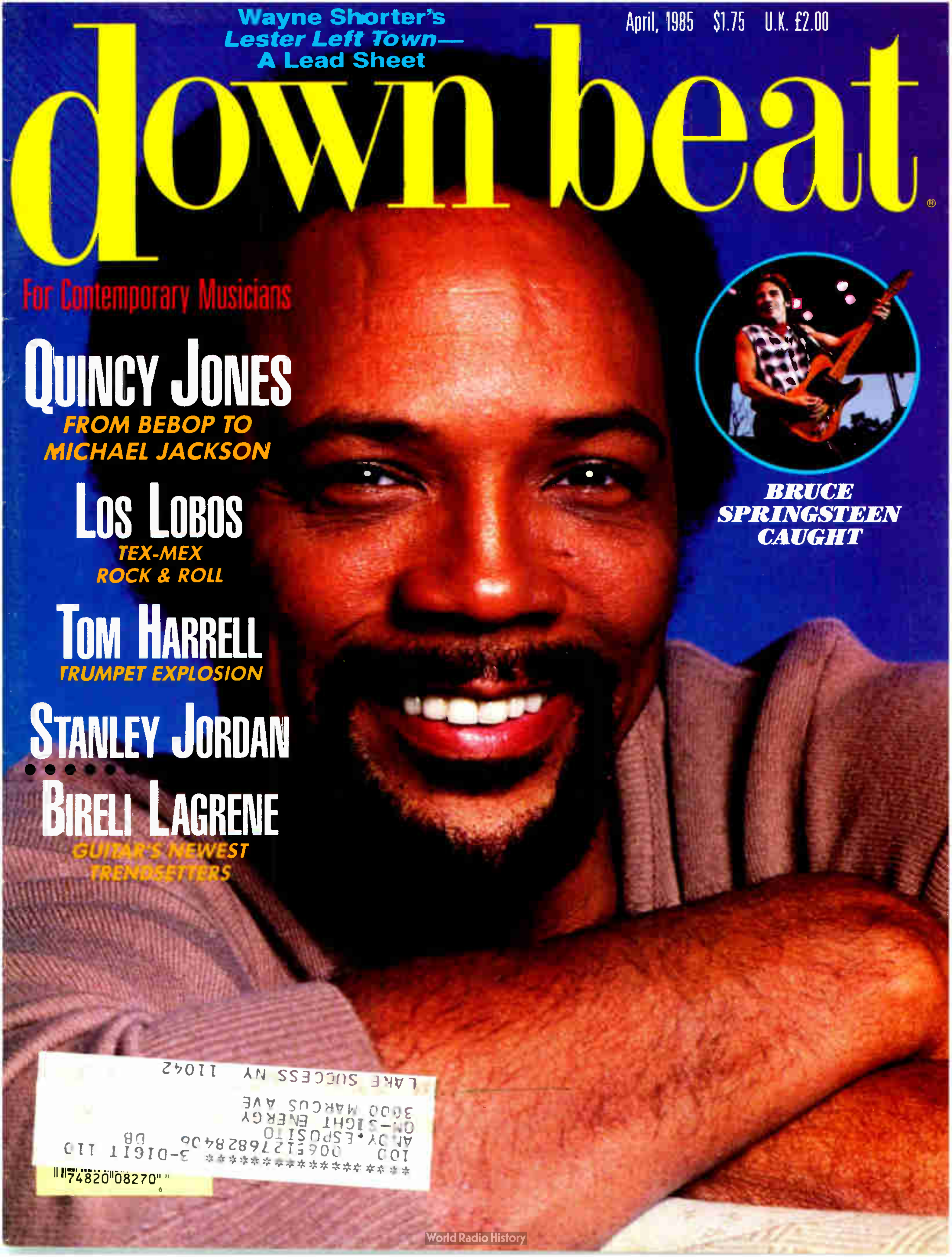

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April, 1985 $1.75 U.K. £2.00

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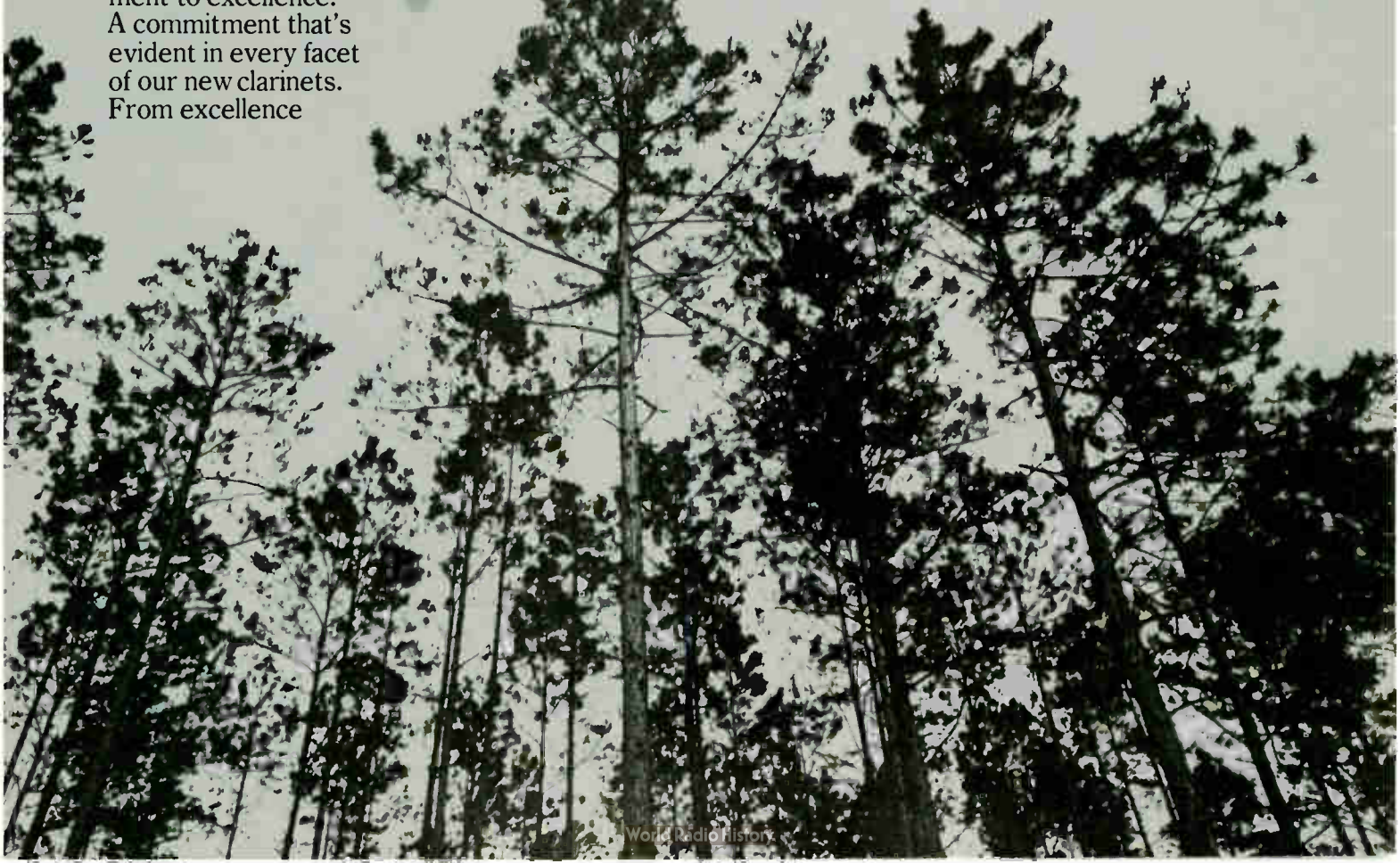

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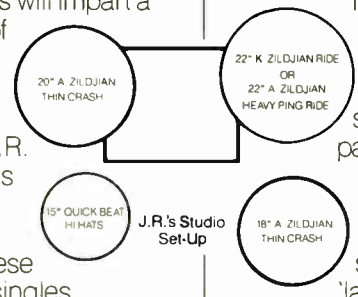
J.R. ROBINSON

CREATING "PLATINUM" CYMBAL GROOVES

His distinctively accented 16th note Hi Hat pattern triggers the seductive rhythmic pulse of Lionel Richie's "All Night Long." A combined 8th and 16th note version of this technique pins down the groove for Michael Jackson's "Rock With You." Both merge with other signature Hi Hat rhythms in the steamy modern funk of Rufus & Chaka Khan's "Ain't Nobody."

His name is John "J.R." Robinson and he is one of the first call drummers for important "A" session dates in Los Angeles. Recognized as a thoroughly schooled drummer with clock-solid time and musically sensitive grooves, Robinson is requested by leading producers like Quincy Jones because he instinctively knows what techniques will impart a special sense of magic to hit rhythm tracks without cluttering things up. J.R. underscores this point while explaining his Hi Hat work on these platinum singles.

"The 8th note thing comes from a Shank/Tip method where you hit all of the downbeats on the shank of the stick and the 'ands' on the tip to create an alternating pattern of louder and softer beats. When I go to 16th notes, I use the same method with double sticks, so I use my right hand for the shank part of it and my left for the tip. It adds a nice warmth to the song without creating sterility."



J.R.'s Studio Set-Up

Robinson's reasons for choosing Zildjian cymbals reflect his single-minded commitment to get the best possible rhythm sounds for whatever part he's playing.

"I use the 15" Quick Beat Hi Hats because they have a modern sound. They have a 'larger' sound and I can play anything from a real soft ballad to a real heavy rock song with these—they cover all bases. Lots of times I'll play between my Ride and Crash cymbals real lightly, then play the Hi Hat open with my foot on 2 and 4 and they 'sing' real nicely when they're struck. They have a crisper, fuller sound than any other Hats.

"I switch back and forth between my two Ride cymbals: a really nice 22" K. that's not too dark or dominant with bright overtones. It blends into most of the tracks I do. Sometimes I use my other Ride—a 22" Heavy Ping—for rock & roll and when I need a real bright sound.

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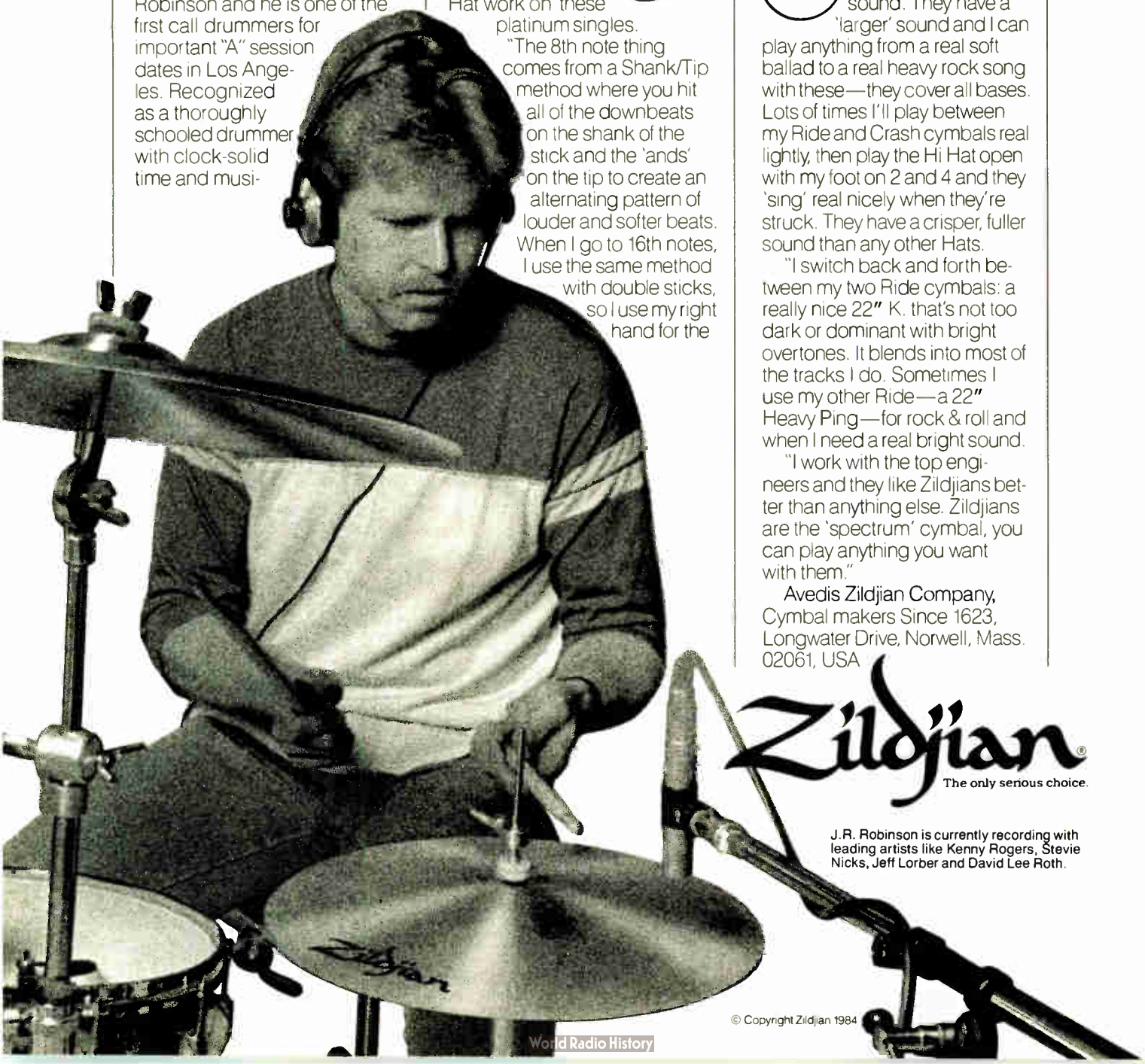

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J.R. Robinson is currently recording with leading artists like Kenny Rogers, Stevie Nicks, Jeff Lorber and David Lee Roth.

ON THE BEAT

BY CHARLES DOHERTY

"If you're happy and you know it, clap your hands." So begins the children's song my three-year-old brought home from preschool the other day. And while that complex sentence's simple truth seems self-evident, it reminded me of a recent concert experience, one that should be familiar to all of you.

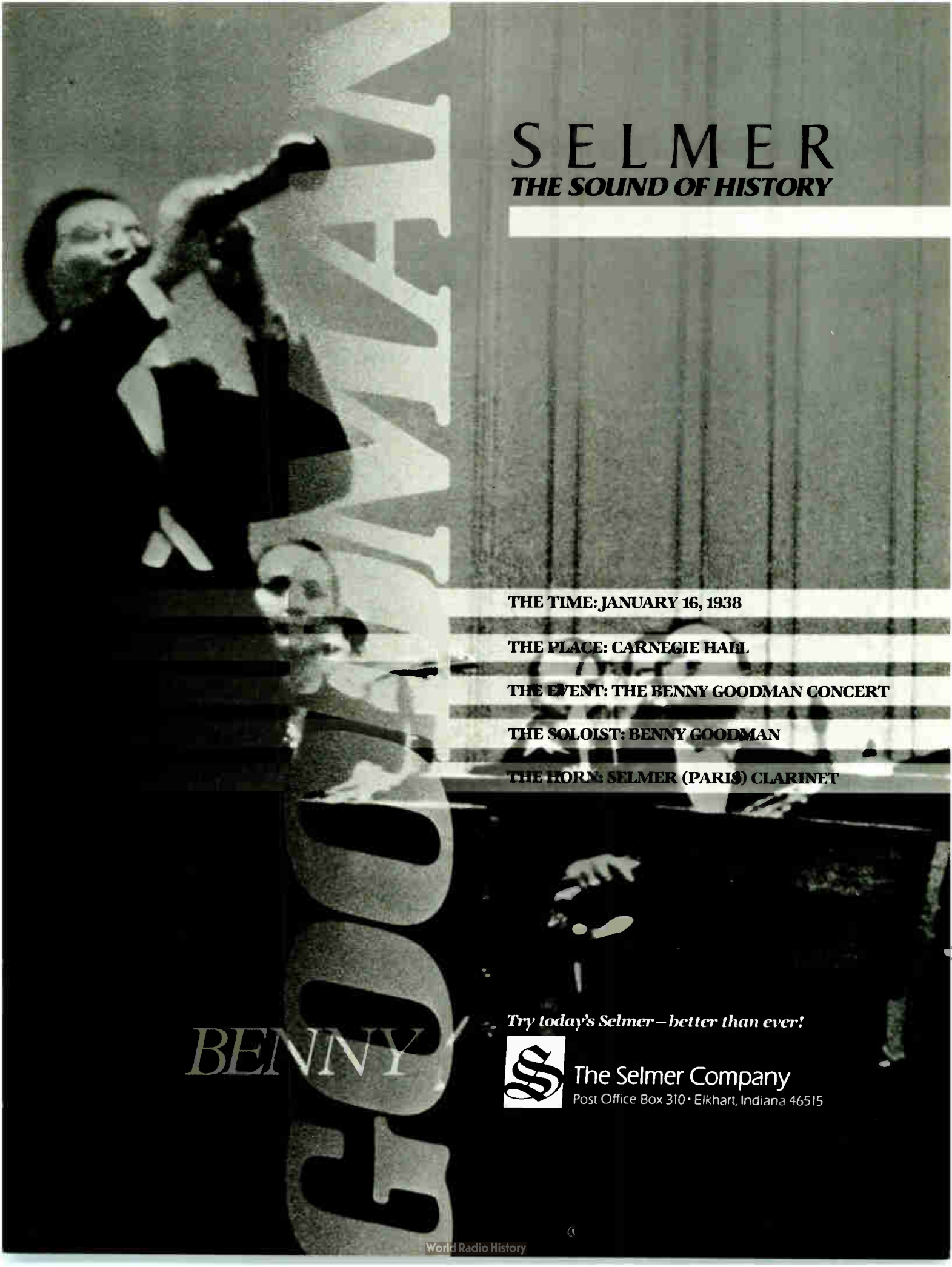
Surely you've seen an articulate electric bassist negotiate a tricky, delicately filigreed harmonic solo sequence that has left you breathless, but elicited only a chorus of yawns (as you and a few applauded); then later in the solo the bassist quotes Jaco quoting Jimi and it's ovation city. Or worse yet, you've heard the rote clapping at the end of every solo, regardless of worth, throughout a boppin' jazz set. Or a symphony interrupted in mid-movement by applause during a pianissimo passage as one nervous listener started to clap and the keep-up-with-the-Jones neighbors joined in. Or even the ovation as the curtain parts to open a play only to reveal an empty stage. Who are we cheering? The set designer?

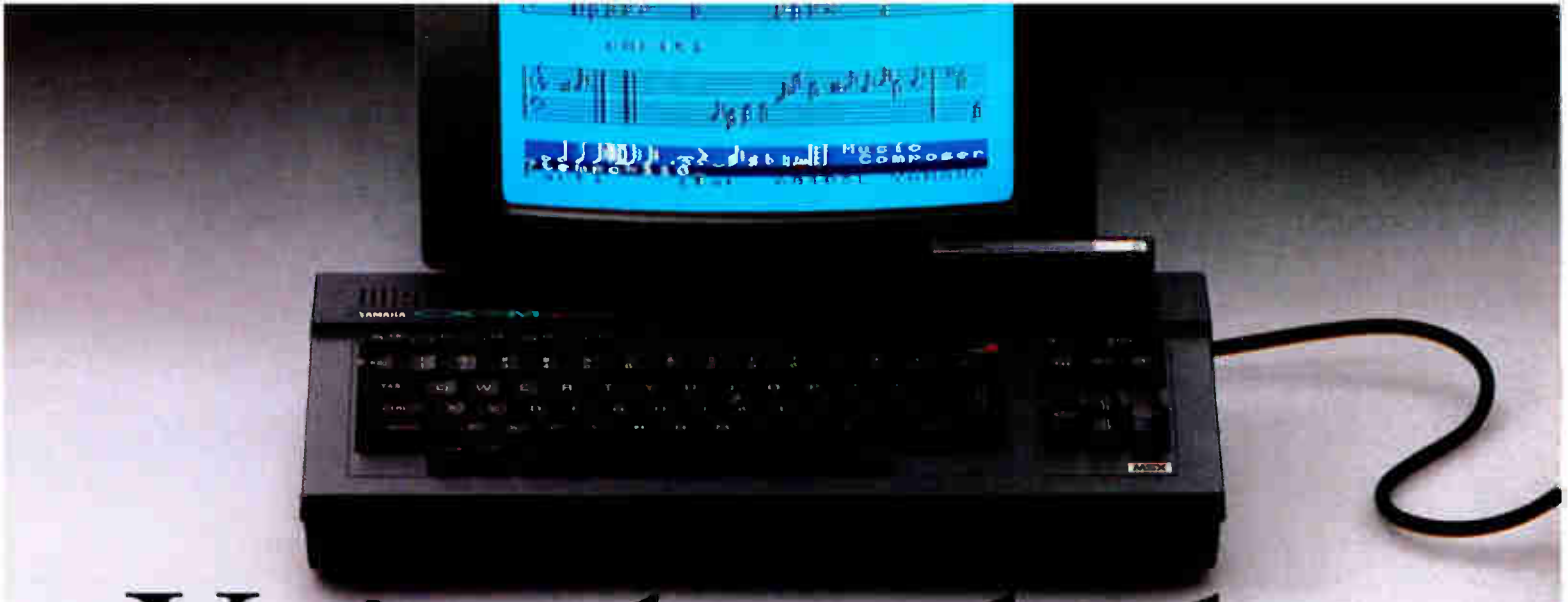
Psychologists agree that performers want, need, and even *feed* on your applause of approval. But it should be heartfelt, as performers themselves have described their empty, hollow feeling when cheered for an inferior showing.

Yet applause also fulfills a need in the audience, a need to express its joy as a group. Humans are, after all, a gregarious species. Seen in this light, the spontaneous ovation at the end of a movie makes sense (they can hardly hear you in Hollywood, and the projectionists know it's not for them), more sense than the clap-by-the-numbers approach offered at many jazz sets.

So don't clap just because your neighbor is, or because it is the "expected" time to respond. Get back to basics; use your head *and* your heart. Are you happy? Do you know it? Then clap your hands!

On a bittersweet note, this month I take leave from the pages of **down beat**. My career has taken a turn, and I am stepping down as **db** Managing Editor to take a similar position at *Cruise Travel* magazine. I've found my four years on the masthead of **db** to be an enlightening experience, and I hope you've gleaned a glimmer or two from me. Of course, with Art Lange still at the helm of the ever-capable crew, **down beat** will continue to smoothly sail the seas of contemporary music, though some readers will surely sigh in relief at the drastic decrease in poor puns, mixed metaphors, and gratuitous alliteration. So as Los Lobos say, adios amigos. **db**





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and synchronized chords. A sequencer with a 2000-note memory/playback capacity. And user-selectable parameters for editing the preset voices. So if you have something else

computer, it runs MSX cartridge and cassette tape programs. So in addition to music, you can work your finances. Write letters. Take a break from that musical score and rack up a score of a different kind on a video game.

in mind, the CX5M will listen to you.

But maybe the voices you hear in your head are vastly different from the preset voices. Buy the optional FM Voicing Program and you increase programming power by leaps and bytes. With this increased power you can extensively edit the preset voices. As well as create totally new ones.

Other music software programs available for the CX5M include the FM Music Composer which lets you create musical compositions in up to eight parts with complete control over voices, volume, expression markings, tempo, and key and time signatures.

An FM Music Macro Program which lets you take advantage of the voicing and performance potential of the CX5M within the framework of an MSX® Basic program.

And a DX7 Voicing Program. (More on this in another ad.)

And because the CX5M is an MSX

The CX5M is one smart, versatile, musician-friendly machine.

And a well connected one, too. Its extensive input/output jacks and ports let you save edited and created voices, scores and programs on cassette tape. Print out scores, voice parameters, letters, charts and graphs in hard copy. And connect the CX5M to any MIDI-compatible piece of equipment.

What else can the CX5M do? What else did you have in mind?

For the answer, see your authorized Yamaha Combo retailer. Or write: Yamaha International Corporation, Combo Products Division, P.O. Box 6600, Buena Park, California 90622. In Canada, Yamaha Canada Music Ltd., 135 Milner Ave., Scarborough, Ontario M1S 3R1.

YAMAHA

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Video monitor, FM Music Composer Program, and 49-key YK-10 keyboard shown are optional.

CHORDS & DISCORDS

Equipment snafu

By now I hope you folks have realized your mistake in listing a "'58 Guild 175" as Pat Metheny's main guitar in the Jan. '85 **db** cover story. No such animal exists! He plays, in fact, a 1958 Gibson ES-175. It's the same guitar he has been using since he was a teenager learning bebop in Kansas City. Boy, aren't we guitar players a "picky" lot?

Mark Harry Detroit

Mays daze

In response to the interview with Pat Metheny (**db**, Jan. '85), I think he greatly underestimates the public awareness of Lyle Mays in saying, "I don't know if people realize what an unbelievable musician he is, but they will."

I take great exception to that statement as I have been an avid Lyle Mays fan for over 10 years, since I first heard him play back in 1973 in Madison, WI. His synthesizer/electric keyboard work, not to mention his great lyrical touch to the acoustic piano, does not go unnoticed, as evident in various readers polls which he is consistently named as one of the top players.

However, there are a few of us out here that don't need the popularity contests to know who is making contributions to contemporary music. In fact, for quite some time now, Lyle Mays *is* the reason this reader buys all those Pat Metheny Group albums.

Cynthia T. Sesso Los Angeles

Critic's missive

Re: my Critics' Choice in the Feb. '84 **down beat**—let's try this again, gang. In December, 1943, pianist Jimmy Yancey recorded 16 sides for the Session label that were among the very finest of his abbreviated recording career. Ten of these are currently available on the Oldie Blues (*The Immortal*, OB 2802) LP that I reviewed in **db** in 1975. Six others comprised one side of a Jazztone LP issued in the '50s (*not* titled *1943 Session*), an album that's been out-of-print ever since the Jazztone Society unfortunately disappeared. Do any readers know of a Yancey album currently in release anywhere in the world that includes those Session recordings of *Yancey's Mixture*, *Midnight Stomp*, *Boodlin'*, *At The Window*, *Sweet Patootie*, and *The Rocks*?

John Litweiler Chicago

Artie's still a gamer

I want to thank you very much for your coverage of the new Artie Shaw Orchestra. I wrote an article for *Record Finder* entitled "Of Crap Tables And Magic," alluding to the magic of Shaw's name and the fact that on his last Capitol album he mentioned, when asked if the record would be a success, that an old crapshooter once said that "this is the only game in town."

John McDonough has done an outstanding job in reviewing the new organization (**db**, Jan. '85), and his pronouncement that this may be the band to beat in '85 is certainly justified. The new Shaw orchestra's appearance in Baltimore was also at a dance, and the band was outstanding.

The problem of not being able to open up the arrangements enough to satisfy all of the soloists in the band is one which only a few like Ellington have experienced. The obvious answer is new arrangements to augment the present book or perhaps Duke's concerto technique. In any event hats off to John for a fine piece of writing!

Now if only someone will record the band! And by the way, how long has it been since **down beat** had a big band issue?

Malcolm E. Holt Glen Burnie, MD

db's *never* stopped *covering big bands—check out the double Waxing On next issue.* —*Ed.*

Oral examination

During the next year I will be developing a series of oral history projects with American musicians. The subjects are to be musicians involved in the development and exposition of jazz and/or blues, artists for the most part overlooked by previous research.

I request that people with oral history experience interested in participating in an oral history project or people with suggestions for subjects contact me as soon as possible at the Cadence Building, Redwood, NY 13679.

Robert Rusch Redwood, NY

Starving for jazz

Szeged is a town of 160,000 in the southern part of Hungary. The Jazz Club here has been functioning for about 10 years; its main aim is to organize concerts and to give members information about trends in jazz, its history, and so on. We have had, among others, concerts by Tony Scott, Charlie Byrd, Alvin Queen, Jimmy

Woode, Kai Winding, and Larry Coryell. This fall we had concerts by JoAnne Brackeen and Oregon.

We would like to have contact with jazz fans from America; our address is Jazz Club Szeged, Komócsin Z. tér 2/a, 6721, Szeged, Hungary.

We regularly get **down beat**, and I would like to thank you for the important information that we get from it. Many club members read it, and I am sure we all agree that your magazine is indispensable for us.

Klara Bódis Szeged, Hungary

And from south of the border . . .

I was lucky enough to get myself a copy of your Oct. '83 **down beat**, which was sent by a friend in the U.S., just because of the Ad Lib, by Ellen Shoshkes, "Is Brazilian Beat The New Fusion?"

This article made me very proud, happy, and glad, for in it Ms. Shoshkes goes from Pixinguinha—1922—(one can tell Pixinguinha is to Brazilian music, as a composer and musician, as Duke Ellington is to North American music), up to today's top Brazilian musicians as Egberto Gismonti, Milton Nascimento, Tom Jobim, and singers like Gal Costa, Simone, and Flora Purim (she does *not* live in Brazil). *But* Ms. Shoshkes completely forgot to mention Carmen Miranda and her musicians, Bando da Lua (Aloysio de Oliveira, Garoto) when she became a hit!

Carmen Miranda arrived in the U.S. in 1939, she was called "Brazilian Bombshell" and made more than 14 movies in Hollywood; in every one she sang Brazilian songs, with Brazilian beat, and that "wave" was long before the bossa nova one—songs like *I Want My Mama* (*Mamãe Eu Quero*, by Jararaca and Vicente Paiva) with the carnaval-marchinha-beat and *Brasil* (*Aquarela Do Brasil*, by Ary Barroso) a samba beat, also a hit. Both songs were recorded by several North American singers in the '40s. Bing Crosby, the Andrews Sisters, the Nicholas Brothers, Mickey Rooney (in the movie *Babes In Arms*) and Jerry Lewis (in *Scared Stiff*) they all sang—and danced—to the marchinha-beat of *I Want My Mama*, a typical carnaval beat. Up to now.

In other words, the Brazilian beat has been exactly as a "wave," in the U.S.: it comes and goes with the "tide."

Let's hope this "new fusion" will keep the Brazilian beat where it belongs, among the North American musicians with their talent to recognize a real, good "beat"!

Luiz Calazans Rio de Janeiro

NEWS

Sensory overload at NAJE confab

DALLAS—The massive National Association of Jazz Educators convention recently brought together more than 1,600 educators, exhibitors, musicians, and media representatives for a four-day jazz extravaganza. The confab, staged in the AmFac resort hotel in D/FW airport, hosted a variety of events that made the convention a sort of intensive jazz education in its own right as clinics, concerts, films, jams, and miscellaneous musical attractions were available, if often competing with each other.

More than 50 major exhibitors—ranging from traditional instrument manufacturers like Selmer, Conn, Yamaha, Leblanc, and Zildjian, to more esoteric companies offering band uniforms, musical computers, and foreign tour assistance—vied for the conventioneers' attention. Throw in strong recruiting efforts by everybody from Walt Disney Productions and the various armed forces bands to high school and collegiate music programs, and the exhibit areas became mini-conventions themselves.

But the action in the exhibit areas was magnified by the various convention activities—on one day there were 49 separate events listed in the convention guide, and that was only the planned activities. Unfortunately, some of the best events were scheduled opposite each other, such as the classy Sheila Jordan/Harvie Swartz clinic that went up against the Randy Brecker/Eliane Elias demonstration of their new Brazilian fusion efforts.

Although the emphasis was on education and there were many fine clinics, seminars, and rap sessions—including Dr. Donald Byrd's "A Symmetrical Approach To Music," Gene Bertoncini's "A Linear/Harmonic Approach To The Guitar Fingerboard," and the Dave Liebman/Richie Beirach exploration of "Chromaticism In Contemporary Jazz"—much of the excitement was generated by the convention's concerts.

