sample drum parts, lyrics, rhythm section kicks, etc., exactly as they occur on the original recordings, all for only \$30. db

capable of, just because of instrumentation?

WM: No, I don't hear any. I only play for, and think about, that band. But we only play 30 to 40 percent of what we're capable of, definitely. We'll come off a gig, all depressed because the stuff sounds so sad, and we'll say to ourselves, "Hey, we're gonna get this." We know what we have to do; it's just a question of doing it. And we're going to do it, because we want to, we want it bad. We practice and we play; we don't just wait for the ability to play to descend on us; we're going to learn how to play. It's a matter of time. Five, six, eight, 10 years, 15, who knows? We'll get to it.

And this is what we need: younger musicians. Cats like Charnet Moffett, 16 years old, coming over to my house every day to learn about harmony on his bass, to learn about music. To the young people who read this, we need young musicians trying to really learn how to play the music and researching and learning how to play their instruments. Not all these little sort of pop-type cult figures, talking-all-the-time heroes who have these spur-of-the-moment, out-of-their-mind, left-bank, off-the-wall theories about music which make no sense at all to anybody who knows anything about music. We shouldn't get rid of them—they're important, because we know through them what bullshit is. But musical terms are very precise; these terms have histories to them.

HM: Do you feel a lot of pressure, as a guy who looks good, plays sharp, and studies, to represent the young musicians coming up now?

WM: No, there's no pressure on me, 'cause that's how I am. When I was going to high school, I never owned one suit. I didn't know what it was to spend money. I went to school with the same pair of jeans on every day, a t-shirt and shirt from Sears on top of that. Alright? Now, when I come on, I do what I

want to. I like to be clean, because I used to look at album covers of cats with suits on, and I'd say "Damn, look at that suit; boy, let me get one; I wish I had a suit." I like suits; I like to be clean when I go to work, playing music that I think is important in front of people.

Now, the underlying thing is I love the music. See, I'm not out here trying to garner publicity—I've got publicity, right? I don't call people asking them to interview me. I didn't call CBS and ask them for a record contract. Just for some reason, I started playing with Art Blakey, then the next thing I know I got a record contract; everybody's writing reviews on my stuff; I'm playing with Herbie Hancock and Ron Carter and Tony Williams—it happened just like that. I was still trying to learn how to play the music. I didn't come to New York to be a jazz musician. I didn't even know people were still playing jazz. I grew up in the '70s; there wasn't any jazz in the '70s. Now I'm being like I want to be.

HM: Was winning two Grammys this year your biggest honor yet?

WM: No. The biggest honor I ever had is for me to play with the musicians I've played with. To stand on-stage with Ron and Herbie and Tony, Sonny Rollins, Dizzy Gillespie, to have the opportunity to talk with them and have them teach me stuff.

I'm playing jazz because I want to play the music. I love this music, man. I stay up all night playing music. Now, you can say what you want to say; I've got such strong opinions because I love the music, and I hate to see bullshit put up as the real thing. That's the only reason; not because I want people to think I'm *it*. I know I'm not Louis Armstrong; I'm not fooling myself. When I hear jazz, great jazz, there's no other feeling like that for me. None. Beyond all the other stuff, the publicity and the hype will be gone eventually, but the music will still be there, and I'm going to still be playing it if I'm still alive—or trying to learn how to play it, because I realize how great the music is, and that's what's most important. **db**

JAMES

continued from page 29

fast, slow, happy, sad, the entire gamut of emotions. I would create four or five pieces that ultimately got edited to no more than three seconds. I had told them right off the bat that if I'm going to bring in a bunch of jazz guys that I usually play with, there's no way to create the music in three-second segments. Before you get started, it's over with, and a certain kind of timid playing results. After the director became familiar with my music, he picked out small segments that he wanted.

It worked out well for both sides. The music turned out to be very functional for the show, people got used to the sound, and it was great exposure for me. I couldn't ask for a better opportunity than to have my music heard every week by the people who watch the show.

JL: How do you work collaboratively with other musicians? What does it mean for you to delegate authority and interact with them in the studio?

