

STEVE WINWOOD
Solo Transcription

For Contemporary Musicians

downbeat

August, 1987 \$1.75 U.K. £2.00

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chords & discords

FREE FLIGHT REVISIONISM

I was fascinated by the recent article on Free Flight (May '87), a group I devoted three years of my life to developing. I was especially taken by how history is always rewritten by those who have the most to lose by an accurate retelling of past events.

When Jim Walker says that he "looked for a piano player" and "then I got Milcho Leviev," he's belittling my professional career and the fact that I have been playing and composing a synthesis of jazz and

classical—as well as jazz and folk, and jazz and pop—since my early days in my native Bulgaria. And later, when Jim Lacefield credits me with having "a real talent" for this genre, he doesn't mention that the tune he refers to, *Bach's Groove* (taken from the *Badinerie* from Bach's *Orchestral Suite #2*), was something I wrote in 1965—long before Free Flight was even a dream.

Free Flight drew heavily from my background and expertise, and the conflicts which the article so tactfully sidesteps are made evident by the manner in which my

former colleagues refer to my contributions; this also points out the problems of musicians being able to work together for mutual benefit while leaving their egos behind.

Milcho Leviev
North Hollywood, CA

EVI ENTHUSIASM

Great article on Michael Brecker. But what interested me the most was the Steiner EVI. Then later in the article you noted that Steiner invented an EVI (Electronic Valve Instrument) for trumpeters. I'm a trumpet player, and I would like to get more information about the EVI and possibly purchase one. Could you please tell me whom I should contact?

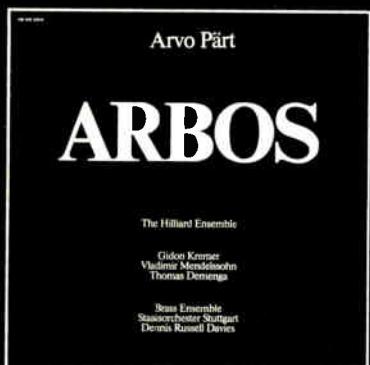
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—Ed.

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CLASSMATE CORRECTION

I enjoyed Zan Stewart's article on Eddie Daniels, "Clarinetist For All Seasons" (June '87). Glad to see that the clarinet is once again gaining in acceptance. Daniels' sounds are great.

One correction I might note in Stewart's article: bassist Eddie Gomez and trumpeter/fugelhornist Jimmy Owens were not graduated from the High School of Performing Arts, but rather were exceptional musicians at Music & Art High School on Convent Avenue in Manhattan. Our jazz band also contained notables like Fred Lipsius and Mike Thayer, and we were led by brassman Gabe Kosokoff. Our charts were not '40s arrangements, but rather were early Davis, Coltrane, and of course "Bird" Parker.

Bob Eigenberg
Plattsburgh, NY

PORLAND PURISTS

Re: "Jazz On The Air," June 1987. As an occasional db reader for many years, I found your lead article most interesting because not only has the definition of jazz been widely broadened by most so-called jazz stations, but db has without question done the same thing!

I am Program Director for KKUL, Cool Jazz Radio, here in Portland. We are a commercial, AM mainstream jazz station. We are respectful of the art form, and we stubbornly refuse to water it down with rocky fusion sounds.

We would not be involved in this format if we felt that we may have "trouble surviving." The response to our mainstream format has been so positive that our listeners would revolt if we

CONTINUED ON PAGE 62

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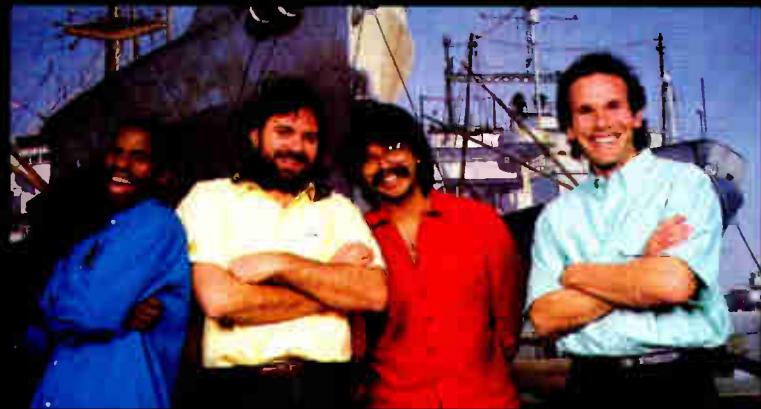
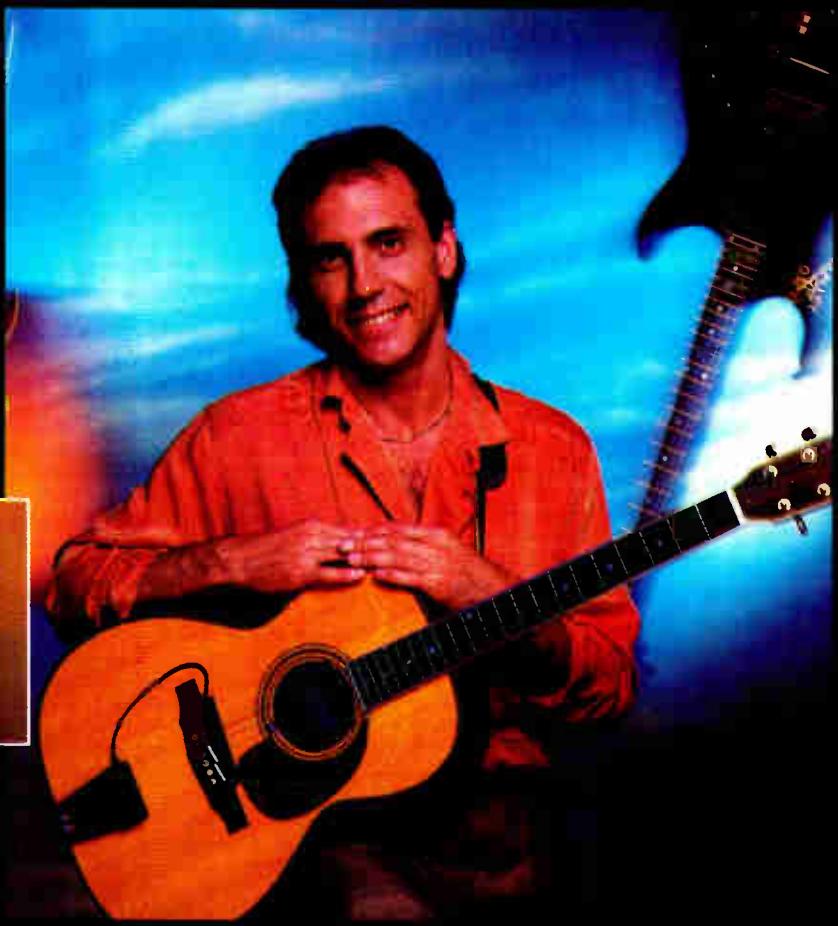


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MUSICFEST CANADA '87

OTTAWA—The caliber of musicianship at MusicFest Canada just keeps getting better and better. That's the consensus of those who attended the 15th annual showdown of the best young music talent in Canada this spring at Ottawa's Congress Centre and other nearby venues. Nearly 8,000 young musicians and vocalists earned invitations to the Canadian capital by besting roughly 300,000 entrants at 68 regional competitions throughout the nation. Their reward: five days of hot music from their peers and top-flight professionals, the opportunity to receive superb instruction at the 40-plus hours of clinics available, and best of all—the chance to shine for renowned adjudicators and their fellow competitors.

Attendance at MusicFest '87 was excellent, though down slightly from the year before. "Last year we had the Expo drawing card," said MusicFest Canada director/secretary-treasurer and Yamaha vice-president of finance Art Divers, noting that last year's fest coincided with the 1986 World Exposition in Vancouver. "But this [year's attendance] was very, very good for a stand-alone concert festival." Divers thinks that the festival finals may have peaked in terms of size; there just aren't proper facilities for hosting a bigger competition than MusicFest Canada has already become. What will keep growing, he be-

lieves, is the size and level of competition at the various regional festivals. Already, the regional competition is turning fierce: of the 275 groups invited to this year's finals, only 125 were repeaters from the year before.

For those unacquainted with the MusicFest setup, the competition takes place in front of panels of adjudicators who rank the groups according to standard criteria. Groups meeting certain predetermined standards can win gold, silver, and bronze awards, and this year—for the first time—the top-ranked gold winners were singled out for "Most Outstanding" citations. Separate categories exist for concert band, stage band, jazz combo, dixieland combo, and vocal ensembles, and each of these is broken down further according to the age of the participants. Running alongside the competition itself are some 42 world-class clinics covering a wide range of instruments and special topics, and there are special performances nightly, this year featuring The Melloys, Free Flight, Central Band of Canadian Armed Forces, Cinq-Up and Argyle Jazz '87, Eight Seconds, and the Denny Christianson Big Band with special guest soloist Pat LaBarbera.

Twenty-four groups won Most Outstanding Awards (see accompanying box), with two of them—McGill University and Magee Secondary School—receiving Vice-



BILL BEUTLER

The University of Massachusetts Big Band

President's Awards for earning two Most Outstanding apiece. There were also a number of individual award winners: the Berklee College of Music handed out \$25,000 in scholarships to eight competitors, and GM Canada, a major sponsor of this year's finals, gave out six cash scholarships of \$3,500 each. Tenor saxist Shamus Blake of Sir Winston Churchill School in Vancouver won a \$1,500 scholarship from the Music Industries Association of Canada as its choice as outstanding performer, and trombonist/pianist Alexander Clements was named this year's Rising Star Award winner, earning him \$1,500 of the \$10,000 total scholarship money he took home (he also received \$5,000 from Berklee and one of the \$3,500 GM awards).

For the second year, **down beat** presented an International Award to the best band to make the trip north from the U.S. Only a handful of U.S. bands made the trip this

year (few bands can afford two big trips back-to-back, and Musicfest U.S.A. had been held the month before), but the International Award winner, the University of Massachusetts, nearly blew the roof off the Congress Centre with a phenomenal performance that earned them perfect scores of 100 from two of the four adjudicators looking on, a MusicFest first (the other two adjudicators scored U of Mass in the high 90s).

All in all, MusicFest Canada '87 was mighty impressive again this year. It's hard to see much room for improvement, but festival officials will keep working on it just the same. In fact, there's tentative talk of someday having a world-championship festival involving MusicFest Canada, Musicfest U.S.A., and maybe Musicfests in Europe and Japan. That may seem a bit far-fetched now, but who'd have believed 8,000 student musicians trekking to Ottawa a decade-and-a-half ago?

—bill beutler

MusicFest Canada Award Winners

Vice-President's Awards: McGill University, Montreal; Magee Secondary School, Vancouver.
db International Award: University of Massachusetts Jazz Ensemble, Amherst.
Most Outstanding Concert Bands: South Carlton Band, Ottawa; Harmonie Cascades, Quebec City; C.P. Allen H.S. Concert Band, Bedford; Lakota Junior Concert Band, Seattle; Sir Winston Churchill Concert Band, Nepean.
Most Outstanding Vocal Ensembles: Chamber Ensemble, Magee Chamber Choir, Vancouver; Combination Class, Magee Chamber Choir, Vancouver; Vocal Jazz Ensemble, Mississauga Transit, Mississauga; Vocal Jazz Combo, Y.T.B.N. (O'Neill Collegiate), Oshawa.
Most Outstanding Dixieland Combo: Lady Hamilton's Boys, Burlington.
Most Outstanding Jazz Combos: McGill University "B", Montreal; McGill University "Urban Turbans", Montreal; Ross Sheppard, Edmonton; Babb and Clutton, Burlington; Sheldon Williams Jazz Combo, Regina; Wellington Combo, Nanaimo.
Most Outstanding Stage Bands: Grant McEwan Stage Band, Edmonton; CEGEP Saint-Laurent, St. Laurent; Winnipeg Tech-Voc Stage Band, Winnipeg; Hamilton All-Stars Jazz Band, Hamilton; O'Donel Patriots Jazz Band, Mt. Pearl; Saskatoon Junior Jazz, Saskatoon; Abbotsford Jr. Stage Band, Abbotsford; Esquimalt Jr. Stage Band, Victoria.
MIAC Scholarship: Shamus Blake, tenor sax, Sir Winston Churchill, Vancouver.
Rising Star Award: Alexander Clements, trombone/piano, Bowness High School, Calgary.
General Motors Scholarships: Melody Stepto, trumpet, Northern S.S., Toronto; Patina Webber, flute, Oak Bay S.S., Victoria; Patricia Oland, vocal, Anne Campbell Singers, Lethbridge; Joanne Levesque, vocal, CPEG Ste-Foy, Ste-Foy; Alexander Clements, trombone/piano, Bowness H.S., Calgary; Derek Kress, trumpet, LaSalle S.S., Sudbury.
Berklee Scholarships: \$2,000, Allyson McHardy, vocal, O'Neill Collegiate, Oshawa; \$2,000, Cherly Aitken, vocal, O'Neill Collegiate, Oshawa; \$3,000, Andy Lusher, alto sax, Arthur Voaden, St. Thomas; \$3,000, Heather Preece, clarinet, Nelson H.S., Burlington; \$3,000, Jeff Harris, trumpet, Harry Ainley Comp., Edmonton; \$3,000, Jules Estrin, trombone, Ross Sheppard, Edmonton; \$4,000, Michael Freedman, guitar, Earl Haig S.S., Toronto; \$5,000, Alexander Clements, trombone, Bowness H.S., Sudbury.

Fest Scene

Freddie Hubbard, Bobby Hutcherson, Paul Horn, Gary Bartz, and Ricnie Cole are among the artists who'll be performing at the **Virgin Islands Jazz Festival** in St. Thomas, 8/10-16. Tour packages including fest registration, airfare, hotel accommodations, meals, etc. are available. For more information, contact Jean Etsinger at 809/776-2874, or Jackson Artists Corp., 913/384-6688.

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Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown's **American Music Festival '87** will feature the fest's namesake bluesmaster, the Persuasions, the Magneatos, Kic El Deen, Hash Brown, et al, plus cajun and Tex-Mex cuisine, 7/31-8/2 in Escoheag, RI. Tickets and more info are available through Gate's Family of Fans, P.O. Box 963, Manchester, CT 06040, 203/649-2534.

• • •

The sixth annual **Conneaut Lake Jazz Party** runs 8/28-30 in Conneaut Lake Park, PA. Bud Freeman, Scott Hamilton, Dick Hyman, Marty Grosz, and Mel Lewis will be among the artists on hand. Festival donations cost \$160 through the Allegheny Jazz Society, 283 Jefferson St., Meadville, PA 16335, 814/724-2163.

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The **Gig Harbor Jazz Festival** runs 8/8-9 at Celebrations, a grassy amphitheater overlooking Puget Sound. The lineup includes Quartett (Jay Clayton, Julian Priester, Jerry Granelli, Gary Peacock), Oregon-based fusionists Our Thing, Lilly Wilde, the Rainier Jazz Band, Stars of the Future, the Timeless All-Stars, Ghanaian drummer Obo Addy, Isaac Scott, the Don Lanphere Quintet, the Festival Big Band, and Diane Schuur. For more information, phone Herb Smith at 206/329-4408. □

Potpourri

Jazz dance: music at the most recent performance of Chicago's internationally renowned **Hubbard Street Dancers** included works by such jazz artists as **Jean-Luc Ponty** (*Open Mind*), **Steps Ahead** (*Radio-Active*), **Pat Metheny** and **Lyle Mays** (*Are You Going With Me?*), **Ralph Burns** (*V.J. Stomp*), **Sy Oliver** (*Opus Number One*), and **Jan Hammer** (a medley of *Miami Vice* scores); the company's next scheduled performance is 8/20-23 at the **Ravinia Festival** in the north Chicago suburb of Highland Park . . . speaking of Hammer, the former Mahavishnu Orchestra keyboard whiz is reportedly ready to switch his focus to composing film scores, having devoted the last three years primarily to scoring the aforementioned TV hit *Miami Vice* . . . Elvin Institute: plans are being worked out in Nagasaki, Japan, to establish the **Elvin Jones International Jazz Institute**; so far, **Tommy Flanagan** and **Frank Foster** have been invited to teach at the institute, which Jones hopes to have open to students from around the globe sometime in 1989 . . . Fabulous fest: **Robert Cray**, **Bonnie Raitt**, **Nick Lowe**, and the **Gregg Allman Band** were among the headliners joining the **Fabulous Thunderbirds** at their sixth annual Riverfest, held recently in Austin, Texas' Lake Shores . . . JAMI debut: **Freddie McGregor** won the awards for best single and best musical composition for *Push Comes To Shove* at the inaugural Jamaica Music Industry Awards; other winners included **Monty Alexander** for best jazz artist, **Chalice** for best group, **Carlene Davis** for best female vocalist, **Beres Hammond** for best male vocalist, and **Fab Five's Yu Safe** for best album. **Bob Marley** and IRS Records' **Chris Blackwell** joined five others in being inducted into the JAMI Hall of Fame . . . street corner special: "7th & T" is to the history of Washington jazz and entertainment life what Central Avenue is to Los Angeles or what 52nd Street is to the annals of New York City; the story of that legendary corner—where **Duke Ellington** and **Pearl Bailey** crossed paths with Tim "The Hotdog Man"—has now been

made into a one-hour PBS documentary that includes performances by bassist **Keter Betts**, drummer **George "Dude" Brown**, vocalist **Jimmy McPhail**, trumpeter **Webster Young**, and the recently deceased pioneer of bop piano **John Malachi** . . . happy anniversary: Washington DC's **WPFW-FM**—a listener-supported 24-hour jazz station and member of the Pacifica network—observed its 10th anniversary by meeting its spring membership drive goal of \$200,000; among those chipping in to help the station meet its goal was the club **Blues Alley**, which sponsored a fundraiser concert featuring **McCoy Tyner** and **Andrew White** . . . Horne honored: **Lena Horne** received the Pied Piper Award, ASCAP's highest achievement award, at a gala Washington dinner co-sponsored by Concerned Senators for the Arts, the Congressional Black Caucus, and the Congressional Caucus for Women's Issues; previous Pied Piper recipients include Duke Ellington, Fred Astaire, Ethel Merman, and Bob Hope . . . weather report: pop star **Billy Idol**'s jilted girlfriend took revenge by phoning for London weather info from his New York apartment before leaving for good; when Idol returned home six weeks later, he found she'd "forgot" to hang up, and that he had a five-figure phone bill . . . Czech support: readers concerned about the fate of the **Czechoslovakian Jazz Section** members who were recently sentenced can find out more about the situation by writing Palach Press Ltd., PO Box 222, London WC2H 9RP, England, or the *Cross Currents* journal, c/o University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, MI 48109 . . . distribution deal: Catero Records (featuring rocker **Terry Garthwaite** and jazz pianist **Dick Hindman**) has recently agreed to be distributed by the Aspen Record Group; Catero is run by **Fred Catero**, who engineered **Bob Dylan's** audition tape while working for Columbia Records and went on to work with **Simon & Garfunkle**, **Janis Joplin**, **Sly Stone**, **Merle Haggard**, **Carlos Santana**, **Herbie Hancock**, and **Tower of Power** . . .



MICHAEL WILDERMAN

LONG TONGUES: Saxophonists Andrew White, David Murray, Julius Hemphill, Carl Grubbs, Oliver Lake, and Hamiet Bluiett (left to right) perform in the workshop production of Hemphill's *Long Tongues: A Saxophone Opera*. The work devouted at the Duke Ellington School of the Arts in Washington DC; it takes its historical context and inspiration from the evolution of modern jazz and the profound changes in American race relations that paralleled it. *Long Tongues* is the first original production undertaken by District Curators, which has been the area's foremost presenter of New Music and avant garde jazz over the past decade.

Final Bak

Showtime cable TV network.

• • •
Wilbur Little, Amsterdam-based bassist, died of a heart attack in his adopted hometown May 4 at age 59. Since 1976, Little lived in Amsterdam, working throughout Europe with other U.S. expatriates and touring artists; at the time of his death, he was working with Archie Shepp. Before moving to Europe, Little recorded with J. J. Johnson, Tommy Flanagan, Randy Weston, Elvin Jones, and Clark Terry.

• • •
Victor Feldman, percussionist and keyboardist, died of a heart attack May 12 at age 53. Born into a musical London family, he was hailed as "the kid Krupa" for his drumming before reaching age 10. Switching to piano and vibes, he worked with Ronnie Scott in London, then in the U.S. with Woody Herman in 1955 and Cannonball Adderley in 1960. He settled in Los Angeles and became a highly valued session player, recording with Miles Davis, B. B. King, the L.A. Express, Steely Dan, and many others.

• • •
Carlton Barrett, drummer for Bob Marley and the Wailers, was fatally shot in Kingston, Jamaica, April 17. He was 35. Barrett reportedly left his home to buy some chicken, and was fired on by a waiting gunman upon his return. His wife, Albertine, and a taxi driver, Glenroy Carter, were charged with the murder.

RANDY WESTON

Fat snowflakes fall fast outside the gothic windows, while sand dunes shift on the parquet. Belgian tapestries grace the walls, African rhythms our ears. There's floral tracery on the marble fireplace, and gold tooling on the commanding pianist's dashiki. We're in the Tapestry Room at Boston's Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum, an unheard-of place for Randy Weston to be spinning his incisive yarns of Africa and Harlem, but here he is, all six-foot-seven, and, as always, he's delightfully riveting.

Weston may prove as surprising as an April snowstorm to Boston's beloved Venetian palace—a bastion of baroque music and renaissance painting, with its timeless courtyard of bright flowers and old stone—but not vice versa: being a weathered brick himself, Weston draws big at European festivals, like Perugia, Paris, Amsterdam. American audiences have been far less adulatory, but Weston is no stranger to Massachusetts—he played Lenox in the '50s, Boston's Jazz Workshop in the '60s, Sandy's Jazz Revival in the '70s, and in 1981 premiered his *Three African Queens* with the Boston Pops Orchestra.

In concert, Weston hit hard with his venerable *Uhuru Afrika Suite*, roughhewn as mountains: jagged as the Alps, majestic as Olympus, and old and wise as the Atlas. A hypnotic, mystical vision of an African medicine man, *The Healer*, enchanted and stirred us. The second half unrolled with



DONNA PAUL

leafy, playful excursions of Weston's '50s hits like *Pam's Blues*, *Little Niles*, and the catchy classic *Hi-Fly*.

Stretching out in the sauna of the St. George Health Club in his hometown Brooklyn, where he'd just played with Lester Bowie at the Brooklyn Academy, Weston expanded on another old theme he's dusted off in earnest—that of his African Rhythm Club. Weston lived in Tangiers in the early '70s and opened a nightclub for the preservation and presentation of traditional African percussion.

"Monk really opened my ears to his music," he recalls, "but then I went to Mali and saw a balafon player playing like Monk!" Weston has been throwing deep roots in Mother Africa ever since, and though in Europe and the States on regular visits, has

again taken up residence in Morocco (Mohammedia), and become involved with two festivals which unfolded this summer: Casablanca in June and Marrakesh's Festival of Youth and Peace in July.

Weston's involvement with Casablanca includes playing while painters paint, plus workshops and jams with traditional African percussionists. The Marrakesh festival invites groups of the African musical diaspora, from Guadalupe, the U.S., West Africa, and the West Indies. "Morocco is Berber, Arabic, and West African," explains Weston, "and this festival is mainly for those who migrated from the great kingdoms of Mali and Ghana as slaves and soldiers. There'll be paintings, photos, and lectures and conferences on history and anthropology."

—fred bouchard

HAROLD BUDD

Hever since I was a little boy, I absolutely adored music that went right for the jugular, and art that is extremist without tricks." That goes a long way towards explaining the elegant simplicity of Harold Budd, a composer who came to renown in the mid-'70s with his recordings *The Plateaux Of Mirror* (Editions EG 202) and *The Pavilion Of Dreams* (Obscure 10), both under the auspices of producer savant Brian Eno. Although Budd played with saxophonist Albert Ayler during his army days, his own recordings reflect an elegiac serenity.

What he retains from Ayler is a sense of spontaneity and improvisation. Budd doesn't compose on paper, but onto tape, or in the case of his latest record, *Lovely Thunder* (Editions EG 46), into synthesist Michael Hoenig's Synclavier II. "The thing is that although I'm using very sophisticated technological equipment, I'm using it in a very unsophisticated way," claims Budd, a reluctant performer and keyboardist. When I noticed a spinet piano in the corner of his

living room, buried under books and magazines, he said dismissively, "I never touch it."

Budd approaches his music with a certain naivete. He disdained the Synclavier's programming and digital synthesis capabilities, preferring to play free-style with stock sounds. "Nothing is programmed," insists Budd. "I'm not using the computer part at all. Every sound that's there is done in real-time and is a performance. I'm simply over-tracking everything. Or in some cases, like in *Gypsy Violin*, I'm not over-tracking at all. I have two or three keyboards next to me and they're all on different tracks, but I'm playing them at the same time in some instances. I mean, a real athletic event."

The results are hardly athletic, as Budd continues carving the ghostly melodies that have been his trademark. However, his recent collaboration with England's post-new wave Cocteau Twins, *The Moon And The Melodies* (4AD CAD 611), yielded harder-edged, but no less ethereal, atmospheres. It was the Cocteaus who made the initial overture. "It never dawned on me that they would have the least interest in a middle-aged California composer," says Budd, with feigned surprise.

Budd is returning to England for an "open-



ended" period. He'll record a new album and tour with zither player Laraaji, and possibly Eno. But don't dare call it new age music. "I think new age music is lightweight mysticism and completely antithetical to my concerns as a composer in America." —john diliberto

MO FUNGO

Doom and gloom is such a tired rock style; a lot of no-wave bands or Satanic bands have that approach; if anything it's too predictable" says Robert Sietsema, articulate bassist for Mofongo, NYC's ever-changing, post-everything ensemble. And even though they call their new record *End Of The World (Part 2)*, (Twin/Tone 87106), there's a frivolity in the way that these musical activists clang out their brazen blows against the empire.

Their ideas strike deep because Mofongo (Willie Klein, guitar and vocals; Chris Nelson, drums; Elliott Sharp, guitars and sax; Sietsema, bass) know a lot about clichés—they've been smashing them for about eight years now. "Our difference is that we offer factual substantiations for our worries," says Sietsema.

No exaggeration there. Check out some Mofongo song titles: *Brazil's Long List Of Shame*, *Migrant Assembly Line Workers*, *FBI Informant*, *Johnny Didn't Come Marching Home*. This is rock dealing with political hot potatoes culled directly from today's headlines.

From their corner of New York's Lower East Side, they've been attempting to politicize listeners for almost a decade now. They've done so with a music that's initially challenging to listen to: fractured rhythms,



wobbly vocals, jarring melodies. However, there's no denying that Mofongo's lopsided pop has a logic all its own; wade through all their kinks and you'll find that even the most obtuse moments house a design.

"Our music is more listenable these days," agrees Sietsema. "There was a point where we tried to play songs that were stark and abrasive and strange and in odd time-signatures—anything wild. But as we grew as a band, we found ourselves liking structure. We're still pretty uncommercial, but we're getting a bit more accessible. Some of the folk music stuff that we've turned towards is melodic and uses Major chords and everything. What's there to complain about?"

The acoustic slant that Mofongo has taken does help temper their quirks. On the new record they update the lyrics to an old anti-KKK song to include swipes at William

Rehnquist's seedy duplicity. With Klein's acoustic guitar ringing out, it sounds like a leftist campfire singalong.

Because of their strong ideas about social politics, you might think that Mofongo would want to simplify all the way and let the opinions go unhampered by the musical complexities of the tunes. "The message isn't intended to dominate everything else," counters Sietsema. "We're not interested in dropping all our musical idiosyncrasies just to get our ideas across."

I guess not. Despite tempering jumbled shards of improvised skronk with bits of straight pop (the chorus still lives!), their experimental stance is still the enemy of today's Top 10. Unless there's room on the *Billboard* charts for a song called *Willie, Please Step Out Of The Bathysphere*.

—jim macnie

NANA VASCONCELOS

My way of life has been my education," says percussionist extraordinaire Nana Vasconcelos. Some schooling: from age 12, when he first hit the streets with his guitar-toting father, to literally hundreds of sessions for folks like Talking Heads, Pat Metheny, B. B. King, Jack DeJohnette, Gato Barbieri, and Ed Blackwell. Nana has learned more than a few things that keep the phone ringing off the hook with work offers. "Keep it organized, and keep it simple," is the way he sums up his basic approach to his multitude of instruments. "If you're not organized, you can't make it disorganized; if you don't know the technical side of your instruments, you can't wait for the music to come. And the hardest thing is to play simple, because with all these instruments around you the temptation is always to play too much. You have to listen, really listen 100 percent, and then add only what is needed. That way, when you do something else even a little bit different, it comes across big."

