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# down beat

For Contemporary Musicians

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SOUND IMPRESSIONIST

## Barry Harris
KEEPER OF THE BEBOP FLAME

## Nile Rodgers
SOPHISTICATED FUNK

## Maynard Ferguson
KING OF THE HIGH Cs

## Stanley Jordan
## Blindfold Test


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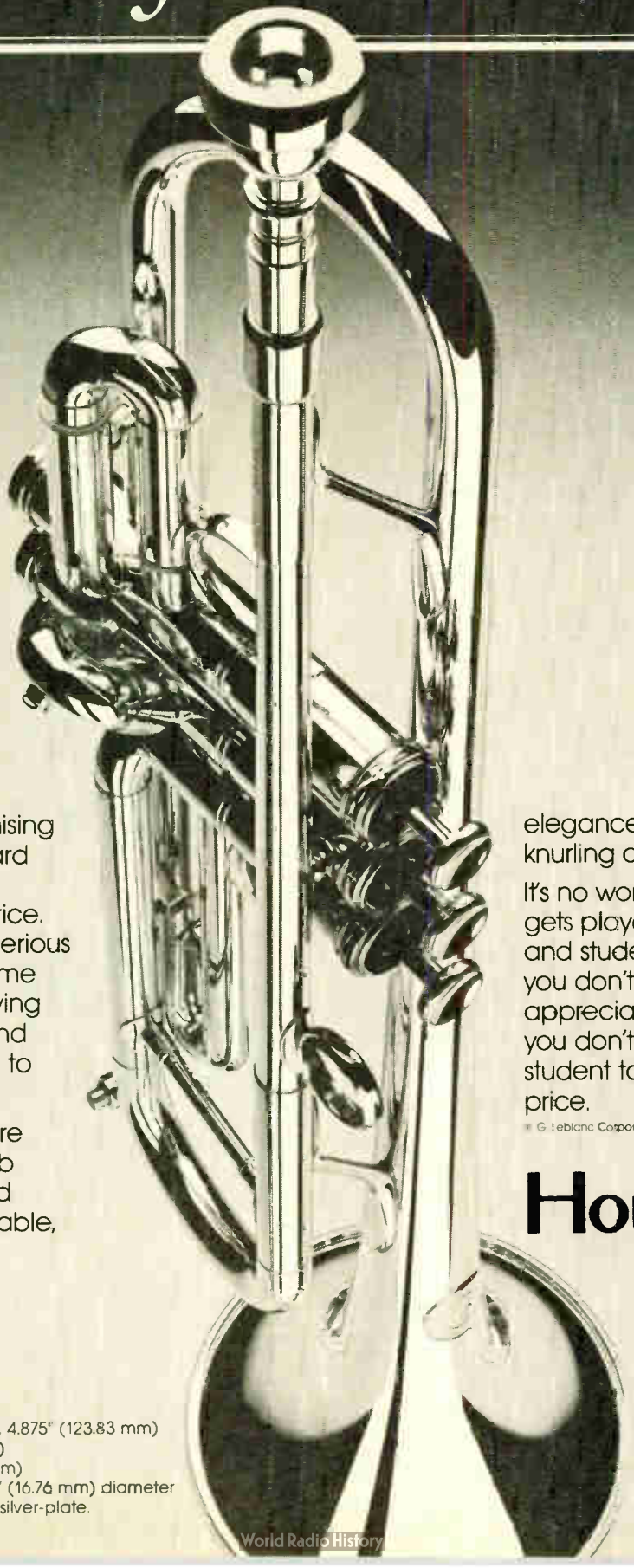

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| finishes | lacquered brass and silver-plate. |

# FEATURES



# DEPARTMENTS



*Cover photograph of Danny Gottlieb by Andy Schwartz.*

*Maynard Ferguson*

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*Nile Rodgers*

LAUREN DEUTSCH

*Makoto Ozone*

MITCHELL SEIDEL

*Dave Weckl*


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For Contemporary Musicians

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# ON THE BEAT

BY ART LANGE

As you all know, last month we featured our 33rd annual International Critics Poll. I thought I'd make use of a bit of hindsight to review some of the more interesting results, with perhaps a few comments of interest or concern.

Zoot Sims became the seventh tenor saxophonist to enter the Hall of Fame (joining Coleman Hawkins, Lester Young, John Coltrane, Ben Webster, Dexter Gordon, and Sonny Rollins—let's call Rahsaan Roland Kirk and Albert Ayler "multi-reed men"). Every year Sarah Vaughan starts out strong and threatens to join Billie Holiday, Bessie Smith, and Ella Fitzgerald among the Hall's vocal contingent, but is overtaken in the final accounting. This year, arranger nonpareil Gil Evans made his best showing ever, shooting up into a tie for second place. And once again this year I was the only critic to cast a vote for putting Eddie Condon in the Hall of Fame. It's not that I value Condon's guitar playing so highly—who could ever hear it?—but I feel that anyone responsible for getting Pee Wee Russell into a recording studio as much as Condon did deserves our undying gratitude.

For the second year in a row Mosaic Records copped the Reissue of the Year. As Dan Morgenstern said in **db**, Dec. '83, Mosaic does set "a new standard for reissues"—in fact, given the thoroughness of the company's releases, and the imposing presence of all-inclusive, multi-LP sets (note how the 18-LP *Complete Riverside Recordings Of Bill Evans* and the 10-LP *Charlie Parker On Verve* sets tied for second), it's difficult for a worthy single-LP reissue—and this was an especially rich year for reissues—to make a comparable impression on voters.

There were some surprises in the group categories. Sun Ra's aggregation won as best established big band for the first time in its quarter-century history, and Miles Davis and the Art Ensemble of Chicago (both previous winners) won the Electric and Acoustic Jazz Group slots respectively, for the first time since the category was divided in 1983. And though both Ray Charles and Stevie Wonder are multi-year Soul/R&B and Pop/Rock champs, it's refreshing to see worthies like the Neville Brothers and Los Lobos top the TDWR ranks after all the dues they each had to pay.

The largest vote total was registered by soprano saxophonist Steve Lacy (138), though flutist James Newton racked up the largest margin of victory (84). Jimmy Smith continues to reign supreme on organ with the longest winning streak (22 straight years), while Milt Jackson has won the most overall titles (25).

Chick Corea managed to wrestle the Electric Piano crown away from Joe Zawinul, though they've been flip-flopping ever since the category was inaugurated back in 1976. Similarly, Jim Hall and Joe Pass have been alternating as Guitar king since '74; this year Hall got the nod. Kenny Kirkland's victory as Acoustic Piano TDWR was his first; that's not surprising, though, as there have been no repeat winners in that category since 1980 (Anthony Davis, JoAnne Brackeen, John Hicks, and Michel Petrucciani preceded Kirkland).

The critics have had their say, now it's your turn. Fill out the ballot between pages 40 and 43 with the best musicians you heard during the last 12 months. Better hurry—deadline is September 1, but please, one vote per reader—and you too can be an important part of **db**'s 50th annual Readers Poll. **db**

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## CHORDS

*continued from page 8*

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Which brings me to Art Lange's editorial (**db**, May '85). The music on Marsalis' album *is* "unintelligible to the average listener." It *is* "a difficult, complex accumulation of sounds that needs to be explained instead of just felt and enjoyed." The attention and advertising given to this album simply encourages the "false beliefs" which set up "musical barriers." And this is the jazz artist that most of today's consumers are going to know about.

If **down beat** wants more people to appreciate jazz it may help to inform people about the different kinds of jazz and their characteristics (straightahead, bebop, etc.). Otherwise, Mr. Average Consumer is going to purchase, say, an Ornette Coleman album on the critics' recommendations and, upon hearing some discordant bleating, will begin and end his jazz appreciation there and then.

Jerrold Kazdoy Studio City, CA

Hot House Flowers *received a two-star review in* **db**, *Jan. '85.* *—Ed.*

### Unknown giant

I am a poet, performance artist, and free-lance writer who has been involved with music for some 25 years. One of my current projects is a series of articles and interviews on unknown or little-known black musical artists here in the Southern California area who have made outstanding contributions.

Of particular interest is the virtually unknown trumpet giant Dupree Bolton. Though he has apparently not been active since the early '60s, he has in some circles attained legendary status. When one listens to his work with Harold Land on *The Fox* (Contemporary 7619) and Curtis Amy (recently re-issued on the

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The science of sound

# CHORDS & DISCORDS

### Five-star issue

Five stars for your *sparkling* July '85 issue . . . especially for the up-to-date articles on Johnny Griffin and Antonio Carlos Jobim . . . also the impressive pixs of the ageless Art Blakey!
Dennis R. Hendley Milwaukee, WI

### Linda: Yea & nay

It was a pleasure to read Steve Bloom's interview with Linda Ronstadt (**db**, July '85). Surviving the rock & roll treadmill with grace and humility is all too rare, and Ronstadt proves that our platinum superstars can take challenging risks, endure inevitable criticisms, and redeem themselves artistically. Linda Ronstadt's ingenuous nature and pure, straightforward delivery of both song and herself serves to make her critics look foolish and pompous. More power to her for illuminating the American standard song to a generation.
John Terret New York City

That cutesy, romanticized picture of Linda Ronstadt on the cover of your July issue made me yurp when I opened the mailbox. Sorry, **down beat**, the photo does not go with your mag—though, come to think of it, such a gorpified picture of Linda *does* seem to match her recent, syrupy renditions of those great jazz standards.
Judith Kay Ardentown, DE

### Reissue issue

Jazz reissues pose an additional problem for collectors, not mentioned in your stimulating Ad Lib debate (**db**, July '85), i.e. sorting out what one already has from the reissues and re-reissues of the same material. Case in point—the review of *Max Roach: Plus Four & More* in the same issue, which mistakenly states that the music is being issued for the first time. Four of the selections on this release were issued by the same label just last year (and marked "previously unreleased") as part of *Max Roach: Standard Time* (Emarcy 814 190-1).
Jeff Madoff Glencoe, IL

### Webster's touch

I have been reading about and listening to Stanley Jordan for awhile now. In your June issue you gave his Blue Note album five stars, and rightly so. In the same issue's Chords & Discords, Gregg Wilson claims the "tapping" technique was not begun by Stanley Jordan but by Emmett Chapman in the '70s. Wrong!

Am I the only one who remembers Jimmy Webster? He was a professional guitar player (accent on *pro*) who traveled for Gretsch Guitars 35 years ago. He demonstrated his own system of playing the guitar, which he called "The Touch System." He even wrote a book on how to do it. The technique consisted of chording with the left hand and playing two or three melodic and harmonic lines by touching or tapping the strings on the fingerboard with his right hand. He even played a bass line on the low F string with his thumb. The first time he came in our store he played Les Paul's multidubbed version of *Lover* exactly as on the record. We couldn't believe it. If I remember correctly, he even appeared on the Arthur Godfrey talent scout show, and—to show you how little the public knows—he didn't win.

I don't know if Stanley Jordan read Jimmy's book or not. If he didn't, he somehow came up with not only the same system, but also the same name.
David I. Gersony Syracuse, NY
President, Onondaga Music Co.

### Photog hunt

I noted with great interest the note about Dexter Gordon which was included in the Potpourri column of the July issue. It was previously announced in another publication that Gerard Depardieu would be playing the part based on Francis Paudras, the French commercial artist and painter. Of course, Francis is also the co-author of *To Bird With Love* and is hard at work on a book and discography about Bud Powell. He has asked me to help him locate a photographer named Howard Morehead, who I think made some contributions to *Bird Lives*. I have no idea where to start. Please refer replies to me, and I will forward any information to Francis. I can be written at 1304 Rio Grande, Texarkana, TX 75503.
Jerry Atkins Texarkana, TX

### Consumer report

Being somewhat bored by the current state of pop music and wanting to explore the world of jazz, I have become a recent convert, of sorts. Going by the suggestions of friends, and **db**'s recommended records such as Original Jazz Classics, I have gotten much enjoyment from the majority of my purchases.

Now the problem. For (at least) the past year, I have read nothing but rave notices of Wynton Marsalis and his two

CONTINUED ON PAGE 10

# Make Mine Midi


The Pitchrider can MIDI your saxophone. It can MIDI your trumpet or your flute. Even the notes you sing into the Pitchrider will become MIDI events. Imagine the creative possibilities.

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## CHORDS

*continued from page 8*

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CONTINUED ON PAGE 61

# Making music Chicago style

**CHICAGO**—It may be called the Second City, but Chicago's musical heritage is decidedly not second-rate. That much is clear to visitors of Making Music Chicago Style, whose nine-month run at the Chicago Historical Society ends 10/27. The items displayed at the exhibition provide evidence of the city's rich history in all forms of music: from classical (Sir Georg Solti's 1977 Grammy for Verdi's *Requiem*) to blues (Muddy Waters' 1971 Grammy for *They Call Me Muddy Waters*), from folk (the Old Town School of Folk Music registration cards of John Prine, Bonnie Koloc, and the late Steve Goodman) to jazz (Arturo "Chico" O'Farrill's 1949 arrangement of *King Porter Stomp* for Benny Goodman).

An amateur choral group, the Chicago Harmonic Society, presented Chicago's first public concert in 1835. Fifteen years later, the first local orchestra, the Philharmonic Society, performed the city's first opera. Since that time, a number of efforts have been made at establishing classical music in Chicago, among them the Woman's Symphony Orchestra (1925-50), the only orchestra during the '30s made up entirely of women, and the Youth Orchestra for Greater Chicago, which has accepted leading high school musicians since 1946. The two most successful efforts include the world-renowned Chicago Symphony Orchestra, formed in 1891 and conducted its first 50 years by just two men, Theodore Thomas and Frederick Stock (until 1905 and 1942, respectively; Solti has conducted since 1969), and the Lyric Opera, which has brought some of the world's finest opera singers to Chicago since its formation in 1954.

Low- and middlebrow music has its place in Chicago's history as well. The city's Tin Pan Alley, consisting of at least 50 music publishers on Randolph Street alone during the '20s, did a booming business churning out such popular tunes as *Chicago (That Toddling Town)* and *When You're Smiling The Whole World Smiles With You*. Folk music is big in Chicago, too: the city's mix of European immigrants has resulted in a wide variety of ethnic folk music, with Irish, German, Swedish, and Slavic folk among the styles represented. Poet Carl Sandburg helped popularize American folk in the '20s with his book *The American Songbag*, but it was in the late '40s, '50s, and '60s that the form hit its stride in Chicago; among the young Chicagoans brought under its sway were John Prine, one of today's finest folk/rock lyricists, and Steve Goodman, whose *A Dying Cub Fan's Last Request* received much attention during the Cubs' 1984 pennant drive (Goodman died of leukemia just before the Cubs reached the National League Playoffs).

And then there's the folk music of American blacks—the blues. Southern blacks flocked to the Windy City during the two World Wars, bringing their love of the Mississippi Delta blues with them. Ma Rainey, Big Bill Broonzy (pictured), and Blind Lemon Jefferson were among the first blues artists to arrive in Chicago, and they were soon followed by the likes of Howlin' Wolf, Little Walter Jacobs,

Mighty Joe Young, Big Joe Williams, and others. But it was Muddy Waters' arrival in 1943 that did the most to make Chicago the world's blues capital, for it was Waters who popularized the hard-edged electrified style known as Chicago Blues (among the Waters memorabilia on display at the exhibition are the late bluesman's battered red-and-white Fender Custom Telecaster and a photo of rockers Mick Jagger, Keith Richards, and Ronnie Wood jamming with Waters at the Quiet Knight in 1978—it was Waters' song *Rollin' Stone* that inspired the name of the rockers' band).

Bluesmen weren't the only musicians to head north to Chicago during the early part of this century. King Oliver, Jelly Roll Morton and his Red Hot Peppers, and Louis Armstrong had all arrived in town by the '20s, making Chicago the main center for New Orleans-style jazz (which flourished in hundreds of saloons and dance halls despite Prohibition). Swing was king in the '30s and '40s, and its leading practitioner, Chicago-born Benny Goodman, and several top bands found plenty of spots to play it, among them the Blackhawk Restaurant, the Sherman Hotel's Panther Room, the Palmer House's Empire Room, and the Congress Hotel's Urban Room. Big bands gave way to combos in the '50s and '60s, and the city's top nightspot for modern jazz was the Blue Note, founded in 1947, which Duke Ellington called "the Metropolitan Opera of jazz" (imitation clubs in 30 other cities borrowed the Blue Note's name, as did the recently resurrected Blue Note record label). Other leading clubs included Joe Segal's Jazz Showcase, which still features bebop and other modern jazz, and Jazz, Ltd., which specialized in dixieland jazz during its 25-year history.

Making Music Chicago Style provides a fine thumbnail sketch of all this, but what about Chicago's musical present? The Chicago Symphony Orchestra and the Lyric Opera continue to thrive, and folk music of all kinds can still be found throughout the city. Blues clubs abound from the South Side (the Checkerboard Lounge) to the North Side (Biddy Mulligan's), and have even spread to the suburbs (Fitzgerald's in Berwyn). The Blue Note and Jazz, Ltd. have long since closed their doors, but Segal has kept the Jazz Showcase alive, and clubs like Rick's Cafe Americain remain popular; meanwhile the city continues to sponsor major annual jazz and blues festivals (which, unlike fests in many other cities, are free to the public). True to its tradition, Chicago remains a first-rate music city.

*—bill beuttler*

## FEST SCENE

The Modern Jazz Quartet, the Count Basie and Illinois Jacquet big bands, Hendricks & Ross, the Henry Threadgill Sextet, Joseph Jarman, Muhal Richard Abrams, Arturo Sandoval, and Mongo Santamaria will be on hand for the **Chicago Jazz Festival**, 8/28-9/1, along with various other local and national acts. For more info on the free performances, contact the Mayor's Office of Special Events, (312) 744-3315.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

The **Atlanta Jazz Festival** takes place Labor Day weekend, 8/30-9/2, in Piedmont Park, with Joe Williams, Betty Carter, McCoy Tyner, Stan Getz, Bob James, Steps Ahead, and the Yellow Jackets as headliners. Free concerts will be presented from 2-10 p.m. during each of the fest's four days. Stroh's Beer is on tap as the event's major sponsor (in the first year of a precedent-breaking three-year sponsorship), and more info can be obtained from event coordinator Mark Johnson, (404) 658-6691.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

**Minneapolis** hosts its **Jazz Party** at the downtown Holiday Inn and the Carlton Dinner Theatre 9/14-16. Headlining the three-day event, a fundraiser for the Twin City Jazz Society, will be Milt Hinton, Jack Lesberg, Brian Torff, Jake Hanna, Gus Johnson, Butch Miles, Dick Hyman, Dave McKenna, Ralph Sutton, Red Norvo, Herb Ellis, Billy Butterfield, Clark Terry, Snooky Young, Red Wolfe, Al Gray, Carl Fontana, George Masso, Al Cohn, Flip Phillips, Marshall Royal, Chris Woods, Bob Wilbur, Kenny Davern, and Peanuts Hucko. For reservations call (612) 546-5104; special rates at the Holiday Inn for Jazz Party guests call (612) 332-0371.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

**The International Jazz Festival Amsterdam**, 9/27-29, will feature the Barry Harris Trio and guests James Spaulding and Sonny Fortune on alto and Julian Priester and Benny Powell on trombone, among others.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

The **Monterey Jazz Festival** runs 9/20-22 and will feature the Toshiko Akiyoshi Big Band with Lew Tabackin, Gerald Wilson, Joe Williams, Sarah Vaughan, Dave Brubeck, the Modern Jazz Quartet, Woody Herman, and an all-star band comprised of Clark Terry, Hank Jones, and several others. A blues show, called Kansas City Revisited, will feature Jay McShann, Buddy Tate, Joe Turner, and other KC performers. More info available from the festival at (408) 373-3366. Also in California, the **U.C. Berkeley Jazz Festival** will be held Labor Day weekend this year, 9/1-2 (it's normally held Memorial Day). Headliners hadn't been announced at press time, but will be available from (415) 642-7477 by the time you read this. □

# News

HYOU VIELZ

***GUT JAZZ:*** *More than 300 artists from 14 nations took part in the 14th International New Jazz Festival this year in Moers, West Germany, with roughly 3,500 visitors filling the main concert hall on each of the fest's four days. Featured performers included John Zorn, Arto Lindsay, Fred Frith, the Rova Saxophone Quartet, Mathias Rüegg and his groups the Vienna Art Orchestra and the Vienna Art Choir, Paquito D'Rivera, Betty Carter, Amina Claudine Myers, Jim Pepper (joined by three Native American dancers from Oklahoma's Ponca tribe), and Phalanx, the quartet co-led by guitarist James "Blood" Ulmer and tenor saxist George Adams (pictured above) and featuring bassist Sirone and drummer Rashied Ali.*

MARK MILLER

***20TH ANNIVERSARY:*** *A host of Toronto musicians and over 1,500 listeners gathered earlier this summer for the T.O. Jazz Jam, honoring local deejay Ted O'Reilly for his 20 years of jazz programming on CJRT-FM. O'Reilly's show,* The Jazz Scene, *currently airs 24 hours a week. Among the performers were (pictured, l-r) tenorman Fred Dulgal, trumpeter Herbie Spanier, soprano saxophonist (and Jazz Jam organizer) Jim Galloway, and tenorman Pat LaBarbera.*

## POTPOURRI

Birthday bash: the Washington, DC, jazz club **Blues Alley** celebrated its 20th anniversary this summer with an impressive lineup of all-stars; among the birthday bookings at the Georgetown nightspot were Dizzy Gillespie, Joe Williams, Chick Corea, Rare Silk, Sarah Vaughan, Buddy Rich, David Bromberg, and Claude Bolling . . . dad's day: latin jazzer **Pete Escovedo** had his Father's Day appearance at Bajone's in San Francisco interrupted by the surprise arrival of daughter **Sheila E.** and her musical mentor **Prince**: Papa Pete sat back with the crowd of 300 (who had paid a measly $5 cover) and watched his guests jam with his daughter's band for 45 minutes . . . classical Corea: **Chick Corea** will premiere an original piano concerto in February as one of five programs lined up for Philharmonia Virtuosi's '85-86 season at NYC's Town Hall; the pianist will also perform Mozart's D minor masterpiece, K. 266 . . . Stevie Ray soundtrack?: blues guitarist **Stevie Ray Vaughan** has collaborated with tenor saxman **A. C. Reed** on an instrumental track that he now wants to remix and pitch as a tv or movie soundtrack; Vaughan appears on an as-yet-unreleased album with Reed and the Sparkplugs, and he was joined onstage recently by Reed at the Chicago Blues Festival . . . record donation: Louis Armstrong, Bix Beiderbeck, Cab Calloway, Duke Ellington, King Oliver, and others are among the jazz legends represented on the more than 700 78 rpm discs belonging to the **Paul A. Rochford** collection of rare jazz recordings, recently donated to the Oberlin College Conservatory of Music library by Mrs. Rochford in memory of her late husband; the discs, on a variety of labels and dating from the early '20s through the '40s, join some 10,000 others in Oberlin's collection of 78 rpm recordings . . . Atlanta arts: a tribute to Count Basie by the Grover Mitchell Big Band was the major focus at this year's Jazz Day at the **Atlanta Arts Festival**; as part of the NEA grant that brought the big band to the fest, Mitchell was commissioned to write *Atlanta Blues*, which he debuted during his band's presentation . . . Philly update: a number of organizations and producers joined forces this year to present the fourth annual **Philadelphia Jazz Festival** in the wake of the Brown & Williamson cigarette company's decision to drop the city from its Kool Jazz Festival schedule: as part of the 11-day fest, the Pieces of Time drum ensemble (Philly Joe Jones, Andrew Cyrille, Milford Graves, and Famoudou Don Moye) dedicated a concert to the late Kenny Clarke (an original ensemble member), a concert made possible in part through the support of Kobrand Corp., U.S. distributor of Beefeater Gin. Meanwhile, two new clubs were opening their doors in downtown Philly; **Upstairs** (1345 Locust St.) has hosted Philly Joe Jones, Rufus Harley, and many others, and **Curtains**, a few blocks west (2130 Sansom St.), has featured Phil Woods, Ahmad Jamal, Joe Farrell, Betty Carter, Hank Jones, Larry Coryell/Emily Remler, Claude Bolling, McCoy Tyner, Jimmy Heath, and Sonny Rollins, among others . . . Jazzreach: also in Philly, a grant from the William Penn Foundation helped the Settlement Music School put on free concerts by Grover Washington Jr., Max Roach, Odean Pope, and John Blake as part of a summer project dubbed **Jazzreach**; the 77-year-old school boasts 3,300 students (alumni include Blake, Stanley Clarke, and members of Pieces of a Dream), and info on its programs can be obtained by writing P.O. Box 25120, Philadelphia, PA 19147 . . . Ultrasounds: a series of 15 one-hour radio programs, **Ultrasounds**, will present composers and artists exploring experimental sounds, among them the late Collin Walcott & Nana Vasconcelos, George Lewis, Oliver Lake, new Japanese composers, and more; the series is targeted for airing on local Public Radio stations . . . Ellis memorial: the Don Ellis Memorial Library at Eastfield College in Mesquite, TX, has established a $1,000 **Don Ellis Music Scholarship** for trumpet majors in memory of the trumpeter/composer, who died in 1978 at age 44; library and scholarship info is available from Curt Bradshaw, the library archivist, Eastfield College, 3737 Motley Drive, Mesquite, TX 75150 . . . Manne presentation: the drums belonging to the late **Shelly Manne** were donated to the Monterey Jazz Festival's Jazz Education Fund during the 15th annual California High School Jazz Festival; incidentally, festival participants selected for the California High School All-Star Jazz Ensemble will be performing this month at the 28th Annual Monterey Jazz Festival, 9/20-22 (further info from P.O. Box Jazz, Monterey, CA 93942) . . . Dawson award: jazz drummer **Alan Dawson** was recently presented with a special award from the Avedis Zildjian Co. at a testimonial dinner held in his honor by the Jazz Society of Boston; Dawson received a plaque from Zildjian's president, Armand Zildjian, and company Director of Artist Relations Len DiMuzio for his contribution to music and the art of drumming and for his 20-year relationship with Zildjian as an endorser and consultant . . . Kentucky fried bluegrass: WKPC-TV, the Louisville, KY, Public Broadcasting System affiliate, will produce a series of programs based on the **Kentucky Fried Chicken Bluegrass Music Festival**, which is expected to lure 150,000 bluegrass lovers to Louisville during its three-day run this month (9/6-8); meanwhile, the chicken chain warns that 9/3 is the deadline for its ninth annual songwriting contest—would-be entrants should rush their tapes to Songwriting Contest 1985, P.O. Box 1014, Tinley Park, IL 60477 (the tapes won't be returned) . . .

***REGGAE RELIEF:*** *An assortment of reggae artists banded together to record the 12" single* Land Of Africa *to aid the hungry of Ethiopia, the Rastafarian spiritual homeland. Pictured above in the studio are (left to right) the I Threes, Gregory Issacs, Freddie McGregor, David Hinds of Steel Pulse, and Cat Coore of Third World. The single, composed by Ibo Cooper and Willie Stewart of Third World and Fla Nesbitt, can be obtained through RAS Records, P.O. Box 42517, Washington, DC 20015.*

## MUS. ED. REPORT

The **Berklee College of Music** in Boston has announced three changes in personnel: Grammy Award-winning vibraphonist and Berklee alumnus Gary Burton, a longtime faculty member, has been named to the newly created position of Dean of Curriculum. He will also continue his duties as an instructor of vibraphone technique, improvisation theory, and music business. The other personnel changes include the appointment of Robert C. Bentley, veteran Berklee teacher and administrator, as Assistant Dean of Faculty, and the naming of Donald A. Puluse, recording engineer on a dozen gold and platinum records, as chairman of the school's Music Production and Engineering Department.

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**Leon Breeden**, retired director of North Texas State University's One O'Clock Lab Band, has been named to the National Association of Jazz Educator's Hall of Fame. Breeden becomes the eighth inductee. Stan Kenton and Clark Terry were among those previously honored.

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The **University of Southern California** has launched an advanced studies program in film/video scoring. Twelve students, each with bachelor's degrees in music composition or the equivalent, are now enrolled in the intensive one-year certificate program, which program director David Wheatley says is geared to "students who want to go directly into the field upon graduation." Courses are offered in composition, arranging, orchestration, recording techniques, and business and legal aspects. The program's advisory board includes Academy Award-winners John Williams, Jerry Goldsmith, and David Shire, and the list of faculty and guest lecturers is chock-full of working professionals. The program is working closely with USC's School of Cinema-Television, giving student composers and film directors a chance to work on joint projects. The school has its own recording studio, the Steven Spielberg Music Scoring Stage, and plans are being laid for a fully equipped electronics area, which will feature digital synthesizers and sophisticated video equipment.

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Scholarship aid totaling $150,000 is available to undergraduate and graduate students entering the **Temple University** College of Music this fall. Full and partial scholarships will be granted to auditioning students at the discretion of the school's faculty, with one-third of the fund earmarked for string students. Interested students should contact the College of Music at (215) 787-8301 to schedule auditions.

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The **Concerned Musicians of Houston** recently received a $3,000 contribution from George W. Strake Jr., president of the Strake Foundation, the first foundation grant they have received in their 15-year history. CMH has reached more than 120,000 young Houston residents through a five-week summer jazz workshop and a "Jazz and Poetry" performance that's performed each February at over 30 elementary schools. CMH is a nonprofit organization supported by individuals, corporations, and government. □

# RIFFS

## Billy Cobham


ANN SUMMA

**SAN FRANCISCO**—With a new album out, *Warning* (GRP Records), world-renowned drummer Billy Cobham is threatening a move back stateside. Cobham plans on settling in Southern California, teaching a bit and touring with his latest band. He wants to get back into the public eye after spending four years living on the outskirts of Zurich, Switzerland. "There's nothing wrong with living in the United States, once you find a place where you can be quiet and have that balance. I need a lot of quiet," the powerfully built stickman says.