BJ: Every artist works differently. When I was arranging for others, I realized that some leaders do their most creative thinking after the session begins. So, it was really hard for me to do homework and have an arrangement prepared. A lot of changes take place in the studio, and you have to react to a remark instantly. For example, one part needs to be highlighted, another brighter. It has its difficulties when you're dealing with a 30- or 40-piece orchestra. You have to interpret what the leader wants and give it to him on the spot.

The studio scene itself is interesting. It fosters a particular kind of talent that has always fascinated me. The busy studio musicians encounter an amazing variety of leaders who they have to cooperate with. There's sometimes three or four different personalities to contend with in a single day. The studio musicians must be elastic enough to shift their tastes, or style, or approach, in order to accomplish what the leader

wants, while still maintaining their *own* identity and style. It's nearly an impossible task, but there are a few geniuses who can do it. Now I rarely get to see anything but my own sessions, but I saw enough to appreciate what it takes to be a good sideman.

JL: You've had your own record label, Tappan Zee. What are the ramifications of trying to both do business and be creative in a meaningful way?

BJ: If you're a professional musician, you have to do business in some way. You have to make some business decisions, even if it means having someone else make your decisions. That's a decision in itself, making sure that you've hired the right person who will communicate for you. The music business isn't easy, what with copyrights, royalties, and music being sent and distributed all over the world. Once you become public, it's a very complicated, sophisticated, business enterprise. And for every business decision that you don't make, or make inadequately, there is someone out there waiting to take advantage of it.

I started out from the premise that I needed to learn about the business. Before that it was easier—I was a salaried worker. The union set the fees, and they automatically made out the residual payments. I felt that I was somebody who had the ability to talk with business types and that I could function as a go-between for my musicians. The idea got me thinking that I could become the president of a record company, have my own label, and run it so that it was geared towards the musician's point-of-view rather than the business side. In theory I think it's a decent idea if the right guy is doing it. In my case I found that after a year it was affecting my career—it required so much energy. As soon as I saw the danger, I balked. Once I saw that running a record company was a full-time situation, I dug down and made a clear-cut decision not to continue.

Twenty years ago I started out wanting to be a musician. All I wanted to do was play the piano and write music. I think, after all this time, that's what I do best. **db**

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AD LIB

continued from page 70

• Shoestring (POB 10208, Oakland, CA 94610): mostly devoted to the rarest early Berigan, but has also extended itself to Russell, Hawkins, and Sullivan in otherwise hard-to-get settings.

• Aircheck (POB 82, Redmond, WA 98052): similar to Giants Of Jazz, but sister labels Spokane and Crosbyana also offer rare radio spots of Bing and others.

• Fat Cat (POB 458, Manassas, VA 22110): for the most part limited to concert performances at the Manassas Jazz Festival, but of late has started releasing, in a 12-album series, some of Bechet's 1945 airchecks from Boston.

• Mosaic (1341 Ocean Ave #135, Santa Monica, CA 90401): though hardly an overnight sensation, this dedicated recent venture has already produced three exceptionally well-produced boxed sets of the complete Blue Note recordings of Monk, Ammons/Lewis, and Mulligan; future plans include similar treatment for Quebec/Hardee/Jacquet, Port Of Harlem Jazzmen/Blue Note Jazzmen, Clifford Brown, Bud Powell, Bechet, Dorham, Mobley, et al.; resources are not limited to Blue Note masters.

• IAJRC (International Association of Jazz Record Collectors) (90 Prince George Dr, Islington, Ontario, M9B 2X8, Canada): record releases (37 to date) available to members only, and include both previously unissued material as well as long forgotten or unknown items from the '20s-50s; membership also includes a quarterly magazine and an optional annual convention of collectors.

Apologies are certainly due to all of those other labels out there whose mere mention would have stretched the boundaries of this necessarily brief survey out of all ranges of propriety. Before closing, however, some attention must be given to those non-American labels which have also been filling the gaps:

• Sackville (Box 87 Station J, Toronto, Ontario, M4J 4X8, Canada): quite a bit of top-rate contemporary mainstream which occasionally takes a backward glance.

• Swaggie (POB 125, PO South Yarra, Victoria 3141, Australia): state-of-the-art reissues of classic 1920s material, much of which now stems from the 1960s English Parlophone series; highly recommended.

