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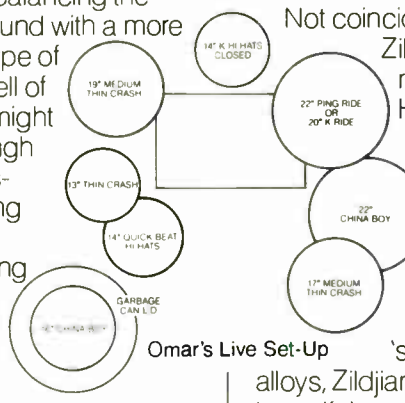

Omar's Live Set-Up

The innate ability to pick the right cymbal is an art that Hakim has refined by spending a lot of time in the city's music stores, playing and listening closely to cymbal after cymbal.

"You should be patient. You've got to know how to really *listen* to the cymbal you're going to play for years. And when you pick a cymbal, you've got to do it with the same sticks you intend to play it with.

"First, I listen for the primary tone. You have to get close to the cymbal to hear it. I also listen to whether the harmonic overtones are coming out evenly. I like the bells to be clear without too many harmonic overtones."

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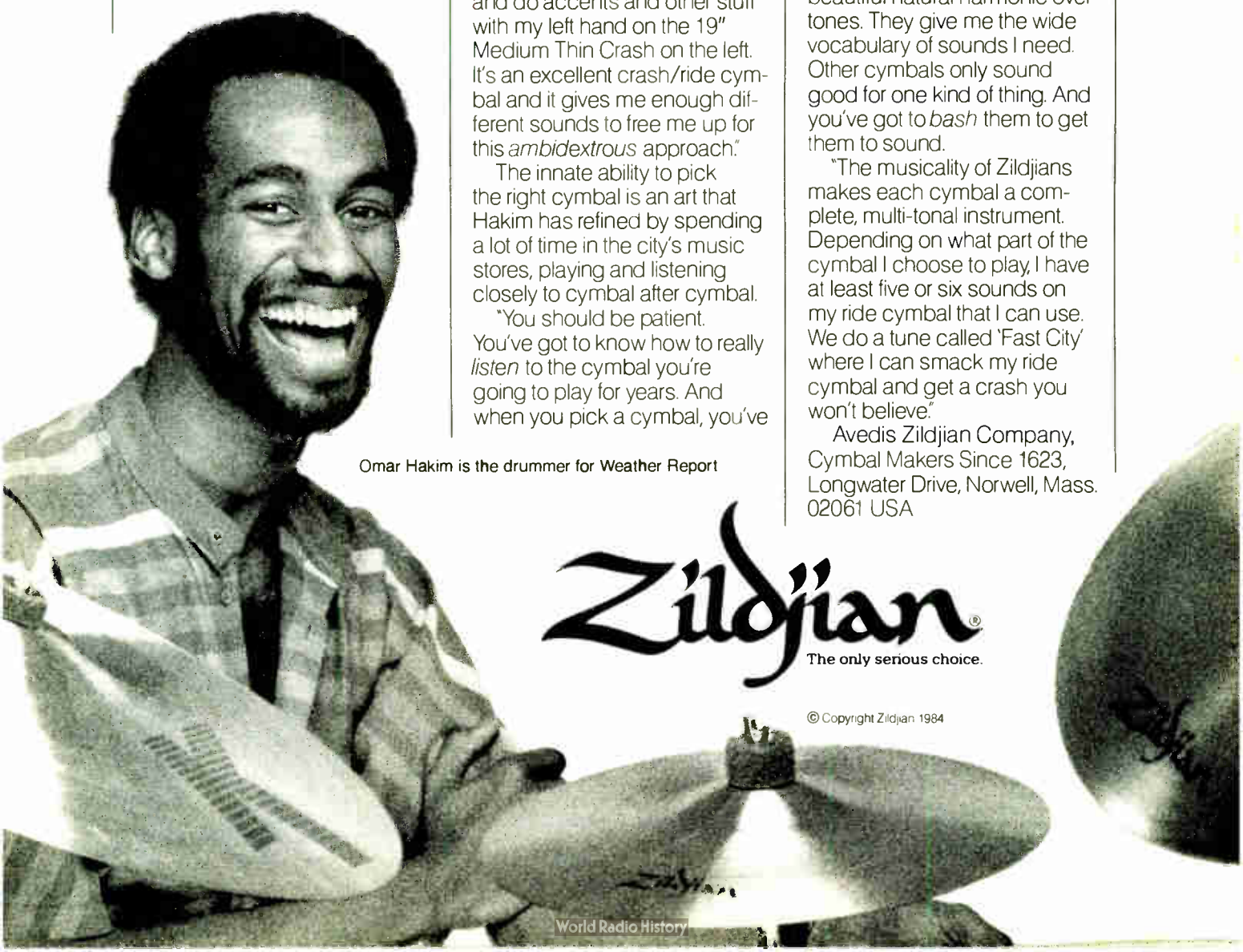
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FEATURES

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PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE

Laurie Anderson

MITCHELL SEIDEL

Kenny Clarke at Kool/NY '84

DAVID MICHAEL KENNEDY

Bill Evans

BRIAN McMILLEN

Percy Jones

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ON THE BEAT

BY CHARLES DOHERTY

Hardly a day goes by when we don't receive some inquiry regarding a section of **down beat**, so I'd like to take this opportunity to briefly outline the criteria we use in assembling an issue.

Some sections seem self-evident—Masthead (table of contents page), On The Beat (you're reading it, our in-house editorial where the editors share their thoughts with the readers), Chords & Discords (letters to the editor)—but still raise questions. For example, Chord-writers should be concise and to-the-point, and we reserve the right to edit letters, which must be signed and include a return address (names and addresses will be withheld upon request). Other sections are not quite so clear.

At least once a month the editors meet to plan upcoming issues. Taking tips from our polls, reader response, writers, musicians, and other industry sources, we lay out our features lineup, striving to offer a variegated and balanced mix of the best contemporary music and musicians. The publishing process sometimes requires that a subject be assigned a couple of months in advance (perhaps the lead feature, enabling a top photographer time to get that "perfect" cover shot); other times stories may have been written just weeks before you read them. (Whenever possible, we try to schedule articles elsewhere in the mag to complement the features—a Caught reviewing a live set, a Record Review of the latest release, a Pro Session with a solo transcription, whatever.)

Besides the "name" artists featured, we have also reserved space in each issue for Profiles, usually of up-and-coming artists or, occasionally, an oft-overlooked veteran with a story to tell.

No matter how much space we devote to Record Reviews, there never is enough room to cover all the good new sides we hear each month. Releases by, say, Hall-of-Famers and perennial poll-winners virtually demand review, but, frankly, every disc has an equal shot. We listen to *everything* we get—from major artists on big labels to unknowns on self-produced efforts—and we share the best we find with you, no matter where we find it. Selecting the records to review is our knottiest problem; check out the monthly New Releases column, and you'll see what I mean—there are three-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 55

S Y N F U L

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CHORDS & DISCORDS

Mother knows best

After reading the interview with Wynton Marsalis (**db**, July '84), I must say that I felt very proud of this gifted, intelligent, and witty young man. The cover photo did melt my heart. However, I was disappointed that my son's memory has failed him so early in life.

His reference to not having a suit and only one pair of jeans while in high school is ludicrous. For someone who started performing at the age of six and continued until he left home, how he managed without a suit is confusing.

Just for the record, the only ones who could not afford suits in those days were his parents.

Dolores Marsalis — New Orleans

Moreover Marsalis

It was very tolerant of Wynton Marsalis to deign not to "get rid of" the "talking-all-the-time heroes" who've destroyed the jazz tradition (**db**, July '84). However, the only person in jazz who seems to be talking all the time lately is Marsalis himself. Being an ardent fan of his, I have read every interview with him I could find. All I ever learn from them, however, is that everyone from Louis Armstrong to Lester Bowie has done the music some grave disservice.

It's obvious to me that Marsalis' love for jazz prompts these statements. It should be obvious to him that to say that nothing happened in jazz during the '70s is to spit in the face of every jazz musician who then practiced the art form without commercial concessions.

Tony Alexander — Chicago

I have been living with jazz from the early 1940s until the present. Regardless of my age, there are guys like me who consider themselves ageless. We transcend [age] with music.

Guys like me don't have any problems in accepting Wynton Marsalis (**db**, July '84) as the new "jazz messiah." Is he an innovator, too? I don't know, but he has the unusual ability to make his sliding notes enter your brain and dance with your nerve cells (that is, if you're really listening). If that technique isn't an innovation, guys like me don't care. After all, we're still growing.

Donald P. Brown — Chicago

In Howard Mandel's interview with Wynton Marsalis (**db**, July '84), two things were said that summarize my feelings about jazz and music in general. First, as the Count has said over again, "The most important thing in jazz is swing . . . and if you ain't swingin', you ain't doing nothing." Second, about the "pop-type cult figures . . . We shouldn't get rid of them—they're important, because we know through them what bullshit is." Wynton couldn't be more correct!

Keep up the great work **down beat**. Your interviews are almost as intense as the music itself.

Kevin T. Shay — Springfield, IL

Seein' Crimson

I am writing in response to John Diliberto's recent record review of King Crimson's *Three Of A Perfect Pair* (**db**, July '84). I find myself in agreement with most of his observations and feel that his criticism of the LP was honest and well-meaning. However, I think it is unfair to dismiss the LP's instrumental pieces as

CONTINUED ON PAGE 13

It was a time when cars had tail fins ...
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milk cost 21¢ a quart ... and America listened to the best music ever!

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The sounds of a momentous decade

Here are the *great vocalists* singing the great songs: Tony Bennett with "Rags to Riches," Jo Stafford with "You Belong to Me," Nat Cole crooning "Mona Lisa," Eddie Fisher with "Oh My Papa." Here are the *duos, trios and groups*: the Mills Brothers, Les Paul and Mary Ford, the Weavers, Bill Haley and the Comets. Here are the *great bands and orchestras*: Count Basie, Harry James, Ray Anthony, Gordon Jenkins and Mitch Miller.

And there are *rarities* too. The panel included hard-to-find recordings such as Bing Crosby and Grace Kelly singing "True Love" (the only record she ever made). The inimitable Louis Armstrong doing "Mack the Knife." And Jane Froman with her emotional rendition of "I'll Walk Alone."

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"disconnected jams."

Having seen several of these pieces performed at two incandescent Crimson shows in New York, I can testify that such instrumentals as *Industry*, far from being the wayward improvisations that Diliberto's review would lead us to believe, are actually thoroughly composed works which were reproduced verbatim in a performance situation and, I might add, with a great deal of "sensitive interplay." The structure of this music is subtle and elusive—not readily apparent upon a hurried listening. It is to King Crimson's credit that they can make music with a fixed structure feel as though it were freely improvised.

Dennis Rea New York City

Hawaiian aye

I loved Art Lange's "self-exposure" in his On The Beat (**db**, July '84). Mom has been telling me to listen to some "good" music for almost 20 years. (She's a piano teacher and equates "good" with "classical.") It's neat to see that someone else appreciates each form for what it is.

You don't listen to Bach the way you listen to Miles. You also don't play classical pieces the way you would play jazz. Going one step further, each idiom has different styles. Baroque is very different from Romantic, and dixieland is nowhere near cool. Furthermore, each composition has its own identity and message to be interpreted. In playing and listening, your mind has to be tuned (no pun intended) to the different moods, styles, and overall character of the piece in general in order for the music to shine through.

Despite the wide spectrum of musical idioms, the magical element that makes the difference between noise and real music is the same, and it continues to bring the printed page and ideas to life. So go find yourself a sorcerer (or perhaps his apprentice) and enjoy the show.

Peggy Sato Kaneohe, HI

Surface mail

Let me belatedly express my appreciation for the interview with Billy Cobham (**db**, March '84). It really shows off the many facets of his musical ego as well as a clear understanding of what music and everything around is about—I learned such a lot from this guy in a really short time playing with him.

However, I have to mention that the name of the pianist in Billy's Glass Menagerie should be spelled Vladislav Sendecki and that the bass player's is spelled Michael Harmssen (and he's from Frankfort, not Hamburg). Thank you.

Michael Harmssen Frankfort

CONTINUED ON PAGE 55

NEWS

Eclectic Festival International sets records

MONTREAL—For 10 days this summer, four blocks of *rue* St.-Denis and several concert halls and clubs were home to the fifth and, so far, largest Festival International De Jazz De Montreal. An estimated 300,000 people hit St.-Denis, 75,000 of whom moved indoors for performances by a total of 800 musicians, and the festival turned a profit on its $2-million budget.

The programming was decidedly eclectic and all-embracing, with performers as diverse as the Itals reggae trio and Lionel Hampton, and as distantly based as Argentina's Astor Piazzola and Poland's Zbigniew Namyslowski.

There were a dozen daily series of one sort or another, indoors and out, the most consistent of which were Pianissimo, a solo showcase highlighted by the performances of Kenny Barron, Michel Petrucciani, and Martial Solal, and Jazz Dans La Nuit, the late-night, cutting-edge presentation that offered, most notably, the Freddie Hubbard All-Stars (Petrucciani, Joe Henderson, Buster Williams, and Billy Hart), Abdulah Ibrahim's Ekaya, David Murray's Octet, Red & Ira, and Special Edition.

MARK MILLER

Henri Texier (left) and Michel Portal.

Petrucciani was the obvious darling of the festival. Accordionist Piazzola, with his cafe society tangos, was one of the sleepers, as was an engaging all-star French quartet of Michel Portal, Francois Jeanneau, Henri Texier, and Daniel Humair. Elsewhere, the Metheny/Haden/Higgins trio did eight shows for more than 4,000 people at Club Soda, while Oscar Peterson and Jean-Luc Ponty performed with the Montreal Symphony Orchestra for 12,000 at the Forum.

Among Montreal's own, pianist Paul Bley made a rare return home for a solo concert, big bandsman Vic Vogel had a long evening with Zoot Sims and Phil Woods as guests, and drummer Guy Nadon enthralled a crowd that had come to hear the Toshiko Akiyoshi/Lew Tabackin organization. The duo of Rene Lussier and Robert LePage and the sextet co-led by Dave Turner and Ron DiLauro were powerful in free and hard-bop modes respectively, and altoist Bob Mover was a force in a variety of informal situations. The accomplished young Montreal pianist Lorraine Desmarais won the festival's third-annual Yamaha jazz competition. Representation from the rest of Canada, however, was uneven; Vancouver's Fraser MacPherson and Toronto's Manteca were the popular successes.

MARK MILLER

Zoot Sims (left) and Phil Woods.

Disappointments? Sam Rivers' 11-sax Winds Of Manhattan, surely, with an indulgent, untogether performance; the closing tribute to French jazz (Didier Lockwood, Philip Catherine, Portal, Solal, and others) that was repeatedly truncated by the demands of a simultaneous telecast; and, in a larger sense, the unsettling knowledge that there was always more music along St.-Denis than any one person could hope to hear.

Virtually all the formal concerts were recorded by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation and will form the bulk of the network's fall/winter programming on several English- and French-language shows. —*mark miller*

HYOU VIELZ

MORE FROM MOERS: *This year's 13th annual New Jazz Festival in Moers, West Germany, continued its eclectic traditon of presenting the best in new music with outstanding performances by the Art Ensemble Of Chicago, the East Asia Orchestra, the Percussion Trio (Famoudou Don Moye, Andrew Cyrille, Fodé Youla), and the Moss Men (musicians around David Moss representing the "no sounds" of New York, including turntable manipulator Christian Marclay, pictured), and a host of others. All concerts, workshops, and other sessions at the skating-rink hall of Moers were filled to capacity.*

FEST SCENE

Oktoberfests

The first city-sponsored **Richmond Jazz Festival '84** swings VA 9/21-23 with Gerry Mulligan, Dizzy Gillespie, Carmen McRae, a Latin Flute Summit (w/ Herbie Mann, Dave Valentin, Fathead Newman), and the MJQ w/ guest Joe Kennedy Jr.; info at (804) 780-1768.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

The fifth annual **Jacksonville And All That Jazz** lights up the Sunshine State 10/12-13; Freddie Hubbard, Phil Woods, Adam Makowicz, and a Swing Reunion (w/ Louie Bellson, Teddy Wilson, Red Norvo, Benny Carter, and others) are among the highlights; if you can't make it, PBS/NPR will simulcast some of Sat.'s show.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

The **Umeå** (Sweden) **Jazz Festival**, now in its 17th year and still the world's northernmost, is skedded for 10/18-21; headliners anticipated are Elvin Jones, Frank Foster, and Ray Charles.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

Peninsula Music Fair '84, the 13th annual outdoor fest, offers a varied program of music (jazz, country, classical, ethnic) and dance, 10/9 at the Chadwick School Campus, on the Palos Verdes Peninsula, CA; info at (213) 375-1791.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

Trad events continue to abound; the Nugget's **Dixieland Jazz Calendar** lists Summit Jazz (Breckenridge, CO) 9/28-30; the fifth annual Dixieland Jazz Jubilee (Stockton, CA) 9/28-30; Oregon Dixieland Jubilee (Astoria) 10/12-14; Dixieland Festival (Hanford, CA) 10/20-21; and the Dixieland Jubilee By The Sea (Pismo Beach, CA) 10/26-28; (800) 648-1177.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

The **Next Wave** festival of the Brooklyn Academy of Music offers 10 unique performances in the NYC area including: the American premieres of *The Games* (music by Meredith Monk, text by Ping Chong) 10/9-14, and *The Desert Music* (music by Steve Reich, conducted by Michael Tilson Thomas) 10/25-27, both at the Opera House; the Elisa Monte Dance Company (music by David Van Tieghem and Glenn Branca), also at the Opera House, 11/1-4; the American debut of the Penguin Cafe Orchestra, 12/8 at the Carey Playhouse; and *Einstein On The Beach* (a four-act opera by Philip Glass and Robert Wilson) back at the Opera House 12/11-23; details from BAM, 30 Lafayette Ave., New York, NY 11217; or call (212) 636-4100.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

Puccolo power: the seventh **World's International Whistle-Off** will be held 9/29-30 in Carson City, NV; details from the International Assn. of Whistlers, POB 7887, Incline Village, NV 89450; (702) 831-8778. □

LINDA MATLOW/PIX INTL.

OH TOMMY CAN YOU SEE: *Styx main-man Tommy Shaw culminates a long-distance connection as he Concorded-in from London just in time to delight a capacity crowd at Wrigley Field, home of the Chicago Cubs, with the National Anthem prior to the ball game. The Windy City-native was in England working on his debut A&M solo release and recovering from the lengthy* Kilroy Was Here *Styx tour. Look for Shaw's album and tour soon, with a band that includes keyboardist Peter Wood, drummer Steve Holley, bassist Brian Stanley, and saxist Richie Connatta.*

BOOK BEAT

Pomp & circuses

Performance artist/new music maven **Laurie Anderson** has published her epic four-hour multimedia *United States* in book form; 231 pages of text and photos document the event sans music; $29.95 hardcover or $19.95 paperback from Harper & Row.

▪ ▪ ▪ ▪ ▪

For jazz trivia, games, puzzles, etc., check out the ***Jazz Quiz Book*** by David and Jeanne Baker; $2.95, paperback, from Frangipani Press, POB 669, Bloomington, IN 47402.

▪ ▪ ▪ ▪ ▪

E Street stickman **Max Weinberg** offers insightful interviews with 14 of rock's most notable drummers in *The Big Beat*; $9.95 in paper from Contemporary Books Inc., 180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60601.

▪ ▪ ▪ ▪ ▪

Dozen's of head-banging Strat-stranglers from Jimi to Eddie are the ***Masters Of Heavy Metal***, edited by Jas Obrecht; an $8.95 paperback from Quill via William Morrow & Co.

The first ever photo-book on the "British Invasion" of rock & roll bands in the '60s, ***Rock Explosion—The British Invasion In Photos 1962-1967***, contains an array of color and black & white pix depicting both important and obscure bands from the era, complete with text containing new facts, quotes, and anecdotes; compiled and written by Harold Bronson; $10.98 from Rhino Books, 1201 Olympic Blvd., Santa Monica, CA 90404.

▪ ▪ ▪ ▪ ▪

History prof Jon Weiner chronicles **John Lennon**'s struggle to reconcile his politics with his music (thanks in part to 26 pounds of FBI documents released under the Freedom of Information Act) in *Come Together: John Lennon In His Time*; a $10.95 paperback from Random House.

▪ ▪ ▪ ▪ ▪

The Complete Beatles U.S. Record Price Guide by Perry Cox and Joe Lindsay lives up to its title—177 profusely illustrated pages with more than you'd ever want to know about collectible moptop vinyl; $10.95 in paperback from O'Sullivan Woodside & Co., Phoenix, AZ 85034. □

POTPOURRI

What's new? Linda Ronstadt recently confessed that she'd like nothing better than to make a music video with **Frank Sinatra**; well, she must've missed the casting call for Ol' Blue Eyes' video version of his laidback single, *L.A. Is My Lady*, which includes appearances by (among others) Donna Summer, LaToya Jackson, Michael McDonald, James Ingram, Jane Fonda, Dyan Cannon, Dean Martin, rock bands Van Halen and Missing Persons, *General Hospital* heart-throb Jack Wagner, author Alex Haley, Los Angeles Dodgers Tommy Lasorda and Fernando Valenzuela, and L.A. Mayor Tom Bradley, not to forget Quincy Jones (producer of both the record and the video) and his wife, ex-*Mod Squad*-er Peggy Lipton Jones, who co-wrote the tune with Oscar-winning composers Marilyn and Alan Bergman . . . Riddle to the rescue: at a Motor City show **Linda Ronstadt** spaced on the lyrics to *Sophisticated Lady* and had to hum along until orchestra director Nelson Riddle could slip her the sheet music . . . vid clips: MTV-shy **Bruce** (*All My Children* fan) **Springsteen** backed out of the "concept" filming of the vid for his hit *Dancing In The Dark* after only one day's work, feeling he'd be more comfortable in a concert setting with his E-Streeters; look for the vid, directed by Brian (*Scarface*) DePalma to be gleaned from footage of the Boss' current tour . . . the Playboy Video Corp. has announced the availability of a home video of performances from the '82 **Playboy Jazz Festival** featuring Grover Washington Jr., Maynard Ferguson, Lionel Hampton, and Nancy Wilson . . . good sports: **NFL Films**, with more years of vid experience than most, produced a three-minute Olympic clip featuring athletes from the American team set to Giorgio Moroder's *Reach Out For The Medal* (NFL Films is not new to the genre, having already released two videos for Journey) . . . pop-jazz beat: **Miles Davis** has added *Time After Time*, the Cyndi Lauper hit, to his performance repertoire, adding credence to rumors of an imminent album's worth of pop tunes . . . meanwhile **Billy Joel**, who spotlighted Phil Woods' sax on his *Just The Way You Are* hit, has employed harmonica virtuoso Toots Thielemans on his latest single, *Leave A Tender Minute Alone*; Toots has also appeared on-stage with the piano man . . . jazz-dance beat: an unusual pairing of the **Sheila Jordan/Harvie Swartz** Duo with dancer Catherine Mapp is a Sun. afternoon freebee at the Greenburgh Town Hall in Elmsford, NY 9/30 . . . congrats to **Illinois Jacquet**, recent recipient of the BMI Commendation of Excellence for his contributions to jazz . . . in other BMI news, the **Carl Haverlin Collection/BMI Archives**, a 30-year-old repository of classical music, has expanded its range by adding jazz and popular music, like the original big band arrangements of Lionel Hampton and Jimmy Lunceford, the handwritten sheet music for Paul Simon's *Mrs. Robinson*, and Jonah Jones' mute . . . award-winners: Italy's Radio 1 just cited **Stan Getz** as Best American Musician, reedman Michel Portal as Best European Musician, and tenor saxist Maurizio Giammarco as Best Italian Musician . . . Dick Grove School of Music and Northwestern U. grad **Jeffrey Budin** won $1,000 in the Lancaster (PA) Summer Arts Festival Orchestral Composition Contest; after directing the premiere of his winning comp., *Gestures: Voluntary And Involuntary*, with the Lancaster Symphony Orchestra, the 22-year-old L.A. native took off for Hawaii to assume his new position as principal trombonist of the Honolulu Symphony . . . back in L.A., be on the lookout for ***Be-bop And Beyond***, a young, glossy publication from the Creative Music Collective, (POB 54337, L.A., CA 90054) that features news, views, reviews, interviews of—you guessed it—with a Golden State slant . . . also out El Lay way is **Albert "Tootie" Heath Productions Inc.** (2055 Minoru Dr., Altadena, CA 91001), a new venture into booking, production, and promotion by the noted percussionist . . . o'erseas please: **Fender Musical Instruments** was an official sponsor of the '84 Montreux International Jazz Festival, providing amps, guitars, and Rhodes pianos for the shows (by the by, Fender's Stratocaster guitar, the world's biggest seller, just celebrated its 30th birthday) . . . back in the Midwest: the fledgling **Madison Jazz Society** (POB 8866, Madison, WI 53708) just got off its first newsletter and is shopping for a logo, not to mention members . . . blast from the past: the **Original Tiny Hill Orchestra**, under the baton of original bandmember/trumpeter Paul Dean (who recently purchased all the rights and original arrangements of the popular '40s act), debuts 9/23 at the Casa Royal in Des Plaines, IL; info from Gadabout Productions (312) 593-3145 . . .

NEWS

BRIAN McMILLEN

TAYLOR-MADE PARTY: *Prior to the Junior Cook/Bill Hardman Quintet's performance opening the 20th year of Jazzmobile free NYC concerts, McCoy Tyner (right) surprised Jazzmobile founder/president Dr. Billy Taylor (center) with a plaque commemorating his '84 selection as recipient of the fourth* **down beat** *Lifetime Achievement Award. Milt Jackson (left) also spoke in praise of Dr. Taylor.*

Spoleto '84 swings the South

CHARLESTON, SC—Though it continues to be little more than an aside to classical xenophobe Gian Carlo Menotti's overall scheme of things for Spoleto Festival USA, Jazz at Spoleto for 1984 showed healthy growth in terms of quality, quantity, and ticket sales.

Kicking things off was an almost too-full Saturday afternoon at Magnolia Gardens, a lush outdoor site at one of several erstwhile plantations near Charleston now known primarily as tourist attractions. There were few tourists, but thousands of listeners to hear Danny Barker and his Jazz Hounds from New Orleans open the show, with vocalist Ellyna Tatum filling in for an ailing Blue Lu Barker.

Next, master of ceremonies Jon Hendricks sang introductions for each member of the Jazz Giants, with lyrics he had set to pianist Tommy Flanagan's *Minor Mishap*. Bassist George Duvivier and drummer J. C. Heard, with Flanagan, comprised the rhythm section for headliner Dizzy Gillespie, whose companions in the front lines were Jimmy Heath, Kenny Burrell, and Jon Faddis.

Topping off the afternoon, Dr. John Emche of the University of South Carolina led a 17-piece big band of students from several colleges in the state, playing Gillespie arrangements with Diz and alter-ego Faddis up-front.

Gillespie and the rhythm section played a Spoleto fund-raiser the next night at a new country club on one of the area's recently gentrified islands, with Hendricks making a surprise appearance for *Bye Bye Blackbird* and some extended scatting with Gillespie.

The next week, in a more formal concert setting, Flanagan led a trio date with Duvivier and Heard at the downtown Garden Theatre, where Jon Hendricks and Company held forth two nights later. The headliners traded cameo guest appearances.

Closing things out the next Saturday was Ramsey Lewis at the cavernous Gaillard Auditorium, playing a grand piano, with fellow Chicagoans Bill Dickens on bass guitar and drummer Frank Donaldson, marking the first return of jazz to this otherwise operatic/orchestral venue since 1981.

