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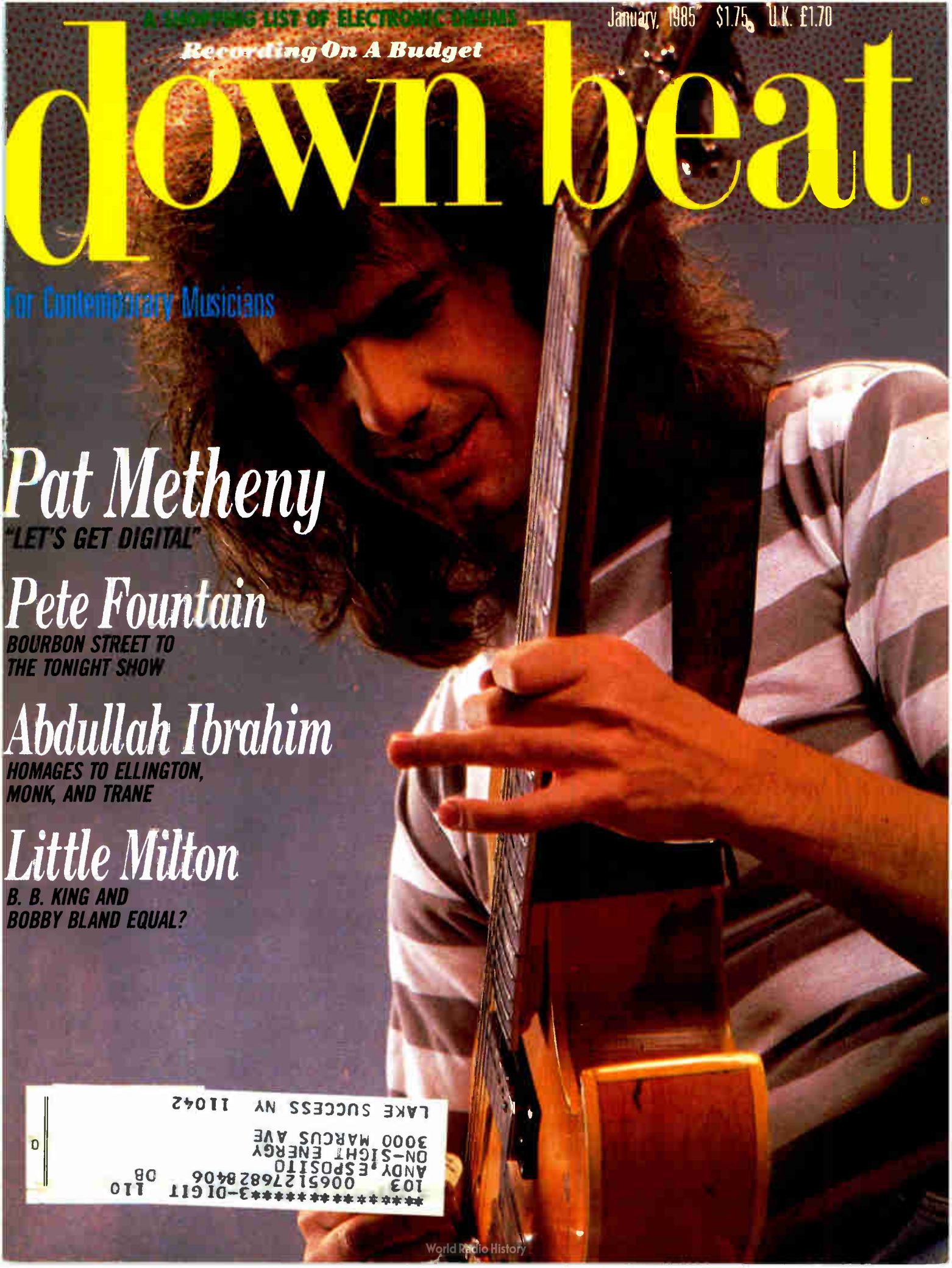
For Contemporary Musicians



Pat Metheny
"LET'S GET DIGITAL"

Pete Fountain
BOURBON STREET TO THE TONIGHT SHOW

Abdullah Ibrahim
HOMAGES TO ELLINGTON, MONK, AND TRANE

Little Milton
B. B. KING AND BOBBY BLAND EQUAL?

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DOWN BEAT READERS GIVE COLUMBIA RECORDS' ARTISTS THE OLD #1, #2!

JAZZ MUSICIAN OF THE YEAR
#1 Wynton Marsalis
#2 Miles Davis

TRUMPET
#1 Wynton Marsalis
#2 Miles Davis

ELECTRIC JAZZ GROUP
#1 Weather Report
#2 Miles Davis Band

AND IN SIX ADDITIONAL MAJOR CATEGORIES...

JAZZ ALBUM OF THE YEAR
#1 Miles Davis "Decoy"

ACOUSTIC JAZZ GROUP
#1 Wynton Marsalis Quartet

POP/ROCK ALBUM OF THE YEAR
#1 Bruce Springsteen "Born In The U.S.A."

SOPRANO SAX
#1 Wayne Shorter

SYNTHESIZER
#1 Joe Zawinul

SOUL/R&B GROUP
#1 Earth, Wind & Fire

THANKS TO down beat AND ITS READERS FOR ANOTHER KNOCKOUT SHOWING IN THE ANNUAL READERS' POLL.

COLUMBIA RECORDS.

FEATURES

DEPARTMENTS

Cover photo of Pat Metheny by Rob Van Petten.


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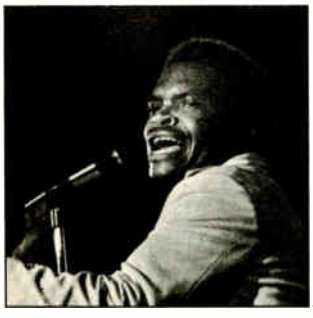
Abdullah Ibrahim


MARC PoKEMPNER

Pete Fountain


D. SHIGLEY

Little Milton


TOM COPI

Donald Harrison

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EDITOR
Art Lange

MANAGING EDITOR
Charles Doherty

EDUCATION EDITOR
Dr. William L. Fowler

ART DIRECTOR
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CIRCULATION DIRECTOR
Deborah Kelly

CONTROLLER
Gary W. Edwards

PUBLISHER
Maher Publications

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Jack Maher

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

CONTRIBUTORS: Jon Balleras, Larry Birnbaum, Bob Blumenthal, Tom Copi, Lauren Deutsch, John Diliberto, Leonard Feather, Andy Freeberg, Howard Mandel, John McDonough, Bill Milkowski, Paul Natkin, Herb Nolan, Bob O'Donnell, Don Palmer, Darryl Pitt, Mitchell Seidel, Pete Welding.

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EDITORIAL OFFICES:

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

ADVERTISING SALES OFFICES:

Midwest/West: John Maher, Sales Manager, 222 W. Adams St., Chicago, IL 60606
1-312/346-7811

East: Bob Olesen, 720 Greenwich St., New York, NY 10014
1-212/243-4786

ON THE BEAT

BY ART LANGE

The term "crossover" is a marketing invention, created to categorize something or someone who attempts to appeal to a (consumer) audience different than it normally receives. In the music industry in recent years, crossover has obtained a number of negative connotations, usually relating to producers and record company executives trying to find a mega-bucks market (in this case, attracting a rock/pop audience) for jazz musicians. The common rationale is that jazz needs to be watered-down or modified with non-jazz elements in order to appeal to this audience or to gain radio play. To this end jazz has been misrepresented by soloist-plus-strings albums, disco beats overdubbed on jazz performances, pop vocals with jazz solos, the Grover Washington Jr./David Sanborn school of smooth and sexy sax imitators, the fusion-clone debacle of the late '70s, and other marketing ploys.

The funny thing is, crossover is not an inherently dirty word, nor are all artists who attempt to crossover either hacks or whores. When Sam Cooke left gospel music to record pop songs and ballads, he crossed-over. So did Duke Ellington, when he took his *Concerto For Cootie*, added lyrics, and rechristened it *Do Nothin' 'Til You Hear From Me*. Miles Davis has been accused of selling out the bebop tradition more than once during his career (even though Miles was never really a bop trumpeter)—first with his *Birth Of The Cool* band, then with his electric *Bitches Brew* explorations. Louis Armstrong was branded an Uncle Tom by many fans who felt he deserted them because of his on-stage demeanor and, later, *Hello Dolly*. The list could go on and on.

The latest crossover gambit is an interesting, though not necessarily new one, and can be traced to the media success of one Wynton Marsalis. As everyone knows by now, the young trumpet wiz, not content to limit himself to the jazz circuit (and who can blame him?), has built a parallel career as classical music soloist with symphony orchestras, and has cut two LPs of Baroque and Classical period pieces—one a Grammy winner, the other potentially so. Of course, jazz musicians before Marsalis played classical music; since few music teachers use jazz to train beginners, any musician with a formal instructional background had to learn technique and theory on the classics. Willie "The Lion" Smith bragged he could play Chopin faster than any pianist alive. The word is Bird liked to wail over recordings of Stravinsky's *Firebird Suite* and *The Rite Of Spring*. Benny Goodman recorded Mozart and Weber clarinet concertos. Herbie Hancock's first public appearance was as a teenaged piano soloist with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. Chick Corea has performed Bartok and Mozart in recital. Keith Jarrett has recently returned to his classical roots. Miles Davis, the MJQ, Paul Desmond, and others have recorded arrangements of Joaquin Rodrigo's *Concierto De Aranjuez*. Bob James has just released an album of Rameau's 18th century keyboard music on electric keyboards (shades of *Switched-On Bach*!).

More jazz musicians are aligning themselves with the classics today than ever before, however, and while Marsalis shouldn't receive all the credit (or the blame), there's no doubt that the sales success of his classical albums (aided, surely, by an advertising budget larger than is the norm for the usually low-selling classics—or jazz, for that matter) has suggested to musicians and their record companies that crossing-over to the classics can be not only a "legitimizing" agent in their careers, but also prove to be fun *and* profitable.

There are a couple of points to keep in mind, though. The first is that we're not talking about composers/improvisers who use elements of classical music in their original work (such as Anthony Davis, Anthony Braxton, George Lewis, John Zorn, etc.) but rather musicians who are performing notated classical scores, as written. Secondly, these are not contemporary classical pieces being written today—the present-day counterpart to jazz—but music written 50-300 years ago.

Ideally, jazz musicians performing classical scores will be able to bring new interpretive elements to the relatively staid performance practices and limited repertoire which has threatened to make classical music moribund in our time. And hopefully they'll not only carry their audience with them into an appreciation of the classics, but will also bring some of the classical audience back with them to experience the joys of jazz. We won't know for a few years whether this latest crossover is a fad or a further freeing of musical constraints. All we can hope is that the music doesn't get lost in the marketing. **db**

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CHORDS & DISCORDS

Critical credibility

Five stars for David Liebman's Ad Lib, "A Musician Critiques Critics" (**db**, Nov. '84). Perhaps it would lend more credibility to reviewers if some sort of professional resumé was made available to readers. Better yet, let's hear them play a couple of choruses of the blues!

Gordon Brisker Boston

Faddis fan

Congratulations on an excellent feature by Gene Kalbacher on Jon Faddis (**db**, Oct. '84). The article was not only entertaining, but also quite timely for me.

During the recent semester, Jon appeared with our jazz ensemble at SUNY-Binghamton as guest soloist. After giving the best jazz/trumpet clinic I've ever been to, he spent the day hanging out with the band, answering all questions, and even playing a mean game of basketball. The day culminated with his evening show, which ranks as the greatest individual performance I've ever seen. If he was ever lost, believe me, this is one man who's found himself again. He was fantastic!

A couple of weeks later I wrote him with some technical trumpeting questions. He answered with a phone call, explaining everything I asked. Getting that kind of advice from a player like him has helped me greatly. In short, not only does jazz need a lot more players like Jon, it also needs a lot more *men* like Jon. He's definitely earned one lifelong fan here.

Patrick Keyes Binghamton, NY

Columbus discovers Toronto

Thanks for Mark Miller's article on Ed Bickert ("In A Mellow Tone," **db**, Nov. '84). I've enjoyed the guitarist's playing for years on records, and traveled to Toronto recently to see him live. Your feature captured the essence of the man and his playing, and I found it personally gratifying to see him get the praise and recognition **db** gave him.

Also thanks for printing David Liebman's Ad Lib, "A Musician Critiques Critics." I agree with much of what he wrote. When a reviewer puts an artist's music in an accurate historical context and relates the artist's efforts to a category of style, I learn. And that is why I read—to learn. If I only learn the reviewer's bias, I feel somewhat cheated. If the reviewer doesn't like what he hears, tell me why. Don't be snide, sarcastic, or superior. That only displays the critic's hostility, and I don't care to learn about that.

I enjoy your magazine very much; keep up the good work.

Lee Spade Columbus, OH

Chord with discord

Interesting that Charles Doherty took time out (Ad Lib, **db**, Oct. '84) to explain the various sections of the magazine; ironic that the explanation occurs in an issue that proclaims Laurie Anderson the image of the '80s. Her amazement that her first album was perceived as "music," just music, should be a tip-off to all jazz-oriented cats that Barnum & Bailey has hit the scene.

And then the record reviews. The Fred Anderson disc is described depicting emotion "similar to the *cante hondo* of flamenco, the North African *nawbah*, or chanting of the *Qur'an*"—with a sax "call

CONTINUED ON PAGE 10

You don't explain it. You feel it.

Marvin Stamm and Woody Shaw on Life, Music and Yamaha's new 6000 Series trumpets.

The following is a conversation between two of the foremost trumpet players in the world. Marvin Stamm, one of the most respected studio players around today, and Woody Shaw, whose accomplishments in jazz are legendary.

MS: Woody, thirty years ago, my dad gave me some good advice that I'll pass on to my own kids. He told me whatever I picked to do for a living, make sure I really like it. Because I'll probably be doing it for a long, long time. For me, the answer was music. And I've never regretted it.

WS: There's nothing like it. We're actually making a living doing what we really love.

MS: For sure. You can't beat it.

WS: And so many good things happen to you. Like last Saturday in Newark. They gave a concert for me and gave me an honarary degree from Arts High. There were three great high school orchestras. I saw my old trumpet teacher. Man, I cried for half an hour.

MS: That's what music's all about. You don't explain it. Not really. You *feel* it. It comes from deep inside. The trick is getting it out. And if I don't have the right horn, I can't do it. That's why I'm so excited about these new Yamahas. And it's *fun* to be excited about a horn again.

WS: Right, You can play anything on them. And everything comes so much easier. I don't use as much energy to play. It's like they took all the best parts of the great trumpets and rolled them into one. On the European Tour I just finished, several classical players came up to me and asked about the horn...

MS: They were hearing something.

WS: Yeah. And I *know* what they were hearing. Because sometimes it feels like I can just reach out and *touch* the notes.

MS: Absolutely. I can play a soft ballad. It responds. I can play loud and fast. It responds. Brilliant, fat, rich sounds. It comes from the way these horns are made.

WS: You said it. The very first time I picked up my Yamaha horn, it was so *on*. The intonation's so perfect, it took me a week to get used to it! The high G's were like silk. And on the slow things where I'd always used a fluegel, I end up staying with the trumpet 'cause it can give me the kind of full, dark sound I want. My trombone player said, "Woody, I never heard you sound like that before." I said, "Me neither." I really love this horn.

MS: So do I. My reputation as a studio player is based on versatility, and this new horn from Yamaha is the *epitome* of versatility. It got me to switch when I thought I never would.

WS: You're absolutely right, You know what horn I used to play. Nothing was going to make me change but one thing. A better trumpet.

MS: You have to respect Yamaha quality. Not just their instruments, but the way they believe in giving back to the community. They're sensitive to people and to music, and they're dedicated to bringing out the best in life throughout the world.

WS: Amen to that, Marvin. Amen to that.

The new 6000 Series professional trumpets from Yamaha. For information, visit your authorized Yamaha dealer or write to Yamaha Musical Products, 3050 Breton Rd. S.E., P.O. Box 7271, Grand Rapids, MI 49510.

YAMAHA

that will hollow your stomach like the womp of a bass drum." What the hell does all this mean? Perhaps my stomach has never been hollowed—and I've heard a lot of bass drums!

What a relief to read the Benny Carter review and find descriptions such as "poised," "consistent," "stark," "brooding"—understandable English, short and to-the-point. Some of your reviews sound as if the records are so complicated that one has to be a religious and history and psychology major to understand them. If jazz has to be studied this much, it isn't jazz; jazz communicates instantly.

PS: The Jon Faddis feature was well done and appreciated; however, your coverage of the Artie Shaw performance at the Kool/NY fest was not exactly descriptive of anything.

Malcolm E. Holt Glen Burnie, MD

For a second take on Shaw's new orchestra, see page 49. *—Ed.*

Play it safe, please

No one hesitates to point to illegal drugs as the demise of jazz greats and could-have-beens. It's a safe subject—the laws are clear, the dangers obvious, and smugglers seldom sponsor music fests.

Your Oct. '84 **db** review of the Kool Jazz Festival smacks of hypocrisy in its very title ("There's Only One Way To Play It: SAFE"). I contend that your magazine plays it safe by avoiding mention of a serious threat to the health and musicianship of any wind instrumentalist: tobacco.

I am a saxophonist struggling with a powerful nicotine addiction. I know the surplus wind available after 24 hours' abstinence from cigarettes, and the astounding handicap caused by a smoke between sets. I note October's Final Bars attributed two deaths to cancer, one to respiratory infection, and one to a stroke. I'd love to know what kind of cancer, and who smoked how much.

Obviously, yours is not a health magazine. It does, however, praise lung-power and long-windedness. No other music magazine covers brass and woodwinds so thoroughly. I'd love to know what the boss blowers think of smoking, and why the billboards never feature tubas and baritone saxes.

Joel E. Tucker Birmingham, AL

Sun Set

I read the John Gilmore article in **down beat** (May '84) and liked it very much, but in the discography there are some mistakes which were not caught by other readers (Chords, **db**, Aug. & Sept. '84). The Saturn disc *Somewhere There* was originally titled *Pictures Of Infinity* and is identical with the Black Lion LP; and . . . *And His Outer Space Arkestra* is the same as *Celestial Love*. Here are some additions: on Saturn, *Dance Of Innocent Passion* (1981), *When The Sun Comes Out* (2066/402), *Space Probe* (527, different from *Space Probe* 14200), *A Black Mass* (unnumbered), and *Just Friends* (1984); plus the French Atlantic issue *Live At The Gibus* (40540) and appearances on the two Impulse compilations, *Impulsively* (9266-2) and *No Energy Crisis* (9267-2).

Tilman Stahl Freudenberg, Germany

We're giving Herr Stahl the final word on the Gilmore disco; he knows whereof he speaks. His Sun Ra Materials *is a thoroughly researched discography in which over 100 known Ra recordings are listed alphabetically and chronologically, with complete (as possible) listings of all alternates, musicians, and songs—all painstakingly cross-indexed. The annotated tome is packaged in a nifty notebook with illustrations, photos, charts, bibliography, references, and more. Sun Ra fanatics can purchase one for DM 25 (about eight bucks at current market price) plus DM 6 for surface mail or DM 12 by air. Send an international money order to Tilman Stahl, Römershagener Str. 27, 5905 Freudenberg, West Germany. Also, to those who have written looking for Saturn LPs: if you have exhausted regular avenues, try Alton Abraham (Saturn Research, POB 7124, Chicago, IL 60607) and Arkestra-mate Danny Thompson (5626 Morton St., Philadelphia, PA 19144); they both have many titles available.* *—Ed.*

CHRIS HARDIN

Music in the mall

SPRINGFIELD, MA—Two American institutions recently collided here as bassist/composer Avery Sharpe masterminded a series of jazz concerts, lectures, and workshops in the Eastfield Mall, a large shopping center on the edge of town. Backed with funds from the National Endowment For The Arts and the Arts In The Marketplace Program of the Rouse Company (owners of the mall), Sharpe presented Jazz Unlimited over a two-week period.

The concerts included a "Night Of The Big Bands," with three of the area's finest bands including the Valley Big Band, and a "Gospel Jubilee" featuring several local gospel choirs. Pianist Mark Puricelli, who received his degree from the jazz program at nearby U. MA-Amherst and now works regularly in New York City, was on hand to play a "Tribute To Eubie Blake."

Strolling shoppers were treated to an exceptional group performance on the final Saturday night of the program as Sharpe led a group (pictured above) that included John Blake (violin), Joe Ford (saxophone), Ronnie Burrage (drums), and Clyde Criner (piano). The concert was videotaped by a crew from the Springfield Community Network for later broadcast over the local cable-television system.

The educational aspect of the program included lectures and demonstrations on the history of jazz for elementary and secondary school students, and an open jam session for aspiring jazz musicians under the watchful eye of drummer Alvin Terry.

This was the second consecutive year that Sharpe has been able to present this program at the mall, and he hopes to make it an annual event. He is currently seeking an increase in funding with the hope of making the program more of a festival. *—jim roberts*

FEST SCENE

New music, trad jazz, flick fete

New Music Chicago's third annual **Spring Festival**, cosponsored by NMC, the city's Office Of Fine Arts, and the Chicago Public Library, offers fresh sounds at the library's Cultural Center 4/22-26/85; if you want to perform, you'll have to get moving—deadline for proposals is 12/21/84; details from Festival Committee, New Music Chicago, POB 10742, Chicago, IL 60610.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

The Gateway City offers the **Mid-America Jazz Festival**, "The Return Of The Bobcats," 3/22-24/85; featured performers include Yank Lawson, Bob Haggart, Ray Bauduc, Billy Butterfield, Eddie Miller, Nappy Lamare, Johnny Mince, George Masso, Jay McShann, Jess Stacy, Ralph Sutton, and others; details from POB 28274, St. Louis, MO 63132, or call (314) 863-2268.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

Film curator Helmut Weihsmann presents his biennial, weeklong **International Jazz-On-Film Festival**, "A Night In Harlem: Jazz in the '20s, '30s, & '40s," 3/15-23/85 at the Stadtkino cine-center in Vienna; 21 rare films will be shown, including many European premieres; if you can't make it, a fully illustrated program catalog is only $3 (postpaid); get the scoop from Ars Nova Media, Schlagergasse 5/14, A-1090, Vienna, Austria. □

Fun in the Sun Belt

JACKSONVILLE, FL—Sarah Vaughan came, sang, scatted, and conquered the estimated 135,000 fans here who turned out for the recent fifth annual Jacksonville And All That Jazz bash, sponsored by the city. Woody Herman and his latest Thunderers, Phil Woods, Freddie Hubbard, the Adam Makowicz Trio, and program-closers Spyro Gyra were also featured.

In addition, a "Swing Reunion" (Teddy Wilson, Red Norvo, Benny Carter, an electrifying Louie Bellson, George Duvivier, and Remo Palmieri), the Clean Machine, the Florida State University Jazz Band, and a brace of traditional bands—Excelsior Brass, Heritage Hall Jazz, the New Black Eagles, Rosie O'Grady's Goodtime, and Don Thompson's Sunshine Band —kept things humming during the free, nonstop, 13-hour fest on the banks of the St. Johns River.

Trombonist Al Hall Jr. and trumpeter Longinuea Parsons Jr. (both former residents) appeared with the Jacksonville Connection (the cream of local talent), and Bill Doerringer, winner of the nationwide piano talent hunt connected to the fest, sat in with the Makowicz trio. Even bigger and better jamming is planned for next year's festival. *—pete mandell*

INDUSTRY ACTION

Victory tour sports fab gear

The Jacksons turned to the **Yamaha International Corp.** to outfit their state-of-the-art *Victory* tour with innovative and advanced instrument designs and setups; among the gear premiered was a 7-foot, 4-inch custom-lacquered Yamaha C7 grand piano that rotates on its own computer-operated pedestal. Keyboardists Randy Jackson, Pat Leonard, Jai Winding, and Rory Kapland created full orchestral and brass support using 11 Yamaha DX7 FM digital synths joined together by the revolutionary MIDI process. In addition to the company's standard new guitars, Tito Jackson sported special axes, one sculpted into the shape of his favorite pastime, a baseball bat and glove, another in a starburst design. Jermaine Jackson's custom BB3000 basses included the aforementioned starburst in addition to ones shaped like a machine gun, a butterfly, a black widow spider, and a large ant head (the special axes are pictured at right, above).

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

Mark 2/9-13/85 on your international calendar for the **Musik Messe Frankfurt**; the international music market exhibition expects to draw nearly 50,000 visitors from 71 countries to view the wares of 750 exhibitors from 32 countries, covering the length and breadth of the music industry; more details from Messe Frankfurt GmbH, Postfach 97 0126, D-6000, Frankfurt 97, West Germany.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

Thanks to a close association between the Nashville Speedway and the Nashville-based **Gibson Guitar Co.**, winners of the NASCAR Grand National event at the speedway will have a unique trophy for their display cases—an inscribed Gibson Chet Atkins Classic Electric guitar; Chet surprised the winner of 1984's Pepsi 420, Geoff Bodine, by showing up in the winner's circle with the award axe.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

Endorsement action: Neal Schon, lead guitarist/writer/vocalist with supergroup Journey (judged America's most popular band in a recent Gallup poll) just joined in an agreement to endorse **Gibson** guitars (he has been playing Les Pauls since before his Santana days); in addition to his promo duties, Schon will assist in the research and development of new Gibson designs . . . and now marching to the **Ludwig/Musser** beat is Ed Saindon, mallet virtuoso/composer/author/educator; the Berklee College of Music (Boston) instructor is the latest addition to the roster of percussion clinicians for Ludwig Industries (a Selmer Company). □

NEWS

MUS. ED. REPORT

Conferences warm up winter

The **National Assn. of Jazz Educators** annual convention is set for Dallas 1/10-13/85; the William Patterson College Sextet, winners last spring of the combo contest at the Notre Dame Jazz Festival, has been selected to perform; details on the confab come from the NAJE at POB 724, Manhattan, KS 66502 ▪ ▪ ▪ speaking of **WPC**, the Wayne, NJ institution now offers a Bachelor of Music degree with a specialization in music management.

▪ ▪ ▪ ▪ ▪

The 13th annual **New York Brass Conference for Scholarships** offers action a'plenty for the strong of lung—concerts, clinics, shows, exhibits, even a $25,000 instrument raffle—2/22-24/85 at the Roosevelt Hotel in NYC; included is a tribute to Robert Giardinelli and a salute to Harvey Phillips (hosted by Gunther Schuller, with performances by top pro and university ensembles and soloists); details from NYBCS, 315 West 53rd, NYC, 10019.

▪ ▪ ▪ ▪ ▪

The U.S. Navy Band's eighth annual **International Saxophone Symposium** wails Washington 1/25-26/85; *Tonight Show*-man Pete Christlieb kicks things off with a Fri. night set at Tawes Theatre, U. MD, College Park; Sat.'s action includes afternoon performance clinics galore at the Navy Yard "Sail Loft" in DC, plus an evening concert by the Commodores, the Navy Band's jazz ensemble, with guest artist Nick Brignola; it's all free; details from Public Affairs Director, (202) 433-2394.

▪ ▪ ▪ ▪ ▪

The 40th annual **Midwestern Conference on School Vocal and Instrumental Music** calls U. MI home 1/18-19/85; several thousand are expected and space is limited, so interested parties should contact conference coordinator George Cavender at 600-602 Burton Memorial Tower, Ann Arbor, MI 48109 ASAP.

▪ ▪ ▪ ▪ ▪

Drummers Collective in NYC starts a new program in mid-Jan., offering three 10-week courses—Studio Drumming, Third World Rhythms For Drumset, and a Bass & Drums Workshop; details from (212) 741-0091.

▪ ▪ ▪ ▪ ▪

The **Flute Industry Council** of the National Flute Assn. recently announced the results of the new officer elections from their 12th annual convention: president, Jack Moore, Jack Moore Flutes Inc., Elkhart, IN; vice-president, Pearl W. West, Miyazawa Flutes U.S.A., Coralville, IA; president-elect, Miles Zentner, R. Seaman Co., Van Nuys, CA; secretary-treasurer, Lewis J. Deveau, Wm. S. Haynes Co. Inc., Boston.

▪ ▪ ▪ ▪ ▪

Seven of **Duke Ellington**'s major works were recently acquired by publisher G. Schirmer from Mercer Ellington; known as the "Symphonic Ellington" catalog, the pieces include *Harlem*, *New World A-Comin'*, *Three Black Kings*, *Night Creature*, *Grand Slam Jam*, *Liberian Suite*, and *Black, Brown And Beige*; additional works expected soon. □

Budd Johnson, 1910-1984

VERYL OAKLAND

KANSAS CITY—A reed master of vitality and sophistication, arranger of note, and a key figure in the development of jazz over three decades (though overshadowed by artists of more extroverted personality), Albert J. (Budd) Johnson died here Oct. 20 of a heart attack. He was 73.

Born in Dallas Dec. 14, 1910, his earliest professional playing experiences were in Texas roadhouses and territory bands, though by the early '30s he was co-leading a band in Chicago with Teddy Wilson, until they both joined Louis Armstrong in '33. From '34 to '42 his adventurous arrangements and instrumental talents enlivened Earl Hines' Grand Terrace Orchestra.

With an ear ever open to new sounds and styles, he was one of the first established Swing artists to adopt bop sensibilities—in his charts for the '40s big bands of Hines, Boyd Raeburn, Woody Herman, Billy Eckstine, and Dizzy Gillespie. Johnson also performed in what many consider to be the first bop combo on NYC's 52nd Street, and obtained a pathbreaking recording session for the band, under Coleman Hawkins' leadership, in '44. Leonard Feather termed him a "catalytic figure in the modern jazz movement."

Variety and synthesis characterized Johnson's 40-year career. Beyond his Swing and bop experience, he revisited his Texas blues roots as musical director of Atlantic Records during the '50s, arranging and blowing on countless r&b and early rock & roll sessions by everyone from Ruth Brown to Ivory Joe Hunter. Because of his producing and arranging talents for such singers, he has been described as the Quincy Jones of his time.

In the late '60s he formed the popular JPJ Quartet with Dill Jones, Bill Pemberton, and Oliver Jackson, continued his musical relationship with Fatha Hines, and recorded as soloist with bands as mainstream as Count Basie and as modern as Gil Evans. His omnistylistic arranging expertise led him to be hired often by festivals (especially the New York/Kool and Chicago Jazz Festivals) to provide appropriate charts for recreations of bands like Hines and Fletcher Henderson, and homages to Roy Eldridge, Lester Young, and others. He taught over the years at Rutgers U., U. of Connecticut, the Smithsonian Institution, and SUNY-Stony Brook, and was active in teaching and performing up until his death. —*art lange*

FINAL BAR

MITCHELL SEIDEL

Alberta Hunter, internationally renowned blues singer and stage and cabaret star in the '20s and '30s, died Oct. 17 in her home on Roosevelt Island, NY at age 89. The small, frail-looking woman with a surprisingly robust singing voice began her recording career in 1921 with Fletcher Henderson. Later accompanists included Fats Waller, Eubie Blake, Sidney Bechet, and Louis Armstrong. Among her compositions are *Down-Hearted Blues*, Bessie Smith's first recording. Hunter retired from performing in 1954; in 1977 the Memphis native launched a second successful singing career and was an active entertainer until last summer.

▪ ▪ ▪ ▪ ▪

James Caesar Petrillo, trumpeter and flamboyant leader of union musicians, died Oct. 23 in Chicago of a stroke at age 92. The son of a ditchdigger grew up to become the friend of five U.S. presidents as he served for 18 years (starting in 1940) as president of the American Federation of Musicians; he headed the Chicago local for 40 years. In 1976 the Grant Park music bandshell in Chicago, his hometown, was rededicated in Petrillo's name.

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Welton (Barney) Barnett, guitarist/vocalist, died Aug. 30 while vacationing in Paris; the St. Louis native was 72. In his NYC heydays of the '40s, Barnett performed in the revues of Cab Calloway and Duke Ellington. In recent years he was a popular fixture on the Twin Cities jazz scene.

▪ ▪ ▪ ▪ ▪

Joe Thomas, the trumpeter who worked with Fletcher Henderson, Fats Waller, and Benny Carter in the '30s and recorded prolifically in the '40s with, among others, Art Tatum, Don Byas, and Coleman Hawkins, died Aug. 6 in New York City at age 75.

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Teddy Reig, veteran a&r man and producer, died Sep. 29 in Teaneck, NJ after a long illness at age 65. He supervised all of Charlie Parker's Savoy sessions and a host of their other jazz and r&b dates. In 1949 he founded his own label, Roost, and later became associated with Roulette Records, whose talent roster included Count Basie, Sarah Vaughan, Joe Williams, Machito, and many others. For years he was Basie's right-hand man and troubleshooter.