The focus was on vocal jazz, and there were several major figures present—Bobby McFerrin, Dianne Reeves, and Jordan being most conspicuous—but the concert entertainment was varied, if a bit too rooted in the traditional mainstream. Brecker, Hubert Laws, Lee Konitz, Bunky Green, Donald Byrd, Tony Campise, Peter Erskine, John McNeil, and a literal horde of others provided the big-name entertainment while several college bands, most notably the renowned North Texas State One O'Clock Lab Band and Rufus Reid's Wm. Patterson College Jazz Combo, also figured heavily in the action.

From left: Harold Danko, Sheila Jordan, and Harvie Swartz perform at the '85 NAJE convention.

The convention also found time to bestow numerous awards, including a series honoring historic Texas jazz figures Red Garland, Jack Teagarden, Gene Ramey, Budd Johnson, Arnett Cobb, Hubert Laws, Buster Smith, and Gus Johnson. Another award winner, nine-year-old drumming phenom Roli Garcia Jr., demonstrated the future of Texas jazz with his win in the Young Talent division.

—michael point

INDUSTRY ACTION

Pro-Mark seeks "not yet famous"

The **Pro-Mark Corp.**, the world's largest manufacturer of drum sticks, has begun a global search for the world's "not yet famous" drummers; the campaign, with a commitment to long-term publicity, asks "undiscovered" amateur and pro players to submit a photo and tell their story; by the end of the year, Pro-Mark expects to select approximately 500 drummers to be pictured in ads for their New Generation line of sticks; entry forms are free to individuals, retailers, and wholesalers from the company at 10706 Craighead Dr., Houston, TX 77025.

▪ ▪ ▪ ▪ ▪

Robert Zildjian, president of **Sabian Ltd.**, the Canadian cymbal concern, recently announced the acquisition of the Charles Alden Music Co. Inc., Walpole, MA. The Alden Co., which owns exclusive stateside distribution rights to Sonor drums of West Germany, will continue to operate as a separate entity under the management of founder/president Charles Alden and v.p. Debra Alden, his daughter; according to Zildjian, Alden's new responsibilities will include "representing Sabian Ltd.'s new direct-to-dealer program" . . . more from the Sabian scene: Samson Music Products (Hempstead, NY) has been named the exclusive distributor of **Tosco By Sabian** cymbals for the U.S. market; Tosco By Sabian cymbals are manufactured in Italy to the exacting standards of the Canadian cymbal co.

▪ ▪ ▪ ▪ ▪

Glyn Thomas, president of **Simmons Group Centre Inc.**, announced that the California corp. has been granted a trademark registration covering Simmons' hexagonal design on their electronic drums; imitators beware . . . see the Simmons lines at their **SDS 1985 Clinic Tour**; upcoming dates include: Nuncie's Music (Birmingham, AL), 3/14; Music Matters (Montgomery, AL), 3/15; D.O.G. Percussion (Nashville) 3/16; Music Warehouse (Louisville) 3/19; Reliable Music (Atlanta) 3/21; Discount Music (Orlando, FL) 3/23; Modern Music (Ft. Lauderdale, FL) 3/24; Thoroughbred Music (Tampa, FL) 3/25; and Bill Hardin Music (Macon, GA) 3/27; details from Simmons at (818) 884-2653.

Elsewhere on the drum beat: the **Charles Alden Music Co.** of Walpole, MA is now importing the Up Five electronic drum set, manufactured by Ultimate Percussion of the U.K.; listing at under a grand, the Up Five kit offers many of the features demanded by today's electronic stickster . . . and new from the **Percussion Institute of Technology** is an instructional video by Carmine Appice; shot in a "master class" format in L.A., and produced in cooperation with Pearl International and Miller Management, details on obtaining the video come from Bill Threlkeld, Artist Relations Manager/West Coast, Pearl International Inc./West Coast, 7629 Fulton Ave., N. Hollywood, CA 91605.

▪ ▪ ▪ ▪ ▪

With his new release *Mallorca*—a 45-minute cassette for the **Marantz** Pianocorder computerized piano-playing system—Chick Corea joins a roster that includes Oscar Peterson, George Shearing, Teddy Wilson, Liberace, Steve Allen, Arthur Rubinstein, and scores more in the Pianocorder's catalog of 330 album-length digital cassettes; *Mallorca* features eight original Corea compositions including the straight-ahead *Romance*, the introspective ode *Bill Evans*, and the spanish-tinged title cut.

▪ ▪ ▪ ▪ ▪

In a joint venture with the Hal Leonard Publishing Corp., **Passport Music Software**, fresh from its success with a pro line, has jumped into the home consumer market; Leonard, the third largest music publisher in the world, has access to thousands of copyrights, thus allowing Passport to synchronize popular hits from Duran Duran, the Police, Bruce Springsteen, Van Halen, Michael Jackson, and the like; Passport products are designed for their own Soundchaser Music System in addition to any MIDI keyboard plus popular home computers like the Commodore 64 . . . furthermore, the **Hal Leonard Publishing Corp.** has just announced that it has become the exclusive distributor of the Centerstream Catalog which features publications for guitar, banjo, drums, dulcimer, fiddle, harmonica, mandolin, and piano; and Leonard will work with Centerstream in the development of new publications; a complete listing of the Centerstream offerings is available from the Hal Leonard Publishing Corp., 8112 W. Bluemound Rd., POB 13819, Milwaukee, Wi 53213. □

Jazz women highlighted at NYU

NEW YORK—Showcasing veteran vocalists Chris Connor and Odetta and "introducing" guitarist Emily Remler, Jack Kleinsinger's Highlights In Jazz presented its first all-woman show, Women Of Jazz, recently at New York University's Loeb Student Center.

Since 1974 the 700-seat NYU auditorium has housed Highlights, now New York's longest running, regularly scheduled jazz series. With tickets priced at $7.50 and $6, thanks to public funding from the New York State Council on the Arts and the National Endowment for the Arts, Kleinsinger's eight yearly shows may be the best jazz bargain in town.

HELAYNE SEIDMAN

First up was Emily Remler (pictured). Barely opening her eyes and never uttering a word, the intensely concentrated Remler delivered a blazing set. Odetta, who enjoys talking about her songs as much as playing them, offered a folk-inspired repertoire, underscoring her stature as vocal empress of the folk/blues genre. With her colorful, flowing clothes, dazzling forehead pendant, and trademark incense still burning from her guitar, Odetta's more than a visual reminder of the '60s folk revival. Acknowledging the influences of singers Josh White and Leadbelly, Odetta rendered a highly idiosyncratic version of the latter's classic *Goodnight Irene*.

Former big band vocalist, now a club singer, Chris Connor swung through *Black Coffee*, *Crazy He Calls Me*, and a signature rendition of *Lush Life*. An able trio—bassist Steve Laspina, drummer Tony Tadesco, and pianist Richard Rodney Bennett, who took several fine solos—supported Connor's velvety contralto.

The Women Of Jazz lineup was more of a mixed bag than the thematically booked Highlights usually showcases, but no one in the audience seemed to mind at all. —*kate walter*

MUS. ED. REPORT

Spring things

The 1985 conference of the **International Trumpet Guild** is set for the University of New Mexico (Albuquerque) 5/28-31 and will feature internationally renowned artists in solo recitals, workshops, seminars, concerts, competitions, and exhibitions; for preliminary info about registration, competitions, scholarships, and accommodations, write Jeffrey Piper, Music Dept., UNM, Albuquerque, NM 87131.

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The **Dick Grove School of Music** (Studio City, CA) now offers a professional synthesist major which, within the keyboard program, encompasses all aspects of electronic music synthesis, including fundamentals, hands-on programming on the current lines of professional electronic instruments and systems, and instruction in the new hi-tech orchestration and compositional skills; classes start in April; call (818) 985-0905 or 984-1315 for details.

▪ ▪ ▪ ▪ ▪

Up the coast, the **New College of California** (San Francisco) offers a series of jazz master classes in the spring semester with guest instructors Julius Hemphill, James Newton, and Buddy Collette; the classes, made possible by a grant from the Gamble Foundation, are presented through the jazz history course taught by Elaine Cohen; project director George Sams has more info at (415) 626-1694, ex. 157.

▪ ▪ ▪ ▪ ▪

Notebook: **Warner Bros. Publications Inc.** recently announced their association with DCI Music Video Inc. as official distributors of the instructional video tapes for musicians which DCI produce and manufacture; the 60-minute, full-color, stereo videotapes (available in either VHS or Beta format) feature leading musicians such as drummers Steve Gadd, Louie Bellson, and Ed Thigpen, guitarists Adrian Belew and John Scofield, and keyboardist Richard Tee; details from Warner Bros. Publications, 75 Rockefeller Plaza, NYC 10019 . . . Temple University (Philadelphia) welcomes noted saxist **Lee Konitz** as artist-in-residence at the Music Department of Jazz Studies this spring . . . and congrats to gifted percussionist **Aaron Scott**; the Berklee College of Music (Boston) junior was the proud recipient of the second annual Avedis Zildjian Memorial Scholarship, presented yearly by the leading cymbal manufacturer to an outstanding Berklee upperclass percussion student. □

POTPOURRI

In honor of the centennial of the noted composer's birth, President Reagan proclaimed 1/27 as National **Jerome Kern** Day; a short time later the "Father of American Musical Theatre" again made history as Kern's likeness graced the first 22¢ commemorative stamp the U.S. Postal Service issued after raising first-class rates . . . brotherly love: for the first time in Warner Bros. Records history, one LP has yielded three consecutive gold singles; the album, of course, was **Prince**'s *Purple Rain*; what a thriller . . . elsewhere in WB action: it was announced that the label has inked a long-term exclusive pact with jazz guitarist **Earl Klugh** . . . elsewhere in the record world: with its record label operations now firmly established, **Windham Hill** has branched out into original home video programming and feature films, promising visual product as distinctive as its aural . . . ***Professor Video***, Silicon Valley's weekly cable-tv jazz series, captured the '84 Tito Award for Eddie Gale's 12-part suite composed especially for video; upcoming projects for the S.F. Bay Area production include a solo piano recital series and a program featuring jazz record producer Orrin Keepnews . . . blasting Beantown with 10 watts is Brandeis U.'s **WBRS-FM**, offering live jazz concerts from the station's foyer; upcoming sets—Frank Lowe (4/11), Rashied Ali (5/2), Jon Voigt (t.b.a.) . . . elsewhere by the bay, the Boston Jazz Society will honor **Alan Dawson**, one of the nation's best-known percussionists/music educators, 4/21 at Anthony's Pier 4 restaurant; details from (617) 762-8322 . . . a fortnight or so later (5/5) the Third Stream Dept. at the New England Conservatory will perform in honor of TS pioneer **Ran Blake**'s 50th birthday; details from the school at (617) 262-1120, ext. 469 & 470 . . . the honor roll continues for noted percussionist **Haskell Harr**; the Percussive Arts Society Hall of Famer was recently named to the National School of Bandmasters Hall of Fame . . . and the U. of MN **Dixieland Jazz Patrol** won the fifth annual Southern Comfort collegiate dixieland jazz competition in Dallas, besting Fullerton (CA) College's Lemon Street Stompers and the Rio Hondo (Whittier, CA) CC's Riverboat Ramblers for top honor, which includes scholarships from Southern Comfort as well as a series of booked engagements, including a spotlight at the recent National Assn. of Jazz Educators convention . . . up in Twin Towns: St. Paul's new $46 million **Ordway Music Theatre** competes with Minneapolis' well-established Orchestra Hall for the cream of the bookings; check out the Big Band Cavalcade 3/26 and the Modern Jazz Quartet (4/26) at the Ordway; tix from (612) 224-4222 . . . speaking of: the **Modern Jazz Quartet** is no longer under the personal management of Ray Brown and the name of their agency is not the Assn. of Performing Artists, as incorrectly stated in the MJQ feature in **db**, Feb. '85, but rather APA (Agency for the Performing Arts), with offices in L.A. and NYC . . .

LESTER COHEN

FEELIN' GOOD ON MTV: *The Chuck Mangione (pictured) phenomenon moves into another dimension with the advent of the amiable brassman's first music video,* Diana D *(named for his daughter), which is making the playlists of MTV. The cut is from Mangione's latest LP,* Disguise, *and the video, an ingenious concept matching modern techniques with musical instrumentation, was directed by Oscar-winner Zbigniew Rybezynski.*

NEWS

FEST SCENE

Spring thaw

The ***Boston Globe* Jazz Festival** is still the only one run by a major American newspaper, and the '85 edition (ninth annual) chases Beantown's winter doldrums with an all-star lineup; the kick-off dance (Park Plaza Ballroom, 3/15) alternates Lionel Hampton's orchestra with the Widespread Jazz Orchestra; the Sarah Vaughan Trio's at the Opera House 3/16; Dave Brubeck with saxist Gerry Bergonzi and drummer Alan Dawson (Symphony Hall, 3/17); Chick Corea & Gary Burton duet (Berklee Performance Center, 3/18); a Lester Young/Billie Holiday tribute 3/19; Philip Glass' ensemble hits Symphony Hall 3/20; the Guitar Night at Berklee (3/21) includes Bireli Lagrene, Kevin Eubanks, Stanley Jordan, the Charlie Byrd Trio, and the David Grisman Quartet; Miles Davis' group and Spyro Gyra rock the Opera House 3/22; it's a blue Sat. 3/23 with Albert King and Stevie Ray Vaughan; and the boffo Sun. finale is at the Opera House, talent t.b.a.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

The **Notre Dame Collegiate Jazz Festival**—the oldest of its kind, now in its 27th annual edition—swings South Bend (IN) 4/12-13 featuring competition among 15 of the best college ensembles in the land; the U.S. Air Force Airmen Of Note are the guest band; judges confirmed include former **db** editor Dan Morgenstern, bassist Dave Holland, and drummer Butch Miles; more info from (219) 239-7757.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

Want a tan with your jams? Then check out **Jamfest '85**, a $4 million World Festival of the Arts, skedded for Kingston, Jamaica 4/1-9; helping to celebrate 1985 as the U.N. International Year of Youth, Jamfest '85 runs concurrently with a global youth conference of some 1,300 delegates and will be financed by international arts organizations and participating governments and multinational corporations; U2, Steel Pulse, Bruce Cockburn, Parachute Club, Jane Siberry, and (tentatively) Stevie Wonder head the 20-act lineup; details from World Youth Festival of the Arts, c/o Office of the Prime Minister, Kingston, Jamaica.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

Back in the states: the **Virginia Collegiate Jazz Festival**, sponsored by the National Jazz Hall of Fame, calls Charlottesville home 4/12-14; bands include those from VA Tech (Joe Kennedy Jr., dir.), James Madison U. (George West), Shenandoah College (Alan Wright), and U. VA (directed by student Bill Prince); details from Box POB 3210, University Station, Charlottesville, VA 22903.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

And if you're really ready to party hearty, the 16th annual **New Orleans Jazz & Heritage Festival** should fit the bill 4/26-5/5; the weekends include outdoor concerts simultaneously on nine stages, plus scores of booths featuring food, arts & crafts, and fun on the infield of the Fairgrounds race track; midweek events are skedded for the Riverboat President, the Theatre of the Performing Arts, and local clubs; artists already signed include Wynton Marsalis, James Brown, Sarah Vaughan, Spyro Gyra, Allen Toussaint, Stevie Ray Vaughan, Doug Kershaw, Third World, Ry Cooder, the Neville Bros., Albert King, the Dirty Dozen Brass Band, Ellis Marsalis, Gatemouth Brown, and Clifton Chenier; get all the lowdown by sending a SASE to the fest at POB 2530, NOLA, 70176. □

Kenny Clarke, 1914-1985

PARIS—Innovative drummer Kenneth Spearman (Kenny) Clarke died January 26 of a heart attack, just 17 days after his 71st birthday, in a small town near here where he had made his home since leaving America in 1956.

Born in Pittsburgh into a musical family, throughout the '30s and early '40s Clarke played with Roy Eldridge, Teddy Hill, Louis Armstrong, Ella Fitzgerald, Coleman Hawkins, and Benny Carter, among others, before joining the Army. It was in the postwar years with Dizzy Gillespie that Clarke made his name as *the* bebop drummer—the first to move the beat from the swing-style ride on the hi-hat to a more subtle beat on the top cymbal, using the bass drum for dramatic punctuation, giving the drums a more integral role in the arrangements. Along with Charlie Parker and Gillespie, Clarke is widely regarded as a seminal figure in the foundation of bebop.

Clarke fronted several sessions for Savoy and appears on LPs by Gillespie, Miles Davis, Thelonious Monk, Dexter Gordon, Bud Powell, Charlie Christian, Sidney Bechet, and scores more. He was the original drummer with the Modern Jazz Quartet and appears on the *MJQ* and *The Quartet* albums.

Clarke had apparently not lost his chops over in Europe, as Burt Korall noted in these pages in '73: "No doubt the man remains a giant. He has forgotten more than most drummers will ever know about moving and shaping music. Beguiling brush work, always a primary Clarke asset, his I-I-I-I-I sound on the ride cymbal—indeed his mastery of the entire kit in the service of the music—make for pleasure and provocation for the listener and certainly for his sidemen."

Clarke made a rare American appearance—his first in many years—at the '84 Kool Jazz Festival/New York, playing in the Pieces Of Time percussion quartet with Milford Graves, Andrew Cyrille, and Famoudou Don Moye. A recording of that quartet is available on Black Saint.

—*arch stanton*

JAN PERSSON

Kenny Clarke (left) and Kenny Clare (see below).

FINAL BAR

Johnny Guarnieri, keyboardist/composer, died of a heart attack Jan. 7 in Livingston, NJ, at age 67. A foremost pianist of the Swing Era, Guarnieri is best known for his Gramercy Five sides with Artie Shaw (where he became the first jazz musician to perform a harpsichord solo) and his work with Benny Goodman. The Teddy Wilson/Fats Waller-styled pianist worked prolifically in the '40s and later settled into radio and tv work for NBC. He composed over 3,500 selections (licensed through ASCAP).

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

Kenny Clare, British drummer who anchored many big bands with his strong, swinging style, died Dec. 21 in Westminster of cancer.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

Stanley (Stash) O'Loughlin, longtime Garden State pianist/arranger/composer/vocalist who worked with Earl Bostic, Maxine Sullivan, and George Kelly, died of a heart attack Dec. 28 in his hometown of Newark, NJ at age 60.

Charles (Charlie) Teagarden, swing trumpeter, died Dec. 13 in Las Vegas at age 71. He was the younger brother of famed trombonist Jack Teagarden, with whom he was associated in the bands of Ben Pollack, Red Nichols, and Paul Whiteman, besides Jack's own. Charlie recorded with Benny Goodman, and played in the orchestras of Harry James, Jimmy Dorsey, and Bob Crosby in addition to his own trio with Ray Bauduc and Jess Stacy. He had free-lanced the Las Vegas area since the late '50s.

William (Bill) Pemberton, a swinging bassist from the "old school" who accompanied the likes of Art Tatum, Mary Lou Williams, Marion McPartland, Sarah Vaughan, Ella Fitzgerald, and Carmen McRae and was an integral part of the Earl Hines Quartet (late '60s) and then the JPJ Quartet (with Budd Johnson and Oliver Jackson), died Dec. 13 in New York City of cancer at age 66. He appeared on recent Savoy Sultans LPs, and his last recording was *The Fabulous Doc Cheatham* (Parkwood).

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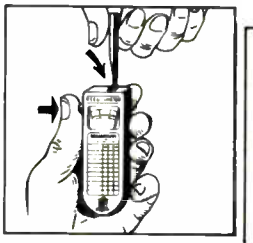

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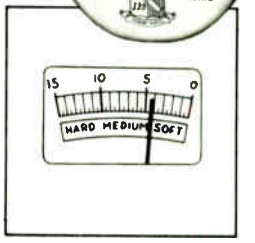

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The QUINCY JONES INTERVIEW

BY ZAN STEWART

Quincy Jones, even if you didn't know his name from Adam, even if you didn't know that he is one of contemporary music's main creative sparks, that he was 1983's Producer Of The Year, that he's scored 33 films and been responsible for 30 albums, that he's won 15 Grammys, that he's been in the entertainment business for 35 years, even if you didn't know his middle name is Delight, a leisurely look around his Los Angeles office would start to fill in the picture. The walls are adorned with photographs, mementos, and awards. There are pictures of heroes and friends like Miles Davis and John Coltrane, and pictures of associates, such as Quincy with Michael Jackson or Quincy with his arms around Count Basie. On a side table, next to a phone with 10 lines that never stop flashing, there are blank note pads printed with *The Color Purple*, the name of the film he's producing. There's a framed collection of platinum discs of Jackson's *Thriller*, a Jones production which sold an unimaginable-but-true 37 million copies. More-or-less office center sits a Yamaha electric grand piano. Behind Jones' clutter-free, glass-topped desk is a stained-glass logo for his Qwest label, which he launched in 1981. Beyond all this, there's something intangible, and without getting too cosmic, let's just say there's a presence. After all, Quincy Jones is a man who makes things happen.

Born in 1933, Jones was raised in Seattle and began playing trumpet at an early age. Ray Charles was a childhood friend, and the two often worked and jammed together. A prodigy, Jones was employed by 14 and joined Lionel Hampton at 15. Later, he took a break and began studies at Boston's Berklee College of Music. Soon he was back with Hampton as a trumpeter and arranger, and was quickly adding his touch to sessions with Charles, Dinah Washington, Duke Ellington, Cannonball Adderley, and others. He toured the Middle East and South America with Dizzy Gillespie's orchestra, then joined Mercury Records as an a&r man. There he recorded his own dates such as *The Birth Of A Band* as well as producing pop hits like Leslie Gore's 1963 smash, *It's My Party*.

The year 1963 found Jones composing his first film score, for Sidney Lumet's *The Pawnbroker*, and in 1969 he signed with A&M Records, an association that lasted 12 years and resulted in such albums as *Walking In Space*, *Body Heat*, and *Sounds . . . And Stuff Like That*, the latter his first platinum disc. In 1978 he scored Lumet's film of *The Wiz*, and made the acquaintance of Michael Jackson. He produced Jackson's 1981 *Off The Wall*, which was a mere prelude to the stunning success of 1983's *Thriller*. In addition to *The Color Purple*, Jones is currently working on a new solo album, which will spotlight Sarah Vaughan and organist Jimmy Smith among as-yet-unnamed others, and is due for May release.

Jones arrived to meet his visitor attired casually in faded denims, a yellow t-shirt, a cardigan sweater composed of bands of warm colors that blended softly together, and tan loafers with pale blue and yellow socks. Sipping apple cider (he drinks wine as well, but only with meals, since recovering from two aneurysms in 1974), the personable, convivial Jones talked at length about his life and achievements.

Zan Stewart: I'm one of those who really enjoys your earlier albums, like *Quintessence*. Yet in listening to *Thriller*, I hear a lot of basic stuff there, too, a basic bluesy feel to many tunes . . .
Quincy Jones: That's why I get so confused. People get all hung up with the evolution of this music and saying, "You're not into jazz anymore." Bullshit. It's all the same thing to me.
ZS: Do you feel your jazz background is essential to your role

as a producer of non-jazz music?

QJ: Oh, yeah, sure, in many ways. Philosophically, musically, because those skills enable you to turn on a dime. You don't get hung up with the way things are *supposed* to be.

ZS: You've made so many hit records. Is that something you always wanted to do?

QJ: You know, I think every musician in the world would like to make hit records—every musician that ever picked up any instrument. Even a 12-tone player wants what he puts together to appeal to a lot of people. The ideal situation is to do something you like and have everybody in the world like it and buy it, too. I think everybody feels that.

But when I started out, it was different. I have a funny kind of background. I came out of a gospel group, but I had an early interest in big bands, and also worked in an r&b band with Bumps Blackwell up in Seattle, and would go play bebop after hours. That was pure love. Ray Charles was 16; I was 14. Ray would play at clubs like the Black And Tan, and I also played all over town, and then we'd get together at the Elks Club after hours to play bop. In the clubs or at dances, you'd have to play schottisches [Scottish dances], pop songs, r&b, and so on, but when we played at the Elks Club, that was for us.

But at that time—and Cannonball [Adderley] and I used to laugh about this—we were conditioned to try to avoid having our music appreciated by a big audience, especially the young guys who were on the coattails of Bird and Diz. We were their disciples. It was very unhip to have a big following.

I remember playing with Lionel Hampton—who was really the first rock & roll bandleader, even though he had a jazz background—and we were at the Bandbox in New York City, which was next door to Birdland. Clifford Brown, Art Farmer, and I were in the trumpet section. We had to wear Bermuda shorts with purple jackets and Tyrolian hats, man, and when we played *Flying Home*, Hamp marched the band outside. You have to imagine this—I was 19 years old, so hip it was pitiful, and didn't want to know about anything that was *close* to being commercial. So Hamp would be in front of the sax section, and beating the drum sticks all over the awning, and soon he had most of the band behind him. But Brownie and I would stop to tie our shoes or do something so we wouldn't have to go outside, because next door was Birdland and there was Monk and Dizzy and Bud Powell, all the bebop idols standing in front at intermission saying, "What is this shit?" You'd do *anything* to get away.

I was always on the edge. Even as a kid in Seattle, we'd play anything, for strippers, for comedy acts, while at the same time harboring our love for bebop. At that time you didn't want to communicate, but then you had to get it out of you. Herbie Hancock said he had the same problem. It's like that old Sid Caesar joke: "We used to have radar in the band to let us know when we got too close to the melody." It was that kind of attitude.

ZS: Maybe you weren't asking for appreciation because it wasn't there anyway.

QJ: Well, a funny thing happened at the end of the '40s and the 52nd Street thing. I'm sure people who were closer to it might have a different attitude, but the way it looked from here was that at one point, between '44 and '46, many of the mavericks and rebels, the innovators, they left Jay McShann, Earl Hines, and other leaders, and went with Billy Eckstine. It was like a sociological thing, as if they were saying, "We aren't interested in being entertainers anymore. We want to be recognized as artists." It was the first time black musicians ever took that position, at least en masse, like that.

Billy had the first crop of naturally feeling but *thinking*, seriously thinking musicians, people dealing with polytonals, trying to break a sound barrier, musically. But when they made that decision to not be entertainers, they were taking the risk of losing an audience. And at one point the audience fell totally out, so the musicians said, "Well, we don't care," and they withdrew. There was no interest in entertaining or communicating because there was this search for a new sound.

So we left that creative era and went into the '50s, which was the *worst* era for pop music. Coming from modern jazz to that poop was horrible. Remember the radio? Tunes like *How Much Is That Doggie In The Window*, *Davy Crockett*, and so on. It was unbelievable [*laughs*]. That was the pop scene, but Elvis Presley's appearance changed that whole thing for young white America, because he opened the way for black music to come in.

But back to this hit thing. People want hits—Miles Davis, too [*laughs*]. To me, there's something retarded about someone saying, "I don't want anybody to like my music." That's insane. But I *can* see saying, "I don't care if anybody likes what I do." We've all gone through that. Music is an incredible animal. It's an absolute, like math. You can't hold it; it just floats around out there.

ZS: Speaking of your own music, we hear you have a new album in the works. How do you start a new project?

QJ: Well, it's hard to say. It's like I sketch a physical thing in my mind—like colors, contours, and shapes. I literally see pictures and colors. These undefined shapes come through first, then the secondary colors. Then I have to be patient; I have to sit and wait until it becomes clearer and clearer. I may formulate maybe 18 ideas of different things that I feel, that I really want to do and, in the end, I may use nine of them. Maybe in the last part of the project, I'll find two other things that'll divert you. But I just let it flow, let whatever happens happen, then I start boilin' and get specific. You can't capture anything until you get specific. Then you have to see if what you're hearing and seeing in your mind, you can execute in the studio. It's a funny process, man. I don't know a thing about it. I just do it.

ZS: Will this album follow a process, like building track-by-track or will it be more like a "live" date?

"That's a nice feeling . . . to pretend you've never done any of this before. The worst thing is to say, 'Well, this worked before, so we've got to do more of this.'"

QUINCY JONES SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

as a leader

THE DUDE—A&M 3248
BEST OF—A&M 3200
SOUNDS . . . AND STUFF LIKE THAT—A&M 4665
I HEARD THAT—A&M 6507
MELLOW MADNESS—A&M 4526
BODY HEAT—A&M 3191
YOU'VE GOT IT BAD GIRL—A&M 3041
SMACKWATER JACK—A&M 3037
GULA MATARI—A&M 3030
WALKING IN SPACE—A&M 3023
THE BIRTH OF A BAND—Verve/EmArcy 818 177-1
LIVE AT NEWPORT '61—Trip 5554
THE GREAT WIDE WORLD OF . . .—Trip 5514
BRAND NEW BAG—Mercury 61063
NDEDA—Mercury 2-623
THE QUINTESSENTIAL CHARTS—MCA/Impulse 9342
MODE—ABC 782
MY FAIR LADY LOVES JAZZ—Impulse 72
THIS IS HOW I FEEL ABOUT JAZZ—ABC/Paramount 149

Michael Jackson:

THRILLER—Epic 38112
OFF THE WALL—Epic 35745

Brothers Johnson:

BLAM—A&M 4714
LIGHT UP THE NIGHT—A&M 3716
RIGHT ON TIME—A&M 3147
LOOK OUT FOR #1—A&M 3142

George Benson:

GIVE ME THE NIGHT—Warner Bros. 3453

Frank Sinatra:

L.A. IS MY LADY—Qwest 25145-1

Patti Austin:

EVERY HOME SHOULD HAVE ONE—Qwest 3591

Donna Summers:

DONNA SUMMERS—Geffen 2005

Leslie Gore:

GOLDEN HITS—Mercury 61024

movie soundtracks:

ROOTS—Warner Bros. 3048
IN THE HEAT OF THE NIGHT—Liberty 00290
BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE—Bell 1200
CACTUS FLOWER—Bell 1201
THEY CALL ME MR. TIBBS—United Artists 5214
DOLLARS—Reprise 2051
FOR LOVE OF IVY—ABC OC7
THE WIZ—MCA 2-6010

QJ: Well, some things I start with a drum track and then add. Others won't take that form. I hope it's unlike anything I've ever done before. That's a nice feeling, to come out each time and try to pretend that you've never done any of this before. The *worst* thing is to say, "Well, this worked before, so we've got to do more of this." I could never get into that. But sometimes you can't help it, in that the sounds will be similar because it's your own soul. But what's great about producing your own album is that you play the orchestras, you play the singers. Nobody can tell you, "You can't do that." That's the real difference. Your own album should represent what you *want* to do. It's not like working with a singer, because no matter how good the relationship is, they may say, "Well, I don't know; let's try it my way." That's why the freedom is so nice.

ZS: What's the difference between producing Michael Jackson and producing Frank Sinatra, whom you worked with on last year's *L.A. Is My Lady*?

QJ: Well, Michael starts with basic tracks, then adds overdubs, then fixing—you've got to put it together like an erector set, and try to help Michael realize, or embellish, what he had. As we said, the process takes about three months. Sinatra came into the office here, and started with a list of things he wanted to do. I had two or three suggestions. He came in at 2 p.m., and in less than two hours we had rehearsed, had keys and routines on 10 songs. That's the way he's always recorded. Two months later in New York, we record. Before he gets there, the band runs down all the tunes, because Frank is one take, that's it. If the band's not in shape, he leaves them behind. And when you're recording live like he does, you can't take that chance, because when his voice is in their mics, you can't take it out if the band sounds like shit. His booth is open, and the horns are hitting his microphone, hitting him right in the face. So on his last session, he came in at 7, and at 8:20, baby, we went home. None of that three month stuff.

