

55th ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

For Contemporary Musicians

downbeat

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AGING TEMPOS

THE FIRST
55
YEARS



Duke Ellington



Woody, Mer, and Dizzy



Sonny Rollins



Muddy Waters



Jack DeJohnette



John Zorn

Features

16 THE '30s
down beat debuts in an era of national recovery and change. Big bands dominate. As the decade closes, world war and bebop are getting ready to make their entrances. Louis Armstrong. Jelly Roll. Benny Goodman. Bix. Duke. Coleman Hawkins. Bessie Smith. Eddie Condon. The Dorsey Brothers.

26 THE '40s
Jazz begins the decade as America's pop music, but by its end, the dance bands have broken up and bebop is leading the music into modernism, having achieved a cult status. Glen Miller. Sinatra. Billie Holiday. Pres. Bird. Woody Herman. Art Tatum. Dizzy. Ella.

38 THE '50s
West Coast jazz is white and cool; East Coast jazz, black and hot. Jazz has moved outdoors with festivals and goes to college. By decade's end, Third Stream and the avant garde have emerged. Bop hardens and gets funky, too. Rhythm & blues becomes rock & roll. Miles. Brubeck and Desmond. Chet Baker. Gil Evans. Coltrane. Sonny Rollins. Monk. Chuck Berry. J.J. Sarah. Mingus. Horace Silver. Ornette. Art Blakey. Cecil Taylor. Elvis.

58 THE '60s
A decade of radical change with the avant garde, blues, rock, pop, and soul music. Bossa nova moves in. Cannonball. Bill Evans. Jobim. Aretha. Albert Ayler.

Cover illustration by Juvenal Martinez.

Willie Dixon. Stevie Wonder. The Beatles. Buddy Guy and Junior Wells. The Jefferson Airplane. Michael Bloomfield. The Monkees. The Rolling Stones. James Brown. Hendrix.

77 THE '70s
A time of transition, electronics give birth to a variety of fusions. Europe, Africa, Russia, and Latin America add to the growing supply of innovators. Weather Report. Mahavishnu. Keith Jarrett. Muhal. Chick. Jack DeJohnette. The Art Ensemble. Dave Holland. Talking Heads. Jan Garbarek. The Crusaders. Disco. Airto and Flora. Braxton. Larry Coryell. The Brecker Brothers. Oregon. Abercrombie. Sanborn. Pat Metheny. Jaco.

88 THE '80s
Technology continues to play a major role with advent of MIDI. Revivals alternate with a variety of new musics as jazz reassess its vitality. The Marsalis's. John Zorn. Scofield. Laurie Anderson. Tony Williams. Steve Coleman. Marcus Miller. Cassandra Wilson. Frisell. Philip Glass. Henry Threadgill. Geri Allen. Robert Cray. Roy Hargrove.

Departments

- 6 on the beat**, by John Ephland.
- 8 chords & discords**
- 11 news**
- 14 riffs**
- 96 blindfold test: Toshiko Akiyoshi**, by Leonard Feather.
- 101 ad lib: "The Music Of Words,"** by Jeff Levenson.
- 102 auditions: We told you so!!!**

down beat

For Contemporary Musicians

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the 30's

by Leonard Feather

The 1930s were years of turmoil, of evolution and revolution for jazz. When the decade began in the depths of the Depression, musicians suffered less than most Americans, as the country turned to entertainment to dispel the cloud of gloom. In the years 1930-'31 Annie Ross, Clifford Brown, Phil Woods, and Nat Adderley were born; Blind Lemon Jefferson, Jimmy Harrison, Buddy Bolden, and Bix Beiderbecke died.

The deaths went unreported in the press, for jazz was still a despised or ignored underground music, almost never discussed in the U.S. as an art form. John Hammond, a young talent scout, found so few outlets for his comments that in the early years his writing appeared only in English publications, *The Gramophone* and *The Melody Maker*. A little later Hammond was commissioned to produce a series of record dates, not for U.S. consumption, but for release in Europe, where visiting artists like Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington, Coleman Hawkins, and Joe Venuti were accorded unprecedented welcomes.

down beat, launched in July 1934 by an insurance agent named Albert J. Lipschultz, edited by Ned Williams and Carl Cons, had very little jazz orientation at first; the cover stories on the initial issue dealt with pop dance bands led by Buddy Rogers, Anson Weeks, and Clyde Lucas. Over the next few years, though, jazz would play an increasing part in the coverage, and a long established brass band magazine called *Metronome* would also discover jazz.

It didn't happen a moment too soon. In 1935 Benny Goodman enjoyed his first big

success during a tour of California, and with the help of radio the Swing Era was born.

Though it seemed to be dominated by big bands—Goodman, Ellington, Basie, Lunceford, Shaw, Herman, the two Dorsey orchestras—this also became the definitive time for some of the most significant small groups, on 52nd Street or in Harlem: Fats Waller, Stuff Smith, Wingy Manone, Joe Marsala, Eddie Condon.

The record industry, which had hit rock-bottom during the early depression years—as few as six million records were sold in 1933—began its slow rebound. Though musicians were frustrated by the time limit on 78 rpm discs (three to 3½ minutes except for the very occasional 12-inch disc, which offered four to five minutes), the quantity and quality of releases increased greatly during the late '30s, with a regular series of masterpieces by Teddy Wilson's small bands, Billie Holiday, Lionel Hampton, and the various Benny Goodman combos.

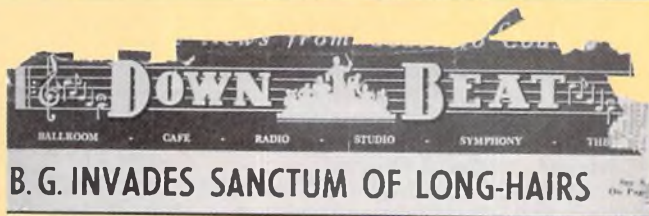
There was, of course, no television (except in England, where regular telecasting began in 1937). Late night radio programs from night clubs and ballrooms afforded many jazz fans their main access to jazz.

As the decade neared its end, jazz was in high gear. Bands led by Benny Carter (just back from three triumphant years in Europe), Chick Webb, Andy Kirk, and others alternated at The Savoy Ballroom in Harlem; many were also heard at The Apollo Theatre. Coleman Hawkins, just off the boat in the summer of 1939, recorded "Body and Soul." Bebop, and some of the most turbulent years of jazz history, were just around the corner.



DOWN BEAT

WHITEMAN CONDEMNS SWING MUSIC!



1934 The **Duke Ellington** and **Casa Loma Orchestras** arrive in Hollywood for their movie debuts . . . NBC's *Let's Dance* featured **Xavier Cugat** and **Benny Goodman** . . . **George Gershwin** began adapting a novel, *Porgy*, as an opera . . . **Duke Ellington** won ASCAP's \$2500 award for the year's best song, "Solitude" . . . **Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey** formed a band that featured vocalist **Bob Crosby** and trombonist **Glenn Miller**.
● ● ●

1935 ASCAP was named in an antitrust suit . . . headline: "\$25 A WEEK IS ENUF FOR ANY MUSICIAN!" SAYS MANAGER . . . **Louis Armstrong**, emerging from temporary retirement, noted, "My chops was beat, but I'm dying to swing again" . . . **The Dorsey Bros.** split up . . . British jazz critic **Leonard Feather** made his first trip to New York . . . the phrase "King of Swing" first appeared in *db* referring to **Gene Krupa** in a Slingerland Drums ad.
● ● ●

1936 **Count Basie** came to Chicago from Kansas City . . . **Guy Lombardo** defined his band, "We try to imitate the human voice and achieve a combination of tonal beauty and melodic charm" . . . *db* record reviewer **Warren Scholl** complained, "One of the chief faults of present-day jazz is that it is too stereotyped" . . . **Woody Herman** began fronting the **Isham Jones** band . . . RCA tested its first television . . . **John Hammond** discovered boogie woogie piano players **Meade Lux Lewis** and **Albert Ammons** in Chicago . . . jazz was banned in Germany by the **Nazi Party** . . . three jazz books appeared: **Hugues Panassio's** *Le Jazz Hot*, **Charles Delaunay's** *Hot Discography*, and **Louis Armstrong's** *Swing That Music* . . . 21 suicides were attributed to the song "Gloomy Sunday," causing the tune to be banned from the air . . . **Jimmy Dorsey's** new band was warmly received . . . **Bix Beiderbecke** was among the winners of *db's* first Readers Poll . . . a *db* writer stated, "Musicians who don't drink and can't jam are sissies."
● ● ●

1937 **Arthur Cremin** of the New York School for Music, attributed a wave of sex crimes to the "current hot jazz vogue" . . . **Benny Goodman** broke

jazz's color barrier with the appearance of **Lionel Hampton** and **Teddy Wilson** at the Dallas Exposition . . . headline: CARMEN LOMBARDO SINGS INTO DEAD MIKE . . . **Kay Kyser** defiantly bellowed, "If playing melody is corn, I want to be corny" . . . critic **Paul Miller** called **Duke Ellington's** *Diminuendo And Crescendo in Blue* "Inferior stuff with a fancy title" . . . **Jimmy Dorsey** said of his brother, "Tommy just walked off because we didn't agree on tempo" . . . **Marshall Stearns** wrote, "The one colored band that had the greatest influence on the development of modern swing music is probably **Fletcher Henderson**."
● ● ●

1938 "The jitterbug antics of American youth are not indications of mass insanity, but are, rather, just manifestations of a healthy exuberance," classical composer **Leo Sowerby** told *db* . . . **Paul Miller** called **Raymond Scott** "one of the most vital forces in jazz" and complained that **Art Tatum's** "ornate, flowery style is the essence of bad taste" . . . **Henry Busse** edged out **Clyde McCoy** for the title of "King Of Corn" in *db's* annual poll . . . **Benny Goodman** appeared at Carnegie Hall with **Count Basie**, **Lester Young**, **Bobby Hackett**, **Johnny Hodges**, and **Cootie Williams** . . . **Billie Holiday** left the **Basie** band for **Artie Shaw's** . . . **Jelly Roll Morton**, in a reply to *Ripley's Believe It Or Not*, claimed "I, myself, happened to be the creator of jazz in 1902" and "I may be the only perfect specimen today in jazz that's living. I guess I am 100 years ahead of my time" . . . headline: HOW CAN YOU BLOW A HORN WITH A BRASSIERE? . . . **Benny Carter** returned from Europe . . . jitterbuggers were fed arsenic in Iowa and banned from school dances in Chicago.
● ● ●

1939 Bassist **Jimmy Blanton** joined **Duke Ellington** . . . **Vincent Lopez** stated that swing has great potential as a therapeutic aid for victims of mental disorders . . . Miami Beach guitar instructor **Don McDougal** played 3,960 notes in 60 seconds . . . **Artie Shaw** said, "I hate the music business" and left his band to be fronted by **Tony Pastor**, but band members elected

George Auld as their leader . . . 19-year-old vocalist **Anita O'Day** was the opening attraction at the Off-Beat in Chicago . . . joining the Goodman sextet, **Charlie Christian** stated, "Electrical amplification has given guitarists a new lease on life" . . . *db* added the subtitle, "The Musicians' Bible" . . . **John Kirby**, commenting on his sextet, said, that "jazz, to be good, should be restrained and arranged" . . . headline: CUBA NATIVES, NOT JELLY ROLL OR HANDY, STARTED JAZZ IN 1712! . . . **Coleman Hawkins** returned from war-torn Europe . . . Blue Note issued its first 78 rpm record . . . two San Francisco State sociologists warned girls not to marry musicians.
● ● ●

Final Bar: **Bessie Smith**, Empress of the Blues; composer **George Gershwin**; New Orleans trumpeter **Joe "King" Oliver**; drummer **Chick Webb**; Basie band tenorman **Herschel Evans**; NO trumpeter **Tommy Ladnier**.
● ● ●



Hysterical Public Split Goodman & Krupa . .

Gene Broke Contract, But B.G. Re- fused to Hold Him to It



Harry James, Benny Goodman, Gene Krupa.

DO BEST WHITE BANDS COPY NEGROES?



**THE "DUKE OF ELLINGTON"
STEPS OUT—OF THE PICTURE?**
"Jungle Style" and "Wah-Wah" Effects Are in Class of
"Horse and Buggy"

(By M. W. Stearns, President of the Yale Hot Club)



GOODMAN'S PLAYING DEFIES ADEQUATE DESCRIPTION

By H. M. Oakley

Benny Goodman played two nights in Milwaukee a couple of weeks ago. There was good attendance and the place was filled with musicians who had come up from Chicago and numerous other nearby towns. In Milwaukee they had all hired substitutes. The band was an unqualified success.

The Tragedy of Duke Ellington, the "Black Prince of Jazz"

**A Musician of Great
Talent Forsakes
Simplicity for
Pretension**

By John Hammond
(Courtesy of Brooklyn Eagle)

Of all our native popular composers Duke Ellington is probably the most gifted and original. For more than ten years, he has been producing with the aid of the most accomplished orchestra



Roy "Little Jazz" Eldridge



**JIMMY DORSEY
SIGNS FOR KRAFT
CHEESE PROGRAM**

Fine and Mellow is the name of the blues Billie Holiday sings in Milt Gabler's Commodore recording studios in Manhattan. Sonny White was at the piano and the tenor was manned by Kenneth Hollon. Billie's four new Commodore sides are reviewed by Barrelhouse Dan.



**"I Should Hope to
Crush a Grape!"**



Red Allen



**Bessie's Voice
"Full of Shoutin' &
Moanin' & Prayin'" Was
Powerful To The End**



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The Knitting Factory

Prospect Park Picnic House

Performance Space 122

Roulette

WNYC

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FRIDAY
NOVEMBER
10



7 & 8pm
OPENING
NIGHT

MUSIC-THEATER ROUND ROBIN
Three-works, three theaters-one ticket.
DAVID LYNCH & A. BADALAMENTI produce "Industrial Symphony No. 1" with vocals by Julie Cruise.
KIP HANRAHAN Anger, Passion, Sexuality. Santeria, Voodoo, Ishmael Reed.
LESTER BOWIE Brass Fantasy, nine member choir, and actors.—BAM
11pm MIRACLE ROOM—The Knitting Factory

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11

12 & 2pm CONLON MANCARROW & TRIMPIN works for player piano performed on four computer controlled, acoustic pianos.—Baldwin Piano Showroom
3pm CHRISTIAN MARCLAY Installation—The New Museum
8pm DAVID BYRNE With his 14 piece latin band!—The BAM Opera House
9 & 11pm ZAHAR A Moroccan flavored power trio.—The Knitting Factory
11pm MINIATURE, NO SAFETY and NED SUBLETTE with Yomo Toro.—TBA

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 12

1pm JOHN CARTER With Bobby Bradford, Don Preston, Andrew Cyrille, Fred Hopkins, Terri Jenoure, Marty Ehrlich, and Benny Powell.—The BAM Playhouse
3pm GREG OSBY's "Sound Theater" Presented by *New Prospects*—The Prospect Park Picnic House
4pm THE HEARINGS: "AVANT GARDE-ARAMA" Hell & High Water 4 themes by 13 Performers in 4 hours: Solos, Music & Dance, Non-New Yorkers & Younger Composers with Joy Askev, Henry Gwiazda, Sue Ann Harkey, Doug Henderson, Anne LeBaron, James Lo/Konrad Kinard, Don Meissner/Laurie Carlos, Mat Ostrowski, Lee Ronaldo, The Same, and Damarulhe Wharton.—Performance Space 122
8pm FESTIVAL OF ELECTRONIC MUSIC & PERFORMANCE With Jerry Hunt & Karen Finley, Elliott Sharp & Leah Singer and new works by Steve Coleman, Paul Lansky, Mark Waldrep and Todd Winkler. Presented by SEAMUS—Merkin Hall
8pm ROBIN HOLCOMB "Angles at The Four Corners" With Wayne Horvitz, Alva Rogers, Syd Straw, Peter Blegvad, Marty Ehrlich, Jody Harris and more.—Dance Theater Workshop
8pm HEINER GOEBBELS/HEINER MÜLLER "The Man in the Elevator" With Fred Frith, Arto Lindsay, Dilmar Diesner, Charles Hayward, and others.—The Kitchen
8 & 10pm TONBAN DJAM—Roulette
9 & 11pm POWER TOOLS With Melvin Gibbs, Ronald Shannon Jackson and Pete Cosey. *Yow!*—The Knitting Factory

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 13

2pm THE ENSEMBLE SERIES Nexus Percussion Ensemble presented by Composers' Forum.—Merkin Hall



Next Wave Festival is sponsored by Philip Morris Inc.

INTERMEDIA FESTIVAL

7pm Larry Kucharz
8:30pm George Lewis/Don Ritter
10pm Mary Jane Leach
11:30pm Phill Niblock, One ticket, four performances, music, media and more.—Experimental Intermedia
8pm HEINER GOEBBELS/HEINER MÜLLER "The Man in the Elevator"—The Kitchen
8pm ROBIN HOLCOMB
—Dance Theater Workshop
8 & 10pm STEVE BERESFORD "The Songs of Charles Trenet" with Ilan Ben-nik and Bebat.—Roulette
9 & 11pm CUBLEW with Amy Deino "Paul Haines Set to Music"—The Knitting Factory

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 14

10:30am CHILDREN'S SERIES

Jerry Hunt, Tye Giraud
—The BAM Lepercq Space
12pm LAWRENCE "BUTCH" MORRIS Conduction #15 *The Spring Quartet*—The Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris
8pm FRED FRITH with vocals, guitars, percussion and live animation.
SHADOW VIGNETTES
Edward Wilkerson leading a 25 piece Big Band from Chicago in their N.Y. Premiere.
INGRAM MARSHALL West Coast composer mixes sampled Eastern European singers with two live sopranos.—The BAM Carey Playhouse
8pm JAY CLAYTON & URSULA DUBZIAK "Electronic Choir"—Dance Theater Workshop
11pm KAHONDO STYLE
—The Knitting Factory
12am ALGERIAN RAI—S.O.B.'s



WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 15

12pm FROM SOME OF THE PEOPLE WHO BROUGHT YOU NEW MUSIC

AMERICA David Winstein, Jim Staley, Doug Kolbar & Guy Yarden Improvisation, technology, melodicism and noise.—P.S. 122
2pm THE ENSEMBLE SERIES
The Downtown Ensemble performs Daniel Goode, Bill Hellermann, Mary Jane Leach, Anthony Coleman presented by Composers' Forum.—Merkin Hall
7pm SOUND POOL Nic Collins, Ron Kuwila & Joel Ryan with Ben Neill and Ushio Toriaki. *Orchids in the land of technology*.—Experimental Intermedia
8 & 10pm CHUNK Melodious percussion trio.—Roulette
8 & 10pm EUGENE CHADBOURNE "People Want Everything" a mixture of country, classical and rock musicians.—Performance Space 122
9 & 11pm MUSICA ELETTRONICA VIVA With Steve Lacy, Frederic Rzewski, Alvin Curran, Richard Teitelbaum & Garrett List.—The Knitting Factory
11pm PERCUSSION FESTIVAL
Ronald Shannon Jackson, solo **Ginger Baker**, legendary drummer & **Farfisa**, African percussion presented by Soundscape at The World

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16

10:30am CHILDREN'S SERIES David Ian Tigchem—The BAM Lepercq Space

12pm LAWRENCE "BUTCH" MORRIS Conduction #15 *A Large Ensemble performs under the "conduction" of Morris* at The Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris

2pm MOONDOG In a composers' forum reading with the Brooklyn Philharmonic—The BAM Majestic Theater
7pm THE HUB Pioneering computer technology.—Experimental Intermedia
8pm THE BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIC CHAMBER ORCHESTRA, conducted by Tania León compositions by: **John Zorn** (first orchestra work ever) **Moondog** (pieces old and new) **Lawrence "Butch" Morris** **Robert Moran** (a piece that rocks) **Gloria Coates** (one that frightens)—The BAM Majestic Theater
11pm NEGATIVLAND
—The Knitting Factory
11pm THREE UNDISCOVERED AMERICAN BANDS Janitors Animated, Krakatoans & Click Dark—CBGV's

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 17

12pm ENSEMBLE SERIES "New Music from the Pacific Rim" **Abel-Steinberg-Winant Trio** performs music by Somei Satoh, Lou Harrison, Paul Dresher & Daniel Lentz New music from California and Japan performed by this Bay-area violin, piano, and percussion Trio. Presented by Works and Process at The Solomon R. Guggenheim

Museum

3pm LIVE MUSIC TO SILENT FILMS

Geri Allen "The Scar of Shame"

Club Foot Orchestra "Nosferatu"

Gary Lucas "The Golem"—The American Museum of the Moving Image

7pm THE HUB Electronic, dynamic, interaction.—Experimental Intermedia

8 & 10pm SAMPLE & HOLD The Carl Stone Experience, Steinski & Friends, Rhythim Is Rhythim A sample of sampling.—The Kitchen

8pm STEWART WALLACE/

MICHAEL KORIE "Kabbalah" A ritualistic ceremony with visual artist Dee Wolff, directed by Ann Carlson—Dance Theater Workshop

8 & 10pm DAVEY WILLIAMS & LADONNA SMITH—Roulette

9 & 11pm GRAHAM HAYNES

ROOTLESS COSMOPOLITANS

—The Knitting Factory

11pm SOFT CORE EXPLOSION

Prong, Blind Idiot God & Live Skull—CBGV's

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18

1pm WALL OF RZIEWSKI with performances by **Frederic Rzewski**, **Musica Elettronica Viva**, **Sound Pressure**, **Zeitgeist**, **Steven Ben Israel**, **Jon Gibson** & **Carol Plantamura**—Symphony Space

8pm NIGHT OF A THOUSAND BANDS 1 ticket, 4 BAM theaters, 12 groups, 4 hours, go!

BUTTHOLE SURFERS

WORLD SAXOPHONE QUARTET with African Drummers

—Opera House

BOBBY PREVITE playing "Claude's Late Morning"

NED ROTHENBERG & PAUL DRESHER "Opposites Attract"

THE ORDINAIRES

—Carey Playhouse

The New Americans Series

ASTER AWOKÉ (Ethiopia)

THOUUNG SON GROUP (Cambodia)



SUSAN DEIHIM (Iran)
—Lepercq Space
CACHAO with Son Primmer
THE HORSEFLIES
TYE GIRAUD—Majestic

THE 'HOW' AND 'WHY' OF SWING MUSIC IN BRIEF

HERE'S CHALLENGE TO THE INTELLIGENT MUSICIAN

By CARL CONS

No kind of music is Swing. But you can "swing" music. "Swing" has been called many names but it has been alive and kicking since 1916. It has developed, changed face, lost favor, and now returns in sophisticated and polished arrangements; suave, well-poised, and superbly disciplined. (Benny's great band) in striking contrast to the shameful exit in sack-cloth and ashes of her Scarlet Sister Jazz in 1931, when she fled in sheer boredom from the growing horde of sugar-bands. (Lombardo's and Kings.) For 3 years she has been courted by Royalty and wooed by the appreciative masses of Europe, and languished as an off-cast lover in the speak-easies and jam-sessions of her still faithful but poverty-stricken paramour—the "swing" musician.

Punches Vallee on His New Nose

New York City, March 18.—Rudy Vallee, famous orchestra leader, and radio star received several direct hits to his newly remodeled nose from George White, famous producer of the "Scandals" shows, immediately after calling Mr. White a fancy name.

NEW YORK UNION MAY WEED OUT THE "COMMUNISTS"

New York, N. Y., May 24.—A law passed by the membership of local 802 eliminating doubling and providing for stand-bys for \$75 a week men has raised a rumpus among New York musicians, and may result in actions against a so-called "Communist" group in the local's ranks which had been given credit for the passage of the law.

The political situation in Local 802 is seething, and the executive board itself is split. The law, which in its essence is an effort to spread work among its unemployed, was a group of resolutions made by a minority group of the board, and sponsored by Dave Freed, acknowledged leader of the "Communist" members.

ART TATUM (Decca)

Liza, I Would Do Most Anything for You. One record by each of these piano virtuosos [with Fats Waller] serves as a practical basis for an analysis of their styles. Both are splendid technicians, though the application of their techniques to a given melody is in direct contrast. Whereas Waller works on interpretation of the tune itself, Tatum almost invariably superimposes upon a tune the aspects of his own technique. Waller captures the essence of the composer's idea; Tatum forgets about the composer in his eagerness to display his admittedly brilliant technical ability.

BIX' TRAGIC DEATH MARRED BRILLIANT CAREER

FATAL ILLNESS DUE TO TRIP AGAINST DOCTOR'S ORDERS

Greatest White Cornetist Played Fatal Prom Date with Fever Running Over 100 Degrees

By Warren W. Scholl



Bing Crosby and the Rhythm Boys.

Death Is My Partner, I Shall Not Want . . .

Editor's Note—(Because of the widespread use of marijuana among musicians and the almost unbelievable ignorance concerning its origin, effects, etc., the Editors of Down Beat have interviewed doctors, psychiatrists and musicians (both smokers and non-smokers) in order to present an honest, authentic picture of the weed, what happens to and in the minds of its smokers. So that all may know the extent of its injurious effects, or if it really is only the harmless kick of "Fluppy Grass" so many users claim for it.)

(Continued from Last Month)

"When the beginner, my friend," said the Old Viper, "timidly lights his first muggle—we call it getting a cherry—he thinks he's going to get a bang out of it swift and pretty severe. He sits and studies himself not sensing the subtle way the process of elevation is working, finally decides there's nothing to the stuff at all. The first time a guy gets drunk generally he's paralyzed before he has had any idea that the alcohol was getting to him. But after a few experimental efforts he can gauge himself properly, he learns like the weed smoker that a little goes a long way and if he dabbles with marijuana chances are better than even he will smoke more and drink less."



HAT HUT RECORDS PRESENTS

The Need for a Larger Hat

When, in January 1988, hat Art Records announced the introduction of their CD only line of recordings, it was natural to expect a continuation of their previous policies; the expansive attitudes and aesthetic vision which gave us stunning documentation of the work of such innovators as Cecil Taylor, Anthony Braxton, Steve Lacy, and Mal Waldron. Max Roach, Sun Ra, Archie Shepp, and John Zorn - as well as bringing to an entirely new audience such European stalwarts as George Gruntz, the Vienna Art Orchestra, Mike Westbrook, and Franz Kogimann (and even this only a small portion of the label's successes) hat Art had built an enviable reputation for quality of music and presentation, and for most companies it would have been folly to fiddle with such a successful policy.

Nevertheless, while the basic identity of hat Art CDs can now be discerned after the label's first 14 releases - and another half-dozen in immediate preparation - it's impossible to predict their future. For, as the lines dividing the boundaries of New Music continue to be erased, as musicians on the cutting-edge of creativity continue to explore uncharted areas of sound and structure, so hat Art evolves and changes along with them, in directions as unexpected and spontaneous as the music itself.

The label's most noticeable departure from the past involves musicians who are working outside the acknowledged arena of "jazz" - areas of sound generation and manipulation which avoid recognizable elements of improvisation or rhythmic values which correspond to the jazz tradition. Foremost in this regard is the late Italian composer Giacinto Scelsi. His remarkable piano suites, composed in 1953-54, initially derive from the advances of the Second Viennese School (Schoenberg, Berg, Webern), but ultimately reject those techniques with an exquisite new palette, purity, and process unique to Scelsi's dramatic vision. This, in turn, contrasts wildly with the sound environments created by Pauline Oliveros, who uses new technology (digital processing - with an unfairly clichéd instrument - the accordion - to layer frequencies, confuse relationships of foreground and background, melody and accompaniment, and in general offer an aural experience of substantial breadth. Similarly, Arnold Dreyblatt's "Orchestra of Excited Strings" redefines familiar instruments in unfamiliar ways, finding overtones, timbres, and textures which require equally new ways of listening, while Herbert Distal's "radiophonic" creation DIE REISE manipulates "natural" environmental sounds into the barest periphery of musical circumstance.

Others are exploring those grey, shaded areas where conventional musical styles overlap. Richard Teitelbaum's tongue-in-cheek titled CONCERTO GROSSO combines live improvisers with computer programs organized to accompany and interact dynamically in real time, resulting in a musical fabric of thoroughly unpredictable design. Percussionist Fritz Hauser's Swiss precision coupled with curiosity and a wry sensitivity allows him to develop crisp, distinct, seemingly abstract yet somehow narrative statements in duos with a welter of unpredictable human counterparts. And British composer/arranger Mike Westbrook's ironic relationship to the themes of Rossini's *no camp, no parody*, resulting in a kaleidoscopic image of ornate ornamentation, and the marvelously expressive vocals of Kate Westbrook - puts an Old Master into an illuminating contemporary light.

The third theme running through hat Art's initial series of CDs questions our response to new approaches toward seemingly familiar contexts and material. George Gruntz, using the deceptively comfortable big band idiom, creates a carnival of color and movement through a careful consideration of personal musical character, and complimentary procedures. The quartet Habarigan, on the other hand, destroys all of our preconceived expectations by juxtaposing distortions of song forms with organic improvisations and fresh timbral flexibility. Saxist Urs Leimgruber's assault on convention elevates his timbral and spatial concerns into a ritualistic context, a far cry from John Zorn's eloquent and adventurous revitalization of the Blue Note canons - communicating the joy and timeless values such a fresh attitude can bring to bear on old masterpieces. Likewise, composer/contextualist/flugelhornist Franz Kogimann blows away the historical dust through deconstructivist reductions of classic themes. ABOUT YESTERDAY'S EZZTHETICS gives the improvising musician maximum freedom while simultaneously freeing the music's self-sustaining essence.

Forthcoming projects reemphasize the multiplicity of modern viewpoints: the names of Stockhausen, Scelsi, and Morton Feldman are compatible with Anthony Braxton's meticulous designations of balanced notation and spontaneous decision. John Carter and Bobby Bradford put a contemporary spin on the Fire Music of the '60s, as deftly as Franz Kogimann weaves his native Viennese musical and philosophical traditions into '50s West Coast vibrations of "cool noir." And John Zorn quizzically, quixotically produces the clash between traditional Japanese and New Wave downtown NYC improv music. Beyond this, the future is an open and unpredictable as the ocean.

The 20th century has both simplified and complicated communication - and music, a viable language with its own vocabularies and syntaxes, its own rules to absorb and abuse, it perhaps the avenue of communication which evolves at the fastest pace. hat Art's commitment to those artists and visionaries of any/every time and place - whose potential for innovative communication takes them - and us - into ever unlikely and inspiring new directions explains the perpetual need for a larger hat.

Art Lange
November 1988

This recording has been made possible by a generous financial assistance of Swiss Bank Corporation.
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COLLEGE OF MUSIC
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Last month *Down Beat* suggested a "scenery" idea for piccolo and life manufacturers. This month we present a marvelous idea to arouse interest and sales for manuscript paper. A cellophane manuscript with this type of background would also inspire backward and lazy arrangers.

**Ellington Refutes
Cry That Swing
Started Sex
Crimes!**

**Stravinsky's "Le
Sacre Du Printemps"
More Exciting
Emotionally
Than Jazz**

In refutation to the hue and cry against swing music by Arthur Cremin, of the New York Schools for Music, in which the instructor attributed the recent wave of sex crimes to the current "hot" jazz vogue, Duke Ellington, prominent composer-pianist-bandsman, denounced Cremin's psychological experiments as being totally unfair and completely lacking in authoritative material.

BILLIE HOLIDAY

Strange Fruit; Fine And Mellow; I Gotta Right To Sing The Blues; Yesterday's, all Commodore.

Good and not so good. Perhaps I expected too much of Strange Fruit, the ballyhooed Allan-Sacher tune which, via gory wordage and hardly any melody, expounds an anti-lynching campaign. At least I'm sure it's not for Billie, as for example, Fine and Mellow is. Accompanied by Sonny White, piano, and Frank Newton, trumpet, the latter is first rate blues, convincingly sung. With a larger band, Billie clicks on Gotta Right and Jerome Kern's most melodious composition, Yesterdays. They are down her alley. But play all four at least three times before you say you didn't care for Billie. She's that subtle.

Why Women Musicians Are Inferior

Should Be Able To Get More Out Of Horn Than A Mere Cry For Help

Why is it that outside of a few sepia females the woman musician was never born, capable of "sending" anyone farther than the nearest exit? It would seem that even though women are the weaker sex they would still be able to bring more out of a poor, defenseless horn than something that sounds like a cry for help. You can forgive them for lacking guts in their playing but even women should be able to play with feeling and expression and *they never do*.

Have you ever heard a woman saxophonist who didn't get a quavering tone with absolutely uncontrolled vibrato, or a woman brass player who even though she might have some power, still got a brassy, hard, unfinished quality of tone? Masculine strength is not necessary for brass; diminutive Roy Eldridge who towers little more than five feet on a bicycle has the greatest playing range of any trumpet player and looks as if a strong zephyr would blow him right back to New Orleans. Yet women don't seem to be able to develop a lip which stymies their taking more than one chorus at a time. The mind may be willing but the flesh is weak!

Futility of Women Orchestras

There are several psychological reasons underlying the apparent futility of women in dance orchestras, especially applicable to wind instruments. In the first place, women are as a whole emotionally unstable which prevents their being consistent performers on musical instruments.

Another point, though it may seem laughable, is the fact that gals are con-

scious of the facial contortions so necessary in "blowing it out" and limit their power for fear of appearing silly in the eyes of men. Milady's dimples take an awful beating when reaching for the high ones and dearie, was my face red on that last high note!

One reason which is quite important is the fact that until recently tradition has been against women's playing in dance orchestras. Co-education, too, is comparatively a new idea and though many may deny it, heredity is a prime factor in the development of any artistry and where men have had centuries of musical education behind them women have only within the last few years come into their own as musical entertainers.

Women Musicians Not Inferior Says — Rito Rio

By Rito Rio

May I submit a rebuttal to my opponent as to why women musicians are not inferior? I should first like permission

from the reader to dwell upon points pertaining to the performance expected from a dance orchestra. The first very essential requirement necessary to obtain desired results is endurance. The members of my orchestra have ridden all day and night on a bus and played a five hour dance job, repeated the same the next day and have received compliments from the promoter on their fine performance. They have also rehearsed several hours together while playing five hours at night for many days in succession and haven't complained. How many times one of our fellow musicians have remarked, "Even men won't do that!"