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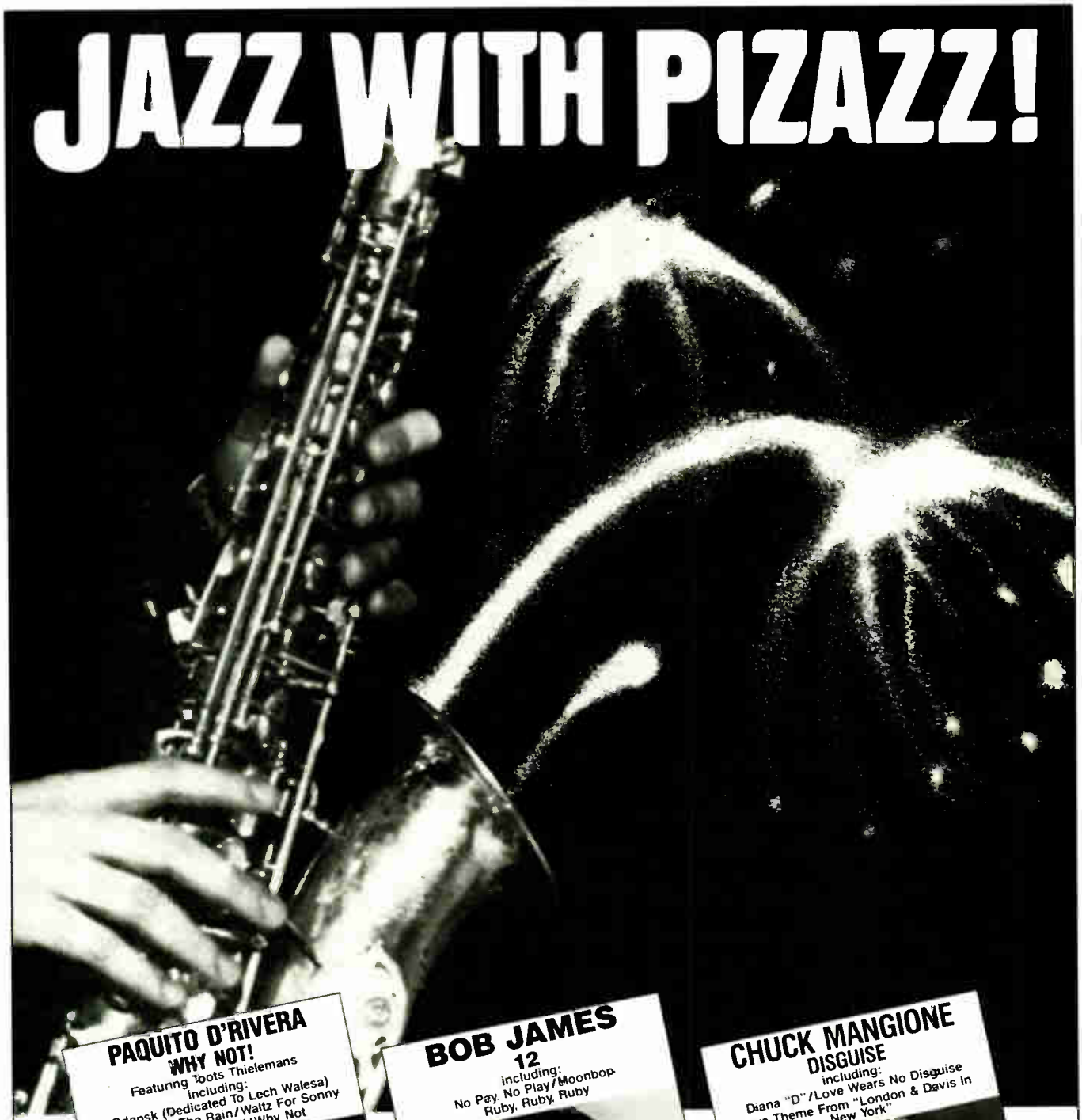
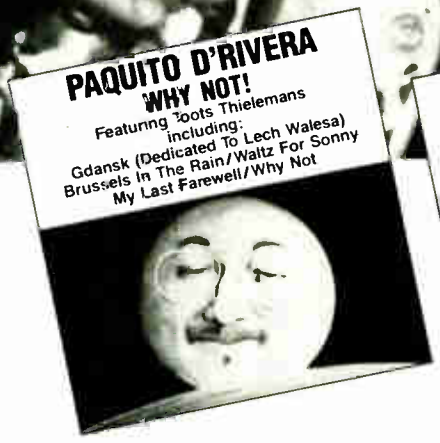
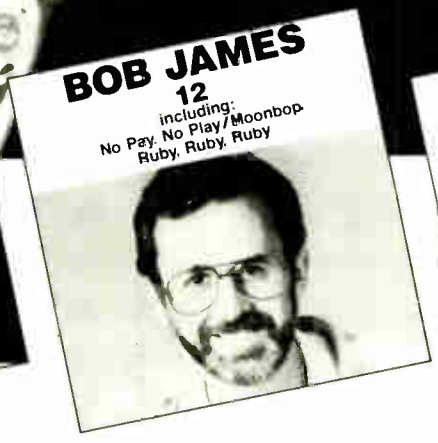
John Hardee, tenor saxophonist with guitarist Tiny Grimes' band for two years, and a '40s fixture on 52nd Street and the Apollo Theater, died May 18 in Dallas of a heart attack. He was 66. In 1950 he left New York to return to his native Texas, where he taught in various high schools until he retired in '76.

JAZZ WITH PIZAZZ!







From the passion and abandon of Paquito D'Rivera on alto sax... to the all-star celebration taking place on Bob James' 12th original solo album... to the Grammy and Emmy Award-winning sound of Chuck Mangione—this is jazz that swings with vitality and explodes with life.

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Pat Metheny's Digital Manifesto

DEGABRIELE

By Bill Milkowski

Technology is upon us. There's no denying it now. "Let's Get Digital" has become the catchphrase of the '80s. New developments in hardware and software are coming with alarming frequency. It boggles the mind—not to mention the wallet.

Those who embrace this technology as the way of the future are quickly acquainting themselves with such terms as sine waves, real time, pitch quantizers, and trigger thresholds. Others scoff at all this hardware, dismissing it as an expensive fad unnecessary for real creativity.

Since purchasing a Synclavier digital music system just a few years ago, Pat Metheny has become an enthusiastic convert to the digital age. He now tours the country conducting Synclavier seminars for the New England Digital Corporation, giving fans and fellow musicians a peek at the future. (Even an old straightahead stalwart like Oscar Peterson has come over to the digital camp, conducting seminars and recording with the Synclavier.)

More importantly, the Synclavier has changed the way Metheny composes his music. Whereas he used to compose on guitar and piano, he can now instantly realize full-blown orchestrations, utilizing the Synclavier's built-in 32-track digital memory recorder and drawing from a wide-ranging palette of 512 preset timbres.

"We're talking about a new way of writing now," says the 30-year-old guitar synth pioneer. "It's unbelievable. In fact, it's a little bit overwhelming. Anything you can think of, you can do. As if it weren't enough to just come up with some hip melodies and ideas, now you have to come up with the sound and the whole conception of it just from the standpoint of tone. It just adds to the responsibility of being a musician—times 10."

Metheny first sounded the trumpets of technology on his 1982 Grammy Award-winning album, *Offramp*. On the title cut he introduced fans to the banshee abrasiveness that a guitar synthesizer is capable of. In concert this piece shocked and disturbed those who came only to see Metheny perform his more lilting and gentle fare like the popular *Watercolors* or *Phase Dance*. But at that point Metheny could have said, "Folks, you ain't seen nothin' yet."

Last year Metheny went wild with his new "toy." Two albums were released, and two film scores were composed, each project highlighting different aspects of Metheny's musical interests. His trio album, *Rejoicing*, which featured former Ornette Coleman sidemen Billy Higgins and Charlie Haden, contained a virtual manifesto for the guitar synthesizer in a 10-minute freakout titled *The Calling*.

On his most recent group release, *First Circle*, he further explores the nuance of textures and timbres available to him on the Synclavier. But perhaps his most ambitious use of the unit came in his film-scoring. One was a low-budget movie, *Little Sister*, starring Kevin Bacon and John Savage and shot by a local film-maker (Jan Eagleson) in Boston. "It's all done on the Synclavier guitar," he explains. "I did the whole thing in my bedroom with just two Synclaviers linked together direct to a DBX digital two-track recorder with some reverb on it."

The other film-score project, done in collaboration with bandmate Lyle Mays, was a much grander affair. For this film, *The Falcon And The Snowman*, starring Timothy Hutton and Sean Penn and directed by John (*Midnight Cowboy*) Schlesinger, they not only relied heavily on the Synclavier but also incorporated a boys choir, London's National Philharmonic Orchestra, and rock superstar David Bowie. "He did one tune," says Metheny. "There was a tune that I had written for the Timothy Hutton character. Bowie heard it and liked it and wrote words for it. So the Group went to Switzerland to record it with him singing. It was fun, and the tune really came out great. It's called *This Is Not America*. He did what he normally does, and we did what we normally do, and we had a blast. But it's not one of those combinations you'd normally think of . . . 'David Bowie And The Pat Metheny Group: Together At Last,' but the result is something we're all very happy with. It's very musical."

Metheny is not one to sit idle for too long. He enjoys his current group (Mays on keyboards, Steve Rodby on bass, Paul Wertico on drums, Pedro Aznar on percussion) as a vehicle for one kind of expression, but he's constantly seeking to recharge his creative batteries through inspiring collaborations with other artists. So far he's recorded and toured with the likes of Sonny Rollins, Dewey Redman, Jack DeJohnette, Joni Mitchell, Jaco Pastorius, Haden, Higgins, and now Bowie.

The future promises more intriguing collaborations, including a possible quartet tour with Higgins, Haden, and (!) Ornette Coleman himself, and a project with Brazilian singing sensation Milton Nascimento.

Bill Milkowski: You're at the forefront of this new era. Did you ever imagine way back when that you'd be delving into technology like this?

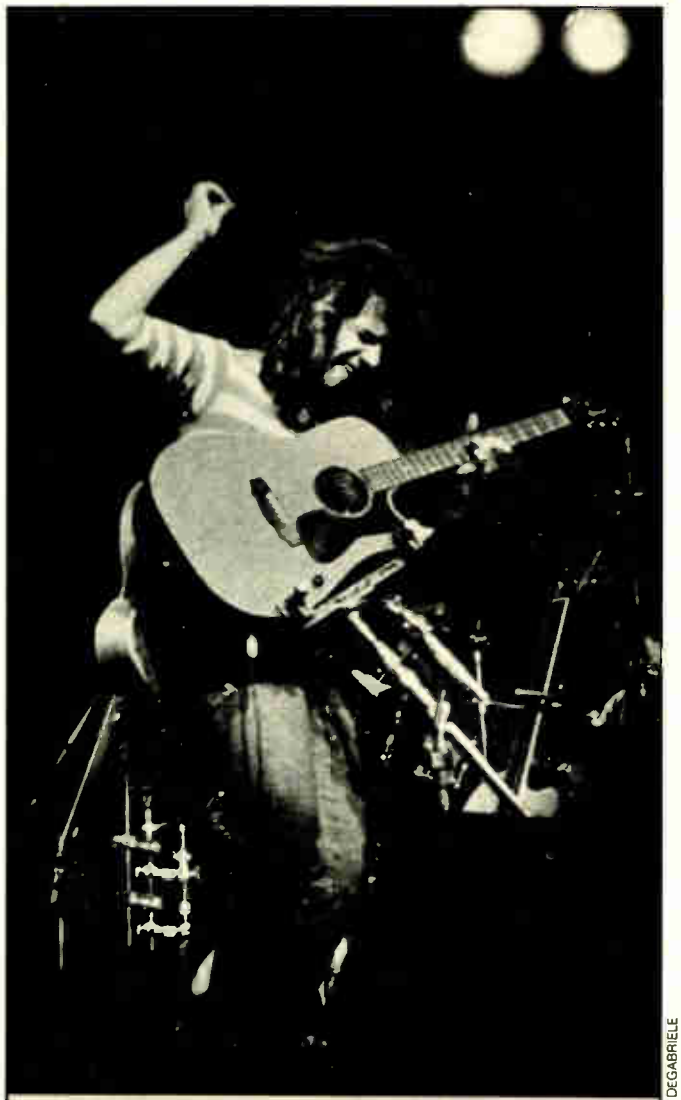
Pat Metheny: To tell you the truth, no. Not even when the first Roland came out, the GR-300. That was a little bit of a shock, but still it felt like a guitar, and it reacted like a guitar. You took your finger off the string, and the note stopped. With the Synclavier it's a whole new ballgame. You can play a low note, then take your finger off, and the note will still be ringing. And then you can go up high and play another note or a chord on top of that low note and have all the sounds ringing together. It's unlimited in the sense that it's up to your imagination what you get out of it. It can be a harp; it can be vibes; it can be *anything*.

BM: And it's changed the way you write?

PM: Only to note that I do all my composing on the Synclavier now. Whenever I start talking about all this technology-type stuff, I always try to emphasize that if you don't have anything to say musically, it doesn't matter if you've got a state-of-the-art Synclavier or a crummy old spinet piano. *You* still have to come up with the goods. Same is true for a writer. It doesn't matter if he's got the greatest, slickest, state-of-the-art IBM typewriter. If he doesn't have anything to say, it doesn't matter how good the typewriter is, it's still not happening. Exactly the same with this stuff, maybe even more so because it points out how unhappening something is real quick. You get instant feedback from this guy. I'm only using the Synclavier guitar maybe 15 percent of the time in concert. But as a compositional aid, it's incredibly helpful.

BM: You see this as the beginning of a big revolution in music?

PM: Oh yeah, and we haven't seen anything yet, it's going to get so wild. People thought that the whole electric vs. acoustic controversy was a big one. Soon there's going to be a whole generation of musicians who don't play in real time at all. And there's going to be virtuoso musicians producing some incredible music who can't "play" at all, at least not in the sense of someone like me or Wynton Marsalis or somebody who can actually get up there on the bandstand and pick up an instrument and "play" it. But this new generation of musicians will be able to come up with some hip music without ever having learned to do that because of tools like the Synclavier. But it's going to be really different. It won't be bebop or the kinds of things that we as listeners are used to now. But I bet



DEGABRIELE

PAT METHENY GROUP'S EQUIPMENT

Pat Metheny uses three Roland GR-303 guitars—one stock, one with a G&L vibrato, one with a Kahler vibrato—which he interfaces with the Synclavier Digital Music System. He plays his '58 Guild 175 a majority of the time in concert. He also carries three Ibanez Artist Series electric 12-strings tuned in various odd ways. His acoustic is an Ovation nylon string. He recently acquired several six- and 12-string guitars from a Canadian luthier named Linda Manzer. He prefers D'Addario strings, using a thicker flat-wound for his Guild to produce a richer, warmer tone. His three amps are an Acoustic 134 and two Yamaha G100s. The sound runs from his guitar through an MXR digital delay into the preamp of the Acoustic, into a Lexicon Prime Time, which splits the sound from mono to stereo, then goes through the two Yamahas, each of which triggers an Electro-Voice M15 speaker.

Lyle Mays' equipment includes an Oberheim Four-Voice synthesizer, a Prophet Five synthesizer, the Synclavier digital synthesizer, a Yamaha electric organ, a Hamburg Steinway piano, and several autoharps with pickups.

Steve Rodby plucks a Guild electric bass and an old Czech acoustic bass.

Paul Wertico plays Yamaha drums, Paiste cymbals, Oldsmobile hubcaps, Remo heads, Pro-Mark sticks, and LP percussion.

Pedro Aznar uses an Ovation acoustic nylon string, LP percussion, a berimbau built for him by Nana Vasconcelos, Deagan orchestra bells, and a Lexicon 224X reverb on his vocal mic.

PAT METHENY SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

as a leader

FIRST CIRCLE—ECM 25008-1E
REJOICING—ECM 1271
OFFRAMP—ECM 1216
AS FALLS WICHITA, SO FALLS WICHITA FALLS—ECM 1190
80/81—ECM 1180
AMERICAN GARAGE—ECM 1155
NEW CHAUTAUQUA—ECM 1131
PAT METHENY GROUP—ECM 1114
WATERCOLORS—ECM 1097
BRIGHT SIZE LIFE—ECM 1073

with Gary Burton

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

with Jerry Goldsmith

UNDER FIRE SOUNDTRACK—Warner Bros. 23965-1

some of it's going to be some hip sounding music in its own right. Music is going to be written in a whole different way by these new composers. It's probably the first breakthrough of this magnitude for a composer since the invention of the polyphonic keyboard.

BM: Does it scare you at all?

PM: I think it's exciting because I feel prepared for it. I think if I was somebody who had been putting down synthesizers all along, working from a point of view that there's nothing really happening there and that the only real music is played on "acoustic" instruments, then I would be scared.

BM: Did your other musical disciplines help you to deal with this new technology?

PM: Yes. I feel very, very lucky to have been born when I was because, in fact, I *did* have to learn how to play. If all the power goes off, I can still stand up there and play [acoustic guitar], and it sounds like music, as opposed to somebody who's a few years younger than me who may never really have had to learn how to play in the first place because he grew up musically with this technology right from the start. I feel very fortunate to have gone through the whole bebop experience from age 14 to 18 or 19 and have that as a reference point. I do enjoy the new technology, but I have to put in a disclaimer here: yes, this new stuff is unbelievable, and it's going to make writing music easier, but I still say that there's nothing like the sound of somebody playing an acoustic instrument. I haven't seen the synthesizer that's even in the ballpark—even in the parking lot of the ballpark—to compare to the sound of somebody who can get a great sound from an instrument right from the hands. I don't think that any of this synthesizer stuff is in any way a threat to someone who has really dedicated themselves to playing acoustic music.

BM: Like Paco De Lucia.

PM: [*Groans*] Oh! I mean, there isn't a synthesizer in the world, and there won't be for probably two- or three-thousand years that can begin to compare itself with the power he's capable of generating. Or for that matter Wynton or any of the highest level musicians—Miles, Coltrane. There's a thing that those musicians are capable of generating with their spirit that no synthesizer can reproduce.

BM: Is that why you choose to mix the two on *First Circle*?

PM: Well, to me, all these synthesizers and things are just other elements available to me as a composer. And I do think that acoustic instruments and electric instruments sound great together. In fact, I've never heard much music that was *exclusively* electric that really sounded that good to me. Also, while we're on this subject of defining things, I think "acoustic" is a term that is thrown around much too lightly. I mean, too often I see guys that are on their high horse about, "Oh, I only play pure acoustic, man," yet these are the cats that show up for the gig wanting to know where their mic is. To me, if there's a microphone or a pickup anywhere near an instrument, you're talking about an electric instrument. I see where **down beat** now divides Polls between acoustic groups and electric groups, which is good because clearly there are groups that are more acoustic than others. But the only group that I know of that truly is playing acoustic music on the jazz circuit today, and I really respect them for it, is the Phil Woods Quintet. And they make an issue of it, pointing out that they don't use mics on-stage. They get a natural balance, which I think is great. But this whole "new age acoustic" thing makes me want to throw up. It's no more acoustic than the Mahavishnu Orchestra.

BM: What kind of a challenge did the soundtrack for *Snowman* represent to you?

PM: I'd have to say that the whole process was the most laborious kind of work that I've ever done as a musician. Lyle and I were in London from the middle of July up towards the end of September. We didn't have any days off, and we worked everyday between 14 and 20 hours a day. I'm talking about working nonstop on deadline. Then right when you think you've got it done, they recut something, and it's all out the window, and you've got to start over. And that happened a

bunch. Having gone through it myself, I tell you, whenever I hear anything in a movie now that's good at all, it makes me want to stand up and applaud the composer. Not only does the music have to be good, but you also have to get it through the whole sort of committee process that films are done by. Then your music goes through this whole Dolby stereo business which is like one of the most mysterious electronic phenomena known to man, and it ends up in some suburban movie theater where they've got a tiny little sound system. It's a miracle that scores sound like anything at all after all that.

BM: Sounds frustrating.

PM: It is, although I have to say that I really enjoy being in kind of a "sideman" role again, in relation to the people making the film. In general, I love helping other people do their thing. Playing with Sonny Rollins was another very satisfying "sideman" situation. I know what it's like being a leader, so I enjoy helping somebody else do their thing, sometimes more than even being the leader of my own band. In fact, sometimes my fantasy is to just be a sideman full-time again 'cause it's such a blast.

BM: What are the differences between the *80/81* band and the trio?

PM: The *80/81* band didn't have the performance focus that I like to have. I think the record has much more of a band sound than it finally did live because in the studio I could sort of orchestrate things. But live, I just didn't feel comfortable, especially at that point in my career—I didn't feel like I was in a position to tell those cats when to start and stop. That was a few years ago. Now I would be more inclined to do it. So what happened was, when Dewey [Redman] played it was one thing, when Mike [Brecker] played it was one thing, when I played it was one thing. It was almost funny. In Europe we did a tour and literally played three hours on two tunes. We started out with the cut *80/81* and ended with *James*, and everybody would play for like an hour on every tune. But the trio with Billy and Charlie was a lot more focused. After about a month on the road, we really started to have a band sound. And I noticed that the audience relationship with the trio was very similar to the Group. Billy is one of the greatest performers I've ever played with, and he immediately gets a thing happening with the audience. He's a wide-open guy, and you can just tell how much he loves to play. And Charlie—I almost feel like he's my second brother or something. There's a thing that we have together that is indescribable. With Charlie, any note you play you know it's going to be cool harmonically. And with Billy, any note you play you know it's going to be cool rhythmically with him. So you just feel like you can sort of play anything. It's a great, great feeling.

BM: What about your rapport with Lyle Mays?

PM: It's funny, because as every year goes by, I'm just more and more excited about this thing that we've got going. I don't think either one of us ever would have predicted that we would find ourselves in this kind of situation. We're both extremely independent types, personally and musically, but it just seems that we agree on much more musically than we disagree on. And we also have a lot of respect for each other's musical instincts. I can bring a tune in, and it may be that Lyle will just change three notes, but those three notes are going to make the difference between it being sort of okay and being really good. This film project was the most actual sit-down writing we've done together for a long, long time. We were together for over two months in incredibly cramped, tense kind of circumstances—the kind of situation where two people would normally kill each other. And yet we got everything done, and we came up with something that we're both extremely proud of. We do seem to have some kind of a unique rapport. I'm just knocked out that I get to work with this guy, 'cause he's such an unbelievable musician. I don't know if people realize it yet, but they will.

BM: You seem to have similar sensibilities.

PM: Oh yeah, we have similarities that go way back. We both have a very unusual geographical relationship to the jazz

DEGABRIELE

mainstream. Lyle's from way up in northern Wisconsin, and I'm from this little town in Missouri, which I guess had a closer proximity to a major city [Kansas City]. But it's not like we were both born in Harlem [*laughs*]. But still we both learned to improvise almost exclusively from a bebop point of view. I mean, everything I do I still relate to Charlie Parker. Even if I'm playing with David Bowie, I'm comparing that constantly to the music that I know best, which is bebop. But on the other hand, neither one of us has a particular need to prove that we can play bebop. It's just always there. It's kind of ironic that neither one of us has ever recorded in that style. It's just a common ground.

BM: All through your career, you've been influenced by Ornette Coleman. Your debut on ECM, *Bright Size Life*, had two Ornette tunes, and the *Rejoicing* album contained three Ornette cuts. When did you come in touch with Ornette's music?

PM: I was about 12 years old. I walked into the TG&Y store and found an Ornette record called *New York Is Now* in the 50¢ bin. I had just started subscribing to **down beat** around 1966. In fact, I think that was a present for my 12th birthday. So I read in an issue about this guy. I really didn't know the whole controversy that surrounded him when he first hit the scene. So by the time I started reading about him, as far as **down beat** was concerned, the whole controversy had sort of died down, and he had become more or less accepted. So I saw this record and took it home and thought it was the greatest thing I ever heard in my life. When I think back on that now—how weird I must have been as a 12-year-old, especially in Lee's Summit, of all places.

BM: So that experience must have programmed the way you viewed music from then on.

PM: I really didn't make a stylistic distinction between Ornette and the Beatles and the Beach Boys and Miles. The only category I was sure of was: "music that my parents didn't like." It wasn't marching band music, which my family was into, and it wasn't country & western, which was in the air around Lee's Summit. It was this other thing that I'd listen to by myself down in the basement.

BM: Your family was into marching bands? That explains that tune *Forward March* from the new album—sounds like the marching band from Ornette Coleman High.

PM: Yeah, that was a message from our collective unconsciousness from our high school years. With the exception of Pedro—I don't know if they have marching bands in Argentina—all the rest of us definitely spent our Friday nights out on the football field marching around with instruments. I played french horn up until I got out of high school 'cause I needed those credits to graduate. I remember I used to have to play the half-time show in order to get my credit, then I'd race into Kansas City to make my gig, still in my marching band uniform, switch clothes, and go play in this organ trio.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 61

By Don Palmer

Abdullah Ibrahim

Capetown Crusader

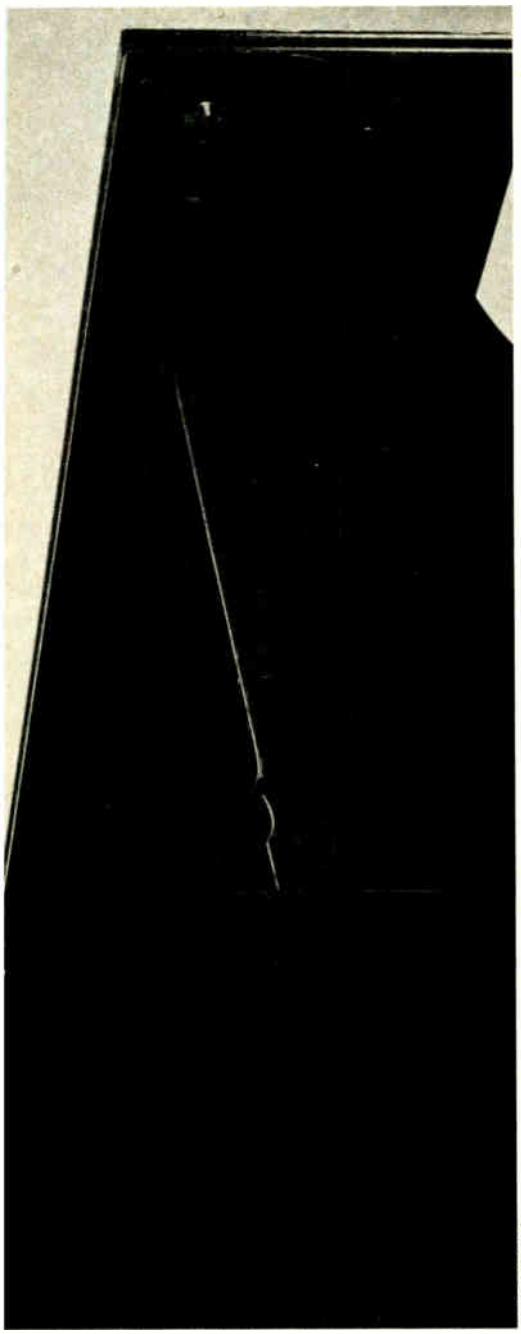
By the time "Loving Family," a three-hour concert by South African pianist/composer Abdullah Ibrahim and his septet Ekaya, ended, the audience had been treated to an evening of serene, graceful homages to Ellington, Monk, and Trane; a generous helping of South African melodies and song; and several screaming, ululating, taffy-like solos by altoist/flutist Carlos Ward. And a few people even dared to dance in the normally staid environment of the Great Hall of Cooper Union in NYC. The Loving Family included the melismatic, doleful vocals of Sathima Bea Benjamin (Ibrahim's wife), the fiery chants of Johnny Khumalo, and the sinuous dance of martial artist Abdul Musawwir, all of whom were ushered on-stage for cameo spots. For much of the evening, Ekaya interwove the solo and choral horn voices over a sturdy shuffle-cum-kick and rattling cymbals. With elongated harmonies and sensuous lyricism, they expanded upon Ibrahim's orchestrations that conjure the townships of South Africa, the AME Zion Church, carnival bands, chicken shacks, and the ballroom.

Ibrahim performed more as an accompanist as he laid back and controlled the tempos of lush hymn-like ballads and the jaunty strutting of rakish township rhythms. His solos were brief, generally out of tempo, thematic introductions to the tributes. Nonetheless, his enigmatic clusters, tremulous runs, and incremental repetition sparked the band, because for Abdullah Ibrahim less is more.

Earlier in the week at arranger Don Sickler's West 28th Street studio, Ibrahim sat at the piano, a pair of half-rimmed tortoise-shell glasses perched low on his nose. Suddenly, but without much movement, he started a walkin' blues dominated by a heavy bass figure. Three of his horn players—Carlos Ward, Ricky Ford, Charles Davis—sat for a minute before falling in one by one to play the tight, twisted harmonies of a song that would emerge as *For Monk*. Khumalo and Ben Riley sat to the side and tapped out rhythms on their chairs. There was conversation between the horn players as to whether or not the last note of the harmony should end up or down. Ibrahim listened, almost impassively, and after a few more attempts said, "Let's take it at a slow tempo." They do, the harmony comes together, and they all laugh. Ibrahim asked, "How is it?" and Davis, who had been offering a musical explanation, replied, "Alright, gettin' better."

Considering that the finished piece would be anchored by the clackety-clack drumming of Riley and thumping bass of Cecil McBee, fleshed-out by some rip-snorting trombone from Dick Griffin, and carefully voiced and swinging, I was surprised that Ibrahim didn't provide more direct vocal and written guidance. But Ibrahim approaches music more organically than that.

He explained, "I write very little, and we employ all methods to learn a new song. I will come into the rehearsal and just start playing the piece without saying anything while they tune up. Whoever is supposed to hear it will hear it, and they will start to play. Carlos picks it up and you say, 'Okay, you got it,' and that's the lead, and we work from there. See, traditionally everything was remembered. The notebook has messed up our memory, because with the music there has always been head arrangements. In fact, I saw Ellington make a head arrangement on the stage. He walked on and sang to Johnny Hodges, Cat Anderson, and Lawrence Brown, and it was 'three, four, and play.' The song was complete and with harmonies. We think of music notation only as a system of keeping a record of what is being played. I always say to the musicians, 'Forget about the



ANDY FREEBERG

notes; don't worry about the notes.' I don't agree with this term 'composition.' What I do is more like photographing an experience, crystallizing an experience. It is like a seed growing in the darkness."

Later, sitting in his Chelsea Hotel apartment, Ibrahim expounded on his approach towards music and its role in society. He considers himself a cultural worker who has made a tactical retreat from the apartheid regime of his homeland. Often speaking in Islamic parables and with musical anecdotes, he mirrored his propensity to create piano solos from fragments of sound as if they were snatches of conversation in a crowd. Ibrahim also offered a sketchy analysis of the relationship between social development and music.

He feels, "The piano as it is today is representative of industry because it deals with metal. The piano is of course originally the *machoti*, the xylophone, but it has been updated and modernized in this age of industry. And when you are dealing with industry, you are dealing with a society that is sedentary. But still the instrument doesn't matter because it is only the crystallization of the voice, and the voice says what is in the heart. The music is not really of prime importance either. The primary importance is that the music serves a specific purpose for you to get to another level."

To Ibrahim, this other level is represented by the liberation of his homeland and a sense of ease and internal peace that is the goal of martial arts, "*tarik*, or *tao*." That level is "the way which encompasses all aspects of being" and allows him the personal freedom to pursue music without frustration and compromise. "I don't think music will ever become just a gig to me. We say, 'Don't be a product of the times; be a product of time.' It's like 'the way.' No matter how you do it, it takes you years, a quarter- or half-century to perfect it.

"As you grow deeper into it, as you grow older, the movements become so slow and tedious because you realize that there are no secrets, there are only basics. You have to retract and go back to the basics and do them very, very, very, very slowly, and all the secrets are revealed inside the basics. It takes years and years of honing your art, and you do it without expecting anything in return. See, you always ask the older players how did they get that big sound. It's like if you take blues and slow it down like with Monk. As Ben Riley said, 'When Monk played those tempos, every beat is as big as a house, so what does the drummer do?' It means that you have to be completely aware, not of your instruments, but of yourself. That's where the martial arts training comes in, slowing down every movement. When I work with dancers, they will ask what I have choreographed. I tell them to just lie down and get up and lie down again. They say, 'Oh what's that.' I say yes, but take a half-an-hour to do it. Take 50 minutes to do it. It's very difficult. With the music it's the same thing. The quickest way to develop lightning speed is to slow it down. When you pick up speed, it is not speed in the sense that it is supposed to be fast. Speed is the crystallization of time and space."

Going a step further in his treatise on what could be called Monk's School of Unusual Intervals, Space, and Phrasing, Ibrahim asserts, "Basically music is only scales, triads, and tone. You play one note, and then you have to play the second note, but that is really the third part of the principal because in-between those two notes is space. Once you come to know that, it is very simple, but it takes a lifetime."

Abdullah Ibrahim's lifetime of music began as a child in Kensington, Capetown, South Africa. His mother was a pianist in AME church, which Ibrahim's grandmother helped to found in South Africa. He first played piano because there was one in the house, and he remembers that several people owned pianos on his street, and there were many pianos in Capetown. As a youngster he sang in the church choir where he was first exposed to black American music in the form of spirituals and hymns from the *Alexander Hymnal*.