Cobham staked new trails for drummers while with the Mahavishnu Orchestra in the early '70s, leading the post-Elvin Jones/Tony Williams charges. He's worked with a Who's Who of jazz stars and recently guested with bassist Jack Bruce and Grateful Dead rhythm guitarist Bob Weir (Bobby and the Midnites). Cobham's first solo record, *Spectrum*, was one of 1973's best—his solo career lost focus in the late '70s, but he's done a couple of promising records with his Glass Menagerie band in recent years. The drummer's *Warning* band includes Dean Brown (from the Menagerie) on guitar synthesizer, Sa Davis on percussion, Gerry Etkins at keyboard synthesizers, and bassist Baron Browne. "The more we play, the better it gets," says the leader.

"The reason we call the album *Warning* is because it's so clear. The drums sound so good. They're not up front as much as they're present. You can decipher each drum, each sound," he says. "It's going along with the trend towards better-sounding records by way of compact disc digital audio." Cobham is excited about the sound of the record as well as the music on it, all of which is penned, incidentally, by the drummer. "The material I've written has got me more imbedded in it, 'cause I've had time to put things together the way I'd like to." The new Cobham is melodic, high-energy, bluesy, with touches of metal, reggae, and feathery-lightness. Cobham may not be blazing any new trails on *Warning*, but it's an important step for him nonetheless.

Last year's big disappointment for Cobham came on the Mahavishnu project with John McLaughlin, where infighting among the original members dashed any hopes of a real Orchestra "reunion." Nonetheless, the drummer's playing is nothing short of spectacular on *Mahavishnu*. "I learned that at 41 years old I really have to start going out there and supporting myself—doing my own projects," he says. "I have something valid to say as an artist, and I think I should take that step forward."

*—robin tolleson*


PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE

## Otis Rush

**CHICAGO**—Blues legends never die, they just reappear after mysterious three-year career hiatuses in riveting, refreshed, and thoroughly joint-rocking on-stage form. At least that's how events have recently unfolded for revered Chicago blues guitarist/singer/songwriter Otis Rush, who burst triumphantly back upon the Windy City's North Side blues scene late last year to make his first hometown club appearances since 1981.

"I quit to try to get myself together," explains the man whose fluid, gripping guitar licks and searing, emotion-laden vocals cast their spell on the early-career ears of Duane Allman, Eric Clapton, Jeff Beck, Jimmy Page, Johnny Winter, Elvin Bishop, Mike Bloomfield, and the J. Geils Band, as well as a host of talented blues-stylists including Luther Allison, Little Milton, Jimmy Dawkins, Eddie Clearwater, Jimmy Johnson, and Mighty Joe Young. "I had to see if I wanted to play or wanted to quit. I got rested up and after awhile I decided I wanted to play music. I did it mainly for my fans. I'm crazy about my fans."

"I was practicing at home," the enigmatic and (in the past) somewhat performance-erratic bluesman continues. "I was always listening to music and experimenting."

In the months since his much-heralded re-emergence, the 51-year-old Rush—whose career spans three decades and encompasses Cobra, Chess, Duke, Vanguard, Atlantic-Cotillion, Capitol, and Delmark recordings—has hit the performance trail outside the Midwest as well, taking his potent—but now much more relaxed and dependable—act to California, New York, Texas, Washington, and Minnesota. In early June, Rush capped off the early stages of his already well-kudoed comeback with a dynamic, driving, but all-too-short Chicago Blues Festival appearance.

Booked for the most part these days as a solo act by Chicago-based *Living Blues* editor/Rooster Records blues label entrepreneur Jim O'Neal, Rush (who, unlike most blues artists, hates to drive and is ordinarily flown to distant performance locales) presently harbors hopes of checking into the studio soon to record his first U.S. album in 11 years. "It's overdue," Rush says of the upcoming album-in-the-works. "I'm anxious to get it out there."

The crowd-stirring southpaw blueslinger, who achieved W. C. Handy Blues Awards Hall of Fame status in 1984, concludes, "I'm getting older and I've still got a lot to learn, but it's good to get out of the house. I'm having a ball."

*—joe carey*

# Arto Lindsay


HYOU VIELZ

**NEW YORK**—There's a word for what Arto Lindsay does with a guitar. It's called "skronk." That's what Lester Bangs called it back in 1977 when he first h -d the unearthly noise emanating from Arto's fire engine red 12-string Danelectro—a bit of onomatopoeia by the late rock critic.

Arto's skronk was first documented on the Brian Eno-produced compilation of 1978, *No New York* (Antilles), which included such infamous cult bands as Lydia Lunch & Eight Eye Spy, Teenage Jesus & the Jerks, and Arto's own noise band, DNA. A year later his signature skronk became the grating foil for John Lurie's jazzy sax sound in the Lounge Lizards, who released their debut album on Editions EG Records in 1980 and have a *Live '79-81* cassette available from ROIR.

"When I played with the Lounge Lizards," he says, "I really developed a lot because we were playing the same heads and the same arrangements all the time—*Epistrophy*, *Harlem Nocturne*, some of John's originals. And through that, we developed a pretty sophisticated kind of counterpoint between me and the whole jazz thing. I'd be playing this totally untuned guitar, and then during the course of a given song I'd find some of the notes. Every once in a while I'd crash down on the exact right note and it would be a big jolt to everybody."

Arto's skronk soon became in demand around Manhattan's more adventurous rock and avant circles. Since leaving the Lounge Lizards in 1981 he's performed and recorded with John Zorn, the Golden Palominos (led by drummer Anton Fier and often featuring Jamaaladeen Tacuma and Bill Laswell), drummer and vocal improvisor David Moss, and Kip Hanrahan's pancultural projects *Coup De Tete* and *Desire Develops An Edge* (both on American Clavé).

More recently, Arto's been utilizing the skronk for his own band, the Ambitious Lovers, an eclectic outfit that combines infectious dance grooves with the DNA noise factor and the undulating rhythms of Brazil. Last year the group played the Kool Jazz Festival, the New Music America Festival, and toured the States on the strength of its debut album on Editions EG, *Envy*.

The Ambitious Lovers also offers Arto an opportunity to showcase another side of his eccentric talents. Besides being a first-rate skronker and screamer, he's also, as it turns out, a mellow Brazilian crooner in the tradition of Gilberto Gil, Milton Nasciamento, Caetano Veloso, and Noel Rosa. Arto comes by this Brazilian influence quite naturally, having been raised in the town of Recife in Brazil. He speaks fluent Portuguese and sings beautifully in his native tongue on *Envy* cuts like *Pagode Americano*, *Badu*, *Dora*, and *Beberibe*. I'll bet none of the hardcore DNA fans ever expected anything so sweet, sensitive, and expressive from the old skronker.

"Recife is the same town where Nana Vasconcelos is from," says Arto. "I used to play in a band in high school, just a rock & roll garage band. And I remember one time we were jamming and Nana comes by. He says, 'Oh, rock & roll. You guys play Jimi Hendrix?' And he sat down and recreated *Purple Haze* on the traps. You could hear the parts—the melody, the rhythms, the bass line, everything—on the drums. The guy is totally amazing."

A second Ambitious Lovers album is on the way. In the meantime, Arto will be entertaining any offers. Have skronk will travel. —*bill milkowski*

# Ted Curson


MITCHELL SEIDEL

**NEW YORK**—For nearly two years now, trumpeter Ted Curson has been truly living the jazz life, a euphemism evoking the glitz and glamour of New York's nighttime activities, but which means, essentially, that his day starts at 2 a.m. Open jams almost always mean night work.

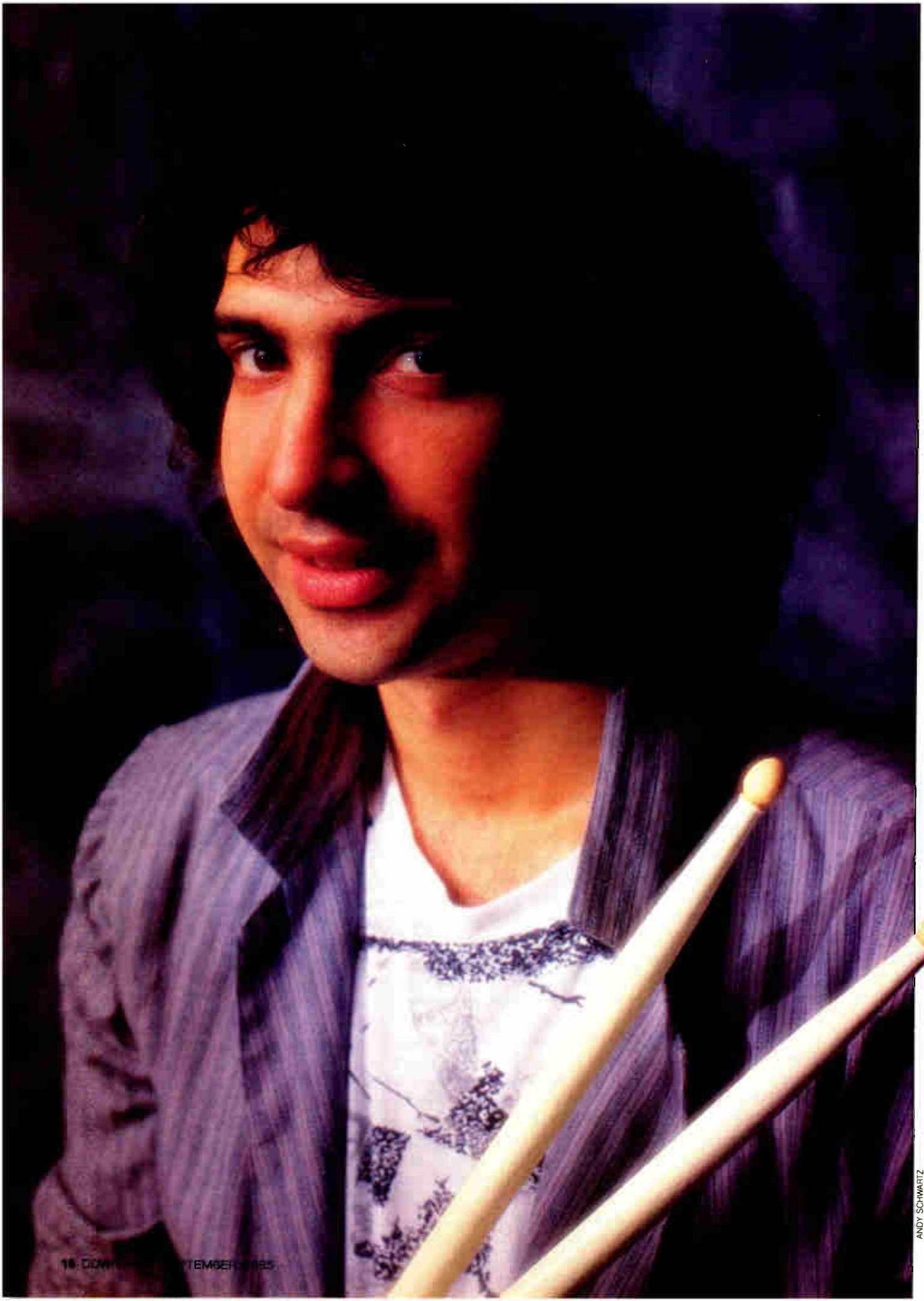
Curson has been leading the late night/early morning jam sessions at the Blue Note, revitalizing a practice now in decline, but that at one time fostered competition, established reputations, and shaped young players at the cutting edge of their craft. Stories of Uptown jams, especially during bebop's incubation period in the early '40s, are legion. Today, Curson enthusiastically keeps the tradition alive.

"Well, my wife is not too crazy about it," he says with a laugh, alluding to the strain imposed on his marriage by the red-eye commute he makes to and from New Jersey. "But the greatest artists in the world have come through the jam session. When it was slowed down, or got wiped out for one reason or another, that killed a lot of the great artists who could have been playing. We've brought it back and I'm totally dedicated to it."

No doubt the Blue Note sessions have bolstered Curson's career. Before achieving recognition in Europe (11 years of expatriation, starting in the mid-'60s, helped ensure his worldwide popularity), he was a gifted youngster who attended Mastbaum High School in Philadelphia, a school for exceptional talents whose alumni include John Coltrane, Lee Morgan, Red Rodney, and the Heath brothers. Curson came to New York at the behest of Miles Davis, who heard the teenager in 1955 and arranged a club date for him at Birdland. A stint with Cecil Taylor followed, and then a two-year association with Charles Mingus, during which time Curson worked especially hard, assimilating the bassist's genius and the flowering of fellow front-liner Eric Dolphy. Membership in that group put the trumpeter on the map.

Soon thereafter Curson teamed with saxophonist Bill Barron and formed a cohesive unit that he took overseas. He didn't return until 1976. Since that time he has worked steadily, but without record company support, a fact that should alarm a musician of his stature, but surprisingly doesn't. "It's a funny thing," he explains, "but it hasn't affected me at all. And it should. As a matter of fact, I'm working more now than ever. It's hard to figure, but out of the 25 or so albums I've done as a leader, all but one or two have disappeared. Not having a label behind you scares the pants off of everybody; somehow it hasn't affected me."

He continues, "Let me tell you what I'm into. This year the Pori Jazz Festival and I celebrate our 20th year together. I'm going to Finland with a trio, and two of my guys are the baddest young cats on the scene today—pianist Benny Green and drummer Winnard Harper. These are guys who started playing with me at the Blue Note. I would never have heard about them if it wasn't for the jam sessions. So there you go. Beautiful things are happening." —*jeff levenson*



ANDY SCHWARTZ

By Bob O'Donnell

# DANNY GOTTLIEB

## Sound Impressionist

Though devotees of Cezanne, Monet, and Renoir may object, the sounds which Danny Gottlieb draws from his array of drums and cymbals are as colorful and as textured as the Impressionistic masterpieces which earned those artists fame. Skillfully blending the nearly infinite variety of colors which a palette containing six sets of acoustic drums, four types of electronic drums, and nearly 50 cymbals provides him with. Gottlieb creates sound paintings of extraordinary depth and beauty. Depending upon the context he finds himself in, the moods which these paintings evoke range from profound spiritual peace to thunderous activity and motion. But they all bear the unique and colorful signature of the 32-year-old sonic artist.

Gottlieb first came into national prominence while playing with guitarist Pat Metheny, but he's currently dividing his time between projects for two other guitar virtuosi, John McLaughlin and Al Di Meola. He toured recently with McLaughlin and the reformed Mahavishnu, replacing Billy Cobham, and he just finished recording Di Meola's forthcoming record, *Soaring Through A Dream*. His immediate future plans include recording the next Mahavishnu album, doing a few dates with that band, and then spending four months touring North and South America, Europe, and Japan with Di Meola. In the meantime, Gottlieb also managed to lend his artistry to two Elements (see **db**, Feb. '84) co-members' solo albums, bassist Mark Egan's *Mosaic* and reedman Bill Evans' *Alternative Man*. Add the soundtrack for *Blown Away*, a windsurfing movie that he and Egan are currently composing, and the multi-faceted nature of Gottlieb's talent becomes apparent. But projects with guitarists seem to be his primary passion.

"Somebody asked me once if I was ever a guitar player in a past life," he playfully remarked, "but I don't know. It just seems like I have great joy when I play with guitarists." The reason for this, he believes, stems more from a sociological phenomenon than a personal preference. "I think it's because of the world I've grown up in, which is the era of the Beatles and guitar-oriented music." He adds John Abercrombie, Bill Frisell, and finger-tapping sensation Stanley Jordan to his roster of guitar partners, but the triumvirate of Metheny, McLaughlin, and Di Meola have played the most important roles in his personal and artistic growth.

"It's certainly an amazing shock and a wonderful feeling to have worked in this lifetime with such great musicians as Pat Metheny, John McLaughlin, and Al Di Meola for starters, and I'll include Mark Egan and Bill Evans as well because I think they're tremendous musicians. But at the moment I'm really enjoying both Al's group and John's, and I want to stay with them as long as the schedules work out and the groups stay together, because I see long-term growth for both of them."

His interest will remain, he claims, as long as he "never stops growing and learning and enjoying the music."

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The colorful textures which characterize Gottlieb's sound began during his days at the University of Miami, where he "leaned toward the more creative end of playing," and they reached fruition during his six-year tenure with the Pat Metheny Group. Metheny's lyrical explorations proved to be fertile ground for sonic experimentation.

"Pat was very adamant about not doing anything that had been created before. He wanted to produce a group sound that was totally unique, and he was constantly reminding us that he wanted you to play something that could sound typical, but was not typical. The way that I applied this to the drums was to go to the cymbals instead of heavy bottom and snare drum. It wasn't a conscious thing; I just did it because it seemed to fit musically.

"There was also a fine line here that I had to develop, which was if I played too traditionally jazzy, like Elvin [Jones], really loose on the cymbal, it was way, way too loose because a lot of it was straight eighth-note music. If I played it like the r&b/Billy Cobham-style it was too forceful and too rigid. So there had to

be a fine line between looseness and heavy drumming. What I did was to sort of emulate Airto's drumming on Chick Corea's record *Light As A Feather*. I mean his name isn't even on the record, but to me that was one of the strongest records that I was influenced by as far as this type of drumming is concerned.

"But when I started playing with John McLaughlin I started listening to all this Indian music," he quickly added. "I've been doing some transcriptions and learning a lot about how rhythms are broken down, and I've realized that a lot of it is not cymbals, but drums and drum playing. It created a problem for me because I was very top-ended and didn't use enough bottom from the drums, so I started applying what I've learned more specifically to the drums. I also started listening to the heavier drummers, like Billy Cobham, and lots of Indian drummers, especially the guys who played in Shakti [with McLaughlin], Zakhir Hussain, and a great percussionist named Trilok Gurtu.

"And now with Di Meola it's a whole other thing. I have a little bit of everything with Al, which means that a lot of it is textural like Metheny, but some of it is intense like McLaughlin because he's also got tremendous chops. Al does the melodic thing as well, so his music fits between the two."

His cumulative development under these artists, and the others he has recently performed with, has even further refined his sonic brushwork, particularly with regard to cymbals. Citing the work of Mel Lewis, Tony Williams, Jack DeJohnette, and current teachers Joe Morello and Gary Chester as other important influences, Gottlieb's cymbal technique produces some of the richest hues on his palette.

"I'm very conscious of tonal colors and sounds when I'm playing the drums, and the context that it all fits in. Relating to the high end of the drums as much as I do and the type of music that I sometimes play, it allows me to play in different settings in a slightly different way than most people play, I guess. What it does is give me more options. I have quite a few cymbals, lots of different tonal colors, and just by loving cymbals as much as I do, it has increased my awareness of those options. A lot of times figures that could be typically played on snare drum, bass drum, and hi-hat, I will play on the cymbals, given the context that I'm playing in, because it creates a different type of feeling and a different type of atmosphere. Sometimes that approach works and is appropriate, and other times it's not appropriate at all, but the more I play, the more I become aware."

In addition to using the existing natural colors of cymbals, Gottlieb has begun creating new sounds of his own through the wonders of electronic musical instruments. Like guitarists Metheny, McLaughlin, and Di Meola, who have all become proponents of the new Synclavier guitar, Gottlieb has embraced the possibilities which the new technology has made available. [See the accompanying Pro Session on page 56 for more information on his new electronic drum setup.]

"I find the electronics really intriguing," he said enthusiastically, "and I think it's a great time to be a musician just because of the fact that there are so many new possibilities."

His initial reaction to drum machines, however, was not as positive. "In my last year or two with Metheny, Pat wanted to use a drum machine live on stage and I, of course, in my usual insecurity was thinking, 'Oh God, he wants the time to be perfect and he's coming down on me.' So he gave me a drum machine and he said, 'Danny, I'd like you to work with it and use it' because he was using one himself.

"I found that once in a while I'd get mad at it, mainly because if I rushed the machine was right and I was wrong and I'd get just a little pissed, but when we had good monitors on stage and I could hear the drum machine, everything was fine. I actually found that I grew to enjoy it, because I had a chance to free myself up. I didn't have to play exactly what the machine was playing, I could space out around it, play different figures, and play a little looser while the machine kept a steady groove."

Regarding other innovations in percussion, Gottlieb added, "Mahavishnu was my first excuse to really get into electronic drums. I had been looking for a situation and then when I went over to Europe and worked with John and knew I was going to continue playing with him, I went out and bought a set of Simmons SDS-7's. My original reason for getting them was because they allowed me to play very loud, but so easily. All I had to do was tap the pad and crank it up real loud and voila, I had Billy Cobham.

"That was why I got them, but what I didn't know was that I was opening up a whole can of worms, because not only does that particular instrument offer you an incredible array of sounds, but it also opens up the whole question of how you amplify and how you modify those sounds. It's a tremendous amount of expense and a tremendous amount of time, but I feel that exploring electronic drums is worthwhile because it opens up some really great doors."

In fact, the creative opportunities are nearly limitless, and for Gottlieb this flexibility allows him to easily adapt his playing to the different contexts he encounters. "With these two groups, with Al and John, I can use electronics in radically different ways. With John it's real powerhouse electronics and with Al it's much more garnishes and subtleties, little additions and tonal colors for the most part. But then again, those exist in John's music too, and Al does have some rockers, so I guess there are similarities. But in either case there's a chance to expand."

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Whether he chooses to express himself through acoustic or electronic means, the consistent character of Gottlieb's playing stems from Danny Gottlieb the human being. Unpretentious, open, and extremely personable, Gottlieb goes out of his way to credit the beneficial influence of people like his junior high school band director, Morty Geist, and his very first drum teacher, Meyer Sebold, in addition to all the drummers he listened to and admired during the course of his musical development. He's also willing to acknowledge the importance of establishing relationships with the other people that he performs with.

"I guess I get as taken with the human beings as I do the music. There're some people that can just play with other musicians without getting involved, and I guess what you have to do in some contexts is just play the music, but I get wrapped up in the personalities. I like to feel close to the people that I'm working with. I feel it's really important."

Having spent most of the last year touring on and off with John McLaughlin, Gottlieb's special affinity for the man is not surprising. But the respect and admiration he holds for McLaughlin can be traced to a particular time period, which Gottlieb describes as "the most intense two weeks of my life."

***IN THE STUDIO:*** *(l to r) Scott Mabuchi, assistant engineer at New York's Right Track Recording, Di Meola, and Gottlieb.*

## DANNY GOTTLIEB'S EQUIPMENT

"I have quite a few different drums and cymbals that I'm constantly combining, changing, and adding to as different situations demand," according to Danny Gottlieb. "In addition to acoustic drums and cymbals I also have quite a bit of electronic equipment." [See the accompanying Pro Session on page 56 for more information on this equipment.]

Danny's six sets of acoustic drums include two sets of Ludwig, which he endorses, two sets of handmade Eames drums, and two sets of Yamaha Recording Series drums. The Ludwig sets include 14×20, 16×18, 16×22, and 16×24 bass drums; 6×8, 7×10, 8×12, 9×10, 9×13, 11×12, 12×13, 13×14, 14×14, 16×16, and 16×18 toms; and 5×14 hand-hammered chrome, 5×14 hand-hammered bronze, 8×14 coliseum and 8×14 coliseum slotted snare drums. The Eames sets, all of which have birch drum shells and Ludwig hardware, are of two types, one nine-ply California red finish and one 12-ply blonde finish. The nine-ply set has a 14×24 bass drum; and 9×8, 10×10, 11×12, 12×13, 14×14, 16×16, and 16×18 toms. The 12-ply set has 14×18, 14×20, and 14×22 bass drums; and 6½×10, 8×12, 10×10, 10×14, 12×12, 12×16, 16×15, 16×16, and 16×18 toms. The snares, which are all 15-ply, are 5×14, 5½×14, 7×14, and 8×14. The Yamaha sets are blonde and sunburst.

Danny's cymbals are all Paiste, which he also endorses, and his collection amounts to more than 50. Included among them are: a heavy 14-inch hi-hat, Sound Edge 14-inch hi-hat, 14-inch Sound Creation hi-hat with medium top and heavy bottom, and a 14-inch black Color Sound hi-hat; 20-, 22-, and 24-inch medium and thin flat ride 602s, 22-inch heavy ride 2002, 22-inch bell ride Sound Creation and 22-inch dark ride Sound Creation; 16-inch paper thin 602 crash, 22-inch paper thin 602 crash, 17-, 18-, and 20-inch medium 2002 crash, 18-inch Sound Creation New Dimension crash, 14-, 16-, 18-, 19-, 20-, and 24-inch Rude crash; 16- and 18-inch China, 18- and 20-inch Sound Creation China, 16-, 20-, and 24-inch 2002 China, 18-inch Ride China, 18-, 20-, and 22-inch 2002 Novo China, 15-, 18-, and 20-inch 505 China; 11-inch 602 splash, 8-, 10-, and 12-inch 2002 splash, 8-, 10-, and 12-inch 505 splash; 8-, 10-, and 13-inch heavy and regular Bell, and a 10-inch 2002 Bell. Plus a set of Sound Creation gongs.

So much for acoustic sounds. Electronically speaking, Danny uses Dynacord Electronic Drums, which he endorses, Simmons SDS-7s, a Cooper Sound Chest II, and an Oberheim DMX drum machine, and various combinations of the following: Carvin 1688 board, Lexicon 200 Digital reverb, MXR Digital Delay, Ibanez Digital Delay, Valley People Dyna-mite noise gate, a Yamaha DX-7 synthesizer, a Casio CZ 101 synthesizer. And a rack of New Products (distributed by Europa Tech.) that includes a Quantec Room Simulator, Window Recorder, and Programmable Parametric Equalizer.

Regarding sticks and heads Gottlieb's list is equally lengthy. He uses Ludwig, Vic Firth, Calato, and colored Hot Sticks in three different sizes, 5B, 2S, and 3S. His drum head choices include Ludwig Silver Dots, Ludwig Clears, Remo clear Ambassadors, Remo clear Diplomats and coated heads for brushes.

## DANNY GOTTLIEB SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

**with Pat Metheny**
*WATERCOLORS*—ECM 1-1097
*PAT METHENY GROUP*—ECM 1-1114
*AMERICAN GARAGE*—ECM 1-1155
*OFFRAMP*—ECM 1-1216
*TRAVELS*—ECM 23791-1

**with John McLaughlin**
*MAHAVISHNU*—Warner Bros. 25190-1

**with Al Di Meola**
*SOARING THROUGH A DREAM*—Manhattan 53011

**with Mark Egan**
*MOSAIC*—Hip Pocket 104

**with Gary Burton**
*PASSENGERS*—ECM 1-1092

**with Elements**
*FORWARD MOTION*—Antilles 1021
*ELEMENTS*—Antilles 1017

**with Bill Evans**
*LIVING IN THE CREST OF A WAVE*—Elektra Musician 603491 E
*ALTERNATIVE MAN*—Blue Note 85111

**with Jim Pepper**
*COMIN' AND GOIN'*—Europa 2014

**with Gil Goldstein**
*WRAPPED IN A CLOUD*—Muse 5229

**with Mitch Farber**
*FARBARIOUS*—Muse 5276

**with Scott Cossu**
*ISLANDS*—Windham Hill 1033

He relates: "I had just come home [from the first Mahavishnu tour] and I wasn't sure if I was going to get to continue because I was only hired for that one tour, and John wasn't sure of what he wanted to do. So, of course, I got real depressed and thought, 'Oh God, I blew my chance,' because I had approached it the way I normally do, which is playing a lot of colors and textures, and I got the sense that he needed something more, but I didn't know what it was. Then he called me later and said, 'Danny, listen, I'd like you to come back to Europe and I want to work, just the two of us, and then we'll continue and you're in the band.' So I, of course, ran around like a nut, freaking out, and then I flew over to Paris, he met me, we drove down to Monte Carlo, where he lives. We rented a rehearsal studio in Nice for two weeks, and he proceeded to put me through quite an intense two weeks where we played every day, six hours a day.

"The first week was incredibly hard and I wasn't really doing very well, because we had to play all the songs we had played on the road, but with just the two of us. I then realized he needed something heavier, or as he put it, 'More passion from the drums.' But then he started showing me a lot of where his rhythmic concept was coming from, which is Indian music and rhythms, and it opened up a whole new world for me, completely different. And one day I started to get a handle on it and he heard it in my playing and we both started laughing. I had found out what he was getting at, so the second week went much better."

Gottlieb's enlightenment was not limited solely to new musical ideas and rhythmic concepts, however. "The two weeks I spent with John affected me as a human being, first of all. I was so taken with his approach to life and music and how he deals with it in his life that it was just a big revelation to be around him. Something that he would say is that being a musician you have to suffer; you have to go through intense periods where things don't go right and it's just all part of it. And one thing that he portrayed was a lot of patience and understanding and a willingness to share his knowledge. I found that incredibly inspiring.

"I also found he was a virtuoso musician and that was inspiring enough right there. Plus the fact that he was so heavily influenced by Indian drumming, music I found to be quite interesting. We'd listen to Indian drummers and he'd say, 'Danny, these are drummers talking to you in your language, the drums.' And I said, 'You are so right, I can't believe I've given such little priority to this type of drumming and this type of music.'"