2ND RHYTHM CONCERT DELIGHTS LOCAL "CATS" & "400"

Chicago, Ill. — Congress Hotel, March 7th.

Send it! Gate! Send it!

And Harlem's sons of swing lifted their horns to the cool sophisticated ceiling of the swanky Urban Room and poured out their melodic heat and aerie cadenzas to some 800 enthusiastic stomping, applauding white folks.

Billed as a rhythm concert, and sponsored by Chicago's Rhythm Club, this branch of the growing hot club movement in the U. S. succeeded once more in bringing "Swing" to Michigan boulevard and making it pay.

Hell Breaks Loose — or Death of the Drum

Cannibalistic Jam By Goodman In Vivid Contrast To Dorsey's Polish

By Tom Collins

Benny Goodman's work-out of "Sing Sing Sing" in the grand if somewhat sensational manner will make record history. Done in two parts, on the first 12" Swing recording, the score is teeming with imaginative variations. Strangely enough, "Sing Sing Sing" is promptly forgotten after a chorus or two at the beginning as the ensembles in part one become more and more complex, weird, harmonically beautiful and dramatically scored, and the whole arrangement becomes a series of ensemble riffs and hot solos divided only by nine tom-tom interludes by Gene Krupa.

AMERICA CRAZY BUT ENGLAND'S

CRAZIER STILL!

ABSENCE OF INHIBITIONS ABOUT COLOR ONE OF OUR SAVING GRACES: SAYS FEATHER

By Leonard G. Feather
(London Correspondent)

To all you hopefuls who picture Europe as a haven of intelligence where everyone knows all about good jazz, let me begin by destroying your illusions right away. I was in New York for the first time last month, and came away with the impression that, however dumb your great U. S. public may be, ours is even dumber.



Trumpeter Roy Eldridge (far left).

MICHIGAN MICHIGAN MICHIGAN

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Andy Kirk Twenty Years on Wheels

As Told to Amy Lee

Andy Kirk recounts his life as a traveling musician with Kirk's Clouds of Joy, and of his work with Mary Lou Williams, Kenny Kersey, Howard McGhee, Fats Navarro, and Charlie Parker.

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the 40's



by John McDonough

Jazz entered the '40s relatively unified at the center of American popular music. It exited a decade later divided and well on its way to cultism. Its original constituency of depression teenagers had grown into a vanguard of suburb-bound Organization Men. Babies were booming. Bands were busting up. Jazz was going modern.

"Charlie Parker offers inspired alto solos, using a minimum of notes in a fluid style with a somewhat thin tone but a wealth of pleasing ideas." Thus did **down beat** first encounter the decade's seminal figure. It was in the July 1, 1942 issue in a profile of the Jay McShann band. Bop was a logical extension of swing. It moved on the same basic Tin Pan Alley chassis—though elaborately augmented—and it swung fiercely. When it surfaced after the war, the public was briefly fascinated. But bebop's attitude resisted commercialization. It had been nurtured in an intimate world of secret passwords, intricate ironies, and heady virtuosity where only the hip were welcome and the squares could bug off. It was defined not only by Parker's alto saxophone, but by his cult of personality. His followers were so blinded by its incandescence, many confused creative genius with self-destruction.

The squares drew confidence from their relatively large numbers and attacked bop's elitism. The hip clustered together and fed on the moral strength that fills the soul of an embattled minority. The jazz world plunged into a civil war of musical cultures. One wing went off in search of jazz's roots. The

modernists sneered at anything old-fashioned. In the end, young musicians could not escape the power of the knowledge Parker had given them. Bop won in jazz. But jazz lost the broad middle-class that had embraced swing. It would never again command a mass audience.

The great bandleaders of the swing era were set for life. When the business and cultural infrastructure of their era collapsed, the Goodman's and Basie's aged into tenured and treasured icons. Young musicians who appeared after 1945 would not be so lucky. Some became "jazz stars," but few would cross over to large general audiences. They would play clubs, not theaters.

And if the substance of jazz was controversial, so was the selling of it. Norman Granz' Jazz At The Philharmonic tours altered the marketing of jazz as fundamentally as the boppers had altered its principles. Not everyone agreed that either was a good thing.

Throughout the decade, **db's** pages were on fire with controversy. It's ironic that a decade which had been torn by the heat of so much argument should end on a note that was so prophetically cool. When Gil Evans, Miles Davis, Lee Konitz, Gerry Mulligan, and others recorded (or "waxed," in **db's** period jargon) eight sides late in 1949, they defined yet a third major movement. With the *Birth Of The Cool*, jazz was well on its path toward Balkanization. In 1940 it had one center. Now it had several, with more to come.



1940 French critic **Charles Delaunay**, in a trench somewhere in France, wrote **down beat** that "jazz is not white, nor black, nor Jewish, nor Aryan, nor Chinese, nor American" . . . **Coleman Hawkins** left NYC's

Danceteria when he had to play stock arrangements . . . **Don Byas** replaced **Lester Young** in the Basie band . . .

headline: ELLA FITZGERALD MOBBED BY CROWD; CLOTHES

RIPPED OFF . . . reviewing **Cab Calloway's** "Paraddiddle Joe,"

Barrelhouse Dan held that there was no place for drum solos in jazz . . . **Frankie Trumbauer** retired from

music, became an inspector for the Civil Aeronautics Authority . . . **Jelly Roll Morton** said:

"Everybody today is playing my stuff, and I don't even get credit. Kansas City style, Chicago

style, New Orleans style—hell, they are all Jelly Roll style"

. . . **Fats Waller** said: "Man, if you don't know what swing is by now—don't mess with it."

• • •

1941 **db's** review of a **Wayne King** release said, "They stink out loud" . . .

Lena Horne joined the **Charlie Barnet** band . . .

Jay McShann's band with **Charlie Parker** cut their first

sides for Decca . . . **Claude Thornhill** hired arranger **Gil Evans** . . . the draft took all

10 members of Red Norvo's band at once . . . **Bunny Berigan's** band grew beards

. . . in **db's** look-alikes contest, the Gene Krupa category was

won by **Lou Bellson**, a young drummer from Moline, Ill. . . .

Jimmy Dorsey said the biggest break of his career was the one with his brother

Tommy in 1935.

• • •

1942 Musicians union president **James C. Petrillo**

banned the recording of phonograph records by AFM members . . . **Buddy Rich**

joined the Marines . . . **Wingy Manone** wondered, "What are those dopes who

can't play without music going to do during the blackouts?"

. . . jazz made its television debut when **Eddie Condon's** band was presented by CBS

. . . **Mel Torme** began arranging for **Chico Marx's** big band . . . an overeager crowd of **Benny Goodman's**

fans killed a Philadelphia policeman's horse as they swarmed to buy tickets.

• • •

1943 **Duke Ellington** debuted *Black, Brown, And*

Beige at Carnegie Hall . . . the U.S. Senate committee

investigating the recording industry concluded that "if the

ban on recording wipes out jitterbug music, jive, and boogie

woogie, it might be a good thing all around" . . . **Sarah**

Vaughan joined **Earl Hines'** band as second pianist and

singer . . . **Gene Krupa** was convicted of marijuana

possession . . . the film *Stormy Weather*, with **Lena Horne**, **Fats Waller**, and

Cab Calloway, was released.

• • •

1944 **Coleman Hawkins** led a combo on 52nd St. that

included **Thelonious Monk** . . . **Bud Freeman** led an Army band in the Aleutian

Islands . . . **Norman Granz** launched the series of concerts that became *Jazz At The*

Philharmonic . . . **Art Tatum's** trio earned \$1000 a week at the Three Deuces on

52nd St . . . **Billy Eckstine's** band included **Art Blakey**, **Dizzy**, **Sarah Vaughan**, **Bird**, and **Lucky Thompson**

. . . **Barney Kessel** was hailed as the greatest guitar

discovery since **Charlie Christian** . . . Air Force major **Glenn Miller** was

reported lost on a flight over the English Channel.

• • •

1945 **db** predicted great success for pianist **Rozelle**

Gayle . . . of **Bunk Johnson's** NYC debut, critic **Ralph Gleason** wrote, "I

think it's the best jazz I've heard in New York bar none" . . .

booking agent **Joe Glaser** accused **Woody Herman** of

stealing **Lionel Hampton's** ideas . . . composer **Helter Villa-Lobos** said, "Jazz, for

me, may not be the sea, but it is the waves of the sea."

• • •

1946 Critic **Mort Schilling** wrote that "the

fad of copying Dizzy has not stopped with his music; followers have been trying to

make themselves look and act like Dizzy to boot" . . .

Charlie Parker suffered a nervous breakdown and was

committed to Camarillo . . . drummer **Dave Tough** said that dixieland "used to be

revolutionary stuff. But now it's just straight-Republican-ticket kind of music" . . . guitarist **Django Reinhardt** toured the United States with **Duke Ellington**.

• • •

1947 **Glen Gray** disbanded his *Casa Loma* band . . . **Serge Chaloff** called **Al**

Cohn "as great a horn man as **Bird Parker**. Really the end"

. . . **Woody Herman** rebuilt his band, hiring **Zoot Sims**, **Stan Getz**, and **Ernie Royal**

. . . Hollywood released *The Fabulous Dorseys* . . . **Billie Holiday**, arrested for heroin

possession and drug addiction, received its first frank

discussion in **db** . . . trombonist/composer **Bill Russo** rehearsed an

experimental band in Chicago.

• • •

1948 Drummer **Shelly Manne** left **Stan Kenton**,

saying he felt like he'd been chopping wood after he finished

a job with the band . . . **Louis Armstrong**, star of the jazz

festival at Nice, said the beboppers caused the 52nd St. clubs to use

strippers because no one could understand bebop . . . a dixieland jubilee drew

8000 in Los Angeles . . . **Fletcher Henderson** said, "Of all the cruelties in the world, bebop is the most

phenomenal."

• • •

1949 **Stan Kenton** announced his retirement from

music to study medicine . . . **Columbia** released its first 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ s and **RCA Victor**

introduced the 45 . . . **Max Roach** said, "Stravinsky gasses me" . . . the first

Miles Davis nonet recordings were released . . . tenorist **Brew Moore** said, "Anybody

who doesn't play like **Lester Young** is wrong" . . . **Oscar Peterson** appeared at Jazz At

The Philharmonic.

• • •

Final Bar: NO clarinetist **Johnny Dodds**; Ellington

trumpeter **Arthur Whetsol**; tenor player **Chu Berry**;

guitarist **Charlie Christian**; bassist **Jimmy Blanton**;

trumpeter **Bunny Berigan**;

pianist/composer **Fats Waller**; pianist **Tiny Parham**;

songwriter **Jerome Kern**;

pianist **Teddy Weatherford**;

trumpetist **Tricky Sam Nanton**;

Nick Rongetti, proprietor of Nick's;

Jimmy Lunceford;

trumpeter **Sonny Berman**;

Fate Marable; Cuban drummer **Chano Pozo**;

drummer **Dave Tough**;

trumpeter **Mutt Carey**;

clarinetist **Irving Pazola**;

trumpeter **Bunk Johnson**.



PROTEST POP MUSIC ATTACK!

Leaders Wire Senators Who Took Fast Rap

"Good Thing If Ban On Records Wipes Out All Jive and Jazz," They Say

Chicago—Indignant protests from America's name handlers flooded the U. S. Senate in Washington last week as a result of the nationwide publicity deriding popular American music stirred up by the senate's investigation of the Petrillo-Recording situation.

Committee Chairman Clark, democrat from Idaho, and Senator Andrews, Florida democrat, were the targets. They led a sizable group of senators who loudly proclaimed that "if the ban on recordings wipes out jitterbug music, jive and boogie-woogie, it might be a good thing all around."

Leaders Get Busy

Foremost among the maestros to take exception to the politicians' ravings were Stan Kenton, Count Basie, Sonny Dunham, Woody Herman, Benny Carter, Jimmy Dorsey and Vaughn Monroe, all of whom were said to have wired Senators Clark and Andrews protesting their slurs and utterances on a subject with which, as Kenton worded it, "you are obviously not
(Modulate to Page 2)



Major Glenn Miller



Newlyweds: Legs Grable and Harry James.

'Corn is a Beautiful Word',
says Blue Barron
'Who Can Say What Is Corny?
It's an Overworked Phrase'

by BLUE BARRON
(As told to *Down Beat's* editors)



Some Still Believe In Future Of Jazz

By MALCOLM E. HOLT, RDM2/c, USNR

Intermittently, during my two years of sea duty, I sat back in my compartment aboard ship and tried to absorb the opinions of critics of *Down Beat* and other trade publications in order that I might have a clear cut, concise picture of the jazz world when I returned to the states. For two years I sought relaxation from the strain of battle and sleepless nights in the only expressive outlet I understood—jazz. My clarinet aided me immensely. The records I brought along punctuated the peace I sought and filled my dull moments with happiness.

Hodges' *Day Dreams*, Berigan's *Can't Get Started* and Muggsy's *Relaxin' At The Touro* gave me new confidence and helped pull me through. But all the while I kept reading that "Jazz is dead," "It doesn't have the vitality and spontaneity it should have," "Radio and records and movies have aborted an American art form."

And I began to wonder, What had happened that the art I thought was progressing at the time of my induction would suddenly have its progress retarded?

Now that I am back in the States and have tra



WILLIAM G. PRESTON

Jose Iturbi Knocks Himself Out With a Fine Batch of Boogie



One of the most amazing scenes in MGM's *Thousands Cheer* is this one, in which Jose Iturbi plays boogie accompaniment to a song by Judy Garland.

in the army specialist corps came practically unexpected, even to his closest associates. This was because the army had specifically requested him to reveal none of the plans concerning his commission, and until that morning two weeks ago, Miller himself had no inkling of his approaching captaincy. He had mentioned to friends several days before, his dissatisfaction was his position at that time, and was seriously thinking of enlisting as a private when the order from Washington to report came through.

Smashes More Records

Both Glenn and the band went out in a blaze of glory. At their week at the RKO in Boston, they had a \$44,000 gross, smashing all the theater's records. Their final four days at the Central in Passaic (N.J.) were of the same sort, with GM fans storming the two theaters seven times a day for last looks!

Miller himself will report to Omaha next week to start his new duties, which naturally will be concerned with morale work.

The band is to be completely broken up. Chuck Goldstein, the founder of the Modernaires, is dropping out. The remaining three, Bill Conway, Hal Dickenson, and Ralph Brewster, will team up with vocalist Marion Hutton for radio work.

Spival Gets Trams

The trombone section as a whole has joined Charlie Spivak. Included are Jimmy Priddy, Frank D'Anolfo and Paul Tanner. Trumpet man Johnny Best is also joining Spivak, while Billy May has signed with Les Brown as brass and arranger. Tex Benecke is joining the army as a private and has no musical plans. Altoist Willy Schwartz is doing the same. Ernie Caceres, hot alto; Al Klink; Chummy MacGregor, piano; expect to talk to their draftboards, while Doc Goldberg, bass, has already enlisted. Vocalist Skip Nelson, with the band only a few weeks, is returning to Chico Marx.

Hackett Considers Boston

Guitarist Bobby Hackett is seriously thinking of picking up his horn again, forming his own small band, and going to the Rio Casino in Boston, next to the old Theatrical Club where he first won fame.

Glenn, while of course planning no private activities for the duration, having finished his last radio broadcast last week (incidentally having signed a new contract the morning he signed with Uncle Sam), has asked his public relations aide, George Evans, to continue work. Evans will attempt to keep Glenn's name before his millions of fans, by press stories of GM's activities and by seeing to it that his records are kept on the air-waves.

Next issue, the *Beat* will present an exclusive pictorial story on Glenn Miller's last broadcasts and dates with his bands, plus his ideas on music during and after the war.

MILLER BAND BREAKS ENTIRELY

Musicians Scatter As Glenn Goes

'Wanted to Do More,' Says Leader—Sets New Records on Last Dates

New York—In an exclusive statement to *Down Beat*, Glenn Miller said two weeks ago, "I'm in for the duration because I feel that I wasn't doing enough, and I want to do more. I want to thank *Down Beat* and the many fans who have been swell to us, and I want them to know that when it's over, we hope to be back with something bigger and better."

Miller's dramatic acceptance of a captain's commission

Parker In Bad Shape!

Hollywood—Charlie Parker, alto saxist identified with Dizzy Gillespie as the leading exponent of the re-bop style, has been placed in a sanitarium suffering from a complete nervous collapse.

Final crack-up came after a wax session for Dial, on a Howard McGhee date. Parker made it through the session with difficulty, and after being taken to his hotel had to be placed under medical care.

Four sides of the record date were completed, but only two were worthy of Parker. Those were *Be-Bop* and *Lover Man*.



JULIUS G. LANE

Dizzy Gillespie's Style, Its Meaning Analyzed

Chicago—"Do you dig Dizzy?" is fast becoming the musician's counterpart to "Do you speak English?" Never before in the history of Jazz has so dynamic a person as Dizzy Gillespie gained the spotlight of acclaim and idolization. Wherever you go in Jazz circles you are reminded of Dizzy in at least one of several ways, for few musicians have escaped the aura of Dizzy's influence.

Copy Too Many Ways

But the fad of copying Dizzy unfortunately has not stopped with his music; followers have been trying to make themselves look and act like Dizzy to boot! Musicians wear goatee beards because Dizzy wears a goatee beard; musicians wear the ridiculous little hats that have been seen around lately because Dizzy wears one; musicians have started to laugh in a loud, broken way because that's the way Dizzy laughs; musicians now stand with a figure "S" posture, copying Dizzy who appears too apathetic to stand erect—and so on down the list. Surely this *copycatism* accomplishes nothing for the Dizzy fan, but, just as surely, it does Dizzy much harm.

It seems logical that Dizzy should epitomize the flauntingly unconventional, over-hip musician, for his many mirror-imaging followers are just that. People who don't know Dizz have assumed that his personality goes no deeper than these fads he has unwittingly started. But, on the contrary, Dizz is one of the most completely sincere persons—a refreshing individual to meet.

The 'Why' and 'How'

You ask—What brought on this new influence and in what manner did it begin?

As for the why, if it hadn't been Dizzy Gillespie it might have been O. U. Lovah or Joe Q. Jamman. The revolution caused by Dizzy's advanced conception was inevitable if Jazz were to keep progressing, for with the waxing of Hawk's *Body And Soul* and others in its class Jazz reached a pinnacle of development. The human imagination has its limitations, just as the human arm or leg, and Jazz had reached the point where the musician's imagination could no longer function effectively without the added stimulus of new horizons for exploitation. There were two alternatives: either Jazz could remain stagnant and in time lose its identity as a highly creative art, or it could develop new facets for the imagination, new stimuli to artistic fabrication. Fortunately it followed the latter course—chose it and assigned the task to Dizzy Gillespie.

Charlie, Others Help

As for the how, the development of Dizzy's style was not the result of a sudden flash of genius, a romping away in the newly made cart of abstractions; it was the culmination and accumulation of the hard earned ideas of many artists of whom Dizzy is the most impressive. Among these fellow-revolutionists may be mentioned Thelonius Monk, Lester Young, Buck Clayton, and Dizzy's close partner, Charlie Parker; also many others who frequented Minton's during the first days of the Be-Bop style.

If you haven't yet heard Dizzy play you must wonder just what this excitement is all about. Too much has been said about Dizzy Gillespie as the proponent of a new form of music—a *new Jazz*. This is a fallacious contention, as the tempering influence of time will undoubtedly show. Jazz is differentiated from other forms of music more from a standpoint of imaginative conception and emotional import than from that of musical form. The emotion displayed by Dizzy is not different from that displayed by other greats before him, except in intensity, and although the form of Dizzy's music differs from that which preceded it, it is, nevertheless, based entirely on Jazz as we have known it until now; it is merely a further development.

Dizzy's Style

One conception prevalent among lay and hip circle alike is that Dizzy's music is based on whole-tone scales and augmented chords. That is most certainly a *misconception*, for although Dizz employs whole-tone scales, assorted whole-tone intervals, whole-tone progressions, and augmented chords more often than do most musicians, these modernisms comprise but a small part of his style. Infinitely more important is his genius for substituting and extending chords in unorthodox but singularly thrilling ways and places. Often these substitute chords are minor sevenths with associated minor ninths; occasionally they are of the diminished, aug-

mented, and augmented eleventh groups. There is no definite pattern to Dizzy's use of these chords. The effects he derives are for the most part due to the unexpected and formerly untried combinations of chords, not polyphonically as often as in unique progressions.

But even more important than his startling use of chords is Dizzy's entirely original articulation and phrasing which is hardly describable through the medium of the printed word without recourse to highly technical terminology. Suffice it to say that Dizzy uses many new tools to good advantage: his ever-present turn, he hesitating double and triple tongued runs, his triplet phrases including unbelievable numbers of notes, his thick-toned approach to theme statements, his oft-stated Be-Bop phrases, his whining-glass-like pick-ups—these and many more.

Infectious Style

Dizzy's style is strangely infectious, which accounts for the horde of musicians who imitate him today. His style has broadened the scope of many, and for that it may be recognized as a great boon to Jazz. However, so many merely mimic rather than create with the new tool, that there is reason for concern over its possible ill effects on Jazz. Failure to utilize what Dizzy has initiated to advance individual expressiveness is due largely to three factors: first, Dizzy is a remarkable technician with considerable range, so that a musician with less of these essentials falls down in attempting to play as he does; second, few men have an imagination like Dizzy's, and those that do not frustrate their effort in trying to conceive on his plane.

Herman Herd On New Creative Kick

By FRANK STACY

(Second of a series on the Herman Herd)

New York—It wasn't until 1943 that Woody Herman began to hit his real musical stride, even though his band had found considerable success before then and had played considerable music of merit. With the beginning of World War II, Woody suffered the same losses and gained the same sense of insecurity that was affecting not only all bandleaders but everyone in every field. Undoubtedly, had an interview shortly after his plans were for the immediate future, he would have answered: "Are you kiddin'?"

Yet, oddly enough, if war can ever be held responsible for doing good, it exercised a benign influence in the case of the Herman Herd. With the draft and other wartime problems, Woody started losing his best men; the musicians he hired at first either couldn't play the old "blues" book well enough or they didn't like it enough to play it with feeling. Bookings became more of a problem and a thousand other restrictions arose to plague the bandleader. Like most leaders at the same time, Woody was forced to look for talent among younger, lesser-known musicians to replace sidemen who had become established stars in his band, but who now were either playing to a martial beat or hoisting a Garand.

It was this gradual influx of new talent that brought out latent possibilities as a musician and leader in Woody. It was the exciting contact with the "new right idea" that allowed him to let himself and his band go free musically. And it was the happy coincidence of sixteen or seventeen young talented musicians meeting in one band that led to the development of a big, white band which was created and not merely inherited.



From left, Ray Brown, Ella, and Dizzy.

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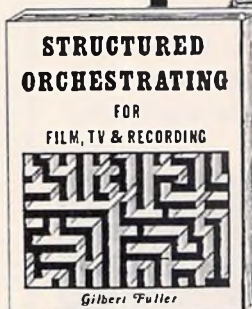
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Granz Prepares Big LA Session

Los Angeles—This city's first full-scale jazz concert was slated to take place July 2 at the Philharmonic Auditorium, for 20 years homeground of the staid symphonists. The Sunday afternoon affair, proceeds of which will go to Sleepy Lagoon Defense Fund (for liberation of group of Mexican boys who were sent to San Quentin in a killing case during the "zoot suit riots" here) was planned and sponsored by Norman Granz, local impresario for jazz performances and protagonist of racial unity.

Complete list of expected performers wasn't available at this writing but Granz said he was sure of the King Cole Trio, Benny Carter and members of his band, members of Jimmie Lunceford's band, Meade Lux Lewis, Singers Marie Bryant and Caroline Richards, tenorman Illinois Jacquet and a group of white performers such as drummer Nick Fatool, trumpeter Shorty Rogers, guitarist Barney Kessel and saxophonist Stan Getz, reportedly on the way.

EmArcy Plans Band Around Georgie Auld



Buck Clayton



Coleman Hawkins

Chicago Gives Granz Unit Biggest Gross

Chicago—The "Jazz at the Philharmonic" touring unit, directed by Norman Granz, pulled an overflow house at the huge Civic Opera House last month. The 3,600-capacity house was packed as many more outside clamored for admittance. Total gross on the Tuesday night date was just under \$10,000.

Though the unit, which took special pains to advertise it was a "rehearsal jam session," included such stars as Lester Young and Coleman Harkins, Buck Clayton, Ken Kersey, Shadow Wilson, Helen Humes and Meade Lux Lewis, it was a dismal flop musically. Lack of good production was the main failure.

Amazed by the tremendous reaction to the concert, several bookers and promoters are hurriedly lining up talent and dates for new concerts. At least two promoters were working toward concerts within two months time.

The Granz unit, off-shoot of his Los Angeles Philharmonic jazz concerts, continued on its tour eastward. The date here pulled the biggest gross of the tour.

Posin'

by Bill Gottlieb

THE POSER:

Why must you wear a goatee to play good hot horn?

THE POSERS:

Jazz Trumpet & Cornet Men.

Hied myself, with pencil and camera, to 52nd Street's dungeons (Spotlite Club cell) where lives one Dizzy Gillespie, trumpet player of repute & innovator of Horn-Meets-Goatee. His explanation:



Dizzy

"Strictly utilitarian, man . . . strictly utilitarian! Nothing faddish about it. First, it gives my lips strength. You know what hair did for Sampson. It's protection, too. Can't afford to let a razor get too close to those chops."

Thence to 400 Restaurant, where lives Red Rodney, star swingster of Gene Krupa's stable. Red tries to make like Gillespie but is hampered tonsorially, by his mere 19 years and invisible red coloring. Pointing to his goatee, so none could miss, he answered poser thusly:

"No doubt about it. Goatees strengthen your lip. And for more things than just playing trumpet."

Metered to Kelly's where Rex Stewart, sans goatee, contributed an answer. (He spoke entirely by cornet, the latest little technical trick Rex has picked up.)



Rex

"Did you hear about the fur-trimmed trumpet player who got his goatee caught in a subway door? Think of that poor little piece of fur riding back and forth from Brooklyn. I met him and said, 'Kid, my heart bleats for you.' He said, 'Baah!' I hit him forte and he hit my plente. Then we both butted into the nearest den and got all beard up—boy, was I Dizzy!"

Needing a fourth & having no kibitzers, I searched sub-surface catacombs of Radio City, bumping into Benjamin B. Benzydrine, eminent trumpet man widely known as The 17th Century Gabriel. He was asleep in the bell of his specially designed bass trumpet. I tickled him with a valve & he awoke, explaining his out-sized goatee:

"I, Benjamin B. Benzydrine—my friends all call me Three Bee—will explain. You know how mad these orchestra leaders are for baseball. To get a job, you've got to double in short stops. Well . . . some of us just happened to fall in with a leader who got booked into the House of David league."



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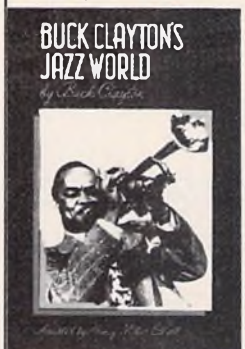
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SHOWDOWN LOOMS ON DISCS

Petrillo Resolved To Halt Recordings

August 1st Is Deadline: Small Radio Stations And Lesser Bands Suffer

by MIKE LEVIN

New York—The 47th convention of the American Federation of Musicians, held two weeks ago in Dallas, Texas, dumped four land-mines in the lap of the music business.

Prexy Petrillo knocked the delegates out of their chairs on the opening day with the announcement that as of August 1st, no further recordings or transcriptions by members of the Federation would be allowed in juke-boxes or on radio stations. Recording would continue to be allowed for home use, the armed services, and at the request of FDR.



Who Said Jazz Ended In King Oliver's Time?

by DICK SMITH

Eds. Note—L. D. Hall's article in the January 15 issue of *Down Beat*, headed "Why Try to Top Music of Old Timers?" created such a storm of controversy among *Down Beat* readers that it is impossible to print all the rejoinders. However, here are reproduced what *Down Beat* considers the two best arguments on the subject.

Nobody's trying to top the old timers. They're improving them. Anybody with a brain can't say that jazz started and ended with King Oliver. Jazz, in fact, is not what the word should be to describe the music played by those fellows. At least not the stuff that survived. Certainly Teagarden's blues inclination isn't what I call jazz. Those fellows played music best described as inspirational. That is why it isn't written. That is why Mr. Hall is wrong saying originality is to be despised. If the guy plays a horn at all, he should have experienced the fact that you cannot get the same "kick" out of the same pattern twice. In fact to satisfy your own feelings, you have to outdo yourself each time with something better; a newer and better pattern.



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'Put Full McShann Ork on Wax'

Decca Is Fooling the Public, Is Wail of Jazz Critic

by BOB LOCKE

Chicago—Somebody, and I think it's Dave Kapp of Decca Records, has been fooling the public!

I'm sore, and so are a gob of other critics. And for good cause, since there's no reason on earth why the Jay McShann band, yeah, all sixteen pieces of it, shouldn't be on wax instead of hiding it behind the skirts of a blues singer, Walter Brown by name, and a rhythm quartet. (By the way, Walter, that "skirts" is only a figure of speech.)

Why Fool the Public?

The McShann band played a one-nighter at the Savoy ballroom here last month. Did the patrons expect a full-sized powerhouse swing band, playing a wild, earthy gutbucket style of jazz much in the fashion of the rough Basie band of a few years ago? No! They had heard McShann on records, playing a piano background on *Confessin' the Blues*, which has turned out to be a massive hit on Decca's sepia series, and assumed pickup band. The reason was that Sepia communities, and indeed many ofay communities, have been bilked too often in this fashion before. That they did get their money's worth this time is a point to be taken up later on. The point here is that it isn't good business to keep the entire band off of wax, and that it's not doing either Decca or McShann any good.

I don't know what Decca's idea is, but I imagine they figure that four musicians play for a cheaper price than sixteen and the profits are the same. But they're wrong, for the profits aren't the same in the long run. But enough of that.

Here is a band which is the greatest unrecognized band in the country. In the Middle West, it is a sock box office attraction. It went East last winter and took the Savoy by storm. And that isn't easy to do. Harlan Leonard's Kansas City Rockets lasted two weeks in New York. And don't let anybody kid you that Count Basie's



band didn't flop all over the joint when it opened at Chicago's old Terrace several years ago, even if it did pull out of the spin and make good later on.

A Kansas City Outfit

The band is mainly a Kansas City-grooved outfit, although McShann is an Oklahoma boy himself. McShann came to Kansas City about five years ago (Eds. Note—See Sharon Pease's column in June, 1939, *Down Beat*) and attracted attention with his gutty rhythmic piano playing, working for awhile with the orchestra of Prince Stewart. Then, he organized his own band, a seven piece combination, and moved into Martin's-on-the-Plaza where he stayed eighteen months.

The original band with an over-sized rhythm section proved to be the jumpiest outfit Kansas City had ever seen. South Siders flocked to Martin's, which soon became a hub of jive. The boys in the band were young, enthusiastic, full of musical ideas.

Educated Cat Stole My Mute Idea—Joe Oliver

BY DAVE CLARK

Jackson, Tenn.—On a hot August day in 1936 as I was sitting under a tree in my yard trying to keep cool and dodge the heat from the blazing sun, a bus rolled up in front of my door and stopped and out stepped Theodore Taylor, former manager of the Royal Knights orchestra which I had sent out on a successful tour a few months back. Taylor was now kicking the hides and acting as right hand man for King Joe Oliver and his Band.

Taylor advised me that the band was in a tough spot due to some bad booking they had been working on under some guy in North Carolina, who had taken the band for a ride. He asked if I could do anything to help them get off the rim. I advised that it would be rather hard to get booking without any time for connections and exploitation, but I would do my best to help the band out.

Oliver Tells Sad Story

Taylor then called King Joe Oliver, who came out of the bus to help Taylor explain things. It was a sad story this old fellow told me. He stated that he had tough breaks for two years straight but was skill trying to overcome his handicaps.

King started to tell me his plight in this manner:

"Pops, breaks come to cats in this racket only once in a while and I guess I must have been asleep when mine came. I've made lots of dough in this game but I didn't know how to take care of it. I have been under the best management in the country but didn't know how to stay under it.

"When Fredericks Bros. of K.C. was handling my business I didn't have anything to worry about, but I messed up. I couldn't keep my band together. In a way I was unfair to them and I started down the hill. From that point I haven't had any real breaks since then.

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the 50's

by Nat Hentoff

The early 1950's saw the ascendancy of two groups based on the West Coast—the Dave Brubeck Quartet with Paul Desmond, and the Gerry Mulligan pianoless quartet with Chet Baker. Their success, along with the attention paid the largely white "West Coast jazz" phenomenon, led to a vigorous black rebuttal on the East Coast.

The Jazz Messengers—with Horace Silver and Art Blakey—were formed and much of its focus was on the black roots of jazz, from gospel-inflected tunes to hard-driving, funky blues. Later in the decade, Julian "Cannonball" Adderley—an alto saxophonist from Florida who quickly made an impact on the New York jazz scene—also emphasized "soul music" in his combo.

The 1950's were also marked by the emergence of the jazz festival as a significant source of attention and income for jazz musicians. George Wein started the Newport Jazz Festival in 1954, eventually inaugurating jazz festivals in other American cities and then abroad.

It was in Newport in 1955 that Miles Davis made his resplendent return to acclaim after a period of musical and personal uncertainty. The next year, the Duke Ellington band, which needed a commercial lift, got it when Paul Gonsalves galvanized the audience with an intensely extended solo in "Diminuendo And Crescendo In Blue."

During the decade, another entrepreneur, Norman Granz, continued to bring Jazz At The Philharmonic to many cities here, in Europe, and Japan. But to the musicians, as stated elsewhere, Granz's enduring accomplishment was his insistence that JATP would not perform in any auditorium that segregated its audiences.

There are always too many funerals, but the deaths during that decade were particularly hard to bear: Billie Holiday, Lester Young, Art Tatum, Big Bill Broonzy, Clifford Brown, Tommy Dorsey, Frankie Trumbauer, Baby Dodds, Frankie Newton, Oran "Hot Lips" Page—and Charlie "Bird" Parker.