With his wide-ranging background in the varieties of Brazilian percussion, it's not surprising to learn that New York-based Nana



CELESTE DORRAGE

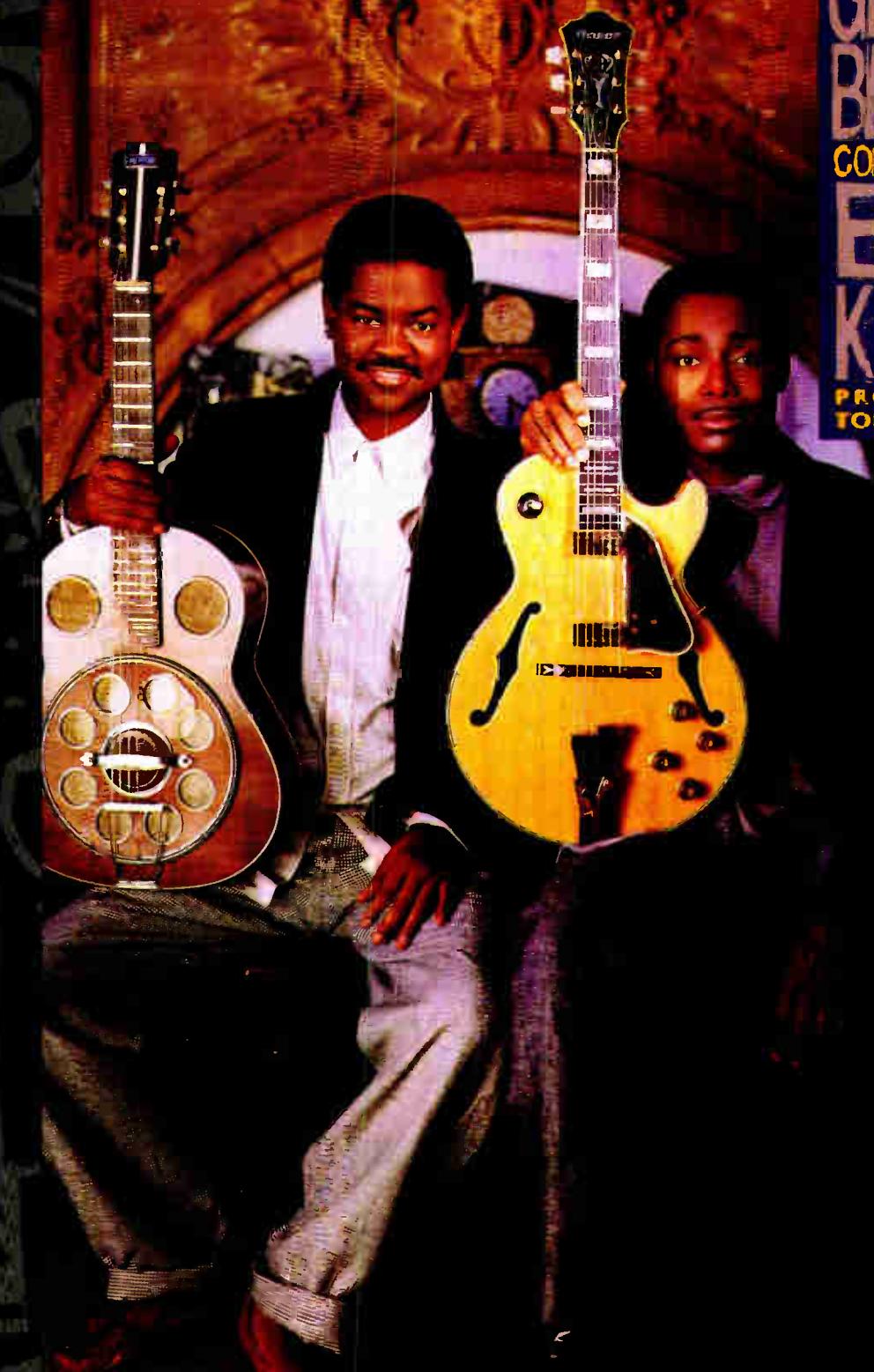
has picked up on the sounds of the city and incorporated them into what he does. "I spent a lot of time down in Washington Square Park," he explains, "watching the fire-eaters and the soccer players and the breakdancers, listening to the sounds more as music than as words or whatever." One group of breakdancers he came across inspired him to want to work with them. "So I packed my instruments and went and played with them, and after about 20 minutes this kid comes over and says, 'Stop it, man, I don't want to dance to no jazz.' So I thought,

'They're used to rap music and the drum machines; I'll put what I do onto a drum machine!'" When he went back a week later with the programmed Nana, they loved it.

That further bit of street education led directly to his latest release, *Bush Dance* (Island 8701). "It's a blend of my two sides, the acoustic side and the drum machine side," he asserts. "I programmed the machine from a percussionist's point of view, not a drummer's, which means it sounds different than most of the things you've heard. Then when I overdubbed my instruments on the tracks, I tried to play like a machine, but naturally, because I'm not a machine, what I play breathes. The way it's mixed, you can't tell which part is the machine and which is the man. So the whole thing breathes, like music."

It does, indeed. No one outside Wally Badarou or Fred Maher can make electronic drums seem so, well, *human*. And the material is as heterogeneous and consistently interesting as you could ask, combining New York raps with Brazilian funk, jazz scatting with minimalist-type chorales, even some Arto Lindsay strangulated cries and guitar. When Nana's new band took the material to SOB's stage in mid-May to kick off a two-month tour, they pumped it even fuller with life and colors and relentless rhythms. "I want to record it live, in Paris, because onstage is where that energy really happens," says the new bandleader. Something to look forward to. —gene santoro

GUITAR GREATNESS TIMES TWO.



GEORGE
BENSON
COLLABORATION
EARL
KLUGH

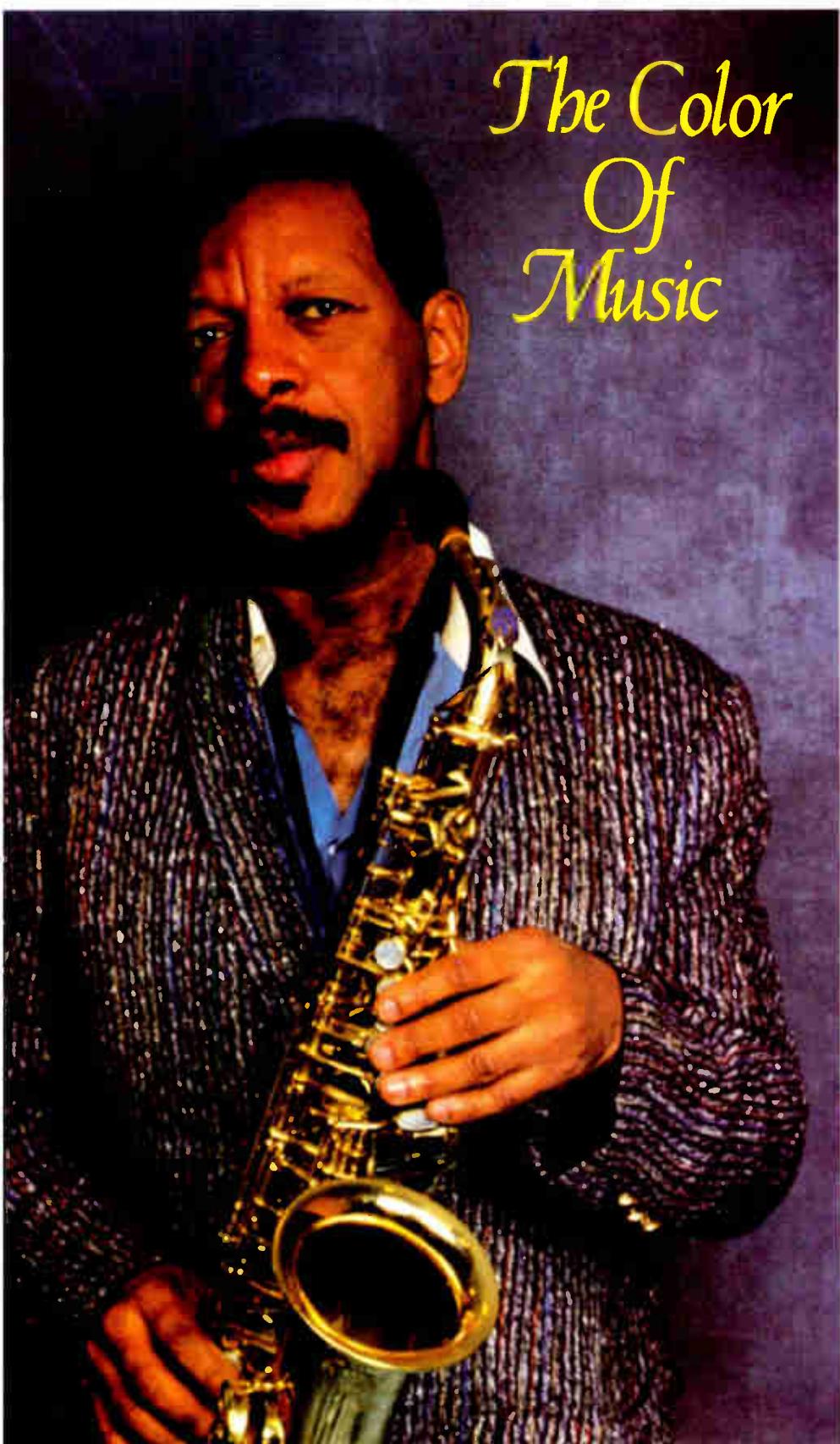
PRODUCED BY
TOMMY LIPUMA



WITH GUEST MUSICIANS GREG PHILLINGANES, MARCUS MILLER, HARVEY MASON, PAULINHO DA COSTA AND PAUL JACKSON. ON WARNER BROS. RECORDS, CASSETTES AND COMPACT DISCS © 1987 WARNER BROS. RECORDS INC.

ORNETTE COLEMAN

The Color
Of
Music



AMY FREEBERG

Since *Song X*, his 1986 collaboration with Pat Metheny, and the release of his string quartet *Prime Design*, as well as a live set with the amplified ensemble Prime Time, *Opening The Caravan Of Dreams*, Ornette Coleman has become active as though bursting into a world flush with new discoveries. The music business wearis him, but Coleman's enthusiasm for ideas suggested and demonstrated by sound, as well as his analysis and experience of human behavior from the vantage point of a composer who performs and leads a band, have been refreshed as his son Denardo Coleman assumes a managerial role in his career, and Caravan of Dreams, the ambitious performance center in his hometown of Fort Worth, Texas, issues Ornette's productions plus LPs featuring his harmolodic colleagues James "Blood" Ulmer and Ronald Shannon Jackson. A two-evening retrospective at Weill (nee Carnegie Recital) Hall of Coleman's compositions for virtuoso soloists and chamber ensemble, prepared by double-reed specialist Joseph Celli with the Kronos String Quartet, also has cheered him.

This is the 30th anniversary of Ornette's musical meeting with Don Cherry, Charlie Haden, and Billy Higgins—but that alone isn't why he brought them to record half of the two-disc set *In All Languages*, and has taken them on the road. "No one gets an acoustical sound with me but them," Ornette says proudly, then with pleasure, "The particular way that everybody played was like the way we were playing when we first started getting together. If they were playing with me consistently, we would reach the level on that of Prime Time." A realization which, again, accounts only in part for their historic reunion.

"Prime Time's been such an effort," says Denardo, "and even though there's been a lot of interest in Ornette getting back together with the quartet, he only wants to do something when there's really something creative going on. He just decided it was a good time for audiences to hear his music in both contexts. Now, the quartet has one sound, and Prime Time

By Howard Mandel

EMAN

another, but they really connect. It wasn't like the quartet got together for a couple of days to make a record, playing the same old thing. He really pushed them, like he does when Prime Time rehearses."

Perhaps getting the two bands together was Ornette's real motivation. "I wrote a song called *DNA Meets E = MC²*," he enthuses. "We played it together in Boston—un-believable! We're not going to do it often, because it takes about an hour-and-a-half. I wrote a theme for everybody; I let them play on their own theme, then we mix and it's something else. It really is *DNA Meets E = MC²*, believe me." Coleman took his troupe on the road (or more accurately, into the skies), visiting London, Berlin, and with all 11 musicians, Boston. Following a Town Hall concert for the JVC Jazz Festival in New York, Coleman and Prime Time flew to Europe to perform his symphony *Skies Of America*, rearranged and conducted by John Giordano, in Verona, Italy. But before he left, the man whose motto is "I'd like to go out in space tonight" sat for a wide-ranging non-linear chat. He wore loose summer clothes, drank Campari and soda, ate vegetarian pasta, and asked the first question.

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ORNETTE COLEMAN: So how did you get into writing?

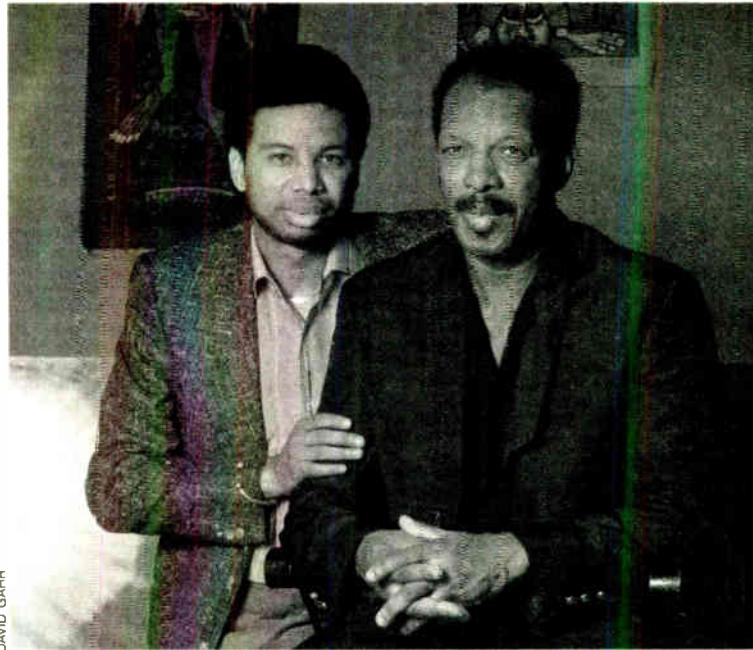
HOWARD MANDEL: I've been writing since I was very young.

OC: That's the way it was with me to write music. I never knew it was so horrible 'til I got in it; I thought you find out what you want to do, go and join the people doin' it, and then you live happily ever after. But it's not like that. It's a business. Monkey business.

HM: Once you're in it, you've got to keep applying yourself.

OC: Especially instrumental music. Although instrumental music is really the backbone of all music, except language, it suffers. When I had my place on Prince Street, I wanted to not worry about categories, and have people playing all kinds of music, regardless of instrument—it could be a kazoo, or a violin, anything. In the Western world, there's only a few instruments that people adopt to a lead, like the saxophone or the guitar. You can't have a person with a jew's harp be the leader of a band. But why not? It's just another sound.

There's not one instrument more refined . . . when you see an African person taking a little handmade instrument and blowing your mind, you know the bassoon is not the only instrument that can have new properties to it. So that's why I'm very much interested in sharing information to every human being on the earth who is interested in playing music, whether they want to be



DAVID GAHR

Denardo and Ornette Coleman.

called a musician or not. That doesn't matter.

Basically, all the music in the Western world that's tempered is played on the same notes; the solfeggio system is still used today to get people to say, 'Well, you're flat or you're sharp, you can sing or you can't.' Imagine what it was before they had that. No one was concerned about it. Everyone was concerned about how they felt, how good or bad the person could do what they were doing. To me, lots of intellectual things have eliminated the naturalness in human beings. And it has really castrated lots of the pureness of people's hearts.

HM: Have you heard La Monte Young's *The Well-Tuned Piano*?

OC: I know La Monte from California in the '50s; you ever hear him play alto? He was very good. Anyway, what about it?

HM: It's in just intonation, and it's very beautiful; there's sound that's not played but that emerges from the overtones.

OC: Well, the overtone system accounts for maybe 90 percent of rock in music, and in jazz, it's the emotional stimulation. For instance, the dominant seventh—most everybody who says they play blues uses either the minor third or dominant seventh to decide they're playing the blues. Now, the blues is a word, but in music it's just a form, and people confuse it. They use it to describe pain and sorrow, but you can have happy-sorrow, or sad-happy. And it's misleading, because when you hear Maria Callas sing in opera that her lover's going to die because he got caught looking at someone's old lady, that's really the blues. You don't have to have John Lee Hooker there.

You know what's incredible? Every time I read a review of my record, it says I'm the only one soloing. That's incredible, because that's all Prime Time's doing. I'm the one that's stuck—they're the ones that are free. Because people hear the horn standing out in front, they think that I am doing the soloing, but that's just the sound of the instruments. I mean, when you hear my band, you know that everybody is soloing, harmologically. Here I am with a band based upon everyone creating an instant melody, composition, from what people used to call improvising, and no one has been able to figure out that that's what's going on. All my disappointment about it just makes me realize how advanced the music really is.

I think 90 percent of what's called folk music and primitive music is probably the most advanced thing in melody today. Because how many combinations can you use to write the blues, or to write an aria? All those combinations have been used and

used the last 100 years. Somebody that's growing up and discovers the blues or jazz—all you hear is how he feels playing it. The format is old as water.

HM: It occurs to me that you're making changes in the music business the same way you're making changes in music.

OC: Well, they go together. Most of the people—the agents, the managers, the record people—are in the music business because they actually care about their positions, and some of them care about music, and care about the performers. When I was at CBS, Janis Joplin had this record out, *Me And Bobby McGee*, and this guy, Clive Davis' assistant, was into that music like he was into doing brain surgery. He heard it on that level. He wasn't into what I was doing, but he was into *that* music. And I admire that.

I still have the music that I taped in Joujouka. I'm going to put it out as soon as I can get a true business relationship with the people that control the music business.

HM: Do you think of your relationship with Caravan of Dreams as a holding pattern?

OC: It wouldn't have to be, but the people in the Caravan, they're all artists in their own way. They're the kind of artists that are pure in their minds, they're not seeking publicity to be an artist. So their relationship to me is that they respect what I do and what I've gone through to get where I am. They say, 'We want to record you, but we're not trying to exploit you and make lots of money.' So therefore I haven't had a major campaign to bring me to millions of people, like if I was Bruce Springsteen. Sound is all people hear in their ears, whether it's Bruce Springsteen or me. It's who's behind me that has to do with success. I'm not displeased at all with what Caravan has done for me and with me. It's just that they're not really trying to get behind me and make me millions of dollars. But I'm trying to get them to think that way.

HM: There must be someone business-minded working with them.

OC: Denardo is the closest one I know doing that.

HM: It's wonderful that you're letting so much of your music out now.

OC: I've always been interested in getting it out. With Caravan, I feel comfortable about their interest in what I'm capable of doing.

HM: Does it encourage you to be more active now that Denardo's been taking care of business for you?

OC: That's probably 90 percent of it. And the other 10 percent is just that I have wanted to make sure that it has some meaning, a reason for doing it.

HM: Tell me about the new recording with your old quartet.

OC: It sounded to me like when I first met them, as if we were starting all over. Only you hear that they've been playing their instruments longer.

I've found that most classical, jazz, and pop people have adapted to the perfect format: the melody. Whatever the melody is. If you hear Sarah Vaughan sing a melody and Linda Ronstadt sing a melody, they both sing beautifully, but some people prefer the jazz version because they like jazz. That's become less of a problem to me because I realize the melody itself will never change. It's the phrasing. Like if you play the melody and you put yellow in it, and I play the melody and put blue, that's all that you really see, the color in the melody; the melody always stays the same. What I want to do is to make the *coloring* the melodies. Not to *color* the melody, but make the melody the actual statement itself. We do that in Prime Time. That's what it is.

In Prime Time the melody can be the bass line, the modulation line, the melody, or the second or third part. In fact, that's how I see harmolodics. That you can take any melody, and use it as a



DAVID GAHR

Prime Time, from upper left, Charles Ellerbee, Denardo Coleman, Albert McDowell, Calvin Weston, Bern Nix, Ornette, Jamaaladeen Tacuma.

bass line. Or as a second part. Or as a lead. Or as a rhythm. I do it in all the music that I play.

HM: Maybe when critics write that they only hear you soloing, it's because they only hear one thing going on at a time.

OC: But that's not true.

HM: You're right, it's not true. But it's easy for them to hear one thing, rather than several things . . .

OC: Oh, I see what you're saying. But take the human body. You're looking at me, right? You're breathing, right? You're thinking, right? You're chewing, right? And you're feeling. Is that one thing? Yet you're still the same person. So what is the big deal? You're looking at me, you're breathing, you're feeling, you're talking, and you're chewing all at the same time, and you're not disturbed. Someone has created this insecurity about relating to the multiple properties that you're capable of enjoying. And that's not right.

HM: You were saying that you want *Prime Time* to inject the color into the songs, and you want the color to be the melody. It seems you set up certain format that's very flexible within, but the structure stays the same from song to song.

OC: I don't think so. What you just described is the way the instruments are resolving because of the instrumentation itself. Familiarity with form is the structure of the instruments. But the way I use the guitars . . .

HM: Some groups very self-consciously use their different combinations to try to make the colors more expansive. The Art Ensemble, for example.

OC: I'm sure what we're talking about is how someone else worked that problem out for themselves. Now, remember the



DAVID GAHR

Billy Higgins, Don Cherry, Charlie Haden, and Ornette.

two things I'm trying to emphasize: that melody is only unison, it's not melody. Melody is only unison. But there are as many unisons as there are stars in the sky. In music, the thing we're talking about in those colors has a lot to do with who's actually playing, and what level they're playing.

db



DONNA PAUL

ORNETTE COLEMAN'S EQUIPMENT

Ornette Coleman says that his alto saxophone is "a Selmer that goes down to a low Concert C," which he plays using either of two mouthpieces—a Berg Larsen or a Bundy. His reeds vary from #1½ to #3, but he usually uses a #2½. "I try to find old reeds," he says, "but I have been using Rico standards." His other instruments include a Schilke trumpet and a violin with "a very good sound" given him by a friend a couple of years ago, which he doesn't know the make of.

ORNETTE COLEMAN SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

OPENING THE CARAVAN OF DREAMS—Caravan Of Dreams 85001	THE GREAT LONDON CONCERT—Artistas-Freedom 1900
PRIME DESIGN/TIME DESIGN—Caravan Of Dreams 84012	AT THE GOLDEN CIRCLE VOL. 1—Blue Note 84224
IN ALL LANGUAGES—Caravan Of Dreams 85008	AT THE GOLDEN CIRCLE VOL. 2—Blue Note 84225
OF HUMAN FEELINGS—Antilles 2001	ORNETTE—Atlantic Jazzlore 29
SOAPSDUDS SOAPSUDS—Artist House 6	ORNETTE ON TENOR—Atlantic 1394
BODY META—Artist House 1	FREE JAZZ—Atlantic 1364
DANCING IN YOUR HEAD—A&M Horizon 722	THE ART OF THE IMPROVISERS—Atlantic 1572
SKIES OF AMERICA—Columbia 31562	TOWN HALL 1962—ESP 1006
BROKEN SHADOWS—Columbia 38029	THIS IS OUR MUSIC—Atlantic 1353
SCIENCE FICTION—Columbia 31061	CHANGE OF THE CENTURY—Atlantic 1327
CRISIS—Impulse 9187	THE SHAPE OF JAZZ TO COME—Atlantic 1317
FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS—Flying Dutchman 123	TOMORROW IS THE QUESTION!—Contemporary 7569
ORNETTE AT 12—Impulse 9178	SOMETHING ELSE!—Contemporary 7551
WHO'S CRAZY—Affinity 102	
THE EMPTY FOXHOLE—Blue Note 84246	
LOVE CALL—Blue Note 84356	
NEW YORK IS NOW—Blue Note 84287	
CHAPPAQUA SUITE—Columbia (Japan) 13-14	
	with Pat Metheny
	SONG X—Geffen 24096

35th ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL CRITICS POLL

HALL OF FAME

In an unprecedented three-way tie, the down beat Hall of Fame inducts three new members this year. It's particularly appropriate that together these players cover the entire history of classic jazz from the New Orleans era to the modern period. So, chronologically, here are Hall of Fame inductees 65, 66, and 67.

JOHNNY DODDS (1892-1940)

That clarinetist Johnny Dodds should become a Hall of Fame member nearly a half-century after his death is testimony enough to the enduring importance of his recorded work, which is concentrated almost entirely in the 1923-29 period. Dodds was born in New Orleans in 1892. By the time he moved to Chicago in 1920—where he would remain for the rest of his life—the raw, sweet-and-sour passion of New Orleans was in his bones for good and would never leave. He played with a rich, dark murmur in the low register and had a triumphant, almost operatic nobility in the middle and upper registers. His playing always shook with a hair-raising, emotion-packed vibrato. On slow blues his attack could be remarkably legato, although his most famous work with the Louis Armstrong Hot Fives and the Jelly Roll Morton Hot Peppers tends to be a bit staccato. Rhythmically, the lines were a simple mix of quarter and eighth notes. Shades of Dodds can be heard in the earliest Benny Goodman. Dodds, however, was virtually influence immune. His integrity was immovable. When jazz moved on to Swing, Dodds stood pat. Only two sessions catch him in later years, and they are pure New Orleans. By the time he made his first records he was 31. He had a style that fulfilled his concepts to perfection. Nothing was ever redefined. Nothing needed to be. The best summary distillation of the 200 or so records Dodds made is the Time-Life *Giants Of Jazz* set.

TEDDY WILSON (1912-86)

Teddy Wilson may have influenced more pianists than any other single player of the pre-bop era outside of Earl Hines. Inspired himself by Hines, Fats Waller, and Art Tatum, Wilson etched out a smooth, streamlined blending of their work that quickly acquired such a strong identity that it became the quintessential center for the third major kingdom of piano after ragtime and stride. He first emerged in full form on the Benny Carter big band and small group sessions of October 1933.

Wilson lightened the rhythmic function of the left hand with soft 10ths, while freeing

HALL OF FAME

- | | |
|---|-------------------|
| 6 | Johnny Dodds |
| 6 | Thad Jones |
| 6 | Teddy Wilson |
| 5 | Kenny Clarke |
| 5 | Freddie Green |
| 5 | Mary Lou Williams |
| 4 | Lionel Hampton |
| 4 | Jo Jones |



the right hand to create linear, single-note improvisations. All that was left for the bebop pianists to do a generation later was replace the bass rhythm line with punctuating chords to guide the increasingly intricate explorations of the right hand. Where Tatum was a dazzling virtuoso, Wilson was accessible. Where Hines was unexpected and surrounded by a big band, Wilson was symmetrical and worked entirely in small groups during his seminal years—primarily with the Benny Goodman trio, quartet, and sextet; plus the elite ad hoc studio combinations that often paired him with Billie Holiday. He also made a number of solo and trio dates between 1935 and '46. These, along with his superb big band dates of 1939-40, form a body of recorded work that places Wilson in the pantheon of jazz greats.

THAD JONES (1923-86)

Thad Jones' career began at the threshold of bebop in the mid-'40s. He came to national prominence when he joined the Count Basie band in the spring of 1954. Although his abilities as major trumpet soloist quickly won him praise, it wasn't until he left Basie in 1963 that his talents as a writer/arranger began to surface. He wrote for Harry James and arranged an entire album for Basie. In 1965 he took control of his musical life when he and drummer Mel Lewis formed their joint band which played weekly at the Village Vanguard. It was a "rehearsal band" of top New York musicians (Eddie Bert, Snooky Young, Jimmy Knepper, Jerry Dodgion, Roland Hanna, Pepper Adams, et al) who supported themselves with studio work while playing with the Jones/Lewis band out of love of the music. Playing a book largely penned by Lewis, the band became among the most honored new bands of the late '60s, its only competition among newcomers being Buddy Rich. The music that caused all the excitement is still available on reissues of the original Solid State and Blue Note LPs. It's still among the most exciting big band music of the post-war period, and it's the body of work that elevated Thad Jones from the rank of top sideman to one of the major forces in the jazz world of the '60s and '70s. In the early '80s Jones left the band in Lewis' hands and moved to Europe. After the death of Count Basie, Jones was asked to carry on that band, which he did until his death.

—john mcdonough

LIFETIME ACHIEVEMENT AWARD

This year, the editors of *down beat* are pleased to add David Baker to its list of Lifetime Achievement Award recipients. This award has been given annually since 1981 to an individual whose life's work has been pivotal in furthering the evolution of jazz. Previous awardees have been John Hammond, George Wein, Leonard Feather, Dr. Billy Taylor, Lawrence Berk, and Orrin Keepnews.