—*w. patrick hinely*

MUS. ED. REPORT

Back-to-school specials

The Kansas City Jazz Commission in conjunction with the mayor's office has started a **Count Basie Memorial Fund** to establish a Count Basie Scholarship and a Count Basie Youth Stage Band of Greater Kansas City; donations should be directed to the fund, c/o the KC Jazz Com., Office of the Mayor, 414 E. 12th St., K.C., MO 64106.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

The **Full Sail Recording Workshop** offers professional tips on the ins and outs of the music business in three seminars at the Holiday Inn in Orlando, FL. Session I, Publishing & Songwriting, runs 9/21-23; Session II, The World of Recording, 9/24-27, Session III, Agents, Managers & Major Tours, 9/28-30; info from (800) 221-2747.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

The Wurlitzer Co., a venerable American manufacturer of pianos, organs, jukeboxes, and vending machines, has donated over 75 cubic feet of its past corporate records to Northern Illinois U.'s (De Kalb) Earl W. Hayter Regional History Center; scholars can now dig the change in the public's musical tastes, as well as tracing corporate struggles through times of economic boom and bust, by studying the records of the 128-year-old IL-based company.

The seventh annual Jazz Room Series at **William Patterson College** (Wayne, NJ) runs 10/28-12/2 and brings top names to campus and the community on Sun. afternoons; the sked includes Horacee Arnold, Billy Hart, and Freddy Waits 10/28; John Blake 11/4; the Elise Wood Quintet 11/11; Clifford Jordan 11/18; Rufus Reid 11/25; the Bill Kirchner Nonet 12/2; tickets from the box office, (201) 595-2371.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

The **College For Recording Arts** (San Francisco) offers an intensive program in the recording sciences; applications for the fall semester, which begins 10/1, are still being accepted; info at (415) 781-6306.

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The annual PAS-sponsored **Remo PASIC Scholarship** is open to a student who would like to attend the '84 Percussive Arts Society International Convention (11/1-4, Ann Arbor, MI); the scholarship includes comp registration, lodging, banquet ticket, and one-year PAS membership; a letter describing why the applicant should receive the honor, including documentation of student-status, must be sent to Lloyd McCausland, Remo Inc., 12804 Raymer St., North Hollywood, CA 91605 by 10/15 . . . in other PAS news, it was announced that **Kathryn Dayak**, a percussion student at UCLA, was the recipient of the annual PAS Scholarship to the Ludwig International Percussion Symposium, held recently at U. TX (Austin). □

FINAL BAR

POPSIE

Don Elliott, multi-instrumentalist/composer, died July 5 in Weston, CT of cancer at age 57. Elliott's main instrument was the vibes, though he is credited with introducing the french horn-like mellophone. He played in groups led by George Shearing, Teddy Wilson, Terry Gibbs, Benny Goodman, Buddy Rich, and others. He was also active in the production of tv commercials, and ran his own production company since '58.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

Albert Dailey, pianist/composer with his own trio and the bands of Stan Getz, Sonny Rollins, Woody Herman, Art Blakey, and others, died June 26 in Denver of a respiratory infection. He was 46.

Dill Jones, Welsh-born stride pianist, died June 22 in New York City of cancer at age 60. Jones' traditional piano stylings first came to the attention of the American public with Max Kaminsky and Eddie Condon in the '60s.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

Fred Waring, conductor of the Pennsylvanians 20-member choir and known as "the man who taught America to sing," died July 29 in Danville, PA, following a stroke, at age 84. Waring, who studied engineering before embarking on his 68-year musical career, is also known for the development and marketing of the Waring Blendor.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

Laurence Lyon Teal, noted saxophonist/educator, died July 11 in Ann Arbor, MI, of natural causes at age 70. He was one of four musicians honored at the first World Saxophone Congress in '69 and is the author of *The Art Of Saxophone* and several other books.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

Robert (Chocolate) Williams Jr., bass player with the Cotton Club Tramp Band, the Rex Stewart Combo, and other bands popular at Minton's Playhouse and other '40s venues, died June 26 in New York City at age 68. He semi-retired from performing in '55.

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BOSS

The Return Of JON FADDIS

MITCHELL SEIDEL

By Gene Kalbacher

Clad in a leather jumpsuit and leopard-skin boots, the trumpetman prowling the stage looks lean, mean, and confident, the epitome of toughness. Pointing the bell of his horn to the microphone, he unleashes a stampede of eighth notes, clear and hard and fast. Then, bending his body to the surge of the rhythm, he takes off on a vertiginous upper-register run, its sheer speed and power and complexity exhausting the audience, if not the player.

The trumpetman is 31-year-old Jon Faddis, leader of his own hard-bopping quintet and, appearances to the contrary, he is neither tough nor cocky. The technique and vocabulary of this bravura, power-blowing trumpetman are indeed overpowering, but nestled in his casually opulent apartment on the East Side of Manhattan the next day, the man himself is reserved, reflective. At first the contrast is startling: Could this "Dizzy Gillespie protege" and veteran of big band stints with Lionel Hampton, Charles Mingus, and the Thad Jones/Mel Lewis Orchestra be the same musician who, confronted by gilded encomiums from the press, "ran away" into the recording studio more than a half-decade ago?

They are one and the same. Jon Faddis the man is coming to grips with Jon Faddis the musician. He's coming out by reaching deep inside himself to confront his hopes and dreams and fears.

* * * * *

Faddis' introduction to jazz reads like a dream from a storybook. Born into a nonmusical family in Oakland, CA, he nevertheless fell under the spell of Louis Armstrong and took up the trumpet at the age of eight. Two years later, with the encouragement of Bill Catalano, a trumpeter with Stan Kenton, the youngster was introduced to the music of the man who would change his life: Dizzy Gillespie.

So bowled over was young Faddis that when he met his future mentor in person, five years later at the Monterey Jazz Festival, he induced the master to autograph the 50 Gillespie albums he had trundled to the concert. Several months later, the 15-year-old found himself sitting in—or, rather, as he was too young to be on-stage at a night club, blowing from the rear of the Jazz Workshop in San Francisco—with his idol.

Following graduation from high school, again at the behest of Catalano, Faddis turned down a partial scholarship to the New England Conservatory of Music and opted instead to join Lionel Hampton's band. He turned professional before his 18th birthday and took to the road. After six months with Hampton, he joined the Thad Jones/Mel Lewis Orchestra, with which he toured the world from 1972-75. A brief stint with Charles Mingus afforded him added experience, exposure, and praise. Jones, in 1973, told *Melody Maker*, "I think Jon is probably the greatest young trumpet player I've heard since Dizzy." Mingus remarked that he "has the chops to be one of the greatest trumpet players in the world." **down beat**'s international critics concurred: they voted him the #1 Talent Deserving Wider Recognition in the '74, '75, and '76 polls.

But with the praise came pressure—pressure from fellow musicians, pressure from the press and, perhaps most of all, pressure from himself. Faddis recorded a few albums as both leader and co-leader, but instead of forming his own band and making the gig circuit, as many figured he would, he escaped to the safety, security, and relative anonymity of the recording studio and the life of a session musician.

"I think I got a little sidetracked doing the studio thing," says Faddis, flicking his eyebrows to signify understatement, the day after his quintet's performance at the Village Vanguard. His attention these days is directed toward securing gigs and a

record deal for the quintet—James Williams, piano; Greg Osby, reeds; Kenny Washington, drums; Anthony Cox, bass—whose progress he calls "slow but steady." The band, together just over a year, debuted, perhaps coincidentally, at the Monterey Jazz Festival and then toured the country, attracting largely favorable attention. Faddis, leaning forward, seemingly braced for the inevitable question, explains why, after all the accolades and opportunities earlier in his career, he waited until last year to start his own group.

"It was lack of confidence. When I recorded [*Oscar Peterson And Jon Faddis* in 1975 and *Youngblood* in 1976] for Norman [Granz of Pablo Records], he said, 'Why don't you get a group together and go out on the road?' At that time I wasn't confident enough; I wasn't ready to do that. I'm ready *now*."

Faddis concedes that his studio experience (often uncredited) with a rainbow assortment of musicians and groups ranging from Frank Sinatra, the Rolling Stones, and Billy Joel to Michel Legrand, Stanley Clarke, and Bob James, may have hindered his development as a jazz soloist and clouded his visibility on the jazz scene. But session work has sharpened his phrasing, in a variety of idioms, and tightened his riffing and unison voicings.

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"A couple weeks ago," he continues, "Frank Foster arranged a session for George Benson. It was a big band date, and we did two tunes. The setup was such that the [four] trombones were on one side of the room, the [five] trumpets were on the other side of the room facing the trombones, and the [five] saxes were in the middle. And the rhythm section was over there," he adds, pointing to another corner. "To me, that's not really the way to set up recording a big band. It's great for isolation, but I don't think we got the feeling we could have gotten had we set up in a normal concert-type setup. How can Slide Hampton, Robin Eubanks, and the other trombone players listen to me and follow me, as the lead trumpet player, when I'm sitting 25 feet on the other side of the room? After a while we did get some good takes, but it was a *lot* more difficult than it should have been."

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Faddis is a slow composer "because I'm so lethargic at the piano," he admits, rapping mechanically on the table. He has noticed some improvement, however, thanks to piano studies. But more important to Faddis are his studies in composition with Edgar Grana, whose other pupils have included David Sanborn, Randy Brecker, and Slide Hampton. Says the trumpeter, "He's helped me a lot, not only musically but also in my personal life, too."

* * * * *

"My wife and I have had marital problems," he answers, directly, when asked to cite an example of Grana's guidance. "I told him that I wasn't happy, that I was going to move out. He said, 'You *shouldn't* move out! Don't you see that you're just running away, you're not solving the problem? You two were meant to be with each other for a reason, to learn and to grow. By running away, the same thing is going to happen again and again.' And I thought, 'Well, this has happened before in my life, like running away into the studio.'"

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JON FADDIS SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

as a leader
GOOD AND PLENTY—Versatile/Buddah 5727
YOUNGBLOOD—Pablo 2310-765

with Oscar Peterson
OSCAR PETERSON AND JON FADDIS—Pablo 2310-743

with Billy Harper
JON & BILLY—Trio 9003

with Charles Mingus
MINGUS AT CARNEGIE HALL—Atlantic 1667

with Michel Legrand
LE JAZZ GRAND: MICHEL LEGRAND & COMPANY—Gryphon 786

with Don Sebesky
THREE WORKS FOR JAZZ SOLOISTS AND SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Gryphon 2-791

with the Rolling Stones
BLACK & BLUE—Rolling Stone 79104

with David Sanborn
HEART TO HEART—Warner Bros. 3189

with Bob James
LUCKY SEVEN—Columbia/Tappan Zee 36056

with Dizzy Gillespie
MONTREUX '77: DIZZY GILLESPIE JAM—Pablo 2308211

with Eddie Barefield
THE INDESTRUCTIBLE E.B.—Famous Door 113

DAVID MICHAEL KENNEDY

mood. It's the kind of record that if someone wants to relax, they'd put it on. It's something that's an experience, that's more than just everybody taking a solo and you play a head and then you take it out. I really wanted to get across an emotional-type thing. I wanted it to be very positive music because I think people need that today."

In spite of his strong ideas about his own music, Evans admits that he did feel a certain amount of pressure in putting out this debut album. "Coming from Miles, I knew there would be a lot of expectations. But I had to do the music I did. Today there are too many musicians writing music either for commercial value or because of pressure from the record company or whatever. They're losing sight of their vision, and that's something that I want to hold on to. I learned that from Miles. He always plays the music that he hears in his head. He's always going to stick to his viewpoints. Good or bad, he's gonna stick to them, which I respect."

Evans got a lot of support and encouragement from Miles during the recording of *Living In The Crest Of A Wave*. The legendary trumpeter even contributed the paintings that appear on the back cover. And as Evans relates, "He also called up a lot of people and told them about my album. He called up Gil [Evans] and sent him a tape, and I appreciated that. It made me feel good to know that Miles was listening to and digging my music. And as far as leaving his band . . . everything with Miles was cool. I mean, he's been through this stuff in the past. We're friends. We keep in touch."

* * *

If Bill Evans followed in his father's footsteps, he might be playing in classical concert halls today instead of jazz clubs. "He was a child prodigy," says Evans. "He played with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra when he was nine and did some recordings with them later on. He used to teach me piano—like the Haydn Concerto when I was six or seven—by memory! Four bars at a time. I remember he'd come home from work everyday and show me another few bars,

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YOUNGBLOOD—Pablo 2310-765

with Oscar Peterson
OSCAR PETERSON AND JON FADDIS—Pablo 2310-743

with Billy Harper
JON & BILLY—Trio 9003

with Charles Mingus
MINGUS AT CARNEGIE HALL—Atlantic 1667

with Michel Legrand
LE JAZZ GRAND: MICHEL LEGRAND & COMPANY—Gryphon 786

with Don Sebesky
THREE WORKS FOR JAZZ SOLOISTS AND SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Gryphon 2-791

with the Rolling Stones
BLACK & BLUE—Rolling Stone 79104

with David Sanborn
HEART TO HEART—Warner Bros. 3189

with Bob James
LUCKY SEVEN—Columbia/Tappan Zee 36056

with Dizzy Gillespie
MONTREUX '77: DIZZY GILLESPIE JAM—Pablo 2308211

with Eddie Barefield
THE INDESTRUCTIBLE E.B.—Famous Door 113

MITCHELL SEIDEL

BOPPIN' THE BLUE NOTE: *The trumpet triumvirate at the NYC club includes (from left) Arturo Sandoval, Jon Faddis, and Dizzy Gillespie.*

and get mad, sulk like a kid, and wouldn't talk to him for months. And that's very *recent*. But now I'm trying to come out of it. I'm trying to be more open with people, more honest."

He is starting, of course, with himself. Looking across the apartment to his wife, Sylvia, he continues the self-diagnosis: "In the past month the progress has been tremendous, thanks in part to Edgar, and thanks in part to myself and Sylvia. As Edgar says, 'Don't come in here if you think it's going to be easy, because it's *not* going to be easy.' He tells me about students who come to him for a lesson and, because they haven't done their homework, they just slip the money under the door and run down the steps. He told me, 'Always show up for your lesson, even if you haven't done your homework. And always bring your music!' I always show up, except when I'm working. I've been studying with him for a few months, and a lot of the stuff was psychotherapy. He says he doesn't just teach music, because what's inside the person is also related to the music. Already I think there's less anger in my playing."

Yet, he is asked, isn't anger often a valid emotion, and didn't anger, even hatred, fuel much of the hard-bop music of the '60s, the music Faddis' own quintet draws upon as a direct reference? "But I don't want to be about hate and anger," he retorts. "I want to be about love and happiness, as corny as that may sound to some people. That might be one of the differences between Miles and Dizzy. People come to see Miles because there *is* that anger. Dizzy is very open, warm, gentle, loving, very religious. People will come to see Dizzy because they know Dizzy won't hurt them. And they come back and come back and come back."

Faddis himself keeps coming back to Gillespie—not only to jam with a technical marvel, but also to observe the way he leads his band. "I'm still learning how to lead a band," Faddis reveals without self-consciousness. "A lot of times I think I can be more in control, but I don't want it to get *too* controlled. That's one of the things that amazes me about Dizzy. Dizzy knows how to tell the drummer what he wants, how to tell the bass player and the piano player what he wants, and that's what I'm still learning.

"Dizzy doesn't make you feel bad by telling you that you're not doing it the way he'd like it. It's the *way* he does it. You know that he's sincere, that he's trying to help you become a better musician. I know I've made mistakes with my band by telling somebody something, just off the top of my head, and it wouldn't come off like I was trying to help him, but as more of a put-down. There's still stuff I have to learn as a person."

About the only drawback to his long-standing relationship with Gillespie, according to Faddis, is that "I sound more like Dizzy than I do like myself."

Faddis goes on: "I have to break out of the shell and develop my own identity, and I'm doing that with my own group. I play less like Dizzy now, but I'll always play stuff from Dizzy, and sound like Dizzy and phrase like Dizzy. Just as Dizzy plays stuff that's from Roy Eldridge, and Roy Eldridge had stuff he got from Louis Armstrong. . . . What I'm trying to do is take phrases all these cats have assimilated and let it come out as Jon Faddis." Consequently, Faddis has constructed for his live performances a medley incorporating *Struttin' With Some Barbecue* (Armstrong), *After You've Gone* (Eldridge), and *Groovin' High* (Gillespie), along with snippets from Davis, Clifford Brown, and later trumpeters.

Speaking of later trumpeters, Faddis feels a sense of *deja vu* regarding the rise of his friend Wynton Marsalis. Though Faddis' big band background sets him apart from that of the younger Marsalis, they share certain traits: world-class chops, enormous press buildup, respect for tradition, good looks, quick mind, and an impish sense of humor.

"I think he's standing up to it real well," Faddis says of his summer basketball teammate's reaction to stardom. "He says what's on his mind. I'm just finding out how important that is." And whereas Faddis doesn't detect any jealousy among fellow musicians because of his unofficial apprenticeship with Gillespie, he claims that "with Wynton a lot of people *are* jealous. There's definite jealousy and resentment, even *hatred*, because he's achieved so much so fast."

As for himself, Faddis, a vegetarian who abjures alcohol and drugs ("except homeopathic remedies"), is devoting top priority, if not all of his time, to the development of his quintet. At present he is coping with an annoying catch-22: because the group performs infrequently in and around New York, record-company execs have less opportunity to hear them; and because the group has no record deal, club owners are reluctant to hire them "because there's no current product out."

Despite this obstacle, Faddis believes things are on the upswing. "I still do a lot of studio work, but I've been taking the band out occasionally," he says, noting that he did jingles for TWA and "Cross-something Bank" before returning home for the interview. "I'm still doing more gigs in the studio than I am with the band, although I wish the reverse were true. There have been offers [from record companies], but they haven't been the *right* ones. It's difficult, but I have confidence in myself as a musician an also in my bandmembers. If we stick in there, I *know* it's going to happen." **db**

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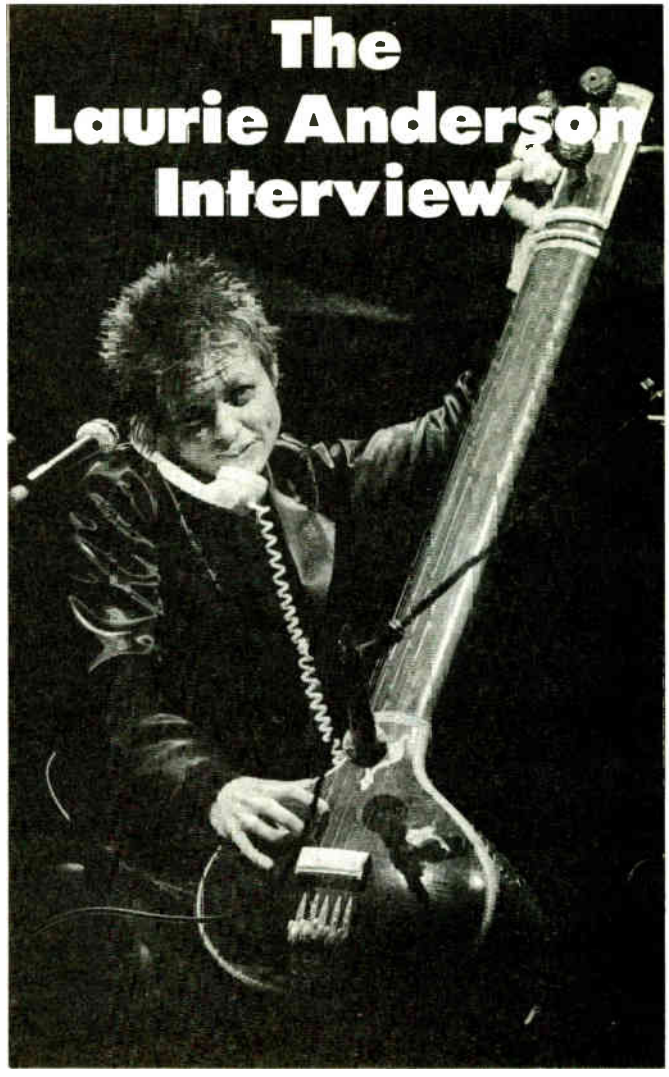
The Laurie Anderson Interview



PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE

By John Diliberto

Very rarely, an artist comes along who seems to sum up artistic trends that have developed immediately prior to that artist's emergence. They become the focal point, a lens, through which disparate styles and aesthetics merge and mutate, bend and blur, into an original and provocative gestalt. There was Carla Bley in the '70s, the Beatles in the late '60s, and Stockhausen in the '50s. In the 1980s it's Laurie Anderson.

The components of Anderson's synthesis are a landscape of contemporary music and art—minimalism, new wave, electronic, surrealism, beat poetry, found art/sound, optical art, ketjak singing, and many more. If it was any other artist, that list would be an infinitely hyphenated category, like jazz-rock-fusion, but Anderson has sliced, diced, and segued it into an indivisible, and possibly greater whole. To paraphrase one of Anderson's lyrics: This is the time, and Laurie Anderson is the record of the time.

The fact that Anderson records for a major label, Warner Bros., is amazing, because her music is so unlike anything else you've heard. Her song structures are convoluted and cyclical, her rhythms range from dream-trances (*O Superman*) to drunken stumbles (*Gravity's Angel*), and her lyrics aren't about teenage lust. She doesn't fit the usual record industry demographic. "Nothing against the average 13-year-old," she confesses, "I think they're great. But of course, most of American tv and radio is built to entertain the average 13-year-old, so I think it would be nice if some of the rest of us had something nice to listen to and look at."

Now that's a subversive thought for you. But a lot of Anderson's music is about subverting common conceptions and holding them up to different colored lights. Look at her violins. Anderson is a classically trained violinist, but in the early '70s she began to alter them. There's a cassette violin with a built-in tape loop so the violin "can play itself" and Anderson can then play duets with it; a turntable-violin with a turntable built into the body in place of strings and a 45 rpm disc cut with one sustained note per band, played with a stylus embedded in the middle of the bow; and finally a tape-bow violin, with a tape-recorder playback head in place of the strings, that is "bowed" with magnetic tape.

The look of these instruments is obviously surreal enough, but the sounds can be baffling, particularly when a tuxedoed string quartet starts playing and the sounds are dogs barking or Anderson's voice repeating phrases like "Ethics are the aesthetics of the few . . . of the few . . . of the future".

These instruments exist not only as soundmakers, but as art objects, sculptures if you will. She has a traveling exhibit of her work in art galleries, and a book published by Harper & Row called *United States I-IV*, featuring photographs and documentation of her extended performance piece of the same name.

Anderson has been called a performance artist, the best hybrid term critics could conceive to describe presentations that include music, voice, sculpture, film, slides, and shadow plays. Unlike the Art Ensemble Of Chicago, who create polyrhythms and melodies among their various instruments, Anderson forms a counterpoint between the visual and the aural. "It's visual ways of counting and getting a counter-rhythm set up between visual images and sound," explains Anderson, "so what you see is in a different rhythm from what you hear."

The effect can be eerie, like the tape-bow violin, or actually painful, like the electronic drum-suit. Anderson took apart a drum machine and placed the snare, tom-tom, cymbal, hi-hat, and bass-drum sections on different parts of her body, concealed in her hands, chest, knees, etc. On her recent concert tour she took a "drum" solo that made the audience cringe everytime she hit her head to the sound of a bass drum magnified by thousands of watts. "There's a tension," admits Anderson, "between what you see and hear being different." It gives a new meaning to body percussion.

More recently Anderson has been using the Synclavier II to fabricate her aural illusions. The Synclavier is an advanced computer music system that has the ability to sample or digitally record sounds from the "real" world and bring them up on the keyboard. So now instead of tape-bow violin, she has a Synclavier-violin, designed for her by Max Mathews of Bell Laboratories, the founding father of computer synthesis. Using the violin or the keyboard, she triggers sampled sounds such as train whistles, wolf sounds, or Phoebe Snow's voice, and they come up chromatically wherever she wants them, treated and altered in various fashions.

All of these devices form facades and ornamentation for the main framework of Anderson's art, which are words. Language and how we perceive it and create it are Anderson's clay from which she derives the techno and psychological alienation themes of *Big Science* or the interpersonal themes of *Mr. Heartbreak*. Language forms the rhythm, melody, and content of her work, from the ha-ha-ha-ha rhythm of *O Superman* to her sometimes cynical monologs.

Anderson's voice is also a part of her music. On *Big Science* she was cool and distant, often using the vocoder and harmonizer to alter her timbre and double herself. On *Mr. Heartbreak* her sound, like her subject matter, is more intimate. She's almost stepping out of your subconscious. "I got your letter. Thanks a lot," she says on *Blue Lagoon*, and one feels she's speaking not to the literary "you," but to me, personally.

In talking with Anderson, I realized she speaks on record the ways she speaks in real life, minus a lot of the hesitation and contemplation. Despite all the technology she employs and the surreal quality she engenders in everyday objects and life, her

music and art finally comes down to a one-to-one relationship between the artist and the viewer/listener. That's one of the reasons, I suspect, why she hates the "degraded image" of video. It eliminates the detail and the grit, the immediacy and fabric of real life, no matter how surreal she might make it.

John Diliberto: I imagine that when you were in high school, you had a real scientific side. Were you one of those people who had weird inventions in school science fairs?

Laurie Anderson: I was a typical goody-goody nerd in high school, so I did some of that. But I liked books mostly, so what I did in high school was read a lot of books. That was the first time I read James Joyce's *Ulysses* and also things like William Burroughs. I used to have this idea that all writers were dead, so I was surprised to actually meet someone like Burroughs. That is, to meet the man himself, because there's nobody like him in the world.

JD: On some of your earlier pieces and the first album, *Big Science*, I sense a certain amount of technological alienation, which I don't sense as much on the new record, *Mr Heartbreak*.

LA: The first album was in many ways about that. But, of course, using technology to criticize itself says a couple of things: that you love it and you hate it; otherwise you could do it with a pencil if you really wanted to be anti-technology. I think some people took that criticism at face value and didn't realize that what was being said about it was being said through harmonizers and vocoders and lots of watts and lots of cable.

But also, with that record, *Big Science*, I really was trying to make a record that was a documentary of a live performance. So I didn't want to fix it up in a way and put a lot of reverb on it—I thought reverb was cheating. I wanted to be very simple and not to rearrange a lot of the parts. I wanted it to be a documentary of the piece. But as it turned out, I was the only one who was reminded of anything in the performance. To everyone else it was just music, so that was a surprise to me.

I thought that that doesn't work as well as I thought. I should try a certain tact. In this second record, *Mr. Heartbreak*, the technology is more complicated, but the sound itself is more natural. It's based on a lot of animal sounds and vocal sounds that are somewhere between synthesizers and voices. So they tend to humanize the synthesizer.

JD: Do you feel that humanizing the synthesizer is something that has to be done?

LA: No, not has to, but I think there's all different kinds of music. I'm interested in something that's a little closer to the human voice.

JD: The second album is also much more lush, sonically. Besides the natural feel of the sounds and all of the sampling that you did, there are more tiny elements going on. The second album seems much more of a record and meant to be listened to as a record.

LA: Yeah! I decided it was okay to use detail and okay to use distance. Everything didn't have to be piping into your left and right ears equidistantly. I'm just beginning to learn how to make records, and that was one way I thought I could make something that was more like a landscape than a sound-idea.

JD: The first time I saw you was with the Oakland Youth Symphony in 1980.

LA: [*Laughs*] Oh yeah! That was called *Born Never Asked*.

JD: That was part of *United States*?

LA: It was one version of that work. It was for a lot of voices as well as a tape-bow quartet. I found it difficult, really. I did it a couple of more times, writing for orchestra. I found it frustrating because I don't really know how to orchestrate, and I prefer electronics, actually. My ideal is a small ensemble that's half electronic and half real instruments. This last performance was literally that. A lot of the things were processed, but a lot were not.

JD: It was very unsettling, seeing you the first time with the orchestra, because when the tape-bow quartet stepped out-front, I wasn't sure of what was going on since the only action was the quartet bowing, but what we heard was your voice.

PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE

LA: Yeah, it was sort of eerie.

JD: That's a whole new area with music being created electronically on instruments like the Synclavier. Someone plays a guitar and you hear a voice, or you sing into a microphone and hear the sound of a dog. It's a whole dimension of illusory images that's added to the music.

LA: And it does mean that you have to be there in a way that I think doesn't work so well with video. It works much better in a live situation. Because when you see that happen in video, mostly you figure, well, there's something that cost a lot in post-production. You don't realize so much that it can be done live. I prefer a live situation so much more because you can see people's faces and I learn a lot that way.

JD: How do you come up with the sampled sounds you use? Do you go out and find specific sounds for a particular piece, or do you have a library that you pull from?

LA: When I first began to do it, I tried everything, but particularly small instruments because they were easiest to do with hand-held things yourself, because I found that it took a lot of tries to get just the right sound. Also, I didn't want to go down a generation and sample from tape, so it was always the hand-held instruments that I could do. Now with the [Sony] F-1, which is a digital recorder, you don't lose a generation. Information is stored on videotape digitally so it's absolutely clean. So that will change things for me because then you can work in a situation that's very pure.

JD: Do you think with an additional Synclavier you could do all of your performing and play all the parts yourself?

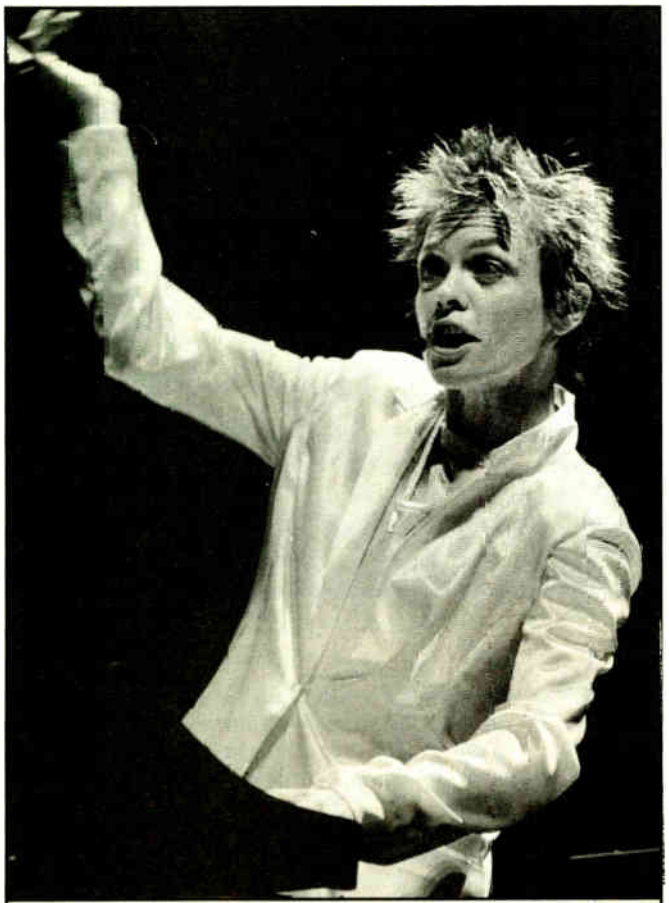
LA: No, I don't think you could, and I don't think you'd want to. It wouldn't be appropriate for a lot of the percussion sounds; they wouldn't really work. And I think that in terms of performance, you'd need six Synclaviers to do this music, but short of that, you translate some of the sounds to other keyboards—the Prophet, the Moog, and the DX-7—try to assimilate some of the Synclavier sounds on those instruments. They're not quite it, but they have another quality that's nice.

JD: Do you prefer playing in real time or piecing it all in?

LA: I like both. I suppose what I like best is some combination of image and sound, and that of course can be piece-mealing or doing it live. If you're doing a film, it's painstaking and small doing it that way. If you're doing a concert, it's broader, and you settle for things that aren't perfect, but that's part of the excitement, too. Sometimes it comes out a lot better.

JD: Since you work in so many different mediums—film, music, art—do you find that one discipline overlaps and influences another?

LA: Oh yeah, very much so! When I get stuck, say in the studio,



PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE

LAURIE ANDERSON'S EQUIPMENT

Laurie Anderson's equipment has evolved considerably since she first came to international attention with her EP, *O Superman*. Besides her mutated violins and tape-loops, her main keyboards were the early Casios. But she's abandoned them almost completely now and spends most her time making sounds and samples on the Synclavier II computer music system.

In concert, Anderson only uses one Synclavier, so she transfers many of its functions to other synthesizers, including the Yamaha DX-7, a Prophet 5, and a Memorymoog. Her percussionist, David Van Tieghem, plays a Linn LM-1 drum computer and a set of Simmons electronic drums set up so they can trigger each other. Anderson's voice is treated by vocoders and harmonizers.

Anderson recently had a special violin designed for her by Max Mathews of Bell Laboratories and Sydney Alonzo of New England Digital that interfaces with and triggers the Synclavier II.

LAURIE ANDERSON SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

as a leader

MR. HEARTBREAK—Warner Bros. 25077-1
BIG SCIENCE—Warner Bros. 3674
O SUPERMAN—Warner Bros. EP 49876

on various anthologies

YOU'RE THE GUY I WANT TO SHARE MY MONEY WITH—Giorno Poetry Systems 020/21
YOU'RE A HOOK: THE 15 YR. ANNIVERSARY OF DIAL-A-POEM—Giorno Poetry Systems 030
AIRWAVES—One Ten 0001/2
WORD OF MOUTH—Vision #4
NEW MUSIC FOR ELECTRONIC AND RECORDED MEDIA—1750 Arch 1765

and I can't figure out what to do next, I work on the image for that particular song, and that often suggests things. And some of the things literally have to be done together. The song *Blue Lagoon* begins with the words, "I got your letter. Thanks a lot." In performance what you see, actually, is an animation that I drew of an ocean, and a bottle washes up on the shore with a letter inside it. That's the letter, not the one you got from your mailbox. So it sets another kind of scene instead of the one that you might have as a mental image.

JD: As we're talking, I'm reminded that the voice quality on your records is very intimate. Many of your songs are spoken just as we're speaking here. Yet when you do your monologs on-stage, you alter your voice with the harmonizer to sound like a male.

LA: The thing I like most about doing that kind of voice alteration is that you find you have different things to say when you have a voice like that. That particular one I think of as the voice of authority of a typical American character is a kind of salesman, someone who wants to sell you life insurance that you really don't need, or shoes that really don't fit. But he's so insistent that ultimately he becomes charming and sort of endearing. Someone described it as John Wayne selling used cars.

JD: Could you explain how your music is based on language?

LA: In beginning to work on things, I often use words as rhythm tracks, basic tracks, as opposed to keyboards, bass, or drums. Then the words themselves are free to wander over that texture in a more relaxed way than being organized into verses and choruses. It has more of the quality of speech or talking to people, accurate.

JD: You seem to look at the tiniest, most commonplace elements of life and make them the centerpieces of your compositions. The little phrases that we throw away everyday, the little events.

LA: I guess I don't think of them as little; I think of them as important. My sense of value probably is opposite from a lot of people. I think that from what are usually considered details, you can find out a lot about a larger situation.

JD: There's also a dream quality to your music, the way a lot of your images cut together seems derived from the dream state.

LA: Yeah! I hadn't realized how many times I used the word "strange" on this record—it was a few. Actually the phrase "strange dreams" is in there as well. Part of it was that this was a record about different kinds of landscapes and a way of taking a vacation that I actually didn't get to go on myself. It was a studio vacation, so a lot of the pieces were actually a way of picturing a place and trying to fill in the details about it. My studio looks out over a little piece of the Hudson River, and I spent a lot of the time when I was working on the record looking out at that sort of very choppy water, and it always managed to be perfect days, you know, and I was cooped-up inside. So a lot of what seems like dreams or nostalgia is real. It's just simple nostalgia for a vacation.

JD: What comes first in your songs? Do you start with the verbal imagery and build off of that?

LA: It's always different. I try not to have a set pattern. Sometimes there'll be some words hanging around. Sometimes there'll be sounds that I like and start to build and put together, and they don't have any words at all, maybe, and I'll use it for some other purpose—a little piece of music that drifts into a performance and then right out again.

JD: One of your techniques is to use verbal segues. On a piece like *From The Air* [*Big Science*] you take the stewardess' litany of emergency procedures, "Put your trays in their upright, locked position. Put your head on your knees," and you segue into a dance-chant, "Put your hands on your head. Put your hands on your hips."

LA: I think it comes from trying to do performances that are the opposite of sing a song, take a drink of water. I don't think of them that way, and I think of the performances themselves as one long piece of music that happens to be in sections, but is basically uninterrupted. I think of records the same way. There are some hard-cuts in the albums, but the idea of flow is important to me.

JD: But the juxtaposition of things make for some strange associations sometimes.

LA: I suppose they're strange. I think of them as very logical and perfect.

JD: William Burroughs takes those words on *Sharkey's Night* and makes them his own.

LA: He's got an amazing voice. It was wonderful to work with him because he just read them off one time—one take and that was it. Of course, hearing him read his own words is the ultimate. The original idea for that song was a duet between him and Captain Beefheart with a banjo break by Pete Seeger, but that didn't come together. **db**

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There's Only One Way To Play It: SAFE

BY MICHAEL BOURNE

MITCHELL SEIDEL

Illinois Jacquet opens Kool/NY '84 at City Hall.

GEORGE WEIN FIRST produced the Newport (RI) Jazz Festival in the summer of 1954, and in the summer of 1984 he celebrated his 30th anniversary with the Kool Jazz Festival in New York. Wein said, on opening night, that he was heartened that some of this year's musicians weren't even born in 1954—like 18-year-old guitar whiz Birelli Lagrene. Other musicians this year who were featured at the first festival included Oscar Peterson, Ray Brown, Herb Ellis, George Shearing, and the ubiquitous Dizzy Gillespie. Wein's first fest offered a tribute to Count Basie, and Kool/NY '84 ended with another.

What was curious (and somewhat disheartening) about this year was that so much of the music was more 1954-style than '84. I've attended 11 Kool fests since Wein moved from Newport to New York in 1972, and the 1984 fest was the most conservative. There was pop-jazz of the '80s (Spyro Gyra, the Crusaders, et al.) and whatever one calls Philip Glass—but so much of the music was trad to swing. There wasn't even much bebop! Except for elders of the avant garde—Cecil Taylor and Sun Ra—the newer music was segregated to concerts downtown at Soundscape. That the Soundscape series was presented as Kool events was praiseworthy—but at the mainstage concerts at Carnegie Hall and Fisher Hall, I missed that state-of-the-art feeling, the interplay of generations (and genres) that characterized the festival through the years.

It all seemed so safe, so sure to be popular and profitable. Top 40 and nostalgia always sells. I don't fault Wein's sensible economics. There just wasn't the excitement of some of the concerts of years before—like "The World Sax Quartet Meets The Four Brothers" and the New Music tribute to Duke. There wasn't even much jamming! Nevertheless, there was good (and some great) music. . . .

Each night began with a solo recital. Some of the musicians seemed over-awed by Carnegie Hall. Several seemed determined to show off every technique they knew. There was so much Tatum-esque flash at times that some tunes were only glimmers through a musical fog. Even so, the solo series offered some of the best moments of the festival.

Stanley Cowell's recital was the best all around, especially his kaleidoscope of styles from stride to bop to gospel. *You Took Advantage Of Me* was a fun-house mirror, slow and elongated, then exploding into fireworks. *Parisian Thoroughfare* climaxed the concert. Cowell zoomed across the keyboard as if through traffic—swerved by little tastes of Gershwin.

Terry Waldo's recital of ragtime and trad was the most fun, especially the charm of Artie Matthews' *Pastimes* and some virtuoso variations on *The 12th Street Rag*. Other highlights: Denny Zeitlin's heavenly *For Heaven's Sake*, Kenny Barron's finger-breaking *Oleo*, Walter Davis Jr. remembering Bud Powell, the bluesy ballads of Johnny O'Neal, and the rhapsodic (without being florid) impressions of Jorge Dalto—though I'd just as soon he didn't bang about inside the piano. Joe Bushkin's filigree on the songs of Porter and Gershwin was a crowd-pleaser. Kenny Burrell played the only guitar recital, all ballads, blues, bossa, and beautiful.

Opening night's Salute To Django was one of the best concerts. Stephane Grappelli remembered first playing Django's music 50 years ago. "It was difficult to play," he said, "but we were young and beautiful." Grappelli is still beautiful, his swing so lyrical, especially the baroque whimsy of his *Surrey With The Fringe On Top*. Benny Carter, likewise ageless and beautiful, jammed with teenaged guitarist and Django disciple Birelli Lagrene. It was Lagrene's American debut—in jeans and a t-shirt at Carnegie Hall—and he wowed the audience with flashing fingers, now with a touch of flamenco, now with a touch of the blues. It was only a shame that Grappelli and Lagrene didn't play together.

Joe Williams and Sarah Vaughan were featured the following night. Joe was in great voice singing *I'd Give A Dollar For A Dime* and doing a vocal trombone on *Everything Must Change*. Sassy was Sassy, and was joined by Joe for an impromptu duet of *Teach Me Tonight*. Even though she's sung the song umpteen times, she forgot the words—but she scatted and coo'd along with Joe to everyone's delight.

The Salute To Brazil at Fisher Hall wasn't Brazilian enough. Brazilian pop star Djavan was spirited, his songs tuneful and lively, but Tania Maria offered only bastardized funk, her histrionics tiresome. Stan Getz played in between and wasn't much in the spirit of the salute. Not that he wasn't good, but except for a Jim McNeely samba and a crowd-pleasing *Desafinado*, he played mostly bop and ballads, not what the concert was supposed to be about.

Getz was at his best playing *Over The Rainbow* for Bobby Short's Salute To Harold Arlen at Carnegie Hall. Bobby called the evening a party, and it was. Some of the cabaret-style singers were middling, but Bobby himself was charming singing *Hooray For Love*. The Amherst Saxophone Quartet stole the show with the pizzazz of Arlen's *Rhythmic Moments*. Marian McPartland and Dick Hyman played wonderful solos—Marian on *Ill Wind* and Dick on Arlen's *American Minuet*—and one wanted more. Best of all was Mel Tormé singing *Last Night When We Were Young*.

Two living masters of jazz were honored with an evening of their own: Benny Carter and Illinois Jacquet. Carter recreated highlights of his musical life with an all-star band and friends.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 65

BY HOWARD MANDEL

WITH A BIG ENOUGH bankroll and an up-to-date guide to New York City's clubs, concerts, and busy street corners, you could turn any week in the Apple into a jazz fest. Yet when the Kool fest begins in the summer, you might find yourself, as I did, hailing taxis in the East Village to hurry from Soundscape at Irving Plaza, where Verna Gillis presented less-than-bankable acts, to Avery Fisher Hall in Lincoln Center or Carnegie Hall, grabbing snacks between shows to keep the ears alert, sleeping late and waking just to catch a special appearance. Who could resist Illinois Jacquet's big band at City Hall, especially with George "Mr. Kool" Wein, honored for the 30th anniversary of his efforts starting in Newport, Rhode Island, assuring Ed Koch, "We'll proclaim a special day for *you* when you've been mayor 30 years"? Nothing else like Jacquet's meaty sax sound and solid-sending orchestra under a noontime sun.

Nothing like John Zorn's music anywhere else in the contemporary music world, either. Blowing alto sax, bird whistles, and duck squawks, Zorn with guitarists Bill Frisell, Fred Frith, and Arto Lindsay, reedist Ned Rothenberg, percussionist/vocalist David Moss, turntable manipulator Christian Marclay, electrician Wayne Horvitz, and keyboard player Bob James (the younger) demonstrated non-competitive game techniques with Harlem Globetrotters' spirit. Robin Holcomb held up cue cards so these quick-change artists could chart their progress through Zorn's "score" for free improvisation on *Track And Field* and *Sebatopol* (*Impressions Of Africa* required no prompter). The action was like a triple-steal followed by a double play; though the extreme sonic gestures precluded melodies, predetermined harmonic progression, and rhythmic regularity, the ensemble reveled in textures and transitions. The crowd filling the paneled hall and balcony (set with folding tables and chairs) watched the variations with delight, for a while. If Zorn had presented a five-part *Pentathlon* as planned, the extra innings could've caused a sudden death of interest.

With regret, I left before Anthony Braxton's promising quartet's gig to hear Miles Davis' band and Gil Evans' bigger band uptown. I dismissed the regrets when MD took the stage with Robert Irving at a bank of keyboards, Daryl Jones on electric bass, percussionist Steve Thornton, drummer Al Foster, saxist Bob Berg, and guitarist John Scofield, who struck a giant chord. In plunged Miles, trumpeting a vernacular of unmistakable power and originality. The sound of *Star People* and *Decoy* pervaded Avery Fisher, as Miles detailed his latest direction. Berg got little space, and Sco

MITCHELL SEIDEL

James "Blood" Ulmer at Soundscape.

launched one solo that tail-spun and crash-landed, but those were the only flaws in an hour-plus performance—and there were countless pleasures, including Miles' breathtaking version of Cyndi Lauper's *Time After Time*. Don't scorn the present; dig Miles' "social music" now.

Evans' band has had better nights, in residence at Greenwich Village clubs. Though 12 players strong, the band seemed slight. Despite David Sanborn's bluesiness, Lew Soloff's piercing lines, Shinzu Ono's smears, Miles Evans' help, Tom Malone's rich 'bone, Chris Hunter's biting saxophone, Hiram Bullock's black rock guitar, Bill Evans' soprano jag, and Gil's usual chance-taking (bassist Mark Egan and drummer Adam Nussbaum, with synthesist Pete Levin, act as safety net), the sense of raucous occasion was rather muted by the echo of what Miles Davis had done, and for once the merging of themes from *Friday The 13th* and *With A Little Help From My Friends* seemed all too apropos.

Soloff and Hunter returned as the frontline of keyboardist/composer Michel Camillo's sextet Undercover, opening the second night at Irving Plaza. With an ingratiating smile, Camillo confidently played bright, upbeat originals—*Just Kidding, Not Yet, Why Not?*—on piano, Yamaha organ, and synth, over montunos and calypsos propelled by bassist Leonard Goines, percussionist Sammy Figueroa, and drummer Dave Weckl. The band sparked, the arrangements were accomplished, and the effect was refreshing, like Chick Corea's better moments with Return To Forever (i.e., *Spain*).

Marilyn Crispell's piano improvisations were more complex and substantial. Drummer Rashied Ali and bassist Junie Booth weren't noticeably comfortable with her material or her concept of rhythmic contrast, but Crispell embraced their contributions and absorbed herself in making the piano express her distinctive ideas. Whenever a motif, voicing, or interval of Monk's *Ruby, My Dear* inspired her, she interrupted her beautiful solo rendition to explore and exhaust the tangent. Perhaps Crispell asks more musical questions than she answers, but I like that.

Enriched by her spontaneity and creativity, I soured at the fatuous energy Spyro Gyra unleashed at Avery Fisher. This may be an okay party band—percussionist Gerardo Velez got cheers merely by pumping a raised fist—yet neither bassist David Wolford's thumb-plucked solo, drummer Eli Konikoff's showy shuffles, multi-keyboardist Tom Schuman's bombasm, nor leader Jay Beckenstein's blasting soprano got me going. Vibist Dave Samuels is too good for this crew. Its popularity became clear when someone nearby screamed, "Rock & roll!" without irony, but I can't agree.

However recycled Gyra's vamps were, they stirred the crowd. Bob James was a soft-core bore. With Alexander Zonjic's

MITCHELL SEIDEL

Jorge Dalto in solo piano recital at Carnegie Recital Hall.

MITCHELL SEIDEL

Gypsy guitarist Birelli Lagrene rehearses for the KoolNY Salute to Django Reinhardt.

MITCHELL SEIDEL

Pianist Dick Hyman and the late singer Jimmy Daniels tune up for the Bobby Short Hosts An Evening Of The Music Of Harold Arlen show.

MITCHELL SEIDEL

Multi-instrumentalist/composer/arranger/bandleader Benny Carter (pictured at right on alto sax) practices with an all-star band for the Kool salute in his honor; among the all-stars are guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli (partially hidden), trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie, trombonist J. J. Johnson, drummer Oliver Jackson, and pianist Derek Smith.

flute lines floating over faintly funked-up electric piano, James framed his fluff with a four-man brass and reed section. He took licks from Gil Evans, Ramsey Lewis, and Eddie Jefferson without crediting them, and put me to sleep. Better off at home in bed.

Next night, the Odd Couple—Oscar and Cecil; would they duet, as Peterson does with Herbie Hancock, and Taylor has with the late Mary Lou Williams? Carnegie Hall was the arena, and the bout was in the crowd. Peterson played first, with bassist Niels-Henning Ørsted Pedersen and drummer Martin Drew. Massive in a plaid tux jacket, Peterson spun forth the pre-'60s vocabulary of jazz piano, his technique sumptuous, his presence commanding.

Peterson was tender on his classical *Ballade*, swinging on a Basie medley, so attuned to dynamics he comped *under* NHØP's sublime featured choruses. But the finery unraveled when Peterson made more of *Lush Life*'s glitter than its grit, essayed *Caravan* as a two-beat tune, and introduced *On Danish Shore* with a fast boogie bass. He persisted in showing off his chops, which finesse Teddy Wilson, Bud Powell, and Art Tatum while downplaying Earl Hines and Monk; he seldom stretched his own cliches into new shape. Peterson's overripe style doesn't offend his fans, but other listeners hear it celebrating only itself. Then you're astonished by his skills, but not his taste.

Taylor's music may be an acquired taste, but his skill can't be questioned by anyone who applauds Peterson's ease across the ivories. After all, Taylor's simply reorganized the linear sequence of the keys, arching his hands like a cathedral ceiling to connect pitches that seldom sit so close. His rhythms drive as hard as Oscar's—harder—and CT's been playing the same sonata nearly 20 years now. It appears on his solo LPs in myriad variation.

Taylor was elegant, if less decorous than Peterson, approaching the piano with darting moves and ghostly cries, in silk pajamas and headdress. Within minutes of Taylor's theme statement, Peterson's admirers were streaming for the doors, noisily—as they wouldn't dare do during any usual Carnegie Hall concert. In defense, Taylor's adherents grew loudly appreciative, clapping in time and hailing his most passionate passages. This was equally rude to anyone who wanted to *hear* Taylor play, but he continued unaffected. No duet, no duel, no mutual respect acknowledged. Neither master acted like they'd even heard of the other.

The David Murray/Henry Threadgill/Oliver Lake axis (including Olu Dara, Craig Harris, Butch Morris, and many more musicians who perform mostly downtown) was conspicuously absent

CONTINUED ON PAGE 66

By Bill Milkowski

Bill Evans


DAVID MICHAEL KENNEDY

From Miles To Mahavishnu

Bill Evans remembers it vividly. It was late 1980, and he was in the last half of his final year at William Patterson College, living in a loft in Manhattan on the corner of 23rd St. and Seventh Ave. School would end soon, presenting him with the sudden prospect of obtaining gainful employment. He was considering an offer to join Buddy Rich's band, but that would mean dropping out of school and going out on the road. His parents were against it.

"One day I came home," recalls the 26-year-old saxist, now sitting in his loft on Sixth Ave. in the heart of Manhattan's plant district, "and one of my roommates tells me that Miles had just called. Of course, I thought it was a joke. I mean, I really thought it was a put-on."

The roommate told the aspiring reedman to call a number that Miles had supposedly left. He called it. A woman's voice answered and told him that Miles was expecting his call. Suddenly, a raspy, embittered whisper came on the line and spoke: "So, you're better than John Coltrane, Wayne Shorter, Sonny Stitt, Jimmy Heath, Dave Liebman, George Coleman, Sonny Rollins, and Charlie Parker?"

"Well, you could imagine how I felt," Evans continues with a grin. "My hands were sweating, and I said, 'I don't know what you're talking about, but I'll just try to play the best I can.' And he started to laugh because he knew that he had scared the shit out of me."

Evans went on to become Miles Davis' protege and friend, performing regularly with him over the next three years. But when Evans got a call late last year from John McLaughlin, he made the decision to leave the ranks of Miles.

"I had been with Miles for a few years, and I enjoyed it and got a lot out of it. I mean, just being around Miles . . . I can't really name anything specifically that I learned from him; I can't say it's this or that. It's like someone saying, 'Well, what did you learn from your father? Name one thing.' It's impossible. You just pick up. You learn. But basically I felt it was time to move on. Miles' ideas in the last year didn't include a whole lot of saxophone—not enough for me, anyway. And I like to play. So when John approached me about doing a thing with the new Mahavishnu Orchestra, it was absolutely perfect timing. He told me it would have to be a commitment. I told him I would commit myself to his band and that everything else would come second. It was the right time to move on."

Evans joined McLaughlin for rehearsals in Paris earlier this year, along with drummer Billy Cobham, bassist Jonas Helborg, keyboard player Mitch Forman, and synthesist Katia LaBeque. They recorded six tunes (five of McLaughlin's, one of Evans') in April, then toured Europe. The album, as yet untitled, is scheduled for release by Warner Bros. later this year.

Meanwhile, the sax player's solo debut album came out this summer on Elektra Musician. *Living In The Crest Of A Wave*, with bassist Mark Egan, drummer Adam Nussbaum, percussionist Manolo Badrena, and Forman on keyboards, is about as far away from the menacing funk of Miles' *Decoy* as you could get. Textural tunes like *The Young And The Old*, *Past Thoughts*, and the title cut more closely approach the cascading, cinematic quality of Pat Metheny's music, while gentle pieces like *When It's A Good Thing* and *Dawn* recall the woodsy, organic feel of the Paul Winter Consort. No funk in sight here.

Says Evans of the music he feels so close to: "It's a record I had to do . . . my own kind of music. When I started negotiating with Bruce Lundvall about doing this album, there was absolutely no choice of what I would do. It was going to be music that I felt could take a listener some place and put them in a good

DAVID MICHAEL KENNEDY

mood. It's the kind of record that if someone wants to relax, they'd put it on. It's something that's an experience, that's more than just everybody taking a solo and you play a head and then you take it out. I really wanted to get across an emotional-type thing. I wanted it to be very positive music because I think people need that today."

In spite of his strong ideas about his own music, Evans admits that he did feel a certain amount of pressure in putting out this debut album. "Coming from Miles, I knew there would be a lot of expectations. But I had to do the music I did. Today there are too many musicians writing music either for commercial value or because of pressure from the record company or whatever. They're losing sight of their vision, and that's something that I want to hold on to. I learned that from Miles. He always plays the music that he hears in his head. He's always going to stick to his viewpoints. Good or bad, he's gonna stick to them, which I respect."

Evans got a lot of support and encouragement from Miles during the recording of *Living In The Crest Of A Wave*. The legendary trumpeter even contributed the paintings that appear on the back cover. And as Evans relates, "He also called up a lot of people and told them about my album. He called up Gil [Evans] and sent him a tape, and I appreciated that. It made me feel good to know that Miles was listening to and digging my music. And as far as leaving his band . . . everything with Miles was cool. I mean, he's been through this stuff in the past. We're friends. We keep in touch."

* * *

If Bill Evans followed in his father's footsteps, he might be playing in classical concert halls today instead of jazz clubs. "He was a child prodigy," says Evans. "He played with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra when he was nine and did some recordings with them later on. He used to teach me piano—like the Haydn Concerto when I was six or seven—by memory! Four bars at a time. I remember he'd come home from work everyday and show me another few bars,

and I was intrigued by it. I was so into learning, and I was inspired by my father."