But as always, there were new voices—incomprehensible to some, the dawning of the future to others. The most controversial was Ornette Coleman whose playing and writing fiercely divided both musicians and critics. There was also a new group which most musicians and critics much admired—The Modern Jazz Quartet.

And among the many jazz musicians keeping the heritage alive and exultant was Dizzy Gillespie who toured the Middle East and Latin America for the State Department, reminding one and all that jazz remains the sound of joyous surprise.



1950 **Louis Armstrong** said, "Bop is ruining music . . . and the kids that play bop are ruining themselves" . . . **Stan Kenton** hit the road with his 40-piece *Innovations In Modern Music* show . . . **Count Basie** disbanded his big band and formed a sextet with clarinetist **Buddy DeFranco** and trumpeter **Clark Terry** . . . **Woody Herman**, **Benny Goodman**, and **Artie Shaw** were all fronting small groups . . . **db** panned **Charlie Parker's** gig with strings at Birdland.

● ● ●
1951 **Dave Brubeck** was a hit on the West Coast . . . **Lonnie Tristano** said, "If **Charlie Parker** wanted to invoke plagiarism laws he could sue almost everybody who's made a record in the last 10 years" . . . **Johnny Hodges** left **Ellington** to form a band with **Lawrence Brown** and **Sonny Greer** . . . **Woody Herman** formed his Third Herd . . . **Cab Calloway** thought television would be the rebirth of the big band business.

● ● ●
1952 In Europe, **JATP** played to packed houses and **Louis Armstrong** met with riotous greetings wherever he went . . . tenorists **Dexter Gordon** and **Wardell Gray** co-lead a group in L.A. . . . **Stan Getz** could be heard on **Kate Smith's** show . . . former dixieland stalwart **Bob Wilber** studied with **Lee Konitz** . . . a jazz symposium was part of the **Brandels U's Festival of the Creative Arts** . . . **Claude Thornhill** broke up his band.

● ● ●
1953 **Bobby Hackett** thought he sounded a little like **Miles Davis** and "I liked it" . . . **Tommy** and **Jimmy Dorsey** reorganized their orchestra . . . **Arthur Godfrey** fired **Julius LaRosa** . . . **Earl Hines**, commenting on **Bud Powell**, said "if you haven't got a left hand, it just isn't piano" . . . **db** readers voted **Chet Baker** first among trumpeters . . . **db** editor **Nat Hentoff**, commenting on the breakup of the original **Gerry Mulligan** quartet, wondered if "the chords weren't more barbershop harmony than anyone except a few musicians publicly noted?" . . . **Artie Shaw** revived his **Gramercy Five**.

● ● ●
1954 The first **Newport Jazz Festival** was held . . . **Dizzy Gillespie** switched to

an angular horn . . . **Oscar Peterson** discovered **Toshiko Akiyoshi** in Japan . . . **Louis Armstrong** termed **Short Rogers'** playing "jiu-jitsu music" . . . *The New Yorker* debated the existence of West Coast jazz . . . **Clifford Brown** was hailed as "the new Dizzy" . . . **db** introduced it down beat *Dailies* to the industry at the NAMM show.

● ● ●
1955 Of the death of **Charlie Parker**, **Charlie Mingus** said, "Most of the soloists at Birdland had to wait for Parker's next record to find out what to play next. What will they do now?" . . . **Jack Webb** played a jazz cornetist in *Pete Kelly's Blues* . . . **Count Basie** celebrated his band's 20th anniversary and hired **Joe Williams** . . . **Buddy Rich** said "I want to sing" . . . **Steve Allen** signed to play the title role in *The Benny Goodman Story* . . . **J.J. Johnson** and **Kai Winding** formed a band . . . **Dizzy Gillespie** was the first jazz artist sent overseas on a cultural exchange by the State Department.

● ● ●
1956 **Elvis Presley** signed with RCA and his first LP sold 300,000 copies, breaking all pop sales records . . . **Norman Granz** founded Verve Records . . . **Horace Silver** and **Art Blakey** formed the **Jazz Messengers** . . . **Duke Ellington's** band broke up the Newport Fest with **Paul Gonsalves'** solo on "Diminuendo And Crescendo In Blue" . . . **John Coltrane** replaced **Sonny Rollins** in **Miles Davis'** combo . . . **Maynard Ferguson** opened at Birdland with his "dream band" . . . white supremacist groups sought to remove r&b records from juke boxes and from radio playlists.

● ● ●
1957 **Thelonious Monk**, listening to a playback of himself at a recording session, said, "Well, that sounds like **James P. Johnson**" . . . **Miles Davis** and **Gil Evans** collaborated on *Miles Ahead* . . . **Bill Russo** taught an accredited course in jazz at the U. of Chicago . . . ballroom operators credited the upswing in their business to the exposure big bands got on television . . . on State Department tours, **Benny Goodman** was awarded a medal by Cambodian King **Norodom Suramarit**; **Wilbur DeParis** received one

from **Haile Selassie**.
 ● ● ●
1958 **Sonny Rollins**, leading a bass and drum trio, said "My ultimate goal is unaccompanied tenor" . . . The **Savoy Ballroom** closed . . . The World's Fair in Brussels featured **Benny Goodman**, **Buck Clayton**, **Ella**, and **Dizzy** . . . **Dave Brubeck** played Poland . . . **Dave Lambert**, **Jon Hendricks**, and **Annie Ross** formed a singing group . . . **Eddie Condon** moved his jazz club from the Village to mid-Manhattan.

● ● ●
1959 The disc jockey payola scandals came to light . . . clarinetist **Pete Fountain** left **Lawrence Welk**, saying, "I guess bourbon and champagne don't mix" . . . **Duke Ellington's** score for *Anatomy Of A Murder* won three Grammys . . . **Gerry Mulligan** was featured in *The Subterraneans* . . . **Thelonious Monk** performed at NYC's Town Hall with a big band . . . **Miles Davis** was assaulted by two policemen outside Birdland . . . **db** provided seed money for the first **Notre Dame Jazz Festival**, the original collegiate jazz fest . . . **Benny Goodman** celebrated 25 years as a bandleader.

● ● ●
Jival Bar: trumpeter **Fats Navarro**; blues singer **Chippie Hill**; drummer **Sid Catlett**; singer **Mildred Bailey**; boogie woogie pianist **Jimmy Yancey**; **Fletcher Henderson**; bassist/bandleader **John Kirby**; trumpeter **Hot Lips Page**; **Charlie Parker**; tenorist **Wardell Gray**; composer/pianist **James P. Johnson**; trumpeter **Clifford Brown**; pianist **Art Tatum**; **Jimmy** and **Tommy Dorsey**; baritone saxist **Serge Chaloff**; bassist **Walter Page**; **W.C. Handy**; bluesman **Big Bill Broonzy**; drummer **Baby Dodds**; clarinetist **Omer Simeon**; **Billie Holiday**; **Lester Young** and **Sidney Bechet**.



Si Zentner, Marilyn Carroll, and "Morton" Sean Downey.

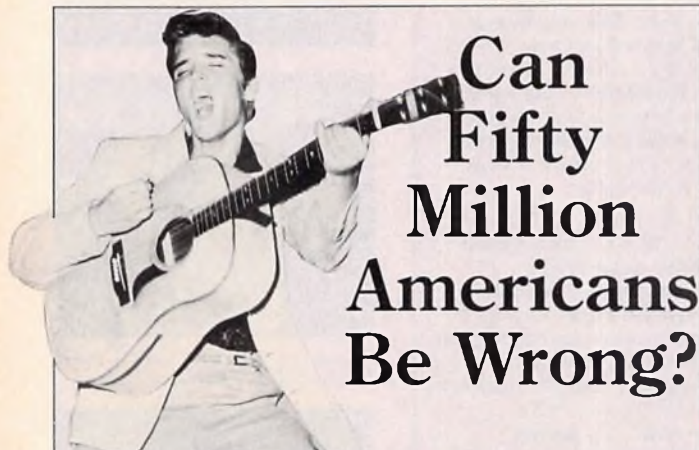


'Watch Peterson,' Say Canadians

By HENRY F. WHISTON

(Producer CBC, Montreal)

Montreal—Ever since his appearance at Norman Granz' JATP concert at Carnegie hall in September, Americans who heard him there have been talking excitedly about Oscar Peterson, Canada's top



Can Fifty Million Americans Be Wrong?

DO WHAT YOU WILL to Elvis Presley—slander him, mock him, step on his blue suede shoes—he'll still be king to his insuppressible army of fans.

Recently, in three successive *Record Whirl Blindfold Tests* by Leonard Feather, and in varying degrees of intensity, Jeri Southern, Mel Torme, and Dick Haymes each scorned the recorded work of young Presley.

The teenage readership responded with a howl. "I use to think Jeri Southern and Mel Torme were pretty good singers," reads a typical letter, "but now I wouldn't have their records if they gave them away free." And another. "... They should have deported Haymes."

Not two letters, but hundreds.

To hear some of the kids tell it, Mel, Jeri, and Dick never could sing a proper note in their lives, and all had better hurry pronto for some voice lessons—maybe from Carl Perkins.

There is another kind of letter which argues, "How can they dare say Elvis is bad? If he isn't a good singer, how come everybody buys his records? I don't see Jeri Southern or Mel Torme selling even a half million."

THIS RAISES AN interesting point—shall criticism be aesthetic or democratic?

Can 50,000,000 Americans possibly be wrong?

The answer, it seems to us, is that it's not really a problem of right and wrong. Except in clear-cut matters of fact and morality, it's presumptuous for any man to declare another right or wrong.

It can be said, however, that 50,000,000 Americans have shallow or undeveloped tastes. And indeed, it should be said.

13,000 At Newport Show Jazz Concerts Have Come Of Age

Newport, R. I.—America's first major jazz festival—the largest held anywhere in the world so far—has opened a new era in jazz presentation. This resort town with strong roots in early American history, a town more recently identified with the mansions of the 400 and's

The Coolest

New York—Then there were the two boppers who were being married by their own hip justice of the peace. Following is a verbatim account of the ceremony:

Justice Of Peace: "Do you dig this cat?"

Bride: "The most."

Justice Of Peace: "Do you dig this chick?"

Bridegroom: "She's the craziest, man."

Justice Of Peace: "All right, make it!"

Not Cool, HOT!

San Francisco—Louis Armstrong's opening night at the Hangover—attended by practically all the cafe societers in town—was enlivened by an unidentified but attractive brunette. She found the Armstrong music so far from cool that she took off, in quick succession, her overcoat (mink), her jacket, and then her sweater. Unfortunately they stopped her at that point.

Chicago, June 16, 1950

CHICAGO BAND BRIEFS

'Jazz Dead,' Says Teddy Powell, Trying Comeback

By PAT HARRIS

Chicago—When Teddy Powell brought his band into the Blackhawk early last month it marked the second step in his climb back to the more secure strata of the band business. Comebacks aren't easy, and Teddy, who says "the last five years have been hell, I don't want to go through that again," seems to be making his in a cautious calculated way.

"I lost \$90,000 on the last band I had," Powell says. "Jazz is dead, ... can't make people listen to it ..."

bands such as Tommy Dorsey, Hal McIntyre, Ralph Flanagan, and Paul Whiteman, play a difficult show with clean precision, and run through dance tunes in what seems to be a satisfactory style. For the goal ex-jazzman Powell seem to

Gillespie's Crew Great Again, But May Break Up



Chicago—Dizzy Gillespie is in a dilemma. And it's a pretty ironic one. Until recently, he was fronting a not-too-valid excuse for a band. But it worked fairly regularly. Now he's got possibly the best band he's ever had, and it looks as if he'll be breaking it up any day. Because he can't get work.

The band came into the Silhouette here recently and few expected much from it. But the word soon got around that somehow Diz had made a great, swinging crew out of what had been just a month or two before a dispirited, out-of-tune shadow of the Gillespie band that once was.

Personnel Shifts

It may be due to the fact that Diz made three vital personnel changes. He added pianist John Lewis, trumpeter Gerald Wilson, and trombonist Melba Liston (Wilson's wife).

They've made a vast difference, with Lewis, especially, helping the rhythm section get a cohesiveness and drive it never before had.

And also adding to the renaissance is Diz himself. No longer do you hear cynical onlookers remarking that "Not only doesn't the band blow, but Dizzy isn't playing

counterpoint

By Nat Hentoff

The Non-Organization Man: One of the best of the jazz arranger-writers has been having a time of troubles. It started at least three years ago when he signed with an important publishing firm. Sometime afterward he did seven originals and arrangements for a record date with a major label that featured an important leader-drummer.

At the end of the date, the artist and repertoire man matter-of-factly asked the writer to sign over his originals to one of the publishing firms the a&r man had an active, if tacet, interest in.





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Music World Mourns Reinhardt's Passing



Mourners pass by Django Reinhardt's casket.

COMBO JAZZ

Dixieland Jazz Gems (Vol. I)

Peg O' My Heart (Mole)
'Blues (B...)

Like Kleenex

New York — Dom Cerulli, the Tom Swift of *Down Beat*, is about to patent an invention he claims will revolutionize the music business—paper mutes for trombones and trumpets that the player can discard after each solo.

Two-trombone teams and sections are eligible for wholesale rates.

DOWN BEAT

Clifford Brown—The New Dizzy

New York — The word among musicians both here and in Europe is that a new Dizzy Gillespie has arrived. No hornman in several years has so stirred the interest and enthusiasm of his fellow jazzmen as Clifford Brown. And as a result of his recent records on Blue Note and Prestige, the jazz listening public also is becoming aware of a fresh, authoritative trumpet voice. Clifford, 23, was born in Wilmington, Del.

"My father played trumpet and violin and piano for his own amusement," Brown recalls, "and from the earliest time I can remember it was the trumpet that fascinated me. When I was too little to reach it, I'd climb up to where it was, and I kept on knocking it down. So when I was 13, my father finally bought me one—and only because of that fascination for the horn itself. Otherwise I had no noticeable interest in music as such at that time."



Clifford Brown

much any more, either." Because he is. Not only is he once again contributing fertile, imaginative solo work, marked by his staggering technique, but is playing lead trumpet occasionally, splitting the book with the rest of the section.

It's quite an experience to see Gillespie, neck bulging out even more than his cheeks, playing a lead that carries the whole band along by its sheer drive and controlled power.

Big Problem

But like we said, he's got a big problem. The band may be broken up by the time you read this despite the fact visiting musicians just sat shaking their heads in disbelief when they heard the crew.

Practically the whole Charlie Ventura band went out to hear Diz, then talked about it for the next week. Drummer Tiny Kahn, playing opposite Diz for the last three days with Herbie Fields, agreed it was about the best Gillespie band he'd ever heard. Max Bennett, Fields' bass man, remarked, "I think they accidentally got in tune one day and decided they liked to play that way."

Diz Happy

Diz, too, was completely happy with the band. "It just gasses me," he said. "I sure would hate to have to break this band up. Maybe we still can line up the foreign trip we've wanted, and stay in business. But I'm just not making any money the way things are going now."

No matter what happens to the band, however, a lot of persons can again say that they heard Dizzy and a band of his at their greatest.

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Leonard Feather presents 1951 Readers Poll Awards to (from left) Shelly Manne, Stan Kenton, Maynard Ferguson, and Jay Johnson.

MAX ROACH

By Don Gold

■ There is a handful of jazzmen whose prominence is unquestioned by all factions of the jazz audience.

Max Roach is a member of that elite.

The career of the 33-year-old drummer reads like a history of modern jazz. He shared the stand with Charlie Parker shortly after he was graduated from high school, and he's been sharing stands with illustriously creative jazzmen ever since...

"I never had too much trouble, because I was in the right crowd. I came to 52nd St. with Dizzy, Hawk, Pettiford; what we were doing was a new thing. When people began to talk about us, we got criticism which made all of us suffer. I felt the new music, although I like all forms of jazz, and I stayed with it. We just kept on plugging, without changing to meet any of the criticism. We evolved naturally—all of us," he remembers...

"I remember in 1949 in Europe, with Bird, Byas, and Dizzy, where we came off the stand so full of inspired music we'd have to relax," he says.

"George Wallington would freeze at the piano from the force of the music. We would sit down during intermissions and talk about little things. We'd make jokes. The power of the music excited us so," he says.

Roach gets that same feeling today. "I get that feeling when I play

*a great drummer
looks back at
some influences*

with Kenny Dorham or Sonny Rollins now," he says. "Kenny is another trumpeter who is wonderful to work with. And people aren't aware of his ability as a composer. Miles says that the only people he can hear on the horn today are Dizzy and Kenny. And I know what he means. When he wants to hear an inspired horn he listens to them. He doesn't hear emulation in them.

"I've always been fond of Art Blakey and Jo Jones," he continues. "Blakey is a creative person. He plays with the sincerity of a dedicated person. He does things that make sense. However, Sid Catlett has been my main source of inspiration.

"I remember coming to Chicago to play a concert. He was in the wings. He came to see me, as he always did. While we were onstage he laid down and died right there. Somebody said that Big Sid was sick and I saw them opening his collar. He left us right there. Funny how tragedy strikes without warning, when you don't even know it's coming yourself. I don't think he knew it was coming."

Pipe-and-Slipper Jazz Is For Me: Gerry Mulligan



Boston—"Pipe-and-slipper jazz is what I want. Just lazy I guess." With that Gerry Mulligan, the lean, tired-looking baritone sax sensation, assumed a posture of complete fatigue. He relaxed on the stand at Storyville, and the club had one of the most comfortably swinging weeks in the club's history. For such a lazy-looking exponent of jazz, Mulligan has accomplished more than he feels he is capable of absorbing at this point in his career.

"We've recorded enough for three years," he said. "The originals that I have written have all appeared on the scene at once. I feel as though the well could run a little dry. Seems like everything I wrote went to press. It's quite a spin to be in."

Mulligan was happy with his group and the sound. "Bobby (Brookmeyer on valve trombone) gets a sound that's much closer to mine than the trumpet did," he said. "The group is closer to what I want than it has ever been.

"I like jazz that is easy and quiet with a subtle swing. Lester Young used to get a sound on his horn that I would like to get with my whole group.

"It is neither jazz or classics as we categorize music today. It's a form all its own and should be judged on those standards. His use of the scales and overtones alone is worth the excursion. Perhaps some day these things will be accepted for their worth, not their controversial nature.

"Jazz is an art of many emotions; ours is to relax and build from a comfortable position."

Sax Maniac

San Francisco—A sax-destroying sadist razed the bandstand of the Sheraton-Palace hotel's Gold room during a dinner hour intermission. Three of the four saxophones in Del Courtney's orchestra were ripped, twisted, and bent into silence by a thus far undetected attacker. The fourth saxophone escaped the assault, for its owner had taken it with him to dinner. No other instruments on the stand were touched.

Speculating on the motive for the saxkrieg, trumpeter Donald McDonald told the *San Francisco Chronicle*: "Maybe a saxophonist stole his girl."

Maybe it was the girl.



Meet Dr. Getz

By John Tynan

Although at the height of his career, lauded by many as the most influential tenor saxist of his generation, and a consistent best seller for Norgran Records, Stan Getz today feels "... jaded about the music business," and, within the next 10 years, plans to become a physician.

Just turned 30, Getz explains his desire to enter the field of medicine as "... the fulfillment of a lifelong dream." Why this sudden rejection of the profession which seemed to constitute his very life and to which he has made such contributions?

"Basically, it's myself," he said. "I'm just not able to cope with all the hassles that go with being a jazz player. Take the average club owner, for example. Most club owners know absolutely nothing about music; know nothing about presenting it. If you're a musician, you can't trust them. The same applies to the agents and all the rest of the characters that are part of the music business. For me, this is an untenable situation. I often feel that I just can't go on taking it night after night from unsympathetic know-nothings."

He continued, "There was a time when I attempted to overcome this difficulty by goofing. But I discovered that's no answer. No answer at all. I feel now that that's all behind me."

"FOR ONE THING, I've got my wonderful fiance, Monica, who's a constant source of strength and inspiration. Then, there's my own maturing outlook on life. For example, I'm studying academic subjects like history and philosophy now...."

The love story of Stan Getz and Monica Silfverskiold, who met during his European tour last year, will be climaxed this month by a big, traditional wedding in her homeland. Monica, incidentally, came to the U. S. in 1955 on a diplomatic scholarship to study for the foreign service. She speaks six languages and is currently working toward her master's degree in political science at Columbia university.

ON THE SUBJECT of current tenor players Getz waxed eloquent. He named Zoot Sims, Al Cohn, Sonny Stitt, and Sonny Rollins as the foremost voices on their horns. Lester Young he reserved for a special niche ("What's the point of talking about Pres? He's Pres, that's all")....

"With Stitt you've gotta work," he muttered ruefully. "He doesn't let you rest. You've got to work hard or you're left at the starting gate. It's hard for me to say which horn he's better on, alto or tenor."

As for radically new directions in tenor sax playing, he observed, "Apparently there's nowhere new to go. All the avenues appear to have been explored. Of course, there will always be the one guy that's going to burst through the blockade. I don't know who he is, but he'll come along one of these days and there'll be something really new in tenor sax playing again."

"ON THIS MATTER of style," he continued, "I feel, for example, that Charlie Parker, during his later years, stayed more or less in the same groove."



There didn't seem to be anything really fresh happening. If he hadn't died, he might have taken another step forward—on tenor maybe. But what's the use of talking... he's dead."

Herbie Steward is an obviously fond and favorite topic of discussion with Stan. "If he only wouldn't bury himself in dance and show bands," he said sadly. "Herbie's got such beautiful soul. Even playing lead chair. His lead alto is the nearest thing to a human voice I've ever heard."

Speaking of Steward stirred memories of the "Four Brothers" era, and Getz recalled, "When we were working out those Gene Roland things for the saxes at Pete Pontrelli's ballroom, I used to transpose the third alto part for tenor. That's why I play so much today in the upper register. Of course,

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Stan Getz

the three tenors and bary idea wasn't new, but Roland was the first to try it successfully. What a great, misdirected talent Gene's is . . ."

Audiences are still a major bugaboo with Getz. "There are all kinds . . . What can you say? The worst are here in Los Angeles. Maybe it's because this is the entertainment center. Everything seems to be, "Have you caught my act, dear?" and to hell what's being played. So help me, after you finish a tune the deathly silence makes you feel like falling through the floor. It makes you feel sort of apologetic about playing in the first place. But it's quite different in San Francisco. There the people are warm and enthusiastic. And it's such a short distance between the cities, I just don't get it."

SWITCHING to the subject of European audiences, Stan did a rave. "In Sweden they're so responsive. I think I'll never be the same after Sweden. Never did I feel so confident in what I played. The people there gave me the feeling that everything I played was truly artistic."

"Of course, I never worked a night club in Europe. Audience reaction might possibly be different in clubs. But those concert halls! Acoustically they're the end; and the audiences behave like they're attending the Philharmonic. It sure is wonderful for me to play under such conditions."

Berlin is the scene of Stan's next date for Verve Records, when he will

cut an album of ballads, backed by 24 strings. Included on his list of tunes to be recorded are numbers like *You're Blase*, *Wait Till You See Her*, *Speak Low*, *That's All*, and *Like a Ship Without a Sail*.

For this native Philadelphian turned Bronxite turned cosmopolite, health is now Stan's most important consideration. During his recent lengthy stay in Hollywood, he became a member of an athletic club where he swam and worked out daily.

In today's Stan Getz, however, another kind of health is also apparent. Emotionally he seems a vastly changed individual from the lonely and confused youth who grabbed headlines some years ago. Whether the jazz world loses one of its indisputable giants to the practice of medicine, or whether Stan grows old blowing a horn, of one thing he is certain: in a changing world he has changed and matured. For aspiring medic Stan Getz the growing pains are *past*, if pertinent, clinical data.

You Dig?

New York—According to a *New York Times* picture survey, the growing interest in jazz in Japan (*Down Beat*, Feb. 24) has given rise to the Japanese equivalent of hip expressions. Here are a few examples for prospective travelers who don't want to come on square:

"Pari pari" lively.
 "Moose" girl.
 "Otsu-mata" what's hugging you?
 "Wakary kenji yo" I dig you, pops!

Is There A Place For Women In Jazz Strictly On A Merit Basis?



■ Is there a place in jazz for women as instrumentalists? Not simply for pianists who lead trios two-thirds of which are male. And not simply for women regarded as oddities, who happen by some freak chance to play passable trumpet or trombone and still look like women with all the requisites of that kind of pulchritude we call by the name of sex appeal.

What I am asking is a much more simple and direct question.

Is there a place for women who play jazz—on the horns, on the rhythm instruments, on any kind of instrument—strictly on the basis of merit?

These musings on this particular question are occasioned by two pleasant occurrences of recent date. One is the spectacular comeback of Mary Lou Williams, long and earnestly anticipated by some of us and for which we are now devoutly thankful. . . .

For all the progress made in jazz in the last couple of decades, women have not yet won a fair hearing, except as singers or pianists with male assistants and colleagues. They are still more looked at than listened to.

Maybe the problem must be solved outside the precincts of jazz. Maybe it's the psychological and sociological areas that it must be faced, analyzed, and brought to some reasonable conclusion. Certainly the tensions that develop when men and women play together are not entirely of a musical nature.

Certainly the prejudices which women still must face when they take up a trade or profession almost exclusively confined to men until now—certainly these are not musical, although they may be translated into musical terms.

That women can be suffered to play any instrument in highly demanding, unmistakably discriminating male company has been proved many times now. In symphony orchestras and chamber groups of all kinds and classes all across the Western world women now can be heard sawing away, wheezing, pumping, blowing, plucking, and scraping with the best of their male associates. However strange it may look to see a girl lift a bassoon to her lips or get squarely behind an outside bass, however startling it may be to watch a woman lock herself firmly inside a French horn or tuba, these feats have been accomplished and accomplished with distinction by women many times now. They are not to be restricted to the keyboard instruments or the larynx.

How strange it is, really, that jazz should be so long in accepting women as instrumentalists and equally curious that women should have taken so long to demand a sizeable place for themselves in jazz. It may be that jazz musicians are more conservative than they—or we—usually think.

It may be that having so many other obstacles to overcome they don't want to add to their lives the difficulties with the public and the inner disturbances that surely must follow their acceptance of women in quantity as instrumentalists to sit and play beside them.

It may be that they don't want any more competition: jobs are still scarce enough.

It may even be that there just aren't that many talented jazzwomen, girls who can negotiate the horns in this tradition, in this idiom, as distinguished from the purely or impurely classical.

Whatever the reason or reasons, as long as any group of jazz quality remains unheard because of the sex of its members, it is a major loss to the jazz world and to the dignity of those who make it up.

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miles

By Nat Hentoff

A Trumpeter In The Midst Of A Big Comeback Makes A Very Frank Appraisal Of Today's Jazz Scene

AFTER A TIME of confusion and what appeared to be a whirlpool of troubles, Miles Davis is moving rapidly again toward the forefront of the modern jazz scene. He has just signed a contract guaranteeing him 20 weeks a year in Birdland (the first three dates—two weeks each—Oct. 13, Nov. 24, and Jan. 19). He has been added to the three-and-a-half-week all-star Birdland tour that begins Feb. 5, and there are reports—at present unconfirmed and denied by Prestige—that Miles may leave Prestige for one of the major record companies.

Miles already had shown clearly this year how important a jazz voice he still is by his July performance at the Newport festival, a performance that caused Jack Tracy to write: "Miles played thrillingly and indicated that his comeback is in full stride." A few weeks later, Miles surprised the international jazz audience by tying Dizzy for first place in the *Down Beat* Critics' poll.

SO MILES is now in the most advantageous position of his career thus far. He has the bookings, the record outlet, and he has the group that he's been eager to assemble for some months. As of this writing, on drums there's Philly Joe Jones, described by Miles as "the best drummer around today." On bass is the young Detroit musician, Paul Chambers, who's recently been working with George Wallington at the Bohemia and of whose ability Miles says only "Whew! He really drives a band. He never stops." On piano is Red Garland from Philadelphia. The tenor is Sonny Rollins, for whom Miles has deep respect. Miles has been trying to convince Sonny to leave Chicago and go on the road with him and finally, to Miles' great delight, he has succeeded.

"I want this group," says Miles, "to sound the way Sonny plays, the way all of the men in it play individually—different from anyone else in jazz today. We've got that quality individually; now we have to work on getting the group to sound that way collectively. As we get to work regularly, something will form up and we'll get a style."

Miles, as his sharply perceptive *Blindfold Test* (*Down Beat*, Sept. 21) indicated, is an unusually knowledgeable observer of the jazz scene. In a recent, characteristically frank conversation, he presented his views about several key figures and trends in contemporary jazz. This is a record of his conversation:

The West Coast: "My general feeling about what's happening on the west coast is like what Max Roach was saying the other night. He said he'd rather hear a

guy miss a couple of notes than hear the same old clichés all the time. Often when a man misses, it at least shows he's trying to think of something new to play. But the music on the coast gets pretty monotonous even if it's skillfully done. The musicians out there don't give me a thrill the way Sonny Rollins, Dizzy, and Philly Jo Jones do. I like musicians like Dizzy because I can always learn something from him; he's always playing new progressions, etc. Kenny Clarke, too, is always experimenting."

Bird: "Bird used to play 40 different styles. He was never content to remain the same. I remember how at times he used to turn the rhythm section around when he and I, Max, and Duke Jordan were playing together. Like we'd be playing the blues, and Bird would start on the 11th bar, and as the rhythm sections stayed where they were and Bird played where he was, it sounded as if the rhythm section was on one and three instead of two and four. Everytime that would happen, Max used to scream at Duke not to follow Bird but to stay where he was. Then eventually, it came around as Bird had planned and we were together again. Bird used to make me play, try to play. He used to lead me on the bandstand. I used to quit every night. The tempo was so up, the challenge was so great.

"Of the new altoists, Cannonball plays real good. He swings and has real drive, but he doesn't know the chord progressions Bird knew. Bird used to play things like Tatum. But if Cannonball gets with the right musicians—men like Sonny Rollins—he'll learn."

Writing: "With regard to big bands, I liked some of the arrangements this last Stan Kenton band had at Birdland, and, of course, Count Basie sounds good, but that's just swinging. I also admire the big band writing Billy Strayhorn does. Do you know the best thing I've heard in a long time? Alex North's music for *Streetcar Named Desire* (Capitol LP P-387). That's a wild record—especially the part Benny Carter plays. If anybody is going to be able to write for strings in the jazz idiom or something near to it, it'll be North. I'd recommend everyone hearing that music.

"My favorite writer has been Gil Evans. He's doing commercial things now, but if you remember, he did the ensemble on *Boplicity* and several other fine things around that time. In answer to that critic who recently asked why a song like *Boplicity* isn't played by modern groups, it isn't played because the top line isn't interesting. The harmonization is, but not the tune itself.

"A lot of musicians and writers don't



get the full value out of a tune. Tatum does and Frank Sinatra always does. Listen to the way Nelson Riddle writes for Sinatra, the way he gives him enough room, and doesn't clutter it up. Can you imagine how it would sound if Mingus were writing for Sinatra? But I think Mingus will settle down; he can write good music. But about Riddle, his backgrounds are so right that sometimes you can't tell if they're conducted. Billy Eckstine needs somebody like Sinatra, by the way, to tell him what kind of tunes to sing and what kind of background to use."

Instrumentalists: "There are other musicians I like. Stan Getz is a wonderful musician, and Bobby Brookmeyer is real good. The man I like very much is J.J. Johnson, because he doesn't play the same way all the time. And he's a fine writer. If J.J. would only write for a big band, then you'd hear something. The best small band arrangements I've heard in a long time are the ones J.J. writes for the Jay and Kai group, and that's only two horns. I liked, too, what he wrote for me on the Blue Note session. J.J. doesn't clutter it up. He tries to set the mood. He has the quality Gil Evans has, the quality I hope Gerry Mulligan doesn't lose.

"As for trumpets, Brownie plays real good. Yes, he plays fast, but when you're playing with Max, you play real fast almost all the time, like the time I was with Bird. Art Farmer is real good, but he has to get his tone together. Thad Jones, if he ever gets out of the Basie band, then you'll really hear him. Playing in a big band makes you stiff. It doesn't do a horn man good to stay in a band too long. Conte Candoli, for example, told me he hasn't been the same since Kenton. He can't keep a

flowing line going. His lips tighten up and he has to play something high even though he doesn't like to play like that. I told him to lay off three weeks and start over again. Dizzy had to do the same thing after he had the big band. Part of that stiffness comes from playing the same arrangement again and again. The only horn players a big band didn't tie down were Bird and Lester.

"Now about drummers, my five favorites are Max, Kenny Clarke, Philly Joe Jones, Art Blakey, and Roy Haynes. Roy though has almost destroyed himself working with Sarah so long. He's lost some of his touch, but he could pick up again if he had a chance to play more freely. Elvin Jones, the brother of Thad and Hank, is another drummer who plays real good. Elvin comes from the Detroit area which is producing some very good musicians."

Tradition and Swinging: "Bird and Hawkins made horn players realize they could play fuller progressions, play more of the chord, and still swing. I saw Stan Getz making fun of Hawkins one night and I said to Getz, 'If it weren't for Hawkins, you probably wouldn't be playing as you are!' Coleman plays just as well as anybody you can name. Why, I learned how to play ballads by listening to Coleman. I don't go for putting down a man just because he's older. Like some guys were once looking at a modern car, and they said, 'A young guy must have designed that car!' Why does he have to have been a young guy?"

"What's swinging in words? If a guy makes you pat your foot and if you feel it down your back, you don't have to ask anybody if that's good music or not. You can always feel it."

Group Seeks To Remove R&B Discs From Boxes

New Orleans—White supremacists have chosen "rock and roll" music as their latest target in the continuing fight against desegregation in the south. Asa Carter, Birmingham, executive secretary of the North Alabama White Citizens councils, told my station, WNOE, that radio stations and jukeboxes featuring Negro performers were to be monitored by members of his group and action would be taken by them against stations, sponsors, operators, and locations.

Earlier, Carter had declared prointegration forces were encouraging rock and roll music as a means of "pulling the white man down to the level of the Negro." International News Service quotes him as calling it a part of a plot by the NAACP, leading the integration fight, to "undermine" the morals of the youth of our nation." He said the music is "sexualistic, unmoralistic (sic), and the best way to bring young people of both races together, according to the late Walter White."

