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**The
GADD GANG**
Jazzed-Up
R&B

TERJE RYPDAL
Sculptor In Sound



ARTHUR BLYTHE
Creative Challenge

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Terje Rypdal



Arthur Blythe



Tommy Smith



Elliott Sharp

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Drummer Steve Gadd, bassist Eddie Gomez, keyboardist Richard Tee, guitarist Cornell Dupree (with saxist Ronnie Cuber a frequent contributor)—studio MVPs all—have been on-stage collaborators for over a decade in such bands as *Who It Is* and *Stuff*. Now they're united behind a new commitment, as they relate to **Gene Kalbacher**.

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The **GADD** Gang

Not Just The Same Old Stuff



By Gene Kalbacher

Talk to the Gadd Gang (Steve Gadd, drums; Richard Tee, keyboards; Cornell Dupree, guitar; Eddie Gomez, acoustic bass; Ronnie Cuber, baritone and soprano sax) for any length of time, and one phrase crops up again and again: "The Groove." Finding, sustaining, directing, and capturing The Groove—that's what it's all about for these well-known players, longtime friends on the New York studio and performance scene who banded together in May 1985.

Although the Gang played but a smattering of club gigs as a unit before cutting its recent eponymous debut album, these bluebloods were hardly strangers to one another. Leader Steve Gadd, the consummate session stickman, teamed up in the late '70s with Tee and Dupree in Stuff, six groove merchants whose records reached gold and platinum plateaus in Japan but sold spit by comparison at home. Gomez and Cuber, whose pedigrees in straight-ahead jazz at once contrast with and improvisationally flesh out the more r&b-styled roots of the others, round out the Gang. Their debut record was released first in Japan, where it has already hit the 100,000 sales mark, and the group embarked on its second Japanese tour in late July.

Recorded at the Record Plant in Manhattan and produced by

Kiyoshi Itoh, *The Gadd Gang* stalks The Groove from the get-go on Bob Dylan's *Watching The River Flow*; Tee's gospelish keyboards underscore Dupree's stinging blues guitar while Cuber's baritone provides the rhythmic undertow. The pace slows down on *Strength*, then picks up again for Wilton Felder's *Way Back Home*. On side two, ballads by Gomez and Tee (who sings on his *Everything You Do*) sandwich the Gadd drum composition *Duke's Lullaby*, a *tour de force* of martial, tribal, and, yes, groove rhythms. Throughout the album, the rock-ribbed ensemble work is complemented by tasty solos, culminating in *Honky Tonk*, Bill Doggett's soulful-organ corker, and *I Can't Stop Loving You*. The Gang couldn't find a copy of the original *Honky Tonk* recording, according to Tee (so they "played what we remembered and took it from there"), but they surely found The Groove.

First-call sessionmen with often-frantic schedules, the Gang members were somewhat difficult to collar for the following interview. But when reached, each cooperated and was interviewed separately. All but the leader, that is. Although he consented to an interview, Gadd didn't show up at the appointed hour prior to his departure for Japan. Gadd apparently prefers to let his drums do the talking.

Gadd or no, The Groove goes on.

GENE KALBACHER: *Steve Gadd is the ultimate session drummer, proficient in and adaptable to any idiom. But what kind of bandleader is he?*

RONNIE CUBER: He's pretty much on the case, and he knows exactly what tempo a tune should be played in. He doesn't come on too strong. He's a pretty solid guy. As a leader he's very well respected because he's such a good musician.

CORNELL DUPREE: He's a *real* person. He gets up there and says, "We're going to do this tune," and he suggests, and we suggest. . . . We're all in it together. It's a family affair.

RICHARD TEE: Lots of times he and I set down and discuss what we're gonna do, what we might want to try. I try to give him some choices because I know he's not used to being a leader. Me being a leader with lots of different groups, I can give him some options to choose, to make his job easier. I'll say, "You can do A, B, C, or D." After that it's like clockwork. He knows what he wants to do, but he may not know how to go about it. It works out great.

GK: *What's the difference between Gadd the session drummer and Gadd the leader?*

EDDIE GOMEZ: It depends on the project. He can cover any music, and certainly he's a very fast reader. Way above that, he's an amazing musician. Given all those things, he's also able to step away and look at the personalities and chemistry, and see what works, or be able to foresee what will work. He wants the music [of the Gadd Gang] to be good, happy—yet serious—and uplifting.

GK: *Unlike much of the fusion and jazz-funk being recorded these days, The Gadd Gang album doesn't sound like a layered, laborious production. A few parts, including the horn section on Honky Tonk, are overdubbed, but from the sound of things, this is a straight-ahead r&b blowing date. Was that the game plan?*

EG: It was a real dish, cooked up all at once, with some fill-ins here and there. The music dictated that [approach] to some extent. Steve has an amazing amount of integrity, and the feeling we get in a club is the role model for what we want to do [on record]. We pretty much did live performances in the studio, then we doctored or cleaned up little things here and there. It doesn't have that layered, produced feel. That's not what we wanted to do.

RC: Most of the music is pretty simple and uncomplicated. We do have arrangements, but it's basically a hard, groove-type group.

GK: *Being in the studio so much on outside projects, the five of you have ready access to all the latest recording gadgets and gear. Why haven't you availed yourself of these innovations?*

CD: We haven't jumped on the technological bandwagon. I'm not really in love with all the technical things and whatnot. I think I'm speaking for the majority of the guys. They like a *real* drummer, not a drum machine; they like *real* music. We like to be able to pat our feet. Music that's too perfect can't *groove*, doesn't feel right. A groove varies. It's up and down. You're doing the same tempo, but the tempo does move. We all change tempo *together*, so that makes it tight. It happens naturally. For me, I don't like half of the new things that's happening. And [the technology] has taken away half of the [session opportunities for] the guys' livelihoods.

GK: *Restraint, playing what fits, rather than chops-mongering, seems to be the hallmark of the Gadd Gang. It strikes me as deliberate looseness.*

EG: In a sense, with everyone in the band, if you took the other four parts away from the five, you'd still hear the suggestion of the five in everyone's playing. Not that you'd want to, but you could take out all the other components and still have a sense of what the music is. Tee's a mini-orchestra himself. He plays a lot of bass. In a sense, the band is almost all bass players. Ronnie Cuber is in that low register. Steve and Cornell both play with a lot of bottom, and Tee plays a lot of bass in his left hand. Ronnie plays with such great time and such a wonderful display of harmonic motion. Cornell knows just how to punctuate the music. So there's a real completeness. The total effect becomes not unlike a symphony orchestra. It becomes very powerful, and it's very dynamic, too.

CD: I try to lay in there and make something happen, fill up the gaps, be flavorful, and try to keep things going in the right direction.

GK: *Cornell, you seem to play hand-in-glove with Tee, as he, like a sponge, wrings his chords for all their harmonic worth.*

CD: One does good for the other. There's never an empty spot with Richard. He is the orchestra. You can always rely on Richard.

GK: Richard, your relationship with Dupree—in *Stuff*, the Gadd Gang, and Cornell's group *Who It Is*—is so unselfish, so symbiotic. What makes Dupree stand out from the many other guitarists you've worked with?

RT: His rhythm. I love the way he plays rhythm guitar. That's what made *Stuff* so great. Usually Dupree would start the song, and Eric [Gale] would finish it. What made Eric sound so good was Dupree and myself playing this little rhythm underneath, and it sounded like one big fat rhythm thing going on. Nobody plays rhythm like Dupree.

GK: You've banished excess from your playing, Richard. What are the origins of your sparse, play-what's-right concept?

RT: I listened a lot to Ray Charles when I was coming up. Ray never played a whole lot of notes; he plays the way he talks. When you talk, you have to take a breath sometimes. When some people play, they play 2,000 notes and give all this technique, but the *feeling* isn't there. I like to play with *feeling*. Less is more. You don't have to play everything you know; just play what you feel.

GK: Few would argue with that. Nonetheless, on numerous, nondescript funk and fusion records that glut the marketplace, many musicians obviously don't get the point. Why do you suppose that is?

RT: I really don't know. Maybe when they get a chance to play, it's like, "Watch what I can do!"

CD: You don't have to overplay. You have to choose the right notes. A big bunch of notes don't necessarily say anything; a few choice notes can say a whole lot.

GK: In what respects, if any, is the Gadd Gang an offshoot or extension of *Stuff*, and, although *Stuff* had two guitar players to but one in the Gadd Gang, how does your instrumental role differ in the new group?

CD: The Gadd Gang is something of a derivative of *Stuff*. . . . With *Stuff*, [my role was to] comment musically on the things played around me and be a sideman. *Stuff* didn't get along too well. There were technical things, management and personal things that broke it up. . . . [In *Stuff*] Eric Gale and myself, remarkably, could play together more or less spontaneously—we just *played*. We'd just feed off each other. It was never a planned situation, just as things were [never planned] between the two drummers. It was spontaneous combustion. Eric and I would get a direction and take off, and we'd all end up at the same time.

GK: In terms of leadership, how was *Stuff* organized, Richard?

RT: [Bassist] Gordon [Edwards] would call off all the songs, in whatever particular order. All I did was take care of the format—who did what solo, where, and when. Gordon was the leader, and I was like his co-conductor.

GK: Do you agree with Dupree's assessment of the Gadd Gang as a derivative of *Stuff*?

RT: No, I really don't. The material is a lot different. We spread our solos out to everybody in the Gadd Gang. We don't play anything we did with *Stuff*.

GK: The actual material may be different, but the direction in both bands is surely r&b, groove music.

RT: It's a hard answer, because we all have different backgrounds. I'm always going to play my r&b feel, no matter who I'm playing with, if I can get away with it [laughs]. But Eddie's choice or preference is bebop or jazz. I'm not talking about sho-'nuff jazz. But Eddie knows enough about the r&b feel to make it work.



TOSHI KAZAMA

GK: One seldom hears the acoustic bass in r&b/funk-jazz groups. What adaptations in your approach to playing, Eddie, if not in instrumentation, have you had to make with the Gadd Gang?

EG: The approach is pretty much the same in everything I do. It's an r&b, jazz band, and it's a lot of fun. The whole point is to make this music happen—to make sure the grooves are there, and to hook up with Steve. For me, whether I'm doing a straight-ahead jazz thing or playing classical music or doing the Gadd Gang, it just means adapting myself to the language involved.

GK: How, specifically, have you adapted to the language and imperatives of r&b with the Gadd Gang?

EG: I've focused on the language that has pretty much been the domain of the bass guitar over the years. I'm not trying to play like a bass guitar, but I'm trying to make the bass and bass drum in-sync, just the same way the bass guitar and bass drum are normally [in pop/funk music]. I come from the jazz tradition, but I've listened to some r&b over the years. I feel like a character actor in a lot of ways.

GK: How exactly do you synch-up with Gadd's bass drum?

EG: His depth is extraordinary. Part of what makes him so unusual and extraordinary is what he *doesn't* play as much as what he does play. He simplifies things and makes them very clear. As far as the bass drum goes, that's the real bottom. Like a lot of the great drummers, Steve is a real dancer on the instrument. In fact, he is part dancer. [*Gadd tap-danced as a youngster.*] Especially in this kind of band, it's from the feet up. . . .

GK: As opposed to bebop, for instance, where the drummer keeps time on the ride cymbal and occasionally drops "bombs" with the bass drum?

EG: That's right. Bebop and straight-ahead kinds of jazz tend to be from the top down, or from the middle and spreading up and down.

Steve's playing is such that you can hone in on the bottom. He always distills what he plays down to a high state of art. He can really clue-in on the cymbal, on a certain beat; it's all like a mini-rhythmic orchestra.

GK: You worked for a few years in *Steps Ahead*, which was a fusion-ish group, but your funk and groove-music experience is limited. How does the Gadd Gang fit into your overall musical psyche?

EG: The Gadd Gang, to me, is almost like going back. My first love was jazz, but also, on the periphery, I loved seeing the [acoustic bass] instrument itself being played on television by Bill Haley & the Comets and Elvis. Not that I really listened to that music, but I loved the *look* of it, and the slap-bass excitement. The Gadd Gang has a feeling that takes me back to that somehow, in a good way. The acoustic bass has been around for a couple hundred years, mostly in classical music, but it also surfaced in early American rock & roll. Therefore, the Gadd Gang is almost a modern representation of the American music scene, because the Gadd Gang has earthy, dance roots and goes outward from there. Making the Gadd Gang album was very communal, devoid of ego, and that spirit comes across live and on the record.

GK: Ronnie, most r&b or funk bands, if they have a horn at all, usually have a tenor saxophone. How do you make the tonality and

register of the bari blend with the other instruments in the Gadd Gang?

RC: On the baritone I can play in the extremely high register, so I have a wide range. So it doesn't come off as a sub-level sound. I play all over the horn and don't limit myself to any one range. Some of the tunes call for a lighter feel, so I figured that if I'm going to double on anything, it'll be the soprano.

CB: Ronnie's *tasty* in his playing, in his choice of notes. Like me, he came through the King Curtis educational system, so a lot of King Curtis has rubbed off on him. He can also play on either side of the road.

GK: In all honesty, Richard, does it bother you that *Stuff*, while never breaking through commercially in America, either spawned or inspired a legion of jazzy pop and funk groups that assimilated *Stuff's* stuff and went on to far greater visibility and success?

RT: It doesn't bother me. I feel very pleased that whatever I was able to play with *Stuff*, somebody liked it and was able to use it and do something with it. Just like some of those bands from England, like the Average White Band. They used to listen to us play—this was before *Stuff*—with Aretha, and they'd say, "I've been listening to y'all play, I gotta steal some of your licks!" That doesn't bother me. I'm not trying to be a forerunner, but if that's the way people look at me, I'm pleased. I'm still gonna be thinking of new stuff. db

THE GADD GANG'S EQUIPMENT

Steve Gadd's set-up has not radically changed since he was last interviewed for a July 1982 *down beat* cover story: "He uses the Yamaha Recording Custom series of drums (with Yamaha hardware): a 14 x 22 bass drum, a five-and-a-half x 14 metal snare drum, with two tom-toms mounted on the bass, and two mounted on a stand at his right; he chooses his four toms from these five sizes: 8 x 10, 8 x 12, 9 x 13, 10 x 14, and 12 x 15.

"His all-Avedis Zildjian cymbal set-up contains: 14-inch New Beat hi-hats, an 18-inch medium thin crash (mounted on the left), a 20-inch deep ride (mounted on the right), and (mounted on the far right) a 14-inch thin crash sizzle mounted piggyback above a 22-inch medium ride."

Eddie Gomez employs a Claudot acoustic bass made in France around 1850. He uses Spirocore strings. "That's the instrument I've been playing for about five years," he says. "I play it on everything." His amplifier, which he calls "pretty simple stuff," is a Polytone. "It's simple, straightforward, plug-it-

right-in-and-go." As for effects, he says, "I've tinkered with some gadgets over the years, but as a rule I don't have any toys. On the Gadd Gang record I do some bowing, but there's no major tinkering, only some EQ."

Richard Tee plays Yamaha acoustic piano and a DX-7, Hammond B-3 organ, and a Fender Rhodes 73 suitcase model with Small Stone phaser

Ronnie Cuber plays a Selmer Mark VI baritone saxophone, an Otto Link 8-star rubber mouthpiece, and regular Rico #3½ reeds. He doubles on a Selmer Mark VI soprano with a Vandoren S-25 mouthpiece and Rico 2½ reeds.

Cornell Dupree once played a Fender Telecaster but switched to the Yamaha Dupree Super Jam 800 about 10 years ago. His Yamaha light-gauge strings are 10-, 13-, 16-, 26-, 32-, and 37-gauge. His amp is a Yamaha Twin. Though "not really a gadget person," he has a Yamaha effects box with digital delay, phaser, and chorus line.

THE GADD GANG SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

The members of the Gadd Gang have recorded so prolifically as sidemen over the years that compiling exhaustive individual discographies would be a daunting endeavor. Following are selected discographies of the players that outline some of their most notable session credits and emphasize their projects as leaders.

Stuff

Steve Gadd, Cornell Dupree, and Richard Tee were members (along with Chris Parker, Gordon Edwards, and Eric Gale) of *Stuff*, a New York-based r&b/jazz-styled band in the late '70s and early '80s. Among its albums for Warner Bros. are: *STUFF* (2968), *MORE STUFF* (3061), *STUFF IT* (3262), and *LIVE IN NEW YORK* (3414).

Steve Gadd

Steve Gadd and Eddie Gomez worked with Chick Corea on the keyboardist's albums *LEPRECHAUN* (Polydor 6062), *THE MAD HATTER* (Polydor 6130), and *FRIENDS* (Polydor 6160). The drummer has done dates with: Paul Simon (*STILL CRAZY AFTER ALL THESE YEARS*, Columbia 33540), David Sanborn (*VOYEUR*, Warner Bros. 3546), the Brecker Bros. (*DETENTE*, Arista 4272), Manhattan Transfer (*MECCA FOR MODERNS*, Atlantic 16036), Al Jarreau (*THIS TIME*, Warner Bros. 3434), Grover Washington Jr. (*COME MORNING*, Elektra 5E-562 and *WINE LIGHT*, Elektra 6E-305), Steely Dan (*GAUCHO*, MCA 6102 and *AJA*, MCA 1004), Ringo Starr (*RINGO THE 4TH*, Atlantic 19108), Bob James (*FOUR*, CTI 7074 and *HEADS*, Columbia 34896), Aretha Franklin (*WITH EVERYTHING I FEEL IN ME*, Atlantic 181116), and Cedar Walton (*MOEBIUS*, RCA APL1-1009), among countless others. As a leader Gadd recently recorded *GADDAABOUT* (ProJazz 604).

Eddie Gomez

Besides working with Gadd for Corea, Gadd has recorded with Jack DeJohnette (*NEW DIRECTIONS IN EUROPE*, ECM-1157), Charles Mingus (*ME MYSELF AN EYE*, Atlantic 8803), pianist Bill Evans (*ELOQUENCE*, Fantasy 9618; *FROM THE 70'S*, Fantasy 9630; *RE: PERSON I KNEW*, Fantasy 9608; *CALIFORNIA HERE I COME*, Verve 2-2545), and the classical clarinetist Richard Stoltzman (*BEGIN SWEET WORLD*, RCA 7124). His three albums as a leader are: *DISCOVERY* (Columbia 40548), *GOMEZ* (Denon 38C38-7189), and *DOWN STRETCH* (BlackHawk 531). Earlier in this decade Gomez recorded several albums as a member of *Steps Ahead*, among them

STEPS AHEAD (Elektra Musician 60168), *SMOKIN' IN THE PIT* (Better Days YB-7010/11), and *STEP BY STEP* (Better Days YF-7020).