To me, there's no such thing as good and bad in either way you record. I started recording live, but it doesn't make any difference just as long as you're capturing the real feeling of what was supposed to happen. We have this expression: leave God a little room to come through, give him 20 to 30 percent in the room. In recording, you're talking magic; for it to really happen, a lot of magic has to go down.

ZS: What else is on the front burner?

QJ: I'm producing my first film. I've wanted to do this for a long time. There's a book that tore my heart out—it's so beautiful, written by Alice Walker, called *The Color Purple*. Reading it has been one of the most incredible experiences I've had in my life. For 15 years people have wanted me as executive producer of films, mainly to get the musical connection and just have me be a spectator. But I want to be in the physical process of making the film. That's what's nice. It's an unbelievable project, just loaded with rich music that dates from 1905 to 1940, so the music of Scott Joplin, Robert Johnson, Bessie Smith, and Coleman Hawkins will be included. Imagine a film where part of the tapestry is a Hawk solo and one of the leads is just mumbling along with the solo. That turns me on.

That reminds me. There was an album, I think it was *Hawk In Flight*, which if you played at 45 rpm instead of 33 rpm, you'd hear a version of *There Will Never Be Another You* that sounds just like Bird. Hearing that blew me away because you could see the roots and the connection. It opened up a big door for my head; the nuances were identical, all of them.

ZS: So the film gives you a chance to work on . . .

QJ: The evolution, yeah, exactly. It's amazing how things work out. You don't plan it. I started around 1970, just digging and digging—really didn't even know why except I was just interested in it—the evolution of our music. After being in the business 25 years, I felt it would be fun to go back and see the exact sources. Research. I thought it would take two to three months, but I got hung up, ultimately going back to 479 A.D. to the Moors, the Spanish inquisition, then following 34 tribes from West Africa to Brazil up to the West Indies then on to New Orleans, Virginia, and so forth. It just blew me away. The whole idea of drums being banned in 1672 because the slave owners knew it was a communication device. To ban the drum did something to the music. That was in the Protestant colonies. In the Catholic colonies they were *getting down*—the Spanish, French—with food, music, everything. That's where it all happened. A lot of people were oppressed and restricted by the Anglicans. But when it was time to get rhythmic again, everything had to be redefined rhythmically, so a hybrid music came out of this. The film plays a role in underscoring all this.

ZS: Any new musical projects besides the new album?

QJ: I'm going to do a musical with Mike Nichols after *The Color Purple*, and that will probably incorporate a lot of the evolutionary things. It's a piece called *Speak Easy*, so it's another thing about that time, the '20s and '30s.

"People get all hung up with the evolution of this music, saying 'You're not into jazz anymore.' Bullshit. It's all the same thing to me."

BILLION DOLLAR CHORUS. *From left, Stevie Wonder, Brenda Russell, Michael Jackson, Dionne Warwick, Lionel Richie, Christopher Cross, Dara Bernard, Kenny Loggins, Michael McDonald, James Ingram, conducted by Q.*

ZS: So here you are producing all this modern music like Michael Jackson, and then turn around and dig way back.

QJ: That's what's great about it—the whole menu. Why not, man? I love the notion of what that's all about, the whole range. It's so real and so strong. I love having the chance to go from a Michael Jackson situation to my own album to *The Color Purple*, where we have a really valid reason for using the music of that period, other than simply wanting to expose it.

ZS: As the music changes, say from swing to bebop and so on, it seems that the rhythm section leads the way, setting things up for the other instruments to follow. Do you agree?

QJ: Yes, I feel the major change usually comes from rhythm section. I have always been fascinated by what's happening in the basement. The basement started with country-jazz march bands, then moved to 2/4 with dixie and even [Jimmie] Lunceford, and so forth. Then Basie, Benny Moten, you're talking four to the floor. Then it kept accelerating into eighth notes, then triplets and 16ths and then farther, like [Billy] Cobham and Elvin Jones incorporating the African polyrhythms. Then you come back to disco, and it's just the same thing as Basie. It's always fascinating. The current rhythm section sound changes almost every six months. That pendulum really swings, going from four to the floor to the most complex things with the drum machines. You get more flexibility with them, but the machines are just a reaction to the disco thing, so when they get out of that framework, it's like escaping from prison, so you get [Herbie Hancock's] *Rockit*. Music is always reacting to itself. When you get to max velocity, you've got to slow down.

You can see that pendulum swing throughout all American music. I wouldn't trade that era I came up in for anything. We got a taste of all of it. There I was involved with Swing Era people like Basie, Duke, Lionel, then Dizzy, and pop people like Stevie [Wonder] and Michael [Jackson].

ZS: Working with both jazz and pop artists seems to be quite natural for you.

QJ: I was always ambidextrous. Of course, I did *The Genius Of Ray Charles* in '58, but even before that, I was double-gated. I did a lot of things with Stitt, Brownie [Clifford Brown], Art Farmer; but by the same token, I was doing projects with Big Maybelle, Chuck Willis, the Clovers, LaVern Baker. It started as a kid, because I had to have that broad range of knowledge to work in Seattle. Ray Charles used to say, "If you just deal with the pure soul of all music, everything from the schottisches to blues, you'll be all right." What a musician he is. He taught me how to read music in braille.

ZS: Given your wide-ranging background, what, if anything, constitutes the Quincy Jones sound?

QJ: I don't know. I know that material is the key. The song is king; melody is king. I fight strongly to have the last word on material going into an album. If somebody else picks the songs, I don't know if I really want to participate. I get called a dictator for that, but I don't care. You cannot polish doodoo. It's very important that you're hard on everybody, including yourself, in terms of selecting material. I'm always straddling a fence to get things that will penetrate and communicate, but still have a certain musical validity, not be musically idiotic. In pop music you're dealing with anything from 300,000 to 37 million records. I don't know how to figure out what 37 million people are going to like. So far we've been lucky. We've had songs that make the hair go up on your arm. If it moves you, you're lucky if it gets to all those other people.

ZS: While picking the songs for *Thriller*, did the hair go up on your arms?

QJ: Oh, sure. We cut nine songs, at first, and had it finished, and *then* threw four out to get four more that were *really* strong. That's a nice psychological thing to do, because you're competing with yourself. We had just come off an album that sold eight million [*Off The Wall*], and it's scary to go back in after that kind of home run. Our thinking was, "If we could just catch up with *half* of this thing, we'd be happy," and little did we know it'd do what it did. To me, half of commerciality is sincerity. It's gotta be real.

ZS: How many times can you listen to a record like *Thriller*?

QJ: I can't listen to it anymore, no. The first six months after we made it, I couldn't touch it, except to listen to the singles we were going to release. We had a serious deadline on this record, since Donna Summer's album took longer than it should have, so when we got to Michael, we only had three months to do *Thriller*. That's pretty scary after a record that did eight million. On top of this, Steven Spielberg asked us to do the *ET Storybook*, so we had three months to do *both*. It almost killed us, but we made it. I had two studios going. We just rocked around the clock until we finished.

Then we had a scary thing happen. We finished *ET*, and Michael's record was down to mix and master. We were really

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PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE

Los Lobos

HOUR OF THE WOLVES

By Gene Santoro

From the beginning, the real "news" about rock & roll has been the way it's ransacked, revitalized, and rearranged the musical styles that gave birth to it—a point that's been strenuously underlined again the last couple of years with the emergence and success of bands like the Stray Cats, the Blasters, the Fabulous Thunderbirds, and Stevie Ray Vaughan & Double Trouble. Now you can add East L.A.'s Los Lobos (the Wolves) to the list. The band's unique blend of skirling norteño accordion, country-swing pedal steel swells, Charlie Christian-to-rockabilly guitar figures, strong and individualized voices, and dance beats from south of the border have been winning it a cult following for the last several years. Since the release late last year of their first LP, *How Will The Wolf Survive?*, to critical raves, and a follow-up tour that sent packed houses into dancing frenzies, it looks like Los Lobos has finally arrived.

The journey, though, has taken some dues-paying as its toll. "We've been playing together in one form or another for 10, 12 years," explains drummer Louie Perez. "We knew each other from high school and from playing in different bands, at parties and at clubs. For a long time we played obscure cuts off our favorite records, until the bands we were all in decided they wanted to get into bigger money playing weddings and night clubs. And to get into those kind of jobs, you had to have material that people knew, that was on the radio. So the four of us started to hang out—we had a lot of time on our hands when we weren't rehearsing or gigging at weddings or whatnot. So during the day we'd get

together with a couple of acoustic guitars, a buck's worth of string cheese, and a loaf of Armenian flat bread, and we'd sit in the back yard and learn these old Mexican songs from records that our parents had."

It wasn't long before the informal sessions turned into a fervent quest for a broader knowledge of Latino musical genres. "At first," continues Perez, "we just *ransacked* record stores looking for *any*thing, but gradually we narrowed it down to just a few outstanding groups of each regional style. For example, in Vera Cruz a guy named Jacito Gartito had an amazing group. And when we got into Tex-Mex stuff, we listened to Flaco Jimenez, naturally, and a group called Los Piuquenes del Norte, and another called Los Alegres de Tirán. Those three are like the Cadillac, Mercedes, and BMW of Tex-Mex music."

Besides scholarly knowledge, though, the band's pursuit brought with it more tangible musical benefits. "At first we just kinda floated into it, just for the fun of it," admits Perez. "But in doing so we realized that the music was complicated and demanding on our musicianship, and we found more and more that we got into the regional instruments—soon we had 25 or 30 of them that we'd learned to play. Nobody else wanted to play them—they all wanted Stratocasters—so they were really cheap."

Adds guitarist/vocalist Cesar Rojas, "We had to learn a lot of techniques. Like, you know the flamenco Spanish style? Well, the Mexican Indian people adapted that and have a certain way of doing it called the *huabango*, that scratch and slap. We had to learn how to do things like that." Perez picks it up: "But it was a long time before we realized that we could actually make a *group* out of it." Once they did realize it, in the early 1970s, Los Lobos began playing around East L.A.'s Chicano community, at colleges and schools and Christmas functions and the like. "We got so much satisfaction out of it," Perez concludes, "that the other stuff just seemed like a drag. So we quit our other bands and concentrated on doing this full-time."

* * *

Full-time, yes, but without benefit of a fairy godmother. It wasn't until 1978 that Los Lobos actually landed its first steady professional gig—at a Mexican restaurant. "We were just trying to survive," grins Perez, "taking any job we could get. We were playing only acoustic guitars there at first until [guitarist] Dave [Hidalgo] got an accordion from a friend who had been stationed in Germany, where he picked one up real cheap. So he brought it over to the restaurant, and we learned a few more Tex-Mex tunes in *that* style. Then we got more involved in trying to get a truer sound, so we brought out a *real* small drum kit—at first just a snare drum and a cymbal. Then Conrad [Lozano] brought in a small bass amp and his electric bass. Then Cesar picked up a *bajo sexto* [the 12-stringed Mexican guitar tuned in straight fourths an octave below standard] at a *mercado* for like $90."

PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE

LOS LOBOS: *From left, Cesar Rojas, Conrad Lozano, David Hidalgo, Louie Perez, and Steve Berlin.*

After continually adding to their arsenal of acoustic instruments, Los Lobos took the next step on their long road to "overnight" success. "We began to electrify," recalls Perez, "so that we could sound closer to the actual Tex-Mex kind of sound. But when we began doing so, we realized how close that was to the rock & roll format and songs. Then Conrad decided he'd bring his [Ampeg] SVT amp one day, and in order to compete with Conrad's big bass amp, everybody else brought *their* amps in. So we got real loud," he laughs, "and we got fired."

They'd also learned an invaluable musical lesson. "We'd started mixing everything up," is how Perez puts it. "We'd go crazy. We'd play for three hours, say, on a Friday night, and do regular rock & roll songs, Tex-Mex songs, whatever. By the third set, after I don't know how many shooters he'd send up, we'd finish the night with *Wild Thing*, the Jimi Hendrix way. So we ended up back in the garage, but we'd started a new chapter. That's where all our original music started coming from."

By 1979, then, Los Lobos had begun to simmer many musical loves into their own unique stew. It was a complicated recipe, with the individual members offering a wild variety of ingredients, in addition to their common Chicano roots. When David Hidalgo started playing guitar in the mid-1960s, he'd learned garage-band hits like *Gloria* and *Dirty Water*, then fell in love with the blues and groups like Canned Heat. Cesar Rojas, after a few free lessons, picked up some flamenco chops from his older brother, and got blown out by B. B. King's wrist vibrato. "But for years," he insists, "all I knew was rock & roll: Blue Cheer, Cream, stuff like that."

Radio played its part. "There was a station called KGOJ that used to play Sam & Dave and Aretha [Franklin] and all of that stuff—for some reason those Stevie Cropper licks grabbed my heart," beams Rojas. And Hidalgo adds, "KPBC played Albert Collins and Albert King, and they'd mix that in with Cream and Jethro Tull." Perhaps unexpectedly, the one musician the entire group shared a passion for was Jimi Hendrix. "No one could play like that but him," insists Hidalgo, while the others nod in agreement.

With this musical potpourri at their disposal, they set to work. "We started writing songs," explains Perez, "to satisfy our need to play something *in between*, something that belonged to us." And so Hidalgo, who handles most of the band's lead vocals with his clear, penetrating tenor, began teaming up with Perez to pen the majority of Los Lobos' original tunes, with the darker-voiced Rojas providing the rest. From the outset the emphasis was on pithy musical statements and tight arrangements, lessons they'd learned from their musical studies. "Mexican music is like bluegrass that way," notes Rojas. "It sounds real simple, but the arrangements are very difficult to play *right*." Hidalgo agrees, and expands the point: "Our songs are like that too. We usually put together the arrangements *as* we're writing the songs, because whoever writes the tune usually has the basic riffs all worked out."

Soon other things began to work out as well for Los Lobos, and luck helped underwrite their new chapter. It was just about then that the L.A. music scene started exploding with unsigned talent in the wake of the punk upheaval. Garage bands like the Blasters, X, and countless others were delving back into

the roots of rock and creating new hybrids. It wasn't long before Los Lobos recognized that their own music had a place.

"The Blasters had started to be real visible then," recalls Perez, "and we were big fans of theirs, so we hung out with them. And you know, as musicians you want to relate, so when Phil [Alvin, the Blasters' rhythm guitarist/vocalist] asked what kind of music we played, we said Tex-Mex, figuring that way they could relate, even though we were playing all these different kinds of music." The answer rang the right bells. "Phil *grabbed* us," grins Perez as he remembers, "then bought a case of beer, took us to his house, and brought out all these old 78s of Mexican music he had. And so we were invited to play with them at the Whiskey in Hollywood one night, and that just started it all."

* * *

"It all" resulted first in the 1983 release of their EP, "*. . . And A Time To Dance*," on L.A.'s Slash label, home to the Blasters and other local groups. Lobos saxman Steve Berlin, at the time a resident Blaster and co-producer, with T-Bone Burnette, of "*. . . And A Time To Dance*," recalls the band's vinyl breakthrough this way: "Initially we had to browbeat Slash to sign the band; everybody the president [of Slash] knew threatened never to invite him to another party—and the Blasters had some *legendary* record parties [*laughs*]. We didn't have much time or money, though, so the record is very documentary: push the red button, play a song, and that was that."

Documentary or not, it tickled ears beaten to a pulp by drum machines while it teased feet onto the dance floor with its infectious rhythmic mix. And besides being great party music, the EP's seven songs showcase the impressive stylistic versatility that Los Lobos had crafted into a unique musical voice. Norteño classics like *Anselma* and *Ay Te Deja En San Antonio* called up the button accordion, polka beat, and Tex-Mex heritage, while their remake of Ritchie Valens' *Come On Let's Go* is like an updated portrait of the collision between rock & roll and Mexican culture. (Valens, a Chicano whose real name was Valenzuela, died in the infamous plane crash that killed Buddy Holly and the Big Bopper; his *La Bamba* made Trini Lopez a star.) Then there are the originals: the upbeat *Let's Say Goodnight*, the guitar-punctuated shuffle called *Walking Song*, the second-line-style rhythms of *How Much Can I Do?*, the funkier *Why Do You Do?* Without dropping a note, Los Lobos move with ease and precision across musical genres.

Their next moves, though, were personal and geographical. Lobos latecomer Berlin picks up the story: "I started hanging out with them, going to see them whenever they gigged, and they started showing me all this older stuff that they did. I couldn't believe how complex the music was; I really hadn't been exposed to any of it before. So after a couple of sleepless nights of practicing, I got the parts down and started playing with them, and it just took off from there. It got silly trying to do both the Blasters and Los Lobos, and since I got to play so much more with Los Lobos, it was more fulfilling."

And in fact Berlin's sax attack—his heroes include John Coltrane, Johnny Griffin, and the World Saxophone Quartet—has become an integral part of the band's sound. Not that it was a snap. "After the EP," he continues, "we spent the ensuing year touring, doing heavy road work, which the band hadn't really done before. So we got a little attention, and when it came time to do the LP, we had a lot more time and money, and the band had really coalesced into a more distinctive vision."

How Will The Wolf Survive? is a powerful, swinging statement of that musical vision. Its tight-knit arrangements, varying instrumentation, and emotional directness mark the band's increasingly deft touch as they range over the wide musical turf only glimpsed on their EP. *Don't Worry Baby*, with Rojas' gritty, John Lee Hookerish vocal over stinging blues riffing and a rocking pulse, is the single that kicks off the album. Hidalgo's plaintive *A Matter Of Time*, embellished with shimmering guitar lines, chronicles the hopes and fears of a Mexican migrant worker as he leaves his home and family to cross the border for work and a new life. *Corrida # 1* combines norteño music with English lyrics, while *The Breakdown* integrates Berlin's growling and belching baritone sax into the band's intricate riffwork seamlessly.

In fact—though you wouldn't be able to tell from just listening—*The Breakdown* presented the group with one of its major challenges during recording. "The arrangements for this record were about 80 percent worked out before we went on to the studio, with the other 20 percent coming together after we were in there," explains Berlin. "But *The Breakdown* went through *huge* changes—had you heard it before, the way we used to play it live, you wouldn't believe it. It used to be a real uptempo stomp, but we just went completely around the bend with it, looking for a new feel. The cut on the album was the second take, at about 3:30 in the morning. We'd been trying to get together this other song, which didn't make it on to the record, and it was hopeless. So we finally said, 'Well, let's just try this one again. How about if we slow it down? What if we change this part?' So we played it once and got the groove, and then T-Bone—he was in the booth, we were playing it all live, solos and all—said, 'Stop, start it again.' He had the tape rolling, and that was it. Except for a couple of sax part overdubs, that complete take is what's on the record."

Also on the record is Los Lobos' reluctance to be saddled with a roots-revivalist label. Berlin looks at it this way: "We don't have any Linn drums on our songs, but we *are* forging a contemporary style out of the different kinds of music we love. We didn't want the album to sound revivalist or retro; we didn't want to be pinned with anything but being an American rock band in 1984. So we wanted to use all the traditional sounds but with modern production techniques. I think there's a niche in the wide world of pop music for what we do." **db**

PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE

LOS LOBOS' EQUIPMENT

David Hidalgo plays a Hohner Corona two-row button accordion, a 1958 Fender white six-string Hawaiian steel guitar, a mid-1970s Fender Telecaster, and his current main axe, a mid-1960s Epiphone Riviera. These are run through a Fender Concert amp with four 12-inch speakers and an early 1960s Fender Vibratone rotospeaker cabinet that simulates Leslie effects. He uses light-gauge D'Addario strings and medium-gauge picks.

Conrad Lozano plays a 1962 Fender Jazz bass through an Ampeg SVT bass amp and a homemade cabinet with an 18-inch Electro-Voice reflex speaker. He uses D'Addario bass strings. His *guitarrón* was handmade in Helsico, Mexico, and imported by Candelas guitars in East L.A.

Louie Perez plays a Slingerland drum set: 22-inch bass drum, 16-inch floor tom, 13-inch rack tom. His snare is a 14-inch W.F. Ludwig from the early 1950s. His cymbals are Zildjians: 24-inch ride, 18-inch crash, 13-inch hi-hats. He also uses an assortment of percussion instruments like tambourines, maracas, and talking drums.

Cesar Rojas plays left-handed. His usual guitars are a 1965 Stratocaster and a 1968 Telecaster, run through a Mesa Boogie Mark II Combo amp. He uses light-gauge D'Addario strings and medium-gauge picks. His *bajo sexto* was handmade by the late Martín Macias of San Antonio, who was a famous *bajo* luthier.

Steve Berlin plays Selmer saxes—soprano, tenor, and baritone—and Rico reeds. They are run through a Beyer microphone to an Apex Oral Exciter.

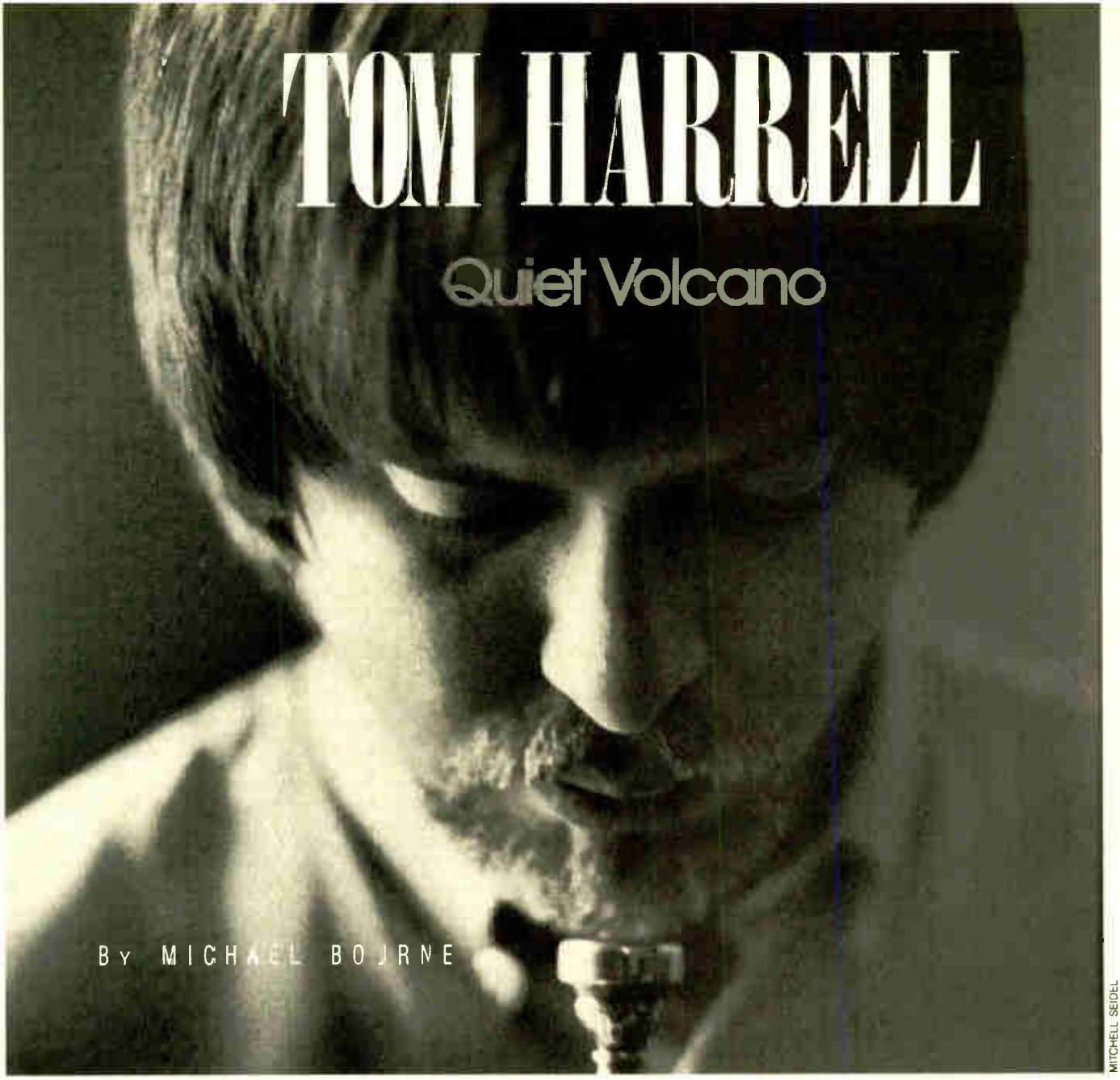
LOS LOBOS SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

". . . AND A TIME TO DANCE."—Slash 1-23963
HOW WILL THE WOLF SURVIVE?—Slash/Warner Bros. 25177-1

TOM HARRELL

Quiet Volcano

By MICHAEL BOURNE



MITCHELL SEIDEL

"Tom Harrell is the best trumpet player in the world today."
—PHIL WOODS

He's almost invisible, or aspires to be. Tom Harrell stands there, off to the side of the bandstand, his arms straight down, his eyes looking down or away. And then he plays his trumpet—and he's flabbergasting.

"He's like a quiescent volcano," said Herb Wong, producer of Harrell's forthcoming album *Play Of Light*. "You don't expect it, but when he puts his horn to his mouth, it explodes. And it explodes immediately. It's that convulsive." Guitarist John Scofield added, "Tom is really one of my faves. He's not afraid to be lyrical. He has a beautiful sound. He's one of the best improvisers around. He always tells a little story when he plays. He doesn't play cliches. Tom is one of the most underrated musicians in New York."

Why is that? Why—after almost 20 years on the scene (four with Horace Silver, more than a year now with Phil Woods) and after countless recordings and sessions—is he still virtually unknown? "It's the nature of the music scene," Scofield said. "A lot of things go unnoticed if you're not flamboyant. Tom just isn't a hustler. People have to hustle him to get him out there." Harrell himself answered that he'd rather play his horn than toot his own. "It's easier," he said, "to express myself with music."

Tom Harrell was born in Urbana, Illinois on June 16, 1946. When he was five, his family moved to the San Francisco Bay Area. When he was eight, he wanted a trumpet. "I liked the sound," he said. "My parents had some records with Louis Armstrong and Benny Goodman. I liked the feeling of the trumpet. It's an extroverted sort of instrument. That appealed to me."

When he was 13, he was gigging around Palo Alto, playing weddings and the like. "I started doing concerts with small groups. Then in San Francisco, a

friend of mine, a sax player, Bishop Norman Williams, got a gig at the Jazz Workshop on Monday nights. There was a group of musicians getting into bebop. We'd play sessions during the day, and I'd go to clubs and sit in. That was a good environment. I hadn't been exposed to musicians who were that dedicated."

Herb Patnowe was his teacher his last year of high school. "He helped me a lot," Harrell said, "helped me work on playing with an ensemble. I played in a high school big band he organized. He gave me the horn I use, the Conn trumpet." He was learning, too, from what's become a jazz tradition. "I was trying to take things off records," he said. "It was weird. I noticed that I'd listen to somebody, and it wouldn't be conscious, but I'd start to sound like them."

The magic of music is that different musicians playing the same instrument or the same music nevertheless can have a different sound. "Yeah," he said. "Clark Terry, Dizzy, they can play one note, and you know it's them. It *is* magical. That's the appeal of it. The trumpet can sound like a voice, a human voice."

Harrell looked for a voice of his own. Blue Mitchell and Clifford Brown were other early influences. "I remember when I first heard Blue with Horace's band," he said. "I played along with *Blowing The Blues Away* one summer, and it really helped me play uptempo. I'd been having trouble playing fast. Lee Konitz helped me play at a real slow tempo, to try to get more awareness of time. Another thing I had trouble with was keeping the form of a song intact when I was playing a solo. I heard that Cannonball Adderley said Clifford didn't need a rhythm section when he played. You could listen to Clifford play by himself, and it would be complete. So I tried to practice by myself and keep the form of the tune intact. I still work on that."

* * *

Clifford Brown is a musician often remembered by musicians when talking about Harrell. "Clifford was my hero," said reedman Arnie Lawrence, "and Tom is the natural extension of the true spirit of what Clifford was all about: mastery of his instrument, and after that, a total exploration in his improvisations without his ever losing control or the inner beauty of the music." When he first heard Harrell with Silver's quintet, Wong "realized Tom was like Clifford reincarnated. He was up there with the kind of voicings, the kind of power, the ideas—and it comes to him with seemingly incredible ease."

"I still listen to Clifford for inspiration," Harrell said. "The feeling of his playing is really strong. I listen to some of the things he did with Max Roach. It's really amazing the way he extended his solos, stretching out and playing so logically. I guess you can apply the European classical approach to the trumpet to the way Clifford played. I was listening to something he played with Tadd Dameron, take two of *Choose Now*, and he really had a natural feeling of flow. It never sounded contrived. It was really flowing. Music comes from . . . somewhere, and it flows through musicians."

Harrell's own approach to the trumpet is often classical. "I learned from my teachers," he said, "that it's important to work on certain things every day: articulation, different combinations of staccato and legato. I want to get more accuracy in my playing. I've been playing a couple of Charlier's *Etudes Transcendantes* to work on my endurance. And some of the Herbert L. Clarke studies too."

Will he ever play classical music in concert, a la Wynton Marsalis? "The only classical trumpet playing I've done in public is some things with orchestras," he said. "I worked on a Persichetti duet with Phil but I had trouble with it. Working on classical music, you can learn things to apply to your own playing: the logic, the way the ideas are developed, the choice of scales and the materials involved. It would be nice to perform some classical things, but I don't know if I have the discipline to do that."

Harrell's greatest discipline is painstaking practice. "Every instrument has problems to be dealt with," he said. "The hardest part of playing the trumpet is the physical act of making the sound. On brass instruments the vibrations start on the instrument itself. Your lips create the vibrations. Dizzy talked to me once about the physical aspect, about exercises to develop and strengthen your diaphragm. I guess that's one of the things that appealed to me first about playing the trumpet: the similarity of brass playing and yoga, the breathing of yoga. When I first found out about breathing from the diaphragm and breathing while playing the trumpet, it felt good to do that. It's a good way to release tension."

Harrell discovered that the better he felt the better he played, and the better he played the better he felt. "I'm trying to get more into the physical aspect of playing, trying to work on exercises and calisthenics so I can deal with tension more. If you're in better physical shape, it's easier to deal with life. I want to try to do certain things every day so I can function better. There are certain thoughts, too, to keep in mind every day that make it easier to deal with here and now."

* * *

Harrell's greatest concern, though, is the music. His apartment in New York is filled with music—records, tapes, scores—and not much else. He's played just about all the forms and styles of jazz, from fusion with bands like Azteca and Cold Blood in San Francisco to the swing of Woody Herman on the road.

"I worked with Woody in '70 and '71," Harrell recalled. "Woody provides a good setting to work in. There were good musicians in the band—Alan Broadbent, Sal Nistico. Alan helped me get into more intense playing. I wanted to gravitate toward a more energetic kind of playing as well as playing with beauty. Alan showed me some things about writing and theory and trying to create music that has a romantic quality. That's something I'm still trying to do."

Working with Horace Silver brought about more changes—musical, personal, and geographical. "Horace called me to work with him in October of 1973," Harrell said, "so I came. I wanted to move to New York, but I don't know that I would have if he hadn't called me. I'm glad he did because it's a really good musical environment. I need the stimulus to get me working more."