Carter called other forms of jazz equally objectionable, and said 300,000 signatures would be collected by his group in its protest. He threatened a boycott of those playing such records, specifying "if jukebox operators hope to stay in business, they better get rid of these smutty records with their dirty lyrics."

Here in the home of jazz, where rhythm and blues are as much a part of everyday life as po'boys and pralines, reaction has been heated. Following the release of the story, we interviewed Carter by beep phone, and carried his remarks, sans comment, on our programs and newscasts. Disc jockeys, to a man, spoke out against his statement, defending teenagers and the music itself.

New Orleanians, white and Negro, feel they've cut their teeth on rhythm and blues, and are quick to resent any attempt to drag a legitimate musical expression into the realm of hate politics. We'll keep right on rockin' and rollin'—despite efforts to pin labels on people and performers.

Spade's Cool!

Sheppard, Tex.—While playing a dance for the NCO club at the base here, Stan Kenton delivered himself of a statement, published in the local *Senator*, that caused local jazz tongues to wag in confusion.

"Stan Kenton leaned up against his piano and praised Western style music," wrote the reporter. He quoted Stan as stating that "Some of the Western bands today are playing better swing than Benny Goodman played ten years ago . . . you take men like Spade Cooley and Bob Wills, they're playing a form of jazz all their own."

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'TRANE ON THE TRACK

By Ira Gitler

■ Asked about being termed an "angry young tenor" in this publication's coverage of the 1958 Newport Jazz festival, John Coltrane said, "If it is interpreted as angry, it is taken wrong. The only one I'm angry at is myself when I don't make what I'm trying to play."



The 32-year-old native of Hamlet, N. C., has had his melancholy moments, but he feels that they belong to a disjointed, frustrating past. The crucial point in his development came after he joined Dizzy Gillespie's band in 1951. . . .

"What I didn't know with Diz was that what I had to do was really express myself," Coltrane remembered. "I was playing clichés and trying to learn tunes that were hip, so I could play with the guys who played them.

"Earlier, when I had first heard Bird, I wanted to be identified with him . . . to be consumed by him. But underneath I really wanted to be myself."

Dejected and dissatisfied with his own efforts, Coltrane left Gillespie and returned to Philadelphia in search of a musical ideal and the accompanying integrity. Temporarily, he attempted to find escape in work.

A more productive step was made in 1953, when Coltrane joined a

group headed by Johnny Hodges.

"We played honest music in this band," he recalled. "It was my education to the older generation."

In late 1955, Miles Davis beckoned. Davis had noted Coltrane's playing and wanted him in a new quintet he was forming. He encouraged Coltrane; this encouragement gradually opened adventurous paths for Coltrane. Other musicians and listeners began to pay close attention to him. When Davis disbanded in 1957, Coltrane joined Thelonious Monk's quartet.

Coltrane will not forget the role Davis and Monk played in assisting his development.

"Miles and Monk are my two musicians," he said. "Miles is the No. 1 influence over most of the modern musicians now. There isn't much harmonic ground he hasn't broken. Just listening to the beauty of his playing opens up doors. By the time I run up on something, I find Miles

An Open Letter To Miles Davis

From Charlie Mingus

FOUR EDITIONS of *Down Beat* come to my mind's eye—Bird's *Blindfold Test*, mine, Miles', and Miles, recent "comeback story" as I sit down and attempt to honestly write my thoughts in an open letter to Miles Davis. (I discarded numerous "mental" letters before this writing, but one final letter formed last night as I looked through some pictures of Bird that Bob Parent had taken at a Village session.) If a picture needs to go with this story, it should be this picture of Bird, standing and looking down at Monk with more love than I think we'll ever find in this jazz business! . . .

Bird's love, so warmly obvious in this picture, was again demonstrated in his *Blindfold Test*. But dig Miles' *Test*! As a matter of fact, dig my own *Blindfold Test*!



Parker and Monk . . . With Love . . .

See what I mean? And more recently, dig Miles' comeback story. How is Miles going to act when he gets back and gets going again? Will it be like a gig in Brooklyn not too long ago with Max, Monk, and me when he kept telling Monk to "lay out" because his chords were all wrong? Or even at a more recent record date when he cursed, laid out, argued, and threatened Monk and asked Bob Weinstock why he hired such a nonmusician and would Monk lay out on his trumpet solos? What's happening to us disciples of Bird? Or would Miles think I'm presuming too much to include myself as one?

IT SEEMS SO HARD for some of us to grow up mentally just enough to realize that there are other persons of

flesh and bone, just like us, on this great, big earth. And if they don't ever stand still, move, or "swing," they are as right as we are, even if they are as wrong as hell by our standards. Yes, Miles, I am apologizing for my stupid *Blindfold Test*. I can do it gladly because I'm learning a little something. No matter how much they try to say that Brubeck doesn't swing—or whatever else they're stewing or whoever else they're brewing—it's factually unimportant.

Nor because Dave made *Time* magazine—and a dollar—but mainly because Dave honestly thinks he's swinging. He feels a certain pulse and plays a certain pulse which gives him pleasure and a sense of exaltation because he's sincerely doing something the way he, Dave Brubeck, feels like doing it. And as you said in your story, Miles, "if a guy makes you pat your foot, and if you feel it down your back, etc.," then Dave is the swingiestest by your own definition, Miles, because at Newport and elsewhere Dave had the whole house patting its feet and even clapping its hands. . . .

Miles, don't you remember that *Mingus Fingers* was written in 1945 when I was a youngster, 22 years of age, who was studying and doing his damndest to write in the Ellington tradition? Miles, that was 10 years ago when I weighed 185. Those clothes are worn and don't fit me any more. I'm a man; I weigh 215; I think my own way. I don't think like you and my music isn't meant just for the patting of feet and going down backs. When and if I feel gay and carefree, I write or play that way. When I feel angry I write or play that way—or when I'm happy, or depressed, even.

JUST BECAUSE I'm playing jazz I don't forget about me. I play or write me, the way I feel, through jazz, or

whatever. Music is, or was, a language of the emotions. If someone has been escaping reality, I don't expect him to dig my music, and I would begin to worry about my writing if such a person began to really like it. My music is alive and it's about the living and the dead, about good and evil. It's angry, yet it's real because it *knows* it's angry.

I know you're making a comeback, Miles, and I'm with you more than you know. You're playing the greatest Miles I've ever heard, and I'm sure you already know that you're one of America's truly great jazz stylists. You're often fresh in a creative sense and, if anything, you underestimate yourself—on the outside—and so with other associates in the art. Truly, Miles, I love you and want you to know you're needed here, but you're too important a person in jazz to be less than extra careful about what you say about other musicians who are *also trying to create*. . . .

REMEMBER ME, MILES? I'm Charles. Yeah, Mingus! You read third trumpet on my California record dates 11 years ago or the recommendation of Lucky Thompson. So easy, young man. Easy on those stepping stones. . . .

If you should get around to answering this open letter, Miles, there is one thing I would like to know concerning what you said to Nat Hentoff about all the tunes you've recorded in the last two years. Why did you continue to record, session after session, when you now say you don't like them except for two LPs? I wonder if you forgot the names of *those* tunes; also, how a true artist can allow all this music, which even he himself doesn't like, to be sold to the jazz public. Or even accept payment for a job which you yourself say wasn't well done.

Good luck on your comeback, Miles.

or Monk has done it already.

"Some things I learn directly from them. Miles has shown me possibilities in choosing substitutions within a chord and also new progressions."

Enveloped in the productive atmosphere of both the Davis and Monk groups, Coltrane emerged more an individualist than ever before. In early '58, he rejoined Davis. In the months since he did so, he has become more of an influence on other jazz instrumentalists. His recordings, on Prestige, Blue Note, and with Davis on Columbia, often are matters for passionate debate. . . .

Coltrane's teammate in the Davis sextet, Cannonball Adderley, recently said, "Coltrane and Sonny Rollins are introducing us to some new music, each in his own way. I think Monk's acceptance, after all this time, is giving musicians courage to keep playing their original ideas, come what may."

As he learned harmonically from Davis and Monk, and developed his mechanical skills, a new more confident Coltrane emerged. He has used long lines and multinoted figures within these lines, but in 1958 he started playing sections that might be termed "sheets of sound."

When these efforts are successful, they have a cumulative emotional impact, a residual harmonic effect. When they fail, they sound like nothing more than elliptically phrased scales. . . .

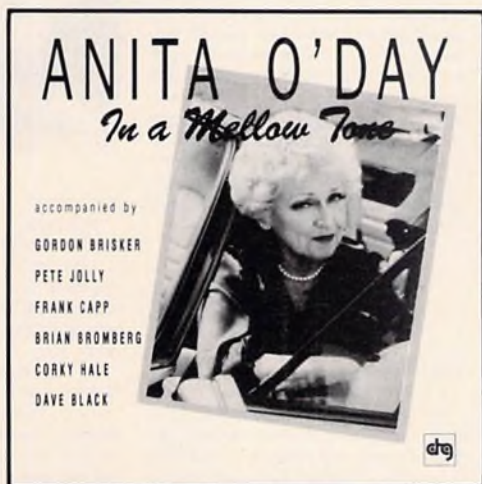
"I have more work to do on my tone and articulation," he said. "I must study more general technique and smooth out some harmonic kinks. Sometimes, while playing, I discover two ideas, and instead of working on one, I work on two simultaneously and lose the continuity."

Assured that the vast frustration he felt in the early '50s is gone, Coltrane attempts to behave in terms of a broad code, which he outlined:

"Keep listening. Never become so self-important that you can't listen to other players. Live cleanly. . . . Do right. . . . You can improve as a player by improving as a person. It's a duty we owe to ourselves."

A married man, with an eight-year-old daughter, Coltrane hopes to meet the responsibilities of his music and his life without bitterness, for "music is the means of expression with strong emotional content. Jazz used to be happy and joyous. I'd like to play happy and joyous."

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MINOLTA
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MILES DAVIS

Jeru; Moon Dreams; Venus de Mile; Deception; Godchild; Rocker; Israel; Rouge

Rating: ★★★★★

Not only has Capitol reissued four of the important Davis-Mulligan-Evans 1949 new directional experiments, but also included in this LP are four others that have never been released before. Three of them were cut in 1950—Gerry Mulligan's *Rocker*, Miles Davis' *Decep-*



HERMAN LEONARD

tion, and an arrangement of Johnny Mercer's *Moon Dreams*, the last half of which is of unusually rich textural interest. The personnel on those three had Miles, J. J. Johnson, Lee Konitz, Mulligan, John Lewis, Al McKibbon, Max Roach, John Barber (tuba), and Gunther Schuller (French horn).

The other new recording, Lewis' *Rouge*, was recorded in 1949 on the same date as *Israel*. On that session, Sandy Siegelstein was on French horn; Nelson Boyd, bass; and Kenny Clarke, drums, with the rest of the personnel the same. The band changes on the *Jeru/Godchild* date were Kai Winding, trombone; Junior Collins, French horn; Al Haig, piano, and Joe Schulman, bass.

The four heard here for the first time are just as absorbing as the other results of these collaborations (not all of which are included in this LP). The unusual instrumentation—for that time—was skillfully utilized by the arrangers to provide new ensemble colorations and a unity of complexly-knit sound that has influenced modern jazz ever since. And with all the paper work, the sides swing with a lightness and crispness of attack that will keep them alive for many years. Not everything worked out perfectly at these sessions, but so large a percentage of the searching was successful that these are among the major historical guideposts in recorded jazz. (Capitol LP H-459)

**MODERN JAZZ
 QUARTET**

★★★★★ *Vendome*

★★★★ *Rose of the Rio Grande*

As an example of how to make the most out of four pieces in modern jazz without losing the beat, the emotional



HERMAN LEONARD

content or any other essential jazz qualities, *Vendome* is *par excellence*. Composed and directed by John Lewis, it contains fascinating counterpoint between his piano and Mill Jackson's vibes, with fine support from Kenny Clarke and Percy Heath. *Rose* is a most ingenious Lewis treatment of the standard.

Interesting to note, too, that the modern jazzmen have come full circle: both these sides end on a straight tonic, unadorned. After a few years of flatted fifth, etc., endings, this comes on like a sudden but pleasant plunge into a cold tub. (Prestige 851)

**MAX ROACH AND
 CLIFFORD BROWN,
 VOL. 1**

All God's Children Got Rhythm; Tenderly; Sunset Eyes; Clifford's Ax

Rating: ★★★

VOL. 2

Jar-Du; I Can't Get Started with You; I Get a Kick Out of You; Parisian Thoroughfare

Rating: ★★★★★

These are two west coast concerts. On the first, the Roach-Brown team was joined by Teddy Edwards (tenor); Carl Perkins (piano), and George Bledsoe (bass). Best sections of the uneven first LP are to be found on Ax on which Brownie blows, by and large, with biting fire, and Max, as usual, is polyrhythmically assured (dig his spiralingly creative series of breaks in Ax). That number winds up with a finely flowing section on which the interplay is between just Clifford and Max.



Brownie

Previously, Teddy Edwards' routine tenor is of little help and Clifford sounds a little tense on both *Children* and *Tenderly* (he is so far no giant on ballads). He begins to warm up on *Eyes* and wails through Ax. Max is excellent all the way.

At the second concert, the Roach-Brown quintet included Harold Land (tenor), George Morrow (bass), and Richard Powell (piano). Richard, I believe, is the younger brother of Bud. The second concert is less well recorded than the first—piano balance, for example, is bad; the trumpet balance goes off on *Started*, and the general presence is less full and immediate. Clifford's blowing, however, is looser and more consistent most of the way on this one, which is why the highest rating. Sometimes, as on the first set, he tries for more than he can cohesively absorb into his solo line, but his general conception and amazing sense of time are often so thrilling that a few incomplections and the several clinkers on both LPs don't always assume major impor-

tance. The records would be better, of course, without them.

There are times, as on *I Get a Kick* and sections of *Started*, when Clifford's dazzling run of notes makes you wonder, what, if anything, he's trying to say beyond a flexing of his technical muscles. When he does break free of his delight in notes as notes, he is certainly one of the important voices in contemporary jazz. As for the supporting cast, Land is as unimpressive as Edwards; Powell indicates he'll be heard more of. (Gene Norman Presents LPs 5 and 7)

HELEN MERRILL

★★★ *Alone Together*

★★★★ *This is My Night to Cry*

Helen Merrill, wife of jazzman Aaron Sachs and former vocalist with Earl Hines' small unit, makes her first record for a major label an impressive one. Johnny Richards scored the backgrounds and conducted the nine-piece accompanying unit. Included are violin, guitar, bass, drums, harp (the recently famous Janet Putnam), and a woodwind section that doubles extensively.

Tonally Helen is a deep pleasure to hear—she sings the way many musicians wish they could play. Her phrasing on these two slow ballads, however, while exciting, is occasionally somewhat overdriven. And her diction could be considerably clearer. But Helen's sound, intonation and melisma mastery augur a new star. The Richards arrangements, while skilled, are overly



(sometimes fussily) ornamental and have too high a sugar content. It would be instructive to hear Helen on some up-tempo swingers sometime. Here she alone moves rhythmically; the other instruments are too caught up in the paperwork. (EmArcy 16000)

JAZZ AT MASSEY HALL VOL. 1

Perdido; Salt Peanuts; All the Things You Are

Rating: ★★★★★

VOL. 2

Embraceable You; Sure Thing; Cherokee; Jubilee; Lullaby Of Birdland; Bass-ically Speaking

Rating: ★★★★★

Massey Hall is in Toronto, and the Toronto Jazz Society assembled Dizzy,

Bud Powell, Max Roach, Charlie Mingus, and Charlie Chan there in May of this year for its first annual jazz festival. Mr. Chan is known to ornithologists the world over as an exceedingly rare species unto himself. Vol. 1, except for Bud's solos, is a little uneven. *Perdido* is marred by the hornmen's tendency toward exhibitionism. The extended *Peanuts* is a five-way delight. The exhibitionism returns in *Things*, with Bird tossing in a Kerry Dance figure and Dizzy digging into the *Grand Canyon Suite* for a couple of seconds. Otherwise, the solos are good until the performance collapses. To use an understatement, there was tension even before that between Bud and the horns.



Bud Powell

Vol. 2 has some of the most fabulous Powell on records. (It's an all-trio set with Billy Taylor on *Bass-ically*). This can stand an enormous number of replays, for there's more to hear and learn each time. Charlie Mingus and

Max Roach are equal to the exacting task of keeping up with Bud's unpredictable explorations. Max's solo on *Cherokee* builds like the *Twelve Days of Christmas*, and Mingus is peerless in *Bass-ically*. Even Herman Leonard's cover portrait of Bud wails. (Debut DLP-2, DLP-3)

JAZZ AT MASSEY HALL, VOL. 3

Wee; Hot House; A Night in Tunisia.

Rating: ★★★★★

Here we go again. A third set taken from the May, 1953, concert at Massey Hall presented by the New Jazz Society of Toronto. The giants that crossed the border that night were Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Chan (everybody knows who he is by now), Bud Powell, Charlie Mingus, and Max Roach. Not only is the general level of performance more sustained than on volume one (volume two was that astonishing set by Bud), but this is the best recorded of the series.

Rather than dissect the performances, let me recommend your getting the set and digging the cabinet level conference yourselves. A prominent critic wrote the liner notes and provides another contribution to my campaign to get musicians rather than critics to annotate jazz recordings. Dig this: "... laminating firmly one the bottom of the bop boxes a supporting layer of fresh modernity strictly of his own carpentering." Axe, anyone? (Debut DLP-4)

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MUSIC OF THE UNITED FRONT



LOUIS ARMSTRONG

★ ★ ★

In 1941, with the coming of the LP, Columbia producer George Avakian put together one of the industry's first major jazz reissue efforts—an album of 10 Louis Armstrong Okeh sides from the '20s (out of 135 made between 1925-'32). In 1951, with the coming of the LP, he expanded it into the famous four-volume, 48-cut *Louis Armstrong Story*. It's been in the catalog ever since. After nearly 40 years, it's become like a series of four 12-part jazz suites, not to be tampered with. With the CD, however, the Avakian sets are finally being retired, and a new Armstrong series is emerging on both CD and LP. For some it will be like hearing a new edition of the Beethoven Symphonies with their 36 movements rearranged. But Michael Brooks' programming is fresh and thoughtful, as are John Chilton's notes.

The real shock is the sound. Forget everything you've ever heard about the

"miracles" of digital technology. The music here is muffled, remote, and almost totally without presence. This became astonishingly clear when I compared this LP's remasterings of "Gully Low" and "S.O.L." to the original 1951 LP versions. I'm not talking about anything subtle here. Of 11 friends I asked to pick the "new" versions in a comparison, every one named—with-out hesitation—the 1951 masters.

As to the music, every passing decade puts even greater distance between the soaring endurance of Armstrong and the increasing obsolescence of his sideman (Earl Hines excepted). Louis outclassed virtually everyone. No jazz listener today should fail to confront the performances of this CBS series. (Columbia 44422) —*john mcdonough*



BENNY CARTER

SWINGIN' THE '20s—Contemporary M 3561: *Thou Swell; My Blue Heaven; Just Imagine; If I Could Be with You;*

Sweet Lorraine; Who's Sorry Now?; Laugh! Clown, Laugh!; All Alone; Mary Lou; In a Little Spanish Town; Someone to Watch Over Me; A Monday Date.

Personnel: Carter, alto, trumpet; Earl Hines, piano; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Shelly Manne, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½ *

★ ★ ★

How perspective changes: in 1958, the idea of playing music from the '20s was unorthodox. What modern musician—Carter and Hines are/were eternal moderns—would stretch that far back for inspiration? Nowadays, of course, players who dip back three decades are common; Miles' modes, hardbop, Ornette's freebop, and Rollins' trio music are regularly reprised, in substance or spirit or both. But Carter and Hines were *swingin'* the '20s, updating it, not acting as if old styles were late-breaking news.

Their creative reconstruction was akin to, if more modest than, Gil Evans' Handy and Morton revivals on *New Bottle Old Wine*, earlier the same year. Implicitly, these projects rejected the views of both parties to an old and foolish but lingering debate: those who maintained that A) all progress toward the One True Jazz ceased by year x, or B) all music played before year y was rickety trash. A) is for Moldy Figs (and their neo-conservative counterparts), B) for those who thought they had to bash Jelly Roll to praise Bird.

Here and there, if less than one might wish, Hines displays the asymmetric and percussive leanings that made him, in the 1920s, jazz's first avant garde

pianist. More often, he blends with the second smoothest alto innovator in jazz, the buttermilk to Hodges' cream: Benny Carter, sounding in 1958 astonishingly like he did in '88. On three tunes, Benny's radiantly declamatory brass work harks back to that decade when no trumpet king settled for less. (contains one additional take of "Who's Sorry Now," "Laugh! Clown! Laugh!," and "All Alone"; Contemporary/OJC, 46:00 minutes) —*kevin whitehead*



GIL EVANS

GIL EVANS AND TEN—Prestige 7120: *Remember; Ella Speed Big Stuff; Nobody's Heart; Just One of Those Things; If You Could See Me Now; Jambangle.*

Personnel: Gil Evans, piano; Steve Lacy, soprano sax; Jimmy Cleveland, trombone; Louis Mucci (replaced on *Remember* by John Carisi), 1st trumpet; Jake Koven, 2nd

*Throughout, the original rating appears first followed by, in one case, the original review, then the current rating and review.

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trumpet; Bart Varsolona, bass trombone; Willie Ruff, French horn; "Zeke Tolin" (Lee Konitz), alto; Dave Kurtzer, bassoon; Paul Chambers, bass; Nick Stabulas, drums (replaced on Remember by Jo Jones).

Rating: ★★★★★

★★★★

This, Gil Evans' first album as a leader of his own group, was recorded in 1957—eight years after the Miles Davis *Birth Of The Cool* sessions (in which he played no small part) and only four months after the Miles/Evans *Miles Ahead* date. And yet it is closer in sound and concept to the earlier of the two. The instrumentation has a lot to do with it; whether the choice was artistic or economic, the 10 musicians employed to such poetic effect here can't compare with the 19-piece palette at his disposal for the CBS date.

What this outfit might lose in orchestral potential, however, it gains in flexibility and clarity. At the heart of Evans' genius was his ability to use unusual timbral and textural combinations in natural, uncontrived fashion. Never really the most revolutionary of the '50s new wave of arrangers (George Russell, Johnny Carisi, various West Coasters including the Kentonites, et al.), Evans was not out to shock, but to seduce. In this case, his selection of lead voicings could shift between Steve Lacy's diamond-hard soprano sax, french horn, bassoon, even Paul Chamber's bass takes a turn out front.

By avoiding the typical big band "sections" Evans obtained a casual, cham-

ber ensemble organization which could vary in attack, weight, and density, from the slow motion hazy harmonies of the Claude Thornhill orchestra to a crisp, spare lilt sometimes reminiscent of John Kirby's sextet.

In retrospect, it's a shame that Lee Konitz wasn't allowed to solo, though the primary soloists—Lacy's lean piping, trombonist Cleveland's swagger, and Evans' Basiesque minimalism—sustain interest. But it's the writing—the way Evans blends colors, suspends time, alters rhythm—that has withstood the test of time. (Prestige/OJC 346-2, 33:25 minutes) —*art lange*



ELLA FITZGERALD

ELLA FITZGERALD AT THE OPERA HOUSE—Verve MG V-8264: *It's All Right with Me; Baby, Don't Go Away Mad; Bewitched, Bothered, and Bewildered; These Foolish Things; Ill Wind; Goody Goody; Moonlight in Vermont; Stompin' at the Savoy; Lady Be Good.*

Personnel: Tracks 1-7—Ella Fitzgerald, singer; Oscar Peterson, piano; Herb Ellis,

guitar; Ray Brown, bass; Jo Jones, drums.

Tracks 8 & 9—Ella Fitzgerald, singer, with Stan Getz, Coleman Hawkins, Illinois Jacquet, Flip Phillips, Lester Young, tenors; Sonny Stitt, alto; Roy Eldridge, trumpet; J. J. Johnson, trombone; Peterson, piano; Brown, bass; Ellis, guitar; Connie Kay, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

★★★★ 1/2

This CD release is not just a sonically improved reissue of the original LP, but, rather, a two-for-the-price-of-one collection of a pair of almost identical JATP concerts recorded a week apart, the first at the Chicago Opera House on September 29, 1957, and the second at Los Angeles' Shrine Auditorium on October 7. Besides Ella's own variations in phrasing and melodic embellishments, the basic differences between the two concerts are that on the first (stereo) version, she sings "Them There Eyes" before going into the set's closer, "Stompin' At The Savoy" (track nine), whereas on the second (mono) version she omits "Eyes," goes right into "Savoy" after "Moonlight In Vermont," and concludes the set with an obviously encored "Oh, Lady Be Good" (track 18).

Incidentally, the massive, chaotic, and indistinct all-star rifting horn section can be heard, if not appreciated, on both versions of "Savoy" as well as on "Lady," but don't buy the album for the hornmen, or even the rhythm section, for that matter. This is a vocal showcase all the way, and, as such, can be enjoyed by almost anyone who has a fondness for Ella at her swinging best. However,

the repetitiousness of the material may put off some of even her most ardent fans, but these have already been well served by PolyGram's admirable reissue program, which has in the past few years brought back into circulation any number of the singer's albums that are more rewarding than this. (Verve 831 269-2, 60:22 minutes) —*jack sohmer*



CHARLIE MINGUS

Pithecanthropus Erectus; A Foggy Day; Profile of Jackie; Love Chant

Rating: ★★★★★

★★★★★

Mingus' program notes to the original *Pithecanthropus* in 1956 specify much more narrative content than the music delivers. Maybe he felt the piece's then radical splashes of atonalism needed the rationale of programmatic symbolism, lest startled critics and fans misunderstand. Who knows? But in letting us in on his methods, he let us see how and why such a remarkable cohesive piece of small group composition came

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to live inside all the evolution-of-man double talk. Mingus' music unfolds over five well posted choruses, each running a little more than two minutes. Solos by Jackie McLean, J. R. Montrose, and Mal Waldron interweave with a recurring theme of progressions and a brief free ensemble. As much as anything else—probably more—*Pithecanthropus* let the post-modern cats out of the bag; four years later Ornette Coleman set them all free with his LP, *Free Jazz*. Was *Pithecanthropus* an extended composition? Probably not; Cole Porter's "Begin The Beguine" has a much longer chorus. But it certainly showed, along with the MJQ, that small group jazz could be as comfortable with form and composition as a full orchestra.

The other major piece, "A Foggy Day," reminds that it was then still artistically loyal for a jazz musician—even a fiercely self-defined composer like Mingus—to play a Gershwin standard without selling out. "Love Chant," another "extended form," is more straightforward, swinging blowing piece. CD sound is identical to the 1981 Atlantic LP reissue. (Atlantic 8809-2, 36:38 minutes)
—john mcdonough

exceptional melodic creativity, the tenorman's solo nevertheless exemplifies a technical and temperamental restraint that would be hard to improve upon in any similar context. Just imagine, in 6:18 of continual blowing "in" (not "over") this palpable rhythmic energy, not once does Gonsalves resort to JATP-style grandstanding, nor does he once move out of a relatively conservative 1½ octave range. He is, however, able to generate a constantly mounting rhythmic urgency that is, in itself, a model of structural continuity. This performance must be heard to be believed. (Columbia 40587-2, 43:57 minutes)
—jack sohmer



THELONIOUS MONK

BRILLIANT CORNERS—Riverside 12"
RLP 12-226: Brilliant Corners; Ba-lue Bolivar Ba-lues-ard; Pannonica; I Surrender Dear; Bemsha Swing.

Personnel: Tracks 1-3: Monk, piano; Ernie Henry, alto; Sonny Rollins, drums. Track 4: Monk unaccompanied. Track 5: Monk, piano and celloist; Rollins; Clark Terry, trumpet; Paul Chambers, bass; Max Roach, drum and tympany.

Rating: ★★★★★



DUKE ELLINGTON

Newport Jazz Festival Suite; Jeep's Blues; Diminuendo and Crescendo in Blue
Rating: ★★★★★½

★★★★★

This justifiably famous album is significant for several reasons: first, like the equally eventful 1950 release of Benny Goodman's 1938 Carnegie Hall concert, it serves as an everlasting reminder of the symbiotic relationship existing between an inspired group of musicians and an enthusiastic, responsive audience; second, it serves as an irrefutable document of the very moment in history when the Ellington band's falling star abruptly soared into an ascendance that was never again to diminish; and third, the publicity garnered by his 27-chorus "wailing interval" between the two sections of "Diminuendo And Crescendo In Blue" made Paul Gonsalves, quite literally, an overnight sensation.

The circumstances of that historic occasion were vividly described by eyewitness and producer of the original LP, George Avakian, but his notes were omitted from the present reissue in favor of a much briefer and probably more balanced commentary by Stanley Dance.

Not to slight either Duke's debut performance of the newly composed "Newport Jazz Festival Suite" or Hodges' masterful treatment of "Jeep's Blues," this album's importance, both musically and commercially, will forever be associated with Gonsalves' unique achievement and the juggernaut impetus of the band itself. Although not noted for any

Thelonious Monk was as much a concept as a musician. In a time of cultural conformity and consensus, he was defined by his opposition to norms. He was the quintessential modern jazz man—reclusive, inarticulate, vaguely existential and not of this world. Even his name, MONK, suggested mystery and isolation. He was black too. Combined with everything else, he became a rallying icon for rebellion, though Monk's loyalists were, like Ferlinghetti and Ginsberg's, intellectual and reflective, not active. We called them "beatniks," as in "beat" with a Soviet suffix added for Cold War flavor. They lived underground.

The impact of this 1956 Monk LP—his breakthrough work—would have seemed impossible in another time. The title cut wears a mask of quirkiness; but undorned, it's form is unremarkable: a tricky but standard 32-bar AABA theme played slow, then fast, making up a complete 64-bar "chorus." It sounds better fast, but the slow version is more eccentric. Max Roach's two-tempo solo is immensely clever. (And his rhythmic ear on "Bemsha Swing" is the epitome of ensemble drumming.) Similarly, "Ba-lue" is a regular 12-bar blues blowing track, and "Pannonica," a pretty ballad in four eight-bar sections, just like the best Tin Pan Alley pros did it.

The enduring quality here isn't in the material. It's Monk's piano, his ear, and the intriguing neurosis of his rhythmic and harmonic logic. The insane will inherit the earth. (Riverside/OJC 026)
—john mcdonough

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JOHN COLTRANE

GIANT STEPS—Atlantic 1311: *Giant Steps*; *Cousin Mary*; *Countdown*; *Spiral*; *Syedda's Song Flute*; *Naima*; *Mr. P.C.*

Personnel: Coltrane, tenor saxophone; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Art Taylor, drums, *On Naima*, Wynton Kelly for Flanagan and Jimmy Cobb for Taylor

Rating: ★★★★★

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

There are many aspects to the landmark status of *Giant Steps*: it was the first all-original program John Coltrane ever recorded; Coltrane found effective compositional devices in the pedal point so poignantly employed in "Naima," and in the mixture of minor thirds and fourths that underpin "Countdown" and the legendary title piece; his virtuosity reached a new plateau, one that has not been surpassed in the intervening 30 years; the list goes on. Yet, what is most impressive hearing this material on CD is the unique, perfect sound Coltrane wrought from the tenor with his extremely tight embouchure, its clarity, resonance, and power all the more amazing because of his seeming effortlessness to produce it.

The CD also provides another opportunity to appreciate Tom Dowd and Phil Lehle's original tapes, which yield an important lesson on recorded sound and swing. The soaring quality of Coltrane's tenor; the crisp, yet slightly dampened, touch of the pianists; the enveloping bottom of Paul Chambers' bass, and the padded, yet well-defined drums—particularly Art Taylor's fours on "Mr. P.C."—coalesce into an unified whole, without sacrificing the integrity of any instrument.

Illuminating alternate takes of every selection, with the exception of "Countdown" and "Mr. P.C.," are also included on the CD. (Atlantic 1311-2, 63:21 minutes) —bill shoemaker



MILES DAVIS

KIND OF BLUE—Columbia CL 1355: *So What?*; *Freddie Freeloader*; *Blue in Green*; *Flamenco Sketches*; *All Blues*.

Personnel: Davis, trumpet; Julian Adderley, alto; John Coltrane, tenor; Bill Evans, piano (all tracks except *Freeloader*); Wynton Kelly, piano (Track 2); Paul Chambers, bass; James Cobb, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

This is a remarkable album. Using very simple but effective devices, Miles has constructed an album of extreme beauty and sensitivity. This is not to say that this LP is a simple one—far from it. What is remarkable is that the men have done so much with the stark, skeletal material.

All the compositions bear the mark of the Impressionists and touches of Bela Bartok. For example, *So What?* is built on two scales, which sound somewhat like the Hungarian minor, giving the performance a Middle Eastern flavor; *Flamenco* and *All Blues* reflect a strong Ravel influence.

Flamenco and *Freeloader* are both blues, but each is of a different mood and conception: *Sketches* is in 6/8, which achieves a rolling, highly charged effect, while *Freeloader* is more in the conventional blues vein. The presence of Kelly on *Freeloader* may account partly for the difference between the two.

Miles' playing throughout the album is poignant, sensitive, and, at times, almost morose; his linear concept never falters. Coltrane has some interesting solos; his angry solo on *Freeloader* is in marked contrast to his lyrical romanticism on *All Blues*. Cannonball seems to be under wraps on all the tracks except *Freeloader* when his irrepressible joie de vivre bubbles forth. Chambers, Evans, and Cobb provide a solid, sympathetic backdrop for the horns.

This is the soul of Miles Davis, and it's a beautiful soul. —don demichaël

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

At the time this album was recorded in March and April of 1959, Coltrane and

Chambers had been in the Davis group for 3½ years, Adderley for one year, Evans and Cobb for about 10 months, while Kelly was just beginning to settle in for his two-year stay, which culminated in the famous *In Person At The Blackhawk* albums of April, 1961. This was a most fruitful period for Miles: his playing was the best it ever had been; he had his choice of the most provocative and inventive musicians around; he had just completed recording *Porgy And Bess* with Gil Evans and was about to embark on the similarly conceived *Sketches Of Spain*; but, what is even more important, he was at the cutting edge of the then revolutionary modal approach to jazz composition and improvisation.