Though Evans' father was strictly a classical pianist, he did have a fondness for jazz. "I remember he once took me to the record store when I was just a little kid, and he bought all these Sonny Stitt records and Stan Getz records and Charlie Parker records. And from then on I've been into it. I never really listened to the Beatles or got into the rock music thing that much because my focal point was directed specifically on jazz from the time I was 15. I'd come home from school every day and just practice for hours with Sonny Stitt records and Joe Henderson records. That happened every day for years and years. There was nothing else. That was it."

He began playing clarinet at age 11, covering mostly the classical repertoire, then switched to sax at age 13. "I'd listen to records for hours and analyze everything. I'd listen to Sonny Stitt for his melodic sense, John Coltrane for his energy and his harmonics, Sonny Rollins for his sense of time, Joe Henderson for his sense of where a bar line was. I would listen to those players and try to emulate them as closely as I could for a certain period of time. I'd try to think the same way they did. I thought it was important to think the way they thought in order for my playing to improve. It was an interesting learning process, and I was into it intensely."

One of the more significant events in Evans' early music training was the Jamey Aebersold Jazz Clinic he attended each summer. He was 13 when he went to his first Aebersold Clinic in Minnesota. "I think one of the best things that young musicians who are serious about music can do is go to a Jamey Aebersold Clinic. I went to them five years in a row. You'd be surprised how many musicians who are on the scene now went to those clinics. Pat Metheny was there, James Williams, Danny Gottlieb, Steve Rodby. We were all students together during the summer, then we'd all go back to our respective homes in Illinois, Kentucky, Ohio, or wherever. And they're all in the neighborhood now, playing around New York." He also met Dave Liebman at a clinic. The former Miles sideman became Evans' mentor, taking the aspiring saxist under his wing and eventually tipping Miles off to Evans' fresh new sax sound.

* * *

Evans came onto the scene in 1977 after attending North Texas State and playing in the One O'Clock big band there. But he didn't settle in Manhattan right away. Instead he gradually eased his way into the city by way of Patterson, New Jersey.

"I was attending William Patterson College, about half-an-hour outside New York City. It was a great starting place for me because they had instructors there who were also working professionals in the city. Rufus Reid heads the jazz department there. I remember seeing him play when I was 15 years old, whenever he'd come to Chicago. At Patterson I would be around great players of his caliber, ask them questions, find out what it was all about. So I was in a protective environment at school. I was able to find out about New York City firsthand without having to deal with all its problems."

Being close to the city allowed Evans easy access to such important jazz clubs as the Village Vanguard without having to pay the cost for living in Manhattan proper. "People want to be here, but it's hard," he says. "As far as *the* jazz scene, this is it. But it's a big distraction. You gotta make money; you gotta pay rent; you gotta survive. And if you have to work a day gig all day and get tired out and then try to practice at night, you might as well be in Alaska. When it comes to a point of survival, where you're concentrating more on just getting by from day to day instead of concentrating totally on your craft, your music, then it defeats the whole purpose.

NOEL NEUBURGER

BILL EVANS' EQUIPMENT

Bill Evans used to play a 28000 series Selmer tenor saxophone made around 1941. Now he plays a Selmer balanced-action 62000 series tenor, made in the 1950s. He uses Dave Gardalla mouthpieces. His soprano sax is a Selmer Mark VI with a Bobby Dukoff #7 mouthpiece. Evans uses various reeds, often Rico #3s.

BILL EVANS SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

as a leader

LIVING IN THE CREST OF A WAVE—Elektra Musician 60349-1-E

with Miles Davis

THE MAN WITH THE HORN—Columbia 36790
WE WANT MILES—Columbia C238005
STAR PEOPLE—Columbia 38657
DECOY—Columbia 38991

with Ron Carter

ETUDES—Elektra Musician 60214-1

with Elements

ELEMENTS—Antilles 1017
FORWARD MOTION—Antilles 1021

"You can't jump right into it," he adds. "People who come right from high school to New York, it might end their whole career because it would blow 'em away so bad. It should be a slow process, I think. You should really have everything in perspective before you make that move to New York City, so I was fortunate to be so close to the city but still have the security blanket of Patterson. It allowed me to at least get familiar enough with the city to help ease the culture shock a little when I finally did move in."

Among his first friends in New York were bassist Mark Egan and drummer Danny Gottlieb, whom Evans played with early last year on their *Elements* debut album for Antilles, and on their new LP as well. The three became kindred spirits. "I met them when I had my old loft. They'd come up and play and we'd have a ball. A lot of people used to come by there and play—Steve Grossman, Dave Liebman, John Riley. But Mark and Danny and I got along especially well. They're both very sensitive players. Mark and I especially have the same views on a lot of things about music. We both believe that it should be a very positive, uplifting experience. We feel it's desperately needed today."

Evans also speaks highly of Mitch Forman, his keyboard counterpart in both his own band and in the new Mahavishnu Orchestra. "Mitch is the best pianist I know for expressing and understanding my musical approaches," he says. "I play some keyboards with him in my band, doing some additions and some doubling with piano and synthesizer. I'd like to have two grand pianos on-stage so we could work some acoustic things out together. And as for the Mahavishnu Orchestra, when John asked me for a piano player, I immediately thought of Mitch because of his spontaneity and musicianship. In that band he's doing interplay with John and improvising a lot while Katia adds colors and enhances the textures with synthesizers. And there are times when Mitch, John, and I play three-part harmonies. It's just a great band with a very high level of musicianship."

Evans plans to alternate years with his band and the Mahavishnu Orchestra. This year he tours with McLaughlin. Next year, following the release of his second album as a leader, he plans to go on tour with Forman, Egan, and drummer Adam Nussbaum. Although he appears on two cuts from Miles Davis' latest album, *Decoy*, he has no plans to reunite with his former employer on tour.

"Miles was cool about me leaving. He understood. He knew what I was going after. I mean, he's been through this stuff in the past. But being able to work with Miles and Al Foster and players of the ability of Marcus Miller and Mike Stern and Mino Cinelu and John Scofield was really a great thrill." **db**

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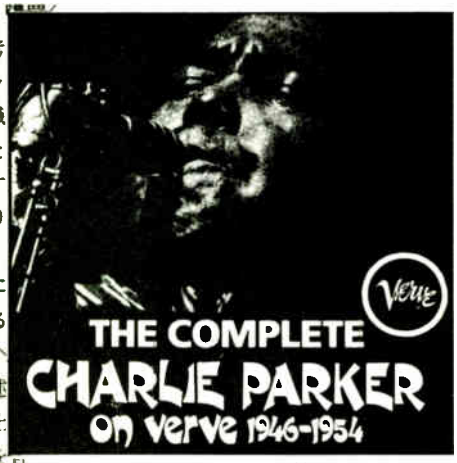

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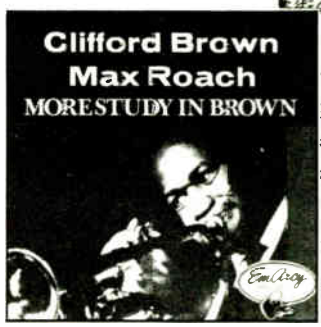

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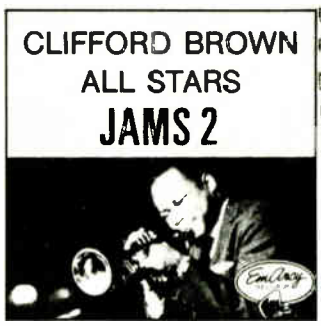

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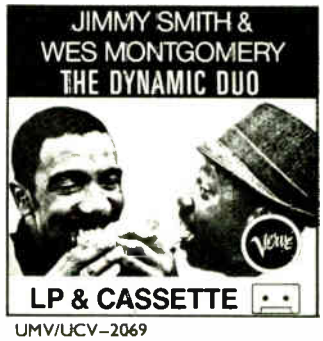

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VARIOUS ARTISTS

THAT'S THE WAY I FEEL NOW (A TRIBUTE TO THELONIOUS MONK)—A&M 6600: *Thelonious; Little Rootie Tootie; Reflections; Blue Monk; Misterioso; Pannonica; Ba-Lue-Bolivar-Ba-Lues-Are; Brilliant Corners; Ask Me Now; Monk's Mood; Four In One; Functional; Evidence; Shuffle Boil; In Walked Bud; Criss Cross; Jackie-Ing; 'Round Midnight; Friday The Thirteenth; Work; Gallop's Gallop; Bye-Ya; Bemsha Swing.*

Personnel: *cut 1—Bruce Fowler, trombones; Phil Teele, bass trombones; Tom Fowler, bass; Chester Thompson, drums; cut 2—Al Anderson, guitar; Terry Adams, piano; Joseph Spampinato, bass; Tom Ardolino, drums; Donn Adams, trombone; Keith Spring, tenor saxophone; cut 3—Steve Khan, guitars; Donald Fagen, synthesizers; cut 4—Dr. John (Mac Rebennack), piano; cut 5—Johnny Griffin, tenor saxophone; Carla Bley, organ; Mike Mantler, trumpet; Gary Valente, trombone; Vincent Chancey, french horn; Bob Stewart, tuba; Steve Slagle, alto, baritone saxophone; Hiram Bullock, guitar; Kenny Kirkland, piano; Steve Swallow, bass; Victor Lewis, drums; Manolo Badrena, percussion, special effects; Hal Willner, the voice of death; cut 6—Barry Harris, tack piano; cut 7—David Was, flute; Don Was, guitar, synthesizer; Sheila Jordan, vocal; Marcus Belgrave, trumpet; Jervonny Collier, trombone; David McMurray, alto saxophone; Michael Ward, tenor saxophone; Larry Fratangelo, percussion; Sweet Pea Atkinson, Harry Bowens, Carol Hall, Donald Ray Mitchell, background vocals; cut 8—Mark Bingham, Brenden Harkein, John Scofield, guitars; Steve Swallow, bass; Joey Barron, drums; cut 9—Steve Lacy, soprano saxophone; Charlie Rouse, tenor saxophone; cut 10—Sharon Freeman, french horn, celeste; Willie Ruff, Vincent Chancey, Bill Warnick, Gregory Williams, french horns; Kenneth Barron, piano; Buster Williams, bass; Victor Lewis, drums, percussion; cut 11—Todd Rundgren, synthesizers, keyboards, guitar, drum machines; Gary Windo, alto saxophones; cut 12—Randy Weston, piano; cut 13—Steve Lacy, soprano saxophone; Elvin Jones, drums; cut 14—John Zorn, game calls, alto saxophone, clarinets; Arto Lindsay, guitar, vocal; Wayne Horvitz, piano, organ, celeste, electronics; M. E. Miller, drums, timponi; cut 15—Roswell Rudd, trombone; Pat Patrick, alto saxophone; Terry Adams, piano; John Ore, bass; Frankie Dunlop, drums; cut 16—Eugene Chadbourne, acoustic, electric guitars; Mark Kramer, piano, organ, bass guitar, alto trombone, Dad's clocks, tapes; David Licht, drums, percussion; cut 17—same personnel as cut 8 except add David Buck, trumpet; Don Davis, clarinet; Mars Williams, clarinet, tenor saxophone; Ralph Carney, bass saxophone, whistle; cut 18—Joe Jackson, piano; Sharon Freeman, conductor; Jerry Little, concertmaster; Melanie Baker, Sandra Billingsles, Karen Gilbert, Cheryl Hong, Stan Hunt, violins; Crystal Garner, Maxine Roach, violas; Muneer Abdul Fataah, Enrique Orango, cellos; Lawrence Feldman, Steve Slagle, clarinets; Ken McIntyre, bass clarinet; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Buddy Williams, drums; cut 19—Bobby McFerrin, Bob Dorough, vocals; David Samuels, vibes, marimba, additional percussion; cut 20—Chris Spedding, Peter Frampton, guitars; Marcus Miller, bass; Anton Fig, drums; cut 21—Steve Lacy, soprano saxophone; cut 22—Steve Slagle, alto saxopohone; Dr. John, piano; Steve Swallow, bass; Ed Blackwell, drums; cut 23—Steve Lacy, soprano saxophone; Gil Evans, electric, acoustic piano.*

★★★★

Producer Hal Willner notes on the liner: "*Monk's Mood*, according to Steve Lacy, was originally titled *That's The Way I Feel Now* The idea for the album," Willner continues, "came soon after Monk passed away in 1982. . . . I decided to produce an album of [his] compositions with performers from various musical genres." Willner's collection of assorted arrangements places rock musicians alongside former Monk sidemen and other jazz stalwarts. No stranger to devising interesting situations, Willner can be seen as an *auteur* who also conceived *Amarcord Nino Rota* (Hannibal 9301), a kaleidoscopic forerunner to the Monk venture which anthologized themes from the composer of Fellini's film scores.

Willner coaxes some very non-coctrinaire, frequently rock-textured, approaches to the non-doctrinaire Thelonious Monk. His project takes unexpected risks, and its roaring excess works surprisingly often. Stingily granting the theme in iotas, Eugene Chadbourne's Shockabilly constructs a wall-of-sound for the most *indirect* reading of *Criss Cross* imaginable. Then there is *Shuffle Boil* (true to its name): the organ's bass pedal linking John Zorn's duck calls and the band fragments in a marvelous bric-a-brac. On Rundgren and Windo's outrageous *Four In One*, layer upon layer of special effects redeems even the drum machines. The result of these and other arrangements is a pleasingly vertiginous feeling of offbalance for the listener.

Other high points, though less kinky than the above, bear Monk's signature wobble. Dr. John gaily takes *Blue Monk* in New Orleans stride. Contrasting with the many over easy *Misterioso*'s on record, the Carla Bley Band gives this jokingly elongated minor blues the jagged treatment, accented by Hiram Bullock's banshee guitar. (Johnny Griffin, living link to Monk's Five Spot version, is a welcome guest.) The tack piano of Barry Harris, waking ghosts on every shaky note, stirs memories of Thelonious' 1956 *Pannonica* taken on celeste.

A winning streak of duets also highlights the album. Lacy is paired by turns with Charlie Rouse, Elvin Jones, and Gil Evans. On *Ask Me Now*, the most substantial of these, Rouse and the soprano saxophonist wind their way through unison, counterpoint, and a cappella statements—so pastoral yet disarming. Steve Khan and Donald Fagen team up for *Reflections*, the latter's synth supplying ersatz weepy gypsy violin.

A number of the interpretations, such as Bruce Fowler's brassy fanfares (*Thelonious*), are captivating if underdeveloped fragments. But the project's desire to be different at times, errs on the side of conventionality. The literalism that marks Terry Adams' "Monkish" solos produces mere cartoons when compared with the dramatic invention of Randy Weston (*Functional*). Static drumming weakens the lines of *Jackie-ing* and *Brilliant Corners*, among other selections. (The shifting accents of Ed Blackwell, Elvin Jones, and Victor Lewis—just right for Monk's asymmetrical structures—better than compensate for this deficiency elsewhere.) Joe Jackson's *'Round Midnight*, the lone out-and-out clunker, proves that cliches swarm when corn and syrup meet.

These are small reservations, though. On the whole, *That's The Way I Feel Now* is a document with no lack of kick. Over one-and-a-half hours of music are thoughtfully packaged: the gameboard motif in its graphic design reflects Thelonian strategies. Another plus is the discography of 37 in-print recordings that guides the newcomer to Monk's body of work.

Pardon my pulpit, but there is a moral to be drawn for all the "artists who felt (Monk's) touch": provincialism be damned, take chances in your *everyday* music; fight to change public taste. Next, why not unloose

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disparate players on the books of John Coltrane, Tadd Dameron, Bud Powell, Ornette Coleman—the possibilities for public awakening are endless. —*peter kostakis*

STEVIE RAY VAUGHAN

COULDN'T STAND THE WEATHER—Epic 39304: *SCUTTLE BUTTIN'; COULDN'T STAND THE WEATHER; THE THINGS (THAT) I USED TO DO; VOODOO CHILE (SLIGHT RETURN); COLD SHOT; TIN PAN ALLEY; HONEY BEE; STANG'S SWANG.*
Personnel: *Vaughan, vocals, guitar; Tommy Shannon, bass; Chris "Whipper" Layton, Fran Christina (cut 8), drums; Jimmie Vaughan (2, 3), guitar; Stan Harrison (8), tenor saxophone.*

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

For his follow-up to last year's impressive debut, Stevie Ray Vaughan sticks to the proven formula, stretching only a bit from the boogie-shuffle-blues that caused such a stir with *Texas Flood*.

Nothing new to report here, just more of the same blazing, brilliant, dynamic guitar work from Dallas' favorite son. Comparing the two records side-by-side, one can readily see that the names have changed but the ideas remain pretty much the same. The raunchy instrumental, *Scuttle Buttin'*, is basically *Rude Mood* slowed down a touch. *Cold Shot*, the catchy Texas shuffle, is *Pride And Joy* all over again. The upbeat boogie blues, *Honey Bee*, is roughly the same idea that *Tell Me* put across in the first album. And the mournful minor blues of *Tin Pan Alley* is a sequel to *Texas Flood*'s *Dirty Pool*.

This is not to suggest that Stevie Ray got lazy on this one. As on his premier LP, he plays his butt off here, particularly on the title cut and on a searing, scintillating cover of Jimi Hendrix' *Voodoo Chile* (*Slight Return*). And his playing on the excruciatingly slow blues of *Tin Pan Alley* has all the emotional impact, sincerity, and sensitivity of Jimi's *Red House* or B. B. King's *The Thrill Is Gone*. In that nine-minute tour de force, Stevie Ray lays back, fingerpicking liquid legato lines ever so gently. His anguished vocals are convincing, and his normally muscular Strat-sound stays at a subdued level that suits the melancholy tone of this blues epic. And most importantly, he comes up for air, leaving spaces in all the right places. He wisely lets his guitar complement his vocals, never trampling them with grandstanding licks.

Shades of Hendrix, Jimmy Reed, and Albert King are evident through much of this album. But another side of Stevie Ray comes into play on *Stang's Swang*, an uptempo boppish number that showcases the guitarist's jazz chops. This tune bears the unmistakable stamp of Grant Green, another of Stevie Ray's guitar heroes. Fran Christina of the Fabulous Thunderbirds handles the drums here, and Stan Harrison supplies some gutsy Texas tenor in the tradition of Wilton Felder or A. C. Reed of the Icebreakers.

For my money, this follow-up album is better than his debut, if only because the mix is much brighter. Tommy Shannon's bass and Chris Layton's drums are much crisper. Aside from those technicalities, Stevie Ray's guitar playing is more daring and authoritative than ever before. —*bill milkowski*

MARILYN CRISPELL

LIVE IN BERLIN—Black Saint 0069: *ABC; CHANT; BURUNDI.*
Personnel: *Crispell, piano; Billy Bang, violin; Peter Kowald, bass; John Betsch, drums.*

★ ★ ★

SPIRIT MUSIC—Cadence Jazz 1015: *ROUNDS; FOR ATSUKO; STOIC; SPIRIT MUSIC.*
Personnel: *Crispell, piano; Billy Bang, violin; John Betsch, drums; Wes Brown (cut 4), guitar.*

★ ★

Marilyn Crispell's music takes some getting used to. It's experimental in the now-familiar manner of players like Cecil Taylor and Anthony Braxton. But the usual energy level of the avant garde is exponentially increased. Crispell plays as if her life depended on it. A quick hearing is definitely not enough to take stock of all that's going on. On *Spirit Music* (also recorded live) the group is heading toward a trademark sound but things don't quite jell; ragged spots break up the flow. Between *Spirit Music* and *Live In Berlin* (spaced less than two years apart), a considerable leap in inventiveness and consistency was made.

One strong point that becomes more apparent after repeated hearings is Crispell's ability to shape a piece with well-defined contours. *ABC*, dedicated to Anthony Braxton, is the most impressive example of this control. Clocking in at 23 minutes, it generates—and sustains—the kind of lunatic energy you'd find in a tune by Carla Bley. The performance is never short on excitement. What it lacks is the tonic of Bley's off-the-wall wit. The intensity is ultimately overpowering.

This resultant lack of variety undermines the innovation that does go on. Crispell wrote all of the tunes on these recordings and that fact is more noticeable than it should be. In *Chant*, for example, even though the lines are muted, they have the same thunderous temperament as the rest. The tunes are all action, no reflection.

Crispell has said that Bach is a major influence on her composition. With her classical training, it's not surprising. The claim is borne out in some ways; Crispell's dense writing does emphasize overlapping and interweaving between voices. But it doesn't begin to achieve the clarity and economy that marks Bach's counterpoint. A sense of purpose is often missing. In a large sense, tunes hold together. But up close, in *Rounds*, for example, interesting bits spin into the fore at random without making any point.

Crispell has gathered a strong group of musicians together here. They play authoritatively and have moments of inspiration. Violinist Billy Bang brings a very personal brand of virtuosity to the proceedings. On *Burundi* he leads off the tune with a solo that he turns into a one-man-band showcase of sound effects. German bassist Peter Kowald prods him on with tricks of his own, and drummer John Betsch is strong throughout. Despite such

strong individual contributions, though, the burden rests too heavily on the listener to decode the dense, intense music.

—*elaine guregian*

BENNY CARTER

THE CHOCOLATE DANDIES—DRG/Swing 8448: *Cherry; Paducah; Stardust; Birmingham Breakdown; Four Or Five Times; That's How I Feel Today; Six Or Seven Times; Goodbye Blues; Cloudy Skies; Get Another Sweetie Now; Bugle Call Rag; Dee Blues; Blue Interlude; I Never Knew; Once Upon A Time; Krazy Kapers.*

Personnel: *cut 1—Tommy Dorsey, Nat Natoli, trumpet; Jack Teagarden, trombone; Don Redman, Jimmy Dorsey, Frank Teschemacher, George Thomas, reeds; Frank Signorelli, piano; Karl Kress, guitar; Hank Stern, tuba; Stan King, drums; cuts 2-5—Langston Curl, John Nesbit, trumpets; Claude Jones, trombone; Redman, Milton Senior, Thomas, Prince Robinson, reeds; Todd Rhodes, piano; Dave Wilborn, banjo; Lonnie Johnson, guitar; Ralph Escudero, tuba; Carl Austin, drums; cuts 6-7—Rex Stewart, cornet; Leonard Davis, trumpet; J. C. Higginbotham, trombone; Redman, Carter, Coleman Hawkins, reeds; Fats Waller, piano, banjo; Cyrus St. Clair, tuba; George Stafford, drums; cuts 8-12—Bobby Stark, trumpet; Jimmy Harrison, trombone; Carter, Hawkins, reeds; Horace Henderson, piano; Benny Jackson, guitar; John Kirby, bass; cuts 13-16—Max Kaminsky, trumpet; Carter, Chu Berry, reeds; Floyd O'Brien, trombone; Teddy Wilson, piano; Lawrence Lucie, guitar; Ernest Hill, bass; Sid Catlett, Mezz Mezzrow, drums.*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

SKYLINE DRIVE—Phontastic 7540: *Doozy; I'm The Caring Kind; Easy Money; Gorgeous Georg; Stompin' At The Savoy; I Want To Be Happy; Love For Sale; When Lights Are Low.*

Personnel: *Carter, Arne Domnerus, Plas Johnson, Jerome Richardson, saxophones; Jan Allan, trumpet; Putte Wickman, clarinet; Bengt Hallberg, piano; Rune Gustafsson, guitar; Georg Riedel, bass; Magnus Persson, drums.*

★ ★ ★

The Chocolate Dandies was not one group but several, all created solely for recording purposes. The first three sessions were led by Don Redman, and each was better than the one before. The Dandies hit their stride the third time out with a group that included Carter (in only the fourth session of his young career), Coleman Hawkins, Rex Steward, Fats Waller, and J. C. Higginbotham. One side, *Six Or Seven Times*, would become the basis for the *One O'Clock Jump* about 10 years hence. That was the last CD date for Redman, but the first for Carter, who carried on by leading the Dandies' two most celebrated sessions in 1930 and 1933.

Benny makes an unconvincing blues shouter on *Goodbye Blues* from the drummerless 1930 date, but his bounding alto cho-

rus on *Bugle Call Rag* comes on with such startling sweep and momentum, it makes everyone else sound almost immobile until they catch up in a second round of solos. Another number, *Dee Blues*, has also become a minor classic of the period. Carter plays some of his finest clarinet, and Coleman Hawkins pulls all stops out in a pleading chorus so broad he practically sinks to one knee.

The most important and most modern Dandies sides, however, come three years later and bring us not only a more mature and finished Carter on alto and trumpet, marvelous playing by Chu Berry, Max Kaminsky, and Sid Catlett, but also the stunning New York debut of Teddy Wilson. Here, as Leonard Feather once wrote, "was the first step toward the bop era's ultimate rejection of the . . . left hand for steady rhythm and concentration on the right for horn-like improvisation." Wilson made many great records in the '30s with Goodman, Billie Holiday, and various groups, but none surpassed the definitive choruses he sculpted on *I Never Knew*, *Once Upon A Time*, and *Krazy Kapers*. (Wilson made several equally stunning sides with Carter's big band at this time, and they are on a companion DRG set, *Ridin' N Rhythm*, Swing 8453/4; but here even Wilson's work is overshadowed by the astonishing modernity of Carter's landmark big band writing.) One final note on production: ignore much of the data on the sleeve; some dates are wrong, and Carter sings on only one track.

Skyline Drive is a bit too lazy to rank among Benny Carter's better saxophone ensemble work of the last couple of decades (i.e. *Further Definitions Vol. I* or *Vol. II*, both on Impulse/MCA). The laziness is, of course, a matter of circumstance, not character. It is difficult, and I suspect unfulfilling, to work on preparing important and detailed material, requiring care and time to perfect in performance, only to see it spent in two or three takes at an ad hoc record session. So for this session Carter, who is really more a featured guest star with the Swedamerican All-Stars than leader, drew on inventory. The result is a nice time-marker until the next landmark comes along.

But even the inventory is rather casually treated. *Doozy* is a case in point. It originated on the first *Further Definitions* LP in 1961 and was extended both harmonically and thematically in the 1966 sequel. This version drops the luscious 44-bar ensemble chorus (an A-A-B-A design employing three 12-bar blues and an eight-bar bridge; the solo choruses, oddly enough, skip the bridge) and doesn't even feature Carter as soloist. *Stompin' At The Savoy* and *Easy Money* (a Carter piece written originally for Count Basie) are similarly sketchy, although leavened with lively solos.

But if we don't get Carter the arranger in important measure here, we at least get his alto work, which is as poised and consistent as ever on tunes like *I Want To Be Happy* and a rarely heard 1946 Carter composition *The Caring Kind*. Carter and Arne Domnerus join in a moody alto duet (*Gorgeous Georg*) which is framed by a few bars of stark, brooding quartet choirs. And Bengt Hallberg scored a sleek, Carterish out-chorus to wrap up the string of solos on *When Lights Are Low*.

—john mcdonough

KENNY BURRELL

GROOVIN' HIGH—Muse 5281: *Groovin' High; Lament; If I Love Again; Spring Can Really Hang You Up The Most; Secret Love; Peace; Someone To Light Up My Life.*
Personnel: *Burrell, guitar; Larry Ridley, bass; Ben Riley, drums.*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

BLUESIN' AROUND—Columbia 38507: *Mambo Twist; The Switch; The Squeeze; Bluesin' Around; Bye And Bye; Moten Swing; People Will Say We're In Love; One Mint Julep; Mood Indigo.*
Personnel: *Burrell, guitar; Eddie Bert (cut 4), trombone; Leo Wright (6-8), alto saxophone; Illinois Jacquet (1-3, 5, 9), tenor saxophone; Hank Jones (1-5, 9), piano; Jack McDuff (6-8), organ; Major Holley (1-3, 5, 9), George Duvivier (4), bass; Osie Johnson (1, 2), Jimmy Crawford (3, 5, 9), Louis Hayes (4), Joe Dukes (6-8), drums.*

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Released within a short time of each other, these sets span two decades in guitarist Burrell's long, happily continuing career. The nine previously unreleased performances on Columbia's aptly titled *Bluesin' Around* were recorded at four separate sessions from November 1961 to April of the following year, during the two-year period he was contracted to the label, an association that produced only the Burrell vocal album *Weaver Of Dreams* (Columbia 1703) and the single performance *Man, We're Beat*, with the Tommy Wolf Quartet. Finally, thanks to Bob Porter's diligence, we get a chance to hear what else the guitarist was up to at the time, and the news is good.