Silver first heard Harrell with Herman's Herd. "We were playing at the Jazz Workshop in Boston," Silver said. "Woody was playing a one-nighter in Paul's Mall, and I heard this trumpet solo and was impressed. I took his number but forgot it. Then when Randy Brecker was about to leave my band, I was playing in Chicago, and Woody came into the club. I was saying I was looking for someone to take Randy's place, and Woody said 'Tom Harrell loves your music. Check him out.' I called Tom, flew him into New York, tried him out, and he worked splendidly. He could read anything I put in front of him. He was very harmonically together. He was cooking his butt off. And he continued to grow."

Harrell fell right into Silver's trumpet tradition. He'd learned from Blue Mitchell and absorbed much of the music of the greats. "Tom is a composite," Silver explained. "He's got his own thing, but you can hear Dizzy, Miles, Freddie Hubbard, Kenny Dorham, Blue, and Clifford. He's learned from all these guys, and every now and then you can hear a snatch of those guys coming through."

"I learned a lot from Horace," Harrell recalled. "He helped me find myself musically. I'd always loved his compositions. They're so logical and well put together. I liked the way he'll do a variety of things, encompass a lot of different feelings. That's what I like to do myself. I'm glad I got the opportunity to play with Horace and be exposed to that energy."

Harrell worked with Silver's band four years. Mike Brecker was his first fellow front-liner. "The intensity in Mike's playing inspired me a lot," Harrell said. Bob Berg sooned followed Brecker, and he's recorded often with Harrell: five sessions with Silver and as sidemen with each other on Harrell's *Aurora* and Berg's *New Birth*. "Pretty much everything Tom plays startles me," Berg said, "his total musicality, his compositions, phrasing, just the way he plays. He really builds a solo, really tells a story."

MITCHELL SEIDEL

TOM HARRELL'S EQUIPMENT

Tom Harrell still plays the trumpet that his teacher, Herb Patnowe, gave him 20 years ago. "It's a Conn Constellation, model 36B. It works well with the mouthpiece I have, a Bach 1½C. It's a large mouthpiece, with a deep cup, but works well with the trumpet. I can get the fuller kind of sound I want. I have a Couesnon flugelhorn a friend gave me, with a Bach 1½C FL mouthpiece. I haven't been playing flugelhorn recently because with Phil I don't play with amplification, and the trumpet cuts through better."

TOM HARRELL SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

as a leader
PLAY OF LIGHT—Palo Alto 8017
AURORA—Adamo 9502

with Horace Silver
SILVER 'N BRASS—Blue Note LA406-G
SILVER 'N WOOD—Blue Note LA581-G
SILVER 'N VOICES—Blue Note LA708-G
SILVER 'N PERCUSSION—Blue Note LA853-H
SILVER 'N STRINGS PLAY THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES—Blue Note LWB-1033

with Bill Evans
WE WILL MEET AGAIN—Warner Bros. 3411

with George Russell
LIVE IN AN AMERICAN TIME SPIRAL—Soul Note 1049

with Lenny White
VENUSIAN SUMMER—Nemperor 435

with Cecil Payne
BIRD GETS THE WORM—Muse 5067

with Woody Herman
WOODY—Cadet 845

with Lee Konitz
YES, YES NONET—SteepleChase 1119

with Bob Berg
NEW BIRTH—Xanadu 159

with Mel Lewis
MAKE ME SMILE—Finesse 37987

with Bob Brookmeyer
THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS—Finesse 37488

with Jim Hall & David Matthews
CONCIERTO DE ARANJUEZ—Electric Bird K28P-6066

with Gerry Mulligan
WALK ON THE WATER—DRG 5194

with Bob Mover
ON THE MOVE—Choice 1015

with Mark Murphy
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED—Muse 5215
THE ARTISTRY OF—Muse 5286

with Arnie Lawrence
AND TREASURE ISLAND—Doctor Jazz 38445

with Larry Vuckovich
CITY SOUNDS, VILLAGE VOICES—Palo Alto 8012

with Pete & Sheila Escovedo
SOLO TWO—Fantasy 9524

with National Jazz Ensemble
VOLUME 2—2-Chiaroscuro 151

with Ronnie Cuber
THE ELEVENTH DAY OF AQUARIUS—Xanadu 156

with Azteca
AZTECA—Columbia 31776
PYRAMID OF THE MOON—Columbia 32451

with John McNeil
LOOK TO THE SKY—SteepleChase 1128

with Phil Woods
LIVE IN NEW YORK—Palo Alto 8085

Storytelling is an aspect of Harrell's playing that several musicians observed. "I guess it's sort of unconscious," Harrell said. "When I sit down to try to write something, I try to make it coherent. I guess the time spent consciously thinking about structure becomes more internalized, because when I solo, I try *not* to think. It's hard to describe, but it's sort of another reality. Ideally, playing transcends the conscious level of thought. It's nice when you really know a song and you can use intuition—or not know the changes or the song form and play more by ear. What it is is sound. That's the bottom line. Music is sound. If it sounds good, it's valid. As long as you stay in touch with your feelings and be true to your feelings and to what sounds good, it's a direct way to express feelings that wouldn't be easy to verbalize."

Harrell, as an arranger and composer, listens for good sounds. "I studied arranging with Tony Baker," he said. "He showed me things he learned from Herb Pomeroy, ways of using scales, chords, and melodies. It's related to George Russell's concept of using scales. I'm still trying to apply that, using each note of a scale as a color, being open to and being more aware of the possibilities of each note. There are so many scales available, or different groupings of notes. Also, when playing on a single-line instrument, you can use groupings. John Coltrane was into that. I got a lot of inspiration from him. I wish I could spend more time working on lines. I spend most of my time working on chops, but some players make me want to work on more fresh lines. John Scofield's playing has some really nice melodic ideas."

When he played with Treasure Island, the band Lawrence fronted in the late '70s, Harrell learned to stretch himself, often by himself. "Playing with Arnie was a great experience," Harrell said. "He let each player do an unaccompanied solo. I'd never done that before. Before I played with Arnie, I'd never played 'out' in front of an audience."

Harrell plays most often now with Phil Woods. They first worked together when Harrell was playing with the National Jazz Ensemble of Chuck Israels and Woods was a guest soloist. "Phil is very spontaneous," Harrell said. "You can try things out on a gig. The two horns can play off each other and the rhythm section [the high G's—Hal Galper, Steve Gilmore, Bill Goodwin] is spontaneous and sensitive; there's a lot of interplay. Some groups get into playing things the same way each time, and it gets predictable. It's nice to play in a band where things keep changing. It's scary in a way to try to have a musical conversation with Phil. I try to get beyond just playing notes. I'm realizing more that there are certain patterns of energy that can come up in a tune that can evolve when someone is playing a solo. Sometimes I get hung up on the technical demands of the instrument. It's nice to get an organic flow with what the group is playing, and the audience reacts to it too."

Woods is just as pleased to have Harrell in the band, maybe even more so. "Tom is the best trumpet player in the world today," Woods said. "He writes. He's familiar with the classics. He can read a score. He's got perfect ears. He has total harmonic memory. He's the best. I've played with some great musicians, and I've never played with anyone better than Tom Harrell—and I'm not easily impressed. I think the whole group sounds better because of him. I'd been playing with a quartet for 11 years, so playing with Tom opens up the music, the sound. Tom has made music exciting for us again. I can say, 'Tom, I'm coming down off the plus five; you come off the plus nine behind Hal,' and he knows exactly what I'm saying. I guarantee that many of these hot-shot musicians can't do the same thing. Tom Harrell is the best musician I've ever encountered in 40 years of playing music. I can't put it any simpler."

Woods and Harrell recently recorded for Palo Alto, a session to be released this summer. Bill Goodwin, the band's drummer and producer, was especially pleased. "Tom is so good you never need re-takes," Goodwin said. "We all make mistakes, but Tom makes music, even out of his mistakes."

Harrell's own session for Palo Alto, *Play Of Light*, was recorded last year. He'd previously recorded *Aurora* for Adamo, a record never widely distributed. *Mind's Ear*, an album of music Harrell composed and arranged with strings, produced by Norman Schwartz, was never released. *Play Of Light* becomes, in effect, Harrell's first real exposure as a composer and bandleader (with a great band: Ricky Ford, Bruce Forman, the late Albert Dailey, Eddie Gomez, Billy Hart).

"I called it *Play Of Light*," Harrell explained, "because I was thinking of light on water. I'm interested in the interplay of what you see and what you hear." It's mostly Harrell's own music, with one Andy Laverne number and a classic ballad, *Everything Happens To Me* (played quite classically). "Herb Wong suggested the song," Harrell said. "I've always liked the tune, and I can identify with the lyrics."

Will these new records and playing with Woods, even this interview, at last acquaint the world of music with Tom Harrell? "I want people to hear me," he stated. "It's a musician's responsibility to be heard. The world is so messed up. Maybe life is meaningless; maybe everything is, but it's worthwhile to try to bring some beauty into the world. Music is healthy. It's good for people. Music gives me a reason to live." **db**

Young Bloods Transfuse

MITCHELL SEIDEL

By Bill Milkowski

This rising star is revolutionizing the guitar with his incredible two-handed tapping technique.

With the recent release of his impressive Blue Note album, *Magic Touch*, it would seem that Stanley Jordan is well on his way toward establishing himself as a major innovator. Already the toast of Montreux (Switzerland) and the darling of New York critics, the unassuming 25-year-old guitarist with the astonishing two-handed tapping technique is bound to gain widespread acclaim from this auspicious offering.

Not since Jimi Hendrix has a guitarist come along with such a revolutionary approach to the instrument. Rather than strumming with the right hand and fingering notes with the left, in the conventional manner, Jordan taps out notes with both hands on the fretboard—in essence, taking Eddie Van Halen's hammer-on technique to a new plane. His fingers strike the strings in much the same way as a pianist strikes the keys. And with independent use of both hands, he can accomplish the uncanny feat of accompanying himself. By deftly incorporating this pianistic approach on the guitar fretboard, Jordan is able to get chordal voicings and orchestral textures that were previously only possible on a keyboard.

With his left hand sounding chords while covering bass lines, Jordan's right hand fingers tap out crisp, bell-like single notes and arpeggios with incomprehensible speed and agility. For the average guitarist, whose hands act sympathetically, the affect is mind-boggling, often sounding like two or even three guitarists at work.

Of course, in this age of high technology where overdubs are commonplace, skeptics might wrongly assume that *Magic Touch* was recorded with generous portions of studio trickery. To counter that challenge, the album carries this tongue-in-cheek warning: *Do not be deceived. Despite what your ears might tell you, there is only one guitarist on this album. And there are no overdubs whatsoever. This may be somewhat difficult to grasp upon first hearing since there clearly are separate and independent guitar lines on the nine cuts herein. The listener is able to discern rhythmic comping, bass fills, and single-note solos happening simultaneously. Yet, the simple fact is that all the guitar sounds you hear on this album come from the heart, mind, and two hands of one Stanley Jordan.*

If seeing is believing, then witnessing the young guitar wizard in solo performance is an eye-opening epiphany. When the impressionable young man first hit Manhattan in the winter of '83, he played on the streets for loose change with a battery-powered Mouse amp and his trusty Travis Bean chrome-plated aluminum neck guitar. Passers-by were instantly riveted by the sight of this gifted young man and the abundance of sound pouring out of him. Musicians, guitarists in particular, were rendered slack-jawed by the feat.

As Jordan began sitting in at jam sessions around Greenwich

CONTINUED ON PAGE 29

Jazz Guitar

STANLEY JORDAN
BIRELI LAGRENE

By Michael Bourne

Though already an astonishing guitarist in the Django Reinhardt style, this teenaged Gypsy wants to bring swing to his own brand of fusion.

MITCHELL SEIDEL

The scene is Carnegie Hall, the opening night of the 1984 Kool Jazz Festival/ New York, an all-star Salute To Django Reinhardt. Stephane Grappelli, Benny Carter, and the Great Guitars have all played Django's music. Now comes the moment everyone is waiting for, the first American performance of Bireli Lagrene, a young Gypsy guitarist, only 18 but already a little legendary. And out walks this kid! He's in jeans and a t-shirt and sneakers at Carnegie Hall! His hair is long and ruffled. His look is sullen. This might be someone you'd walk to the other side of the street to avoid, a young tough. This can't be the Anointed One, the "new" Django! But indeed it is, and everyone knows it once his fingers flash across the guitar.

"I was surprised to be playing at Carnegie Hall," he said, "but I was so happy to be playing for so many people. It was a great moment." Was he aware that people didn't quite know what to expect? Bireli smiled, just a little, "Yeah. . . ." What they didn't expect—and were delighted by—were his style, his swing, his wit, and especially his spectacular chops.

Others were delighted when Bireli returned to New York recently for yet another Tribute To Django, this time at Fat Tuesday's in a guitar jam with Larry Coryell and Vic Juris, in addition to Bireli's trio with bassist Jan Jankeje and guitarist Diz Disley. So thick was the crowd that the musicians almost needed machetes just to reach the stage.

Coryell and Juris played duets to begin, Django's *Nuages* and a faster-and-faster race through a Juris original. Then came Bireli's trio with Django's *Minor Swing* and other favorites. Disley introduced Bireli's new "hi-tech" guitar, an Ovation 1984 limited model acoustic (with several extra holes) for Bireli's solo. "It's not the same tune every night," Disley said, "but always with the same title, *Rue de Pierre*."

Phantasmagoria followed—moods and movements around the guitar, a catchy tune, then variations, counterpoints with himself, at the last a finger-breaking flash. Someone behind me, a guitar freak who'd never heard Bireli before, whooped at every virtuoso lick.

Do you ever play just to show off, I wondered? Bireli smiled again, though just a little. "Sometimes, yeah. When I come to a club, I feel the people. When it's not going good, I have to do something to make the people jump up, and then I do that, and it's alright."

It was good from the first at Fat Tuesday's—and everyone jumped all the more. Bireli played Jobim's *Wave* with Coryell, and as they listened and played around each other, Coryell's smile was sublime. "He's like Eric Dickerson," Coryell said of Bireli, "just throw him the ball, and he runs with it." Everyone played at the climax, runs by all through the ever-popular changes of *I Got Rhythm*, Bireli's especially breathtaking.

I wondered if Coryell, who's been flabbergasting listeners himself for years, was himself flabbergasted that someone so young was so good. "He's like a dictionary," Coryell said. "He knows so many styles. In the duet tonight he played some [John] McLaughlin, some [Al] Di Meola, some of me. I showed him a scale he didn't know the other night, and tonight he just played it! And it's hard to play!"

* * *

Diz Disley was first amazed at Bireli's playing several years ago. "I was playing a concert at Limoges [France] with Stephane Grappelli," he said. "I was sitting in the dressing room, and I heard this music from down the corridor. I thought, 'That's nice, a Reinhardt record I haven't heard.' I wandered down, and there's this little boy, almost hidden behind the guitar, whizzing up and down the guitar like a mad thing. He was 13!"

Disley soon arranged for Bireli to play England. (Disley himself is an unsung hero of the Django revival. He's been playing Django's music since the '50s, and it was Disley who encouraged Grap-

pelli to play Django's music again, for the first time in more than 20 years, at a folk festival in 1973.) Disley laments that in 1953, just as he was about to travel to France to listen to his idol, Django died. And then he heard Bireli. "I never thought I'd hear Django's music in the flesh," Disley said. "I never thought I'd hear music on an acoustic guitar that good."

What's so good about Bireli's playing? "The rapidity with which he thinks," Disley said. "He plays high-speed tunes but never gets ahead of himself technically, or very rarely. He's got no limitations. His fingers work as fast as his brain. And the tone he gets on the guitar, and his way of phrasing, it's marvelous. There are quite a few Django imitators or who play in the French style, or the Gypsy traditions. I've heard them all—and of all the Django-influenced players, Bireli is far and away the best."

Bireli first played the guitar as a child in the Gypsy caravans of his family. They're of the Sinti tribe and still live in caravans around the woods near Strasbourg in Alsace. Fiso, his father, was a well-known local guitarist and taught his sons early.

"I was four or five when my father gave me a guitar," Bireli said. "When I was six, I met Django on his recordings, and at this moment I wanted to play this music. I wanted to play like Django." And just as brother Joseph Reinhardt became Django's accompanist, so brother Gaiti Lagrene became Bireli's accompanist. To date they've recorded three albums in Europe, only two of which—*15* and *Routes To Django* (both on Antilles)—are available in the U.S.

They don't always play gypsy swing. Bireli wants to experiment more, even with fusion. I was surprised at Bireli's answer to the traditional who-have-you-been-listening-to question. "I listen to all kinds of music," he said. "My influences now are Joe Zawinul, Jaco Pastorius, Pat Metheny, Al Jarreau." I imagined the electronic Zawinul and the acoustic Bireli playing together, but Bireli said that's not what he meant. "When I listen to Weather Report, I don't think about playing with them, but I can translate what they play into my music." Not that he's against playing with them. Chick Corea he mentioned as someone else he'd enjoy recording with. "I just want to play with great musicians," Bireli said.

He's enjoyed playing in America. "Most musicians in Europe don't have the chance to come to America," he said, "and it's been very good to play in this wonderful country." But it's Austria and Switzerland where he enjoys playing the most. "That's where I can play what I want to play," he said. "If I come with a fusion group, the audiences know me there, and they want to listen to me. It doesn't matter what I'm playing."

Everywhere else he's expected to play Django's music—but that's okay, too. "I don't have to play Django's music, but I like to anyway," he said. "When people come to hear Bireli play Django, if they think Bireli plays well, then they want to hear Django too. I hope to make Django's music famous-er. . . ."

Bireli once memorized 200 Django solos, and sometimes he quotes one of Django's inside one of his own—but I wondered if he hopes for a time when the names Bireli Lagrene and Django Reinhardt won't always be spoken in the same breath. "Sure," he said, "I want to do music my way, but I don't want to forget Django. I'll always want people to know my own music, but I'll always be playing this music with Django behind me." **db**

DAVID AGAR

BIRELI LAGRENE'S EQUIPMENT

When riffing through mainstream tunes in his neo-Django/Gypsy mode, Bireli Lagrene opts for an Ovation acoustic guitar. For his fusion forays he favors a Gibson 345 electric guitar.

BIRELI LAGRENE SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

15—Antilles 1009
ROUTES TO DJANGO—Antilles 1002
BIRELLI SWING '81—Jazz Point 1009

JORDAN CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

Village and SoHo, he became something of an underground sensation. The word was out about this guy with the two-handed technique. Venerable Art Blakey took the young man aside and gave him fatherly advice, sensing that the kid was bound for big things. Fellow guitarists like Mike Stern, Kevin Eubanks, Barry Finnerty, and Emily Remler sang praises of Jordan's talent. James Blood Ulmer, seeing Stanley perform on the sidewalk one day, threw his arms up in amazement, shook his head and laughed out loud at the kid's abilities. Cecil Taylor, Anthony Davis, Frank Zappa . . . everybody who saw him was instantly blown away.

* * * * *

Jordan's big break came in the summer of '84. An audition with impresario George Wein led to an unannounced spot on the New York Kool Jazz Festival bill, opening at prestigious Avery Fisher Hall for no less than Wynton Marsalis. An awed press corps, caught by surprise, raved on about this exciting new discovery. John Wilson of the *New York Times* said: "He played an unaccompanied solo set that threatened to overshadow Mr. Marsalis and Mr. [Maynard] Ferguson before they even reached the stage." Fred Goodman of the *New York Post* wrote: "Jordan played a short solo set that should have scared every guitarist in town. He is destined to turn the guitar world on its ear." Gary Giddins in the *Village Voice* echoed those accolades with: " . . . a stunning object lesson in solo guitar. But seeing is not understanding, and I'm still in the dark about how he does it. He sounds like two guitarists."

On the strength of that showing, club owner Max Gordon booked Stanley for a full week into his legendary Village Vanguard. More accolades and superlatives followed (including a **db** Caught, Nov. '84). Jordan followed up that pivotal gig with a triumphant showing at the Montreux Jazz Festival in Switzerland, where he enthralled European audiences and critics alike with his novel approach to the guitar. Jean Claude Sandoz of *24 Heures* wrote: "This young man has found a way to make his electric guitar sound like an orchestra." Pierre-Alain Luginbuhl in *L'est Vaudois* went one step further, saying: " . . . a veritable revelation."

Bruce Lundvall of Blue Note, who had seen Stanley play when the impressionable guitarist first came to New York on a hunch, began working out a deal for this "new guitar star." He signed Jordan last summer, and the debut album was released this February in the first batch from the newly reactivated Blue Note label. Lundvall, who says he's committed to maintaining the rich tradition of Blue Note, projects that Jordan might become one of the biggest sellers for the label. "He's fresh, he's brand new, and he's doing something unique. I have a feeling that he could, without compromising what he's doing, sell a good number of records."

Though Jordan is adept at bop and straightahead swing idioms, he is not above pop, rock, or even funk. But whatever he plays ultimately has his distinctive stamp on it. On *Magic Touch* he breathes new life into jazz classics like Thelonious Monk's *'Round Midnight*, Thad Jones' *A Child Is Born*, and Miles Davis' *Freddie Freeloader*. He invokes Wes Montgomery's mellow octave trademark on Michael Jackson's pop hit *Lady Of My Life* and goes further out than Paul McCartney ever dreamed of on the Beatles' moody *Eleanor Rigby*. His soulful rendition of *Angel*, the Hendrix ballad, is a moving tribute to the guitar hero who remains a towering influence over him.

Originally a classical piano student from age 6, Jordan picked up the guitar at age 11 after hearing Jimi on record. As the guitar phenom recalls, "I didn't really know about him until a few months after he died. At the time I was studying classical, and I was just starting to get interested in rock and blues. I remember reading an article in the lobby of a doctor's office about Jimi and Janis Joplin—what's happening to the music, everybody's dying, that sort of thing. So that article actually got me interested in checking him out. I started asking around, and I found out that most of my friends were really into him. I just didn't realize it. So I heard the same stuff that everybody heard—*Foxy Lady* and *Purple Haze*. That's what really got me started on guitar."

MITCHELL SEIDEL

STANLEY JORDAN'S EQUIPMENT

Though most of Stanley Jordan's musical wizardry comes from his innovative technique as opposed to electronic effects, he is conscientious about his instrument. He plucks and hammers on a Travis Bean custom guitar, strung with either Ernie Ball or Dean Markley medium gauge strings (.010-.046), running through a Roland Jazz Chorus 120 amp, adding a Boss analog delay along the way. At home he sometimes practices on a spare Alembic guitar.

STANLEY JORDAN SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

MAGIC TOUCH—Blue Note 85101
TOUCH SENSITIVE—Tangent 1001

In retrospect, Stanley says of the late guitar hero, "I really admire his natural musicianship. He became very advanced without a lot of cumbersome theory narrowing his concept of music. But I also feel that he was limited because he didn't know a lot of that stuff, and he realized it. And I really think that he was going to do something about it. He was going to learn to read and learn theory the way other people knew it, which would have made him even better.

"But he opened new ground. One of the main reasons I got interested in jazz was from listening to him. Because from listening to Hendrix, I came to realize that the sky is the limit, that there's no upper level to the content of the music. So that

CONTINUED ON PAGE 60

CARLA BLEY

I HATE TO SING—Watt 12½: *Murder; Very Very Simple; I Hate To Sing; The Piano Lesson; The Lone Arranger; Battleship.*

Personnel: *Bley, organ, glockenspiel, piano (cut 2), vocal (1); Michael Mantler, trumpet; Steve Slagle, alto, soprano saxophone, clarinet; Tony Dagradi, tenor saxophone; Gary Valente, trombone; Vincent Chancey, french horn; Arturo O'Farrill, piano, organ (2), vocal (2); Steve Swallow, electric bass, drums (3); Earl McIntyre, tuba (1-3), bass trombone (1); Bob Stewart, tuba (4-6); D. Sharpe, drums, vocal (3).*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Despite the efforts of Aristophanes, Shakespeare, and Woody Allen, comedy has always gotten something of a bum rap in Western civilization. I mean, heck—we all enjoy a good laugh, but we just don't take it too seriously. Comedy in music (aside from the Broadway stuff) gets even less respect than it does onstage. And comedy in jazz? Forget it. Aside from a few stories about Joe Venuti (like the time he told 37 bass players to all meet him at the same time on the same street corner) and some records by Louis Jordan and Slim Gaillard, jazz has been a pretty dry subject. There just aren't a lot of chuckles on a Miles Davis album.

So into the void steps Carla Bley, of course. Having already raised irreverence to laughing-gas levels on some of her previous records, Bley ascends to even dizzier heights of inspired wackiness on *I Hate To Sing*. As the album's cockeyed catalog number (Watt 12½) implies, half of the material was recorded at the same memorable San Francisco gig that produced the excellent 1982 release *Live!* (Watt 12). These memorable out-takes have coagulated here on side one, which may set vocal jazz back about 50 years. First there's *Murder*, a sleazy urban-anxiety recitative that sets Bley off against the band's homicidal tendencies. *Very Very Simple* one-ups *One Note Samba*, with Arturo O'Farrill as the monotonous vocal perpetrator. The *mess de resistance*, though, has to be the title cut: D. Sharpe details exactly *why* he hates to sing (with excruciating atonal precision), as the band lumbers through some bad Italian movie music behind him. (The only thing on the album that might be more ridiculous than Sharpe's "singing" here is his super-slow-mo "drum solo" on *Simple*.)

On side two, recorded in the studio a year-and-a-half (naturally) later, the drudgery of practicing gets a send-up in *The Piano Lesson*. Running scales may never be the same. *The Lone Arranger* is, well, a horse opera—or at least a horse overture, while *Battleship* is a tone poem (tone limerick?) that somehow manages to get *I've Been Working On The Railroad* into a portrayal of a sinking ship.

But seriously, though . . . all of this is very funny, but it's also very good. The arrangements are wonderfully inventive, the instrumental colors fresh (albeit done in crayon), and the solos consistently fine, if a tad demented. There are some truly great moments nestled in between the yuks: Earl McIntyre's tuba romp on *Simple*, Steve Slagle's hot choruses on *Lone Arranger*, and Gary Valente's raucous, loose-jointed trombone playing all over the place. Along with Sharpe, he's one of the stars here, and his slippery horn supplies a lot of the grease that keeps this circus wagon rolling. What can Carla Bley do as an encore? I hate to think. . . .

—jim roberts

JOHN FOGERTY

CENTERFIELD—Warner Bros. 25203-1: *The Old Man Down The Road; Rock And Roll Girls; Big Train (From Memphis); I Saw It On T.V.; Mr. Greed; Searchlight; Centerfield; I Can't Help Myself; Zanz Can't Danz.*

Personnel: *Fogerty, all instruments, vocals.*

★ ★ ★ ★

Just when you thought that the singer/songwriter's place in contemporary pop music was about to be usurped by high technology, along comes John Fogerty like the white-hatted cowboy riding to the rescue. In the face of Fairlights, all-pervasive DX7s, and all kinds of ersatz-funk from England passing itself off as the latest thing in pop music, Fogerty's *Centerfield* is a welcome breath of fresh air.

From the opening strains of *The Old Man Down The Road*, it's apparent that the one-time driving force of Creedence Clearwater Revival has lost nothing in his 10-year layoff. All the youthful exuberance, good-time sentiments, and bar band ambiance that made Creedence so appealing and overwhelmingly popular from 1968-71 are still very much intact on this likable record.

The reclusive Mr. Fogerty plays all positions on *Centerfield*—producer, arranger, drummer, guitarist, horn section, keyboardist, bassist. He does a credible enough job (particularly as a drummer, providing solid and simple backbeats in the no-frills tradition of Rolling Stone Charlie Watts), but the instrument he has the most command over is that voice. Fogerty's distinctive vocal delivery is a national treasure—blue notes, glissandos, octave leaps, falsetto cracks, he does it all in convincing style. And when the spirit moves him, he bellows with the raspy passion of a Pentecostal preacher. To a generation brought up on *Proud Mary*, *Bad Moon Rising*, and *Born On The Bayou*, Fogerty may very well be ranked alongside the many American boyhood heroes he sings about on the album's title track.

Though much of *Centerfield* is derivative or familiar (*Old Man* echoes *Suzie Q*, *Searchlight* is a reprise of *Born On The Bayou*, *I Can't Help Myself* recalls *Hey Tonight*, *Mr. Greed* suggests *Sweet Hitchhiker*), it's not at all off-putting. The simplicity of production and the classic rock quotes strike an emotional chord with old CCR fans. It's like welcoming back an old friend who's been gone too long.

Big Train (From Memphis) is a rollicking rockabilly homage to Sun-era Elvis Presley replete with echo-laden vocals and good ol' boy country guitar licks. *I Saw It On T.V.* is a poignant recollection of America's past via the little screen. From Howdy Doody to the JFK assassination to the Beatles on *The Ed Sullivan Show* to the first moon shots to the counts of American dead in Viet Nam on the nightly newscasts, this paean to pop culture turns from wide-eyed wonder to downright disillusionment.

The title cut is an upbeat, optimistic tale done in the driving rock & roll style that only the Stones, NRBQ, or CCR could pull off. *Zanz Can't Danz* is the only oddity here, a bit of post-Police reggae about a trained pig who picks pockets while his owner holds the crowds' attention with song and dance. Sort of a hooven twist on *Oliver Twist*.

Apart from anything Bruce Springsteen or NRBQ has done recently, this album is the most honest, sincere, and American-sounding collection of rock & roll music to come along in some time. And it's come along just in time.

—bill milkowski

LAURIE ANDERSON

UNITED STATES LIVE—Warner Bros. 25192-1: *United States I-IV.*

Personnel: *Anderson, vocals, violin, tape-bow violin, Harmonizer, toy saxophone, Vocoder, synthesizer, Synclavier II, head, tamboura, telephone, jews harp; Peter Gordon, synthesizer, voice; Geraldine Pontius, Joe Kos, voice; Chuck Fisher, saxophone, clarinet; Bill Obrecht, saxophone, flute; Ann DeMarinis, synthesizer, Synclavier II; David Van Tieghem, percussion, drums; Roma Baran, accordion; Rufus Harley, bagpipes; Shelley Karson, soprano.*

★ ★ ★

This is Laurie Anderson's epic work, the *Sgt. Pepper* of performance art, a rambling seven-hour dissection of the American dreamscape. *United States I-IV* has only been performed thrice in its entirety. This five-disc set documents the premiere at the Brooklyn Academy of Music in New York, edited down to four-and-a-half hours for vinyl.

United States in concert is an overwhelming work combining slides, film, stark lighting effects, neon violin bows, and the synaptic dislocation of hearing Anderson's voice, the sound

of a saxophone, or a dog barking coming from a violin. The sounds actually come from one of Anderson's tape-bow violins in which the violin bridge is replaced with a tape-recorder head and bowed with magnetic audio tape. Of course, these and many other effects—like Anderson amplifying her head with a contact mic while she pounds it like a drum (*Reverb*)—are lost on vinyl. Rather than a document, *United States* becomes an album of performance art minus-one. You provide the visuals. You hear the audience laugh, but you hear nothing to laugh *at*. Odd sounds and movements occur that must be attached to some action on-stage, but you can't see the stage. It's like sight gags for the blind.

On the other hand, Anderson can be cunningly funny and satirical. Humor has always pervaded her work as her cooly detached voice analyzes the quirky assumptions on which we often base our lives and actions. It's not the quick one-liners of Rodney Dangerfield so much as Ken Nordine in a minimalist trance. "You're falling and then catching yourself from falling," she intones on *Walking & Falling*.

Anderson is a dream-teller, with mysterious voice-loops breathing through her while she says, "I had a dream. . . ." Or perhaps she uses her Harmonized male alter-ego, a Nixonian grumble, to talk about a stranger who asks "Who tore up all my wallpaper samples?" (*Difficult Listening Hour*).