What a joy it is to listen to these seminal recordings once again, especially with the heightened realism of digital sound and the CD format. But it is a joy somewhat tinged with sadness for lovers of mainstream jazz, for within a few years everything was to change irrevocably. Cannon was to completely abandon the mind-stretching creativity of this period for a formulaized patness geared primarily toward commercial success. Trane was to immerse himself more and more into areas of musical experimentation that were ultimately to prove wearisome to many of his former supporters, and Miles was soon to become the guru and leading light of jazz-rock fusion, the virtual embodiment of everything antithetical to traditional swing-based jazz. But on *Kind Of Blue*, as well as many others of his recordings from this period, you can hear what it was all about before the ever-widening generational gap split asunder the world of modern jazz. (Columbia 40579-2, 45:18 minutes) —jack sohmer

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the 60's

by Dan Morgenstern

The '60s were a time of radical change in every area of American life. Music was not exempt—to conservatives, rock symbolized everything that had suddenly gone wrong with the world. Jazz, while less explicitly political, also reflected the turbulence of the times.

Certainly this was the most cantankerous period in *down beat*'s history. At first, the upheavals taking place in jazz were not perceived as socially or politically motivated; the strong reactions, pro and con, to Ornette Coleman, were couched in esthetic terms. But the climate soon changed. A negative 1961 review of Abbey Lincoln's *Straight Ahead* LP triggered a heated panel discussion of racism and the role of political activism in jazz, followed by a stream of response from readers. (The *Chords & Discords* column of the '60s makes for fascinating reading.)

Impassioned debate surrounded the avant garde, and Don DeMicheal, *db*'s editor from 1961-'67, tried as hard as any man could to be fair to everyone. Thus, he instituted a policy of double reviews of important and potentially controversial records (the first such, Coleman's *Free Jazz*, got five stars from Pete Welding, no stars from John Tynan—see '60s record/cd reviews). DeMicheal also gave the musicians a forum, as in the now famous 1962 article, "Coltrane And Dolphy Answer The Critics." And in that same year, Amiri Baraka (then still LeRoi Jones) became a regular columnist. But there was also room for trumpeter Rex Stewart's 'ascinating series of articles about the jazz history he had helped to make, and indeed the whole spectrum of jazz was always covered.

There was room for humor, too, as in George Crater's "Out Of My Head," this magazine's most popular column, and Dizzy's 1964 presidential campaign, launched with a cover photo showing Diz being sworn in by chief justice Chris White (Nov. 5, '64). And in a famous "Blindfold Test," Miles reacted to an avant garde record with: "Is that what the critics are diggin'? Them critics better stop drinking coffee!"

By the decade's end, Miles himself had turned avant garde, or more accurately, fusion, and *db* had bitten the bullet and begun to cover rock, a policy greeted with threats of cancelled subscriptions but actually resulting in increased circulation. The '60s were neatly circumscribed by Newport Festival riots in 1960 and 1969, the latter causing rock to be banned from the program, if to no avail—in 1970, the biggest riot of them all sent the festival to New York for good. But that's another story.



1960 **Charlie Mingus** called **Ornette Coleman's** playing "organized disorganization or playing wrong right. And it gets to you emotionally, like a drummer" . . . **Dick Clark** admitted to having a financial stake in songs played on *American Bandstand* and was ordered by ABC to divest those holdings or give up the show . . . rioting college students broke up the Newport Jazz fest . . . **Dave Brubeck** cancelled a Southern tour when he would not agree to contractual clauses requiring an all-white band . . . **John Coltrane** left **Miles Davis** to form his own band . . . **Gerry Mulligan** debuted his Concert Jazz Band.

1961 **Stan Getz** returned from Denmark and **Sonny Rollins** ended a two-year sabbatical . . . **Synanon**, a drug rehab program, received national attention . . . of **Lawrence Welk**, **Thelonious Monk** said, "I think he's got a good gig" . . . **Preservation Hall** opened in New Orleans . . . **Duke Ellington** said, "My biggest competitor is the Ellington of the 1930s and 1940s" . . . **Roy Eldridge**, **Coleman Hawkins**, and **Jo Jones** appeared on *Route 66*.

1962 **Benny Goodman** toured the Soviet Union . . . the bossa nova fad started . . . **Stan Kenton** said the future of big bands was in the colleges . . . **Lennie Tristano** claimed, "There is nothing African about jazz. Jewish cantors and gypsies sound more like it than anything from Africa" . . . the government of South Africa cancelled a tour by **Louis Armstrong** and banned **Max Roach's** *Freedom Now Suite*.

1963 Classical pianist **Friedrich Gulda** predicted the end of Third Stream jazz, saying, "There is a big difference between what classical music is and what **John Lewis** and **Gunther Schuller** think it is" . . . critic **Ralph Gleason** hosted an educational television show, *Jazz Casual* . . . **Bud Powell** was hospitalized in Paris with tuberculosis . . . what were supposedly **King Oliver** and **Bix Beiderbecke's** cornets were donated to the Jazz Museum in New Orleans . . . *Time* scrapped its cover story on **Thelonious Monk** the week **Pres. Kennedy** was shot.

1964 **Carmen McRae** said of **Barbra Streisand**, "This young lady gives me goose pimples" . . . **Charles Lloyd** replaced **Yusef Lateef** in **Cannonball Adderley's** band . . . **Chet Baker** returned to the States vowing never to use drugs again . . . **Stan Kenton** declared "Jazz is finished" adding that it had lost much of its audience to folk music . . . **Miles Davis** said of **Cecil Taylor**, "That's some sad _____, man" . . . **Birdland** began twistin' the night away . . . **Bud Powell** returned to the States . . . two Soviet jazzmen asked for asylum at the United States embassy in Tokyo . . . if elected President, **Dizzy** proposed to nominate **George Wallace** as ambassador to the Congo.

1965 The **Jazzmobile** started its drives through Harlem . . . **Dexter Gordon** returned . . . **Maynard Ferguson** broke up his big band . . . instead of giving **Duke Ellington** the Pulitzer Prize, the award committee presented him with a citation . . . **Ray Brown** left **Oscar Peterson** after 15 years . . . **Louis Armstrong** celebrated his 50th year in show business and toured eastern Europe . . . **Duke Ellington** gave his first sacred concert at Grace Cathedral in San Francisco . . . the **Assn. for the Advancement of Creative Musicians** was formed in Chicago.

1966 **Roy Eldridge** joined the **Count Basie** band and then left six weeks later . . . **Buddy DeFranco** took over the **Glenn Miller Orchestra**, replacing **Ray McKinley** . . . **Johnny Hodges** sat in on a **Lawrence Welk** recording date . . . **Neal Heftl's** *Batman Theme* topped the pop charts . . . **Miroslav Vitous** left Czechoslovakia to enroll at Berklee College . . . **Art Blakey**, **Tony Williams**, and **Elvin Jones** toured Japan together with a band that included **Wayne Shorter** and **McCoy Tyner**.

1967 The **Baptist Ministers Conference** blasted **Duke Ellington's** *Concert Of Sacred Music* for the band's "night-club playing and the fact the music is just considered worldly" . . . sax player **King Bumphipol** of Thailand sat in with **Lionel**

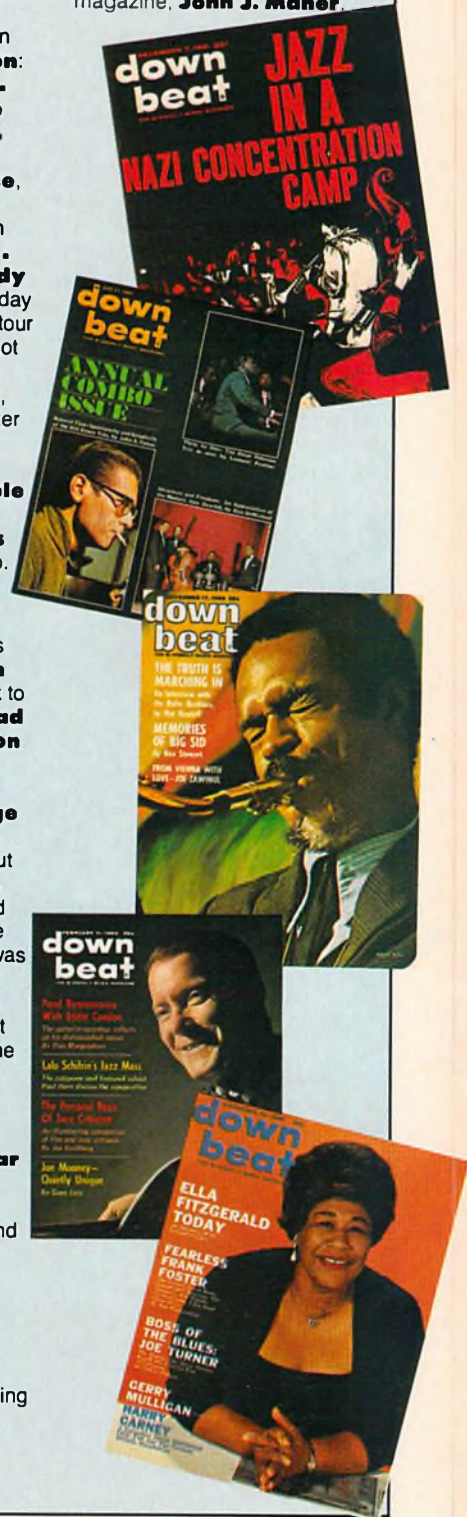
Hampton during the band's Asian tour . . . the boycott of western European music by a Harlem school led to a jazz concert featuring **Billy Taylor** and **Joe Newman** . . . **Norman Granz** announced the end of **Jazz At The Philharmonic** . . . **Dave Brubeck** disbanded his quartet . . . New York City did away with the venal cabaret card system that had kept numerous musicians from playing.

1968 **Andy Williams** on *The Mothers of Invention*: "They really flipped me" . . . **Frank Sinatra** and **Duke Ellington** cut a record . . . the last jazz club on 52nd Street, **The Hickory House**, closed . . . **Art Hodes** hosted **Barney Bigard** on his show on WTTW-TV . . . **Clark Terry** played for **Lady Bird Johnson** on her birthday at the White House . . . on tour in Japan, **Sonny Rollins** got a Mohawk haircut when fans complained that the bearded, Afro-ed saxist was an imposter . . . The **Modern Jazz Quartet** signed with **The Beatles'** record label, **Apple** . . . **Randy Brecker** left **Blood, Sweat and Tears** for **Horace Silver's** combo.

1969 **Lionel Hampton** played at **Richard Nixon's** inaugural ball . . . **Captain Kangaroo** devoted a week to jazz with **Billy Taylor**, **Thad Jones**, and **Willie The Lion Smith** as guests . . . **Woodstock**: three days of peace and mud . . . **George Wein** began producing jazz shows at the Fillmore East but stopped after only three . . . **Duke Ellington** celebrated his 70th birthday at the White House . . . **Miles Davis** was shot while sitting in his car parked in NYC's East Village . . . Yamaha opened the first jazz school in Japan under the direction of **Sadao Watanabe**.

Final Bar: Bassists **Oscar Pettiford** and **Scott LaFaro**; **Nick LaRocca**, leader of the Original Dixieland Jazz Band; pianist **Herbie Nichols**; singer **Dinah Washington**; trombonist **Jack Teagarden**; boogie woogie pianist **Meade Lux Lewis**; saxophonist **Eric Dolphy**; **Otis Redding**; King of Jazz, **Paul Whiteman**; bluesman **Little Walter Jacobs**; trumpeter **Ziggy**

Elman; **Nat King Cole**; composer/arranger **Tadd Dameron**; **Bud Powell**; singer **Dave Lambert**; jazz historian **Marshall Stearns**; cornetist **Muggsy Spanier**; clarinetists **Edmond Hall** and **George Lewis**; trumpeter **Red Allen**; **Billy Strayhorn**; **John Coltrane**; violinist **Stuff Smith**; **Woody Guthrie**; saxist **Coleman Hawkins**; bassist **Paul Chambers**; president and owner of *down beat* magazine, **John J. Maher**.



THE ART IS IN THE COOKING

By DUKE ELLINGTON

In Collaboration With STANLEY DANCE

PEOPLE ARE told that they must never drink anything but a white wine with fish or a red wine with beef. The people who don't know, who've never been told that, who've never been educated along these lines—they drink *anything*. I suspect they get as much joy out of their eating and drinking as the other people.

It's just like people who listen to music. They don't necessarily *know* what they're listening to. They don't have to know that a guy is blowing a flatted fifth or a minor third, but they enjoy it, and this I consider healthy and normal listening. A listener who has first to decide whether this is proper form when a musician plays or writes something—that's not good. It's a matter of "how does it sound?", and, of course, the sound is modified by the taste of the listener.

The listener may like things that are pretty, what we consider pretty or schmaltzy. Another may like a graceful melodic line, with agreeable harmony under it and probably a little romantic element. A third may like subtle dissonance,

while a fourth may go for out-and-out dissonance. A fifth may have a broad appreciation and enjoy all kinds. But what is really involved here, I think, is personal taste rather than categories. . . .

If a man has some very hungry ears for what he considers jazz, or for a pleasant noise that makes him feel he wants to swing (and we have there possibly a reasonable definition of jazz), then almost anything would suffice. At least, if he were starving he would tolerate it for one take. But if he were not starving, and if he were now like a gourmet in a gourmet restaurant, and he ordered fish, and *they* brought him fish, and the minute he tasted it he said, "No, this is not cooked by Pierre! Who is the chef today? This is not the way I like it. I like it the way Pierre cooks it." What then?

This is not a matter of categories. This is personal. He wants his fish cooked a particular way, just as some people want their trumpet played by Louis Armstrong, some by Dizzy Gillespie, some by Harry James, some by Miles Davis, and some by Maynard Ferguson. And I know a lot of people who like to hear Ray Nance play trumpet. . . .

You could divide up the meat section of that menu under beef, lamb, pork, and so on, under hot and cold, or according to the way they were cooked—grilled, roasted, baked, boiled, etc.—and maybe that's a service to the customer, but to multiply divisions that way in music, in my opinion, merely multiplies confusion. Fish, fowl, and meat may provide us with a parallel, but never forget that *the art is in the cooking*. And what is convenient for the listener, or the critic, is not necessarily helpful to the musician. . . .

THOSE TRUMPET PLAYERS we mentioned don't come out of the same egg. It isn't that at all. If you like what Louis Armstrong plays, you like that on trumpet. If you like what Dizzy Gillespie plays, you like that on trumpet. So this is more a matter of personal identification, which means that you like not a category but Louis Armstrong trumpet and that anyone else who plays like Louis Armstrong should be labeled "imitation of Louis Armstrong." And anyone who plays like Dizzy Gillespie should be labeled "imitation of Dizzy Gillespie."

This is a matter of imitation, not category. When a guy has invented a style, or become identified with a style, somebody else cannot come along and be a great member of this democratic world of sound that he has created; it's *his* world. Anyone else who uses his creation is an imitator and should be labeled as such. We'll come back to the modifications, but this, I feel, completely destroys the category business. It's a matter of *personal* sound.

It's the same even where you have bands and clusters of sounds. A certain sound comes out of a big band. It may be the character given it by a large brass section or by a particularly skillful group of saxophones. The minute you change the men in the section, it doesn't sound the same, although you may have the same arranger. What happens to the category? The arranger can continue to write in the same style, and someone else who has studied his scores can copy the style, but that brings us back to imitation.

If you just stay home for a while and listen to what the other kids are doing out there on the battlefield, you may see where this one made a lot of mistakes or where that one missed a great opportunity. But on the other hand you get more fears. You may read where so-and-so lost this particular battle and so many men were washed away, and it's all a little terrifying. If you come out from home cold—bang!—and all the other cats have been roaming around the jungle, fighting the different animals who're growling with their plungers, honking with their tenors, screeching with their flutes and clarinets, then these animals can sound pretty wild after the comforts of home.



R. HOWARD

NATURAL FLOW

GOOD JAZZ, LIKE GOOD DRAMA, communicates through the inner force of its conflicts. Art is composed of elements in conflict; good art results when these elements are synthesized by the individual artist or by a group into a creative unity.

Oscar Wilde observed that there is no art where there is no style and that there is no style where there is no unity—and unity is of the individual. Pianist Bill Evans, bassist Chuck Israels, and drummer Larry Bunker are currently demonstrating this truth with stunning consistency as the Bill Evans Trio.

Recently at Shelly's Manne-Hole in Hollywood the three musicians discussed their work and its execution.

Evans, at 35, is grave of mien and sober of dress. Introverted at the keyboard, he plays with head bent to his inventions, seemingly oblivious to all but the secret messages running among piano, bass, and drums that emerge in musical translation as some of the most memorable jazz in our time.

What gives the trio its character, Evans said, is "probably a common aim and some sort of feeling of potential. The music develops as we perform. What you hear in a set has become that way through performance." The approach is pragmatic; something works out in the execution of a certain number, and it stays in the performance because it works.

The Evans philosophy is to the point: never impose any verbal conception of the music before the performance. Let everything happen through the playing.

"We've never rehearsed," the pianist said of the current trio. "We have discussed music collectively but never the specifics of a performance. I want the other guys to feel as I do—that the object is to achieve what we want in a responsible way. Naturally, as the lead voice in the group I might shape the performance, but to attempt to dictate . . . never. If the music doesn't coax a response, then I don't want a response. And this is the most natural course for a performance to develop."

Evans has been quoted elsewhere and at length on the subject of freedom in the playing of many considered avant-gardists in today's jazz. "Freedom is not license," he emphasized. "The idea is not to say, 'I feel frustrated tonight so I'm going to play frustrated,' but to feel that the thing is to be responsible to the music itself."

Of his own playing he averred, "I couldn't be more simple. In fact, if I could be, I'd like to do it." The simplicity, he explained, lies in "the conceptions of the felt forms and felt basics."

Reminded of Bunker's skill as a vibraharpist (he was one of Hollywood's top studio men on that instrument prior to joining Evans last year), the pianist described Bunker's playing as wonderful. But, he remarked, adding vibes to the trio also would add problems. "For the same reason," he said, "this is why I haven't added a horn. You see, in this trio format the fundamental musical principles are happening. There is a bass function, a melody function, and a rhythm function. So fundamentally the trio can develop in this direction."

Israels, he said, lends a feeling of a complete trio. "Three things are happening with each other all the time," Evans said. "Yet there's no imbalance."

Following the trio's current tour, Evans said, he wants to do some "serious work at home" and seek new material for

The Bill Evans Trio

By JOHN A. TYNAN

the trio. The problem of playing and replaying a familiar repertoire, he


added, is "to find freshness in it and to progress." Hence the constant desire on the part of all three musicians to find different vehicles for expression. As examples he cited *Time Remembered* and a number from his *Conversations with Myself* album, *NYC's No Lark*.

Finally, he noted the need for such new material is simply "out of consideration to the people who listen to us." . . .



CHARLES STEWART

On the stand it's music time again. *Autumn Leaves* is whirled into a rapid interplay and fusing of sound, and the intensity of creation is almost painful. Visually, Bill Evans is a hunched mass of back and shoulders to the audience, his face barely a foot above the keys, his concentration mentally and almost physically bearing down on his listeners.

Sometimes they don't understand. A sweet young thing, visibly bemused by it all but eager to please her date, was heard to remark after a particularly trying set: "Y'know, it makes you want to rub his back." 

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CAUGHT IN THE ACT

REVIEWS OF LIVE PERFORMANCES

John Coltrane-Cecil Taylor- Art Blakey

Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center,
New York City

Personnel: John Coltrane Quartet with Eric Dolphy—Coltrane, tenor, soprano saxophones; Dolphy, alto saxophone, bass clarinet, flute; McCoy Tyner, piano; Jimmy Garrison, bass; Elvin Jones, drums. Cecil Taylor Jazz Unit—Jimmy Lyons, alto saxophone; Albert Ayler, tenor saxophone; Taylor, piano; Henry Grimes, bass; Sonny Murray, drums. Art Blakey Jazz Messengers—Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; Curtis Fuller, trombone; Wayne Shorter, tenor saxophone; Cedar Walton, piano; Reggie Workman, bass; Art Blakey, drums; Wellington Blakey, vocal.

There was a lot of good music at this New Year's Eve concert, and it set right all night through the long parties that followed. Unfortunately, the hall was only half-filled, which was odd considering the amount of talent offered; tickets, however, were scaled mighty high. (The lowest-priced seat was well above \$3. But Lincoln Center is a drag generally when it comes to its prices.) That's part of the reason why the hall wasn't filled, because I'm sure many of the people who like Coltrane and Taylor just don't have that kind of money. But, too, the concert wasn't too well publicized.

Anyway, half-full or not, almost all the musicians involved played hard, and at least two-thirds of the evening was actually inspirational. Coltrane's regular quartet, augmented by alto saxophonist-bass clarinetist-flutist Eric Dolphy, began the strangely organized program. I say strangely organized because I wonder why Coltrane's group came first and the Messengers last, with the Taylor unit sandwiched in between. As it turned out—pretty much as I had expected—the Blakey group proved a distinct anticlimax after the vision-producing music that preceded it.

Coltrane and company, even though they went through what by now must be their standard concert repertoire (which includes the soprano treatment of *My Favorite Things*), still managed to get up on a couple of tunes—especially on their last tune of the evening, *Impressions*. Coltrane started squatting and tooting on this number and got into that hysterically exciting thing he can do with such singular expressiveness. He can still do magical things with his horn, or rather, horns, because half the numbers were done with the soprano (though I, for one, would still rather hear this fantastic tenor player play tenor). Dolphy also played a very wild alto solo—in fact, I think it was probably the most completely satisfying effort of his I've ever heard. He sounded so much better than he has on recent recordings. And Garrison is one of the strongest and most swinging bass players on the scene today.

The Taylor unit maintained, and even surpassed, the high tension excitement that

Coltrane's last solo provided. Stringing most of his compositions end to end, with no appreciable pause between them, Taylor almost beat the massive Steinway into submission. Sometimes, when he was railing swiftly and percussively up and down the keys, he actually beat on the wood of the instrument, and his intent was so completely musical that it seemed like another instrument had been added to the group.

And Taylor, as I have said many times, is a magnificent soloist. He rages and strikes the piano with a very useful malice, his hands sometimes seeming to move almost completely independently of each other. The rapid staccato of his attack transforms the piano into a percussion instrument of the highest order. Many of his chords are struck as much for a rhythmic insistence as for a harmonic one. But the instrument sings and roars and screams. One cannot help but be moved. . . .



Eric Dolphy

Ayler, on the other hand, just recently out of Cleveland, is already playing himself completely, and the music he is trying to get together is among the most exciting—even frightening—music I have ever heard. He uses, I am told, a thick plastic reed and blows with a great deal of pressure. The sound is fantastic. It leaps at you, actually assails you, and the tenorist never lets up for a second. The timbre of his horn is so broad and gritty it sometimes sounds like an electronic foghorn. But he swings and swings, and when he gets his consonants together (as A. B. Spellman suggested), then everybody playing tenor had better watch out. . . .

The last group on the bill, as I said, was a letdown compared with what had already been heard. Blakey's soul formula, if one has heard it a few times, is not very interesting, even though he's got two young musicians playing with him, Shorter and Hubbard, who should have been important. As it is now, however, both men play as if they have forgotten what honest emotion is like. Shorter's tunes, which are really very good and full of all kinds of exciting musical possibilities, were transformed into banal Messenger specials. And each of the soloists was as formal as any marching band in his attempts at expression. . . .

—LeRoi Jones

Jazz

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Thelonious Monk

Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center
New York City

Personnel: Thad Jones, cornet; Nick Travis, trumpet; Eddie Bert, trombone; Steve Lacy, soprano saxophone; Phil Woods, alto saxophone, clarinet; Charlie Rouse, tenor saxophone; Gene Allen, baritone saxophone, bass clarinet, clarinet; Monk, piano; Butch Warren, bass; Frankie Dulong, drums.

If there had been a Philharmonic Hall at 64th and Broadway 30 years ago, Monk would have grown up in its shadow. Monk, by now, casts a pretty substantial shadow himself. By remaining in residence on W. 63rd St. these many years, this 'mohammed was ready when the mountain came to him. It was only a two-block walk for him to visit the mountain. With him, he brought nine other musicians, including the members of his regular quartet.

This was the first appearance of Monk's orchestra since early in 1959. There were only three returnees from that Town Hall concert: Woods, Rouse, and Bert. A fourth, unseen, yet well represented, was arranger Hall Overton.

Four years ago, the sound emphasis was on a brassy bottom with French horn and tuba in the ensemble. This time clarinets and soprano saxophone were utilized along with muted brass for a different texture and quality. Again, Overton translated Monk for the band context. Many of the arranged passages were replete with figures that Monk uses pianistically when accompanying soloists. . . .



JOHN HOPKINS

The orchestra started roughly on *Bye-ya*. Its smoothness on the out chorus made the sloppy beginning more pointed. After that, the players got better and better with *I Mean You* and *Evidence* in the first portion and *Light Blue*, *Osk! T.*, and *Four in One* in the second. (*Epistrophy*, Monk's theme, was presented, without solos, at the end of each of the three parts of the concert.) The second time around, the orchestra was looser, as any band is at a club on its second set. *Osk! T.*, Monk's new piece, has a nursery-rhyme quality in its simple, repetitive line; but with that, it also has the Monkian touch that raises the simple out of the commonplace.

The climax of the evening was reached in *Four in One*, a melody as irrepressible as Monk's dancing. (Monk did his own brand of stutter steps and elbow thrusts all over the spacious stage. He seemed to

be as at home as if he were at the Five Spot. I only wish he had done some more comping for the soloists.)

As he had done previously (1959) with *Little Rootie Tootie*, Overton scored Monk's piano solo from the original version of *Four in One* for the entire band, and it carried it off brilliantly. . . .

Monk's unaccompanied solo was *Darkness on the Delta*, a song from the 1930s, into which he liberally injected quotes from *Sweet and Lovely* and *When It's Sleepy Time Down South*.

In general, his solos were those angular beauties that have come to be expected of him, but in the second orchestra set, he played with a fervor that had him finding new combinations that were sometimes so subtle it took a while to realize how startling they were. . . .

To hear Monk's invigorating, thought-provoking themes is always a delight. The ensemble made it more so. One hopes that there will be more opportunities for this group to perform and expand its scope. For instance, why keep a fine soloist like Lacy under wraps? —Ira Gitler

PERSPECTIVES

BY RALPH J. GLEASON


Sometimes I think the powers that be are right to be afraid of jazz. It certainly challenges all they stand for in pretentiousness, phoniness, and hypocrisy. . . .

On another level, jazz's influence has been felt throughout the arts. There is, though it may not be obvious right away, a link among the music of Charlie Parker and Miles Davis, the poetry of Dylan Thomas and Allen Ginsberg, and the comedy of Lenny Bruce. It is all part of a growing body of dissent from the status quo that is gradually effecting a fundamental change in many attitudes. Once struck by the music of jazz, you are never the same. Once hit by the impact of the poets or touched to wild laughter by Bruce, things are never the same either. . . .

We have a society that flows inexorably toward the mass man: look at the ads, listen to the voices on TV, even in jazz with Dave Pell. If it goes long enough in this direction, you won't be able to tell one from the other.

However, by a beautiful natural law, these things create a vacuum, and into that vacuum have moved the voices of dissent. Jazz is in many ways a music of protest (see the dramatic anecdote about Cecil Young and Sammy Davis Jr. in Arnold Shaw's book, *Belafonte*), and the humor of the jazz musician, usually expressed in his horn but sometimes privately articulated, has become sharpened and stronger in the comedy of Bruce. He is a jazz voice in a very

real way, and, even as in the first time your ears were opened to Parker, the first time your ears are opened to Bruce, you are destined never to be the same.

Our political and social dissent used to flourish in musical comedy and on the stage. Today it is found in the night clubs in the person of the so-called sick comics ("I'm not sick," Bruce says. "Society is sick"). They range from the superficial New Yorkerish cartoon style of Mike Nichols and Elaine May to the challenge of fundamentals that is Bruce's greatest contribution. 

do it!' *Out on stage!*"

With that straight-forward statement, Janis Joplin proceeded to gulp down another capful of one of her most publicized pastimes, Southern Comfort. The short, powerful singer sat in a padded chair in front of an open window overlooking Lawrence Avenue and the Lawrence "L" station in her dressing room at Chicago's Aragon-Cheetah. As the drink hit her, she scrunched up her expressive face. Then she relaxed, with a kind of satisfied half-smile on her face.

Janis Joplin, lead singer of Big Brother and the Holding Company, was born 25

years ago on Jan. 19 in Port Arthur, Texas. She always felt great contempt for the conservative manners of her home town, but doesn't regret having lived through the hypocrisy of the small-town environment. Her childhood sensitivity and ideas were drowned in a sea of hurt and hate, and a hard shell formed in her mind against the people who almost stunted her inborn insights.

"When you're a kid," she said, "you're all full of things, and you don't know what it's about."

Janis fled first into a secluded life, during which her time was filled with listening to

THE UNINHIBITED JANIS JOPLIN

an interview with Mark Wolf

"Don'tcha understand? Music is just about feelin' things and havin' a good time! And people have forgotten that, I think. They've got to lay all these big cerebral trips on it. What we're trying to do in our music is just get back to old-time havin' a good time, jumpin', gettin' stoned, carryin' on . . . you know, 'Hey Baby! Come on up here an' let's



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Leadbelly and Odetta on records, and, at other times, painting and reading and writing poetry. But she could not find inner peace. So, after graduating from high school, she left her comfortable middle-class existence, with the dubious blessings of her parents, to make peace with and find her true self.

Janis, onstage. Her gold mini-dress and matching garter around her left thigh gleam in the spotlight as she begs, "Take another little piece a' my heart, now, baby!" A pleading urgency makes her stomp, as if sloppily marching in place to the beat. The quivering of her lips seems to spread throughout her entire body, as she writhes and shakes. She screams, yells, demands, and then becomes passive. An almost innocently child-like smile creases her lips. . . .

Janis is a display of emotional fervor as she moves through a performance, relying on only her innate ability to move an audience, to make them feel as she feels: to weep, scream, go insane, and regain a semblance of sanity. Again in the dressing room: "When you're performing, it's like you're aware of the fact that you're standing on a stage and that people are looking at you, so what you do is, like, I suppose an actress; you put your head in a place where you recall all these emotions,

'cause you can't really feel 'em standing out on stage at the Aragon Ballroom, with a thousand spotlights in your face." Why not? "Well, because you aren't in love right then, are you? You aren't being hurt right then, are you? You aren't being kicked in the teeth right then, are you? You're standing on a stage. So you recall all this, and, like, you don't say, 'Well, now I'm going to remember January the 14th, when so-and-so kicked me in the teeth,' I mean, you don't really do that. But you just, when you're singing the tune, you sort of like put your head in a place, in an emotional place that is apt to that tune."

After dropping in and out of four universities, Janis, with a blues-listening background which by then included Bessie Smith and Otis Redding, began to sing in folk and blues bars around Venice Beach and San Francisco. After bumming around for a while, she went back to Texas, but only as far as Austin in the southeastern part of the state. After playing the Austin hillbilly bars, someone who could only have been her fairy godfather discovered her and brought her to San Francisco to join Big Brother. The group consisted, at that time, of its present three string players (Sam Andrew, guitar and bass; James Gurley, guitar; Peter Albin, bass and

guitar) and a drummer, soon replaced by Dave Getz. The group was the first musical environment in which Janis had a real chance to open up. . . .

Janis nears the end of a performance. Her hair is free, unkempt, she is sweating profusely, and she breathes heavily as if she has just run the four-minute mile. And in many ways, she has done just that. She has tried to grasp the 3,000 spectators watching her personal orgy, tempting them, tantalizing them, trying to make them consume her as she has presented herself onstage in a most sensual way to make them accept her offering. She has reached inside each one and twisted them into realizing that they can control her by only asking. The males are tormented: "I need a man to love me, don'cha understand me, baby?" The girls cry to see one of their own sex giving all that she has to offer in such a primitively ritualistic way. But Janis is not yet satisfied. She sings another song: "I'm gonna leave you, baby, I can't help myself. I gotta leave you, baby. . . ." She stomps, flails her hair, points at each member of the audience, and screams! Not from terror, but from sheer delight. The music rushes on as the group tries to keep up with its tiger. "Hate ma baba, baba, hate ma baba, baba, I gotta go right now. . . ." A final piercing wail cuts through the auditorium, as the music fades behind Janis' single held note. An ovation greets the end of the performance as Janis takes the coffee mug that has been carefully placed on an amp behind her and drinks to her conquest.



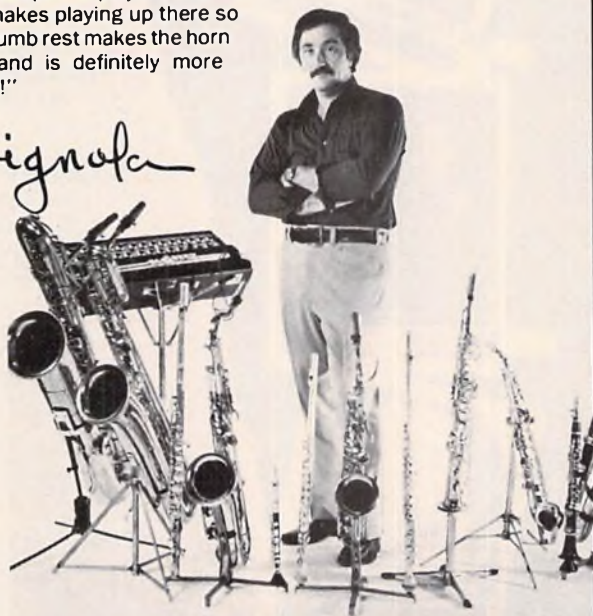
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FATHER AND SON: An Interview with Muddy Waters and Paul Butterfield

by Don DeMicheal

THERE'S ONLY ONE way for a young man to learn true blues: from older men—black men. This sort of teacher-student relationship is rather common today, or at least it has been since the blues gained such popularity with the seemingly ever-fickle young white audience. One of the most popular of the young blues men is Paul Butterfield. But Butterfield is an old hand at the blues, having drunk from the deep well on Chicago's south side several years ago. This spring, he and guitarist Michael Bloomfield were reunited with two of their main teachers—singer guitarist Muddy Waters and pianist Otis Spann (Waters' half-brother and long-time sideman). The reunion took place in the Ter-Mar Recording Studio at Chess Records, and for three nights a rather remarkable recording session rolled from one artistic peak to another.