This award culminates over three decades of pioneering, intense, and effective service to the jazz field by David Baker. He stands among the first educators who have carried the teaching of jazz music into traditional

settings of universities and conservatories. He is currently head of the Jazz Department of Indiana University's School of Music, where he received, in 1986, the President's Award for Distinguished Teaching. In addition, he has taught at over 45 colleges, universities, or conservatories in the United States and in approximately six countries. He has served as a consultant on jazz education curriculum to the Royal Danish Conservatory; New South Wales Conservatory and Secondary School System, Sidney, Australia; secondary school systems in Sweden; Oberlin Conservatory, and Rutgers University, to name a few.

His expertise has not gone unnoticed in jazz. He was elected to the National Association of Jazz Educators' Hall of Fame, nominated for a Pulitzer prize and a Grammy Award. In 1983, he received the Outstanding Achievement in Business and the Professions Award: Arts/Music/Theatre from the Leadership Development Center, Indianapolis.

David Baker's broad view and perspective of the jazz arena is not without foundation. He established himself as an accomplished musician before entering academia, studying and performing with J. J. Johnson, George Russell, John Lewis, and Gunther Schuller, among others. Throughout the years, he has continued to perform, record, arrange, and compose. His most recent jazz composition for full orchestra, *Ellingtones*, was commissioned by the New York Philharmonic and



the world premier was performed in June of this year by that orchestra with Dexter Gordon.

His writing has significantly added to the body of knowledge and teaching of jazz music. His books on jazz techniques are used as standard textbooks in schools throughout this country and the world. These include titles such as *Advanced Ear Training For The Jazz Musician*, *Arranging And Composing For The Small Ensemble*, *Contemporary Techniques For The Trombone*, *Jazz Improvisation: A Comprehensive Method Of*

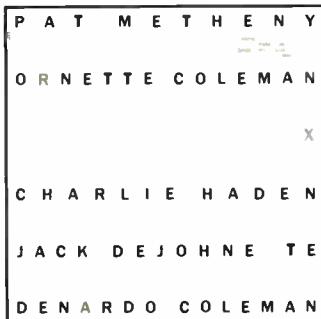
Study For All Players (English and German), and *Jazz Pedagogy: A Comprehensive Method Of Jazz Education For Teacher And Student*.

A talented man of great ability, academic strength, and boundless energy, David Baker has long been recognized as one of the more effective leaders in the jazz field, music world, and the arts. He is a founding member and the first president of the National Jazz Service Organization, whose purpose is to nurture the growth and development of jazz music as an American art form. Under his leadership, the National Jazz Service Organization has a program of technical assistance services to jazz artists and organizations and a publications program of original documents for and about jazz. Last year, the Organization published the results of a comprehensive survey of the American jazz music audience. His early leadership as chairman of the Jazz Panel of the National Endowment for the Arts brought about a significant increase in recognition and support of jazz at the national level. His recent appointment by the President of the United States, and subsequent confirmation by the Senate, to the National Council on the Arts represents the first time in over a decade that jazz has been considered at this level. His six-year term as a member of the National Council on the Arts began May, 1987.

We are pleased to salute David Baker, educator, author, and administrator, with the 1987 **down beat** Lifetime Achievement Award.

RECORD OF THE YEAR

- | | |
|----|---|
| 13 | Pat Metheny/Ornette Coleman, <i>Song X</i> (Geffen) |
| 7 | Wynton Marsalis, <i>J Mood</i> (Columbia) |
| 4 | Miles Davis, <i>Tutu</i> (Warner Bros.) |
| 4 | Joe Henderson, <i>State Of The Tenor</i> , Vol. 1 (Blue Note) |
| 4 | Brantford Marsalis, <i>Royal Garden Blues</i> (Columbia) |
| 4 | Various Artists, <i>Round Midnight</i> (Columbia) |
| 4 | World Saxophone Quartet, <i>Plays Ellington</i> (Nonesuch) |



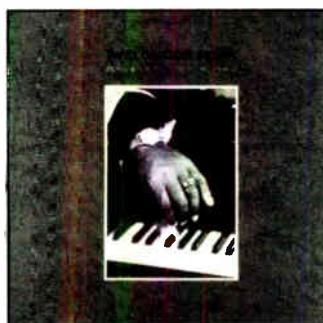
REISSUE OF THE YEAR

- | | |
|----|---|
| 10 | Duke Ellington, <i>The Blanton/Webster Years</i> (RCA/Bluebird) |
| 10 | Thelonious Monk, <i>The Complete Riverside Recordings</i> (Riverside) |
| 7 | Various Artists, <i>The Complete Keynote Collection</i> (PolyGram) |
| 4 | Steve Lacy, <i>The Complete Jaguar Sessions</i> (Fresco Jazz) |
| 4 | Oliver Nelson, <i>Blues And The Abstract Truth</i> (MCA/Impulse) |
| 4 | Bud Powell, <i>The Complete Blue Note Recordings</i> (Mosaic) |



RECORD LABEL

- | | |
|----|-----------------------|
| 13 | Black Saint/Soul Note |
| 9 | Blue Note |
| 4 | BlackHawk |
| 4 | Mosaic |



BIG BAND

- | | |
|----|-------------------------------|
| 89 | Gil Evans |
| 83 | Sun Ra |
| 66 | Toshiko Akiyoshi/Lew Tabackin |
| 54 | Count Basie |
| 37 | Mel Lewis |
| 31 | David Murray |
| 19 | Woody Herman |



JEFF THIEBAUT

Talent Deserving Wider Recognition

- | | |
|----|-------------------------------------|
| 48 | Willem Breuker Kollektief |
| 26 | Pierre Dørge's New Jungle Orchestra |
| 24 | David Murray |
| 23 | Vienna Art Orchestra |
| 16 | Rob McConnell's Boss Brass |
| 15 | American Jazz Orchestra |
| 15 | Jaki Byard's Apollo Stompers |
| 14 | George Russell |
| 14 | Edward Wilkerson's Shadow Vignettes |
| 12 | Vic Vogel |
| 10 | Illinois Jacquet |

ACOUSTIC JAZZ GROUP



VERYL OAKLAND

- 52 **Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers**
50 Phil Woods Quintet
49 Art Ensemble of Chicago
47 Pullen/Adams Quartet
47 World Saxophone Quartet
23 Wynton Marsalis
22 Henry Threadgill Sextett
18 David Murray Octet
17 Abdullah Ibrahim's Ekaya
15 Modern Jazz Quartet
10 Lester Bowie's Brass Fantasy
10 Jack DeJohnette's Special Edition
TDWR
- 31 **Blanchard/Harrison Quintet**
30 Abdullah Ibrahim's Ekaya
22 Pullen/Adams Quartet
17 Henry Threadgill Sextett
16 Ganellin Trio
16 David Murray Octet
15 Sphere
14 Dave Holland Quintet
13 World Saxophone Quartet
12 Rova Saxophone Quartet
10 Wynton Marsalis

ELECTRIC JAZZ GROUP



ANDY FREEBERG

- 82 **Ornette Coleman & Prime Time**
77 Miles Davis
37 John Scofield
35 Pat Metheny Group
17 Chick Corea Elektric Band
14 Steps Ahead
11 Wayne Shorter
10 Ronald Shannon Jackson & Decoding Society
10 James Blood Ulmer
TDWR
- 35 **Bass Desires**
34 Jamaaladeen Tacuma
18 John Scofield
14 Azymuth
13 Ronald Shannon Jackson & Decoding Society

COMPOSER

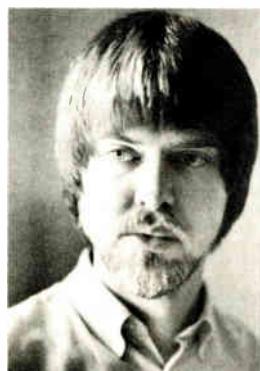
- 64 **Carla Bley**
48 Toshiko Akiyoshi
31 Ornette Coleman
29 Henry Threadgill
26 George Russell
21 Anthony Davis
21 Abdullah Ibrahim
19 David Murray
19 Wayne Shorter
12 John Lewis
11 Benny Carter
TDWR
- 47 **Henry Threadgill**
23 Dave Frishberg
15 Abdullah Ibrahim
14 Anthony Braxton
13 Willem Breuker
13 John Carter
12 David Murray
10 Clare Fischer

ARRANGER

- 112 **Gil Evans**
40 Toshiko Akiyoshi
35 George Russell
28 Carla Bley
25 Sun Ra
12 Benny Carter
10 Bob Brookmeyer
10 Quincy Jones
TDWR
- 33 **Mathias Rüegg**
19 David Murray
14 Mischa Mengelberg
12 Abdullah Ibrahim
12 Bill Kirchner
11 Willem Breuker
10 Julius Hemphill

TRUMPET

- 102 **Lester Bowie**
71 Wynton Marsalis
37 Miles Davis
34 Don Cherry
30 Woody Shaw
26 Dizzy Gillespie
21 Tom Harrell
19 Freddie Hubbard
16 Terence Blanchard
12 Ruby Braff
12 Art Farmer
11 Clark Terry
10 Chet Baker
TDWR



TROMBONE

- 72 **Ray Anderson**
72 **Jimmy Knepper**
56 Craig Harris
30 J.J. Johnson
29 Albert Mangelsdorff
27 Curtis Fuller
17 Roswell Rudd
16 Bob Brookmeyer
16 Steve Turre
12 Al Grey
12 Slide Hampton
10 George Lewis
TDWR
- 62 **Steve Turre**
26 Craig Harris
24 Al Grey
21 Frank Lacy
17 Robin Eubanks
16 Paul Rutherford
13 Conrad Bauer
11 George Lewis
10 Dan Barrett

SOPRANO SAXOPHONE

- 153 **Steve Lacy**
63 Wayne Shorter
43 Dave Liebman
36 Bob Wilber
29 Evan Parker
26 Branford Marsalis
18 Jane Ira Bloom



TENOR SAX

- 90 **Sonny Rollins**
53 Stan Getz
53 David Murray
44 Joe Henderson
23 Dexter Gordon
15 Johnny Griffin
15 Warne Marsh
15 Bennie Wallace
14 Scott Hamilton
13 George Adams
13 Wayne Shorter
12 Clifford Jordan
11 Bud Freeman
TDWR
- 42 **Bennie Wallace**
41 Branford Marsalis
23 Ricky Ford
17 David Murray
17 Billy Pierce
15 John Gilmore
15 Odean Pope
12 Joe Henderson
11 George Adams
11 George Coleman
10 Bud Freeman
10 Johnny Griffin
10 Tommy Smith

BARITONE SAX

- 118 **Gerry Mulligan**
104 Hamiet Bluiett
45 Nick Brignola
26 John Surman
12 Cecil Payne
11 Ronnie Cuber



ALTO SAX

- 103 **Ornette Coleman**
97 Phil Woods
58 Benny Carter
34 Lee Konitz
21 Paquito D'Rivera
16 Anthony Braxton
16 Henry Threadgill
13 Donald Harrison
12 Oliver Lake
10 Arthur Blythe
TDWR
- 43 **Steve Coleman**
32 Frank Morgan
28 Tim Berne
27 Kenny Garrett
26 Donald Harrison
25 John Zorn
24 Bobby Watson
19 Paquito D'Rivera
16 Carlos Ward
13 Lee Konitz
11 Oliver Lake
10 David Sanborn

- 40 **John Surman**
29 Ronnie Cuber
24 Henry Threadgill
23 Howard Johnson
23 Charles Tyler
20 Nick Brignola
21 Cecil Payne
18 Hamiet Bluiett
17 Joe Temperley
10 Peter Brötzmann

CLARINET

- 115 **John Carter**
83 Buddy DeFranco
57 Eddie Daniels
45 Anthony Braxton
28 Alvin Batiste
23 Kenny Davern
14 Jimmy Giuffre
14 Phil Woods
TDWR
- 34 **Eddie Daniels**
30 Perry Robinson
25 Tony Coe
22 Alvin Batiste
22 Kenny Davern
14 Jimmy Hamilton
10 Bill Smith
10 Putte Wickman

FLUTE

- 182 James Newton
42 Frank Wess
41 James Moody
36 Sam Rivers
35 Lew Tabackin
TDWR
34 Henry Threadgill
19 Ira Sullivan
16 Frank Wess
14 James Moody
13 Sam Rivers
13 Bud Shank
11 Hubert Laws

VIOLIN

- 120 Stephane Grappelli
74 Billy Bang
59 Leroy Jenkins
56 John Blake
19 Michal Urbaniak
14 Jean-Luc Ponty
TDWR
37 Didier Lockwood
34 John Blake
31 Billy Bang
19 Svend Asmussen
19 L. Subramaniam
18 Krzesimir Debski
14 Akbar Ali
14 Claude Williams
12 Leroy Jenkins
12 Phil Wachsmann
11 Bernie Charles
10 Michal Urbaniak

VIBES



STEVE KAGAN

- 139 Milt Jackson
132 Bobby Hutcherson
77 Gary Burton
30 Lionel Hampton
23 Walt Dickerson
TDWR
52 Jay Hoggard
45 Khan Jamal
41 Walt Dickerson
18 Dave Samuels
13 Gunter Hampel
13 Mike Mainieri
12 Bobby Hutcherson
11 Steve Nelson
10 Karl Berger
10 Lionel Hampton

ACOUSTIC PIANO

- 89 Cecil Taylor
53 Tommy Flanagan
41 Don Pullen
34 Kenny Barron
28 Oscar Peterson
21 McCoy Tyner
13 Abdullah Ibrahim
12 Dave McKenna
11 John Hicks
TDWR
39 Geri Allen
25 Mulgrew Miller
23 Kirk Lightsey
22 Kenny Kirkland
17 Jaki Byard
15 Dave McKenna
15 Michel Petrucciani
14 Marilyn Crispell
14 Don Pullen
13 James Williams
12 Tete Montoliu
11 Adam Makowicz
10 Ran Blake
10 Misha Mengelberg
10 Errol Parker

ELECTRIC PIANO



SYNTHESIZER

- 73 Sun Ra
70 Joe Zawinul
44 Herbie Hancock
25 Chick Corea
25 Lyle Mays
12 Bill Frisell
TDWR
32 John Surman
14 Brian Eno
13 George Duke
10 Richard Teitelbaum

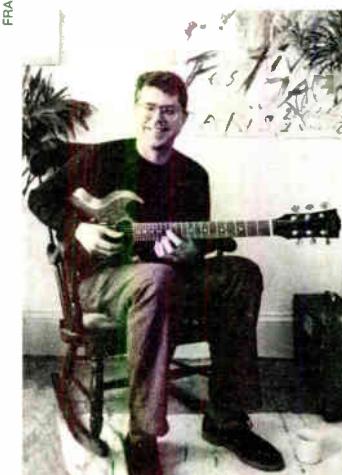
ORGAN

- 110 Jimmy Smith
59 Sun Ra
56 Jimmy McGriff
29 Carla Bley
27 Amina Claudine Myers
17 Jack McDuff
17 Shirley Scott
12 Groove Holmes
TDWR

- 38 Amina Claudine Myers
20 Shirley Scott
17 Eddy Louiss
16 Jack McDuff
14 Carla Bley
13 Don Pullen
11 John Patton

GUITAR

- 80 Jim Hall
56 John Scofield
50 Joe Pass
44 Kenny Burrell
36 Pat Metheny
32 Bill Frisell
15 Derek Bailey
14 Jimmy Raney
13 Stanley Jordan
12 Tal Farlow
11 James Blood Ulmer



ACOUSTIC BASS

- 104 Charlie Haden
62 Ron Carter
52 Dave Holland
36 Cecil McBee
32 Niels-Henning Ørsted Pedersen
26 Ray Brown
25 Milt Hinton
18 Rufus Reid
17 Fred Hopkins
15 Ray Drummond
15 Eddie Gomez
10 Malachi Favors Magoustad
TDWR
50 Charnett Moffett
35 Fred Hopkins
22 Cecil McBee
22 George Mraz
21 Marc Johnson
19 Harvey Swartz
18 Red Mitchell
13 Niels-Henning Ørsted Pederson
11 Mark Helias
10 Ray Drummond
10 William Parker

ELECTRIC BASS

- 117 Steve Swallow
64 Jamaaladeen Tacuma
39 Marcus Miller
30 Stanley Clarke
13 Jaco Pastorius



MITCHELL SEIDEL

MISCELLANEOUS INSTRUMENT

- 65 Toots Thielemans (harmonica)
51 Howard Johnson (tuba)
27 Abdul Wadud (cello)
24 David Murray (bass clarinet)
23 Anthony Braxton (misc. reeds)
21 Bob Stewart (tuba)
21 Steve Turre (conch shells)
19 David Grisman (mandolin)
TDWR
21 David Murray (bass clarinet)
21 Abdul Wadud (cello)
17 Vincent Chancey (french horn)
15 Andy Narell (steel drums)
15 John Surman (bass clarinet)
12 Diedre Murray (cello)

TDWR

- 28 Bill Frisell
28 Stanley Jordan
23 David Torn
21 Kevin Eubanks
19 Emily Remler
17 Howard Alden
15 Eugene Chadbourne
14 Ed Bickert
12 Bireli Lagrene
10 Martin Taylor

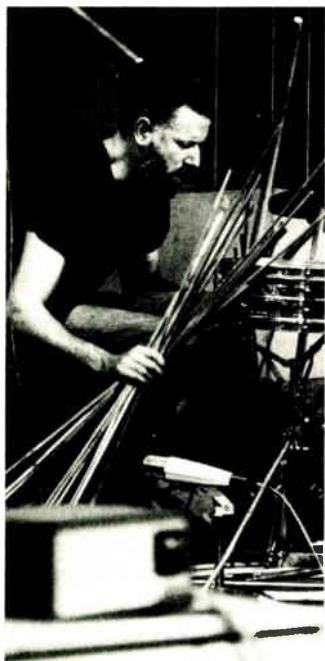
DRUMS

- 110 Max Roach
70 Jack DeJohnette
48 Art Blakey
35 Billy Higgins
32 Tony Williams
21 Ed Blackwell
21 Elvin Jones
13 Paul Motian
11 Roy Haynes
10 Andrew Cyrille
10 Al Foster
10 Buddy Rich
10 Marvin "Smitty" Smith
TDWR

- 45 Marvin "Smitty" Smith
43 Terri Lynn Carrington
27 Pharoah akLaff
21 Ralph Peterson Jr.
18 Jeff Watts
15 Billy Higgins
14 Ronnie Burge
13 Kenny Washington
10 Terry Clarke
10 Peter Erksine
10 Steve McCall

PERCUSSION

91	Nana Vasconcelos
45	Airto Moreira
44	Tito Puente
37	Famoudou Don Moye
17	Han Bennink
11	Pancho Sanchez
10	Daniel Ponce



TDWR

33	Han Bennink
26	Trilok Gurtu
26	Famoudou Don Moye
24	Mino Cinelu
17	David Moss
14	Jerry Gonzalez
10	Tito Puente
10	Günter Sommer

MALE SINGER



MICHAEL POINT

103	Bobby McFerrin
72	Joe Williams
66	Mei Torné
31	Ray Charles
21	Mark Murphy
13	Jimmy Witherspoon
11	Jon Hendricks

TDWR

43	Dave Frishberg
35	Mark Murphy
29	Chet Baker
15	Joni Hendricks
14	Doc Cheatham
13	Jack Bruce
12	Robert Wyatt
11	George Fame

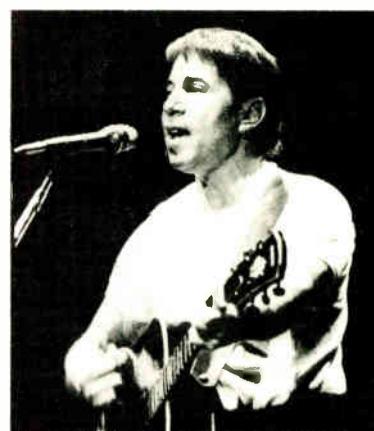
FEMALE SINGERS

106	Sarah Vaughan
67	Sheila Jordan
65	Betty Carter
37	Carmen McRae
28	Ella Fitzgerald
22	Helen Merrill
14	Chris Connor
13	Abbey Lincoln
13	Maxine Sullivan

TDWR

43	Sheila Jordan
24	Cassandra Wilson
22	Diane Schuur
17	Janet Lawson
16	Jay Clayton
16	Lauren Newton
14	Carmen Lundy
13	Meredith D'Ambrosio
10	Kate Westbrook

POP/ROCK GROUP



DONNA PAUL

30	Paul Simon
27	Stevie Wonder
25	Los Lobos
19	Sting
17	Miles Davis
11	Prince

12	Brave Combo
9	Tall Gators
8	Hüsker Dü

SOUL/R&B GROUP

61	Ray Charles
34	B. B. King
28	Neville Bros.
20	Robert Cray
19	Prince
18	Stevie Wonder
16	James Brown
11	Aretha Franklin
10	Johnny Copeland

30	Neville Bros.
26	Robert Cray
13	Lil' Ed & The Blues Imperials
8	Johnny Copeland

THE CRITICS

Following is a list of critics who voted in db's 35th annual International Critics Poll. Fifty-two critics voted this year, distributing nine points among up to three choices (no more than five points per choice) in each of two categories: Established Talent and Talent Deserving Wider Recognition. Selections in the Hall of Fame and various record categories received single points for each vote. The participants were:

Fred Bouchard: contributor, db; *Jazz Times*; *Quincy Patriot Ledger*.
Michael Boume: contributor, db; WBGO-FM (Newark).
Pawel Brodowski: editor, *Jazz Forum* (Poland).
W. A. Brower: db correspondent (Washington D.C.); writer/researcher/producer.
Roy Carr: special projects editor, *New Music Express* (England).
Chris Colombi: db correspondent (Cleveland); *Cleveland Plain Dealer*; WCPN-FM.
Philippe Carles: editor, *Jazz* (France).
Owen Cordle: contributor, db; *Jazz Times*; *Raleigh (NC) News & Observer*.
Francis Davis: author, *In The Moment: Jazz In The 1980s*.
Paul DeBarros: *Seattle Times*.
Chip Deffaa: contributor, db; *New York Post*.
John Diliberto: contributor, db; producer, *Totally Wired*.

Jose Duarte: Portuguese radio, tv, press.
Lofton Emenari III: *Jamm Sessions*; *Chicago Observer*; WHPK-FM.
Mitchell Feldman: db correspondent (West Germany); *Fachblatt*.
Leslie Gourse: contributor, db; writer.
Frank-John Hadley: contributor, db; *Jazziz*.
Randi Hultin: db correspondent (Norway); *Jazz Forum*; *Afterposten*.
Niranjan Jhaveri: critic; producer, *Jazz Yatra* (India).
Gene Kalbacher: contributor, db; publisher, *Hot House*.
Peter Kostakis: contributor, db.
Art Lange: editor, db.
Jeff Levenson: db correspondent (New York); *Hot House*.
Jaap Ludeke: db correspondent (Netherlands).
Kevin Lynch: contributor, db; WMSE-FM (Milwaukee).
Lars Lystedt: db correspondent (Sweden).
Jim Macnie: contributor, db; *Lover of the Bayou*.
Terry Martin: contributor, db; *Jazz Institute of Chicago Archives*.
John McDonough: contributor, db; *Wall St. Journal*.
Barry McRae: *Jazz Journal* (England).
Mark Miller: db correspondent (Toronto); *Toronto Globe & Mail*.
Dan Morgenstern: director, *Institute of Jazz Studies*, Rutgers University.

Yasuki Nakayami: editor, *Swing Journal* (Japan).
Michael Point: contributor, db; *Austin American-Statesman*.
Doug Ramsey: *Jazz Times*; *Texas Monthly*.
Jim Roberts: contributor, db; *Advocate* (MA & CT) newspapers.
Robert Rusch: editor, *Cadence Jazz Magazine*.
Gene Santoro: contributor, db; freelance writer.
Joel Simpson: db correspondent (New Orleans).
Mitchell Seidel: contributor, db; *Jazz Times*; photo editor, *Hot House*.
Chris Sheridan: contributor, db; *Jazz Journal*; Count Basie discographer.
Jack Sohmer: contributor, db; musician/teacher/writer.
W. Royal Stokes: contributor, db; *Jazz Times*; writer/broadcaster.
Andrew Sussman: *Fanfare*.
Ron Sweetman: CKCU-FM (Canada).
Luis Vilas-Boas: producer, *Cascais Festival* (Portugal).
Ron Welburn: contributor, db; *Jazz Times*.
Kevin Whitehead: contributor, db; *Cadence*; *Jazz Times*.
Russell Woessner: db correspondent (Philadelphia); *Philadelphia City Paper*.
Scott Yanow: contributor, db; *Jazziz*; *Cadence*; *Coda*.
Shoichi Yui: jazz critic (Japan).
Dieter Zimmerle: editor, *Jazz Podium* (West Germany); producer, SDR.

Don Preston

In some quarters, keyboardist Don Preston is best known as the first synth-wielding Mother of Invention—Frank Zappa's keyboardist aide de camp. To others, he is an avowed New Music experimentalist, whose work in theatre, with performance artist Rachel Rosenthal, Meredith Monk, and with assorted sonic daredevils is the stuff of underground acclaim. In the jazz orbit, Preston's credits have included Gil Evans, Carla Bley, Buell Neidlinger and, recently, work with Michael Mantler and with clarinetist John Carter.

What folks may not know about Preston is his handiwork on the scores of such films as *Android*, *Night Patrol*, *The Being*, and the forthcoming *Blood Diner*, a gore satire replete with severed heads. "You just hated yourself for laughing at it. I'm almost toying with the idea of doing porno films," Preston laughs wryly. "You don't have to write to people's heads getting cut off. Even *Apocalypse Now* had a decapitated head."

Film scoring, from helping to realize *Apocalypse Now* to less majestic efforts, has afforded Preston both a means of support and a chance to dabble with the styles of his

early musical heroes. "I was affected early on by Boulez, Xenakis, Penderecki. That's what I listened to more than anything, more than jazz. I was listening to Lennie Tristano, Lee Konitz, Miles. But my ear was always trying to get something new. That's always been very important to me, to try to strive to do something new. That's probably my goal in life."

That disposition towards new sound and new uses thereof shapes Preston's musical values. Sitting in his converted warehouse space in downtown Los Angeles, Preston recalled an encounter with John Coltrane in a

By Josef Woodard



Synthesizer
from
APOCALYPSE NOW
to **ZAPPA**

New York club in the '50s. "I was kind of chewing out Coltrane because he'd been playing in the same realm for all these years. I told him that everyone looked to him to see what direction to go in and it was his duty to try to take music further than it was. And then after that was when he started getting far out. A lot of people may hate me for that, but I always felt partly responsible for that change in his direction."

Now, Preston is carving his own path, personalizing electronics and adapting them for jazz contexts. His work with Carter, for instance, plays off of the clarinetist's innate timbral explorations. Thus, for all his acoustic proclivities, Carter has developed a keen interest in the workings of Preston's plug-in aesthetic. "Don is one of the pioneers in that whole area," Carter said of his keyboard compadre. "I don't think he gets nearly enough credit for the contributions he has made and the vast amount of knowledge he has acquired in electronic music."

"He really is very knowledgeable, number one—that should be number two. Number one, he's a very fine musician. What he chooses to do with the vast amount of knowledge that he has is really phenomenal sometimes."

Preston is happy to oblige, but has his own questions of originality. "John is interested in new sounds, and especially now he wants to get even more electronic, but I keep wondering—is it new, or is it old? I finally came to the conclusion that it doesn't matter. We're living in an age where there is no style. Nobody's coming up with anything new, but on the other hand, we're utilizing all these things that have already been done."

"I don't know about the other arts, but in music, this thing with the overtone series . . . when John Cage came in with random notes, where else can you go? You can't go anywhere beyond randomness. That's what God is—random. Maybe that's what he was trying to say."

"And then Harry Partch brings in all these in-between-the-tone tones. We can't go too much farther than that either—43 tones to the octave. And then electronic music came along with sliding tones. There were no accurate pitches. It's all been taken to the limit, so now we have to go restate things, do minimal music and get back to basics, I guess."

Regarding the naysaying of purists who feel that the synthesizer has no place in jazz, Preston is outspoken: "I think that's total bullshit. If it's a Korg 8000, that's what it is. Who's to say that's any less of an instrument than a Steinway grand or a good saxophone? It's just another instrument. Just because it's electronic, big deal. So is a Hammond B-3. What is a piano? It's just a machine. It's got these hammers that bang on strings."