Two of the sessions paired Burrell with veteran tenor saxophonist Illinois Jacquet, and their four collaborations (Jacquet is not present on *Bye And Bye*) resulted in some of the finest music recorded at these sessions—warm, spacious, unhurried, and wholly masterly in conception and execution. And, it goes without saying, thoroughly drenched with the blues' deep-dish emotionalism. Obviously up for it, Burrell distinguishes himself every time out, playing with easy swing and great, tasteful inventiveness, more than keeping up with and complementing Jacquet's soaring, limpid, utterly ravishing mastery. Their *Mood Indigo* is absolutely glorious in every respect, and the others, particularly the slow, steamy *The Squeeze*, are not far behind.

The three performances with Jack McDuff are splendid, muscularly lyrical examples of the organ-based combo jazz of the early '60s, with Burrell and the marvelous, very musical McDuff working with hand-in-glove togetherness, joined on *Moten Swing* by altoist Leo Wright who provides extra color and heat, and all propelled by Joe Dukes' deft, tasteful drumming. Burrell is at his thoughtful, responsive best here—his playing always melodically fresh and rhythmically interesting in its easy ideational flow, as the lovely ballad *People Will Say We're In Love* perhaps shows best. McDuff is never less than perfect, and the two principals interact stunningly.

The final selection, the album's title track, pairs the guitarist with trombonist Eddie Bert for a briskly tempoed blues excursion that, while pleasant, fails to develop in any meaningful way the potential of the interesting cyclical Burrell theme, although the guitarist comes closest to doing this in his all-too-brief solo.

Recorded in mid-1981 but only now released, Burrell's trio date for Muse, with bassist Larry Ridley and drummer Ben Riley in support, maintains these high standards. In some respects his playing is much more impressive. His tone has deepened and mellowed a bit from the brighter sound displayed on the Columbia recordings, but his fundamental approach to making music has changed little.

Always a lucid, thinking musician, Burrell now plays with utter clarity of expression, and his increased technical command allows him to draw, apparently effortlessly, virtually anything he wants from the guitar. As a result, his playing is perfectly balanced in its design; his lines are thoughtfully conceived, uncluttered in their directness and firm inner logic, make much more telling use of space than was the case 20 years back, and evidence a much subtler handling of rhythmic displacement. There's no doubt he is one of the instrument's current masters; his stunning work on the Muse date makes this abundantly clear.

While I would have preferred a second guitar or piano in the group—feeling it would have freed Burrell from the necessity of providing harmonic interest and, thus, loosening up his playing even more—there's little to quarrel with in the performances the trio has produced. Their interactivity is stunning, and the guitarist more than responds to the challenge imposed by the instrumentation, his beautifully shaped linear musings leavened with just the right quotient of chorded and harmonized passages and other harmonic interjections to thicken the spare trio texture and keep interest high. Ridley's authoritative, responsive bass helps no little bit too, and Riley keeps things moving along briskly without ever being overbusy or otherwise obtrusive. Every one of these performances glimmers like a perfectly cut gemstone, and repeated listening cannot help but reveal ever more facets of Burrell's lapidary art.

—pete welding

FRED ANDERSON

THE MISSING LINK—Nessa 23: *Twilight; A Ballad For Rita, Parts 1 & 2; The Bull.*
Personnel: *Anderson, tenor saxophone; Larry Hayrod, bass; Hamid Hank Drake, drums; Adam Rudolph, percussion.*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"The tenor is a rhythm instrument," Ornette Coleman said, "and the best statements Negoes have made, of what their soul is, have been on tenor saxophone." Chicagoan Fred Anderson is one of the heaviest players of that weighted horn. There's his tone, which is huge, without vibrato or breathy overtones, not the sable and sand of Webster or Jug's bearskin but solid, rolling muscle. Despite its girth, he doesn't hide behind that sound or let it unduly determine what he plays. It's the content of his

playing, the heft and substance of it, which gives him real ballast. He mines an area of emotion similar to the *cante hondo* of flamenco, the North African *nawbah*, or chanting of the *Qur'an*. It's soulful and intense, as rich and dark as earth. Like earth, he moves it around, scraping, shaping, mounding, burrowing, pushing it into various configurations of melody and rhythm.

Rita develops like raga (invocation, measured disclosure of intent, the introduction and gradual increase of rhythmic involvement), but *Twilight* and especially *The Bull* are where you hear the tenor as rhythm instrument. Figures dance like drum patterns. Notes bounce as though slapped from goatskin. All tossed with little chants, bits of soft shoe, long tunneling forays, rooting, tumbling and twisting. There's that honk which Ornette also mentions, and a call which will hollow your stomach like the whomp of a bass drum.

Edited from existing tapes (studio-made in 1979) to fit this record, this is all Anderson. What remains of the rhythm section is solely as support, but they are on him like howl on hound. Drake is one of the best drummers to emerge from Chicago since Steve McCall.

Anderson has been out here a long time. Neil Tesser's liner notes relay that saga. His records have been few, hard to find, and less than representative. This is the first to give an idea of what he sounds like on a good night. Hopefully, it will deliver the message that Anderson can no longer be undervalued or overlooked. *—j. b. figi*

DENNY ZEITLIN

TIDAL WAVE—Polo Alto Jazz 8044-N: *Tidal Wave; Promenade; Chelsea Bridge; Country Fair; Billie's Bounce; Wherever You Are; Hotline.*

Personnel: *Zeitlin, piano; John Abercrombie, electric guitar; Charlie Haden, bass; Peter Donald, drums.*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

DON THOMPSON

A BEAUTIFUL FRIENDSHIP—Concord Jazz 243: *Even Steven; My One And Only Love; Blues For Jim-San; I've Never Been In Love Before; A Beautiful Friendship; For Scott LaFaro; Ease It; Dreams.*

Personnel: *Thompson, piano, bass; John Abercrombie, guitar; Dave Holland, bass; Michael Smith, drums.*

★ ★ ★ ★

One of the connecting threads between these two albums is, of course, guitarist John Abercrombie. The other, loosely, is the fact that both leaders are pianists—however, Thompson is really better known for his bass work. Thompson is a Canadian resident and probably one of the more visible jazzmen on a world level, having appeared in clubs and on many albums with George Shearing and others, as well as leading groups of his own.

Zeitlin, who makes his home in northern California, is too seldom heard from, either on

record or in person. Surrounding himself with a stellar group of associates and turning in five of his own compositions, Zeitlin demonstrates his total command and unique personality on *Tidal Wave*.

Abercrombie, on electric guitar here, is in mostly characteristic form—electrifying, spacy, and identifying strongly with the leader's playing as well as the material. Even on a rather slow, moody piece like *Country Fair*, a duo for piano and guitar, the instrumental personality of both Zeitlin and Abercrombie is highly evident. There's also a superb pairing of Zeitlin and bassist Haden on Billy Strayhorn's ballad *Chelsea Bridge*, and a live solo version of *Billie's Bounce* from Zeitlin. The rest of the program is either trio or quartet, making excellent use of Peter Donald's prodigious percussive talents.

By contrast, the Don Thompson set is extremely laidback, with Abercrombie light and mellow throughout. It is interesting to hear how the guitarist can sound so empathetic with two such disparate players as Thompson and Zeitlin—the mark of a truly versatile musician. For example, on *Blues For Jim-San* Abercrombie echoes and amplifies the gentleness and subtlety of Jim Hall, to whom this is a tribute. And Thompson's bass support is fittingly guitaristic.

That empathy is again noticeable on the title track, with both the guitarist and pianist delivering long-lined, inventive solos. Abercrombie, showing that he has imbibed some of the definitive jazz styles, interprets the boppish *Ease It* with fluency and vigor.

Though the Zeitlin album is definitely the more exciting and adventurous of the two, bass players and guitarists alike will undoubtedly be fascinated with the Thompson/Abercrombie digitations. Both albums are well worth any discriminating listener's attention.

—frankie nemko

MAX ROACH/ CECIL TAYLOR

HISTORIC CONCERTS—Soul Note 1100/1: *Duets, Parts I-IV.*
Personnel: *Roach, percussion; Taylor, piano.*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

In theory, jazz' generational divisions had been reconciled by what could be called a philosophy of continuum long before the instantly historic Max Roach/Cecil Taylor duo concerts of December 15, 1979. Almost exclusively, that philosophy had been espoused by the avant garde in an effort to minimize their isolation. The signal of the Roach/Taylor summit, however, was that a new deal had been struck, one that had only been broached by the Taylor/Mary Lou Williams embrace and Roach's dialogs with Anthony Braxton and Archie Shepp. So pivotal was this event that the release of *Historic Concerts* five years later is itself a watershed.

This 80-minute portion of the concert bears out the press' initial lionizing of Roach for his magneto-like role. Taylor proves himself to be an especially responsive pianist, employing Powell-like scale sprinting when Roach quickens the pulse, or laying into tangy left hand figures when Roach coaxes a latin tinge from his toms. Throughout the improvisation Roach's sense of syncopation tugs on Taylor like a strong undertow, prompting the pianist's patented "drumming" to take on a pronounced buoyancy, particularly during Roach's sock cymbal passages.

Conversely, Taylor elicits from Roach a daring departure from his usually classic narrative style. Roach's extended, non-metric tangents and his willingness not to deliberate every concept to the nth degree (he quickly dispenses with hand percussion late in the piece) contribute greatly to the dynamic asymmetry of the piece. Taylor seizes this rare opportunity, unleashing some of the most tumultuous, yet immaculately controlled playing he has recorded, as well as venting his recent brand of

poignant lyricism (his unaccompanied solo in the last minutes of the piece parallels the muted moments of *Fly! Fly! Fly! Fly! Fly!*).

The net result is a music much more overtly linked to Taylor than to Roach, though one should not underestimate the firm, subtle grip Roach has on the reigns. It is this relationship that is the crux of the cross-generational new deal, a radically different proposition than the "in the tradition" rites of the post-Ayler generation, or the intern programs Art Blakey and others have sponsored in recent years. Roach and Taylor have discovered and nurtured new ground with a commonality that can, perhaps, only be realized in the duo context. *Historic Concerts* is a stunning affirmation that yesterday's innovations are today's traditions, and that the innovations of today are the traditions of tomorrow. *—bill shoemaker*

SONNY ROLLINS

SUNNY DAYS STARRY NIGHTS—Milestone 9122: MAVA MAVA; I'M OLD FASHIONED; WYNTON; TELL ME YOU LOVE ME; I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN; KILAUEA.

Personnel: *Rollins, texor saxophone; Clifton Anderson, trombone; Mark Soskin, keyboards; Russell Blake, electric bass; Tommy Campbell, drums.*

★ ★

TOUR DE FORCE—Prestige OJC -095: EE-AH; B. QUICK; TWO DIFFERENT WORLDS; B. SWIFT; MY IDEAL.

Personnel: *Rollins, tenor saxophone; Kenny Drew, piano; George Morrow, bass; Max Roach, drums; Earl Coleman (cuts 3, 5), vocals.*

★ ★ ★

Sonny Rollins' albums for Milestone remind me of a roommate I had in college who'd pore over his engineering textbooks 18 hours a day all semester, then, after finals, would appear, beer in hand, saying, "Okay, time to party." Forcing yourself to have fun on schedule doesn't work. I don't believe in this cheerful, partying Sonny Rollins who plays calypsos and show-tunes—the man's obviously too darkly intelligent for that. But he's managed to suppress both his intelligence and his moods for years now, so that the records, instead of being the happy-go-lucky occasions they pretend to be, are a kind of saxophone kvetching raised to a high art.

I mean, it's not as if Rollins plays this stuff straight—he'd get fired from a latin lounge in a minute for those perverse squeaks and honks (cf the long-held note at the end of Noel Coward's *I'll See You Again*), sudden dark substitutions, and awkward rhythmic turns. Nor does he, like the Art Ensemble Of Chicago, cosmically transform this mundane material. He just plays around with it, like a once-great lion batting at a pathetic mouse. Occasionally, the old fire flashes through—a gorgeously simple new ballad here (*Wynton*), an astonishing rhythmic follow-through there. But then the essential boredom looms back up and produces the kind of senseless, ugly solo Rollins produces to sabotage his own new ballad for Marsalis, or the messy overdubbing of more

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tion; the pianists' generally strong work; Thad Jones' burgeoning trumpet and arranging; and the span of years (*I Hear Ya Talkin'* was recorded in 1959, *Two At The Top* in '83).

This is the initial release of the '59 Savoy recording. It comes as a surprise, mainly for Thad's three arrangements (in light of his later big band charts and success). He composed and arranged *Liz*, *Opus*, and *Struttin'*. Two of these employ Wess' flute in ensemble and solo; the third, *Struttin'*, is a fast vehicle for Wess' early Rollins-like tenor.

The session is oriented toward Basie and the blues. (Wess, Thad and Eddie Jones, and Fowlkes were members of the Basie band then; Johnson had departed that band in '54.) A gospel call-and-response girds the title track, Fuller's *Boop*, and *Opus*. Wess is in a preaching mood on these first two. Thad Jones came under the influence of Clark Terry and the diminished scale then. His trumpet strikes with arrow-like precision. Hank Jones' genial solos flash a Cheshire smile and move lightly.

The years have made a difference in the

CRITICS' CHOICE

Art Lange

NEW RELEASE: Ran Blake, *Suffield Gothic* (Soul Note). Blake's intense, elliptical piano and Houston Person's personable, grits & gravy tenor sax may seem a strange pairing, but the result is a moving document of honest emotions, ecstatic and elegaic.

OLD FAVORITE: Jackie McLean, *McLean's Scene* (Fantasy Original Jazz Classic). *Hard*-bop versions of four normally balladic standards and two high-octane originals from the '50s, thankfully reissued.

RARA AVIS: Various Artists, *Stompin' At The Honky Tonk* (String/Topic). "Western Swing In Houston 1939-41" says the album jacket, and the lively fusions of c&w, jazz, bluegrass, and blues remain hearty party music today.

SCENE: Peter Guralnick's *Lost Highway* (Godine Books) won an American Book Award in '83, and his odyssey along the blues/c&w roads dusty from commercial neglect make for a heartwarming, eye-opening account of the people and places responsible for some of America's most *human* music.

Charles Doherty

NEW RELEASE: Prince And The Revolution, *Purple Rain* (Warner Bros.). The quasi-autobiographical video-look flick is a mite hateful, but the soundtrack's nervous, hard-rockin' funky rhythms are addictive.

OLD FAVORITE: Sonny Rollins, *Saxophone Colossus* (Prestige). I've nearly worn out the grooves on this pivotal '50s landmark LP that changed forever the direction of a generation of saxists.

RARA AVIS: Kinks, *Then Now And In Between* (Reprise). A klassic kompilation of the boys' '64-69 days, with a more varied and imaginative program than any of their "greatest hits" packages.

SCENE: "No, no *Nebraska*!" Illinois chanted at the Boss' first set, but by evening's end Bruce Springsteen and the E-Streeters kicked out jams a'plenty, rockin' the Horizon to the delight of the Windy City-zens.

John Diliberto

NEW RELEASE: Jade Warrior, *Horizen* (Pulse). Finally, a new album from this British multi-instrumental duo after a five-year hiatus—the delicacy of a Japanese watercolor embedded in a soaring choir of electric guitars and earth-shaker rhythms.

OLD FAVORITE: Bill Nelson's Red Noise, *Sound On Sound* (Capitol). Wildly syncopated, stop-your-pulse rhythms, jerky guitar textures, and the best techno-alienation lyrics yet. "It's a nuevo-a-go-go gone wild."

RARA AVIS: Plastic People Of The Universe, *Egon Bondy's Happy Arts Club Banned* (LTM-Bozí Mlýn). That's "banned" as in can't play, censored, and in jail, where several members of this Czechoslovakian band are at any given time. The crazed cynicism of early Beefheart meets the impassioned harmonies of John Coltrane.

SCENE: George Russell's Living Time Orchestra at the Afro-American Historical and Cultural Museum (Philadelphia). A young band brought to a full roar by Russell's newest composition *The African Game*, and a three-sax exchange blowout on *Ezz-thetic*.

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SCENE: Kip Hanrahan calling the shots from the wings of the Public Theater (NYC), whispering instructions stage left, nodding encouragement stage right, and leading (sort of) Jack Bruce & Co. through tunes from Hanrahan's *Desire Develops An Edge*.

poignant lyricism (his unaccompanied solo in the last minutes of the piece parallels the muted moments of *Fly! Fly! Fly! Fly! Fly!*).

The net result is a music much more overtly linked to Taylor than to Roach, though one should not underestimate the firm, subtle grip Roach has on the reigns. It is this relationship that is the crux of the cross-generational new deal, a radically different proposition than the "in the tradition" rites of the post-Ayler generation, or the intern programs Art Blakey and others have sponsored in recent years. Roach and Taylor have discovered and nurtured new ground with a commonality that can, perhaps, only be realized in the duo context. *Historic Concerts* is a stunning affirmation that yesterday's innovations are today's traditions, and that the innovations of today are the traditions of tomorrow. —*bill shoemaker*

SONNY ROLLINS

SUNNY DAYS STARRY NIGHTS—Milestone 9122: MAVA MAVA; I'M OLD FASHIONED; WYNTON; TELL ME YOU LOVE ME; I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN; KILAUEA.

Personnel: *Rollins, texor saxophone; Clifton Anderson, trombone; Mark Soskin, keyboards; Russell Blake, electric bass; Tommy Campbell, drums.*

★ ★

TOUR DE FORCE—Prestige OJC -095: EE-AH; B. QUICK; TWO DIFFERENT WORLDS; B. SWIFT; MY IDEAL.

Personnel: *Rollins, tenor saxophone; Kenny Drew, piano; George Morrow, bass; Max Roach, drums; Earl Coleman (cuts 3, 5), vocals.*

★ ★ ★

Sonny Rollins' albums for Milestone remind me of a roommate I had in college who'd pore over his engineering textbooks 18 hours a day all semester, then, after finals, would appear, beer in hand, saying, "Okay, time to party." Forcing yourself to have fun on schedule doesn't work. I don't believe in this cheerful, partying Sonny Rollins who plays calypsos and show-tunes—the man's obviously too darkly intelligent for that. But he's managed to suppress both his intelligence and his moods for years now, so that the records, instead of being the happy-go-lucky occasions they pretend to be, are a kind of saxophone kvetching raised to a high art.

I mean, it's not as if Rollins plays this stuff straight—he'd get fired from a latin lounge in a minute for those perverse squeaks and honks (cf the long-held note at the end of Noel Coward's *I'll See You Again*), sudden dark substitutions, and awkward rhythmic turns. Nor does he, like the Art Ensemble Of Chicago, cosmically transform this mundane material. He just plays around with it, like a once-great lion batting at a pathetic mouse. Occasionally, the old fire flashes through—a gorgeously simple new ballad here (*Wynton*), an astonishing rhythmic follow-through there. But then the essential boredom looms back up and produces the kind of senseless, ugly solo Rollins produces to sabotage his own new ballad for Marsalis, or the messy overdubbing of more

sax and trombone on *I'll See You Again*.

In fairness, I suppose *Sunny Days Starry Nights* does have an appealing, off-hand "live" quality, and the Soskin/Blake/Campbell rhythm team plays admirably, but one needle-drop onto *Tour De Force* shows the difference between a man obsessed by music and someone just doing chores. *Tour De Force* was recorded during Rollins' first peak, in 1956, six months after *Saxophone Colossus* (and the subsequent death the same month of Clifford Brown and Richie Powell) and five months before Rollins left Max Roach's group. It includes three instrumental tracks—two taken in the outer reaches of bebop tempi where only a few have ever tread—and two vocals by Charlie Parker-favorite Earl Coleman. The breakneck blowing vehicles, pop tunes disguised as *B. Quick* and *B. Swift*, are a must in any jazz library. *B. Quick*, on *Cherokee* changes and including references both to the original and to Bird's *Cherokee*-based *Koko*, is so fast that bassist George Morrow opted to play on "one" and "three" only (pianist Kenny Drew managed to keep up, barely). Rollins is a ferocious fountain of ideas here, a textbook for any young saxophonist. The explosive call-and-answer fours with Max are condensed novels. This is unself-conscious Rollins with only a hint (on the blues, *Ee-Ah*) of the jagged, ahead-of-the-beat style Rollins would move on to later.

Presumably, the historical nicety of having the Earl Coleman tracks restored to their original, incongruous context is what has led Prestige to reissue this as an Original Jazz Classic, but it is precisely the vocals (and the album's proximity to *Saxophone Colossus*) that has caused it to be overlooked. Not that there's anything wrong with Coleman's pearly Eckstine-isms; but what makes this album a *Tour De Force* are the barn-burning beboppers, and they're still available on a two-fer that's a better deal, *Taking Care Of Business* (Prestige 24082). *—paul de barros*

BALKAN RHYTHM BAND

THE JAZZIEST BALKAN DANCE BAND AROUND!—Flying Fish 134: *Ramo, Ramo; Night In Tunisia; Dajčovo, Plevensko; Gusta Se Gora; Karlov's Gankino; Šote For Esma And Stevo; Mjatalo Lenče Jabulka; Mountain Winds; Notes To Myself; A Shadow Of Change; Ne Odi Djemo.*

Personnel: *Terran Doehrer, kaval, darabuka, Roto-toms; Howard Levy, tenor, soprano saxophone, tenor recorder, harmonica, mandolin, piano, tupan, darabuka; Sandra Korelc, alto saxophone, oboe, flute; Donald Jacobs, clarinet; Steve Roberts, Pat Fleming, guitar; Marlene Rosenberg, acoustic bass; Pam Gellen, Flo Fooden, vocals.*

★ ★ ★ ½

Chicagoan Terran Doehrer first encountered the folk-dance music of Balkan immigrant workers as a child, and he has maintained an emotional bond to that ecstatically rhythmic Slavic music ever since. His dance-oriented Balkan Rhythm Band, none of whose nine members claims an ounce of Balkan blood,

eagerly weds jazz to Macedonian folk, making a musical union heretofore unknown. The young group of ethnic-fusion novitiates suffuse their debut record with unforced elation and offer us a pleasingly distinct listening experience.

The Balkans do well mixing traditional and modern elements. They use customary clarinet, end-blown flute (kaval), and goblet drums (darabuka) plus non-traditional saxophones, guitars, acoustic bass, and piano. Women have roles as instrumentalists, a heretical action in Macedonia. The Windy City band handles Yugoslav asymmetrical rhythms (7/8, 9/8, etc.) with skewed aplomb, "feeling" the music in, say, slow-quick-quick pulses rather than thinking out the beats in metric forms. The jazz emerges in the solo improvisations.

Visualize dancers forming an open circle, joining hands while crossing arms, and performing intricate steps to the slow or fast music on this record. The drunken-to-Western-ears merriment of *Ramo, Ramo* is largely supplied by two female singers and giddy saxophones and clarinet. Doehrer's marvelous kaval lines illuminate *Dajčovo, Plevensko*, and Howard Levy plays wondrously impish harmonica on *Karlov's Gankino*. Doehrer and Sandra Korelc prove keen songwriters with *Šote For Esma* and *Notes To Myself* respectively.

The Balkans' jazz talents are modest, at times disturbingly diffident: their spicy 7/8 *Night In Tunisia* is flavoring without sustenance. Record annotator Neil Tesser says the group will be emphasizing their jazz side in the future. Well, okay, but their charm comes from following the adopted muses/musicians Redzepova and Karlov, not Parker and Gillespie.

—frank-john hadley

FRANK WESS

I HEAR YA TALKIN'—Savoy Jazz 1136: *I Hear Ya Talkin'; Liz; Boop-Pe-Doop; Opus The Blues; Struttin' Down Broadway.*
Personnel: *Wess, flute, alto, tenor saxophone; Charlie Fowlkes, baritone saxophone; Thad Jones, trumpet; Curtis Fuller, trombone; Hank Jones, piano; Eddie Jones, bass; Gus Johnson, drums.*

★ ★ ★ ½

FRANK WESS/ JOHNNY COLES

TWO AT THE TOP—Uptown 27.14: *Whistle Stop; Morning Star; Celia; Nica's Tempo; Minority; Ill Wind; Stablemates; An Oscar For Oscar.*
Personnel: *Wess, alto, tenor saxophone; Coles, flugelhorn; Kenny Barron, piano; Reggie Johnson, bass; Kenny Washington, drums.*

★ ★ ★

The instrument makes a difference: on tenor Wess is bluesy; on alto he seems bland and caught between swing and bop mentalities; on flute he is a flighty bopper. These distinctions partly govern the quality of these records. Other criteria are Cole's reticence and projec-

tion; the pianists' generally strong work; Thad Jones' burgeoning trumpet and arranging; and the span of years (*I Hear Ya Talkin'* was recorded in 1959, *Two At The Top* in '83).

This is the initial release of the '59 Savoy recording. It comes as a surprise, mainly for Thad's three arrangements (in light of his later big band charts and success). He composed and arranged *Liz*, *Opus*, and *Struttin'*. Two of these employ Wess' flute in ensemble and solo; the third, *Struttin'*, is a fast vehicle for Wess' early Rollins-like tenor.

The session is oriented toward Basie and the blues. (Wess, Thad and Eddie Jones, and Fowlkes were members of the Basie band then; Johnson had departed that band in '54.) A gospel call-and-response girds the title track, Fuller's *Boop*, and *Opus*. Wess is in a preaching mood on these first two. Thad Jones came under the influence of Clark Terry and the diminished scale then. His trumpet strikes with arrow-like precision. Hank Jones' genial solos flash a Cheshire smile and move lightly.

The years have made a difference in the

CRITICS' CHOICE

Art Lange

NEW RELEASE: Ran Blake, *Suffield Gothic* (Soul Note). Blake's intense, elliptical piano and Houston Person's personable, grits & gravy tenor sax may seem a strange pairing, but the result is a moving document of honest emotions, ecstatic and elegaic.
OLD FAVORITE: Jackie McLean, *McLean's Scene* (Fantasy Original Jazz Classic). *Hard*-bop versions of four normally balladic standards and two high-octane originals from the '50s, thankfully reissued.
RARA AVIS: Various Artists, *Stompin' At The Honky Tonk* (String/Topic). "Western Swing In Houston 1939-41" says the album jacket, and the lively fusions of c&w, jazz, bluegrass, and blues remain hearty party music today.
SCENE: Peter Guralnick's *Lost Highway* (Godine Books) won an American Book Award in '83, and his odyssey along the blues/c&w roads dusty from commercial neglect make for a heartwarming, eye-opening account of the people and places responsible for some of America's most *human* music.

Charles Doherty

NEW RELEASE: Prince And The Revolution, *Purple Rain* (Warner Bros.). The quasi-autobiographical video-look flick is a mite hateful, but the soundtrack's nervous, hard-rockin' funky rhythms are addictive.
OLD FAVORITE: Sonny Rollins, *Saxophone Colossus* (Prestige). I've nearly worn out the grooves on this pivotal '50s landmark LP that changed forever the direction of a generation of saxists.
RARA AVIS: Kinks, *Then Now And In Between* (Reprise). A klassic kompilation of the boys' '64-69 days, with a more varied and imaginative program than any of their "greatest hits" packages.
SCENE: "No, no *Nebraska*!" Illinois chanted at the Boss' first set, but by evening's end Bruce Springsteen and the E-Streeters kicked out jams a'plenty, rockin' the Horizon to the delight of the Windy City-zens.

John Diliberto

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busy-ness of the rhythm sections. Jones, Jones, and Johnson lug the beat—okay for '59 and the Basieish cast. By '84, though, Barron, Johnson, and Washington break it apart. The pianist is the most consistently rewarding soloist on the Uptown LP—quite aggressive, like an updated Hank Jones.