DeMicheal: Paul, when was the first time

you sat in with Muddy?

Butterfield: About 1957.

DeM: How old were you?

PB: About 18. The stuff I play now . . . my bands' got horns and things, and we do a lot of different stuff, 'cause I got guys in my band who can really play—but they can't play that old stuff. It's just a certain thing I came up in, that I learned, and what I was really listening to—and I mean *live*; I ain't talking about listening to records—was Muddy. . . .

MW: Magic Sam, Otis Rush, all those boys used to come and sit in. They all sat in because I'm not the kind of guy who'll hold the bandstand for myself. I'm not like a lot of the older guys who've been in the business for a long time, 'cause I'm not jealous of nobody—you play what you play and I'll put you on my bandstand.

DeM: How did you get turned on to the blues, Paul?

PB: I'll tell you the truth, man. My brother, my family used to play a lot of blues records. Old 78s. They used to listen to people like Muddy, Gene Ammons, Charlie Parker. . . . It was more jazz than blues, but the feeling I got was from blues. So I got it early. There used to be WGES, and they used to play from 11 to 12 o'clock at night nothing but blues. And Nashville, Tenn., John R. used to play nothing but blues. We used to hear it when I was 10 years old. My brother started buying blues singles when I was out playing baseball. I don't know what turned me on, but I just liked that kind of music better than any other kind of music. I like a whole lots of kinds of music. I like Roland Kirk, Stanley Turrentine, Gene Ammons . . . a whole lot of people. But that was the music that really got me interested in playing.

DeM: Interested in playing harp? . . .

MW: In music of this kind, everybody got to be influenced by somebody.

PB: I was influenced a lot by Little Walter, and when I got to play some more, by Sonny Boy, the second. Then a little after that I started getting influenced by Gene Ammons, Stanley Turrentine. . . .

MW: After you've mastered your instrument, you can go the way you want to go at that particular time. When I began I was influenced by Son House and Robert Johnson. That doesn't mean you have to be exactly like them, 'cause when you get out there, you learn other people's work and you put more of your own material in it and then you're on your own.

PB: There ain't no musician in the whole world that isn't influenced by a whole lot



1989

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JAMES POWELL

microphone. You couldn't get me out of that corner, listening to him, what he's doing. Years later, down around 1937—I was very good then, but I hadn't been exposed to the public—I heard this Robert Johnson come out, and he got his teaching from Son House. He had a different thing. Where we'd play it slow, Robert Johnson had it up-tempo. The young idea of it, y'know what I mean? I didn't know Johnson much; I saw him one time in Friars Point, Miss. I knew Son House very, very good.

DeM: Paul, was your experience similar, only 20-30 years later?

PB: The people I most listened to were Muddy, Spann, people who were around—Robert Nighthawk was playing, and Wolf was playing, and Magic Sam . . . like, Magic Sam is pretty close to my age, and Otis Rush is—but I listened to anybody I could listen to. I used to go out and play with Muddy when I couldn't play nothing, but he'd let me come up.

DeM: When I first met you and Mike Bloomfield in 1962 or so, you were both living on Chicago's south side . . .

PB: Naw, Michael never lived on the south side. Michael was in rock-and-roll show bands when he was 16, 17 years old. He was from a whole different area, the north side. I never even worked out of the north side until I started working at Big John's. Michael really got interested in blues like Muddy and those cats, after he'd been playing in rock-and-roll show bands. He was never down on the south side before then. I never saw that cat on the south side.

I never practiced the harp in my life. Never. I would just blow in it. I was blowing some lousy stuff. Just blowing it, drinking wine, getting high, and enjoying myself. Nick Gravenites was the first cat to take me down to see you, Muddy, about 1957. We were more interested in getting high, dancing and having ourselves some good times than anything else. I never sat down and tried to figure out what he's doing with this stuff. I just played it. Muddy knows that I used to come down to him and play some nothing stuff but nobody ever said "Well, man, you're not playing too well."

MW: But you always had this particular thing, this something that everybody don't have, this thing you're born with, this touch. 'Cause you used to sing a little song and have the joint going pretty good. As soon as you'd walk in, I'd say, "You're on next, man."

DeM: Now after all these years, you two finally have made a record together.

MW: It sure was an enjoyable time for me.

DeM: How did the record come about?

MW: The idea came from my "grandson", Marshall Chess.

Chess: Michael was at my house, and he said he'd like to do a record with Muddy and Paul. The title, *Fathers and Sons*, was his idea.

MW: Is that the name of it? That's a very good title, 'cause I am the daddy, and all these kids are my sons. I feel there are so many kids tracing in my tracks that I'm the father out here.

DeM: How do you think the session went?

MW: I think it was one of the greatest

of people. They're influenced by anybody they hear that's good.

MW: That's right. What makes me happy is to see how many kids been influenced by me.

PB: There was a scene in Chicago, Detroit, St. Louis—the Midwest—where guys would say, "I'm gonna get up there and burn this cat." A lot of underneath stuff.

DeM: Cutting contest.

PB: Yeah. That mostly came from Chicago. Isn't that true, Muddy?

MW: Yeah. Years ago—I'd say back in '47 or '8—Little Walter, Jimmy Rodgers and myself, we would go around looking for bands that were playing. We called ourselves the Headcutters, 'cause we'd go in and if we got a chance we were gonna burn 'em. Today, people's not like that. You just get up and play. I'm not like that no more. Just play what you can play, and if the people like it, fine; if they don't, try again next time. . . .

MW: Paul, in this field today, if you pick up a harmonica, you got to go through John Lee Williamson [Sonny Boy No. 1], Rice Miller [Sonny Boy No. 2], or Walter Jacobs [Little Walter].

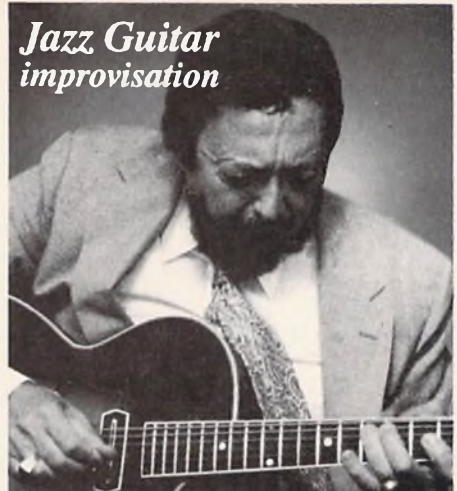
PB: Right.

MW: Because they set a pattern out here, and there's nobody been born yet that can do too much more stuff to go with it. So if you say I try to play like Son House—sure, I'm glad of that 'cause Son was a great man. Robert Johnson was one of the greatest there's ever been. So that makes me feel proud, 'cause I got my pattern from them. I can't go around it too far because I got to come back around to something in that particular field. Between the three of us, I'm doing Muddy Waters, but because I use a slide, I can't get away from the sound of those two people 'cause they made it popular years and years ago. This sound is 200 or 500 years standing.

DeM: I'm curious to find out if the learning process was similar for the two of you. When you went into playing blues, Muddy, how did you go about learning?

MW: I was first blowing harmonica, like Paul here. I had a young boy by the name of Scott Bowhandle playing guitar, and he learned me the little he knowed. One night we went to one of these Saturday night fish fries, and Son House was there playing. I was using the bottleneck because most of the Delta people used this bottleneck-style thing. When I heard Son House, I should have broke my bottleneck because this other cat hadn't learned me nothing. Son House played this place for about four weeks in a row, and I was there every night, closer to him than I am to your

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sessions we did since Little Walter's time and Jimmy Rodgers'. We was close to the old sound.

PB: I tell you man, I think some good things came out of this.

DeM: When was the last time you two played together?

MW: In California. I was playing in a club out there, and Paul was off this particular time, and he came in and sat in with us. It was a beautiful night, but it was nothing like the session. At the session, we was right down to it.

DeM: You did mostly old things?

MW: We did a lot of the things over we did with Little Walter and Jimmy Rodgers and [Edward] Elgin on drums. We tried to get ready for that particular thing, as close as possible. It's about as close as I've been to it since I first recorded it.

PB: Duck Dunn, the bass player, came in from Memphis. I came in from New York. Michael came in from San Francisco. Muddy came up from Texas. Now, I don't have any time off, none, but it was an honor for me to get together with Muddy and have a good time and play some music.

MW: One thing, I hope it's not the last time we get together.

PB: Duck Dunn had never played this kind of music, really. And most of the cats haven't been playing this type of music for a long while. It really made me feel good to get back and really be playing some stuff on the harp that was what I came from, the thing that really turned me on to be playing in the first place. Now I'm playing different things, different changes. It made me feel so good to be playing something that wasn't just "Well, we'll get together and do this recording". We've been enjoying ourselves. Really felt good. . . . A lot of it had to do with Muddy's singing. Muddy might not be a young cat anymore, but he's doing it. He still gets an awful good feeling for me for playing. He's the main cat; we're playing with Muddy. It's his feeling, and the way he's doing the stuff is making us feel really good. Feeling is 99 per cent of it. If you're not feeling the music, how can you expect the other cats who are playing to really feel it? . . .

MW: If you're trying, you're trying.

PB: Sincere. . . .

MW: And that's the way it is. They've come to me thousands of times: "Do you think a white boy can play the blues?" I tell them they can play the blues better than me, but they'll never be able to sing them as good as me. I'm just telling the truth about it. White boy can run a ring around me playing the blues.

PB: Nobody can run a ring around nobody.

MW: It comes down to I play my way, my style. That's it.

PB: Music has got to do with love, human beings digging each other. That's the only way you can play music; you can't play music with somebody you hate. Every writer who ever writes something on the blues writes some jive. Every article I've ever seen on the blues is from such a narrow viewpoint that it never gets down to what the music is, never gets down to the feeling that's going down. . . .

If Muddy is the richest man in the world, he's still got the feeling, he's still the man. I wish I *was* rich. I never had any money, but if I get some, I sure am not going to feel bad about it. I'm sure gonna groove. I'd go buy me a fast car, some good food, get high and enjoy myself and play music. . . . I'm only talking about the only person who can mess you around is yourself. Little Walter, man, I had the greatest respect for that cat. He always treated me good. But he messed himself around by juicing too much. He was a great cat, a great musician, but he messed himself around. That's sad, y'know?

MW: You're saying the truth, but I got to say he was one of the greatest harmonica players that ever lived.

PB: You got it, man.

MW: You got to take advantage of anything you start and not let it take advantage of you. I used to be a good liquor drinker, but when the doctor told me to come off the liquor, I said this is it,

no more whisky.

(*Spann enters*)

DeM: Otis, how do you feel about the session?

Spann: I feel the same way my brother feels about it. It was a beautiful session.

MW: I think it was one of the closest sessions that we had since Little Walter and Jimmy Rodgers' time and your time, Otis. 'Cause we did those numbers over again and everybody tried to get close to 'em. It wasn't just playing or just blowing.

OS: It did remind me of old times. I had more feeling in the session than I've had in a long time. It's a funny thing, the people say the white kids can't play blues, but that's wrong.

MW: I'll say this: we got to bring a boy child into the world who can sing the blues like a black man. 'Specially my age, that came up through this scene that one day I eat, the next day I don't. Ain't got them kind of blues today. The colored ain't. The black people ain't got it today.

...

DeM: Does the same sort of thing still go on, guys hanging around wanting to learn the blues?

MW: Sure. I could have a hotel room full at all times.

PB: I'm learning from people right now. I hear stuff I'll be learning for the rest of my life. And I bet Muddy's listening to some people.

MW: You can look in your 'cyclopedia and history books, but you never finish that music. You can hear somebody playing and make one particular thing and you say I dig that. Then you say I'm going home and get my old guitar and gonna see can I lick this note. If you miss it, then you go back tomorrow night. I used to say to Son House, "Would you play so and so and so?" 'cause I was trying to get that touch on that thing he did. Bukka White got a thing I been trying to learn for five years, and I ain't learnt it yet. db



ABBEY LINCOLN

ABBEY IS BLUE—Riverside 12-308: *Afro-Blue; Lonely House; Let Up; Thursday's Child; Brother, Where Are You?; Laugh, Clown, Laugh; Come Sunday; Softly, as in a Morning Sunrise; Lost in the Stars; Long as You're Living.*

Personnel: Miss Lincoln, vocals; tracks 1, 3, 6, 10: Tommy Turrentine, trumpet; Julian Priester, trombone; Stanley Turrentine, tenor saxophone; Bobby Boswell, bass; Max Roach, drums; Cedar Walton, piano (tracks 3 and 6 only); tracks 2, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9: Kenny Dorham, trumpet; Les Spann, guitar and flute; Sam Jones, bass; Philly Joe Jones, drums; Wynton Kelly or Phil Wright, piano.

Rating: ★★★★★*

★★★★

Abbey Lincoln has always been a powerful performer, more so because of her musicianship than her voice. On the recordings she made between the late '50s and late '80s her voice is powerful enough but not always secure; it wavers and threatens to break at times, and the quality of the sound varies. But there's something spiritual about it: a conviction and clarity of focus that consistently arrests the listener.

Right from the start, Lincoln recorded with first-rank musicians—Kenny Dorham, Max Roach, and Wynton Kelly, to name a few—but she's always held her own. On any of her albums, the words take center stage. Lincoln's simplicity is artful, her style consistently (one assumes intentionally) spare. When she takes a boppish approach to a melody,

as on "Long As You're Leaving" on *Abbey Is Blue*, it's a surprise.

To listen to *Abbey Is Blue* is to observe the glacial plates of Abbey Lincoln's career beginning to shift. A supper club singer turned jazz artist, Lincoln sounded like an ingenue (albeit a hugely promising one) on her first recordings for Riverside. *Abbey Is Blue* shows her with a newfound maturity and power that later served her well on Max Roach's *Freedom Now Suite*. *Abbey Is Blue* documents a shift not just in Lincoln's values but in those of the musicians around her in the late '50s toward a more outspoken, personal style. (Fantasy/OJC 069)

—elaine guregian



MUDDY WATERS

MUDDY WATERS AT NEWPORT—Chess 1449: *I Got My Brand on You; I'm Your Hoochie Koochie Man; Baby, Please Don't Go; Soon Forgotten; Tiger in Your Tank; I Feel So Good; Got My Mojo Working; Got My Mojo Working, Part 2; Goodbye Newport Blues.*

Personnel: Waters (MacKinley Morganfield), guitar, vocals; James Cotton, harmonica; Tat Harris, guitar; Otis Spann, piano, vocal (Track 9); Andrew Stevenson, bass; Francis Clay, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

This is an excellent collection by Waters, recorded on the ill-fated afternoon of July 3, 1960, when the Newport Jazz festival was called off. He is at the top of his form here—his voice hoarse, rough, and insistent, the group driving fiercely behind him, Cotton's harmonica rising shrilly above the heavy, propulsive rhythms.

Waters performs a couple of crowd-

pleasers, like *Mojo*, and even if the contents or emotional climate of these are not very high they are at least exuberant, heated, and feverish performances. Several of the other tunes—*Hoochie Koochie* and the traditional *Baby, Please Don't Go* are among them—are some of Muddy's more powerful pieces, with a continuity of mood and an emotional intensity rare among present-day blues performers.

Goodbye Newport Blues, written hastily by Langston Hughes on hearing that the remainder of the festival had been canceled, is sung by Spann. It is the least effective track. —pete welding

★★★★★

Along with a newly-resurgent political activism against the U.S.'s domestic racism and overseas imperialism, the early '60s brought a reawakened interest in the American-developed musical forms casually called folk music.

Let's sidestep the loaded arguments about what, exactly, that loaded term means and look at one of its most fascinating hybrids, the urban electric blues that a previously-rural black community, migrating to Northern cities for manufacturing jobs during World War II, recreated in its (and its new home's) image from the largely acoustic Delta blues. While innovators like Robert Johnson's stepson Robert Jr. Lockwood pioneered the use of the electric guitar in blues and also insinuated jazz-inspired licks and chords to "modernize" it, make it part of his own life and times, McKinley Morganfield chose to take that same heritage—Johnson was his single biggest influence—and mold it into a terrifying, stomping *mojo* that predicted rock & roll. Unlike the little electric duos and trios dotting radio programs like "King Biscuit Time," Muddy's bands hurled taut, rippling blues that revolved around evil and magic and the dark corners of the human skull like thunderbolts from the bandstand.

Ironically, the very folk revival that brought Muddy to a larger non-black audience at Newport soon required him to give up his band and play folk festivals and campuses accompanying himself—that, it was thought, was the "authentic" blues. As if sincerity could put

time's irreverent genies back in the bottle.

This album re-pops the cork. (Chess 9198) —gene santoro



OLIVER NELSON

BLUES AND THE ABSTRACT TRUTH—Impulse 5: *Stolen Moments; Hoe-down; Cascades; Yearnin'; Butch and Butch; Teenie's Blues.*

Personnel: Nelson, tenor, alto saxophones; Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; Eric Dolphy, flute, alto saxophone; George Barrow, baritone saxophone; Bill Evans, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Roy Haynes, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

★★★★★

The romantics say art must be imperfect to be human. Oliver Nelson proved them wrong. There isn't a false or hesitant note anywhere here, but bloodless it ain't. A thousand replays later, the contrast between saxophonists is still magic: Dolphy's notes leap from his horn like a pagan cry; Nelson's solos (and tunes—"Cascades") unfold in orderly patterns based on homemade exercises, but don't sound studied. Freddie Hubbard has never been better; Haynes and P.C. goosed Bill Evans (who still got Kind of Bluesy on "Yearnin'").

Every composition is built on 12-bar blues or the 32-bars of "I Got Rhythm"—the dual forms from which so many have abstracted so much beauty and truth. But Nelson tinkered with and tested those forms, devising 44- and 56-bar choruses. Eric, on his third fine Nelson LP, seized the possibilities in these sleek lines and bracing

*Throughout, the original rating appears first followed by, in some cases, all or part of the original review, then the current rating and review.

voicings ("Teenie's Blues") most readily; he energized the sextet as much as the timeless charts did. You can't envision the date without Dolphy—which may be why these outstanding tunes aren't covered nearly enough. It's one of Eric's prime bequests. And Nelson's masterpiece. He made a nominal sequel, but nothing he did later came close.

Back when Art Lange edited **db**, he once sent reviewers a tactful memo, reminding them that the greatest records ever made could get only five stars—and to keep that in mind whenever tempted to bestow the big handful. For this reviewer, *B&TAT* is one of the benchmarks to measure other albums against. Few measure up. (MCA/Impulse 5659) —*Kevin Whitehead*



ERIC DOLPHY

OUT THERE—Prestige/New Jazz 8252: *Out There; Serene; The Baron; Eclipse; 17 West; Sketch of Melba; Feathers.*

Personnel: Dolphy, alto saxophone, flute, bass clarinet, B♭ clarinet, Ron Carter, cello; George Duvivier, bass; Roy Haynes, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

There is a major revolution now going on in jazz, and Dolphy is obviously one of the most talented, dedicated players of "the new thing."

This LP shows striking developments in his playing, and at least one track, *Feathers*, is excellent. Certainly a major improvement is in Dolphy's bass clarinet work heard here on *Serene* and *Baron*, which is far less riddled with bebop clichés than it once was and is now almost as good as his alto. Dolphy's alto itself has become warmer and, as he wants it to be, more like speech.

The melody of *Out There* is a bit forced, and both Dolphy, on alto, and Carter get hung up on a single motif in their improvising. Discreetly used, such a device can give order to a solo, of course, but here each man comes rather close to monotony. Both, however, play with commendable freedom on this piece.

Serene, a blues line that sounds surprisingly like a 1930s ballad, has excellent work by Duvivier and Carter. Both pizzicato solos are fine melodic creations. Oddly, Carter's ideas sound both earthier and more musically sophisticated than Duvivier's.

Baron is for Charlie Mingus and has a Mingus-like melody. Carter's solo is rhythmically almost fascinating; Dolphy is very good, but about halfway through he again gets hung up on a single idea.

Both Dolphy's *17 West*, a less forcedly far-out melody, and a good one, and Randy Weston's *Melba*, with a theme statement that is for me somewhat overripe, have Dolphy on flute, and when he applies his ideas to that instrument, he becomes one of the few unclipped flute players in jazz. On *17 West* there also is a recurring motif, but it is effectively written into the piece, and the players must improvise around

it. Carter (bowed) is good; Duvivier is lovely. Dolphy and Carter skirt sentimentality for strong lyric melody on *Melba*.

As I say, Dolphy is most impressive on *Feathers*. There his increasing warmth is most obvious and most appropriate, and under the general air of double-timing, he actually uses an impressive and exciting variety of rhythm and phrasing. An individuality in rhythm and phrasing is the surest sign of a jazzman's growing maturity.

Haynes' participation throughout—and especially his direction behind the quiet strings—is commendable.

—*Martin Williams*

★★★★★

Besides the simple wealth—which would be hard to overestimate—of music on this album, there are other historical factors that point to its importance. First: its connections to Dolphy's sometime employer/mentor, Charles Mingus—one track, "The Baron," was written for him, while another, "Eclipse," is from his own hand. Mingus, of course, saw himself very much as a part of a larger tradition reaching back to Jelly Roll Morton and through Duke Ellington; for him, that tradition was partly about how to adapt the improvisational language called jazz into a compositional one without violating its vitality and strengths. Never overly respectful of any tradition, Mingus took that insight and forged his brash, brawling compositions and extended works, filtering in languages from Ellington or Bartók or the street. Dolphy's compositions are smaller and neater, but touch on that same reckless sense.

Second: Does anybody need to point out at this late date that Dolphy's deft multi-instrumentalism, his sure sense of each ax's values, his dry wit and edgy tone and jaunty angularity, have inspired countless players since the '60s?

Third: the adroit solo-cum-coloristic role played by Ron Carter's cello pre-figures the current upsurge in that overlooked instrument's jazz usage, whether by Tim Berne or Bill Frisell or any of the others reviewed in **db** a few issues back.

And the simple wealth of music? Sly and engaging, hooking you with melody while it explodes preconceptions—about harmony, melody, and Tin Pan Alley song structures—in your face. (Fantasy/OJC O23) —*Gene Santoro*



JOHN LEE HOOKER

JOHN LEE HOOKER PLAYS AND SINGS THE BLUES—Chess LP 1454: *The Journey; I Don't Want Your Money; Hey, Baby; Mod Man Blues; Bluebird; Worried Life Blues; Apologies; Lonely Boy Boogie; Please Don't Go; Dreamin' Blues; Hey Boogie; Just Me and My Telephone.*

Rating: ★★★★★

★★★★★

Relentless and stark and heavy with a general feeling of dread, John Lee Hooker's blues aren't anywhere near as varied and flexible as, say, Robert Johnson's—he works a handful of riffs and formats, his guitarwork is limited in any technical sense, and his voice has one basic attack. Nor are his blues as innovative and incandescent as Muddy Waters—he rarely managed to find a sympathetic electric format, for instance, and never found a songwriter as charged and in sync as Willie Dixon was for and with Muddy.

But no matter which of his many knockoffs of his first big hit, "Boogie Chillun," you're hearing, somehow those riffs, those formats, that guitar, that voice coalesce into a nightmare emerging from the bottom of a barrel folks rarely dare lift the lid on. Rough-hewn and awkward and slow, they're not Robert Johnson's legacy translated to the city's urban jungle—that was Muddy Waters' work. Rather, they're the Detroit analog of Lightnin' Hopkins, the brooding dense atmospherics of rural blues from the Delta or Texas transplanted to the Motor City and gone even more gritty with grease, sour with gas fumes, gnarled with displacement and confusion. In other words, a kind of snapshot of the post-World War II era from a perspective very different from the standard histories.

It ain't pretty, but it still burns with a dark and eerie and hypnotic flame. (Chess 9199) —*Gene Santoro*



OSCAR PETERSON

NIGHT TRAIN—Verve 8538: *Night Train; C Jam Blues; Georgia on My Mind; Bog's Groove; Moten Swing; Easy Does It; Honey Dripper; Things Ain't What They Used to Be; I Got It Bad, and That Ain't Good; Bond Call; Hymn to Freedom.*

Personnel: Peterson, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Ed Thigpen, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

★★★★★

As time went by, Oscar Peterson's piano seemed to cement itself into being a sort of swing equivalent of Cecil Taylor's (the mid-'60s-and-beyond Taylor). But, running off at the ivory, the Canadian's once fairly unique Tatem-esque sound eventually took on a kind of rote, cliché-ridden style of improvisation, his world of ideas no longer containing the sweep, mystery, and eloquence found in such important recordings as 1958's *My Fair Lady*, *The Trio* ('61), *We Get Requests* ('65), and countless sideman sessions in the U.S. with some of jazz's greats in the late '40s and '50s.

There has always been an element of joy to Peterson's up-tempo playing, the blues giving the only hints of irony. It was his playing of ballads and slow blues, however, that provided the best

challenge—and prospects for success—to his trademark, lightning-fast pyrotechnics. *Night Train* ('62) stood as just such a challenge, offering a relatively scaled-down Peterson with his greatest accompanists ever, Ray Brown and Ed Thigpen, here providing exquisite empathy.

No bonus tracks on this CD, the first two songs have been reversed for some reason, and not to good effect. There still exists, with imaginative yet tasteful reserve, that expansive, two-fisted and active sound on such tunes as Ellington's "Band Call" and "C Jam Blues." But the mood that permeates this album more than any other is best expressed through "Georgia," "Things," "I Got It Bad," and Peterson's "Hymn To Freedom."

The blues, a spiritual, and even a touch of melancholy travel their various ways through *Night Train*, giving us a more intimate, reflective, searching, and yes, still *swinging* side to an otherwise more boisterous spirit. (Verve 821 724-2, 45:00 minutes) —*John Cphland*

FREE JAZZ

ORNETTE COLEMAN



ORNETTE COLEMAN

FREE JAZZ—Atlantic 1364: *Free Jazz, Part One; Free Jazz, Part Two.*

Personnel: Coleman, alto saxophone; Eric Dolphy, bass clarinet; Don Cherry, Freddie Hubbard, trumpets; Scott LaFaro, Charlie Haden, basses; Billy Higgins, Ed Blackwell, drums.

Rating: No Stars

This friendly get-together is subtitled "a collective improvisation by the Ornette Coleman Double Quartet." One might expect a "collective improvisation" by Coleman's usual crew of four to be a merry event. But here we shoot the moon. It's every man-jack for himself in an eight-man emotional regurgitation. Rules? Forget 'em.

Where does neurosis end and psychosis begin? The answer must lie somewhere within this maelstrom.

If nothing else, this witch's brew is the logical end product of a bankrupt philosophy of ultraindividualism in music. "Collective improvisation?" Nonsense. The only semblance of collectivity lies in the fact that these eight nihilists were collected together in one studio at one time and with one common cause: to destroy the music that gave them birth. Give them top marks for the attempt. —*John A. Tynan*

★★★★★

Today's revolutionary usually becomes tomorrow's staid pillar of conformity, and his once radical agenda becomes the established norm. Ornette Coleman and *Free Jazz* are glaring exceptions to this rule, the maverick and his music still resistant to the accolades of the academics, the patter of the press, and the prestige-seeking posturing of the industry.



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"Let's try to play the music and not the background"—Ornette's advice is the key to the vitality of *Free Jazz* nearly 30 years since its creation. It is precisely that *Free Jazz* was created, not spewed out by rote, that it was a musical proposition so overtly grappled with, and played with, by the musicians, that it lives, and not merely endures as history. The opening polyphony and "tune-up"; the punctuating of Eric Dolphy's solo by the other horns; the drums kicking Freddie Hubbard's solo along; the unusually deliberate opening to both Ornette and Don Cherry's solos; Scott LaFaro quick-cutting from harmonic complexities to straight-up melodies; the contrast of Ed Blackwell's toms and Billy Higgins' cymbals—some of these moments were conceived during the compact "First Take," wisely included as the second cut on this CD, but they crystallized during *Free Jazz*. Ornette knew a third take would be counterproductive—he wanted his diamond in the rough. *Free Jazz* still sounds rough, and is all the more brilliant because of it. (Atlantic 1364-2, 54:13 minutes)

—bill shoemaker



BILL EVANS

CONVERSATIONS WITH MYSELF—Verve 8526: *'Round Midnight*; *How About You?*; *Theme from Spartacus*; *Blue Monk*; *Stella by Starlight*; *Hey, There*; *N.Y.C.'s No Lark*; *Just You, Just Me*.
Personnel: Evans, first piano; Evans, second piano; Evans, third piano.

Rating: ★★★★★

★★★★★

I can't for the life of me imagine why I retain a memory of this 1963 "solo" session as one of deep seriousness, though it is unquestionably unique. Meditations in three dimensions by Bill Evans, overdubbing consecutive pianos, build as happy holograms of extroversion, a far cry from his usual measured, Hellenic balance and introspection. Chasing his tail, shadowboxing, gleefully second-guessing himself, Evans plays like a guy trying on a perfect fit in front of his tailor's triple mirror: he's incredibly self-conscious, uncharacteristically vain, yet totally at home with himself. In this select 44-minute set Evans never loses his grace and aplomb—well, hardly ever—yet he takes all sorts of enticing chances, soft-shoeing in whirligigs of delicious runs and arpeggios, measuring his own footsteps like a dizzily dancing Monk. His fidgety feet don't fail him now.

You'll not hear the likes of his leafy "Midnight" and muddy "Stella" again without rethinking the very image of the "Bill Evans Trio." Listen to that left hand skim with no bass to anchor it! How about those gently jostling glissandi, heavenly as putti crowding a Tiepolo ceiling fresco? He couldn't pull that off with the deftest brushman. "Blue Monk"

is deliberately uncluttered, "Spartacus" lushly vegetative; "How About You" reaches a giddy hilarity. "Hey There" trips in fits and starts as he plays Gaston and Alphonse with his alter ego; "N.Y.C.'s No Lark" (an original anagramming Sonny Clark's name) if inscrutably leaden, offers symphonically harmonic riches. Otherwise Evans admires himself, turning this way and that, preening without fluffing, and gives us not one, not two, but three bright, aspects of his sometimes shaded personality. The CD bonuses are ebullient encores missing from the 1963 original: Monk's chattering "Bemsha Swing" and the one-shot Truman Capote/Harold Arlen hit "Sleeping Bee." Timeless. (Verve 821 984-2, 43:58 minutes)

—fred bouchard



HERBIE HANCOCK

MAIDEN VOYAGE—Blue Note 4195: *Maiden Voyage*; *The Eye of the Hurricane*; *Little One*; *Survival of the Fittest*; *Dolphin Dance*.

Personnel: Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; George Coleman, tenor saxophone; Hancock, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Anthony Williams, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

★★★★★

This album, recorded in 1965, is a perfect symbol of the '60s. Modality was in, as expressed in Hancock's memorable title composition. Rhythm sections were becoming more flexible and interactive with the frontline. (Hancock-Carter-Williams remains unmatched to this day.) There was a new cool. Not the bliss of the drug addict, but the confidence of one who chooses to play it cool. There was also an undercurrent of agitation expressed by the rhythm section's shifting chord placements and voicings, time suspensions, and flare-ups into the soloists' territory.

All this derived in part from the Miles Davis Quintet of the period. And the band on this CD is simply Miles' band with Hubbard instead of Miles. But by this change, we moved from the particular—Miles—to the general, from innovation to the dissemination of a concept. The viability of this concept can be seen by its return in the '80s in the work of Wynton Marsalis, Blanchard-Harrison, and the revived Tony Williams.

But in the '60s, no one spread the word more eloquently than Hancock, especially in his subsequent Blue Note albums *Speak Like A Child* and *The Prisoner*. These and *Maiden Voyage* were transition albums for Blue Note—from hard bop to the new impressionism defined by Herbie Hancock. Herbie went electric shortly after these albums, but today pianists still copy his sparse, moody voicings from the '60s, and "Maiden Voyage" and "Dolphin Dance" have become fake book standards. Survival of the fittest? (Blue Note 7 46339-2, 42:20 minutes)

—owen cordle



THE JIMI HENDRIX EXPERIENCE

AXIS: BOLD AS LOVE—Reprise 6281: *EXP*; *Up from the Skies*; *Spanish Castle Magic*; *Wait Until Tomorrow*; *Ain't No Telling*; *Little Wing*; *If 6 Was 9*; *You Got Me Floating*; *Castles Made of Sand*; *She's So Fine*; *One Rainy Wish*; *Little Miss Lover*; *Bold as Love*.

Personnel: Hendrix, guitar, vocals; Noel Redding, bass guitar; Mitch Mitchell, percussion.

Rating: ★★★★★

This record is truly "psychedelic." The word can mean a fully emotional experience, or a weird sound or series of sounds performed, in the case of rock, electronically. Among jazz "psychedelics" are John Coltrane, Ray Charles, Miles Davis, Sarah Vaughan, Dizzy Gillespie, Elvin Jones, and a few others representing an elite minority. It is harder to discern something that is really psychedelic in rock.

Hendrix is psychedelic.

The Experience is psychedelic.

The three musicians in the group play beautifully, as soloists and together. Hendrix is all over the guitar, finding the wildest (and most psychedelic) sounds imaginable. He is a fast player, who makes good use of the effects possible with the electronic attachments for the guitar: the "wa-wa" (cry baby), the fuzz, and feedback. He is probably the most exciting rock guitarist around (including Eric Clapton of Cream)...

Hendrix has the kind of voice that could be commercialized to money and back, but he has decided to use it as the beautiful instrument it is. He sings soulfully (*Spanish*), sweetly (*Skies*) and comically (*Tomorrow*).

EXP uses electronic sounds exclusively, except for a short dialogue... The excitement is there on every track of the album.

—mark wolf

★★★★★

Pure genius, pure and simple.