Richard Tee

Cutting across r&b, jazz, and various pop boundaries, Richard Tee has made his mark on recordings by: Joe Cocker (*GREATEST HITS*, A&M 4670), Hank Crawford (*WE GOT A GOOD THING GOING*, Kudu 08), Roberta Flack (*KILLING ME SOFTLY*, Atlantic 7271), Aretha Franklin (*YOUNG, GIFTED & BLACK*, Atlantic 7213; *WITH EVERYTHING I FEEL IN ME*, Atlantic 18116; *LET ME IN YOUR LIFE*, Atlantic 7292; *GREATEST HITS*, Atlantic 8295), George Harrison (33 & ½, Dark Horse 3005), Billy Joel (*THE STRANGER*, Columbia 34987), Rahsaan Roland Kirk (*THE ART OF*, Atlantic 2-303), Lena Horne (*LENA & MICHEL*, RCA Victor BGL-1026), Quincy Jones (*WALKING IN SPACE*, A&M 3023), Ron Carter (*BLUES FARM*, CTI 6027) and King Curtis (*EVERYBODY'S TALKIN'*, Atco 33-385; *THE BEST OF*, Atco 33-266). As a leader, Tee cut two albums for Columbia (*STROKIN'*, 35695, and *NATURAL INGREDIENTS*, 36380) and one for King (*THE BOTTOM LINE*).

Cornell Dupree

Besides sharing the stage with Tee in *Stuff*, the Gadd Gang, and his own band, Who It Is, Cornell Dupree has also worked with the keyboardist on behalf of Ashford & Simpson, Joe Cocker, and others. The guitarist spent four years with King Curtis and also recorded with Harry Belafonte, Brook Benton, Smokey Robinson, the Supremes, and the Average White Band. His recordings as a leader are *TEASIN'* (Atlantic 7311), *SHADOW DANCE*, and *SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER* (both for Versatile).

Ronnie Cuber

Ronnie Cuber's resumé as a sideman boasts sessions with Maynard Ferguson, King Curtis, Aretha Franklin, King Curtis, Woody Herman, Paul Simon, Steely Dan, Charles Mingus, the J. Geils Band, Eddie Palmieri, James Taylor, Yoko Ono, and the Average White Band. The saxist, the last member to join the Gadd Gang, has eclipsed his Gang members in total recordings as a leader: *CUBER LIBRE* (Xanadu 1355), *THE ELEVENTH DAY OF AQUARIUS* (Xanadu 156), *INCONSEQUENCE* (Dire F0365), *TWO BROTHERS* (ProJazz 623), *PASSION FRUIT* (ProJazz 616), and, most recently, *LIVE AT THE BLUE NOTE* (ProJazz 629).

TERJE RYPDAL

Sculptor In Sound

By Bill Milkowski

His name is hardly a household word in the States. In fact, most American fans can't even properly pronounce it (l'air-yuh). Yet his recorded output for ECM Records since 1971 has had an undeniable influence on such American guitarists as Bill Frisell, Steve Tibbetts, David Torn, and John Abercrombie (all, coincidentally, Rypdal's labelmates on ECM).

In his native country of Norway, Terje Rypdal is, of course, a well-known name. Born in 1947, he began studying piano at age five, moved to trumpet at age eight, and picked up guitar at age 12. His earliest experience with playing gigs was as a teenager in the Vanguards, a band loosely based on the instrumental surf format explored in the States by the Ventures and in England by the Shadows. The group did some recording in England, where the excitable young Rypdal was able to see such guitar heroes as Eric Clapton, who was then playing with John Mayall's Bluesbreakers, and Pete Townshend, who was playing guitar and singing in an early, pre-Roger Daltrey version of The Who.

Soon after, Jimi Hendrix came onto the scene and blew Rypdal's mind. "I was in a blues-jazz group at the time called the Dream," he recalls. "It was sort of a supergroup with members of different bands that were popular around Europe then. At first, we were doing instrumental things that were similar to the Jimmy Smith/Wes Montgomery stuff. But later, we became very influenced by the whole psychedelic era. We were just trying to make a collage of everything that we were hearing and enjoying—everything from Wes Montgomery to Charles Mingus to



Rypdal, left, with drummer Aurore

Jimi Hendrix."

Near the end of that band's existence, saxist Jan Garbarek and drummer Jon Christensen joined the Dream. And when the band folded, Garbarek started up a quartet of his own with Rypdal, Christensen, and bassist Arild Andersen. "The music was quite free in that band," says Terje. "The things I did with Jan in the beginning were more sound-oriented than line-oriented. I used a bow on some things, used a lot of echo, played with pieces of

metal and things like that. But for improvising outside of the rock idiom, I needed to learn a lot. So Jan suggested I take a course with George Russell, who was in Oslo conducting workshop sessions. I don't really have a jazz background, but studying with George for two weeks was a big help. What I learned from him was how to analyze music.

"For instance, I was asked by George to join his sextet for a short time. And I was replacing a trombone player. So I had to



ive and bassist Bjørn Kjellemyr.

read and analyze trombone parts, which is one of the hardest things I've ever done. It was a challenge to get through it without making a fool of myself, but I did it and it was a rewarding experience for me."

Ryrdal took those lessons and the experience he had gained with Garbarek's quartet to heart when he formed his first trio in 1971 with bassist Barre Phillips and old friend Jon Christensen. Since then he has favored the trio format, applying his orchestral sensibilities and scintillating

chops to the traditional guitar/bass/drums arrangement. Picture a cross between Jimmy Raney and Jimi Hendrix and you're getting the gist.

Ryrdal's earliest recordings on ECM reflected the post-*Bitches Brew* modality that was all the rage in the early '70s. In later albums he moved to more ethereal sounds and flowing rhythms. Some critics began using the term "atmospherist" to describe Ryrdal, though he still continued to inject the sonic intensity that Hendrix

had pioneered on the fretboard. As db contributor John Diliberto wrote in a review of *Eos*, the guitarist's 1984 duet album with cellist David Darling: "Ryrdal's music has always been concerned with the spaces in music. His playing and compositions aren't predicated on notes so much as carving sound windows into the air."

Along the way, Ryrdal formed a cooperative trio with drummer Jack DeJohnette and bassist Miroslav Vitous. They released two albums as a unit. Ironically, the group's last album together was entitled, *To Be Continued*. We're still waiting. And it may be quite a wait, considering how excited the guitarist is about his new trio with two of his young Norwegian countrymen—bassist Bjørn Kjellemyr and drummer Audun Kleive.

"When we started this trio three years ago, we were searching in all directions. And it turns out that it's going more and more back to the vague feeling of my roots, the kinds of things I was doing years ago with the Dream. Some of the more hypnotic, atmospheric things that I did—in a way, I had done enough of it. The material now is much more organized. In fact, the next album has a few regular pop-type tunes on it—short and snappy, while still keeping an element of improvisation. I enjoy doing that very much at the moment."

The guitarist keeps evolving. On his latest ECM release, *Blue*, he delves into some funk-rock forays that sound heavily influenced by Weather Report. On the tune *Tunga*, for instance, you can almost picture the old Jaco/Erskine tandem laying it down while Terje takes to the stratosphere with his signature violin-type attack and sustain. Terje wails on more funk foundation on



TERJE RYPDAL'S EQUIPMENT

Though he experimented early on with hollow-body guitars (Epiphone, Rickenbacker), Terje has been strictly a solid-body player throughout his recording career. For *Blue* he mainly used a Stratocaster Vintage model. He also has a Fender Squier with EMG pickups. Elsewhere on the album he played a Roland Jupiter 8 and a Roland Juno synthesizer. He relies heavily on a Yamaha volume pedal for that signature whine, though he confesses, "I use it almost too much. I'm trying to use it less." His other effects pedals include an old Roland 301 echo unit, a Roland overdrive pedal, and a Roland digital reverb pedal. One secret to his distinctive sound may be his choice of amplifiers. He uses an old Vox TC-30 amp "I use the oldest one. They're very hard to find anymore, so I bought three of them, just to have around. These amps have a very warm sound that I like, especially in conjunction with the overdrive pedal. It's a very different sound than you'd get from using the same overdrive pedal with a Fender amp or a Mesa/Boogie amp. These old Vox amps from the '60s—that's my sound."

TERJE RYPDAL SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

as a leader

BLUE—ECM 831 516
THE CHASERS—ECM 827 256-2
DESCENDRE—ECM 1144
WAVES—ECM 1110
AFTER THE RAIN—ECM 1083
ODYSSEY—ECM 1067
WHENEVER I SEEM TO BE FAR AWAY—ECM 1045
WHAT COMES AFTER—ECM 1031
TERJE RYPDAL—ECM 1016

with David Darling

EOS—ECM 23799-1

with Miroslav Vitous/Jack DeJohnette

TERJE RYPDAL/MIROSLAV VITOUS/JACK DEJOHNETTE—ECM 1125
TO BE CONTINUED—ECM 1192

with George Russell

THE ESSENCE OF —Soul Note 1044/45
ELECTRONIC SONATA FOR SOULS LOVED BY NATURE 1968—Soul Note 1034
TRIP TO PRILLARGURI—Soul Note 1029
LISTEN TO THE SILENCE—Soul Note 1024

with Jan Garbarek

AFRIC PEPPERBIRD—ECM 1007
SART—ECM 1015
ESOTERIC CIRCLE—Arista-Freedom 1031

with Edward Vesala

SATU—ECM 1088

with Barre Phillips

THREE DAY MOON—ECM 1123

Kompet Gar, which features perhaps his wildest flights of Hendrixian guitar fantasia on the record. Both *Blue* and *Last Nite* feature some nasty, bent-string blues licks, while the haunting ballad *I Disremember Quite Well* shows off his more lyrical side. Only on two occasions does Rypdal return to his old atmospheric ways—on the spacey *Om Bare* and the eerie *Or Hva Synes Vi Om Det* (rough translation: *This is what it's all about*). That piece, with its forboding industrial-hum ambiance, would work well as the soundtrack to the next sequel to *Aliens* or any upcoming movie by the deliciously demented David Lynch. But it's hard getting soundtrack gigs when you live in Norway and all the work's in L.A.

Rypdal rarely comes to the States, though not by choice. He's just itching to hit Stateside with his hot new trio, The Chasers, but there is the matter of money. "I only ever played the States twice. The first time was 11 years ago on an ECM promotional tour. Then in 1980 we played 11 concerts on the East Coast, but we haven't been back since. It's a financial thing. I'd very much like to come back. We might get some money from the Norwegian government to come over, but we can't make the trip without that kind of financial support."

Meanwhile, he tours his small country, visits the neighboring Scandinavian countries, and occasionally ventures into the rest of Europe (this year appearing at the Montreux Festival in Switzerland). But chances are, by the time Rypdal does make it to the States for any kind of tour, the music will be significantly different from what his fans heard the last time around.

"We are getting tighter in a way," he explains. "It just sort of happened. It's been a natural evolution from the *Chaser* album ['85] to *Blue* ['87] to the next one [scheduled for an early '88 release]. There were some rock things on *Chaser* and we took it a step further on *Blue* and even further on the next one. We really go for that Prince sound for some tunes. Not copying that style, but sound-wise going in that direction." He adds, with a laugh, "I have this great idea of calling the new album, *The Singles Collection*."

From dark drones to Princely pop—that's some evolution. His structures may be getting tighter and simpler, but it's the same scintillating guitar voice that cuts through—that crystal-clear voice that swells to Hendrixian heights with the use of distortion pedal in combination with volume pedal (a similar basic setup employed by the likes of Torn and Frisell).

"There was a period around '73-74 when I was really disgusted with my sound," Rypdal recalls. "I almost stopped playing for a while. Then with the album *After The Rain*, a new sound evolved in the studio,

all by itself, in a way. It was something I was working on, not really knowing why. But from '75 on, I knew what I was looking for."

Apart from his work with The Chasers, Rypdal will also be collaborating on an album with the members of TNT, a popular rock group from Norway. "These are young guys who tell me they have admired my work. I met the guitarist, who had mentioned me in a few interviews as being a big influence on him. So we're going to get together and cut a rock album for the Norwegian market."

Rypdal is experiencing a kind of rediscovery in his homeland. He has noticed that a majority of the people in his audiences are young; probably toddler age when he released his first ECM album. "It's a whole new audience for us," he says. "These are largely kids who bought



The Chasers album or *Blue* and probably never even heard my stuff with Miroslav Vitous and Jack DeJohnette or my work with Barre Phillips and Jon Christensen. But now they're going back and finding those old albums, seeking them out to see what they missed."

He adds, "It's been good for us lately. We've been playing concerts and doing tv shows in Norway. But at the same time, the regular jazz clubs have a hard time with us now. We may lose some of the older fans with what we're doing now, but we've gained so many new ones. *The Chasers* album was the best-selling ECM album ever in Norway. So I'm happy. This is what I want to be doing for now."

Never mind the symphonic piece he recently recorded with the Orchestra of Bergen (commissioned by the Norwegian radio network). For the moment, Terje Rypdal's mind is on pop, rock, and funk. And if his Princely approach on his next album is a success, it may just break through to a new audience Stateside. db

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ARTHUR BLYTHE'S

Creative Challenge

by Jeff Levenson

“*Look at it this way,*” Arthur Blythe says. *“The music I play is the music of my heritage. That is, swing to suite, blues to boogie, bebop to ballad, and pop to rock. All that is my heritage and culture. And I feel that as an artist, as a person, I have the right and the option to do anything I choose. Just as an actor or actress can play many roles, I can do whatever my abilities and interests allow me to do.”*

Altoist Blythe—Black Arthur, a more colorful moniker—is not nearly as defensive as his words suggest. In fact, the 47-year-old saxophonist is feeling rather focused these days, confident, in charge of himself, his career. The main reason, it seems, is his newly completed record, his ninth for Columbia, scheduled for release in the fall and tentatively titled, *Arthur*. It features Blythe's acoustic group of pianist John Hicks, bassist Anthony Cox, and drummer Bobby Battle, supported by a string quartet of violins, viola, and cello.

The octet (or “double quartet,” as Max Roach would have it), reinvents previously recorded originals by the leader, as well as standards—Monk's *Ruby, My Dear* and an impressionistic rendering of *Autumn In New York* (which may or may not remain so-titled), that finds Blythe wistfully skirting the melody and mining instead the tune's melancholic changes.

Blythe's current state of clarity—not just heard in his blowing, but substantiated by the strength of his concept—is especially revealing because it signals a temporary end to his flirtation with synthesizers and his quest for a pop, mainstream sound aimed at the record-buying public. His last two releases, *Put Sunshine In It* and to a lesser degree *da-da*, were curious departures for him, deliberate attempts at cracking the commercial market. (“I don't want to make records just for posterity,” he once said, “I want to make records for prosperity.”)

But while a few incredulous critics ripped him and his “fuzak” during this developmental stage, Blythe held high the artistic license permitting his acceptance of new challenges. He not only justified the experimentalism behind those albums, he willingly—sans regret—placed them along the same continuum that has produced everything he's ever done. Just as he had investigated the music of Coltrane, Waller, and Ellington on *In The Tradition*, or Monk on *Light Blue*, or contrasted the textures of a tuba/cello instrumentation with that of a classic jazz quartet, Blythe followed his cultural



and professional inclinations by toying with an updated, contemporary sound, not at all inconsistent with his exploratory nature.

"Each of my records has made a different statement," the California native, now an avowed New Yorker, maintains. "Yes, I may feel less about *Sunshine* and *da-da* than the others. Maybe they weren't completely successful, but I like what I did. I went into a black hole, came out of it, and some of its mysteries were revealed to me. It was a good experience because it made my mind like a blank tape for a minute.

"It was also a time when my first children were being born and I was in a different head, psychologically. It was about different elements and different challenges because I was *dealing* with different elements and different challenges—babies and the Pampers syndrome. It was all a new experience for me."

Extending his thoughts, he continues, "If the emancipation had happened last week, Africans would have chosen instruments that were available at the time—hi-tech instruments—and we would have been using our creative thoughts on them.

"Electronic instruments can be bright, big, wide. That's part of the sound of our times. Creative minds can be applied to that. It's up to the individual. It should never be a problem to use your creative mind from wherever you come in. Creativity is creativity. It shouldn't be limited."

Blythe actually discovered the power of creative thought during his developing years in California. Although born in L.A., his family moved to San Diego when he was quite young. Once he made the commitment to professional music in the '60s, he returned to L.A. and found himself exposed to different styles-of-play, alternate points-of-view, musicians with various aspirations. The guiding influence during this time was pianist/composer Horace Tapscott, with whom he first recorded.

"It was a heavy learning period," he recalls. "There were a lot of guys who were trying to find themselves, their identities. It was the same for all of us who happened to come together at that time. I met Tapscott and he was tuned into the community and the music scene. He had a situation where guys would congregate. There was a lot of positive energy.

"There might have been things better happening elsewhere, but as far as my exposure to music was concerned, that scene was right on time. It was a learning experience that I felt good about. It allowed me to hone in on my musical character, because the environment was right. The pressures of living weren't as strong as they are in New York. You had a little more time to lay back and figure things out. You didn't have to push to make decisions. It wasn't that hectic. It was an opportunity to learn at a pace that was conducive to me, to my style."

It was also the time Blythe refined his signature sound—an easy mark in any Blindfold Test—edgy yet soulful, dry, piercing, a wrenching cry in the upper registers. He favors a rich, wide vibrato, and a singing quality that owes much to the lithesome, interpretive powers of violinists and vocalists. (His fondness for cellos—evidenced by his latest project and by a long-term association with Abdul Wadud—has reinforced the string-like character in his own play.)

"With my sound, I knew I always wanted to get *there*," he asserts, pointing with his index finger to an imaginary spot just out of reach. "Although, I didn't know what *there* was. It's still changing as I get older. Different nuances are being brought to the sound. I hope that will continue. I don't know the limits. I don't want to have limits. The things that influenced me soundwise as a kid were Johnny Hodges, Earl Bostic, and Tab Smith. They were on a lot of the records my mother had. Their sound caught my ear.

"When I was coming up it was put in my head that the goal in jazz is to have a personal voice within the common language. That was something to strive for. Sometimes when I hear myself it sounds very personal to me. Sound-wise, I can't play what Charlie Parker played, or John Coltrane, or Sonny Rollins, or Ornette, or anybody else. It's like the letters, A to Z. Everyone uses the same alphabet in the English language, but everyone has their own voice, inflections,

nuances, metaphors—the way they express themselves. It's the same with the music."

Blythe has enjoyed a luxury few jazz musicians can claim. After he moved to New York in 1974, where he joined Chico Hamilton's band, he recorded three albums as a leader for independent labels—a portent of good things to come for New Jazz. CBS then signed him on; his first issue was *Lenox Avenue Breakdown* in 1979. Since then he's had the label's complete support, a vote of confidence uncommon in the jazz business. While other artists are routinely dropped or abandoned by their record companies, Blythe is closing in on a 10-year relationship that's seen him shift artistic gears without apparent interference.