The long monologs are interspersed with Anderson's "speech songs," many of which appeared on her *Big Science* (Warner Bros. 3674) and *Mr. Heartbreak* (Warner Bros. 25077-1) albums to much better effect. Live, recorded with open microphones, pieces like *O Superman*, *Big Science*, and *Langue D'Amour* lose the intimacy and detail of the studio versions. Only the big band march of *Language Is A Virus (From Outer Space)* conveys the multiple layers on which an Anderson song can work.

United States Live is a souvenir program. It reminds you of a great event, but it's no substitute for being there. —*john diliberto*

ANTHONY DAVIS

MIDDLE PASSAGE—Gramavision 8401: *Behind The Rock; Middle Passage; Particle W; A Proposition For Life.*
Personnel: *Davis, piano.*

★ ★ ★ ★

Anthony Davis considers himself to be primarily a composer. His solo piano albums argue otherwise, as Davis' virtuosity commands much of the praise they have received—a virtuosity that extends beyond his ample technique, as he possesses a rare responsiveness to his own actions, giving his solo music its finely delineated sense of projection and proportion. In this regard the pianist informs or, in the case of *Middle Passage*, challenges the composer.

The most daring and unrelentingly stark of his solo programs, *Middle Passage* is challenging listening even for longtime members of Davis' audience. Gone are the affectionate Monkisms and the relatively bucolic strains of *Past Lives* (Red 134); the fragmentary lyricism of *Lady Of The Mirrors* (India Navigation 1047) appears only for fleeting moments. What dominates the program is Davis' jagged brand of motivic development, his slashing counterpoint, and his tension-filled harmonies.

As a result, the vast majority of the program has a foreboding, volatile quality. On *Behind The Rock* Davis uses a variably stopped left-hand drone, a deceptively simple device, to create suspense, plumbed further by motivic and textural materials mixed in with the right hand. Juxtaposing structures achieve the same ends on the title piece and *Particle W*, an Earl Howard composition for piano and tape. On the former, muted passages give way to percussive torrents, while other-worldly synthesized sounds prompt Davis on the latter.

The exception is the three-minute closer, *A Proposition For Life*. A series of short arpeggiated fragments alternate with a slowly descending melody; it is structurally linked to *Lady Of The Mirrors* and emotionally akin to *A Walk On The Water*.

Despite his orchestral achievements, the piano remains at the crux of Davis' art, as evidenced by *Middle Passage*.

—*bill shoemaker*

BENNIE WALLACE

SWEEPING THROUGH THE CITY—Enja 4078: *Eight Page Bible; On Radio 5; Trouble And Woe; Someone Might Think We're Dancing; Refrain; The Bread Man; Sweeping Through The City.*
Personnel: *Wallace, tenor saxophone; Ray Anderson, trombone; John Scofield, guitar; Mike Richmond, Dennis Irwin (cut 7), bass; Tom Whaley, drums; Pat Conley, piano (7), vocals (3, 7); Marybelle Porter, Cora Hill, vocal (3, 7); Frances Jenkins, vocals, tambourine (3, 7).*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

JULIUS HEMPHILL

GEORGIA BLUE—Minor Music 003: *Georgia Blue; The Hard Blues; Testament #5; Dogon II.*
Personnel: *Hemphill, alto, soprano saxophone; Nels Cline, guitar; Steubig, bass; Alex Cline, drums, percussion; Jumma Santos, percussion.*

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

One of Ornette Coleman's compositions asks *When Will The Blues Leave?* The answer is not anytime soon. Bennie Wallace and Julius Hemphill bend the blues into shapes as unexpected as they are intriguing. Both are master synthesists who have developed strikingly expressive command over the art of composition and the saxophone.

A logical extension of the standards and Thelonious Monk covers on previous Wallace recordings, the seven originals that make up *Sweeping Through The City* do not consist entirely of blues and gospel-inspired material. *Someone Might Think We're Dancing* is nothing less than a pointillist calypso, with Monkish rests and accents. Yet, music with black American roots forms the session's chief inspiration.

Monk's influence shows in the way the writing playfully snubs conventional song structure with wrong notes, slurs, and in-joke rhythmic devices while leaving plenty of room for swing. The opening to *Eight Page Bible*, for example, reharmonizes *April In Paris* to hilarious effect. On the spiritual *Trouble And Woe*, Wallace accompanies the lyric "I will pass through a land that is strange to me" with a repeated discord. With note values extended and the tempo slowed, even *Some Might Think* quick-changes into bleary ancient blues before our ears (*Refrain*). But *Sweeping Through The City* succeeds not only because of sly, wry, but strangely *felt* songs.

This seventh Enja release from Wallace teams the tenor saxophonist with the Blues Ensemble Of Biloxi (including trombonist Ray Anderson and guitarist John Scofield) as well as the Wings Of Song (a female gospel quartet)—a creative match-up that keeps things lively. Whether bopping the blues (*On Radio 5*) or slouching towards New Orleans (*Refrain*), Wallace, Anderson, and Scofield are a front line nonpareil. Wallace's tone is that of the tenor masters, a Ben Webster whisper and more, joined to eruptive post-Dolphy conceptions of time and pitch. He manages to sound relaxed even when executing the most technical turns. The angular momentum of his forward-reverse solos is exhilarating—so are Anderson's throaty ad libs, with plunger and without, and Scofield's bent notes and pointy runs. The group interplay among the three crosscuts authoritatively. Each solo nips like piranhas in a paper cup. The Wings of Song offer simpatico contributions to two cuts. Tom Whaley and Mike Richmond provide firm support.

Recorded live at Willisau Festival '84 with the JAH Band (a name derived from Julius Arthur Hemphill), *Georgia Blue* represents the first new release in four years from the Texas-born saxophonist and composer. Whatever the playing context, whether with the World Saxophone Quartet or on eponymous albums, his music communicates a roots-resonating earthiness at the same time as it uses contemporary techniques. Hemphill's approach to the saxophone reflects a similar balance: he favors long, dry-toned, harmonically semi-free lines shot through with Ornette folkishness and intimations of blues, bop, or pop chordality—a linkage of new and old that also connects him to Wallace. But, unlike *Sweeping Through The City*, which is dominated by a tripartite front line, *Georgia Blue* is a blowing vehicle for the leader. Hemphill's solos stay eloquent, exhibiting precision of line (on the title song especially) and an uncommon elasticity at shifting tempos (*Georgia Blue* and *The Hard Blues*).

The set can be considered Hemphill's "quasi-greatest hits" because it contains ex-

tended remakes of the previously waxed *Dogon II* (from *Dogon A.D.*, Arista-Freedom 1028) and *The Hard Blues* (from *Coon Bid'ness*, Arista-Freedom 1012). Miles Davis-influenced electrified rhythms make literal the rock implications of the originals. But new accompanists fill up space that had been attractively sparse before, substituting screams for whispers. Cello harmonics played by Abdul Wadud on the earlier versions engage my ears better than Steubig's walleyed electric bass. Still, the JAH Band sets off Hemphill's saxophone with harsh, funky textures—different but effective. The rhythm section even challenges Hemphill with independent harmolodic lines as his *Dogon II* solo progresses. Syncopated and screaming, the metallic guitar style of Nels Cline spearheads the contrast between *Dogon II* and *Dogon A.D.* His choppy lead plays hide-and-seek with the backbeat, inviting comparison with John McLaughlin's thriller solo on *Jack Johnson*.

Electronic back-up is the first surprise of *Georgia Blue*. The second is the gem of a title ballad, which displays Hemphill's alto leaning as much toward Hank Crawford as Marion Brown. Here, the strategic squeals and double-timing tease wonderfully, yet Hemphill always returns to the dreamy frailty of the home chords: a mature and beautiful performance. Julius Hemphill's return as a leader should be glad news for all. —*peter kostakis*

AMINA CLAUDINE MYERS

JUMPING IN THE SUGAR BOWL—Minor Music 002: *Jumping In The Sugar Bowl; Another Day; Cecil B; Guten Morgan; Mind Chambers; Cameloupe.*

Personnel: *Myers, piano, organ, voice; Thomas Palmer, acoustic, electric bass; Reggie Nicholson, percussion, voice.*

★ ★ ★ ★

GERI ALLEN

THE PRINTMAKERS—Minor Music 001: *A Celebration Of Life; Eric; Running As Fast As You Can . . . Tgth; M's Heart; Printmakers; Andrew; When Kabuya Dances; D And V.*

Personnel: *Allen, piano; Anthony Cox, bass; Andrew Cyrille, drums, mouth percussion.*

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Here's music and some magic from two articulate, imaginative pianists, both open to the possibilities of shaping the conventional acoustic

piano trio format to their unique ends, both creating fresh, indeed nearly revolutionary ways of improvising in the confines of the time-tested piano, bass, and drums instrumentation.

Neither of these pianists conceives a line or a trio performance in the classic manner of Bud Powell, Oscar Peterson, or Bill Evans. Indeed, their starting points are most likely Cecil Taylor and McCoy Tyner. But more than any identifiable stylistic and conceptional influences, they take their points of departure, as all genuine musicians must, from their own inner sense of purpose and direction.

Amina Claudine Myers has a strong, well-deserved reputation on the experimental music scene. Some of her best playing, like Cecil Taylor's, redefines the piano as a percussive instrument. And so, *Jumping In The Sugar Bowl*, inspired by a children's chant, uses drum-like melodic fragments (plus Myers' voice) to create a frolicking evocation of a children's game. Myers' pingy melodic fragments and skittering lines are supported by a driving, percussive rumble from Reggie Nicholson and Thomas Palmer. This drone (in the best sense) grows compulsive and incessant, suggesting the ritualistic drive behind childhood pastimes. Throughout, Myers' melodic pointillism, rhythmic fragmentation, and unabashed percussiveness hallmark this performance.

The group's intensity is carried through to *Cecil B*, dedicated to Cecil McBee, the bassist. Myers' nonstop phrases ebb and flow as Palmer's bass and Nicholson's drums form a light yet fiery unit as their accents fall into all the correct places with striking inevitability. Note Nicholson's punchy, irregular bass drum accents—an old bebop device revived in a new context. On *Guten Morgan* Myers welcomes the day with her incantatory singing in an unidentified African tongue. Her powerful, pointedly directed voice is chantlike and inflected with the force of a wind instrument. And this piece, like *Sugar Bowl*, nicely catches the hypnotic charm which characterizes her work. Similarly, *Mind Chambers*, a slow piece, is organized in a series of haunting, reflective

Three Species Of Canaries

There are three ways a singer can approach a song. Each constitutes a genre onto itself. First, a singer can be a medium between the composer and the listener. Such singers have a way of calling attention to the song—its melody, lyric, people, story. These performers approach a song the way an actor approaches a role—and a good song *is* a role, containing character, plot, occasionally conflict, always emotion. When a singer brings an actor's attitude to a song, it's the song that's the star, and the singer targets it, moves ever closer to its essence, and ultimately seeks to get inside it. No major singer is more respectful of a good song than Frank Sinatra.

Then there are singers who assert their own authority over the song. These singers use the song only as a structural benchmark, not a target to be aimed at. They start close and quickly move away from it in ever widening ellipses. They play with it, alter it, improvise on it. The song and lyric are often beside the point with such performers. It is, after all, manner, not matter, that counts. These performers are more musicians than actors. Almost any jazz singer works in this way.

There is a third approach we hear often, the personality or entertainer approach. These are singers who, like jazz singers, want to dominate their material, but without turning it into an improvisation. These singers rely on carefully cultivated devices of style, arrangements, and personal trademarks hung on a song like ornaments on a Christmas tree. Some of the great performers have worked this way, from Al Jolson to Lena Horne. They often reach the largest audiences, but their heavy stylization is sometimes inclined to make them sound dated after a decade or two.

If ever there was a singer and an album that respected its material, it is **Linda Ronstadt's** superlative new collection of standards, *Lush Life* (Asylum 9 60387-1). One senses a great many detail decisions went into this project, and every one was made in terms of what would best serve the song. There is no grandstanding by the star because the *songs* are the stars. And no liberty exercised by Ronstadt comes at the expense of the lyric or melody. You will find perhaps definitive performances of songs here, drawn with great craftsmanship but without flash or self-consciousness. Nelson Riddle's backgrounds are consistently discreet and frame the songs without showiness or ostentation. *Can't We Be Friends* and *You Took Advantage Of Me* break the otherwise ballad mood with some nice mid-tempo swing. And in *Falling In Love With Love* Ronstadt emerges as a very convincing swing singer by cleverly contrasting 32 bars of minuet (3/4) time with a couple of solid 4/4 choruses. The choice of songs is superb, and Warner Brothers/Asylum showed surprising courage in making *Lush Life* the LP's title track; it's the most sophisticated and perhaps least accessible title on the album. The only compromise is in the white-glove packaging. We see Ronstadt as a '30s vamp and a '40s career type in the cover art. On her previous album, *What's New*, she was a '50s prom queen. Yet, this is not period music. It is classical, and therefore eternally contemporary.

Perhaps inspired by Ronstadt's success with standards, **Toni Tennille** offers *More Than You Know* (Mirage 7 90162-1). But the feel of this LP is quite different. With arrangements by Sam Nestico (Basie's chief chart man for 20 years) and players such as Bill Watrous, Louis Bellson, and Snooky Young on hand, the orchestrations are more assertive and jazz-oriented, and the soloists a bit more prominent. Yet Tennille also keeps the songs at the center of her performances, which are rendered in a dark, thick alto that is consistently commanding, from a smoky whisper to a forte climax. She does *Can't Help Lovin' That Man* like the aria it is, and betrays a nice Sarah Vaughan influence in the low end of her voice. All the songs are familiar standards except a buried Broadway treasure from *New Faces Of 1952* called *Guess Who I Saw Today*, a witty and absorbing vignette on the subject of infidelity.

More familiar to the genre of the standard through her series of Concord LPs featuring songs by Ira Gershwin, Harold Arlen, Cole Porter, and others is **Rosemary Clooney**. On her latest LP she *Sings The Music Of Irving Berlin* (Concord 255) with a consistently fine mix of her own very understanding expositions of the composer's intentions juxtaposed with open time filled with the beautifully crafted warmth of Warren Vaché Jr., Scott Hamilton, Chris Flory—lyrical players all, and natural allies of fine vocalists—and a rhythm section headed by the great drummer Gus Johnson. The balance is always right; no one gets in anyone else's way, even on so unlikely a vehicle as *There's No Business Like Show Business*, which is properly de-Mermanized and swings from the first note (remember, *I Got Rhythm* was first sung by Ethel Merman before it became a cornerstone of the jazz repertoire). Clooney and company have come up with another small-scale gem.

Maxine Sullivan has traveled within the jazz world since the late '30s, even though she has always performed as a straight singer. Her latest album, *The Greatest Songs From The Cotton Club By Harold Arlen And Ted Koehler* (Stash 244), is timely on two occasions: first, *The Cotton Club* movie is a hot connection; and second, Arlen celebrated his 80th birthday this past February. This is a modest, rather self-effacing album, but still a very good one. What a snap Marty Grosz' acoustic guitar puts on the rhythm tunes! And Sullivan makes titles such as *Happy As The Day Is Long* swing with a melodic clarity often camouflaged in the more stylized period performances of the '30s. In addition to the familiar hits (*As Long As I Live*, *Ill Wind*, *Stormy Weather*, et al.), we also get a trio of Arlen tunes never before recorded and a couple not previously available on LP. Interesting footnotes to the career of one of America's greatest composers.

Anita Gravine's *Dream Dancing* (Progressive 7074) is another album placing a straight vocalist in the embrace of a jazz accompaniment. The result is low-profile pleasure, concentrating on a batch of not-too-often-heard pretty songs (including three Burke and Van Heusen tunes written for Bing Crosby) rendered true to form, complete with verses, while musicians such as Jerry Dodgion, George Mraz, and Mike Abene handle the improvisation. The mood is relaxed, quiet, and dimly lit. Gravine handles the material with a gentle, swinging touch, never intruding on the musical texts, just

statements, and *Cameloupe*, Myers' only performance here on organ, uses a minorish, lumbering bass figure which informs the piece with a compelling muscularity.

In light of these fine performances, what's to be made of *Another Day*, a pop/soul ballad that's completely ordinary from start to finish? Well, Myers isn't the first talented jazz player to cast an eye toward the Top 40 charts, and she certainly won't be the last. Let's just be thankful that Myers' musical curiosity only very infrequently takes her in this direction.

Geri Allen also has a healthy degree of musical curiosity, but in *The Printmakers* she is able to focus it in a single, clear direction, in an outlook perhaps colder than Myers but nevertheless not without a good deal of charm.

Take this album's title track, for example—a bright, loping tune with a slipsliding feel. Allen's music doesn't flow—it jabs, skips, skitters, halts, and trips along, constantly creating the illusion of being in two places at once, defying the laws of rhythmic momentum and in the process creating its own unique form of forward motion. Similar rhythmic alchemy occurs during *When Kubuya Dances*, a piece at once folklike and texturally sophisticated. Allen's tangled melodies repeatedly come out catlike—right-side-up. Like Myers, Allen enjoys exploring the incantatory powers of music, and like Myers' work her playing often reaches a kind of precise elegance.

bringing them to life ever so gracefully and subtly. An unspectacular but quality product.

The songs really don't count for much on *Dreams Can Be* (OmniSound 1052) by the **Janet Lawson Quintet**. They are merely points of departure for a private musical vision, because Janet Lawson is a singer only on a technicality, i.e. her voice is her instrument. She actually uses it in an almost completely instrumental spirit, scatting freely one minute and matching Roger Rosenberg's reed and flute lines in precise bebop unison the next (*Hot House*, *Get It In Your Soul*). She is most effective when she is unfettered by lyrics. Her "instrumental" lines are wordless horn-like improvisations from a voice that can shoot from tenor to soprano in two bars and never break rhythmic stride in the dash. What one accepts as commonplace from a saxophone becomes an astonishing display of technical muscle when performed vocally. It works well enough with material conceived instrumentally, although some of the vocal gymnastics seem a bit self-indulgent. It's harder to accept, it seems to me, when the singer tries to be both improvising instrumentalist and custodian of a composer's intentions at the same time. The results are inclined to sound affected and contrived.

There is a problem of another sort in *Alone Together* (Pausa 7165) by **Laurel Masse**. Again, the real star here is the Masse vocal instrument, which is equally astounding in its range, dexterity, and discipline. But instead of forcing instrumental sensibilities on song lyrics, the reverse happens: musical lines originally conceived as improvisations (some based on legitimate songs) are pinned down note-for-note and outfitted with words, mostly by Eddie Jefferson or Jon Hendricks. They are uniformly awkward and occasionally embarrassing in their utter banality, none more so than *Theme For Lester Young*. An improvisation on a song assumes an instrumental life of its own. The concept and logic of improvised music, especially bebop, is inherently at odds with the lyrical poetry of good song writing. Nevertheless, it takes a special singing talent to master this remote and, I believe, rather misbegotten art (otherwise called vocalese). And Masse is special indeed, with a voice of silver purity, a rhythmic sense as subtle as it is sure, and a precise instinct for the tiniest detail of diction or pitch. This album is a striking showcase of vocal technique, from the title tune, in which Masse accompanies herself in 16 simultaneous vocal parts a cappella, to the tongue-twisting turns and devilishly instrumental shadings that flash by on *Harold's House Of Jazz* and *Four*.

The third vocal category I've designated is perhaps best described as a form of musical theater. Its art is the art of the stage; its artists are singer/actors playing a somewhat larger-than-life version of themselves. **Cleo Laine**, who has racked up some modest credentials as a jazz singer over the years, gives us a case study in the intricate disciplines and structures of a class musical act in *Cleo At Carnegie* (DRG 2-2101), recorded in 1983. Her vocal resources are excellent, her repertoire mammoth—ranging from Berlin and Carmichael to musical recitations of Shakespeare and Anon. It all comes together because she is first a performer, best appreciated on-stage. This album captures her music, but with artists such as Cleo Laine, that's not the whole story.

Teresa Brewer is a refugee from the pop scene of the 1950s who has migrated into the jazz realm over the last decade, escorted by her husband Bob Thiele. Brewer is a fine performer without any special claims of renown as a jazz singer. But in her own brassy way, this lady is serious about her music and can put across a song with the best of them, whether it's *St. Louis Blues* or Neil Sedaka's *Breakin' Up Is Hard To Do*. And she proves it on *Teresa Brewer: Live at Carnegie Hall & Montreux, Switzerland* (Doctor Jazz W2X39521). She is paired with two bands here, one an all-star unit of New York players, the other Woody Herman's orchestra without Woody. But her popular sensibility, though possessed of its own singular identity, fits reasonably well with the musicians, who provide most of the real jazz interest on this double-album set. Johnny Mince provides attractive, slinky clarinet accompaniment on couple of movingly rendered ballads, and Cootie Williams is a massive presence on *Mood Indigo* from the 1978 Carnegie Hall performances.

—john mcdonough

RECORD REVIEWS

These musical concerns are also reflected in *A Celebration Of All Life*. Opening with Andrew Cyrille's drum solo, his round, popping sounds meld into passes to his tom-toms, sprinkled with freely irregular rim clicks, and when the pianist enters, the idea is to create rhythmic/melodic blocks of sound which pleasingly echo themselves, interlock, and double back on themselves, moving one step forward and three steps back, progressing by a kind of musical accretion. It's in this respect that Allen's playing closely parallels the incantatory aspects of Myers' work.

Allen's fascination with the inner relation of blocks of sound rather than with melody per se is evidenced also in *Eric*, where these structures clearly become the words and phrases of Allen's musical vocabulary. These devices at times create the impression of heading off in several directions at once, yet Allen's meandering, extended though it may be, is ultimately purposeful, although it may seem indirect and wistful on first hearing.

And like Myers' playing, Allen's work has a strong, volatile side. *Running As Fast As You Can* is just that, a downhill evocation of speed, set up by Cyrille's explosive percussion with Allen's tense chordal whisps making fragmented melodic statements. In contrast, *Andrew* is lyrically textured over Anthony Cox' arco bass. More melodic than the trio's uptempo work, the freely woven fabrics breathe in careful, precise phrases.

Both these records have many striking moments and are, I hope, happy portents of things to come. —*jon balleras*

FREE FLIGHT

BEYOND THE CLOUDS—Palo Alto 8075: *Norwegian Wood; Admiration; What Is This Thing Called Jazz?; Yearnings; Toccata; Sunset Strut; Lullaby For Collin; Ivan's Song; Waldstein Sonata.*

Personnel: *Mike Garson, piano, Yamaha DX7, Fairlight synthesizer; Jim Lacefield, electric bass, Oregon bass; Jim Walker, flute, alto flute, piccolo; Ralph Humphrey, drums, percussion, repique.*

★ ★ ★ ½

Jazz has been meeting the classics ever since New Orleans days when Creole clarinetists studied legit licks and the trumpeters played Bach and German hymns. Jazz/classical confrontations have included such rare combinations as Ellington re-orchestrating Tchaikovsky and Greig, the John Kirby Sextet doing Donizetti's *Lucia*, the Art Ensemble Of Chicago playing Monteverdi, Corea/Hancock on Bartok, and on and on. (Classical cats playing jazz has been somewhat less frequent and successful: witness Itzhak Perlman and Andre Previn.) Free Flight, a West Coast quartet, brings its own brand of jazz-meets-the-classics into the world, a little less polished than Bolling/Rampal and quite a bit more relaxed.

Garson is the mastermind here. He pens most of the pretty, catchy, well-crafted originals (*Sunset Strut* is a pleasant slice of quintessential Californiana) and provides most of the solo excitement with brief, dashing mood-shifts, as on *Norwegian Wood* and *Sunset Strut*. Humphrey shows fine fettle and ideas, but is typically, in these brash days, overmiked, obtrusively so on *What Is This Thing Called Jazz?*, the only track that swings in traditional jazz fashion. Walker sounds clear and poised on the pastel leads, a la Herbie Mann, and nicely smoky on his *Lullaby* with alto flute, but he appears a bit thin and strained stretching out his inch or two on coda vamps, as on *Admiration*. I wonder if he sounds so thoroughly "legit" in concert or whether he was just on best behavior in the studio.

But legit leanings are what make this group unique, and the tight transcriptions of piano pieces by Prokofiev and Beethoven are in fact the real tour-de-forces on this album. (*Ivan* is a tune from a Khatchaturian ballet handsomely set for Lacefield's lead, but with a latin romp amidships.) *Toccata* and *Waldstein*, respectively, are taken at furious clip and adhere quite strictly to the written pages of the masters. They take on a new life of their own and do not pall or feint at the music, but recreate it vigorously. One wonders what they'll tackle next: Debussy? Schumann? Stravinsky? Free Flight is writing their own small chapter in the growing annals of contemporary cross-pollination with a fine point and great flourish. —*fred bouchard*

JEAN-MICHEL JARRE

ZOOLOOK—Disques Dreyfus 18118: *Ethnicolor; Diva; Zoolook; Wooloomooloo; Zoolookologie; Blah-Blah Cafe; Ethnicolor II.*

Personnel: *Jarre, synthesizers, electronic, computerized drum systems, electronic devices; Laurie Anderson, vocals; Adrian Belew, Ira Siegel, guitar; Marcus Miller, electric bass; Frederic Rousseau, keyboards.*

★ ★ ★ ½

Zoolook is a keyboard album of vocal music, a contradiction in terms made possible by the wonders of digital technology. Jarre, the French synthesist who scored an international hit with his 1977 electronic opus *Oxygene*, has taken speech and song from around the world, recorded, edited, scrambled, and placed them into the digital memories of his CMI-Fairlight and Emulator keyboards. With the touch of a key he can play an instrument of Afghan, Balinese, Madagascan, Sioux, or English origin—or any of 20 languages and their phonetics.

Just as digital technology has updated the sampling concepts of old musique concrete or tape music, Jarre has thus updated the master-

piece of musique concrete, Karlheinz Stockhausen's epic *Hymnen* from 1967. Stockhausen eavesdropped on the radio transmissions of the world and mutated them into a sweeping, dissonant symphony. Jarre takes us deeper inside the languages, breaks them down into bursts of phonetics, and orchestrates a syncopated dance.

It's Jarre's most colorful and lively record to date. With Marcus Miller's earthy bass lines and Jarre's precise Linn Drum programming, *Zoolook* can leap with a hip-hop, Hancockish exuberance. The funky, off-center groove of *Zoolookologie* is formed from the keyed voices on the synthesizers, jabbering over Jarre's simple melody while unknown languages and effects careen across the soundfield. (Was that Quechua or Gabonese zooming by?)

Ethnicolor, the longest track at 12 minutes, sets the tone for the album with a cinematic lament of droning choirs and foreign voices crying out in supplication. "Love me! Love me!" exclaims one robotized voice in English. The tense but floating atmosphere of unintelligible phonetics floating in layers is altered by a polyrhythmic chant—a fractured mirror reflection that's part Inuit folksong and part Ramayana Monkey Chant. Miller plunges it into a slow funk, a dark grunting presence beneath a cacaphonous wail of jabbering voices and swelling synthesizers.

Laurie Anderson, herself a master of sampling techniques, turns out to be just another keyed voice, speaking another phonetically dismantled language under the fingers of Jarre on *Diva*. Even so, she retains the cool tone and sensual cynicism that marks her own work. However, *Diva*, like *Zoolook* and *Wooloomooloo*, are sabotaged by Jarre's penchant for catchy (read: trite) melodies. His inspiration seems to be the '60s Moog ditty, *Popcorn*.

But when Jarre lets the sounds, atmospheres, and rhythms carry a piece, as on both *Ethnicolors*, his panoramic dance in the human zoo is like a visceral mirage from an uncharted world. —*john diliberto*

Global Gallimaufry

The grandly amorphous World Music tag designates the work of forward-looking musicians who draw deeply from non-Western musical traditions without being consumed by folk impulses. Those surveyed below, akin in spirit to David Byrne, Don Cherry, Jon Hassell, Steve Tibbetts, and many others, use the cross-pollination of music in their pursuit of artistic beauty and rarefied ideals. Financial recompense and mainstream acceptance are of little concern. The Do'a World Music Ensemble, for example, fosters the hope their multi-culture tunefulness will somehow help towards "the unity of the human race." Record jacket annotator/critic Nat Hentoff points out that the Eternal Wind group tries to "resensitize us . . . to the cultures and deep identities of other peoples." These players may appear to be donning the guise of dreamy folkies or Happy Valley truthseekers, but when one *hears* the music it's possible to be drawn to the vision behind it.

Do'a World Music Ensemble co-leaders Randy Armstrong and Ken LaRoche, joined on *Companions Of The Crimson Coloured Ark* (Philo 9009) by three new members, proffer a sensible fusion of jazz and global ingredients. The album has the reverential feel of the pair's Baha'i faith, but quasi-secular group vivacity keeps religious approbation in check. The New Hampshire ensemble reaches lofty summits: the 14-minute title opus is a marvelous kaleidoscope of shifting melodies, rhythms, and instrumental colors. Aural ecstasy arrives when LaRoche's soprano saxophone soars over the percussion incendiary of Armstrong's balafon (West African gourd xylophone) and Marty Quinn's tabla/Western drum kit. Even when Do'a courts mannered prettiness, noticeably when jazz-minded saxophonist Charlie Jennison rests (most of the second side), the music has an improvisational/compositional mood of life-affirming spiritedness.

On the other hand, the West Coast-based **Northwind** trio basks completely in the breeze of affectation. The subjectively emotional stew of ersatz jazz, folk, classical, and ethnic musings making up *Circle In The Fire* (Palo Alto 8076) is rooted in self-indulgence. Acoustic guitar and Turkish clay drum are vaporous. The saxophone is simplistic and dry, dry, dry. The oft-genteel piano fails in its flings at soulfulness. This George Winston-endorsed music is as limp as a dishrag.

Eternal Wind's eponymous album (Flying Fish 348) is a strong gale of passion to Northwind's stasis. The three Americans and one Uruguay native are well versed in jazz and conversant with African, Asian, and South American forms. They produce culture-crossing, complex music for the mind's eye: *Dervish*, for one, has Charles Moore's muted horn suggesting the trance state of the Sufi devotional "dancer" as the frenzied swirl of Federico Ramos' electric guitar and Adam Rudolph's exotic percussion depicts his vertiginous physical movement. Similarly, *Yansa* finds Ralph Jones' hauntingly beautiful flute conjuring up visions of an Yoruban goddess. The quartet travels the mysterious African grasslands (*Savannah*), the Orient (*Ichikotsucho*) and elsewhere as keen observers taken with how different peoples think, worship, and live. This wonderful album reflects their concern.

Percussion wizard Rudolph also belongs to the **Mandingo Griot Society**, the acclaimed stateside outfit fronted by Gambian griot (tribal troubadour) Foday Musa Suso. With *Watto Sitta* (Celluloid 6103) Mandingo enters the Afro-pop sweepstakes, competing with the likes of King Sunny Adé and his African Beats, Fela Kuti, and Sonny Okosun. Suso's sung language and chiming kora (harp lute) are swept along with rock and primitive African instruments in synthesized dance grooves crafted by the leader and Bill Laswell. Chirping female singers engage in call-and-response with Suso. The important

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38

RECORD REVIEWS

African connection between voice and instruments is strong, and the record spills over with effervescence. A case can be made that this folk-pop magic has global appeal.

The much earthier *Hand Power* (Flying Fish 318) has **Foday Musa Suso** warbling Mandingo-people folk songs and new compositions in praise of hunters, politicians, and others in Gambian society. The griot's native cadences are encompassed by his skillfully played indigenous instruments (harp lutes, linguaphone, gourd rattles and drums, crude xylophone) and harmonica and electric guitar. *Hand Power* should be of interest to anyone open to the poignant expressions of a man who values traditional ways.