This sacred music is still evident in the muted notes and hushed tones of Ibrahim's chords and the gospel tremolos of his melodies. He recollects, "The spirituals were played more or less the same, because there's not much you can do to a spiritual except sing it as it is. But with the other music—the popular American and British music—in Capetown, invariably the musicians put that Capetown beat underneath it. I guess it was changed to suit the environment. There was also the traditional music of the Cape of South Africa, which is so wide it's difficult to describe. It is the music of the bushmen—the *hoisan*, the *khosa* people—and there was the influence of the Cape Muslims who were originally brought there as slaves and political exiles banished from the East Indies for fighting Dutch colonialists. So at an early age we were exposed to all these different kinds of music, and the music was played for different occasions."

From the age of seven, Ibrahim took piano lessons, and he started composing what he described as "sounds" around age 12. As a high school kid he got his first professional job with a dance band. "It was a traditional dance band and mostly *khosa*. We played Basie arrangements, Erskine Hawkins, Joe Liggins. This was a regular jump band with five reeds, eight brass, and rhythm section. It had to rock. It was a whole integration of all these different musics. The traditional African music at the time was so close to swing or jump, like the call-and-response between the reeds and the brass. So what happened was that if we played a dance, we played Western arrangements, and we ended up playing the traditional. We never thought of it as playing American music and African music. They were just heroes, they were part of the extended family."

Some of the heroes were also the powerhouse boogie woogie pianists of the late '30s such as Pete Johnson, Meade Lux Lewis, and Jimmy Yancey, whom Ibrahim studied. His left hand was so strong in high school that he used to "wipe out the competition" in boogie woogie marathons.

He also worked with the "bands that played for the so-called colored community, which is the Cape Muslim, the *hoi*,

and these mixtures of people. We would play waltzes, quicksteps, fox trots, sambas, and then square dances. See, they were like British and French—like the quadrille, the Cajun quadrille, the commercial. What we did was put the Capetown beat underneath it. In fact, in Capetown now, square dancing is still one of the most popular activities. During a normal dance you have to play at least one or two square dances."

Nonetheless, Ibrahim was drawn more to jazz, which was popular in an industrial South African society that followed the consumer patterns of the U.S. He learned of new recordings from visiting merchant seamen. "We used to go down to the docks, and we brought the sailors into the community. Some of them were musicians, and some of them were record collectors. It was another way to maintain the link with what was going on here musically. It was from hanging out with these sailors that I got the nickname of Dollar Brand.

"We were schooled in the black experience. I remember the Capetown public library. I exhausted the section on the United States. I read every book in there at least three times, especially the jazz music section. There was a very, very strong awareness of the music, but we could not afford to buy records and phonographs. So mostly the people who had them were gangsters, and they had a very good feeling for the music. I remember there was one we called Shaki. He had a collection of Ellington 78s, and we used to go every Sunday morning and listen to Ellington until 10 at night. We did this every Sunday—like *Ellingtonia*, Blanton on *Pitter Panther Patter*, and *Jack The Bear*—so when we stepped out of South Africa, we had a deep understanding of the music."

In addition to the young musicians who were delving into jazz, Ibrahim discovered some traditional keyboardists who were experimenting with modal music. It was a music called Marabi which developed in the township of Marabastad in the late '40s. "It was a traditional music that was becoming urbanized, and these guys would play these two-pedalled organs. They would stick match sticks in the keys, which would keep them depressed. Then they would solo over top of this."

* * *

Ibrahim "stepped out" of South Africa in 1962 at the age of 28 because his options were limited under apartheid. He felt that if he wanted to develop and disseminate his talents, it would best be done elsewhere because of the pressures on public figures in his homeland.

But before he left with his wife Sathima, he made a mark on the South African music scene by forming the Jazz Epistles with Makaya Machoko, Johnny Getsa, Kippy Moeketsi, Hugh Masekela, and Jonas Gwangwa in 1959. He had recorded dance band material previously, but the Jazz Epistles was "the first band to record all original material. I think I did a trio album called *Sphere Jazz* in '62. We were playing the tradition, the popular American music, Monk, Ellington, Harold Land, Clifford Brown."

Ibrahim and Sathima resettled in Zurich, where they met Ellington, who also held a position as an a&r man for Reprise. Ellington liked what he heard and took them to Paris where he recorded Ibrahim on *Ellington Presents*. . . . In 1965 the couple decided to move to New York, and Ibrahim quickly found himself working the Newport Jazz Festival with Gene Taylor and Joe Chambers. Yet Ibrahim retained his status as a citizen of the world and has continued to travel regularly.

He returned to South Africa on several occasions, and each time found it more difficult because he had been more and more successful. In 1976 he returned for the tour on which he recorded *Capetown Fringe* (Ibrahim's foray into electric piano). After the uprising in Soweto that year, the African National Congress asked Ibrahim to perform at a benefit. This was the first time that Ibrahim had taken an overtly political stance as an artist, although he had spent many years in opposition to the South African regime. It was then that Ibrahim decided not to return to his home until the situation changed.

Though the problem of South Africa weighs heavily on Ibrahim, his music nevertheless retains a tranquility and beauty that is soothing and celebratory. His two most recent records, *Zimbabwe*, a quartet which features Ward, and *Ekaya (Home)*, documenting his current septet, are filled with the playful lilts and sustained crisscrossing harmonies that serve as the backdrop for Ibrahim's piano, which rolls from percussive thunderclaps to boogies to the sleek overdrive of a jump band.

Ibrahim expresses pleasure with his current progress and mid-sized band. "Ekaya is the ideal size for creating the core. Sometimes we had a big band, but we never had that caliber of musician that we have now. It was always a situation where I was restrained from writing what I really wanted to play because the musicians were not equipped, but with this band I find that there are no limitations. I think that the new international nation is arriving where the honest intention of the heart is more important than anything else. With Ekaya, when we finish the three sets, we are always surprised that it's over. It's a joy and pleasure, not just to play the music, but to experience the communion between the members. The best thing for us now would be to go into a studio and record because we have enough material for about five albums."

Among the albums that Ibrahim hopes to record is one of South African dance music. "Mostly in Africa the music is still dance music. This is what we wish for. I've talked with some musicians here, and they've said that, like at home, the music was always dance music. When the music so-called 'moved downtown' and came into the clubs with the cabaret license, dancing was prohibited. But that is the ideal situation; music should be danced to." **db**

ANDY FREEBERG

ABDULLAH IBRAHIM'S EQUIPMENT

"I deal with pianos as they come," says Abdullah Ibrahim. "I find that the Steinway is more flexible and responds better. The Yamaha is alright because the Japanese are closer to the organic sound." But harkening back to the days of boogie woogie, he says, "The Yamaha upright is best because it's like you're sitting inside it. As Herbie Nichols said about the upright, 'The sound bounces right back at you.'"

ABDULLAH IBRAHIM SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

as a leader

EKAYA (HOME)—Ekapa 005
ZIMBABWE—Enja 4056
NISA—African Violets 101
AFRICAN MARKETPLACE—Elektra 6E 252
AFRICAN DAWN—Enja 4030
LIVE AT MONTREUX—Enja 3079
ECHOES FROM AFRICA—Enja 3047
AFRICA-TEARS AND LAUGHTER—Enja 3039
THE CHILDREN OF AFRICA—Enja 2070
GOOD NEWS FROM AFRICA—Enja 2048
AFRICAN SPACE PROGRAM—Enja 2032
AFRICAN SKETCH BOOK—Enja 2026
THIS IS—Black Lion 192
SANGOMA—Sackville 3006
AFRICAN PORTRAITS—Sackville 3009
AUTOBIOGRAPHY/SOLO PIANO—Plainisphare 1267 6/7
JOURNEY—Chiaroscuro 187
SOWETO—Chiaroscuro 2102
CAPETOWN—Chiaroscuro 2004
MEMORIES—West 54 8011
ODE TO DUKE ELLINGTON—Inner City 6049
ANTHEMS FOR THE NEW NATIONS—Denon 7537
ELLINGTON PRESENTS . . .—Reprise 6111
JAZZ EPISTLE: VERSE ONE—Continental 14
TRIO—Continental 8047
PLAYS SPHERE JAZZ—The Sun 786141

with Archie Shepp

DUET—Denon 7532

(Note: Some LPs may be listed under the name Dollar Brand.)

PETE FOUNTAIN

By Howard Mandel

Crescent City Clarinet

WALT DISNEY PRODUCTIONS

Flick on the tube late night to Johnny, and three or four times a year—not counting reruns—there's Pete Fountain, the smooth-skulled clarinetist, blowing fiercely amidst select musicians from Doc Severinsen's *Tonight Show* band. I watched once recently as he concentrated all the air in his thick body through his tight embouchure, squealing and piping quite oblivious to anything else. Carson and McMahon looked predictably astonished and gave Pete the thumbs-up sign when he finished his solo, gasping for breath, crying, "Help me! Help me!" in mock throes of exhaustion. Carson helps those who help themselves.

Which Pete Fountain's done—he's perhaps the best-known jazz professional in the nation. Due to years of exposure with Lawrence Welk, on *The Tonight Show*, with Al Hirt personifying New Orleans' Bourbon Street, and plugging a variety of commercial products, he's immediately recognizable. A billboard on New Orleans' main shopping street invites tourists to Pete's Place. Dixieland jazz? Just troupe to the third floor of the Riverside Hilton, past the swimming pool to a red-flock wallpapered room that seats 570 patrons for one show a night, five nights a week. Their eyes and ears fix on the red-velvet draped band box in the corner of the room, where the curtain's pulled back for the last eight years to reveal Pete and his players.

"I had no college," Fountain declares with one of his frequent smiles, a'perch a stool at the bar of his club. "I quit high school because I was workin' nights on the street. Just grammar school, private lessons, into high school—mostly jazz, head and ear, and strugglin'. I read just enough to keep out of trouble—as Louis Armstrong would say, I read enough not to hurt my jazz."

And here's one musician whose career choice hasn't dampened his material success. "I have a place in the country, in Bay St. Louis, Mississippi, about 45 miles from here, and a place in the city, right down on Lake Ponchetrain, 15 minutes from here. I don't burn myself out too much," he shrugs. "It's been a good life here for eight years. We used to do six, seven shows a night, seven nights a week on Bourbon Street—that was the style; that's what you did. So I've paid my dues. I bought a saloon 25 years ago because the guy I was workin' for wouldn't give me another day off—I knew the only way I was gonna get two days to dry out was to buy my own place. And this one is big enough to sit one show. We tried two shows when I first came here, but it was just dividin' the audience. People eat early in New Orleans, so we hit at 9 p.m."

Fountain's accent is so indigenous you think he's got a mouthful of crayfish, but it's mostly tourists from the major hotels who come to Pete's, plus the occasional ringer. "Doc Severinsen comes in and sits in; the other night Al Hirt stopped in out of the cool blue—he was workin' a convention downstairs; I didn't expect to see him, and wow, whammo, he played for a while. Tommy Newsom was in a couple years ago, and Lionel Hampton just last week. People don't mind that, but if I start bringin' kids in, to jam or like a trainin' thing, then my butt's in trouble, because they're payin' 16 bucks a head and they just want to see the little bald man pass out playin'—you know what I mean?"

So every other year or so Fountain performs at the New Orleans Jazz & Heritage Festival, either out at the Fairgrounds or during a riverboat cruise, for a somewhat more integrated—racially, financially, and age-wise—crowd. Last time, Ellis Marsalis opened for Fountain, and after a rehearsal the oft-cited patriarch of the current N.O. jazz scene affectionately

acknowledged that Pete's a genuine native son. Fountain had brought his steady band—Lloyd Ellis on guitar, pianist Earl Vuiovich, drummer Charlie Lodice, bassist Oliver Felix, trumpeter Bill Bockman, and trombonists Mike Genovey and Tom Geckler—and had run his usual repertoire: *Do You Know What It Means To Miss New Orleans, High Society, Marie, A Closer Walk With Thee, Wolverine Blues, Tin Roof Blues,* and *The Saints.* His group has hot nights and off nights; on the boat they were loose and fired-up, but a few evenings later on their home stage they were tame as though terminally tired. Fountain and guitarist Ellis, however, can be depended upon to be *on.*

"I like to keep somebody with a little more highlight on my left," Fountain explains. "Lloyd's been with me more than 10 years now—I heard him first with Red Norvo in Vegas, and really enjoyed him. In case nothin's happenin' with me, I give it to him—or whoever's the soloist on my left; I had the great tenor player Eddie Miller for 10 years, then Godfrey Hirsch on vibes—and they usually get the people goin', which is great. 'Cause every night you try to get 'em goin', but sometimes you fall flat on your ass."

Ellis plucks harmonic and rhythmic surprises, and Fountain spurts a stream of fast-twinkling turns, complete with octave leaps and lip trills, but the arrangements lean on sometimes corny formulas. Well, so do the determinedly rougher versions of the old New Orleans sound presented at the insistently down-home Preservation Hall in the French Quarter. There's a timeless quality to both shows.

* * * * *

"It's too late for me to start workin' on the music," Fountain says. "I was workin' Bourbon Street when I was 15, 16 years old, listenin', sittin' in, a lot of jam sessions. I'm 53 now. It's just 'do it' from here on out. I'm into certain patterns that I know, and we don't change our show too often—maybe two or three songs change. My solos change—from reed to reed. They change personality from what I eat, from my day. I try to keep the improvisation alive, and not get stale that way, or into a rut. But the licks in the background stay the same.

"I just bought a bass sax, though. It's great—I'm *tryin'* to tootle it. It's in my office, a Julius Keilwortz. I want to get another one that I can take home to work on. See, I've got Mike Genovey playin' bass trombone, so I want to do some things with bass sax and bass trombone together. We could blow 'em out of here!" He doesn't mean to put off customers, but the prospect of that combination brings a youthful light to his eyes. "I first heard that sound in my head!"

Fountain doesn't get around much, to check out the healthy, if less established local venues—"It's a damn shame, but by the time we get off here, I've had enough"—and he's not even sure there are younger bands following his tradition—"I think so, I hope so," he sighs. But there are some younger musicians he tries to tutor.

"I'm not a teacher; I never got into that. I don't have the patience," he admits. "Maybe I'll do it for one of my grandchildren—I've got three—if they're interested. But there are a lot of clarinet players I try to help out, give reeds and mouthpieces to. I tell 'em, 'It's a wonderful instrument you're pickin' up when it's workin'—the prettiest thing in the world when it's singin'—but when it stops, it's miserable. It's a love/hate instrument; sometimes you love it and sometimes. . . . You're gonna find that, but don't be discouraged.' The squeaks

MARC POKEMPNER

and squawks do discourage a lot of kids—and their parents.

"Anyway, I try to set them on track. Kids are usin' such hard reeds—fives, fours—suckin' the stick and workin' their butts off. I try to bring 'em down from a four to a three, and if they're workin' that, to a two-and-a-half. I have a two-and-a-half on mine—that's all I play. And my mouthpiece is not that open. It's a question of keepin' the air up here, in the throat. I use Vandoren reeds, and I'll work on 'em, shave it, clip it a little if it gets too soft. But you can get the sound, if you find the right reed. Hell, I can cut through a marching band if I got the right reed. On Carnival day we got 16 pieces, and I'm the only clarinet, and I'm way up above 'em, cuttin' through.

"I've been havin' a little more trouble with my reeds since I started messin' with this bass sax; I find I'm biting more on my clarinet, because the bass sax is so loose your muscles get looser, too. But I listen, experiment, try different things. My people that I listen to are Benny Goodman and Irving Fazola. Fazola had that big sound, and Benny has that drive. I like to put 'em together, the drive and the sound, and get Fountain. I'm fortunate enough to get my own sound."

* * * * *

Fountain had some of his sound together by age 16, when he was called on to replace Irving Fazola, suddenly dead at age 36, at the Opera House Burlesque Theatre. Fazola, credited as the first to combine the traditional clarinet sound with elements from the swing style, had long been a model to Fountain, coming up with the Junior Dixieland Band (it toured with Horace Heidt's amateur show winners), Phil Zito's International Dixieland Express, and the Basin Street Six.

"Fazola played an Albert system clarinet, that sat in its case for years after he died," Fountain recalls. "His mother gave it to me—he didn't swab it out, though, and when it got hot, this smell of garlic would seep out of it, and grab you by the throat. We had to throw it away."

When bebop became the rage as jazz' new wave, Fountain traveled north to Chicago, to join the Dukes Of Dixieland, but as he says, "It's always been this way: guys will leave for a little while, but they always come back to town. Where else do you want to go? Music, the food is good, there's great fishin'—anything you want." But in the '50s he was suffering the Bourbon Street grind until Lawrence Welk asked Fountain to appear on his weekly television show, a gig that lasted two years and got him started making nearly 50 records on the Coral label.

"We went through the whole gamut," Fountain says of his albums with the Coral/Decca/MCA group; he had three five-year contracts, and the titles range from *Mr. New Orleans Meets Mr. Honky Tonk* through *Magical Licorice Stick Remedy*, many produced and arranged by Charles "Bud" Dant. Those I've sampled, *The Blues* and *Pete Fountain's New Orleans*, exploit his bright vibrato in polished settings; hearing Fountain live, I thought his strength might be better served in faster company.

"You can only do x amount of jazz albums and really you're running out of tunes," he claims. "We were doing four, five albums a year—a lot of albums. They didn't cost as much to make as they do now; on some of our sessions, we got $3,000 to do the album.

"But the demand was there; they knew they had x amount sold. At the time, my name was strong. I first got on the Carson show when my albums were real hot, high on the charts; I also did Ed Sullivan's show back then, and the *Kraft Music Hall*, the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 61

PETE FOUNTAIN'S EQUIPMENT

Pete Fountain plays a Pete Fountain model Leblanc clarinet with a fork B♭ and an articulate G♯. His clarinet sports a Vandoren Pete Fountain model crystal (glass) mouthpiece outfitted with a Vandoren #2½ reed. And Pete's been tootlin' in his office on a Julius Keilwortz Tone-King Special bass sax. Pete's trombonists play Holton horns, his trumpeter an Antoine Courtois horn, all via Leblanc.

PETE FOUNTAIN SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

as a leader

BEST OF . . .—MCA 4032
BEST OF . . . VOL. 2—MCA 4095
BLUES—MCA 506
CRESCENT CITY—MCA 336
AND FRIENDS—Capitol 16224
MAGICAL LICORICE STICK REMEDY—MCA 507
MR. NEW ORLEANS—MCA 165
NEW ORLEANS—MCA 505
NEW ORLEANS JAZZ—First American 7706
NEW ORLEANS, TENNESSEE—MCA 508
SOMETHING/MISTY—MCA 176
WAY DOWN YONDER IN NEW ORLEANS—Capitol 16225
MUSIC TO TURN YOU ON—Coral 757496
PLAYS BERT KAEMPFERT—Coral 757499
FOR THE FIRST TIME—Coral 74955
WALKING THRU NEW ORLEANS—Coral 757503
THOSE WERE THE DAYS—Coral 757505
BOTH SIDES NOW—Coral 757507
MAKE YOUR OWN KIND OF MUSIC—Coral 757510
SUPER JAZZ I—Monument 334851/2
JAZZ REUNION—JUCU 189/90
NEW ORLEANS TO LOS ANGELES—Southland 215
AT THE BATEAU LOUNGE—Coral 57314
SALUTES THE GREAT CLARINETISTS—Coral 575333
MR. NEW ORLEANS MEETS MR. HONKY TONK—Coral 57334
PRESENTS JACK SPERLING—Coral 57341
ON TOUR—Coral 57357
FRENCH QUARTER—Coral 57359
I LOVE PARIS—Coral 57378
BOURBON STREET—Coral 757389
SWING LOW, SWEET CLARINET—Coral 57394
MUSIC FROM DIXIE—Coral 57401
LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL—Coral 57406
NEW ORLEANS SCENE—Coral 57419
PLENTY OF PETE—Coral 57424
NEW ORLEANS AT MIDNIGHT—Coral 757429
SOUTH RAMPART STREET PARADE—Coral 57440
PETE'S PLACE—Coral 57453
LICORICE STICK—Coral 757460
MR. STICKMAN—Coral 57473
STANDING ROOM ONLY—Coral 57474
MOOD INDIGO—Coral 57484
A TASTE OF HONEY—Coral 57486
CANDY CLARINET—Coral 57487
I'VE GOT YOU UNDER MY SKIN—Coral 757488

with Basin Street Six

BASIN STREET SIX—Mercury 24111
AMERICA'S MUSIC—Mercury 25160
STRICTLY DIXIE—Mercury 20151

with Al Hirt

JAZZ BAND BALL—Verve 1012

with Lawrence Welk

PRESENTS PETE FOUNTAIN—Coral 57200
PLAYS DIXIELAND—Coral 57146

with Sharkey Bonano

RECORDED IN NEW ORLEANS VOL. 1—Good Time Jazz 12019

with Dukes of Dixieland

AT THE JAZZ BAND BALL—X 1025

with Phil Zito

DIXIELAND EXPRESS—Columbia 6110

with Monk Hazel

AND HIS NEW ORLEANS JAZZ KINGS—Southland 217

with Jack Delaney

AND HIS NEW ORLEANS JAZZ BABIES—Southland 214

with Tony Almerico

DIXIELAND FESTIVAL VOL. 1—Vik 1057

LITTLE MILTON

Big Blues

D. SHIGLEY

By Larry Birnbaum

Despite his durable and unusually successful career as a bluesman, Little Milton remains virtually unknown outside the black community. Dismissed by purists as a commercial soul singer, he played guitar as a teenager on Sonny Boy Williamson's *King Biscuit Time* radio show and later made records that deeply influenced Otis Rush and Magic Sam. Long overshadowed by B. B. King and Bobby Bland, he is considered by many aficionados to be the finest vocalist of the three.

His popularity soared during his tenure with Chess Records in the mid 1960s, when he scored three No. 1 r&b hits in a row. His songs were covered by such rock groups as Traffic (*Blind Man*), Savoy Brown (*Grits Ain't Groceries*), and Blood, Sweat & Tears (*More And More*), but Milton himself received little media recognition, perhaps because he refused to conform to white stereotypes of the blues.

"I've always managed to be versatile," he says, "so it kind of cramps my style to just go on stage for an hour and play nothin' but 12-bar blues. And unfortunately, this is what the white audience was introduced to, so I didn't feel that they would have accepted me doin' r&b for a portion of my show. Now it's different, but I was just set on doin' it my way, and you have to make some sacrifices when you start doin' things just for yourself. I stuck to my guns, and when you do it that way, sometimes it takes a little longer."

His recent tours of Europe and Japan may portend wider acceptance in the U.S. as well, but unlike many of his contemporaries, Milton has prospered without white support. His sumptuously orchestrated recordings have always sold at least respectably well; most are still available in original or reissue form. His latest album, *Playing For Keeps*, is for Malaco Records, the Mississippi-based independent label whose recordings of the late Z. Z. Hill sparked the current revival of the soul-blues genre that Milton himself helped pioneer. "It's amazing how the styles come and go," he says. "To me it's like a circle. It just goes around and around. But we've been able to be kind of a standard thing, and we've done it by basically just doin' what we feel that we can do best."

A large man, Milton Campbell Jr. was given his nickname as a child to distinguish him from his father, who was known as Big Milton. Born in Inverness, Mississippi on September 7, 1934, he was raised on a Delta farm between Leland and Greenville. He sang in church, both as chorister and soloist, from an early age, and listened to blues records on a hand-cranked Graphophone (an Alexander Graham Bell-produced rival to the Edison phonograph). "Other than that," he says, "I used to listen to the *Grand Ole Opry* on the radio every Saturday night, and I found myself very intrigued with the music. I'm still in love with country & western music today."

Campbell's first instrument was a one-stringed "diddley bow," a strand of broom wire tautly strung between two nails driven into the side of a house. "I bet you every kid that liked music had one of those," he chuckles. "Then I thought I'd try to make me one on a board, use a nail to pick the string, and you'd use a bottle to get your chords. But when I was 12 years old, I ordered a little cheap guitar from the Walter Fields catalog. I had worked and saved my money, but my mom didn't want me to have it. I slipped and ordered it anyway, and I wound up bein' able to keep it, with the help of my stepfather persuadin' her."

At 16 he was playing professionally with Eddie Cusic (or Kusick), a country blues singer and guitarist from Leland.

He then moved to Greenville, a relatively cosmopolitan riverfront town, where he worked the blues "cafes" of Nelson Street on weekends and played Ernest Tubb songs in white honky-tonks during the week. Exposed to a jazzier strain of blues, he soon joined a local big band led by Cleanhead Love.

Like most of the younger musicians in Greenville, Campbell was mainly influenced by citified jump-blues stylists. "Whoever had the hit records, this is who you wanted to sound like," he says. "T-Bone Walker was my favorite—in fact, my idol. His technique was so different from most of the guitar players. He'd play one string at a time instead of a lot of frailin' and chordin', so the guitar player was like a voice.

"And for singers, I really liked what Roy Brown was doin'. He could really belt out a song with guts and feeling, and with a lot of volume. For the easier stuff you'd listen to Roy Milton or Louis Jordan, and for medium shouting stuff there was Joe Turner. So I had lots of good talent to try and learn from."

After his stint with Cleanhead Love, however, Campbell began to work with a more traditional stylist, pianist Willie Love (no relation), with whom he recorded a couple of sides for Trumpet Records in Jackson, Mississippi. Love frequently accompanied Sonny Boy Williamson (Rice Miller), and when Sonny Boy stopped in Greenville, Campbell backed up the celebrated blues harpist on a couple of his *King Biscuit Time* broadcasts. "I think that was probably the highlight of the early part of my career," he says.

Along with guitarist Joe Willie Wilkins, Campbell also performed on drummer Willie Nix' radio show in West Memphis, Arkansas. This brief engagement was his longest in the Memphis area, but he did find time to take in the Beale Street blues scene. "The hang-out at that time was Mitchell's Domino Lounge, right on the corner of Beale and Hernando," he says. "Everybody in Memphis knew Sunbeam Mitchell, and the club was open every night, so when B. B. King, Johnny Ace, Roscoe Gordon, Bobby Bland, Junior Parker, Big Mama Thornton, or any of 'em would come off the road, they'd have like jam sessions."

Returning to Greenville, Campbell formed his own band, the Playmates Of Rhythm, with Cleophus Robinson on piano, Eugene Turner on bass, Lonnie Hayes on drums, and C. W. Tate on tenor sax. Ike Turner (Tina's ex-husband) often passed through Greenville with his own very popular band, the Kings Of Rhythm; Turner also freelanced as a talent scout for, among others, Sun Records. "He was a little hustler, really," says Milton, "always on the go, figuring out how to get some people recorded and in turn get some money for it."

Turner arranged for Campbell to record at Sam Phillips' studio in Memphis, and played piano for Milton's first Sun session in late 1953. All told, Milton cut some dozen tunes for Sun (of which about half were issued), in a style largely derived from B. B. King and Fats Domino. His singing and guitar work, although somewhat raw, were filled with youthful vigor, and his records sold well enough to enable Campbell and his Playmates to tour through Mississippi, Arkansas, and Louisiana.

* * *

After his phenomenal success with Elvis Presley, Sam Phillips lost interest in blues recording, and in 1955 Campbell moved to East St. Louis, Illinois. There he began working with saxophonist Oliver Sain, who had also accompanied Willie Love, Sain's stepfather, back in Greenville. "Oliver was my bandleader," says Milton, "and Fontella Bass was my female vocalist, and she also played piano in the band, so we billed it with three pictures on the placard."

Through singer Rufus Thomas, Campbell obtained a contract with Meteor Records, and in 1957 waxed a couple of Bland-influenced sides for producer Lester Bihari in Memphis. Back in St. Louis his band was featured regularly on disc jockey Dave Dixon's remote broadcasts from area night clubs. In 1958 station manager Bob Lyons invited Milton to make a demo tape at the KATZ studio and submitted it to Mercury Records, but was brusquely rejected.

Lyons and Campbell then released *I'm A Lonely Man* on their own newly founded Bobbin label. The striking Campbell composition was an overnight hit, and formed the basis for Otis Rush's *Keep On Lovin' Me Baby*, on Cobra. Backed by Sain's muscular horn arrangements (featuring James Carr on tenor sax), Campbell recorded six more singles for Bobbin during the following two years. Magic Sam later covered a pair of these songs, *I Found A New Love* and *Same Old Blues*, copying both vocal and guitar parts virtually note-for-note.

In 1961 Campbell and Lyons were approached by a representative of the Chicago-based Chess Records. Milton's next few Bobbin-produced singles were issued on Chess' Checker label, but this leasing arrangement was short-lived. "Leonard Chess called me in his office," says Milton, " and he said, 'What we're doin' is fattenin' frogs for snakes. You're either gonna be with us all the way, or we're not gonna release any more stuff.'"

Campbell began to record at the Chess studios in Chicago, at first with his new touring band (Sain had taken over the St. Louis ensemble) and later with Chess' studio regulars. He cut an album's worth of vintage blues material, backed only by the Chess rhythm section (including Maurice White [later of Earth, Wind & Fire] on drums, Leonard Caston on keyboards, and Louis Satterfield on bass), but these tracks were temporarily shelved, along with Milton's guitar, while producer Billy Davis proceeded to refashion him as a soul singer.

After several attempts Davis and Campbell struck paydirt with *Blind Man*, a soul tune that Bland had recorded on one of his Duke LPs. James Carter's bright new horn arrangement was far more effective than Joe Scott's uncharacteristically sour chart on the original, and Chess' superior engineering brought Milton's supple, gospel-inflected voice to the forefront. Belatedly, Duke began to promote Bland's version, but Campbell's record soared to the top of the charts. "They thought that they were gonna hurt us," he says, "but I think it really helped. When people started making comparisons, then they discovered that Bobby wasn't so untouchable after all, that there was somebody else out there that could do it just as well or better."

Blind Man was followed by two more

D. SHIGLEY

No. 1 singles—the c&w-flavored *We're Gonna Make It*, a million-seller, and *Who's Cheating Who*—both written by Chess staffmen and brassily arranged by Phil Wright. All three hits were included on the 1965 *We're Gonna Make It* LP, Campbell's first. Chess then released his earlier blues sessions on the album *Little Milton Sings Big Blues*, considered by many blues lovers to be his best ever. *Big Blues* spawned another pair of successful singles: *Feel So Bad*, an old Chuck Willis tune previously covered by Ray Charles, and *Sweet Sixteen*, a B. B. King classic that Milton adopted as one of his own signature songs.

Campbell took up permanent residence in Chicago in 1967, but did not register his next hit until 1969, when he collaborated with producer Calvin Carter and arranger Gene Barge to record *Grits Ain't Groceries*, a Titus Turner original that had been popularized by Little Willie John. The following year the same production team scored again with *If Walls Could Talk*, adding Donnie Hathaway's organ to the hard-punching mix. These singles, and the two albums named after them, are widely regarded as among the finest examples of the Chess soul school—as contemporary-sounding today as they were 15 years ago.

Milton, however, was not entirely satisfied with the Chess sound. "It was overproduced," he says. "I feel that God has blessed me with a good, decent voice. Why bury it under all that music? Some of the times I would object, but in the beginning I really had no say in it. The producers would just do whatever they wanted to do." After several additional singles for Chess, the company, moribund following the death of its founder, neglected to renew his contract, and he signed with Stax Records in Memphis.

* * *

Having formed his own Camil production company, Campbell assumed full artistic control on his 1973 Stax album, *Waiting For Little Milton*, which featured the Memphis Horns and the Memphis Symphony Orchestra. Here the material was bluesier, the full-blown orchestrations (by Al Green's arranger, James Mitchell) cleaner and less obtrusive. Milton's guitar work, now polished and restrained, was again prominently showcased, most notably on the poignant slow blues, *Little Bluebird*, which has endured to become a standard.

"The album got its name because they were askin' me constantly, when was I gonna be finished with the album," Campbell says. "I would come in and work on it and then go back out on the road, and they said, 'Man, you're holdin' up production. We're waitin' on you.' And they named it *Waiting*. They had the cover finished before I was finished with the album."

The follow-up *Blues 'N Soul* LP was similarly styled, with the added novelty of *Behind Closed Doors*, originally a c&w hit for Charlie Rich. Although Campbell did not appear at the all-star Wattstax concert, a portion of his performance at the Summit Club in Los Angeles was included in the film *Wattstax* and on the album *Wattstax 2/The Living Word*. Stax also issued a recording of Milton's set at the 1973 Montreux Jazz Festival, but in 1974 the label suddenly declared bankruptcy.

Milton bounced back in 1976 and 1977 with a pair of albums, *Friend Of Mine* and *Me For You, You For Me*, for Glades Records, a subsidiary of the Florida-based TK label. Produced in Chicago by Campbell and James Mack, these LPs were less blues-oriented than the Stax sessions, but except for the hint of a disco beat, otherwise similar. "I've never been a dancer," says Milton, "so that disco bug never got to me. I just more-or-less stayed in my same little bag. We changed a few things, but we wouldn't sell out the original Little Milton feel."