• Tax, Jazz Society, Classic Jazz Masters, Swing Classics, Jazz Document, Everybody's (POB 8018, 5-191 08, Sollenluna, Sweden): a wide variety of pre-bop jazz reissues with special attention to homogenous groupings of styles.

• Swing House, First Heard (63 Whitehall Pk., London N19, England): well-preserved airchecks of the best swing bands and players, i.e., Goodman, Ellington, Basie, et al.

• Jazz Tribune (9 Avenue Matignon, 75008 Paris, France): though an arm of French RCA and hardly an independent, this label deserves especial commendation for its excellent—and completed!—series of comprehensive Morton, Moten, McKinney's Cotton Pickers, and many others from the classic period.

• CBS (1-3 Rue de Chateau, 92522 Neuilly Cedex, France): I find it necessary to also commend this label for its wholly unprecedented service to the bands of Count Basie and Jimmie Lunceford (complete chronological coverage for both, including all alternate takes, etc.—20 LPs for Basie in two boxed sets, and four albums of Lunceford), Fletcher Henderson (a superlative repressing of the long-deleted four-record boxed set originally called *A Study In Frustration*), and a three-disc final word on all of Teddy Wilson's piano solos recorded for Columbia between 1934 and 1941.

While a very few of the above-mentioned labels, both local and foreign, might be found in retail shops or through the services of stateside discount dealers, some readers may prefer to contact the manufacturers directly. But please bear in mind that since this is in no way an advertisement or endorsement of any product discussed, price negotiations will be the responsibility of the consumer.

Good hunting.

db

PROFILE

continued from page 59

chines and Simmons drums to enhance the danceable nature of their music. Tunes like *Instant Twist* and *Doin' The Dishes* come off sounding inspired by the British synth craze, while *Jack The Ripper*, *Banzai Pipeline*, and *The Sad Little Caper* owe more to Duane Eddy, Link Wray, *Theme From Goldfinger*, and the host of '60s instrumental bands.

Harris says the Raybeats' next album will be a definite departure. "We're getting ready to blow that old sound away and come out with a big electronic record with lots of computerized rhythm tracks and blaring guitars." He adds, "The fact that this electro-funk thing is going over well now with groups like Material means that there's an opportunity for me to work out a lot of the stuff I was doing five years ago with the Contortions. And now there's a much greater chance of commercial success with it. All the stuff that Bill Laswell is doing now with Material and with people like Herbie Hancock is really a boiled-down version of what Miles was doing with *On The Corner*. The difference is, Miles' drummers were too sophisticated. He didn't have these big, loud, computerized beat boxes at his disposal. And that's really what sells records today—that big, simple disco beat. It works. And I like it."

db

Trad Winds Off The Indies

BY JACK SOHMER

As with many other terms conventionally used in the description of jazz in its many diverse forms, the word "traditional" has been variously applied over the years, leading to an understandable confusion. During the '40s and '50s, when there was a marked schism between the performer/adherents of earlier forms of jazz and those who placed their starting boundaries at the inception of bop, the term first came into limited use. Prior to that period, though, the word "traditional," as used in reference to some sort of earlier style of playing, simply had no practical meaning, for jazz was then still a music played primarily by young men who had not yet contracted even the earliest symptoms of either nostalgia or generational gap.

In the mid-'40s there were at least three divergent trends taking place in pure jazz. First, there was the growing interest in bebop, then being performed and nightly rebirthed by the music's originators; second, there was the final fruition of decade-long development of what is now called "classic Swing"; and third, there was the wholly unprecedented large-scale public acceptance of a group of styles generically labelled "traditional" jazz—a term used loosely to encompass such diverse ways of playing as those of Bunk Johnson and Louis Armstrong, Kid Ory and Jack Teagarden, Sidney Bechet and Pee Wee Russell, as well as the Chicagoan-based jam session formats of Eddie Condon and the tightly structured 1920s reincarnations of Lu Watters.

If all of this appears confusing to the incipient musician or record collector today, then just imagine how confusing (and unimportant) it must have seemed to the accountants who ran the major record companies at that time. Thus, with the exception of but a handful of token acknowledgments by the majors, we find that the bulk of significant musical recording of that period and later has come from small, dedicated, and usually personally funded independent labels. Actually, the independent jazz label movement started in the late '30s with the emergence of UHCA (United Hot Clubs of America), Solo Art, Commodore, Blue Note, and a scant few others. Overall, their main area of con-



Duke Ellington: well-served by independent labels.