Still, the importance of musical fundamentals is paramount in an age of user-friendly digital equipment. "Now we have sequencers which enable anybody to write a film score. I've heard a lot who have tried. You really have to develop your skills as an orchestrator, because, without that, you're



just going to have a bunch of garbage. Or you might get lucky."

The key, by Preston's ideal, is to retain the same spontaneity on the instrument—of whatever nature—as the soloist in action: a jazz approach to the means and the end. "If I'm soloing, my ultimate goal is to be out of my body, or at least out of my mind. I don't want to think about anything. If I am thinking about timbre or anything, I have to stop myself. That, to me, is where one has to be in order to create something really beautiful. You have to let go of everything. It's almost like you're following your notes."

Detroit-bred Preston grounded himself in jazz piano early in life, but got his first taste of real musical duty in the army, playing bass with, among lesser celebrities, Herbie Mann. Returning home to the Motor City, Preston elbowed his way into the best jazz situations he could, including sessions with a young Elvin Jones.

"Elvin was only about 18 himself. He had total independence—nobody could figure out why his members didn't try to follow one another. Unbelievable. The only challenge was . . . 'Oh, there's a white guy coming. [In a rapid count-off] One, two, one, two three, four . . .' When they found out that I could play those fast tempos, then they sort of let up on me."

Upon moving to Los Angeles in the late '50s, Preston fell into the double life of a jazz musician. For creative nourishment, he haunted such offbeat spots as Georgia Lee's Caprice, an after-hours club frequented by Ornette Coleman. The '50s were by no means a dry period in the musical area code of Los Angeles. "That was the time when

there were a lot of jazz musicians, because the only other music was commercial two-beat music. There wasn't any rock then. It was just starting and nobody knew what it was, except teenagers."

For sustenance, he played bowling alleys and Las Vegas, and occasionally landed a plum gig, such as touring behind Nat King Cole. "I always considered myself a musician and, whatever the job was, I could do it. That's how I made my living. And if that was with Vaughn Monroe, fine. Just pay me. There have been a few jobs that I didn't care for much. I never had a business sense, so I never thought of music as a business. I just took each day as it came, played jazz when it came and took these other gigs when they came along."

One connection cemented here was with the Bieys, Paul and Carla. He had met Paul in Florida in 1955 and later linked up on the West Coast, where they became friends and musical comrades. "He would sit down at the piano and play two choruses of the blues and then I would play two choruses and then Carla would have to sit down and play two choruses. We'd do that—circling around the piano—and that would go on for hours."

Preston's iconoclastic penchant found a home in an experimental gallery in the Silverlake area ("where the Radio Shack is now," he smirks) which he ran, steering such ad hoc bands as the Craden/Preston Ensemble, itself an offshoot of A.H.A.—the Aesthetic Harmony Assemblage. Preston's gallery became a meeting ground for a segment of L.A.'s cultural fringe, including trumpeter Don Ellis and the then-aspiring Frank Zappa, with whom Preston had auditioned, unsuccessfully, for a straight jazz gig. Though



EDWARD GLENDINNING



Stravinsky and Bartok and other composers in that realm. I don't think of myself as a contemporary classical composer in that aspect. I'm beginning to more and more as I get older. It's really a joy for me to write music like Stravinsky or like Bartok or anyone. It's a tremendous learning tool, and if I decide to become a composer, I will have had a lot of training."

But, quite apart from the survivalist rationale of some of his film work, he finds composing to be a necessary catharsis. "It's different for each piece," he explains of the writing process. "I sit there and tear my hair out for three days and I know I've forgotten how to write. I go through all the stages—self-denial, fear . . . and then finally I start writing and it comes out like butter. It's amazing. When I get one or two days in, it starts coming. It's usually the same process as playing a solo; I try to let it all come to me and then write it down. The best things I ever wrote just came to me."

If his scoring work has gone somewhat unnoticed, Preston's collaborations with Mantler and Carter are giving the keyboardist increased profile, as a rare bird in the realm of adventurous jazz synthesizer. He is slated to do work on producer Hal Willner's musical tributes to Duke Ellington and Walt Disney. But the most urgent item on Preston's present agenda is his own work-in-progress.

"I've been going round and round with this album project. What am I going to do? I'm a jazz musician. Am I going to play jazz? I'm also a rock musician. Am I going to play rock? I've always wanted to be an experimental music composer—whatever that is. Should I do that?"

Why not combine them all? "That goes against my grain in a sense, because then nobody knows what bin to put it in," he laughs. "I hate that, but it's true. I know people who have died because of that; they were unbinable. They just got stuck somewhere on the shelf. But I'm not going to let that govern my outlook."

"The main problem is being able to do what you want. Some labels want you to do real commercial synthesizer albums. The more you sell, the more money they make and the happier they are, but I'm not interested in that aspect. I'm just trying to do what I do, and if they don't like that, too bad; I can make money writing film scores."

Encouraged by the plurality of the contemporary music scene, Preston recalls a recent experience at a computer music festival in Japan. "I was in heaven—all these guys on the bill were budding Stockhausens . . . and they were really into jazz! I sat down and played some piano at a party and they were freaking out. Jazz has crossed the boundary. It used to be a dirty word—music that's not serious.

"What I see in art is that everything is focusing down to one kind of form. It may be called different things. It's all coming down to the form of art that's on a stage, that's graphic, that's music and everything. I love it. I wish somebody would name it." db

work was not forthcoming, Preston recognized in Zappa a like-minded rebel.

"I said, 'Hey, I have a group. We play improvisational music. Why don't you come sit in with us?' He said, 'Sure, okay.' We were improvising to films of microscopic life. He had some real unusual films. The first time, I couldn't believe it; here's this real strange looking guy with long hair and a beard. He looked like Rasputin," Preston laughs. "After I found out who he was, I let him in the house."

By the mid-'60s, the blossoming counter-culture was beginning to catch up with Zappa's audacious outlook; armed with a record contract, Zappa went about looking for a few good Mothers. Preston, needless to say, was enticed. "I auditioned and Frank said, 'I'm sorry Don, you don't know anything about rock & roll,' which I didn't. I never even played it and hardly even listened to it. After that, I got a bunch of jobs in rock bands."

Preston groomed himself into the band, and wound up posing some of the seminal applications of synthesizer in rock. He was a Mother for eight years, finding happy mediums between absurdist theatre, pop forms, and touches of the bizarre. "I had been doing all the avant garde-type music prior to that, and when we got in the band, that's what we would do. Sometimes that's all we'd do, especially when we got Bunk [Gardner] in the band. I'd been doing that stuff for years, so when we did it onstage, we were right at home."

The measure of fame awaiting Preston was in blissful counterpoint to the progressive bent of the music. "As far as becoming popular, I somehow was oblivious to it. It

DON PRESTON'S EQUIPMENT

For a main keyboard, Don Preston uses a Yamaha DX7, MIDId to a rack-mountable Korg EX 8000, the Yamaha TX 81Z and the Korg DSS-1 sampler and the Korg DDD1. His computers include an Atari 1040 and a Macintosh, utilizing Steinberg sequencer software. Effects-wise, Preston incorporates the Roland SRV 1000 digital reverb and a Korg triple function delay. In addition to current gear, he still finds use for older equipment, including such Buchla equipment as a sequencer, envelope detectors and band pass filters, and one of the earliest of synthesizer apparatus, a Moog theramin bequeathed to him by his father.

DON PRESTON SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

with Frank Zappa and The Mothers of Invention

WE'RE ONLY IN IT FOR THE MONEY—Verve 65045
ABSOLUTELY FREE—Verve 65013
RUEBEN AND THE JETS—Verve 65055
ROXY AND ELSEWHERE—Bizarre/ Reprise 2-2202
GRAND WAZOO—Bizarre/ Reprise 2093
BURNT WEENIE SANDWICH—Bizarre/ Reprise 6370
WEASALS RIPPED MY FLESH—Bizarre/ Reprise 2028
FILLMORE EAST—Bizarre/ Reprise 2042
UNCLE MEAT—Bizarre/ Reprise 2-2242
JUST ANOTHER BAND FROM L.A.—Bizarre/ Reprise 2075
WAKA JAWAKA—Bizarre/ Reprise 2094

with Carla Bley

ESCALATOR OVER THE HILL—JCOA 3-EOTH

with the Residents

ESKIMO—Ralph 7906

with Michael Mantler

ALIEN—ECM/Watt 15

with John Carter

DANCE OF THE LOVE GHOSTS—Gramavision 18-8704

happened so gradually that I wasn't really aware of it until much later. There were certain times when I'd look out into the audience and think 'That's incredible.' There would be little flashes, but most of the time I was too busy trying to play the music."

Preston's rock star chapter is long past, but, contrary to popular appearances, his musical activity never ceased. Even in the creatively subservient business of film-scoring, Preston finds it rewarding to emulate the music of his rewards. "There are a lot of pros and cons about that. I, for instance, really loved all the modern composers of the early '30s and '40s—like

MIKE STERN'S

By Bill Milkowski

It's another Wednesday night at the 55 Bar, a cozy little jazz haven just off Sheridan Square on Christopher Street in the heart of Greenwich Village. With a capacity of a mere 60 or so, this cramped nightclub is affectionately referred to as "The Dump" by those in the know.

For the past two years, this cozy site has been guitarist Mike Stern's home away from home. In some ways, it's been his salvation, his outlet for truly getting in touch with his own feelings through his instrument. Mike loves playing The Dump. No pressure, no cover, cool vibes, appreciative audiences, and plenty of room to stretch—it's the quintessential jazz club. And like most cramped, quintessential jazz clubs, the bread ain't great. But there are other rewards for probing improvisors.

On this particular Wednesday evening, Mike is burning up the joint with Jeff Andrews on bass and Adam Nussbaum on drums (though on other nights you might see Harvie Swartz manning the bass and Victor Lewis or Joey Barron or Ronnie Burrage on drums). They're stretching a mite. *All The Things You Are* goes on for 20 minutes. *Stella By Starlight* lasts a full 15. *Giant Steps* spirals on and on until Mike practically levitates off the stage (well, actually, there is no stage, per se. Just a small space in the corner next to a jukebox stocked with Billie Holiday, Charlie Parker, and Zoot Sims).

This is strictly a straightahead gig for Stern. Bebop and ballads played at moderate volume but with burning intensity. It's a more subdued burn than he's noted for; nothing like the aggressive concert rock he played with Miles Davis, and more swinging than the big backbeat stuff he did on his Atlantic debut, *Upside Downside*. This is trio jazz in the tradition of Jim Hall. The treble is turned down for this gig. And when the drummer pulls out brushes, it's walking-on-eggshells time.

The bar's regular patrons love this side of Mike Stern. In a way, they feel possessive about the Bebop Stern. The place never advertises, and the only way that people know who's playing is by word of mouth. So they dummy up, just like some New Yorkers try to keep the secret of an incredible, undiscovered Italian restaurant all to themselves. But already the word has gotten around. Even on rainy, windy, nasty nights when most sane people are safe and dry at home in front of their VCRs, this place is packed. That is, when Mike Stern is there.

Many of Mike's fans wish that someday he would just rent a remote truck, run cables through the bar and capture the vibe of a routine Wednesday night. No charts, no prepared sets. Just get the heads out of the way and take off from there—spontaneous composition. I envision a two-record set, *The Mike Stern Trio Live At The Dump*.

Of course, that isn't likely to happen. Stern loves stretching out, but he also knows that sort of thing generally appeals to guitar freaks and hardcore jazz fans, as opposed to the hordes of record buyers out there. Which is why *Upside Downside* has such a big backbeat and no brushwork. And besides, Mike is coming into his own as a composer. Since leaving the service of Miles, he's been concentrating heavily on writing tunes. He's currently studying with Edgar Grana of Juilliard and is actively contributing tunes to some of his pals for their solo projects—namely, Michael Brecker for his MCA/Impulse debut and Bob Berg for his Denon CD debut.

Mike is already working on material for his followup on Atlantic. And between touring with the Michael Brecker band (Jeff Andrews on bass, Adam Nussbaum on drums, Joe Caldorozzo—who recently replaced Kenny Kirkland—on keyboards) and doing trio gigs, his chops are razor-sharp. As we head into the latter stages of 1987, we find Mike Stern at the peak of his powers, right on top of his game—physically, mentally, musically. Which is a far cry from the Mike Stern of a few years ago. Those were darker days.

New Lease On Life



EDET ROBERTS

It's 5 a.m. Soon the sun will begin rising over the East River near Mike's Manhattan apartment. Another long night at The Dump. The cab pulls over at the corner of 23rd Street and Second Avenue and Mike jumps out with his trusty Broadcaster in hand, heading to the nearest 24-hour convenience store. In a minute, he returns with a pack of M&Ms. "It's my new vice," he grins, munching on a handful of the chocolate morsels.

Years ago, he had other, nastier vices. His final phase with Miles ('83) and his followup stint with Jaco Pastorius ('84) were hazy days indeed. Too much toot and cognac, and whatever else was around. It affected Mike's health—and his playing—to such a degree that he finally checked himself into a rehabilitation center to dry out and get back on the good foot. Things had really gotten out of hand—so far out that he almost didn't get back. He was *that* close to death. But Mike did the right thing and now he's a better man for it.

The first rays of sunlight creep into his apartment. Nearby, Mike's two fat, black cats are nosing around for food. "This one's Jimi and the other is Wes," he points out. Easy to guess who his main guitar influences are. He pours some coffee and opens up about his dark past and bright future.

"You know, sometimes I feel like I'm just starting to play," he begins. "Being straight now, drug-free—it's like a new lease on life. It's definitely a lot better for me, being straight. I can't speak for anybody else. Some people can get away with that. Not many. Not me. For me, there's no question about it. Whatever talent I have—if I have any—it [drugs] cut back on that."

He flashes that boyish Stern smile. "I feel better, I really do. Part of it is because I'm not getting high anymore. So I'm more centered now. Kind of cooled out. And I think it's helped my playing. It's tough to get a perspective on whether or not I'm growing because I'm overly critical of my playing. But I did have an opportunity to hear a tape recently that I did a few years ago at the old 55 Grand club, where I used to live and hang out when I played with Miles and Jaco. And I gotta say that at the very least I've gotten better since then. That was kind of an eye-opener for me, hearing that tape. It really made me feel more confident about my own playing now, which is something I've always had trouble with—having confidence and being able to accept compliments about my playing. But I'm getting better at it."

For anyone who witnessed Stern's downfall during those dark days, it is especially heartwarming to see him thinned down, cleaned up, and happy once again. He's returned from the nether-worlds. If there's a Comeback Of The Year award, Mike Stern has got my vote.

Stern had been with Miles Davis for three years before the maestro showed him the door. "I was getting too high and he said so," is how Mike tells it. "He said to cool out. And when Miles Davis tells you that, you gotta realize that something must be wrong. But it took me another year to realize it for myself. I went and played with Jaco's band (Kenwood Dennard on drums, Alex Foster on saxes, Melton Mustafa on trumpet, Don Alias on percussion). And in spite of what went down, there was some good music. But more often than not it was seriously hampered by the fact that things were pretty much a blur most of the time."

After doing his time in the rehab, Mike went out on the road with David Sanborn's band (Larry Willis on piano, Buddy Williams on drums, Tom Barney on bass, and Dr. Gibbs on percussion). "Then when I came off the road with David, I wanted to get a new place where I could just concentrate on playing and staying completely straight. That's when Jeff Andrews told me about the 55 Bar. So I went to the place and I figured, 'Great, nobody will find me here. It's the perfect place to hide out and woodshed,' which is exactly what I did. I'd go out on these short tours with Sanborn, then always come back to The Dump. I love to have a place in the city that I live in

that I can play in a couple nights a week, even if there's no money in it at all. I had that kind of thing in Boston with a couple of different clubs like the 1369 Club and The Willow, where I'd play with [saxist] Jerry Bergonzi. So finding a place in New York like this was great for me at the time." Just what the doctor ordered.

Ironically, Mike got called back by Miles in 1985 as a replacement for John Scofield, who had left the band to pursue his solo career. As Stern recalls, "When I was with Jaco's band, I'd run into Al Foster now and then, and every time I'd see him he'd say, 'You know, Mike, you could get that gig back with Miles if you were cool.' And when I finally got cool, Miles heard about it and called me. And believe me, I was really honored to be able to play with him in a situation where I was straight, which I hadn't done before. I was always pretty out before. So it was great to play with Miles under different circumstances."

Stern toured with Miles for about eight months before they eventually had their final parting of the ways. "I loved playing with Miles," he says. "I loved his music and I love what he's doing now. I mean, *Tutu* was great. He never ceases to amaze me. He just keeps moving on. So playing with Miles was a very inspiring experience for me. But on a personal level, we had our differences. He's a difficult guy to work for. I'm sure everyone knows that. And it got a little too difficult, that's all. But overall, it was a great, rewarding experience."

Playing with Michael Brecker today seems to be an equally rewarding experience for Stern. The two met over 10 years ago on a session for a solo album by Blood, Sweat & Tears vocalist David Clayton Thomas. As Mike recalls, "I was still living in Boston at the time and had just left my gig with BS&T, which is how I got called for this session. And naturally, Michael and his brother Randy were the hot studio cats in New York at the time, along with Sanborn. So they got called too."

"We met there and when I moved to New York and started playing with Miles in '81 I got to know Michael a little better. We jammed some at the 55 Grand club. But I didn't play with him again until he called me to tour with Steps Ahead, which was another great experience. That happened right after I left Miles. It wasn't really planned out at all. I didn't have anything else happening when I left Miles. Then all of a sudden Michael calls. Great timing."

Stern played a lot of Roland guitar-synthesizer for that Steps Ahead gig, which he views in retrospect as an "interesting" if not totally satisfying experience. "The technology isn't there yet," he says. "I think it's important to have as much control as possible, and I don't think any of the guitar-synths have near enough control yet. And it was hard because I had to fit the guitar-synth into music that was already set. With John Abercrombie, it's different because he's playing softer with a trio and they're playing around him. With Steps



EBET ROBERTS

Ahead I had to try and cut through the volume of the band. And with everybody MIDI-ed up the way they were, it got to be pretty loud.

"And the other thing about guitar-synths," he continues, "is that it's hard to play the blues on them. And I gotta hear some semblance of that. A lot of it, actually. That's what I love about Trane—his blues feeling. That's really how I got into guitar, from listening to cats like B. B. King and Buddy Guy and then, of course, Hendrix. So that's really roots for me."

With the Michael Brecker band, Stern is incorporating that blues feel into a format that shifts gears from swinging bebop to solid backbeat funk. "Michael's band is a little looser and more straight-ahead than Steps Ahead, which was more boxed-in because of the tight arrangements. That's just the kind of music it was, and I dug it for what it was. But in Michael's band we do a lot of stretching now—just like playing at the 55 Bar, in some respects. And Michael is just playing his ass off. It's inspiring just to be up there with him night after night, watching him burn like that."

Stern's been doing a fair amount of cooking himself lately, both on the road with Brecker and on record as a guest soloist. If you've already heard his blistering, heavy-metal blues wailing with Miles (particularly his smoldering work on the live *We Want Miles* album) or his more multi-faceted playing on *Upside Downside*, you may want to check out some other recordings to hear the other sides of Mike Stern. Harvie Swartz' *Smart Moves* on Gramavision is perhaps the best example on record of what Mike sounds like at the 55 Bar. Check out his Wes-like legato playing on Coltrane's moody *Equinox*. Or his warm, lyrical duet with Harvie on the Rodgers & Hart tune, *My Romance*, which is basically their take on the classic Ron Carter/Jim Hall duets. And on that album you can also hear Mike's only recorded example of acoustic guitar, on the uptempo *Mexico*. Not once during this session did Harvie tell Stern, "Turn it up or turn it off!" Then there's the ethnic-jazz-rock of

Steve Smith's *Vital Information*, and the orchestral sweep of his work with Mike Mantler.

If you seek out these albums, you may begin to piece together all the sides that make up Mike Stern. If you've only heard him on *The Man With The Horn*, *We Want Miles*, and *Star People*, you only have one piece of the puzzle. If you've seen him on tour with Steps Ahead, you've got another. If you catch him this year on tour with Michael Brecker, you'll have yet another piece. But given Stern's searching nature, the puzzle may never be totally complete. db

MIKE STERN'S EQUIPMENT

Mike Stern's main axe is a Fender Broadcaster, with a Bill Lawrence pickup in the treble position, and a Seymour Duncan humbucker near the neck. While on tour in Japan recently, he picked up a custom-made Moon guitar. "It's a perfect replica of my old Broadcaster," he explains. "The cat looked at it for five minutes and came back two days later with this guitar."

Stern's signal goes in stereo, split through a Peavey Musician top with a Guild/Hartke bottom, and a Yamaha G100-212 amp. Effects include a Yamaha SPX-90 harmonizer, a Boss OC-2 octaver, an Ibanez digital delay pedal, and a Boss distortion pedal.

He also uses a Chet Atkins electric nylon string guitar, and the Roland GR-300 guitar-synthesizer for work outside of the Michael Brecker band.

MIKE STERN SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

as a leader

UPSIDE DOWNSIDE—Atlantic 81656-1

with Miles Davis

STAR PEOPLE—Columbia 38657

WE WANT MILES—Columbia 2-38005

THE MAN WITH THE HORN—Columbia 36790

with Harvey Swartz

SMART MOVES—Gramavision 18-8607

URBAN EARTH—Gramavision 18-8503

with Vital Information

GLOBAL INFORMATION—Columbia 40506

with Mike Mantler

SOMETHING THERE—WATT/ECM 23786-1



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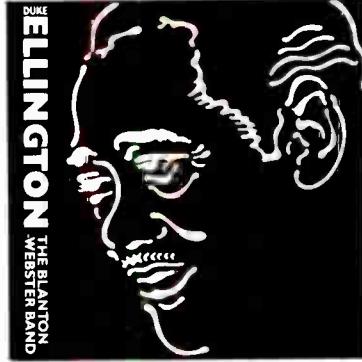
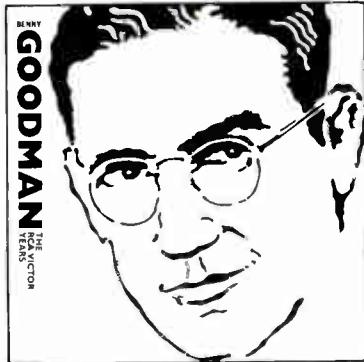
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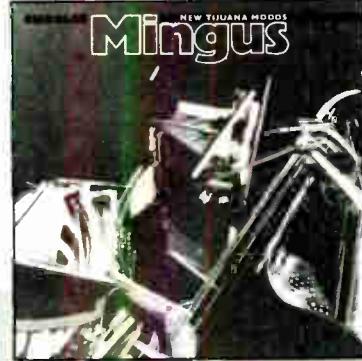
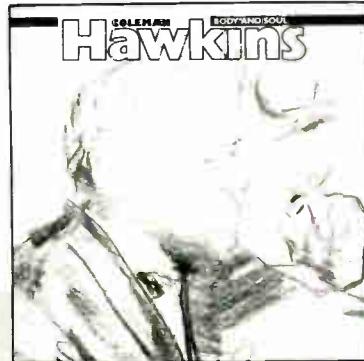
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record reviews

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



DR. JOHN

GRIS-GRIS—Alligator 3904: *GRIS-GRIS GUMBO YA YA; DANSE KALINDA BA DOOM; MAMA ROUX; DANSE FAMBEAUX; CROKER COURTBULLION; JUMP STURDY; I WALK ON GILDED SPLINTERS.*

Personnel: Mac Rebennack, keyboards, guitar, vocals; Steve Mann, guitar, banjo; Ernest McLean, guitar, mandolin; Plas Johnson, saxophone; Lonnie Bolden, flute; Harold Battiste, clarinet, bass, percussion; Al Frazier, Bob West, bass; John Boudreaux, drums; Ronnie Barron, Dave Dixon, vocals, percussion; Richard "Didimus" Washington, Mo Pedido, Jesse Hill, percussion; Tami Lynn, Sonny Ray Durdon, Joni Jones, Shirley Goodman, Prince Ella Johnson, vocals.

★★★★½

Recorded in Hollywood in late 1967 and first released on Atlantic's Atco label a year later, *Gris-Gris*, by "Dr. John, the Night Tripper," introduced to a national audience the pseudonymous Mac Rebennack, a 26-year-old veteran New Orleans pianist, guitarist, and studio hand, and created a musical genre all its own—"voodoo rock." Now, following its successful re-release of a later, more traditionally styled Dr. John LP, *Gumbo*, Alligator Records has reissued this singular classic of Crescent City psychedelia.

The album's producer, Harold Battiste, another seasoned New Orleans session man, felt that California was ready to be hoodooed; years later he confessed the original game plan to an interviewer: "We'll make [Dr. John] this mysterious character, and these people out here will . . . be ready to worship him." In fact, Rebennack had long taken an interest in Haitian and Louisiana voodoo, in the character of Dr. John, a legendary black conjure man of the mid-19th century. Using studio time booked for a Sonny and Cher album, Battiste allowed Rebennack to realize his musical fantasy with a brilliant cast of transplanted New Orleanians. Rebennack, never much of a singer, undertook the role of Dr. John himself only after his friend Ronnie Barron had declined the part.

Though poorly promoted, *Gris-Gris* sold well enough to win Rebennack his cult following, which he further cultivated with flamboyant stage antics. But even at the height of the hippie era, his music was simply beyond the grasp of most rock fans, and his incantatory lyrics struck many as sheer mumbo jumbo. Rebennack gradually toned down his act, ultimately emerging as a respected old master of New Orleans r&b. Meanwhile, a growing awareness of Crescent City culture and a reawakened interest in the music of the '60s

have made possible a deeper appreciation of his early, futuristic masterpiece.

From the electrifying, revelatory strains of Plas Johnson's tenor sax intro, *Gris-Gris Gumbo Ya Ya*—Dr. John's theme song—is a near-flawless gem, marred only by distracting stereo tricks. Even Rebennack's croaking vocals are appropriate in this exotic context. Much of the song's "psychedelic" effect can be attributed to the mandolin playing of Ernest McLean, whose guitar work had graced the earliest Fats Domino recordings, and the drumming of ex-Professor Longhair sideman John Boudreaux.

None of the other tracks quite measures up to the opener, but several come close, particularly *Mama Roux*, with its sizzling organ groove. Least successful are two conceptually ambitious pieces, *Danse Kalinda Ba Doom*—a percussive evocation of the calinda, the first known Afro-American dance—and *Croker Courtbullion*, a meandering attempt at free jazz. In the end it is the funkier side of *Gris-Gris* that endures, remarkably contemporary-sounding after 20 years. The music is no longer so mysterious, the musicians no longer anonymous, but behind the facade of snake-skin and glitter, Rebennack's youthful creativity shines more brightly than ever.

—larry birnbaum

fact, his plunger trumpet practically steals the album from the opening track forward. Young had been away from the Basie band for 21 years by this time, and sounds glad to be back with the boss in a stretch-out date. He sets a high level of performance in the first cut, *I'll Always Be In Love With You*, and almost nothing that follows slackens the crisp, taut level of playing. And then there's Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis (would anybody know who I meant if I just said "Eddie Davis"? I'll bet not. The power of a nickname!), who belongs to the Basie decade of the '60s. His bramble-bush sound and broken-field phrasing belong only to him. Freddie Green, who had just rejoined Basie after being hospitalized around this time, gives the already superb rhythm section a solid sounding cut that proclaims itself from the first note of *Always*—which, by the way, is one of those old tunes so basically correct in its chord movement it practically plays itself.

While much of the date is laidback and unhurried, *Blues For Charlie Christian* is a firm, rigid little riff that gives Joe Pass a shot at some of his most classically swinging playing in many LPs. More interesting still, it actually is a blues Christian might have played. Pass and Basie share a lazy *Confessin'*, while the other horns sit out. But the album's ace in the hole remains Snooky Young. This is an even better showcase than his two Concord LPs from the late '70s.

—john mcdonough



COUNT BASIE

MOSTLY BLUES . . . AND SOME OTHERS—Pablo 2310-919: *I'LL ALWAYS BE IN LOVE WITH YOU; SNOOKY; BLUES FOR CHARLIE CHRISTIAN; JAWS; I'M CONFESSIN'; I WANT A LITTLE GIRL; BLUES IN C; BRIO.*

Personnel: Basie, piano; Snooky Young, trumpet; Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis, tenor saxophone; Freddie Green, Joe Pass, guitar; John Heard, bass; Ron McCurdy, drums.

★★★★★

This Count Basie septet session from June 1983, 10 months before his death, brings us near the end of Basie's recording career. Happy to say, it produces one of his best small group LPs of the decade.