Now, having been fully exposed to the fascinating complexities of Indian music, Gottlieb has become one of its most fervent students. He plans to examine it in further detail and hopes to some day share some of his insights. "I'm hoping over the years to do some really serious study. In fact, one of the projects I'd like to do is work on a book with a couple of other drummers. There's a drummer named Jamie Haddad who studied with R. Raghavan, who was the mridangam player on the first Shakti record, and we've talked about trying to write a book along with Trilok on how to integrate these rhythms in an Americanized kind of way."

Gottlieb's future plans also include work which will allow him to incorporate all the various influences he has recently been exposed to. The primary outlet for these creative amalgamations will be Elements, the band he co-leads with bassist Mark Egan. "I see tremendous growth for Elements, with Mark, and [saxophonist] Bill [Evans] and [keyboardist] Cliff [Carter]. I think it'll be a long-term thing where each of us will be constantly playing with other people and then coming back to Elements and playing, utilizing all the new things we've learned.

"Another personal goal for me is a solo record, which I hope to do in '86," he enthused. "The concept could go a lot of different ways because I like so many different kinds of music. Basically I want something that covers a wide variety of music but makes my playing the unifying factor. I want to utilize lots of tonal colors from acoustic drums of all sizes, lots of percussion and cymbal colors, and I want to make as much use of the electronics as I can because that's a whole other palette to choose from."

For the present, however, Gottlieb is quite satisfied to be making music and creating sonic textures with both McLaughlin and Di Meola. Like the many other artists with whom he has worked, the two guitarists have provided him with an opportunity for growth.

"Whenever you get around great musicians they all have something to offer, and if you're open enough to pick up on it, or just let yourself be open, you can really enjoy the experience. I mean it can be frustrating with any group at some point, because when you have five people it's five people painting a picture together at the same time. Yet these contexts can be so rewarding because often there's plenty of space to do your own thing. So I just feel grateful to have been around the people that I have." The feeling, undoubtedly, is mutual. **db**

# Maynard's CHANGES

**High-soaring trumpeter Maynard Ferguson has altered his band's makeup and reined in his trademark double high C's, giving his music a lighter, subtler touch.**

KIM FERGUSON

It's been said that change is the only constant in life, and on that premise you'll get no argument from Maynard Ferguson. The 55-year-old trumpeter, who's built a reputation around screeching, "put-'em-through-the-roof" notes from his horn's stratosphere, admitted recently that maybe he's not as knocked out by his forays into musical outer space as he used to be.

"I'm starting to feel that sometimes I hit too many high notes too soon," he revealed in a phone conversation from his hotel room in Philadelphia. "So, I've been changing my approach a little. For instance, on this tour we've been playing Dennis DiBlasio's *Espresso*, a powerful opening piece. After a couple of months, I knew what was wrong. It was too strong, so I took eight phrases and brought them down an octave and it was perfect. I have to stay in control of this, because it's a lot of fun to write a double high C for somebody and know it's going to come out every time. But on the other hand, if every chart is like that, then the high notes become just high notes, not *thrilling* high notes.

"People might think that if they write something for me and there are no super high notes, I'll be disappointed," he declared with a chuckle. "That's not true. Dennis and I co-wrote a lovely thing called *Beautiful Hearts*, and last night, in a concert at a school on Long Island, it was the hit of the evening. I play flugelhorn in the middle register, except for one high lick. There the range is used romantically. You know, there's more than one way to use the upper register."

Not only has the Canadian-born Ferguson adjusted his own playing, he's also altered the structure of his touring ensemble. Going from a four-trumpet, three-reed, two-trombone, and three-rhythm setup, Maynard has opted for fewer horns, with just alto and baritone saxes, two trumpets, and a lone trombone, and has added guitar and percussion.

"The lighter horn section has always appealed to me," Ferguson, with his shock of salt-and-pepper hair, maintained. "When I hear the big bands, I love 'em, but I like something smaller and quicker moving. I always say I have the world's biggest group or the smallest big band. The thing is, a group can't sound like a big band, but the reverse can be true."

Another reason for cutting down on horn players has been to give those still around more opportunities to solo. "I've discovered that with the current setup everybody gets to express themselves," said Ferguson, who's been leading a large ensemble of one kind or another for almost 30 years. "That's kind of a fulfilling thing for me, too, because through the years I've enjoyed watching

the guys establish themselves and then leave and become successful on their own."

One more facet of Ferguson's musical meanderings—he spends about two months at a stretch away from his home in California's idyllic Ojai Valley—and one thing that never stays the same is life in transit. "There's no such thing as a general day on the road," he said. "No two days are alike; it's very changeable. Last night we were on Long Island and now we're in Philly. Today I've got the interview, and I'm trying to figure out how to hook up a VCR in the hotel. Hopefully, I'll be able to hook it up on the bus. We don't have all the amenities that rock groups have, but our bus is somewhat customized, with tv and so on. The guys spend a lot of time listening to music, too. It's not like in the *old* days, when all you did was lease a bus from Trailways and off you went."

Ferguson's long road jaunts take him to such out-of-the-way nooks and crannies as Lorain Community College in Elvira, Ohio and Windsor Locks High School in Enfield, Connecticut. This means working hours are usually from about 8-11 p.m., as opposed to the occasional club date, which runs quite a bit later. "We don't see the Birdlands," he said, referring to the denizen of modern jazz at Broadway and 52nd in Manhattan, "where the sets run until four in the morning. I think that's a thing of the past."

TIMOTHY TEAGUE

Ferguson, whose first major-league pro gigs in the late '40s included stints with Charlie Barnet, Boyd Raeburn, and Jimmy Dorsey, is glad that school music programs have also grown with the times. "Music education has gotten so hip over last 15 years," he remarked with characteristic enthusiasm. "Even the marching bands at half-time, which used to crank out one more tired version of *Colonel Bogey*, are starting to play really nice stuff. I think that's an indication of the general healthy state of educational programs."

The trumpeter pointed to increased awareness of teachers as a key ingredient in the positive turn of events. "Yes, the instructors are concentrating more on the knowledge of the music of yesterday, and techniques of today, then ultimately turning the kids loose and letting them be themselves. I see a lot healthier group of musicians. They seem to come out a lot more mature at an earlier age, because of the music system.

"Still, I know you can't replace that street learning, as I call it, going to a club and sitting in, learning to play the blues before you know what a D minor seventh is. That enthusiasm will come out of your horn in the form of feeling."

What about the fact that there simply aren't enough jobs for all the musicians who are coming out of school? "Well, that's always been the case," Maynard stated. "Music's still a marvelous education that can serve you all your life. It's quite desirable to be a happy amateur. It's a great hobby."

Part of the trumpeter's regular routine of playing at high schools, colleges, and universities is to conduct clinics, advising students on anything from maintaining one's musical individuality to the value of participating in a multitude of playing situations. Most questions focus on Ferguson's rare ability to play in the upper reaches of his instrument with amazing power and clarity. Answering these, he emphasizes the basics of breath control.

"I tell everyone, young and old alike," he said, "to go out and get a couple of books on Hatha Yoga, and read the parts about breath, or *prana*. The Indians call *prana* 'the life force,' and sometimes we forget that if we weren't breathing, we'd be dead. There's nothing superstrong about my lip, but there is about my range and stamina. That comes from coordinating my breathing." To aid in this coordination, Ferguson offers students various body and lip positions, which, combined with the proper air stream, aid in producing desired high notes. His own daily practice regimen varies from reading exercises to playing along with records, and his pre-concert warm-up is surprisingly brief. "I'll hit a few lip trills," the man famed for his version of *Gonna Fly Now*, from the movie *Rocky*, indicated, "maybe a few slurs. While I don't *practice* upper register, I might hit one high note—one super high note, that is. But what I want is my air and coordination more than my lip. This coordination allows you to play delicately as well as powerfully. The thing is, we all have this coordination inside us. we just don't know how to reach it."

Ferguson admits that while all this sounds easy, it isn't always that way. Each night brings new challenges, as well as

## MAYNARD FERGUSON'S EQUIPMENT

Maynard Ferguson plays horns selected from the line he designed for Holton Leblanc, using mouthpieces from his self-designed line for Jet Tone. His main axe is the MF 302 trumpet (it's the horn he carries with him under his plane seat), but he also plays the MF Admiral (a student-priced smaller bore horn designed for professionals), the MF Superbone (a valve/slide trombone), and the MF Firebird (a valve/slide trumpet, which Maynard likes to play on Eastern-influenced charts). His mouthpieces, like his horns, have large bores, and they are rimless, preventing his lip from being bitten. His screeching high notes are helped along by his mouthpieces' V-cups, which let air pass straight down the bore (rather than trapping it like U-cupped models). Ferguson also blows soprano and sopranino Yanagasawa saxes, also distributed by Leblanc.

## MAYNARD FERGUSON SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

**as a leader**

*LIVE FROM SAN FRANCISCO*—Palo Alto 8077
*STORM*—Nautilus Recording 57
*HOLLYWOOD*—Columbia FC 37713
*IT'S MY TIME*—Columbia JC 36766
*BEST OF MAYNARD FERGUSON*—Columbia JC 36361
*HOT*—Columbia JC 36124
*MONTREUX SUMMIT II*—Columbia PC 36999
*CARNIVAL*—Columbia JC 35480
*NEW VINTAGE*—Columbia JC 34971
*MONTREUX SUMMIT I*—Columbia PC 36982
*CONQUISTADOR*—Columbia PC 34457
*PRIMAL SCREAM*—Columbia 25AP-8
*CHAMELEON*—Columbia KC 33007
*M.F. HORN IV & V—LIVE AT JIMMY'S*—Columbia KC 32732
*M.F. HORN III*—Columbia KC 32403
*M.F. HORN II*—Columbia KC 31709
*MAYNARD FERGUSON*—Columbia C 31117
*ALIVE & WELL IN LONDON*—CBS London 64432
*M.F. HORN I*—Columbia C 30466
*WORLD OF MAYNARD FERGUSON*—CBS 64101
*TRUMPET RHAPSODY*—BASF 20662
*MAYNARD FERGUSON 1969*—Prestige 7636
*SIX BY SIX*—Mainstream MRL372
*MAYNARD FERGUSON SEXTET*—Mainstream 6060
*BLUES ROAR*—Mainstream 6045
*COLOR HIM WILD*—Mainstream 6031
*MAYNARD '64*—Roulette Birdland SR52017
*MAYNARD '63*—Roulette Birdland SR52090
*MAYNARD '62*—Roulette Birdland R52084
*MAYNARD FERGUSON YEARS*—Roulette Birdland SK 101
*MAYNARD '61*—Roulette Birdland R52064
*M.F. NEWPORT SUITE*—Roulette Birdland R52047
*A MESSAGE FROM BIRDLAND*—Roulette Birdland SR52057
*A MESSAGE FROM NEWPORT*—Roulette Birdland SR52012

**with Count Basie**

*BIG BAND SCENE '65—COUNT BASIE & MAYNARD FERGUSON*—Roulette Birdland 52117

**with Chris Conner**

*TWO'S COMPANY*—Roulette Birdland 52068
*DOUBLE EXPOSURE*—Atlantic 6190

**with Dinah Washington**

*DINAH JAMS WITH MAYNARD*—Trip 5500

**with Jimmy Dorsey**

*JIMMY DORSEY FEATURING MAYNARD FERGUSON*—LP 1216

**with Herbie Mann**

*ECHOES OF AN ERA-HERBIE MANN/M.F. YEARS*—Roulettte RE 109

new double high C's to unveil to spine-tingled audiences. The key to pulling it off is recognizing one's own pleasure. "It comes down to really loving what I do," he stated. "I don't mean that I've always had this together. Now I've gone off the track like anybody, but when I'm on the track, I know that I'm enjoying what I do and I work hard at it, because working hard feels good. It's marvelous when it's done with that positive joy—and I meditate just before I go on stage every night. I close the band room door and I meditate on what a joyful thing I have that I do. It's a way of getting over any nervousness.

"I feel that the divine force—God or whatever you want to call it—is telling me that this is what I was meant to do. My assignment in life is to play and to bring pleasure to myself, to the musicians when they are with me, and to the audience. Loving this path gives me a lot of energy."

* * *

The quest for musical excellence began bright and early in Ferguson's life. At four he played piano, a year later it was violin, then trumpet at 11. At 15, he was leading a band, and soon thereafter he traveled to Hollywood, playing with Charlie Barnet among others. He joined Stan Kenton on January 1, 1950, playing in Kenton's 41-piece *Innovations In Modern Music* band.

"Then I took a job as a contract player in the studios," Maynard recalled. "I left that a few years later to form my Birdland Dream Band [which featured such names as Al Cohn, Clark Terry, Clifford Brown, and Ray Brown]. Everybody thought I was nuts going from this great paying gig to leading a big band when times were tough. But I felt I was quickly learning how to play golf and forgetting how to play music. You see, we were paid for 44 pictures a year and only scoring maybe six or seven. Still, it was a great way of life, and that's where I met my wife, Flo. She was living across the street from me in Laurel Canyon."

Slugging it out in the big band arena, Ferguson lived in the U.S., England, and India during the '60s, returning to this country in the early '70s riding on a minor pop hit he had with *MacArthur Park*. Then, almost by chance, he recorded the theme from *Rocky*, which earned him a Grammy nomination in 1974 and put him strongly on the charts for the first time. "Then we got caught up a little in the urgency of having a hit," he said. "*Gonna Fly Now* was a pure happening, and it worked out great. But when you have a success, there was that 'let's make another one' time. The musical reins were slowly slipping away as the money came in. Being with a major label, you can understand it. They're in the business of selling phonograph records."

Talking about the hit brought to Ferguson's mind a conversation he had with pianist Bob James, who had been Maynard's pianist (just before another talented fellow named Chick Corea) in the mid-'60s: "Bob heard the tune over the phone, and after awhile he started laughing. 'I don't have to hear any more,' he said. 'I don't think you should do it; I think *I* should do it.'"

Ferguson's latest release, *Live From San Francisco*, on the Palo Alto label, is easily among his most satisfying projects. His warm, persuasive middle range is attractively showcased on Billy Strayhorn's *Lush Life*, a medley of tunes from the bop era, *Bebop Buffet*, reaffirms his affection for that style, and there are even a couple of vocals. What's perhaps most striking about the album is what's missing: Ferguson's flights to the realm of Gabriel are delivered sparingly, making them matter rather than simply be matter-of-fact.

The high-blast master feels strongly about the LP. "Yeah, I love the new one, maybe because I produced it [Jeffrey Weber is listed as co-producer]. I remember years ago, when I had the hit with *Gonna Fly Now*, Woody [Herman] congratulated me and said how much he liked it. 'You put that one together yourself, didn't you?' he asked. 'Well, yeah,' I told him, 'I had Jay Chattaway do the arrangement but I pretty much knew what I wanted.' Then he said, 'Well, with a big band the leader's always the producer anyway.' That cracked me up."

*Live From San Francisco*, which was taped at the Great American Music Hall, will be distributed in Japan by CBS Sony. Maynard played the Orient two years ago as part of a Budweiser-sponsored series of concerts. One program found him playing in a small band with bassist Eddie Gomez and pianist McCoy Tyner. "Those guys can make any of my mistakes sound terribly creative," he related.

The gents enjoyed their fleeting moments enough to line up another engagement, this time at Avery Fisher Hall, as part of the New York's 1984 Kool Jazz Festival. Dubbed the Maynard Ferguson All-Stars, the group—Tyner, Gomez, drummer Peter Erskine, trombonist Slide Hampton, and baritone saxman Dennis DiBlasio—shared the bill with guitar whiz Stanley Jordan and Wynton Marsalis' quintet. At one point Marsalis sat in with Maynard. "It was a wonderful happening," Ferguson said.

DiBlasio, for several years a major member of the trumpeter's road warriors, has departed, though he still contributes charts. "He decided he'd rather live with his wife than with me," Maynard said with a roaring laugh. "I can't figure out why."

How does the leader keep *his* marriage alive and happy with so much time spent away from home? "Well, that's what works for me. Flo's still my best friend and my lover, so I must have done something right. Maybe going away is good for us." **db**

# Nile Rodgers *Sophisticated Funk*

BY GENE SANTORO

EBET ROBERTS

In Funkland there are many traditions, only two of which need concern us right now. The first comprises guitarists who could be described as Rhythm Masters, whose main role is to propel the music—and listeners' feet—with stuttering, syncopated chordal lines and arpeggiations that function like a riffing horn section: Jimmy Nolen and Stevie Cropper are among the art's best-known practitioners. The second consists of Producer/Auteurs who, from Chess' Leonard Chess to Motown's Berry Gordy to Sugarhill's Sylvia Robinson, pull together a stable of musical soulmates to make consistently good, chart-topping music. Nile Rodgers is one point where those traditions meet.

Which is why, for example, David Bowie approached Chic's co-founder/co-producer almost four years ago and asked him to co-produce and play on *Let's Dance*, and why the lineup for the 32-year-old techno-funketeer's services seems endless. Among those who have received the patented Rodgers studio treatment are Madonna, Duran Duran, Mick Jagger, Jeff Beck, Diana Ross, Kim Carnes, and Sister Sledge; those awaiting it include Laurie Anderson, the Thompson Twins, Sheena Easton, and Philip Bailey. Clearly, Nile Rodgers must be doing something right.

And, with the release of his first solo LP since 1983's *Adventures In The Land Of The Good Groove*, he's doing it for himself as well. Although the production credits list Tommy "Rock" Jymi as co-producer, Nile explains, "Tommy Jymi is me, my alter ego, the rock & roll part of me. The name comes from a comedy tape I heard a long time ago, so now whenever I do something weird I let Tommy Jymi take the weight [*laughs*]." Since the length and breadth of his musical training leave tell-tale signs all over the new LP, *B-Movie Matinee*, he needn't have worried.

That training started early. "I'd played in school bands—flute, clarinet, saxophone," is how he tells it, "and I always felt like I was going to be a musician. From an early age, I could get melodies and songs out of any instrument I picked up." Rodgers' father, a percussionist with Sam Cooke and Harry Belafonte, and an uncle with a knack for orchestration, supplemented the boy's schooling. "We could sit down and do full orchestral scores together," he recalls, "just sit down and write them out, and then play them. And it was like, god*damn*, how'd you come up with *those* changes?"

The changes resulting from the 16-year-old's move from his grandparents' house in California to the Bronx led to his serious discovery of the guitar. "I started legitimately playing the guitar only because I knew some kids who had a band, and they didn't have a guitar player. I was this newcomer from California, so I wanted to do anything to get in with these guys, because to me they were really cool. So when they said they needed a guitar player, I said, 'I play guitar.' Of course, I couldn't play at all, but I could do melody lines and bass lines on one string at a time. Then I was so embarrassed about not being able to play that I got very, very serious about it."

Buying a Beatles songbook and learning to play *A Day In The Life* started the serious student off on his intense pursuit of musical knowledge. The way he remembers it, "At that time the war in Vietnam was on, and there were a lot of protest marches and the whole bit. I was into it: Phil Ochs, Pat Sky, Tom Paxton, all that stuff. It all moved *very* rapidly. From there, it took me to folk artists who could play guitar better, and then it took me to folk artists who had moved on to electric stuff, like Country Joe and the Fish. So I got introduced to better guitar players, like Barry Melton and then Steve Miller. And of course, that took me to Jimi Hendrix; I still have every record, still know every song of his. Then I got into Jimmy Page, the power trios, that sort of thing. After power trios, one guy joined our band who was a jazz freak, and he got me into Eric Dolphy and John Coltrane. Then I tried to hear guitar players who could play like that, which got me into John McLaughlin, and then I started listening to older stuff—Wes Montgomery and Django Reinhardt and people like that. I got into all these trips *heavily*." He certainly did: he managed to compress them into four years.

After some jazz training with Ted Dunbar and some classical training with Julio Prol, Rodgers' chops in 1971 were up to his first serious gig: playing in the house band of New York's famed Apollo Theater, where he recently returned to play behind Rod Stewart. "I played with everybody," he grins, "Nancy Wilson, Aretha Franklin, the Cadillacs, people like that. I had to work, learn new shows every day. You can't buy that kind of knowledge." His growing knowledge and list of connections combined to put the aspiring session man into New York's studio scene, where he dropped his distinctive guitar parts into hits like Betty Wright's *Clean Up Woman*.

Outside the studio, he began gigging around New York's bar and club scene behind a vocal group called New York City, with a bass player named Bernard Edwards. Needing to make their trio sound big, the duo, who'd been friends from their Bronx teenage days, learned to cover complex arrangements that included horn and string sections without losing the dance groove—a talent that evolved into a musical concept called Chic. "At the time I had a very condescending attitude toward any kind of commercial music," recounts Nile, "because I was into jazz. But then one night in London I saw Bryan Ferry and Roxy Music, and they had the two girls singing and the whole style. They just looked really cool, like the '40s. I associated with *that*, you know—the big bands. So I wrote out an arrangement for *Bess, You Is My Woman Now* disco style, and Bernard and I and some session men went into Sound Ideas Studios after hours."

Tape and concept in-hand, Chic shopped around the major labels without success for two years. "Before we did *Everybody Dance*," says Nile, referring to the first in Chic's string of dance-floor classics, "we tried doing fusion and rock stuff, and we couldn't even get to first base. Every time we took our tapes to a record company, they would say, 'Wow, not bad.' Then they'd

EBET ROBERTS

## NILE RODGERS' EQUIPMENT

In addition to his treasured D'Angelico and D'Aquisto archtops, Nile Rodgers boasts an impressive collection of axes to choose from. "I probably use Tokai imitation Strats more than anything else," he says. "Second to that, I have a couple of old L-series Fenders (from the early '60s) and a '57 Stratocaster. I use a clear plexiglas custom-made Guitarman that has a nice clean sound for rhythm work. If I want a really good whammy bar kind of thing, I use this ESP guitar (Strat model) which has a great tremolo bar." For amps he favors a Marshall 610 and a Music Man 412. Strings are D'Addario XL Reds. His Juno 60 synth and Synclavier II are never far from his reach. "I've never used a guitar controller," he says, "not even once, because I play fast and I like it to track the way I play. But I just got some new software that they tell me will make it better." His current favorite new toy, however, is his Sony PCM-3324 digital recorder, which he enthuses about ecstatically.

## NILE RODGERS SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

**as a leader**

*B-MOVIE MATINEE*—Warner Bros. 1-25290
*ADVENTURES IN THE LAND OF THE GOOD GROOVE*—Mirage 90073-1

**with Chic**

*BELIEVER*—Atlantic 80107-1
*TONGUE IN CHIC*—Atlantic 80031-1
*TAKE IT OFF*—Atlantic 19323
*REAL PEOPLE*—Atlantic 16016
*LES PLUS GRANDE SUCCES DE CHIC*—Atlantic 16011

**with Mick Jagger**

*SHE'S THE BOSS*—Columbia 39940

**with David Bowie**

*LET'S DANCE*—EMI America 17093

**with the Honeydrippers**

*THE HONEYDRIPPERS*—Es Paranza 7 902201-B

**with Madonna**

*LIKE A VIRGIN*—Sire 25157-1

**with Sister Sledge**

*WE ARE FAMILY*—Cotillion 5209

**with Diana Ross**

*DIANA*—Motown 8033

meet the group, and we were black. They couldn't understand how we were singing traditionally white harmonies. That's why we got the girls to sing it—*that* was fine."

Once *Everybody Dance* got its own legs at a black after-hours club called the Night Owl, it still took Atlantic almost a year to sign them; but that first platinum single translated Chic from a production venture into a working band. Drummer Tony Thompson, vocalists Alfa Anderson and Luci Martin, keyboardists Rob Sabino and Raymond Jones, and of course Nile and Bernard produced nine albums, all co-produced, co-arranged, and co-written by the Rodgers/Edwards team. Disparaged by many as a disco band, Chic's trademark sound resulted from solid musical chops and sophistication: dance beats pumped beneath jazz-inflected chord voicings, string sections swooped or hovered above the intense syncopation set up by Edwards' bass and Rodgers' guitar, female harmonies cooed rhythmically jagged melodies. "Each part could stand independently of all the others," explains Rodgers. "That was the basis. When we'd go to our breakdown sections they were all interesting, because each part had something you could lock onto."

One element people locked onto was Nile's characteristic out-of-phase Strat attack and horn-section-like voicings. Of that he says, "I came up with these old-timers, like Red Garland types, who would just sit around and call out changes, like V or VII. And they knew you could hear enough to know what type of chord it was—Major, minor, dominant, whatever. You could hear all the extensions in it, too. If you'd just define *some* kind of, say, minor chord, somebody in the band had every extension from the 7th on up. That's what's so cool about jazz: you start to hear so much that you can play a little bit and it sounds like a lot. For example, I got into a thing where I started playing only the upper definitions of chords. I wouldn't even deal with the root; I would only play extensions. Joe Pass has that *down*. Even to this day, that's the essence of my whole sound: I like static melody over a lot of moving harmony, and I love songs, no matter how simple."

Simple songs, complex arrangements, and state-of-the-art production are the hallmarks of Nile Rodgers' work. "I'm all dig'd out," he declares as he gestures around his new professional "home" at Skyline Studios. "It's amazing to me. The advantage of digital is obviously in the sound quality. See, I'm really into hearing the top end of my music. I *love* bright records. And the transients on digital records—well, that's what it's about, it's *beautiful*. It's how you feel when you hear a concert and you're standing right there."

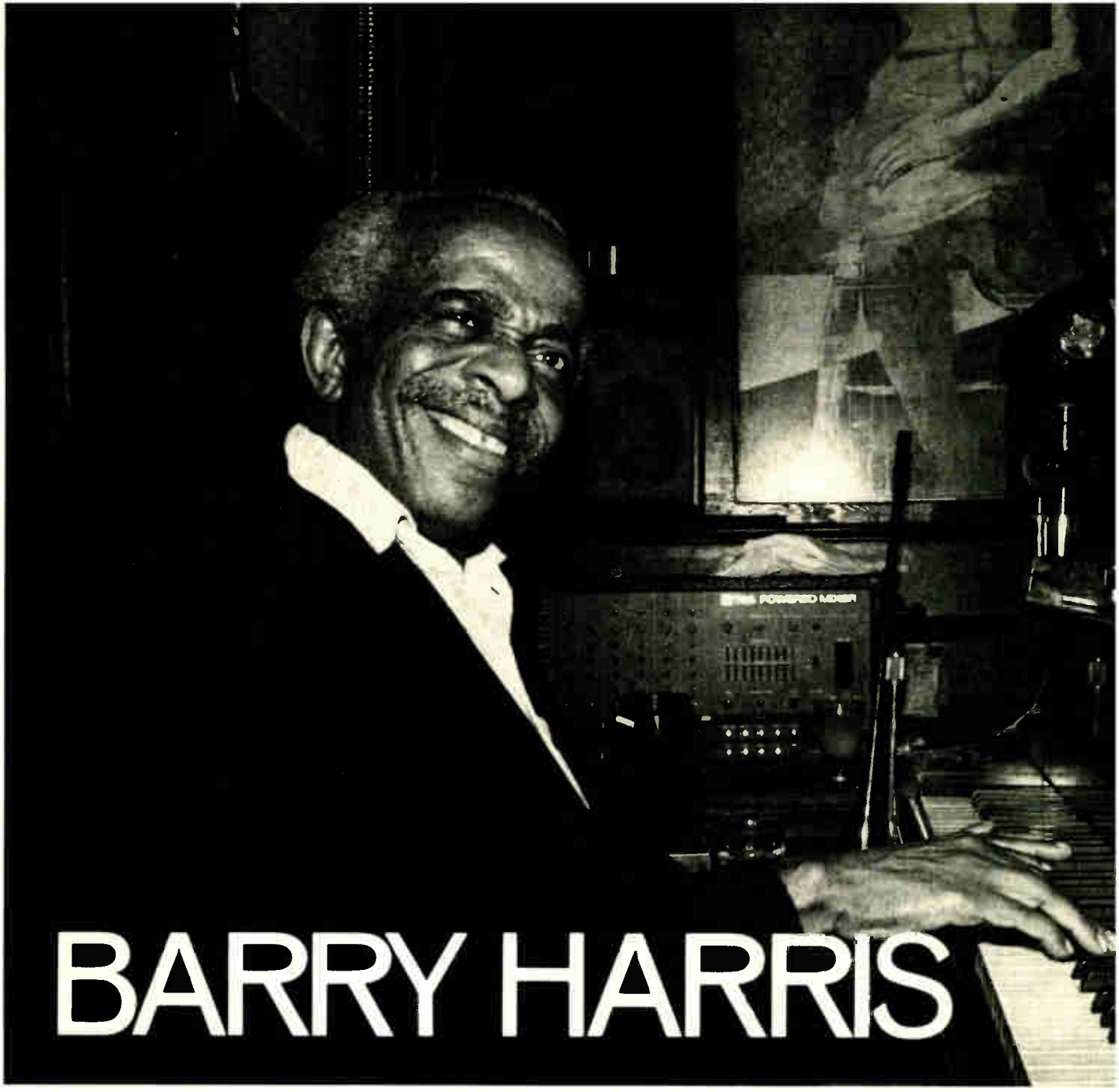
But when a recording superstar is standing right there in the studio, it's the producer/musician, not the technology, who has to translate vision into reality. "You have to be *really* independent in your thinking," is the way Rodgers sums up his own approach. "You have to look at each artist as an individual. But the main thing is how they make you and the people around you *feel*. Most of the people I meet, we have countless meetings before we do any music together." The one recent project where that *didn't* happen remains a source of regret. "I wish I had known Jeff [Beck] better as a person before I started working with him, because he's a different kind of guy. And if you're going to write songs for somebody, you really have to know where they're coming from."