Not far from Gambia lies Mali, where the Dogon people have constructed an elaborate musical cosmogony. The Belgian composer/filmmaker **Benjamin Lew** and American collaborator **Steven Brown**, a member of the moody art-rock Tuxedomoon band, apparently draw inspiration of some sort from that West African musical/symbolic system. Their homemade *Twelfth Day* (Original Music 301) contains nine skeletal songs built on repetitive patterns and interactions (in varying combinations) of synthesizers, rhythm machines, saxophones, keyboards, bass clarinet, and percussion. The listener is required to bring personal emotional and imaginative responses to the curiously spectral blend of acoustic and electronic sounds. In all, these textural soundpieces are delightfully engaging even in Lew and Brown's intent and goals remain abstruse.

An equally impressive album is **Larry Chernicoff**'s *Gallery Of Air* (Muse/Art 335). The Western Massachusetts resident creates an impeccable synthesis of jazz, rock, classical, and world-folk styles. Chernicoff knowingly enriches simple song structures with layers of counterpoint and intriguing instrumental colors; his own vibraphone and bright contributions by saxophonist Tim Moran and other serious practitioners of eclectic music are most often splendid. Well-turned orderliness indeed prevails on a record in which Indonesian gamelan serves as compositional impetus for a rock synthesizer number (*Heart Of The City*) and Kenyan bow harps meet up with free jazz saxophone (*Woodstock, New York*). He has his bouts of self-involvement (*Hexagram 57*) and stodginess (*Western*), but overall he makes restraint a subtle type of powerful expressiveness.

The two-record *Invite The Spirit* (Celluloid 5008/5009) by **Henry Kaiser**, **Charles K. Noyes**, and **Sang-Won Park** is the eccentric hybrid of Western free improvisation and largely improvised Korean sinawi (ritual) music. Abiding by Korean rules on rhythm (slow), articulation (distinct), and vibrato (prominent), maverick electric/acoustic guitarist Kaiser and percussion confrere Noyes sculpt configurations of sound in conjunction with Park's kayagum (plucked zither), tanso (bamboo flute), and singing. It's literally an out-of-this-world endeavor: the trio believes it's summoning spirits in the music. One eerie passage, *Sirum*, has an atmosphere of solemn sanctity evoked by sustained guitar tones, soft lamentation, and sparse kayagum punctuations. All four sides unfold in such preternatural fashion, the seemingly desultory notes having a form and logic of their own. The shrill tanso, however, calls up an irritating, stillborn spirit; can Park the medium be flawed? But seriously, this is thoroughly fascinating music.

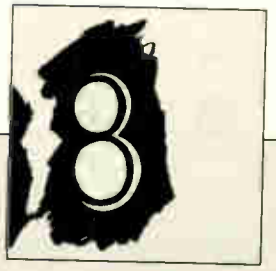
Indian master musician **Brij Bhushan Kabra**, in his way, is also involved with spiritual matters. He's been performing North Indian classical ragas on *guitar* for some 25 years and now has his second-ever American record, *Raga Puriya Alap* (Celluloid 5012), in the stores. According to producer Kaiser, the extended Kabra performance on Gibson hollow-body slide guitar proclaims a mood of renunciation. The recital, taped at an unidentified concert site in late 1983, can also be felt as a meditation infused with exalted joy: midway through the raga technically spectacular clusters of notes begin increasing in tension. Accompanied by tampura (drone lute), Kabra keenly proceeds from the devotional into the realm of sensual exuberance, and only the close of the piece offers repose. Breathtaking.

Also from the subcontinent are **L. Subramaniam** and **Ali Akbar Khan**, virtuosos of the violin and 25-string sarod respectively. The pair met up with saxophonist **John Handy** for a recently reissued 1980 recording session—*Rainbow* (Verve/MPS 821 666-1). Three musical styles are present: Mani's South Indian (Hindu), Khan's North Indian (Moslem), and Handy's jazz. Yet the meeting is like a sports all-star game in which players showcase their talents without performing as a team. Each musician plays energetically in solo spots within the ragas and Indo-jazz numbers, but their ensemble work and exchange of ideas provide negligible excitement. They voice "the joy and melody of life" (Joachim-Ernst Berendt's words) as separate singers, ones not up to the task of resolving cultural and technical differences.

Dino Saluzzi has no trouble kindling musical fires. *Kultrum* (ECM 1251) spotlights the Argentine's extemporaneous chanting and playing of bandoneon (large concertina), percussion, and flutes. He embarks on a musical "imaginary return" to the towns and townsfolk of his youth, evidencing strong affection for village life by reworking elements of tango, South American Indian music, backwater folk tunes, and other root-sounds. His breadth of feeling, expressed in such pristine, straightforward manner, makes for 52 minutes of remarkable listening.

To sum: the late Collin Walcott once spoke of "encouraging the survival of the traditions." He was referring to the necessity of preserving the globe's many musics by giving them life in heartfelt, appealingly modern ways so people everywhere, forevermore, can benefit from their curative powers. It's the good fight to make the world a smaller place.

—frank-john hadley



GUNTER HAMPEL

JUBILATION—Birth 0038: *Waiting; Little Bird; Waltz For Universes In A Corridor; Laughin' To Keep From Cryin; Turbulence.*
Personnel: *Hampel, vibes, baritone saxophone, bass clarinet; Manfred Schoof, trumpet; Albert Mangelsdorff, trombone; Marion Brown, alto saxophone; Perry Robinson, clarinet; Thomas Keyserling, alto saxophone, alto flute, flute; Jeanne Lee, voice; Barre Phillips, bass; Steve McCall, drums.*

★ ★ ★ ★

DIDIER LEVALLET

SCOOP—In And Out 1006: *Steppenwolf; Sweet Lacy; Memoires; Azimuts, Parts 1, 2, 3.*
Personnel: *Levallet, bass; Steve Lacy, soprano saxophone; Tony Coe, clarinet, tenor saxophone; Mark Charig, cornet, alto saxhorn; Radu Malfatti, tenor trombone; Gerard Buquet, tuba, contrabass trombone; Gerard Marais, guitar; Tony Oxley, drums.*

★ ★ ½

ANDRE JAUME

MUSIQUE POUR 3 & 8-ERRANCE—hat Art 2003: *Errance; Impro 1; U Spiritu Di L'Alba; Feria; Cristal D'Anche; Hymne A L'Amour; Erande; Mangonu; Reve D'Anche; Impro 3; Rena; Libecciu, Pour Etre Tranquille; La Seyne; Senim/Rumore; Bluesonge.*
Personnel: *Jaume, clarinet, alto, tenor saxophone; Francois Mechali, Bruno Chevillon (cuts 11-15), bass; Gerard Siracusa, percussion; Bruno Girard, Blaise Catala, violin (11-15); Jean-Charles Capon, Norbert Bordetti, cello (11-15).*

★ ★ ½

Big bands—as several jazz pundits predicted a few years ago when David Murray and other avant garde players started rehearsing large ensembles—are back. These extended groups are reminding adventurous listeners weaned on 20-minute solos in the 1960s how much they missed contrary moving parts, section work, intricate harmonies, instrumental color, and the sheer power of a big, acoustic band.

That's the good news. The bad news is that formally these three new additions to the large ensemble literature don't break any new ground. Though geography is not an issue, two of them come from Europe, and one from New York by way of Europe. (Multi-instrumentalist/composer Hampel spends half his time in Germany and half in New York.) The

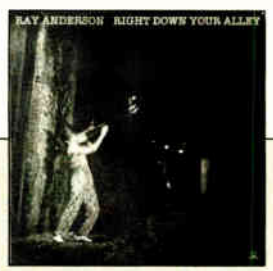
French efforts, though lusciously produced and seductively pretty, too easily descend into film pastiche or arty, avant garde cliche. In the end, it is Hampel's familiarly rollicking, collective improvisation (somewhat reined in here) that stands up the best.

A spirit of joy and continuously rolling excitement pervades the vibist/bass clarinetist's loosely glued juggernaut, driven by Steve McCall's unerring sock cymbal and snare. The many written sections flow fetchingly into some stunning solo work by trumpeter Manfred Schoof and clarinetist Perry Robinson. I love the Ellingtonish sonorities—baritone saxophone, muted trombone, upper-register clarinet—along with Jeanne Lee's cool coo, spookily coasting on top. A marvelous record.

Strong reed soloists and a high-powered drummer fuel bassman Didier Levallet's warm and polished octet as well, with English clarinetist Tony Coe putting on a terrific show on the sidelong suite, *Azimuts*, and Steve Lacy, for whom one strange, dulcet ballad is here named, offering four substantial and invigorating solos. But with all the cheerful chirping, not enough happens in the ensemble passages (accent on brass), which churn out patterns but never develop narrative tension. Levallet's music just sort of hangs there, like a picture.

Andre Jaume also paints pictures on the octet disc of his double offering, but these are the kind you see in French films. Langorous strings (two violins, two cellos, two basses) underline the moods, from pensive, mcony-go-lucky to solemn drama and seductive, pseudo-Oriental. I like *Libecciu* a lot, though, particularly Bruno Girard's sizzling fiddle solo, which somehow manages to be melodic and outside, and the marimba-capped *Rena* has a rich, full exotic thrust to its irregular, repeated patterns. Jaume, on the second, Ornette-ish trio disc, proves himself to be a reedman with an attractively fat tone and toothy bite, and a master of what must now be recognized as a classical lexicon of avant garde reed techniques.

—paul de barros



RAY ANDERSON

RIGHT DOWN YOUR ALLEY—Soul Note 1087: *Tapajack; Right Down Your Alley; Portrait Of Mark Dresser; Stomping On Enigmas; Limbo; Paucartambo.*

Personnel: *Anderson, trombone, congas (cut 6); Mark Helias, bass; Gerry Hemingway, drums, steel drums (6).*

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

What makes trombone players such natural comedians? Is the horn so damn hard to play they need to keep a loose attitude? Is it so flamboyant a maneuver, tailgating that seventh position, that it makes them prone to hamming? Does the wild range of groans, farts, glisses, etc. obtainable within that fat mouthpiece—not to mention the pure, expressive, soaring *cantabile* without—go to their heads? Is it just such an ancient axe (developed virtually unchanged since the Middle Ages) that practitioners take a philosophical and whimsical long view on music? Whatever it is that makes trombonists such noble musical jokers (machine-gunning beboppers and most valve trombonists excluded) one of the boldest and wackiest of the new players in the pack is Chicago-born Ray Anderson.

Anderson has enough facility, personality, roots, vision, focus, and heart to stand him in good stead within the noble brotherhood of timeless traditionalists like "Tricky Sam" Nanton, Dicky Wells, Roswell Rudd, Vic Dickenson, Phil Wilson, Al Grey, Bob Brookmeyer, George Lewis, Kid Ory, and more. I suspected

his zingy humor from his own funky Slickaphonics band and some of his work with Anthony Braxton, but I really got it full blast when, faced with a long pause between "serious" selections of Leo Smith's Creative Music Orchestra at a Hartford Jazz Society concert recently, Anderson (egged on by Hemingway and other bandmates) launched an uproariously gutbucket, totally off-the-cuff *Things Ain't What They Used To Be* that loosened everybody up, and effortlessly countered the new with the old.

Anderson does that here, too, compressing 70 years of jazz into a slide's length, with great sweep and sly wit. His *Portrait Of Mark Dresser* (sometimes his bassist) is an old sweet song form set for multiphonics and a ripping ricky-tick two-beat, whereas *Stomping*, a short free cut, has all the stealth and absurd surprise of a midnight cockroach hunt, with crashing pots and buzzing drones in the rhythm section.

The title track is the album's highlight. Anderson sashays his 'bone antics and healthy swing as extroverted as he does on the cover where, in brilliant baggy trousers fit for Grock or Bozo, he lights the way down the uncertain, murky urban backstreet of jazz' future. Anderson can and does play it all on his horn, exuberantly and unstintingly but not overkillingly, and gets that committed backup from his mates. The writing level (originals, with the ballad *Limbo* by Helias and the leisurely Caribbean strut *Paucartambo* by Hemingway) is good, but not so good you don't crave a standard yardstick or two, an inclusion of a number that reflects the variegated, thoroughly absorbed roots that Anderson so admirably displays in his playing. —*fred bouchard*

HORACE PARLAN

PANNONICA—Enja 4076: *No Greater Love; Pannonica; C-Jam Blues; Hi-Fly; Who Cares.*
Personnel: *Parlan, piano; Reggie Johnson, bass; Alvin Queen, drums.*

★ ★ ★ ★

GLAD I FOUND YOU—SteepleChase 1194: *Monday Morning Blues; Hip Walk; Oblivion; Something For Silver; Glad I Found You; Afternoon In Paris.*
Personnel: *Parlan, piano; Thad Jones, flugelhorn; Eddie Harris, tenor saxophone; Jesper Lundgaard, bass; Aage Tanggaard, drums.*

★ ★ ★ ½

Horace Parlan has benefitted from the exposure of his recording association with Archie Shepp and several good years in Europe. He loves old-fashioned 4/4 and for years was a reliable yet underappreciated pianist for Dexter Gordon, Booker Ervin, and Johnny Griffin & Lockjaw Davis. A blues can readily identify him. Well into the Enja album's *C-Jam Blues* he invokes the suspended hypnotic funk of his Charles Mingus and Ervin periods, adroitly utilizing repetition and releasing the tension with locked-hands chording.

Parlan has two principal attributes. First is the ability to develop a satisfying solo from musical limitations by avoiding redundant and campy phrases. There is a love of music in his playing that speaks volumes and offers the kind of pleasure we expect from straightahead jazz. *Hi-Fly* on the 1981 trio outing is his best performance, and the team of Johnson and Queen propel him superbly as his single-noted lines build to a buoyant expansiveness. He treats *Who Cares?* almost impressionistically but swings it with a lithe grace.

The SteepleChase album's horn front line illuminates Parlan's other main gift—comping. Totally immersed in Eddie Harris' and Thad Jones' solos, he knows exactly when to spur them on in what may appear as a predictable pattern of pyramid figures, but which reflects a perfect timing immediately obvious in the cyclic rebirths of jazz. The real gift lies in his organization of accompaniment; behind Reggie Johnson's and Jesper Lundgaard's solos his fill-ins come off as verbal one-liners.

Lundgaard has a melodic and stringy bass style; Johnson's is thicker in tone. Both drummers—Alvin Queen and Aage Targgaard—listen well. Each rhythm section blends perfectly in its respective setting. Jones' *Monday*

CRITICS' CHOICE

Art Lange

New Release: Gary U.S. Bonds, *The Best Of . . .* (MCA). Though 30 minutes isn't exactly generous playing time, *A Quarter To Three* is a rock touchstone (despite its warehouse sound), and thanks to Gene (Daddy G.) Barge's tenor tumult, the rest of these '60-62 tracks aren't far behind.
Old Favorite: Horace Silver, *The Trio Sides* (Blue Note). Few pianists have covered the range of style and savvy, silliness (tongue-in-cheek quotes), and substance that the early '60s Silver did—especially with Art Blakey to provide drum thunder.
Rara Avis: Paul Chihara, *Tree Music* (CRI). Acoustic (flute, percussion, strings) and some synthesized sounds blended with Oriental restraint create haunting resonances of nature and Bartokian "nightmusic."
Scene: The third edition of Al Rose and Edmond Souchon's *New Orleans Jazz: A Family Album* (Louisiana State University Press, Baton Rouge) is a trad fan's treasure trove of information and photographic memorabilia.

Charles Doherty

New Release: John Fogerty, *Centerfield* (Warner Bros.). After a decade hiatus, Mr. Creedence Clearwater Revival returns to do it all on this hard-drivin', swamp-rooted rocker, with just a taste of electronics and reggae to let you know it's 1985.
Old Favorite: Ornette Coleman, *Free Jazz* (Atlantic). The OC Double Quartet defined the genre with this all-time classic; for maximum intensity, tape both sides back-to-back for a 36½-minute aural assault.
Rara Avis: Deep Sea, *Blue Wave* (Klip Productions). This Hawaiian bar band churns thru amusing send-ups of valley girls, blues, rockabilly and, naturally, surf music, on this semi-sophomoric, self-produced cassette effort.
Scene: It's an annual pagent (the seventh), four floors of mayhem—three stages of music plus radio, video, film, and vendors of every stripe; folks travel hundreds of miles to dig the Jazz Institute of Chicago's Jazz Fair at the Blackstone Hotel.

John Diliberto

New Release: Tony Scott, *African Bird* (Black Saint). Now I remember what attracted me to jazz in the first place. Soaring melodic improvisations and lush percussion imbedded in hypnotic modal rhythms. It's dedicated to Bird but sings like Coltrane.
Old Favorite: Beatles, *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* (Capitol). A time capsule of an era; a holographic enveloping antique fantasy.
Rara Avis: George Antheil, *Ballet Mechanique* (Philips). Minimalism before minimalists; machine music for orchestra without synthesizers.
Scene: At Philadelphia's Mandell Theater, Samul-Nori: four Korean percussionists using traditional drums and cymbals to create an orchestral array of polyrhythms. And they even dance to it.

Howard Mandel

New Release: Arto Lindsay's Ambitious Lovers, *Envy* (Editions EG). Mr. Natural of Loisida concocts sexy avant-pop; samba percussionists and high-tech post-industrial intuitives complement his spontaneously tormented English and liltingly Utopian Portuguese. "Let's be adult"—yeah!
Old Favorite: Eric Dolphy, *Out There* (Prestige). The altoist excels on flute and clarinets too, focusing his cello/bass/drums collaborators (Carter/Duvivier/Haynes) on compositions by Weston, Mingus, and himself, all modest gems.
Rara Avis: Mark Nauseef, *"Sura"* (CMP). Imaginative young American in Germany gathers musicians from everywhere for a mostly wordless floating opera that spans the Himalayas and Indonesia with pan-cultural percussion, church organ, sarod, trumpet, and guitar.
Scene: The last gasp of '84 was the Brass Ball at NYC's Irving Plaza—Lester Bowie having gotten his repertoire together, each solo(ist) topping the last; '85 began with Ornette smiling as Old And New Dreams played his two new tunes at Sweet Basil.

Morning Blues solo shows off his occasional penchant for "odd" notes that in such a conventional blowing session as this continue to sound unusual even after three decades. On the three tunes of side one, Harris' jaggedly serpentine manner is full of jest and cajoling, and he tightropes the deliberate put-on. Bernt Rosengren's *Hip Walk* finds him heavy on the legato and disregarding space. His puckishness is melodically unpredictable, and subtones and yelps leap-frog through his playing. But then these tunes, and Bud Powell's near-forgotten *Oblivion*, elicit this, while Parlan's *Something For Silver* and John Lewis' lovely *Afternoon In Paris* demand discretion.

Parlan was never among the front-running soloists, but like so many of hard bop's "survivors," the passage of time and the gifts of faith and luck allow us a keener view of what we took for granted about these musicians a quarter-century ago. —*ron welburn*

ROFFE WIKSTROM'S HJARTSLAG

BORTOM SYND OCH SKAM—Nacksving 08-4: *It's Gonna Work Out Fine; Halvfart; Ring Mitt Job; Jag Ar Bluesman; En Valsmelodi; Gud Pa Tunnelbanan; Doden Ar Ingen Trott Gammal Man; En Ol Till; Bortom Synd Och Skam; Du Kommer Att Abgra Dej.*

Personnel: *Wikstrom, vocals, guitar; Ali Lundbohm, drums; Kristofer Hansen, bass; Lasse Olofsson, piano; Malte Sjostrand, organ, saxophone; Bengt Goran Staff, ljud.*

★ ★ ★ ½

TOTTA'S BLUES BAND

SATURDAY NIGHT BOOGIE WOOGIE—Nacksving 031-50: *Saturday Night's Boogie Woogie Man; Too Late; Bottom Of The Sea; Just A Feeling; I'm A Lover, Not A Fighter; Bring It On Home; Stranger Blues; Bad, Bad Whiskey; The World's In A Tangle; My Love Will Never Die; Person To Person; Ain't Your Business.*

Personnel: *Thorsten Naslund, vocals; Bernt Andersson, keyboards, harmonica, accordion, guitar, vocals; Bengt Blomgren, Bo Winberg, guitars; Nikke Strom, bass; Niels Nordin, drums, percussion, vocals; Salomon Helperin, trumpet; Olle Niklasson, tenor saxophone; Yvonne Fortes, Bo Starander, vocals.*

★ ★ ½

The '60s blues revival began in Europe, and a devoted cult following still thrives there today. European collectors' labels are continually reissuing obscure American sides which rarely surface in the states; blues and r&b artists who are virtually ignored at home, draw capacity crowds abroad, where they're often given a hero's welcome. Since imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, it's hardly surprising that Sweden has followed England's precedent in evolving its own set of blues musicians. The question is, given their distance from the idiom, are they convincing? In some cases, most definitely.

Roffe Wikstrom, in fact, plays and sings with considerable genuine blues feel; he's loose and funky, with plenty of raw, rough edges. Wikstrom's simplistic single-string guitar work comes straight out of Albert King and Albert Collins. He has a biting tone, and makes good use of dynamics. Wikstrom's quirky phrasing is often over the beat, and at times off it altogether, in a suspenseful manner that leaves the listener waiting for him to re-anchor. This may be deliberate, or then again simply sloppy, but it definitely serves as a tension-building hook.

Wikstrom sings in Swedish, with gritty phrasing that's right in the pocket. His gravelly voice shows a definite Howlin' Wolf influence. Without lyric translations it's hard to assess his songwriting; many of the tunes here are Swedish-sung covers of standards like *It Hurts Me Too*, *Call My Job*, and *I'm A Bluesman*. In any case, the net result is a strong, consistent, soulful set which holds its own with much black material. Malte Sjostrand's rich organ work is a key success factor.

Totta's Blues Band vocalist Thorsten Naslund sings in English, avoiding black affectation, but his raspy, limited voice—much like George Thorogood's—soon grows monotonous, especially since he lacks Wikstrom's passion. While Bernt Andersson blows fine harp and is a solid keyboardist, the rest of the band lags behind. Drummer Niels Nordin can't shuffle and doesn't swing; guitarist Bengt Blomgren is competent enough, but his solos don't build or focus. The album consists mainly of familiar standards to which the band brings nothing new. *Stranger Blues* finds them in a seemingly more comfortable rock vein.

It's great that this enthusiastic group is spreading the blues message in Sweden. But to American audiences with access to the originators, Totta's Blues Band offers little more than novelty. —*ben sandmel*

WAXING ON

Concerning Clarinetists

ARTIE SHAW: *A Legacy (Book Of The Month Club 71-7715)* ★ ★ ★ ★ ½
BENNY GOODMAN: *Trios (& One Duet) (Pausa 9031)* ★ ★ ★ ½
JIMMY GIUFFRE: *The Jimmy Giuffre Clarinet (Atlantic 7 90144-1)* ★ ★ ★ ★
TONY SCOTT: *I'll Remember (Muse 5266)* ★ ★ ★ ½
TONY SCOTT: *African Bird/Come Back! Mother Africa (Soul Note 1083)* ★ ★ ★
BUDDY DeFRANCO: *Mr. Lucky (Pablo 2310 906)* ★ ★ ★ ★ ★
PUTTE WICKMAN: *Some Enchanted Music By Richard Rodgers (Bluebell Of Sweden 148)* ★ ★ ½
JOHN LA PORTA/BOB WINTER: *Alone Together (Powerhouse 1211)* ★ ★ ★ ½
JOHN FISCHER/THEO JORGENSMANN: *Deep Blue Lake (ReEntry 008)* ★ ★ ★
TONY COE/TONY OXLEY & CO.: *Nutty (On) Willisau (hat Art 2004)* ★ ★ ★ ½
JOHN CARTER: *A Suite Of Early American Folk Pieces For Solo Clarinet (Moers Music 02014)* ★ ★
CLARINET SUMMIT: *In Concert At The Public Theater (India Navigation 1062)* ★ ★ ★ ★
ALVIN BATISTE: *Musique D'Afrique Nouvell Orleans (India Navigation 1065)* ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

The clarinet is a coy instrument which will not be forced, but may be charmed. There is something tongue-in-cheek about its variety of seductive tones—pure, edgy, intense, breathy— as though the woodwind only pretends to speak out freely, while shielding its true nature in a close-curled shell. Usually the successful clarinetist has committed years of practice to coaxing its wide-ranging, singing soul into the open; tricky fingering and demanding embouchure weed out dilettantes (though all praises to Eric Dolphy for inspiring multi-reed players to revive the bass clarinet) and insufficiently interested students. It's no wonder that musicians who mastered the clarinet during the age of its greatest popularity were frequently also adept bandleaders, arrangers, and composers, since the thought, patience, discipline, and moxie they developed in the woodshed were exactly what they needed in the studio, on the stage, and on the road throughout their careers.

Artie Shaw, on the evidence of the four-disc set *A Legacy*, had it all, as early as 1936 and right up to the end of his public playing in 1954. In Shaw's lips and hands the clarinet bent as pliantly as a blade of grass; it thrilled to make glissandi, fast or sad melodies, and wonderful virtuosic turns. Though the *Interlude In B-Flat* that launched Shaw and *The Blues* he played in '38 with Paul Whiteman's All-American Band are of some (slight) historical interest, and have been digitally processed to clarify their sound, most music lovers won't wear out sides seven and eight (also comprising a '47 radio check of Alexander Krein's *Hebrew Sketches*, Mozart's *Clarinet Quintet In A Major*, and CBS violinist Nicolai Berezowsky's *Concerto For Clarinet And Orchestra In B-Flat*), but might sides one through six, which feature the Gramercy Five. With pianist Hank Jones, bassist Tommy Potter, guitarist Tal Farlow, vibist Joe Roland, and drummer Irv Kluger, Shaw revamped and invigorated his big band hits *Begin The Beguine*, *Dancing In The Dark*, *Star Dust*, and *Frenesi*, and dug into extended versions of lesser themes. While he remained *au courant*, essaying *How High The Moon*, quoting *Night In Tunisia*, and lauding bebop (in Gene Lee's informative notes), Shaw revealed his Swing Era roots and perfectionist bias with sometimes fussy head arrangements, and occasionally trivialized his "modern" material by juxtaposing it with silly business (*Grabtown Grapple*). Yet the interplay of his mature sidemen was high level, their solos often outstanding, and even the parody *Stop And Go Mambo* has had influence: the lead line was recast as Manu Dibango's *Cava Chouia*. Like Norvo's trio, Tristano's brood, and the Birth of the Cool nonet, Shaw's Gramercy Five played exploratory, intimate jazz that still rewards attentive listening—and it's leader was an ace.

Postwar, young jazz musicians experimented while relative veterans maintained their status confidently. Little did anyone suspect the clarinet's prominence would soon wane. **Benny Goodman**'s '47 trios with pianist Teddy Wilson and drummer Jimmy Crawford, his *I Can't Get Started* duo with pianist Jess Stacy, and *Rose Room* with Mel Powell and Bobby Donaldson (cut in '54) are music made with ease. Goodman's clarinet is awfully attractive, from its chalumeau-register to its highest piping, and though he's not a headstrong overachiever like Shaw, he captures our ears with insouciant standards (*All I Do Is Dream Of You*, *When You're Smiling*, *After Hours*) and the offhandedness of his grace note frills. Wilson is fleet, tasteful, and bluesy, but so are Powell and Stacy, and both drummers swing—as annotator Pete Welding points out, Crawford's brushes rub up a fire. Nothing new for Goodman fans, perhaps, but a likable album (its original mono taken into account).

Jimmy Giuffre was, and still is, an innovator; his eponymous *Clarinet* album, recorded and first released in '56, consists of several odd woodwind aggregates (Buddy Collette, Bud Shank, Harry Klee, Bob Cooper, Dave Pell, and Maury Berman play among them flute, alto and bass flutes, oboe, english horn, bassoon, alto and bass clarinets, tenor and baritone saxes; Ralph Pena's the bassist, Shelly Manne or Stan Levy drum, Jimmy Rowles plays celesta and piano, and Harry Edison, Shorty Rogers, and Jack Sheldon blow trumpets on one tune). Giuffre's tone is dry, low, and soft—he never calls attention to himself, or his limitations, by venturing above the first octave. The overall mood is cool and quiet, the intelligent programming fine and mellow. His writing anticipates the abstractions of Anthony Braxton (especially *The Side Pipers* and the chart for *My Funny Valentine*) or collaborative achievements of the World Saxophone Quartet and Clarinet Summit (*The Sheepherder* and *Down Home*). The sound is totally pre-planned, and the results are timely.

Tony Scott's quartet with pianist Bill Evans, bassist Jimmy Garrison, and drummer Pete LaRoca, represented on *I'll Remember* and a previously released *Golden Moments* (Muse 5230), is caught forever in rough fidelity live on a couple of August nights in 1959. Not a particularly cohesive band (LaRoca's bombs drop heedless of Scott's fragmentary bop, Evans' longer phrases, or Garrison's steady throb), it *was* an exciting one, each member seemingly on the verge of something new. Scott jabs jagged needles through *Stella By Starlight*, *I'll Remember April*, *Night In Tunisia*, and *Garrison's Raiders* with a heat quite unlike the calm of his classic *Music For Zen Meditation* (Verve 68634); his interest in North African and Asian music is foreshadowed, but he's obviously slipping down Manhattan's mean streets. Evans' forward momentum is uncharacteristic of his later work, but his comping and solos are familiar and bright. A curious jam, as Scott has cast off the clarinet's conventional, more polite past.

To hear how far he's come, check out *African Bird/Come Back! Mother Africa*, which Scott recorded in England in '81 and Milan in '84.

Dedicated to the spirit of Charlie Parker, the album is nonetheless multi-level, swirling variations over a vamp limned by Duncan Kinnel on marimba and plenty of percussion. The energy level is up; trombonist Glenn Ferris and alto saxist Chris Hunter contribute standout solos; the textures never muddy; Jacqui Benar's vocal and various flutists are sparingly added. One problem: there's little of Scott playing clarinet. It's as though the New Jersey-born Scott has decided after decades of world travel that his own personality is best downplayed. Actually, his clarinet in the four-minute (as opposed to the 16-minute) version of *African Bird* is sweet and keening. He may have the deft control of a shakuhachi artist, or be at loose ends, chops-wise; there's not enough evidence here to know. He's sought profundity in simplicity, which isn't necessarily bad, but seems tame after his bop times. At least he's returned to recording; now if he'll let us in on what he's found. . . .

Buddy DeFranco (does he consider himself "*Mr. Lucky*"?) has no such reservations, though he's pursued his musical career modestly too. As a clarinet technician, he ranks with Shaw—hear how lovingly he tends his mid-range legato, what warmth he invests in each note, what leaps he dares. As a jazzman, he's solidly mainstream, lyrical, inventive, and distinguished. His selection of songs and sidemen is arresting: well-crafted originals by West Coasters Victor Feldman, Johnny Mandel, and Bernie Senesky, plus veterans Al Cohn and Eddie Higgins mix with Duke's *In A Sentimental Mood* and *Bye, Bye Blackbird*; the late pianist Albert Dailey and guitarist Joe Cohn stretch out and fill before bassist George Duvivier and drummer Ronnie Bedford. There's not a misstep to be heard, or any phoniness at all. DeFranco has superb internal swing, and is, in a straightahead way, very moving.

Swedish clarinetist **Putte Wickman** is a skilled professional, and his trio—pianist Claes Crona, bassist Mads Vinding, and drummer Bjarne Rostvold—approaches 10 songs by Richard Rodgers fondly, with clean swing. But their versions of the familiar tunes—*I Could Write A Book*, *My Funny Valentine* (twice), *Hello Young Lovers*—lack distinction. Several times modulation stands in for interpretation; frequently the changes are run without reference to the melodies, then heads return as though the variations never happened.