"They pretty much let me approach things the way I want," he says of CBS. "I come up with the ideas. They don't tend to impose a direction on me, although they are in the business of selling records. But that's one of *my* considerations, too. In whatever I do, I have an artistic profile, but I'm also concerned about commercial feasibility. Commercial in the sense of selling [records], not commercial in the sense of less quality.





Blythe, right, with Village Vanguard owner Max Gordon and pianist Roland Hanna.



MITCHELL SEIDEL

MARK HOLSTON

"It's a conflict, but it's reality. I don't have grant support from someone who loves me and wants to take care of me. I have to work out a balance with what I want and feel aesthetically, against the existing reality that records have to be sold, money has to be exchanged. That's the name of the game. The company also has an aesthetic ear, but it's based around economic, financial considerations. Within that I've been able to deal.

"If you don't want to deal, go into your closet at home or play in the bathroom. If I don't learn how to handle it, someone else will fill the slot. I love to play—that's my work, my business, my life—and I accept the challenge of dealing with my environment. Not just for myself, but to set up a climate for others."

If Blythe's new release reaffirms his earlier promise, that of the avant-traditionalist who rode boldly in from the West, peering back while galloping forward, well, that's good news for all concerned. If not, Blythe maintains, that's okay too. The work he does for himself, his record company, his collaborative input with The Leaders, for any projects that loom ahead, will all tap the same spirit of creative adventure that seems endemic to his personality. He assumes all risk.

"I'm a musician, an artist," he asserts, gaining momentum as he speaks. "I'm not one-faceted. I try not to be put in one area of expression—business-wise, culture-wise, or creative-wise. I like sweet things and I like bitter things. I like almost-sweet things, hot things, and cold things. I don't like one kind of thing. I like to be open to what comes to me musically.

"In different periods of my life I feel that I have the option, as an individual, as a human being, to do what I do. I'm free to go where I want to go. Essentially, the music that comes through me appeals to me first. And then, hopefully, it'll appeal to others. If there's any medicinal value, I'm the first one to get well, to get healed, because it comes from me. Then I share it.

"People do things at different times in their lives because of various reasons and circumstances. Musicians are just like everyone else. They have children, they have to eat, they have to live, they are affected by the Iran-Contra confusion. Musicians are not isolated. We have feelings and we are affected by everything. We don't have a shield around us and we aren't protected from life.

"In that sense," he says softly, a reminder to all within earshot, including himself, "critics can say what they want. As long as I play whatever I play with conviction and honesty, it's no problem for me. If it's an honest effort, that's what counts." **db**

ARTHUR BLYTHE'S EQUIPMENT

Blythe plays a 1928 Buesher alto with a Berg Larson 95/1 mouthpiece. He uses LaVoz hard reeds.

ARTHUR BLYTHE SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>as a leader</p> <p><i>THE GRIP</i>—India Navigation 1029
 <i>METAMORPHOSIS</i>—India Navigation 1038
 <i>BUSH BABY</i>—Adelphi 5008
 <i>LENOX AVENUE BREAKDOWN</i>—Columbia 35638
 <i>IN THE TRADITION</i>—Columbia 36300
 <i>ILLUSIONS</i>—Columbia 36583
 <i>BLYTHE SPIRIT</i>—Columbia 37427
 <i>ELABORATIONS</i>—Columbia 38163
 <i>LIGHT BLUE</i>—Columbia 38661
 <i>PUT SUNSHINE IN IT</i>—Columbia 39411
 <i>DA-DA</i>—Columbia 40237</p> <p>with Chico Hamilton</p> <p><i>CHICO HAMILTON & THE PLAYERS</i>—Blue Note LA622-G
 <i>PEREGRINATIONS</i>—Blue Note LA520-G
 <i>CATWALK</i>—Mercury 1-1163</p> | <p>with Horace Tapscott</p> <p><i>THE GIANT IS AWAKENING</i>—Flying Dutchman 10107</p> <p>with Jack DeJohnette's Special Edition</p> <p><i>SPECIAL EDITION</i>—ECM 1152</p> <p>with Lester Bowie</p> <p><i>AFRICAN CHILDREN</i>—Horo 29-30
 <i>THE 5TH POWER</i>—Black Saint 0020</p> <p>with Synthesis</p> <p><i>SIX BY SIX</i>—Chiaroscuro 172
 <i>SENTIMENTS</i>—Ra 101</p> <p>with The Leaders</p> <p><i>MUDFOOT</i>—BlackHawk 52001</p> |
|---|---|

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



ORNETTE COLEMAN

IN ALL LANGUAGES—Caravan Of Dreams 85008: *PEACE WARRIORS*; *FEET MUSIC*; *AFRICA IS THE MIRROR OF ALL COLORS*; *WORD FOR BIRD*; *SPACE CHURCH (CONTINUOUS SERVICES)*; *LATIN GENETICS*; *IN ALL LANGUAGES*; *SOUND MANUAL*; *MOTHERS OF THE VEIL*; *CLONING*; *MUSIC NEWS*; *MOTHERS OF THE VEIL*; *THE ART OF LOVE IS HAPPINESS*; *LATIN GENETICS*; *TODAY, YESTERDAY AND TOMORROW*; *LISTEN UP*; *FEET MUSIC*; *SPACE CHURCH (CONTINUOUS SERVICES)*; *CLONING*; *IN ALL LANGUAGES*; *BIOSPHERE*; *STORY TELLERS*; *PEACE WARRIORS*.

Personnel: Coleman, alto, tenor saxophone, trumpet; Don Cherry (cuts 1-11), trumpet; Charlie Haden (1-11), bass; Billy Higgins (1-11), Denardo Coleman (12-23), Calvin Weston (12-23), drums; Jamaaladeen Tacuma (12-23), Al MacDowell (12-23), electric bass; Charles Ellerbee (12-23), Bern Nix (12-23), electric guitar.

★★★★

In All Languages is a sleek summation of two essential chapters in Ornette Coleman's 30 years as an American original. Both the original 1957 quartet and the current edition of Prime Time are featured in new, disc-long programs of two-to-five minute readings of tart Coleman compositions. Several titles are rendered by both ensembles, affording a rare opportunity for a richly detailed cross-referencing of Coleman's concepts. In addition to his patently pliant alto, Coleman also waxes eloquently on tenor and trumpet, instruments that have graced minor Coleman classics in the past. Combined with Caravan Of Dreams' high fashion packaging, the program presents Coleman as a figure who is simultaneously a pacesetter and a part of history.

The relatively short durations of the performances have a double edge. The biggest benefit is that 16 compositions are included, seven receiving double exposure. Track after track, the program brings home the point that Coleman's revolution was, and remains, a revolution of unrestricted melody. The supple beauty of the title piece is a case in point; it transcends even Prime Time's curious techno-pop straightjacketing. In addition to the trademark staccato sprints and probing ballads, Coleman culls a wide variety of idioms—the peppery *Latin Genetics* and the fingerpopping *Feet Music* are deliciously permuted in their respective twin readings. This compositional abundance reaffirms that Coleman's melodies are as satisfying as they are surprise-filled.

The quartet works around the time constraints more effectively than Prime Time, as the quartet varies, disrupts, and disregards the theme-solos-theme formula at every opportu-

nity. Subsequently, the quartet's program is liberally spiced with appealing plays—splashes of digital-delay on Don Cherry's solo on *Peace Warriors*; a pressure-dropping Charlie Haden solo on the fleet, boppish *Word For Bird*; the still-adventurous collective improvisations employed on several tracks. The accumulative effect of such moments contributes significantly to the quartet disc's resilience to repeated listenings. Overall, the inspired economy of these performances recalls the 78 era, a time when everything that needed to be said had to be said in a matter of seconds.

That Prime Time is less cogent is a function of the context, not the ensemble. This format suggests that their element is a more extended performance that allows for the interchangeability of roles Coleman emphasizes in his harmolodic overview. Perhaps unwittingly, the mix's airbrushed ambiance, which places a high-gloss Coleman front and center, also impedes hearing the ensemble in the manner Coleman intends. The impact of the brief playing times would have been diminished if Prime Time's bracing guitars and basses had the same cutting distinction in the mix as Cherry and Haden have on the quartet disc. It is a combination that leaves Prime Time with an unusually homogenized sound.

Still, the contrasts between the two sets are thoroughly engaging. Billy Higgins' light touch and taut fills have a surgical precision, while the cross-rhythms of Denardo Coleman and Calvin Weston have a broad-stroke boldness. At times, Haden is as thunderous as Jamaaladeen Tacuma and Al MacDowell put together, and, at times, the latter two dovetail with a lyricism that is as rare as Haden's. The only constant is Ornette Coleman himself, singing in all languages. —bill shoemaker



JOANNE BRACKEEN

FI-FI GOES TO HEAVEN—Concord Jazz 316: *ESTILO MAGNIFICO*; *STARDUST*; *FI-FI GOES TO HEAVEN*; *ZINGARO*; *I HEAR A RHAPSODY*; *COSMONAUT*; *DR. CHANG*.

Personnel: Brackeen, piano; Terence Blanchard, trumpet; Branford Marsalis, alto, soprano saxophone; Cecil McBee, bass; Al Foster, drums.

★★★★★

Drive, passion, playfulness: JoAnne Brackeen has demonstrated all of these traits on earlier recordings. On *Fi-Fi Goes To Heaven* Brackeen takes them one step further by surrounding herself with musicians who match

and challenge her.

As the leader of the group, composer of four of the six tunes played, and producer (along with executive producer Carl E. Jefferson), Brackeen wielded considerable artistic control over this product. She should be proud of the results. You couldn't ask for a better blend of styles: candlelight standards like *Stardust* and *I Hear A Rhapsody* side by side with the frenetic improvisation of *Cosmonaut* and the gentle latin rhythms of Antonio Carlos Jobim's *Zingaro*.

This is Brackeen's first recorded outing with a quintet, and Branford Marsalis and Terence Blanchard were good choices as horn players; they have enough style to hold their own in the midst of the pianist's strong personality. When Brackeen plays *Stardust* it's with a deliberate pacing and extended chords that take the tune out yet still observe its integrity. Blanchard's spare solo suits Brackeen's style perfectly. With the background sketched out for him, he fills in just enough to hint at the notes he doesn't include. Al Foster brushes in the slightest whisper of a beat; bassist Cecil McBee maps out the changes with the barest suggestion of the chords. Nuanced, highly crafted, and captivating playing like this had to come by.

Fi-Fi Goes To Heaven falls at the other end of the style spectrum. With its off-kilter rhythms and modal changes, it's as goofy as it is appealing. The unison playing on *Estilo Magnifico* leaves something to be desired, but here the ensemble is tight. Amidst the layers of cross-rhythms Foster keeps a steady hand. Marsalis handles the changes with flair, but it's Brackeen who steals the show with a solo that alternates between fistfuls of notes and limber runs. It's her tune and her party, but the listener's pleasure. —elaine guregian



MANHATTAN TRANSFER

LIVE—Atlantic 81723-1: *FOUR BROTHERS*; *RAMBO*; *MEET BENNY BAILEY*; *AIREGIN*; *TO YOU*; *SING JOY SPRING*; *MOVE*; *THAT'S KILLER JOE*; *THE DUKE OF DUBUQUE*; *GLORIA*; *ON THE BOULEVARD*; *SHAKER SONG*; *RAY'S ROCKHOUSE*.

Personnel: Cheryl Bentyne, Tim Hauser, Alan Paul, Janis Siegel, vocals; Don Roberts, reeds; Wayne Johnson, guitars; Yaron Gershovsky, keyboards; Alex Blake, acoustic, electric bass; Buddy Williams, drums.

★★★★★

Much of this album is the road show version of

JAZZ GLASNOST

by Bill Shoemaker

Whatever their domestic situation may be, the Soviet avant garde remains segregated in the Western press, inasmuch that any discussion of their work takes place in a context determined by their nationality. This sampling of recent work suggests that Glasnost has brought on conditions that the Soviet avant garde can use, if it chooses, to assimilate into the international avant garde—Anatoly Vapirov, once jailed for the unofficial marketing of his music, now records with state orchestras; notorious bad boys like Sergey Kuryokhin and Boris Grebenshchikov (who recently graced the cover of *People*) unleash their "crazy music" in the Kirov Theatre established, at least semi-official, ensembles like the Ganelin Trio regularly collaborate with Western artists at home and abroad. Still, there are the looming contradictory elements—"Socratic irony," as termed by Efim Barban—that give their music the complex edge that puts it in an exclusive league. There is music in this cross-section that one would be apt to hear wherever improvised music is created, but there is also music—rewarding and unrewarding—that the Soviets have made their own.

Structurally, the suites of the **Ganelin Trio** have such unique features; the severely juxtaposed components, combined with their acidic use of jazz materials, give their work an immediately identifiable aura of unrelenting intellectual intensity. Rarely did their earlier work have a relaxed musicality—the shuffle-like passage of 1983's *Con Affetto* (Leo 137) appears to be a notable turning point—and while it is hardly the Trio's calling-card, the espousing of simple joys is becoming a more audible item on their musical agenda, such as the building of impressionistic washes into climatic cascades that ends the first part of *A Concert In Moscow* (Free Records, no number given). It is not surprising that some of their most seamlessly straightahead material would be recorded here with guest Italian altoist Mario Schiano, a leavening lyrical player; Vladimir Chekasin's controversial, sarcastic postures are conspicuously absent, even during the rummaging of pre-bop materials of the concert's second part. As on his previous recordings, Schiano is unburdened by jazz's history—for him, it is an effective idiom for eloquent and steely statements. On the other hand, he acts as a compressor with the Trio, as *Concert In Moscow* has few of the ecstatic highs and insipid lows of most Ganelin Trio recordings.

Generally, such lows in the past have been thinly conceived transitional



passages, which are usually dependent on auxiliary instruments, or imprudently prolonged, two-dimensional thematic material, such as the two-chord vamp on 1981's *Catalogue* (Leo 102). On the recently released *Taaango . . . In Nickelsdorf* (Leo 400/01), such transitional sections are more congruent and substantial, and there is, within the context of extended, free improvisation, a tighter hold on the editorial reins. This two-disc set is the Trio's most engaging recording to date, a full 90 minutes of what the Trio does best—white-hot jazz revivalism, well-detailed pointillism, and bristling motivic development (like the rhythmically charged section that sets up the madcap genre parodies of the title piece's finale). The Ganelin Trio's streamlining of their suite structures coincides with their increasing exposure to Western audiences, but they are not assimilating together. Their unique intensity remains intact, and is, in fact, reinforced by this tactical adjustment. *Taaango* is the first Ganelin Trio recording that begins to live up to the hype the group has received.

If the Ganelin Trio is assuming a more assimilationist stance, it may be because Ganelin's more esoteric tendencies have found a rewarding outlet in a trio setting with saxophonist **Pyatras Vyshniauskas** and string player **Grigory Talas**. On *Inverso* (Leo 140), the domain of *this* trio is more specific than that of the Ganelin Trio; it forgoes any foray into standard jazz materials and concentrates instead on entwined, dovetailing pointillism and free-music intensity, with an industrial edge provided by Ganelin and Talas' arsenal of synths, drum machines, and effects. Both of Ganelin's new cohorts integrate seamlessly while revealing highly personalized voices. Vyshniauskas has a cogent, bluesy bite that bends notes into piercing screams—his soprano is alternately warm and bone-chilling. Talas tends toward plastic note-clusters that seep through sounds and silence. If this trio matures over the course of a few records, as the Ganelin Trio has, the resulting music may be staggering. For now, they have debuted with substance and promise.

On his 1981 solo piano debut—*The Ways Of Freedom* (Leo 107)—**Sergey Kuryokhin** melded Russian classical pyrotechnics with free jazz zeal, creating

music with a razor-sharp edge. The PBS *Comrades* episode featuring Kuryokhin revealed him to be an artist whose work thrived on its unofficial status; the sequence featuring his orchestral music was particularly provocative. The origins and motivations, then, for his duets with Boris Grebenshchikov, the flaccid *Subway Culture* (Leo 402/03), are difficult to fathom, given the available documentation of his work, with the exception of the equally insipid *Introduction To Pop Mechanics*. Three of the four sides of *Subway Culture* are numbing, dirge-like duets between Kuryokhin's slowly-building-to-stasis organ chords and Grebenshchikov's one-dimensional guitar effects. Saxophonist Igor Butman instigates a few momentary respites on *Dvartz'y Kur Mya!* with Chekasin-like irreverence, but, on the whole, *Subway Culture* is pretentious to the point of boorishness.

Introduction To Pop Mechanics (Leo 146) suffers from similar excesses—perhaps the impact of Kuryokhin's orchestral music on *Comrades* was a function of judicious editing. During lengthy, barely tenable passages, Kuryokhin grafts his *Subway* organ strategy on multiple keyboards for varied color, and gives saxophonist Sergey Letov the difficult task of creating momentum, which he barely does. Letov fares better soloing on top of the incessant, sophomoric computerized pop rhythms or the quasi-new-age-minimalism that round out his contribution. Were it not for the subversive use of Russian romanticism in a torchy cabaret ballad and some dadaistic theatrics, including a cheeky play on James Brown's "Baby, baby, baby . . ." turnaround on *I've Got The Feeling*, *Introduction To Pop Mechanics* would come off as wooden as *Subway Culture*. Still, this album lacks an encompassing thesis on pop music or art music, to explain itself as something other than effete posturing.

Some of Kuryokhin's better work can be heard on **Anatoly Vapirov's** *Sentenced To Silence* (Leo 110), where the pianist empathetically echoes the saxophonist's litany of artistic struggle. Given Vapirov's history, it is not surprising that he chooses *Macbeth*, a paradigm of corrupt power, as the subject of a major orchestral work. Subsequently, one of the many riches of *Macbeth* (Leo 130) is the parallel metaphor of artistic struggle against the power structure and the internal struggle of those in the power structure. Vapirov sustains this tension throughout its 40-minute duration not with gratuitous bombast or dissonance, but with careful sequencing of impassioned tenor solos, foreboding and harrowing orchestral passages, and the riveting timpani of Alexander Mikhaylov. The subtle ebb and flow of materials corresponds with the passive/aggressive syndrome that is *Macbeth's* character flaw. Vapirov's stylistic orientation is a Coltrane/Shepp/Ayler matrix that, attenuated by the subject of the piece, smoulders relentlessly, sending occasional sparks arcing over the orchestra. The only

pressure-drop in listening to *Macbeth* occurs when the listener has to turn the disc over. Vapirov has asserted himself as a composer and a saxophonist of international caliber.