The Basie piano sounds more laconic than ever—a presence more than a force in the date, providing only the dots, leaving the listener to infer their relationships. It's proof of his method that no matter how wide the spread between his dots, he still makes them count mightily. Only on the fast *Blues For Charlie Christian* does his attack sound noticeably weak, even feeble in a few bars.

But Snooky Young is very much a force. In



CHICK COREA

TRIO MUSIC/LIVE IN EUROPE—ECM 1310: *THE LOOP; I HEAR A RHAPSODY; SUMMER NIGHT; NIGHT AND DAY; PRELUDE NO. 2; MOCK UP; HITTIN' IT; MIROVISIONS.*

Personnel: Corea, piano; Miroslav Vitous, bass; Roy Haynes, drums.

★★★★★

LIGHT YEARS—GRP 1036: *LIGHT YEARS; SECOND SIGHT; FLAMINGO; PRISM; TIME TRACK; STARLIGHT; YOUR EYES; THE DRAGON; VIEW FROM THE OUTSIDE.*

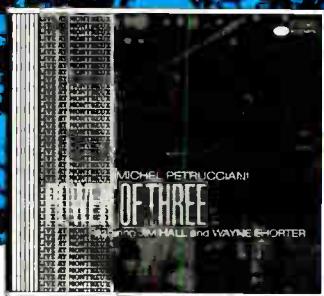
Personnel: Corea, electronic, acoustic keyboards; John Patitucci, electric, acoustic bass; Dave Weckl, electronic, acoustic drums; Eric Marienthal, alto, tenor saxophone (cuts 1-2, 5-6, 8-9); Frank Gambale (1, 5, 6, 9), Carlos Rios (3, 7), electric guitar.

★

The first of these releases, recorded in 1984, finds keyboardist/composer Chick Corea heading up a seasoned, well-lubed, flexible acoustic trio in concert. His longtime companions Miroslav Vitous and Roy Haynes, with

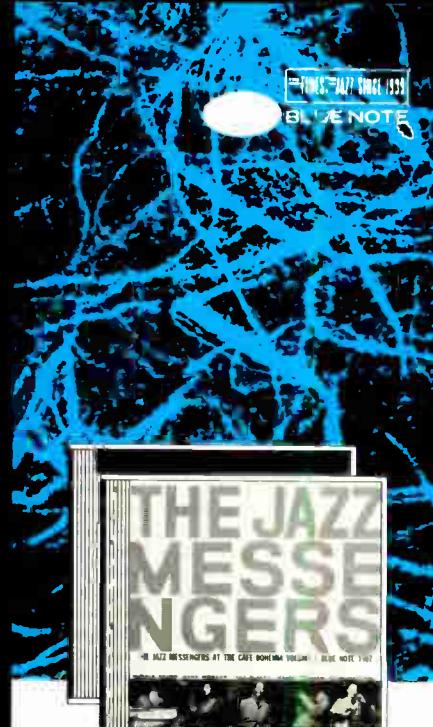
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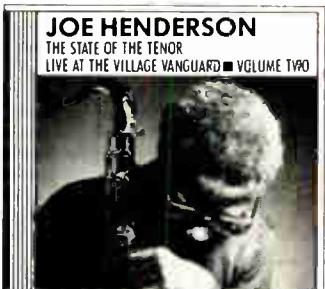
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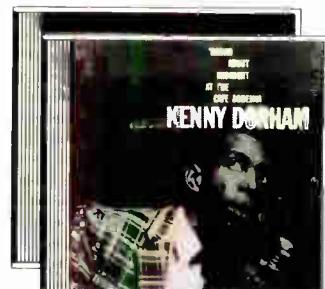
with Art Blakey, Horace Silver, Kenny Dorham, Hank Mobley & Doug Watkins.



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Total playing time: 65:41
Volume Two: CDP-7-46542-2
Total playing time: 56:50

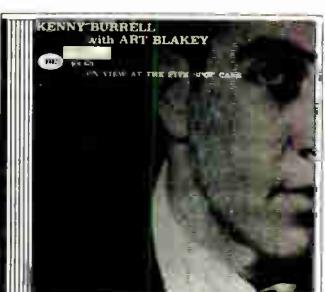
with Kenny Burrell, J.R. Monterose, Bobby Timmons etc.



Donald Byrd/*At the Half Note*

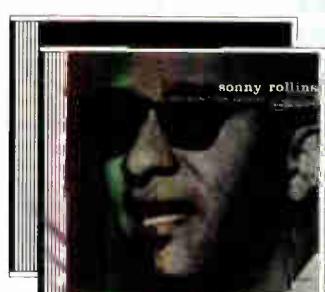
Volume One: CDP-7-46539-2
Total playing time: 63:43
Volume Two: CDP-7-46540-2
Total playing time: 58:32

with Pepper Adams, Duke Pearson etc.



Kenny Burrell/*Generation*

CDP-7-46756-2 Total playing time: 68:45
Burrell's debut album with his three-guitar plus rhythm ensemble with an extra 16 minute medley of jazz classics. Digitally recorded live at the Village Vanguard.



Sonny Rollins/*A Night at the Village Vanguard*

Volume One: CDP-7-46517-2
Total playing time: 57:20
Volume Two: CDP-7-46518-2
Total playing time: 66:59

with Wilbur Ware, Elvin Jones etc.



Art Blakey/*A Night at Birdland*

Volume One: CDP-7-46519-2
Total playing time: 50:20
Volume Two: CDP-7-46520-2
Total playing time: 52:20

with Clifford Brown, Lou Donaldson, Horace Silver etc.

whom he happily touches base from time to time in his career, as always prove highly companionable colleagues for these excursions. Together they blend into a warm, expansive sound, creating sonorities and fluxes on a par with the best of the trios led by Bill Evans and Keith Jarrett. This is a comfortable, homely environment for the group's collective imagination. Haynes' cymbals glimmer, his bass drum kicks with authority, his snare crackles with purpose. Vitous, an equal melodist, works in slide-slipping invention, grows, and swells to fruition.

Along the way Corea, his touch deft and elastic, heads his cohorts through some American popular music. There's a crisp, teasingly choppy *Night And Day* and an appropriately singing *I Hear A Rhapsody*. And in keeping with Corea's ongoing interest in the classics, there's also a resourceful, moving reading of a Scriabin prelude that melds neatly into *Mock Up*, a Corea original apparently inspired by Scientology that indeed is based on a clear mental concept. In short, this is finely spun

music, the kind that cleans out the ears and fires the imagination.

Alas, if the same could be said of *Light Years!* The premise for this release was foreshadowed on last year's *The Chick Corea Elektric Band* (GRP 1026), an album of crisp, bright, provocative sonorities and catchy rhythms, all melded together to produce some inspired neo-fusion. But somewhere on the way into Mad Hatter's studios to produce *Light Years*, the flame that illuminated *Elektric Band* was extinguished. Some purists, indeed, may find Corea's motivation in recording *Light Years* suspect. "My whole intent with *Light Years*, in terms of communication, was to take everything about my music and combine it with my intent to get across to a broad audience," Corea has stated.

But going commercial isn't the real issue. Some of the best American music created has sprung from a not-too-subtle impulse to reach a mass audience. Corea's intent aside, the only way we can validly judge *Light Years* is by assessing the quality of the final artifact, and

on these terms it falls short—not only of Corea's most recent work, but in comparison with Corea's not so immediate past, specifically his *Return To Forever* recordings.

Light Years gives us none of RTF's energy, style, or substance. Everything here seems blandly layered, with lines from Corea's Synclavier fashionably and not entirely successfully MIDled into Yamaha TX816s. For rhythmic feel, we get Dave Weckl's slapback snare spilling over into John Patitucci's fuzzy bass lines. Musical procedures seem perversely inverted; all's swollen and inflamed with blurred background, a faint foreground, and nothing save sogginess in-between.

It's really not asking too much of the sophisticated technology used in producing this album to require that it result in sound textures which are not soupy, rhythms which aren't stilted, and music which isn't all gesture, no substance. With these bare minimum production values gone haywire, we're left with a grim reminder that something for everyone may just turn into nothing for no one. —*jon balleras*

THE WELL-TUNED PIANO

by Brooke Wentz

After hibernating for more than seven years in the bowels of Manhattan, the grandfather of minimal music, La Monte Young, has come out to greet a larger public. And he does it in grand style, with a five-record set of his seminal work *The Well-Tuned Piano* (Gramavision 18-8701-2). Not bad for his first major release other than two obscure European recordings.

Previously known for being overprotective about his music, never allowing it to be recorded or distributed, Young has overcome his fear of possible plagiarism. As a result, this marvelous recording of a landmark piece in contemporary music—and the work that probably coined the categorical term Minimalism—is born. Even those composers who were greatly influenced by Young's theories—Terry Riley (Young's classmate), Steve Reich (Riley's student), and Philip Glass (an original member of Reich's ensemble)—all went around the board, passed Go and collected \$200 numerous times. Young, on the other hand, is just learning how to play the industry game.

A solo work-in-progress, *The Well-Tuned Piano* brings together the ideas behind Young's 1960's jazz improvisation experiments with his late 1970's sustained tone works, and his current interest in just intonation (ie: slight pitch gradations between tones). His passion for minor sevenths, their resolution, timbral and harmonic richness has become his trademark. These slightly dissonant chords

cluster and repeat until overtones emerge and a cloud of sounds quaver in stasis. Juxtaposing frantic atonal tremolos with the extended duration of single notes presents a strong case for the beauty of microtonal intervals.

Young's nimble-fingered piano playing grows out of his dexterous saxophone playing, which in the '50s won him second chair in the Los Angeles City College Dance Band—over Eric Dolphy. But through the years Young moved from chaotic improvisation to meditative, cerebral, harmonically static music. With Terry Jennings, Tony Conrad, Angus MacLise, and John Cale, Young employed the rapid flutterings of the saxophone to create rich continuous overtones, a style of playing that Young uses in *The Well-Tuned Piano*. His short but important stint with the Fluxus movement brought him closer to art-musicians than to jazz or contemporary classical composers. Then Young submerged himself in dissonant sevenths, creating a masterful dialectic between the multiplicity of sounds and silence.

Performed on a Bösendorfer Imperial Grand piano at a now defunct Dia Art Foundation space, this 1981 version captures the truest, most accurate recording possible. One can feel the weight of Young's fingers press slowly down on each key. Padded hammers strike heavy coiled wires, vibrato lifts and lingers in mid-air. Notes overlap and converge, resonance floats upward and slowly dissipates.

The piece opens methodically, introducing a two-note cadence that builds in both tempo and loudness, eventually transgressing into an elaborately rich Romantic motif. This motif is carried for a short time and then drops to silence. Young occasionally injects strong, seemingly misplaced notes and holds them over a long period as if paying homage to their dissonant beauty. The "Magic Opening

Chord" progresses from silence to quick thrumming, recalling the frantic energy of Young's earlier works *B: Dorian Blues* and *The Overday*. As this section subsides, single note arpeggios evolve, re-awakening a quiet inner spirit.

What appears to be repetitive and simple evolves into complex, entangled cadences. Towards the end, during the "Elysian Fields" section, Young celebrates the thundering of the piano's lowest chords. Yet throughout the piece he continually plays with the structuring of tempo, duration, and pitch, holding the listener's attention and always tricking him with surprising discordant interjections.

This is certainly not music you will hum walking down the streets or dub onto party tapes. *The Well-Tuned Piano* is an extremely insular, calming, and personal work—and a masterpiece at that. Listening to the entire five-hour-plus composition discovers something new each time. Every section is paced and moves succinctly from one to the next, repeating phrases until their dissonance fades to familiarity. Using six Neumann microphones for amplification and recording purposes, harmonics are fused easily and elicit a colorful cloud of overtones.

A 16-page book with black and white photographs, timing chart, and biographical information offers historic background. Its cover reflects the lush environment of Marian Zazeela's magenta light installation which accompanies every concert performance and may call up a nostalgic feeling for the now-demolished landmark space.

The Well-Tuned Piano develops one harmonic theme, a theme Young's been working on for over 23 years. This recording is a major documentation—a documentation that seems to end an era, or at least closes another chapter in modern music.

db



JACK DEJOHNETTE'S SPECIAL EDITION

IRRESISTIBLE FORCES—MCA/Impulse 5992:

INTRODUCTION; IRRESISTIBLE FORCES; PRELUDIO PRA NANA; HERBIE'S HAND COCKED; SILVER HOLLOW; 47TH GROOVE; INTERLUDE/PONTA DE AREIA; MILTON; OSTHETICS; CONCLUSION.

Personnel: DeJohnette, drums, keyboards; Greg Osby, alto, soprano saxophone; Gary Thomas, tenor saxophone, flute; Mick Goodrick, guitar; Lonnie Plaxico, electric, acoustic bass; Nana Vasconcelos, percussion, vocals.

★ ★ ★

Special Edition is like a holographic image—we can see it (and hear it), but it isn't really there. The band exists only as a fluid concept in the fertile mind of its leader, the multi-talented Jack DeJohnette. Each Special Edition album has had a different identity, despite some constants—the reappearance of some players; the tributes to jazz greats from Ellington to Dolphy; the mix of acoustic and electric styles—and each Special Edition album has illuminated DeJohnette's restless, probing style as both an instrumentalist and a composer.

Irresistible Forces is the fifth Special Edition album, and the first on the MCA/Impulse label (its predecessors were on ECM). The band is completely new, although one of its members is an old DeJohnette associate—Mick Goodrick, the reclusive Boston guitarist who played with DeJohnette in the '70s. Saxophonists Greg Osby and Gary Thomas are young, unrecorded players, and bassist Lonnie Plaxico moves into the group after working with Art Blakey and David Murray, among others.

The fifth member of the band is "special guest" Nana Vasconcelos, whose percussion and wordless vocals play a major role. A Vasconcelos/DeJohnette duet is broken into the *Introduction* and *Conclusion* that bracket the album, and another duet piece, the *Interlude/Ponta De Areia*, provides a crucial transition from the tumultuous electric energy of *47th Groove* to the cool, Brazilian lyricism of *Milton*, a tribute to Milton Nascimento.

With Vasconcelos and Goodrick in the band, there are some striking parallels to the sound of the Pat Metheny Group, notably on the title cut (with its sparkling, sequenced introduction that sounds like *Phase Dance*) and the haunting *Preludio Pra Nana* and *Milton*. This isn't especially surprising, since DeJohnette spent a good part of last year playing in the Pat Metheny/Ornette Coleman Song X band. DeJohnette's music is a good deal funkier than Metheny's, however, and the textures are much more spacious—so spacious, in fact, that some of the tunes sound like they might fly

Janis Siegel At Home With Her Music

Janis Siegel really knows how to pick great songs—the secret is in picking great songwriters. On her new solo recording, Janis works her special magic on classics by Jimmie Lunceford and Sammy Cahn, Johnny Mercer, Marvin Gaye, and Jon Hendricks.

Whether you're a fan of great songs, great songwriters, or great singers, this is an album you'll want to take home for yourself.

Featuring the single, "Trouble Man."



Produced by Steven Miller for Cacophony Productions



On Atlantic Records, Cassettes and Compact Discs

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record reviews

apart without the powerful glue of DeJohnette's drumming to hold them together.

If Metheny's influence is evident, so is Coleman's. The tunes are structured horizontally rather than vertically: each instrument takes its own path through the music, sometimes paralleling other lines but often slashing across them. The effect is frequently startling, although not quite as jarring as in Coleman's music. It's a kind of domesticated harmolodics, leashed to a tonal center but still snarling with rhythmic energy. A host of other references can be heard, too, some of them direct (as on Herbie's *Hand Cocked*, a clever reworking of early Herbie Hancock motifs), some more oblique (as on Greg Osby's *Osthetics*, which recalls Bird and Trane and Mingus).

If there's a problem with the latest Edition, it's the lack of a commanding soloist. None of the front-line players roar into their solos like David Murray or Arthur Blythe did on earlier albums. Although Goodrick and Osby are technically adept, nothing they play reaches out to capture our imagination. Gary Thomas is more effective—he has a lean, edgy sound on tenor sax and his flute playing is both warm and muscular—but he's hardly riveting. Maybe the problem isn't with the soloists, though. It could be that they're simply overshadowed by DeJohnette, whose explosive drumming is constantly tugging at our ears.

—jim roberts



U2

THE JOSHUA TREE—Island 90581-1: *WHERE THE STREETS HAVE NO NAME; I STILL HAVEN'T FOUND WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR; WITH OR WITHOUT YOU; BULLET THE BLUE SKY; RUNNING TO STAND STILL; RED HILL MINING TOWN; IN GOD'S COUNTRY; TRIP THROUGH YOUR WIRES; ONE TREE HILL; EXIT; MOTHERS OF THE DISAPPEARED.*

Personnel: Bono Vox, vocals, harmonica, guitar; The Edge, guitars, keyboards, vocals; Adam Clayton, bass; Larry Mullen, drums; Brian Eno, keyboards, DX7 programs, vocals; Daniel Lanois, tambourine, omnichord, guitar.

★ ★ ★ ★

You can't say they don't tell you what they feel. And in fact, what they've been feeling over the last couple of years has become more urgent as the worldwide tolls from death and destruction, oppression and war and famine and economic imperialism mount grimly, relentlessly, and, for those with the right stuff, profitably.

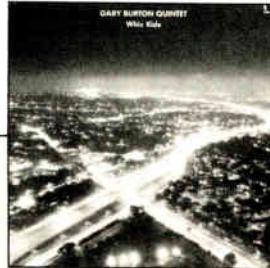
About all the big problems facing the world, U2 has made sure its heart is in the right place. The lyrics deal with topics that range from American-financed warfare in the Third World

(*Bullet The Blue Sky*) to the brutal political tactics of U.S.-backed juntas (*Mothers Of The Disappeared*), from economic exploitation (*Red Hill Mining Town*) to acid rain and holocaust (*Where The Streets Have No Name*). Through it all runs the reiterated idea of the transcendent potential of love—no doubt an outgrowth of Bono's often-expressed admiration for Gandhi and Martin Luther King.

Along with the band's political awareness comes musical diversity. Deliberately violating expectations of an album full of anthems, U2 has really stretched out on this disc. Touches of downhome blues, soul, '60s psychedelia, Dylanesque harmonica, and other styles thread through the state-of-the-art production by longtime U2 collaborators Eno and Lanois and Steve Lillywhite. And while the Edge still jangles his chords a la Townshend for some tunes, he is more and more a master of his own deft textures, uncorking jagged bottleneck/lap steel fills and unleashing feedback wisps and delay-induced slurs for backing on various tunes. Bono's vocals, too, have developed more nuance, more control of everything from dynamics to phrasing, while the rhythm section can move from pumping out arena-rock bottoms to funkier inflections.

Dedicated to the memory of road manager Greg Carroll, this LP locates itself in *One Tree Hill*, the song about him: "In our world a heart of darkness, a firezone/Where poets speak their hearts, then bleed for it/Jara sang, his song a weapon, in the hands of love/You know his blood still cries from the ground/It runs like a river to the sea." Get it; it'll grow on you, like the lonely desert yucca that gives it its title.

—gene santoro



GARY BURTON

WHIZ KIDS—ECM 1329: *THE LAST CLOWN; YELLOW FEVER; SOULFUL BILL; LA DIVETTA; COOL TRAIN; THE LOOP.*

Personnel: Burton, vibraphone; Tommy Smith, tenor saxophone; Makoto Ozone, piano; Steve Swallow, electric bass; Martin Richards, drums.

★ ★ ★ ½

FORWARD MOTION

PROGRESSIONS—Hep 2033: *BIG RED; TOO EASY TO BELIEVE; FOLK TONES; EDITH; FORTH QUADRANT; FORWARD MOTION.*

Personnel: Tommy Smith, tenor saxophone; Lazlo Gardonyi, piano; Terje Gewelt, acoustic bass; Ian Froman, drums.

★ ★ ★ ½

Twenty years ago the only British tenor saxophone players anyone on this side of the pond could name were probably Tony Coe and Ronnie Scott. We've seen new faces just this year: Courtney Pine and Tommy Smith. Youth from England, Japan, and the four corners of the world keep coming to Boston and Berklee, and a few of the best have a go in the bands of Burton and compatriots like trombonist Phil Wilson. These teachers not only extend classroom walls for their wards of talent, they make them sidemen.

Burton, himself a whiz kid in Stan Getz' 1964-6 band, is today a leader with exceptional talent scouting opportunities; when not dueling with Chick Corea, Ralph Towner, or Steve Swallow, he's led out of Berklee's after-classes studio sessions and onto the road players like guitarist Pat Metheny, trumpeter Tiger Okoshi, and altoist Jim Odgren (Smith's predecessor in the horn chair), drummers Mike Hyman and Danny Gottlieb. That's nothing new, really, as the big bands raided Berklee for years: Herman, Rich, Ferguson, Mercer Ellington.

Tommy Smith, a 20-year-old tenor saxophonist from Edinburgh, Scotland, is a pivot man and the sole horn on both these albums—with fellow Berklee students on the Hep date, and most recently a session with Gary Burton's latest international mix of students and alumni that marks his 15th year with ECM. At Smith's age, you might think that these'd be debut recordings, but we live in the age of *wunderkinder*—he's made four complete albums on his own before these two (on GFM, Hep, and Head labels).

Smith shows himself to be a firm, creative, flexible performer; his sinewy technique, popular in these hardbitten days, is more limber than musclebound, so he's not just running tight changes. There's a touch of haunting sadness to his tone, evident in ballads like Swedish bassist Gewelt's *Folk Tones*, Hungarian pianist Gardonyi's *Edith*, and his own *Last Clown*. Smith has elements of both the keening wildness of bagpipes (*Forth Quadrant*) and that purling mountain purity of Jan Garbarek, but also a bit of the drive and intensity of Mike Brecker or George Coleman. He can craft a shapely line, or wail and hoot, plays the whole horn, and indulges but little in histrionic overblowing, even on an 11-minute modal stretcher, jammed by and named for the whole band.

Come to think of it, Forward Motion is a remarkably controlled and tempered, albeit loose and healthy, outfit that rolls and feints with aplomb, and moves from a sprint to a jog and back with ease.

In the Burton band, Smith also plays and writes well. He contributes the lead-off ballad, contemplative with suspended animation (a bittersweet Marceau sketch) and leafy arpeggios. Makoto Ozone writes two witty, multifaceted latin tunes that race jauntily, hallmark his bright and cheerful playing; Ozone is nonetheless a formalist, whose comping, like Burton's, underlines and boldfaces the structure. On these tunes, Smith seems less comfortable than on, say, the pensive, sad, medium latin *Cool Train*, written by French pianist Christian Jacob (who, as a Berkleeite, worked Boston plenty and well with Phil Wilson), or Memphis

pianist James Williams' *Soulful Bill*, whose dedicatee, Bill Pierce, shares a pursued, melancholic edge with Smith. Drummers Froman and Richards hail from England and Framingham, MA.

So the Berklee tradition of educating and initiating international jazz youth continues into its fourth decade (pianist/leader Toshiko Akiyoshi came to Boston from Manchuria in 1953). But in celebrating the children, leave us not forget the old pros—Burton solos drolly and well throughout, and Steve Swallow, firm as an honest handshake playing the electric bass he "discovered" before Tommy Smith was born, pulls just one solo on this date, a sweetheart valediction completing Chick Corea's *The Loop*.

—fred bouchard



DAVID NEWMAN

HEADS UP—Atlantic 81725-1: *Ain't Misbehavin'*; *Makin' Whoopee*; *Heads Up*; *Delilah*; *Lover Man*; *For Buster*.

Personnel: Newman, tenor, alto saxophone, flute; Kirk Lightsey, piano; David Williams, bass; Eddie Gladden, drums; Steve Nelson, vibraphone.

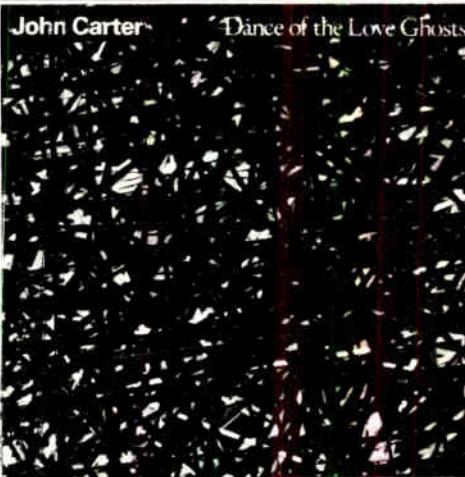
★ ★ ★ ★

The symmetry of phrasing that David Newman employs on his ballad performance of *Ain't Misbehavin'*, the breathy texture of that phrasing, and the focus on the song's structure all distinguish his rarely paralleled eminence as a tenor sax stylist. Similarly pleasing are his tenor readings of *Makin' Whoopee* and *Lover Man*. These three and the succulent *Delilah* are especially refreshing and remarkable performances for an artist whose recordings over the years have too-often shown up in cut-out bins—though whose stature among his peers has never wavered.

Fathead's reputation as a blues stylist on the wailing "Texas tenor" was established during his early years with Ray Charles, with whom he still puts in cameo appearances. His fills and choruses behind Charles remain unforgettable. *Heads Up* offers two soulful blues originals reminiscent of his work with the vocalist—the title piece, and *For Buster*, a feature for alto. These provide a rather obligatory balance for the album, yet the aforementioned ballads outshine them. Newman in whatever mood displays a workmanlike concentration, and *Heads Up* has the kind of riff melody characterized by a triplet phrase to remind us of the fusion of blues and bop. Yet Newman's alto sax sound on *For Buster* has, as always, a thick

Acknowledged Excellence

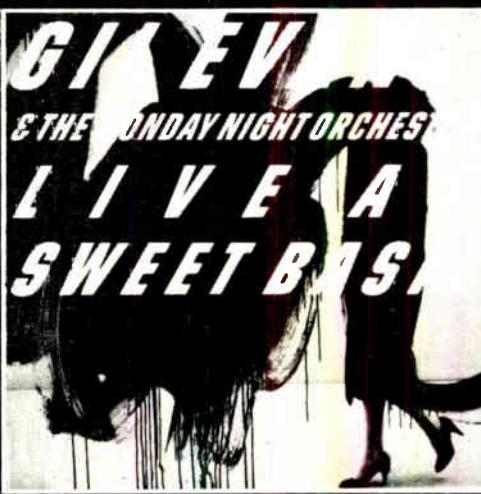
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quality, its middle register resembling the tenor and with the texture of molasses. He's played the smaller horn well for years, but seems to make a greater impact with the tenor, where his style is informed by the blues shout, the preacher's sermon, and the mellowness of lovers. Embodying this history and context, Newman through the tenor stamps *Lover Man* as a masterpiece of coloratura, melodic filigree, and whispered subtones. He builds unhurriedly on *Makin' Whoopee*, coaxing yet passionate and insistent. On *Dellilah* Newman plays flute, capturing its enticing atmosphere and sensual image and inspired by Eddie Gladden's infectious swing and cymbal splashes.

The rhythm trio is tasteful throughout, David Williams providing the right tones on the ballads and Kirk Lightsey mostly in the mellower realms of his vast imagination. Sleeper's honors belong to Steve Nelson, who displays welcome vibraphone facility and imaginative melodic sense. —ron welburn

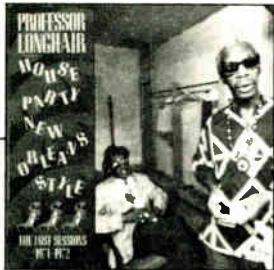
would be 1980 before Longhair's real "comeback album" would finally appear: *Crawfish Fiesta* (Alligator 4718), which, with perfect irony, was released the day after he died. But Quint Davis, the producer of the 1971 Longhair sessions, never forgot about those tapes. He continued to work for their release, and his persistence has finally been rewarded with this album. *Houseparty New Orleans Style* is a fascinating, if uneven, record. It would rate five stars for its historical value alone, but it's much more than an artifact. Accompanied by only a rhythm section, Longhair plays throughout with an inventiveness that was captured only sporadically on his other albums.

The 10 Baton Rouge sides are a little more polished than the five cuts drawn from the Memphis session, but there are still plenty of rough spots. (These were supposed to be demos, not final versions.) Despite the raggedness—and sometimes because of it—there's much to admire. Guitarist Snooks Eaglin plays subtle accompaniments that weave in and out of Longhair's intricate rhythm patterns, and drummer Shiba, a longtime partner, is sensitive to the ebb and flow of the music—even if he is overly fond of hammering out the beat on his ride cymbal. Bassist Will Harvey Jr. fares less well, as he tries (with varying success) to zig and zag along with Fess' left hand. On the Memphis sides, George Davis has even more trouble than Harvey figuring out where Longhair is headed, but these tunes are ultimately more rewarding, thanks to the brilliant drumming of Zig Modeliste.