BILL GOTTLIEB

cern was the preservation of pure, improvised, small band jazz, whether in the form of bootlegged reissues of old rarities or of specially assembled ad hoc groups using the best of the then-available players of the older styles. The independent label movement has not only survived into the present day, albeit with countless dropouts and replacements, but has also resulted in the unprecedented financial successes of such empires as the Fantasy conglomerate. So who can confidently predict the eventual outcomes of some of the current indie efforts as discussed below?

Of long established quality and international reputation is the Meritt Record Society (POB 156, Hicksville, NY 11802), which includes in its stable of resources not only an untold wealth of heretofore unavailable rare jazz material, but also a seldom-equalled roster of engineering talent, so as to make this material even more enticing to both new and old listeners. Among the labels produced by MRS are: Meritt, which concentrates on previously unissued items or alternate takes from the '20s-40s, i.e. Bechet, Allen, Berigan, Eldridge, Carter, Armstrong, Berry, Profit, Chittison, plus many anthologies of isolated selections; Blu-Disc, which uses a similar approach to Ellington, Goodman, Sullivan, Robichaux, James, Teagarden, and Bob Crosby; Up-To-Date, which specializes in unissued Ellington; DETS, which is a 48-volume series of the complete Ellington Treasury Series broadcasts of 1945-46, now up to Volume 33; Honeysuckle Rose, a newcomer which has already made its mark with a three-record boxed set of Fats Waller radio transcriptions and, most recently, with two albums of live performances by Hawkins/Eldridge

and Django Reinhardt; and Everybody's, an even newer newcomer (not related to the Swedish label of the same name).

Certainly the largest holder of New Orleans-styled recordings today is George Buck, who started his Jazzology (3008 Wadsworth Mill Pl., Decatur, GA 30032) label in 1949 and has not stopped since. Now numbering in the hundreds, his releases (sometimes acquired from older, now-defunct sources) are available on a variety of different imprimaturs: Jazzology and GHB (hard-core latter-day New Orleans); Circle (mid-'40s jazz and big band radio transcriptions); and Audiophile and Southland (mostly peripheral, but some jazz of value).

Though nowhere near as prolific in output, other hardy perennials must be mentioned with due credit. They include:

- Pumpkin (POB 557963, Miami, FL 33155): previously unissued or largely unavailable mainstream jazz, involving such artists as Clayton, Eldridge, Hines, Freeman, Dickenson, Armstrong, Teagarden, Hawkins, Sims, Davison, Sullivan, and the little known but legendary stride pianist Donald Lambert.

- Harrison (229 Oak St., Wakefield, MA 01880): mostly reissues of rare 78s from the '20s-early '30s period with an emphasis on territory and hot dance bands.

- Smithsonian (POB 10230, Des Moines, IA 50336): institutional, to be sure, but quite acceptable in its knowledgeable and well-recorded presentations of classic jazz, i.e., Armstrong/Hines 1928, Henderson 1923-37, Armstrong/Bechet 1923-25, Kirby 1937-41, Allen/Hawkins 1933, Gillespie 1940-46, Ellington 1938-41 (four volumes), Tatum 1939-55, Wilson 1934-42, plus several contemporary recreative albums by the Smithsonian Jazz Repertory Ensemble (Dick Hyman, Bob Wilber, et al.).

- Giants Of Jazz (POB 1571, Glendale, CA 91209): impressive selection of Goodman airchecks from the '40s, as well as other items of related interest.

- Jump (POB 382, Hermosa Beach, CA 90254): reissues of classic mid-'40s white West Coast "dixieland" that originally appeared on 78 label of same name; includes excellent material by Teagarden, Matlock, Miller, Rushton, Cathcart, Van Eps, etc.

- Stomp Off (549 Fairview Terrace, York, PA 17403): an ambitious recent enterprise now accounting for 50 LPs of American and international trad bands which specialize in ragtime and the various styles of the '20s; beautifully pressed and attractively packaged.

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Ricky Lawson
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