In 1980 and 1981 he cut two more albums for the Golden Ear label. "I knew it wasn't gonna get the exposure that it needed," he says, "but at least we'd be able to let the people know that I was alive and well and still in the business." *I Need Your Love So Bad* combined new material with selections that had previously been released on Checker. On *In Perspective* Milton's vocals, sans guitar, were simply dubbed over tracks that producer James Vanleer had originally cut with singers Don Ford and Jackie Ross.

With the help of veteran Detroit disc jockey Al Perkins, Campbell landed a major label deal in 1983. Perkins produced the resulting MCA album, *Age Ain't Nothin' But A Number*, but again Milton sang over pre-recorded soul-funk instrumentals that left little room for his guitar. Tragically, on the eve of the album's release, Perkins was found murdered. "He had the finished product on his desk when he was killed," says Milton. "If he had lived, he would have pushed it, totally. He was one hell of a promoter. But when he died, it was kind of like gettin' caught out on the middle of the ocean without a lifeboat, because with a company that big, if you ain't really got somebody on the inside, you can get lost in the shuffle."

In December of 1983, several months before the death of Z. Z. Hill, Campbell signed with Malaco Records. *Playing For Keeps*, produced by Tommy Couch and Wolf Stephenson, is divided fairly evenly between soul and blues, with ample solo-guitar space amid the Harrison Calloway-arranged horns and strings. Recorded at Malaco's Jackson, Mississippi studios, it is Milton's best album in a decade. "So far it seems to be one of the wisest decisions that I've made," he says, "because the relationship is real good, and they're doin' a tremendous job with the new material. I'm totally happy with it."

As he has through the years, Campbell currently maintains a busy performing schedule, touring with a seven-piece road band led by guitarist Ricky Earl. "I think a lot of the other [blues] artists would be travelin' around doin' one-nighters if they could," he says. "But you've got to first go out there and make a name for yourself, build a reputation, and then you've got to maintain it, and you've got to prove yourself. For me it has worked. I work year-'round, and I do pretty good.

"I'm happy to see the music getting some respect that I think is overdue," he concludes. "We're still havin' problems gettin' the records played on the radio, but I think if the blues and the soul music was given proper exposure on the air, it could be just as big as country & western or any other kind of music. But this whole business is kind of hard to understand. You could bust your brains out tryin' to figure it out. Best thing you can do is just do the best you can and keep grindin'." **db**

D. SHIGLEY

LITTLE MILTON'S EQUIPMENT

Little Milton plays a Gibson 345 guitar through an Acoustic amp.

LITTLE MILTON SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

PLAYING FOR KEEPS—Malaco 7419
AGE AIN'T NOTHIN' BUT A NUMBER—MCA 5414
THE BLUES IS ALRIGHT—Isabel 900.515
IN PERSPECTIVE—Golden Ear 2288
I NEED YOUR LOVE SO BAD—Golden Ear 2283
ME FOR YOU, YOU FOR ME—Glades 7511
FRIEND OF MINE—Glades 7506
GRITS AIN'T GROCERIES—Stax 8529
BLUES 'N SOUL—Stax 8518
WALKING THE BACK STREETS—Stax 8514
THE BEST OF WATTSTAX—Stax 8503
CHRONICLE—Stax 4123
MONTREUX FESTIVAL—Stax 4132
WAITING FOR LITTLE MILTON—Stax 4117
LITTLE MILTON'S GREATEST HITS—Chess 50013
LITTLE MILTON—Chess 2ACMB 204
IF WALLS COULD TALK—Checker 3012
GRITS AIN'T GROCERIES—Checker 3011
LITTLE MILTON SINGS BIG BLUES—Checker 3002
WE'RE GONNA MAKE IT—Checker 2995
RAISE A LITTLE SAND—Red Lightnin' 0011
SUN: THE ROOTS OF ROCK (VOL. 2)—Charly 30102

PAT METHENY

FIRST CIRCLE—ECM 1278: *Forward March; Yolanda, You Learn; The First Circle; If I Could; Tell It All; End Of The Game; Mas Alla (Beyond); Praise.*

Personnel: *Metheny, acoustic six-, 12-string guitar, electric guitar, guitar synthesizer, Synclavier guitar, sitar; Lyle Mays, piano, synthesizers, organ, agogo bells, trumpet; Steve Rodby, acoustic bass, bass guitar, bass drum; Pedro Aznar, voice, percussion, bells, glockenspiel, whistle, acoustic six-, 12-string guitar; Paul Wertico, drums.*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

A circle often symbolizes the completion of something. In this sense *First Circle* is a full circle, marking a culmination for the Pat Metheny Group and also acting as a stepping-off point for the future.

The album—which introduces a new lineup for the band—resonates with sounds and ideas from Metheny's earlier work. The title cut, for instance, has the sparkling, crystalline texture of such early tunes as *Phase Dance*, but the important role played by Pedro Aznar's wordless vocal is also a reflection of the influence of Nana Vasconcelos after *As Falls Wichita*. *Yolanda, You Learn* has the energy and drive characteristic of *American Garage*, and Metheny's bittersweet acoustic guitar on *If I Could* recalls *Watercolors*. There's some straightahead jazz blowing by both Metheny and Mays on *Tell It All*—a reminder of *80/81* and *Rejoicing*—and the slow samba beat of *End Of The Game* is a lot like *Are You Going With Me?* from *Offramp*.

It would be a mistake to see this music as just a rehashing of old ideas, though. What makes it so vital and interesting is the way the ideas have been combined and extended. There is a new maturity to the compositions, and the most striking feature of the overall sound is the way that electric and acoustic instruments have been combined. The Metheny Group has been doing this for quite a while, of course, as have other bands—but rarely has it been done so well. A couple of the tunes are almost entirely acoustic, and most of the others have technology and tradition carefully balanced, with acoustic guitar, piano, whistles, and simple percussion played off against the Oberheim synthesizer and Synclavier guitar.

The album begins with a march and ends with a hymn, choices that reflect the group's firm roots in the American heartland. *Forward March* is basically a joke, a piece of fractured Americana a la Charles Ives that sounds like a bad high school marching band. It gives Metheny a chance to show off some of the remarkable possibilities of the Synclavier guitar while assuring himself that his listeners now have smiles on their faces. *Praise*, although certainly more serious, is also upbeat—a rocked-up sort of hymn that gives final emphasis to the bright, positive sound of the album as a whole.

There is a tendency, I think, to take Pat Metheny's accomplishments a bit for granted, maybe because he still looks like a shaggy kid in a t-shirt and doesn't make lots of pronouncements about his "art." But the fact is that the range of his music, on record and in concert, is unmatched by any of his contemporaries (and few of his elders). While the significance of most "fusion" continues to fade, Metheny simply goes forward—as this album makes clear—while many other musicians are only going in circles. *—jim roberts*

WYNTON MARSALIS

WYNTON MARSALIS AND RAYMOND LEPPARD—Columbia Masterworks 39061: Johann Friedrich Fasch, *Concerto For Trumpet, Oboes And Strings*; George Frederick Handel, *Let The Bright Seraphim* from *Samson*; Giuseppe Torelli, *Sonata A 5 For Trumpet And Strings* (T.V. 3); Henry Purcell, *Sound The Trumpet* and *Chaconne* from *Come Ye Sons Of Art*; Purcell, *Entrada* and *Trumpet Air* from *The Indian Queen*; Purcell, *Trumpet Tune* from *King Arthur*; Purcell, *Trumpet Overture* from *The Indian Queen*; Torelli, *Sonata A 5 For Trumpet And Strings* (T.V. 7); Handel, *Eternal Source Of Light Divine* from *Birthday Ode For Queen Anne*; Johann Melchior Molter, *Concerto No. 2 For Solo Trumpet And Strings.*

Personnel: *Marsalis, trumpet; Raymond Leppard conducting the English Chamber Orchestra; Edita Gruberova, soprano.*

★ ★ ★

HOT HOUSE FLOWERS—Columbia 39530: *Stardust; Lazy Afternoon; For All We Know; When You Wish Upon A Star; Django; Melancholia; Hot House Flowers; I'm Confessin' (That I Love You).*

Personnel: *Marsalis, trumpet; Branford Marsalis, soprano, tenor saxophone; Kenny Kirkland, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Jeffrey Watts, drums; Kent Jordan, alto flute; Robert Freedman conducting an unidentified string orchestra.*

★ ★

Wynton Marsalis is a phenomenon. As such, he is subject to a good deal of praise as well as criticism—some of the latter deserved, but much doubtless the product of backlash. Critics eventually tire of a musician, phenomenally young and talented, who can apparently do no wrong. So when I write that these two albums, one classical and one jazz, are disappointing, I am at pains to divorce myself from the backlash. Whatever else can be said against the albums—and my chief complaint is that both are uninspired and for this reason uninteresting—they nevertheless reinforce a conclusion suggested by earlier work: Wynton Marsalis is a virtuoso on his instrument. Technique has not failed him here; imagination has, the imagination that should have been exercised in selecting the material performed.

For evidence of unflagging virtuosity one need only listen to the new classical album, Marsalis' second collaboration with the great English conductor of Baroque music, Raymond Leppard. Marsalis plays flawlessly, his tone and phrasing generous but patrician. He is quite at home with this kind of music, unlike, say, Benny Goodman, whose recordings of the Mozart *Clarinet Concerto* and *Clarinet Quintet*, made in the 1950s, are well-intentioned but graceless.

But the new classical album lacks the genius of the Grammy-winning first (Columbia Masterworks 37846), which featured, among other fine pieces, a performance of the Haydn *Trumpet Concerto* that is the most impressive I have ever heard. That performance was dancelike—just the right approach for this music, and so right that one wonders why no one else had played it quite that way before. The new album contains nothing comparable. None of the journeyman pieces is as good as the Haydn—or the Hummel concerto—of the first album. The longer works on the new disc, a concerto by Fasch and two sonatas by Torelli, are undistinguished pieces. Better music is found in the briefer offerings by Handel and Purcell, but these snippets allow little room for anything like a full exhibition of musicianship. Only the adagio movement of *Concerto No. 2*, by the little-known Johann Melchior Molter, recalls the genius of Marsalis' earlier album; its straightforward, songlike melodic line invites—and is given—an inspired performance.

If unimaginative classical material has yielded unimaginative performances in Marsalis' new album with Leppard, similarly conventional and uninteresting jazz material has produced uninspired playing in *Hot House Flowers*. The inclusion of a string section need not kill the jazz in jazz, but more often than not it does. Indeed, the exceptions are so few that one can make a very brief list and feel confident of its inclusiveness. Stan Getz' 1961 work, *Focus* (Verve 2528), with tunes composed by Eddie Sauter and brilliantly orchestrated by Hershy Kay, is perhaps the single most exciting use of strings in jazz. Clifford Brown's 1955 *With Strings* (EmArcy 1011), Ben Webster's work reissued on Verve as *Ballads* (VE-2-2530), and Charlie Parker's Verve sessions with strings (reissued on VE-2-2512) use the string choir less remarkably than Kay does, but each of these albums at least features strings that are creatively used for atmosphere. They evoke a mood, an emotional background, if not always a musically memorable foreground.

In *Hot House Flowers* the strings are a bore, and furthermore, the soloists play as if bored by them. The album is all too appropriately named, since the music that blooms here is forced, coaxed, and about as far as it is possible to get from anything savoring of spontaneity and surprise—"wild" elements natural to jazz.

A lackluster, conventional rendition of that most popular of popular tunes, *Stardust*, gets the album off to an especially stale start. An easy-listening run-through of *Lazy Afternoon*

follows and is followed by *For All We Know*. Here is a piece that could greatly benefit from the string treatment—were it handled inventively—but what we get is turgid rather than moody. Indeed, the single interesting moment on side one occurs in the coda to *When You Wish Upon A Star*. Its slickly adventurous harmonies recall the semiclassical but off-centered invention of Claude Thornhill. This lasts about 15 seconds.

Side two fares a bit better. The title cut benefits from some orchestration handled in the manner of Virgil Thomson, and *I'm Confessin' (That I Love You)* features introductory bars that almost command complete attention. But I can't imagine anyone being greatly entertained by much else on this side of the disc or the other. *—alan axelrod*

MAHAVISHNU

MAHAVISHNU—Warner Bros 25190-1: *Radio-Activity; Nostalgia; Nightriders; East Side West Side; Clarendon Hills; Jazz; The Unbeliever; Pacific Express; When Blue Turns Gold.*

Personnel: *John McLaughlin, Synclavier II digital guitar, electric guitar; Jonas Hellborg, electric bass; Mitchel Forman, electric piano, Yamaha DX-7, acoustic piano; Bill Evans, soprano, tenor saxophone, flute; Billy Cobham, drums; Dan Gottlieb, percussion; Katie LeBeque, Synclavier II, Yamaha DX-7, piano; Hari Prasad Chaurasia, Indian flute; Zakir Hussain, tablas.*

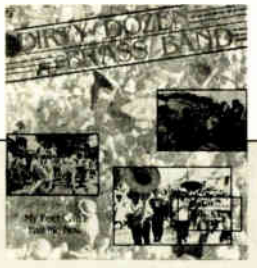
★ ★ ★

Mahavishnu! It has the sound of a rediscovered relic, an icon of some past civilization or religion. The Mahavishnu Orchestra, where guitar solos were forged in the *Inner Mounting Flame*, impassioned improvisations ascended like *Birds Of Fire*, and doomsday, distortion-laden angst rang out *Between Northingness And Eternity*. The fervor of the original Mahavishnu Orchestra seems like unbridled ecstacy and primitive avant gardism next to the sanitized, calculated music that came after it, masquerading as fusion. Disciples as well as later incarnations of the orchestra turned musical and spiritual insight into rote dogma.

Now, after nearly a decade, guitarist John McLaughlin has decided to invoke the once-magical name again. It conjures up our memories, but no revelations. McLaughlin, like many other guitarists, is still trying to find his voice on the Synclavier II digital guitar. While the horizons for this instrument are unlimited, no one yet knows how to get there with the power and impact evinced on electric. On *Clarendon Hill* McLaughlin evokes the memory of Jan Hammer's Minimoog solos but seems to hit an emotional dead end. On the other hand, his electric guitar solo on *Nightriders* elevates a mediocre pop-jazz groove with a viciously twisted saber.

McLaughlin can make the search for a new voice interesting. He turns a whining violin-like solo into long, yearning desire on *Radio-Activity*, and his duet with Bill Evans' flute on *Pacific Express* is uncanny as they emulate each other. Evans gets a lot of space in Mahavishnu, and he displays a lyricism that was not heard with Miles (though it can be heard on his own solo debut, *Living In The Crest Of A Wave*, Elektra Musician 60349-1). He follows McLaughlin's solo admirably on *Radio-Activity*, dancing across the surging rhythm with disarming melodicism.

McLaughlin pays tribute to many of his favorites, including Weather Report on *Jazz* with Zawinul-ish childlike horn lines and tropical night percussives; and Chick Corea with the latin-lilt of *Pacific Express*. However, while he covers a lot of ground, he stakes out no new territory for himself. There's some good energy and tight playing in the new 'Vishnu (excepting some serious rhythmic lapses by Cobham), but they've yet to find the spark of inspiration and innovation that the name Mahavishnu implies. *—john diliberto*



DIRTY DOZEN BRASS BAND

MY FEET CAN'T FAIL ME NOW—Concord Jazz 3005: *Blackbird Special; Do It Fluid; I Ate Up The Apple Tree; Bongo Beep; Blue Monk; Caravan; St. James Infirmary; Li'l Liza Jane; Mary, Mary; My Feet Can't Fail Me Now.*

Personnel: *Gregory Davis, trumpet, snare drum; Efrem Towns, trumpet; Kevin Harris, tenor saxophone; Roger Lewis, baritone, soprano saxophone; Charles Joseph, trombone; Kirk Joseph, tuba; Jenell Marshall, snare drum, vocals; Benny Jones, bass drum.*

★ ★ ★ ★

Black brass bands flourished in New Orleans for at least half-a-century before the emergence of jazz. At first the bandsmen sight-read or memorized stock arrangements of period march and dance tunes. With the advent of ragtime, they abandoned their printed scores for syncopated "head" charts, gradually evolving a more freewheeling, improvised style.

Although instrumental techniques were radically altered by this jazz revolution, venerable bands with names like Olympia, Onward, and Eureka continued to march and play for parades, picnics, political rallies, and of course, funerals. In later years, as original members passed away, their places were taken by younger musicians with backgrounds in modern jazz and rhythm & blues.

The Dirty Dozen Brass Band was founded by bass drummer Benny Jones in the mid-1970s, originally as a kazoo ensemble that paraded behind established bands along with other "second line" revelers. Adopting more-or-less standard contemporary instrumentation—trombone, tuba, two trumpets, tenor and baritone saxophones, snare and bass drums—the Dirty Dozen quickly became the Crescent City's most popular street band.

Last year the Dozen took their first extensive tour, performing to enthusiastic audiences in Chicago, New York, and Europe. Now their first album, produced by George Wein, has been released on the Concord Jazz label. On *My Feet Can't Fail Me Now* they extend the New Orleans brass band legacy with bebop and modal interpolations, producing a modern hybrid style somewhat akin to the fashionable neo-traditionalism of David Murray, Henry Threadgill, and others.

The Dirty Dozen have been criticized by older bandsmen for their innovative material and accelerated tempos. Instead of the now-usual improvised counterpoint, they have reverted to well-practiced head charts with sequential themes and contrasting section parts in the pre-jazz manner. These arrangements, though, owe more to hard-bop and contemporary funk than to John Philip Sousa. Propelled by driving latinate rhythms, the band at times suggests the Fania All-Stars or Fela Anikulapo Kuti's Afrika 80.

On such originals as *Blackbird Special*, *Do It Fluid*, and their chanted anthem, *My Feet Can't Fail Me Now*, the Dozen use repeated and alternating riffs as percussive figures, pumping out irresistibly hot, brassy rhythms. Charlie Parker's *Bongo Beep* is surprisingly effective as a parade march, and *Blue Monk* makes a credible funeral dirge, but Duke Ellington's *Caravan* fits almost too naturally into this context to have much of an impact.

Baritone saxophonist Roger Lewis and trumpeter Gregory Davis are the band's most prominent soloists, but tubaist Kirk Joseph steals the show with his brilliantly articulated bass runs. The Dirty Dozen depend more on ensemble coordination, however, than on individual prowess. Substituting rhythmic intensity for the easy-going nonchalance of their classic forebears, they have largely succeeded in spanning the musical generations, and in doing so have revitalized jazz at its source.

—larry birnbaum

DAVID MURRAY

MORNING SONG—Black Saint 0075: *Morning Song; Body And Soul; Light Blue Frolic; Jitterbug Waltz; Off Season; Duet.*

Personnel: *Murray, tenor saxophone, bass clarinet; John Hicks, piano; Reggie Workman, bass; Ed Blackwell, drums.*

★ ★ ★ ★

Morning Song is one of David Murray's most satisfying small group recordings, reflecting

the maturity so cogently forwarded through his octet. No longer the tenor's *enfant terrible*, Murray has marshalled the fury of such early outings as *3D Family* and refined the jocularity of the Lower Manhattan Ocean Club dates. The resulting program, for the most part, successfully meshes neo-mainstream polish with old-guard, avant garde panache.

Murray obtains a cohesion within the four quartet pieces that equals his octet recordings. The duets—the velvety *Body And Soul* features John Hicks; *Duet* pivots on Ed Blackwell's buoyant sense of rhythm—seem like appendages in comparison, though each has merit in its own right. In contrast to the octet dates, where Murray's abilities as a composer and arranger make the most immediate and lasting impressions, it is Murray's playing that is the catalyst.

Perhaps attributable to the octet work, Murray's growth as a soloist is two-fold: he is more concise in his statements and more deliberate in his pacing. His solos are still richly allusive, and his evocations of Eric Dolphy, on *Jitterbug Waltz*, and Coleman Hawkins, on *Body And Soul*, possess eminent sense. It is on the remaining quartet pieces, however, that Murray hits full stride. *Off Season*, based on a hard-edged vamp, is a near-perfect vehicle for Murray's mix of youngblood brawn and worldly wherewithall; the title piece, which recalls the loose-limbed struts Keith Jarrett used to feature Dewey Redman, and *Light Blue Frolic*, which features Murray's most boppish solo of the set, come close to striking the same balance.

Still, the measure of Murray's growth is how he leads this top-drawer rhythm section. The catch-me-if-you-can tangents of his early work are gone, replaced by a taskmaster's assuredness in exacting inspired performances from his cohorts. The response of Hicks, Blackwell, and Reggie Workman is unfailingly enthusiastic throughout the program, as their support is crisp and their solos are pungent.

—bill shoemaker

KEITH JARRETT

CHANGES—ECM 25007-1: *Flying; Prism.* **Personnel:** *Jarrett, piano; Gary Peacock, bass; Jack DeJohnette, drums.*

★ ★ ★ ★

Teleportation is not a black art but a white science when practiced by Jarrett and his old cronies. Jarrett takes us on a half-hour's spin 'round the globe, then leads a short recapitulational meditation, with Peacock and DeJohnette as acolytes, that would be worthy of Tibetan mystic Lobsang Rampa, who could

circle the earth like a satellite at will, or so they say. On the wings of Jarrett's transcendent lyricism, we skim the souk in Tangiers, the Andalusian altiplano, mountain villages in Afghanistan, the brick villages in lower Manhattan, Amazon watersheds, Japanese temples. Peacock supplies a philosophical rationale, and DeJohnette keeps the propellers spinning. It's a trip worth taking your breath away, and *Prism* may be Jarrett's most beautiful and coverable melody since *Prayer* or *Coral*.

The mental vignettes I've conjured up from listening may not have been intentional (for all his orchestral experimentation, Jarrett has not as yet attempted anything as overtly programmatic as *Pictures At An Exhibition*), but they were vivid and exciting and did not diminish with relistening. They were more pungent even than his recent *Standards* with the same partners, excellent though they were, as Jarrett here was less inclined to sing along. My *idee fixe* seemed to condense to briefer filmic moments with more listenings; having to flip *Flying* halfway becomes an irritant en route that makes me wish for a tape or even a CD, though the break comes at a logical shift in the music. Their loose formations have precedents—Jarrett and DeJohnette from *Ruta And Daitya* (ECM 1021) and all three on Peacock's *Tales Of Another* (ECM 1101). Jarrett draws flak at times, but when he plays like this, he's truly an angel.

—fred bouchard

LEE KONITZ

LIVE AT LAREN—Soul Note 1069: *April; Who You; Without A Song; Moon Dreams; Times Lie; Matrix.*

Personnel: *Konitz, alto, soprano saxophone; Red Rodney, trumpet, flugelhorn; John Eckert, trumpet, piccolo trumpet, flugelhorn; Jimmy Knepper, trombone; Sam Burtis, bass trombone, tuba; Ronnie Cuber, baritone saxophone, clarinet; Ben Aranov, piano, electric piano; Ray Drummond, bass; Billy Hart, drums.*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

WILD AS SPRINGTIME—GFM 8002: *She's As Wild As Springtime; Hairy Canary; Ezz-thetic; Duende; Chopin Prelude Number 20; Spinning Waltz; Silly Samba; Hi, Beck; Ko.*

Personnel: *Konitz, alto saxophone; Harold Danko, piano.*

★ ★ ★ ★

With the current stir caused by "little big bands" such as those of Henry Threadgill and David Murray, *Live At Laren* is a timely reminder of a near antecedent. The Lee Konitz Nonet was conceived, in the leader's words, because of "a promoter who was booking a tour of Italy" in 1975. It somehow fits, then, that Italy's Soul Note should release this 1979 Dutch concert performance, the successor to *Yes, Yes, Nonet* (SteepleChase 1119), which was recorded just four months earlier. While all but one selection (*Moon Dreams*) is a remake from the nonet's three state-of-the-art previous LPs, the new release gives listeners a 50-minute summation of band strengths.

The nonet's choice book has been eclectic all along, embracing real and should-be standards. The pen of Jimmy Knepper is favored as always (he contributed *Who You*), though this group has waxed surprisingly few Konitz originals. For *Live At Laren* it also covers two Chick Corea compositions, one throwback to the leader's roots in Lennie Tristano combos (*April*), and an unexpected treat: the Gil Evans arrangement of Glenn Miller's *Moon Dreams*, a darkly evocative blending of ensemble colors. (Reinforcing the allusion to Miles Davis' *Birth Of The Cool* nonet, Sam Burtis switches to tuba here.) The program lacks only one of the unit's matchless interpretations of Wayne Shorter for ideal balance.

The live set shows so many signs of success: superior soloists, carefully chosen material, and layered arrangements that give the melodies new hues. How the written parts and solos occur in equilibrium is a hallmark of the nonet's tough beauty. High standards never flag. Even the lengthy workouts that comprise side two, *Times Lie* and *Matrix*, have interacting sections and inspired ensembles. A true showpiece, Konitz' setting of *Without A Song* lives down its name from note one of his a cappella alto introduction: wisps of melody so laconic yet whispery and graceful. Konitz, Knepper, and Ronnie Cuber interpret Vincent Youman's wistful theme in turn (helped by the ensemble), followed by a contrasting solo from Cuber. The baritone saxist effectively exploits the full-bodied properties of the big horn to shape muscular glissandi and closes with urgent Jacquet-like fragments. Melodic Knepper and Ben Aranov solos follow. Next, dense-pack variations for wind ensemble encase a Konitz soprano statement (his more pointed and exclamatory horn) to end, unexpectedly, on a churchy note.

Wild As Springtime places Konitz side-by-side with Harold Danko, original pianist from the nonet. The 1984 Glasgow studio date renews the saxophonist's fascination with intimate formats which began with *The Lee Konitz Duets* (Milestone 9013), a 1967 set featuring Joe Henderson, Elvin Jones, and Ray Nance, among others. Since then, his partnerships on record have included Martial Solal, Red Mitchell, Karl Berger, and Michel Petrucciani.

But the duet form is not Konitz' only tie to the past. The program revisits two pieces from his *Ezz-thetic* (Prestige 7827) session with Miles Davis. In the updated version of George Russell's chromatic showcase (of the same name), Konitz' attack has not mellowed with the passage of 33 years; it punches harder than the original with bolder turns (thanks to smart left-handed punctuations from Danko) and increased momentum. The splashing impressionism of *Hi, Beck*, the other remake, is Tristanoid and relentless; Konitz' lyric alto conveys the feeling of a bardic voice that never stops storytelling.

Another tie to the Konitz past, the spontaneously improvised *Ko*, recalls the Lennie Tristano Sextet of 1949, the first group to record "free jazz." *Wild As Springtime* also includes Konitz' hard-to-forget, scattered-waltz-of-a-title-song; two Danko originals (the comic modulations of theme on his *Silly Samba* really get the saxophonist's solo off and running!); two Chick Corea selections (again!); and a tenderly swung Chopin prelude. The players sustain a high level of sympathetic response throughout. Their subtle and unassuming musicianship is the jazz conversational equivalent of *My Dinner With André*. Warm, witty details such as Danko's harmonic hint of the blues on a sad waltz (*Duende*) make *Wild As Springtime* grow with each new hearing.

—peter kostakis

JAMAALADEEN TACUMA

RENAISSANCE MAN—Gramavision 8308: *Renaissance Man; Flash Back; Let's Have A Good Time; The Next Stop; Dancing In Your Head; There He Stood; The Battle Of Images; Sparkle.*

Personnel: *Tacuma, electric bass; Rick Iannacone (cuts 1-4), electric guitar; Cornell Rochester (1-4), drums; James R. Watkins (1-4), alto saxophone; Ron Howerton (1-5), percussion; Olu Dara (1), cornet, African flute; Ornette Coleman (5), alto saxophone; Charles Ellerbee (5), electric guitar; Daniel Ponce (6), percussion; Howie Montaug (6), recitation; Ebony String Quartet (7)—Kathleen Thomas, Cynthia Shoats, violin; Nina Wilkenson, viola; Aaron Henderson, cello; Bob Zollman (7), timpani, percussion; Bill Bruford (8), drums; David Murray (8), tenor saxophone; Vernon Reid (8), electric guitar; Daryl Burgee (8), African gymbe drum.*

★ ★ ★ ★

"The moment you're connected to only one style, you're through." That is Jamalaadeen Tacuma's summary of the most important lesson he learned from Ornette Coleman, and it's the credo that guides his solo career. Not surprisingly, he covers a lot of ground, from dance tunes to harmolodic funk to classical compositions. Tacuma's restless musical imagination was evident on *Show Stopper*, his debut album, a record that was simultaneously praised for its audacious scope and damned for its lack of focus.

This album largely follows the formula of *Show Stopper*—one side of Tacuma with his

Sax-In-The-Box

The cause for completeness among record collectors and hardcore jazz fans borders on obsession at times, albeit a pleasant obsession. In the olden days it took a long, involved search to acquire all the various 78s or small label LPs of your favorite artist, and in many cases, the thrill of discovery made the time and energy spent worthwhile. Today, you can purchase the "complete" output of most of the acknowledged jazz giants, if you're willing to pay for the (usually Japanese or European) compilation. But problems are raised for the average listener. Suppose you already own most of the material in a multi-record boxed set; should you be expected to lay down a hefty sum in order to obtain those few remaining tracks or previously unissued alternate takes? Of course, such sets often contain extensive liner notes/booklets, additional discographical information, improved pressings, and other compensations. But further suppose that you own none of the material in a premium-priced collection. Are you going to want to pay that much money for what is basically an introduction to an artist?

The decision is ultimately a personal one, based on individual needs and desires. But apparently record companies have found that there are buyers out there, and the issuance of complete sets continues apace. One such is ***Charlie Parker On Verve, 1946-54*** (Verve OOMJ 3268 77); a 10-disc repackaging of all of the Bird songs previously released on Norman Granz' Mercury, Clef, and Verve labels (before the rights were sold to Polygram). Collectors should note that there are no previously unreleased sides offered here, but the immaculately clean, quiet Japanese pressings are an improvement over every earlier release of these records. The half-page "liner notes" are negligible; what is important is the discography included: a listing of 181 live and studio sessions at which Parker was featured, extensively detailed as to separate song titles, existing alternate takes, personnel, date and location of recording, the original 78, 10-inch, and 12-inch LP releases, and brief notes where necessary. This booklet is based on earlier discographies by Piet Koster and Dick M. Bakker, Tony Williams, and Jorgen Grunnet Jepsen, plus new research. Despite its typos, it's a valuable study—doubly so since no where else in the box do they tell you who's playing on *these* cuts, or give dates or timings.

What of the music? Well, beyond the general disclaimer that every note Parker played merits scrutiny and rewards attention, the sheer bulk and scope of the 119 performances is impressive. I disagree with annotator Akira Yamato's statement that by the time of these recordings Parker had "achieved maturity," altered his playing from the "offensive" to the "defensive," and therefore could afford to "take it easy." On the contrary, if anything, the variety of settings for Parker's alto—ranging from JATP jams to latin rhythms, string cushions to naked quartet showcases—heard here reveals Parker's restless quest for new challenges, new inspiration, new colors and textures, as opposed to the mostly quintet format of his earlier, classic Dial and Savoy sessions. And the music communicates not only his innate abilities, but also a larger-than-life perseverence that had to overcome health problems, self-destructive tendencies, adverse or limiting musical situations, and his own genius.

Listening to all 10 albums within a relatively short period of time is an enriching and exhausting experience. Even though they document only an eight-year slice at the end of Parker's life, and his playing is uneven at some sessions, he nevertheless compressed such a wealth of invention and imagination into these performances as to fulfill a life's work for a lesser artist. The cry that Walt Whitman characterized as life's "barbaric yawp" is audible in every note Parker played, and once heard, can't be forgotten.

Chronologically (and in some ways, artistically), ***The Complete Pacific Jazz Small Group Recordings Of Art Pepper*** (Mosaic MR3-105) pick up where the Parker/Verve set leaves off. Though no altoist after Parker could escape his influence totally, these 1956-57 performances show Pepper's true roots to be Benny Carter's alto for sound and sensitivity, and the tenors of Lester Young and Zoot Sims for melodic nuance and rhythmic inflection. Further, where Bird sliced through and soared over his often restrictive arrangements (there's ample evidence in the big band and string accompaniments in the Verve box), Pepper felt comfortable fitting in (witness his role in Shorty Rogers' writing for nonet here, and his subsequent glorious work with Marty Paich's large groups), compressing his solos into concise packages without sacrificing energy or a sense of abandon. Indeed, these warm, relatively restrained "West Coast" arrangements hold up well today (Jimmy Heath's "East Coast" energy injects a nice jolt of juice on eight tracks), and their polished sound heightens the tension inherent in Pepper's brash but beautifully constructed solos.