This 1968 release emphasizes Hendrix the songwriter, featuring such lyrical offerings as "Little Wing," "Castles Are Made Of Sand," and "One Rainy Wish," classics that have since been recorded by everyone from Gil Evans to Tuck & Patti. While this album has none of instrumental extravagances of the double studio album, *Electric Ladyland*, released later that same year, flashes of guitar hero brilliance do shine through within the confines of tight pop structures, notably on "Spanish Castle Magic" and "Little Miss Lover," two heavy-duty pre-metal rockers.

Hendrix adds to his mystique with such enigmatic offerings as the cool, jazzy "Up From The Skies," the majestic "Bold As Love," and the nonconformist anthem "If 6 Was 9" (... "White collared conservative flashing down the street, pointing their plastic finger at me. They're hoping soon my kind will drop and die, but I'm gonna wave my

freak flag high.")

While much has been made of Jimi's wild abandon as a soloist, guitarists are quick to point out his much-overlooked abilities as a rhythm player and lyrical instrumentalist, revealed here on the playful r&b ditty "Wait Until Tomorrow," the lovely ballad "Little Wing," and his affecting "One Rainy Wish."

And, of course, Hendrix scholars are still captivated by such puzzling lyrics as "Anger he smiles, towering in shiny metallic purple armour, Queen Jealousy, Envy, waits behind him, Her fiery green gown sneers at the grassy ground." And just who is this Axis, anyway? I've been meaning to ask the guy a few questions for 20 years now, 'cause I hear he knows everything.

Jimi the lover man, Jimi the poet, Jimi the extraterrestrial being ("EXP"), the anointed Voodoo Child guitar hero of the Aquarian Age... wave on, wave on. (Reprise 6281)

—bill milkowski



MILES DAVIS

SORCERER—Columbia 9532: *Prince of Darkness*; *Pee Wee*; *Masqualero*; *The Sorcerer*; *Limbo*; *Vonetta*; *Nothing Like You*.

Personnel: Davis, trumpet; Wayne Shorter, tenor saxophone; Herbie Hancock, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Anthony Williams, drums. Track 7; Davis, trumpet; Bob Dorough, vocal; others unidentified.

Rating: ★★★★★

★★★★½

All of them recorded for other labels at the time, particularly Blue Note. But when they were with Miles, it was not only different, it was *eerie*. They played some of the same stuff, their own stuff, elsewhere, like Hancock's "The Sorcerer." But Miles' mystique and unorthodox and uncanny abilities to lead and arrange their music lifted it beyond "mere" jazz.

Sorcerer, among the crop that this quintet produced in the mid- to late '60s, isn't necessarily any better than the others. Rather, it reflects yet another chapter in the book of this band carefully yet passionately seeking fusion, or some kind of transcendence of post-hard bop sensibilities. It was this restlessness combined with genius that gave us the definitive statements on trad acoustic jazz's final hours. This was new music, then. Everything since has been either a copy or an interesting—and sometimes invigorating—variation.

Ballads, up-tempo romps, it all coheres here, despite Bob Dorough's hep throwaway at the end. This music isn't "nice," or "tight," or "swinging." This music is magical, wonderful, and scary, style taking a back seat to the chemistry of personal expressions. To quote another LP, there's ESP here. It's jazz, but it's something else as well. (Columbia PC 9532)

—john ephland



CREAM

WHEELS OF FIRE—Atco 2-700: *White Room; Sitting on Top of the World; Passing the Time; As You Said; Pressed Rat and Warthog; Politician; Those were the Days; Born Under a Bad Sign; Deserted Cities of the Heart; Crossroads; Spoonful; Traintime; Toad.*

Personnel: Clapton, guitar, vocals; Jack Bruce, calliope, harmonica, guitar, cello, electric bass, vocals; Ginger Baker, glockenspiel, marimba, tubular bells, drums, timpani, tambourine, vocals; Felix Pappalardi, trumpet, tonette, viola, Swiss hand bells, organ pedals.

Rating: ★★★★★

Well, what more is there to say about this fabulous group, or, for that matter about this fabulous two-record album?

It's been out for some time. I've postponed reviewing it because I wanted to do it justice, and it's hard to verbalize the excitement generated. Furthermore—every critic is a latent or overt myth-debunker—there was the chance that Cream wasn't as magical and mystical as I thought. Maybe I'd been hyped. Nope. It's a five-star collection any

way you slice it. There are things wrong with it, but there is so much that is overwhelmingly right. . . .

May I mention, while backing out the door (perhaps having overstayed my welcome), Clapton's other brilliant solo between his own vocal on *Crossroads*, again with amazing Bruce runs behind him? And Bruce's fiery harmonica-voice duets on *Traintime*, impressive and fun, though Bruce isn't quite gutty enough a blues singer to make it work. And the nice segue from *Traintime* into *Toad*? And . . . oh, well. *Buy this record!*

—alan heineman

★ ★ ★

This schizophrenic two-record set—one recorded in New York and San Francisco studios in 1968, the other recorded live at The Fillmore that same year—suffers from wild mood swings in the studio and rambling, self-indulgent playing on the live set. Yet, there are moments of greatness here that make it worthwhile.

Highlights from the studio sessions include Clapton's classic wah-wah licks on "White Room," his searing blues power on "Born Under a Bad Sign" and "Sitting On Top Of The World," his intertwining twin-guitar lines on "Politician" (a precursor to his work with Duane Allman on "Layla").

Less successful are those moments when Jack Bruce pulls out the cello and turns "serious," as on his pre-tenacious, Indian-flavored "As You Said." Ginger Baker's three offerings—"Passing The Time," "Those Were The Days," and a silly, psychedelic recita-

tion called "Pressed Rat And Warthog"—are dated, embarrassing pop oddities.

Bruce shines on the live material, particularly on "Crossroads," where his interactive, soloistic approach to the electric bass serves as the perfect foil for Clapton's fiery fretboard work. However, their 17-minute version of Willie Dixon's "Spoonful" is sluggish, meandering, and marred by Bruce's theatrical warbling. And I could've done without either "Traintime" (a John Mayallesque harmonica showcase for Bruce, backed only by Baker's shuffling snare work) or "Toad" (nearly 16 minutes of boring drum soloing by the highly overrated Baker).

Weed out the filler, compress those endless jams and you've got one great record. As is, you've got one good twofer. (2-RSO 827578-1)

—bill milkowski

Personnel: King, guitar, vocals; unidentified rhythm guitar, organ, bass, drums.

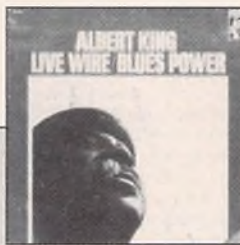
Rating: ★★ ★

★ ★ ★ ★

Recorded in 1968 at the Fillmore Auditorium in San Francisco, this gem is pure, unadulterated Albert, bending, burning, and testifyin' on his Flying V. The sheer force of his wailing on the 10-minute "Blues Power" and an up-tempo shuffle instrumental entitled, appropriately, "Look Out," is enough to intimidate any blues pretender or modern-day guitar hero. As Joe Walsh once put it, "Eddie Van Halen is it these days, technically speaking. Eddie can play circles around most players, but Albert King can blow Eddie off the stage . . . with his amps on standby."

That formidable King-tone cuts through with razor-sharp intensity on the revved-up "Night Stomp" and "Please Love Me," which features Albert's gruff vocals on a mid-tempo shuffle. As a singer, Albert may not be in the same league with B.B. King, but his raw abandon on Lucy (his beloved guitar) more than makes up for any vocal shortcomings.

Live is the best way to hear Albert do his thing. Freed from the confines of slick arrangements, studio trappings, and radioplay expectations (a syndrome which plagued much of his mid-'70s work), Albert is able to reach down for that extra dose of bluespower, as he does here on the stretched-out "Blues At Sunrise." On that slow blues, he



ALBERT KING

LIVE WIRE/BLUES POWER—Stax 2003: *Watermelon Man; Blues Power; Night Stomp; Blues at Sunrise; Please Love Me; Look Out.*

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takes his time and tells a story, pouring emotion into every note and building to the inevitable, mind-blowing climax. It don't get much bluer than this.

Another great example of Albert's live blues prowess can be heard on last year's *Blues At Sunrise*, a previously unreleased set from the 1973 Montreux Jazz Festival. Spurred on by the challenge of second guitarist Donald Kinsey, Albert goes way over the top on his great, five-star live album, wailing with signature blues power and controlling feedback like a rocker. An intense introduction for the uninitiated. (Stax 4128)

—bill milkowski



MILES DAVIS

BITCHES BREW—Columbia GP26: Pharaoh's Dance; Bitches Brew; Spanish Key; John McLaughlin; Miles Runs The Voodoo Down; Sanctuary.

Collective Personnel: Davis, trumpet; Benny Maupin, bass clarinet; Wayne Shorter, soprano saxophone; John McLaughlin, electric guitar; Chick Corea,

Larry Young, Joe Zawinul, electric piano; Dave Holland, bass; Harvey Brooks, Fender bass; Larry White, Jack DeJohnette, Charles Alvin, drums; Jim Riley, percussion.

Rating: ★★★★★

Listening to this double album is, to say the least, an intriguing experience. Trying to describe the music is something else again—mainly an exercise in futility. Though electronic effects are prominent, art, not gimmickry, prevails and the music protrudes mightily.

Music, most of all music like this, cannot be adequately described. I really don't want to count the cracks on this musical sidewalk—I'd rather trip over them. Fissures, peaks, plateaus; anguish, strange beauty—it's all there for a reason. And it can be torn up for a reason.

To be somewhat less ambiguous—to list only my lasting impressions: Maupin's bass clarinet work generally; the eerie echo effect employed on Miles' various phrases throughout *Brew*; the rhythm section's devices during parts of *Brew* (highly reminiscent of Wagner's *Siegfried's Funeral March* from *Goettersdaemmerung*); Shorter's solos on *Key* and *Voodoo*; the electric piano work on *Key*; Miles' lyricism on *Sanctuary*, and McLaughlin on *McLaughlin*.

Parenthetically, my liking for recorded Miles came to an abrupt halt with *Neferiti*. I didn't think I could go beyond that with him. I'm still uncertain, but this recording will surely demand more of my attention than the three intervening albums. It must be fully investigated.

You'll have to experience this for yourself—and I strongly advise that you do experience it. Miles has given us the music, and that's all we need.

—jim szantor

★★★★★

It was audacious then, and it remains so. *Bitches Brew* has not aged in 20 years because Miles' view of the music was so visionary, and his ambition and adventurousness were matched only by his nerve. But the music remains misunderstood, misinterpreted, misjudged—whether for reasons of ignorance, antagonism, or racism—and its origins and subsequent importance have never been fully documented or critically explored.

Critical consensus has it that *Bitches Brew* paved the way for the entire fusion phenomenon of the '70s, but if that's true it was an indirect influence at best. Check the personnel listing and you'll find that nearly all of the participants went on to carve out their own slice of the commercial pie-in-the-sky fusion was to become; but this was due, if anything, to the experience of working with Miles, and not the music per se. The truth is, this music was too unique, too unusual to be imitated, and didn't influence anyone—except for Miles himself, the originator, who built upon its dizzying maelstrom of sounds and rhythms for another six years, searching out combinations ever more extravagant, until he had left his puzzled audience (old-line fans and critics alike) far in his wake. No, it was the artistic

license—the willingness to experiment, the freedom to break with tradition, the exhilaration of discovering a new audience—which Miles offered like the alchemist's stone. It was his followers who turned rock into gold.

In *A Silent Way*'s polite, pastel charms gave no advance clue to the glorious, spicy gumbo of *Bitches Brew*. Bordering on chaos, the communal improvisation was a miracle of intuitive organization and tape editing. Probably no one outside of Miles and Teo Macero knows exactly how the music was constructed—a tape splice here, a spontaneous arrangement there.

With various instruments bubbling up briefly, then submerging into the electronic/percussive flux, timbres and textures are constantly shifting; there are few real "lead" statements or solos (outside of Miles' masterful commentary) and no recognizable accompaniment. Four drummers, three electric keyboardists, and two bassists contribute to the lush detail and rhythmic density, but, remarkably, never overwhelm the often delicate, often devious atmosphere. Electricity allowed the medium-sized ensemble to rival the volume and voicings of Gil Evans' orchestra, with polyphony as rich and intricate as African choirs.

Today, on CD, we could wish for a better mix, cleaner sound, more presence... but the music is still magical—sinister, seductive, dramatic, invigorating, creative: an Oasis of Possibility, an Homage to the Other. (Columbia G2K 40577, 47:02/46:55 minutes)

—art lange



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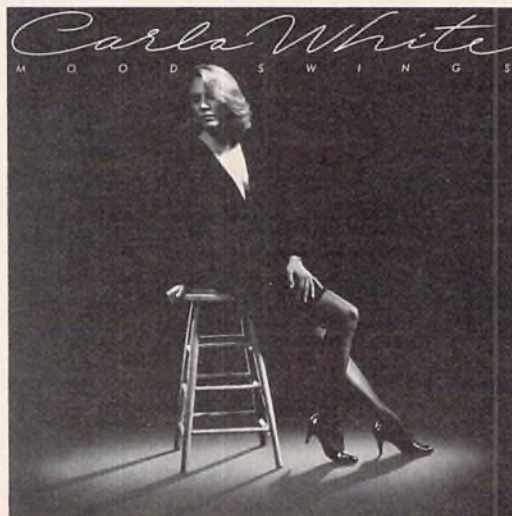
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the 70's

by Howard Mandel

For jazz, and for **down beat**, the 1970s was an era of transition and consolidation. Time took its toll on the music's greatest masters—Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington, Stan Kenton, Rahsaan Roland Kirk, Charles Mingus, and Mary Lou Williams among them. Early in the decade traditional forms including dixieland and swing bands suffered neglect, if not decline. Rock and soul, attended by the recording industry and new electronic instrumentation, gave birth to "jazz-rock," which evolved into fusion and pop-jazz.

Yet innovators from the '60s—Miles Davis, Ornette Coleman, Cecil Taylor, Steve Lacy, and AACM members such as Muhal Richard Abrams, the Art Ensemble, Air, and Anthony Braxton—continued to establish the value of their principles. Artist-produced record companies emerged to document a startling array of expression. Europe proved open to experimentation, free improvisation, and a new generation of jazz artists, while some understanding of and respect for jazz's standards and history emerged at home.

The U.S. government recognized jazz as an art form by funding composers, performers, and institutions through the National Endowment for the Arts. During a bicentennial 4th of July, President Jimmy Carter sang "Salt Peanuts" with Dizzy Gillespie on the White House lawn. Millions of Americans listened to the broadcast over National Public Radio's *Jazz Alive!* Ad hoc fan clubs, not-for-profit producers, and local administrations in Chicago, Atlanta, and Detroit, among other cities, launched jazz festivals of their own.

Eventually, the over-amped and highly contrived indulgences of Miles and Mahavishnu imitators subsided. What endures from the infusion of electronics into jazz is not a desire to amass arena-filling audiences, but a willingness to access modern technology such as synthesizers and computers.

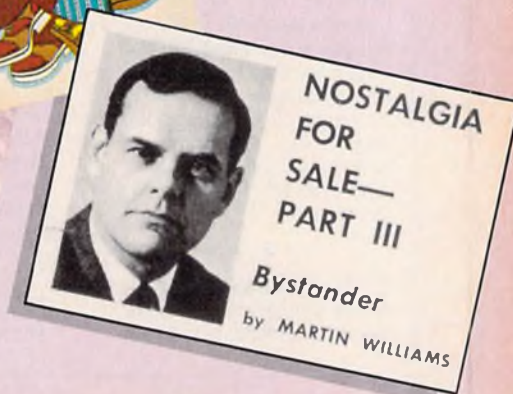
Guitarists, particularly, gained respect as leading voices in '70s jazz: Abercrombie, Metheny, Scofield, et al., came to the times with an educated yet deeply-felt sense of the past. Keyboard players and drummers were both liberated and enslaved by new technology; the outcome of their battle remains to be determined. But finally, electronic media brought the whole world's music within reach. Most notably Africa, Brazil, the Caribbean, and Scandinavia lent artists to jazz's global mix.

With E. V. Maher as president, Charles Suber publisher, and Dan Morgenstern editor, **down beat** in the early '70s was an informative presence. Its masthead boasted "readers in 142 countries, every Thursday since 1935." In 1971, Jack Maher became **db's** director through turbulent esthetic and music business trends. When the '70s ended, **db** had become a monthly publication with attractive graphics and renewed interest in jazz of all forms. Like jazz itself, **db** in the '70s became aware that musical ideas related across generic distinctions. The magazine determined to help its readers identify jazz's standards, the classics' reach, and pop's appeal, then urged musicians and listeners alike to better appreciate their similarities and differences.



In the lap of the unknown
Is the river of smile.

Sri Chinmoy



1970 The **New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival** debuted . . . **Steve Grossman** replaced **Wayne Shorter** in **Miles Davis'** group . . . **Stan Getz** played for black audiences in South Africa after finding out that promoters had booked him into white-only venues . . . Chicago promoter **Joe Segal** held his first *August Is Charlie Parker Month* celebration . . . a stone was placed on **Bessie Smith's** grave in Philadelphia 33 years after her death . . . **Randy Weston** opened a jazz club in Morocco . . . **Louis Armstrong** recorded an album of country & western tunes . . . **Joe Zawinul** joined **Wayne Shorter** and **Miroslav Vitous** to form **Weather Report**.

1971 The proposed drum battle between **Ginger Baker** and **Elvin Jones** was called off when the British musicians' union refused Jones permission to perform . . . **Dizzy** and **Bobby Hackett** traded fours at the Overseas Press Club . . . **George Duke** left **Frank Zappa** to join **Cannonball Adderley** . . . **Bill Graham** closed the Fillmores, East and West . . . **Roland Kirk** was arrested for attempted skyjacking when he went through a metal detector with a tear gas gun and ceremonial dagger . . . the **Bix Beiderbecke Festival** debuted in his home town, Davenport, Iowa.

1972 **Duke Ellington** toured the Soviet Union . . . **Joe Henderson** joined **Blood, Sweat and Tears** . . . **Henry Mancini** said, "If you want to make money in music, get into the band uniform business" . . . **North Texas State** celebrated 25 years of its degree program in jazz ed . . . **Sonny Rollins** ended another two-year sabbatical . . . the Moline (Ill.) Downtown Merchants Assn. declared May 9 **Louie Ballson Day** . . . **Benny Goodman** testified before the Chicago school board, opposing the proposed elimination of music from the schools . . . asked if jazz was coming back, **Dizzy** replied: "It ain't never left. I've been here all the time."

1973 **Al Cohn** and **Zoot Sims** were reunited after 12 years for a Muse record date

. . . **Stan Getz** on **Lester Young**: "Pres was a real stud . . . cool, tough . . . but when he picked up the saxophone he still wore his heart on his sleeve" . . . **Roberta Flack** signed to play the title role in a movie about **Bessie Smith** . . . hearing "Where Is the Love," **Anita O'Day** exclaimed: "I've been looking for new material and that's it."

1974 **Peanuts Hucke** took over leadership of the **Glenn Miller Ork** from **Buddy DeFranco** . . . after the breakup of the **Mahavishnu Ork**, **Billy Cobham** put together a band featuring the **Brecker Bros.** and guitarist **John Abercrombie** . . . the **Symbionese Liberation Army** (who kidnapped Patty Hearst) proclaimed The **Crusaders'** "Way Back Home" as their anthem . . . The **Modern Jazz Quartet** disbanded after 23 years . . . after 10 years on the road, **The Grateful Dead** went fishing for a year.

1975 **Buddy Rich** called Nashville cats "no-talents" . . . **Stan Kenton** agreed . . . **Frank Zappa** and **Captain Beefheart** reunited . . . **Stevie Wonder** inked a \$13 million contract with Motown . . . **Steve Anderson** played his guitar for 114 hours and 17 minutes at West L.A. Music . . . The **Dave Brubeck Quartet** reunited.

1976 PBS's **Soundstage** featured the winners and runner-ups of the 1975 **db** Readers Poll in the first **down beat Awards** . . . **Scott Joplin's** rag opera *Treemonisha* made it to Broadway . . . **Jaco Pastorius** joined **BS&T** . . . **Steve Winwood** jammed with salsa kings, The Fania All-Stars . . . **Charlie Daniels** called **Buddy Rich** and **Stan Kenton** worse than no-talents and bet \$10,000 that neither could cut "one decent country record" . . . **Scott Cameron**, Kenton's personal manager, sent **Daniels** a bill for \$10,000 and a copy of a **Kenton/Tex Ritter** album released by Capitol in 1962 . . . **Thelonious Monk** received a Guggenheim Fellowship.

1977 Violinist **Joe Venuti** recorded an album of jazz

standards with mandolinist **Jethro Burns** and pedal steel player **Curly Chalker** . . . **Tito Puente** appeared on ABC's *Donny And Marie Show* . . . **Mary Lou Williams** and **Cecil Taylor** performed together at Carnegie Hall . . . **Horace Silver** celebrated his Silver Anniversary with Blue Note records . . . **Ron Carter** joined the faculty at Rutgers . . . **Jazz Alive** made its debut on public radio . . . **Fredde Green** celebrated 40 years with the Basie band.

1978 **Pat Metheny** said: "I'm almost thinking of retiring and waiting for the '80s. There's such a sense of stagnation and a lack of direction, now, a shying away from possibilities rather than an embracing of them" . . . **db** began its annual Student Music Awards . . . **Buddy Rich** was inducted into the Martial Arts Hall of Fame . . . **Don Cherry** joined **Lou Reed's** band . . . **Sun Ra** appeared on *Saturday Night Live* and **db** reported network interest in a **Sun Ra-Marle Osmond** pilot . . . **Pres. Jimmy Carter** hosted a jazz picnic on the White House lawn, inviting everyone from **Eubie Blake** to **Cecil Taylor** . . . **Joni Mitchell** collaborated with **Charlie Mingus**.

1979 **Dr. Walter Mays** debuted *War Games For Wrestlers And Extended Percussion*, performed by two wrestlers and a percussion ensemble at Wichita State . . . the **Mingus Dynasty** was organized featuring **Dannie Richmond**, **Don Pullen**, **John Handy**, and other alumni of Mingus' groups . . . the first **Chicago Jazz Festival** was held in Grant Park.

Final Bar: blues piano man **Otis Spann**; saxophonists **Johnny Hodges**, **Otto Hardwick**, **Albert Ayler**, and **Booker Ervin**; **Jimi Hendrix**; **Janis Joplin**; **Erroll Garner**; bluesmen **Fredde King** and **Bukka White**; saxophonist **Paul Desmond**; pianist **Hampton Hawes**; trumpeter **Lee Morgan**; singer **Jimmie Rushing**; bluesman **Mississippi Fred McDowell**; clarinetist **Mezz Mezzrow**; tenor **Don Byas**; pianist **Lonnie Tristano**; trombonist **Frank Rosolino**; **Charles Mingus**; **db** founder **Albert J. Lipschultz**; **Stan Kenton**; **Louis Armstrong**; **Jim Morrison**, of The Doors; guitarist **Eddie Condon**; pianist **Wynton Kelly**; **Gene Krupa**; saxophonist **Ben Webster**; **Duane Allman**; trombonists **Kid Ory** and **Wilbur De Paris**; arranger **Gary McFarland**; violinist **Joe Venuti**; **Rahsaan Roland Kirk**; pianist **Bobby Timmons**; more Ellingtonians: **Harry Carney**, **Paul Gonsalves**, **Ray Nance**, **Tyree Glenn**, and **Duke Ellington** himself; trumpeter **Bill Chase**; tenor **Gene "Jug" Ammons**; critics **Ralph Gleason** and **Hughes Panassie**; r&b star **Louis Jordan**; bluesman **T-Bone Walker**; father of western swing, **Bob Willis**; **Cannonball Adderley**; drummer **Zutty Singleton**; saxist/arranger **Oliver Nelson**; **Howlin' Wolf** nee Chester Burnett; singer **Lee Wiley**; bassist **Jimmy Garrison**; trumpeter **Bobby Hackett**; singers/lyricists **Johnny Mercer** and **Eddie Jefferson**; bluesman **Jimmy Reed**; trombonist **Quentin Jackson**.



FUSION: JAZZ-ROCK-CLASSICAL



HENRY J. KAHANEK

by mike bourne

1972 proved a bounty year for music, or at least it seemed so. Out of the 1,000 or so LPs I received to review or program for the radio, more than half were worth listening to. This is the greatest percentage of any year in my career as a critic (1967 on). And the audiences seemed to listen to more and better music, even though Top-40 rock (trendy, self-imitative music product) reigned as usual on most radio and in sales.

At Indiana University in Bloomington, the overall cultural ambience seemed somehow more enlightened than ever. IU is certainly a representative American campus. Yet Bloomington itself, though typically midwestern, has enough high society, alternative, and native culture to be cosmopolitan and a source of perspective on most of America. Altogether, in '72, both IU and Bloomington seemed aware of and exposed to more good art, and especially more good music, than ever before. Because of the mammoth School of Music, the opera and classical music scene flourished with unprecedented fervor. The black music program offered a concert/lecture series on blues and gospel, and the regular pop concert series offered a blues and folk festival.

The concert scene as a whole proved at least diverse, if not expansive enough yet, with Earl Scruggs, the Mahavishnu Orchestra, Sha Na Na, Henry Mancini, Dizzy Gillespie, Van Cliburn, Isaac Hayes, Stephen Stills, Weather Report, Howlin' Wolf, and more. Doc Severinsen played for Homecoming.

Not that the audience was the same for every concert—certainly not demographically or in size—but the breadth of the music offered nonetheless indicated an increasing appreciation for (or at least availability of) more than the once-prevalent pop.

Even more indicative is that each of the three main local record marts displayed (and advertised) Chick Corea, McCoy Tyner, Sun Ra, and more, alongside The Rolling Stones, Joni Mitchell, Stevie Wonder, and all the other pop that once dominated every store as well. Again, the audience varied in character as much as the music varied commercially. Yet good music, no matter what the genre (and even esoteric music), was at least finally *there!* Promoted! And many partook of it.

The import of all this all isn't exactly evident. But whatever it is, I think rock music (or the economics of rock music) is (or will be) the locus of this "new" consciousness (as it were). My reasoning is speculative, perhaps sophistic; yet I think it is almost logical, or at least possible.

Up front, the intense competition of Top 40 has compelled

rock music to assimilate virtually every other music (plus considerable cultural effluvia) to remain trendy. Rock music itself has never been quite enough. And so, when folk/rock and acid/rock and country/rock diminished, jazz/rock erupted; since then, Jesus/rock has happened, with another periodic resurrection of '50s rock, and lately has come the decadent/rock of Alice Cooper and David Bowie (50s rock plus transvestism).

The consequence of this evolution (if it is that) is two-fold.

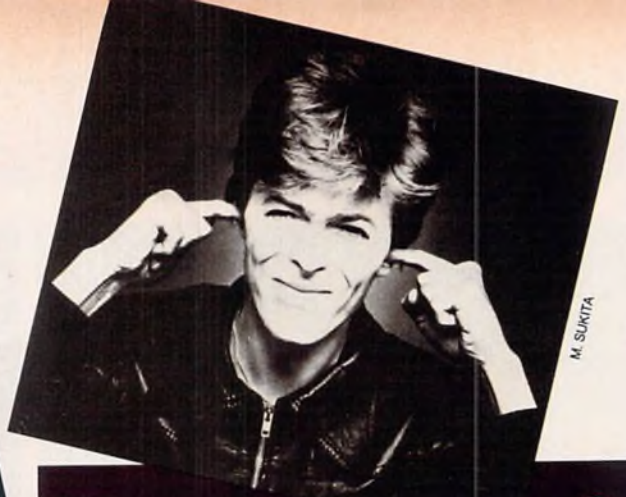
First, much rock music has assimilated enough good music to actually evolve into an art—and not simply a populist (street) art. Frank Zappa has proven this since the mid-60s. And in '72, even more happened. The British band, Yes, evolved the Beatles-style rock of their first LP into the often exquisite synthesis of classical and electronic/rock music on their '72 LP, *Close to the Edge*. And yet as Yes improved musically, their popularity increased; their artistry hadn't lessened their commercial appeal. Curved Air and the Mahavishnu Orchestra now seem likely to develop a similar audience, and the influence all three (and the more to come) will manifest is all for the best for popular music as a whole.

The second consequence is that much of the audience is noticeably bored with the trendy and is seeking the original. At





PHIL BRAY



M. SUNKITA



PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE



VERYL C. OAKLAND

IU, there is an avid (though as yet minority) audience for *real* black music, *real* classical and electronic music, *real* blues and country music. Gato Barbieri, Ornette Coleman, bluegrass patriarch Bill Monroe—their music and the music of many more has an actual popularity, an actual commerciality now, and not simply an esoteric (if visceral following). Consider only the annual Beanblossom Bluegrass Festival (near Bloomington): the audience is an amusing social spectrum from the hillbilly to the freak, perhaps not co-existing, but nonetheless grooving together.

It is this greater popularity and new commerciality for all good music that is most heartening. It is almost as if the music is finally de-categorizing—that'll never really happen, but for the moment almost is good enough.

Much of this is likely attributable to economically realistic promotion. For example, rather than releasing his music as just another jazz record (as has often happened before), Columbia promoted Ornette Coleman with much of the vitality usually directed into hyping Top 40. Similarly, the Mahavishnu Orchestra is virtually hustled as a rock band. (I know this from co-producing their IU concert—the word "jazz" was anathema!)

But with either, this isn't false advertising; rather, it is adapting the rhetoric and style of rock hype to good music—creating a rock image for Mahavishnu, even if their music isn't really rock (or of any definable genre). Certainly Columbia isn't creating a rock image for Ornette Coleman—but it *is* exposing his music more in the media and the market dominated by rock. It is pragmatically seeking to commercialize his music, realizing that idealism won't sell his music, no matter how brilliant, and that the more it will sell the more it will communicate to more people.

It is almost that simple. Ornette Coleman and Mingus were the first whom Columbia promoted like this, *within* and not opposed to the rock culture, and yet never degrading the music

to do so. Bach specialist Anthony Newman is experiencing some of this same emphasis. That Columbia is simply exploiting the already established reputation of all three has been suggested, but whatever, the final proof of this promotional process will be if Columbia (and every other company) will promote more good music (of whatever genre) with as much fortitude and deserved self-esteem.

Then again, more than anything, much of this decategorization has derived from the direct integration of the artists as well as the genres. For example, Blue Mitchell played with the John Mayall blues band, and Mayall recorded with Mitchell. Joe Farrell and Howard Johnson often appeared on pop LPs. Dave Holland played bluegrass with John Hartford, the music of songwriter John Simon, some exhilarating self-abstraction with Barre Phillips, and more, as well as with Chick Corea. Hubert Laws and Airto Moreira played with damn near everybody.

This synthesis hasn't always succeeded, musically or commercially. Don Ellis forced and failed integration; his brilliant avant orchestra played cleverly-arranged Top 40 jive on *Con-nection* and bombed. But then, Frank Zappa (the perennial, exemplary synthesizer) nonetheless created hot rock with a mainly "straight" LA studio orchestra on *The Grand Wazoo*.

And yet, out of it all, the ultimate testament to the new synthesis, the new consciousness, the new whatever else, is that even hard-core Top 40 Santana recorded some exciting creative rock on *Caravanserai*.

What I conclude from all this is that a symbiosis is happening between the socio-economic energy of the rock business and the creative energy of good music (again, no matter what the genre). Whereas rock music once seemed to eclipse all other music, now the rock culture has become a rock to build the better appreciation of all art upon.

And after all, to be philosophical about it, music is sound, and sound is spirit—and everyone has some of that . . . db

CHICAGO: JAZZ-ROCK PIONEERS by Harvey Siders

ADD CHICAGO TO LOS ANGELES and what do you get—a population explosion? Hardly. Just seven more long-haired, rock-bound, jazz-oriented, folk-influenced, country-tinged musical chameleons.

The group known as Chicago is now Los Angeles-based, although they're anything but "stay-at-homes." Despite the fact that five of the seven are married, the group is on the road 99 per cent of the time.

And 99 per cent of their fans and critics confront them with the comparison they love least: Blood, Sweat&Tears. Was yours truly among the remaining one per cent? Would I have submitted this article if I had been? Keyboarder Bob Lamm took up the challenge with a controlled exasperation that seemed to ask "Do we have to go through *this* again?"

According to Lamm, Chicago was well into the jazz-rock bag before BS&T came on the scene. The order of that hyphenate is significant as Bob pointed out, "Our roots are basically rock, but we can and do play jazz; Blood, Sweat&Tears is basically a jazz-rooted combo that can play a lot of rock."

From their collective and individual timbres, it was obvious Chicago is fed up with the constant comparisons. Well those comparisons aren't about to disappear—mainly because of two important similarities: both groups record for Columbia; and both groups have been produced by the same artistic and organizational genius, Jim Guercio.

Chicago's genesis doesn't stretch back quite as far as Mrs. O'Leary's cow. In fact, it came into being as Chicago Transit Authority in 1967. At that time there were only six members. Bob Lamm compensated for the lack of a bassist by playing pedals on the organ. He was able to give his feet a rest when Pete Cetera joined the group.

By then, the words "Transit Authority" had been jettisoned (or should the phrase be "derailed?"). Guercio had come up with the original monicker of C.T.A., but as the jazz-rock-folk-country kaleidoscope began to evolve, the one word "Chicago" became more meaningful in describing the

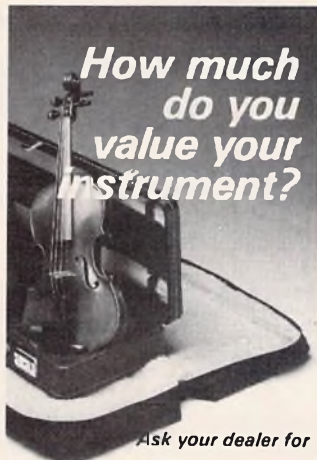
"toddling town's" nervous energy. (What they needed was Carl Sandburg, not Jim Guercio—but how many Sandburg-produced albums would have made the charts?)

To be historically accurate, C.T.A. was not the group's first name. In its pre-Guercio sextet days, they had no manager, no publicists. Some "Mafia types" (to use Lamm's description) were guiding them. All they kept hearing from the Neanderthals around them was that their music was "the big thing." Everything they did, every sound they added or refined was "the big thing." So the leaderless combo agreed to call itself The Big Thing.