A better-late-than-never postscript: Especially in the aftermath of Mathias Rust's fantastic flight to Moscow, a belated tip of the hat is due to **Hans Kumpf**, the West German clarinetist. Starting in 1980, Kumpf, who is equally at ease with bucolic lyricism as he is with taxing abstraction, began taking busman's holidays to the USSR to meet and play with members of the Soviet avant garde. Recording his experiences with means as simple as a Walkman, Kumpf has accumulated many impressive performances with musicians who haven't received a fraction of the Ganelin Trio's exposure.

It is not surprising that Kumpf's first outing in the USSR would be his most tentative. *Jam Session Leningrad* (Fusion 8003) finds Kumpf with a relatively restrained Vapirov and Kuryohkin. Possibly because of the language barriers Kumpf refers to in his notes, the starting-points of the performances are sometimes simplistic, sometimes constrained, and it seems that the musicians never fully shake off a cautious, calculated improvisational approach. All of the musicians can be heard more favorably elsewhere—including bassoonist Alexander Alexandrov, who is a bracing counterpart to Vapirov on the latter's Leo dates—but this, by virtue of being the first such documentation, deserves to be heard.

The mood of *Jam Session Moscow* (Fusion 8005), however, borders on the riotous when pianist Leonid Tchizhik and tenorist Alexey Zubov are on the bandstand; the only drawback is that they are heard on only a little over half of the program. While the rest of the album consists of engaging solos and duets by Kumpf and American pianist John Fischer, the Soviets provide an exciting wild-card factor. Zubov can change gear from breathy melancholy to boisterous mayhem with aplomb, and Tchizhik can pummel the keyboard with fingerbusting velocity. *Jam Session Moscow* epitomizes both the happy spontaneity of improvisation and the far-reaching diplomacy of music.

On *A Baltic Trip* (Leo 122) finds Kumpf in duo and trio settings that range from solemn meditations to athletic efforts. His duets with saxophonist Lembit Saarsalu were recorded in a medieval church, whose 10-second echo enhances the sacredly rendered material. A sidelong romp with Ganelin and Tarasov is full of abrupt, mostly tangy twists and turns; this being Ganelin's first performance with a Roland synthesizer, there are intermittent excesses. Kumpf's explosive duet with the excellent bassist Ivars Galenieks, however, is worth the price of admission: Galenieks brims with ideas and has an arco technique equalled by few improvisors in the West. Hopefully, he will be prominent in future Kumpf travelogs. **db**

Vocalese. Recorded live in Tokyo, the vocal quartet bubbles with energy. Side one (the first seven cuts) shows the group's jazz chops; side two takes a broader approach, including rock, pop, and a cappella doo-wop.

The singers have absorbed Lambert, Hendricks & Ross, the Four Freshmen, and the Double Six of Paris/Swingle Singers the way these groups in turn absorbed Count Basie, Stan Kenton, and Dizzy Gillespie, respectively. On side one and *Killer Joe*, the harmonies and vocal ensemble conception spring from big band writing styles. Jon Hendricks penned the

lyrics to all these plus *Ray's Rockhouse*. But frequently the lyrics speed by in a blur.

The quartet's tour de force is uptempo bebop (e.g., *Airegin* and *Move*). As soloists, the singers are less distinctive than many of their predecessors, and they do slip out of tune once in a while. In addition to the bop tunes, the '50s doo-wop style of *Gloria* and the instrument-like vocal sounds of *Duke Of Dubuque* stand up well—right feeling and a proportionate sense of fun.

The back-up band pushes things right along, way up on the beat on the jazz tunes

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and funky on the rockers. Roberts' brief solos mark him as a better-than-average "get-off" saxophonist.

The Manhattan Transfer may be ready to take jazz harmony into the electronic/fusion field, as evidenced by the last three cuts. The group has opened lots of doors, going back to LH&R and looking forward with a sense of tradition. Not a bad conception. Not bad at all.

—owen cordle



FABULOUS THUNDERBIRDS

HOT NUMBER—Columbia 40818: *STAND BACK; HOT NUMBER; WASTED TEARS; IT COMES TO ME NATURALLY; LOVE IN COMMON; HOW DO YOU SPELL LOVE; STREETS OF GOLD; SOFA CIRCUIT; DON'T BOTHER (TRYIN' TO STEAL HER LOVE AWAY); BIG MAN TO CRY.*

Personnel: Kim Wilson, vocals, harmonica; Jimmie Vaughan, guitar, six-string bass, vocals; Preston Hubbard, electric, acoustic bass, vocals; Fran Christina, drums, vocals; Chuck Leavell, keyboards; Dave Edmunds, guitar, vocals; Memphis Horns: Andrew Love, tenor saxophone; Wayne Jackson, trumpet; Jack Hale, trombone; Jim Horn, baritone saxophone.

★ ★ ★ ★

These guys are the kind of anomaly that make you scratch your head when you try to generalize about the state of the music biz. Just a couple of years back, who could possibly have guessed that an archive-happy band doing raunchy Texas blues and r&b would be riding high in the charts, filling up arena-sized venues, and getting the big push from a major label?

Best of all, they've managed to do it without losing their sense of being a unified band, not a loose collection of egos rattling around the music in the search for a way out. Jimmie Vaughan still takes almost no solos, and the few he ventures are short and sweet—well, actually more like short and manic on the title track, where he kicks off and closes his spot with grungy skids courtesy of the whammy bar. The rhythm section still hits hard, keeping the beat taut and driving, avoiding the lumbering bottom-end that plagues too many blues and metal bands alike. And vocalist/harpman/songwriter Kim Wilson can insinuate and wrap his smoky burr into and around all kinds of material, from gentle ballads like the Redding/Cropper-inspired *Wasted Tears* through rockabilly-flavored piano-pumpers like *It Comes To Me Naturally* and *Don't Bother* to ironic lampoons like the shuffle called *Love In*

Common or the Don Covay-ish wit and double-tracked vocals of *Sofa Circuit*.

As you've probably guessed from those descriptions, this time out the historically hip T-Birds have extended their reach via a natural stretch, and stirred into their mix a rich dollop of soul-style tunes; the '60s soul stew that bubbles up showcases their versatility within their chosen range even more sharply, thanks partly to the excellent sonics produced by Dave Edmunds' board wizardry. *Stand Back*, for instance, grooves like the Sam and Dave fave *Hold On I'm Coming*, punctuated by the time-honored strut of the Memphis Horns (who contributed their own arrangements), some skirling organ, tremolo guitar, a lead bass run beneath overarching brass, and an occasional baritone sax blat under the warm but gruff vocals.

So be warned: the T-Birds' art may lie in the nuance, not the firestorm, but that doesn't mean *Hot Number* won't burn you.

—gene santoro



CARLA BLEY

SEXTET—Watt/17: *MORE BRAHMS; HOUSES AND PEOPLE; THE GIRL WHO CRIED CHAMPAGNE; BROOKLYN BRIDGE; LAWNS; HEALING POWER.*

Personnel: Bley, organ, synthesizer bass (cut 2); Hiram Bullock, guitar, electric bass (4); Larry Willis, piano; Steve Swallow, electric bass; Victor Lewis, drums; Don Alias, percussion.

★ ½

We've come to expect a certain bite and barb from Bley, but this album is all mellowed-out background music. This trend, incipient in her last few albums, can be interpreted in two ways: commercial compromise or a lapse in creative direction. There's nothing wrong with a change in direction, but for Bley to go from a *Social Studies* to this is a drag.

On the surface, it's a pleasant record—melodic tunes (all by Bley), flawless charts flawlessly played, lyrical solos (with a fashionable bit of grit and distortion in Bullock's approach). Swallow, who is featured a lot, plays with his customary restraint and warm melodic conception—a most identifiable sound, but one better set off by contrast than the grand lull here. Bley's organ is soap opera-ish.

The performances lead nowhere. They're like introductions waiting for something to happen. Should we consider this minimalism? If so, where's the climax? This artistic trend of background-as-foreground, style-as-substance, is the story of much more than this record. For someone voted number one composer in the recent **down beat** International Critics Poll to join this parade of superficiality

instead of fighting it smacks of loss of principle.

Perhaps we shouldn't be so harsh; after all, it's only a record. But if this were the only Carla Bley record I'd heard, I wouldn't be impressed.

—owen cordle



HENRY KAISER

CRAZY-BACKWARDS ALPHABET—SST 110: *THE BLOOD AND THE INK; DET ENDA RAKA?; GET TO YOU; THE WELFARE ELITE; GHOSTS; LOBSTER ON THE ROCKS; SARAYUSHKA—(LA GRANGE); DROPPED D; THE BOOK OF JOEL; BOTTOMS UP!; WE ARE IN CONTROL?; MARAN II.*

Personnel: Kaiser, guitars, banjo (cuts 4, 12), vocals (6, 9); John French, drums (1, 3, 4, 7, 11, 12), vocals (1, 3), guitar (3), keyboard (11), harp (3); Michael Maksymenko, vocals (2, 6, 7, 9, 10), drums (2, 5, 6, 8); Andy West, bass (2-12); Bob Adams, guitar (1), bass (1); Scott Colby, slide guitar (3), vocals (9); Darol Anger, violin (4); Harry Duncan, harp (10).

★ ★ ★ ½

DEVIL IN THE DRAIN—SST 118: *SUGAGAKI FOR CONLON; KING OF THE WILD FRONTIER; DARK MEMORY #4; SMOKESTACK LIGHTNING; ROADSIDE PICNIC; FREE TO CHOOSE; LOST HORIZON (SOLO GUITAR); DEVIL IN THE DRAIN; IF THIS GOES ON. . . .*

Personnel: Kaiser, guitar, synclavier keyboard; Bruce Anderson, guitar (cut 5).

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

FRENCH/FRITH/ KAISER/THOMPSON

LIVE, LOVE, LARF & LOAF—Rhino 70831: *WINGS À LA MODE; KILLERMAN GOLD POSSE; WHERE'S THE MONEY?; HAI SAI OJI-SAN; DROWNED DOG BLACK NIGHT; SURFIN' USA; DRUMBO OGIE; A BLIND STEP AWAY; THE SECOND TIME; TIR-NAN-DARAG; DISPOSABLE THOUGHTS; A BIRD IN GOD'S GARDEN/LOST & FOUND; THE SAME THING.*

Personnel: John French, drums, vocals; Fred Frith, bass, violin, guitar, vocals; Henry Kaiser, guitar, sanshin; Richard Thompson, guitar, vocals.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Once the Marx Brothers wreak their havoc, the opera stage in the film *A Night At The Opera* is baffled of any ordinary association. When Harpo hoists, in quick succession, one scene-painted curtain after another—from Italian town square to deck of a battleship to the sidewalks of New York—Verdi's "86 d" and his score given new and unconventional mean-

ings. In the same way, Henry Kaiser rejuvenates his music through the changing scenes afforded by three recent recordings: one "solo" and two co-led group projects.

Kaiser specializes in sounds new to the electric guitar: pixies in the machine interfitted and connected with no small degree of divine madness, which appears aplenty on the not quite "solo" *Devil In The Drain*. *Lost Horizon* is one among many standouts in technique, for the way that it develops chromatic dulcimer-like textures, then dissolves them in grating metallics. The expansive technology of the Synclavier plays scene-changing accomplice to Kaiser's multi-directional writing and mercurial idea-oozing guitars. Its basses, brass sections, beat box, and other percussion contribute a dense complexity—at times an orchestral polyphony—that frames harmonic, rhythmic, and especially textural preoccupations previously showcased on such landmark improvisations as *The Shadow Line* and *It's A Wonderful Life*.

Kaiser's blends are coherent, thought-through (though seldom over-calculated to a point where they snuff spontaneity), and smart with influences including world music, Ornette Coleman, the blues, rigorous free improvising guitarist Derek Bailey, and avant rock original Captain Beefheart. The dense-pack compositions of Conlon Nancarrow—the genius of the player piano whose scores "too difficult for human performers" Kaiser credits—are a recent inspiration (*Sugagaki For Conlon*).

Smokestack Lightning, with its jangly country blues guitar solo played over the synth's harmonic reminders of the Howlin' Wolf tune, exemplifies how Kaiser, who willingly acknowledges his forebears, intakes, processes, and redesigns sympathetic ideas. *King Of The Wild Frontier* shows how imaginative such experiments can be, as microtonal detail, a fog of manipulated distortion, and Kabuki swoops to measured Japanese percussion, follow a roundabout trail harmonically to Davy Crockett's theme song (amid contrapuntal scratchy guitars and squiggly horns). Now that's rugged American individualism, in the de-tune tradition of Harry Partch!

Kaiser sets some far outposts for guitar, but they are provocative places that invite repeat visits. The experiments of *Devil In The Drain*, overall, allow room for expression of feeling, which is a phenomenon for an innovator on any instrument. The title piece, a children's story, with malleable guitar and spoken dialog between a boy and the devil, displays a human side never far away from Kaiser's best work. The Daniel Pinkwater text begins with a premise credible to ankle-biters that's worth repeating: "For a long time I knew that the devil lived inside our plumbing."

Tracing influences on Kaiser's solo approach is as easy as the resulting list is encyclopedic. The same is true of the "rampantly eclectic" Crazy-Backwards Alphabet. Kaiser describes it as "a rock group with vocals," but the sound is often worlds apart from current

practitioners in the genre.

Besides Kaiser, this "rock" band includes John French of "Drumbo" fame with Captain Beefheart and the Magic Band, ex-Dixie Dregs bassist Andy West, and Swedish rocker Michael Maksymenko, whose musical theories, he insists, derive from the coach of the Soviet hockey team. English, Russian, and Swedish language vocals on roughly half the selections include Maksymenko's gruffly intoned cover of ZZ Top's *La Grange* in the tongue of Ivan the Terrible, and several originals on which he does the Big Bopper proud. *The Blood And The Ink*, first of two John French vocals, sounds like an only-in-California fusion of Beefheart and Little Feat. *Get To You* (the other), hookishly fronted by harp and slide guitar, recalls the Stones and the Fabulous Thunderbirds.

Ghosts and a trio of post-Beefheart instrumentals are the easy winners here. Kaiser leads the Albert Ayler anthem with meowing bent notes before shrieking ghostly feedback is followed by a free-for-all for the anomalous power trio (with West and Maksymenko). *Dropped D's* restless zigzag rhythms, surprise rests, and headlong lurches (all in perfect synch), are Beefheart clear through; the performance helped along by a West solo fleetly matched to this style as well as the disjointed beats from French's tribal, wide-apart sounding but noisy kit. *The Welfare Elite* varies the Beefheart-derived ensembles with banjo and fiddle. Kaiser's raw slide guitar squirms with fuzzy detail on *We Are In Control?* before

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Maran II, the brief closer, raises questions anew.

Is CBA hedging its bets? Their occasional tempering (tampering?) of experiment with convention can ring hollow, especially when compared to the good half-dozen performances with no holds barred. While I love its peaks, this debut falls short of the band's potential. I hope those extra two LPs worth of composed material that Kaiser mentions are not long emerging.

"Maybe it's really a Richard Thompson EP in disguise," was my first reaction to *Live, Love, Lark & Loaf*. The collaborators outplay the Briton's regular band on four choice Thompson originals. His writing evokes carefully structured past epics with building improvisations such as *Sloth* and *Calvary Cross*. But what about the balance of this genre-stretching set—from Okinawan music and Bo Diddley, to Beefheart and the Sun Sessions?

Live, Love is unabashedly song-oriented, centered, that is, on songs-for-songs-sake, unlike the mostly spicely disjunctive feel of CBA. Thompson and Frith add unifying capabilities missing from CBA: Thompson's commanding singing voice, as well as their British folk and new rock influenced arrangers' sensibilities. The sustained quirkiness also finds legitimate foundation in each player's identity—John French and Fred Frith the rock experimentalists and "extenders" of their respective instruments; Richard Thompson the quintessential singer/songwriter, also interested in global traditional music; and Henry Kaiser the omnivore who devours playing styles and musical traditions.

A Blind Step Away summarizes beautifully the recombinant strategies (Asian folk, English folk, New Music, and more) at work throughout *Live, Love*. Gentle percussion, a wordless chant echoed in the guitar part, and slicing string noise interpolated onto the scalar melody reveal more than passing kinship to Kaiser's own fascination with Korean music. The processional elegiac arrangement heightens the impact of Thompson's lyric in which he likens romantic love to the elusive game, blindman's bluff, as he affectingly sings: "Around he spins and around he spins/Darkness is his whole domain/Truth, dare, kiss, promise/Aren't you tired of party games?"

Live, Love is a plectrist paradise, whether during the keening sonic wails of Kaiser, or the equally matched Thompson's densely chorded, sometimes dissonant, contrast abounding Strat screams. But outstanding musicianship is everywhere—not for guitars and guitarists only. Frith's fiddle is an Anglo-bridge to jigs and reels in the oddest places—the melodic insert on *Hai Sai Oji-San* from Okinawa, and the stomping *estampie* that leaps out from Archuleta's haunting enough *A Bird In God's Garden*, where Frith's free-popping harmolodic electric bass provides another delight. The loose, off-center drum solo, *DrumBo oogie* (available on CD only), showcases French's uncommon touch, exploiting sudden blasts of color and the independent motion of a percussion ensemble. Even his vocals discover their forte on *Wings A La Mode*, a blues a troubador would sing.

The Same Thing (available only on CD), a Willie Dixon blues, and *Surfin' USA*—equal part straight Beach Boys and gravelly comedy

vocal à la the old Mothers of Invention, are throwaways but fun. They really don't impair *Live, Love's* intelligent inside/outside rock hybrid, one of the finest releases and partnerships this year. The Marx Brothers are alive and scene-painted curtains are still falling like nobody's business.

—peter kostakis



DUKE ELLINGTON

IN THE COMMON MARKET—Pablo 2308-247: *BULA*; *SILK LACE*; *ASPHALT JUNGLE*; *STAR-CROSSED LOVERS*; *IN A SENTIMENTAL MOOD*; *E.S.P.*; *GUITAR AMOUR*; *THE SHEPHERD* (FIRST CONCEPT); *THE SHEPHERD* (SECOND CONCEPT); *KINDA DUKISH*.

Personnel: Ellington, piano; Cootie Williams, Cat Anderson, Roy Burrowes, trumpet; Ray Nance, trumpet, violin; Lawrence Brown, Buster Cooper, Chuck Connors, trombone; Johnny Hodges, Russell Procope, alto saxophone; Jimmy Hamilton, clarinet, tenor saxophone; Paul Gonsalves, tenor saxophone; Harry Carney, baritone saxophone; Ernie Shepard, bass; Sam Woodyard, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

DUKE ELLINGTON ORCHESTRA

DIGITAL DUKE—GRP 1038: *SATIN DOLL*; *COTTONTAIL*; *PRELUDE TO A KISS*; *PERDIDO*; *22 CENT STOMP*; *DO NOTHING 'TILL YOU HEAR FROM ME*; *IN A MELLOW TONE*; *TAKE THE "A" TRAIN*.