That's obviously a given when it's Nile the producer penning tunes for Nile the performer, and *B-Movie Matinee* samples the smorgasbord of Rodgers' tastes with his usual thoroughness. "It took me a long time to put the material together," he admits. "The initial concept came when I was in London doing Duran Duran's *Wild Boys*, and I heard all these names for the first time, names like Frankie Goes To Hollywood or Everything But The Girl, and I just liked those sort of names with that cadence, you know. So I decided that I would start a group just for the name, and I thought of Nile Rodgers Into The Light. It sounded cool to me, so I wrote the first song for the album, called *Stay Out Of The Light*. That was inspired by *Raiders Of The Lost Ark*, when the guys are walking in the tunnel and Indiana Jones goes [*in a deep voice*] 'Stop, stay out of the light' [*laughs*]. Then I said to myself, 'Great, movies, I *love* movies, so I'll write an album dedicated to movies.'" Titles like *Doll Squad* and *Plan 9* soon emerged because, he declares, "I love the really *low* shit, you know—*low* fashion."

Low fashion, maybe, but definitely high techno—with typical Rodgers twists. Take the leadoff tune, *Plan 9*, as an example. As Nile reveals, "Half of all the guitar parts and half of all the bass parts were done by Jimmy Bralower, who sampled guitars and put them into chips in the LinnDrum and made them play all these complex rhythms. Then *I* did the stereo parts, where I'm playing guitar and bass on the other side. I got that idea from listening to James Brown." Then there's the Chic-ish *State Your Mind*, with its funky chordings, smooth harmonized vocals, string-simulating synth swells, and bop-flavored guitar. "It was written by Marty Celay, who's an old friend who comes out of the jazz school, like me, so the basic composition was a little tricky to play. The guitar lick was *very* tricky." Next up on side one is *Face In The Window*, which combines some power-chord crunch with chiming synths, chattering drum machines, and a doo-wop vocal breakdown. "That was definitely the most difficult song to record, because I wanted it to have my feel but I also wanted to make the guys who wrote it proud. See, they wrote it as a really rocky kind of thing, power crunch and all. So I put some power stuff on there, but I also gave it a more subtle kind of approach." *Doll Squad* features a Rudy Vallee-style voiceover-through-a-megaphone echoing the lyric "Now hear this," which hearkens back to Chic's use of "Yowsah, Yowsah, Yowsah" on *Dance, Dance, Dance*. *Groovemaster*, which Rodgers cites as his favorite tune on the LP, has him doing double duty on guitar and bass for a pure James Brown-type groove. "It was the first time I had the confidence to play bass," he admits, "but I really like the way it feels."

Another characteristic touch comes with Nile's use of his "big jazz box," a 1937 D'Angelico New Yorker guitar, for the comping on *Stay Out Of The Light*. "I still consider myself a jazz guitarist," he insists, "because that's what I've studied, that's what I study now. When I go out to have fun, I hang out at Seventh Avenue South and play tunes. Even on my sessions, I'll stick a D'Aquisto on *some* track, even if it's just for two bars, just because I love the feel of it in my hands. On the Chic single *Hangin'* I did the solo on a D'Angelico, an old-fashioned Maceo kind of riff." In fact, shades of Wes Montgomery surface in Rodgers' guitar work for such Chic standards as *So Fine* and *Flash Back*, while the whole concept behind *Savoir Faire* derives from his preoccupation with the sounds of the '40s. "It's still my favorite solo," he declares of that tune, "because it was the most complete for me. I started the melody with chords, then moved into the jazzy stuff. It was really emotional, and from a compositional point of view it's one of the best things I ever played."

His love for playing is actually what prompted this modern groovemaster to make *B-Movie Matinee*. "I was hoping I'd get a hit so I could get out of the studio and play live," he confesses. And, as you'd expect, he's got an idea what kind of personnel he'd like to take on the road with him. "I can't use Tony [Thompson] now because he's with the Power Station, but an ideal drummer would be somebody like Anton Fig or Steve Ferrone. I've got a guitar player in mind, this girl Felicia Collins, who plays real great funk. Bass players are rough: I mean, Bernard [Edwards] was *my* concept of a great bass player. Keyboards, well, I know quite a few good players like Rob [Sabino] and Raymond Jones. I'd use the Borneo Horns, and the Simms Brothers and Curtis King for backup singers. Mainly I'll need pros who can do a hard job, because it's gonna *be* hard. I'll have to recreate Chic stuff *perfectly*; I want to play Chic's music again, but it has to be *convincing*." It's hard to imagine him doing it any other way. **db**



# BARRY HARRIS

"Teachers should teach where they came from, not where they are. They tell you life is complex and you have to suffer to give of yourself, and that's not true. Life is very simple, and if you simply live and simply learn to play, you'll really give."

By MICHAEL BOURNE

Bud Powell played piano on the screen, from a documentary of his life in Paris shown as the highlight of a tribute to Bud at this year's Kool Jazz Festival in New York. One particular sequence showed Bud and Thelonious Monk hanging out, underscored by Bud's haunting solo of *'Round Midnight*. It was already a wonderful concert, climaxed by the movie, and there was more to come. It fell to Barry Harris to follow the film—and he played with a spirit that thrilled everyone all the more. First he played Bud's piece for his daughter Celia (with a quote of Monk for good measure), then a solo medley of Bud's music, and finally a flabbergasting *Tea For Two*. Even his most virtuosic turns at the piano were played with the greatest of ease.

So often through the years he's played bebop standards with a touch unique, a certain swinging grace. Barry Harris *is* the standard-bearer of bebop. If one calls Bud Powell and Thelonious Monk the Tigress and Euphrates of bebop piano, then Barry Harris is a tributary, flowing from (and always renewed from) the source. Ira Gitler, producer of the trib-

# Keeper Of The Bebop Flame

FRAN VOGEL

ute, called him "The Keeper of the Bebop Flame"—and indeed he is. He keeps the flame—and hopes to kindle new fires—at the Jazz Cultural Center, the nightclub and school he heads in midtown Manhattan. We talked there the afternoon after the tribute.

"There are so many young people who don't know about jazz," Harris said. "That's why we have concerts at the Center. We have teenagers playing in the concerts. I'll get together a teenage chorus and they're brilliant, quick to learn. They just haven't been exposed to the music."

Harris offers several classes at the Center on Mondays and Tuesdays. "I don't teach reading. I have a beginner's class just to interest them in the music. I make them play a few things and learn to like it. I have a piano class, then singers. I work on phrasing for singers, and the pianists learn to accompany. Then come the horns for an improvisation class, and some of the singers stay for that. Frank Foster teaches, too. When you have a one-room thing it's hard. We'd like to have two or three things going on."

Since the Center is boozeless, young people can play—and can listen to all the greats of jazz Harris presents. Harris opened the Center in August of 1982, and it's never been easy. (He was looking out for Con Edison while we talked. They'd threatened to turn out the lights.) "This is not funded," he said, "and I haven't gotten my nonprofit thing together. It's been a struggle. Whenever they have these fiscal crunches, it's always the arts that suffer. I think that's intolerable. When we were kids we learned how to play instruments in school. I learned the clarinet in the sixth grade, the bass in the ninth grade. It's very important that kids have instruments, and schools nowadays don't have bands or classes for people to learn. You have to learn when you're young, and the young today really don't have it. I feel funny when people come here to learn how to play jazz and they're 20, 30, 40. We were playing this stuff when we were 13!"

Harris first played "this stuff" in Detroit. He was born in what came to be called Bop City in 1929. He grew up around some of the eventual greats of jazz: Hank Jones, Tommy Flanagan, Donald Byrd, Pepper Adams, Kenny Burrell, Paul Chambers, Doug Watkins, Yusef Lateef, and Elvin Jones, among others. And, he said, "there were the ones who never left, who people don't know, who really started us all. We had an alto player named Cokie we thought was Bird. And when Miles came out with his style, we said that was nothing—Cleophus played like that all the time!"

Harris first played at home at age four. He became a church pianist, but in high school was more and more fascinated by jazz. "I played in church most of the time—until my mother said, 'What are you going to do, play jazz or church music?' I said I liked the jazz. And it was okay. She was beautiful to all of us, Donald Byrd, Paul, and Doug. My house was like a classroom. We could practice all we wanted."

Saxophonist Gene Ammons was an early influence. "When I was about 14 or 15, Jug played a lot of dances in Detroit, and he'd always let me sit in with him. He'd make Junior Mance get up. It wasn't me asking him. He'd ask me. I'll never forget Jug. He was the greatest help of all to me, my biggest hero."

Bud Powell was another influence, although at first only technically—and somewhat by chance. "I remember I wasn't good at soloing. I borrowed a record player that could play at different speeds. I got this record to learn how to play solo. I don't know where I got it. It was *Webb City* by Bud Powell and the Bebop Boys. I don't know how or what I went through, but I slowed up the record and listened, and the next day I could solo some."

Eventually, he started gigging—at a bowling alley. "One of the first gigs I had was with Frank Rosolino at a place called the Bowladrome. It was a hip place. I remember the drummer Tiny Kahn came in. Then there was the Blue Bird, the joint I would run to when I was too young to get in. The bandstand was in the window. I'd knock on the window and the pianist, a cat named Phil Hill, would turn and look at me. When he finished a song I'd run in and play a couple of tunes and run back out. Then I started at the Rouge Lounge as one of the

cats who played with people coming through. I played with Prez there, and Flip Phillips. Miles came to town for a while and a few of us had the chance to play with him." Harris first played with Coleman Hawkins in Detroit, then again just before Hawk died. "He went through Detroit pianists: Tommy and Roland Hanna, Hank Jones, and then me."

* * *

And then there was Charlie Parker. "Bird was playing at the Graystone Ballroom and his band didn't show up on time. So we young ones got up and played with Bird. I can't remember which bass player, Paul or Doug, and a drummer named Freddie Metcalf. We played with Bird, and that was the gas of the ages!"

Harris didn't come to New York until 1960. "I was scared. I wish I'd come earlier. I'd have been around for the golden age of the music. I came with Doug Watkins for a vacation in 1952. I remember going to the Bronx and Art Blakey was playing. I'd sit in and he'd always play *Night In Tunisia* real fast—and I just couldn't play that fast. I didn't leave Detroit until Clifford Brown died and I joined Max. Donald Byrd replaced Clifford and I replaced Richie Powell. When I left Max I came back to Detroit. I came to New York to make some record dates, but I didn't really leave Detroit until 1960 with Cannonball."

Harris recorded *Them Dirty Blues* with the Adderley band. Also, the same rhythm section (with Sam Jones on bass and Louis Hayes on drums) recorded for Riverside live at the Jazz Workshop in San Francisco, one of his favorite sessions. Earlier, he'd recorded with a trio for Argo, an off-shoot of a Chicago session with Sonny Stitt, but the record wasn't released until he'd become a name playing with Cannonball. *Luminescence* for Prestige in 1967 was his first recording as a bandleader, but by then he'd recorded with a Who's Who of jazz: Sonny Stitt, Dexter Gordon, Illinois Jacquet, Hank Mobley, Wes Montgomery, et al. He's recorded often up front since then, especially several excellent sessions for Xanadu, two of the best being compositions by Tadd Dameron and . . . Barry Harris.

Uptown recorded his newest release, *For The Moment*, in the spring of 1984 live on his home turf at the Jazz Cultural Center. One highlight of the concert is a medley of Monk's music. Another is a Harris original, *To Monk With Love*. Harris and Monk lived together through Monk's last years, looked out for by jazz patroness the Baroness Nica de Koenigswater (the inspiration for *Pannonica*, among other bebop classics). Harris watched Monk's health fail. "He was physically sick," Harris said. "Nobody could figure out what was wrong with him, and he just resigned himself and didn't do anything. I remember one time I was playing a concert for him with a big band with Paul Jeffrey. I said to Monk the night before, 'Why don't you come and play?' And he didn't say no. I go to the concert and in walks Monk, and he played! He didn't play at all the last few years."

FRAN VOGEL

## BARRY HARRIS' EQUIPMENT

Barry Harris especially enjoys playing on the Steinway piano which he has at the Jazz Cultural Center. He says, "I was lucky. I used to play with Coleman Hawkins at a friend's house in Connecticut, and this cat had this piano done over and gave it to me. It's been my blessing."

## BARRY HARRIS SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

**As a leader**

*FOR THE MOMENT*—Uptown 27.20
*LIVE AT THE JAZZ WORKSHOP*—Riverside 6123
*LUMINESCENCE*—Prestige 7498
*BULL'S EYE*—Prestige 7600
*MAGNIFICENT*—Prestige 7733
*STAY RIGHT WITH IT*—Milestone 47050
*PLAYS TADD DAMERON*—Xanadu 113
*LIVE IN TOKYO*—Xanadu 130
*PLAYS BARRY HARRIS*—Xanadu 154
*TOKYO: 1968*—Xanadu 177

**with Cannonball Adderley**

*THEM DIRTY BLUES*—Riverside 12-322

**with David Allyn**

*DON'T LOOK BACK*—Xanadu 101

**with Al Cohn**

*PLAY IT NOW*—Xanadu 100
*AMERICA*—Xanadu 138

**with Dexter Gordon**

*GETTIN' AROUND*—Blue Note 84204
*POWER!*—Prestige 24087
*MORE POWER*—Prestige 7680
*BITING THE APPLE*—SteepleChase 1080
*TRUE BLUE*—Xanadu 136
*SILVER BLUE*—Xanadu 137

**with Coleman Hawkins**

*SIRIUS*—Pablo 2310-707

**with Jimmy Heath**

*PICTURE OF HEATH*—Xanadu 118

**with Illinois Jacquet**

*BOTTOMS UP*—Prestige 7575

**with Charles McPherson**

*LIVE IN TOKYO*—Xanadu 131

**with Billy Mitchell**

*THE COLOSSUS OF DETROIT*—Xanadu 158

**with Sonny Stitt**

*12!*—Muse 5002
*MELLOW*—Muse 5067
*PLAYS GENE AMMONS*—Muse 5091
*BLUES FOR DUKE*—Muse 5129
*SONNY'S BACK*—Muse 5204
*IN STYLE*—Muse 5228

Even after all these years, Harris believes, a teacher still needs to be taught. "That's the secret. I take lessons from Sophia Rosoff, who believes as I do. I don't believe in playing the piano with your fingers. You play with your butt, your feet, your elbow. We have some classical pianists messed up because they believe in fingers. There's a lady who taught some people around here, Abby Whiteside. She wrote a book, *Indispensables Of Piano Playing*. Her theory is that our Western theory of playing piano involves finger technique and ways of strengthening the fingers. We believe just the opposite. You strengthen your body. You play from your arm, transfer the weight off. It's just like a machine: the little levers in your fingers are strengthened by the bigger levers of your body."

There's another lesson he's learned—the most valuable, Harris believes. "When you play a piece, be sure you play it all the way through. A friend of mine went to see Bud Powell in the morning and he was playing *I Should Care*, and when he came back that night Bud was still playing *I Should Care*. I've heard some tapes of Monk practicing. He was playing *Lulu's Back In Town*, in time, for 90 minutes! We have to learn to practice as if you're *playing*. Most of us, if we don't play all the time and then we go into a club, it takes till the end of the week to be comfortable. The thing is to play every day by yourself, take some tunes and play them—play that blues over and over and stretch yourself out."

Barry Harris feels blessed to be a musician. "I knew I was a musician when I was four. I'm fortunate, because most people go through life without knowing what they want to do. Some find out late, some find out early, and some never find out. It's beautiful to have known early what I wanted to do. I've had this music all my life." **db**

# THE JAZZ EVENT OF THE DECADE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# RECORD REVIEWS

★★★★★ EXCELLENT ★★★★ VERY GOOD ★★★ GOOD ★★ FAIR ★ POOR


## MILES DAVIS

**YOU'RE UNDER ARREST**—Columbia 40023: *ONE PHONE CALL/STREET SCENES; HUMAN NATURE; MD1/SOMETHING'S ON YOUR MIND/MD2; MS. MORRISINE; KATIA PRELUDE; KATIA; TIME AFTER TIME; YOU'RE UNDER ARREST; MEDLEY (JEAN PIERRE, YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, THEN THERE WERE NONE).*

**Personnel:** *Davis, trumpet, OBXA synthesizer (cuts 5, 6), voice (1); Robert Irving III, DX-7, Korg Poly-6, OBXA synthesizers, organ, celeste, clavinet; Bob Berg, soprano (1), tenor saxophone (8, 9); John Scofield (1-3, 7, 9), John McLaughlin (4-6), guitar; Darryl Jones, bass; Al Foster (1, 7-9), Vince Wilburn Jr. (2-6), drums, Simmons drums; Steve Thornton, percussion, voice (1); Sting, Marek Olko, voice (1); James Prindiville, handcuffs (1).*

★ ★

**AT LAST! MILES DAVIS AND THE LIGHTHOUSE ALL-STARS**—Contemporary 7645: *INFINITY PROMENADE; 'ROUND MIDNIGHT; NIGHT IN TUNISIA; DRUM CONVERSATION; AT LAST.*

**Personnel:** *Davis (1-3), Rolf Ericson (1, 3), Chet Baker (5), trumpet; Bud Shank (1-3), alto, baritone saxophone; Bob Cooper (1-3), tenor saxophone; Lorraine Geller (1-3), Russ Freeman (5), piano; Howard Rumsey (1-3, 5), bass; Max Roach, drums.*

★ ★ ★ ½

**RELAXIN'**—Original Jazz Classic 190 (Prestige 7129): *IF I WERE A BELL; YOU'RE MY EVERYTHING; I COULD WRITE A BOOK; OLEO; IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU; WOODY'N YOU.*

**Personnel:** *Davis, trumpet; John Coltrane, tenor saxophone; Red Garland, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Philly Joe Jones, drums.*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

**THE COMPLETE AMSTERDAM CONCERT**—Celluloid 6745/46: *WOODY'N YOU; BAG'S GROOVE; WHAT'S NEW; BUT NOT FOR ME; NIGHT IN TUNISIA; FOUR; WALKIN'; WELL YOU NEEDN'T; 'ROUND MIDNIGHT; LADY BIRD.*

**Personnel:** *Davis, trumpet; Barney Wilen, tenor saxophone; Rene Urtreger, piano; Pierre Michelot, bass; Kenny Clarke, drums.*

★ ★ ★ ★

First of all, consider the cover. Miles sits, holding a serious-looking gun (I'm not familiar enough with firearms, fortunately, to be able to tell whether it's real or a toy), dressed in black, peering menacingly through heavy-lidded, partially hidden eyes. Given the state of world terrorism and the mindless violence in our streets, such a stance is not hip, not playful, not a joke. Miles Davis, like Bob Dylan's portrait of outlaw John Wesley Hardin, "was never known to make a foolish move," and this is an ominous pose—but Miles is posing inside the album's music as well.

The LP's first cut, *One Phone Call/Street Scenes*, opens with the sound of "sniffing"—then a car squeals up, and we hear the police rousting Miles, seemingly for drugs, driving a fancy car, being seen with a stylish woman. As the voices threaten to handcuff Miles and take him away (in varying languages, the French provided by Sting—a member of the Police, get it?) he responds with high schoolish verbal comebacks. Though he's had his run-ins with the authorities in the past—most probably unprovoked and uncalled-for—this rap is silly and childish. The background music is the vamp from *Jack Johnson* (another strong, independently minded black artist who was hassled by the [white] authorities), which segues into *Human Nature*.

By now it seems that we have enough clues to determine that *You're Under Arrest* is Miles' concept album. Throughout his career Miles has proven to us that attitude communicates more than instrumental technique—his entire musical aesthetic has been based on that philosophy—and here he's out to make a Statement. The initial attitude that people have picked up on is Miles' playing pop tunes, but there's nothing new about that. Though the primary trend over the last 20 years has been to primarily compose one's own material, most of jazz history has consisted of improvised interpretations of the current pop hits of the day. And it makes sense—assuring audience recognition while allowing one's own personal variations to register with more clarity and directness. But Miles' playing on Michael Jackson's *Human Nature* and Cyndi Lauper's *Time After Time* fails to do what jazz interpretations of popular material *must* do—transform the original into something greater than what you began with, not merely to cover (imitate or mimic) the original. Though the arrangements here are well crafted and polished to a lustrous sheen (probably by keyboardist Robert Irving III, who co-produced the LP with Miles), Miles doesn't really solo on either—he basically plays the themes as written (or as sung by Jackson and Lauper, though without the emotional impact of either), with some very minor ornamental doodling (ala his drawings on the inside cover). This is *not* great ballad playing, of which Miles has always been the paragon.

The closing track on the album is nothing but a kiddie-type melody (*Jean Pierre*) over a tape of a day in the park with lots of kids playing, happy baby sounds, followed by a countdown, rocket sounds, explosion—*And Then There Were None*. A "serious" statement, which Miles deflates with a joke at the end.

The rest of the album, where the serious music lies, has its moments, but that's all they are—isolated moments. The forthright rhythm track adds some interest to *Something's On Your Mind*, but the tight arrangement doesn't seem to inspire Miles; a few chromatic licks at the end of his solo lead to Scofield's sliding chromaticism and fine, albeit brief, outing. Miles on open horn reveals some sturdy and clean upper register chops, then fluffs a few. *Ms. Morrisine* has a catchy polyrhythmic hook and a nice textural feel, but Miles is simply playing riffs—he sails up, calms down, but there's no continuity, no edge, no shocks. Guest John McLaughlin adds a heavy metal ring to his solo, and his presence on *Katia* (why the 30-second *Prelude* on side one?) gives the music some real potential, but in place of the free-flowing, open-air environment which galvanized *Bitches Brew* and the subsequent '70s electric albums, these cuts sound truncated, insubstantial, unsettling. Just as *Katia* introduces a healthy ensemble interaction (motifs woven between trumpet, guitar, and keyboard) and begins to build up a head of steam, the tension is allowed to dissipate, without a true sense of direction. John Scofield's title tune has an actual head—and an intricate one at that—instead of merely a riff to build on, which Miles doesn't play. But in his solo, he plays around. Bob Berg is heard from briefly, and Scofield is finally heard at length—and he sustains interest.

For the most part, though, *You're Under Arrest* is a disappointment, even beside Miles' recent work, lacking the ebullience and bluesy energized spirit of *Star People* and *Decoy*'s soaring melodies and acute invention. The album as a whole takes no risks, and adds nothing to our knowledge or experience of Miles Davis' considerable art. Beyond the questionable extra-musical messages, the music is merely pedestrian, if occasionally, well . . . pleasant. But when we hear music from Miles Davis, we don't want pleasant—we want to be challenged. Miles has created his own standards over the years, and he simply doesn't equal those standards here.

Nor does he reach his highest standards on the newly released 1953 live recording of *At Last!*—but at least he tries. To put this recording into a chronological sequence, at the time of this Sunday afternoon Lighthouse jam Miles had left Charlie Parker's group, cut the soon-to-be-famous *Birth Of The Cool* nonet sides, but not yet formed his classic quintet. Max Roach, the drummer on this day, was to put together the Roach/Clifford Brown Quintet within the next two months. Chet Baker (who plays here, wistfully, only on the title tune but doesn't appear with Miles) was on the rise, and casual jamming was the order of the day. The accompanying cast was the Lighthouse All-Stars, a rotating aggregation of mostly ex-Kentonites. Bud Shank particularly shines, with a bluesy fervor that stands out among the procession of soloists on Shorty Rogers' *Infinity Prominade*. Roach keeps up a healthy percussive chatter throughout, goosing the laidback soloists when necessary. And Miles, on a borrowed horn without mute, plays with aplomb, alternating cascading arpeggios with sly sidestepping asides. *'Round Midnight* is his best—subtracting notes from the melody in the sparsely lyrical fashion he was soon to turn into gospel, then injecting brash quicksilver runs. Throughout the LP everyone's playing is sloppy but playful, unfocused but spontaneous. It's a jam, after all, and it tries to be nothing more than what it is.

What *Relaxin'* is, is a masterpiece—one of the landmark recordings of modern jazz. Here too Miles plays some of the popular tunes of the day, but adds a unique vision to them, revitalizing them in a substantial, meaningful way. The difference lies not in acoustic vs.

electric instruments, but in the sensitivity and the concept with which they're used. There is an assurance in Miles' playing—he sounds incisive, confident, sometimes audacious, always emotionally arresting. The perfect pacing and flow of solos—from cocky Miles to aggressive Coltrane to comfortable Garland—provides a satisfying balance of tension-and-release. This is music that didn't need to strive to be timely—it is timeless.

*The Complete Amsterdam Concert* was recorded in late '57, while Miles was on a solo tour of Europe, just four days after he cut (with basically the same personnel) the soundtrack for the French film *Ascenseur Pour L'Echafaud*. This was one of Miles' peak playing periods, and he sounds bluesy, ballsy, and soulful throughout; he's responsible for whatever surprises and shining moments the music contains. The repertory is standard Miles of the period, and the backing band gives solid support if less than outstanding solos. Barney Wilen—an occasionally wily if conservative tenorman in something of a Hank Mobley mold—shows up best here. Kenny Clarke's variegated pulse is on the money throughout. The sound is serviceable, whatever the source, but some liner notes explaining the background of the concert and the origin of the tapes would have been helpful. Further, the song listings on both album cover and label are botched; *Night In Tunisia* (not mentioned anywhere), not *Four*, closes side two. *Four* opens side three, which holds three cuts, not two as listed. And with four sides in the 11-15 minute range, all the music could have been put on two sides instead of four, saving everyone a bit of money. Still, the set is a strong sample of where Miles Davis was in 1957—a scintillating and straightforward place to be. No jive.

—*art lange*


## CANNONBALL ADDERLEY

**SOMETHIN' ELSE**—Blue Note 81595: *Autumn Leaves; Love For Sale; Somethin' Else; One For Daddy-O; Dancing In The Dark.*

**Personnel:** *Adderley, alto saxophone; Miles Davis, trumpet; Hank Jones, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Art Blakey, drums.*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

**PRESENTING CANNONBALL**—Savoy Jazz Classics 401 (MG 12018): *Spontaneous Combustion; Still Talkin' To Ya; A Little Taste; Flamingo; Caribbean Cutie.*

**Personnel:** *Adderley, alto saxophone; Nat Adderley, cornet; Hank Jones, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Kenny Clarke, drums.*

★ ★ ★ ★

Comparisons between Julian Adderley and

# RECORD REVIEWS

Charlie Parker may persist 30 years after the 26-year-old Adderley came to New York from Florida. The "green" saxophonist turned the jazz world on its head three months after Bird was laid to rest and found himself leading his own record date a few weeks after that. Some Bird worshippers viewed Adderley as a phoenix. If bebop figuratively died with Bird, the hard-bop alto sax was sired by Adderley (and Jackie McLean), and therein lies the essential distinction between the two.

Adderley proved his facility with rapid tempos that auspicious night at the Cafe Bohemia. He possessed an expansive soloing style, holding selected notes and soaring in and out with his phrases; his very sound indicated he was of the newer generation of blues-conscious bop stylists. He applied broader strokes where Bird's specialty even on ballads leaned toward an iron filigree. Cannonball and Bird shared an instinctive sense of timing and rhythmic precision, and that's all. Cannonball projected a more sweepingly wide-open manner with a romantic vibrato. It may be ludicrous to suggest that he improved on the Parker model, but Adderley's fortuitous and mercurial rise was timed precisely by Fate.

Arista/Savoy first reissued *Presenting Cannonball* as part of its *Spontaneous Combustion* two-fer (SJL 2206) that includes the Adderley brothers' debut session with Donald Byrd. Obvious in the album at hand is the confidence they both displayed on that 1955 gig, as if they were veterans to the scene. Equally confident is Paul Chambers, then 20 and with Miles, blessed with a commanding sound and sensitive ears. Hank Jones' perfect accompaniment in any setting is widely appreciated, but his outstanding solos steal thunder. He understates *Caribbean Cutie* so leisurely, with an unparalleled strength, and his delicate weavings on *Flamingo*, the date's quartet offering, deserve reverence.

The endurance of *Somethin' Else* as one of those albums that ought to keep a company in business for generations lies in the pure artistry of its musicians, of whom pianist Jones is central. He block-chords on the title blues and frames *Autumn Leaves* with warmth and taste. This particular performance bears the seeds of Miles' conceptual approach of the mid-'60s: the trumpeter states the familiar theme in his inimitable way and solos by Adderley and Jones follow; yet the performance flows smoothly and with the design of a spontaneous concerto. It's lovely as heck! And the way Adderley opens his *Love For Sale* solo at the second measure has to be one of hard bop's greatest solo openings, as it dispenses with an otherwise important mood-setting chord suggesting an underlying tension in the piece. Blakey's muted latin tempo throughout Adderley's delineation is stellar. *One For Daddy-O* epitomizes the bluesy Adderley as expansive, serpentine, and in his own class. *Dancing In The Dark*, this LP's quartet outing, like *Flamingo*, shows off the mature artist risen above tempting comparisons, yet aware that the mantle of inspiration is at least in the tradition of one's musical language.

This was Miles' last sideman date, March 9, 1958; yet you'd think he merely had Adderley ghost-lead the session for him. *A propos* here is a brief reassessment of one-time critical accusations of Nat Adderley imitating Miles. Clark Terry may be Miles' homeboy but there's more Terry (and Sweets Edison) in Nat than ever possible in Miles. Nat has the puckish humor, the flamboyance, the melodic playfulness; *Spontaneous Combustion* indicates how prone he was to anticlimactic flares, while Miles tends to hold notes longer as he does on *Daddy-O*, which, by the way, is Nat's tune. Adderley fans may be interested that Nat's *Teaneck*, from the later Nancy Wilson session, is here rendered marvelously as *A Little Taste*, attributed to Julian.