Modeliste, best known for his work with the Meters, is more aggressive than Shiba, and he pushes Longhair to play harder. Consider *Tipitina*, one of the most familiar of all Longhair tunes—this version is, I think, the best one ever recorded. After the familiar rubato intro, which Eaglin embellishes with guitar fills, Zig's explosive snare drum kicks off the first chorus. He drives the tune along with a second-line groove that hangs on hi-hat upbeats, a far more effective device than Shiba's constant cymbal clanking. Zig's drumming elicits a feverish response from Fess; he belts out powerful bass figures with his left hand, weaves intricate calypso melodies with his right, and howls out the vocal until his voice cracks. It's a tour-de-force performance, much more propulsive (although slower) than his subsequent recordings of the tune on *Rock 'N' Roll Gumbo* and *Live On The Queen Mary*.

Not everything here is as potent as *Tipitina*, but the album gives us a more-than-generous (over 53 minutes) cross-section of the Longhair style, from basic blues and boogie-woogie to full-tilt rhumba. There's even a version of the ribald novelty tune *Cabbagehead*—it's a forgettable song, but listen to Longhair's bass figures. He sounds enthused and invigorated on just about every tune here, like a man setting out to conquer the musical world—which he thought he was, no doubt, although it didn't turn out that way.

Every work of art, Aristotle said, must have a beginning, a middle, and end. If Longhair's life is an American tragedy, we now have all three acts: the beginning can be heard on *New Orleans Piano* (Atlantic 7225), the end on *Crawfish Fiesta*, and the middle on *Houseparty New Orleans Style*. It's a story well worth hearing—and remembering. —jim roberts



PROFESSOR LONGHAIR

HOUSEPARTY NEW ORLEANS STYLE: THE LOST SESSIONS, 1971-72—Rounder 2057:
No Buts And No Maybes; Gone So Long; She Walk Right In; Thank You Pretty Baby; 501 Boogie; Tipitina; Gonna Leave This Town; Cabbaghead; Hey Little Girl; Big Chief; Cherry Pie; Junco Partner; Every Day I Have The Blues; "G" Jam; Dr. Professor Longhair.

Personnel: Longhair, piano, vocals; Snooks Eaglin, guitar; Will Harvey Jr. (cuts 1-5, 7-10, 13), George Davis (6, 11, 12, 14, 15), bass; Shiba (1-5, 7-10, 13), Joseph "Zigaboo" Modeliste (6, 11, 12, 14, 15), drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

In 1950, Professor Longhair (born Henry Roeland Byrd) released his first hit single, *Bald Head*. That song codified the unique sound of New Orleans rhythm & blues, clearing the path to commercial success for Fats Domino, Huey Smith, and other Crescent City artists. Longhair didn't benefit much from his trailblazing work, however, and he soon became a forgotten figure. Then, in 1971, he played a set at the New Orleans Jazz & Heritage Festival. His stunning appearance revived his career, and he followed it up by going into Deep South Studios in Baton Rouge to record the sides that he hoped would lead to his "comeback album." Nine months later, Fess went back into the studio, this time in Memphis, to record additional material.

Sadly, those sides were never issued. It



BOB MOSES

THE STORY OF MOSES—Gramavision 18-8703-1: OVERTURE; Go Down Moses; Pharaoh's Song; Moses Floats Down The Nile; Hebrew's Blues; Song Of Moses; Love Theme; Burning Bush; Roots Run Deep, Spirits Fly High; The Ten Plagues; Ju Ju Eyes; Red Sea; The Edge Of Need (The Rain Of Bread); Mount Sinai; Exodus; Song Of Moses.

Personnel: Moses, drums, percussion, synthesizers, piano, guitar, voice, narration (Moses); Tiger Okoshi, trumpet, flugelhorn; Stan Strickland, tenor, soprano saxophone, wood flutes, voice; Leo Quintero, electric guitar; Jerome Harris, electric bass, voice; Pat Metheny, guitar-synthesizer, guitar; Don Alias, Manuel Monteiro, percussion; Lyle Mays, synthesizers, drum machine; Bill Frisell, electric guitar; Kenwood Dennard, drums; Cantor David Curtis, Jahnet Levatin, Rafael Moses, voice; Bill Martin, percussion, voice; David Liebman, soprano saxophone; Lew Soloff, trumpet; Bob Mintzer, tenor saxophone, bass clarinet; David Gross, alto saxophone, flute; David Taylor, bass trombone; Michael Gibbs, trombone; Howard Johnson, baritone sax, contrabass clarinet; Brother Blue, narration (Pharaoh); Ed Lawrence, narration (God).

★ ★ ★ ½

The Story Of Moses is his namesake's designated blockbuster, skimming the same highlights as C. B. DeMille's *The Ten Commandments*. Like any Bible epic, it's imposing in scope and tawdry in detail—at best, as ambitious and high-minded as Ellington's sacred concerts; at worst, as trivializing as *Jesus Christ Superstar*.

Separating the sacred from the profane isn't easy. When Moses comes down from rapping with God on Mount Sinai, he finds the Israelites discoing down. "Cooool it!!" sez brother Moses—and his chastened flock answers, moaning *Go Down, Moses* on Dukal wah-wah horns. The ridiculous and sublime intertwine.

Bob Moses recasts Hebrew scripture in black vernaculars, echoing work songs, dixieland, spirituals, funk. (*Go Down, Moses* is his main theme, but "Get down, Moses!" is the message.) Spirituals identify black slaves with the Israelites in Egypt; reversing the conceit, Bob brings influences full circle. He reminds sometime-adversaries, blacks and Jews, of how much they have in common—just as his orchestral setting (*Exodus*) of a Cantor's inviolated line underscores the common Semitic roots of Arab and Jew.

But when Bob's Pharaoh (co-librettist Brother Blue) declares himself "a baaaad mofo!" the proceedings come perilously close to *Amos And Andy* kitsch. If the parallels are to

stay consistent, shouldn't Pharaoh talk like a cracker sheriff?

This epic's sweep and cast-of-dozens are impressive. Still, it's as fitfully paced as any rock opera: nifty dramatic set pieces—the race to the sea, the descent of the plagues (sound effects by Bill Frisell)—tend to disrupt the music's flow. And the frequent funk grooves are too static to be ferocious, for all the overlapping percussion—and no matter how ingenious or tuneful the melodies on top. The metronomic ruts the human and mechanical percussionists get into are curious lapses for a drummer/leader who displayed flexible chops on his previous big band outings.

But Moses' mix of acoustic and electronic axes avoids another digital-era failing: bland harmonies born of clean harmonics. The soloists—chiefly scene-stealers Metheny and Okoshi—humanize synths and harmonizers. Bob's charts have nice depth; subtle touches—like the nearly subliminal chatter high above *Exodus'* horns—betray the ear for detail that won Gil Evans' approval. If only the handclap rhythms didn't owe more to sidewalk Krishnas than territory bands.

—kevin whitehead



COURNEY PINE

JOURNEY TO THE URGE WITHIN—Antilles
8700: MISS-INTERPRET; I BELIEVE; PEACE;
DELORES; AS WE WOULD SAY; CHILDREN OF THE
GHETTO; WHEN, WHERE, HOW AND WHY;
C.G.C.; SEEN; SUNDAY SONG.

Personnel: Pine, soprano saxophone (cuts 1, 2,
4, 10), tenor saxophone (3, 6, 7, 9), bass clarinet
(5, 8); Ray Carless, baritone saxophone (1, 7);
Orphy Robinson, vibraphone (1, 7); Julian
Joseph, piano (1-4, 6, 7, 9, 10); Gary Crosby,
bass; Mark Mondesir, drums; Cleveland Watkiss
(1, 7, 8); Susaye Greene (6), vocal; Kevin
Robinson, trumpet (5, 7); Roy Carter, keyboards
(6); Martin Taylor, guitar (6); Ian Mussington,
percussion (6).

★ ★ ★

FIRST HOUSE

ERÉNDIRA—ECM 1307: A DAY AWAY; INNOCENT ERÉNDIRA; THE JOURNEYERS TO THE EAST;
BRACONDAL; GRAMMENDS; STRANGER THAN PAR-
ADISE; BRIDGE CALL; DOUBT; FURTHER AWAY.

Personnel: Ken Stubbs, alto, soprano saxo-
phone; Django Bates, piano; Mick Hutton, bass;
Martin France, drums, percussion.

★ ★ ½

In 1933, Duke Ellington took his first trip to England. He was amazed by the large and enthusiastic audience, headed by the Royal Family, that greeted him. Over the years, the reception for many other American jazz artists has been similarly warm, but English support for native jazz musicians has often been thin—or nonexistent. That seems to be changing, thanks to the emergence of a strong young generation of players.

First House, a London-based co-operative quartet formed in 1983, is one of the leading groups on the current English scene. They

have been honored by the European Jazz Federation, and their 1986 debut album, *Eréndira*, was highly praised by the English jazz press. The album is now available in the U.S., and—at least to these jaded ears—it's something of a disappointment. From the tinkling percussion intro of *A Day Away* to the last folksy chord of *Further Away*, the album sticks close to the tried-and-true devices of standard Eurojazz: the sound is cool and spacious, everything unfolds s-l-o-w-l-y, and the dynamics are as predictable as the tide.

To be sure, there are some promising signs.

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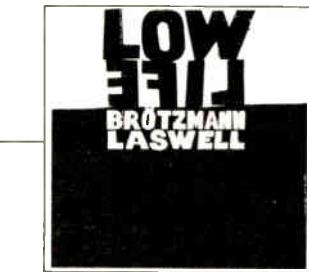
All of the group members are technically impressive, especially saxophonist Ken Stubbs (who may do great things once he gets over his Garbarek fascination). There are some startling textual shifts, and more than a few interesting structural ideas lurk amid the modal meanderings. But, like many other talented young musicians, the players of First House are far better at playing than composing.

Somewhat better—although more inconsistent—is *Journey To The Urge Within*, the debut album by saxophonist Courtney Pine. Born in London of Jamaican parents, Pine has been ecstatically praised as the "British Wynton Marsalis." Like Marsalis, Pine is young (he was 22 when the album was recorded), proud, and technically gifted. Also like Marsalis, he favors a neo-classical style based on late '50s and early '60s jazz.

The first side of Pine's album is very good, despite some intonation problems. (Curiously, Pine seems to have more trouble with the tenor sax than the soprano.) On *Miss-Interpret*, an original tune, he leads an unusual septet that includes baritone sax, vibes, and McFerrinesque vocalist Cleveland Watkiss. Then Pine pays his respects to John Coltrane (on the original *I Believe* and Horace Silver's *Peace*) and Wayne Shorter (*DeLores*). The side closes with the album's most intriguing tune, *As We Would Say*, with Pine's loping bass clarinet set against a backdrop of muted trumpet, bass, and drums.

The flip side is, alas, something of a dud. *Children Of The Ghetto* is a lame stab at pop relevance, and the other tunes do little more than rehash ideas already heard before. Only C.G.C.—with Pine again on bass clarinet—shows a spark of originality. Like the members of First House, Pine has a lot more technical skill than conceptual ability. But that skill—and the glimmers of original thinking heard on both these albums—bodes well for the future of English jazz.

—jim roberts



PETER BRÖTZMANN/ BILL LASWELL

LOW LIFE—Celluloid 5016: DEATH RATTLE; LOWLIFE; DISENGAGE; LOCOMOTIVE; BARRIER; WHEELING VULTURES; CURVED DOG; ABASEMENT; LAND ONE; TINGLE HAIRS; THE LAST DETECTIVE.

Personnel: Brötzmann, bass saxophone; Laswell, electric basses.

★ ★ ★

Bill Laswell personifies the current notion of a trans-avant garde. His tough-minded connoisseurship is the crux of his skills as both a producer and a player. Still, Laswell's strongest asset is the maverick instinct that inevitably leads him to break his own molds, prompting his cohorts to break theirs. More so than with *Last Exit*, Laswell has facilitated a groundbreaking event for free-music-meister Peter Brötzmann on *Low Life*. Methodologically, this is a significant addition to Brötzmann's discography because of the extensive overdubbing that is employed. Contextually, Laswell extracts harrowed performances from Brötzmann that are alternately mind-numbing and bone-chilling.

The 11 performances are variants of two basic tactics—laying a rhythmic/textural foundation to improvise upon, and highlighting improvisations with mostly electric hues.

Laswell forgoes the underpinning role, deferring to Brötzmann's bellowing bass saxophone; instead, he uses fragmented phrases, harmonics, and effects as a middle layer between the saxist's ostinati and solos. Like Hamiet Bluiett, Brötzmann has a command of a high register not commonly associated with his instrument; the 1923 Conn often resembles a full-throttled tenor during Brötzmann's flights and, subsequently, melds with Laswell's machinations.

Overall, *Low Life* has a disturbing ambience. It is full of fits and outbursts that are gripping and grating. To say the music has an edge would be an understatement. Brötzmann and Laswell are not gratuitous in their statement, but neither are they leading the listener towards catharsis. The intensities of their dialog are paralyzing as often as they are invigorating. No holds barred. Music with guts. Warts and all.

—bill shoemaker



JOE KING CARRASCO

BANDIDO ROCK—Rounder 9012: JUAREZ AND ZAPATA; PACHUCO HOP; BANDIDO ROCK; ARRIBA SANDINO; HEY GRINGO "NO PASARAN"; BANANA; CHICANO TOWN; DAME TU NOOK NOOK; KRY TUFF; FUERA YANQUI.

Personnel: Carrasco, guitar, vocals; Bobby Balderama, guitar; Marcelo Gauna, accordion, bajo sexto, vocals; George Reiff, bass, vocals; Dick Ross, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

This hell-bent bar band is about as real as you can get—you can almost smell the sweat and choke on the clubland smoke rising off the grooves. You can also catch the fiery political points without too much trouble. The music that pumps out behind the politics is, as roadhouse rock & roll should be, a greasy slop of a stew. If there are two-steps and conjunto stylings, there are also cheesy Farisa-ish sounds that recall early Tex-Mex mavericks like ? and the Mysterians, dollops of plummy bass, overcooked and overdriven guitar, and vocals that sound at times like they've been mixed by a Waring blender. Grab a Dos Equis or a Carta Blanca and push your chair back so you can put your feet up on the bar. Keep an eye on the folks who start strutting what they know to the irresistible fever coming off the bandstand, get so's you put down that beer and join 'em. What more could you want?

Some heavy-hitting political barbs to help you dance the night away, maybe; if so, you're in the right place. Carrasco isn't exactly making a secret about what he thinks of the U.S.' involvement in Latin America. *Bandido Rock*—the bandidos are the CIA and the State Dept.

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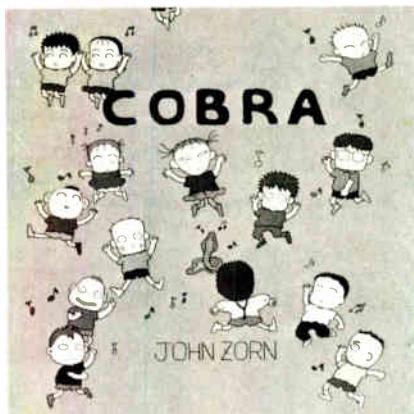
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and the like—tells all about it; *Arriba Sandino* sings the praises of that earlier anti-imperialist revolutionary whom the U.S. had killed to install Somoza; *Hey Gringo No Pasarán* reiterates the point; *Fuera Yanqui* brings it to its logical conclusion. But along the way Carrasco finds time for some of his trademark humor as well. Like *Banana*, which praises, in Carmen Miranda-like babble, how everyone of all nations likes the things—a lightweight enough

novelty gimmick, until its context makes you stop and think over terms like "banana republic" and "banana diplomacy," with the full history of imperialism, racism, and exploitation they carry.

Put it this way: this is not a disc to play for your yuppie friends unless they've had a couple of margaritas first themselves. Then just crank the volume and watch 'em do the two-step all night long.

—gene santoro



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

BLACK SAINT/SOUL NOTE: Sun Ra, *Reflections In Blue*. Max Roach Double Quartet, *Bright Moments*. David Murray Octet, *New Life*. Cecil Taylor, *For Olim*. Mike Melillo/Chet Baker, *Symphonically*. Anthony Braxton, *Five Compositions (Quartet)* 1986. Art Davis Quartet, *Life*. Joe Lovano Quartet, *Tones, Shapes & Colors*. New Air, *Air Show No. 1*.

VERVE: Milton Nascimento, *A Barca Dos Amantes*. Wagner Tiso, *Giselle*. Uakti, *Uakti*.

FLYING FISH: Stephane Grappelli/Vassar Clements, *Together At Last*. Filé, *Cajun Dance Band*. Robin Flowers & The Bleachers, *Babies With Glasses*. Sally Rogers/Claudia Schmidt, *Closing The Distance*. Priscilla Herdman, *Darkness Into Light*. Shays' Rebellion, *Daniel Shays High-way*.

FANTASY/LANDMARK/PABLO: Bobby Hutcherson, *In The Vanguard*. Ella Fitzgerald/Joe Pass, *Easy Living*. Joe Pass, *University Of Akron Concert*. Benny Carter Group, *Wonderland*. Joshua Breakstone Quintet, *Echoes*. David Frishberg, *Can't Take You Nowhere*. Buddy Montgomery, *Ties Of Love*. Frank Morgan Quintet, *Bebop Lives!*

MCA: Edgar Meyer, *Dreams Of Flight*. Acoustic Alchemy, *Red Dust & Spanish Lace*. John Jarvis, *Something Constructive*.

CONCORD JAZZ: JoAnne Brackeen, *Fi-Fi Goes To Heaven*. Dave Brubeck Quartet, *Blue Rondo*. Ernestine Anderson, *Be Mine Tonight*. Carlos Barbosa-Lima/Sharon Isbin, *Brazil, With Love*. George Shearing, *More Grand Piano*.

INDEPENDENTS: John Zorn, *Cobra* (hat Art). Franz Koglmann, *Ich* (hat Art). Carla Bley, *Sextet* (ECM). Terje Rypdal & The Chasers, *Blue* (ECM). Chick Corea Elektric Band, *Light Years* (GRP). Dave Grusin, *Cinemagic* (GRP). W. A. Mathieu, *Available Light* (Windham Hill). Andy Narell, *The Hammer* (Windham Hill). Patrick Williams New York Band, *10th Avenue* (Soundwings). Sonny Greenwich, *Bird Of Paradise* (Justin Time).

The Lounge Lizards, *No Pain For Cakes* (Island). Thurman Barker, *Voyage* (UpTee). Henry Kaiser, *Devil In The Drain* (SST). Crazy Backwards Alphabet, *Crazy Backwards Alphabet* (SST). Arthur Russell, *World Of Echo (Upside)*. Borbetomagus, *New York Performances June/August/September 1986* (Agaric). Jon Rose, *Forward Of Short Leg (Dossier)*. The Fringe, *The Raging Bulls* (Ap-Gu-Ga). History Of Unheard Music, *Drop It (Harmonic Ranch)*.

Steve Lacy, *The Complete Jaguar Sessions* (Fresco Jazz). Dave Stahl Band, *Anaconda* (Abee Cake). Robin Crow, *Creator* (Fortress). Carel Heinsius Band, *Jazz On The Rock* (Fortress). Copious, *Neo-Fusion* (Fortress). David Friesen, *Inner Voices* (Global Pacific). Leslie Drayton & Fun, *Innendos* (Optimism). Gary Carney Travelog (Gerard). Jimmy Dukes, *Did You Ever See Such A Vision?* (Fluke's Tail). Conrad Herwig, *With Every Breath* (SeaBreeze). Mark Masters' Jazz Composers Orchestra, *Silver Threads Among The Blues* (SeaBreeze). Michael Coppola, *Jet Blue* (Tico Music).

Michael Feinstein, *Sings Irving Berlin* (Par-nassus). Curtis Lundy, *Just Be Yourself* (New Note). Espoo Big Band, *Plays Erik Lindstrom* (Rytm-Musiikki). Gabriele Hasler & Foolish Heart, *God Is A She* (Foolish Music). Annette Sanders, *The Time Is Right* (Sovereign). Juan-Jose Mosalini/Gustavo Beytemann/Patrice Caratini, *Imagenes* (Label Bleu). Levallet/Marais/Pifarely, *Eowyn* (Label Bleu).

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DIGITIZED BOP

Bebop, or variants thereof, is "in," CDs are the wave of the future—message and medium seem made for each other. Indeed, the ensemble size and percussive impact of bop are well-matched to the quality of digital sound in its current form, which offers excellent spatial sense but often loses denser textures in its brilliant sheen. And of course nothing can replace the engineer's ear.

Let's begin this grab-bag of bebop sorties with one of the more orthodox of its original masters, the late **Sonny Stitt**. *Moonlight In Vermont* (Denon 38C38-7046) is not a good beginning I'm sorry to say, and I would pass over it except that it looks so promising in the box. There is the blue-ribbon rhythm section: Barry Harris (or Walter Davis) on piano, bassist Reggie Workman, and Tony Williams on drums. But it is a lackluster performance dominated by an off-form Stitt, who commits lapses of execution suggestive of poor health or a wandering mind. Nipponeese-only notes and short playing time (38:15), too.

Contemporary does much better by reaching back to spruce up the 1950's recordings of bop pianist **Hampton Hawes**. *Volume 3: The Trio* (VDJ 1564) is an original analog mono recording, but Contemporary's engineers knew how the music should sound and the LP versions are fine. The CD is slightly more spacious and aggressive. It also provides more background detail, particularly to the work of bassist Red Mitchell and drummer Chuck Thompson. The result is the unmasking of a resonance in the bass solos that was barely apparent previously, and some loss of the vinyl's golden glow. But if you really want to feel you're there, rather than looking back 30 years to these intense restylings of 10 standards and blues, go laser. Playing time is 44:08.

A few of the less-orthodox bop stylists are represented by new recordings, even if only by proxy, as in the case of the **Great Jazz Trio's** Monk's Moods (Denon 38C38-7323). Nine Thelonious Monk works are presented in good sound from these Fall 1984 Tokyo dates. Hank Jones' piano is captured particularly well—

rather better in fact than the pianist—and his cohorts Eddie Gomez, bass, and Jimmy Cobb, drums, along with guest cornetist Teramasa Hino, capture the essence of the composer. This is soft Monk; as well as Jones plays he is just too eclectic, too ingratiating for the music. The arrangements do not help either. I doubt that Monk envisaged Jackie-ing with Tweedle-dee synthesizer overdubblings, sugar plum cuteness gone mad . . . and then the pianist really grooves in his solo on the piece. A curate's Easter egg with a playing time of 44:51 and no notes.

Although he may have begun as one of bebop's piano standards, one of several white virtuosi welcomed to the revolution, **George Wallington** has wandered some considerable distance from orthodoxy in the decades since he was last heard, leading increasingly disinterested quintets through the hard-bop years. Wallington has become something of a legend, and anyone with an interest in the idiom should know his early work—the Savoy trio sides, for example. Two recent Denon CDs present a transformed style. The first, *Virtuoso* (35C38-7248), recorded in 1984, does not have all the parts of the new manner working in harmony, but it is an impressive solo piano display nonetheless. The 10 originals have a nagging familiarity without quite recalling particular tunes; they do provide suspenseful vehicles for Wallington's steely melodicism. The oddly titled *Virtuoso* is a slow blues with a nostalgic, slightly Monkish feel to it, while *Heart Of Hearts* is uptempo bebop with a fine-spinning treble line over an insistent Powellish left hand and a nice weird close. On some pieces a rhythmic pedantry restrains the music's flight, but there is still a lot of meat here. The sound is equally excellent on both LP and CD, but some informed notes would enhance the interest of the 50 minutes of music presented by this reemergent master.

Wallington's most recent endeavour, *The Symphony Of A Jazz Piano* (C38-7825), from June 1985, has less focused sound, despite the involvement of classical engineer Max Wilcox, known for his work on Arthur Rubenstein sessions. On the other hand, the pianist is more in command of his evolved style. He is more relaxed and more exciting than on the previous date. His left hand is more complex

and more swinging because less pedantic; there is less of the sense of an attempt to compensate for the absence of bass and drums. The 54-minute set encompasses 12 originals that have the typical Wallington air of the almost-familiar about them, and while the length of the performance and its programming places some demands on the solo pianist and his listener, the outcome is a feast for lovers of individualistic modern jazz piano. Here is a present-day genuine bebop explorer who has found there is much to be discovered by changing the style from within. The work here is the true non-derivative legacy of Bud Powell and his circle. Indeed, the bubbling single note lines over impelling accompaniment recall the outlines, if not the details, of early Powell. Try *Posthumous Glory* and *Mother Wit* for eventful uptempo rides, the former having an arrestingly enigmatic coda, or the bluesy *Goodness Of Heart* for its slow and midtempo melodicism cast on a flexible bass line that alternately stabs, walks, and rolls.

McCoy Tyner, a major pianist of the hard-bop/modal transition, fares less well in his latest, *Double Trios* (Denon 33CY-1128, playing time 61:43, with notes). These are really quartets since percussionist Steve Thornton appears with both trios; the bassists are Avery Sharpe and Marcus Miller, while Louis Hayes and Jeff Watts alternate on drums. It's not really the touches of fusion that detract from this June 1986 recording, although Marcus Miller does play electric bass and there are some uneventful passages of electric piano. Rather it seems that Tyner is surprisingly uncertain of his own image. For example, at the beginning of *Lil Darlin'* the right and left hands suggest alternative approaches. I prefer the left, which implies a novel reading, whereas Tyner eventually opts for the right and bogs down in clichés familiar to us from so many routine versions of pieces like *Satin Doll*. So it is no surprise when *Satin Doll* itself finds no new life. Elsewhere there are moments of the dense but driving style for which the pianist is best known, notably when he opens the *Down Home* funk into a nice modal groove, or in the dense but shining sound of *Rhythm-a-ning*. Where though is the brilliant virtuoso of so many live performances I have heard over the years, whose harmonic explorations of both standards and originals recall Tatum, but melded with a percussive insistence that is his own trademark?

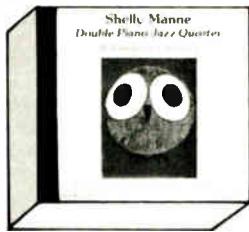
Mal Waldron may not equal Tyner's virtuosity nor pervasive influence, but there is rarely any doubt that he knows what he wishes to do or that he has a distinctive way of doing it. *You And The Night And The Music* (ProJazz CDJ 617, 40:19) demonstrates this axiom as well as any recent example. Aided effectively by fellow conspirators Reggie Workman on bass and Ed Blackwell at the drums, the pianist subverts a conclave of standards and jazz classics to his own obsessive ends. Waldron's broad sculptured phrases leave plenty of space for the bass and drums to engrave with their personal designs. With the right accomplices he is an ideal trio pianist, and there is no doubt that Workman and Blackwell are up to the game. On *Billie's Bounce* the bassist pounces on every moment

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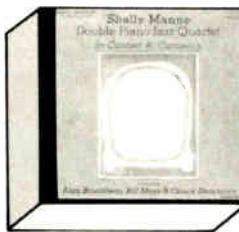
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as if it should mean something, and Blackwell treats his ensemble role by listening but ensuring that his work has its own linear sense, while his solo is seemingly simple but rich in details, all of them right. So with the pianist, from the urgent opening of *The Way You Look Tonight* to the dignified but wistful close of his *Waltz For My Mother*, creating vintage music. Invest in your future pleasures.

Another good bet in long-term listening security is of course **Art Blakey** and any of the Jazz Messengers, including the lineup enshrined on *Feeling Good* (Delos D/CD 4007). These 70-plus minutes of typically stirring Messenger fare are served up by Wallace Roney (trumpet), Tim Williams (trombone), Kenny Garrett (alto), Jean Toussaint (tenor), Donald Brown (piano), and Peter Washington (bass) with the rhythm chef spicing all the dishes to his own (and my) taste. Here are eight recipes from various generations of this band, from Kenny Dorham's *Minor's Holiday*, a couple of Wayne Shorter standards, a Mulgrew Miller, up to one concoction apiece by Roney, Garrett, and Toussaint. For the most part the presentation is very good, although given the increased spatial sense provided by CD sound it seems to me that the horns are set back behind the rhythm section—not enough to detract however.