The Mosaic box (available from 1341 Ocean Ave. #135, Santa Monica, CA 90401) collects the 26 sides Pepper cut for Pacific Jazz as part of a pair of separate sextets with Chet Baker (who plays marvelously here too), a quintet alongside tenorist Bill Perkins, and the aforementioned Rogers nonet. Left out are the Pacific Jazz sides on which Pepper was not featured, and added are two heretofore unreleased performances and one previously truncated item. (As is consistent with other Mosaic releases, the pressings are excellent and the annotation, by Michael James, is thorough.) During this period Pepper's was a rare personal alto voice, one that could create sustained melodic invention to rival Parker's (though from a distinctive point-of-view) and essay an effortless flow that was the result of the same evocative tug-of-war between structure and spontaneity that would be magnified in the more overt emotionalism of his later years.

Between them, these two collections contain life-enriching music that demands to be heard, at any price.

—art lange

working band, Jamaal, and one side of more wide-ranging projects—and has many of the same virtues and vices. There's not much doubt that Tacuma is the most gifted and inventive electric bassist to come along since Stanley Clarke and Jaco Pastorius, but the best thing about his playing is that he never loses touch with the groove. Even when he's taking his lines to the outer limits, he's in the pocket (a reflection of his solid background in r&b and soul music). He is a master of funk, but he can swing—check out *Flash Back*—and the first side of this LP simply pops with rhythmic vitality. On a cold day you could defrost your windows just by playing it.

The flip side finds Tacuma living up to the album title (which actually refers to Paul Robeson, but certainly applies to the multi-faceted J.T. as well) with uneven results. Updating *Dancing In Your Head* was certainly a good idea—Tacuma gives it a techno-funk facelift—and the contrapuntal dialog between the bass and Ornette's alto sax is refreshingly raw. *There He Stood*, a poetry recitation with multi-tracked bass and percussion accompaniment, was a noble idea, but it's not really the kind of thing you want to hear more than once. Ditto for *The Battle Of Images*, an ambitious but uninspiring concerto for electric bass and string quartet.

Tacuma does save his best for last, though, with *Sparkle*, a raucously swinging tune featuring David Murray, Vernon Reid, and Bill Bruford. The bassist flourishes in this all-star setting, simultaneously laying down the bottom and ranging through the top while providing overall musical direction from behind his Steinberger. It's clear that Tacuma is a major talent with much to say. If he tries too hard sometimes, that's still a lot better than playing it safe—and he seems incapable of doing that.

—jim roberts

OLD WINE, NEW BOTTLES

I suspect a generation or two of high school and college student orchestras have grown up believing that big band jazz was invented by Stan Kenton or Maynard Ferguson. So to those students, but more especially to the department heads who have weened their young players on such brass-bottomed dirigibles, I heartily recommend the **Smithsonian Collection**'s six-album anthology, *Big Band Jazz*. The big bands dominated jazz from its beginnings until the middle '40s. One can hardly name a decent soloist of the '20s, '30s, or '40s without thinking of a big band which showcased him. This collection defines the beginnings chiefly in terms of Paul Whiteman and Fletcher Henderson. Their form is the dance band; the spirit is New Orleans by way of Harlem. Four Fletcher Henderson cuts carry the story from the vo-do-de-o-do days of the "jazz age" to the streamlined hum of modern, Goodman-style swing. Additional tracks by Earl Hines, Chick Webb, and Jimmy Lunceford flesh out the picture with variations on a theme. And two beauties by Bennie Moten (including the original *Moten Swing*) shift the geography of swing to the Southwest where the music was a vocabulary of riffs.

With Benny Goodman, who gets all of side five, what had been a cult suddenly becomes a craze. And for nearly a decade big band jazz is a popular music, attracting the biggest audiences and greatest talents of the era. Perhaps because a number of performances embrace both popularity and quality, the album's programming here veers too much toward familiar material found on any "greatest hits" collection. Producers Martin Williams and Gunther Schuller include Glenn Miller's *In The Mood*, for example, because Miller "cut out most of the secondary material." But everyone knows the Miller record; few are familiar with the original (*There's Rhythm In Harlem*) or the deleted secondary themes. If the producers prefer such deracinated versions, why didn't they opt for the 1939 Basie *Moten Swing*, which retains only the last of the four original themes? And why in a collection of this authority must we get yet another issue of *Begin The Beguine* (Artie Shaw), *One O'Clock Jump* and *Jumpin' At The Woodside* (Basie), *Song Of India* (Tommy Dorsey), and *String Of Pearls* (Miller)? Ellington gets a purposely middlebrow representation. Benny Carter's 1939 *Shufflebug Shuffle* is about seven years ahead of its time but is not the landmark work he produced in 1933. And nowhere is Eddie Sauter heard from.

But anyone can gripe about editorial peccadillos in a six-LP anthology. For the most part the selections have been well considered and are superbly accounted for in some of the clearest, most enlightening annotations (53 pages) ever seen in a jazz album. It's available by mail only from Smithsonian Recordings, POB 11230, Des Moines IA 50336.

The Cotton Club purveyed a particularly tacky brand of popular hokum for most of its history, which began in 1923 as a gaudy, no-coloreds-thank-you Harlem showroom and later moved downtown to a Times Square location. Its legend has been persistent, though, for reasons good and bad; some of the performances on ***Cotton Club Stars*** (Stash 124) help explain why. Stardom came to Duke Ellington here, and he's up for six tunes, including a couple of frenzied grenades of Harlem abandon. The Missourians evolved into the first Cab Calloway band, and they're heard in a fuzzy but fire-and-brimstone *King Porter Stomp* taken from a Cotton Club radio remote circa 1932. Harold Arlen, who launched one of the most brilliant of all Tin Pan Alley careers, sings his own *Happy As The Day Is Long* (a song I never particularly liked until Alec Wilder raved about it in his book, *The American Popular Song*; I still don't like it, but now I feel a little guilty about it).

The Cotton Club was also a showcase for the best black entertainers of the day as they performed for white-only audiences. And they parade through this album one by one: Ethel Waters (such diction!), Buck and Bubbles, Bill Robinson (Bojangles), the Nicholas Brothers, Avon Long (early Michael Jackson), and Lena Horne. But most of the songs are vehicles and novelties, written and performed for the moment rather than the ages. A couple of exceptions are Billy Kyle's piano on *Jammin' For The Jackpot*, Duke's 1939 *Cotton Club Stomp*, and Lena Horne's *How Long Has This Been Going On*. But all these were done long past the Club's hokey Harlem heyday. In any case artistry is really beside the point. This is a document of what it might have been like 20,000 midnights ago in a white Harlem fantasy. It's history, and history has it own special justifications.

During the depression Europeans became as fascinated with the American Negro as New York's Cotton Club regulars, but the result was an audience for jazz that could pick the substance from the show biz. With many of the music's star performers scuffling for work on its own turf, crafty John Hammond managed to get English Columbia to do what the American labels wouldn't or couldn't do: record it. The results were a stunning string of early Swing gems which, in a perverse kind of justice, were denied to American audiences for years. Many of them—no less than 39 on two LPs, in fact, for an extraordinary value—have been gathered on ***Ridin' In Rhythm*** (DRG/Swing 8453/4), including the astonishing poise of Benny Carter's *Symphony In Riffs* and *Take My Word*, Ellington's first editions of *Sophisticated Lady* and *Merry Go Round*, and 10 Fletcher and Horace Henderson beauties that include what may be jazz' first semi-atonal orchestration, *Queer Notions*.

In these pre-Lester Young years, Hammond's fancy was still absorbed in Coleman Hawkins' monolithic tenor. And Hawkins seems everywhere here. In addition to some European-made dates, the second work of his famous ballad trilogy, *Talk Of The Town*, is still worth having, although he topped it in a 1954 Vanguard session. Nothing topped his work on the *Jamaica Shout* session, however.

While American jazz was being exported on record, Europe was also attracting a mixture of expatriates and touring American acts, which are represented in ***Harlem Comes To London*** (DRG/Swing 8444). All performances were recorded in London, except for a repeat of *Sophisticated Lady* by Ellington, who toured England in 1933. John Bubbles of Buck and Bubbles steals the albums with sleek versions of *Georgia Brown* and *I Ain't Got Nobody*. But most of the performances are by period entertainers singing I-miss-Harlem type songs—interesting from an academic-only perspective, but otherwise dated anacronisms.

If DRG intends to pursue the European scene further, it might consider American issues of some of the German, Belgian, and Scandinavian bands that played during the war, and which are already collected on several out-of-print German Telefunken LPs. There were some startlingly good replications of American swing being played in occupied Europe by indigenous musicians who had only the records to guide them. Charts such as *Introducing Mr. Basie* by the Fud Candrix orchestra could embarrass many an expert in a Blindfold Test.

—john mcdonough

CLIFFORD BROWN

THE COMPLETE BLUE NOTE AND PACIFIC JAZZ RECORDINGS—Mosaic MR5-104: *Bellarosa; Carvin' The Rock* (Alt. Take 1); *Carvin' The Rock; Cookin'* (Alt. Take); *Cookin'; Brownie Speaks; De-Dah; You Go To My Head; Carvin' The Rock* (Alt. Take 2); *Capri* (Alt. Take); *Capri; Lover Man; Turnpike; Turnpike* (Alt. Take); *Sketch One; It Could Happen To You; Get Happy; Get Happy* (Alt. Take); *Wail Bait* (Alt. Take); *Wail Bait; Hymn Of The Orient; Brownie Eyes; Cherokee* (Alt. Take); *Cherokee; Easy Living; Minor Mood; Hymn Of The Orient* (Alt. Take); *Daahoud; Finders Keepers; Joy Spring; Gone With The Wind; Bones For Jones; Blueberry Hill; Tiny Capers; Tiny Capers* (Alt. Take); *Split Kick; Once In A While; Quicksilver; Wee Dot* (Alt. Take); *Blues; A Night In Tunisia; Mayreh; Wee Dot; If I Had You; Quicksilver* (Alt. Take); *Lou's Blues; The Way You Look Tonight; Now's The Time; Confirmation.*

Personnel: *Brown, trumpet; Lou Donaldson/Clifford Brown Quintet (cuts 1-9); J. J. Johnson Sextet (10-18); Clifford Brown Sextet (19-27); Clifford Brown (28-35); Art Blakey Quintet (36-49).*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

MORE STUDY IN BROWN—EmArcy 195J-1: *I'll Remember April; Junior's Arrival; Flossie Lou; Mildama; Jordu; These Foolish Things; Land's End; The Blues Walk.*

Personnel: *Brown, trumpet; Sonny Rollins (1-4), Harold Land (5-8), tenor saxophone; Richie Powell, piano; George Morrow, bass; Max Roach, drums.*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

JAMS 2—EmArcy 195J-2: *Coronado; Introduction; I'll Remember April; Crazy He Calls Me.*

Personnel: *Brown, trumpet; cut 1—Herb Geller, Joe Maini Jr., alto saxophone; Walter Benton, tenor saxophone; Kenny Drew, piano; Curtis Counce, bass; Max Roach, drums; 3-4—Maynard Ferguson, Clark Terry, trumpet; Herb Geller, alto saxophone; Harold Land, tenor saxophone; Richie Powell, Junior Mance, piano; Keter Betts, George Morrow, bass; Max Roach, drums; Dinah Washington, vocal.*

★ ★ ★ ½

Even at the outset of his brief career, there was never any doubt that Clifford Brown was destined for great things. Endowed with a remarkably acute ear and an unswerving dedication to his musical goals he was, at an uncommonly youthful age, able to devise and master a unique style of modern jazz trumpet playing. It was a style whose diction, like that of most of

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his bebop-inspired contemporaries, depended initially on the language first formulated by Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie. But Clifford was no slave to either Dizzy or his more immediate mentor, Fats Navarro, both of whose chosen sonorities on the instrument were, at best, thinly centered. Quite to the contrary, Brownie's tone, a major characteristic of his overall conception, was full, richly burnished and, above all, deeply emotional. His technical facility, a marvel in itself, was never used for its own ends, but instead was thoughtfully employed in the service of a seemingly bottomless reservoir of ideas. But perhaps his greatest legacy to us was his total commitment to the most intense levels of meaningful self-expression. In this regard, he can only be compared with Armstrong and Beiderbecke at their best.

Fortunately, Brownie made a lot of records between his 1952 debut and his tragic death in 1956, and it is a pleasure to announce the current availability of three recently released sets that, among them, contain no fewer than 16 newly discovered performances, worthy additions all to the hopefully still-growing canon of Clifford Brown. The most immediately impressive of the three is the five-record set on Mosaic which contains virtually every completed selection the trumpet player recorded for Blue Note and Pacific Jazz between June 1953 and August 1954. With but one easily understood and quickly forgiven exception, all of these complete sessions are arranged chronologically and in order of master and take number sequence, so as to afford the serious listener an opportunity to study the creative process in action. There are, in addition to all of the more familiar performances, 12 alternate takes of which six were previously unissued in any form. Moreover, there is one title from the two-disc *Night At Birdland* set, *Lou's Blues*, which, probably for reasons of space, also managed to elude all earlier releases of this material. Besides Clifford's sparkling work throughout, the Mosaic box also offers many other superlative solos from such enthusiastic participants as altomen Donaldson and Gigi Gryce, trombonist Johnson, tenorman Zoot Sims, and pianists Elmo Hope and Horace Silver.

The EmArcy output of the Clifford Brown/Max Roach Quintet has also seen quite a few different permutations since the exciting days of its origination, perhaps the most recent being the 1977 release of two double-pocket albums on Mercury. Prior to that there was the budget-priced series of reissues on Trip. But what we have on these two recent entries from Japanese EmArcy is a gap-filling study intended to supplement the material on the 11 original albums. *More Study* is the better of the two quite simply because it is by the quintet and not an unconscionably mismatched jam group. Of its titles, *I'll Remember April*, *Mildama*, *Land's End*, and *The Blues Walk* are alternate takes from those originally released; *These Foolish Things* is a previously unreleased performance; *Junior's Arrival*, *Jordu*, and *Flossie Lou* did appear on a 1965 Limelight reissue, but were not on the original EmArcys, hence their presence here. This album is recommended not only for already confirmed boppers, but also for those newer listeners who have never heard Sonny Rollins in his prime.

Jams 2 is admittedly a hodgepodge of sometimes divergent ideologies, but it nevertheless can boast several good moments from such genuine boppers as Brownie, Geller, and the underrated, scarcely recalled Maini. The sidelong medium-up blues, *Coronado*, is a different take from the one previously heard in albums of this group, while *I'll Remember April* and *Crazy He Calls Me* (a Washington feature with nice Geller but no Brown) are newly discovered performances, as is also the verbal snippet entitled *Introduction* which opens side two. However rewarding this album may be in selected spots, it is ultimately the Mosaic set and *More Study In Brown* that prompt my most heartfelt endorsements. —*jack sohmer*

STEVE MORSE

THE INTRODUCTION—Elektra Musician 60369-1-E: *Cruise Missle; General Lee; The Introduction; V.H.F. (Vertical Hair Factor); On The Pipe; The Whistle; Mountain Waltz; Huron River Blues (Dark Water, Water Under The Bridge, Toxic Shuffle).*

Personnel: *Morse, guitars, organ, piano, synthesizers; Rod Morgenstein, drums, synthesizer (cut 6); Jerry Peek, bass guitars; T Lavitz, piano (7); Albert Lee, guitar (2).*

★★★★

Taken as an introduction, *The Introduction*

CRITICS' CHOICE

Art Lange

NEW RELEASE: Big Joe Turner, *Kansas City Here I Come* (Pablo). The nonpareil blues shouter has cut countless classic sides during his long career, but this one's galvanized by the rolling, rocking r&b backing of his N.O.-flavored band.

OLD FAVORITE: Ike Quebec, *Blue And Sentimental* (Blue Note). Long neglected tenor stylist in the Ben Webster vein offers personalized views of swing attitudes on this '57 reissue, courtesy of Japan.

RARA AVIS: Various Artists, *Boogie Woogie Fever* (Charly). Early echoes of rockabilly haunt this collection of '50s honky-tonk c&w boogie; Tennessee Ernie Ford, the Milo Twins, and the sublimely nasal Gene O'Quin are among those who combine fun and fetching swing.

SCENE: Sheer enthusiasm buoyed energetic riffs as the Branford Marsalis Quartet (Larry Willis, piano; Charnett Moffett, bass; Jeff Watts, drums) enlivened Rick's Cafe Americain in Chicago.

Charles Doherty

NEW RELEASE: Jack DeJohnette's Special Edition, *Album Album* (ECM). This tradition-conscious, forward-thinking band again scores impressively; early front-runner for album of the year honors.

OLD FAVORITE: John McLaughlin, *Devotion* (Douglas). Even Buddy Miles' ham-fisted traps somehow suits Mac's metal mania and Larry Young's space organ.

RARA AVIS: Skatalites, *Scattered Lights* (Alligator). A dozen long-buried classic '64-65 Jamaican sides by the horn-heavy ska band; roots of reggae now readily available stateside.

SCENE: Freddie White and Steve Smith trading fours to a draw, climaxing a propulsive Drums Fever '85, Drums Ltd.'s (Chicago) annual clinic, this year co-sponsored by Zildjian.

Bill Milkowski

NEW RELEASE: James Cotton, *High Compression* (Alligator). Up-to-date houserockin' from the blues 'n' boogie harp master.

OLD FAVORITE: Frank Zappa, *Sleep Dirt* (Warner Bros.). Unauthorized '79 instrumental LP released by Warner Bros. during a bitter contractual dispute has Frank at his manic peak on acoustic and electric guitars.

RARA AVIS: Flying Pickets, *Lost Boys* (Virgin 10). Six wacky Brits sing a capella versions of Marvin Gaye's *I Heard It Through The Grapevine*, Talking Heads' *Psycho Killer*, and the Coasters' *Shoppin' For Clothes*.

SCENE: Bob Ward's five-guitar ensemble flying through harmonized transcriptions (a la Supersax) of Wes Montgomery solos at Barry Harris' Jazz Cultural Theater in Manhattan.

Don Palmer

NEW RELEASE: Beaver Harris/Don Pullen 360° Ensemble, *A Well Kept Secret* (Shemp). Expansive, moody, and free-wheeling, this will caress you one moment with ballads and Caribbean rhythms and send you scattering for cover the next.

OLD FAVORITE: Charles Mingus, *Blues & Roots* (Atlantic). David Murray meets the Dirty Dozen; this is still my favorite avant gutbucket album.

RARA AVIS: Roy Milton, *And His Solid Senders* (English Specialty). Droll and rockin' circa '48, sleek hip arrangements, and it still jumps.

SCENE: Milton Cardona and his Oru Del Eya Aranla ensemble performing Yoruba religious music at NYC's Public Theater. The five-percussion, 15-singer group's call-and-response and cross-rhythms were hypnotic and the harmonies spine-tingling.

gives the listener a good look at the kind of music guitarist Steve Morse has been making over the past decade. Prominently featured on six albums with the (Dixie) Dregs, Morse has developed his own trademark riffs and arranging techniques, and on this, his premiere solo disc, explores themes that should be fairly familiar to Dregs fans.

The record kicks off with *Cruise Missle*, which is the son of *Cruise Control*, a staple of the Dregs' repertoire. The shuffle builds feverishly, with drummer Morgenstein's precise flailing and bassist Peek's melodic cobweb providing the screen for Morse's heady guitar assaults. *On The Pipe* is Jeff Beck-like, with Southern boogie overtones. Morse makes hard lines sound easy, brings low notes from the gut, and makes the high ones squeal. He comps on organ in the background, and Morgenstein beefs things up with a clap track here and there.

Mountain Waltz is a light, folk-flavored tune. Keyboarder T Lavitz joins former Dregs-mates Morse and Morgenstein for a tasty solo, but doesn't step outside the boundaries that Morse has presumably set up for him. *General Lee* is another Southern-fried walker, punctuated with off-hand and off-beat turnarounds. This might be Morse at his most universal. Damn, that boy can pick! Sometimes his solos are mind-bending, but here he's right in the center. And Morse's plucking of Jerry Peek out of a bar band in North Carolina was a stroke of genius. Peek has all the chops of Jeff Berlin, with the taste and imagination of Steve Swallow.

The last Dregs album (*Industry Standard*, Arista 9588) featured two vocals, but there aren't any to be found here. In their place, my choice for the record's first single is *V.H.F. (Vertical Hair Factor)*—you can dance to it! Seriously though, its melody is one of the record's most memorable, a leading contender to join Morse classics like *Twiggs Approved*, *Kat Food*, and *Ice Cakes*. The blend of classical and rock is very natural, with Morse weaving in acoustic piano in spots, and Morgenstein laying back and punching an electronic snare. Morse smacks his strings, tearing out his solo with a vengeance.

The intro to *Huron River Blues* seems a bit pompous in comparison. This one's a dirge, a lament, and Morse sounds like he's feeling it deeply, letting fly with some bluesy wailing. But the tune goes a little long, and to somewhat predictable climaxes. For those who don't mind wading through some of the old to get to the new, this album is another fine representation of one of the great guitar talents of our day, not to mention a proven heavyweight on drums and a young head-turner at bass.

—robin tolleson

WAXING ON

Legato Legacy

JIM HALL: *Live At Village West (Concord Jazz 245)* ★ ★ ★ ★ ★
JOE PASS: *Live At Long Beach City College (Pablo 2308-239)* ★ ★ ★ ★ ½
SAL SALVADOR: *The World's Greatest Jazz Standards (Stash 234)* ★ ★ ½
TAL FARLOW: *Poppin' And Burnin' (Verve 815 236-1)* ★ ★ ★ ★
BUCKY PIZZARELLI: *Swinging Sevens (Stash 239)* ★ ★ ★ ★ ½
TOMMY TEDESCO: *Carnival Time (Trend 534)* ★ ★ ★ ½
EMILY REMLER: *Transitions (Concord Jazz 236)* ★ ★ ★ ½
JOSHUA BREAKSTONE: *Wonderful! (Sonora 222)* ★ ★ ★ ½
RORY STUART: *Nightwork (Cadence Jazz 1016)* ★ ★ ★ ★
STEVE MASAKOWSKI: *Mars (Prescription 04)* ★ ★ ★
BILL FRISELL: *In Line (ECM 1241)* ★ ★ ★ ★ ½
KEVIN EUBANKS: *Sundance (GRP 1008)* ★ ★ ★ ★

Ever since Charlie Christian laid down his first recorded licks back in 1939, jazz guitarists

have been going after those long, legato lines in their own playing. In effect, Christian spawned a lineage of guitarists who emulated horn players, since he copped his linear lines from the fluid tenor work of Lester Young. So, in a sense, there's a common thread running through all these albums that can be traced back to Prez, though in a few cases you might have to strain a bit to make the connection. Half of this dozen are from the old guard (Pass, Farlow, Hall, Salvador, Pizzarelli, Tedesco). The other half comes from their young descendants—three who stick fairly close to the classic jazz tradition (Remler, Breakstone, Stuart) and three who make decisive detours from that straightahead path (Frisell, Masakowski, Eubanks).

Sublime is the word for **Jim Hall**'s playing on *Live At Village West*. And telepathic is the word to describe his interplay with Ron Carter on the album's eight standards. Over a decade has elapsed since their last duo session, and this live situation perfectly captures the elegance and improvisational brillance of this tasteful tandem. Hall, of course, is a direct descendant of Lester's legato legacy. A consummate craftsman, he is the final word in finesse. On stylized treatments of three classics—George Gershwin's *Embraceable You*, Jerome Kern's *All The Things You Are*, and Thelonious Monk's *Blue Monk*—Hall's shifting harmonies and delicate chordal clusters float almost subliminally behind Carter's warm bass notes, like puffy clouds of sound drifting by. The album's three sprightly uptempo numbers—Sonny Rollins' *St. Thomas*, Milt Jackson's *Bag's Groove*, and Oscar Pettiford's *Laverne Walk*—are exercises in restrained cooking, with Hall comping percussively but politely, a la Freddie Green or Christian. On *Baubles, Bangles And Beads* he uses a chorus device for a particularly shimmering, introspective effect. Throughout, Hall plays with taste and intelligence. Each note has a meaning, but his playing never smacks of calculation. His guitar work here, as always, is passionate, expressive, highly individualistic, and harmonically adventurous.

Joe Pass is another who instinctively puts his stamp on anything he plays. On *Live At Long Beach City College* he performs solo in various tempos and contexts—bossa, blues, ballads, medleys. Pass' astonishing fingerstyle approach of breaking up chords and counterpoint in a sort of pianistic approach to guitar doesn't allow for the sparseness that Hall aspires to. His rendition of Kern's *All The Things You Are* is much busier than Hall's, filling in bass lines and arpeggiating chords like a classical player. Where Hall prefers economy, Pass goes for density. And in his haste to fill, he occasionally flubs a note or disregards intonation. Hall plays far fewer notes but demonstrates ultimate concern over each and every one. Pass produces notes at such an incredible rate with such deftness that you either don't notice or are willing to overlook the one or two clams that may crop up. Pass swings fiercely on two raveups titled *Blues In 'G'* and *Blues Dues*. No one can burn an uptempo blues streak quite like Joe. But he cools down and gets particularly introspective on *Here's That Rainy Day* and *'Round Midnight*.

By contrast, **Sal Salvador** gives a straightforward reading of the classics on *The World's Greatest Jazz Standards*. Compared to Pass' brilliant rendering of *Honeysuckle Rose*, Salvador's treatment borders on muzak. A loungey quality pervades this bland album. Drummer Butch Miles and bassist Gary Mazzaroppi do what they can with the tight arrangements, and vibist Paul Johnson adds some crystalline sparks here and there, but Salvador plays it too safe throughout. His deliberate approach on such chestnuts as *Cherokee*, *Misty*, *As Time Goes By*, and *Yesterdays* lacks everything that Hall and Pass exhibit on their albums—passion, expressiveness, and that all-important element of surprise. For the most part, Salvador gives textbook readings that may entertain or educate the easy-listening fan, but they fail to excite jazz fans who expect an artist to reveal a little more of himself. Salvador is certainly an accomplished player, but his workmanlike renditions pale in comparison to titans like Hall and Pass.

Tal Farlow is perhaps the very epitome of the legato player. By incorporating the harmonic sophistication of Charlie Parker with the fluidity of Lester Young and the drive of Christian, he revolutionized the guitar when he came onto the scene in the mid-'40s. The recordings from this double album, *Poppin' And Burnin'*, represent some of his finest playing from the mid-'50s with various rhythm sections. The big treat here is the collection of five previously unreleased cuts from 1956 featuring Farlow with bassist Ray Brown, drummer Henry Bellson, pianist Hank Jones, and cellist Oscar Pettiford. Apparently Norman Granz, who supervised the date back then for Verve, was displeased with the drumming of Bellson (Louie's brother) and scrapped the session. Indeed, Bellson had never performed with the other players before, and his work is pedestrian at best. But the real gems from this session come from the individual solos and combined interplay of Farlow and Pettiford. On Pettiford's *Swinging Till The Girls Come Home* the two double up on the head, then take it out by trading soulful fours. On Duke Jordan's *Jordu* they harmonize on the melody, then take their individual solos, Tal's Lester to Oscar's Christian. On *Bernie's Tune* they once again harmonize the melody, then Ray Brown gets in on the trading-fours action. Tal and Oscar turn in more fine solos on *I Wished On The Moon*, then O. P. and Bellson sit out to let the trio romp on a blazing rendition of *The Way You Look Tonight*. The other record in this set has Farlow playing with typical fluidity and inventiveness on a host of standards culled from '55 and '58 sessions.

More elegance, finesse, and inventiveness is demonstrated by **Bucky Pizzarelli** in tandem with his son John on 11 standards. The title of this beautifully recorded album, *Swinging Sevens*, is so named because the father/son combo highlights the use of the seven-string guitar. John is a flawless time-keeper who gently fingerpicks his way through the changes while laying in bass lines with his thumb. Bucky is a wonderful single-note soloist, perhaps a bit more deliberate than Farlow, and is especially expressive on chordal improvisations, as he demonstrates on *In A Mellow Tone* and *No Greater Love*. On Bucky's three unaccompanied pieces—Billy Strayhorn's *Lush Life*, Oscar Levant's *Blame It On My Youth*, and Gershwin's *Soon*—his thumb on that extra low A string becomes a surrogate bass player. There's a lot of variety to this album. *Mellow Tone* invokes the swinging spirit of Charlie Christian; Bucky's playing on the uptempo *Four Brothers* not only pays tribute to Zoot Sims and Al Cohn but also invokes the spirit of Wes Montgomery's octave playing; Gordon Jenkins' *Goodbye* is a wistful, poignant ballad. On the other side of the coin is a clever transcription of Bix Beiderbecke's sprightly piano piece *In A Mist*.

Studio ace **Tommy Tedesco** flaunts more chops and flies through more flurries of triplets than Pizzarelli, and he certainly plays with emotion. But his awesome technique could work against him with some listeners. In a sense, he runs the risk of being branded "a musician's musician." This is not to slight Tedesco. He is brilliant throughout *Carnival Time*, handling all the solos on 10 tunes while proteges John Kurnick and Jim Bruno provide accompaniment. Tedesco and colleagues perform on acoustic guitars for most of this live album. The title cut carries a distinct latin flair; *Lo Yisa Goy* is a mellow bossa; and *Brenda's Song* is a bravado showcase dedicated to the McLaughlin/Di Meola/De Lucia trio. *Mister Mairants, I Presume* is more bossa fare, and *Petals* is a genteel tune dedicated to Julian Bream. Tedesco straps on his Jimmy D'Aquisto electric for some all-out bop romps—*Four Brothers*, which he dedicates to Herb Ellis and Barney Kessel, and the aptly named *Chops Shop*, which he dedicates to fellow chops-masters Farlow, Pass, and Pat Martino.

Emily Remler, the most heralded of the six younger guitarists represented here, is coming right out of the Hall/Montgomery tradition. On *Transitions*, her third album for Concord, she stretches out compositionally and harmonically. She comps skillfully and soulfully behind John D'Earth's impressive muted trumpet solo on Sam Jones' *Del Sasser*, then burns on a bop-inflected solo reminiscent of Wes' fire. Nothing new here—same chops and feeling. It's on her own pieces, particularly on the exotic *Ode To Mali* and the flamenco-flavored title cut, that this formidable new talent explores new terrain. Stellar support is provided by the sympathetic rhythm section of drummer Bob Moses and bassist Eddie Gomez.

Joshua Breakstone is lesser known to the general jazz audience but no less an accomplished player than Remler. His debut, *Wonderful!*, shows the young bop-influenced guitarist in fine form on a mix of standards and originals. Breakstone's fluid, single-note approach is reminiscent of Farlow, and he has the rare privilege of being supported here by the brilliant Barry Harris on piano, the creative Leroy Williams on drums, and the very capable newcomer Earl Sauls on bass. Breakstone burns over the changes in Lennie Tristano's *Two Not One* and prefers hot 4/4 romps for his originals, *Seven-Up* and *This Is It!* Breakstone leaves that breakneck pace behind on Tadd Dameron's lush *Soul Train* and on Django Reinhardt's mid-tempo ballad, *Django's Castle*. A very worthy first-outing.

Rory Stuart is an exciting young player who absorbed the lessons of Lester Young and that whole legato legacy, but he also had a keen ear open to John Coltrane. This 28-year-old guitarist is a more modern player in the vein of Pat Martino, and he's not afraid to take chances. He takes plenty of them on *Nightwork*, a live date at New York's Seventh Avenue South. Stuart is accompanied by like-minded young turks—colorful drummer Keith Copeland, fervent bassist Calvin Hill, and brilliant pianist Armen Donelian, whose cascading solos and muscular block chording invoke McCoy Tyner to Stuart's Coltrane. There are only four tunes here, and the players, particularly Donelian and Stuart, get off kinetic solos on each one. Three of the pieces—*Song Of Welcome, Reflections*, and the title cut—are fairly standard vehicles for some inspired soloing. But *Play* goes out on a limb—way out. This free-form experiment especially highlights the creativity and deftness of Hill and Copeland.

Steve Masakowski is a 27-year-old Berklee grad who went through the legato legacy via such early influences as Pass, Montgomery, and Martino. Like Stuart, he also absorbed the lessons of Coltrane. But the similarities end there. Masakowski, unlike Stuart, sees technology as the way to go. *The Void* is a musical space warp pairing the guitarist with synth wizard Larry Sieberth. *Eclipse* is another electronic improvisation, and *Halley's Comet* is a more grandiose commune with the world of Arps and Minimoogs. As Joshua Breakstone features his mentor on his auspicious debut, Masakowski does likewise, highlighting the considerable talents of soprano sax veteran Dave Liebman, who blows with conviction on the fast samba *Super Nova*, the jazz waltz *Chase*, and the mellow ballad *Theme From Falling Leaves*. One tune here adequately describes this package, a fast Weather Report-ish thing called *Hodge Podge*. After all, there's a lot of range riding between reminiscences of David Valentin (*Sunning Fish*), Pat Metheny (*The Chase*), Dave Grusin (*Pookie's Blues*), and Patrick Gleeson (*The Void*).