With all that aside, Cannonball Adderley is best compared to himself over the three years he developed from an already formidable foundation. *—ron welburn*


## BOB DYLAN

**EMPIRE BURLESQUE**—Columbia 40110; *TIGHT CONNECTION TO MY HEART; SEEING THE REAL YOU AT LAST; I'LL REMEMBER YOU; CLEAN CUT KID; NEVER GONNA BE THE SAME AGAIN; TRUST YOURSELF; EMOTIONALLY YOURS; WHEN THE NIGHT COMES FALLING FROM THE SKY; SOMETHING'S BURNING BABY; DARK EYES.*

**Personnel:** *Dylan, guitars, piano, harmonica, vocals; Mick Taylor (cut 1), Ted Perlman (1), Ron Wood (4), Mike Campbell (2, 3, 6, 7), Al Kooper (8), Stuart Kimball (8), Ira Ingber (9), guitar; Bob Glaub (2), Jon Paris (4), Howie Epstein (3, 7), Robbie Shakespear (5, 6, 8, 9), bass; Sly Dunbar (1, 5, 8), Jim Keltner (3, 6, 7), Don Heffington (2, 9), Anton Fig (4), drums; Benmont Tench, keyboards (2, 4, 6, 7); Richard Scher (1, 5, 7-9), Vince Melamed (9), synthesizer; David Watson (2), Chops (2), Urban Blight (8), horns; Bashiri Johnson, percussion (2, 6, 8); Carol Dennis (1, 4-6), Madelyn Quebec (3, 6, 8, 9), Queen Esther Marrow (1, 4-6), Peggi Blu (1, 4, 5), Debra Byrd (5, 6), vocals.*

★ ★ ★ ½

Legend? Yes. Genius? Maybe. No flashes of genius on this disc, anyway. A nice cross-section of stuff, though, from *When The Night Comes Falling From The Sky* for the disco set (courtesy of remix-master Arthur Baker) to *Dark Eyes* for the pre-electric Dylanologists who are working on their umpteenth copy of *Bringing It All Back Home*.

This is perhaps Dylan's most confessional album since *Blood On The Tracks*, the 1975 LP borne out of the pain of a separation from his wife. Tunes like *Seeing The Real You At Last, I'll Remember You, Never Gonna Be The Same Again*, and *Something's Burning, Baby* all suggest some kind of conflict between the sexes.

Dylan's lyric invention is still very much intact. The vague, allusive tales are still thought-provoking. And the signature nasal-monotone voice still carries a certain eccentric appeal. But the difference here is that Dylan is no longer the poet laureate he was in bygone days. He is no longer the articulate spokesman for a disillusioned, alienated generation. After all, the idealists of the '60s are the condo-owners of the '80s. And the current pop audience will only relate to this icon as "the guy who sings weird on *We Are The World*." Poor Bob . . . a good man in the wrong time.

To appease the rhythmic-conscious record-buying public he's got Sly and Robbie, a rock-steady riddim section called in to give that infectious push-and-pull on the Staples-esque *Tight Connection To My Heart* and the hit-bound *When The Night Comes Falling From The Sky*. The more personal, borderline-sappy ballads like *Emotionally Yours* and *I'll Remember You* may fall short with both today's young audience and yesterday's Dylan devotees, though. *Clean Cut Kid* is his sole political statement, punctuated by Jon Paris' bass and Ron (Rolling Stones) Wood's raucous guitar.

*Trust Yourself* is preachy platitudes reminiscent of *Serve Somebody*. *Dark Eyes* is quintessential Dylan—a man, his guitar, and his harmonica. That tune strikes a chilling chord that no other on this album does. The lyrics, the voice—it's right there, naked, without all the trappings. I guess I just prefer my Dylan without the *garni du jour*. *—bill milkowski*


## DAVID MURRAY BIG BAND

**LIVE AT SWEET BASIL, VOL. 1**—Black Saint 0085: *LOVERS; BECHET'S BOUNCE; SILENCE; DUET FOR BIG BAND.*

**Personnel:** *Murray, tenor saxophone, bass clarinet; Butch Morris, conductor; Olu Dara, cornet; Baikida Carroll, trumpet; Craig Harris, trombone; Bob Stewart, tuba; Vincent Chancey, french horn; Steve Coleman, alto, soprano saxophone; John Purcell, alto saxophone, clarinet; Rod Williams, piano; Fred Hopkins, bass; Billy Higgins, percussion.*

★ ★ ★ ★

If you're a New Yorker, perhaps you've caught this band; if not, maybe you've read the glowing reports in Manhattan-based media. Now you can hear on disc what the fuss is about—and though the sound is a bit muddy, David Murray's big band lives up to its reputation for vigorous solos and exuberantly dense ensemble work that links the spirit infusing the best

jazz since its beginnings with the personal freedom to abstract that's still being fought for today.

From the conventionally lyrical ballad *Lovers* on, one can discern the debt to Ellington, especially, that composer Murray and music co-director Morris owe. There are strong melodies and catchy counterlines, deep-hued, orchestral colors, and particular voices employed for their special sounds. There is the rambunctious energy one encounters on tapes of Duke's dance dates, and the serious ambitions that one finds in Duke's suites. The hearty sound Murray gets on his horn has a likeness to Ben Webster's, and the brass players, with their various devices, recall the plunger and mute tricks of some of Duke's men.

But the breadth of Murray's program is strictly modern, as the nouvelle-New Orleans stirring street march *Bechet's Bounce* gives way to the unclassifiable (though perfectly hummable) themes of side two. Billy Higgins' uplifting rhythms and Fred Hopkins' stalwart walk anchor Murray's top-of-the-horn warbling, as Morris waves in unlikely combinations of instruments to offset or echo the frontman's action. On *Duet*, a more than 16-minute-long improvisation, Stewart (on tuba) and Higgins begin steady 4/4, then respond to Morris' slowed hand cues signaling their alternations. As Butch brings Hopkins in, returns the motif to tempo, and develops a syncopation, he foreshadows the games he'll play with the brass and reeds later on, directing sections to phrase in mirror images of each other, to grab ideas from the soloist and twist them their own ways.

Besides Murray, who's absolutely confident about going out and coming home at a moment's whim, trombonist Harris, french hornman Chancey, and trumpeter Carroll contribute fine mini-compositions of their own through their solos. Rod Williams' comping is supremely supportive without calling much attention to itself, and Olu Dara's selective effects, with Purcell's keening clarinet and Coleman's bluesy alto, provide the distinguishing details that make Murray's big band more musical than groups with tighter, by-the-book arrangements.

Add to their freedoms the feeling of fun that's apparent as the Dynamic Dozen deconstructs and reconstructs Murray's attractive melodies, and you've got reason to believe that the big band form itself is far from spent. Just what else David Murray's been able to get his big band to demonstrate, and the music's natural mix—the sound at Sweet Basil is generally punchier, so each musician is usually distinctly perceived even during the busiest passages—will, it's hoped, be even clearer in *Live At Sweet Basil, Vol. 2*. —*howard mandel*


## TALKING HEADS

**LITTLE CREATURES**—Sire 25305-1: *And She Was; Give Me Back My Name; Creatures Of Love; The Lady Don't Mind; Perfect World; Stay Up Late; Walk It Down; Television Man; Road To Nowhere.*

**Personnel:** *David Byrne, guitar, vocals; Jerry Harrison, keyboards, vocals; Tina Weymouth, bass, vocals; Chris Frantz, drums; Andrew Cader, washboard; Jimmy MacDonald, accordian; Lenny Pickett, saxophones; Steve Scales, Nana Vasconcelos, percussion; Eric Weissberg, steel guitar; Ellen Bernfeld, Eris Dickens, Diva Gray, Gordon Grody, Lani Groves, Kurt Yahijian, vocals.*

★ ★ ★ ★

On the surface, this appears to be a return to

the simplicity of the Talking Heads' eight-year-old debut, *Talking Heads '77*. But the Heads are too smart a band to go back and bring nothing with them. To be sure, they've dumped most of their expanded band. Except for the reggae lilt on *Name*, the music lacks overt Third World influences, especially the Afro-funk of *Remain In Light*. Finally, the production is devoid of both Brian Eno's atmospherics and the searing dynamics of last year's *Speaking In Tongues*.

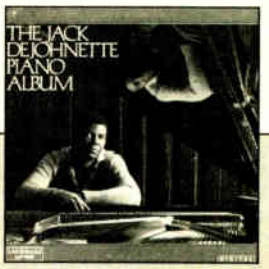
However, *Little Creatures* is a reassertion, rather than a retrenching. They haven't come this far as America's most adventurously eclectric group to fall prey to nostalgia for the good old days of early punk. This is a mature recording from musicians who are taking a larger view of the world. Some of them are, after all, family men and women now. That probably accounts for the propensity toward baby songs on *Little Creatures* (*Creatures Of Love* and *Stay Up Late*).

A Zen-like nihilism pervades Byrne's lyrics on *Little Creatures*, with only a tinge of the manic, over-the-edge craziness we've come to know and love. *Walk It Down* recalls the paranoia of *Burning Down The House*. Its crunching rhythm drives home Byrne's survival cry in the face of "lies and propaganda" coming from the radio. His love/hate ambivalence with mass media is elucidated further in *Television Man*, where the "world crashes into my living room" but "we are still good friends." Chris Frantz rips out a vicious backbeat that pumps through a bridge of congas, twinkling keyboard cycles, a heavy-metal guitar solo, and references to *Land Of A Thousand Dances*.

There's a *joie de vivre* throughout the LP that seems alien in context of the group's previous party-on-doomsday records. The country & western twang of *Creatures Of Love* is an intentionally naive celebration of life and a reworking of the "creation" myth. "I've seen sex and I think it's okay," they call over Eric Weissberg's pedal steel guitar, affirming the joy of sidetracks in the cycle of life since we're all "creatures of love."

*Little Creatures* abounds with biblical and religious references scrawled across its Tom Tom Club-styled cover ("I am a red light from God"). Inside, Byrne revels in the trials and trauma of the temporal state, however. He offers escape in the beginning with the anthematic *And She Was*, suggesting we can float off the world like sentient clouds. But the plaintive gospel hymn that opens *Road To Nowhere* extolls the search for self-determination before launching into a Cajun march on a "ride to nowhere," with Lenny Pickett's New Orleans funeral reed section blazing the path to salvation in the here & now.

*Little Creatures* is a taut, compact record that rocks with a vengeance from beginning to end. For every element they've stripped away, they've brougnt a meticulous attention to detail, and a subtle twisting of an Americana that's as vibrant, if more cerebral, than Bruce Springsteen's. —*john diliberto*




## JACK DeJOHNETTE

**THE JACK DeJOHNETTE PIANO ALBUM**—Landmark 1504: *Minority; Lydia; Countdown; Spiral; Time After Time; Milton; Ahmad The Terrible; Quiet Now.*

**Personnel:** *DeJohnette, piano, synthesizer (cuts 2, 5, 6); Eddie Gomez, bass; Freddie Waits, drums.*

★ ★

The problem with this record is that Jack DeJohnette demonstrates less musical sense than isolated episodes of piano technique. The performances are nervous, ideas flying off in all directions. Sometimes—the—lines—are—choppy; then they catch fire and fizzle off into . . . busy-ness: chord, reactionary lick, chord, reactionary lick, and on and on. There's some substrata of seeming insecurity here, and DeJohnette is trying to cover it with a blitz of notes.

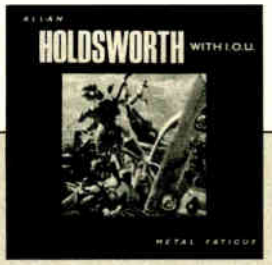
In the liner notes, he tells Peter Keepnews, "I actually deal with [the piano] pianistically, not percussively as some people might expect." True, it's a very pianistic approach, which befits his early keyboard instruction and subsequent degree from Chicago's American Conservatory of Music. And it's a wide-ranging approach, all the way from the simple (and most effective) churchy rock of Cyndi Lauper's *Time After Time* to the Coltrane-translated-to-piano thrashing of the late saxophonist's *Countdown*.

DeJohnette shows his uptempo chops not only on *Countdown* but also on Gigi Gryce's *Minority*. Even on the medium-tempo pieces (Trane's *Spiral* and DeJohnette's *Ahmad* and *Milton*), he swirls over the keys. He shows a nice harmonic sensitivity on his *Lydia* and Denny Zeitlin's *Quiet Now*, but again the improvised lines rebound instead of leading. Where is the direction?

Gomez plays his usual dazzling, sinewy upper-register solo style and accented walk. His recorded sound has been getting curiously one-dimensional lately. Things that should be felt more than heard aren't felt on this record. Waits seems low in the mix and does an okay job, considering it's every man for himself.

The next time he records as a pianist, DeJohnette should settle down, tell more of a story (with some of the humor he invests in his Special Edition albums), check for overtones in the bass, bring the drums up a little clearer, and swing more in a locked groove with his mates. These are not comfortable words for a writer to say about a famous and respected

musician, but that's how this album communicates to this listener. —*owen cordle*




## ALLAN HOLDSWORTH

**METAL FATIGUE**—Enigma 72002-1: *Metal Fatigue; Home; Devil Take The Hindmost; Panic Station; The Un-Merry-Go-Round; In The Mystery.*

**Personnel:** *Holdsworth, guitars; Jimmy Johnson, Gary Willis (cut 5), bass; Chad Wackerman (1-4), Gary Husband (5), Mac Hine (6), drums; Paul Williams (1, 4), Paul Korda (6), vocals.*

★ ★ ★ ★

It is somehow fitting that guitar wizard Allan Holdsworth is now recording with Enigma Records. Nobody can figure the guy out. Is he jazz? Is he rock? Is he a remnant from fusion days (a movement he helped pioneer with such legendary instrumental bands as U.K. and Soft Machine)? His 1984 EP for Warner Bros., *Road Games*, was nominated for a Grammy as Best Rock Instrumental. Yet, his material is consistently more adventurous than many of today's artists who are labeled "jazz."

Take the cut *Home*, for instance, or *Devil Take The Hindmost*. There are more chord changes, substitutions, tempo changes, shifts in dynamics, and honest-to-goodness improvising on those two tunes than on the combined output of Bob James, George Duke, and Wilton Felder over the past few years. Yet, they chart in jazz polls and Holdsworth is left in limbo—neither here nor there.

There is a fervent cult following, however, for this accomplished and innovative artist. His reputation among fellow guitarists is legendary. Such acknowledged axemen as Edward Van Halen, Larry Coryell, Steve Khan, and Carlos Santana have championed his cause, and with good reason. Holdsworth's astonishing technique and scalar approach to soloing (sheets of sound?) mark him as one of the most distinctive guitarists in the world today. And this album should help to further that rep.

The title cut is a tumultuous vehicle for some wicked noise effects, which bite like heavy metal on the intro but segue to a very controlled, melodic ballad with Paul Williams' vocal. Holdsworth takes it completely out to lunch on his solo, playing with astounding technique and spirit. *In The Mystery* is a nice rock ballad with Paul Korda's Jack Bruce-ish vocals leading the way. But on both these numbers, you wait around for Holdsworth to unleash. Then when he breaks into a flurry and makes his statement, you kind of wish he'd come back and say more.

The instrumental tracks are particularly strong. Of these, *The Un-Merry-Go-Round* stands as the album's showpiece. A 14-minute suite dedicated to the guitarist's late father, it moves from fiery, fluid lines to ethereal whispers. And rarely throughout it all do you hear a picking sound from the guitarist. His technique is so fast and fluid, so expressive and explosive that he more resembles a burning saxist than a guitarist. Leave it to the technicians to figure out just how he does it. Fact is, it sounds real good.

Holdsworth is in good company here. Chad Wackerman (of Frank Zappa fame) is an exceptionally versatile drummer and Jimmy Johnson (of Lee Ritenour's band) is a nimble bassist with jazz chops. Both are very melodic players on their respective instruments, and yet they still provide the needed foundation for Holdsworth to fly on. And does he ever. No one can fly like this guy. —*bill milkowski*

# Record Reviews

## Pretty Pianos

Blame it on Keith Jarrett. Vilify George Winston. Or credit them both for sparking an interest in solo piano performances in a non-classical, non-jazz idiom and then popularizing it beyond anyone's wildest expectations. It was Jarrett's massively successful *Solo Concerts* (ECM 1035/7) and *The Köln Concerts* (ECM 1064/5), with their combination of phenomenal technique and inspired romanticism, that catapulted him to his most popular peaks. His free improvisations careened from pounding gospel chords to neo-classical flourishes with equal doses of angst and exhilaration.

However, it's been Winston, with seasonal excursions like *Autumn* (Windham Hill 1012) and *Winter Into Spring* (Windham Hill 1019), who has moved to the forefront as one of the most popular, if not innovative, instrumental artists of the 1980s. As the popularizer, Winston has taken the concepts of Jarrett and prettified them, stripping away the sometimes frightening passion and searching that goes into a Jarrett performance. All of which is to take nothing away from Winston's unerring sense of melodic inspiration that has pushed so-called "New Age" music into the mainstream.

Jarrett's workouts sent fellow pianists into the woodshed to try and master the formidable range of technique and expression that he brings to his music. Winston's success, on the other hand, has prompted small record companies scurrying to sign-up any cocktail lounge artist that's not under the bar. The results can be heard in seven of the 10 solo piano records we have to sift through here.

Few of these pianists seem to ply the more interesting middle grounds between dissonance and lyricism in the manner of Jarrett or share Winston's melodic ingenuity. In fact, these 10 recordings form more of a polarization than a continuum; they're either contemplative and smooth or stormy and angular. The former pole is obviously the most densely populated, and the severest test of a critic's skill is to come up with different ways of describing variations on the same theme that George Winston has wrung dry.

**Steven Schoenberg's** *Three Days In May* (Quabbin 1002) is worth the effort. It's an eloquent, lush, and flowing series of improvisations that are spliced together to form sequential states of mind. He claims that the performances are completely spontaneous, but if that's so, they are within strict melodic and rhythmic frameworks. Unlike many of the pianists here, Schoenberg is not afraid to become rapturous, building up rippling crescendos and cascades of sound on *Keynote*. He can descend to emotionally manipulative pieces like *Lullaby*, but he can also be brooding and pensive on *Kyrie*. Rarely do his works slip into the syrupy slush of many New Age pianists.

I wish I could say the same for **Peter Kater**, a West Coast pianist whose debut, *Spirit* (Raydo 101), drips off the turntable with the sort of shallow sentiment that passes for romanticism on soap operas. He's soaring one moment with a tense three-note ostinato on *Ascent*, and sensitive the next moment on *Space*, with slowly arpeggiated melodies floating on a two-chord modal pattern. Like so many of these records, there is a liquidity of sound that's immediately seductive, but all too often it's only a tease which promises sensitivity but delivers stasis.

I had expected something more from **Liz Story**, who has two appealing LPs under her belt for Windham Hill. Her third record begins promisingly with the title track *Unaccountable Effect* (Windham Hill 1034). Gentle drones and sparkling synthesizer arpeggios from guest Mark Isham surround Story's piano, which seems to harken from a deep well of echoes. Another moving track is the album closer, *Deeper Reasons*, using a ritual-sounding bass drum and eerie percussion effects to form the landscape for her haunting, sparsely drawn journey. But in-between it's just Story and her piano, spinning out foreboding tales and quiet meditations that leave you with little but atmosphere after the needle leaves the turntable.

While Jarrett and Winston are often cited as the antecedents to this brand of solo piano music, I would also look to the introspective explorations of Paul Bley, whose early '70s recordings set a standard for compelling understatement. When asked why he left so much space between notes, Bley replied, "When I hear something that's good, I like to listen to it." That could be said for many of these pianists, except they lack Bley's wry lyrical curves and discriminatingly good taste.

Like Story's *Unaccountable Effect*, **Tom Schmidt**'s *Deer Park* (Muse/Art M334) is loaded with open spaces and dark interiors. Despite the fact that New Age music is often light and airy, these LPs remind me that it can also be full of solemn darkness and mysticism. Schmidt plays slow repetitive patterns in the left hand while the right picks out sparse sustained melodies. Even an up-tempo piece like the last movement of *Offerings* is spacious. He establishes an ostinato pattern while the right hand pours out swirling Eastern melodies like a raga in full throttle. But the mood is still contemplative. After all, what else can you do when your record label saddles you with the slogan "Modern music modes imbued with traditional philosophical concepts"?

While many of these musicians seem to have come out of nowhere, a few have actually been around and experienced different music and playing situations. **Wall Matthews**, for example, played with Biff Rose before hooking up with The Entourage Theatre & Music Ensemble, an eclectic, often experimental group that put out two excellent records on Folkways in the mid-'70s. In 1981 he released the exciting, exotic fusion record *The Dance In Your Eye* (Fretless 158). None of this prepared me for an LP as bland and faceless as the eponymously entitled *Wall Matthews* (Clean Cuts 708). It sounds as if it was market-researched and targeted before recording: Take some pleasant melodies, a good player, remove all dissonance, and release. His reflective tunes lack the self-conciousness of someone like Peter Kater, but add little beyond sentiment.

Much the same could be said for Fred Simon and Tom Splitt, each of whom have released solo debuts on the Quaver label. **Fred Simon** is one-half of Simon & Bard, an innocuous light fusion group with a couple of LPs to its credit. Simon's *Short Story* (Quaver 1003) is a series of tone poems and reflections that seem designed to be heard while sitting in front of a fire. His playing is intimate and quiet, but not particularly insightful. Like Tom Schmidt, he favors repetitive bass figures while the right hand picks out simple, sparse melodies such as *Dreamhouse*. There are none of the flourishes that mark Schoenberg or Story's music. However, like Story, he brings in synthesizers on a few tracks. *Reasons For Moving* has a gently sweeping orchestraton with percussive cycles resonating in the background while synthesized horns and violins caress the quietly happy melody. These effects lend some depth to his open landscapes, but it doesn't make them less forgettable.

**Tom Splitt**'s *Elan* (Quaver 1001) is more florid than Simon, which is like saying the Volkswagon Golf is more luxurious than the Rabbit. Simon has a certain simple elegance, but Splitt often resorts to piano-bar ornamentation. Just cue the sound effects from Frank Zappa's *America Drinks And Goes Home*.

At the other end of the spectrum is a trio of albums by Edvard Lieber, Bruce Novack, and Timothy Brady that look more to the explorations of Cecil Taylor and Thelonious Monk rather than Jarrett; to Stravinsky and Bartok rather than Debussy; and to a peculiar, personal muse, rather than a marketing demographic. Which is not to say that they are all better than the previous LPs, or for that matter even good, except for **Edvard Lieber**'s *Music To Paintings* (White Records EL-1).

I shouldn't have listened to Lieber's album first, because everything else paled coming after it. All of the performances are based on paintings by influential 20th century artists like Jackson Pollock and Franz Kline. The first side is taken up with 24 impressions of Willem deKooning paintings strung together in a stormy, tumultuous suite. Lieber bursts out of the gates, regaling one with growling bass register clusters and rippling, serated treble runs. He thrusts and parries at one moment, while at another he forms stark, frightening landscapes. His homage to Franz Kline builds coarse, sprawling whips of sound, while *Seawall*, based on Edvins Strautmanis' painting of the same name, pulses with flashes of color and blocks of glaring light. This is a virtuoso tour de force that runs the emotional gamut.

It's often difficult in Lieber's performances to distinguish whether these are compositions or improvisations, and I suspect that the line between them is very thin. Composers and pianists have often tried to balance these concepts and Lieber has done it exceedingly well. On the other hand, composer **Timothy Brady** is making a conscious effort to blur these boundaries without much success. He cites Monk and Paul Bley as influences, and you can hear it in the odd, Monk-like voicings and the long spaces associated with Bley. But he lacks Monk's joy and eccentricity and Bley's liquid flow. Pianist Mark Widner plays Brady's compositions on *Music For Solo Piano* (Apparition 0984-4) and he has little room to give life to these angular compositions, so his improvisations are stiff. The music self-conciously tries to break conventional patterns, but never establishes an emotional or intellectual reason for doing so beyond the exercise.

**Bruce Novack** is also trying to buck conventions, and his music falls closest to the jazz tradition of anyone here, albeit the tradition established by the likes of Cecil Taylor, Don Pullen, and other sonic pioneers of the last 30 years or so. *Time Slabs* (Crevice 11) is free improvisation at its purest. You can feel him trying to avoid established melodic and rhythmic modes, but his attempts are hesitant. Massive chords split like concrete blocks. Apprehensive thrusts in the left hand are countered by nervous jabs with the right. Even a slow pensive piece like *Old And Nameless* has a tortured effect. You can feel the effort that's being expended, and the ambitions are laudable compared to some of the somnambulists here, but it yields too little substantial music.

There has to be a middle ground, or at least a merging somewhere down the line, but it is not among these records which can be divided neatly into "pretty" or "angst" categories. Except for Lieber and to a lesser degree, Schoenberg, none of them seem quite complete. There is something in the human psyche, at least mine, that makes unremitting prettiness and consonance sound unrelentingly boring. —*john diliberto*

## DOUG RANEY

**MEETING THE TENORS**—Criss Cross 1006: *Up In Quincy's Room; Blues For Bart; Waltz Number One; Arrival; Lover Man; The Night Has A Thousand Eyes.*
**Personnel:** *Raney, guitar; Horace Parlan, piano; Bernt Rosengren, tenor saxophone, flute; Ferdinand Povel, tenor saxophone; Jesper Lundgaard, bass; Ole-Jacob Hansen, drums.*

★ ★ ★ ½

**LAZY BIRD**—SteepleChase 1200: *Reggie Of Chester; Feo's Waltz; Lazy Bird; Beatrice; Theme For Ernie; Walking The Duck.*
**Personnel:** *Raney, guitar; Rosengren, tenor saxophone; Ben Besiakov, piano; Lundgaard, bass; Hansen, drums.*

★ ★ ★ ★

**EVERYTHING WE LOVE**—Hot Club 19: *Just Friends; We'll Be Together Again; Half Nelson; So Do It!; Love Letters; Get Out Of Town; Everything I Love.*
**Personnel:** *Raney, Thorgeir Stubø, guitar; Lundgaard, bass; Hansen, drums.*

★ ★ ★ ★

## JIMMY RANEY

**RANEY '81**—Criss Cross 1001: *What Is This Thing Called Love?; This Is New; My Shining Hour; Peri's Scope; Sweet And Lovely; Chewish Chive And English Brick; If I Should Lose You.*
**Personnel:** *Jimmy Raney, Doug Raney, guitar; Lundgaard, bass; Eric Ineke, drums.*

★ ★ ★ ★

The surname Raney is immediately identifiable with modern jazz guitar playing of the highest order. Jimmy Raney's unruffled music has been a quiet flame that's glowed since the '40s,

perhaps most brightly with the Stan Getz and Red Norvo combos in the '50s, and dimly in the tumultuous '60s. Jimmy's son Doug is fast becoming a formidable guitarist in his own right, showing every sign (as evidenced the past few years on SteepleChase releases) of being a wonderfully deliberate-but-passionate improviser like his elder. Four recently issued Raney-stamped records of Northern European origin are sort of new, shiny trophies on the family mantle.

Restrained excitement is the prevailing mood of the *Raney '81* set—a 1981 Dutch studio outing starring Jimmy with Doug in attendance. The frets expert brings his melodic sure-handedness, radiant swinging, and vast harmonic scope to bear on, notably, the comely standard *If I Should Lose You* and a frisky rendition of Cole Porter's *What Is This Thing Called Love?* Doug congenially shadows his father throughout the album while Danish bassist Jesper Lundgaard and Dutch drummer Eric Ineke supply routine pulses.

Norwegian guitarist Thorgeir Stubø and Doug Raney evince their burgeoning improvisatory skills on the recorded-in-Oslo *Everything We Love* (from 1983). Both mainstream stylists, they are lucid and focused in their construction of solos, each note they set forth part of an ordered, smooth-flowing linear scheme. Stubø has the brighter guitar tone; Raney's low luster sound has a bit more emotional resonance. It's a plea-

# RECORD REVIEWS

sure to hear these two kindred spirits, backed by Lundgaard and drummer Ole-Jacob Hansen, dig deep into the likes of Wes Montgomery's *So Do It!* and Miles' *Half Nelson*.

Another meritable 1983 Scandinavian date, *Meeting The Tenors*, finds Doug joined by noted pianist Horace Parlan and Nordic tenormen Bernt Rosengren and Ferdinand Povel. Each musician has ample space in which to make comments on themes to two Parlan songs, a Povel blues, and three chestnuts. Ever-intelligent Raney unfolds swinging lines, Parlan exhibits his prowess on the ivories, and the flexible saxophonists comport themselves well. No one truly ignites, but no one fizzles either.

The *Lazy Bird* album is Doug's most recent recording, done this past winter with the same lineup as on *Meeting The Tenors* save for the absence of Povel and the substitution of Ben Besiakov for Parlan. Again, Raney shares the spotlight. Besiakov's strong suit proves to be fast, percussive keyboard dashes. Rosengren is especially incisive in his blowing on Sam Rivers' *Beatrice* and Benny Golson's *Reggie Of Chester*. Raney's measured approach satisfies everywhere, whether heated up on Trane's *Lazy Bird* or cooly reflective in *Theme For Ernie*. Raney, an honorable name.

*—frank-john hadley*


## KEITH JARRETT

**STANDARDS VOL. 2**—ECM 1289: *So Tender; Moon And Sand; In Love In Vain; Never Let Me Go; If I Should Lose You; I Fall In Love Too Easily.*
**Personnel:** *Jarrett, piano; Gary Peacock, bass; Jack DeJohnette, drums.*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"The strength of the genie," said poet Richard Wilbur, "comes of his being confined in a bottle." With this thought in mind, it is especially fascinating to listen to Keith Jarrett, a genie of sorts in his own right, use and derive pleasure from the power of limitations which the closed form of the American popular song form affords him, a "bottle" which, paradoxically, proves liberating.