Coles has sweet ideas and sometimes indecisive execution. He *and* Wess are best on *Ill Wind*, where the flugelhornist plays squeezed notes in a poetic tone and Wess breathes some Ben Webster into his lazy solo. But the hornmen's solos are not always so well-directed on this newer album. Wess' alto (he plays it on three cuts) lacks the tonal presence of his tenor, and some flute work would have been welcome here. The half-star difference in rating reflects the different coherence of the sessions. The '59 session was simply more together. —*owen cordle*

KAZUMI WATANABE

MOBO I—Gramavision 8404: *Walk, Don't Run; Half Blood; Yenshu Tsubame Gaeshi; American Short Hair; Mobo #2.*

Personnel: *Watanabe, electric, acoustic guitars, synthesizer, percussion; Michael Brecker (cut 5), tenor saxophone; Don Grolnick (4), organ, synthesizer; Kei Akagi (2, 3), piano; Marcus Miller (2, 3, 5), Robbie Shakespeare (1, 4, 6), electric bass; Sly Dunbar (1, 5), Omar Hakim (3, 6), Steve Jordan (4), drums.*

★ ★

Over the past 30 years, the Japanese have lifted reverse engineering to new heights. They took apart an old Philco tv and devised the Sony Trinitron; they scrutinized a few Fords and Chevies and began turning out Datsuns and Toyotas. Their widespread affection for jazz has spawned more imitation, but so far no startling improvements on the original item. And—based on this record, which was recently named Album Of The Year by *Swing Journal*, Japan's prestigious jazz magazine—it may be time for them to go back to the drawing board.

Thirty-year-old Kazumi Watanabe is one of the most acclaimed and experienced jazz musicians in Japan. He has recorded a dozen albums as a leader in addition to working with Lee Ritenour, Larry Coryell, Jaco Pastorius, and most of the leading Japanese musicians, including saxist Sadao Watanabe (no relation). He is a clean, technically adept player with quite a bit of skill in using electronic effects. His style is largely imitative, however, and there does not seem to be a consistent voice running through his various guitar personas. He is also not much of a composer or arranger, and *Mobo I* suffers from the same deficiency as many American pop/jazz releases: the material is woefully thin, and even the best studio players in the world can't completely hide that.

For example: *Mobo #2* is an endless (15-minute) modal marathon that labors mightily to sound like Weather Report without quite making it. Even a burst of fervent blowing by Michael Brecker can't get it off the ground. Most of the other tunes have similar developmental problems, establishing grooves that

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quickly become ruts. *Walk, Don't Run* (a tribute to an early Watanabe inspiration, the Ventures) sounds intriguing at first, as Watanabe states the melody ever-so-slowly over a thumping reggae beat. Unfortunately, that's all that ever happens. *American Short Hair* is similarly stunted.

Watanabe tends to be self-effacing to a fault, soloing for a few bars before fading back into the musical wallpaper. He does get untracked on *Half Blood*, playing a long, rapid-fire solo that sounds a lot like Larry Carlton. His best work is probably on *Yenshu Tsubame Gaeshi*, which is the most imaginative tune, a juxtaposition of bebop and funk. The bridge—a cut-and-paste surprise a la Miles—is one of the few truly engaging moments on the album.

Watanabe may not be a great jazz innovator, but he does sound like a player of promise. Unfortunately, listening to this album is like watching a master sushi chef working the grill at McDonald's. —*jim roberts*

WAXING ON

True Blues

JOHNNY WINTER: *Guitar Slinger (Alligator 4735)* ★ ★ ★ ★
J. B. HUTTO AND THE NEW HAWKS: *Slippin' And Slidin' (Varrick 006)* ★ ★ ★ ½
MAGIC SLIM AND THE TEARDROPS: *T.V. Dinner Blues (Blue Dog 001)* ★ ★ ★ ½
BYTHER SMITH: *Tell Me How Do You Like It (Grits 100)* ★ ★ ½
SONS OF BLUES: *Where's My Money? (Red Beans 004)* ★ ★ ★ ★
ERWIN HELFER/CLARK DEAN/ANGELA BROWN/ODIE PAYNE JR.: *Live At The Piano Man (Red Beans 003)* ★ ★ ★ ½
WALTER HORTON: *Can't Keep Lovin' You (Blind Pig 1484)* ★ ★ ★ ½
JOHNNY HEARTSMAN: *Music Of My Heart (Cat N' Hat 1001)* ★ ★ ★ ½
JOHNNY COPELAND: *Texas Twister (Rounder 2040)* ★ ★ ★
RORY BLOCK: *Rhinestones And Steel Strings (Rounder 3085)* ★ ★ ★ ½
VALERIE WELLINGTON: *Million Dollar $ecret (Rooster 2619)* ★ ★ ½
DOUG McLEOD: *No Road Back Home (Hightone 8002)* ★ ★ ★

The blues, as Pete Welding discussed in these pages last March, is in a definite state of stylistic stagnation. New sessions are released steadily, but fresh ideas are rare indeed. Even Z. Z. Hill—who stimulated an overwhelming black response before his sudden death—was merely offering well-crafted derivative re-treads. This isn't to say that the past decade's been devoid of classic records; Clifton Chenier's *Bogalusa Boogie*, Albert Collins' *Ice Pickin'*, and Buddy Guy's *Stone Crazy*, among others, show that blues has lost none of its riveting power. But it was performance alone that made these sets—none were creative milestones equaling the debut recordings of Robert Johnson, Muddy Waters, or Magic Sam. Nonetheless it's admirable, as Welding observed, that small-label releases continue undaunted. A strong blues statement is still deeply satisfying, even if an original one is long overdue.

On that note let's start with guitarist **Johnny Winter**, whose latest set, *Guitar Slinger*, is an aggressive, unrelenting, and accomplished collection of raw blues and Gulf Coast r&b. Winter's frenzied energy is consistent throughout, and he's ably backed by some of Chicago's finest, including Albert Collins' rhythm section. The album has a small-band, live-in-the-studio sound with appropriate horns on a few cuts. Winter's forte is searing, lightning-fast playing which communicates, rather than simply dazzles; even in overdrive he phrases distinctly, and is also a consummate slide player. A whole album of Winter's limited, growling vocals gets old, though, and his ballad effort on *Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye* is sincere but quite thin. There are also some typical Alligator mixing quirks; Ken Saydak's two-fisted piano work on *Lights Out*, for instance, is reduced to mere background tinkling. These are minor failings, though—*Boot Hill*, *Don't Take Advantage Of Me*, and *It's My Soul* are sizzlers, and *Guitar Slinger* is definitely recommended.

A surprisingly effective album is the late guitarist **J. B. Hutto**'s final session, *Slippin' And Slidin'*. Hutto's music was funky and infectious, but extremely limited, and what's unusual is that smart sequencing and production maintain life and variety through two whole sides. Like Winter is, Hutto was a fiery slide player, though he favored single notes and simple runs over Winter's complex chording. He was also a strident, passionate singer who clearly pulled out all the stops for this session. The Roomful Of Blues reed section and former B. B. King pianist Ron Levy join Hutto's tight band for a satisfying, well-integrated session; this is not a case of superimposed horns trying to prop a weak guitarist. Hutto's redundant playing and derivative lyrics are amply offset by his unflagging energy and zesty attack.

Equally strong in the groove department is *T.V. Dinner Blues*, the latest effort from **Magic Slim** and the Teardrops. A well-documented figure in these pages, Slim epitomizes earthy country funk with his rural diction and slide-like vibrato effects. The set was recorded, in somewhat low fidelity, at Lincoln, NB's Zoo Bar, a blues mecca in that part of the world. Slim's peak performance rates favorably with all his other work, even if the responsive crowd sounds like it's in another room. Notable tunes include the opening *Fourteenth Street Shuffle*, with its tension-building key changes, and the slow blues *Have You Ever Seen A One-Eyed Woman Cry?* Slim's between-song shouts of "Call the doctor!" add to the fun. Slick urban guitarist Pete Allen has replaced Jr. "Daddy Rabbit" Pettis as rhythm player, and the change is notable; where Pettis accompanied Slim with interweaving leads of his own, Allen simply chords, and the band has lost its distinctive, textured sound. They remain ultra-funky, however, if a bit repetitious, and the

album is highly recommended for non-audiophiles.

Guitarist **Byther Smith** fares far worse in the sound-quality department, and the naive enthusiasts who produced his album must be taken to task. Atrocious recordings are career impediments, not "authentic" statements, and with today's affordable technology they're simply inexcusable. It's especially shameful in this case, because Smith is one of Chicago's unsung greats. His intense vocals recall J. B. Lenoir, with the addition of a chilling falsetto; his mainly single-string guitar work lies somewhere between Magic Slim's grit and Magic Sam's finesse, with a hint of Albert King's note-bending. Smith's *Give Me My White Robe* was a classic '70s single, though many of his originals here are weak. The performances are strong, however, particularly *Tell Me How Do You Like It* and *I Don't Like To Travel*, and in spite of the fidelity and Smith's stiff band, this record should be heard. Smith is easily the equal of many far more popular blues artists, and hopefully his substantial talent will someday be showcased advantageously.

Successful low-budget recording is exemplified by the **Sons Of Blues**' crisp and excellent *Where's My Money?* The group is led by Billy Branch, who has emerged as Chicago's preeminent young harp blower. The Sons, some of whom also work as the Chi-Town Hustlers, are rooted in the city's classic '50s blues vein. With that orientation, though, they embrace hard funk and soul-jazz with equal finesse. Branch is a confident singer and an agile soloist, working mainly in the Little Walter mold; *Son Of Juke* funkifies and updates a classic, while *Take Out The Time* presents him in a modern, Lee Oskar vein, with fine guitar from Carlos Johnson. Bassist J. W. Williams, who pumped iron on Buddy Guy's *Stone Crazy*, pleads poignantly on *Tell Me What's On Your Mind*, and the entire outfit cooks on James Brown's *Sex Machine*. An unexpected treat amidst this youthful enthusiasm is a two-song appearance by septuagenarian pianist Jimmy Walker. His blues-boogie performances are old-fashioned yet vital and charming, and the Sons back him sympathetically; since Walker could never carry a whole album, such cameo roles are perfect for him. The variety, polish, and enthusiasm of *Where's My Money?* make it the definite sleeper of this review.

The Sons appear on the tiny Red Beans label, which was recently formed by guitarist Pete Crawford and pianist **Erwin Helfer**. Helfer has immersed himself in Chicago and New Orleans piano for some 30-odd years, with firsthand instruction from many of both towns' blues/boogie greats. More recently he's broadened his scope to absorb swing, rag, and stride styles. Helfer appears here in a relaxed live club set with vocalist Angela Brown, soprano saxophonist Clark Dean, and veteran drummer Odie Payne Jr., who's played on countless Chicago blues sessions. The set includes solo boogies, classic blues, and Dean's Bechet-influenced ballad efforts. The latter are the album's highpoints, especially *That's All* and Helfer's original *Stella*. Dean plays with rich tone, measured, moving phrasing, and considerable emotion. Helfer's accomplished solos are a shade less eloquent, though his sensitive, intuitive accompaniment of both Dean and Brown is impeccable. Brown possesses a deep, rich, and pliant voice which she augments with slurs, growls, and a thorough understanding of the classic blues idiom. Her vocals here seem hammed up for guaranteed crowd-pleasing, though, and are more entertaining than memorable. Payne clowns as well, principally with accents on his cow bell. Such frivolity balances well with Dean and Helfer's lyricism to create a well-paced, pleasing, and informal session. With a roster that includes Mama Yancey, Sunnyland Slim, and Big Moose Walker, Red Beans Records is quickly making its mark.

The late **Walter Horton** was the blues harp's last true genius. His exquisite tone, deft phrasing, and mournful melodicism leave a huge gap for his many proteges. Sadly Horton lacked the drive and cohesion to capitalize on his talent, but at least he was well documented. *Can't Keep Lovin' You* is culled from three different sessions, with guitarist John Nicholas the common denominator. The first six cuts are

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with a full band; the recording is a bit murky, as is the rhythmic groove, and Horton's performance is uneven. *Walter's Boogie* is a first-rate shuffle workout, though, and *Tin Pan Alley* features some striking interplay between "The Old Goat" (an affectionate nickname) and saxophonist Mark Kazanoff. The best cuts here are duets with Nicholas, whose strong rhythm work shows a thorough understanding of country blues accompaniment. Both the recording quality and Horton's strong performance rate with his very best work. *West Wind* is a poignant blues gem with a haunting vocal, as is *Careless Love*, where Nicholas sings and Horton displays his diversity. The title cut adds drummer Martin Gross, and pushes Walter to a burst of brilliance.

From Horton's eccentric persona we move to the urbane talent of multi-instrumentalist **Johnny Heartsman**. A leader of the Oakland, CA blues scene, Heartsman is equally adept at flute, guitar, and keyboards. He's led a checkered three-decade career and is now attempting a comeback with *Music Of My Heart*. It's a deceptively simple album. Heartsman never tries to dazzle, but stays instead right in-the-pocket, playing only what's appropriate for the moment. He has a pleasing, if limited, husky midrange voice, at times recalling Charles Brown, and is also a engaging lyricist. Heartsman's organ work is in the Shirley Scott/gospel vein, and is especially satisfying on *Love's Jackpot*, the album's best cut. There's overdubbed guitar on this cut, as well, in interplay with the Hammond B-3 organ; Heartsman displays his chops on *Besame Mucho*, but plays most effectively, in a Fenton Robinson vein, on *Hung On Too Long*. *Syrup Sopping* features his flute work in a fairly routine soul-jazz setting. Some tunes here are dull, vocals by other band members slow the pace, and Heartsman might have played more guitar, but repeated listening reveals the set as a distinct, if understated success.

There are great moments, also, on **Johnny Copeland**'s *Texas Twister*. Most of them occur, though, in the agile execution of Ken Vangel's innovative horn arrangements, particularly on *Excuses*. Copeland is an excellent, emotional singer with a grainy voice and preaching delivery, and his vocals are consistently urgent throughout the set. Instrumentally, though, he's very limited, with a thin tone and definite lack of focus. Producer Dan Doyle dealt with this by reducing Copeland's solo time and bringing in heavyweight guests Archie Shepp and Stevie Ray Vaughan. Shepp's appearance is little more than a novelty, however, for the saxist's given no time to stretch out. Avant garde trombonist George Lewis appears in the horn section, incidentally, and solos on *Jessanne*. Vaughan's traded solos on *When The Rain Starts Falling* clearly mark him as the better guitarist on this day, though Copeland does find the groove on Louis Jordan's rhumba *Early In The Morning*. Despite his recorded limits Copeland is reputed to be an awesome performer, and compensating productions like this will doubtless maintain his career momentum.

Of all the differing blues idioms, surely the prewar Delta styles must be the hardest for an outsider to master. **Rory Block** has done so very well, however, blending her clear voice and facile, rhythmic guitar work for excellent, fully realized performances on *Future Blues*, *No Way For Me To Get Along*, *I Might Find A Way*, and *Back To The Woods*. Quick-reference comparisons to Bonnie Raitt are inevitable, but favorably so. Curiously, Block seems much less confident on more modern material; *Lovin' Fool* and *Dr. Make It Right* suffer from stiff, uneven phrasing, while her treatment of the folk chestnut *Golden Vanity* is harsh and overly dramatic. Jazz pianist Warren Bernhardt adds a Mose Allison touch to *Dr. Make It Right*, and trades phrases with bassist Rob Wasserman; Gordon Titcomb contributes a tasteful pedal steel solo on *No Way . . .*; the Persuasion's doo-wop expertise highlights Block's sarcastic *God's Gift To Women*. In addition to Block's commanding Delta work, there's also some rich folk chording on *El Vuelo Del Alma*. While her modern efforts stumble at times, Block's country blues skill makes *Rhinestones And Steel Strings* well worthwhile.

Valerie Wellington is the best new blues singer to hit Chicago in years. Both classically and street trained, she has appeared in operas and gin-mills alike; aged 24 at this writing, her rich voice seems destined for great things. Such raves are based on Wellington's live sets, though, and not on this disappointing album. Given her diverse range and talent, it's ridiculous that the entire program here consists of tired 12-bar blues and shuffles. Some r&b or classic blues variety would have made a world of difference. There is one Bessie Smith tune—a genre in which Wellington excels—but it's played like all the others—competently but without imagination. Furthermore Wellington's intense club charisma comes alive only once, on *Bad Avenue*; the rest of the set finds her sounding aloof and subdued, perfunctory affects notwithstanding. There are some hot guitar solos from Magic Slim, John Primer, and slide ace Johnny Littlejohn, but they only point up Wellington's listlessness. Though impressve even in low gear, she sorely needs creative, professional production.

Closing shop here is **Doug McLeod**, a fluid-yet-funky guitarist and gruff, effective singer. McLeod's warm, mainly single-string work seems equally influenced by B. B. King and Eric Clapton, but copies neither. There are also traces of Wes Montgomery and Grant Green on *Winter Must Be Falling*. His husky vocals bear some resemblance to English blues-rocker Robin Trower; at times McLeod is prone to black affectation, but this mars only a few cuts. *No Road Back Home* is easily the best-recorded album of this Waxing On, with appropriately high standards of accompaniment. Bassist Eric Ajaye and drummer Lee Spath form a powerful rhythm section that's masterfully unobtrusive, while Marc Ritter's contemporary keyboard voicings are continually innovative. The effortless groove is a continuing treat—no tired 12-bars here. Despite some clever lyrics McLeod is not a strong writer, though, and by side two he's well out of thematic steam. Still the crisp production, varied tempos, and cliche avoidance make for a pleasing set. McLeod's next set is eagerly awaited, if he tightens up the jive vocals and finds some meatier material.

—ben sandmel

NEW RELEASES

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

ELEKTRA

Sadao Watanabe, Japanese sweet saxist w/ strings and things (inc. Roberta Flack on a pair of tunes), RENDEZVOUS. **Stan Getz/ Albert Dailey**, the tenor man showcases the late piano man in a duet set of standards, POETRY. **Chico Freeman**, woodwinder plus revolving cast of collaborators (inc. Bobby McFerrin's vocals), TANGENTS. **Steve Morse**, ex-Dregs guitar lord wrings his chops dry in a trio outing, THE INTRODUCTION.

WINDHAM HILL

Michael Hedges, acoustic guitarist waxes mostly live to two-track originals, AERIAL BOUNDARIES. **Billy Oskay/Micheal O'Domhnaill**, American and Gaelic combo offers acoustic sounds for violins, pianos, guitar, NIGHTNOISE. **John Renbourn**, reissue of ex-Pentangle guitarist's '74 folk-inspired instrumental LP, SIR JOHN ALOT OF.

PALO ALTO

Rob McConnell, Grammy-winning Boss Brass done digital w/ all the stops pulled out, ALL IN GOOD TIME. **C'est What?!**, a pair of guitarists front this quintet playing originals, EIGHT STORIES.

PAUSA

Louie Bellson, reissue of previously limited edition direct-to-disc big band outing, AND EXPLOSION. **Puttin' On The Ritz**, vocal quintet swings in on a bed of chestnuts, STEPPIN' OUT. **Tom Grant**, keyboarder/vocalist fronts electric quartet plus guests, HEART OF THE CITY.

BLACK SAINT/SOUL NOTE

Kenny Clarke/Andrew Cyrille/Milford Graves/Famoudou Don Moye, drum summit of refined rhythmic and melodic sensibilities, PIECES OF TIME. **Don Pullen**, solo '83 piano session of highly original music, EVIDENCE OF THINGS UNSEEN. **Michele Rosewoman**, pianist's quartet presents new facets and colors, THE SOURCE. **Tim Berne**, altoist's Ornette-ish quartet tells stories equally incorporating fire and ice, MUTANT VARIATIONS. **String Trio Of New York**, acoustic combo in an eclectic album of variegated sounds and textures, REBIRTH OF A FEELING. **Rova Saxophone Quartet**, pays homage to one of their mentors w/ unique versions of Steve Lacy comps, FAVORITE STREET. **Ran Blake**, original pianist joins soulful saxist Houston Person for novel sounds, SUFFIELD GOTHIC.

GALAXY/MILESTONE

Thelonious Monk, heretofore unissued outtakes and live cuts from '58-61, BLUES FIVE SPOT. **Art Pepper**, '79 quartet date never released inc. two unaccompanied (!) alto tunes, ARTWORKS. **Bill Evans**, seven unissued alternate performances from the legendary '61 Vanguard trio gig, MORE FROM THE VANGUARD.

CONCORD JAZZ

Bebop And Beyond, West Coast sextet w/ impressive credentials cuts bop standards and originals, BEBOP AND BEYOND. **Various Artists**, Diz, Monk, Kai Winding, Stitt, Al McKibbon, and Blakey, previously unreleased from '72, truly GIANTS OF JAZZ. **Ruby Braff/Dick Hyman**, cornet/organ program of popular chestnuts, AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL. **Don Thompson**, bassist/pianist splits chores w/ Dave Holland and fronts quartet inc. John Abercrombie and Michael Smith, A BEAUTIFUL FRIENDSHIP.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 48

ENJA

Abbey Lincoln, vocalist w/ a point of view spreads the word w/ originals and a couple of standards, TALKING TO THE SUN. **Dollar Brand (Abdullah Ibrahim)**, expatriate South African pianist w/ '83 quartet travel roads inside and out, ZIMBABWE. **Tommy Flanagan**, two takes of a self-penned homage plus six Monk comps form the pianist's tribute to THELONICA.

VERVE/MPS

Dizzy Gillespie, reissue of '68 reunion big band caught live at the Berlin Jazz Fest, 20TH AND 30TH ANNIVERSARY. **Count Basie**, second release of '69 program of show-tunes and barn-burners, BASIC BASIE. **Stuff Smith/Stephane Grappelli/Svend Asmussen/Jean-Luc Ponty**, fiddlers four in various combos from '66 Basel fest, VIOLIN SUMMIT. **Ali Akbar Khan/John Handy/L. Subramaniam**, Easts meets West in '80 fusion of jazz and Indian styles, RAINBOW. **George Shearing**, solo '74 piano recording given another voyage, MY SHIP. **George Duke**, '74 electric recital of funny funk and more, FEEL. **Oscar Peterson**, piano trio from '68 offers Vol. VI in the MPS series, TRAVELIN' ON.

INDEPENDENTS

Archie Shepp, saxist debuts new quartet on first American LP in a decade, from Varrick Records, THE GOOD LIFE. **Robert Watson/Curtis Lundy**, saxist/bassist co-lead straightahead quartet, from New Note Records, BEATITUDES. **John Rapson**, West Coast 'bonist adds five friends into a musical stew, from 9 Winds Records, DEEBA DAH-BWEE. **Khan Jamal**, Philly vibist plus friends and neighbors offer their view, via Con Brio Records, of INFINITY. **John Macey**, guitarist plays everything from acoustic ballad to "heavy metal jazz," from G-String Records, MELTDOWN. **Steve Masakowski**, N.O. guitarist plus guests (inc. Dave Liebman and Kent Jordan) in varied settings, from Prescription Records, MARS. **Marion Brown/Gunter Hampel**, alto/vibes improvs on Hampel originals and a Monk tune, from Birth Records, GEMINI. **Wayne Peet/Vinny Golia**, piano/reeds duet on originals, an Ellington, and a Strayhorn, from 9 Winds, NO REVERSE. **John Carter**, solo clarinet recital, self-composed, from Moers Music, A SUITE OF EARLY AMERICAN FOLK PIECES.

Rhys Chatham, new wave/noise composer utilizes multi-electric guitars and brass octet in varying comps, from Moers Music, FACTOR X. **David Moss**, percussionist/vocalist gets the cream of the NYC no wave crop for 19 high spirited duets, from Moers, FULL HOUSE. **Various Artists**, collection of a dozen widely differing new compositions for electric and acoustic instruments, from Cold Blue Records, COLD BLUE. **Jeffrey Lohn**, NYC composer noted from his work w/ electric guitars presents two comps, from Daisy Records, MUSIC FROM PARADISE. **Stephen Ashman**, and his Zasu Pitts Memorial Orchestra conceive their own original sounds,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 58

BLINDFOLD TEST

Dr. John

BY HOWARD MANDEL

Few night trippers have come as far as Mac Rebennack, a.k.a. Dr. John, the 43-year-old pianist, vocalist, songwriter, and bandleader from New Orleans. Turned on to music by his father—"He sold records around black colleges, and got me interested in Miles Davis, Roosevelt Sykes, Memphis Minnie, Jimmy Rushing with Count Basie"—Rebennack was a session guitarist and assistant a&r man for Ace and other Southwestern regional record labels into the '60s. Then he created a strange musical brew out of jazz vamps, zydeco reels, and swamp psychedelia, taking the role of gris-gris man in an eponymous debut LP for Atco (he still performs *I Walk On Gilded Splinters*) and such follow-ups as *Babylon* (with Harold Battiste's collaboration).

By the '70s Rebennack was back to roots r&b on *Gumbo* and *Right Place, Wrong Time* (with the Meters); on A&M Records he mixed with stars of the L.A. and New York studio scene. Recently he's released two albums of solo piano in the New Orleans mode on Clean Cuts, accompanied Maria Muldaur (on *Sweet And Slow*), become a radio/tv pitchman for several nationally advertised products, and performed two Monk tunes on the anthology *That's The Way I Feel Now* (A&M). He considers Monk one of the truly enduring artists of the century, and modestly claims, "I'm still trying to learn to project a song."


JAMES F. QUINN

This, his first Blindfold Test, ended with him rapturous over new sounds and digging old hits he'd forgotten. The good doctor was given no information about the records in advance, but we forgot about the star ratings.

1 JELLY ROLL MORTON. *I THOUGHT I HEARD BUDDY BOLDEN SAY (from RCA Vintage Series). Morton, composer, vocals, piano, bandleader; Sidney Bechet, soprano saxophone; Albert Nicholas, clarinet; Wellman Braud, bass; Zutty Singleton, drums. Rec. 1939.*

[*Singing along*] "You nasty but you're dirty, take it away . . ." Jelly Roll Morton. Don't know all the cats—before my time—but sounds like the real McGillicuddy from the '30s or '40s. I've heard that song many a time, but maybe not that version. The last gasp of that style was the early '60s, before Jim Garrison closed up lots of the little joints in New Orleans. Then you might hear a good trad band alternating with a good r&b band out in the neighborhoods, or across the river in Gretna or Algiers.

2 HUEY PIANO SMITH. *DON'T YOU JUST KNOW IT (from ROCKIN' PNEUMONIA AND THE BOOGIE WOOGIE FLU, Sue Records/Ace import reissue). Smith, piano, leader; unidentified sidemen.*

That's very simple; I worked for this label from about '57 to '63. That's Huey Smith with Frank Fields playing bass, Charlie "Hongry" Williams on drums, Robert Parker, James Rivers, Red Tyler on bari sax, Bobby Marchand singing, a bass singer named Roosevelt. Huey was a soulful cat; his theory was to find a groove that would get a party atmosphere, then he'd get everybody to have a good time. He had the ability to keep things loose and fun whatever the circumstances, though there was no end to the insult and injury we suffered just to make music. Nobody was paid for arrangements; your song would come out with somebody else's name on it. If you wrote something, it was because you felt it had to be done. He encouraged me to write songs.

3 ALLEN TOUSSAINT. *VIVA LA MONEY, HAPPINESS (from MOTION, Warner Bros.). Toussaint, composer, vocals, electric piano; Richard Tee, acoustic piano; Jeff Porcaro, drums; Chuck Rainey, bass; Larry Carlton, guitar; Jerry Wexler, producer.*

This is an Allen Toussaint song; that sounds like him singing it. These aren't all New Orleans guys. I like this song done by William Daniel Smith, Smitty who played piano for Etta James.