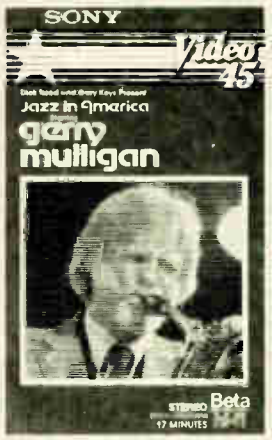
Like Masakowski, **Bill Frisell** is intrigued by the possibilities that technology affords him, but he seems more committed to the prospect than Masakowski. As a result, his debut as a leader, *In Line*, is a more focused, fully realized affair than Masakowski's. Frisell is a seasoned player who actually studied with Jim Hall. But in his many ethereal excursions with such ECM-ers as Eberhard Weber, Paul Motian, and Jan Garbarek, Frisell has been exposed to an even more spacious discipline than Hall's sparseness. With judicious use of a volume pedal, Frisell is able to float in and out with even more airy elegance than Hall himself. He does this with haunting effect on *Start* and *Two Arms*, achieving the breath and sustain of a violin or horn player. *Throughout* and *Smile On You* explore textural effects of multi-tracking several acoustic and electric guitars, and *The Beach* is an absolute masterpiece in this regard, though quite eerie and slightly edgy. For the rest of the tunes, Frisell is paired with bassist Arild Andersen for gentle unison lines and subtle interplay. This is a beautifully conceived work that takes the idea of legato playing to celestial heights.

Kevin Eubanks is a gifted and versatile young lion on the scene who exhibited his appreciation of Monk and Wes on his debut album for Elektra Musician a few years ago. *Sundance* finds the accomplished axeman in a high-energy setting, playing fusion-inspired originals with old friends from his Berklee days—drummer Tommy Campbell (who had a stint with Mahavishnu, so you know he can bash), bassist Barry Brown (who worked with fusion ace Jean-Luc Ponty), and keyboardist Gerry Etkins. Eubanks flaunts considerable fusion chops here—particularly on the blazing originals *Who Knows*, *The Sting*, *The Sundance Begins*, and *Farm In My Heart*, all featuring difficult triplets, stops, tempo changes, and standard Di Meola/McLaughlin-type flourishes—but what comes across, whether it's on those fiery tunes or on more gentle fare like *Mellow Fellow* and *Ever-Blue*, is the sound of a band, tight and very together.

—bill milkowski

Record Reviews

Jazz On Video



No, music video wasn't invented merely to show us the latest escapades of Boy George, Twisted Sister, or the omnipresent Michael Jackson. Frank Sinatra has one, and Herbie Hancock, Miles Davis, Al Di Meola, and Weather Report have all popped up on MTV and the various video shows produced nationwide—meaning that the jazz segment of the industry realizes the importance video plays in injecting visibility (for reaching larger audiences, thus adding substantially to record sales) in the marketplace, and acknowledging that video sales and rentals have boomed far beyond the rock audience.

Think of the advantages the video boom holds for future generations. There's no replacement for the excitement and educational value of seeing musicians perform, rather than just hearing them on record. Ask jazz film collector/historians like David Chertok (see Ad Lib, **db**, Sep. 84) just how difficult it is to find film clips of famous musicians, then look at the availability of videos, and imagine what it would be like to have hours of John Coltrane, Charlie Parker, Jelly Roll Morton, or Art Tatum on tape, to study and enjoy. In the here-and-now the potential for documenting today's musicians is relatively easy, affordable, and invaluable.

Fortunately, Sony has begun to put together a library of videos featuring jazz musicians in their natural habitat, captured live on location at clubs around the country, in what they call Video 45 and Video LP formats. The Video 45s ($15.95 list price) range from 15-20 minutes in length, usually enough time for two to four songs. The Video LPs ($19.95 list for Beta, $24.95 for VHS) clock in around 25 minutes. Generally speaking, the camera work is fine; using four to six cameras, most place you in an ordinary seat in the club, a few varying as to "artistic" cuts and camera angles. The sound is clear and clean (the Video LPs were recorded digitally). The musicians chosen for the first seven releases are solidly in the mainstream camp; hopefully, future tapes will expand into older styles and newer music as well.

Dizzy Gillespie, probably the closest thing jazz currently has as a world ambassador, gets two tapes in the initial release. One (19 minutes, directed by Stanley Dorfman), featuring an octet including Paquito D'Rivera's alto and Ray Brown on bass playing *Be Bop* and *Birk's Works*, was videotaped at Howard Rumsey's Concerts By The Sea in Feb. '81. Unfortunately, my copy of the tape was broken due to mishandling, so I was unable to view it. The second, *Dizzy Gillespie's Dream Band* (16 minutes, directed by Dorfman), was taped at Avery Fisher Hall the same month and year (for a full review of the concert, see Caught, **db**, June '81). There are some curious and uncomfortable discrepancies between the credits on the box and what actually appears on the screen. Each member of the 25-piece, truly all-star bebop big band who performed at the full-length concert is introduced, albeit briefly, on camera and listed prominently on the box. However, not all of them perform on the video. The big band is seen doing *Groovin' High*, but except for soloists Gillespie and Gerry Mulligan, the band only riffs in the background, and there are no vocals by Jon Hendricks or solos by any of the other participants as implied. The following number, *Hot House*, is played by a sextet of Dizzy, Max Roach, John Lewis, Milt Jackson, Mulligan, and Paul West (whose busy bass is overmiked). This video had some of the best visuals of all seven, including revealing angles of the sextet and an especially nice shot of Mulligan nodding and smiling in reaction to Dizzy soloing. But the credits are misleading and don't tell you what you're really getting.

Max Roach (19 minutes, directed by Dorfman) was taped at Blues Alley in March '81. His quartet (Odean Pope on tenor, Cecil Bridgewater on trumpet, Calvin Hill on bass) is a somber, proper group without much visual excitement, but the music is top-notch, with *Effie* and *Six Bits Blues* alternately mellow and fiery. There are a mostly well-chosen series of well-lit shots (though one, from under one of Max' toms, is misjudged), and the audience is silent throughout. Max doesn't solo, and there's no sense of his historical importance displayed (short interviews might have helped in this regard), but it's an entertaining tape nevertheless, showcasing a strong *group* identity.

Gerry Mulligan (17 minutes, directed by Dorfman) introduces the two tunes (*North Atlantic Run* and *K4 Pacific*) taped at Eric's in Feb. '81, but a bit more banter wouldn't have hurt. Here there's more of a night club ambience due to the shadows and tight camera shots, and the stage set-up suggests Mulligan as leader with Harold Danko on piano, bassist Frank Luther, and drummer Billy Hart as accompanists. Some of the cutting is fast and arty, but the visuals are generally strong, and the music is likewise.

The three Video LPs feature big bands, and while the music is mostly interesting, the corresponding visuals are rather pedestrian. Part of the problem lies in the logistics of filming a big band in a relatively small club with an audience present—it's difficult to get uncluttered close-ups and clean camera angles. But there's also a lot of unnecessary audience shots in these three videos, and the directing in general seems less imaginative, more distracting.

Rob McConnell's Boss Brass (25 minutes, directed by William Cosel), is labeled Vol. 1, caught at Concerts By The Sea sometime in '81 (exact dates are not specified on the boxes, as they are on the Video 45s). The 22-piece Canadian crew swings in rather restrained fashion *The Waltz I Blew For You*, *My Man Bill* (dedicated to Basie), and *Street Of Dreams*.

Bill Watrous' circa '81 Refuge West Band (24 minutes, directed by Ric Trader) was taped at the same location. The band rips slickly through *Space Available*, *Samantha*, *The Slauson Cutoff*, and *Birdland*. The soloists are identified from the stage by Watrous, but not on screen. The camera lingers too long on unessential personnel, long shots of the band from behind the audience are worthless, and the leader's self-congratulatory sense of Maynard Ferguson-type showmanship is too formulated for my taste.

Lionel Hampton (24 minutes, directed by Cosel), on the other hand, is a completely natural showman, and his is quite the most exciting of all seven videos. Performing at Paul Anka's Jubilation Club in Las Vegas, probably in '82, the 20-man band snorts through simple charts (*Air Mail Special*, *Smooth Sailin'*, and *Hamp's Boogie Woogie*, plus a taste of *Flyin' Home* over the closing credits) with a no-holds-barred swing that exorcizes the few visual demons (heads in the line of vision, shaky hand-held cameras) that pop up. High spirits are readily apparent—as guest tenor soloist Arnett Cobb eggs Hamp on, or as audience members spontaneously jitterbug to the infectious sounds.

Finally, ***The Evolutionary Spiral*** (15 minutes, directed by Larry Lachman) is not one of Sony's official jazz videos, nor is it a Weather Report video per se, though their *Procession* and *Plaza Real* are used as soundtrack for the computer graphics, animation, scenes of outer space, and microscopic shots of nature that Lachman has created to illustrate his interpretation of the birth of the universe and the development of earth culture. The quick cutting and incongruous but vibrant images are in close harmony with Weather Report's music, resulting in an eye- and ear-opening experience.

—*art lange*

NEW RELEASES

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

BLACK SAINT/SOUL NOTE

David Murray, quartet outing In The Tradition for the vibrant saxist, MORNING SONG. **Jimmy Lyons**, Cecil Taylor's right-hand alto man steps out w/ his own quintet, WEE SNEEZAWEE. **Lee Konitz**, another nonet date, '81 vintage, for the irrepressible altoist, LIVE AT LAREN. **Ray Anderson**, trombone turk in trio setting turns the music inside and out, RIGHT DOWN YOUR ALLEY. **Hamiet Bluiett**, baritone saxist of the WSQ wings thru a mostly original quartet program, EBU. **Clifford Jordan**, bop tenor vet waxes stylishly w/ quartet inc. Barry Harris, REPETITION. **Jimmy Knepper**, knotty trombonist plays and writes smooth sextet charts, I DREAM TOO MUCH.

FMP

New Jazz Trio, consisting of Manfred Schoof's trumpet, Peter Trunk's bass, and Cees See's drums, ALTERNATE TAKES. **Peter Kowald/Maarten Altena**, a pair of bassists caught live at '82 Workshop Freie Musik, TWO MAKING A TRIANGLE. **Brötzmann/Mangelsdorff/Sommer**, heavyweight trio of European improvisers do their '82 thing, PICA, PICA. **ML DD 4**, that is, Marc Charig (tp.), Phil Wachsmann (vln.), Fred Van Hove (p., acc.), Günter Sommer (perc.), WAS MACHT IHR DENN? **Wolfgang Fuchs/Fred Van Hove/Peter Hollinger**, reed/piano/drums improvisations from Berlin, '83, BERLINER BEGEGNUNG. **Alex Von Schlippenbach/Martin Theurer**, Globe Unity's leader and like-minded cohort in uncompromising piano duets from '82, RONDO BRILLIANTE.

CIRCLE/AUDIOPHILE

Carlos Franzetti, Argentinian expatriate pianist in NYC offers straightahead jazz chops, PROMETHEUS. **Chuck Foster**, West Coast dance band in the Guy Lombardo mold, from 1945-46. **Frankie Masters**, popular big band plays Hit Parade faves from 1946-47. **Erskine Butterfield**, pianist/vocalist plus sextet with urbane swing of '41 vintage, TUESDAY AT TEN. **Larry Carr**, '54 session of cabaret staples and oddities from the tasteful singer, SINGS VERSE AND CHORUS. **Julius LaRosa**, '84 program of new and old songs, IT'S A WRAP. **Maxine Sullivan**, recent session by the Swing vocalist in the company of Doc Cheatham, Herb Hall, et al., IT WAS GREAT FUN. **Barbara Lea**, respected vocalist cuts an '83 date with Billy Butterfield, Vic Dickenson, Johnny Mince, DO IT AGAIN.

DISCOVERY/MUSICRAFT

Duke Ellington, a baker's dozen of classic '46 studio sides, recreating a CARNEGIE HALL CONCERT. **Shelly Manne**, quintet and big band numbers from '65 arr. by John Williams, MANNE—THAT'S GERSHWIN. **Jackie & Roy**, coosome twosome waxes a new set of songs by Cy Coleman, WE'VE GOT IT. **Sue Raney**, songstress backed by Bob Florence's quartet, RIDIN' HIGH.

LEO

Ganelin Trio, Russia's foremost new music trio, in '79 reissue, LIVE IN EAST GERMANY, and a new LP from a '78 performance, STRICTLY FOR OUR FRIENDS. **Vladimir Chekasin**, reed instigator energizes an '83 quartet of Russian improvisers, NOSTALGIA. **Phil Minton/Roger Turner**, '84 duo presents highly charged singing and percussion, AMMO.

CONCORD JAZZ

Scott Hamilton, sequel to quintet's swing outing live in Japan, '83, THE SECOND SET. **Charlie Byrd**, versatile acoustic guitarist offers 10 standards in trio, ISN'T IT ROMANTIC. **Rosemary Clooney**, plus a tentet of Concord all-stars, SINGS THE MUSIC OF IRVING BERLIN. **Art Blakey**, with young Messengers circa '84, recreate the NEW YORK SCENE.

NATO

Lol Coxhill, curious and wry reed improviser, in solo recital from '81, THE DUNOIS SOLOS, and with a potpourri of '81-82 collaborators, INSTANT REPLAY. **Tony Coe**, British clarinet and sax star in duo and quintet pieces, TOURNEE DU CHAT. **Francois Mechali/Beb Guerin**, two bassists hit the studio for three CONVERSATIONS. **Sylvain Kassap**, French reedman fronts quartet of European free players, L'ARLESIENNE. **Francois Mechali**, bassist leads strong quintet of recognized players (Wheeler, Jaume, Malfatti, Sommer), LE GRENADIER VOLTIGEUR. **Joelle Leandre**, bassist conducts a mystifying sequence of songs, improvisations, and compositions, LES DOUZE SONS. **Various Artists**, Steve Beresford, Tony Coe, Robert Cornford, Lol Coxhill, Alan Hacker, David Holland, Phil Wachsmann, separately offer pieces dedicated to Erik Satie, SEPT TABLEAUX PHONIQUES. **Louis Sclavis**, reedman/vocalist/comedian in live outing of original material, AD AUGUSTA PER ANGUSTIA. **Günter Sommer**, solo percussion experience from the German free jazzer, HÖRMUSIK ZWEI. **John Lindberg**, American bassist's muchly composed trio (Marty Erlich's clarinet, Hugh Ragin's trumpet), HAUNT OF THE UNRESOLVED. **Violeta Ferrer**, recites poetry with varying instrumental background, POEMAS DE FEDERICO GARCIA LORCA 1 and 2.

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RECORD REVIEWS

MUSE

Tony Scott, clarinetist in previously unissued '50s quartet inc. Bill Evans, I REMEMBER . . . . **Buddy Tate**, Texas tenor mastery heard live at Sandy's in '78, HARD BLOWIN'. **Larry Coryell**, guitarist of wide-ranging tastes returns to straightahead bop-influenced note-slinging, COMIN' HOME.

INDEPENDENTS

Monty Alexander, pianist duets w/ John Clayton's bass in an '83 Verve/MPS program of THE DUKE ELLINGTON SONGBOOK. **Hank Jones/Tommy Flanagan**, two top ivory ticklers combine for classic repertoire, from Verve/MPS, I'M ALL SMILES. **Joe Farrell/Louis Hayes**, reedman and drummer team up in hard-charging quartet, from Timeless Records, VIM'N'VIGOR. **Flip Phillips**, ex-Herdsman and JATP wailer with mid-'40s material reissued, from Doctor Jazz Records, A MELODY FROM THE SKY. **Steve Bargonetti**, guitarist debuts on Quincy Jones' Qwest label, STEVE BARGONETTI. **Dave Gordon**, Windy City composer/keyboarder expands on fusion concepts, from Sparrow Sound Design, GREEN THINGS. **Bill King**, pianist's quintet includes reedman Pat LaBarbra, from Night Passage Music, ICE. **Tom Browne**, slick, hip trumpeter rips tasty licks, from Arista, TOMMY GUN. **Bobby Broom**, occ. Sonny Rollins guitarist plays and sings, from Arista, LIVIN' FOR THE BEAT.

Richard Carr, jazzy violinist backed by the twin seven-string guitars of the Pizzarelli *pere et fils*, from Audiophile Records, AFTERNOON IN NEW YORK. **Detroit Jazz Tradition**, mainstream foursome from the Motor City, via Parkwood Records, ALIVE AND WELL. **City Light Orchestra**, five KC vets, actually, w/ updated swing sounds, from City Light Records, RAISED SPIRITS. **Pete Brewer**, flutes and saxes with various combos in impressionistic outing, from Unicornucopia Records, MOONWATER. **Rickey Kelly**, West Coast vibist's premiere in quintet, from Nimbus Records, LIMITED STOPS ONLY. **Rudy Smith**, steel drummer leads Stockholm quartet, from S&P Records, STILL AROUND. **Vic Cionetti**, CO sopranoist and lotsa friends offer six tunes, from Artena Records, LIFTOFF.

John Fischer, pianist/artist with his own brand of methodical improvisation, from Re-Entry Records, PIANO SOLO. **Elliott Sharp**, Losaida's resident multi-instrumentalist experimenter plus percussion, from Zoar Records, CARBON. **David Oliver**, keyboarder/percussionist plus Dan Brubeck's drums and Dave Mason's bass, from Damiana Records, HOPE FOR LA ROO. **Connie Crothers**, Tristano disciple plays a solo piano recital, from New Artists Records, CONCERT AT COOPER UNION. **Daniel Lentz**, composer uses electronic keyboards and multiple vocals, from Icon Records, ON THE LEOPARD ALTAR. **Benjamin Lew/Steven Brown**, synths, saxes, and some percussion combine for North African influence, from Original Music, TWELFTH DAY. **Various Artists**, anthology of music from Grand Cayman and Tortola, from Original Music, UNDER THE COCONUT TREE. **Shadowfax**, sextet presents their view of World Music, from Windham Hill, THE DREAMS OF CHILDREN. **Wayne Johnson**, guitarist in trio and self-penned (minus one) program, from Zebra Records, EVERYBODY'S PAINTING PICTURES. **Conveniens**, keyboard/drum duets by Dave Smith and John Maz, from Convenience Re-

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NEW ITEMS

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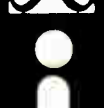

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cords, CONVENIENS. **Lenny Breau**, late guitarist plays acoustic versions of some c&w hits, from Tudor Records, WHEN LIGHTN' STRIKES . . . . **John McCutcheon**, hammer dulcimer music for the year's end, from Rounder Records, WINTER SOLSTICE. **Sid Page/David Shelander**, digital waxing of violin/piano pieces, from Bainbridge Records, ODYSSEY. **Alex Merck**, guitarist finds electrical outlet w/ various cohorts, from Demon Records, MINDS AND BODIES.

29th Street Saxophone Quartet, provocative program of originals and rearranged standards, from Osmosis Records, POINTILLISTIC GROOVE. **Teo Macero**, compositions performed by the London Philharmonic Orchestra and the Lounge Lizards, from Europa Records, FUSION. **Jean-Luc Barbier**, French saxist fronts quartet, from Bridge Records, DANS LA VILLE BLANCHE. **Milo Fine**, and his Free Jazz Ensemble (guitarist Steve Gnitka) in '81 set, from Shih Shih Wu Ai Records, GET DOWN! SHOVE IT! IT'S TANGO TIME! **Cassiber**, improvising quartet composed of European jazzers and an ex-Henry Cow drummer, from Re Records, BEAUTY AND THE BEAST. **Motor Totemist Guild**, songs and sounds from a rotating cast of characters, from Rotary Totem Records, INFRA DIG.

Skatalites, reissued and unreleased '64-65 sides from Jamaica's foremost ska band, from Alligator Records, SCATTERED LIGHTS. **Fenton Robinson**, admired blues guitarist/vocalist returns with '84 date, from Alligator, NIGHTFLIGHT. **Hammie Nixon**, vocals/harmonica/kazoo plus friends helping out in bluesy entertainment, from High Water Records, TAPPIN' THAT THING. **Grover Kemble**, "old bop, swing, and blues" from the vocalist/guitarist's quartet, from Utopia Sounds, BLOW DADDYO! **Smokey Logg**, guitarist (not Smokey Hogg, remember) from Texas follows in Stevie Ray's footsteps, from Gila Monster Records, YOU CAN STAY BUT THE NOISE MUST GO! **Preacher Jack**, bluesy sermons delivered from bar-room pulpits, via Rounder Records, 3000 BARROOMS LATER. **Phillip Walker**, blues guitar vet backed by quartet plus horns, from Rounder, TOUGH AS I WANT TO BE.

Anita O'Day, reissue of vocalist's '47 78s, from Doctor Jazz, HI HO TRAILUS BOOT WHIP. **Teresa Brewer**, petit songstress rocks blues and c&w sides w/ youthful British backing, from Signature Records, IN LONDON. **Connie Haines**, Swing Era canary updates big band hits, from Bainbridge Records, I AM WHAT I AM. **Buddy Greco**, vocalist/pianist accompanied by 28-piece orch., from Bainbridge, READY FOR YOUR LOVE. **Kim Shaw/Marion Cowings**, plenty of jazz backing behind the vocal pair, from Good Guise Music, INSIDE. **Dan Siegel**, synthesist/vocalist goes all-instrumental this time out, from Pausa Records, ANOTHER TIME, ANOTHER PLACE. **Amy Sheffer**, singer/pianist/artist records songs w/ avant garde overtones, from I Am Shee Records, WHERE'S YOUR HOME?

Preston Reed, impressive solo guitar pieces, from Flying Fish Records, PLAYING BY EAR. **John O'Connor**, Northwest folk songwriter conveys, via Flying Fish, SONGS FOR OUR TIMES. **Smith Sisters**, traditional and original songs w/ a special lilt, from Flying Fish, BLUEBIRD. **Robin and Linda Williams**, not the comedian, but songs from the country, from Flying Fish, CLOSE AS WE CAN GET. **Pete Sutherland**, fiddler/vocalist plays mountain music old and new, from Flying Fish, POOR MAN'S DREAM. **Jim Post**, old-time folky zooms into the future to become, courtesy of Freckle Records, THE CROONER FROM OUTER SPACE. **db**

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BLINDFOLD TEST

Adam Makowicz

BY LEONARD FEATHER


TOM COPI

Adam Makowicz was a piano student at Chopin Conservatory in Cracow, Poland when, at 16, he heard the sound that turned his life around—a record by Art Tatum on the *Voice Of America* radio broadcast.

In 1956 he began playing jazz in Warsaw, later touring with Zbigniew Namyslowski and with the Novi Singers, everywhere from Cuba to India. He recorded extensively, in Poland and other Eastern European countries, winning *Jazz Forum* polls and establishing himself as Europe's premier pianist.

Inevitably the next step was a visit to the U.S., where he cut an album produced by John Hammond for Columbia in 1978. Since then he has established himself firmly in New York, has made albums for Choice, Stash, and Sheffield Lab, and has outlived the allegations of being a Tatum clone; in fact, only faint traces of Tatum remain in a style that is both eclectic and highly individual. As a composer he has recorded many works that have a special and personal character.

This Blindfold Test was his first, and he was given no information about the records played.

1 KEITH JARRETT. *PRISM (from CHANGES, ECM). Jarrett, piano; Gary Peacock, bass; Jack DeJohnette, drums.*

Sounds like Keith Jarrett, or it could be Steve Kuhn. I think it was Jarrett—his kind of expression, phrasing—or someone who was influenced by him. Drummer was good; bass player sounds like Gary Peacock. Recording was good, I like it, and the piano was so natural sounding. I like it more than digital, this sound. The changes of the composition were fantastic for improvisation. It sounds to me also like Keith Jarrett could do such kind of composition. Also, you hear background singing, like he used to do! But now, young pianists influenced by him are singing also. I used to sing myself. I like it. Three-and-a-half stars.

2 TOMMY FLANAGAN. *THELONIOUS (from THELONICA, Enja). Flanagan, piano; George Mraz, bass; Art Taylor, drums; Thelonious Monk, composer. Recorded 1982.*

It could be . . . at least someone who was influenced by Thelonious Monk. Maybe Mal Waldron. Composition, I don't know, could be Thelonious Monk composition. Rhythm section had a nice groove, nice timing. Sound—so-so I would say; it's not an excellent recording. I think it was made a long time ago; I mean maybe 10 years ago or something like that. I admire Thelonious Monk because he turned piano music to a new way; harmonically he did some things pianists had never dared to do. But I would give only two stars.

[*Later*] It was Tommy Flanagan? Then three stars; I like his music, didn't know he was that flexible.

3 SUN RA. *TAKE THE 'A' TRAIN (from LIVE AT MONTREUX, Inner City). Ra, piano; John Gilmore, tenor saxophone.*

It sounded to me a little like European jazz musicians. Let's start from the beginning: piano solo—this is one of my favorite compositions, one of the most famous in the world, Duke Ellington's *Take The 'A' Train*. But the pianist, what he was doing here I did not understand well. It was kind of mixed, classical chords with intuition music or free jazz. I couldn't hear any melody; construction, phrasing—there was almost nothing. I wouldn't give *any* star to him.

Then when the big band came up, it was a little better, at least written, but to my feeling too fast, but also, like a big melt, you know, melted together. A little too much for me to understand this music. And then the saxophone solo, could be a European or American. He was alright—better than the pianist of course, more powerful. But not enough to move me, to touch me.

4 MICHEL PETRUCCIANI. *ST. THOMAS (from 100 HEARTS, George Wein/Concord Jazz). Petrucciani, piano; Sonny Rollins, composer.*

It seems to me also a European pianist, influenced by many different kind of pianists, from Keith Jarrett to Fats Waller—I would say first Fats Waller, James P. Johnson, stride pianists. There seems to me a little chaos inside his music. I think it was composition written by Thelonious Monk, kind of popular melody I've heard many times. Also some Fats Waller composition—he seems to want to put many melodies in one piece of music, different tempos; it's not, to my feeling, solid music.

He doesn't swing well; also, it's kind of superficial. Seems to me it could be Michel Petrucciani. What can I say? It's not excellent, but good. I would give him three stars.

5 GEORGE SHEARING. *OLEO (from TOP DRAWER, Concord Jazz). Shearing, piano; Don Thompson, bass.*

Bass player is fantastic. It was song written by Sonny Rollins, *Oleo*, and it seems to me that it was George Shearing playing, because he used to do a little classical sound, like Mozart or Bach.

Piano recording, maybe it's a matter of balance; George Shearing used to have a little brighter sound. It was difficult to recognize at first, but he was playing chords I recognized. I worked with him at some concerts, with two or three pianos. I learned a lot from him about how to harmonize songs. I've known him for 20 years, I think. I would give him three-and-a-half stars here.

6 ART TATUM. *BEAUTIFUL LOVE (from ART TATUM MASTERPIECES, VOL. II, MCA). Tatum, piano. Recorded 1934.*

I know who he is: greatest pianist who ever lived on our earth. That was of course Art Tatum, and of course I was influenced by him. He turned my life from classical music to jazz, and sometimes I blame him when I'm working in lousy places! I don't know what composition that was; it sounded like it was from Eastern Europe. It was beautiful; I like it so much. I'd give him maybe a thousand stars.

Even though I heard a lot of scratches and hiss and distortion, I know it was probably recorded many many years ago, and at that time they didn't have sophisticated equipment. In spite of that, I heard a very rich depth not many pianists today have. His technique—I am fast also, because of my classical training, but what Tatum did, it was sometimes unbelievable! **db**

PROFILE

Donald Harrison

Dividing his time with the Jazz Messengers and a quintet co-led with Terence Blanchard, the altoist feels the tradition in him.

BY STEVE BLOOM

TOM COPI

FRONT LINE MESSENGERS: *(from left) Jean Toussaint, Terence Blanchard, Donald Harrison, Art Blakey.*

"We never thought about stardom," the 24-year-old saxophone player is saying only moments after completing a set at NYC's Lush Life. "We were all thinking about the music and how to learn more, because we wanted to be as great as the rest of them."

The "we" Donald Harrison is referring to includes the celebrated Marsalis brothers, Wynton and Branford, and his playing partner since high school, trumpeter Terence Blanchard (for his Profile, see **db**, Aug. '83). All four grew up in New Orleans and were weaned on the Crescent City's rich and diverse musical culture. All attended the New Orleans Center for Creative Arts and studied under the Marsalises' father, Ellis. All are making a strong case for a new, if somewhat regressive, jazz for the '80s.

Says Harrison, "My goal is to get on the level of John Coltrane—to have those same ideals and a need to take the music somewhere else. I feel that we're taking the tradition of jazz further." He certainly took a giant step in the direction of his goal on this night, for it saw the debut of Harrison and Blanchard's quintet. Hoping to pump up the sales of their album, *New York Second Line* (Concord Jazz 3002), the duo decided to take a temporary leave of absence from Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, where they had been stationed for the previous 31 months. (Guess who they replaced in the band? Answer appears later in this story.) "Everything's good with Art," Harrison explains. "There's no immediate plans to leave—none at all. But we do realize we'll have to go out on our own someday, so we might as well start practicing now."

Harrison and Blanchard first met in a summer program at Loyola College when both were in high school. (Blanchard is a year younger than Harrison.) They played together at NOCCA until Harrison graduated and went to Southern University for a year and then to the Berklee College of Music in Boston. Blanchard, meanwhile, had enrolled in the jazz program at Rutgers University in New Jersey. Paul Jeffrey, the program's director, inadvertently brought the two back together when he invited Harrison down to perform at a concert on campus. At the time Harrison was already playing with Roy Haynes.

"I came to New York, sat in with his band, and got the gig," Harrison recalls. "I may have been a little nervous when I first started, but after three or four notes, it's all over with—the music takes over." Apparently, that was the case in February of 1982 when both Harrison and Blanchard were given notice that a private audition for the trumpet and saxophone seats in Blakey's band was going to be held. Thanks to their "homeboys," Wynton and Branford, who were leaving Blakey to start up their own group, the famed 65-year-old leader of the Jazz Messengers called. "There were a few alto players and a few trumpet players," Harrison says modestly. "I guess Art felt we were better for his band."

About his tenure with Blakey, he observes, "Art helps you. He really checks out what each musician is doing. And he adjusts the things that he's doing to fit that musician's personal growth. A lot of things musically and improvisationally we don't discuss because everybody in the band has studied so much that they know. They know. Anyway, the drums will tell you what he wants you to know. If he really thinks that you're messing up, he may come along once every year and tell you something."

Harrison describes Blakey as a "warm, giving person" who is "totally in love with music." His praise for Ellis Marsalis, who is the jazz instructor at NOCCA, has a similar ring. "He has a tremendous love for the music," Harrison notes. "He sits the young musicians down and really explains what's going on. He gets you to understand what is great music and what's not."

Then there's Harrison's father, who "was a tremendous influence on me because he had so much music at home." Even though he's not a musician, Harrison points out that his father "had studied enough so that he could tell me certain things about different music and tell me how the traditions in New Orleans, such as the Mardi Gras Indians, are still there. He's astute—he can *see*."

Harrison's dad had a vision of sorts during Donald's 14th year: a great fan of Charlie Parker, he decided it was time that his son began playing the alto. Donald agreed and quickly turned his ear to saxophonists. "The first person I listened to, oddly enough, was Grover Washington," Harrison says. "After I started to understand some things, I left him alone. I stayed with Charlie Parker for three years, then moved on to John Coltrane—first when he was working with Miles [Davis] and then gradually through his whole career. After studying him, I went back and listened to Sidney Bechet, Benny Carter, and Johnny Hodges, then I moved forward again, post-Coltrane, to some more modern players like Wayne Shorter, Miles, and piano players. Just checking out different instruments."

By this time Harrison had already spent a year under the tutelage of Alvin Batiste at Southern ("He really turned me around as far as the possibilities of what you could do on an instrument,"

Harrison extols) and was soaking up the rays of musical academia at Berklee with classmates like Branford Marsalis, drummer Marvin "Smitty" Smith, and guitarist Kevin Eubanks, among others. "Berklee was a hotbed at that point [1979-80]," Harrison reports. "A trombone player name Tim Williams used to organize all the sessions. We'd play every night. There was no rest."

When he wasn't in class, Harrison was somewhere blowing his horn, either at Wally's in Boston, where he led an organ trio that featured fast-rising keyboarder Makoto Ozone, or on the road with Roy Haynes. When he attended class, Harrison discovered that Berklee could be "stifling creatively" to the extent that "you can get into a thing where you just know how to play one way, just know how to play what you're taught." But, in retrospect, he says, "I like Berklee. It's a good school. You can come there without any musical knowledge and graduate being able to do anything in music that you wanted to do. You can write for movies, synthesizers, whatever. It was good for me because I learned a lot about harmony and composition there."

Harrison began applying what he learned at Berklee and from his past teachers when he joined Blakey and was asked to contribute original pieces to the Jazz Messengers' already extensive songbook. Three of the selections on *New York Second Line—Duck Steps*, *Doctor Drums*, and the title tune—are Harrison's creations. "There are a lot of experiments on that album," he explains. "Stylistically, the next album will be more of a whole concept. Things that we're working on harmonically, melodically, and rhythmically will come together into a stronger style."