Indeed, listeners who felt that Jarrett, in the open form of his solo concerts, sometimes verged on self-indulgence should be pleased that when he approaches the closed form of the songs presented herein his tack is functionally abbreviated, informed by respect. (He has called these songs the "tribal language" that he and the members of his trio grew up with.)

As the review of *Standards Vol. 1* (**db**, Jan. '85) pointed out, Jarrett's apparent model for these performances is the trio Bill Evans led with Scott LaFaro and Paul Motian. Jarrett's group certainly relies on the same basic fabric: Gary Peacock's bass renders oblique, swerving countermelodies while Jack DeJohnette's drums imply free, loose figures, with especially sensitive brush work. Like Evans, Jarrett here favors middle-register chordal blurs complemented by singing, marvelously inventive treble lines. It's an unmistakable, warm, expansive sound. But it's wrong to quibble too much about Jarrett's influences in recording *Standards*; it's more helpful to think of Jarrett and Evans as two pianists who followed divergent paths in arriving at the parallel sound of their trios. What's most striking and important about the approach of these two musicians is the inevitability and purity of their approaches. Like Evans, Jarrett is a definitive pianist: the logic and feeling with which he addresses these selections simply rings true. Like Evans', Jarrett's conviction is certain. And this is so, I suspect, because his musical imagination is heightened by working within the limitations of the song form.

In light of this, running through a track-by-track description of the material here is neither necessary nor desirable, for what we should listen to is not a series of musical events that should be, or even can be, isolated and described. Instead, the beauty of this record is that it is entirely an interactive process resulting from the confluence of three superior improvisers who speak the same tribal language, and it's an eloquent tongue for us to know and enjoy.

*—jon balleras*

## HEINE BEAU

**MIDNIGHT CLARINET**—Henri 303: *I'm Getting Sentimental Over You; Have Mercy, Percy; I've Got A Right To Sing The Blues; Body And Soul; Cottontail; Things Ain't What They Used To Be; Midnight Clarinet; Get Happy; Casanova's Lament; Blues My Naughty Sweetie Gave To Me.*
**Personnel:** *Beau, clarinet; Bob Havens, trombone; Gene Estes, vibraphone; Johnny Varro, piano; Morty Corb, bass; Jake Hanna, Jack Sperling, drums.*

★ ★ ★

Heine Beau, who came into the big time with the Tommy Dorsey band of the early '40s and who has for years been a prominent player and arranger on the West Coast, borrows no interest from anyone except himself and his colleagues on *Midnight Clarinet*, a pleasant 1984 session featuring a mixture of tunes, a couple his own. The best of them is the title cut, *Midnight Clarinet*, a pretty 32-bar ballad theme complete with a bridge.

Beau's clarinet is crystal clear and swings politely throughout. And Jake Hanna provides a special booster-thrust on *Get Happy*. But what seems to keep this album at a rather low flame is the absence of pacing. The solos end at the same emotional level they begin. True, no one has anything special to prove here, except to have a good time. But a jazz perform-

ance, particularly one of the swing or bebop schools, should convey a sense of emotional expansion and accumulating momentum. This requires that the soloists and the ensemble allow themselves space to let the excitement build. Even if the pacing is play-acting to an extent (as it was, say, in some of the old JATP jam sessions), the listener responds when a player seems to be heading somewhere. Very little of the music here conveys that sense. *Midnight Clarinet* is a nice, friendly sort of jazz album—lots of warmth, but very little heat.

*—john mcdonough*


## MICHEL PETRUCCIANI

**LIVE AT THE VILLAGE VANGUARD**—Concord Jazz 3006: *Nardis; Oleo; Le Bricoleur De Big Sur; To Erlinda; Say It Again And Again; Trouble; Three Forgotten Magic Words; 'Round Midnight.*

**Personnel:** *Petrucciani, piano; Palle Danielsson, bass; Eliot Zigmund, drums.*

★ ★ ★ ★

**NOTE'N NOTES**—Owl 037: *The Round Boy's Dance; Prelude To A Kiss; Eugenia; My Funny Valentine.*

**Personnel:** *Petrucciani, piano.*

★ ★ ★

The music on these records sounds like music of the moment with long-range plans. It's like visionary stream-of-consciousness music. It's very seductive—full of Bill Evans-like romanticism but with at times more dense harmonic features and greater tension (though not necessarily sweeter release).

There is more rhythmic tension in the trio's two-record set than in the solo album. A cut such as *Nardis* shows Petrucciani's ability to play *away* from the time suggested or sustained by bass and drums. It's almost a Lennie Tristano-like superimposition of rhythms. A cut such as Petrucciani's *Three Forgotten Magic Words* builds up a tension of counterrhythms that gets released by in-sync block chords. *To Erlinda*, another Petrucciani original, flows in metric unity. Whatever way he's playing, Petrucciani swings, often as much by implication as by direct deed.

The continuity of Danielsson's sound, one note pouring into the next, and Zigmund's subtle battery give the pianist a counterpoint that's absent from the solo album, even though he overdubs one or two pianos on two tracks. The bassist, with his improvisatory melodicism and conversational interplay with the pianist, makes *Live* a richer set. These trio cuts are mostly long tracks, but they seem to transcend considerations of length because of the excite-

# CRITICS' CHOICE

### Art Lange

**New Release:** E. Koestyara & Group Gapura, *Sangkala* (Icon). You might have to retune your ears to enjoy this modern Indonesian gamelan music, but it's worth the effort; alternately shimmering and clanging metallic textures in a slow-moving but richly melodic environment.
**Old Favorite:** Lucky Thompson, *Lucky Strikes* (Prestige/OJC). This under-appreciated tenor and soprano saxist hasn't played in public for a few years now and it's our loss, as this 22-year-old, recently reissued sample of sublime improvising reminds us.
**Rara Avis:** Sammy Price, *And His Blusicians 1944* (Circle). The blues and boogie pianist's talent could accommodate swing as well, and these stompin', rare radio broadcast transcriptions highlight Ike Quebec's oft-neglected tenor in the bargain.
**Scene:** A tribute to '20s (and still working) vet Banjo Ikey Robinson brought out many of the Windy City's hottest swing stylists to Andy's in Chicago.

### Jeff Levenson

**New Release:** Gerard Pansanel, *Calypso* (Owl). Decepto-pop here, with more bite than meets the ear, especially when the French guitarist is joined by saxist Doudou Gouirand.
**Old Favorite:** John Coltrane, *The Africa Brass Sessions, Vol. 2* (MCA/Impulse). Once caught in the tailwind of *Song Of The Underground Railroad*, surrender forever. The ride is magnificent, thanks no less to Eric Dolphy's impassioned arrangement.
**Rara Avis:** Ted Curson, *Urge* (Fontana). A European issue from the '60s finds the fiery trumpeter in psychic communion with Booker Ervin, Jimmy Woode, and Edgar Bateman. Edgy stuff, much like the decade itself.
**Scene:** Altoist C. Sharpe, down-home yet aristocratic as hell, offering an algebraic dissertation of sorts at NYC's Cooper Union: Bird Cubed.

### John Diliberto

**New Release:** E. Koestyara & Group Gapura, *Sangkala* (Icon). Beautiful, modern Indonesian music played with stately, hypnotic rhythms and transparent melodies—an essential recording of meditative music.
**Old Favorite:** Tonto's Expanding Headband, *Zero Time* (Embryo). Arguably the first listenable, non-classical synthesized excursion. Malcolm Cecil and Robert Margouleff, with only a Moog Series 3, created exotic spacescapes that still resonate 15 years later.
**Rara Avis:** Pierre Schaefer, *Parole Et Musique* (Harmonia Mundi). Forget Trevor Horn and Afrika Bambaataa—the first scratch artist was Pierre Schaefer, who in 1948 composed his first piece using only phonograph records as sound sources. *Parole Et Musique* is an overview of Schaefer's work as creator of *musique concrete* and predigital sampling.
**Scene:** Andreas Vollenweider at Philadelphia's Academy of Music. I brought along the No-Doz, but found the Swiss electro-harpist's music to be compelling and rhythmically vibrant.

ment and creative urgency communicated to the listener.

Petrucciani's overriding romantic impulse flowers lushly on *Note'N Notes*. His dual piano interaction and semi-funky undercurrent of chords make his *Round Boy's Dance* the liveliest track. *Prelude To A Kiss* is 15 minutes of dreamscape, with chance-y dissonances and tangential crosscurrents. His *Eugenia* (three pianos overdubbed) and the standard *My Funny Valentine* move more placidly after the first side's exploration. These four performances *are* long, and they feel long. With a little artistic discipline, Petrucciani could have edited them, but when a player has such creativity, he usually tends toward excess. *C'est la vie*.

Nevertheless, Petrucciani is a positive force, never a downer. Even at his most melancholy, he's never dreary. These and his previous Concord Jazz solo album (see **db**, Record Reviews, Sept. '84) and others with Charles Lloyd lead one to expect a certain edge of irrepressibility, a certain overflow in his performance. He almost never disappoints, as these grandly demonstrate. —*owen cordle*

# NEW RELEASES

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

## CIRCLE/AUDIOPHILE

**Sammy Price**, hard stompin' and smooth sailin' pianist with Ike Quebec's tenor, Oscar Pettiford on bass, Bill Coleman's trumpet, etc., AND HIS BLUSICIANS, 1944. **Dean Hudson**, Floridians banded together to play sweet and swinging pseudo-classical numbers, MORE 1941 & 1948. **Bob Chester**, tenorman leads big band through swing and pop charts, MORE 1940-41. **Ziggy Elman**, *And The Angels Sing* trumpeter fronts his own post-war orchestra, 1947. **Helen O' Connell**, Jimmy Dorsey's vocalist recreates some of her hits in '53-58 small group broadcasts, SINGS GREAT SONGS IN HIGH STYLE. **Bud Freeman/Buddy Tate**, two top tenors share the stage at a '76 Holland club, TWO BEAUTIFUL. **Johnny Hartman**, previously unreleased '80 digital program by the late smooth vocal stylist, THIS ONE'S FOR TEDI. **Lou Stein**, two-fisted pianist performs standards in an '84 outing, SOLO. **Ronny Whyte**, chestnuts and newer tunes sung with strings and jazz backing, SOFT WHYTE. **Sandra King**, British songstress waxes a live '82 broadcast IN A CONCERT OF VERNON DUKE.

## SAVOY JAZZ

**Charlie Parker**, first two-LP volume of live '48-49 Royal Roost broadcasts collected in their entirety for the first time, BIRD AT THE ROOST. **Fletcher Henderson**, rare 1931 big band sides originally recorded on the Crown label, THE CROWN KING OF SWING. **Carolina Slim**, acoustic folk blues from '51-52 by the guitarist/vocalist, BLUES GO AWAY FROM ME. **Mildred Bailey**, 1946-47 samples of classic swing vocals, backed by the Eddie Sauter Orchestra and Ellis Larkins, THE MAJESTIC. . . .

## MUSE

**Bud Shank**, West Coast supposed cool schoolʼer blows bebop with hot rhythm team, THIS BUD'S FOR YOU. **Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson**, unreleased tracks from '78 and '82 sessions spotlight Vinson's vocals, SINGS THE BLUES. **Woody Shaw**, '83 set of mostly chestnuts backed by Cedar Walton, Buster Williams, Victor Jones, SETTING STANDARDS.

## INDEPENDENTS

**Koko Taylor**, the *Wang Dang Doodle* woman returns with a sizzling set of red-hot blues, from Alligator Records, QUEEN OF THE BLUES. **Roy Buchanan**, guitarist's guitarist picks his first all-blues session, from Alligator, WHEN A

CONTINUED ON PAGE 42

## NEW ITEMS

- ☐ **COKER FLASH CARDS**—156 cards. 13 chord varieties **$27.00**
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## GUITAR BOOKS

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**Shirley Horn**, affecting vocalist/pianist dedicates a program to the music of songwriter Curtis Lewis, from SteepleChase Records, THE GARDEN OF THE BLUES. **Idrees Sulleman**, expatriate bop trumpeter waxes with cohorts Kenny Clarke, Horace Parlan in a '76 quintet, from SteepleChase, BIRD'S GRASS. **Fraser MacPherson**, Canadian tenor w/ Ed Bickert, Dave McKenna et al live from '84, via Concord Jazz Records, JAZZ PROSE. **Marian McPartland**, pianist strikes a sentimental pose, from Concord Jazz, WILLOW CREEK AND OTHER BALLADS. **Bill Perkins**, West Coast sax vet cuts a quartet date of mostly standards, from Contemporary Records, JOURNEY TO THE EAST. **Peter Kater**, mood-jazz from the pianist and friends, from Invincible Recordings, COMING HOME. **Michael Abene**, one of NYC's most sensitive accompanists solos on a surprising variety of songs, from Stash Records, YOU MUST HAVE BEEN A BEAUTIFUL BABY.

**Rova Saxophone Quartet**, two LPs of live recordings behind the Iron Curtain, from hat Art Records, SAXOPHONE DIPLOMACY. **Alesia Cosmos**, trio puts together voices, guitars, tapes, and electronics in a melange of original songs, from hat Art, AEROPRODUCTS. **Vinny Golia**, free-thinking saxist puts quintet through open-improvised paces, from 9 Winds Records, GOIN' AHEAD. **David Taylor**, bass trombonist plays pieces by Eric Ewazen, David Liebman, Charles Wuorinen, and Frederic Rzewski, from Triple Letter Brand Records, BASS TROMBONE. **Kip Hanrahan**, unclassifiable musical *auteur* surrounds vocalist/bassist Jack Bruce with high-energy soloists and ear-opening arrangements, from American Clavé Records, VERTICAL'S CURRENCY.

**Paul DeLay/Tom McFarland/Curtis Salgado/Isaac Scott**, four of the Pac NW's hottest r&b'ers hit wax, from Criminal Records, LIVE AT THE ROADHOUSE. **Eric Tingstad**, acoustic guitar solos of a melodic bent, from Chesire Records, URBAN GUITAR. **Spencer Brewer**, multi-keyboarder adds acoustic artists in attractively lyrical outing, from Willow Rose Records, SHADOW DANCER. **Greger Wikberg**, Scandinavian acoustic guitarist plays sambas, folk songs, and jazzy items with plenty of pals, from Pim Records, AKVARELL. **Jarmo Savolainen**, Finnish keyboarder plays a blues and other originals while fronting a nonet, from Kompass Records, JARMO SAVOLAINEN. **db**

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**ANOTHER MAN'S POISON: THE LIFE AND WRITING OF COLUMNIST GEORGE FRAZIER** by Charles Fountain (Chester, CT: Globe Pequot Press, 1985, 355 pp., $17.95, hardcover).

George Frazier

Another **down beat** baby—George Frazier—has made it to a full-scale biography, and Charles Fountain has taken care to make *Another Man's Poison* a very good one indeed.

Frazier's byline first appeared in **db** in April 1936. He was a charter member of America's first generation of informed jazz critics, a generation that included John Hammond, Marshall Stearns, Paul Edward Miller, Otis Ferguson (for the *New Republic*) and George Simon (*Metronome*). Frazier was not the most influential of these men. His early **db** pieces show a partiality to white bands and the Condon/Nick's group and seem to leave him little enthusiasm for the key black figures of the period (although he was not a racist). But he was important. And with the exception of Ferguson, he had the most elegant literary flair of anyone then writing on jazz. He favored the first-person perspective, lots of non-restrictive clauses, parenthetical asides, and long meandering sentences.

He also had a rare sensibility for accurate description. Who else, for instance, played "soft-suede solos" but Lester Young? This is why it is the style more than the content of his jazz writing that endures today. It also makes one regret that more of Frazier's jazz columns from the **db** days were not included. But perhaps that's another book.

When Frazier had a strong opinion, however—and he usually did—he didn't bury it in style. He had what Fountain calls a "take no prisoners" candidness that "jumped off the page." In June 1936, for example, he told **db** readers that Louis Armstrong's band was "the world's worst." That same year he was probably the first important jazz writer to rain on Benny Goodman's triumphant parade. "Fairly routine," he said of *Sing, Sing, Sing*. But when Goodman became a fashionable critical target in the '40s, Frazier praised him. In H. L. Mencken's words, he afflicted the comfortable and comforted the afflicted. He wasn't always right in his views. But he was certainly sure of them. If you want Frazier in a nutshell, turn to pages 80-82 for a run down of his own personal bests and worsts, circa 1942 ("Count Basie holds his liquor better than anyone I know"). Or pages 234-5, where he tells us what style is, and what it isn't (Mick Jagger has it; Jim Morrison didn't). Or pages 295-99 where we learn some random dislikes ("Anyone who has his own bowling ball", "Anyone who ever sang along with Mitch"). No one could divide the world into black and white with the blind certainty of Frazier.

Frazier graduated from Harvard in 1933 (like Hammond, Simon, and Stearns, he too was an Ivy League preppy) and published a couple of fiction pieces in the prestigious *Vanity Fair*. When that magazine folded, he took up residence in the pages of **db** and *Mademoiselle*. He remained with the latter through 1942. A quarrel with the **db** editors over some copy, however, sent him off in a huff in 1939. His boycott lasted through the end of 1940, long enough to convince him that he needed **db** more than **db** needed him. Meanwhile, he became friends with Count Basie and contributed a famous lyric to singer Jimmy Rushing's repertoire, *Harvard Blues*.

Frazier would continue to write occasionally for **db** over the years, but in 1942 he began a jazz column in the *Boston Herald*, the first in an American newspaper, according to Fountain. His beat included not only jazz, but the whole range of pop music. He was perhaps the first writer to take popular culture seriously, says Fountain, doing for music what James Agee and Otis Ferguson were then doing for movies. He became a sort of guru of the Harvard/Boston jazz scene. But his horizons were rapidly widening. One contact led to another, and by the end of 1942 he was entertainment writer for *Life* magazine, far and away the most influential publication in America. Doors flew open everywhere. There was nothing to which Frazier didn't have access. His days as a full-time jazz critic may have been over, but his graduation from Nick's to the Stork Club threw him into the witty world of Manhattan's Beautiful People of the 1940s.

Frazier's acerbic iconoclasm, however, was a poor fit with the editorial bureaucracy that existed at *Life*. He left in 1945, and for the next 15 years freelanced to a shrinking clientele of publishers and readers. He turned out pieces for *Esquire* and some classic album notes for Atlantic and George Wein's Storyville label (his salty essay on Lee Wiley from an album jacket is reprinted in full). His comeback came on his home turf of Boston, first as a regular columnist on the *Boston Herald*, and later the *Globe*. He took up any cause, issue, or person, local or national, that struck his fancy in a way that anticipated Mike Royko's current invective. He died of cancer in 1974.

Like all the great literary raconteurs—Coward, Woolcott, Mencken—George Frazier liked to hide behind language. Words could often be his smoke screen. Fountain fights fire with fire in this crackling biography, which smokes out a Frazier who is far more mortal than he would have wanted anyone to know. *Another Man's Poison* should be everyone else's pleasure. —*john mcdonough*

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# Stanley Jordan

BY LEONARD FEATHER


MITCHELL SEIDEL

By now it is no secret that Stanley Jordan, with his version of the two-handed "touch technique" that enables him to sound like two guitarists (sometimes even three), is one of the most exciting new virtuosos in music circles. His Blue Note LP, *Magic Touch*, received a five-star rating in **db**, June '85.

Jordan has a unique background. He was born July 31, 1959 in Chicago and raised in Palo Alto, CA, where his father manages training programs for the American Electronics Association. His mother (divorced when Stanley was 10) teaches literature at the University of Massachusetts.

After studying classical piano, Jordan switched to guitar at 11. His early influences, mainly Jimi Hendrix, were supplemented by Charlie Christian and Wes Montgomery. While studying at Princeton he developed his own style of the technique now associated with him. After graduation he spent two years practicing, often playing on the streets and in small clubs. He lived for a while in Madison, WI before moving to New York late in 1983. An immediate sensation at the 1984 Kool New York Festival, he moved swiftly into the big time with gigs at Montreux, the Village Vanguard, and clubs in California.

This was his first Blindfold Test. He was given no information and wants it known that he felt diffident about giving ratings.

**1 JOE PASS.** *TWO TRACK TRIP (from GUITAR PLAYER, MCA). Pass, electric, acoustic guitar (overdubbed).*

Sounded to me like two guitarists: one of them sounded like Joe Pass, and I couldn't tell who the one playing the nylon string guitar was. It sounded like Pass was the first soloist, with the other one playing bass and chords at the same time.

As far as the styles of the two soloists went, I felt that the first one was technically more together, but sometimes his ideas didn't connect like they could have; sometimes he didn't leave space. I thought the second guitarist had more of a sense of form, but the first had more ideas.

It was a neat kind of arrangement—a basic blues, but with a couple of nice modulations. I'd give it two-and-a-half. They sound like good players who could have done a better take. They don't sound driven, inspired to play this music. They're just kickin' back, cool; that's better from the musicians' point of view than the listener's. They didn't sound compelled.

**2 CHET ATKINS.** *SUNRISE (from STAY TUNED, Columbia). Atkins, George Benson, guitars; Benson, Randy Goodrum, composers.*

That had a real relaxed feel; I took to the feeling right away. It was very tightly arranged—at first I was waiting to hear when the guitars would improvise—and it seemed to come so late, like they really wanted to win you over with the arrangement first. Even when the improvisation did come in, it never really stepped out; if anything it was buried beneath the orchestration.

I couldn't tell who it was at first; it sounded kind of like an electric Earl Klugh, and then when it started taking off I thought it was George Benson. You could tell pretty early on, with that one run, that whoever it was had some good chops, but didn't want to show off, like the atmosphere and feeling of the song was more important; that was kind of nice. I'd say maybe three stars.

**3 EMILY REMLER.** *ANTONIO (from CATWALK, Concord Jazz). Remler, guitar, composer; Eddie Gomez, bass; John D'Earth, trumpet.*

I liked that one. I identified more with the performance than the composition. It sounded to me more like "Hey, let's put a head together so we can play," rather than somebody waking up in the middle of the night with this great inspiration.

I thought the guitarist might have been Pat Martino. I wasn't sure what to think of the first groove, I wondered where they were going to go from there; it was sort of hard. But when it softened out and got more smooth and flowing, that provided a nice balance, and in retrospect, I like how the two different grooves worked together. Another thing I thought the guitarist did well was adjusting the lines even while improvising, adjusting them to the groove. A lot of people don't know how to do that; they play the same way regardless of what the background is.

Ratings are hard for me. I'm not a real critical listener. But I felt that musically there was more meat on this one, and it was well played—they didn't overplay. I'd say four.

**4 JAMES BLOOD ULMER.** *PRESSURE (from ARE YOU GLAD TO BE IN AMERICA, Artists House). Ulmer, composer, guitar; Oliver Lake, alto saxophone.*

That's one of my favorite kinds of pieces, because it's got elements of the serious avant garde sound, yet it's fun. I thought maybe the guitarist was James Blood Ulmer. The musicians seemed to be thinking more about rhythm than anything else. There was no key change, no change of chords. Harmonically the sax player was a little more out as far as superimposing different embellishments over the basic tonality.

The sax player and guitarist complemented each other real well, there was a nice counterpoint, but I'm thinking rhythmically when I say that. The way it swings is not a sizzling Art Blakey-type of swing, more of a choppy, bumpy kind of swing, sort of '80s avant garde swing. I liked it. I'd give that one four-and-a-half, it was just so much fun to listen to.

**5 LARRY CORYELL.** *SPAIN (from GUITAR PLAYER, MCA). Coryell, guitars (overdubbed).*

Sounded to me like three guitarists playing together, sounded exciting, like it was fun to be there—like they kicked back, maybe had some wine, turned on the tape recorder and just had fun. For that reason, even the sloppiness was appealing. It's chops-oriented playing, using licks effectively, dramatically, going to the fast stuff at the right time to accelerate the feel.

I think I heard Larry Coryell in there. Definitely live, it doesn't sound like there were any overdubs. I liked the dialog, like people getting together and not trying to say everything perfectly, just having a conversation. The sense of form development was pretty good, but as far as the mechanics of the music, it wasn't like a well-oiled machine. But because it was so much fun and had so much spirit, I'd give it four-and-a-half stars. **db**

PROFILE

# Makoto Ozone

*A keyboard prodigy whose alternately rhapsodic and propulsive playing has found favor with audiences everywhere, Ozone's adding classical interpretations to his jazz chops.*

BY FRED BOUCHARD

LAUREN DEUTSCH

Ontogeny recapitulates phylogeny, said Ernst Haeckel, which means that, in a nutshell, we're all pollywogs before we're people. Discredited though that neat concept may be in contemporary biology, it's true that many jazz musicians more or less recapitulate jazz history en route to the discovery of their own mature personalities. In the case of Makoto Ozone, more. The piano whiz kid from Japan—a country becoming renowned for its appreciation and production of jazz talent—opened last year's Kool Jazz Festival with a Carnegie Hall recital at 21, and led his first record date (Columbia 39624, produced by vibist Gary Burton) at 23. But somewhat more impressively, Ozone has tackled and assimilated, consciously or not, more jazz keyboard history in his last 10, feverish, highly formative years than most players do in a lifetime. Today he appears to be shooting for world keyboard history as he begins to dip into the classics.

Burton—today a musical influence as well as bandleader, Berklee College of Music prof, and a friend of Ozone—says that Makoto's background is "a healthy mix of jazz traditions and classical training" whose "instinctive need to find his own identity is rapidly moving him through the important stages of development." First there were the Johnny Hammond Smith-type organ works at 10, where Ozone would play duos with his father Minoru, himself a jazz pianist and clubowner in hometown Kobe. Then there was the serendipity of a friend offering Ozone a chance ticket to a front row seat to see Oscar Peterson. "I couldn't believe that he was doing those things, that they could be done," said the awestruck Ozone. "I had to try it myself." Thus the lightningbolt experience galvanized the pre-teen prodigy into the obsessive task (and accomplishment) of transcribing and playing from memory hundreds of Peterson's solos. Carping critics who labeled him a Peterson clone after initial listenings had other thinks coming, and we still have more to come, as the stripling shoots out new roots and twigs.

"Once in a blue moon," said trombonist/orchestra leader Phil Wilson, another Berklee teacher and colleague, "does a talent like his come along. Richie Cole had such strong instincts young, but Makoto came up so well-rounded. He was in a sense an accumulation of all the great pianists: Tatum, Garner, Chick Corea. Some Bill Evans too, but Makoto's rhythmic sense is too strong and he misses that euphoria. "Wilson and Ozone recorded a live date at Berklee—a darting, good-humored duo which, though recorded in 1982 (Shiah 113) is already historic. "I loved that grooving-up period when he was moving through O.P.," recalls Wilson. "He'd be a constant surprise, throwing in little snippets of Jarrett, Corea. And you'd hear James P. Johnson and Fats Waller in his left hand; he's got one of the great lefts—like Walter Norris."

Berklee studies brought other influences to flower: arranging skills blossomed with Herb Pomeroy, as well as the occasionally grand palette of orchestral colors at the keyboard a la Duke Ellington. His senior recital—unlike many such tepid affairs—commanded a full house, good vibes and expectations, bright lights and high heat. The music lived up to it—workmanlike big band charts, sparkling sextet numbers, and a few brilliant fantasias improvised at the grand piano, including a Spanish homage to Corea.

When asked who he was listening to these days, Ozone promptly replied: "Vladimir Ashkenazy." A surprise? Not really. Even before his world touring with the Gary Burton Quartet, Ozone was showing certain affinities with European styles, whatever the medium. With a little learned hindsight, it's not hard to spot certain continental flavors in his playing; his crisply rococo turns sound more "Spanish" (or even Catalonian, a la Tete Montoliu) than Corea's L.A. Latino. There is, too, an intellectual wrinkle of the nose in some of his knottier passages that aligns with Martial Solal. And Ozone has just teamed with Michel Petrucciani—the French wonder boy of the piano, even younger than Ozone—at the Hollywood Bowl for the Playboy Festival (they combined on *Turnaround* and *All The Things You Are*), another cementing of world piano ties.

The attractions of classical playing pose one of the few technical challenges still facing Ozone (his major at Berklee was arranging and composing, hardly piano), and the precedents for launching in that direction are numerous: Corea and Hancock playing Bartok, Wynton Marsalis tooting Haydn, Adam Makowicz' Chopinesque settings, Corea and Friedrich Gulda playing Brahms, and John Lewis celebrating Bach. Crossovers are indeed mounting. Yet, as Barry Harris, an arch-bopster, loves Chopin but won't yet perform his music in public, Ozone, judicious enough not to rush matters, may practice Scriabin etudes and

preludes, or work on Prokofiev's *Sonata No. 7* and *Concerto No. 3* ("I like the harmonies"), but still regards it as a break from his other directions, a project very much down the line.

"I can't think beyond short-term goals these days," said Ozone, who's writing between tours with Burton and solo performances for an upcoming fall record date which he says will be "a quartet date, more jazz-oriented" than his solo debut. "I haven't yet played enough classical piano to worry about the transfer of technique." As far as compositional style, he indicates that his writing consists of "swing pieces, and a ballad or two, in unusual forms, with obscure changes and odd bar-length phrases."

Still lighthearted and unpretentious, Ozone is interested in preserving a relatively uncomplicated lifestyle and not-too-heavy touring schedule. Like Burton, he likes Boston's atmosphere and people. "In Boston, it gets quiet at night. I don't like Manhattan, going 24 hours a day. When I get off the road, I don't want to hear firetrucks and sirens all night."