Personnel: Lew Soloff, Barry Lee Hall, Ron Tooley, Clark Terry, Kamau Adilifu, trumpet, flugelhorn; Britt Woodman, Al Grey, trombone; Chuck Connors, bass trombone; Norris Turney, alto saxophone; Jerry Dodgion, alto saxophone, clarinet; Herman Riley, Eddie Daniels, tenor saxophone, clarinet; Branford Marsalis, tenor saxophone; Charles Owens, baritone saxophone, clarinet, bass clarinet; Roland Hanna, Gerry Wiggins, piano; Bucky Pizzarelli, guitar; J. J. Wiggins, bass; Rocky White, Louie Bellson, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

Is there really a conspiracy at hand among record producers to subvert the efforts of Ellington discographers the world over? If not, then why now, when there should be far more communication between the different functional levels of our art than ever before, is there still so little cooperation regarding the release of vital discographical information? A case in point is the *Uncommon Market* album.

Here we have a selection of pieces recorded

presumably in the early to mid-'60s at concerts in Italy, Sweden, and France. Producer Norman Granz does inform us that the trio tracks (both takes of *The Shepherd* and *Kinda Dukish*) were recorded for the soundtrack of a film he shot in Juan Les Pins, but he neglects to mention the date, the title of the film, or whether it was ever released. Even more egregiously, Granz chooses to ignore the obvious fact that, since Ellington enthusiasts inhabit the entire globe, there may very well be thousands upon thousands of jazz lovers who would take personal delight in knowing whether one or more of these performances originated at a concert that they themselves had attended... somewhere, sometime. At the very least, these factual omissions represent a serious disservice to both discographers and the many devoted collectors who are dependent on their research.

The music, of course, is standard fare for the band of this period, which is to say that it is all very good, with Hodges' *Star-Crossed Lovers* and Gonsalves' *In A Sentimental Mood* and *E.S.P.* standouts. Actually, *E.S.P.*, is by far the most exciting performance on this album.

Digital Duke, Mercer Ellington's effort in behalf of the tradition his father established, is much more of a piece as LPs go, largely because it was determined by thoughtful planning rather than caprice. Unabashedly a repertory band, the Orchestra's personnel consists of the few remaining sidemen from Duke's latter day ensembles, augmented by other equally top-ranking players of similar qualifications. Terry and Turney, then, have justifiable exposure as featured soloists, but strong commendations should also be extended to Branford Marsalis, whose *Cottontail* and "A" *Train* spots alone could easily find him a new audience among Swing Era fanatics. Additionally compelling in their solo spots are Hall, Daniels, Riley, Woodman, Grey and Hanna. Interested collectors who own the appropriate playback equipment will definitely opt for the CD version of the album, for, with the addition of four titles—*Mood Indigo*, *Jeep's Blues*, *Solitude*, and *Sophisticated Lady*—the total playing time now comes to a generous 68:32—and with even superior fidelity to boot.

—jack sohmer



BEAUSOLEIL

BAYOU BOOGIE—Rounder 6015: *ZYDECO GRIS-GRIS*; *FAIS PAS ÇA*; *IT'S YOU I LOVE*; *DI-MANCHE APRÈS-MIDI*; *MADAME BOZO*; *KOLINDA*; *MAMAN ROSIN BOUDREAU*; *CHEZ SEYCHELLES*; *JONGLE A MOI*; *THE FLAME WILL NEVER DIE*; *LA VALSE DU MALCHANCEUX*; *BEAUSOLEIL BOOGIE*.

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Personnel: Michael Doucet, fiddle, mandolin, vocals; Errol Verret, accordions; David Doucet, guitar; Billy Ware, percussion; Tommy Comeaux, mandolin, rhythm guitar; Tommy Alesi, drums; Steve Conn, piano, synthesizers, vocal (cut 3); Sonny Landreth, guitar, dobro, vocal (10); Russell Keyes, (1), Dave Ransom, bass.

★ ★ ★ ★

FILE

CAJUN DANCE BAND—Flying Fish 418: ALLONS ROCK AND ROLL; THE CATAWOMP STOMP; PONT DE VUE; PINE GROVE BLUES; J'AI FAIT MON IDÉE; T'EN AS EU, T'EN AURAS PLUS; ALLONS ALLER CHEZ FRED; CHANSON DE MARDI GRAS; LA VALSE DE KAPLAN; Z'HARICOTS GRIS GRIS; SUGAR BEE.

Personnel: Ward Lormand, accordion, vocals; Faren Serrette, fiddle, guitar, vocals; Darren Wallace, fiddle, guitar; Kevin Shearin, bass, vocals; Peter Stevens, drums, percussion; Gaetan Jobin, mandolin (3); Sylvie LaRose, vocals (3).

★ ★ ★

I studied French for six or seven years, and my grades were *très misérable*. It's too bad I didn't know about cajun music back then—if I'd had albums like these to listen to, French would have been much more fun.

Cajun music is wonderfully elastic, and the best contemporary cajun bands stretch their music to include elements of rock, r&b, jazz, and whatever else strikes their fancy. Beausoleil is the foremost of these bands, and *Bayou Boogie* finds them expanding their music (and their instrumentation) into new territory.

Bayou Boogie has a spicy r&b flavor, something that's immediately evident in the intro to Michael Doucet's *Zydeco Gris-Gris*—for 10 bars, Doucet unwinds an ominous fiddle line as the rhythm section pounds out a funk groove. The rhythm then shifts to a fluid two-beat, but the bluesy taste lingers. It bursts out again, full-blown, in the electric guitar and organ solos that follow the first verse.

On *It's You I Love*, *Beausoleil Boogie*, and the enticing *Fais Pas Ça* (sort of a cajun *Bring It On Home To Me*), Beausoleil borrows freely from black Louisiana styles like zydeco and New Orleans r&b. But there are also several compelling tunes from the white cajun tradition, and the two strains are united beautifully on *Maman Rosin Boudreaux*. Over a rolling second-line beat by drummer Tommy Alesi, Michael Doucet plays long, soaring fiddle lines and Sonny Landreth responds on slide guitar. *C'est magnifique*.

If Beausoleil is a band of virtuosos who like to take musical chances, the members of *File* prefer the tried-and-true verities of the cajun tradition. They play older songs in a workman-like style that's a little stiff, and ensemble textures are always favored over individual flash. Listen, for instance, to *File*'s version of *Zydeco Gris-Gris*, which they call (more traditionally) *Z'Harcots Gris Gris*. Where Beausoleil stirred in funk and blues, *File* sticks to a straight two-beat with the accordion out front. The vocal, sung roughly, is in French (Beausoleil mixes French and English), and the "solos" are



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record reviews

really just slightly embellished melodies.

Filé dabbles in rock and blues on *Allons Rock And Roll* and *Sugar Bee*. But these are the album's least convincing performances. Old songs like *Pont De Vue* (which has roots that reach all the way back to France) are far better. On these traditional tunes, the band's genuine feeling for the material overcomes their technical limitations. It's usually a good idea to stick with what you know best—and when Filé does, their playing is charming and persuasive.

—jim roberts

Coleman's influence is strong. Haden tries to prod Watts into Ornette-y free modulations, but the tenorist stubbornly explores a modal plane.

Broadbent is a sensitive and lyrical pianist, but lacks a strong individual streak to match the leader's. As always, Haden's rich, woody bass notes sound like they could hang in the air for an hour; every phrase reveals his sincere and dignified romanticism.

Higgins is one of the rare non-New Orleans drummers to master that city's parade rhythms and patterns, without ever limiting himself to them. He and Charlie continue to be a marvelously flexible rhythm section.

—kevin whitehead



CHARLIE HADEN

QUARTET WEST—Verve 831 673-1: *HERMITAGE; BODY AND SOUL; THE GOOD LIFE; IN THE MOMENT; BAY CITY; MY FOOLISH HEART; PASSPORT; TANEY COUNTY.*

Personnel: Haden, bass; Ernie Watts, tenor, alto, soprano saxophone (cuts 1-7); Alan Broadbent, piano (1-3, 5, 6); Billy Higgins, drums (1-7).

★ ★ ★ ½

Quartet West is Charlie Haden's most straight-ahead album yet. Consequently, it's likely to disappoint many fans of the harmolodic Haden—though it's just as likely to turn on conservative listeners to the warm and soulful bass work the faithful have always admired.

Haden turned 50 in August, making this a suitable time to look back. By design, *Quartet West* surveys his whole career, from hillbilly singing in his Ozark boyhood—the bass solo *Taney County* is a medley of unadorned folk melodies, including his old fave *Old Joe Clark*—to collaborations with Ornette, Jarrett, Metheny (*Hermitage* is Pat's), and sweet players like Michael Brecker.

It'd be unfair to measure this quartet against the greatest groups Charlie's been part of—even with his old mate from Ornette's band, Billy Higgins, aboard. And yet, the cuts that most clearly echo Jarrett's or Coleman's quartets emphasize Ernie Watts' and Alan Broadbent's limits. Watts has long been a victim of the studio scene Charlie decries. But given stimulating material, he's always played with fire—ask Frank Zappa. Enunciating a beautiful melody like *My Foolish Heart*, his sound is arresting—which is surely what appealed to the leader. Watts can run changes like the devil, too, stamping his soprano on *Bird's Passport*. But his work on Haden's bluesy *Bay City* is full of distracting Coltrane mannerisms, even as Ernie's tart vibrato sets him apart.

If only Watts understood Coleman as well as he does Coltrane. He makes Ornette's *Good Life* sound like a Rollins calypso. (Responding, Broadbent paraphrases *St. Thomas* in his spot.) On *Moment*, where Alan lays out and

Waxing On

THEY SING FOR THEIR SUPPER

by John McDonough

Jule Styne once told me an astonishingly simple fact about the American song book. "There's an immortality in a few bars of music," he said, "that there can never be in a performance." I suddenly realized a great deal when I stopped to consider that thought. Performance is style, and style, like tail fins and hem lines, rises and falls with its prevailing zeitgeist. But the music remains for the ages to be reinvented and reinterpreted. Tradition doesn't have the hold on Tin Pan Alley it does on the concert hall, which is why a song like *Georgia On My Mind* belongs as much to Ray Charles or Al Jarreau as it does to Bing Crosby or Billie Holiday.

Here are 30 or so albums of reinvention—plus a good deal of material. All the artists are serious in their musical intent. None sells sex or tight pants. All but a few are women. Bearing in mind that Mel Tormé, Andy Williams, Perry Como, Joe Williams, and even the Chairman himself still remain formidable contemporary figures, the MOR (middle-of-the-road) genre seems clearly to have become a women's world and found a permanent home in the small cabaret. I'll spare you my theories on that subject for another time, however.

I've divided these albums into five rough sub-genres, defined more by the qualities of the artists than the styles. Some overlap. And the third is nothing more than a wild-card category for the square pegs in my designated world of round holes.

THE PERENNIALS

Here are four great voices from another time who have transcended the pop styles that launched their careers and made a place for themselves in contemporary music without any trading in nostalgia. They have created

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something as near to a classic approach to performance as one can get in the popular arts. And each had done it through a partnership with the jazz world.

Chris Connor: *Classic* (Contemporary 14023). Of the four, Chris Connor began closest to jazz. In the '50s, after stints with Claude Thornhill and Stan Kenton, her dry-martini voice was a vocal opposite number to the quiet, cool intonations musicians were working toward. Connor came out of Anita O'Day; Helen Merrill came out of Connor. This excellent album gives us a much warmer, emotional Connor compared to the hip standards of the '50s. Her voice is remarkably unchanged (it was deep and hazy back then, too), but her interpretive latitudes are more circumspect. She makes the songs the stars, and they in turn make Connor glow. Most of the heat comes from Paquito D'Rivera, who swings fiercely on several cuts.

Ella Fitzgerald/Joe Pass: *Easy Living* (Pablo 2310-921). In the duo's third paring, the chemistry remains lean and un rushed. They sketch out 15 classic tunes—a very generous program, and no ringers—with broad, open strokes. Ella, in fine voice—no date is provided—nudges and twists the notes freely. Phrases slide one into the other in steep, spontaneous glissandos with nothing to obstruct their trajectory. Some tunes, like *Days Of Wine And Roses*, resist improvisation. Most are totally compliant. She scats and even hums (*Love For Sale*). Pass' ballast is deft, wiry, and quick to fill a pause with a nimble response.

When he floats, Ella lays down the beat with her inflections. She has recorded most of these sides before, and one might complain of the lack of new directions. But 50 years from now, writers will be lamenting the shortage of pure Ella on record.

Tony Bennett: *Jazz* (Columbia C2-40424); **Rosemary Clooney:** *Music Of Jimmy Van Heusen* (Concord Jazz 308). Bennett and Clooney have come a long way from their *Hit Parade* days at Columbia when Mitch Miller packaged them in one million-seller after another. Ironically, the Bennett two-fer collects unissued material from precisely that period—1954-67. The explanation is all in the liner notes. Suffice it to say that this, while not exactly a jazz package, is vintage Bennett in choice material. The settings are diverse—small groups, the Basie band (without Basie), and various studio bands under Ralph Burns (excellent on *Close Your Eyes*). Necessarily, there are ups and down. But on side four a lineup of jazz soloists pops up (Stan Getz, Joe Marsala, Herbie Hancock, Zoot Sims, Bobby Hackett, Ron Carter, and Chico Hamilton, who seizes *Crazy Rhythm* from the first bar and never lets go) for some masterful collaborations. Clooney's latest songbook LP, meanwhile, turns to Jimmy Van Heusen, court composer to Crosby and Sinatra in the '40s-'60s. The songs are mostly lyrical ballads, well matched to the lyrical horns of Warren Vache and Scott Hamilton. But after 10 albums with the Concord house band, it may be time to reshuffle the deck. It seems Rosey has made

her statement in this context and might venture on to other challenges.

THE CONTEMPORARY CLASSICISTS

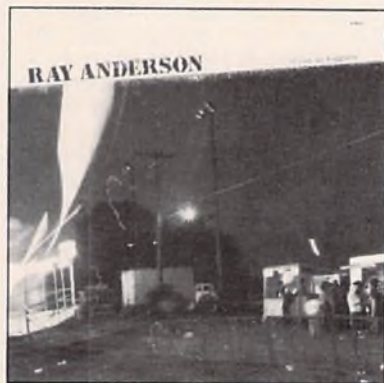
Here is perhaps the most neglected species of singer, but one to be treasured. They sing in small rooms, often to inattentive audiences, casting pearls before the swine. In their search for material, they rescue overlooked songs and occasionally write songs themselves. But primarily they are interpreters, content to let us look past them so that we may see the song. This makes them minimalists of a sort, with sparse backing and trusting in only the literature of music and lyric. They work without the nets of gimmick and stylization. They are actresses in one-woman shows.

Audrey Morris: *Afterthoughts* (Fancy Faire, Box 46125, Chicago, IL 60646). This is a lazy, unsullied, intimate recital of 11 songs that are among the most beautiful and eloquent statements of the little emotional dramas of 20th century life I've ever heard collected in one little album. Every song has an idea, a person, a focus at its heart. The subjects deal with relationships, optimism, sentiment, social class, romantic culture clashes, and other realities. Seven of the songs I hadn't heard before. But Audrey makes you listen if you're willing. This is a virtually flawless record of its kind. Extremely recommended.

Maureen McGovern: *Another Woman In Love* (Columbia 42314). Another collection very much of the same mood. Accompanied only by Mike Renzi on piano, the pace is

enja

5037 It Just So Happens



Ray Anderson tb - Stanton Davis tp, Bob Stewart tuba, Perry Robinson cl, Mark Dresser b, Ronnie Burrage dr. Rec. Feb. '87 NYC.

An outstanding tribute to the New Orleans brass heritage by the unique virtuoso of today's trombone. Down Beat's International Jazz Critics Poll ('87) voted Ray Anderson #1, category trombone, (w. Jimmy Knepper).

5039 Quintessence



Michele Rosewoman p - Greg Osby ss, as, Steve Coleman as, Anthony Cox b, Terri Lyne Carrington dr. Rec. Jan. '87 NYC.

Pianist/composer Michele Rosewoman assembled this group of the most promising, younger jazzplayers to interpret her joyous, energized music. "The music is lushly colored, openended, propelled by a variety of rhythmic possibilities." (Thulani Davis)

5047 Seventh Quadrant



Gary Thomas ts, fl - Renee Rosnes p, Paul Bollenback g, synth., Anthony Cox b, Jeff Watts dr. Rec. April '87 NYC.

A debut. "The sound of an East Coast tenor is an urban shout. A citified roar, which is just what Gary Thomas offers." (Kevin Whitehead). The young tenorist has been featured in '86/'87 with DeJohnette's Special Edition and with the Miles Davis group.

unrushed, although with a greater dynamic range than *Afterthoughts*. But it's the content, ideas, and images evoked in the songs that are the focus of McGovern's interpretations. One might wish that the melodic content was equal to the drama; some songs sound like verses that never quite get to the chorus. Also, her soprano voice has a theatrical projection that occasionally outsizes the intimate dimensions of the album's intent. But these are minor matters. She's thoroughly convincing in the many characters she plays here, and that's what counts.

Polly Podewell: *I'm Old Fashioned* (Bay-bridge Records). A collection of familiar classics—perhaps a bit too familiar. But Podewell has a balance of vocal qualities that give her a radiantly perfect cabaret voice. These include a naturally flowing, un-suppressible vibrato and an extremely rich mid-range voice that phrases with elegant liquidity. It conveys a sophisticated maturity even when her attack might pull her slightly toward cuteness. Most important, she swings a tune with more musicianship and precision (*Let Yourself Go*) than any straight singer in her class. Accompanied by Norman Simmons, Jimmy Owens, Michael Moore, and Grady Tate, she's in her element.

Laila Dalseth: *Time For Love* (Gemini 51). Here are a dozen standards (*Emily, Skylark, Nature Boy, Summer Knows*) sung less as narrative poems and more as points of departure for interpretive and occasionally im-

provisational inquiry. Although Dalseth never strays all that far from the text, her focus tends to be on the possibilities of the music more than the meaning of the words. Her phrasing digs into the rhythms of the syllables with a studied stylization that echoes Billie Holiday and Carmen McRae. Bassist Red Mitchell is the featured soloist on most of the cuts.

Meredith: *Another Time* (Sunnyside 1017). Meredith d'Ambrosio fills this generous LP with 18 diverse specimens of American song—from Gershwin to Dorrough, Carmichael to Thad Jones, but with an emphasis on Alec Wilder. The music is diverse, but her performance provides a common mood and tone. Each is a one-chorus lullaby, done to her own accompaniment as if she were singing to you alone after closing time. Some might find the format so straight as to be bland. But she's a composer's-singer, not a singer's-singer.