As far as his own playing is concerned, Harrison has this to say, "Rhythmically, I try to play more across the border lines and across meters; melodically, it may sound like I'm playing one idea for eight bars while in fact it may be five or six ideas; and harmonically, I'm working on the thing where I play on the tensions and the regular chord tones and create different moods with different scales on top of that. When a person says C minor to me it means a whole bunch of things—I'm not locked into a chord.

"Right now, when I go on the bandstand, I don't think of John Coltrane. I think about the things I'm working on, what I'm trying to do. I'm always searching; I never play exactly what I hear—I always change it. I just play what I feel. I have the tradition in me, so I really don't have to think about the tradition anymore." **db**

CAUGHT

CLAUDE BOLLING

POWER CENTER/ UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

ANN ARBOR—Composer Claude Bolling belongs to that Gallic tradition (Ward Swingle, Jacques Loussier) in which bop and Bach are blended into an interesting if somewhat bland hybrid. He substitutes his own compositions for the 17th century masters, but the idiom is basically the same—counterpoint, flowing diatonic lines, even a fugue or two. On the plus side, pianist Bolling is a strong player, with a good feel for the jazz side of the hybrid, and the musical content on this evening was greatly enhanced by the surprising presence of the irrepressible guitarist Larry Coryell.

Bolling's trio (fellow Frenchman Jean-Luc Peon on drums and New Yorker John Goldsby on bass) opened with two originals, *Etude Anglais* and *A La Francais*. Coryell then brought his amplified acoustic guitar out to perform five movements from Bolling's *Concerto For Classical Guitar And Jazz Piano*. *African* (actually urban U.S., over a samba rhythm) was opened up to give Coryell solo space and a cadenza, raising the interest level several notches. Elsewhere there was a feeling of role-reversal to the performance, with Coryell (the more original soloist) limited to the material written for Andre Lagoya, while the classically trained Bolling handled the jazz parts.

Flautist Pamela Sklar replaced Coryell for a performance of Bolling's *Suite For Flute And Jazz Piano*, taking the part written and recorded by Jean-Pierre Rampal. Sklar is strictly a classical player, but she was more than equal to the demands of the part (including a stint on bass flute). Parts of the suite (particularly the spikier passages of *Figures*) were quite good, while other portions were attractive but bland, and still others almost ricky-ticky.

After intermission, Coryell came out for a solo, choosing to blend rock and Indian elements on an odd vehicle, Ravel's *Bolero*. He and Bolling then dueted on Coryell's *Tender Tears*, a ballad performance marred by Bolling's overbusy accompaniment. Bolling (alone) followed with his best work of the evening on an extended solo exploration of a boogie woogie bass blues with a sense of relentless intensity; he took some harmonic chances that would have knotted a lesser pianist's fingers. He also played a stride piece dedicated to pianist Fats Waller. Both Coryell and Sklar rejoined Bolling for several movements from his *Picnic Suite For Flute, Guitar And Jazz Piano*.

As encores the group did Coryell's *Unemployed Florida*, with nice changes and a rock feel that gave way to swing for solos from Coryell, Bolling, Goldsby (arco), and Peon, who seemed to enjoy the freedom. *Caton* from the *Picnic Suite* closed the three-hour concert.

Bolling's blend is often interesting, and it seemed quite accessible to the mostly young audience. But the separate elements could be stronger; the jazz is sometimes bland and predictable, while Bolling the composer is often overshadowed by his 17th century inspirations. *—david wild*

TOMMY FLANAGAN

IRON HORSE

NORTHAMPTON, MA—"This one's a fingerbuster," noted Tommy Flanagan as he began to play Tom McIntosh's *Cup Bearers*, but if he was straining at all, you certainly couldn't hear it. Flanagan has a truly remarkable touch that makes the most convoluted melodies flow and the most hurried tempos seem relaxed. But he's no cocktail pianist—you can hear his roots in blues and gospel, and it is the coexistence of the elegant and the elemental in his playing that makes it so fascinating.

On this Sunday night Flanagan played a couple of tunes by fellow Detroiter Thad Jones (including a sublime version of *A Child Is Born*), the McIntosh "fingerbuster," and his own *Minor Mishap*, but he clearly had medleys on his mind. The spark that lit the fire was *Good Morning, Heartache*. As he finished the tune, the pianist remained poised over the keyboard, lost in thought. Then he gave a little laugh, cocked his head, and slid into songs inspired by his musings on Billie Holiday (*I'll Be Around, Them There Eyes, That Old Devil Called Love*). This became the pattern for the rest of the evening, as Flanagan's thoughts, broken by the occasional meditative pause, flowed down through his fingers.

"We always like to include Duke Ellington in the program," said Flanagan, "and I'd better do it here in the middle of the set, because it's hard to stop and sometimes I run way over." He wasn't kidding. Beginning with a lush, evocative *Prelude To A Kiss*, Flanagan conducted a tour through Ellingtonia that included *Do Nothing Till You Hear From Me, Don't Get Around Much Anymore, In A Mellotone, Mood Indigo, Solitude, Drop Me Off In Harlem* (and a couple more that I forgot to write down) before he roared to a halt with *Rockin' In Rhythm*. What was most fascinating about this was not merely the material—great as it is—but the way Flanagan worked it into a whole. Any good pianist can play a medley, but very few can control the overall mood with such ease, or use the thematic material so succintly. One example: the way he took the introduction from *Take The 'A' Train* and used it as a bridge into *Do Nothing*. It sounded as if it had been written for that purpose.

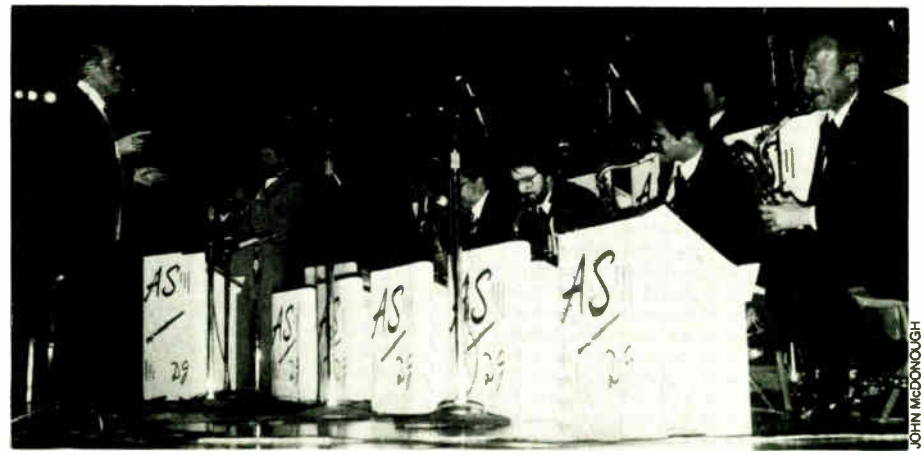
ANDY FREEBERG

Flanagan followed this tribute with another one, this time to the music of George Gershwin. He remarked that Gershwin had supplied jazz musicians with a wealth of valuable material, especially *I Got Rhythm*: "Charlie Parker got quite a lot out of that. In fact," he chuckled, "I think Bird got a lot more out of it than Gershwin did." First up was *Lady Be Good*, a nod in the general direction of his long-time employer, Ella Fitzgerald, then there were *Liza* and *Summertime* to get us to *I Got Rhythm*. This inspired thoughts of Bird, naturally, and a sparkling excursion into the bebop mastery that is the heart of Flanagan's style.

Apparently, Bird led to Trane because we were suddenly in the midst of a stupendous version of *Giant Steps* that brought the evening to a close. Flanagan didn't mention it, of course, but he had been the pianist when Coltrane first recorded the tune in 1959. He has never lacked recognition from his peers, and today it is our good fortune (if not his) that we can savor his eloquent style in small clubs while lesser musicians fill arenas. *—jim roberts*

ARTIE SHAW ORCHESTRA

PARAMOUNT ARTS CENTER/ WILLOWBROOK BALLROOM



JOHN McDONOUGH

Artie Shaw (left) conducting his new orchestra.

AURORA, IL—It seems as if Artie Shaw, who in the last 30 years has been more conspicuous by his absence than his presence, has come back on the scene with a new concept: the proxy band. In the '30s and '40s, as everyone must surely know, Shaw's clarinet was the centerpiece of one of the most enduring bands of its time. Today Shaw is back but not with the clarinet; thus the need for a proxy in the person of Dick Johnson, who plays the clarinet parts with a nice mixture of Shaw's ideas and his own. Of course, such a band is an easy target for anyone who takes a dim view of the ghost band concept. But the Shaw band is no ghost crew. Shaw himself selected the book, handpicked and rehearsed the musicians, and frequently conducts. And it's an astonishingly good orchestra, perhaps the very best playing today. But more about that later.

The question still remains, can there be a Shaw band without the virtuoso Shaw clarinet? I would say yes, and my thoughts are influenced by a fascinating four-record album issued recently by the Book of the Month Club (71-7715). More than half the collection is made up of small group sides Shaw made in 1954 with Hank Jones and Tal Farlow. They are the last records Shaw made as an instrumentalist, and they show a striking drift away from the fiery Swing Era Shaw of 1939. His phrasing was always unexpected and frequently daring, but the 1954 Shaw is far more laidback and relaxed. He plays with a much drier tone and is alert to the expanded linguistics of bebop. We don't know how Shaw might have developed had he continued to play. But we do know that he was a restless, creative man who looked forward to growth and had little patience for endlessly recreating himself.

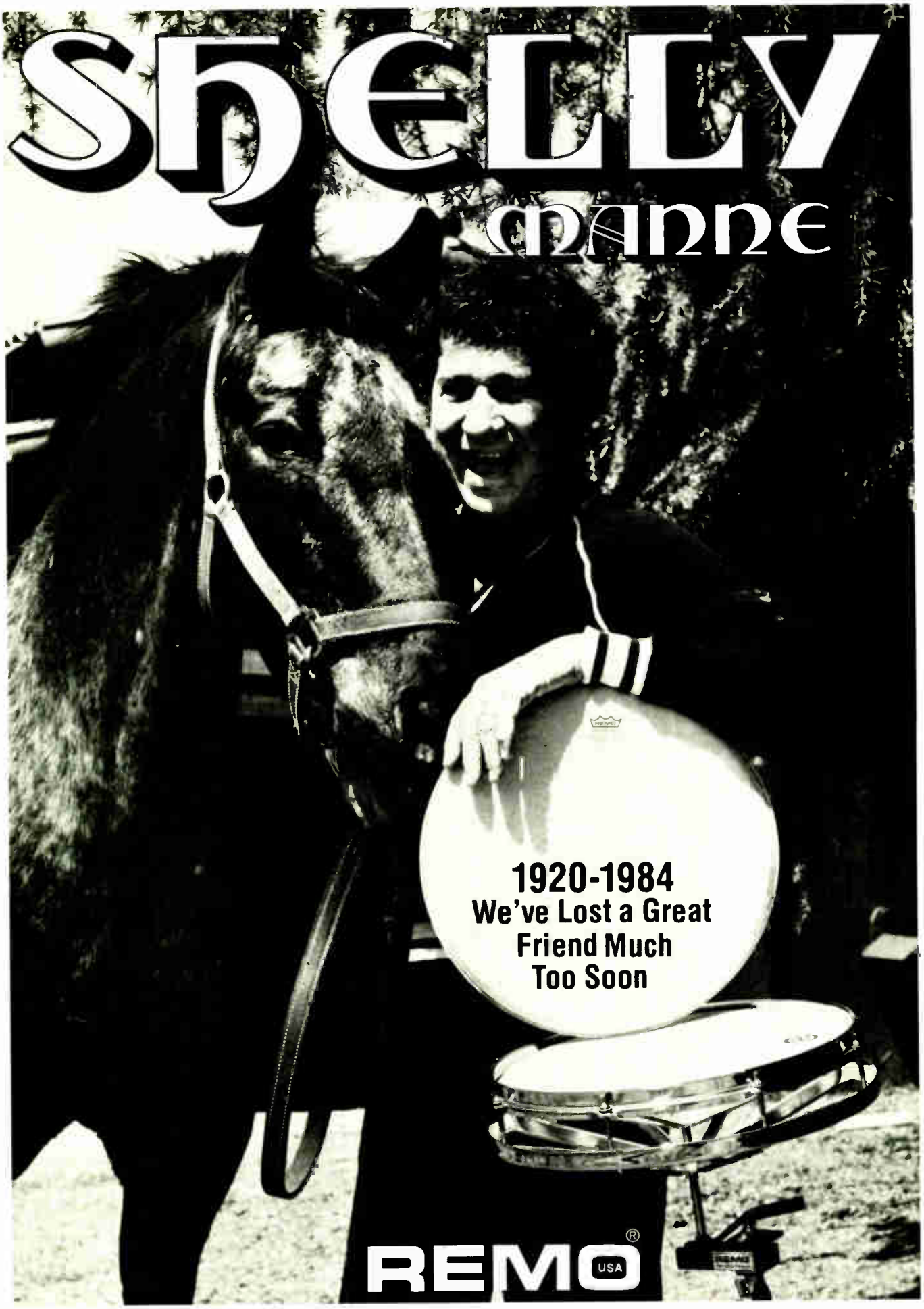
So the question is, even if Shaw still did play today, would his contemporary sensibilities fit with the great but unchanging prewar book that included pieces like *Stardust* (his clarinet solo on the 1940 recording is an authentic classic), *Lady Be Good*, *Rose Room*, *'S Wonderful*, or *Jungle Drums*? Might they be a forced fit, or worse, an outright misfit? Might it not be best to find a clarinetist willing to be custodian of Shaw's former self and hold the integrity of that style in balance with the scores? The former option is, of course, moot, since Shaw will not play again. So we are left with the latter, which may ironically be in the best interest of the music itself.

Dick Johnson succeeds in sounding more like the prewar Shaw than the Shaw on the Book-of-the-Month Club records. He seems to have swallowed him whole. Some of the original texts he follows note-for-note, such as *Stardust* and the short, furious solos on things like *Traffic Jam* and *The Carioca*. But more amazing is the way he has transplanted Shaw's creative circuit boards to himself. Thus, he can open up with additional choruses of his own and still hold onto the sharp, angular essence of Shaw's phrasing. He constructs in long, looping phrases that continue unbroken for three bars or longer. And his arching high-register playing, always a Shaw trademark, is hard as glass and fills his solos with stunning flashpoints of excitement. Only in the finer points of mid- and low-register tone does the play acting show through slightly. He is nevertheless a most convincing alter ego in a very difficult role.

But it's the band itself and its book that are the real stars here. And therein lies something of a dilemma. Shaw has filled the band with mostly young jazz soloists, and the dilemma is how to use them. The short three- and four-minute orchestral frameworks that make up most of Shaw's book don't lend themselves to jam sessions, a fact that becomes obvious when a concise riff chart like *Traffic Jam* is opened up to seemingly endless solo round-robins.

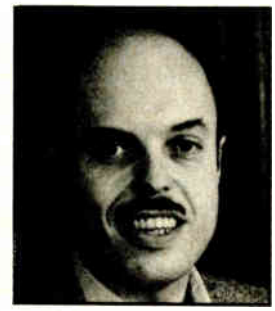
This is a band with as rich a library of big band writing as any orchestra, anywhere. When it plays charts like *I Surrender Dear*, *Octoroon*, or *Lover Come Back*, the ensembles, especially in the reeds, are marvels of detail and carefully crafted phrasings, something perhaps only Shaw himself could have brought to the band. Only minor adjustments in phrasings are evident in the name of avoiding the old-fashioned. *Back Bay* is more legato, less clipped, for instance. But although a baritone sax sits in the band (probably doubling parts, since his absence from the Paramount gig was not evident in the sound of the section), no attempt has been made to harmonically "modernize" the original voicings—thank goodness! That would hardly be necessary in such adventurous charts as Eddie Sauter's arrangement of *Summertime*. More explicit, though less effective bows to the contemporary come in a septet string-of-solos turn on *Milestones* (with horns Matt Cornish, Rock Ciccerone, and Lenny Spivak) and a concert arrangement by Hal Crook on *I Let A Song Go Out Of My Heart*, which I find it easier to appreciate for its stylish voicings than love for its passion and swing.

In some ways a dance date is the best place to hear a band like Shaw's in action. I always get a different, more relaxed dimension of Ellington at dances, and it's true of the Shaw band. Perhaps leaders assume critics don't go to dance gigs. Anyway, at the Willowbrook Ballroom, southwest of Chicago, the band went through 39 swinging little gems, including a half-dozen songs by Gil Gebart, whose vocal resemblence to Helen Forest sometimes makes one blink in disbelief. The concert charts and *Milestones* are saved for the theaters and jazz festivals, even though they're not the parts of the program that lend the Shaw band its extraordinary distinction. Anyone can jam *Milestones*; only this band can perform writing like *Summertime*. For pure, clear-as-air swing and overall ensemble balance, Artie Shaw may have the band to beat in 1985. —*john mcdonough*



Recording On A Budget: A Great Guitar Sound

BY WAYNE WADHAMS



***Wayne Wadhams** has toured and recorded as a lead singer/keyboardist with the Fifth Estate and other rock groups. Upon moving to Boston, he formed Film Associates, which has produced tv spots, documentaries, and worked on feature films. In 1974 he opened Studio-B Inc., a 16-track facility and home-base of the regional label, Boston International. Most recently he designed the curriculum and six new recording studios for the Music Production and Engineering major at Berklee College of Music.*

No topic in the entire field of recording arouses more controversy than how to record the electric guitar. A big part of the problem stems from the enormous variety of instruments available in the marketplace—so many makes and models—that it's endless. The hundreds of small, battery-powered signal processors available for live performance only add to the confusion. No two guitarists coming into the studio ever want the same sound. Without any standards to rely on, where is an engineer to start?

In order to delay the oncoming battle, I'll deal first with acoustic guitars, where there's still relative sanity. However, let me give you electric people a bit of advice to chew on until I come back to the subject. Roger Nichols, who has several Grammys for engineering Steely Dan's albums, among others, insists that good recording can happen *only* when the player puts good sounds in front of the microphone or directly into the console. Many guitarists confuse the physical impact of the high volume they use on-stage with "quality" sound. Remember that when the record's done, most people will hear it at living room level, not stage or studio levels. Before coming into the studio, make sure you can get the sound you want at average listening level. Moreover, listen carefully to the amount of noise and hum being produced by your instrument, devices, and amp together. Any problems you hear at home will only be magnified when you're recording. And as you know, in the studio *Time Is Money!*

There are several types of acoustic guitar. The one most frequently encountered in the studio is the steel-stringed type, along with its 12-stringed cousin. Since all acoustics have wooden chambers which amplify their live sound, every acoustic has a characteristic frequency at which its body resonates whenever *any* note or chord is played. We encountered this phenomenon in the string bass (**db**, July '84), and the same is true of every acoustic instrument. The body resonance depends on the size and shape of the body, the thickness of its shell, and the volume of air enclosed within. You can hear the resonance by tapping the instrument with your knuckles. When a mic is set up, do this so the engineer can locate the resonant frequency with a parametric equalizer and attenuate it as necessary. This will eliminate any "lumpiness" in mid-bass or bass output of the guitar.

Most engineers prefer to use condenser microphones on acoustic guitars. With every acute high frequency and transient response, condensers preserve all the delicacy of string sound, fingerpicking or strumming, and the natural brilliance of your fresh (!) set of strings. By the way, change strings the night *before* a session. Otherwise, you'll waste studio time waiting for them to settle into tuning. Worse yet is hearing them stretch during a take. Slowly the guitar eases into "flatitude."

The placement of mic(s) is especially important. The console's meters will show the instrument is loudest by far with the mic directly in front of the air hole. However, most of this blast is the body resonance itself, and should be avoided. I prefer placing a single mic a few inches out from the point where the neck joins the body, and aiming toward the hole. This position can give a lot of string noise if the player is sloppy, but the sound here is bright and clean. A second mic (I see some engineers cringing at the thought) placed a foot or more in front of the bottom of the body will give a rich, smooth sound. The two can be blended in the board, checking for phase cancellation. One mic or two, limiting or compression will be necessary. Fast-attack, slow-release will control the steep transients and wide dynamic range. I might leave solo guitar tapes uncompressed, but in a group, the acoustic will get buried without "help."

Although I don't recommend special effects for classical guitar, or almost any solo recording of acoustic guitar, I like to add a bit of slow flanging to acoustics for rock or other group tapes. Because the instrument has such dense lower midrange, it is hard to mix acoustic up enough without masking or beating with other rhythm instruments. A bit of flanging will call attention to the acoustic even when it's mixed fairly low. If the instrument is featured, however, you might go to the other extreme. Record the acoustic part twice on two separate tracks and spread them left and right in the mix. This increases the apparent "size" of the guitar, while the slight phasing between tracks will suggest a touch of 12-string.

The advice above applies equally to gut-string classical guitars, 12-strings, mandolins—even dobros and the like. No matter what type you're playing, give the engineer a good sampling of your loudest and softest passages, and any special effects you may use. Remember too that mic position is critical, so be prepared *not* to move around a lot during takes.

Since electric guitars themselves are often just one component of a system which includes devices and amplifier, let me begin with the instrument alone. Most electrics have solid bodies, and thus have no troublesome body resonances. The neck and body are essentially one structural piece, with the pickups mounted directly beneath the strings at one or more body locations.

As we know from close-miking drums, any type of mic placed very near a sound source can give problems, so we might expect pickups only millimeters below the strings to be potential bugaboos. Fortunately, many pickups have individually adjustible pole pieces, which allow you to balance out the volume of each of the six strings. Other problems can arise because the pickups themselves are a set of tiny electromagnets. In addition to the vibrations of steel strings, they will pick up RF (radio frequency) fields from nearby stations, hum from florescent lights, the field surrounding power tubes in the guitar's own amp (causing a familiar squealing feedback), and any other stray field present where the player happens to be standing. High-quality pickups (humbuckers or equivalent), well-shielded, are the only way to fight fields. Even then, be prepared to move around to find the "friendliest" spot in the studio.

A crucial, oft-forgotten link is the guitar cord! Since guitar pickups have high-impedance outputs, long or poorly shielded cords cause high frequency loss even before the signal gets to the amp or board. Buy a low-capacitance cord (I can't explain this term simply, but any good music store will carry L-C cables); they're expensive, but a necessity for recording.

There are some on-stage signal

processing boxes that have unique sounds, so don't waste studio time trying to duplicate these with quieter pro equipment. However, studio noise gates and equalizers will always be better than portable models. If you make a lot of foot-switch changes during songs, clicking flangers, compressors, wah-wahs, etc. on and off, use your own devices for these effects, then equalize and noise gate in the console.

Since *all* devices add noise to a signal, the noise gate should be last in the chain. If you're playing leads, it will be annoying to hear a noise gate opening and shutting. To avoid this, set its threshold just above the accumulated noise level and use a fast attack, slow fade. Notes or chords trailing off will sink into the other music quite naturally.

Now we come to the question of whether to use an amp or go direct into the console. There is no question that amps will give a more "physical" quality to the sound. This makes sense simply because the resonances of the speakers and the studio's acoustics will become part of the guitar's direct sound. But amps can be noisy, and it does take more time to set up, adjust, and mic an amp than to plug the guitar or last device into the board. The answer is simple: use an amp only if you want a live sound. I personally like amps for jazz, blues, and other non-hard-rock tapes. Since there are no standards for rock and pop except what fits the individual tune, let your budget decide. When time permits, I use an amp *and* a direct signal into two channels of the board. The two can be used alternately or together as best fits the whole tune, or maybe just a part of it.

It is true that tube amps, or at least those with tubes in the output stage, do produce a smoother and more pleasing distortion than transistor amps. It seems that every well-known guitarist has his favorite guitar/amp combo, so there's little use suggesting the "right" one here. However, for a clean amplified sound, I can hardly tell the differences between tubes or transistors. If your studio engineer has a "good" amp on hand, try it. Even though it may not be perfect, I'm sure it will be quiet and versatile. Unless you want something unique, there's no use in paying to reinvent the wheel. By the way, the Shure SM57 and similar dynamic mics will give a full, smooth sound from most decent guitar amps.

The technical considerations applied to "battery-boxes" above will also make sense with synthesized treatment of guitars. As long as noise and distortion specs are within tolerable limits and you're getting the sound you want, the sky's the limit with the more sophisticated digital sample and hold, sample to disc, or guitar/keyboard interfaces. Here again, the fact that there are no standards ingrained in the listener works in your favor.

One caution about the use of digital delays, harmonizers, and flangers on electric guitars: although these devices can add great depth and a unique ambiance to many guitar sounds, they all do so at the expense of the attack, or transient quality, of notes or chords; the trade-off between impact and environment can be difficult to evaluate. Remember that once the effect is on tape, it can't be removed or reduced. If you have any doubt about it working musically, add it in the mix. Since electric guitar is difficult enough to deal with in the studio anyway, you will save a lot of money in demo sessions by using only those effects you produce live. Hopefully your music will survive well without too many effects. Then, if you can land a recording contract with the demo, you'll certainly have more time (and sombody else's budget) to play with in the mastering session.

As usual, I advocate the liberal use of reverb on most recorded guitar sounds. Delayed reverb is particularly fine on acoustic or electric leads. It takes harshness out of the sound and lends a spacy feel to the whole tape. In addition, reverb can help disguise the noise of processing devices, especially gates.

A word of warning: with sustained sounds like "Les Paul-tone," some reverbs, particularly springs and plates, may show severe resonances at certain midrange frequencies. If you hear a howling sound in the mix that definitely isn't on the dry tracks, solo the reverb(s) and check for resonances.

Although I have only discussed a half-dozen specific instruments in this series of articles, I hope you will be able to extend the logic to those I've missed. In my next Pro Session we'll discuss recording direct to two-track—a surefire way to cut studio costs to the minimum without sacrificing quality. And then the last section of this series will discuss what I consider the most important part of any session, demo, or master—the mix. **db**

Electronic Drums— A Head Of Our Times

BY DAVID LEVINE

*Drummer **David Levine** is on the music faculty at the University of Southern California; he has performed and recorded with Bobby Shew, Bill Watrous, John Serry, Bill Holman, and Louie Bellson; his articles have appeared in numerous music industry publications. When he wrote this one, Levine was director of marketing and artist relations at Drum Workshop Inc.; he has since assumed a similar position at a major electronic drum company.*

Just three short years ago, in 1982, I was commissioned to write a history of drumming chronicling the first 25 years of the plastic drum head. The innovation of the synthetic head in 1957 helped bring major changes to almost every aspect of the percussion scene. How ironic that, as important as the plastic head was in those years, the future of drumming may have no need for a vibrating membrane at all. For when the history of the next 25 years is written, it will be about electronic drums.

In trying to explain the sudden explosion of electronic drums (and trying to gauge their long-term impact), you have to realize that drummers have been looking for a viable electronic instrument ever since the first guitar amplifier was produced. It wasn't until the mid-1970s, however, that the first drummer-oriented electronics appeared. Syndrums and Synares and the like were the innovative, but limited, forerunners of the electronic drum movement. They came and went, being little more than toys when compared to the serious electronic musical instruments that other musicians had.

Oberheim's DMX

Computerized drum machines were next. Musically adaptable and electronically sophisticated, they had great, digitally stored drum sounds. Still, push-button products like the LinnDrum, Oberheim's DMX, the E-mu Drumulator, Sequential Circuits' Drumtraks, the Roland 606, Yamaha's RX-15, the BOSS Dr. Rhythm, Korg's KPR-77, Multivox' DPM systems, and the MXR Drum Computer II aren't the type of instrument that a drummer who's spent most of his life in a practice room mastering sticking and hand/feet coordination techniques, and who's spent most of his life-savings on his drum kit would find particularly attractive or useful.

Credit (or blame, if you prefer) for the electrification of drumming has to be given to British synth technician Dave Simmons for his development of the Simmons Drum Synthesizer system. Record producers and sound engineers liked Simmons' drums because they ran directly into the p.a. or studio mixing board, and it didn't take days or even hours to get a good drum sound. Roadies liked them because they were easy to unload, set up, and pack, not to mention not having heads to tune or change every night. Parents loved them because, even if their electricity bill went up a little, they could still watch tv or hold a conversation while junior practiced with his headphones on.

But, for drummers to finally accept electronic drums, they had to be played with sticks, not fingers; their configuration had to be as conventional as a five-piece kit; and the computer-age technology, programmability, and sound synthesis had to be geared to the traditionally conservative drummer's mentality. Simmons faced these challenges head-on and, by meeting them, sent shock waves through the entire drumming community. Almost as soon as the first generation of Simmons' self-contained, analog, electronic drum sets arrived, you could feel the surge of power as drummers plugged in and the drum industry charged up for a new battle over market share.

Yet, even as Simmons was establishing the electronic drum, there were those who viewed them as nothing more than the latest in the long line of drum fads. Some, on the other hand, began to see electronics as a new instrument and, perhaps, the way of the future. Caught somewhere in the middle were the vast majority of drummers who already owned acoustic kits. For them, combining conventional and electrical elements seemed a most sensible approach.

Using acoustic drums to trigger electronic sounds is one way of merging the two systems. External mics, specially designed drum mics like the May EA System and Aquarian's, or triggers that are attached to the drum head will send the acoustic signal to the electronic sound generator and produce a good, hybrid drum sound. To compensate for a lack of dynamic sensitivity and the possibility of false triggering when using this method, the MX1, made by Märc, interfaces external triggers with many of the electronic drum brains.

The Dutch-made Digisound is one of the more interesting add-ons. It is a single-voice unit, distributed by MTI, that is designed to be triggered by acoustic drums. Priced from $199 to $395, the digital sounds that are available include snare, bass, and toms as well as cymbals, percussive effects, and human voices. Dynapads are similar in concept but utilize LinnDrum chips that are user-changeable in a rack-mountable unit that can be set off by one of the many external triggers currently on the market (estimated list price—$199).

E-mu Systems has a neat little device out called the E-drum, which is a self-contained, pad-type unit with pitch, sensitivity, tone, and decay adjustments on the pad itself. The hippest part of the pad, which sells for $389, are the user-changeable digital voice cards that go for about $60 each. E-drums can be used as add-ons or combined to create a kit. Simmons' latest hexagon, the SDS1, is also a self-contained digital drum pad. At a list price of around $365 (including mounting clamp and arm), the SDS1 uses the Simmons library of digital drum and percussion sound chips which can be easily plugged in and out. Pitch, bend, volume, sensitivity, and an effects function are adjustable on the pad.

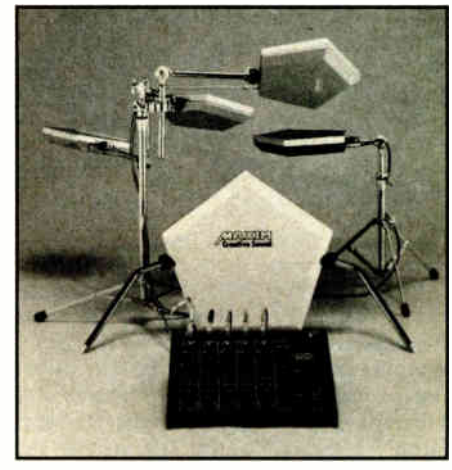
Of course, Simmons' regular drums have also been widely used as add-ons; it's not uncommon to see a drummer with acoustic snare drum, kick, and cymbals and two or three Simmons pads for toms, an extra snare sound, or cymbal and hand-clap effects. As a matter of fact, one of Tama's new entries into the electronic market is a six-pad, add-on kit—four toms, hand-clap, and synth effect.

Tama's other entry, a full five-piece kit, acknowledges the arrival of the electronic drum kit as a complete instrument. Like all Tama products, the Techstar electronic drum set is well designed

and has many excellent features: color coded, one-quarter-inch, phono plug cables; rack-mountable voice module; tensionable, changeable playing surfaces; and the new drums are compatible with Tama's state-of-the-art hardware. There are no hi-hat or cymbal voices at this time, but the snare drum has a separate channel for rim shots and a raised lip on the snare pad for triggering it. The kit includes snare, bass, and three tom pads with analog voices, and lists at $1,299 (without stands).

Tama's Techstar

Other analog kits range in price from just under $1,000 to around $2,400. At $1,169, Pearl's Fightman includes electronic cymbals and is being marketed as an electronic practice set. Alden Music is handling the Ultimate Percussion kits, from England, which are available in three configurations and run from $1,200 to $2,300. Hitz, Cactus, Klone, Cano's Alpha and Modulus, and the Gretsch Blackhawk are complete electronic sets, as is Maxim (available through St. Louis Music at $1,750). Just like acoustic drums, you get what you pay for, so shop around because construction, features, and sound quality do vary.