While it may irritate some of the participants, it is only natural for the veteran listener to compare the solo work of current Messengers with those who set the style. The tendency is reinforced by the repertoire, which even in the new "originals" draws on the past. What saves the record from being another example of revivalism, or retro-bop, is the continuing and absolutely inarguable authenticity of Blakey himself—and the ability of several of the players here to identify expressively with the style, at least when provoked by the leader's insistent touch. For example, Wallace Roney finds some escape from the expected Hubbard groove by blending in a sensibility that recalls Brown and Hardman. He crackles expressively on *Holiday* and Garrett's *Feeling Good*. A thoughtful and lyrical sense is even more apparent in the work of newcomer Tim Williams; that and a good dash of humor brings Bill Harris, amongst other swing trombonists, to mind. Toussaint and Brown are suitably idiomatic if short on individuality, while Garrett's Cannonball style with frequent mugging and gratuitous squeals leaves most to be desired. The bass does its job and the drums transport the whole band to another level throughout. In a rare solo passage on yet another *Caravan*, Blakey shows the suggestive power of percussion alone as he invokes some vibrant, exotic, and wonderfully compelling village life before sprinting to a good margin of victory over his much younger sidemen.

While Art Blakey is certainly a timeless timekeeper, the less definitively titled **Timeless All-Stars** are obviously an impressive group of late bop veterans. *Essence* (Delos D/CD 4006, 63:24) features a band that looks like a reincarnation of the old Hutcherson/Land groups with Bobby on vibes and Harold on tenor leading Curtis Fuller's trombone, Cedar Walton's piano, Buster Williams' bass, and Billy Higgins' drums. So, it is not

surprising that this is a solid Blue Note session with reassuring mastery everywhere apparent. Maybe some of the original pristine freshness of the style has passed, but there is still much to admire in addition to the mellow spaciousness of the sound. There are the nicely idiomatic batch of originals from the band members, the consistent quality of Hutcherson's playing albeit in his conventional mode (where is the adventurer of *Out To Lunch* and *Evolution* this past decade or so?), and the craftsmanship of the rhythm section, in which Billy Higgins, lacking the witch doctorate of a Blakey, performs so appropriately. Land's sound is hot and edgy, but he misses the involvement necessary to his best work. Curtis Fuller's feature *Goodbye* (dedicated to BG) is too long and/or uneventful. All-in-all a very pleasant but not inspired session with some promising material—note Hutcherson's *Messina* and Walton's *Iron Clad*—that I would like to hear these players really get involved in.

The last of the present bunch is a little more difficult to put a label on. But since that's never stopped any critic worth his salt in the past, here goes—pianist **Don Pullen**'s *Sixth Sense* (Black Saint BSR 0088, 40:32) reaches out in various and sundry directions, including the neo-bop style of the title piece. Therein drummer Bobby Battle, who obviously knows his Blakey and more particularly Higgins, pro-

pels a very Messenger-like performance. Trumpeter Ola Dara, a member of perhaps the most overlooked edition of the Messengers, provides a fine traditional solo, while altoist Donald Harrison—another Blakey alumnus—enters like a slightly off-center Jackie McLean of the later Blue Notes. It is the leader's solo which first introduces the disconcerting elements, since it begins in appropriate manner, like Cedar Walton for example, then proceeds to sprawl all over the instrument for no obvious reason. He plays a much more stylistically coherent near-outside solo on *In The Beginning*, a piece built from lightning-bolt phrases. Harrison is also appropriately disruptive in a Spaulding/Dolphy way, while bassist Fred Hopkins provides a suitable destabilizing backdrop to this up-out-of-chaos theme. *Tales From The Bright Side* manages to recall Lee Morgan and Ornette Coleman. *Gratitude* is a Pullen/Harrison duet which finds the pianist in his heavy romantic vein and the altoist at an extreme disadvantage. The context is a spiritual-style ballad that hamstrings Harrison and seduces Pullen into rather saccharine backwaters. The album closes with a two-minute snippet, *All Is Well* that fades in, then out. A passing New Orleans parade? Perhaps. Relevant? Not particularly. A pity, for there are some rewarding aspects to the *Sixth Sense*—it's just not very consistent.

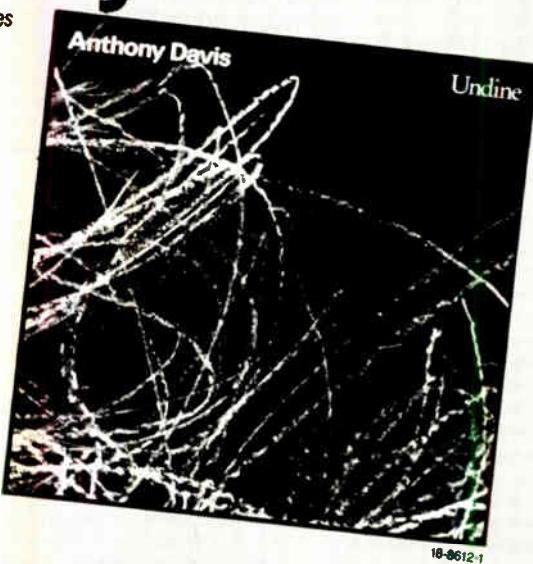
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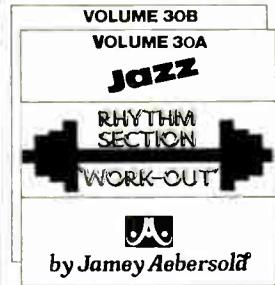
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blindfold test

1 CARLA BLEY. BROOKLYN

BRIDGE (from *SEXTET*, ECM/Watt).

Bley, organ; Larry Willis, piano; Don Alias, percussion.

The pianist is good, not really innovative, but on the path, with nice harmonies. It wasn't anybody with a really strong statement, a roots-type thing, like Monk, Bud [Powell], or Herbie [Hancock]. It's Brazilian-oriented and very pleasant. I wonder if it might be Eliane Elias. It was like mood music until the pianist came in. It's well recorded; I like the percussion—really fluent. Stars? Well, that's hard—if it's somebody's first album, maybe five, but if somebody'd been doing that a long time, maybe two. Depends on where they're at.

2 EARL HINES. LAZY BONES

(from *HINES PLAYS HOAGY*,

Audiophile). Hines, piano.

I don't know who, but I know what. It's *Lazy Bones*. The pianist likes the piano from a sense of style. It wasn't playing music from the essence but hearing fragments of style put together in a different order. Parts sounded comfortable, and others sounded like the pianist was wondering. The feeling of music can be very powerful, whereas the feeling of style, while pleasant, does not partake of the power where you go into other realms and let the music come through you. Music that came from the source I would give 100 stars, but it's hard for me to rate this.

3 MUHAL RICHARD

ABRAMS. POSITRAIN (from

VIEW FROM WITHIN, Black Saint). Abrams, piano.

That was fun to listen to! It's nice to hear music when you don't know what will happen next. They used their imagination; everybody had a different mood and did what they wanted to do. It didn't sound like any incredible composition, but it's seldom you hear people exploring like that. It might have been Richard Abrams—purely a guess; it reminded me of 30 seconds of something of his I recall.

4 KENNY BARRON.

SCRATCH (from *SCRATCH*, Enja).

Barron, piano; Dave Holland, bass; Daniel Humair, drums.

That was fun. When I heard the tune I thought, "Oh, boy! We're in for another innovative solo," which we didn't get, but we could have. It's been fantastic if [he'd] taken some of the mood the tune put me in and put that into the solo. This sounds like somebody who really loves music, a very serious player, but the solo was fragmented into notes and short phrases we've heard

JOANNE BRACKEEN

by Fred Bouchard

The tall, lanky lady in the silver mylar jumpsuit and 1369 Club t-shirt looks like she needs radar to deflect mid-air collisions as she embarks on flights of fancy from the keyboard. JoAnne Brackeen, who took time off in the '60s to raise four kids, jumped back into the jazz fray with a vivid vengeance, and today emerges as a performer and composer of extraordinary freshness and power. She owns the distinction of being the only female member of Pa Blakey's Jazz Messengers (1969-71) and has worked, often brilliantly, with master musicians like Joe Henderson, Stan Getz, and Freddie Hubbard. Her many previous album releases bristle with aggressive originality, fusing latin, new wave, and bebop elements in gleeful abandon—most recently, *Fi-Fi Goes To Heaven* (Concord Jazz 316). Brackeen recently completed her first string quartet and big band charts.



COLLIS H. DAVIS JR.

In Cambridge for a one-nighter at The 1369 with bassist Cecil McBee, a regular compatriot at Zinno's and Bradley's in Greenwich Village, Brackeen volunteered for her second Blindfold Test (first was in *db*, Feb. '80). That may seem brave, since she admitted listening mostly to the music in her head. She was shown the albums only after committing comments to tape; she ventured few guesses, awarded no stars.

many times before, mostly from Herbie. It didn't climax, it just went along nicely. I'd have taken some of the stuff from the melody and put it into the solo, taken stuff I'd learned from other people and forget it and got into myself. The drums had as much presence as the piano; I'd like to have things move more.

5 GIL EVANS. HOTEL ME (from WHERE FLAMINGOS FLY, Artists House). Evans, electric piano, composer.

A blues number with different textures. Interesting—music from 1900, except for the solos. The instruments were moving differently; it reminded me of chanting. It's great—people who can only listen to music the way it used to be might like it just as well like this, yet it's introducing new harmonics they might pick up from hearing them in this older form. We think of music to expand not only the musicians but the listeners, and this could do that. I wonder if there's any way for a drum to do that? This makes rings in your ears, playing that simple thing with all those overtones.

6 RANDY WESTON. ZULU (from *ZULU*, Milestone). Weston, piano; Sam Gill, bass; Art Blakey, drums. Rec. 1955.

If that wasn't Monk it must have been a Monk-ee. I've heard a firmer touch—it was someone playing like Monk. The sound of

the piano takes me to the plants and the earth. It makes the piano seem something elemental, from the spirit. I've heard [Monk] stronger—this has a darker, more airy mood.

7 HORACE SILVER. SEEING WITH PERCEPTION (from SPIRITUALIZING THE SENSES, Silveto). Silver, piano, composer; Eddie Harris, Ralph Moore, tenor saxophone; Bobby Shew, trumpet.

I think I've heard this lately—Abdullah Ibrahim? It sounded like a classic Blakey tune, that mood, but far from a copy. All the solos were great—the tenor like Trane, the trumpet nice, the alto really out! I liked it. It was music you've heard for so long, but it had a fresh way of coming across. Really good.

8 RAN BLAKE. PORGY (from VERTIGO, Owl). Blake, piano.

That was a work in pianistics, showing what the piano could put forth and explore. And it was still very musical. It was *Porgy*. It held long tones, they got beautiful, and got overtones. They played other notes in harmony with what you already heard, then added more on top. It didn't arouse my emotions as much as it might have, but maybe it didn't need that. It was very effective.

KENNY GARRETT

STRADDLING THE ELECTRONIC FUNK OF MILES DAVIS AND THE HARD-BOP OF ART BLAKEY COMES NATURALLY TO THIS TALENTED ALTOIST.

by Gene Kalbacher

The Prince of Darkness squinted his eyes with mock-malevolence and, his stiletto-like weapon gleaming in the spotlight, thrust his trumpet forward and blew an eight-bar flurry of piercing chromatics at his onstage antagonist. One could almost hear his wicked cackle, "Make your last wish, baby, and get some o' this!"

Kenny Garrett stared down his new employer and responded with an upbeat, eight-bar slice of his own. That the 26-year-old alto saxophonist from Essex County, New Jersey, by way of Detroit, Michigan, had taken the stage as a member of the Miles Davis band with no rehearsal—and, what's more, had been commanded to trade jabs on an as-



MITCHELL SEIDEL

yet-unrecorded tune, made no never mind. If the boss said *Burn*, as the tune is titled, then burn he would. When, later in the set, the band lit into a new tune written for Davis by another Prince (Nelson, the pop-funk superstar), a number with Monkish overtones

using minor seconds in the melody, Garrett acquitted himself favorably. Having survived his trial-by-fire initiation, Garrett earned kudos of sorts from the fabled leader: "You sound like you wearin' Sonny Stitt's dirty drawers! And you must be checkin' out Cannonball [Adderley]. Kenny, how are you so soulful? Oh, never mind."

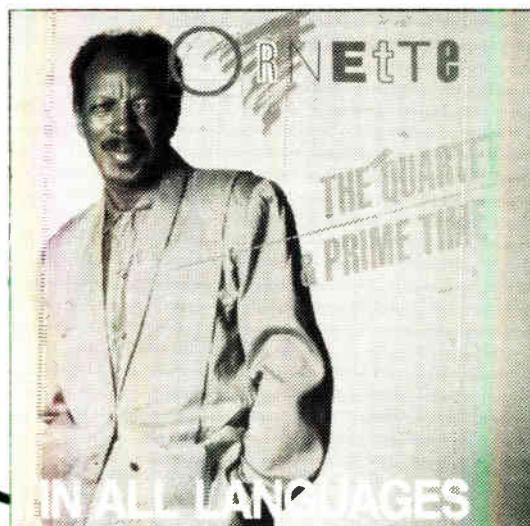
Historically, Davis has aligned himself, or been aligned, with a bevy of soulful altoists—Charlie Parker, Jackie McLean, Stitt, and Adderley among them—but Garrett is the first lead altoist with whom the trumpeter has shared his front line in recent years. And as for how the lanky, bearded, quick-to-smile Garrett got "so soulful," you might ask Freddie Hubbard, Woody Shaw, Dizzy Gillespie, Tom Harrell, William Fielder, and Jack Walrath—other trumpet players with whom Garrett has gigged or recorded, or both. (A record date with fellow Detroit native Donald Byrd is also in the works.) A glance at Garrett's datebook reveals commitments not only to Davis' band but to Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers and to the altoist's own combo. Yet apportioning his time is nothing new for Garrett. Not long ago the altoman split his time between OTB (of which he was a founding member), his own

ORNETTE COLEMAN IN ALL LANGUAGES

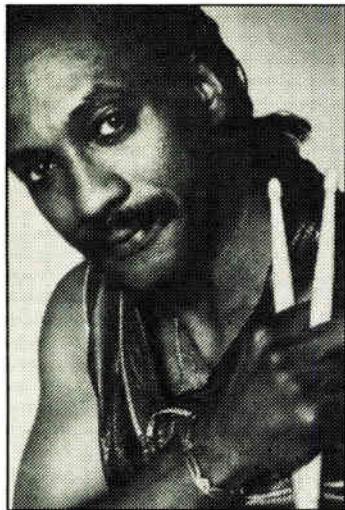
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quartet, and quintets led by brass-blasters Hubbard and Shaw.

"Sometimes I approach the alto like a trumpet," Garrett explains. "And it must be vice versa, because a lot of trumpet players I talk to, like Woody and Freddie, say they listen to a lot of saxophone players. I listen to a lot of trumpet players, and I try to phrase like trumpet players."

"The alto sax and trumpet are pretty much in the same range," he continues, "while the tenor is an octave below the alto. I think one of the reasons I can work with trumpet players is because I have authority on my horn. Some people tell me, 'You'd be a monster on the tenor!' They're always challenging you to play tenor. But there are a lot of tenor players out there. There has to be a resurgence of the *alto*. There have to be strong players. All the alto players I've been influenced by have had strong sounds—Cannonball, Charlie Parker, Jackie McLean, and Johnny Hodges."

"The trumpet is a strong instrument. You've got to be strong to play it, and I lean toward that because I want to be a strong player. I can learn to be strong from a trumpet player, in any register of the instrument. Jackie and I were talking about our influences, and we both agreed that an alto player should be aggressive and not too sweet. Miles likes an alto player who's strong and aggressive, and that's how I approach the horn."

Garrett, who joined Davis' band on the recommendation of tenorman Gary Thomas, has adjusted without major difficulty to the electronic environment and a touring repertoire drawn largely from the trumpeter's *Tutu* album. At first, however, he was somewhat disconcerted by the equalization. "I'm not crazy about the electronics," he admits. "I have a mic attached to my bell, so I can move around, and sometimes the sound doesn't come out the way I'm hearing it because the soundman is thinking electronics. But on the last two gigs the sound has been my natural sound."

"What Miles is doing is basically the same [as before], only with a different beat under it," adds the altoist, who plays flute in concert on *Tutu*, *Human Nature*, and the new Prince composition. "It's not the *ding-chica-ding*. But you still have two and four [beats]. The bass drum may be doing something different, and there may be different accents . . . but I can play any way I want over the music. I hear Miles playing some stuff he did with Bird. He doesn't have a swing beat behind him, but it's like his old playing."

"Miles won't tell you how to play," Garrett says, noting that the band will soon enter the recording studio. "He hires you because he likes the way you play. So it's a challenge for me. If I want to play bebop with Miles, I can; if I want to play out of the Maceo [Parker] bag, I can play out of that bag. I have options.

I can be creative, and that's what jazz is all about. Playing with Miles, a person has to be very strong, because his personality can overshadow you. When Miles walks out on the bandstand, his presence is so strong. The way he plays, he plays so simple, so subtle, it makes you think you don't have to play as many notes. It makes you think about playing differently. You have to *choose* your notes. I can learn so much from him in that [pop-funk] idiom and in the jazz idiom. He doesn't just hire funk saxophone players. That's easy. He wants someone who knows about the music."

Dividing his time and loyalty between the funky fusion of Davis' band and the hard-bopping Jazz Messengers (in which he replaced Donald Harrison) has caused no discernible culture shock in Garrett, whose composition *Feeling Good* is the title track of the Messengers' recent Delos CD (4007). But boss Blakey can be excused if he's less than ecstatic about sharing his alto player with Miles—after all, the modern-drum master and talent incubator lost a promising saxist named Wayne Shorter to a Davis raid in the mid-'60s. "Art asked me whether I felt it was the right step," Garrett reveals. "He expressed to me that [Davis' band] was a different idiom for me, that I'd never played in that idiom. I expressed to him that I *had* played in that idiom before. In fact, I think Art at one time even played in r&b bands. To me, all music is relevant."

Jazz was relevant, indeed ever-present on the record player, in the Garrett household in Detroit. But young Kenny, who at 10 was given an alto saxophone by his father Benjie, a sax hobbyist, didn't become serious about the music until he entered high school. And even then, Garrett was reluctant to join a local school band. It took the intervention of Bill Wiggins, a reed player and teacher, to convince (Garrett says "force") him. "When I first started playing," he remembers, "my influences were Hank Crawford and Grover Washington Jr. I was listening to r&b-type music, and I'd heard Cannonball's *Mercy, Mercy, Mercy*. But I didn't know he could play changes. Then when I heard him play *I Remember April* on an album of standards, that blew me away. That led me to check out Dexter Gordon, [John] Coltrane, and Jackie McLean."

Besides studying with Wiggins, Garrett gigged with a Top 40/r&b quartet led by organist Lyman Woodard and later worked in the big band of Marcus Belgrave, whom Garrett calls "a pillar of the community." Belgrave, a veteran trumpeter with Ray Charles and others, "could play any kind of music, in any style," according to Garrett, "and that's where I get my free spirit to play in any idiom." Moreover, it was on the recommendation of Belgrave that Garrett joined the Duke Ellington Orchestra under director Mercer Ellington. Passing up the

chance to study at the Berklee College of Music, the 18-year-old Garrett began a three-year association with the big band in 1978, traveling for the first time and learning, under Norris Turney and Harold Minerve, "how to blend, scoop a note, and become a strong alto player." Moving to New York City in 1980, Garrett continued his mainstream education with the Mel Lewis and Lionel Hampton orchestras, and, within five years, had recorded with Ellington Orchestra vocalist Anita Moore, OTB, and trumpeters Fielder, Hubbard, and Shaw. Garrett's debut album as a leader, *Introducing* (Cross Cross 1014), featuring five of his own compositions and a guest appearance by Shaw, was also released in 1985, setting the stage for the altoist's eventual membership in the Blakey and Davis bands.

Never in his wildest fantasy did Garrett envision playing with the likes of Hubbard, Shaw, Blakey, and Davis before his 27th birthday ("All of it seems a dream sometimes"), but only one of these associations, he relates, was preplanned. The only musician he actively staked-out and, in effect, Bird-dogged was Hubbard—"one of my idols," Garrett concedes. Garrett sat in with Hubbard one night in Detroit, and as with the Ellington band, Belgrave had been the catalyst. "Playing with strong leaders makes you a strong person," Garrett emphasizes. "It helps you determine what you want to do and don't want to do."

What Garrett wants to do, besides his ongoing work with Davis and Blakey ("His drumming can lift you right off the ground"), is make another album as a leader with his working rhythm section of bassist Nat Reeves, drummer Tony Reedus, and pianist Mulgrew Miller. The music is already written, he points out, and a few of the compositions will be experiments with a pianoless trio—a format, he notes, citing the work of Sonny Rollins and Joe Henderson, that requires strength and harmonic sophistication. In the future, Garrett hopes to realize his dream of recording with Sarah Vaughan and Ella Fitzgerald. "I think it's an art and a discipline to be able to play with singers, to play in the space and stay out of the way."

Garrett stiffens slightly, then quickly recomposes himself, when it is suggested that he may have to duck the flak fired by hard-bop partisans who question his joining Davis' electronic funk band. "I'm open-minded," he shoots back. "I play all kinds of music, and I listen to all kinds of music—Indian music, Japanese music, Middle Eastern music. I take a little bit from all of it. Some people think that because you can play bebop, you can't play in the other idioms. I think my sound is pretty flexible to whatever idiom, though jazz is the most challenging. It's all related. You can't be closed-minded and expect to create. I want to keep replenishing myself."

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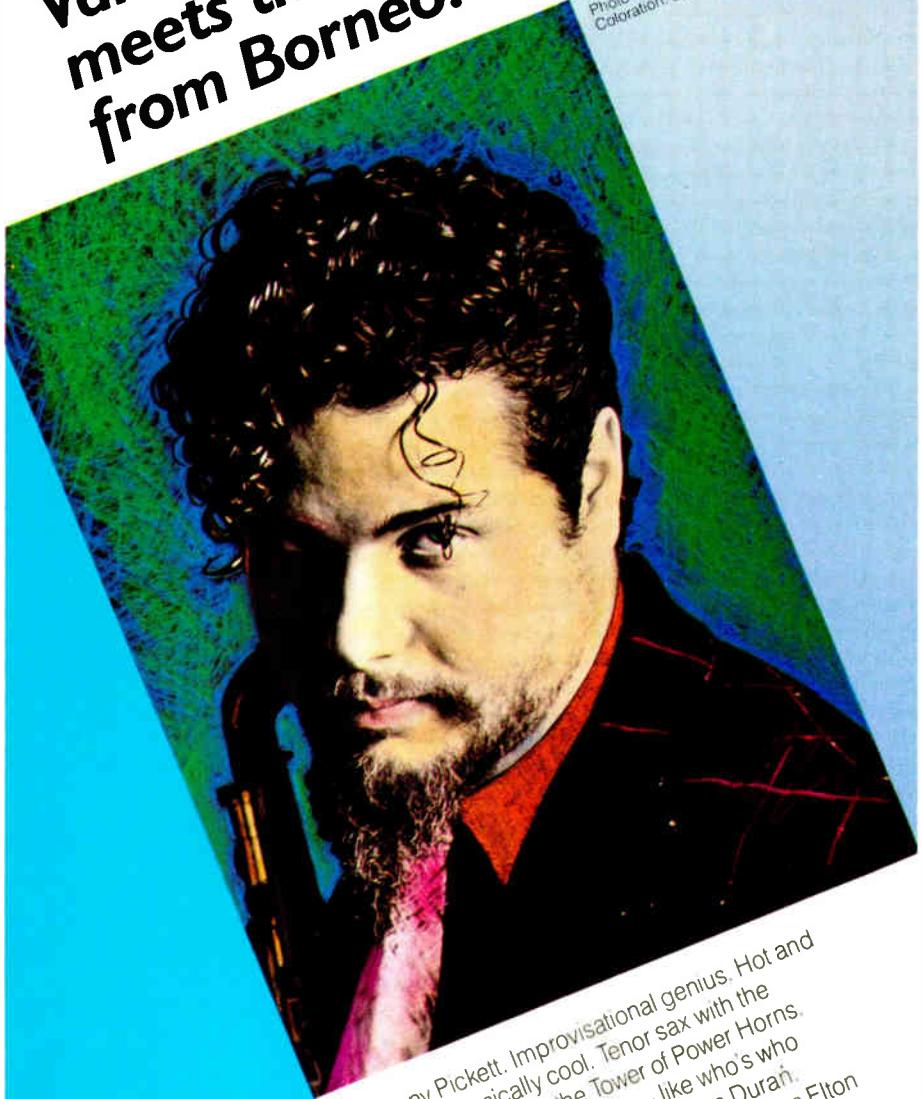


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**EDDIE PALMIERI/
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The Village Gate's regular Monday night Salsa Meets Jazz series is usually just what its name implies—an encounter between an American jazz artist and a latin dance band that tests the wits and chops of each on the other's turf. This occasion was a bit different; the opening act was the ensemble of latin-jazz pianist Hilton Ruiz, a fixture in hard-bop circles since the early '70s; the headliner was Eddie Palmieri, the renowned salsa pianist whose innovative style has always been heavily influenced by jazz; and the guest jazz artist was Papo Lucca, pianist and musical director for Sonora Ponceña, one of Puerto Rico's most popular and progressive salsa bands. It was apparent that the two idioms had already met.

With RCA representatives in attendance, Ruiz was celebrating the release of his first major-label LP, *Something Grand*, but with the exception of trombonist Steve Turre and electric bassist Russell Blake, none of the musicians from that session was present. Instead, a group of first-rate but lesser-known players filled in—Pat Patrick on tenor sax, Danny Moore on trumpet, Steve Berrios on trap drums, Frankie Malabe on congas, and Eddel Dueño on timbales.

Ruiz, natty in white suit and shoes, briefly mused on the electric piano, then shifted into a sly, jazzy vamp before the band came in with the bluesy theme of *Home Cookin'*, from the new album. Patrick, Moore, and Turre soloed boppishly in turn, followed by an airy keyboard break in Ramsey Lewis fashion and a short percussion jam. *Sunrise Over Madara*, another original from *Something Grand*, baldly imitated Coltrane's version of *My Favorite Things*, with Ruiz in the role of McCoy Tyner. Papo Lucca, a youthful, elfin figure, sat in on a second electric piano for the group's concluding standard, his florid, energetic style somewhat overshadowing Ruiz's simple blues lines. Indeed, Ruiz and his band, with the exception of Turre, seemed curiously remote and subdued throughout their set.

In contrast, Eddie Palmieri and his brassy 13-piece band were full of fire; the squat, bearded bandleader grimaced and gesticulated, sometimes jumping up from his piano bench to conduct at center stage. Palmieri's piano, the same instrument Ruiz had played, was much more heavily amplified, lending a commanding air to even his sparsest tone clusters and arpeggios. Muscular trumpet and trombone riffs soared over throbbing percussion, nearly overwhelming the thin lead vocals of Luis Vergara on a pair of

Palmieri warhorses, *Palo Pa' Rumba* and *Lindo Yambu*.

Papo Lucca joined in for the final number, *Ritmo Uni*, which Palmieri had recorded in the mid-'60s with Cal Tjader. In place of Tjader's oriental vibraphone colorations, Palmieri substituted the African flavoring of three lap-held, hourglass-shaped bata drums, traditionally reserved for Afro-Cuban cult rituals. Lucca provided a romantic, almost classical introduction; Palmieri followed with mysterious glissandos and resonant chromatic chords. After a long bata interlude and a gritty baritone sax break, Lucca and Palmieri again traded solos amid frantic fanfares and drum salvos. But Lucca's jazzy subtlety could not match Palmieri's histrionic flash; Eddie was clearly in no mood to be upstaged.

—larry birnbaum



MICHAEL SEIDEL

ANDREW CYRILLE ROULETTE/NEW YORK

Besides the piano, jazz's most solitary orchestra, few instruments have stood up well to the solo gig. The A.A.C.M. might've ushered in the man-alone-with-sax years, but those kind of performances have all but disappeared from improvisation in this, an overly nostalgic time for jazz. Same goes for the brass and bass families. And while the term "drum solo" rolls off the lips quite easily, when was the last time you saw one of the jazz vanguard wearing their hi-hat on their sleeve for a full night?

Percussionist Andrew Cyrille is no novice to the solo arena, but before this drums-only show, he hadn't performed alone in quite a while. The last few years have found Cyrille making headway in free improvisation as well as more traditional jazz forms. In the past he's not only employed a standard kit, but everything from chains to airhorns, and because the gig was at a downtown space where just about anything goes, the listing fostered a notion that the drummer might've had something conceptual in mind.

But he didn't, and he didn't need to. During his two sets Cyrille eschewed formal "experimentation" for a concept he's been comfortable with for years—a little thing called the drum solo. While a constant building of tension may be an old ploy for most percussionists, Cyrille showed that it could still seduce when executed correctly. There was one change-up; although he usually deals in declarative sentences, at Roulette he chose to deal in bulging, stream-of-consciousness segues. They worked just as well.