Sue Raney/Bob Florence: *Flight Of Fancy* (Discovery 931). Sue Raney does Marilyn and Alan Bergman, and does them well indeed. She uses her virtuosity with taste a care in 11 outstanding interpretations, plus one ringer of her own, that title track.

Rebecca Paris: *Double Rainbow* (Weston-Blair, Box 2412, Duxbury, MA 02331). Backed superbly by pianist Eddie Higgins, Paris sweeps through a dozen old and new standards with bold bravado and confidence. She has a big voice and uses it with assertion.

Ronnie Wells: *Remnants Vols. 1, 2* (Jazz

Karma, Box 7190, Silver Spring, MD 20907). These two LPs arrived with a bundle of press clips attesting to Miss Wells' high reputation in the Washington DC area. The 21 selections include several tunes that seem, regretfully, to be fading from the cabaret repertoire (*Love, My Blue Heaven, With A Song In My Heart*) and at least one that's being done too much (*Green Dolphin Street*). They all get expansive, jazz-burnished treatments, with a bit of Sarah Vaughan spin on the phrasing. The material is so formidable, however, that we ought to get at least one chorus straight up before the variations begin.

Weslia Whitfield/Al Cohn (Mycho Records, 1435 A 25th Ave., San Francisco, CA 94122). A warm voice with a famous guest star; all the makings are here and Whitfield delivers the goods. The tunes might have been picked with more imagination, but she treats them all with knowing confidence.

Anita Gravino: *I Always Knew* (Stash 255); **Sheryl Shay:** *Sophisticated Lady* (Laurel 506). The textures on Gravino's second LP range from practically a capella to string quartet, proving there's more to the cabaret formula than a rhythm section. Her sound is smooth and clear all the way, but the variety of backgrounds undermines the consistent mood that gave her earlier LP (for Progressive) a nice edge. Sheryl Shay has the backing of a full band that too often sounds shallow and disengaged, especially the drums. She might have done better without it. She's a good singer, but not readily distinguishable from other good singers by the evidence here.



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STYLISTS, SCATTERS, AND WILD CARDS

Carla White: *Orient Express* (Milestone 9147). A good transitional artist into eclecticism. As much a vocal instrumentalist as a singer, she can take a song apart as easily as she can take it straight down the middle (*Something To Live For*). She's a risk taker—consider her version of *Summertime*. Most singers treat this popular aria with too much respect, as if its beauty was on a pedestal encased in thermopane glass and manned by a 24-hour sentry with orders to shoot anyone who doesn't show proper and literal reverence. White gets it down and sings it as an earthy, flip, flouncy blues. Of two originals by the singer, the title cut is a wordless scat; *Snowbound* is a nice blend of Claude Thornhill and Bill Evans.

Ernestine Anderson: *Be Mine Tonight* (Concord Jazz 319). This stands among the singer's finest albums in her 10-year series of Concord LPs, due in no small measure to the addition of Benny Carter's singing alto. He adds the kind of spark that makes this more than a singer's album—as if that wouldn't be enough in Anderson's case. This is a real jazz date. Among the songs is *Christopher Columbus*, which I've never before heard sung.

Laurel Masse: *Easy Living* (Pausa 7206). If you'd rather watch the colored versions of *The Maltese Falcon* and *Casablanca* than the black & white originals, you may also have a taste for vocalese, an equally felonious attack on the integrity of another kind of original. But maybe only the unsingable can test the limits of Masse's dazzling vocal virtuosity. *Jackie* (by Annie Ross) makes the point before she applies her supple soprano to more serious business. Singing a mixture of standards and

novelties (*Ding Dong The Witch Is Dead*, surely a Grammy contender for Best Vocal Arrangement), her clean attack, diamond-clear sound, and astounding musicianship sometime obscure the fact that this lady is more than a hi-tech Tin Pan Alley cat. She sings songs quite nicely.

Joanie Pallatto: *Whisper Not* (Southport Records, 3501 N. Southport, Chicago, IL 60657). Any studio musician or singer who lives off the ad agency trade by day and who's worth their salt is likely to have something real going for them when day is done. Joanie Pallatto makes a bow in this album, which is sometimes downright iconoclastic. One of Lennie Tristano's thoroughly unlyrical solos on Jerome Kern's *Yesterdays* serves Pallatto's interesting vocalese lyrics poorly. But *Mood Indigo* is stretched across the tempo spectrum to good effect. And in Clifford Calnol's extraordinary string writing behind *Antonio's Song* it is as if the late Bernard Herrmann had turned his genius to writing vocal arrangements instead of film scores for the masterworks of Welles and Hitchcock.

Marlena Shaw: *It Is Love* (Verve 831-438-1); **Nina Simone:** *Let It Be Me* (Verve 831 437). Both these Verve LPs (the CD versions contain two additional cuts each) were recorded live at Vine Street in Los Angeles and are the first albums in some years for both artists. Marlena Shaw is a fusion of church gospel and American pop. The result is high stylization that tends to twist good material into

caricatures. Not that gospel and pop are incompatible with each other. But Shaw, playing to the club crowd, seems constantly to be getting tangled up in her lyrics to the point of showy contrivance. Nina Simone is quite a different sort. Her deep, parched, sad voice sounds more sandblasted than ever. When it cracks on *Stars*, it seems to add a weary, weatherbeaten wisdom to the lament. She is a sort of mating between Mahalia Jackson and Bessie Smith, and she delivers with the same no-frills directness, as if she's lived it all. Her piano is equally direct, whether it's a dirge or a stomp. Whatever she sings, it sounds important. Nina Simone is not a singer for everyone, but her fans should be pleased with this one. She's in a class by herself.

Astrid Gilberto: *Plus The James Last Orchestra* (Verve 831-123-1). Although Gilberto continues performing, this is her first record in some time. The layers of backing, which include her own group, the Last band, and various background and overdubbed voices, are more than her breathy, limpid voice really needs to deliver its soft winds. But she's still intoxicating, and the propulsive drive of her music comes across in catchy tunes like her own *Champagne And Caviar*.

SINGER/WRITERS

Nina Simone, Astrid Gilberto, and others could fall into this, the fourth category—singers who make us comfortable with a couple of old chestnuts and then drop a few fresh acorns

of their own on us while we're in a mood to listen.

Dave Frishberg: *Can't Take You Nowhere* (Contemporary 9651). Of the current batch of singer/writers, none is more clever or penetrating than Frishberg, who mixes Berlin, Loesser, and Ellington with his own musical commentaries. Frishberg is less a singer, even less a melodist, more a hip poet/social satirist. In between, he comps himself with some nimble piano. *My Attorney Bernie* is a typical and delightfully biting portrait.

Norma Winstone: *Somewhere Called Home* (ECM 1337). A loosely woven musical still-life of art songs. *Cafe*, for instance, is like a series of chords with an obbligato. Clarinet (by Tony Coe, who plays with a sweet-and-sour 20th century classicism) and voice seem to pass through one another like a couple of clouds. Short repeated phrases give *Sea Lady* a quiet tension. Winstone's words are evocative in their ambiguity like poems that sing. *Prologue* and *Celeste* seem as if they're about to say something more important than they actually do. *Tea For Two* and two other standards are performed practically standing still. Ultimately, this is an album of pure, impressionistic beauty.

Carmen Lundy (BlackHawk 523-1). Includes three non-Lundy tunes, two of them standards. *Love For Sale* doesn't fare well in this one-chord arrangement. Her own songs are simple tunes—sometimes starkly so (*Time Is Love*)—bluesy without being blues. The

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lyrics are good, but without any unexpected themes or insights. As a vocalist, however, she sings with lyrical precision and warmth and has considerable range. Like most contemporary singers, Lundy uses vibrato sparingly, sometimes giving her sound a veil of passionless technical control. The big band on the date includes Jon Faddis.

Linda Peterson (Celebration Records, 3407 Aldrich, Minneapolis, MN 55412). Although she doesn't scat, Peterson treats songs very much in the manner of a musician, with barely referenced points of departure and variation. Thus, material such as *Secret Love* is completely lost in her too-fast romp. But nice things happen with *Miss Jones*, and she probes *My Foolish Heart* with feeling and originality. Three originals are unobtrusively pleasant.

Gabriele Hasler: & *Foolish Heart* (Foolish Music FM 111 186, Leobener Strasse 29, D-7000, Stuttgart 30, Germany). One can't judge without a sense of the artist's intent, one can only react. And my reaction to Hasler is bewilderment and ultimately indifference. The material—all her own—is wrapped in incoherence without intellectual or emotional promise. Her lyrics provide no clues or point of entry to her vision—if any.

Suzanne Cloud: *I Like It* (Encounter Audiophile Records, Box 76, Morton, PA 19070). Cloud's first album showcases a smooth, sunlit voice in a program of mostly unfamiliar songs by her pianist Eddie Green and herself. She knows how to spin variations without losing the thread of a song, although her treatments are too long and trail off into emotional neutrality.

IT'S BEEN SO LONG

When you hear a voice you haven't heard for a long time, there's a special pleasure in the reunion. Some of these voices marked an era; others are less identified with a special time

past. All are back on records for the first time in too long.

Helen Ward: *Songbook* (Lyricon 1001, Box 1074, Falls Church, VA 22041). Ward flashed briefly in the mid-'30s, but it was long enough to make her a figure of historic importance in American musical history. She joined Benny Goodman in 1934, was there to sing *Goody Goody* when he broke through in '35, retired in '36, and never seriously pursued her career after that. This is her first real album since 1952. In the '30s her voice had a perky lilt and a rippling vibrato that fluttered through every note like a warbling wow. The warble is still there, but the perk has now sunk into the husky two-pack-a-day contralto range. This may surprise those familiar only with Helen Ward of the BG Victors or the Columbias from the '50s. She still makes *Goody Goody* swing with an unfettered wallop, though. And she gets a lot of help from an all-star crew that includes Ruby Braff, Al Cohn, Vic Dickenson, and others.

Nancy Reed (Atlantic 81717-1). Another ex-BG singer, this time from the mid-'40s, Reed retains a faultless voice in this unexpected LP of 11 of her own songs. The best tune is *Where In The World*, a duet with Grady Tate, although her other material is bright and well-crafted. A couple of her lyrics deal with '40s nostalgia, but the tone of the LP is definitely not let's-recreate-the-past-but-rather-mainstream-MOR-pop.

Sandy Stewart: *Sings Jerome Kern* (Audiophile 205). A regular on the *Perry Como Show* in the '60s, Stewart returns with this collection of Kern. She's really a Contemporary Classicist in the best sense of the definition, and accompanied only by Dick Hyman, the songs are truly the stars here. She sings them in a warm soprano with a stately vibrato that gives the text a subtle interpretive drama.

Ruth Olay: *Watch What Happens* (Laurel 502). Gentle backing from Red Callender, Jimmy Rowles, and Gerry Wiggins and a dozen great tunes make this Ruth Olay outing a mellow recital indeed. *The Very Thought Of You* whispers Billie Holiday in the phrasing, although Olay's voice is a far more cultivated instrument.

Nancy Harrow: *You're Nearer* (Tono 102). When you hear Harrow sing Lionel Richie's *Hello* with Roland Hanna, Bob Brookmeyer, and rhythm, you almost begin to think there are still pretty good songs being written these days. Without the camouflage of gimmickry, the material comes through. Many of the older songs are not nearly as good, in fact. Miss Harrow's high, thin voice is not cut out for tunes associated with Ray Charles and Jay McShann.

Michael Feinstein: *Sings Irving Berlin* (Parnassus 0-102). No Contemporary Classicist is receiving more attention—or bringing more attention to the American song book—than Michael Feinstein. And no one is a more consummate literalist. He is to Tin Pan Alley what Toscanini was to the 19th century symphony. His work is not only true to text, it is remarkably true to the *period* of the text as well—full of precise dynamics that surge and ebb with the emotional flow of the lyric. You'll get no revisionism or updating from Feinstein. His immaculate diction and earnest, hard-sell phrasing is stately, old-fashioned, and dead serious. There's not a glimmer of mockery or condescension in his approach. Feinstein doesn't shape the song to fit his style, he lets the song style him. This reverence sometimes imposes a formalism on the tunes that becomes a bit too self-consciously definitive for some tastes. But his mission is to be a medium, not an auteur. Within his self-imposed sphere, he's achieved a rarified eloquence. **db**

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.)

CHESS: Muddy Waters, *Folk Singer*. Etta James, *At Last!* Koko Taylor, *Koko Taylor*. Bo Diddley, *In The Spotlight*. Chuck Berry, *Rockin' At The Hops*. John Lee Hooker, *House Of The Blues*. The Moonglows, *Look! It's . . .* Shakey Horton, *The Soul Of Blues Harmonica*. Little Milton, *Sings Big Blues*. Chuck Berry, *Is On Top*. Muddy Waters, *The Best Of . . .* Various Artists, *The Blues Vol. 2*.

SAVOY/ENJA: Phil Woods, *Bird Calls, Vol. 1*. Wilbert Harrison, *Listen To My Song*. Jimmy Scott, *Can't We Begin Again*. Redd Foxx/Dusty Fletcher, *Laughin' At The Blues/Open The Door Richard*. Abdullah Ibrahim, *African Dawn*. Nana Simopoulos, *Wings And Air*. George Adams/Hannibal & Friends, *More Sightings*. Orquesta Conexión Latina, *Un Poco Loco*.

BLUE NOTE: Freddie Hubbard, *Life Flight*. OTB, *Live At Mt. Fuji*. Ike Quebec, *Easy Living*. Hank Mobley, *Soul Station*. Sonny Clark, *Cool Struttin'*.

ATLANTIC: Big Joe Turner, *Greatest Hits*. Guitar Slim, *Atco Sessions*. Fats Domino, *Live At Montreux*.

NARADA: Michael Jones/David Darling, *Amber*. William Ellwood, *Renaissance*. Eric Tingstad/Nancy Rumbel/David Lanz, *Woodlands*.

INDEPENDENTS: Alvin "Red" Tyler, *Graciously* (Rounder). Metropolitan Bopera House, *Formidable* (VSOP). Jon Metzger, *Out Of The Dark* (VSOP). Orange Then Blue, *Music For Jazz Orchestra* (GM). Henry Robinett Group, *Henry Robinett Group* (Artful Balance). Rory Stuart Quartet, *Hurricane* (Sunnyside). Bill Easley, *Wind Inventions* (Sunnyside). Bob Kindred Quartet/With Strings, *That Kindred Spirit* (Conawago).

John Carter, *Dance Of The Love Ghosts* (Gramavision). Bobby Watson, *Round Trip* (Red/PSI). Maynard Ferguson, *High Voltage* (Intima). Windows, *Windows* (Intima). Fattburger, *Good News* (Intima). Brian Torff, *Hitchhiker Of Karoo* (Optimism). Various Artists, *Birds Of A Feather* (Optimism). Univer Zero, *Heatwave* (Cuneiform). Doctor Nerve, *Armed Observation* (Cuneiform). Steve Bach, *Zero Gravity* (Cafe). Gregory Simon, *Himalayan Afternoon* (Innervation).

T Lavitz, *From The West* (Passport Jazz). Bunny Wailer, *Rootsman Skanking* (Shanachie). Gabriel Yacoub, *Elementary Level Of Faith* (Shanachie). Chicago Bob & The Shad-ows, *Just Your Fool* (High Water). Hollywood All-Stars, *Hard Hitting Blues From Memphis* (High Water). The Paladins, *The Paladins* (Wrestler). **db**

MAIL ORDER SOURCES

If your local record store doesn't carry these records, try writing NMDS, 500 Broadway, NYC 10012; Daybreak Express Records, POB 250 Van Brunt Station, Brooklyn, NY 11215; Roundup Records, POB 154, N Cambridge, MA 02140; or North Country Records, Cadence Bldg., Redwood, NY 13679.

KEYNOTES & OJC'S

In his article "Sounding The Keynote" (**db**, Record Reviews, Jan. '87), reviewing PolyGram Special Import's 21-LP *The Complete Keynote Collection*, John McDonough spoke of the uniqueness of the project—compiling all of the known performances (alternate takes included) of a single record label in one box. Some potential buyers may have been frightened off by the sheer enormity of the collection—not to mention the price. For instance, fans of Lester Young or Benny Carter may have been unwilling to invest so heavily in a collection that also included Lennie Tristano or Red Rodney.

CD owners are now fortunate in that PSI has divided the various single-artist and related-style sessions into 10 separate CD packages, so that experiencing the pleasures of the Keynote catalog (and for Swing fans, there are many) is no longer an all-or-nothing-at-all proposition. A few of these sessions are absolutely indispensable, a few are musically uneven, but all are important documents that chronicle a frozen moment of jazz history—52nd Street in the mid-'40s.

As it happens, the most valuable of the CDs belong to saxophonists. *The Complete Lester Young* (Mercury 830 920-2, 62:28 minutes) offers four tunes (plus two alternates) of undiluted Prez backed only by a rhythm section (but a fine one—hear *Afternoon Of A Basie-ite*, where all are in ferocious form, Lester truly leaping, Johnny Guarneri all over the keyboard, Slam Stewart and Big Sid Catlett sizzling) and four tunes (plus four alternates) as part of the Kansas City Seven (notice the change in keyboard styles, as Count Basie creates a monumental solo from the simplest material and means on *Lester Leaps Again*). *The Complete Benny Carter* (Mercury 830 965-2, 59:02) contains four number (plus an equal number of alternates) as a member of the Arnold Ross Quintet, and four (plus seven alternates) fronting his own quintet; such small groups serve as showcases for Carter's suave alto sax, as opposed to his arranging talents. *Stairway To The Stars* is a particular marvel of sustained, elegant invention. *The Complete Coleman Hawkins* (Mercury 830 960-2, 68:12, 48:33, 58:54, 54:06) is four CDs packed with prime-quality Hawk—in fact, at times the tenor great's aggression and rhythmic propulsion are frightening. As if Hawkins near the peak of his considerable powers weren't enough, there are an abundance of "supporting" solos that reach inspired heights—some especially imaginative Teddy Wilson solos, Earl Hines outings which positively burst at the seams, some strong (what else?) Roy Eldridge and Charlie Shavers, and a delicious sax quartet of Tab Smith, Hawkins, Don Byas, and Harry Carney. Though the sound quality varies somewhat from session to session (as it does throughout these Keynote CDs—surface noise from the 78 rpm discs being dubbed was not—or could not be—eliminated in some cases, and though it's never really distracting, it is quite audible in spots), this is music that *must* be heard.