St. Louis Music's Maxim

Simmons' SDS8

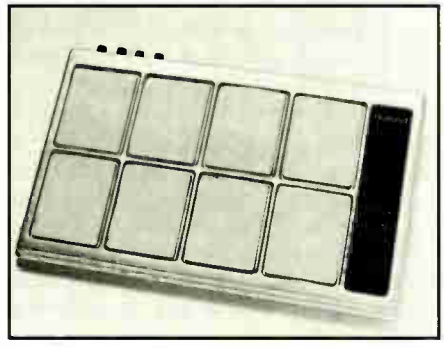
Of all the electronic sets on the market, I believe the Simmons SDS8 is the one that will help standardize the industry and firmly establish, once and for all, the credibility of the electronic drum set. It features five of the now-famous hexagonal pads (snare, kick, and three toms) with softened playing surfaces and a five-channel, non-expandable brain with the "classic" Simmons sounds, for about $1,550.

The Simmons SDS7 is without question the most sophisticated electronic drum system to date. It has an expandable 12-channel brain with analog *and* digital memories. Each channel has space for programming and storing up to 100 preset sounds, and there is a selector pad so that 16 different "kits" can be called up with the touch of a stick. For $4,300 you get five pads (snare, bass, and three toms) and five sound modules. Pretty good sounding hi-hat and cymbal-effect modules are also available, and despite the high price tag, SDS7s are being sold faster than they're being made.

Another digital set, manufactured in Germany, is available in limited numbers in the United States. The MFB 1005 (list price unavailable) offers one analog and one digital sound per channel and is adjustable for volume and pitch, only.

But the very latest in the rapidly expanding electronic percussion market are the digital samplers. A sampler allows an e-prom memory chip to be "blown" by any individual and then used as a sound source in a systems brain. By sampling, via a mic or line source, virtually any acoustic or electronic sound can be stored. Depending on the amount of memory required, chips can cost from $40 on up, so the luxury of blowing your own chips may not be affordable for everyone. Still, the concept has unlimited potential. Dynacord's Percuter is a pad-triggered sampler and the Simmons SDS EPB ($800) is designed to be compatible with the SDS7 and SDS1.

Dynacord (a German product distributed by PPG USA/Europa Technology Inc.) also has a full line of gear to go with the Percuter eight-track digital drum computer. The Big Brain 16-track digital sequencer offers real-time (or single-step) and dynamic programming with extensive memory capacity; the Boomer digital sound programmer makes it possible to record and store any live sound (drum, cymbal, laugh, clap, door-slam, you name it) on a chip which plugs into the Percuter; the Digital Hit sound module (used as an add-on, or to replace or enhance an instrument) stores a natural sound which can be called up via a pad, trigger, mic, or push-button. Dynacord also offers a Dynamic Trigger-Mic (small, contact-type, easily taped to a drum shell) and a full complement of digital hexagonal pads.



Roland's MIDI Octapad MPC-8

Mention should also be made that more than a few of the companies producing drum machines have begun to develop pad-type triggers for their drum computers. These companies have had the technology to produce high quality, digital drum sounds for years and are now looking at ways to reach the drum market. Roland's Octapad is designed for their 909 Rhythm Composer but will interface with any other MIDI instrument. The MPC from England (stateside via Bernard Purdie Distribution Inc.), is available with Stage Pads and has the ability to interface with the Timex/Sinclair and Commodore 64 personal computers. Also, word is that it won't be too long before Linn Electronics has a set of pad triggers out for their LinnDrum. And PVI offers the Drum-Key, software for the Apple II computer, that features 28 percussion instrument sounds.

MPC, The Music Percussion Computer

It's obvious that right now the drum industry has no clear direction other than forward and, for the individual drummer, deciding whether to go acoustic or electric (or a little of both) will depend on what he or she views as advantages or disadvantages. For personal practice a Rockman and a pair of headphones is sufficient, but to make the set sound really great, you need a big bass amp and some of those special electronic effects that only guitar and bass players seem to know about. The electronic drummer now has a volume control that goes up to 10, but the feel of playing on "dynamically sensitive" surfaces has been the source of persistent complaints. Altering a drum sound is infinitely possible without a warehouse full of drum heads, but if a pad, cable, or sound module fail, you can't replace them as easily. Acoustic cymbals are still necessary because synthesizing and storing cymbal sounds has proven an illusive goal; however, as technology evolves and that problem is solved, the electronic kit you bought six months ago will be outdated.

Regardless of what may be seen as drawbacks to electronic drums, they are a temptation to the modern drummer. Rock drummer Terry Bozzio may have been right when he said that acoustic drums will survive mainly because they'll be needed to make digital sound chips. Still, the acoustic piano and violin didn't disappear with the advent of synthesizers, and neither will acoustic drums. The new instruments merely offer contemporary musicians the creative choice of another instrument that's better suited to today's electronic, pop, and rock musics. That's why the drum set (and, if you don't mind a little history, the plastic drum head) was so successful. And it's exactly what the noise over electronic drums is all about. **db**

PRO SESSION

The How And Why Of Mutes

BY DR. MAURY DEUTSCH

Maury Deutsch *began his trumpet study at age 15 and was soon awarded a New York Philharmonic Symphony Scholarship under the auspices of world-renowned trumpet teacher Max Schlossberg. Dr. Deutsch holds a doctorate in music and music education and divides his time between professional writing and the teaching of arranging/composition.*

Mutes have been in vogue as far back as the 17th century. Intonational difficulties resulting from their imprecise construction was a major factor in their being generally shunned by traditional composers. Among the early composers who requested the mute in their orchestral scores were Mozart (in the 18th century) and Berlioz (19th century); however, the very first recorded use of the straight mute was by Alessandro Scarlatti. Richard Wagner's superb orchestration was a major stimulus for the modern day proliferation of mutes.

Contemporary mutes for brass have greatly increased the tonal colors available to composers. Although these timbres may resemble other instruments to a degree, they have a distinctive quality of their own and should be so used. Mutes are denoted by the terms: *muted*, *mit dämpfer*, or *gedämpft* (German), *avec sourdine* (French), *con sordino* (Italian), and "+." The terms *senza sordino*, *naturale*, and "o" signify a return to normal playing.

Mutes In Common Use

The most familiar mutes in modern day usage are the straight, Harmon, solotone, cup, and buzz. Supplementing the above are the hat, plunger, and hand-in-bell technique. The dimensions of each mute varies directly with the length, bore, and bell-size of the particular instrument. Trumpet (cornet) mutes are smaller in size than trombone mutes. Mutes for the alto/tenor/baritone horns and euphonium (when available) are constructed in a progressively larger sequence. The flugelhorn artist, of necessity, frequently uses the regular array of trumpet mutes. Because of the flugelhorn's conical tubing flaring to a larger size bell, the mutes acoustically require broader dimensions; some players even use trombone mutes. On rare occasions the tuba may be requested to insert a type of straight mute (e.g., Strauss' *Don Quixote*). The resulting tone quality is softer, has less spread, and is slightly nasal.

Tonal Colors

Straight Mute: The straight mute constructed of metal (aluminum) is generally more vibrant than the wooden model. Cardboard mutes have been found to be unsatisfactory. The basic effect, in addition to softening the tone, is to modify the playing range with a nasal quality; more energy is transported to the upper partials. The straight mute timbre (especially the wooden model) is reminiscent of the oboe of the double-reed family.

Cup Mute: The cup mute has a resemblance to the tonal quality of a subtone saxophone. Some of the energy of the fundamental is absorbed by the mute; in addition, the very highest partials are attenuated.

Solotone Mute: The solotone mute is suggestive of a subdued middle to middle-upper register clarinet and bass clarinet relative to the trumpet (cornet) and trombone. The circular edge of the mute is completely surrounded with cork resulting in the mute fitting tightly into the bell. The actual aperture in the body of the mute for the air column to pass through is relatively small. Lip vibrations are influenced not only by the air column going forward but also by the returning air flow. This swirling, circular motion, together with the overall corked mute edge, result in a suggestion of a closed pipe with the even-numbered partials being subtly attenuated.

Harmon Mute: The vibrant metal Harmon mute accentuates the upper partials and greatly downgrades the overall amplitude. The timbre is suggestive of the violin E string (trumpet/cornet) or the cello A string (trombone). The Harmon "wah-wah" effect is the precursor of the wah-wah pedal module of the modern synthesizer. The hand covering the mute opening decreases the tonal volume and also negates the impact of the upper partials; the hand moving away reverses the process.

Buzz Mute: This mute is essentially a straight mute with jangles. The nasal

quality is supplemented with a series of pointed upper-register noise attacks.

(With regard to all of the aforementioned mutes, the cornet quality—due to the greater degree of conical tubing than the trumpet, and the many windings—is always subtly more mellow than the corresponding muted trumpet.)

Hat: The principal effect of the hat is to attenuate the highest partials with a minimal loss of amplitude. The trumpet (cornet) playing in-hat suggests a tonal quality related to the french horn; the trombone in-hat is suggestive of the baritone horn or euphonium (saxhorns). The hat is also used in conjunction with other mutes; e.g., the straight muted flugelhorn in-hat—in the middle and middle-low registers—resembles the english horn.

Plunger: The plunger in combination with growls and wah-wah was frequently used in dixieland jazz arrangements. The tonal quality has a forced nasal gestalt with supplementary noise spreads.

French Horn Hand-Stopping

Hand-stopping and muting are complementary techniques on the french horn; one is frequently used as a substitute for the other. The original hunting horn was introduced into the orchestra in the very early 18th century. By inserting the right hand into the bell of the natural horn, the harmonic series was so modified that scales and chromatic tones were possible; the tone, of course, was of uneven quality. Valves were added to the natural horn early in the 19th century.

Hand-Stopping

Hand-stopping (usually relegated to the horn in F) causes the acoustical length of the horn to be shortened so that the harmonics sound a semitone higher. The horn player needs to transpose a semitone downward when using stopped tones. Arthur H. Benade in his *Fundamentals Of Musical Acoustics* offers an alternative explanation: "The playing range jumps upwards, roughly a semitone in many parts of the playing range . . . i.e., to the next higher set of resonances whose frequencies have been lowered by the hand. . . ." Because of the overall shorter length of the B♭ horn, hand-stopping results in a rise of pitch of about three-fourths of a tone. Special models of the B♭ horn have an additional valve that lowers the pitch three-fourths of a tone and thus eliminates the need for transposition.

The symbols for hand-stopping are "+," *gestopft* (German), *bouché* (French), *chiuso* (Italian). The sign "o" signifies a return to normal playing.

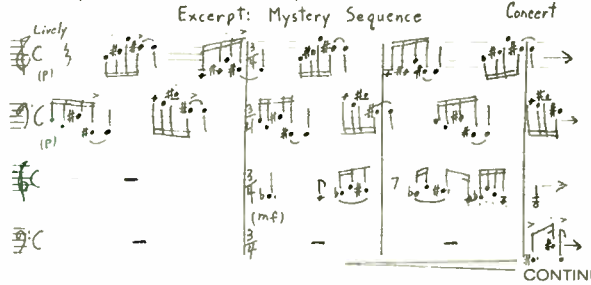
Partial Hand-Stopping

The partial closing of the bell with the hand has the effect of lengthening the vibrating air column, and the result is a lowering of the pitch. This particular technique was introduced by Anton Joseph Hampel around 1750. Partial hand-stopping techniques result in a continuous lowering of the pitch, as much as a whole tone or more.

Although the difference in tonal quality resulting from hand-stopping and partial hand-stopping eludes the uninitiated, there are minor differences. Hand-stopping is slightly more nasal and tighter than partial hand-stopping. In the former the upper partials are subtly favored; whereas in the latter, it is the fundamental and lower partials. Where a mute is used in place of hand-stopping, it is usually of conical shape and non-transposing. There is also a transposing mute made of brass. The brass mute raises the pitch about a semitone.

Examples

The basic scale for this partial sequence is C, D♭, E♭, F♯, G, A, C; the inherent structures include the diminished seventh chord, minor chords (C-E♭-G, F♯-A-C♯/D♭), and succesive intervals of the augmented fourth (C-F♯, D♭-G, E♭-A). The varied brass colors (mutes, hand-in-bell) enhance the mood of uncertainty:



CONTINUED ON PAGE 59

PRO SHOP

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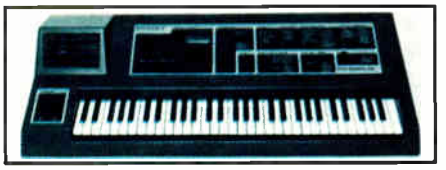


E-mu's Emulator II

Now available from E-MU SYSTEMS INC. (Santa Cruz, CA) is the Emulator II digital sampling keyboard, incorporating recent technological advances into the popular Emulator model. Like its predecessor, the Emulator II allows the user to digitally record any sound and play it back polyphonically from the velocity-sensing keyboard. A new data encoding technique results in increased frequency response with a significant decrease in digital distortion. The Emulator II comes standard with a full 17 seconds sampling time and up to a full megabyte of disc storage (an optional second disc drive is available); the algorithms provide a variety of new voice-assignment techniques; the advanced track-oriented sequencer includes extensive overdubbing and editing facilities as well as programmable rhythm correction; the interface capabilities have been designed for future expansion of the system and compatibility with other electronic instruments.

PERCUSSION SHOP

Pearl's Maxwin

New from PEARL INTERNATIONAL (Nashville, TN) is the Maxwin Power 900 drum set, a budget-priced, hard-rocking pro setup that cuts through electronic amplification. The 900 includes bigger, deeper drums for heavy hitters, including a 22×16 bass drum, a 14×6½ stainless steel snare, 12×10 and 13×11 rack toms, and a 16×16 floor tom, in your choice of any of Pearl's dozen '85 colors, complete with heavy-duty hardware, and even sticks, all for under a grand.

REED WORLD

Hohner's Hot Metal Harmonica

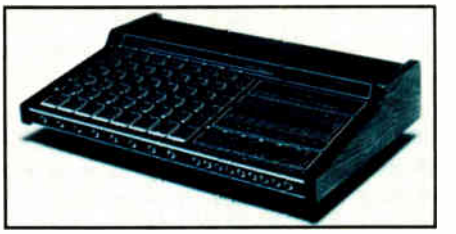
HOHNER INC. (Ashland, VA) just unleashed a mean little harmonica for the novice musician who wants a quality harp at a reasonable cost—the Hot Metal Harmonica. The Hot Metals are aimed at the beginner yet are available in all 12 keys, just like Hohner's pro caliber models. The new harmonicas' bodies are made of sturdy injected-molded blue plastic and, unlike many others whose covers are nailed on, the Hot Metals' are fastened with easily removable nuts and bolts.

GUITAR WORLD

M.V. Pedulla's XJ-S

M.V. PEDULLA GUITARS (South Weymouth, MA) recently unveiled a synthesizer guitar addition to their line; the XJ-S features stock electronics plus circuitry to drive the Roland GR700 guitar synthesizer unit. The new axe features a maple neck that runs throughout the length of the body for strength and solidity, resulting in superior tracking capabilities. The ebony fingerboard is inlaid with mother of pearl; the double cutaway allows easy access to all 22 frets. Other features include: top-of-the-line Shaller hardware, polished brass nut, Bartolini pickups (two single coil/one humbucker, or two humbuckers), optional Kahler locking tremolo, and a super gloss polyester finish.

SOUND GEAR

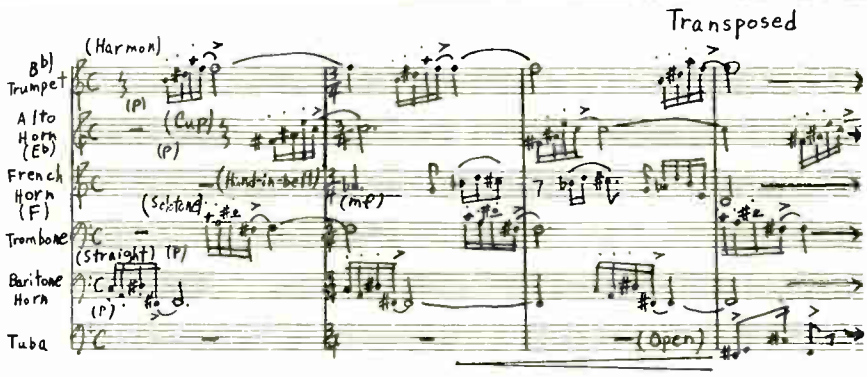


Dean Markley's PM800A Mixer

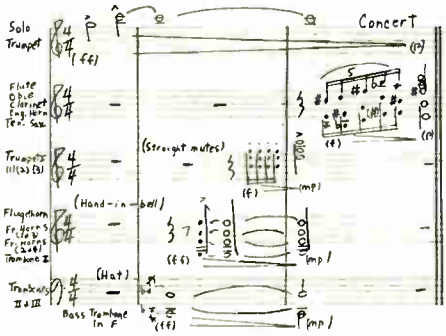
Producing 180 watts (RMS) in a compact, portable package, the PM800A Mixer is the latest in DEAN MARKLEY'S (Santa Clara, CA) Spectra Series of self-powered audio consoles. Complete with its own compressor-limiter and nine-band graphic EQ, each of the channels is equipped with one transformerless Lo-Z balanced input, one Hi-Z input, a channel level, monitor send, low, mid, and high EQ with ±15 db boost or cut, and an effects/reverb send. A sub-in on the main bus allows the console to be easily daisy-chained with other components; the master section includes a complete array of controls, inputs, and outputs. All Hi-Z inputs and patching connectors are located in the front panel for easy access, with Lo-Z inputs and speaker jacks on the rear.

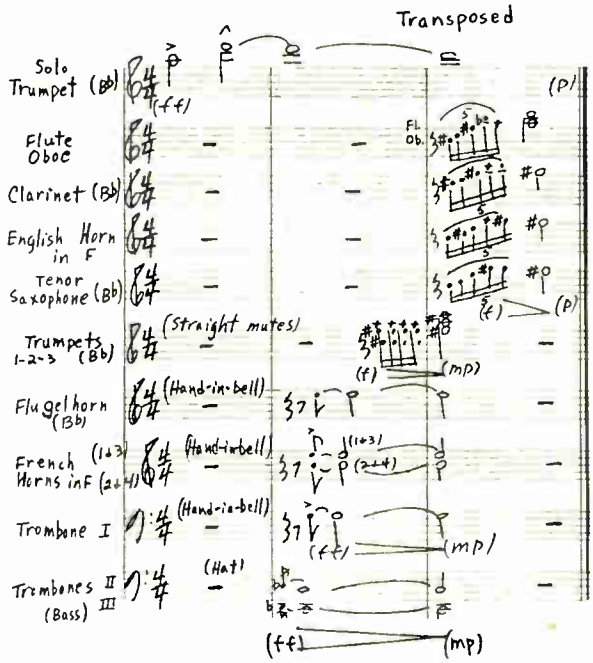
Gibson's Lab Series 2 Amps

GIBSON (Nashville, TN) jumped back into the pro sound market with the recent introduction of six new amps (four guitar, two bass) aimed at the serious musician in search of a quality alternative—the Gibson Lab Series 2. The G60 R-10 guitar amp features 60 watts RMS with electronic channel switching, three-band EQ, reverb, and two high-efficiency 10-inch speakers (a clean sound is possible on channels one and two, but they differ widely—channel one has a typically American sound while channel two is more closely tailored to the British sound). Model G60 R-12 is similar to the R-10, but with one 12-inch speaker. Models G120 R-10 (four 10-inch speakers) and G120 R-12 (two 12-inchers) offer the same features but with 120 watts of power. The B70 bass amp offers 70 watts with treble, bass, and midrange controls, three-band EQ, and a 15-inch speaker housed in an infinite baffle. The B120 has 120 watts, two channels with treble, mid, bass, and gain, power compressor, and LED indicator, plus a six-band rotary EQ system for maximum control of bass guitar or keyboard. Separate bass heads and enclosures are available for those who prefer the piggyback configuration. **db**



The example below represents the final cadence of a highly dissonant contemporary trumpet solo. The orchestration utilizes the full 12-tone scale. The intense emotional gestalt of the trumpet solo is reinforced by the heterogeneous tonal colors in the brass and then in the reeds:





Modern electronic technology has upgraded the technology of muting. One such module is the "Pitch And Envelope Follower." A brass instrument is interfaced with a synthesizer; the pitch and envelope of the brass instrument are converted to voltages which can then be used in place of the keyboard to control the synthesizer. The pitch and envelope of the brass instrument remains constant; however, the tonal color is limited only by the sophistication of the particular synthesizer. Every type of mute and acoustical instrument can be simulated; furthermore, the resultant tonal colors can be played in octaves or parallel harmony. **db**

his product that he asks of the musicians. The album is basically a straightahead, no-nonsense group recording with players he feels especially close to.

"Between Branford and Philly Joe," he noted, "you're covering the range of 40 years of music. Bringing them together was not a gimmick; it's more a reflection of the attitude towards the project. In a sense it makes the record an affirmation of the belief that we do have an existing body of contemporary jazz that embraces that long span of time and musicianship, and that all of those people within that framework are beginning to understand that they are members of the same jazz community."

What might be added is that the body of contemporary jazz Keepnews cites is a body of work that *he* helped create. And that it embraces the long span of time and musicianship precisely because those are *his* values. The fact that he continues to record and work in the jazz business probably attests to more than one man's remedy for combating laziness or amateurism. For some, a commitment to art and to the people who make it is not just a way to pay the rent, nor is it just a decent and meaningful life choice. For Keepnews, it is survival—his own, and that of the music. **db**

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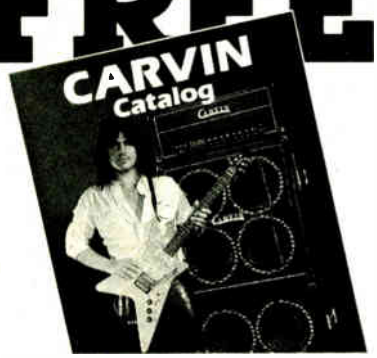

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METHENY

continued from page 19

BM: What about the new members of your group?
PM: Pedro's unbelievable. He's somebody that I had met at a festival in Brazil in 1980. He gave me a cassette, and I never heard anything like it. I still never have. He played guitar like me, played bass like Jaco [Pastorius], sang like your favorite South American singer, played keyboards. So I was really knocked out by him on this tape. I think it was December of 1982 that Nana [Vasconcelos] decided that he didn't want to go out on the road anymore. We had kind of kidnapped him for about three years, but then he said he had to get back to doing solo concerts and performing with Codona. So I called Pedro in Argentina and asked if he ever played any percussion. He said no, then I explained the situation and asked him to go out and get some percussion instruments and practice. I called back the next week and asked him, "What have you got?" and he started playing shakers and berimbau and stuff over the phone. He had practiced for 15 hours a day over the week. He sounded fine, though he would admit to you that he's nowhere near the level of Nana as a percussionist. But for what we need, which is more or less some colors and rhythmic help, he does fine. The idea is to continue working in his other abilities as much as possible. I'd always wanted to have another guitar player, and Pedro also sings great.

Paul Wertico [who replaced Danny Gottlieb] is a drummer from Chicago. I have to say I've never been around any musician who has improved more dramatically than this guy in a short period of time. He went from being really good to being one of the best drummers I've ever played with, which is saying something since I've played with many great drummers. He can truly play in the variety of styles that we need but he always sounds like himself, he always plays from the inside out. He puts *everything* he's got into it. My favorite Paul story is when that horrible tv movie *The Day After* was on and the big question was, "What would you do if the rockets were launched and you had 10 minutes left before the bombs came back from the other side?" Everybody had their different answers, and Paul said, "I know what I'd do. I'd practice." And I knew right then that this was the guy I wanted to be playing with.

Steve Rodby has been the cat on bass in this band for four years now. He really helps define the sound of the group. With all due respect to [former bandmate] Mark [Egan], he was and probably still is dealing with things exclusively from the Jaco conception, whereas Steve really will have none of that. He's dealing with the role of the bass in a very egoless way, which is hard to find these days, ever since Jaco and Stanley Clarke hit the scene. I love all those guys, nothing against that. But it's really hard to find a bass player who wants to focus on the bass function in a group, and really study *that* in extreme detail. Having been a former bass player myself, that was always my idea of what the bass was. And that's why I love Charlie so much. He's taken the concept of playing the *bottom* to the highest possible level without compromising the bass function. And Steve is, of all the younger cats that I know, the guy who's most interested in that. He seems to be making the most progress to taking it to an artistic level, which is playing very simply yet still putting his own stamp on it. That's a hard thing to ask of a bass player.

BM: How can you keep up with all these different projects?
PM: It's just that I've been getting all these opportunities, and I can't say no to any of them. It's too much fun. Considering that I haven't had a day off since April, I should be tired by now, but I'm not at all because it's all happening. But believe me, I get up every morning and count my lucky stars. **db**

FOUNTAIN

continued from page 25

Bell Telephone Hour—they liked me in a jazz setting—and Bob Hope's show, the Bing Crosby shows, the specials. Then, all of a sudden, the well went dry—like with everybody. It's a cyclical thing. So for almost 10, 15 years we didn't have that fire goin' all the time. People would come to see me at my club, on Bourbon Street, but it wasn't the same."

How did he get going again? "Well, when I was going to open this club up, I just wanted to get on Carson again to get the push, let the country know I was movin' from Bourbon Street to the Hilton. So I called the Carson show, finally got through to somebody, and said, 'This is Pete Fountain. Who do I talk to about getting on the show?'

"And they said send us a tape and an eight-by-10 glossy photo. So I thought, 'Well, if this is what it takes, I'll start from the bottom again.' And I went through with it; I sent the tape and the photo. And I got a call from Freddie DeCordova, Carson's producer. I know him for years; he'd produced the Welk show. He says to me, 'Are you crazy? Really, are you crazy? What are you doin' sendin' me a picture?' I said, 'Well, Freddie, they told me in your office to send it.' He says, 'Get your butt up here.' So he gave me a date.

"And on that night, everything clicked. It was one of those nights, when the band was clickin', the electricity, I was tootin', Doc Severinsen was playin'—I think we played for almost 20 minutes. That's the longest I ever played my horn on Carson. Tony Bennett, I think he gets about 16 or 17 minutes, where they keep him singin', but for a jazz player . . . I played one, two, three, four tunes. Then with Severinsen. It was fantastic. We played right through a commercial. They couldn't believe it.

"Carson, he's great at that; he can see when something's cookin', and he lets it happen, don't stop. The people were goin' crazy, Doc was playin', I was playin', Carson loved it—so from then on, I got an open book, you know. They call me a couple times a year, say, 'Can you make it?' Or I'll call, say, 'I'm doin' something around there; I'll be there.' It's great.

"I try to do Carson just to keep the name goin'; if I can get that three or four times a year, plus the reruns, that's great with me, 'cause I don't like to go out on the road too much. I haven't done Vegas since I opened up here. I don't like to fly; when we go out, we go by bus, and we usually stay out for about two weeks. The last time we went with Woody Herman's and Gerry Mulligan's bands.

"I play concerts. The supper clubs—I can't even afford myself here, truthfully. You can make a lot more money, if you want to beat your body up, on the road. In one night I can make more than I make all week here, but I'm here, and my week goes by a lot faster than when I'm on the road. One-nighters are murder.

"My band's spoiled rotten, because we have a home base. A lot of guys don't have that base, and it's a shame, because you can demand more money. You know, club owners come on to you like, 'You should make this, and if you make this, I'll give you *this*.' But I say, 'I have a job. I can work every night at my club. So if you come up with what we ask for, the money, then we'll move.' Not to be hard-headed, but . . . it's been great for us."

No wonder Pete Fountain's smiling out of print and radio ads for Ozone water and "the cheaper beeper" radio phones. He's got all he could ask for; there's just one thing he envies.

"My son-in-law's my manager," Fountain mentions casually, "and he's doin' a heck of a job. He's young; he's got that youth thing. I've had my good times; I feel good now, and don't want to burn myself out. I only drink wine now; I used to like bourbon, then vodka, then it got time to cool it. But I'm still enjoyin'. I enjoy everything I have. But if I had that youth again—whew!" **db**

A Jazz Landmark

BY JEFF LEVENSON

It doesn't always serve us, or the myth-making machinery geared to promulgate the glories of singular achievement, to consider that many great artists, in shaping and defining their contributions to the world, have leaned on trusted associates who played midwife through the birthing of truly timeless works. These individuals have oftentimes functioned as supporting actors whose importance to the creative process is understood and appreciated by far too few people. Especially in instances where an art is relatively new and without historical precedents to support it, and where the artists themselves are less sure of the contextual implications of their efforts than with doing things that come naturally, it is the role of these collaborative partners to help make things happen. In fact, some have played so instrumental a role that it is hard to imagine the artist ever reaching the same levels of self-confidence or productivity or public recognition without them.

Orrin Keepnews, perhaps the most trusted producer in jazz, is just such a figure. "Remember one thing," he pointed out, "my earliest training as a producer, effectively speaking, came at the hands of Thelonious Monk. I was one of those people--there were many of us at the time--who got to be producers partly because it was our company and there wasn't anyone to tell us not to. I was a producer because I said so. Today I would never send anyone as ignorant as I was then near the studio with as difficult and as valuable a musician as Thelonious Monk. I've always said that once I survived Thelonious, I could never be afraid of any other musician."

It is over 30 years since Keepnews first made his mark in the studio. As the co-founder of the Riverside label, he was largely, if not altogether responsible for certifying the true genius of Monk, for introducing to the world Wes Montgomery and Bill Evans, and for validating—no small achievement here--modern jazz as a serious and enduring music. After Riverside folded in 1964, and Keepnews put Milestone on the map with help from Sonny Rollins and McCoy Tyner, it was clear that his chief asset as a producer involved skills less musical than interpersonal.

"I've always felt that the basic function of a producer in jazz is to be a catalytic

MITCHELL SEIDEL

Orrin Keepnews

agent," he explained. "It is my job to bring out the best in the people I'm working with. That is not universal; not everybody feels that way. There are some notable examples of people who have a kind of 'kingmaker' attitude, which I think is inappropriate in jazz. Being a catalytic agent entails adapting yourself to the particular nuances and values of the musician you're working with.

"If you're doing the job properly as a producer, you realize that with each artist you work, you have to bring something different to the relationship. Every session and every artist presents a different set of approaches. That's one of the wonderful and continually interesting things about our business. The first thing you have to do is learn about the person you're working with, and what your relationship with them can be and should be.

"I did two albums with Sonny Rollins in 1958, and then I did a whole mess of albums with him in the '70s. My relationship with Sonny as a producer and, actually, as a friend was tremendously different than it had been 15 years earlier. It was different simply because we had both changed and grown, and we were *aware* of the changes in each other."

Having firmly established himself as a "musician's producer," and as a caring businessman sensitive to the concerns and idiosyncratic temperaments of the artists he has worked with, Keepnews is once again launching a jazz label, his third, Landmark Records. Throughout the '70s he had served as Fantasy's director of jazz activities. A few years back, after feeling the need to "take myself off the front burner, out of the pressure cooker," he decided to leave. Why then did he jump back into the business and start a new label?

"You can't take a tightly wound spring and relax it just a little bit," he offered by way of analogy. "If you try to do that, it tends to unwind all the way. I found that I was too relaxed, doing too little. I was getting lazy, not forcing myself to do more. I began to feel unhappy about being too laidback. Another thing was, while remaining a keen observer of the jazz scene, I realized that I did not like the way things were going. I found a certain amount of what I can only charitably call amateurism. There are too many records that are being thrown together in a hurry, being done far too casually.

"In the early days of my career—the glory days of Riverside, Prestige, Blue Note, Contemporary—we were all into the blowing session, the under-rehearsed session. Yet at the time we were drawing upon a constantly active talent pool. If I went in [the studio] with a rhythm section that didn't have a rehearsal, it was okay because I was using guys that knew each other intimately for years. They knew what they could get out of each other, and I knew what I could get out of them. It was a rather effective substitute for the rehearsals that we didn't have the time or money for. There was a community, an atmosphere of jazz activity and interest that enabled us to make good records. The whole climate now is different.

"A final point is I'm aware of how many deeply talented musicians are finding it hard, if not impossible, to get effective recording vehicles. Either they don't record, or they're asked to do so for next to nothing. I decided to try to put together a small, highly personalized operation where I'm going to be totally responsible. I don't want to do a lot of records because I want to produce most of them myself."

Landmark's first release will be a Bobby Hutcherson album featuring Branford Marsalis and Philly Joe Jones. Though the vibraphonist and Keepnews have worked together on numerous projects, this was the first time they enjoyed an artist/producer relationship. Issues to follow include a Nigerian recording of Yusef Lateef; a debut album by pianist Keith McDonald; another piano debut by drummer Jack DeJohnette; and an album of specially arranged Monk material performed by the Kronos Quartet, a jazz-classical string ensemble, with guest artist Ron Carter.

A tape of the Hutcherson release offers strong evidence that the sonic richness of Keepnew's early productions remains a vital part of his current efforts, and that he has maintained, over time, the same high standards for himself and

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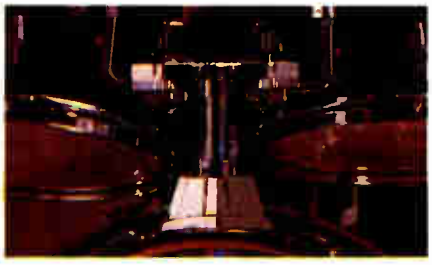

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