Nice—Richard Tee's playing piano, Allen's playing electric piano. He's one of my favorite songwriters—when I was coming up, he was my idol. He doesn't just write records, he writes *songs*, and he writes a little hip funk thing *inside* a song, which gives the song an extra breath of life, if somebody wants to go to the trouble to use it.

4 MILES DAVIS. *CODE M.D. (from DECOY, Columbia). Davis, trumpet; Branford Marsalis, soprano saxophone; Robert Irving III, composer, synthesizers, electric drum programming.*

That's nice, that r&b sound. I like the voicings. I don't know who it is, but the electronic stuff is tasty. Hip, man, that Roland piano sound, I like that. They use that Prophet sound, too—like an organ stop, but crisp.

HM: Do you like Herbie Hancock's *Rockit*?

DJ: I think it's the best video I've seen, yeah. Why? Is this Wynton with Herbie?

HM: No, Miles.

DJ: Oh, I never would have guessed, but I shouldn't be surprised. For night folks, definitely. There's merit to Miles playing in that funky way. Is this from *The Man With The Golden Wing*? No? Who's in the band now? Robert Irving? I like what he's doing, opening up things that might expand to other instruments; we tried to do this with voices in my early gris-gris band, to open other kinds of space. That saxist is Branford?! I never would have guessed in a million years; I never heard him go off like that. This makes me feel real out of it, though in a good way. That's the best of the bunch so far—thanks for letting me know about this. What else you got?

5 RAMSEY LEWIS. *COME BACK JACK (from ROUTES, Columbia). Lewis, concert grand, electric piano; Allen Toussaint, Oberheim vocoder, Moog synthesizer, producer; Sam Henry Jr., electric piano; Herman Ernest, drums; David Barard, bass; Leo Nocentelli, guitar, composer.*

Sounds like New Orleans cats on there, not necessarily the pianist, but some of the fellows I use, doing figures the Meters used to use—David Barard on bass, Herman Ernest, Leo Nocentelli. Not me or Allen playing piano, but he's funky, whoever it is.

[*Later*] Ramsey Lewis? I always liked his trio with that bassist who played cello. That was *Come Back Jack*? I'm disappointed; if you knew Jack, the song wasn't worthy of him. He's Leo's dad, man, who wrote some heavy poetry in the '30s and '40s, like Robert S. Service but about life hard against the wall, not about the Yukon. He wrote *You're A Real Real Sweetheart* that Louis Armstrong did. Yeah, Leo fell into a beautiful family musical tradition. **db**

PROFILE

Percy Jones

A renegade from the '70s fusion sweepstakes, Jones brings his bass virtuosity to a search for new sounds.

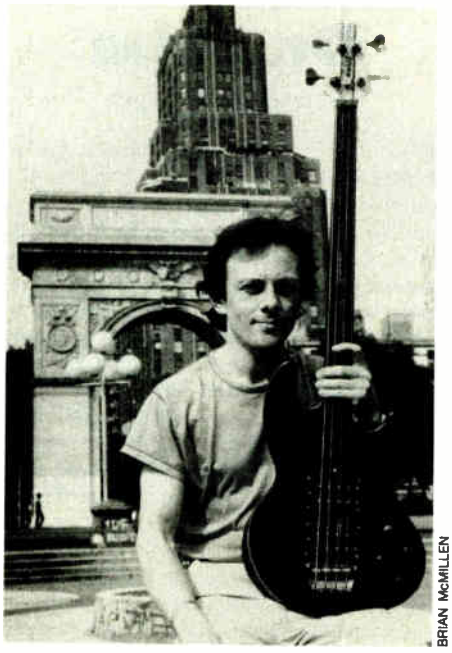
BY BILL MILKOWSKI

In Brand X, the United Kingdom's lone entry into the jazz-rock fusion sweepstakes of the mid-'70s, Percy Jones was the one who wrote those very loose, very spacious pieces the band played—*DMZ*, *Fragile*, *The Ghost Of Mayfield Lodge*, to name just a few from the seven albums the group made from 1975 to 1982. These were among the band's most inspired moments, recalling the organic, haunting feel of Weather Report's *Mysterious Traveller* period. The rest of the band's repertoire was ladened with Mahavishnu cadences and high-speed Di Meola-isms. Jones didn't particularly care for that brand of Brand X.

"I really hated what happened to fusion music in the late '70s," he says backstage at the Bottom Line in Manhattan following a showcase gig with his new band, Stone Tiger. "The original concept of fusion was geared toward expression and experimentation. But by the end of the '70s, it got so predictable that to me it was fuzak. I got very disenchanted with fusion because it seemed to become a specific style. Whereas, it seemed to be much healthier in the beginning."

In retrospect, he says of his old group (which included drummer Phil Collins, guitarist John Goodsall, and keyboardist Peter Robinson), "Our first four albums [*Unorthodox Behavior*, *Moroccan Roll*, *Livestock*, and *Masques*, all on Passport Records] seemed to be a natural evolution, which was a healthy thing. Then the last three albums [*Product*, *Do They Hurt?*, and *Is There Anything About?*, also on Passport] started seeing a split in direction within the band. More attention was being paid to the business end to decide what direction to go in, and it was obvious that direction would be more commercial. I was sticking by my guns and trying to keep the original attitude of the band, which was experimentation and looseness, but some of the other band members thought that maybe we should go along with the business advice."

The result of that dispute was that Brand X actually split into two separate



BRIAN McMILLEN

bands, undertaking a unique platooning system for the recording of their last three albums together. As Jones recalls, "On my tunes I'd use musicians that I thought would be more suitable—Robinson on keyboards, Mike Clarke on drums, and John Goodsall on guitar—while the second lineup would be comprised of Collins on drums, Jon Giblin on bass, Robin Lumley on keyboards, and Goodsall on guitars. We actually recorded in separate shifts at Starling Studios, which was owned by Ringo Starr at the time. We'd be sleeping while the other unit was in the studio recording, and vice versa."

The differences eventually posed too much of a conflict within the band, so by 1983 Brand X ceased to exist. The members have gone their own separate ways (Phil Collins on to mega-stardom with Genesis), but Jones continues to compose music in the same vein he originally intended for Brand X.

"The original concept, which I liked a lot, was given a lot of criticism because there were no catchy melodies that people could remember and whistle along to," says the now-Manhattan-based bassist. "My tunes usually featured sections in them where people could stretch out a bit. Those pieces did have certain melodic passages that might be memorable, but for the most part they were long and loose. I think audiences respond to the spontaneity that comes out of such music, and that's what I'm trying to get Stone Tiger to do now."

In Stone Tiger, Jones has very capable cohorts in guitarist Bill Frisell and drummer Dougie Bowne. Frisell, who also records and tours with ECM artists Eberhard Weber and Paul Motian, is an extremely sensitive listener and interpreter of his musical surroundings. An imaginative improviser and thoughtful accompanist, Frisell can always be counted on to add something adventurous yet uncannily appropriate to whatever context he's working in. His mastery of the volume pedal allows him to produce the near-subliminal strains of chordal clusters that float hauntingly behind a solo. And his various other pedal effects—distortion, delay, harmonizer, pitch transposer—gives him the cutting edge to unleash wild banshee Hendrix-meets-Fripp-on-Mars freak-out solos that are a featured part of Stone Tiger.

Drummer Bowne, who provides the trio's muscular shifting backbeat, has toured and recorded with the likes of Iggy Pop, Tom Verlaine, Chris Spedding, John Cale, and the Lounge Lizards. His punchy rock prowess is tempered by an intelligent use of polyrhythms and Burundi beats, a la Ronald Shannon Jackson.

Jones himself is perhaps the United Kingdom's premier fretless bass player—the overseas counterpart to Jaco Pastorius. His nimble, sonorous bass playing is the product of trying to incorporate upright bass technique on an electric instrument.

"My source of inspiration," says the Welsh bassist, "was coming not from electric players but from upright players. And Mingus, of course, really made a big impression. He played with such energy and passion, and I really admired his compositional style. So when I began getting more accomplished on the instrument, in my early 20s, I would try to copy his things, pick out his lines."

Jones had initially beeen drawn into the music by Chuck Berry, which led into a period of exploring other American music, mostly r&b and the blues of Willie Dixon, Howlin' Wolf, and Littler Walter. "There was a sort of blues boom in Wales, which I got caught up in. And what started to expose me to jazz, subtly, was Alexis Korner, a British guitarist and bandleader who was doing a mixture of blues and jazz. But the thing that made a big impression on me and eventually pushed me further into jazz was hearing a Mingus album one night in Liverpool. I had never heard anything like that before, yet I immediately related to it."

Switching from an old Gretsch hollowbodied bass to a fretless Fender Precision solid-body in 1974 was perhaps the single most significant move in helping Jones to develop his distinctive voice on the in-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 54

02 KILO

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strument. "I was moved to try out an instrument that incorporated some of the qualities of both the upright and the electric bass. I approached the instrument with some curiosity, wondering if all my fretted bass technique would be applicable to this fretless. And after 10 minutes, I knew this wasn't so. This fretless instrument had a singing quality that I had never been able to obtain with the old hollow-bodied."

Jones currently plays Wal basses, made for him by British luthier Ian Wal. "The action of the Wal is nicer, the sustain's better, the tone's better, and I think he has come up with a really good instrument. It has two pickups which are of his own design, and has a winding for each pole-piece, so you can switch them in parallel or series. I usually use the back pickup with the winding switched in parallel so it brings out all the midrange. You get a lot of definition, much more than a Fender."

His background in electronics at Liverpool University has proved valuable in Jones' career as a musician. "I built many of my own effects early on," he says. "I built a flanger at a time when such things weren't readily available commercially. I built a voltage control filter and a ring modulator for my bass. I liked these effects because they were very subtle. I hate things like fuzz boxes. They are just too bland."

He's an advocate of Rotosound strings and an endorsee for Frunt, a British company that builds amplifiers. "I used to use Ampeg SVTs, which had a certain amount of distortion that I could never get rid of. But these Frunts are very, very clean, very robust. This company used to specialize in making the p.a. systems for big discos around England, and they only recently decided to try out musicians' amps. I think they've been quite successful." His Frunt system carries two speaker cabinets with two 15s and two 12s made by the Fain company of England.

Judging by today's musical climate, Jones feels that it's time for the bass to make another incremental leap in its evolution. "It just seems that for too many players, Jaco Pastorius has become the standard, and it seems to have stopped there. Nobody is really going beyond that and doing anything new or challenging. Jaco did break some important ground and open things up for a lot of bass players, but now I hear so many bass players imitating him, going for exactly the same tone. It's so obvious. But I think that sooner or later someone will come along with a totally fresh perspective, a new voice. I don't know who it's going to be. Somebody's gonna show up on the scene who is drastically different than any other bass player around today."

It might be Percy Jones, though the personable bassist admits, "I'd like to be, but I don't think I'm quite there yet." As for his latest efforts with Stone Tiger and how people will perceive it, Jones seems puzzled. "Sometimes people ask me, 'What type of music do you play?' I'd like to say, 'New music,' but I can't say that because supposedly that's what Duran Duran is doing, and it doesn't sound anything like Duran Duran. If I said fusion, then it's misleading because people would think it sounded like some of the junk that was coming out in the late '70s. I don't know what to call it. I'm just trying to do something new." **db**

ON THE BEAT continued from page 6

score or more noteworthy new albums each month, and we're able to review about one-third of them. (The Book Reviews situation is similar.) Record Reviews notes: though we occasionally review an EP or cassette-only release, this is an LP section. *And* you won't see a review in **db** unless we've seen the vinyl (no test-pressings or advance tapes are reviewed); what you see is what you can get; you won't read a **db** review only to find that the album isn't out yet, or worse yet, never does come out.

Following the Record Reviews you'll find a couple of our most popular departments, the Blindfold Test (where musicians share their thoughts on the music of their peers) and the Caughts (live performance reviews, another knotty area—sometimes we report on unique, one-time-only concerts or festivals; more often, we review hard-working touring acts so you'll have an idea of what to expect when they come to your town).

In the front of the book, you'll find all the contemporary music News that fits—stories, pix, and briefs of general interest to our international audience. Most of the News is gathered by our staff of worldwide correspondents, but we welcome all submissions. Please bear in mind that we need dated items two-to-three months in advance of the issue's date—the more lead-time we have, the more consideration we can give to an item—and remember, an issue goes on-sale in the middle of the month preceding the cover date. (For updates on the current concert/club lineups, phone the appropriate "hotline" listed in our City Jazzlines.)

Things get a little more technical in the "pro" departments in the back of the book. In the Pro Sessions noted authorities share music theories, fundamentals, tips, transcriptions, business and equipment advice, and the like—worthwhile reading for both the professional and amateur player. The Pro Shop spotlights new gear on the scene; the write-ups are based on material supplied by the manufacturer (with the occasional overly hyperbolic prose toned down), and as such, are descriptive and not test reports (these will be found in the Pro Sessions). But rest assured, we're confident of the integrity of each company, be it large or small, whose equipment we feature in the Pro Shop.

So what becomes of the material that doesn't fit neatly into a **db** section? Well, turn to the last page where you'll usually find an Ad Lib, our open forum for guest editorials, remembrances, variances on a theme, you name it. Here again, thoughts and directions are welcome.

Want more? Well, let us know, and you'll get it. **db**

CHORDS continued from page 13

Cousin's club

I guess pride of my cousin Victor's achievements prompted these comments on Jim Roberts' review of Weather Report's *Domino Theory* LP (**db**, June '84).

In music there have been individuals who have shaped the direction in which the evolution can continue. In each step there is always something that lingers from the previous stage, something that helps to enrich and enhance its offspring. There are similarities at first, but in time the talent matures, and the next step comes through.

All that to say, Jaco Pastorius is not the only good bass player in the world. In following Jaco's departure, Victor Bailey is handling his position in Weather Report just as Alphonso Johnson did after Miroslav Vitous, and Jaco did after Alphonso. Styles and techniques are different, but each made his own valid contributions to the group's evolution.

Maybe Jim Roberts should hop off his "Jaco is god" trip long enough to accept Victor Bailey for what he is and what Jaco once was—the cat who replaced. . . .

Joe Bailey Philadelphia

Take two

I would like to point out that in the August '84 **db** Critics' Choice column, you included *two* positive references to Dave Brubeck. Come on, you are slipping! At least they were references to old albums; heaven forbid mentioning his recent work. Watch it. . . .

Terry Mattingly Charlotte, NC

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CAUGHT

JACO PASTORIUS

BLUE NOTE

NEW YORK—This one could've been billed "Jaco And A Buncha His Pals Sittin' Around Jammin'." Depending on how you feel about such freewheeling affairs, it was either a triumphant evening of high-caliber blowing or the musical equivalent of a food fight.

The Saturday night I caught Jaco, drummer Ronnie Burrage was sitting in along with saxist Alex Foster and trumpeter/percussionist Jerry Gonzalez. Together, they reached some inspired heights in feeling and intensity, but you had to wait for those moments.

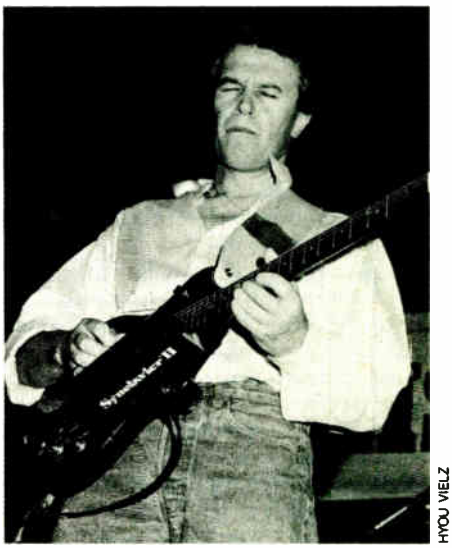
The late set opened with the wild and woolly bassist in an introspective mood on piano, singing softly to the sweet, lyrical lines he improvised at the keyboard—highly uncharacteristic for the man who has done backflips off his amplifier and could show Peter Townshend a thing or two about abusing instruments on-stage. Gonzalez joined in on muted trumpet for some sensitive interplay before Jaco broke this serene spell and returned to his old ornery, feisty self. It was when he picked up his bass that he became the mischievous, manic punk that we all know and love/hate.

When Jaco soloed, he wasn't polite about it. He never claimed to be a gentleman jazz bassist in the mold of Ray Brown. He probably owes more to the Hendrix school of pyrotechnics than to traditional notions of what the bass should be. So he wasn't shy about kicking in his fuzztone and freaking out now and then. Anyone who happened to walk into the club during one of Jaco's feedback excursions might have thought they accidentally dropped into CBGB's on hardcore night rather than the Blue Note.

Throughout the evening, Jaco dictated the tempo, using his bass as a conductor uses his baton, guiding his musicians from one groove to the next in clean segues—from his patented *Come On Come Over* funk to a ridiculously fast-paced uptempo bop number to a frantic salsa cooker. He pushed his sidemen, challenging each of them to react quickly to the new waters he kept throwing them into. Yet he gave them unlimited room to move around within each new context.

Foster and Gonzalez, both keen listeners and adept interpreters, delivered the most impassioned and imaginative solos of the evening. Gonzalez' beautiful muted trumpet playing on what began as Wayne Shorter's *Footprints* before veering tragically off course was one of the musical highlights. Jaco walked his bass quietly behind Gonzalez' solo, proving that he can be a selfless accompanist—when he wants to be.

Jaco's unwieldy solo on *Invitation*, however, was hardly selfless. Instead, it was an exercise in breast-beating and chops-flaunting that eventually degenerated into a muddled mess. Lots of notes and tons of energy, but no cohesion to speak of. Jaco was strutting his punk prowess on that one. But then, as if to defy those who would write him off as a hopeless, grandstanding, insensitive egomaniac, he came back with a sublime rendition of *Portrait Of Tracy*, the haunting harmonically picked tune that appeared on his 1976 debut album. For that brief moment, the incorrigible brat had become an angel. —*bill milkowski*



HYOU VIELZ

John McLaughlin at Northsea.

NORTHSEA JAZZ FESTIVAL

CONGRESGEBOUW

THE HAGUE—A first-time visitor to the Netherlands expects to hear indigenous sounds, sounds that offer a clue to the country's idiosyncratic approach to living. That person expects to hear crackling sounds like clogs on cobblestone or the early-morning cry of street vendors hawking freshly cut tulips.

One thing the first-time visitor is not quite prepared for is the preponderance of American music that pervades the air and, in fact, dominates the landscape. This year's Northsea Jazz Festival—really a jazz expo that featured over 700 musicians, videos, films, exhibitions, records, and books, all convening one weekend at the central Congress building in The Hague—provided evidence of the European appetite for our music.

The three-day jazz fair attracted more than 40,000 people, 40 percent of whom, it was estimated, made the trip from abroad. It is a formidable task, given the numbers, to organize a festival of that magnitude with nary a hitch, but the 1984 edition of Northsea accomplished just that; jazz was clearly the people's choice. Unexpectedly, and as an added dividend, the quality of the music was exceptionally high, especially from seasoned jazz greats whose book more often than not consisted of predictable tunes played literally thousands of times before.

Dizzy's *A Night In Tunisia* was a perfect case in point. Kicking off the festival in an all-star group with James Moody, Slide Hampton, and Kenny Burrell sharing the frontline, Dizzy's solo during the first break was surprisingly supple and vibrant. Moody was up next, and feeling inspired, no doubt, he came flying into the fray generating much more heat than anyone was prepared for. This, in effect, set the course for the evening, the bandmates challenging and prodding one another, enjoying themselves and, in the process, affirming the audience's expectations that the elite among jazz players can still deliver as promised.

The other single performance that made the most of a receptive audience—a crowd less frenzied, perhaps, than Dizzy's, but no less passionate—involved septuagenarian Stephane Grappelli. Working in tandem with Niels-Henning Ørsted Pedersen and guitarist Marc Fosset, Grappelli's flights of imagination took wing as attentive listeners hung onto his every turn. His violin sang sweetly—most notably on *Let's Fall In Love*—evoking more than a few comparisons with the warmth and glowing lyricism of Johnny Hodges' alto.

If Grappelli's followers were the festival's most mannered group, given to proper and controlled acknowledgments of the violinist's virtuosity, than B. B. King's fans and those of Brazilian reedman Hermeto Pascoal represented the liveliest, most vocal audiences witnessed. B. B.'s performance deserved the whoops and hollers of encouragement he received, usually punctuating a pleading vocal or painfully raw guitar riff. His act, a gritty and honest night's work, yielded clear evidence that a pure artist/audience sympatico, especially bonded by the

blues, can transcend cultural barriers and nourish the soul like few other experiences.

The gnome-like Pascoal, a cult figure with a devoted following, presented an unusual act in which he switched from one oddly shaped flute or reed instrument to another, fanning his soul-mate's rhythmic fires until the audience surrendered to the group's felicitous momentum. Once caught in the tailwind, the crowd partied along, obviously enjoying the ride.

Festivity, though, was not only limited to the Brazilians, as was apparent the moment J. C. Tans and his Rockets launched into their high-powered set. Tans and his 10-piece group, all Dutchmen who emphasized the kind of extroversion and crowd-pleasing antics most closely associated with Illinois Jacquet and Jazz At The Philharmonic, served up a number of r&b cocktails with a comic twist. The leader, sounding very much like a Texas Tenor, honked, squealed, and mugged his way through a number of tunes reminiscent of the soundtrack for a wild chase scene in a tacky, grade "B" movie. It proved to be fun-loving kitsch that worked well.

In similar fashion, Lester Bowie and the Brass Phantasy playfully socked out versions of *The Great Pretender* and *I Only Have Eyes For You*, both of which parroted the vocal arrangements made famous by the Platters and the Flamingos, respectively. Bowie's repertoire initially confused the crowd, most of whom seemed genuinely intrigued by how jocular and tongue-in-cheek the group's readings were. By the time the Brass Phantasy encored with *Thriller*—magnificently propelled by Bob Stewart's tuba as bass—the crowd had learned to expect the unexpected. Even then Bowie and company had pulled off a few surprises, a fact that delighted everyone.

Perhaps the most curious of the weekend's programs, one characterized by an audience hushed with anticipation, involved Steve Lacy in dialog with sitarist Subroto Roy Chowdhury. Lacy had, a day earlier, subbed for an ailing Max Roach in a duo project with Cecil Taylor. But here, unlike the previous night, the sopranist and Chowdhury established a probing, instinctive communion that heightened in dynamics and intensity as the program developed. Both understood one another, and when Lacy slowly and deliberately unfolded his solo and then draped it over the silent audience, the sitarist stayed right there with him. It was a poignant performance.

In the main it was the audiences who provided as much insight regarding Northsea as the musicians themselves. Certainly there was an air of show-biz hoopla surrounding Miles, or the Mahavishnu Orchestra, or Miriam Makeba, or countless other performers, and the crowds responded in kind. But the truer test of an audience's sensitivity is whether they hear or acknowledge even the subtlest statements. It seems clear that the 40,000 attendees who provided much of Northsea's energy and enthusiasm contributed in no small way to the high levels of musical performance and commitment that typified the entire weekend. It also seems clear that now, in the aftermath of a great jazz festival, the question regarding one of Holland's indigenous sounds is obvious—it is that of an appreciative, music-loving audience.

—jeff levenson

CLARENCE "GATEMOUTH" BROWN

CHUY'S

TEMPE, AZ—Texas bluesman Gatemouth Brown's act is a diverse casserole of styles, a Southwestern/Caribbean/Appalachian/big band/jump blues extravaganza. In one evening he managed to play almost everything: jump tunes like *Gate's Boogie* and *Okie Dokie Stomp*, Swing charts like *A-Train* and *Satin Doll*. He went through a whole slew of crackling calypso numbers—*Never On Sunday*, *Spanish Eyes*, and a riveting *Unchained Melody*—before digressing for a series of Cajun stomps, bluegrass songs, and traditional fiddle tunes. Brown's act doesn't come off like a variety show though. He calls all of it "Texas Swing," and in the context that it's presented, it works. The secret is that he feels at home with all these styles, having grown up playing them.

Brown's peculiar habit of pulling and snapping the strings of his guitar with the tips of his fingers creates a twanging sound that easily pierces through the busiest band activity. And he's able to maintain that sticky, staccato-like edge even when racing through lightning fast, bop-styled runs on smokers like Homer Brown's *Big Yard*. On fiddle, Brown affects a squawking, squeaking sound that goes in and out of key liberally—a bit of irreverence that, like his edgy guitar tone, fits the vocal-like phrasing and declaratory abruptness of his solos.

On *Catfish* (introduced as "the funkiest fiddle tune you'll ever hear"), the band slung into a killer groove, a one-two-slam-on-the-snare gut-puncher that had the game Brown sawing coarse, gritty double stops, riffing in a kind of counter-punching swagger before breaking into a series of shrieks and moans. A similar tune, played later, he called *Six Levels Below Plant Life*. The quirky playing of New Orleans-bred pianist Garfield Verdine, with his sparse, disjointed manner of punctuation, was an effective rhythmic accomplice for Brown's insistent barking.

Playing well after the club's usual one a.m. sign-off, the full band returned for a fast charge through John Coltrane's *Mr. P.C.*, after which Brown invited local singer Francine Reed up for a romping *Kansas City* before closing it out with a rafter-rocking, enormously swinging *One O'Clock Jump*. *—paul cantrell*

PAUL CANTRELL

Gatemouth Brown and band play their brand of Texas Swing.

NEW RELEASES *cont. from page 48*

from Slithering Disc Records, COOLER THAN DEATH. **Suzanne Ciani**, music composed, arranged, and performed on a warehouse full of synths, from Finnadar Records, SEVEN WAVES. **Michael Shrieve**, ex-Santana drummer collaborates w/ guitarist Kevin Schrieve and synthesist Klaus Schulze, from Fortuna Records, TRANSFER STATION BLUE. **Craig Burk**, wrote and sings 13 new music arias w/ synth, tape, instrumental backing, from Alia Records, CODES OF ABSTRACT CONDUCT. **Windsongs**, quintet w/ classical-jazz aspirations, from RGB Records, WINDSONGS.

Michael Smith, pianist/composer joins Michael Shrieve and new bass wiz Jonas Hellborg in creative sounds, from Dem Records, ALL OUR STEPS. **Robert Griffin**, CT-based flutist here plays introspective piano originals, from Gustav Records, TUBA CITY FURNACE. **Tom Splitt**, solo piano moods and etudes improvised and composed, from Quaver Records, ELAN. **Gregory Mills**, solo piano from St. Louis, influenced by Ives, India, and elsewhere, from GM Records, ESFOMA. **Bevan Manson**, pianist/composer joins other Eastman alumni in variegated outing, from Mark Records, METAPHYSICAL RHUMBA. **Fats Waller**, rare, unissued '38 and '40 radio broadcasts, from Legend Records, LIVE VOLUME TWO. **Cab Calloway**, the King of Hi-de-ho offers his hits w/ the Eddie Barefield and Ray Bloch orchestras, from Glendale Records, CAB CALLOWAY. **Bob Crosby**, two Camel Caravan broadcasts from '39, via Legend, SUDDENLY IT'S 1939.