Saxists play a key role on *The Fabulous Ellingtonians* (Mercury 830 926-2, 73:13)—Johnny Hodges and Tab Smith primarily (though Harry Carney's support is everywhere felt even when not soloing—and he takes a few bass clarinet solos which serve to remind us that Eric Dolphy didn't invent that instrument). Ellington spinoff small groups have a history of excitement and variety (even when Duke's not around—Johnny Guarneri does yeoman keyboard work for three of these four sessions) and these, led by Rex Stewart (whose sassy cornet is caught in brilliant sound), bassist Billy Taylor, clarinetist Barney Bigard, and trombonist Juan Tizol, respectively, fill the bill with supple swing and hot soloists. Of lesser intrinsic interest are *The Small Herds* (Mercury 830 968-2, 46:19), where solos by tenorman Flip Phillips, trumpeter Roy Burns, and trombonist Bill Harris (exciting, if occasionally raucous, at "up" tempos, his fondness for tonal exaggerations at slower speeds mars a few cuts) are noteworthy, but the drama of the Woody Herman Orchestra charts is missed.

Since small group blowing sessions were so conducive to the atmosphere of the 52nd Street clubs, it's not surprising that this attitude carried over into the concurrent record dates. *The Keynotes With Nat King Cole* (Mercury 830 967-2, 47:37) samples a pair of ad hoc sessions; the first, an energetic set with crisp work by trumpeters Charlie Shavers and Jonah Jones and pianist Guarneri, the second a quartet with Tab Smith's Hodges-inflected alto and the pre-vocal-stardom Cole playing relaxed, delicate, sometimes precious piano. The two-disc *Roy Eldridge And The Swing Trumpeters* (Mercury 830 923-2, 74:28, 65:38) likewise features particularly loose jamming, but is no less exciting for that; Shavers is again a standout with some high-wire trumpet, and Earl Hines pops up once again with some astonishing work—harmonically complex and technically dazzling. Don't be misled by the title, however—Eldridge appears on only six of the 42 performances.

Red Norvo's Improvisations (Mercury 830 906-2, 57:13) are split between two sextets, the first a Benny Goodman-soundalike (similar repertoire, and even Teddy Wilson on piano) that adds little to the originals, the second injecting some interesting voicings courtesy of Johnny Thompson's arrangements, Vic Dickenson's gruff trombone, and Norvo's woody xylophone. Your tolerance for *Early Bebop* (Mercury 830 922-2, 59:53) will depend upon your taste for scat vocalists; Buddy Stewart and Donald Lambert come off a tad corny in hindsight to these ears, ditto for Francis Wayne's crooning Red Rodney defines the bop trumpet tone/attack throughout. Finally, Keynote's last recording session, *The Complete Lennie Tristano* (Mercury 830 921-2, 53:51), ventures into late '40s modernism; the harmonic and melodic daring today sounds not shocking, but still effectively quirky. Unfortunately there's a steady stream of surface noise audible, the almost obsessive concern for piano/guitar (Billy Bauer) counterpoint, and the preponderance of similar-sounding alternate takes (six versions of *Interlude*—actually *A Night In Tunisia*) make this CD recommended only to Tristianophiles.

Though Fantasy has been filling record bins with CDs on their Prestige, Pablo, Milestone,

and other labels, they've recently added a line of budget-priced Original Jazz Classic CDs. All 30 in the initial release have been digitally remastered, though my spot-checking certain items from album to CD didn't really turn up any monumental aural improvements besides a uniform increase in presence. All of the OJCs come with the original cover art and liner notes (including typos). Given the extremely short timings on a number of these sessions, however, I wonder if the CD buyer will be drawn to these "original" formats—despite the slightly reduced price. With this material already available on budget-priced OJC LPs—and in some cases, two-fers as well—the necessity of keeping the integrity of each original release intact becomes less of a concern, and more of an albatross around the buyer's neck. A few of these sessions have added alternate takes which only appeared previously on samplers or anthologies, but how much searching has been done to find *new* alternates or unreleased tunes since these were first released on OJC albums? Couldn't some of these sessions have been doubled-up on a single CD? My belief is that the expanded capacity of the CD format demands a new attitude on the part of record labels.

That aside, there's no denying some classic music is now available on CD among these 30 releases. (Since so much of this music has been covered a number of times elsewhere, I'll only pick out the highlights.) **John Coltrane's** almost casual mastery really shines through on *Settin' The Pace* (OJC CD 078-2, 40:43) and *Traneing In* (OJC CD 189-2, 37:55); though not as challenging as many of his later excursions, these Prestige-period sessions still satisfy. Another master, **Thelonious Monk**, is represented by his first Riverside date, *Thelonious Monk Plays Duke Ellington* (OJC CD 024, 37:18) and a composite of trio and quintet sessions under the title *Thelonious Monk & Sonny Rollins* (OJC CD 059-2, 34:11)—though Rollins only appears on three of the five cuts. **Sonny Rollins** appears as his own leader on *The Sound Of Sonny* (OJC CD 029-2, 44:01), which adds *Funky Hotel Blues* to the original program of standards, supported nicely by Sonny Clark, Percy Heath or Paul Chambers, and Roy Haynes, and *Moving Out* (OJC CD 058-2, 31:41)—but why wasn't *More Than You Know*, with Monk on piano, added to the *Monk & Rollins* CD? Rollins also gets cover credit on *Dig* (OJC CD 005-2, 35:01) a **Miles Davis** sextet that includes Jackie McLean. Another early Miles date is *Collector's Items* (OJC CD 071-2, 43:33) that combines two dates—the "Serpent's Tooth" session with Rollins and Charlie Parker on tenors (an especially disappointing release, given the personnel involved, and with dullish sound); the three Miles/Rollins quartet cuts from '56 which close out this CD reveal the remarkable improvement (in conception and technique) in both participants.

Bill Evans' first album as a leader was *New Jazz Conceptions* (OJC CD 025-2, 49:50), and his hard-edged Powell/Silver attack was to turn more ethereal with time. A somewhat less auspicious piano debut also occurred on **Cannonball Adderley's In New York** (OJC CD 142-2, 45:01), where a recent emigre. Joe Zawinul, makes his premiere appearance.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 56

royalties, too.) While I'm usually skeptical of ghost bands and repertory ensembles, one important factor is that they often keep otherwise neglected compositions alive and in the public ear. The value of the various Steve Lacy/Misha Mengelberg groups in performing Herbie Nichols' music is well documented, and the Sonny Clark Memorial Quartet's album on Soul Note was one of last year's highlights—not only

because of the fresh approach taken by the musicians, but because it reminded us of the quality of Clark's writing. One would hate to think of Monk's compositions being relegated to this category—in need of occasional dusting off for "revival" by specialists—but outside of *Round Midnight*, which *everyone* seems to be playing these days, these classics are in danger of disappearing from the repertory

because of their difficulty. It takes a lot of woodshedding for a band to tackle *Cross*, or *Four In One*, or *Brilliant Corners*.

There are any number of treasures waiting to be unearthed from the records of Andrew Hill, Wayne Shorter—even Ornette. And what about some of those great blowing vehicles Lee Morgan used to come up with? The point is not that I'm out to be branded a musical reactionary; the charts I'm advocating are those which remain challenging to player and listener alike, which allow the interpreter's potential to become reality. Remember, if jazz is a soloist's art, what's important is how the improviser stamps the material with his/her musical identity. Branford's group proved this that warm evening in Perugia, as he and his cohorts (Kenny Kirkland, Delbert Felix, Lewis Nash) kicked off with Coltrane's *Impressions*, followed by Ornette's *Lonely Woman* in an arrangement reminiscent of a Coltrane tone poem (but which Branford later admitted was inspired by Keith Jarrett), Monk's *Crepesculent With Nellie*, *Giant Steps*, a smoky, satisfying *I Thought About You*, and *Cherokee* at two different tempos—and none of it sounded like a history lesson. They took some classic repertory and made it their own through the sheer strength of their talents and musical personalities.

Finally, listening to (and more importantly, watching) Michael Brecker play his EWI the next night, as he successfully imitated Miles' muted trumpet, Mike Stern's guitar, a pipe organ, and various electronic keyboard tones and textures, I began to wonder how, when a group utilizes a keyboard-synth, a guitar-synth, and a wind-generated-synth (not to mention the possibility of drum-synths), the audience could figure out who was playing which sound. When any instrument is capable of making any sound, the door to creativity may be opened wider than ever, but particular care must be taken by the musician to create an individual sound and style, or he/she risks losing their recognizable musical identity. Just a thought.

db

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1 ED BICKERT. *THINGS ARE GETTING BETTER* (from *BYE BYE BABY*, Concord Jazz). Bickert, guitar; Steve Wallace, bass; Cannonball Adderley, composer.

Was that Ray Brown on bass? The guitar player, Jimmy Raney? Jimmy Raney's son plays, too. It's a little bit too funky for Emily Remler. It's not Kenny Burrell. I noticed some little licks that I play, some voicings. I can't imagine who it is, but I like it a lot. Nice and fresh; the guy has a good harmonic concept, good feel. I'm not too crazy about bending off as many notes as that.

I liked the tune. We played a tune similar to that with Oscar. But I don't know who this guitarist is. I'd give it five stars.

2 PAT METHENY. *SUEÑO CON MEXICO* (from *GUITAR MUSIC*, ECM). Metheny, guitar.

I don't know who it is. It doesn't mean anything. There's no melody, it's just background music. It's a little bit modal—you don't hear any augmented or diminished chords or anything. It's not Larry Carlton, is it? Is it somebody I should know? Technically there wasn't much involved except in his right hand, and maybe the picking part. The thing that disturbs me most is the sterile sound—it's perfectly recorded and there's absolutely not one glitch on it. I'd give it one star.

3 JIMMY STEWART. *GYPSY 86* (from *THE TOUCH*, BlackHawk). Stewart, guitar, composer.

For me, that was another one of those sterile records, maybe with a little more harmonic movement than the last one, but then on the solo it becomes just modal again—E minor, lots of running around. I never did like that kind of playing, that kind of tune. I like more changes. Once again, the recording is like the "perfect" recording, engineered with each sound distinct.

Sometimes the guitar doesn't sound like a guitar. It sounds like a layered album, everything planned out. I'd give it one star. Maybe Pat Metheny should have gotten two! His sounded more like a guitar than this one. He's a good musician, but both cuts were geared for commerciality. I don't know who this was. Not Al Di Meola. . . .

4 HERB ELLIS. *GEORGIA ON MY MIND* (from *THE CONCORD JAZZ GUITAR COLLECTION*, Concord Jazz). Ellis,

JOE PASS
By Leonard Feather

Joe Pass has been living, for the past several years, in the best of all possible worlds. He spends about six months each year traveling, playing mainly guitar solo recitals, but still reuniting with Oscar Peterson for an occasional tour. He spends half the year at home in Northridge, CA.

His association with Peterson, and with Ella Fitzgerald, began in 1973 after Norman Granz, who manages both, was impressed by his work. As a result, he is one of the most recorded guitarists in jazz history, with dozens of albums in a wide variety of settings, almost all on Pablo.

Winner of many **down beat** polls, Pass came to international prominence quite late in his career; he was in his mid-'30s when he began an active life in jazz, recording with countless West



LAUREN DEUTSCH

Coast groups and touring in 1965-6 with the George Shearing Quintet.

He has been Blindfold Tested every few years since 1963, most recently, in **db**, July '82. As usual, he was given no information about the records played.

guitar; Ray Brown, bass; Jake Hanna, drums; Ross Tompkins, piano.

I recognized that in the first bar—that's Herb Ellis. We've played together, you know that.

I liked the idea that it was live; there's a certain quality you lose when you're in a studio, and I'm beginning to find more and more I would rather record live. I think that was Ray Brown on bass, maybe Jake Hanna on drums. I thought the piano player might have been Monty Alexander, Mike Melvoin, or Ross Tompkins—not Hank Jones.

Not really a good tune to blow on; the melody is so nostalgic, you're used to hearing Ray Charles sing it, it's hard to blow on it. The tune itself is pretty nice. It felt good. I'd give it four stars.

5 BIRELI LAGRENE. *ST. GERMAIN DES PRÈS* (from *BIRELI LAGRENE ENSEMBLE LIVE, JAZZPOINT*). Lagrene, Vic Juris, guitar; Django Reinhardt, composer.

It's the young French player, Bireli. I heard him on the radio, and I was impressed with his playing. He sounds a lot like Django, but a little bit more modern. I like the fact that he's playing acoustic, with a nice vibrato. The tune was just a couple of chord changes but demonstrated his facility.

He's very fast. When he was playing clean lines it was fine, but with a lot of tremolo—I don't know what you'd call it, it's not the way he'd be playing if it was more jazz. But I liked it; there was a lot of fire, he's a nice player. That's a four-star record. I think I heard Vic

Juris in there, too. He's a nice straightahead guitarist, a bit more mature than Bireli.

6 STANLEY JORDAN. *A CHILD IS BORN* (from *MAGIC TOUCH*, Blue Note). Jordan, guitar; Thad Jones, composer.

Stanley Jordan. I think his style is really interesting, and he's got a good harmonic sense. That was Thad Jones' *A Child Is Born*. The playing sounds like a keyboard, but I like it. I'd give it three, four stars—the fact that he's playing that touch, tap style, and that it's not arranged, you can tell that. You could tell he was trying to figure out how to end it—I know that from experience. And he's doing it all alone.

7 LAURINDO ALMEIDA. *CLAIR DE LUNE SAMBA* (from *THE CONCORD JAZZ GUITAR COLLECTION*, Concord Jazz). Almeida, guitar.

I don't know who this is. I like the acoustic guitar, it's a classical guitar sound. I thought maybe it was Laurindo Almeida, but I'm not sure. After they went into tempo the changes seemed a little different from what Laurindo would play.

Maybe two-and-a-half stars. The piece was *Clair de Lune*; it was a nice idea to transcribe it for the guitar, but I think I might have preferred to hear the guitar alone without going into a bossa. It lost the whole meaning, and became a set arrangement. **db**

TOMMY SMITH

THOUGH BARELY OUT OF HIS TEENS, THIS SCOTTISH-BORN SAXIST HAS PACKED A REMARKABLE AMOUNT OF CREATIVITY INTO HIS STILL-FLEDGLING CAREER.

by Colin Wright

Although only 20 years old, tenor saxophonist Tommy Smith has managed to pack into his life more than most people manage in twice that length of time. He's made five albums, regularly tours the world in one of three bands, and he has played with many of the top names in contemporary jazz. This is not bad going for a young boy from a rough housing estate on the outskirts of Edinburgh that is more famous for its drug problems than for its production of jazz players.

Midway through a world tour with Gary Burton and a European tour with his own band Forward Motion, he was asked about his life to date. "I began playing when I was 12 years old. I had played the recorder when I was nine, but that doesn't count. My dad was a dixieland drummer, and he used to take me to see local bands every Sunday and encourage me to sit in. I had already learned the basics of harmony and rhythm from my teacher, and then I attended a jazz school organized by the local jazz promoters." At this time Tommy was listening to his father's jazz collection, and his heroes were people like Coleman Hawkins, Stan Getz, and Glenn Miller. Having been attracted to the saxophone "by the shape and the color," he then went on to explore its sounds, developing at an extraordinary speed. "I learned quickly and studied hard, although I was still into art and playing with the gang in the street." He learned two tunes, a blues and *I Got Rhythm*, and sat in with the dixieland band his father knew. "I still didn't know about soloing—I had learned my solos for the tunes. I got a strange feeling when I started to solo, but playing with those guys made me work harder and harder."

From there he formed his own band and started to practice regularly. "Things started to happen more quickly when I entered the group in the Edinburgh Jazz Festival Competition in 1981 when I was 14. I remember the day vividly. We'd been there since nine o'clock watching all the other bands play. I was in about three bands anyway, so I felt sure to win. The results came and we got best band and I got best musician. I then used the clippings to get gigs." For the next 18 months he played regularly throughout Edinburgh at pub gigs. He was already a



Colin Wright

player that people were saying would be great if he kept progressing at the same level. He was becoming good not just for his age, but for *any* age.

By December 1982, when he was 15, he was asked to play on tv with bassist Niels-Henning Ørsted Pedersen, pianist Gordon Beck, drummer John Christensen, and guitarist Philippe Catherine. There he met someone who was to become a hero of his. "Everybody knows who Michael Brecker is. I was doing this tv thing and he was there recording on the same day with the same group, and I was introduced to him and I didn't know who he was! When I found out I was annoyed with myself. He's probably the greatest in the world." Smith has subsequently met Brecker and he has now heard of him—so much so that they will be playing together in a film in New York later in the year.

Tommy then recorded his band for BBC Radio. He eventually sent this tape, some compositions, arrangements, transcriptions, and newspaper clippings to Berklee College in Boston. Three months later Berklee wrote back saying that he had been accepted and awarded the Phil Woods Jazz Masters Incentive Award and a Professional Music Scholarship. At this point he thought, "I'm going to Berklee. But I wasn't. It took a year of gigs and benefits and help from friends in Edinburgh to get enough money together for me to go." During this year he recorded his first two albums, *Giant Strides* (GFM 8001), and *Taking Off* (Head 5). He also toured the UK with the New York Jazz Quintet and performed at the Leverkusener Jazz Festival in Germany, keeping himself busy and accumulating money for his trip to the States. He was still only 16 years old.

Smith arrived in Berklee in January '84. "I was frightened, I didn't have any spare

money to have a good time, I wasn't old enough to go to the clubs. You have to be very open when you arrive and approach people all the time and ask them to play, and in that way you get to establish yourself and your position. There is a lot of boasting by everybody." During his entrance test to establish what grade he would begin at, the pads fell off his saxophone, but he still got a 6756 when the highest possible is a 7777. After one semester he scored the highest possible.

"I was in every band—the Buddy Rich Band, the recording band, and we would play all night. You would do your regular classes and then play in the evenings until midnight. Some guys even practiced all night and slept during the day." After four months he formed a band called the Scandinavian Quartet and toured Scandinavia. More tours and the formation of his own band Forward Motion and the release of their first album, *The Berklee Tapes* (Hep 2026), followed. He began to be better known and had by this time played with Chick Corea, Jaco Pastorius, and other heroes of his. By June '85 he had recorded his second album with Forward Motion, *Progressions* (Hep 2033).

It was at this time that his big break with Gary Burton came. Although successful, Tommy was now out of money. Berklee allowed him free accommodation and tuition, but he had no living expenses. He was on the verge of returning home when Burton formed a band consisting of Berklee students for a Caribbean cruise. "So Gary said to me, 'I'm going to give you two audition gigs after the cruise.' We played these huge auditoriums, then afterwards he didn't actually say to me, 'You've got the gig,' he just said, 'Oh, you'll like South America when we tour there next year.'" And with that he was in the Gary Burton band. Since that time he has toured and recorded with the vibist on *Whiz Kids* (ECM 1329).