The self-consciously balanced but rather delightful recital by clarinetist **John La Porta** (an early Mingus collaborator) and pianist **Bob Winter**, Bostonians recorded live at Berklee in '81, incorporates well-worn material—the title track *Alone Together*, *Things Ain't What They Used To Be*, a calypso, an ode to Bird, a brief suite based on dynamic contrasts—but is refreshing, anyway. Both men are jazz educators who've retained their sense of play; each has a finely polished technique, and uses it with intelligence and feeling. The release of *Alone* is original; La Porta's *Jimmy D's Soliloquy* is profoundly wistful; their *Improvisation On A Theme By Bach* fits snugly amid the jazz motifs. This is no blowing session, but offers its own pleasures.

The same might be said for the **John Fischer/Theo Jorgensmann** album *Deep Blue Lake*, though the pleasures are harder to pin down. Rather than expanding on traditions, the duo attempts its own synthesis of rhythmic improvisation and oblique structures. Fischer, a U.S.-born conceptual and visual artist, seems to have limited pianistic resources; Jorgensmann, about whom no information is given in the album notes, has a romantic tone and ideas of his own that complement Fischer's gestures and extend them. There is an air of thoughtfulness about their collaboration; nothing is brash, everything seems understood. But the originals (there are seven, ranging from four-and-a-half to nine minutes long) don't reveal their real selves readily. At first evocative, but not compelling, they may bloom or prove inconsequential upon repeated hearings.

In comparison, the British trio of reedman **Tony Coe**, drummer **Tony Oxley**, and bassist **Chris Laurence** sound absolutely liberated elaborating loosely on the harmonies of *Autumn Leaves*, Monk's *Nutty*, *Body And Soul*, Bill Evans' *Re: Person I Knew*, and themes by Coe on a two-disc package taped during the Willisau jazz fest of '83. High caliber, witty, and exuberant, they are applauded by the crowd for all their indulgences. Coe plays clarinet on the *Autumn* extension and *Gabrielissima*, the final cut, wherein his talent finally becomes focused; his tenor sax sound is strong, though his soprano is less so.

John Carter's attempted the most thankless task of any clarinetist considered here: a solo program. How can he keep it interesting? Various as his instrument's tones are, as in control of its vocalistic extremes of pitch and timbre, evenness and elegance as Carter may be, the themes of his "suite of early American folk pieces" are not explicit, and one doesn't recognize much difference among the six tracks he's banded. Listen closely, and understand it's the particulars of the vocabulary per se, more than overall form, that fascinates Carter. He shifts quickly between high and low registers, interrupts flowing lines with split tones, throaty growls, and other rough edges, continually pushes the false register higher. To the non-clarinet player, his virtuosity so demonstrated remains arcane.

Let him get together with Jimmy Hamilton, David Murray, and Alvin Batiste, though, and Carter's contributions to the **Clarinet Summit** recorded live at the Public Theater, can be appreciated. He generally rides the top of the foursome (Murray's on bass clarinet), and came up with a tight, complex chart that opens wide (*Sticks And Bones*). As the Summit was meant to connect three generations of clarinetists, the concert was a success. The album's diverse selections include arrangements of *Groovin' High* and *Jeep's Blues* by ex-Ellingtonian Hamilton (in fine fettle), Murray alone on his *Sweet Lovely*, duets by Hamilton/Batiste and Carter/Murray, and Batiste's unaccompanied *Clariflavors*, with more live ambiance than is absolutely necessary between tracks. This demonstration of the clarinet's past, present, and possibilities is lively; the clarinetists' interplay (especially on the duets) is gratifying and admirable.

RECORD REVIEWS

Perhaps the Clarinet Summit's least celebrated member, **Alvin Batiste** is nevertheless well known and well respected in Louisiana and among aficionados (he recorded not so long ago with Billy Cobham). His sound is rich, his fluency impeccable, his scope far-reaching. His *Suite No. 3 (Musique D'Afrique Nouvelle Orleans)* is a serious modern composition that's fun to hear. Stirring African, Caribbean, and contemporary American strains so they mesh in sonorous, polyrhythmic agreement, Batiste wrote the 15-minute work for an orchestra; his quintet (Cheryl Keyes, keyboards; Ray Mouton, guitar; Elton Heron, bass guitar; Herman Jackson, drums), with some overdubbing, realizes its difficulties superbly. The music is not stiff, though it is premeditated; it sounds mysterious, it moves, and it's *played*. *The Kheri Hebs*, here transcribed for clarinet and synth, and *The Endochrine Song*, with vibes, are also moody works, based on Batiste's Rosicrucian studies; *Words Of Wisdom* (too many, not enough) also touches on his Baptist heritage. In this album we hear a major clarinetist creating a world that both couches his sound and transcends it, like the best instrumentalists, composer/arrangers, and bandleaders always strive to do.

—howard mandel

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RECORD REVIEWS

CHESS

Ramsey Lewis, reissue of one of the pianist's biggest '60 sellers, THE IN CROWD. **Gene Shaw**, Mingus' *Tijuana Moods* trumpeter in rare early '60s reissue, DEBUT IN BLUES. **Sahib Shihab**, reedman's '60s reissue includes Kenny Clarke on drums, SUMMER DAWN. **Roland Kirk**, multi-reed master's debut '60s LP includes Ira Sullivan, INTRODUCING.

INDEPENDENTS

Ed Bickert/Rob McConnell, unusual guitar/trombone duo tackle ballads and swingers, from Innovation Records, MUTUAL STREET. **Doc Cheatham**, trumpet great celebrates his longevity, from Parkwood Records, THE FABULOUS. **Bob Wilber/Dick Wellstood**, clarinet and soprano/piano twosome treat standards with style, from Parkwood, DUET.

James Williams, ex-Messenger pianist on his own leads a scintillating quintet, from Sunnyside Records, ALTER EGO. **Jay Leonhart**, bassist/vocalist adds guitarist Joe Beck for a program of his songs, from Sunnyside, THERE'S GONNA BE TROUBLE. **Buddy Tate/Al Grey**, two Basie vets straighten up and fly right, from Uptown Records, JUST JAZZ. **Dickey Myers**, CT tenor man stands in Bird's shadow on alto, from Acme Pest Control, A TOUCH OF ROMANCE.

Glenn Wilson, baritonist from the bands of Hamp and Machito debuts in quartet, from Cadence Jazz Records, IMPASSE. **Bob Nell**, pianist in two-bass quartet pens original program, from Cadence Jazz, CHASIN' A CLASSIC. **Lee Shaw**, pianist from wide-open spaces (OK) closes up ranks with a trio, from Cadence Jazz, OK!—. **Marty Ehrlich**, multi-reeder mixes Anthony Cox and Pheeroan akLaff into his own vision, from Sound Aspects Records, THE WELCOME. **Robert Yellin**, second album of melodic guitarist's musings, from Chord Master Records, SONG FOR MY WIFE.

Kenny Davern, clarinetist travels to England to record lyrical concert, from Milton Keynes Music Series, THE VERY THOUGHT OF YOU. **New Emily Jazz Orchestra**, Italian septet's individual instrumentation ignites bop tunes, from Centotre Records, THINGS TO COME. **String Connection**, Poland's top electric band led by violinist/synthist Krzesimir Debski cuts two hot discs, both from Polton Records, NEW ROMANTIC EXPECTATION and STRING CONNECTION. **Remy Filpovitch**, German tenor's sequel to *All Night Long* LP, from EMI Electrola Records, ALL DAY LONG.

Francis Bebey, Camerounian guitarist/musicologist plays sanza (thumb piano) and other indigenous instruments, from Original Music, AKWAABA. **Mike Marshall**, David Grisman-cohort mandolins alongside familiar names (Rice, Anger, Fleck, Wasserman), from Rounder Records, GATOR STRUT. **Bela Fleck**, blue-chip banjo backed by New Grass Revival, from Rounder, DEVIATION. **Soulard Blues Band**, the pride and joy of St. Louis bars, from King Solomon Records, NOTHING TO LOSE. **Rascal Reporters**, mainly Steves Gore and Kretzmer on a million instruments, plus guests like Fred Frith and ex-Muffins, from Hebbardesque Records, RIDIN' ON A BUMMER. **Cañoneo**, sextet bombards latin sounds with new approach, from Guacamole Records, CAÑONEO. **Telesis**, snappy Chi-towners combine in self-produced debut, from Terron Records, TIME FOR A CHANCE. **Ambiance II**, featuring saxist Daoud, dance into new vinyl, COME TOUCH TOMORROW. **db**

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Bill Evans

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Coincidentally, saxist Bill Evans was born in the spring of 1958, just around the time Bill Evans the pianist joined Miles Davis. Only 21 years later he would join Miles himself, then after a healthy stay (including a number of tours and albums) leave to join the reconstituted Mahavishnu Orchestra.

Born in Clarendon Hills, IL, Evans started on piano at five, taking up clarinet at 11 and saxes two years later. He spent a year at North Texas State, then continued his studies at William Patterson College in New Jersey.

Meanwhile, Dave Liebman had heard him at a summer camp; on learning that Miles was planning to come out of retirement, he recommended Evans. Despite an almost total lack of professional experience, he impressed Miles, who hired him immediately. During three years with Davis, Evans planned and recorded his own album, *Living In The Crest Of A Wave* (Elektra Musician 60349-1), played on two LPs with Elements, and most recently he appears on the new Mahavishnu Orchestra LP, *Mahavishnu* (Warner Bros. 25190-1).

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

1 **BRANFORD MARSALIS.** *SOLSTICE (from SCENES IN THE CITY, Columbia). Marsalis, tenor, soprano saxophone, composer; Mulgrew Miller, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Marvin Smith, drums.*

I'm not sure who that was, but it sounded like somebody who's listened a lot to John Coltrane. I'm sure it wasn't Trane himself.

The rhythm section was okay; everybody played well, but I just didn't hear a great deal of originality. If I had to rate it in stars, I'd say three stars, because I like that type of music, but I like to hear John Coltrane himself play it.

I really liked the drummer and the bass player; it seemed like the group was trying to be shaped just like the old Coltrane group. The lines the piano player was playing were similar to McCoy Tyner's pentatonic-type thing, and the way the bass player was basically just trying to keep it together while the drummer was breaking out sounded great. It just didn't seem like the saxophone player got any real steam going in there, really taking it to where the drummer could have taken it. They were forcing the drummer to overplay. They weren't up to the level of what he was doing.

2 **FREE FLIGHT.** *TOCCATA (from BEYOND THE CLOUDS, Palo Alto). Mike Garson, piano, arranger; Jim Walker, flute; Serge Prokofiev, composer.*

I have no idea who it was. It sounded to me like it was some sort of movie score. Very up, very exciting, the arrangements were pretty well done. My personal opinion is that it changed so quickly it didn't settle down in any one thing, but obviously the composer didn't want it to stay in any one feel.

I'm really not familiar with that type of music, but it sounds like what I used to hear in my house when I was growing up, baroque pieces. Very interesting, but I get a real cold feeling from it; no statement being made. Two stars.

3 **TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI.** *JAMMING AT CARNEGIE HALL (from TEN GALLON SHUFFLE, Ascent). Akiyoshi, composer, arranger, piano; Frank Wess, alto saxophone, flute; Lew Tabackin, tenor saxophone; Brian Lynch, trumpet; Chris Seiter, trombone.*

At first I thought it was a record out of the '50s, with Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis, that kind of thing, but then it started to sound a little bit like Lew Tabackin on saxophone. The lead alto style was more of an old style, with the large vibrato.

Strong band. For my own particular taste they didn't have to have so many soloists. I liked the flute; it's nice to suddenly hear that nice light feel along with a big band. For a while I thought it might be Count Basie's band, but it didn't sound like Basie playing piano. Then I thought, well maybe it's North Texas. I couldn't peg the band; I was trying to look for all the tell-tale signs. All the soloists seemed to have a strong bebop background; that was good, I highly believe in that.

I liked the arrangement, and the band was in the groove, not rushing. I would say four stars.

4 **BILL EVANS.** *NOBODY ELSE BUT ME (from FROM THE '70s, Fantasy). Evans, piano; Harold Land, tenor saxophone; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Ray Brown, bass; Philly Joe Jones, drums.*

That one made me feel real edgy, just listening to it. Man—it sounded like they had never gotten together before. The rhythm section sounded nervous; the piano player played nervous. I don't know, it took me out.

The saxophone player sounded like he was fighting the saxophone, like he had leg weights on it. I hate to cut it all down, but it just didn't swing. The drummer wasn't playing with the bass player; the piano player was ahead of the drummer; the saxophone player was just trying to play whatever bebop licks he could get together.

It sounded like the guitar player's date. No, I didn't like that one. Zero stars.

[*Later*] I'm totally surprised! I mean, every player on there is a monster player in his own right. Obviously, those guys should get five stars whatever they do. It just sounded like there was something else on their minds.

5 **DAVE LIEBMAN.** *DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE (from QUEST, Palo Alto). Liebman, soprano saxophone; Al Foster, composer, drums; George Mraz, bass; Richie Beirach, piano.*

I know who that was [*laughter*]. And that's a *definite* five stars! You have here, I think, one of the finest jazz groups playing on this planet today. That was Dave Liebman, George Mraz, Richie Beirach, and Al Foster. I think that was Al Foster's tune; in fact, I think I was in Vanguard Studios when they recorded this.

What I like about this is that everybody's a very accomplished player. Al is an incredible drummer, one of the tastiest around today. I'd rank him with Tony Williams and a couple others, that's about it. He's right up there. Playing with him with Miles was a great experience.

You can hear the way Dave and Richie are used to playing with each other. Richie can really comp in back of Dave; those guys are like one. That's why the difference between this piece and the last one is like night and day. **db**

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tired by then, but you have to keep the enthusiasm up. So we mixed the record and were ready to have it mastered. We finished about 8 a.m., and Michael came by my house and slept on my couch. We had to be back at the studio by noon, and Bruce [Swedien, Quincy's number one engineer] was going to bring the test pressing, so we could listen to it before it went out. This is *the record*, you know? Everybody was nervous to hear what was going to happen. Well, we had been in such a hurry that we had put 25 and 27 minutes on a side, and you know that's a no-no, because it takes the sound away. We'd like 18 minutes on a side, max. That record sounded like shit, man. We knew it wouldn't hold. It was *terrible*. Michael cried. So we decided to hell with the deadline, 'cause they were really on our backs. So we took time off and came back, took one tune a day and brought this baby home. And that's what we did. If that record had gone out, it would have never been *over*, it would have been a *disaster*. I'll never forget that day. It was horrible.

ZS: What was so bad about the record?

QJ: Basically the mixes were sloppy because we were hurrying. Overall, there were a lot of bad judgments from being hasty and tired. Adrenalin turns your ears into something else.

ZS: Switching channels again, you were the first man to record an electric bass in 1953, and a synthesizer in 1964. How has the synthesizer affected modern music?

QJ: It's expanded the vocabulary. People always talk about it replacing acoustic instruments. I think that's ridiculous. If you've got that kind of an ear, maybe it can, but I think the effective usage is to have the synths do what they can do specifically. They expand the alphabet from 26 to 40 letters. They have a personality—millions of sonic designs—that can't come out of other instruments. The ear knows that the sounds aren't familiar, aren't from an acoustic instrument. By the same token, there's no synth yet that can get the sound of 24 string players with bodies there, skin-on-skin.

ZS: Still, electronics seem to be the way many players are going.

QJ: It's not the same thing; believe me, it's not. I've used all the string tricks and electronic strings, and there's nothing that replaces acoustic instruments. The vibratos are not the same, for instance. They're doing a good job with samplers, but mechanically, it's very difficult to deal with that kind of humanity with an electronic instrument. A joy for me is to have the synthesized string sound set up the fabric of what the strings are going to be, and then have a lap dissolve and have the real strings come in right underneath it. That's what I love, when they really meet each other head on in an accomodating way, join each other, strut their feathers in front of each other, enjoy being with each other. That might sound silly, but that's how I feel. I've been in the business for 35 years, and I've seen a lot of trends, but you've still got to have human beings. I don't see any machines blowing trumpet players out of work.

ZS: Does your presence in the studio have an effect on the outcome of a product?

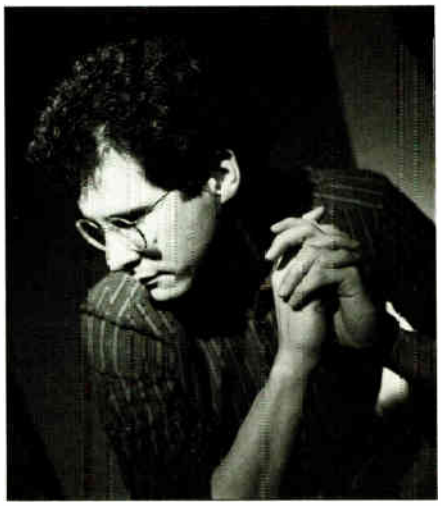
QJ: I think so, because I only work with artists I respect and love for what they do. Most of the time I try to put a musician in a situation where he should be comfortable. But there are times, like the world's greatest guitarist who couldn't read. You put him in a situation with 44 players, and there's a psychological tendency to freak out. I used to have that problem with Basie. I mean, he'd see seven sharps and head for the bathroom. But it doesn't matter, man, because there are guys who can read around the corner who couldn't touch Basie with two notes he'd play. So once the musician learns to trust me, learns that he can go without the net, that I won't let him fall, we have a great time. Toots Thielemans says, "You always push the right buttons on me and make me play my ass off." But that's only with someone you really love, you know. You put them in a situation where they can really be themselves. **db**

PROFILE

K. Leimer

This do-it-yourself synthesizer wiz creates sound environments that straddle the real and the surreal.

BY JOHN DILIBERTO



TOM COLLICOTT

"I interact very badly with musicians," claims Seattle-based composer K. Leimer. This is obviously not a workable situation for someone who wants to hear his music performed, especially someone who is not a virtuoso musician himself. But in these days of polyphonic synthesizers, digital delay units, and multi-track tape machines, an artist like Leimer can not only realize the sounds in his head, he can even start his own record company and get his music out to others. And that's what Leimer has done.

Leimer (the K. stands for Kerry) lives in a comfortable, small home in a residential section of Seattle, a home whose clean interior lines and simple elegance of furniture and decor are reflected in the lifestyle and music of its owners, Leimer and his companion/business partner, Dorothy Cross. There, in a basement studio, Leimer structures a highly personal sonic aesthetic, relying equally on self-disciplining regimens and random chance. The results are an exotic, often primordial sound of twilight rituals and mysticism. On his group Savant recordings like *The Neo-Realist At Risk* (Palace of Lights 15/2000), he creates tribal stomps from the dreamtime; the albums under his own name exude an atmosphere more meditative and ethereal.

There's a pan-global feel to Leimer's work, an effect that probably comes from being an international baby. His family is from Vienna, but they emigrated to Canada where he was born in Winnipeg on July 28, 1954. They subsequently moved to Chicago, where he lived until he was 12, and finally ended up in Seattle. Throughout it all he spent almost half his time in Vienna and considers German to be his first language.

Leimer comes from the great art school tradition of avant garde musicians and, in fact, makes his real living as the owner of Creative Services Group, doing advertising graphics and other commercial artwork. That's why the covers of all his Palace of Lights records are so appealing and indicative of a polished and well-crafted vision.

Leimer began making his own music in the mid-'70s, doodling in the basement on his synthesizer into a Teac 2340 four-track deck, and releasing the works on cassettes. He was encouraged enough by the response to make an album, and his first release was *Closed System Potential* (Palace of Lights 03/3000). It's a series of short vignettes based on the open-loop tape system that has characterized Leimer's sound. Signals are fed into a tape machine in which the tape is looped so the signal is constantly being re-recorded over itself in a theoretically infinite series of layers.

"The equipment pretty well dictated the way that the pieces were structured," recalls Leimer. "Working with monophonic synthesizers and a quarter-track tape recorder, there's only so far you can go before you're completely buried with noise. That system allowed me to produce some richer polyphonic tones just by layering monophonic synthesizers in the open loop."

This machinery also defined Leimer's working premise: that is, a closed system potential in which the individual controls the instrument, the performance, and the recording equipment, and works within their limitations to create music of a singular sensibility. "I was interested in working within very strict limitations in music," Leimer explains. "I don't care for gratuitous elements, like in a lot of pop music, where you have abrupt and what I would call meaningless kinds of changes to maintain interest in something that, when you examine it closely, is basically uninteresting. I like self-contained, self-regulating disciplines and structures that focus people's attention on the relationships within the parts rather than how many changes are there or how complex the balance is."

If you find similarities between this philosophy and those of minimalists like Steve Reich or pop-avant gardists a la Brian Eno, it is entirely intentional, since these are the dominant musical influences on Leimer, influences that he calls attention to on a piece like *Derivative* from *Closed System Potential*. "*Derivative* was just that, derivative," he exclaims. "A lot of the titles try to acknowledge their influences, and I was excited in 1978 and '79 by what people like Eno and [Robert] Fripp were doing."

With the modest success of his first record, Leimer began producing LPs by a small coterie of Washington-based artists including Marc Barreca, Roy Finch, the co-operative group Savant, and one non-Washingtonian, Michael William Gilbert (from Massachusetts). With the exception of Finch's eccentric *Fiction Music* (Palace of Lights 11/2000), all these discs have sold between 2,000-4,000 copies—certainly not a threat to Columbia Records, but enough to break even. "There have been very minor promotional efforts for the people on this label and the work that we've done," admits Leimer. He doesn't want Palace of Lights to be a runaway success, only a vehicle to get his music out.

One person who heard *Closed System Potential*, Alan Greenberg, was impressed enough to ask Leimer to score the music for his film, *The Land Of Look Behind* (Palace of Lights 06/2000), a documentary about Bob Marley's funeral and Greenberg's own misadventures in Jamaica. Leimer's music for the film has little to do with reggae, but a lot to do with setting cinematic landscapes and tone poems. *The Land Of Look Behind* is rhythmically vibrant with a seductive textural lushness.

Many of the odd, lopping, stuttering rhythms on *The Land Of Look Behind* were conceived by using tape-loops of vocal sounds, having the drummer play along to certain phonetic sounds in the loops and then removing the voice loop from the final track. "So some of the odd patterns are vocal rhythm patterns," says Leimer. No wonder he has trouble with musicians. "A lot of the rhythms are based on two ideas," he continues. "One is speech patterns, and the other is what a drummer *can't* do."

On the Savant LP, *The Neo-Realist At Risk*, Leimer had drummers record each part of their kit separately so that they wouldn't lock onto the familiar licks and fills that they've trained their minds and bodies to accomplish without thinking. He does the same thing with drum machines like the Linn and Oberheim DMX. "I write down a kick pattern without writing out the snare parts, then I write a snare part independent of the

kick pattern, and roll them both onto tape so you get this phase smear between what the kick drum is doing and what the snare's doing. But I don't write the rhythms on the box. I write them on tape, because you can't break out of these boxes with their clocks. Everything is clocks, and there's nothing interesting about them. You hit the swing button, and you get a little off-center, but it's basically very stagnant."

He feels the same way about synthesizers. Even though he uses two sophisticated units, the Yamaha DX9 and a Memorymoog, he still likes to alter the basic sound—manipulate it, process it, and recombine it until it reveals something that is unique. "I don't really like synthesizers," he reveals, "and if I have any skill at manipulating them, it's because I don't like the sound that they have."

He uses synthesizers because they're expedient and because he could never acquire the skill to manipulate the number of acoustic instruments that would be necessary for his music. But this is clearly a love/hate relationship, since his music is dominated by synthesizers. What he really seems to dislike is anything that is pat, facile, or expected. For Leimer, life is the unexpected, the pleasant and the unpleasant. Unlike so many in the current crop of Space Music/New Age synthesists, Leimer rides the roller coaster between Yin and Yang.

"I try to avoid excessive prettiness in my music. I think that complete harmony is a joke," he claims as he laughs sardonically. "I don't experience it in my own life, and I don't like to hear it on records. I like to incorporate some kind of distance, usually some kind of technical flaw in every piece—that's a gesture of honesty on my part. It's easy to be pretty with a synthesizer and a multi-track machine. I'd rather listen to street noise than something in that lush, floating string ensemble style. It's too undisciplined."

There's an illusory quality to Leimer's music that comes from a philosophy that embraces minimalism as well as John Cage and musique concrete. He traverses a line between pragmatic realism and the surreal art of Magritte and Max Ernst that he claims as an influence. He tries to distance himself from his music and talks about "stochastic methods" and "self-regulating systems". But his music isn't forbidding or difficult in an atonal or complex way. In fact, it is seductive and seems to resonate with a variety of moods and feelings. There is an empathy of melancholy in pieces like *This Land* and *The City Far Below* (from *The Land Of Look Behind*) and humor in *Using Words* (on *The Neo-Realist*). His music can be ennobling, and the titles are indications of how to experience them. "A piece like *Three Forms Of Decay* [from his most recent record, *Imposed Order* (Palace of Lights 17/2000)]," he explains, "is saying something about the way it's structured, but it also makes some sort of dig at culture, the human condition."

K. Leimer has discovered a method of creating uncompromising music on his own terms. He hasn't sought out success, and it hasn't found him, but on his Palace of Lights label (available via NMDS, 500 Broadway, NYC 10012), there is a small outpost of very precious music being created. **db**

CAUGHT

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

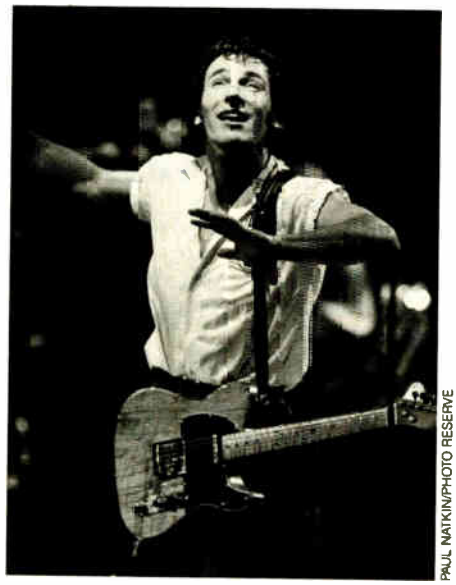
L.S.U. ASSEMBLY CENTER

BATON ROUGE, LA—Media hype is often excessive, but there are those instances where it's entirely justified. Bruce Springsteen is a definite case in point. A recent Baton Rouge appearance showed him to be both a solid guitarist and a brilliantly charismatic rock performer. The unifying euphoria which the concert generated recalled the best elements of '60s "hippie" idealism.

Technically speaking, Springsteen is not a diverse or accomplished melodist, and his raspy voice, while soulful, has a fairly limited range. On these levels the four-hour concert might have seemed repetitious. Springsteen is an insightful, affecting lyricist, however, and a truly extraordinary communicator. The occasional redundancy of his tunes was amply offset by such assets. The evening effectively balanced all-out rockers with solo acoustic numbers in the best Bob Dylan/Woody Guthrie tradition. Many songs were prefaced by lengthy monologs which demonstrated a real flair for humor and drama; Springsteen could well have a successful future in film.

Beyond the obvious factors of good looks and strong stage presence, Springsteen's appeal lies in his "regular guy" image. His lyrics dwell on everyday people and their struggles to lead meaningful lives. Many of these small dramas unfold in blue-collar settings which mirror Springsteen's own working-class background. A cynic could argue that this populist stance is a calculated ploy, and there is something incongruous about a millionaire whose stage clothes suggest that he has just finished working on his car. Springsteen came across, however, as thoroughly sincere and genuine.

This earthy sensibility was reflected in his unpretentious stage setup. Essentially, Springsteen's E Street Band performs as a no-frills bar band that's been suitably amplified for larger rooms. There were no smoke bombs or glitzy costumes, just unindulgent professionalism. The band provided simple, straightforward accompaniment, with concise solos from tenor saxophonist Clarence Clemons and lead guitarist Nils Lofgren. Drummer Max Weinberg gave a definitive demonstration of stripped-down, powerhouse timekeeping, with help from bassist Gary Tallent; keyboardists Roy Bittan and Danny Federici contributed both piano and synthesized backing with unfailing good taste.



PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE

Springsteen himself contributed a fine electric guitar solo on *Prove It All Night* and strong folk technique on acoustic tunes like *No Retreat, No Surrender*. He's an obvious graduate, also, of the Dylan School of Off-Key Harmonica. The concert concentrated on material from Springsteen's three most recent albums, *Born In the U.S.A.*, *Nebraska*, and *The River*. Whether dancing in the aisles or raptly listening to solo numbers, the capacity crowd remained completely captivated.

After four hours the seemingly tireless Springsteen climaxed a 40-minute encore by serenading the audience from his perch atop a high stack of speakers. It's impossible to overstate his energetic outpouring of positive affirmation, and the warm communal spirit which it creates. The Assembly Center assumed the ambiance of a private party, with virtually no fights, arrests, or other typical rock concert blemishes. Lyrical and performance skills aside, it's this aspect of Springsteen's talent which is most remarkable. —*ben sandmel*

JAMES WILLIAMS

VARIOUS SITES

BOSTON—Many musicians come to Boston to learn; they grow, and then they go. Some leave behind much more than they take with them. Number pianist James Williams among these.

Williams, a Memphis-born musician who has made Boston his base since coming to teach at Berklee College 10 years ago, finally pulled up stakes and made that big move to the Apple, joining the ranks of those who have found musical life more alluring and potentially rewarding in New York, such as Johnny Hodges, Jaki Byard, Sam Rivers, Michael Gibbs, and so many Boston residents before him.

Williams has accomplished much in his decade in Boston: taught at Berklee as well as on the bandstand by example; played in Alan Dawson's solid quartet; gone 'round the world as music director with Art Blakey's perennial and inextinguishable Jazz Messengers in which he logged more total time than any pianist since Cedar Walton; made over a dozen albums, most with Blakey but several on his own (one on Zim, three on Concord Jazz, his newest, *Alter Ego*, on Sunnyside); organized artistically challenging concerts; and lured innumerable top-flight musicians up from New York—such as Woody Shaw, Frank Strozier, George Duvivier—thus creating consistently intriguing sessions for all involved.

Elements of all these successes were evident in his last few outings as a Boston resident. A bash he organized for the Boston Jazz Society held at Jonathan Swift's was a recreation of the sax summit held April '84 there (missed only Bill Easley) featuring Andy McGhee and Bill Pierce, hefty tenormen resident locally, and altoist Gary Bartz, that wry, fluid voice last heard here with McCoy Tyner. The horns were universally marvelous, but I listened hard for Williams, who today sports a much more trim and thoughtful solo style than in his baroque, youthful days; he comps with increasing ingenuity, shows careful editing of his upper-register floral scrollwork, and has become, all in all, a much more intriguing keyboard personality. Williams paced himself behind McGhee, cutting and charging on *Green Dolphin Street*, or Bartz, reflective and droll on *Time After Time*, and confidently rolled out spirited fours with Dawson and built thundering vamps with bassist John Lockwood.

Williams' last official gig as a Bostonian was a huge Goodbye Jam Session he put together in an unlikely spot: the large function room of a suburban Italian scampi palace, complete with tuxedoed band pounding out Top 40 in the lounge downstairs. Less a self-congratulory exercise than a heartfelt adios, Williams packed the house with well-wishers and filled the stage with people he's worked with over the years and a few of those he hadn't had the chance to: trombonist Phil Wilson, guitarist Gray Sargent, vocalist Chris Key, bassists Ron McWhorter and Lockwood, pianists Sabby Lewis and Orville Wright, brothers Chris and

DONNA PAUL

Richard Hollyday, and many more. One standout was a particularly subtle and affecting *Sophisticated Lady*, a feature for Pierce's tenor that showed the special magic he and Williams have wielded over the years.