Manfred Schoof, European trumpeter's orch. (inc. Mangelsdorff, Eberhard Weber, et al.) caught live in Berlin, from Mood Records, REFLECTIONS. **Acoustic**, German two-guitar/bass trio play original pieces, from Mood, MANJANA. **Michael Sagmeister**, German guitarist leads quintet inc. guest 'bonist Albert Mangelsdorff, from Mood, WAITING FOR BETTER DAYS. **Charlie Mariano/Jasper Van't Hof/Arild Andersen/Edward Vesala**, one American, one Dutchman, one Norwegian, and one Finn play their brand of jazz, from Leo Records, TEA FOR FOUR. **Joe Malinga**, saxist and his Southern Africa Force septet, from Meteor Records, SANDILE. **Jukka Syrenius**, Finnish guitarist and cohorts inc. drummer Clifford Jarvis, from Touch Records, MEMORIES OF TOMORROW. **Mwendo Dawa**, Swedish electric quartet wax their seventh LP, from Dragon Records, STREET LINES. **Fessors Big City Band**, Danish trad-to-swing band led by trombonist Ole "Fessor" Lindgreen, from Storyville Records, THIRD FLOOR RICHARD. **Thorgeir Stubo**, Scandinavian guitarist and quintet play middle-period Coltrane, Corea, and originals, from Odin Records, JAZZ ALIVE. **Tony Lakatos**, Hungarian saxist's quartet Bacillus, from Aliso Records, sings SING-SING SONG. **Dr. Umezu Band**, Japanese two-sax/bass/drums quartet riff and squeal, from Moers Music, LIVE AT MOERS FESTIVAL. **db**

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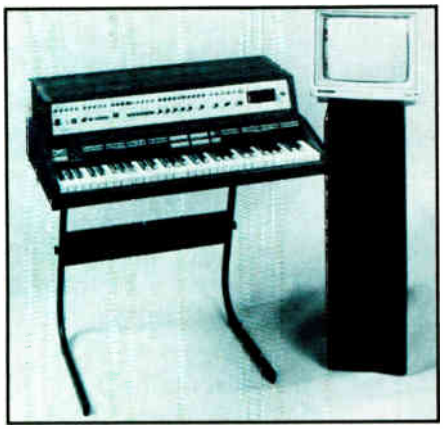

Kimball's Buchla 400

KIMBALL INTERNATIONAL KEYBOARD DIVISION (Jasper, IN) leaps into the professional electronic instrument arena with an expressive, multi-functional synthesizer for live and in-studio performance, the Buchla 400, designed in conjunction with electronic pioneer Don Buchla. With a velocity-sensitive, five-octave keyboard, six simultaneous voices, a musically sophisticated score editor, and three computers, the Buchla 400 offers composers and musicians total access and musical freedom with unbounded resources. The advanced computer hardware includes a user-friendly computer for communication; a second processes time-varying parametric data; while the third produces the voices. The fine-tuned software comes in three languages: Midas III is most appropriate for traditional keyboard organization, instrumentation sounds, and composing methods; Chops is the performance-oriented language that simplifies operation during concert use; Patch IV is less defined, allowing the composer control of each key for musical detail, form, and structure.

PERCUSSION SHOP

LP's Generation III Bongos

The latest advance in bongo design from LATIN PERCUSSION INC. (Garfield, NJ) borrows an idea from the elite Cuban bongos popular more than two decades back. LP's new Generation III bongos have a small-half the same size as their Generation II's, but the large-half has been increased to eight-and-one-half inches for more bottom and volume. The lower, welded-steel rims are of traditional Cuban style; all hardware is chrome-plated and highly polished.

GUITAR WORLD

Dean's Hollywood Guitars

The NEW DEAN INTERNATIONAL GUITAR CO. INC. (Chicago) has gone Hollywood with their two new hot rock guitars—the Hollywood and Hollywood "Z." They feature rock-hard maple necks specially shaped for high-speed playing. The rosewood fingerboards provide smooth playing over 24 frets covering two full octaves. Two specially designed Dean humbucking pickups deliver powerful tonal quality and incredible sustain. Both models are offered with either a flat-mount bridge or the New Accutune locking tremolo, which locks above the nut, fine-tunes on the bridge, and allows the player to dive-bomb the vibrato and come back in tune.

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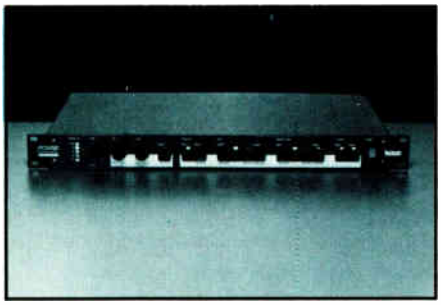


Lexicon's PCM 60 Digital Reverberator

LEXICON INC. (Waltham, MA) has just unveiled the PCM 60 Digital Reverberator, a high-performance, low-cost digital reverb designed for use by small studios and on-stage performers. The PCM 60 is based on the Lexicon digital processing technology developed for their sophisticated large studio systems, and incorporates advanced digital audio processing circuitry for natural-sounding, high-quality reverberation. The unit features two main reverb programs, Room and Plate, from which users can tailor reverberation characteristics on the basis of size, reverb time, and bass and treble contouring to produce a wide variety of distinct reverb effects. Rotary knobs are used to set input gain, reverb mix, and output level. A front-panel bypass mode switch with optional foot-pedal control is included.

Shure's SM87 Crowd Pleaser Mic

The new SM87 Crowd Pleaser microphone from SHURE BROTHERS INC. (Evanston, IL) is specially designed to provide vocalists with a tailored frequency response and maximum gain before feedback. The SM87's smooth, vocal-contoured frequency response (50-18,000 Hz) and supercardiod pickup pattern (which provides a high degree of random incidence rejection and effectively isolates the voice being miked from other sound sources) meets the needs of vocalists in the rock, pop, and country fields who perform with high-volume accompaniment. The SM87 can be simplex (phantom) powered from an external power supply or directly from the board, and will operate over a wide voltage range (11-52 Vdc). Other features include a built-in wind and pop filter, rugged, lightweight aluminum case, durable gray finish, and accessory swivel adapter.

NEW MUSIC RELEASES

■ A new guitar instruction system by Al Di Meola is now available from NOONZIO PRODUCTIONS (POB 68, Tenafly, NJ 07070). Di Meola's *Master Classes Cassette Tape Series*, and its companion instructional volumes— *Music/Words/Pictures* and *Picking Techniques*—interact to stress the importance of developing speed and accuracy over the entire fretboard in a scale-wise fashion in order to be an effective and creative player. **db**

SOME THINGS YOU JUST CAN'T BUY BY MAIL.

On March 25 this year, the night before she was to compete in the State Solo and Ensemble Festival, Laurin Buchanan dropped her piccolo. The accident knocked several keys out of alignment; the instrument was unplayable.

Fortunately, her local dealer in Kalamazoo, Michigan, was open as usual the next morning. And two hours after she'd brought it in to him, just two hours before Laurin was scheduled to perform, Don Stevenson completed his repairs.

For Laurin, this story has a happy ending: her well-regulated instrument allowed her to win State honors.

For people like Don Stevenson, the story isn't over. Every year, more and more band directors and consumers are tempted to buy musical instruments not locally but by mail order.

Low overhead, the direct result of a system devoted exclusively to selling with little or no provision for service, makes it possible for these direct marketing operations to undercut the local dealers' price structure. In point of fact, the local dealer's overhead is higher because he does a great deal more than simply warehouse merchandise; he must first develop and then maintain the musical interests in his community.

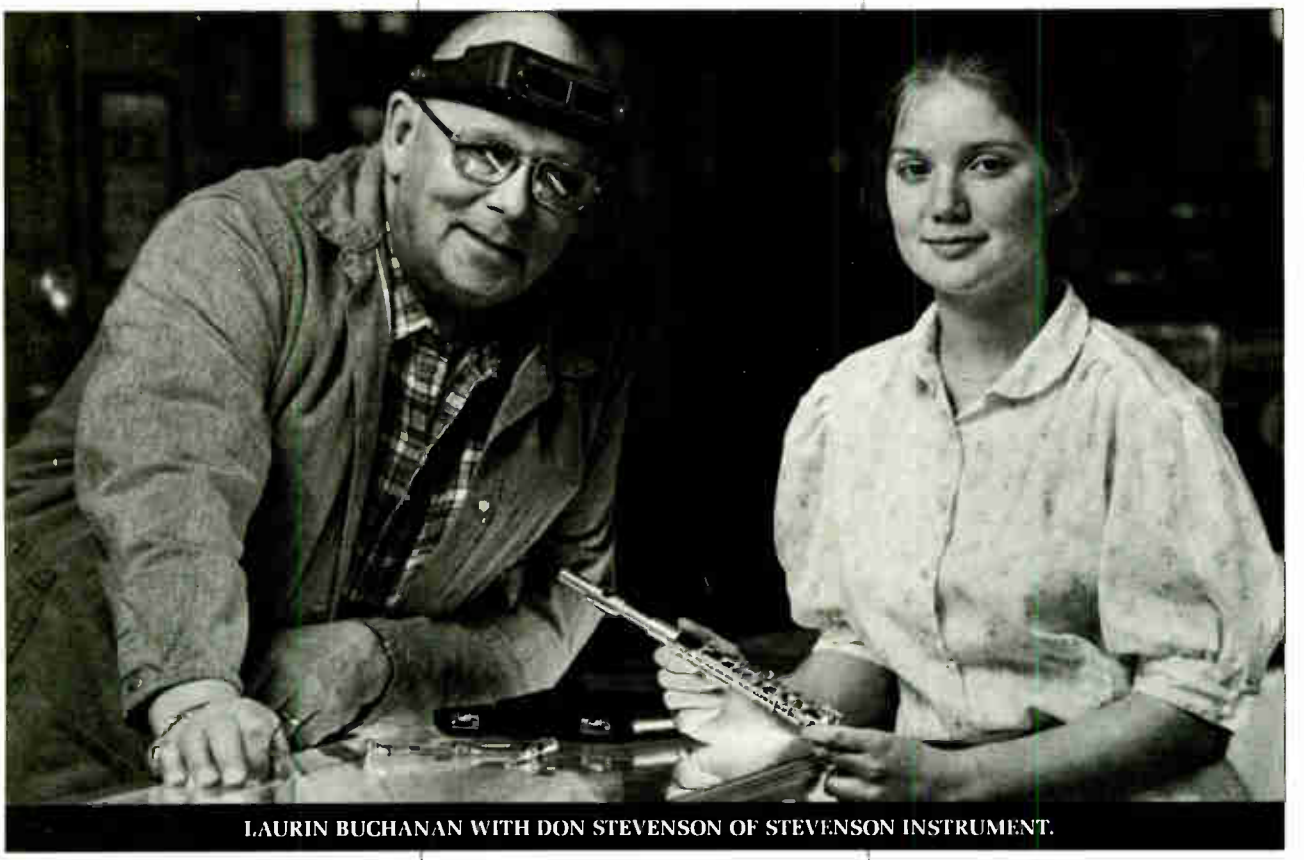
His business must provide many different services for school music programs, private teachers, community and church groups, and interested individuals. All this requires a local dealer's investment of time and money, an investment he hopes will provide a return.

Laurin Buchanan may have saved money had she bought her woodwind through the mail. And Don Stevenson would have fixed it just as well, just as fast – that's the way he is.

But as discount mail order houses make it increasingly difficult for local dealers to operate in the "black," the situation may well change. And then one day, Heaven forbid, the morning after you drop your instrument, the Don Stevenson in your community just might not be open as usual.

This issue is a real concern to the editors and publisher of *down beat* magazine. We ask you to support your local music dealers because of the support they provide to you.

Something like that you just can't buy by mail.



LAURIN BUCHANAN WITH DON STEVENSON OF STEVENSON INSTRUMENT.

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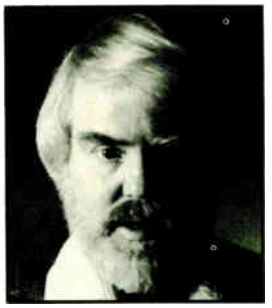
For Contemporary Musicians

PRO SESSION

New Orleans Rhythms And Southern Funk

BY ROY BURNS



Roy Burns' background includes stints with Benny Goodman, Woody Herman, Lionel Hampton, and the NBC Staff Orchestra. He was the house drummer for the Monterey Jazz Festival for a number of years and ha authored over 15 drum instruction books. He is perhaps best known for his informative and down-to-earth drum clinics.

When I left Kansas for my first job away from home in the mid-'50s, I went to New Orleans to join what I had hoped would be a commercial, but swinging band. As it turned out, the band worked hotels for scale and was terrible! I used to sneak into a lounge on Canal St. and sit in with the late Paul Gayton. At that time black and white musicians could not work together in public in New Orleans. However, the guys in Paul's quartet were great to me. Actually, I think the drummer loved to have me come in and play the last set so he could relax and have a drink after a long night. I was thrilled to play some *real* music after my hotel gig.

Listening to Paul's group, especially the drummer, I realized that they played with a feel that I had never experienced in Kansas. I began to write down the rhythms and beats that I was hearing. There was no mistaking that these cats had their own approach to rhythm.

My next visit to New Orleans was with Lionel Hampton's band in the mid-'60s. By this time the racial situation was a bit better, and we could all be on-stage at the same time without worrying about someone from the union coming in and hassling us.

Again, I heard terrific rhythmical drummers (black and white) playing rhythms and patterns similar to the ones I had heard years earlier. Once again I had my pencil out trying to write down what I was hearing and seeing.

In the late '70s I developed a friendship with a young drummer from Baton Rouge, LA who had grown up listening to and playing many of the patterns I had attempted to write out. His name is Joey Farris.

Joey and I decided to write a drum book that was authentic in the sense that every rhythm in the book was researched and taken from records. There was no desire to capitalize on the names of the studio players on the records. Our idea was to put into the book what most of the top studio drummers *really* play to make a living. We did not want a book of exercises that did not relate to music. We called the book *Studio Funk Drumming*.

I wanted very much to include a section of the book devoted to the New Orleans rhythms that I had admired over the years. Joey did a tremendous amount of research for the entire book and especially for the New Orleans section.

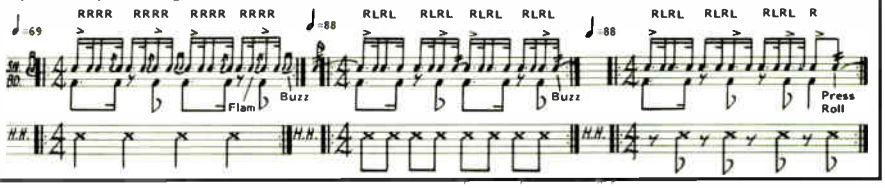
The New Orleans "second line" rhythms are the basis for much of the funk, jazz, and rock rhythms of today. A good example is Jeff Poccaro's rhythmic feel on the Toto hit *Rosanna*.

What follows are excerpts from the New Orleans section of *Studio Funk Drumming* (© 1981, Rhythmic Publications, Fullerton, CA; used with permission). Joey deserves all of the credit for the music, both in this section and the others. He can also play all of it with conviction. My contribution was to organize the music and write the text. I hope you enjoy the rhythms; they're infectious and fun.

New Orleans "Second Line"

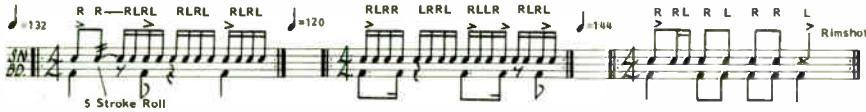
In many "second line" rhythms and mambos, the hi-hat is often tacit (not played) or played in a random manner. In addition to playing the hi-hat on "2" and "4" in a traditional ride-beat manner, several alternative hi-hat rhythms are presented below to help you achieve a natural "New Orleans" feel. Practice each hi-hat variation until it feels comfortable.

The snare drum should be tuned loosely (low pitch) with the snares also loose and "rattly." This will approximate the calf-head and gut-snare sound basic to this style. Play flam grace notes and buzz rolls with the left hand.



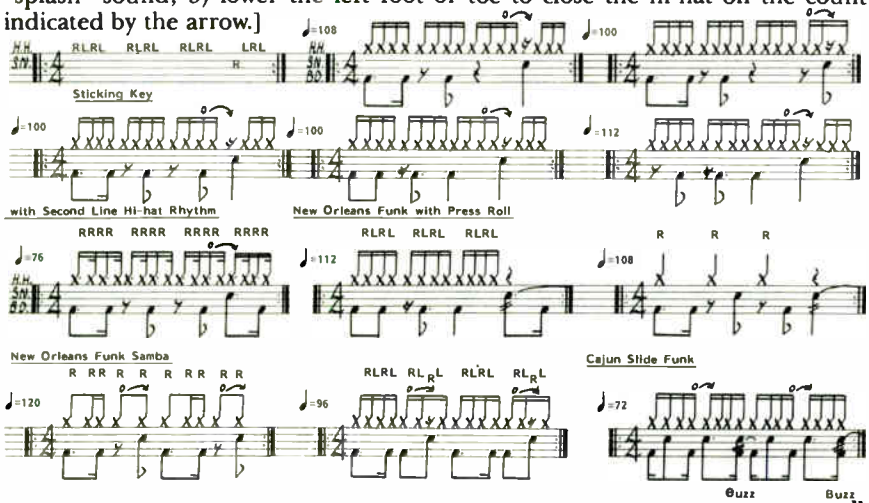
New Orleans Mambo

The sticking patterns on mambos provide much of the feeling. If optional sticking is desired, use alternative strokes (RLRL).



New Orleans Funk

For 16th-note hi-hat patterns, a loose feeling is best achieved with alternate single strokes. For slower tempos many drummers play the hi-hat with the right hand only. For patterns employing both eighth and 16th notes, it is best to play the hi-hat with the right hand, with the left hand on the snare. [Note: opening the hi-hat on certain beats provides a "splash"-type accent that is basic to funk music. Each hi-hat open-"splash"-accent pattern greatly influences the sound and feel of each rhythm. An open-"splash"-accent opening on the hi-hat is indicated by an "o" directly above the note to be accented. The arrow (↷) following the accent indicates on which note the hi-hat should be closed with the foot; this will vary depending on the length or duration of the "splash" sound desired. Here's a brief rundown on the "splash"-accent technique: 1) lift the left foot or toe slightly to open the hi-hat just before the note to be accented; with a little practice, this will become instinctive; 2) play the accent into the edge of the hi-hats to achieve the full "splash" sound; 3) lower the left foot or toe to close the hi-hat on the count indicated by the arrow.]



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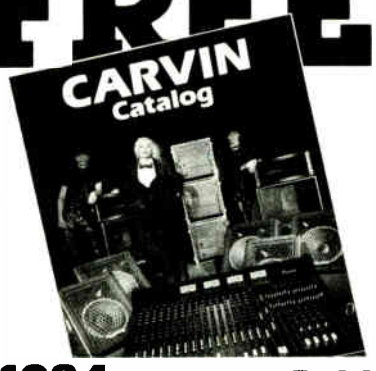

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Blues In My Heart with Doc Cheatham was the highlight of the highlights. Cheatham gave Carter the trumpet mouthpiece he's been playing for 50 years, but Carter never played the trumpet during the tribute—a shame. But at least nobody plays as lyrical an alto sax, and when he said it was "ballad time," he played a radiant *Blue Star*. Jacquet thanked George Wein for being honored while he's still alive—and still swinging. Some of the excitement of JATP was recreated with Dizzy and Sweets among others, but Jacquet and Flip Phillips didn't play enough tenor-to-tenor. Lionel Hampton joined Jacquet's band for (what else?) *Flying Home*, the one most out-of-your-seat blast of the festival.

Hamp's jam with Jacquet whetted my appetite for Hamp's own concert at Fisher Hall, but I was left hungry. Hamp's playing was at best only routine, and when he at last brought on Zoot Sims and Stan Getz, it was almost too late. Neither seemed certain what he was supposed to play, but both played gallant solos in spite of Hamp's meandering. (Hamp ignored Getz at first. When he came on, Getz was off-mic, and then, when it was time to solo, Hamp pointed to the tenor player in the band! Then another kid played! And another! Getz just stood there!) It was the only overtime concert of an otherwise efficient festival. George Wein damn near pulled Hamp off the stage. *Flying Home* was again the climax, but contained so much bombast that the audience was on its feet and shouting for the sheer excess of it.

The refurbished Artie Shaw Orchestra opened for Hampton. Dick Johnson fronts the band and plays Shaw's clarinet leads. Johnson is good but never quite sounds like Shaw, and with Shaw hosting the set, the difference was obvious (and a little weird). It was fun listening to Shaw reminisce, but rather like a ghost band conducted by the ghost.

Mel Tormé's annual Celebration Of Jazz And Song at Carnegie Hall was fun as usual. Maureen McGovern was, for me, the great surprise of the festival. I didn't know what to expect from a singer of Oscar-winning disaster-movie songs. I didn't expect the delight of her soprano scats or her sweet *Why Can't I?* George Shearing played a sweet duet with Sweets on *Ain't Misbehavin'* and offered some Bach alongside Tormé's baroque scats on *Pick Yourself Up*.

Sun Ra and the Omniverse Jet Set Arkestra opened for Dizzy the following night—once again down the Rabbit Hole. There was befuddlement through the audience as Ra chanted about Destiny, but his solo on *Over The Rainbow* was choice—so was John Gilmore singing (!) *East Of The Sun*. Tommy Flanagan played a Monk medley for the jazz-at-heart, then jammed with Benny Carter, J. J. Johnson, Ray Brown, Louie Bellson, and Dizzy. While the jam was not as titanic as one might have expected, there were highlights: the horns a capella on *Night In Tunisia*, Carter's extended venture on *Now's The Time* and his *Lover Man*, and Bellson's typical tour-de-force on *The Champ*.

Sonny Rollins ended the festival for me at Fisher Hall. Flora and Airto opened and were okay, especially Airto's one-man carnival on the tambourine. Sonny was alone at first with a phantasmagoria of tenor sax. Shards of songs—even *Mairzy Doats*—evolved into *I'll Be Seeing You*. Sonny's skipping-record calypso *Mava Mava* followed, then more ballads and bop. Sonny's band wasn't featured much, but Sonny himself was all around the stage, sounding better than ever, and in great spirits.

Given the mixed bag of events throughout the week, I was happy to end Kool 1984 on such an upbeat. **db**

from Kool this year—a crime, considering their recent club successes. But Soundscape did showcase earnestly searching members of the Manhattan scene, with Tim Berne's Sextet, William Parker's Centering Big Band, Michele Rosewoman's Univision, and groups of Korean as well as Afro-American percussionists.

Altoist/composer Berne has created a unique post-Ornette sound. He and trumpeter Herb Robertson work closely together, while guitarist Frisell uses sound processors and his volume pedal to provide atmospherics. Ratso Harris and Ed Schuller play upright basses, arco and pizzicato, while Tom Rainey drums. Their set was sober and a little self-conscious, but satisfying.

Bassist Parker is of the free expression school, and his band featured little more arranged other than solo spots and duet pairings. But what blowing! Altoists Daniel Carter, Jemeel Moondoc, and Ricardo Strobert, tenorist David S. Ware, bari-man Charles Tyler, trumpeters Roy Campbell and Raphe Malik, trombonists Masahiko Kono and Alex Lodico, vocalists Ellen Christi and Lisa Sokolow, and drummer Zen Matsurra pushed themselves towards ascension—some would say into the abyss. I found it fascinating, but also trying. Why not *structure* something with all this talent? Is craft such a cop-out when you're confronting chaos? Probably everyone must decide for oneself.

Rosewoman established her songs at the piano, depending on trumpeter Baikida Carroll, baritonist Howard Johnson, bassist Reggie Workman, and drummer Pheeroan akLaff to follow their latin-derived rhythms and compositional changeups. The band tried, but wasn't sufficiently rehearsed to appear consistent, and Rosewoman wasn't always in a position to lead (a recent Black Saint LP better realizes her intent). The Samulnori Ensemble, four young drummers steeped in Korean traditions, combined visual and aural elements by wearing long-ribboned hats in a song-dance; like their percussion playing, this started simply but became ever more intense. The suite for trap drummers Kenny Clarke, Famoudou Don Moye, Milford Graves, and Andrew Cyrille (he organized and recorded this quartet as *Pieces Of Time*, on Black Saint) held together admirably; such a Master Drummers Quartet is long overdue.

Arriving late at Avery Fisher, I ran into guitarist Hiram Bullock in the corridor leading to the hall. He'd just popped out one door, looked wild-eyed, and he was flicking his guitar strings. A bluesy roar issued from the lobby speakers. He ran past me and re-entered the hall, as I walked down the opposite aisle. I could see David Sanborn squealing on-stage, and as my eyes grew accustomed to the dark, Bullock racing towards him. Hiram jumped on-stage, goosing Sanborn with his guitar neck during the song's climax and end. Bullock had been playing, wireless, all the while. Quite the hot soulmen.

The Crusaders—that is, tenorist Wilton Felder and keyboardist/composer Joe Sample, with guitarist David T. Walker, bassist Byron Miller, and drummer Ndugu—completed the bill. Sample's songs are L.A.'d back but pretty; Felder could teach Wayne Shorter about

MITCHELL SEIDEL

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less being more. Why Ndugu got 20 minutes alone to reprise *In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida* I'll never know—nor why I stayed. Duty, presumably.

And why was the Philip Glass Ensemble presented by itself at Carnegie Hall? His compositions, working subtle shifts on the repetition of simple motifs by layered organs, vocals, and reeds, were performed with the expected elan, but aren't jazz-related at all. If this was a commercial booking, well, Kool might want to make some gestures towards other traditions, too. Glass' music has merit, but what of the Kool Tribute To Mozart?

Or, Wynton Marsalis could have played his classical repertoire. Instead, his mature-beyond-its-years band offered *Think Of One*. First, 24-year-old guitarist Stanley Jordan opened the concert with a marvelous, if brief solo set revealing his unconventional technique. He plays two lines at once, all on the guitar's neck, pressing rather than picking. He was charming and let his feelings show. The younger Marsalis brother is cool, controlled—even repressed; of course, the whole band is tight, but at least Branford's willing to make mistakes. The rhythm section (bassist Charles Fambrough, drummer Jeff Watts, pianist Kenny Kirkland) digs in. Wynton pays strict attention to what he's doing, but plays it safe, attending to tone and dynamic details, seldom letting his fancy flow. Loosen up, please.

Maynard Ferguson's just the opposite—even without his big band, and with McCoy Tyner on piano, Eddie Gomez on bass, Peter Erskine on drums, Slide Hampton on trombone, and Dennis DiBlazio on reeds. Ferguson's motto is always "Go for it!" Through *Night In Tunisia*, *Walkin'*, and *'Round Midnight*, this pickup group meshed better than expected; Maynard's manic personality united everybody else. And when he pulled Wynton from the wings, the rising star with the horn had to meet his challenge, sputtering back the sub-normal register triple-tonguing tricks Maynard shot out high. An unpredictable occurrence transpired when MF whispered in Tyner's ear; the pianist shrugged, nodded, and gave way for Herbie Hancock to slide into his seat. Though playing just half-a-tune, Hancock helped raise the energy to another level entirely. Strict schedules seldom allow such serendipity at Kool, but this is what fests are for.

Ray Charles needs someone new to watch over his orchestra and tell the genius how blasé it acts on-stage. The Raelets look particularly haggard. Only Ray is projecting, unless brassman Johnny Coles gets to solo. Gladys Knight and the Pips, however, should stay as fine as they are. They worked hard for their money, infused their oldest routines with fresh laughs, and Gladys stopped the show—she knew she would—with the impassioned torch song from *Dreamgirls*.

Oh yes, this Kool fest was dedicated to Count Basie, whose still operative big band wasn't invited to perform. Instead, Nat Hentoff prepared an entertaining tribute that limited itself to Basie's early career, though participants in his '50s and '60s bands such as Frank Foster and Frank Wess were on hand. Freddie Green was central to every gang of Basieites who assembled to recall the Count with Bennie Moten, at the Reno Club, with Jimmy Rushing, and with Lester Young. John Hammond told his Basie tale; Buck Clayton conducted his old charts; Al Grey, Eddie Barefield, Marshall Royal, Joe Newman, Harry Edison, Gus Johnson, Norris Turney, Earle Warren, Dick Hyman, Hank Jones, John Lewis, Joe Williams, and even a frail Papa Jo Jones were among those who performed. Basie was there in a film clip, though the music of his last 30 years wasn't heard at all. The evening and, for me, the Kool Jazz Festival ended with *One O'Clock Jump*, which in New York can send you into a night club in search of one more song. **db**

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