As far as influences are concerned, Burton has been Ozone's main man since they first jammed in Berklee practice rooms after classes. I recall Ozone's excitement at the harmonic doors Burton opened then. "Things are getting better with Gary's group," says Ozone, who can be heard on Burton's latest album, *Real Life Hits* (ECM 1293), "and we are getting closer. I admire him as a person *and* musician." Ozone plays about half his gigs with Burton's quartet, and occasionally as a duo. "Now that I'm used to his music, it's less the harmonies; rather I'm getting deeper into how to comp for soloists, keeping out of the way but maintaining strong support."

Going so far so fast has Ozone a little beset, understandably, with questions. "I'm really playing it by ear right now. I ask myself: 'Do I really deserve all this notoriety? Am I really talented enough?' I never get any answers to that. I tell everyone I'm still trying to catch up with what's going on with myself." None of this apprehension and self-doubt is descernible on the bandstand, however, as Burton observes: "Makoto is the ideal combination of talented musician and natural performer, which is what makes him an instant success with audiences." **db**

# Dave Weckl

*One of the newest NYC drummers is also one of the most in-demand; from studios to Chick Corea's latest band, Weckl provides the power.*

BY GENE SANTORO

"I hate musical categories; I spend a lot of time working on different styles," declares drummer Dave Weckl, and it shows in the variety and amount of work he's been called for over the last couple of years. Who It Is, the Stuff-descended group featuring Cornell Dupree, Richard Tee, Will Lee, and various guest horns like the Breckers or David Sanborn or Dave Woodford, builds its syncopated funk around Weckl's laidback r&b beat. Keyboardist Michel Camillo, whether in trio or sextet format, draws on Weckl's latin and straightahead jazz

# PROFILE


MITCHELL SEIDEL

background. Record dates as diverse as those with Diana Ross, George Benson, and Paquito D'Rivera showcase the 25-year-old's remarkable flexibility. The superstar studio assemblage called the Honeydrippers tapped him for *I Got A Woman* and *Rockin' At Midnight*. Doing jingles for J.C. Penney or Tropicana demands tip-top reading skills as well as interpretive chops, which causes leaders to call Dave. However you look at it, Weckl is making great music while he's making quite a name for himself.

Music has been what he's wanted to make ever since, at age seven, he was inspired to take up the guitar because of his love for the Monkees. "I really wanted to play guitar like Michael Nesmith," he grins, but he was left cold by the music store lessons that came along with the guitar's purchase. Then his next-door neighbor—who happened to be a drummer—showed the eight-year-old some moves. "He got me started, and then I'd just beat on boxes, my mother's pot lids, anything," he remembers.

His obliging father appeared with a fledgling drum kit for his birthday, and Weckl began the concentrated approach to his instrument that continues to this day. "It was a natural thing; I really enjoyed playing the drums," is how he tells it. "I'd just copy a lot of stuff from records, play the records all day long. When I first started I was doing pop-rock kinda stuff, but then my dad, who's a piano player, got me into the jazz end of things." In his St. Louis home, that meant big band-style swing, which Weckl trained for via school marching bands and chart reading sessions with teacher Bob Metheny, who relied on Roy Burns' *Big Bad And Beautiful Method*.

"It's a question I get a lot," notes Weckl of his adept reading. "People are always asking me, 'How do I learn to read better?' or 'How do I interpret this or that?' Well, when you're drum-set reading a lot of it is how you use your ears, because there are only so many ways to write rhythms. After a while you've memorized *those*, so then it just becomes a matter of interpretation, what you *do* with the notes, how you voice them, how you orchestrate them on the drum set." Constant work with his high school's jazz band and jamming with local "kicks" bands sharpened the young drummer's sight-reading skills to the point where, in January '79, he packed his skins and headed east to Bridgeport University. There he studied with jazz director Neil Slater, played in the first jazz band, and gigged on the outside with guitarist Sal Salvador and a couple of big bands.

Then Slater left Bridgeport, which is when Weckl went out on his own. Night Sprite, his fusion band named after the Chick Corea tune, soon attracted the attention of people like Steve Khan and Peter Erskine. In fact, it was Erskine who recommended Weckl for French Toast, the powerhouse lineup that included Michel Camillo and bassist Anthony Jackson. "That was my first major step," says Weckl. "To play with Anthony Jackson is a drummer's dream." To some extent, at least, the feeling must have been mutual, for it was Jackson's recommendation that led Paul Simon to check out and hire the stick-wielder for the Simon & Garfunkel reunion tour. With one thing leading to another, it wasn't too long before the word was out on Weckl, and jingle houses as well as record producers began calling him.

The different situations he plays in demand different strengths, as Weckl thoughtfully sees them: "With jingles you're supposed to get across an idea, what you're *supposed* to play—you're not there to show how fast you can go around the drum set. You're just supposed to be able to read very well, play with a click track, grasp the concept of what's supposed to be happening musically, and make it *feel* good to everybody in the studio. To give you an example, I've gone from one jingle where I've had to overdub complicated Simmons parts to another where I'm playing boom-chick boom-chick country & western stuff I could've played when I was 12. That's one frame of mind. Then for live playing you've got to be in a different frame of mind, because the people are there to see good music, they want to be excited, they want to feel like something's coming off the stage. It's more of an artistic creation."

Which is how you could describe Weckl's work with guitarist Bill Connors on *Step It* (Pathfinder 8503), the fusion innovator's first electric release in years. "Basically Bill had *his* parts constructed in his mind," explains the drummer, "but he really had no idea what the bass and drums should do. So for the most part, Tommy [Kennedy] and I came up with our own parts and helped arrange the music. It was definitely a group project." Maybe that's why Connors' trio doesn't simply string together flashy solos over a runaway rhythm section, as happens all too often on fusioneer junkets.

For more creative situations, like the Connors LP, Weckl uses a two-pronged approach to create his drum parts. "I've found that what works good for me is to first sing something against what else is going on, sing what you would play. It's good practice, too, trying to duplicate the sounds you're making with your mouth on a drum kit—it's *hard*. Another way to start is to find out if the bass player's got any idea about what's going on, find out what he's gonna play and at least you'll be able to lock in your foot with him. But the most important thing is to find out what *context* you're supposed to be in: just use your head. People get irritated when you step on somebody; you'll have your time to play too. The most important thing is to make the music speak."

One way Weckl does that is by paying close attention to which kit he uses for which gigs, and how it sounds. "For jazz things I'll use an 18-inch bass drum and coated white heads on the toms," he explains, "although most of my work is with a 22-inch with a hole cut in it and clear Ambassador or Emperor heads on the five toms. Those are relatively small too: they range from an eight-inch to a 15-inch tom. It's much easier to tune a smaller drum: you can tune it relatively low if you want that sound and still retain a higher pitch. I like the smaller sound,

that pop. They're just easier to work with, especially Yamahas. And my Sabian cymbals really cut." Weckl prefers the older Simmons SD-5's to the SD-7's, noting that "in a jingle situation there's not enough time to get good sounds out of the SD-7's." He also uses two hi-hats, one on the right side permanently closed, and a left-hand floor tom. "That opens up a lot of possibilities," he claims, "because you're not stuck having to reach and upset the groove if you hear something."

Weckl's dissatisfaction with the way his drums sounded on live gigs has led him to develop his own P.A./monitor system for club dates. "I've got a power amp bridged mono that offers me about 400 watts power, and I just bought a Studiomaster board that's eight-in and four-out," he reveals. "That means I can have eight mics in and send out two-channel stereo to a mixing truck, say, and one to the house and one to my own monitor. I mic *every* drum, and if I'm playing with a loud band or using the Simmons I'll use two 18-inch monitors instead of one. I also have a digital delay and a digital reverb that I use if I'm not playing in a big place, because I just *hate* dry drums. I use this stuff not because of a volume thing but to reproduce the good tone quality I want."

Another advantage that Weckl recently discovered is being able to trigger his Simmons via acoustic drum mics. "I went to Radio Shack and got Y plugs," he explains, "so that the microphones come off the drums to the plug, and one end of the plug goes into the board while the other goes to the Simmons. Then I take a mono mix out of the Simmons and go back through Channel 8 on the board. That enables me to mix in as much or as little as I want of the Simmons." All this equipment grew from Weckl's concern with dynamics in his playing. "What makes the groove," he insists, "is dynamics *within yourself*, not just *forte* for one section and *double pianissimo* for another. It's the actual taking one measure of music and creating dynamics between all four limbs within that one bar. *That's* what creates a feel."

Weckl's outstanding ability to do just that caused Chick Corea to call him for a two-week gig this spring. "It's all-electric keyboards, all synthesized and MIDI'ed," he enthuses. "The bass player was John Patitucci, who plays fantastic upright as well as electric. From the first day of rehearsal it was *burning*. But," he adds smiling, "Chick's concept is that he plays really *on top*, and most of the things I've been doing got me used to laying back a little more. So I had to reach back to my younger days when I'd been listening to Chick and when I played more on top, and just make it more controlled." That must be what happened, because Corea is taking that band—and an all-new repertoire—on the road nationally this fall.

Not that playing with his longtime idol has slowed Weckl's experimenting down. "I've been working a lot on note displacement, where I'll take either an eighth or 16th note and displace it the whole beat, either ahead or in front. It makes everything sound completely backwards, and it's very hard to play *exactly* what you would play straight a 16th note displaced and still know where the time is. But it's real good for getting into phrases for solos, and it works great in r&b and funk contexts. I'm never satisfied with my drumming," he concludes, "which is why I keep working on it." And why so many people keep Dave Weckl working. **db**

# Howard Levy

*A virtuoso multi-instrumentalist, Levy is one of Chicago's most valuable players, in settings ranging from jazz to jingles to ethnic jams.*

BY CONSTANCE KWAIN

E. J. STIERBERG

At a Froot Loops jingle recording session at Garrett Sound on North Michigan Avenue, an engineer synched the harmonica of Chicago's ubiquitous Howard Levy to the animated commercial playing and replaying on a video screen overhead. It was only the first of a half-dozen musical stops this day—Levy *is* everywhere on the Chicago jazz scene: playing regularly with three or four bands and sitting in with many others on a variety of instruments including piano, electric keyboards, harmonicas, saxophones, flute, recorder, pennywhistles, mandolin, marimba, African marimba, chéng, and percussion. That's not to mention Levy the composer, bandleader, arranger, and sideman. In his mid-30s, he is a local legend whose reputation is stretching.

But playing jingles is where the money is for Levy, in a highly competitive business which he says has improved his playing tremendously. It began in 1977, when he was asked to sub for blues harmonicist Corky Siegel on a Jerry Butler album at Siegel's recommendation. "Before that," he says, "I was some kind of figment of people's imaginations—now, people know who I am." He built his reputation as a harmonica player from there, and has worked steadily in jingles ever since. "The most money I make is from the dumbest stuff I play. The harmonica on that Pizza Hut commercial (with the melted cheese and harmonica glissando)—I made thousands of dollars from that."

He contrasts playing jazz and playing jingles this way: "Jazz is alive, you know, it's an organism, and every member of the band is part of that organism. I'm trying to find a voice to speak with. Playing in commercials is a whole different thing—I have to find a voice that other people want me to speak with. I have to take my personality, put it to the side and be selfless. And I'm not worried about myself disappearing in the shuffle, because I know that I'll always sound like me even when I try not to."

Recording work in Chicago, according to Levy, is 75 percent jingles, 20 percent conventions/educational, and only 5 percent albums/independent, so he considers himself fortunate to have broken into jingles on an instrument that, as yet, has not been synthesized. And there's an appropriate nonchalance: "I always do a good job, but I never go home singing the melodies—I just don't think about it. Everyone who does jingles has strong interests elsewhere."

Levy's beginnings in music—what he calls "the most intangible of the arts"—were four years of piano as a child in New York at the Manhattan School of Music. From the first, he started to improvise and to write music in a variety of styles, from minuets to rock & roll. As a teen he did "a lot of Bach" on pipe organ for two years. He played in high school dance bands and learned every style of playing he could. Levy learned jazz by "intense listening to very advanced records" and regards John Coltrane as a particular idol.

Piano frustrated him, though, because it is heavy and stationary; you have to find one first and then, "You have to go to *it*." He tells a story about adopting the harmonica. He wanted to learn to play it because a girl he liked admired another boy who played. Another attraction was that he could keep a harmonica with him constantly. There was little success with it until after he dropped out of Chicago's Northwestern University, at which point the call of music became so strong that "music became my identity. When I realized that, I started playing a lot of different instruments," he said. Friends gave him numerous instruments. "They recognized I needed them, they realized it was my destiny, they understood. Every time I picked up a new instrument I found I could express so many new things."

The same curiosity about different styles of music he had as a boy has extended over the last 15 years to his interest in the fusion of jazz and ethnic musics, an interest abetted by his wife, Sue, an ethnomusicologist whom he met in 1972 on his return to Chicago. Of that time he says, "I began filling up holes in my music; I was still a raw talent with a lot of gaps. And at the same time, I needed to separate myself from the music, build music up around my life rather than build my life around the music."

These days, Levy plays three or four gigs a week in addition to his jingle schedule. His band NBV (No Bad Vibes) has been together for five years, playing bebop and original tunes with a Brazilian influence. He writes about half the music for the latin-fusion band Chevere, which plays both original and traditional Brazilian and Afro-Cuban music. And he's also co-founder of the Balkan Rhythm Band (their debut LP is on Flying Fish 314)—that's Balkan jazz-fusion with Serbian, Croatian, Macedonian, and Bulgarian rhythms. These are unusual to the Western ear, 7/8 or 11/16, for example, and they are played loosely, as if responding to a second, inner rhythm surfacing among the players themselves.

The Balkan sound is slightly chaotic, with the illusion that the notes are not conscious of each other—a bunch of drunks falling down, as Levy describes it; melody and drone move heavily yet horizontally. On the Balkan band's album alone, you can hear Levy on soprano and tenor saxes, harmonica, mandolin, piano, tenor recorder, darabuka, and tupan (the last two are Middle Eastern drums).

Levy learned his instruments by playing; he learned musical styles by listening—but not only to rare and obscure records given to him by friends or found in record store bargain bins. A kind of deeper listening was involved. He calls it "listening to the cultural sound of the music. In order to play any music well, you must be grounded in the traditions. What comes out through improvisation is different, but inspired by the roots, the feel of Eastern Europe, or Latin Amer-

ica, or Africa. A lot of it is listening in the mind—the brain itself is a synthesizer; it analyzes, it percolates.

"This [ethnic] music de-emphasizes the virtuoso and emphasizes everyone playing together, listening to the other musicians and creating a group feel with them: interlocking parts. It's sacrificing virtuosity for concept."

Levy finds his adventures into the traditional musics of foreign cultures "almost like traveling to those countries." The challenge, he says, is to open himself to the music of a people in that people's own terms rather than to Westernize it. Like learning a foreign language, Levy says he *feels* the culture of a people speaking through its music. To hear him tell it, his folk instruments also have identities of their own that the musician can feel. His African marimba, for example: "The music just comes out of it."

An eclectic regular on Chicago's nightclub scene, Levy has played with Bonnie Koloc, Eric Schneider, Paquito D'Rivera, Tito Puente, and Made In Brazil, among many others. Among those he's recorded with are soul stylist Jerry Butler, folksingers John Prine and Lorraine Duisit, and African ethnomusicologist Paul Berliner and his griot group Kudu. He says he thrives on this kind of diversity. In a sense he's been preparing himself for it his whole life. He avoids confusion by preparing mentally for each job, listening to tapes, and practicing the instruments he'll need on particular occasions.

This versatility—a deep understanding of styles and instruments—is one of his strengths. Virtuosity is another. The "voice" he'll need for each gig is dependent on the audience and the musicians he's playing with. Levy compares the jazz solo with Indian classical music. "Each *raga* is a specific mood, and the musicians embellish and deepen this mood and expand upon it for up to an hour-and-a-half at a time. They are conveying this mood to you as deeply as they possibly can. When I play that's what I try to do—pick a character for the solo, like a role in a play. I listen to the other person solo—if he's playing a good solo he's talking, and I answer him in my solo.

"There's a definite power in the music that goes through me that people can feel. I always try to listen to the music in a way that it's alive, and when something's alive you can change it. You can make it be as much as it possibly can be without making yourself too obtrusive. So I always try to relate what I'm doing to the human beings sitting out in front of me—I'm not playing for myself." **db**

# CAUGHT

## MILT JACKSON

### VILLAGE VANGUARD

**NEW YORK**—When the Modern Jazz Quartet broke up in 1974, Milt Jackson's aim was to put together his idea of a dream band. He's since realized that dream, having assembled a crack corps consisting of Mickey Roker on drums, Cedar Walton on piano, and Ray Brown on bass. This unit tours and records for part of the year, until Milt returns to the fold with his old cronies John Lewis, Percy Heath and Connie Kay to rekindle that MJQ magic at jazz festivals and other special venues. Milt's gotta be happy. He's got it both ways these days—one band for blowing, one band for fugues.

Jazz' premier vibist (he's topped the **db** Critics Poll in that category 25 of the last 31 years) brought his blowing band down to the Vanguard to kick off a series of special concerts commemorating the 50th year of that legendary nightclub. Though Ray Brown didn't make the date, Bob Cranshaw filled in as if he were born for the role. These regal jazz gentlemen were truly on one accord the night I caught them for a late show. And Milt seemed in especially good spirits, laughing and bopping on the bandstand and burning the joint down with his powerfully direct playing.

Jackson's technical exuberance is undeniably an asset, but it's his soul that cuts through the music and grabs the listener. The earthiest member of the MJQ, he's a hard-driving improviser who plays with the kind of passion and emotional immediacy normally associated with gutsy horn players. Whereas vibists like Gary Burton and Bobby Hutcherson can craft full, lush textures and highly evocative tapestries of sound, they rarely bear down on the blues as Milt can. He did it this night on several uptempo cookers, looking up now and then after striking a particularly nasty note as if to say, "Yeah, I'm bad alright. Now take this."

While Lionel Hampton can still crank out a piping hot blues riff with the best of 'em, he doesn't spin the long and fluid Birdlike lines that mark Milt as a dyed-in-the-wool bopper. And while Red Norvo effortlessly navigates the changes, his lighter, sprightly sound is no match for Milt's muscular bluespower. When he's not amazing you with his inventiveness and facility, a la Charlie Parker or Charlie Christian, he's kicking your ass with spinetingling blue notes. This late night crowd at the Vanguard responded to *Bag's Groove*, for instance, with excited whoops and hollers. For a moment there I thought I was at a B. B. King concert.

STEVE KAGAN

But there is another side to Milt Jackson. His soft, sentimental side was served well on a few slow ballads, where he told the tale with arched eyebrows and facial grimaces. Perhaps to appease the MJQ contingent, he threw in *Softly As In A Morning's Sunrise*. The first few bars of that MJQ classic were greeted with moans and ahhs of recognition, but Milt made it swing harder than John Lewis might have intended. It was good to see Bags loose and blowing on that one for a change.

*—bill milkowski*

## LUTHER JOHNSON

### THE BLUE NOTE

**COLUMBIA, MO.**—For two consecutive nights, Luther "Guitar Junior" Johnson and his Boston-based powerhouse trio, the Magic Rockers, took hold of the stage here and never let go. Rather, in their nearly three-hour, two-set shows, they never stopped, moving smartly from one song into the next, pausing only to change tempo and key.

Though the entire unit has been together less than nine months, Johnson and his group tightly weave a continuum of material—literally a cavalcade of sound—intelligently mixing blues, early '60s soul, and r&b. Johnson and his Rockers are capable of keen renditions from the songbooks of Jimmy Reed, Slim Harpo, T-Bone Walker, Robert Johnson, Howlin' Wolf, and Willie Dixon, to name a few. Also evident, not only in material selection, but also in Johnson's vocal quality, is the presence of "The Sound of Philadelphia"—Sam Cooke, Wilson Pickett, and the Drifters. Even a Chuck Berry riff or two popped up along the way, as did Little Richard's *Lucille*.

Both Johnson and rhythm guitarist Brian Bisesi are veterans of 1970s Muddy Waters bands, with Bisesi replacing Johnson from '78-80 and doubling as that group's road manager. Theirs is a special relationship: both veterans understand their roles and know how to play off each other. Not surprisingly, the two have worked together on and off for the last seven years. Consequently, Johnson realizes it would be a wasted outlet to squelch Bisesi, who, like himself, is a smooth, clean, and proficient guitarist. In numerous songs, among them *Blues With A Feeling* and *Sweet Home Chicago*, the two alternate leads. Bisesi's playing is softer and usually employed while Johnson provides the vocal.

In all fairness, the two guitarists form the nucleus of the band, but drummer Steve Brown and bassist Randy Lippincott push them to the limit. Brown is a rare find. The native New Yorker, who moved to Beantown a few years ago, doesn't have a long list of associations or recording credits, but is constantly on top of the beat, exploiting his entire trap set. He never bores and at times excites. Lippincott's bass booms appropriately, filling out the bottom end; he did a yeoman's job. Though he never stepped out front, Lippincott, working in-synch with Brown and Bisesi, contributed greatly. He, too, knows his instrument.

The resultant "big" sound carved path after path for Johnson, enabling him to walk right through with extended lead after extended lead. The band, terrific all night, excelled on selections such as *Rock Me Baby* and *I'm A Hog For Your Love*, where all four members seemed content and comfortable to ride a long groove. It was apparent that only closing time prevented Luther Johnson and his Magic Rockers from wailing all night long.

*—jonathan w. poses*

## LEE KONITZ

### THE BASEMENT

**SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA**—This was the last performance given Down Under by alto saxophonist Lee Konitz. It was a fascinating example of swinging, post-bop modern jazz, mediated by some dabbling into free-form improvisation. Konitz was accompanied by local musicians Roger Frampton (piano and soprano sax), Craig Scott (bass), and David Jones (drums).

This performance also included, for some numbers, the blind flugelhorn player Julian Lee (who also played piano) and Bob Bertles (alto saxophone).

Firstly, to the free-form works which were attempted by the whole sextet right from the beginning of the concert: this is an area where few Australian jazz players are experienced or active (although we do have some distinguished free improvisers who are not active in jazz). The sextet seemed, with the notable exception of Frampton, ill-at-ease. Still, there was some interesting, if tentative, collective improvisation from the three horns and some jagged piano solos.

A blues in the key of E began spacily, but firmed up into tempo, produced some rich riffs, and was turned into Charlie Parker's *Now's The Time*; a lyrical statement begun by Julian Lee on flugelhorn became an introspective modal ballad; a vigorous *Oleo* begun by Konitz took a few twists and turns and, following a passage where no tempo was articulated, swung into Parker's *Anthropology*.

The second set was basically a quartet performance, running through inspired versions of *Invitation* and *Star Eyes*, and then a truly magnificent version of *Body And Soul*. The latter began with Konitz and Frampton ingeniously re-shaping the melody and harmonic structure of the tune, before the rhythm section crept in at the bridge. Konitz' solo here, as in the following tune, *Stella By Starlight*, showed that he has an uncanny ability to stretch the melody in all directions, but one feels that he always retains the essential ingredients of the tradition. He never betrays the past.

The last work was a spacy piece which went through stages of free playing and ended up as a Charlie Parker blues, stated by Konitz and Bob Bertles. Bertles was by no means overawed playing the alto next to Konitz, and he delivered some fluent, lovely improvisations which were entirely comparable to Konitz' masterly statements. It was also a brilliant night for Roger Frampton, who enjoyed basking in Konitz' sunshine. For a long time Frampton has been regarded as too far out, too much of an iconoclast in Australian jazz, so much so that he has had trouble getting work in the major jazz venues. The patronage extended to him by Konitz, who was his teacher in New York, will not do his career any harm.

In fact, the Australian musicians performing with Konitz—Don Burrows, Australia's best-known jazz musician, also performed with the American at his own Supper Club—have done much to overturn the traditional submissive attitude of local players working with American musicians. American jazz players coming to Australia were regarded, and often acted, as cultural imperialists. Konitz' supportive presence has been a fillup to Australian jazz, and the local musicians have given much back. Konitz made much of his own view of himself: he was not, he said, a virtuoso, or a star. He wished to fit into whatever space was available to him, in the company of Australian jazz players. This is why his tour—and he performed successfully in every mainland capital city—has been such a stimulant to the jazz scene here.

*—eric myers*

JANE MARCH

*From left, Roger Frampton, Lee Konitz, Bob Bertles, Julian Lee.*

# TRIBUTE TO CAL MASSEY

**JAZZ CENTER OF NEW YORK**

**NEW YORK**—Since trumpeter and composer Cal Massey died in October 1972 at age 44, few musicians have come forth to pen such sweeping, breathing works as his *Dr. King*, *The Peaceful Warrior*, *The Cry Of My People*, and *A Prayer*, or the r&b-inflected *Things Have Got To Change*, all recorded by Archie Shepp on Impulse. In this concert sponsored by Cobi Narita's Universal Jazz Coalition and organized by the late Massey's son, tenor and soprano saxist Zane, along with saxist/bandleader Fred Wei-han Houn, several players who participated in the original documentation—among them, Shepp, Beaver Harris, James Spaulding, and Charles Greenlee—united with younger musicians to prove Massey's music has lost none of its beauty or punch.

Opening with *Assunta*, which Freddie Hubbard recorded on Blue Note, played by a three-trumpet group (Genghis Nor, Frank London, and Michael Ridley all took choruses, as did Zane on tenor and Spaulding on alto), the concert primarily featured a 15-piece orchestra conducted by Greenlee, with Shepp as main soloist. Shepp spoke movingly of Cal Massey, whom he considered a friend and inspiration, before reading a fierce poem, *Hey Mama Rose, We Are The Victims*, and plunging into *Reminiscent Of Dear John*, Massey's memorial to Coltrane; *The Damned Don't Cry*, which he wrote for Huey Newton; *Liberation Suite*, composed after Massey journeyed to Algeria; and a madly rushing portrait of the USA entitled *Babylon*, on which Harris lashed out on his traps.

Puffing his cheeks and jowls with air, Shepp blew with that breathy, growling, strangled sound he used in the '60s and '70s, sometimes fragmenting phrases or stringing together long series of notes behind the beat to build emotive statements. Though the band had only one rehearsal, it delivered an accomplished, idiomatic cohesion, massive but attentive to dynamics, warm or bright as Greenlee requested. Sonelius Smith offered a moving piano solo; Leroy Jenkins and Charles Burnham on violins recreated the colors Shepp and Massey characteristically sought; and Zane, who's worked with Ronald Shannon Jackson's Decoding Society and Jemeel Moondoc's Jus' Grew Orchestra, displayed his own hard-edged, strong-as-steel tenor style, doing himself and his dad proud. The audience, a rare full house for the UJC, joined in singing the amended chorus, "God dammit, things *gotta* change," to indicate that not only is Cal Massey's music still powerfully alive, but so are his determined sentiments about his people and the society in which we live.

*—howard mandel*

# PRO SESSION

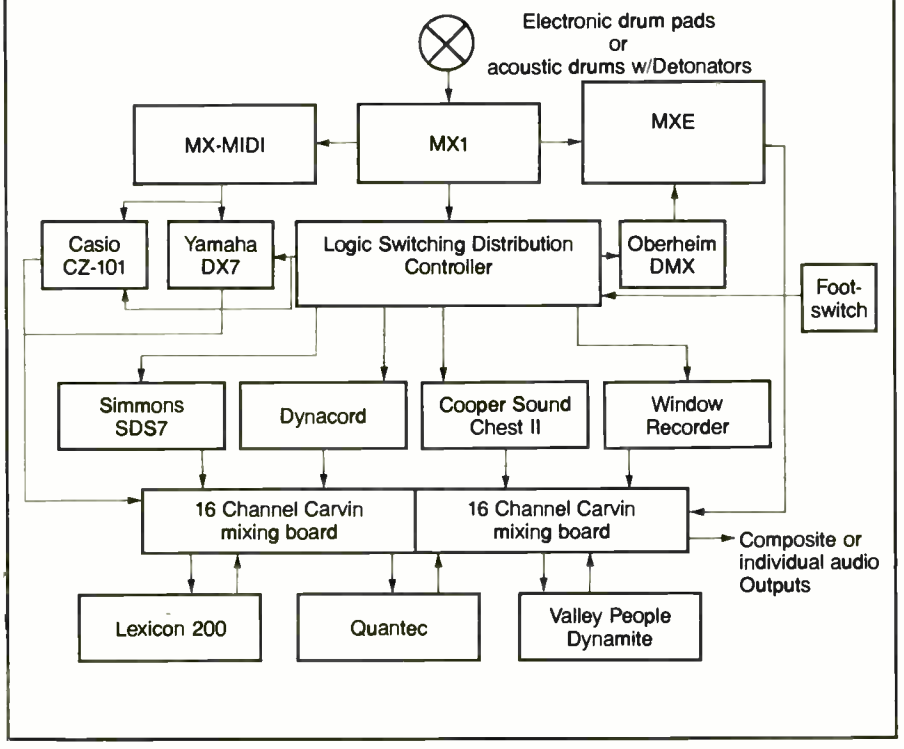
## Danny Gottlieb's Drum Technology

**BY BOB O'DONNELL**

Drum technology has not kept pace with the rapid advancements that keyboard synthesists have been able to enjoy in recent years, but the trend has begun to reverse. With the influence that Simmons' electronic drums and the LinnDrum have made on contemporary music, more and more creative percussionists are experimenting with the many options which electronics provide; this, in turn, has influenced the development of new products. Danny Gottlieb has immersed himself in this sea of technological marvels and finds the rewards for doing so fascinating. He is particularly interested in the complex combinations that triggering/interface devices allow for. "I'm just beginning to realize how MIDI and other triggering methods apply to the drums, how they allow you to combine subtle little sounds from a number of different sources. I've yet to really test them out, but I'm imagining the possibilities and it's going to be incredible."