But Williams returns again and again, perhaps even with increased stature at no longer being an overly familiar face: he played the El Morocco in Worcester, then Swift's again with Jon Faddis, opposite Stan Getz with his old pal Jim McNeely, and sounded pointed and alert, then blew big, two-fisted, tremolo- and blues-drenched swing for Illinois Jacquet in one of the latter's frequent salvos at Harvard University.

Boston's loss is New York's gain.

—fred bouchard

AL COHN/ZOOT SIMS

THE BLUE NOTE

NEW YORK—I remember when I was first reading about jazz, someone in **down beat** reviewed Al Cohn and Zoot Sims. They were playing, the critic wrote, definitive jazz. They'd call the tunes as they played—something swinging, some ballads, some blues, whatever they felt like playing. They didn't fuss. They didn't show off. They just played *jazz*.

It's almost 20 years since I read that review, and now it's me writing the review—but there isn't much more to be said. After almost 40 years of playing together, Al Cohn and Zoot Sims still play no-frills definitive *jazz*.

I attended the first night of a week's gig; there wasn't a full house, but the house was full of music. It's no secret that Zoot is ill and might not be playing as much, but this was no vigil—this was a gathering of friends. And they came out blowing, a two-tenor theme of Cohn's, *Mister George*. Al blew hard. Zoot blew softer. There's never the sense of playing as if one voice—they don't. Even when playing note-for-note, it's always obvious which is which. Al's sound is darker, full-throated, often honking and hollering; Zoot's sound is the more lyrical, similar to fellow ex-Brother Stan Getz—but with a cutting edge.

They've always been a natural together. If they were tap-dancers, Al's the heel-and-toe tapper, Zoot's more the sandman—but they dance to the same drummer. This night it was Billy Hart. After solos from pianist Benny Aronov and bassist Steve Gilmore, Al looked at Zoot, pointed to Hart, and said, "Fours"—and fours they exchanged. Hart, throughout the night, was always so right, so melodically rhythmic. (Or is it rhythmically melodic? Hart was both.)

Once they'd warmed up, Al looked around and said, "*Summer* in G" (*Indian*, that is), and everyone nodded. Zoot counted off the mid-tempo and played the opening theme with Al's counterpoint. Al played the repeat with Zoot's counterpoint. Gary McFarland's *Blue Hodge* followed, played like a blues train rolling along. Zoot looked as if he'd been weathering the storm, and when he played, he blew the blues away. Al called for *Vignette*, a Hank Jones number he's recorded, and they all jumped. Then to climax the night, they jammed in A♭, ending with a flourish, Al swirling low and Zoot screeching high until they joined at the last in the middle of the blues.

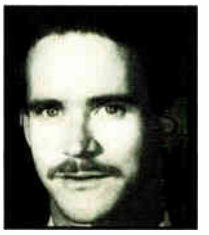
Just before the last night, Al and Zoot joined Dave McKenna for a Sunday afternoon concert at the Church of the Heavenly Rest. McKenna played his usual wonderful three-handed piano (McKenna's left hand alone plays as much as most everyone's two). Zoot played first with McKenna—*Sunday* (since it was). *My Old Flame* was aglow. *I Hear a Rhapsody* was . . . a rhapsody. Al followed with *Them There Eyes* a-popping and a huggable *Embraceable You*. Gerry Mulligan happened to be there, so they jammed down *Broadway*. Again it was serious jazz. Even without bass or drums (and who needs 'em with McKenna at the piano?), the swing resounded around the church, especially a roundelay at the climax. Zoot was downright rollicking.

What's the secret of Al Cohn and Zoot Sims together? "After all these years," Zoot said, "we're still learning from each other." "We're so comfortable together," Al said, "we just have so much darn fun."

—michael bourne

PRO SESSION

Wayne Shorter's *Lester Left Town*—A Lead Sheet

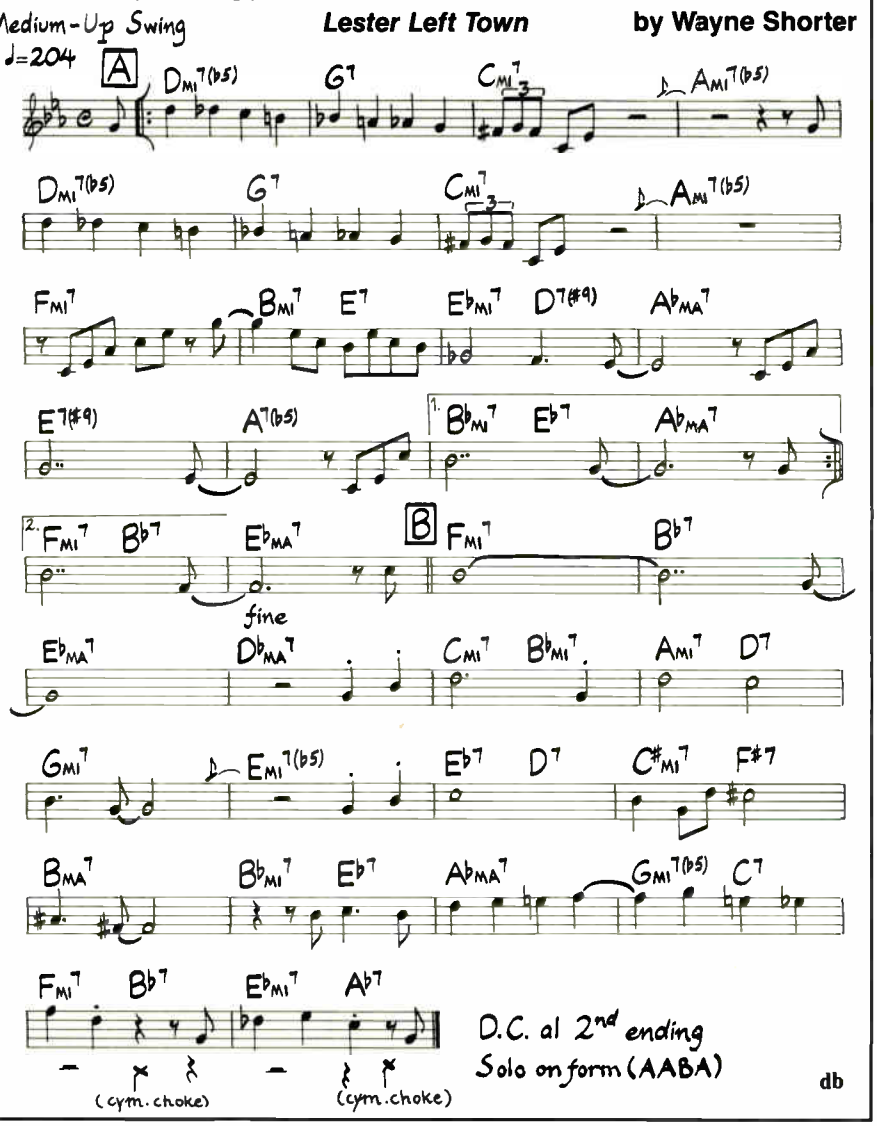


BY BOB BAUER

*Pianist **Bob Bauer** resides in San Francisco where he works as an accompanist and arranger. He is musical editor of* The World's Greatest Fake Book.

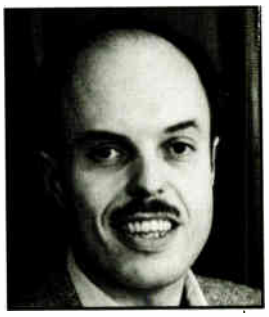
Wayne Shorter's *Lester Left Town* (© 1983, Miyako Music; North Hollywood, CA; used with permission) first appeared on Art Blakey's *The Big Beat* (Blue Note 84029) and the classic has since been recorded by many other artists, most notably Stan Getz. The version below was transcribed from the Blakey LP by Bob Bauer for Chuck Sher's *The World's Greatest Fake Book* (© 1983, Sher Music Co., San Francisco; used with permission). Notable features of *Lester Left Town*:

- 1) An A-A-B-A form made up of 16-bar sections.
- 2) A general lack of key center; the use of chords quite distinct to the tonic key ($E^{\flat}$).
- 3) The great number of "color tones" (flatted fifth, ninth, augmented ninth, 11th, 13th) among melody notes falling on the first beat of a bar.
- 4) Use of the chromatic scale (first eight bars of section A, last four bars of section B).
- 5) Melody seemingly unrelated to the chords (bar 10, section A).



Recording On A Budget: The Mixdown Session

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.*

In my opinion the mixdown is *the* most important part of any recording session. A good mix can overcome many problems created in a hasty recording—it can even patch up a less-than-outstanding take, though I don't recommend relying on the mix to save an otherwise poor performance or recording. However, remember that the booking agent or a&r person who will be auditioning your tape has never heard the group before. He or she is not looking so much for precision as for the overall feel you're trying to create. You, of course, are tuned into every tiny defect in playing and sound, but in reality these are *not* important flaws in a demo tape. First and foremost the tape must capture your style, emotions, the substance of your lyrics. When you're sure all these important things are there, then worry about the fine points of sound and performance.

Before we actually get on to the mix itself, let me make one general reminder about how the tracks should have been laid down. Because mixing is a real-time activity in which the engineer will have plenty to do, it is important to take care of known, required volume changes during recording. If, for instance, you know precisely where a solo will begin and end, or where you want a particular fill to ring loud and clear, cue the engineer to boost these things while you're laying down tracks. If you can't be in the control room, ask your sound person, roadie, or anyone who's familiar with your material to give the engineer cues. This will insure the important and obvious things are taken care of in the mix, and will allow you to spend more time on getting the right ambiance, on covering a couple of mistakes, or even on editing. Yes, *editing*! Very often the arrangement that works so well live is just too long on tape. To a first-time listener, less is more. Better to encourage an agent to replay a short cut than get bored by a long one.

Of all the things I could say about mixing, these are the two most important: 1) Bring to the mix a record that sounds good to you; if possible, one which achieves at least some of the sounds you want in your own tape. Refer to it often while mixing. Remember that nobody listens in a vacuum. When the agent or a&r person hears your tape, he can't help comparing it to artists whose records are among his own favorites. 2) Trust the engineer. If you've selected the studio and engineer, let him (or her) do what you're paying for. He's a professional—he knows studio sound and how *his studio* sounds. Most important, the engineer is an objective ear. Every musician is so close to his (or her) own music that it is nearly impossible to understand how the music affects the first-time listener. The engineer is a *paid* listener, and his opinions are both sincere and knowledgeable.

It is important in mixing to have an idea of how much time you want to spend on each tune, and breaking it down further, how much time you want to spend getting sounds, as opposed to actually mixing. After all, time is money in this game. If you're doing several tunes, and they share a common rhythm section, then you should be able to get the drum, bass, and other rhythm sounds once, making only minor changes from song to song. In this case my experience tells me you should budget about one-third of your entire mixing time for getting sounds on the band. Once this is done, working on solo sounds and any tracks which are unique to each tune, including reverb and ambiances, will eat up about another third of your total time. This leaves about one-third for actually mixing, listening and selecting takes, and editing, if any. There is really no way to predict how much total time you'll need without knowing the music, how many tracks it is recorded onto, and how fussy you are. However, I would never budget less than an hour per tune, even if the session was beautifully laid out on only eight tracks. For 16- or 24-track mixes, allow a minimum of

PRO SESSION

two hours per song. I know this sounds like a lot of bucks, but tapes are for keeps, and it's *your* music.

For efficiency I like to approach mixing in architectural terms. First I build the foundation, then the structure. Musically speaking, the foundation consists of drums, bass, and any chordal rhythm instruments. The structure is the song itself, i.e. lead and backup vocals and solo instruments. The rest, however important to the overall feel of the finished tape, is, strictly speaking, decoration. Any listeners hearing a tape for the first time can only absorb the most obvious and important elements of it. Tempos, basic style or feel, melody, the featured instruments, and perhaps the overall recording quality—this is really all they can pick up on one hearing. Whether they listen again will depend entirely on their judgement of these few things. Thus, it makes sense to put most of your mixing dollars in foundation and structure. Certainly all the decoration should be in the mix, but it will be better in a demo tape to make sure that *nothing* distracts listeners from the real meat and potatoes.

* * *

A few overall mixing considerations first. I get a lot of tapes from new artists, and nothing says "demo" to me like a "dry" (i.e. no reverb), jagged (i.e. uncompressed) cassette. First of all, cassettes, even good ones, just don't have the dynamic range of reel-to-reel tapes. Nor is my office as quiet as any studio control room. Even beyond that, reverb and compression are so much a part of what *everybody* associates with the sound of records that any tape without them just sounds naked. Reverb and compression may not be part of the music, but they *are* part of the medium. Again, remember that listeners can't help comparing your cassette with their favorite records. Why not deliver the processing they expect?

Even if you have no hangups about "R & C," it is easy to *under*do them in the mix. The control room is a very dry listening environment; it has no inherent reverb of its own (unlike your living room and most offices, which have a reverb time of one-half second or more). Thus, when mixing, even the slightest touch of reverb is noticeable. Compression is a more elusive entity; many musicians cannot identify compression, even when it is heavily applied to a tape.

Essentially, compression reduces the dynamic range of the recorded performance. It instantaneously limits the volume of the loudest sounds, preventing overload, and raises the level of the softest passages. Typically, jazz has a much greater dynamic range than most rock; thus, too much compression will reduce the range of expression in the music itself. As a general rule, though, I will patch a pair of LA-4 or equivalent (fast attack, very slow release) compressors between the console and the two-track recorder. By listening through the machine, and comparing often with the uncompressed mix still available on the mix bus, you'll hear just what the compression is doing. The ear can get used to some heavy processing, especially in the pressure of a mix, so it's reassuring to be able to refer to the original.

After balancing the compressors so that a zero dB tone just touches the threshold of both channels, I'll bring up a rough mix of the drum tracks. Looking for the loudest section of the tune, I'll increase the level until I'm just aware of the compressors beginning to work hard. Usually, if I check the LA-4 meters, I'll find the unit is reducing the peaks by three or four dB tops. At this point I'll add some reverb to the snare, toms, hi-hat—the amount depending on the type of music. Since the drum hits are high-level transients and the reverb comparatively low, the compressors will increase the apparent amount of reverb, as a direct comparison of comp/uncomp signals will show. Reverb always sounds surprising and overdone when you first add it, so I set the reverb level by listening on Auratone mini-cube monitors in *mono*. Because of the randomness of the reverb signal, left and right channels tend to cancel when heard in mono. Thus, it is a good practice to set the overall reverb level this way. Since the reverb on the finished tape will be among the lower level sounds, and since these will be the ones that disappear against the truck noise, air-conditioning whoosh, and general noise level of any normal listening environment, I set reverb level at very low control-room volume. Invariably the level I've set sounds high when I flip back to full volume on the big monitors, but after a few minutes it usually seems quite natural.

I really can't tell you how to make your drums sound best—there are as many good drum sounds as types of music. However, I can offer a few precautions. Kick, snare, and hi-hat should each be equally loud in their respective frequency ranges, i.e. low, midrange, and high. These three are the foundation *and* structure of most players' kits. While ride cymbals often define a feel in jazz, their sound contains very dense midrange and high frequencies. Thus, even a touch too much ride can cover or mask some important instrumental parts. For a demo I would start out on the low side with ride and toms, then creep more in later when

the rhythm and solo instruments are in and sounding clear.

Bass is the one instrument which I hear mixed too low in many demo tapes. Again, control room monitors are generally much better and cleaner in the bass than most home or office speakers. What sounds like the right bass level in the control room will seem somewhat less elsewhere. Also, the human ear does not hear all frequencies equally at different overall listening levels. This phenomenon, called the Fletcher-Munson effect, says our ears have much flatter response at high volumes than low. We hear midrange much better at lower volumes than either bass or treble. Thus, what sounds like the right bass level when we mix at high volume will seem too little bass at lower listening levels. Since it is unlikely that an agent or a&r person will listen to your tape at studio levels, you may find, as I do, that it's wise to mix at a moderate level.

For most types of music that use a full rhythm section, the bass and drums should work as a unit. Thus, I like to hear them both working the compressors. This brings the bass notes out front-and-center, but prevents their combined hits from being "boomy" or overpowering. Not many producers or engineers would

CONTINUED ON PAGE 59

COMPUTER LAND

Yamaha's CX5M, YK-10, & Music Software

The new CX5M music computer from the YAMAHA INTERNATIONAL CORP. (Buena Park, CA) combines the power and convenience of the MSX (Microsoft Inc.) standard with Yamaha's extensive musical capabilities. A built-in FM sound synthesizer (of 46 preprogrammed voices) incorporates the same advanced FM tone generation system used in Yamaha's DX series digital synthesizers and FX Electone keyboards. In addition to accepting all MSX tape and cartridge programs, the CX5M also uses custom Yamaha software for several specific musical applications. The computer's memory can store and instantly recall up to 2,000 notes; the auto-accompaniment sections include bass, rhythm, and chords; the unit also incorporates a standard ASCII keyboard, in addition to 10 function keys and special graphics characters. With the optional YK-01 (small keys) or YK-10 (full-size keys) keyboard, the CX5M becomes a live performance synthesizer. The CX5M's MIDI allows interfacing with most professional synthesizers, including the Yamaha DX series.

ELECTRONIC GEAR

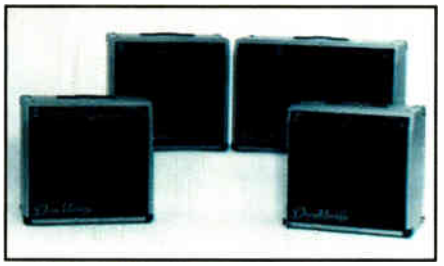
Korg's KMT-60 MIDI Thru Box

An ideal accessory for multi-track MIDI sequencers and multi-keyboard systems is the KORG KMT-60 six-way MIDI Thru Box from UNICORD (Westbury, NY). The low-cost, lightweight unit with one MIDI input and six MIDI outputs allows a single keyboard, sequencer, or computer to control up to six MIDI devices such as synthesizers, expander modules, or drum machines via the MIDI data simultaneously transmitted from the input to all six outputs, thus eliminating the time delays which are unavoidable when using individual MIDI thru jacks. LED power-on and input indicators give visual confirmation of the KMT-60's operating status, and multiple units can be cascaded for unlimited interconnecting networks.

GUITAR FAMILY

Ovation's New Supershallow Bowls

OVATION INSTRUMENTS INC. (a KAMAN CO., Bloomfield, CT), manufacturer of the noted Roundback guitar, has just introduced three new models featuring a supershallow bowl design. The Balladeer, Legend, and Custom Legend cover a wide price range, and all three feature a cutaway and include the six-piezo crystal pickup design to provide the distinctive acoustic-electric sound that has made the Ovation Roundback famous.



Dean Markley's CD Series Amps

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PERCUSSION SHOP

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recommend this, but I often put a touch of reverb on the bass, especially in jazz recordings. Why? Because it is important to have the whole group sound like they're in the same space. Jazz bassists often have solos, and they frankly sound awful when, from a properly reverbed ensemble, a deadly dry bass emerges for his solo. Suddenly the ambiance of the whole tape is gone.

* * *

When listening to new groups, I like to imagine how they might look onstage. Thus, I like to hear a natural stereo positioning of instruments and vocals from left to right. In addition to a pleasant sound, individual positioning makes it easier to focus in on specific players and hear their performances. Thus when mixing, I reserve the center for kick, snare, bass, and lead vocal or instrument. Rhythms—guitar, piano or whatever—can be spread out to define the "size" of the group and surround the soloists. I'm not saying hard-right or -left, but just enough to give the leads room to speak emphatically.

Equalization on rhythm instruments is an important consideration, especially in jazz where instruments tend to be used more for their traditional sounds than in current rock recordings. A thin, "bottomless" grand piano may sound right for rock or pop, but won't work for a jazz tape. Yet the tendency these days is to thin out all the rhythm parts to give the drums and bass plenty of punch. Spreading out instruments to the sides will allow you to leave more mid-bass in each track. When heard in mono, some of the mid-bass in each component will appear to cancel out. In stereo, however, all the instruments will retain their body and proper weight. Compromises of this nature are necessary simply because there is no verbatim transformation of music from live to tape. Each medium has its own best points. The idea is to make sure each serves the music best in its own way.

When all the rhythm parts are laid in and provide the right structure, put everything except drums and bass on a submaster and take the whole group out while you work on the lead vocal or instrument(s). Equalize the leads so that they sound both full and crisp on all the available monitors. Again, compromise may be necessary to find a sound that works equally well on studio monitors and mini-cubes. Now set the lead levels with respect to the drums and bass, and add reverb until this grouping is in a consistent space. Check the compressed vs. the uncompressed mix at this point—the compressed version should be punchier, denser, and more forceful, and most importantly, it should sound smoother. These qualities are all due to the compression and reverb which, between them, will blend the sounds, remove the hottest transients, and keep the average level much higher than in the uncompressed mix. In essence this keeps something going on in the foreground continuously, which helps keep the listener focused on the music.

Once the drums/bass/vocal or lead levels are balanced, bring in the sub-master with the rhythm parts. You will probably find that the right level for these instruments will be lower than you had them set previously. Don't give in to the temptation to raise their level *and* the vocal or leads. This will just lead to a mix overbalanced with structure and decoration. If any of the rhythm parts now seems muddy or lost, this is the time to thin them out a bit and then raise their level. The only other alternative would be to spread everything further left and right and call attention by placement rather than level.

A word about adding the decorative elements, percussions in particular. A drum kit well-recorded for stereo will have good left/right spread between ride and crash cymbals, with hi-hat right-center. It's a good idea to spread other high-frequency sounds evenly left to right. If the drummer concentrates on the hi-hat, put percussions left-center. If he focuses on the ride cymbal, spread them more to the right. A heavy concentration of any one frequency range on the left or right side will cause masking of the individual sounds. Similarly, balance an acoustic piano on the left with a Rhodes or electric piano more toward the right. Spread a pair of guitars out to both sides. Saxophones are often masked by synthesizers because of similarities in their harmonics structures, so spread them out left and right. Or, if the sax plays lead, try a stereo flanger on the synth, with the two outputs hard-left and -right. This will give a uniform "bed" of synth, but keep it from conflicting with the sax.

Digital delays are tremendous assets, but in my opinion they are being overused both in rock and jazz. Certainly they are helpful in doubling or "fattening" a sound or section. They will add a distinctive edge and call attention to a vocal or lead instrument, *but* remember that any delayed signal is just an echo. Because it happens shortly after the initial onset of each note, it takes the impact out of transients. DDLs can also phase out frequencies present in the original sound. (The formula goes like so: 1,000 ÷ two × the delay in milliseconds = the frequency which will be completely phased out, in hertz, if the original and delayed signals are mixed equally.) A short delay, perhaps five ms., will phase out 100 Hz in a vocal track, taking the lows off the voice and making the lyrics indistinguishable. I prefer to use delays and flangers very

CONTINUED ON PAGE 62

got me looking for other stuff that was beyond what I already knew. And the only place I could really find to turn to for a lot of new material was jazz. And the only reason I was searching in the first place was because of the inspiration from people like Jimi Hendrix."

That feeling of wonder and excitement that Hendrix inspired in him led Jordan to experiment with unorthodox tunings. A significant breakthrough in his desire to extend the vocabulary of the guitar came when he began tuning his guitar in fourths, thus rendering the fretboard in a more logical, simplified state.

"I started tuning the high E up to an F and the B string up to a C. This dramatically reduced the number of configurations that you have to go through as your hands go up the fretboard. With the regular tuning any chord that's on four adjacent strings has three different fingerings, depending upon which four strings you put them on. But with my tuning it's just one instead of three. So you've got a third as many configurations. This not only simplifies matters, but it also allows you to get to your ideas faster. With the other tuning there were certain things that I would never play because I couldn't think of them fast enough. But now, since I can get to them quicker, I end up having more access to my ideas. It's as if the guitar becomes transparent, as if I can see right through it, straight to the heart of the music."

* * *

A graduate of Princeton University, where he studied theory and composition with Milton Babbitt and also studied composition for digital computer with Paul Lansky, Jordan is as much a theorist as guitar hero. "I was into music before I was into guitar. In fact, when I was studying classical piano, I thought of myself more as a composer than a piano player. When I got onto guitar and began experimenting with tunings and technique, I also came up with a system for naming tones and intervals and chords and figuring out permutations that use numbers instead of letters. This system, which is based on modulo-12 addition tables, allows me to figure out all the possible chords and scales within the 12-tone chromatic scale. I've got it all cataloged in a book I put together, where I have pages and pages of my own notation for all the different intervalic relationships you can get. This system is revolutionizing my own thoughts about harmony because it allows me to get at things so much more quickly. And I end up using combinations of notes that are just a bitch to name in the standard system, but I think they're beautiful-sounding."

Perhaps the most startling of Jordan's experiments on the guitar came when he began reaching over with his right (picking) hand to finger extra notes he couldn't reach with his left hand. This gradually led to what he calls his "touch sensitive" tapping technique that now astounds the uninitiated.

"I was reaching over and fretting with my right hand while plucking the strings with my right hand thumb. I did that for a while, then I started thinking about how I could make the hands move a little more independently. Finally after all that weird stretching with my right hand fingers and thumb, I decided that I'd just start tapping. I had seen Hendrix reach out and do things on the neck using his right hand fingers or his tongue or the microphone stand. And I had seen Roy Buchanan do harmonics on the neck in different ways. But I had never really seen anybody expand it to an independent double-hand technique."

While some guitarists have in recent years become noted for two-handed hammer-on effects (Van Halen and Adrian Belew, among others), no one has pursued the potential of this revolutionary approach with as much purpose and dedication as Stanley has. Rather than resorting to gimmickry or using it merely as a means of embellishing solos, he has evolved a full vocabulary with this hammer-on technique, executing fully realized compositions, complex counterpoint, and improvisations that feature distinct, independent voices. And as he continues to grow and experiment with both hands, he continues to break new ground.

"Basically, with the two-handed technique, all your fingers are like little percussion mallets. I do a lot of stuff with my two hands, like I'll take notes and just get them flying around in a cycle, then take that cycle and start transforming it and moving it around. It's sort of like working on things on the next level of sound, because instead of listening to each note, you're listening to a whole cycle as being like a note. You're listening to whole transformations of a cycle as just a single note because it can go by so fast. So you take that and make the time and the feeling and the motion of that fit with all the other instruments and fit the rhythmic groove . . . it's a real challenge. But once you lock onto it, it's just the greatest thing in the world."

That becomes apparent from watching Stanley Jordan perform. When he's up there on-stage, flying furiously with 10 fingers on the fretboard, you watch him close his eyes and submit to the pulse. His body moves, his knees buckle, he rocks and sways sensuously, a beatific smile spreads across his face—he's in heaven. **db**

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Music: Basic To Education

BY MICHAEL K. McCORNACK


HERB NOLAN

Today's music education students are entering the job market at a time when their subject area is under attack as an unnecessary frill in an educational system that, according to some critics, does not put enough emphasis on the "real" basics. In this economic-political climate, it is no longer enough that the potential teacher have the desire and the skill to teach. He or she must also have a justification for the existence of music programs, and the ability to communicate to others why music really is a "basic."

As musicians we are often involved in music for what seems to be intangible reasons, yet we feel compelled to make a case for music education in tangible terms. Tangible results of music programs are important and should be emphasized, but they are not the main value or attraction of music education. Rarely does a student choose to pursue a musical education because he or she knows that music facilitates development of complex groups of muscles. Nor would we expect to find a student who became involved in music to learn to read, write, and interpret complex sets of symbols, or to develop personal discipline, social skills, and the ability to cooperate with a group to achieve a common goal. All of these are good, tangible reasons for the existence of music programs, but they are not the reasons most students give as to why music is so important to them. We are more likely to hear that a student is involved in music because of the way it makes him or her feel, or because it is a way to communicate that transcends the spoken word, or because it is a respite from the stress and routine of daily living. All are intangible reasons, yet very real to the people who express them.

When we, as musicians, present the case for music education, these intangible reasons can become a liability. This is not, I believe, because they are without value, but rather because we often choose not to express them. Music brings meaning to our lives, and we cannot neglect this most universal argument for music education. Music is one of the only areas in the public school curriculum that deliberately deals with the affective domain of human development.

Many of the concepts that are central to our humanity are concepts that have meaning to the context of music. All of us are subject to the effects of emotion. We spend a lot of energy learning to deal with anger, joy, love, hate, optimism, excitement, and the myriad of other human emotions. Music is one of the only places in the curriculum where students are not only allowed but encouraged to explore and understand these emotions. Through music we learn to express our emotions creatively and constructively.

Music can also provide a basis for the understanding of difficult or abstract ideas. Patriotism is something about which we have been taught in history and civics classes, but it becomes something we can *feel* when we sing *America The Beautiful*. History can teach us about the pioneers who settled the Western United States, but through folk songs that have survived, we can begin to understand these otherwise two-dimensional history book characters as people. The concept of periodic motion in physics has greater meaning to a student who has felt and seen the vibration of a guitar string.

Music education, as noted earlier, can result in some very positive tangible results. But, in presenting our case for music as a "basic" in education, we must not ignore, and in fact should exalt, our conviction that music is not only basic to education, but to our humanity. As our schools are struggling to adapt in an era when attentions are focused on technological advancements, we must not lose sight of the fact that technology is only a tool: a means, not an end. To concentrate on technology at the expense of the things that define our humanity, such as music, would be to ignore the journey in favor of the vehicle. In the final analysis it is our songs, and not our tools, that bring meaning to our lives. **db**

Michael K. McCornack, University of Oregon, Eugene, was the first-place winner with his essay "Why Music is Basic to Education" in the Music Educator's National Conference's student member National Essay Contest.

PRO SESSION cont. from page 59

sparingly in demos, except for a special effect in breaks, solos, and the like.

I much prefer to use *long* delays for two specific purposes. If the tempo of a tune is quarter note = 100, or eighth note = 200, and if you'd like to add a little energy to the whole tape, add a 16th feel by using a DDL on the hi-hat. One/two ...ndredth of a minute is exactly 300 milliseconds, which makes a 16th note = 150 ms. Setting the DDL for this, feeding the hi-hat into it, and bringing it back on another fader, you will have a separate channel of "energy" to add as necessary. The same trick will work on any instrument or sound on which double-time rhythm would add a boost. The other long delay I use regularly is delayed reverb. By introducing a digital or tape delay of 200 ms. or more between one of the reverb sends and the actual unit, you can increase the apparent size of the playing environment on tape, and because the reverb is separated in time from each note it affects, instruments seem to retain better transients, lyrics are clearer, and the whole band will seem to have more drive.

One last piece of advice: *be aggressive* in your mixes. With most listeners you'll only have one chance to get your point across. Don't be timid with fills—push them right up front. Ride the vocals to make sure every word is audible. Do anything you have to to keep something going on in the foreground, something interesting and new happening every moment. That's the tough thing to remember in the studio. The listener doesn't know how you felt playing into the microphone, and can't see all the things you do to entertain live on-stage. The challenge in making a tape is to find a way of translating all the excitement you can communicate in three senses live—sight, sound, and touch—into a single-sensed medium that will be involving and compelling when played at living-room levels.

I trust this "Recording On A Budget" series has been helpful and informative. If you have any questions (or if you'd like to arrange more), drop a line to Wayne Wadhams, c/o Berklee College of Music, 1140 Boylston St., Box 132, Boston, MA 02215. Bon session. **db**

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