By starting out with a pulse-happy riff embellished with mallets, he initiated a wind-

ing foray that wasn't just historical, but geographical too. Like Ed Blackwell and Jerome Cooper, Cyrille is able to conjure the spirit of African drummers in one or two notes; his initial floor tom/kick drum patterns were poised Old World messages. That mama heartbeat stuff can get old pretty quick, but the steadiness of Cyrille's right foot afforded him a number of options for on-top elaborations over the thump-thump motif. This turned into a pastoral brush-on-snare massage, and then crossed the Atlantic, checking into Detroit with some muscular 4/4 with emphasis on the high hat; Philly was next with a bit of ride cymbal groove. Earlier in the week I'd bought plane tickets for the Mardi Gras, but when Cyrille went into his Nawlins second-line thirg, the trip down South seemed superfluous. A section that housed nothing but steady rim-

shots contained enough potency and drama to be reminiscent of a couple of rat-a-tat scenes from *Platoon*. There was even a nod to the little instrument leanings of expatriate Paris '69, with cymbal cracking, bell playing, and self thumping.

Unlike the kind of spartan yet sublime time he kept with The Group (Billy Bang, Sirone, Abdullah, Marion Brown) during the Music Is An Open Sky Festival at Sweet Basil, or the crisp and fluent swing that he's been putting behind Henry Threadgill and Fred Hopkins lately, the Roulette gig offered filigreed embellishments even during the most skeletal moments (like *Drum Song For Leadbelly*). And that constant right foot.

If the harbingers of hi-tech ever want to keep their stuff on line beat-wise and give it a human quality, they should hire Cyrille to be their flesh-and-blood metronome; the guy's a human click track. There might've been no new ground broken, but there were plenty of goosebumps raised.

—jim macnie

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book reviews

THE JAZZ YEARS: EARWITNESS TO AN ERA by Leonard Feather (New York: DaCapo Press, 1986, 310 pp., \$25.00, hardcover).

We're beginning to accumulate a valuable shelf of memoirs from the first generation of serious jazz critic/journalists: Dave Dexter, John Hammond, George Frazier, Otis Ferguson (collected works, at least), and now a semi-autobiographical book from the most enduring observer of them all, Leonard Feather. His byline first appeared in this publication in 1935.

Feather is a privileged fellow. He's had a box seat to nearly 50 of the 71 years of recorded jazz history. And *The Jazz Years: Earwitness To An Era* delivers any number of fascinating glimpses of those decades. But anyone of Feather's first-hand authority faces a vexing problem with autobiography. Being obliged to provide eyewitness reminiscences in countless liner notes, tributes, magazine articles, and books, one tends to fritter away the prime incidents over the years in dribs and drabs.

Fortunately, Feather has enough alternate and unreleased anecdotes to keep the flow of

incident relatively fresh. We hear about his first, and presumably only, meeting with Bessie Smith as she mumbled an indifferent greeting and then stomped angrily out to the box office to give grief to the house bandleader. There are short anecdotal chapters on Mezz Mezzrow and Leo Watson, two relatively inconsequential but colorful characters of the middle years, and one on Benny Carter, who was consequential indeed. We get brief looks at several record dates he observed. We don't learn much about the Eddie Durham Kansas City Five session. But it's amusing to find Fats Waller struggling to learn a new song, and myth-debunking to find Benny Goodman behaving in a relaxed and warm manner among his fellow musicians at a 1938 quartet date.

What all these stories lack, however, is a theme. What's he getting at? Nothing really, it turns out. These are snapshots of the time. What they lack is a central plot, a problem, a source of tension. Every important biography or autobiography must have a big story. It must locate the one or two dominant issues that form the inherent drama of its subject's life. Whatever goes into the story should move that story forward and deepen our understanding of its essential theme. This is what turns a life into



Leonard Feather

literature.

In part two of *The Jazz Years*, Feather discusses his association with *Esquire*—in the mid-'40s the most influential mass circulation magazine to deal with jazz. From this perspective Feather became one of the cast of characters in the great bebop/moldy fig war. It was a lively time when journalists seemed to enjoy sniping at each other more than musicians, and Feather doesn't spare himself or his own excesses. For *Esquire*, the drama climaxed with the publication of its 1947 *Jazz Book*, which had been taken over by an Eddie Condon partisan who had little interest in the fine arts of cultural politics and diplomacy. That was the end of *Esquire* as a force in jazz.

But not Leonard Feather. He continued covering the music, the people, the records. His mind remained remarkably open, and his influence on lay opinion considerable. But more and more, he became an item in his own journalistic beat. This is where the real tension of his story lies, although it comes through more as a subtext than basic theme. His real dream was to write music like Duke Ellington and ignite great careers like John Hammond. Both men commanded enormous respect from Feather, and maybe in a way they became role models for him. For all his accomplishments as critic and author, he seems to take greatest personal pride in his work as composer and record producer (on more than 200 sessions dating from 1940). He took heat for his divided loyalties. Some insisted he was a publicist masquerading as a reporter, that his critical integrity was shot through with hidden agendas. Never, he says. His composing brought even worse problems. "Any music bearing my name," he writes, "might have trouble getting past an A&R man whom I had offended with a negative review; or, if recorded, might meet with hostility on the part of rival reviewers." His biggest tune, *Evil Gal Blues*, brought him to a crossroads. But the security of his journalistic commitments was too valuable to set aside. It's just as well. Jazz and blues are not composer's arts. Even the most noted jazz composers, from Morton to Monk, amount to very little when measured against masters like Kern and Gershwin. For Leonard, better to be a first-class journalist

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RUSSIAN JAZZ: NEW IDENTITY

edited by Leo Feigen (London: Quartet Books, 1986, 217 pp., \$17.95, hardcover).

The emergence of Soviet avant garde musicians in the West is, as Francis Davis once pointed out in these pages, one of the decade's most important jazz stories. It has also been one of the few controversial jazz stories of the decade, a commentary more of the times than the Soviet avant garde. More than anyone, Leo Feigen is responsible for the West's knowledge of this remarkable artistic community, his Leo Records being the main conduit for the Soviet avant garde's recorded output anywhere, East or West. Given his crusade-like involvement with the Soviet avant garde, he is disqualified to edit a well-rounded survey of contrasting critical viewpoints. As made obvious in his vitriolic "Notes of a Record Producer," Feigen has far too many axes to grind to make judicious choices for such an anthology. Subsequently, *Russian Jazz: New Identity* suffers from tainted editorial credibility.

Too many essential documents that trace the snowballing of the controversy surrounding the Soviet avant garde are missing. Excerpts from pivotal reviews by Davis,

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Joachim Berendt, and Kevin Whitehead grace the dust jacket, but the complete texts are not included; Milo Fine's enthusiastic review of the Ganelin Trio's *Live In East Germany* is denounced as superficial by Sergey Kuryokhin (who edited the underground Soviet journal, *Chorus*) in two of the three articles he contributed, but Fine's text is omitted. While much of the most vigorous discussion of the Soviet avant garde has occurred in North American publications, the only North American critics to be included in the collection are Norman Weinstein, whose "Death Dance and Rebirth Steps for Jazz in the USSR" reads more like a Jungian dream journal than criticism ("The amina come alive with the waxy Lenin-doll by its side like a dummy awaiting the sound that transforms it into true flesh and blood. [Saxophonist Vladimir] Chekasin finds his tenor a ram's horn in his hand. What does his music owe to that poor dumb sacrificed beast?"), and S. Frederick Starr, whose "Soviet Jazz: The Third Wave" corrects his previous casting of the Soviet avant garde in a rock-fusion context in his previous book on jazz in Russia, *Red And Hot*.

The Soviet avant garde has been the subject of particularly hot debate in England, but of the two essays by English journalists, only the *Guardian's* John Fordham's "The Ganelin Trio in London" gives a sense of the debate: "The Ganelin Trio came to Britain to present a slice of Russian life that is perceived here only in a series of caricatures of hopelessly dated bohemians taking time off from State-cultural stipends to engage in hit-and-run guerrilla wars with the KGB." Were Feigen not so intolerant of dissent, Fordham's piece would have found an excellent counterpart in Eddie Prevost's "The Ganelin Trio . . . Reviewed . . . Reviewed" (*The Wire*, Summer 1984). Prevost, drummer for AMM, a quintessential English experimental music aggregation, is strongly disapproving of the Ganelin Trio's use of parody and theatrics, but his analysis of the English press' reaction to the Trio's London debut is a more scathing indictment of the press' general inadequacies in discussing the Soviet avant garde than Feigen's own rant. Further, there is much in Prevost's criticism of the Trio—which precedes from the question, "What does a cultural phenomenon born of the late 19th century capitalist America say to, and of, the Ganelin Trio?"—that validates Efim Barban's long-winded description of Chekasin in "Leo Records—Reviews in the Soviet Union" as a practitioner of "Socratic irony . . . [a] position of absolute negation which drives ironists beyond the bounds of the reality in which they live, beyond their time and epoch." Such counterpoint would have made this collection richer.

Another conspicuous absentee is Barban's "From Russia Without Consent" (*Coda*, June

1982), the most revealing interview with the Ganelin Trio published in English. The complexities of the Trio's personalities and aesthetic inclinations are vastly more clear and vivid in this interview than in Barban's "The Ganelin Trio: An Unguided Comet," which is littered with platitudes: "The players are united with a clear understanding of the fact that in the improvising art of jazz artistic truth is a combination of 'live' and heterogeneous independent characters, the manifestation and fusion of deeply intimate and sincerely felt artistic experience." Given that Feigen included engaging interviews with pianist Sergey Kuryokhin and the Siberian quartet Homo Liber, it is puzzling, at best, why such an absorbing interview with the Ganelin Trio was passed over. Also puzzling is the absence of such Soviet chroniclers of the avant garde as Alexander Kan.

In addition to the interviews, the strength of the collection lies in the travelogues by English journalist Graham King, West German clarinetist Hans Kumpf, East German critic and author Bert Noglik, and, via interview, Larry Ochs of ROVA. These pieces lace together the textures of the music and the culture in which it lives. Noglik's "Arkhangelsk, Arkhangelsk," a profile of the ensemble and its hometown, is particularly fascinating. For years, this ensemble (which was hailed by Kan in *Jazz Forum* as "a competitor to end the decade-long dominance of the . . . Ganelin Trio in Soviet new jazz circles.") has played in the same restaurant, performing a one-hour set of free jazz (Tuesdays through Thursdays) and trad jazz (Fridays) before embarking on three-hour dance-music marathons. That the ensemble thrives on this dichotomy exemplifies the theme of contradiction that runs through much of the discussion of the Soviet avant garde.

Leo Feigin has done an extraordinary service in bringing the Soviet avant garde to the attention of the West. The checkered results of *Russian Jazz* cannot diminish that fact.

—bill shoemaker

THE MUSIC: REFLECTIONS ON JAZZ AND BLUES by Amiri Baraka (Leroi Jones) and Amina Baraka (New York: William Morrow, 1987, 332 pp., \$22.95, hardcover).

The Music is several books in one: a collection of 15 short poems by Amina Baraka (*its the blue part/of billies flame/that enchants me/cause its the/hottest*); the text of Amiri Baraka's "anti-nuke jazz musical" *Primitive World*; a belated sequel to 1967's *Black Music*—Amiri then called Leroi Jones—the first and in some ways still best study of the

'60s avant garde; a round-up of 35 Amiri Baraka poems to restore faith in that mulish hybrid, jazz-poetry.

As poet, Baraka's most obvious virtue is that he never sacrifices swing to a cumbersome trope. *Caution: A Disco Near You Wails Death Funk* heats up to the nonstop rush of a Coltrane solo—which poets often attempt but rarely attain—and has a similarly mesmerizing, purifying effect. Elsewhere, in one line (*brook no obscurity, merely plunging deeper/for light*), he juxtaposes latinate *obscurity* and Ellingtonian *plunging*, blending Afro-American and European sensibilities, like jazz itself. He fuses and compresses social and musical history:

*raise it raise it from 4s to 8s to 16s to
32nds
From Pres to Bird to Trane . . .*

*making sense at faster
and faster
speeds
from feet to horse to car to plane. . . .*

Like his poems, his essays fuse criticism and diatribe. He burns righteously, exposing "The Great Music Robbery"—the process by which black music, after being denigrated as worthless, is appropriated and watered-down by the (white) American business establishment.

Baraka's often accused of reverse racism, but the charge won't stick. He praises (a few) white innovators, but protests press coverage that overemphasizes or distorts their role in the music. It's hard to argue with the observation that a db cover proclaiming Phil Woods "chief altoist of the jazz tribe" may be construed as a mite insensitive.

But Baraka sometimes falls victim to his own heated rhetoric, as when denouncing, over and over, black musicians supposedly tainted by the influence of Cage and Webern—a grossly overemphasized menace. (The last time Anthony Braxton audibly displayed Cage's influence was 1969.) Without naming him, Baraka censures Leroy Jenkins for being too cerebral and un-funky. But how can he miss the blues sense in Jenkins' roughhewn fiddling—anything but conservatory-approved—or the honest energy generated by his dance band Sting?

Black Music was culled mostly from outspoken db articles; *The Music*, however, is heavy with boosterish liner-notes, in which Baraka sometimes appears to soft-pedal his convictions. He kid-gloves the talented Jay Hoggard's pedestrian commercial discs; he knocks Anthony Davis in one essay, but mildly praises him in notes to a Hoggard LP. Does the contradiction arise out of commercial protocol, or because a careful listen to Davis reveals no polluting whiff of Webern? Twenty years ago, when Baraka was closer to the center of the scene, you never had to wonder exactly where he stood.

—kevin whitehead

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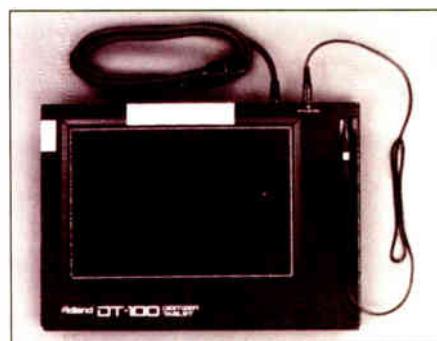
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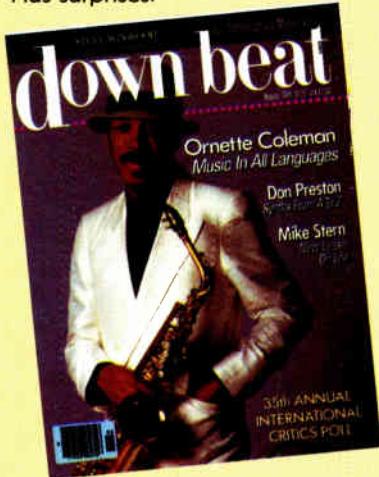
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pro session

STEVE WINWOOD'S SOLO ON EMPTY PAGES—AN ELECTRIC PIANO TRANSCRIPTION

by Jeffrey Todd Cohen

Jeffrey Todd Cohen has studied piano for 30 years with such teachers as Marian McPartland and Don Sebesky, and has a BA in Music from the University of Maryland. He has produced two albums, and is currently preparing to publish two books, *Puttin' Up Good Numbers*, which will consist of 13 compositions from his two albums, and a book of transcribed '60s-era bebop solos. The books will be available through Jeff Todd Music, 186 Wilson Ave., Westbury, NY 11590.

Steve Winwood, who recently won his first Grammy Award for his 1986 LP *Back In The High Life Again* (Island 25448), has been turning out tasteful keyboard fills since the 1966 Spencer Davis Group hit *Gimme Some Lovin'*. *Back In The High Life Again* is certainly his most mature work to date, but Winwood's playing has always been highly rhythmic and wonderfully jazzy. The electric piano solo printed below is from the song *Empty Pages*, which Winwood recorded with the trio Traffic on the 1970 album *John Barleycorn Must Die* (Island 90058).

Performance notes:

- 1) Be forewarned that this is an excerpted version of the solo. After the first 16 bars, 20 bars have been deleted; the transcription is then resumed for bars 37-42.
- 2) The solo's architecture (like the vocal verses) follows a four-bar pattern: one bar of A Major, one of G Major, two of D Major. Winwood confines himself to two melodic motifs and one rhythmic idea, yet all of his variations seem fresh-baked.
- 3) In bars two and four, the identical series of notes (G#-B-C#-E) that appears at the fourth beat of bar two recurs at the second beat of bar four; that inverted E⁶ is usually preceded by the half-step lower G natural, and succeeded by the higher octave G natural/G# (see bars six, nine, 10, 12, 38, 40, 42).
- 4) Winwood unhesitatingly descends on an E minor-sus 4 scale at several places (third beat, bar three; first beat, bar 11; third beat, bar 13; second beat, bar 37; third beat, bar 39; second beat, bar 41).
- 5) The first three notes of the solo occur over a quarter-note duration. This gives fair warning of the prevalent rhythmic figure of 16th-eighth-16th that is repeated at first beat, bar three; first beat, bar four; and eight more places in the solo.

A handwritten musical transcription of a piano solo. The music is written on five staves of five-line staff paper. The key signature changes frequently, indicated by 'D', 'A', and 'E' above the staves. The time signature is mostly common time. The transcription includes various note heads (circles, squares, triangles) and stems, with some stems pointing upwards. There are several markings: 'end 8va' at the beginning of the first staff, 'anticipations' near the end of the first staff, 'anticipate' in the middle of the second staff, and '3' and '10' above specific notes. The page number '11' is at the bottom left, and '12' is at the bottom right.

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ATLANTIC AT 40

By Gene Santoro

Those of you who were around at the time have probably stopped counting—or maybe wish you could. But no matter how you may squirm, this year marks the 40th anniversary of the birth of what was, at the time, just another blues/r&b/jazz label starting out with a handful of 78 rpm releases.

Nesuhi Ertegun joined brother Ahmet's label on Jan. 1, 1955 as an LP specialist. "Everything was singles, 78s, then," he recalls with a smile. "I wasn't doing just jazz, but all the album projects for Atlantic. For instance, I cut an album with Laverne Baker called *Laverne Baker Sings Bessie Smith*. She'd never done anything like that before—I had to teach her the songs. Ray Charles—my first idea was to put him in a jazz context, so I put him with Milt Jackson, because he adored Milt's playing, and it was mutual. Interesting that in those days Milt Jackson was a much bigger name, so he got top billing. So I was doing that sort of thing in addition to recording Ornette Coleman, Lennie Tristano, John Coltrane—hundreds of groups. And singers: Mel Tormé, Carmen McRae, Chris Connor. Plus Bobby Short. So it was jazz in a very broad sense."

Ertegun is celebrating Atlantic's milestone in a few different ways. Now chairman of WEA International and head of the International Federation of Phonographic Industries, Ertegun is also returning to the role of producer he held down at Atlantic from 1955-70; it's the first time he's worked in the studio for several years. Fittingly, his debut comes with a group he's produced some 17 LPs for in the past, the Modern Jazz Quartet.

"It was 20 years earlier to the day that we recorded *Fontessa*," Ertegun says of these sessions, in his spacious 26th-floor corner office in Rockefeller Center. "The album has the MJQ and a 19-piece orchestra. John has really found a way to write for strings that avoids that fatal classical connotation."

His second way of celebrating has already hit the record racks. "The series of 15 LPs called *Atlantic Jazz* is a kind of summary of my life as a producer," he says. "It's far from complete, but I think it has many of the highlights. Some of the recordings were done by other people, but about 80 percent of them are mine, me working directly as a producer with those artists. So for me it's a very important set—there are years of my life in those recordings."

Some high points remain vivid on vinyl to Ertegun. "There are some records I actually go back and play, and I think that's the best test," he says. "One of them is an album



Nesuhi Ertegun

called *The Boss Of The Blues* by Joe Turner. I picked the musicians very carefully for that—Ernie Wilkins, who did a lot of writing for Basie, did the charts. *The Genius Of Ray Charles*, which has an extraordinary number of great musicians—Paul Gonsalves and half the Ellington band, the entire Basie band, arrangements by Quincy Jones and Ralph Burns, the best arrangers of the day. *Giant Steps* by Coltrane; my first record with him, and the first song we cut was *Giant Steps*. There wasn't much verbal communication with him, he knew exactly what he wanted. He spoke very little, just a few gestures, no time wasted. My first Ornette Coleman

the most cooperative of anybody I ever worked with. And of course, my first encounter with the Modern Jazz Quartet, *Fontessa*, and their extraordinary preparation that allowed them to make that album in a little over two hours."

Another birthday present for Atlantic and fans alike indicates how far technology has come since those pioneering days. "When I went to California to record, I used to carry my own stereo equipment by hand on the plane, because there was no stereo equipment there," he begins. "That's why we have stereo on records from 1955-56; nobody else has that. The other labels started around '59. So we have plenty of material for our compact disc program. I'm supervising that for Atlantic, making sure the right choices are made. The plan is to re-release something like 80 CDs, albums just from the Atlantic catalog, between now and the end of the year." These CDs will be digitally remastered versions of original LPs, not compilations, though they will offer some bonuses. "*Free Jazz* we did two takes on: one, the issued take, runs 37 minutes, and the other, which has never been out [*Actually, it was briefly available on Twins, Atlantic 1588.—Ed.*] and is totally different, runs 20-something minutes. So on the CD we will put out both takes. And we'll do things like that wherever it makes sense."

"I should say to you," he sums up, "that the reason we're in this business at all is because of jazz and blues. Both my brother and I came here very young, as students, and became very interested in jazz and blues. We were record collectors; we used to go to small towns and knock on doors and ask people if they had any old records to sell. We found some Louis Armstrong Hot Fives, Jelly Roll Mortons, Bessie Smiths, and so

"I really feel lucky and proud to have worked with so many geniuses, on the same level as Picasso and Schönberg."

session, which was the most extraordinary thing—I'd never seen so much energy in the studio. Tremendous invention; he has a way of rehearsing where one tune stops and then he goes, 'One-two-three' and the next song starts. My Lennie Tristano record has a whole story behind it—the months of work to gain his trust, because he was so suspicious, because he felt he had been cheated by other companies, that he hadn't recorded for years. But he was an underrated genius. One of the greatest was Mingus; he had this reputation of being violent and so on, but the fact is I worked with him for 15 years in the studio and never had one problem. He was

on. We had thousands of 78s in the '40s. We had no business training whatsoever; we had to learn about business practices. And you learn it—it doesn't take you too long to find out about those, when you don't get paid by a distributor and so on," he laughs. "But we loved black music. We thought that American popular music has two roots, the white country & western, but especially the blues and jazz of the black people. That is the most important force of the century in indigenous American music, and we wanted to record it. I really feel lucky and proud to have worked with so many geniuses, on the same level as Picasso and Schönberg."

auditions

down beat SPOTLIGHTS YOUNG MUSICIANS DESERVING WIDER RECOGNITION



JON METZGER

28-year-old vibist, began studying piano at age eight, beginning his mallet percussion career with the Washington D.C. Youth Orchestra in 1970. Metzger continued his mallet percussion studies with Massie Johnson at the North Carolina School of the Arts, where he received a bachelors degree in music, jamming on the side with such musicians as Buddy DeFranco, Duffy Jackson, and Bill Smith. After graduation, he taught music at Oak Ridge Academy while pursuing his own jazz career in performances at festivals in Charleston, SC; Chattanooga, TN, and Kingston, Jamaica.

Metzger's first jazz recording, a 1984 New York studio session with Phil Markowitz, Marc Johnson, and Ted Moore, was released on cassette as *Jon Metzger/Vibes*, and earned him a National Endowment for the Arts Jazz Fellowship for Performance, which in turn led to a 1985 tour of Central America. Metzger's next recording, *Out Of The Dark*, was released last summer by V.S.O.P. Records (Washington, DC) and has helped him get gigs at such D.C. clubs as Blues Alley and One Step Down. Metzger is backed on the album by Fred Hersch, Marc Johnson, and Joey Brown.



MIKE

TITLEBAUM, 18-year-old alto saxophonist, won two **down beat** Student Music Awards this year, as best high school blues/pop/rock soloist and for his arrangement of Sonny Rollins' *Doxy*. His other honors

include outstanding performer awards from the 1985, '86, and '87 Monroe Community College jazz festivals, being named to the New York All-State Jazz Ensembles of 1985 and '86, and scholarships to the Berklee College of Music, New England Conservatory, and Eastman School of Music.

Titlebaum began studying clarinet in the fourth grade, switching to saxophone the following year, and beginning studies with Eastman graduate students (including multiple "deebbee" winner Jeff Beal) in seventh grade. Last summer he attended the Manhattan School of Music summer workshop, the Jamey Aebersold workshop, and Eastman's Arranger's Holiday, the latter earning him a Duke Ellington scholarship. He now performs with various ensembles at Eastman as well as a classical saxophone quartet led by his private teacher, Lisa Parent.



LES JULY, 27-year-old bassist, began his music studies on trumpet at age five. He is currently involved in various recording projects in the New York City area, having worked with such artists as Nile Rodgers, Mick Jagger, Kenwood Dennard, Omar Hakim, L. Shankar, Rick Derringer, Jerry Jemmott, Andy West, and Lita Ford. Primarily known as a bassist, July is a competent multi-instrumentalist, as demonstrated by his current solo project, on which he composed, produced, sang, and played all of the instruments.

July's influences on bass include Jaco Pastorius, Alphonso Johnson, and Stanley Clarke. His goal is "to incorporate a certain jazz style in the pop vein, sort of a blend of fusion and dance rock. People might think they're hearing keyboards, but it's actually bass. I think Alphonso Johnson pioneered that concept, and it's one that I want to expand on." July asks that anyone wanting to contact him do so by writing him at 177-07 136th Avenue, Jamaica, NY 11434.



ALEX SANGUINETTI

28, started drumming at age 14 in Buenos Aires, Argentina, having been introduced to jazz by his father. Self-taught, Sanguinetti gained experience on the local scene before visiting England in 1980, where he began giving clinics with the late Kenny Clare. On returning to Argentina, Sanguinetti was heard by George Gruntz, who brought him to the 1982 Berlin Jazz Festival to perform with the group Drum All-Stars. He has since moved to Frankfurt and performed with Vinnie Colaiutta, Danny Gottlieb, Sonny Emory, Gerry Brown, and Simon Phillips at the fourth annual International Drummers Meeting. He is currently performing with the Dom Um Romao band.

Sanguinetti's style of drumming is unique, because he rarely had a chance to see the world's great jazz drummers live in Argentina. A 1980 *Crescendo* magazine profile reported that, "Like Buddy [Rich], Alejandro Sanguinetti is a natural drummer who . . . will astound you with a startling and most brilliant array of cross-stick patterns."



DAN KRIMM

31-year-old electric bassist/composer from Ann Arbor, MI, was classically trained on violin before switching to contemporary jazz while at Princeton in the mid-'70s, where he played with fellow undergraduate Stanley Jordan. Krimm moved to New York City in 1981, and was awarded a 1985 fellowship grant from the National Endowment for the Arts to record a tape, which was used to press Krimm's debut album, which was released last

summer by Overtone Records Inc., (distributed by AIG Records in New York). Featured on the album are guitarist Vic Juris and saxophonist Marty Fogel (of the Everyman Band), along with a pastiche of original pieces.

down beat contributor Bill Milkowski calls Krimm "a gifted bassist who bears watching," and Chip Deffaa, in the *New York Post*, called him an artist "deserving wider recognition." His influences include Chick Corea, Herbie Hancock, Pat Metheny, Jaco Pastorius, Keith Jarrett, and Ralph Towner.



RAY ANTHONY HOLMES

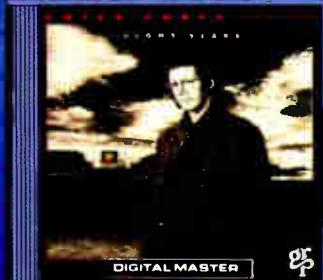
21-year-old percussionist, has led outstanding bands since he was 15, opening for such artists as Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers, Carrie Smith, and others. Members of his groups have included bassists Ira Coleman and David Jackson, saxophonist Phil Dwyer, and guitarist Billy White. Holmes has won numerous music awards, including the International Art of Jazz Scholarship, and quartet King To Pawn 4 (with Neils Lan Dokey, George Hoar, and Jimi Leff) shared first place in Lehman College's Jazz in America combo contest.

Holmes has also sat in with such artists as Michel Petrucciani, Sam Rivers, Ted Curson, Pepper Adams, Frank Wess, Jaki Byard, and many others, and he has been an accompanist to such entertainers as Joe Piscopo, Soupy Sales, and George Kirby. Holmes is currently leading his own trio, The Prime Element, with pianist Weldon Irvine and bassist Jon Burr; he also performs and records with groups led by Joey Cavaseno as well as performing with Cecil Bridgewater. **db**

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