Gottlieb's proposed electronic drum system (he admits it's still in the development stage) was designed by drummer/engineer Vince Gutman, who also happens to manufacture, through his company Märc, a self-designed triggering device called the MXI. The heart of Gottlieb's new setup, the MXI allows him to trigger any sound source, including electronic drum "brains," drum machines, or synthesizers, from any electronic drum pad or, via Gutman's Detonator pickups, any acoustic drum. Gutman explains, "With this system, Danny's going to be able to take a variety of different sound sources that he already owns, such as the Oberheim DMX drum machine, a Simmons SDS7, a Cooper Sound Chest II (modular drum synthesizer), Dynacord drums, a Window Recorder (sampler), and a DX7 and Casio CZ-101 synthesizer, and he'll be able to trigger all of them, either individually or collectively, at will. In other words, he can cut in and out of all those devices and at any given time have all of them triggering, only certain elements of them triggering, or none of them trig-

**Signal Flow Chart**



gering via a footswitch that he'll have right next to him. Everything that he'll be using, be it an acoustic drum or an electronic drum pad, will go through the MX1 system and be transformed at that point into usable electronic status. As a result, he'll be able to transfer all of his dynamics either into MIDI, through the MX-MIDI for the synthesizers and other MIDI devices; or dynamic trigger pulses for the Simmons and Dynacord; or non-dynamic pulses for the DMX, which can then be given dynamics by the MXE."

The accompanying chart, illustrating the signal flow that Gutman was referring to, should make the system a bit easier to comprehend. Hitting either an electronic drum pad or an acoustic drum with a Detonator pickup attached to it produces an electronic pulse which is sent to the MX1. At this point, because of varying manufacturers' specifications, each pulse will be individually altered by the MX1 to properly trigger the various electronic drum sounds. From here the various pulses are sent to the rack-mounted Logic Switching Distribution Controller, remotely controlled by a footswitch, through which Gottlieb will determine the sound sources to be used. From there the chosen trigger pulses are sent to their respective destinations. The audio from each of these sources then travels to two Carvin mixing boards, which will also be located within Gottlieb's reach.

The non-dynamic audio of the DMX, however, is first sent to the MXE where it is mixed with dynamic signals from the MX1 to create dynamic audio before being sent to the mixers. Similarly, signals from the MX1 are sent to the MX-MIDI which, in turn, triggers the synthesized drum-like patches on the two synthesizers before being sent to the mixing boards. Once at the boards, Gottlieb will process these signals through a Lexicon 200 digital reverb, a Quantec room simulator, and a Valley People Dynamite noise gate/limiter before having them sent to the speakers.

The creative possibilities (and potential problems) of this system are almost frightening and Gottlieb admits that he is a bit concerned. "I'm a little worried, to tell you the truth, because there's a *lot* to think about. I'm going to have to spend some serious time with this equipment, and it's not going to come easy. Of course, I can get a basic sound and mess around and have some fun, but to really find what works well is definitely going to take a lot of time. For the rest of our lives we're going to be working on sounds, but then again, why not? What else is there really? I mean, we are trying to make music." **db**

# PRO SESSION

## Makoto Ozone's Solo On *Softly As In A Morning Sunrise*

## A Piano Transcription

**BY JOEL SIMPSON**

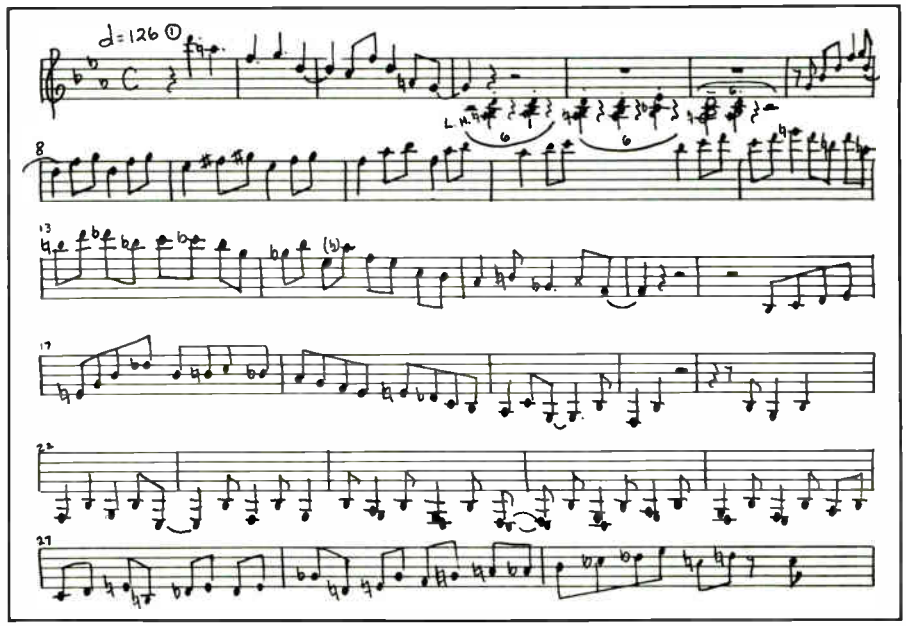
*Pianist* ***Joel Simpson*** *is* ***down beat****'s New Orleans correspondent. He has a Ph.D. in comparative literature from Brown but gave up academia for jazz piano in 1978. He writes funny songs as a hobby.*

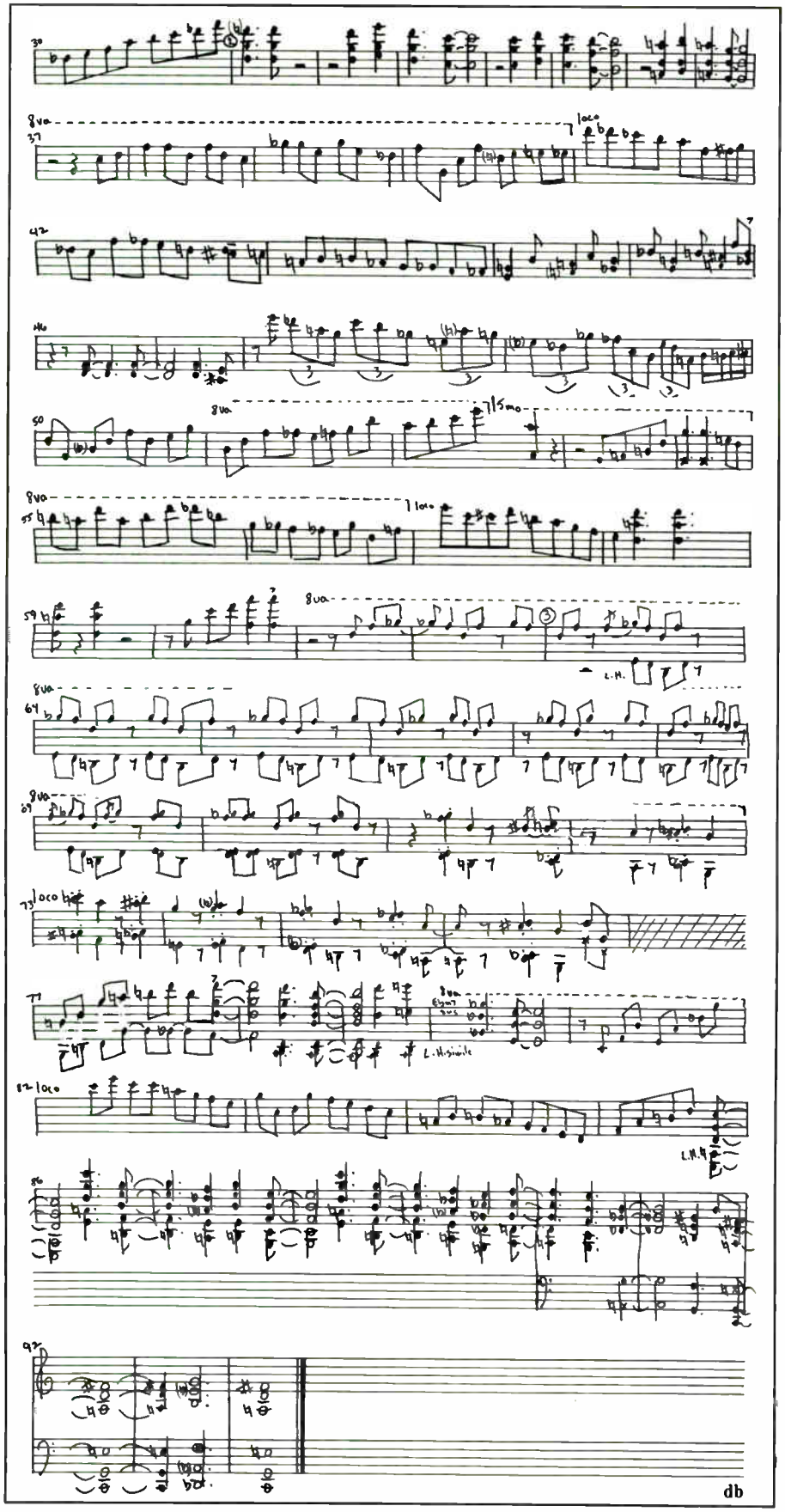
Makoto Ozone sparkles on trumpeter Bobby Shew's new album *Breakfast Wine* (Pausa 7171), which is full of delights, including Shew's deft flugelhorn playing, some uncommon tunes, including an Ozone original, and two standards: *Softly As In A Morning Sunrise* and *Alone Together*. Both Ozone solos on the standards are remarkable, but the one on *Softly* . . . is more diverse stylistically than the other.

Ozone treats the 1928 Sigmund Romberg classic like a contemporary modal vehicle much of the time—which the tune invites with its rather horizontal first five bars in the "A" section. The tune is in C minor, but Ozone begins his solo sounding as though he were in G minor. Bassist John Patitucci is walking right along in C minor, however, so the key tonality becomes an implied pedal point over which Ozone enters at some distance. This effect announces his modal treatment of the tune. I have included the left hand where its effect was essential.

Performance notes:

- 1) Ozone's solo actually begins on the third measure of the tune form, thus the first chorus ends at m. 30 of the transcription and so on.
- 2) The syncopated figures, mm. 23-27 and mm. 62-76 are actually quite simple displacements. They sound complex due to the tempo and because Ozone holds onto them so long, especially the latter group.
- 3) In mm. 70-76 the staccato semi-tone chords are short and accented.
- 4) In m. 79 there was no room to write the Ebm7 sus chord accompaniment. A♭-D♭-G♭ immediately below the right hand will do well.
- 5) Despite his harmonic departures, Ozone stays within the *structure* of the tune during his three choruses. I have omitted most indications of chords. If one adds the standard chords of the tune in C minor, Ozone's harmonic excursions become clear. His comping during most of his single note passages consists mostly of three-note fourth chords which follow and punctuate the weavings of his melody. It is very light and frequently absent, however.



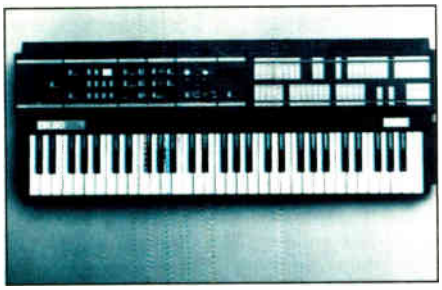


## PERCUSSION SHOP

Oberheim's DX

OBERHEIM ELECTRONICS INC. (Los Angeles, CA) has released a new DX Digital Drum Machine that incorporates the features of the existing DX and many features of the DMX Drum Machine. The new DX also contains a crash/ride cymbal voice and MIDI in/out ports for interfacing with other MIDI-equipped drum machines, sequencers, and synthesizers. Other features include switchable clock rates, sync-to-tape, and 15 edit parameters for customizing the instrument. The MIDI can trigger any of the DX's voices with any MIDI-equipped external device, song select and start/stop commands, separately selectable transmit and receive channels, and omni and echo modes.

## KEYBOARD COUNTRY



MTI's DK-80

The Siel DK-80 programmable synthesizer from MUSIC TECHNOLOGY INC. (Garden City Park, NY) features six voices, 50 presets, and RAM/ROM capability allowing the musician unlimited program capacity for live performance. Variable split and bitimbric layering of programs are part of the DK-80's makeup, and it can MIDI to a computer for program storage, edit, sequence, and compose functions, making it more than just a touch-sensitive keyboard. A compatible expander unit, sold separately, allows additional layering of programs for full-bodied voices.

Europa Technology's Lync

The Lync Programmable Strap-On MIDI Keyboard Controller from EUROPA TECHNOLOGY INC. (Venice, CA) incorporates a full-size four-octave velocity keyboard and advanced ergonomic design. The Lync features programmable velocity response and a user-adjustable left-hand controller section with two return-to-center wheels, an octave switch, and another switch for program advance or for controlling the MIDI, and an additional MIDI controller switch on the front panel. There are 64 memory locations on the Lync, each capable of storing patch information for four external MIDI synths, which can be played via four simultaneous MIDI channels. The Lync weighs 10 pounds and includes a hold/chord feature and a rack-mountable power supply.

## GUITAR FAMILY

Taylor's Artist Series

The Artist Series acoustic guitars from TAYLOR GUITARS (Lemon Grove, CA) feature backs and sides of solid frame maple, with fine-grained solid Canadian Sitka spruce tops; white binding with multi-laminate purfling accents the soundboard, back, and sides. The multicolor soundhole motif of interlocking flames is standard, but traditional abalone rosette can be substituted for free. Two tone bars augment the X-braced top on the two six-string models; the two 12-string models feature three tone bars. A macarta compensating saddle fits into the sculpted Indian ebony bridge. Also featured are a removable two-piece maple neck with peghead laminates, an ebony fretboard with mother-of-pearl and abalone inlays, and an adjustable truss rod with engraved black truss rod cover. The guitar is available in blue, green, red, and black with a stained wood finish.

Aria's Blade Runner

The Blade Runner from ARIA MUSIC (U.S.A.) INC. (City of Industry, CA) features a Kahler "Flyer" tremolo, two humbucking pickups, a graphite nut, volume and tone controls, and a 22-fret rosewood fingerboard. The natural satin-finished maple neck is designed to give players greater playability. The guitar is available in black or white.

## BRASS LAND

Conn's Severinsen Signature

The new Severinsen Signature trumpet from CONN LTD. (Elkhart, IN), unveiled by namesake Doc Severinsen at this year's NAMM show in New Orleans, features a custom handcrafted bell and venturi and is available in .459 medium large or .464 large bores. According to Severinsen, the trumpet's specially designed custom lead pipe and bell combination gives the instrument extraordinary response and flexibility. Of professional quality, the trumpet is priced for high school and student musicians.

## REED WORLD

Rico's Bassoon Reed

RICO PRODUCTS (North Hollywood, CA) has introduced the Rico Bassoon Reed. Having introduced an oboe reed in 1984, Rico now produces a complete line of double reeds. The bassoon reed is cut for superior response and tone throughout the instrument's entire range. It is available in medium-soft, medium, and medium-hard strengths. The cane used in the reeds is grown on Rico's plantation in the Var region of France. **db**

## AD LIB

continued from page 63

the Harmonic Choir. If you open yourself up to it, New Age/Space Music can transport you to previously unknown realms of the imagination.

Then again, it can overshoot those realms into pure boredom. Synthesizers and echo can sound so good so easily that immature composers get lost in the sound potential at their fingertips. There are too many New Age opuses consisting of merely one or two synthesizer chords with filters sweeping through them for 30 minutes. Ostentatious synthesizer swells, some twinkling bell tones, and the odd sitar pass for inner depth and meditation. Facile structures and an inability to self-edit are often passed off as inspiration from beyond. Peter Michael Hamel, composer and author of *Through Music To The Self*, says that spiritual music should provide "links with the deepest in human experience—without . . . falling into naive eclecticism." Too often, however, his warning of "naive electicism" is ignored and New Age music becomes high tech muzak for upscale professionals looking to escape the pressures of work, urban strife, and the geopolitical balancing act. "There's enough ugly things in the world," exclaimed a New Age store owner. "I don't want it in my music, too." I guess you don't get the blues in the New Age.

In its quest for spiritual uplift, the low energy of New Age/Space Music ignores the catharsis of cacaphony or the ennobling experience of shared pain and the unity of unbridled improvisation. Spiritual tour de forces like Coltrane's *A Love Supreme* (which Hamel recognizes as "meditation-conscious") are anathema to most New Age listeners. They prefer to be anesthetized rather than uplifted, and there are a wealth of New Age charlatans willing to pass the ether. Sun Ra said that space is the place, but there'd be no room for him in the starships of the New Age.

**db**



## CHORDS

continued from page 10

Affinity LP *Katanga!*) it is easily understood why some locals feel that way. The problem is little seems to have been written about Dupree and even fewer recordings were made of his playing. Even the streets and older clubs are silent.

I would be grateful to any of the staff or readers of **db** who would provide me with general info, anecdotes, personal recollections, copies of articles, or point me to sources in periodicals, books, and recordings regarding the life and music of Dupree Bolton. Please send all correspondence to me at 4816 Converse St. #3, Los Angeles, CA 90032.

Thome Selby — Los Angeles

### Unheralded heroes

Recently a friend and I were enjoying a very interesting conversation that I would like to share with your readers. We were discussing who are the most underrated modern jazz musicians over the past 25 years. My friend reeled off a bunch of familiar names of so-called "unheralded players," but to me they were far from it. As far as I'm concerned, a jazz musician is not underrated when he or she appears on various jazz reader and critic polls annually. I would like to name five musicians whom I feel have made major contributions to jazz but have not received the recognition they deserve: Don Friedman, piano; Gary Peacock, bass; Teddy Charles, vibes; the late trumpeter Booker Little, and the late bassist Scott LaFaro, two innovators who both belong in the Jazz Hall Of Fame.

Mark Ferrante — New York City

### Go for it

This idea may not be original, alluding to Art Lange's call for action in behalf of jazz musicians on tv (**db**, March '85), but the producers/promoters/advertisers of black-inclusive and -oriented shows, as well as black musical award programs could be approached (educated, persuaded).

I believe jazz to be Black Classical Music, participated in and contributed to by many. Whether we expect just token allowances or complete embracement we should give it to 'em straight and talk about the cultural and social, as well as the musically progressive, aspects of jazz, not just the profit margin, in order to impress upon them the artistic and historical importance of the music.

If just token response was received but nothing was compromised then it will have been worth it—the first aim is quality and diversity, not quantity. Go for it!

Alexander Lemski — Denver, CO

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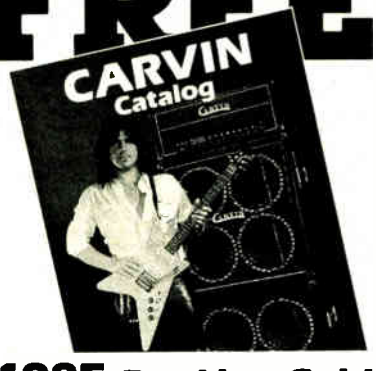


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# Is Space The Place?

BY JOHN DILIBERTO

Pink Floyd: pioneers of the New Age?

"The music that we play we call ancient and contemporary transcendent music, inner and outer space music. It's music that opens . . . allows . . . creates space." So says Anna Turner, from the book *Music From The Hearts Of Space*.

That is also the credo of *Music From The Hearts Of Space*, a radio program syndicated nationally on over 100 stations, and one of the most audible proponents of a music that's often called New Age or Space Music. It's a small growth industry in the cassette and record business and probably the most significant new music trend since Punk spewed forth in 1977.

For those of you who associate Space Music with the psychedelia of early Pink Floyd or the cosmic chaos of Sun Ra, some clarification might be necessary. While the term "Space Music" may encompass everything from Pink Floyd and Sun Ra to Stockhausen and Tangerine Dream, the current usage is modified by the "New Age" sensibility. Dissonance, atonality, and rhythmic aggression are out. Consonance, harmony, and floating pulses are in and heaven (or Nirvana) forbid that a strident chord or spontaneous eruption of improvisatory frenzy should penetrate the satin pillow sheen. In New Age/Space Music, droning synthesizers and chromatically correct arrangements are *de rigeur*.

New Age is a broad expression that embodies various spiritual disciplines such as Transcendental Meditation, Yoga, gurus like Bhagwhan Shree Rajneesh, any of dozens of other Eastern religious offshoots, and even simple everyday stress reduction. It picks up the spiritual explorations and lifestyles of the '60s and melds them with '80s technology and hip-capitalism. Not surprisingly then, a lot of New Age/Space Music comes out of California.

New Age/Space Music is the perfect soundtrack for this emerging lifestyle and its timing couldn't be better. It is the perfect Yang to the Yin of New Wave, and both seemed to emerge at the same time. While John Lydon was telling us that there was no future, New Age artists were making music of affirmation and consciousness changing. New Wave music obliterates the mind in dancing frenzies, but New Age music massages the mind in meditative contemplation. New Wave thrives in sweaty nightclubs; the New Age thrives in sweaty hot tubs. New Wave is music to socialize with; New Age is the music to make love with.

In the hands of disciplined composer/musicians like Michael Stearns, Kitaro, Iasos, and Peter Michael Hamel, New Age/Space Music can be exploratory and elevating. Whether making use of computer-driven synthesizers or ancient flutes, recorders, and sitars these composers can create fantasy-filled worlds or an ever-deepening soundscape for the mind. New Age influences come from the deep-space musical journeys of Tangerine Dream and Klaus Schulze, the drones of Tibetan Buddhist tantras, the subtle sound shaping of Japanese shakuhachi music, and the trance cycles of minimalism. All of these sources are modulated by a low-level dynamic that keeps the sounds on an even, non-abrasive and non-aggressive keel.

Synthesizers are the instrument of choice for many New Age/Space Music composers, a paradox in that the most advanced technology is used to create music for meditating your way out of a hectic contemporary lifestyle. Electronics aren't the only medium, but they do dominate. Even the acoustic music is often treated to the benefits of digital delay and reverb. This has created the popular "pianos-in-space" style pioneered by Steve Halpern. Since Halpern's *Spectrum Suite* in 1977, dozens of musicians have put out similar recordings of sparse, absolutely tonal piano works that seem only one step beyond piano exercises. They make George Winston sound like Cecil Taylor by comparison.

Halpern is largely responsible for establishing the market for this music. In the last eight years he's released nearly 30 of his "Anti-Frantic Alternative" albums on Halpern Sounds Records. He pioneered the use of health food stores as outlets for his music, has a lucrative mail-order business, and a book entitled *Tuning The Human Instrument*. With hundreds of artists following in his wake, nearly every major city has a store where New Age/Space Music records sit next to books by L. Ron Hubbard, Swami Satchidananda, and Rajneesh calendars.

In fact, the cosmic rhetoric can make this music impenetrable to the uninitiated, the discerning, or the cynical. If the artists aren't expounding the philosophies of one Indian guru or another, then they have their own, often embarrassingly puerile cosmology. One talks of music coming from other dimensions, another relates "out of body experiences," while several make vast claims as to the healing propensities of their music. Fortunately, New Age/Space Music is predominantly instrumental. They don't sing.

Because it is instrumental, New Age/Space Music is open to a variety of interpretations and uses. In fact, it's often used for guided dream imagery, Tai Chi classes, various forms of meditation, music therapy, and a plethora of other mind and body experiences. The real artists of this music traverse a wide emotional landscape. Like the best of any music, it comes from dreams and fears, life and introspection, intuitive understanding and the knowledgeable crafting of that understanding. The diversity of approaches is evident in the crystalline cycles of Don Slepian, and the dark majesty of Michael Stearn's *Planetary Unfolding*. The music can be lush and exotic like that of Japan's Kitaro or subtle and austere like the Tibetan-influenced vocal overtones of David Hykes and the Har-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 61

# AUDITIONS

**down beat** *spotlights young musicians deserving wider recognition.*

## Justin Page

Seventeen-year-old drummer Justin Page of New York City was one of 20 students selected nationwide this year as a Presidential Scholar in the Arts, the first jazz musician ever to be so honored. Page, who this year graduated from LaGuardia High School of Music and Arts in Manhattan, performs with Sal Salvador's Big Band and plans to study composition at the Manhattan School of Music. He has already composed an operetta for the Metropolitan Opera Guild, has performed at the Newport Jazz Festival, and has played with such artists as Buddy Tate, Harold Ashby, and others, as well as with his own group, the Manhattan Quintet.

Eddie Locke, Page's teacher for the past 10 years and a drummer for combos led by Coleman Hawkins and Roy Eldridge in the '60s, recalls the eight-year-old Page walking into his studio and declaring he wanted to be a big band drummer. "He's a modern drummer," says Locke, "but he knows about Gene Krupa and Jo Jones and Sid Catlett. That's what separates him from a lot of young drummers: he's got the modern thing, but he's got the foundation in his head about where it comes from. He's a better musician than I am."

## Dan Gailey

Dan Gailey, 23-year-old tenor saxophonist and clarinetist, was the 1985 **down beat** "deebee" award winner for his composition *Bossa For Wayne*. A 1985 graduate of Pacific Lutheran University in Tacoma, WA, Gailey earned another award for the same composition at the 1985 U. of Idaho Jazz Festival, where he was also runner-up in the jazz soloist competition. Gailey began studying clarinet in elementary school, switching to tenor sax in the seventh grade. During his senior year at North Kitsap High School in Poulsbo, WA, he was named to the all-star band at the 1980 Columbia Basin CC Jazz Festival for his work on alto sax.

While at Pacific Lutheran, Gailey played lead tenor sax and wrote for the school's jazz ensemble, as well as playing clarinet and bass clarinet in the wind ensemble, orchestra, and Contemporary Directions ensemble. He is currently playing professionally with a dixieland band at a local amusement park, and he has performed as guest soloist/clinician at local high schools, directing the #1 jazz ensemble at the 1985 Northwest Summer Jazz Camp in Tacoma. Gailey will pursue a master's degree this fall at the University of Northern Colorado, where he has been awarded a teaching assistantship.

## Keith Barnhart

Keith Barnhart, a 23-year-old native of Huntington, WV, is a graduate synthesizer student at the Berklee College of Music in Boston, where he is taking advanced courses in Electronic Music and in Music Production and Engineering. Barnhart, who completed his undergraduate studies in Berklee in 1983, is a featured synthesist on Chaka Khan's *I Feel For You* LP. He has also recorded with RCA country music artists Sarah Johns and Randall Summers.

Barnhart has performed on numerous National Public Radio broadcasts and has also worked as a featured soloist with the New York City-based rock group Skazam. Despite his relative youth, Barnhart enjoys a reputation as a highly sought-after studio musician in New York City and Boston.

## Kevin McNeal

Kevin McNeal, 27-year-old guitarist, was part of the William Paterson College (Wayne, NJ) Jazz Sextet, which earned an outstanding combo performance award at the 1985 Notre Dame Collegiate Jazz Festival. McNeal picked up an outstanding instrumentalist award at the same festival, and he has played in the WPC Jazz Ensemble directed by bassist Rufus Reid and in various WPC combos directed by Reid and David Samuels, among them the featured college combo at the 1985 National Association of Jazz Educators Convention in Dallas. He has played professionally with saxophonists Nick Brignola and J.R. Monterose and pianist Clyde Criner.

McNeal began playing guitar at 14, inspired by Jimi Hendrix, B.B. King, and Earth, Wind and Fire, but within two years had come under the influence of such jazzmen as Wes Montgomery, Miles Davis, Herbie Hancock, and George Benson. He enrolled at the Berklee College of Music in 1980, but quit after three semesters to return to his upstate New York home to teach guitar. In 1984, he enrolled at WPC, where he is currently studying jazz guitar with Harry Leahy and classical guitar with Paul Twerdowsky.

## Bill Wilson

Seventeen-year-old alto saxophonist Bill Wilson's first instrument was a $25 clarinet he started playing in the fifth grade. The winning high school classical instrumental soloist in the 1985 **down beat** "deebee" award competition, Wilson first became serious about classical music in the ninth grade. The next year he entered the Seattle Young Artist's Festival and was chosen first alternate to play with the Seattle Symphony Orchestra. He spent the following summer studying at Lewis and Clark College in Portland, and last year was chosen as one of six soloists to perform with the Seattle Symphony Orchestra in the Northwest premiere of Henri Tomasi's *Saxophone Concerto*. Since then, Wilson won the Mrs. Henry L. Corbett Young Artist's Competition in Portland, as a result of which he will play next May with the Oregon Symphony Orchestra.

Wilson, starting his senior year this fall at Lake Washington High School in Kirkland, WA, is also an award-winning jazz musician, having won soloist awards at the U. of Northern Colorado, U. of Idaho, and Central Washington U. jazz festivals.

## Brad Turner

Brad Turner, an 18-year-old graduate of Mountain Secondary School in Langley, British Columbia, won the Rising Star award as the most outstanding musician at this year's Canadian Stage Band Festival, besting 4,000 other young musicians for the honor. Turner is equally adept as a big band trumpeter and leading his own quartet, in which he plays keyboards, trumpet, flugelhorn, and drums. At the Canadian Stage Band fest, Turner was chosen for the Senior All-Star Stage Band and the Honour Senior Combo for his work on trumpet and flugelhorn, as well as being selected drummer for the Honour Vocal Jazz Choir.

Turner has been a member of British Columbia's All-Province Jazz Ensemble the past three years, he won Langley Community Music School scholarships each year between 1976 and 1982, and he has won numerous other awards and scholarships for his work on piano, trumpet, and drums. Turner will begin pursuing a Bachelor of Music degree in Jazz Studies this fall at Western Michigan University. **db**

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