Tommy puts much of his recent success down to Burton, who has become a close friend—including letting Tommy live in his basement for over a year. "When I met Gary, that's when everything changed, 'cause he is such a great teacher and a great improviser—one of the only true great improvisors left. He approaches music and life in a unique way. He would sit me down after each performance and tell me what was good and bad, saying 'Well, your timing was off there, and you're playing really good phrases but they aren't related to each other.' He says that it is like someone saying something nice in German and then saying something nice in English—they're both nice on their own, but they don't relate to each other. You have to make it like a story, like a book, so you have one sentence, then another sentence, and you begin to make sense, and the audience can hear you are making sense."

As a result, Smith feels "I now don't feel

the need to tell my whole life story in one solo, or in one evening. Now I'm prepared to develop simple ideas and play short pieces which mean more. The way I like to play is to develop one or two ideas and make it a whole solo, and I appreciate that if I'm listening as well."

His future is planned until next year, with tours, recording, and filming. The BBC is making a documentary about him, and he has tours scheduled with the Burton band, with Forward Motion, and as a solo performer. Apart from all the acclaim and fame that has come his way while so young, he remains calm and philosophical about his life. What he really wants to do is "buy a house in Edinburgh and tour three times a year and develop writing projects in-between. I've been almost everywhere, and I really like Edinburgh." db

HENRY BUTLER

A POWERFUL TECHNIQUE AND AMBITIOUS COMPOSITIONAL TALENTS ENERGIZE THIS PIANIST'S "OMNIDIRECTIONAL" APPROACH.

by Gene Kalbacher

The imperative for the jazz musician is to discover his or her own voice. Some find it early, others never do, but for the committed artist, finding a voice is more important than making a name with the public (although the former doesn't guarantee the latter, and vice versa).

Henry Butler, blind from birth, didn't have far to look for his voice—he simply had to open his mouth. Butler's first instrument was his voice, his singing voice, cultivated from the age of five, and through singing he learned to express that voice on another instrument—the piano. Today, at 38, with two MCA/Impulse albums and a stack of laudatory press clippings to his credit, Butler has parlayed his instruments into a name, his name into a promising career.

"I think everyone sings, even if only a little bit, before he starts on an instrument," says Butler from his new apartment in Brooklyn. "It's not always a conscious act. Because the voice is self-contained, you can't help but do a little singing or humming. When something is conceived in the mind, often you want to emulate the melody [with your voice]."

"The voice certainly helps with the idea of melody and line and phrasing," continues Butler, who began singing in the first-grade glee club. "I usually suggest to pianists that they learn how to sing, how to attune to what's conceived in the mind. The voice is the easiest instrument to access, because it's right there. I find that the voice is great as a writing tool. As a classical musician [who has sung oratorios, operatic arias, and French and Italian art songs], it's my main vehicle for expressing and working with that

literature."

Using the jazz literature, mostly his own writing, as the map, Butler has driven his main vehicle, the piano, with the daring of a speed racer and the stamina of an interstate trucker. If anything, the rap against Butler is that he doesn't give his listeners, the passengers as it were, enough pit stops to catch their breath. On his first run, his 1986 debut *Fivin' Around* (MCA/Impulse 5707), the pianist traversed the phrygian mode in 5/4 to 'lynerville (title track), took the Freeway

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south to the tropics (*L.A. Samba*), consulted Ray Charles for a covert mission in 7/4 to Asia (*Improvisation On An Afghanistan Theme*), and stopped at the Trane tracks to pick up a string quartet for some *Giant Steps*. On the return trip, Butler headed home, where he greeted the *Old Folks* and gave thanks, praising the Lord in his best bass-baritone voice (*I Want Jesus To Walk With Me*).

For his follow-up, *The Village* (MCA/Impulse 8023), Butler has "narrowed the focus" by limiting the stylistic diversity of his material, though he allows himself to stretch out on four extended numbers. "The new one is a little more straightahead," he explains, "but it has some interesting twists. I didn't do it to answer any of the critics who decided I was a little too ambitious on the first album." Backed by clarinetist Alvin Batiste, bassman Ron Carter, drummer Jack DeJohnette, and multiple-reedman John Purcell, the pianist sinks his chops into eight originals plus Batiste's *Music Came* (on which Butler sings) and Scott Joplin's *The Entertainer* (with Bob Stewart added on tuba). *The Entertainer*, the album's concluding track, was suggested by label head Ricky Schultz, according to Butler, "possibly to set up my next album, which will be a New Orleans-type record."

The Crescent City, Butler's birthplace, is not only an inflection of the pianist's artistic voice, it's been a major impetus to what he terms his "omnidirectional" approach. Says Butler, "People in New Orleans are either too smart or too ignorant to be specialists [about music]. When I decided to move from New Orleans, I realized I had so many ways to branch out, so many things I could do that many guys didn't want to do or couldn't do, because of my intimate experience with all the different styles that come out of New Orleans."

After spending 12 years at the Louisiana State School for the Blind, where he sang in the choir and glee club before taking up the piano, at the insistence of an attentive teacher, he attended Southern University. Besides earning his bachelor's degree in voice, he minored in piano and studied with Batiste, who introduced him to the music of John Coltrane (whom he "psychically rejected" at first but honors on *Reflections* from the new album) and the wonders of improvisation. Butler continued his studies at Michigan State, earning his masters in voice in 1974, and also took private piano lessons from Professor Longhair, Harold Mabern, and Roland Hanna.

With the help of Fess, Butler learned to lighten his touch, thus improving his fluidity on the keyboard. With Mabern, whom he terms a "percussive player," Butler undertook fourth-finger exercises to strengthen his rhythmic powers. Hanna's influence, albeit less technical perhaps, has probably had the greatest, most lasting impact on



Butler. "He always used to say to me, 'Treat the piano as you would a beautiful lady. You caress her softly and treat her with love and affection.' When you listen to Roland Hanna, you hear that philosophy in his playing."

One can hear this influence in Butler's playing, too, especially on the pianist's new recording. *Beautiful She Is* and *Joanna* are "dedicated to a lady," Butler's live-in companion, Joanne Camille. Another Butler original, *Soft Platonicism*, takes its title from Butler's designation of a relationship that allows two people to "bend a little" and express tenderness "without going all the way."

Having moved to Los Angeles in 1980, Butler worked various jazz and lounge gigs but wasn't "discovered" until a few years later, when he sat in with Milcho Leviev, Billy Higgins, and Charlie Haden one night at the Comeback Inn. Effusive in his praise for Butler, Haden raved, "He plays like Art Tatum, man!" Before long, Butler was in the studio (with Haden, Higgins, Freddie Hubbard, and others) recording his first album for MCA/Impulse. Butler, whose playing evinces occasional McCoy Tyner influence but little trace of Tatum's whirlwind virtuosity and flair for baroque ornamentation, says of the comparison, "That's a lot of shoes to fill! I don't think of myself as a Tatum player. But Tatum was very intuitive, coming up with things out of the blue. I might do some of that, but I don't think I sound like Tatum."

Butler, as a blind man, "never had the opportunity to watch" other pianists play, which explains, in part, why he has developed "my own fingering, my own language." His composing methods, moreover, are somewhat unusual in that he often writes on the Kurzweil 250, a sound-sampling synthesizer, yet performs and records exclusively on the piano. "I compose on the Kurzweil," he relates, "because it has an onboard sequencer of about 12,000 notes. A lot of the pieces I write are conceived whole, so it's easy for me to put a simple percussion thing on it and a bass line and some chords and the melody. Or I might do it in reverse and start

with the melody. The Kurzweil comes fairly close to emulating a true acoustic sound; at least you have the idea of how it will sound on the acoustic piano. On the Kurzweil, I can hear all the sounds. It does have quite a few stock sounds, and it allows for a lot of programming and changing of sounds."

Sounds, of course, are the stuff of Butler's creativity as pianist and singer (he intends to have a simultaneous release of jazz and classical albums in the near future), but so, too, are *images*. His blindness notwithstanding, the bearded musician has raised eyebrows with his stunning photography. *American Photographer* magazine, noting his photo exhibits in Miami and Venice, California, has cited Butler as "the first completely blind practitioner of the hobby." Butler, who assayed the new artform in 1984 and now owns seven cameras, usually ("but not always") works with an assistant who provides an "audio read" on the object to be photographed. "I knew that I'd been ignoring the visual world for a long time," he says of his motivation. "I had explored visual lines and combinations and shades of colors from an intellectual standpoint, but I needed to *experience* them. To make the visual world more intimate and understandable, I took up photography." And in so doing, he has realized another, unforeseen benefit. Liking photography to certain intuitive musical processes, Butler points out that his hobby has evolved into an indirect extension of, and a boon to, his composing on the keyboard. "All art uses the same principles," he relates. "You just approach your use of these principles differently, depending on the artform. Some of the best art comes as a result of spontaneity and intuition, and that works across the board, whether you're a musician or a photographer or a writer. Balance is a key between intuition and acquired training or intellect.

"A great example," he continues, "is that there are only 12 notes to the chromatic scale . . . which incorporates all the notes that can be used in Western music, including traditional classical, jazz, gospel, and r&b. You employ these 12 notes in different registers and combinations to create another scale or mode."

As a photographer, Butler's favorite subject is "old architecture, especially cathedrals." During a cultural-exchange visit to the Soviet Union last year, during which he performed a number of his own compositions (including, with true artistic audacity, the *Afghanistan Theme*), he spent much of his free time taking pictures. "I got such a feeling of warmth and history from the old cathedrals of Latvia," he says enthusiastically. "I got a feeling of the things that took place in those buildings—the sacred rites, the fellowship of the people. It was a spiritual—but not necessarily a religious—experience for me. I could *feel* it. It was something more than meets the eye." **db**

ELLIOTT SHARP

MICROTONES, POLYRHYTHMS,
AND THE UNPREDICTABLE AREA
BETWEEN ORDER AND CHAOS
INSPIRE THE LOWER EAST SIDE
GUITARIST/COMPOSER.

by Bill Milkowski

In Europe, he's respected and admired by the progressive post-punk crowds throughout Germany, France, Holland, and several of the Eastern Bloc countries. His dense, polyrhythmic compositions for guitars, horns, strings, and homemade instruments have been hailed by critics at such major alternative music venues as the Moers Festival, the Vienna Festival, and the Berlin No Wave/No Jazz Festival. Yet back home in the States, Elliott Sharp can't get no respect.

That is, until now. As a featured attraction in this year's Next Wave Festival—perhaps the country's most important showcase for new and experimental work in music, theater, and dance, now in its fifth year at the majestic Brooklyn Academy of Music—Sharp stands to break through to a level of visibility and respect he never dreamed of when he started kicking around Manhattan's downtown scene some eight years ago. As the renegade composer put it, "When the BAM machine gets behind you, all of a sudden you're in the aristocracy."

John Zorn can attest to that. He too had been playing his game-theory compositions around town for years at such isolated East Village haunts as Chandelier (now defunct), 8BC (now defunct), Neither/Nor (now defunct), and SoHo performance spaces such as Inroads and Roulette before his big BAM premiere gained him greater visibility, wider acceptance, and reams of national press. Now it's Elliott Sharp's turn.

Next month, at BAM's Carey Playhouse, Sharp will premiere *Larynx*, a new work performed by his ensemble Carbon, which includes four drummers, four brass players, and features the Soldier String Quartet. Sharp himself will conduct the proceedings while performing on his custom-made double-neck guitar equipped with MIDI interface to trigger sampled sounds on his Mirage keyboard.

Not having heard the music, *Larynx* is impossible to describe. Had I studied the piece for a week it would still probably be difficult to describe (without delving into such cerebral concerns as fractal geometry, particle physics, and the Fibonacci number series—all essential elements of Sharp's compositions). But there is an underlying theme or philosophy to most of Elliott Sharp's compositions. As he explains, "It's

about the unpredictable versus the ordered, the idea of structure and unstructure interacting with each other and how that gives you tangents and insights into order and disorder. My music is generally an interface between order and chaos, with composed elements bouncing off sonic chaos. That has been the subtext for my work going back to *Attica Brothers*, a piece I wrote in 1974 for electric string quartet and three percussion. That was basically a blues melody harmonized in microtones, creating an angry buzz over the course of about five minutes. The

drummers reacted to that buzz and the strings improvised wildly throughout the piece with harmonics and glissandi. It was about contrast and elaboration.

"For a while I was completely against structure," says Sharp. "I just wanted to play, either just improvising or bashing it out with the band *Ism*" (check out *Ism* on Zoar Records, featuring bassist Bill Laswell, drummer Mark Miller, cornetist Olu Dara, synthesist Diana Meckley, and percussionist Charles K. Noyes, available from New Music Distribution Service, 500 Broadway, NYC,

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"But I think everyone who has improvised and who isn't caught up in the self-indulgence of just playing—which generally ends up being more fun for the player than the listener—eventually wants to find a way to structure it. Over the years I've played in a lot of different groups where we'd either have cueing systems or a clock that would tell us to change to something else at a certain point—various devices like these. I prefer using algorithms for playing, where everyone has a certain amount of freedom to interpret things in a given context, but there's still an overall vision that they have to help realize. That's where the identity of the pieces as a composer's piece comes in."

When not involved with his own pet projects, Sharp finds time to record and perform with two notorious East Village bands—the edgy Mufungo and the funky new outfit known as the President (described by leader Wayne Horvitz as a cross between Weather Report and the Meters).

"For those bands," Sharp notes, "I am basically a guitar player. I've always liked playing with bands, and in those two I get to play some Albert King licks on my '64 Fender Strat, along with the other extended techniques I've developed on the guitar."

Over the years, Sharp has evolved quite a unique vocabulary on the six-string. One of his standard riffs involves tapping on the fretboard with all 10 fingers. But unlike the magic touch of Stanley Jordan, Elliott's approach is more like a *manic* touch. By whacking those strings with ferocious slaps he's able to summon all kinds of ringing harmonics and multiphonics from the instrument. And by feeding those overtones through a Boss Heavy Metal pedal, a Boss Compressor, and an Ibanez Tube Screamer, he gets one helluva noise. Combined with his ominous Nosferatu-like stage presence, it all makes for a thrashing-good spectacle.

There was a time, however, back in his hometown of Ithaca, New York, when Elliott Sharp actually played guitar in a fairly conventional manner. That was in the late '60s, playing in a band called St. Elmo's Fire. It was a blues-based cover band, but their slant on standards was more influenced by Captain Beechert than B. B. King.

A classically trained clarinetist throughout his school years, Sharp got an electric guitar in 1968 "pretty much because I really loved Jimi Hendrix and a lot of the psychedelic stuff happening at the time." His natural inclination toward science and electronics eventually led him to some rather unorthodox experiments with homemade instruments. "I began making souped-up fuzz boxes and tape loops around '68. And that summer after my junior year in high school I got a National Science Foundation grant to do some work at Carnegie Mellon University in Pittsburgh. They had a laboratory there with an Ampex tape machine that had seven

recording heads, so I got to do some pretty amazing delay things with it that summer.

"Then in my senior year I began looking into Harry Partch, John Cage, and Karlheinz Stockhausen, all pretty influential. And the free jazz people like Cecil, Ornette, and Albert Ayler. *Bitches Brew* had a big impact on me. So did seeing Sonny Sharrock with the Herbie Mann band. That completely blew me away."

Apart from developing extended techniques on both guitar and bass clarinet, Sharp also builds his own instruments. His East Village apartment is cluttered with his odd inventions. Hanging on the wall is his Violinoid, a mutant version of a violin that can be bowed on either side of the bridge. Over in one corner is his Pantar, a hubcap with guitar strings stretched across the top with a movable bridge. "It can sound like a cross between a tamboura and a dumpster," he proudly asserts.

Propped against one wall is his Slab, a hunk of two-by-four wood with bass strings and a movable bridge. This instrument requires two people to play it, one to activate the strings on one side of the bridge by chopping vigorously with karate-type movements, and the other to mute the strings on the other side of the bridge. These odd instruments are often featured in the Carbon ensemble pieces and will be on hand at BAM for *Larynx*.

Another oddity is the Nailimba, also affectionately known as The Rack. Its an old tie rack with large carpenter nails poling through which are then amplified by contact microphones. Elliott works frequently with contact microphones, both on his homemade and his more conventional instruments. His bass clarinet, for instance, is rigged up with contact mic which is then fed through an MXR distortion-plus pedal to create a horror movie din. And for his piece *Tessalation Row* (recently released on SST Records, distributed by JEM), he equipped the Soldier String Quartet with contact mics to bring out the overtone series.

Since acquiring a Mirage sampling keyboard, Sharp has been cataloging some of the odd sounds emanating from his homemade instruments. The twang of the Nailimba or the squeal from a Pantar are sampled into his Mirage and later triggered in live performance from his double-neck guitar with MIDI interface. And he's compiled a whole library of found sounds for that setup. On his latest solo album, *In The Land Of The Yahoos* (SST Records), Elliott sampled the voice of evangelist and would-be president Pat Robertson reciting the line: "In a free society, the police and military are God's special envoys." He's been known to slip that disc into the Mirage on gigs with Carbon and with Semantics, the densely percussive and highly experimental trio he formed with drummer Samm Bennett and alto saxist Ned Rothenberg.



Chris Buck

By juggling all these projects—recording and performing with Carbon, Mufungo, the President, Semantics, and his various solo works—Sharp has kept himself extremely busy over the past two years. Yet, he maintains that things were just as busy, if not more so, back in 1979 when he was scuffling. "There were some days where I'd do four \$20 gigs in a day," he recalls. "Maybe a recording session in the afternoon, a solo performance at 10 p.m., a gig with Ism somewhere else at 1 a.m., and another gig somewhere else at 6 a.m. with the Hi Sheriffs of Blue. They were all pretty crummy places but at least they were there. In a way, it's much worse now. You may do one gig that's a little better, but there are much fewer venues now. It was really a pretty interesting time between '79 and '81 around New York. People were rushing around, trying a lot of different things. There's less of that now. Less opportunity."

Sharp's more prestigious gigs lately have included an orchestral piece last summer at Merkin Hall in Manhattan featuring members of the American Composers Orchestra ("They weren't real empathetic to the music"), a recent appearance with Carbon at the New Music America festival in Philadelphia, and the upcoming BAM showcase. But he still continues to play in the smaller, hipper venues around Manhattan like CBGB's, Darinka, and the Knitting Factory. At a recent gig, Sharp played an evening of the blues with drummer Robert Previte and bassist David Hofstra. Wacky, warped blues, mind you, but simple and full of that same old feeling. In a way, it was like reaching back to his Ithaca roots. No Mirage on this gig. No fractal geometry and Fibonacci Series concepts here. Just one man, his old Strat, and a rhythm section. db