Under that name, they paid their dues—meaning gigs at all the dives in Chicago and the midwest. The more joints they played, the more bags they opened. Rock was and is, their foundation, but they added a superstructure of idioms that offered something for everybody, yet did not spread their sound so thin that it was neither fish nor fowl. . . .

Regarding Guercio's role as producer, the members of Chicago are unanimous in their devotion. Swears trumpeter Lee Loughnane, "Guercio is the finest producer around. At least he's the best for us. He knows exactly the sound we want. We select our own material, but with seven guys there has to be one personality strong enough to unite the others. With Jim, the compromise works this way: he guides us, yet we retain creative control. It's an ideal setup, and there are very few arguments."

So much for a profile of Chicago. As for a composite, the average Chicago sideman is 24 years and two months; his hair is six to seven inches long, depending on the frequency of shampooing. One hails from the Big Apple; the rest are from the Big Stockyard. Five are married; only Pankow and Lamm are available. They're pretty well spread out over the Zodiac: two Libras, two Virgos, one each from Pisces, Leo and Aquarius. The average



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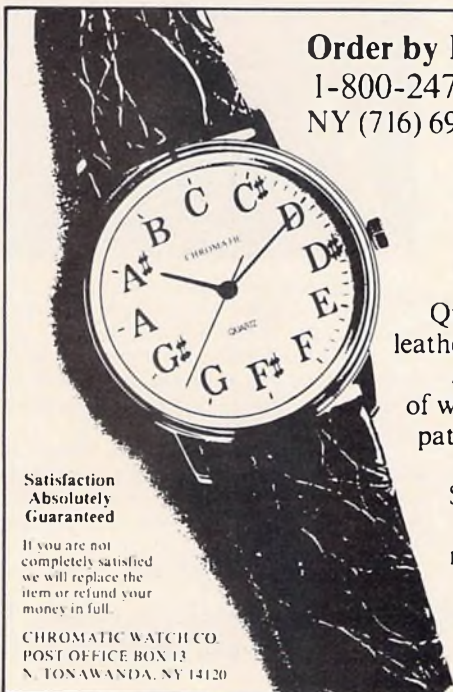
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musical outlook: inquisitive. They pledge allegiance to rock, but they succeed in utilizing all available sounds.

And yet the group has neither delusions of grandeur, nor the smugness that accumulates from a big taste of success. Their talk reveals a healthy desire to expand and experiment. Bob Lamm explained it this way: "We're in a weird period right now. We have two immensely successful albums going for us (at this writing, *Chicago Transit Authority* has sold 600,000 albums; *Chicago* has passed the 720,000 mark!), yet we're just not sure of our goal. You know, too many groups get hung up on duplicating their sounds. But we don't want that to happen to us. I'd like to see more adventurous writing in the future."

The near future contains an Iron Curtain tour. In December they will play in Yugoslavia, Poland and Czechoslovakia (last December they made an extensive and highly successful tour of Europe and Scandinavia), but not under the auspices of the United States State Dept. like last summer's tour by Blood, Sweat & Tears. "We have no desire to be 'goodwill ambassadors,'" Lamm commented. "We don't




agree with United States foreign policy. We'd much rather be representatives of American youth."

Lamm gave an example of one of the tunes that requires audience concentration. *Liberation* is a number that has a lot of things going all at once, and it proves that loudness can be justified. It builds and builds until you can't really hear it anymore, but you can feel the vibrations. It's the vibrations that move the people. So you see, musical lines aren't the only things we sell."

And college audiences aren't the only fans that dig Chicago. Two recent incidents bear that out. They were playing a concert where a policeman was positioned on stage right next to Bob Lamm. At one point, Lamm held out a tambourine and the cop nearly took it. If it hadn't been for his uniform and his embarrassment, he might have sat in with Chicago.

Another time, Chicago was appearing in Des Moines. Two other groups, Illinois Speed Press and Blues Image, were passing through and decided to dig the gig. Chicago learned of their presence and invited them to join in for the final number, *I'm A Man*. The tune lasted an hour and 45 minutes, and as Lamm said, "It was wild. We really got those conservative midwesterners off their seats."

Such is the acceptance of Chicago—the all the way from dicks to hicks: an audience as diverse as the sound of the group. And they have earned their large following; earned it through a combination of blood, sweat. . . .

I can't say it. I can't bring up that comparison again. They might discover I still have relatives living in Chicago. 

DEXTER GORDON

Making His Great Leap Forward

by chuck berg

The October return of Dexter Gordon was one of the events of 1976. SRO crowds greeted him with thunderous applause at George Wein's Storyville. Music biz insiders packed an RCA studio control room to savor each passage as Dex and a cast of all-stars set down tracks for Don Schlitten's Xanadu label. Long lines of fans snaked up the stairs of Max Gordon's Village Vanguard waiting their chance to share Dexter's musical magic. The reaction to the master saxophonist's New York stop-over was nothing short of phenomenal.

At 53 Dexter Gordon is one of the legitimate giants on the scene. His credits include tours of duty with Lionel Hampton, Fletcher Henderson, Louis Armstrong, Billy Eckstine, Charlie Parker and a wide range of small groups under his own leadership. Influenced by Lester Young, Gordon in turn became an important model for tenor greats Sonny Rollins and John Coltrane. Today, he stands as a beacon of musical integrity and excellence.

* * *

Berg: When you got the tenor was it love at first sight, or rather love at first breath?

Gordon: Yeah.

Berg: Did you instinctively know that the tenor was it?

Gordon: It was really after hearing Lester that I knew. And Herschel Evans and, like I said, Dick Wilson. Wilson's playing with Andy Kirk was beautiful. He was lead ten-



RON HOWARD

orist with the Kirk band when Mary Lou Williams was there. Mary Lou used to write lead parts for Wilson. She was about the first one I ever heard using the tenor to lead the section. They had a big hit called *Until The Real Thing Comes Along* and Wilson played lead on that. Just beautiful. . . .

Berg: In *Jazz Masters Of The Forties*, Ira Gitler talks about your role as one of the first players to adapt Charlie Parker's innovations to the tenor saxophone. When did you start listening to Bird?

Gordon: Well, the first time I heard Bird

was in 1941. When I was with Hamp's band, Parker was with Jay McShann. It was here in New York at the Savoy when they would have two or three bands. We played at the Savoy opposite McShann. They had that Kansas City sound and the alto player was playing his ass off. Beautiful. That's when I first met Bird. I had heard the recordings he made with McShann with Walter Brown singing *Moody Blues* and *Jumping The Blues*. It was a rough band but the ingredients were there. Bird was just singing through all that shit. The other alto player was beautiful too, a cat named John Jackson who I later worked with in Eckstine's band. Anyway, the next year Bird went with Earl Hines.

Bird and Lester both come from Kansas City and Bird was very influenced by Lester. So the Lester influence is part of the natural evolution for him and for me. Because I heard him right away there were similar feelings, you know. Also, Bird had other influences. There was a cat called Prof. Smith, an alto player around Kansas City who was important. Then Jimmy Dorsey. A lot of cats don't know that, but Bird loved Jimmy Dorsey. I loved him too. He was a helluva saxophonist, a lot of feeling. Bird dug Pete Brown too. When Lester came out he played very melodic. Everything he played you could sing. He was always telling a story and Bird did the same thing. That kind of musical philosophy is what I try to do because telling a story is. I think, where it's

" . . . The fact that you're an artist in Europe means something. They treat you with a lot of respect. In America, you know, they say, 'Do you make any money?' But over there it's an entirely different mentality."

at.

In the '30s, cats were playing harmonically, basically straight tonic chords and 7th chords. Lester was the first one I heard that played 6th chords. He was playing the 6th and the 9th. He stretched it a little by using the same color tones used by Debussy and Ravel, those real soft tones. Lester was doing all that. Then Bird extended that to 11th's and 13th's, like Diz, and to altered notes like the flat 5th and flat 9th. So this was harmonically some of what had happened.

Like I said, I was just lucky. I was already in that direction, so when I heard Bird it was just a natural evolution. Fortunately, I worked with him and we used to hang out together and jam together around New York. It just happened for me that it was the correct path. . . .

Berg: How did playing with a dancer work out?

Gordon: Good. He danced bebop. The way those cats danced, man, was just like a drummer. He was doing everything that the other cats were doing and maybe more. Blowing 8's, 4's and trading off. He just answered to the music. There were several cats on that level but he was the boss. Baby Lawrence. Fantastic. He used to do some unbelievable things.

Dancing in those days was a big part of the musical environment, you know. Everybody was dancing to the music, to whatever they wanted, different dances and everything. Just as music was growing, dancing was growing. Like I said, we used to play with all those shows, chorus lines and all that. To me it was great. I loved it. . . .

Berg: Many people have mentioned your influence on Trane. Did you know Trane?

Gordon: Not really. I knew him, but not well. He was from Philly. He was younger, of course, but I had met him here and there. Philly Joe reminded me recently, a few months ago when we were on tour together in Europe, of the time that Miles' band came out to Hollywood. Trane was playing his shit, but it wasn't projecting, he didn't have the sound. So one day we were talking and I said "Man, you play fantastic, but you have to develop that sound, get that projection." I gave him a mouthpiece I had that I wasn't using. I laid that on him and that was it. That made the difference.

Berg: That's incredible because there are many things in Trane's sound that are reminiscent of your sound.

Gordon: He was playing my mouthpiece, man! Again, it's the same line—Lester to Bird to Dexter to Trane. There was evolution, of course, but really the same line. . . .

Berg: When you moved to Denmark what was in your mind? Why did you make that decision?

Gordon: There wasn't any decision. In 1960 I started commuting to New York because I had signed with Blue Note. So I was coming here to record. Then in 1962 I moved to New York and was here for six or seven months. I met Ronnie Scott at a musicians' bar called Charlie's and he introduced himself and asked if I'd come to London. I said "Yeah, sure." So I gave him my address and he said he'd be in touch. A couple of months later he offered me a month's work in his club and a couple weeks touring around England. He said maybe he could get me a few things on the Continent. So after I left London I went to Copenhagen to the Montmartre. It developed into a love

affair and before I knew it I'd been over there a couple of years.

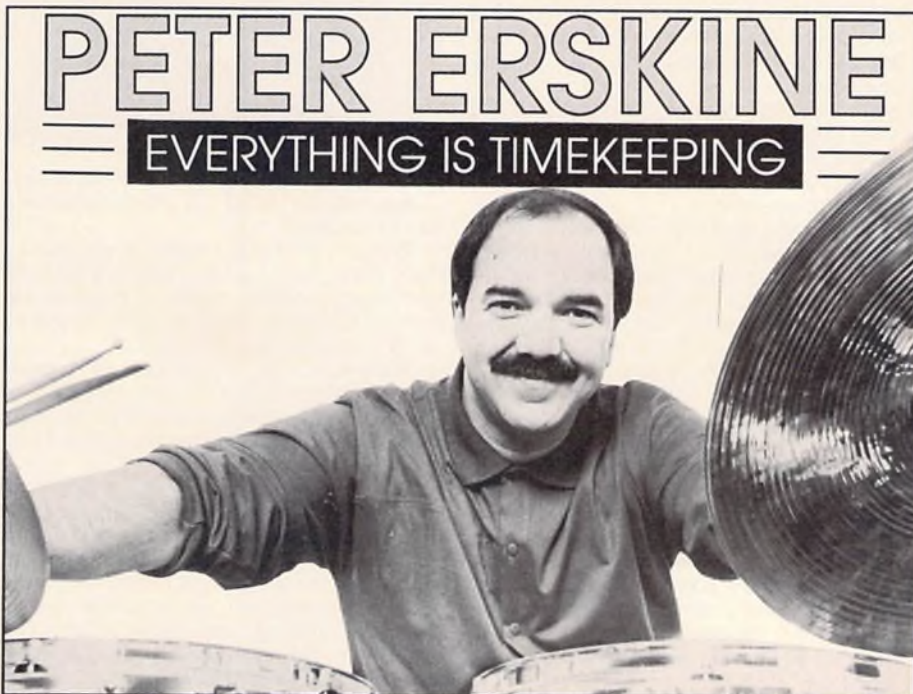
I was reading *down beat* one day back then and Ira Gitler referred to me as an expatriate. That's true, you know, but at the time I hadn't really made up my mind to live there so I came back here in 1965 for about six months, mostly out on the coast. But with all the political and social strife during that time and the Beatles thing, I didn't really dig it. So I went back and lived in Paris for a couple of years. But the last nine or ten years I've lived steadily in Copenhagen.

Copenhagen's like my home base. So I more or less became Danish. I think it's been very good for me. I've learned a lot, of course. Another way of life, another culture, language. I enjoyed it. I still do. Of course, there was no racial discrimination or anything

like that. And the fact that you're an artist in Europe means something. They treat you with a lot of respect. In America, you know, they say, "Do you make any money?" If you're in the dollars, you're okay, you're alright. But over there, it's an entirely different mentality.

Berg: What does the future hold for Dexter Gordon at this point?

Gordon: So, you know, it's moving. I'm very optimistic. About the future, and about music. These last five years, I think, have been good. All over Europe and here there has been a renaissance in music, and jazz in particular. And that's what we're talking about, *jazz*. I like the word "jazz." That word has been my whole life. I understand the cats when they take exception to the name, you know. But to me, that's my life. **db**



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DB989

FRANK ZAPPA

GARNI DU JOUR, LIZARD KING POETRY and SLIME BY TIM SCHNECKLOTH

In the last 15 years, the boundaries between various musical genres have all but dissolved. And somewhere along the line, people began realizing that "serious" music doesn't have to be dealt with as a sacred entity—it can be approached with a sense of fun and irreverence; it can be juxtaposed with other, "less valid" kinds of music to create startlingly original statements.

Frank Zappa seems to have had this kind of vision all along. From the early days of the Mothers of Invention in the mid-'60s, Zappa's composing, arranging and performing have embraced any number of styles. And the question of the "legitimacy" or "illegitimacy" of the sources doesn't seem to apply in Zappa's case. Everything fits into his unique artistic perspective.

After a long spell between releases, Zappa recently presented his public with *Zappa In New York*. Recorded live in late '76, the album features a number of instrumental works that show off the talents of Randy and Mike Brecker, Ronnie Cuber, Tom Malone, Lou Marini and David Samuels, as well as Zappa's '76 touring unit.

For his most recent road trips, Zappa's band has consisted of Zappa and Adrian Belew on guitars, percussionists Terry Bozzio and Ed Mann, bassist Patrick O'Hearn, and Peter Wolf and Tommy Mars on keyboards. As might be expected from the presence of two keyboardists in the band, synthesizers have a lot to do with defining Zappa's current sound. The following interview focuses on that instrument, as well as observations on the state of contemporary music.

* * * * *

Schneckloth: There's a lot of talk about the mellowed-out '70s—how the world's falling asleep. Do you miss anything about the '60s? Was there an urgency to making music then that doesn't exist now?

Zappa: I don't miss the '60s at all. I don't miss anything. . . .

Schneckloth: I would think you've kept a lot of your original audience—people who are around 30 now.

Zappa: Some of them still come to the concerts. But usually they don't, because now that they have wives, kids, mortgages, day jobs and all the rest of that stuff, they don't want to stand around in a hockey rink and be puked on by some 16-year-old who's full of reds. . . .

Schneckloth: How do European audiences react to your music?

Zappa: The audience in London is very similar to the audience in L.A.—which is to say, singularly boring and jaded. The audiences in some of the smaller places in Germany are more like East Coast or Midwest audiences—they have a good sense of humor, they like to make a lot of noise, but they're not obnoxious. And then you have your pseudo-intellectual audiences like in Denmark. Paris is a pretty good audience: I'd



have to give Paris like a San Francisco rating.

Schneckloth: What are the ramifications of Discomania?

Zappa: Disco music makes it possible to have disco entertainment centers. Disco entertainment centers make it possible for mellow, laid-back, boring kinds of people to meet each other and reproduce.

Schneckloth: Driving around Los Angeles listening to the AM radio, everything somehow seems more appropriate; it seems to fit better than in other places—disco, Tom Scott sax solos, country-rock. . . .

Zappa: Tragic, isn't it? I'm not too much for that laid-back syndrome. That's the kind of music that, if you had to have something piddling away in the background while you did your job, country-rock would be better than a clarinet and an accordion and a trombone playing *Anniversary Waltz*. It's superior to that kind of music for that function. But as a musical statement, it doesn't get me too much.

Schneckloth: You're well known as a satirist of many facets of pop music—things like long, overwritten rock "poetry." You used to call it Lizard King poetry. Does that kind of comedy writing come easy for you?

Zappa: Oh yeah, you can crank it out by the yards, man. There's so much negative stimuli to make it happen.

Schneckloth: Do you think you'd make a good gag writer for somebody like Johnny Carson?

Zappa: Gee, do you think he'd stay on TV if I was writing gags for him?

Only let's face it, there are a lot of things to laugh at. I mean, Lizard King poetry is only scratching the surface. And there are plenty of proponents of pseudo-Lizard King poetry today. I've always felt that poets who decided to pick up a musical instrument and get into the World Of Rock were really not good. There's hardly anybody around that qualifies for the title "poet" anyway. And when they take it to the extreme of playing an instrument badly and having simplified monotone background so they can recite their track over it—I think it's too fake for my taste.

But if hearing that kind of music or Lizard King poetry reaffirms your belief in life itself,

well, then you're entitled to hear it. I'm glad that it's available for all the people in the world who need it.

Schneckloth: Speaking of humor, I saw you on *Saturday Night Live* a while back. How did you get Don Pardo to debase himself like that? [NBC announcer Pardo had assumed the title role in a spirited rendition of Zappa's *I'm The Slime*.]

Zappa: Debase himself? That's not right. That's really not right. First of all, he has a good sense of humor. Second, he really enjoyed doing that. And thirdly, he actually came to the concerts we played in New York after the show and performed with us live on stage. See, Pardo's never seen on screen on that show. He's never been seen. The man has been working there for 30 years and nobody knows what he looks like. So I thought, fantastic, let's bring Don Pardo live out on stage and let the world see him. We got him a white tuxedo; he did some narration for some of the songs we were doing; we brought him out to sing *I'm The Slime*. And the audience loved him. . . . the highlight of his career. He's a nice guy; I really like him. And I don't think it was debasing at all. It was giving him an opportunity to expand into other realms.

Schneckloth: I was using the term. . . .

Zappa: Facetiously? Facetiousness hardly ever translates onto print. . . .

Schneckloth: There are those who take a somewhat snobbish view of synthesizer playing. They feel that a person really has to know exactly what's happening electronically with the instrument in order to be a truly good synthesizer player.

Zappa: A guy's got to start somewhere. You've got to mess around with it. Even if you think you know how they work, there's always a chance that you'll come up with something new just by doing a dumb experiment. Remember: dumbness is the American way. Dumbness has created more progress for this country—just from people saying, "Well, I really don't know what's going on here but let's try this." And then they come up with something great. The best example of that is Thomas Edison. You know about the filament in the electric light bulb, don't you? He'd tried everything until he finally said, "I'd be willing to try a piece of dental floss with some cheese on it if I thought it would work." . . .

Schneckloth: Getting back to performing, how conscious are you of the "outrageousness" factor in your music?

Zappa: Wait a minute, let's examine what "outrageous" is. That means something that deviates so far from the normal contemporary accepted standard that it appears "outrageous." Well, after Watergate—finding out that the President of the United States may be a crook. . . . I mean, what's outrageous? Is it outrageous to go on stage in a funny costume and spit foaming blood capsules all over the stage? Well, that's what people think

is outrageous.

Schneckloth: It's all entertainment anyway. **Zappa:** So you have to assume that Watergate was the finest entertainment America had to offer.

I think the President we have now is not exactly of Watergate stature but will ultimately provide a certain amount of entertainment for the history books. The thing that marketed him in was the more-wholesome-than-thou attitude, and I don't believe people like that exist. . . . You have this desire among the American people to find something "nice." So anybody that is personally clean-looking and smiles a lot can get away with murder. It's the *garni du jour*.

It's equally true of the jazz world. The whole jazz syndrome is smothered in *garni du jour*. People who really have very little to say on their instrument and have built their reputations on one or two albums have wound up forming and reforming into supergroups to produce jam session albums of little merit other than very fast pentatonic performance.

Schneckloth: The whole "fusion" thing—is that a dead end?

Zappa: Well, first of all, in order to be "fusion," in order to match that marketing concept of what people think of as "fusion"—it has to *sound* "fusion." This has little to do with whether or not it's actually fusing anything together. It just means that the keyboard player has to sound like Jan Hammer, the guitar player, drummer and bass player all have to play in a certain vein. And after each guy has molded himself into that certain syndrome, then the whole musical event that they perform has to be further molded into the syndrome. So what have you got? Nothing. It's whank music.

The problem is that people then start looking down their noses at three-chord music or one-chord music or two-chord music. And with fusion music, what do you have? Some of it is three-chord music, it's just that the chords have more partials in them. Instead of being one, four, five, they're

playing one to flat seven or some other simple progression that allows them to run a series of easily recognizable patterns over it. It's all mechanical.

See, part of the problem is the way in which consumers use music to reinforce their idea of what their lifestyle is. People who think of themselves as young moderns, upwardly mobile, go for the fusion or disco—that slick, cleaned-up, precise, mechanical kind of music. And they tend to dislike everything else because it doesn't have its hair combed. Three-chord fuzztone music is not exactly the kind of thing that you'd expect a young executive to be interested in. He wants something that sounds like it might be really good to listen to riding around in a red Maserati.

So ultimately, that cheapens the music and whatever the musicians have done. . . . But like I said, it's a good thing that all that music is there for all those people. Because without it, their lifestyle would lack something. **db**



THE MAHAVISHNU ORCHESTRA

THE INNER MOUNTING FLAME—

Columbia KC 31067: *Meetings of the Spirit; Dawn; The Noonward Race; A Lotus on Irish Streams; Vital Transformation; The Dance of Maya; You Know You Know; Awakening.*

Personnel: Jerry Goodman, violin; Jan Hammer, piano; John McLaughlin, guitar; Rick Laird, bass; Billy Cobham, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

The place to hear this band was the Gaslight Au Go Go in New York. Whitey Davis of Megaphone Co. had a sound system there that could make you feel the music as the wooden benches quaked with the volume and the excitement.

To anyone who heard this music from the backside up, this record can only be as good as possible an approximation of what went down, without the mind-blowing volume and the physical vibrations the Mahavishnu produces in person. To someone in Wichita, who's never heard this band live under optimum conditions, this will be as good a record as he would want to hear. . . .

Have you heard Mahavishnu in person? If not, run, do not walk to your nearest record store and get this album. If yes, the question is whether or not you are willing to forego the immediate physical sensation of the band in order to have a memento to keep with you. . . . Be sure to check out the real thing.

—joe h. klee

*Throughout, the original rating appears first followed by, in some cases, all or part of the original review, then the current rating and review.

★★★★★

I don't know how many albums I've heard in my lifetime—thousands—but this is one of a handful that I can clearly remember hearing for the first time. It knocked me out. The playing was light years ahead of the rock bands I'd been listening to, but it still had that visceral appeal. It cooked. I didn't know what it was, but I knew I wanted to hear more of it.

Alas, I got my wish. Not long after this album was released, the first wave of imitators hit. They've been rolling in ever since. John McLaughlin may not have invented fusion (Miles gets the credit—or blame—for that, I guess), but he certainly created its most enduring formula: machine-gun guitar licks, odd time signatures, stop-and-start arrangements, VOLUME. This was the album that did it, and it takes some effort to recall—after hearing 10,000 bad copies of it over the past 17 years—just how unique this music once sounded.

By today's standards, a lot of *The Inner Mounting Flame* is ragged. The tempos waver; notes are flubbed; instruments go out of tune. On the other hand, that's part of its enduring appeal. You can still hear how hard these guys were working. The amount of sweat that went into playing things like "The Noonward Race" is clear, and most contemporary electric jazz, with its click-tracked rhythms and punched-in perfection, sounds like so much elevator music in comparison. A classic. (Columbia 31067)

—jim roberts



MILES DAVIS

ON THE CORNER—Columbia KC 31906: *On The Corner; New York Girl; Thinkin' One Thing and Doin' Another; Vote for Miles; Black Satin; One and One; Helen Butte; Mr. Freedom X.*

Personnel: Davis, trumpet; Carlos Garnett, soprano & tenor saxes; Herbie Hancock, electric piano; Harold J. Williams, keyboards; David Creamen, guitar; Colin Walcott, sitar; Mike Henderson, bass; Jack DeJohnette, Billy Hart, drums; M'tume, percussion; Badal Roy, tabla.

Rating: ★★

The title is apt and maybe a little too close for comfort. In fact, it's almost as though Miles was "on the corner" during much of the recording.

Take some chunka-chunka-chunka rhythm, lots of little background percussion middle-around sounds, some electronic mutations, add simple tune lines that sound a great deal alike and play some spacy solos. You've got the "groovin'" formula, and you stick with it interminably to create your "magic." But is it magic or just repetitious boredom? . . .

Pete Welding said it all too well in his review of Miles' last release, *Live-Evil* (db, 4/13/72). He said the music needs editing. Miles' music has suffered from this since *In a Silent Way*, though the first side of the *Jack Johnson* album was smokin' and parts of the other albums since *Way* have been grand.

Anyway, Miles solos here and there, and they're mostly fine solos—if you don't get bored by the supposedly hypnotic but ultimately static rhythm. There really aren't that many solo moments, however. . . .

The aforementioned Welding review asked for an affirmative answer from Davis' next album. Sorry, Pete. How about next time? —will smith

★★★★★

Static. Electric. Distorted. No tunes. No real solos. Percussion mixed up front. Most of all, not jazz.

Those are just a few of the reasons this is one of my favorite Miles albums. What others list as its flaws seem to me its biggest virtues. They result from several different insights that reshaped

Miles and collaborator Teo Macero at that time.

For better or worse, those insights were rooted in nothing less revolutionary than a radical restructuring of the way jazz musicians thought of the studio. It was happening in the wake of multitracking—studios at the time were moving up from four- and eight-track technology, and popsters like The Beatles and Jimi Hendrix were redefining what the studio meant. No longer were recordings simply supposed to transcribe or stimulate live performances; they were free to become something utterly different, more along the lines Les Paul first imagined decades earlier when he began struggling with several turntables and multiple wax discs to formulate the primitive overdubbing techniques that launched him and then-wife Mary Ford into the million-seller class.

Not coincidentally, *On The Corner* has become a touchstone for marginal music types from downtown New York to Tokyo.

On The Corner is thousands of tape bits spliced together for your sheer listening discomfort, a sonic *I Am A Camera* for jazz. Listen, and squirm. (Columbia 31906) —gene santoro



KEITH JARRETT

TREASURE ISLAND—Impulse (ABC) AS-9274: *The Rich (And The Poor); Blue Streak; Fools Of All Of Us; Treasure Island; Introduction and Yaqui Indian Folk Song; Le Mistral; Angles (Without Edges); Sister Fortune.*

Personnel: Jarrett, piano, *osi* drums, soprano saxophone (track 7); Dewey Redman, tenor saxophone and tambourine; Charlie Haden, bass; Paul

Motion, drums, percussion; Guilherme Franco, Danny Johnson, percussion; Sam Brown, guitar (Tracks 4 & 8).

Rating: ★★★★★½

★ ★ ★ ★

The mixing of musical cultures was in full bloom in 1974, and though Jarrett purists may not appreciate this more raucous, earthy effort, it's a joyous affair, very open and giving. Long, bluesy tones from saxman Redman, a highly-involved Charlie Haden, and a bashing Paul Motion give Jarrett's music life, and percussionists Guilherme Franco and Danny Johnson lift it to another place. As for the pianist, restrained may be the wrong word because his notes are zingers. Few in jazz have been able to get so much music from the acoustic piano. His emotion's are on his sleeve as he plays—on the CD you can hear him yelping and singing along with himself clearer than ever.

Jarrett's latest trio has done some fascinating interpretations of the standards. But his songwriting on *Treasure Island* shows nice depth, from the daring Latin rhythms of "Le Mistral" to the easygoing melodic rock of "Sister Fortune." It goes "outside" on "Angles," and slips and slides through "Fulsuvollivus" with the pianist shouting like he's on a wild roller coaster. "Blue Streak" is almost like a jazzed Vince Guaraldi's "Peanuts."

Jarrett has been called self-indulgent (an artist, self-indulgent?), but as he drives the gritty acoustic funk, sculpts a lovely ballad, or gleefully plays over the delightful dissonance with this talented group, such criticisms are far from mind. *Treasure Island* is a timeless jewel. (MCA/Impulse 39106, 44:02 minutes) —robin tollson



RETURN TO FOREVER

ROMANTIC WARRIOR—Columbia PC 34076: Medieval Overture; Sorceress; The

Romantic Warrior; Majestic Dance; The Magician; Duel Of The Jester And The Tyrant.

Personnel: Chick Corea, acoustic piano, Rhodes electric piano, Clavinet, mini-Moog synthesizer; Moog 15 synthesizer, micro-mini-Moog synthesizer, ARP Odyssey synthesizer, Yamaha organ, poly-Moog synthesizer, marimba, percussion; Stanley Clarke, alembic bass guitar with instant flanger, piccolo bass, bass, bell tree, hand bells; Lenny White, drums, tympani, timbales, hand bells, snare drum, suspended cymbals, alarm clock; Al DiMeola, electric guitars, acoustic guitar, soprano guitar, hand bells, slide whistle.

Rating: ★★★★★½

This is a breakthrough album for RTF in several respects. It marks the first time the band has ever been recorded well, and Columbia's marketing and promotion muscle will doubtless serve to elevate the record and the group to the superstar commercial status to which its participants so obviously aspire. *Romantic Warrior* also looks pretty good next to its immediate RTF predecessors: the egregious *No Mystery*, in which one side of clubfooted funk was set against another of bombastic pseudo-profundities; and four uneven solo albums, ranging from the premature (DiMeola's and White's), to the overambitious (Clarke's *Journey To Love*), to the engagingly pleasant (Corea's latest *Polydor*). The new album indicates that some significant editing has been going on compositionally, as well as further definition of ensemble intent and individual identity.

—charles mitchell

★ ★ ★ ★

It was fusion's heyday, and this may have been Chick's most popular version of *Return To Forever*. Each member had his own fan club, and was idolized (not without reason) for ability and imagination. And the music, on this record anyway, was as devoid of ego as it was filled with spunk and soul.

When these guys played a ridiculously intricate ensemble passage, it often sounded like they were teasing each other, laughing at the sheer difficulty of the part, but playing it perfectly, of course. Other Corea bands might play the parts as well, but sound too business-like. On *Warrior*, the fellas were serious enough, but they were also toying with some ideas.

Romantic Warrior was one of the most awesome-sounding fusion records to date, recorded at Caribou

Ranch with engineer Dennis MacKay. Chick was still fooling with oscillators, but getting some great sounds. The grand piano on *Romantic Warrior* sounds a hair deeper and richer than any samples they've been able to come up with since. On acoustic and electric, Al DiMeola had the speed to turn peoples' heads and a lyricism that made his "young genius" rep pretty easy to swallow. Lenny White, as musical a drummer as fusion's ever produced, played his toms like it was rock. And classically trained Stanley Clarke displayed a sweet sound all his own. Thirteen years later, how many bassists can you say that about? Fusion's first supergroup. (Columbia 34076)

—robin tollson



WEATHER REPORT

BLACK MARKET—Columbia PC34099: Black Market; Cannon Ball; Gibraltar; Elegant People; Three Clowns; Barbary Coast; Herandnu.

Personnel: Josef Zawinul, 2 Arp 2600, Rhodes electric piano, grand piano, Oberheim polyphonic synthesizer, Wayne Shorter, soprano & tenor saxes, Computone Lyricon; Alphonso Johnson, electric bass; Chester Thompson, drums; Alejandro Neciosup Acuna, congas & percussion; Jaco Pastorius, electric bass (tracks 2 & 6); Narada Michael Walden, drums (tracks 1 & 2); Don Alias, congas & percussion (tracks 1 & 6).

Rating: ★★★★★

★ ★ ★ ★

Weather Report was smack dab in the middle of the jazz-rock fusion maelstrom that tore up the '70s. With *Black Market* the group dug in its heels, providing ample ammunition for both sides debating the question of the decade: is it jazz or is it popular music?

Jaco Pastorius deserves much of the credit for the direction the group took in 1976 with *Black Market* and continued through with hits like *Birdland* until he left the group in 1982. Pastorius' rock

sensibility steered the group away from the mattress-on-the-floor, Indian-bed-spread-on-the-wall mentality of the earlier recordings toward a more aggressive rock-tunk path.

Jaco's strong rhythmic impetus flattens Shorter's tenor and soprano playing on *Black Market*. On the title track, for example, the bass line dances ahead, laying down a funky vamp for Shorter to solo over. Pastorius isn't afraid to take the stand as a soloist, either, adding an edge to the tangle of improvisations of this album.

Weather Report was a leader in the world music department, and on *Black Market*, boat and train whistles blend with the voices of a marketplace and the rhythms of half a dozen cultures. The busy mixture of textures and predominantly bright timbres add to the prevailingly upbeat mood of *Black Market*. And with Pastorius anchoring the already strong Zawinul-Shorter duo, there was plenty to celebrate. (Columbia 34099) —elaine guregian



PAT METHENY

WATERCOLORS—ECM 1097:

Watercolors; Icefire; Oasis; Lakes; River Quay; Suite—Florida Greeting Song; Legend of the Fountain; Sea Song.

Personnel: Metheny, guitar, 12-string guitar, 15-string harpguitar; Lyle Mays, piano; Eberhard Weber, bass; Don Gottlieb, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★½

★ ★ ★ ★

Nobody knew it at the time, of course, but *Watercolors* was a transitional work. Despite the striking originality of *Bright Size Life*, Pat Metheny was already thinking beyond the dynamics of conventional small-group jazz. He was conceiving a new approach to his compositions, one that combined improvisational freedom with carefully orchestrated textures. This album was his laboratory.

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was Lyle Mays, another brilliant young player with similar ideas. *Watercolors* was their first joint project, and you can hear them reaching towards the sound that would burst forth, a year later, on the *Pat Metheny Group* album. Listen to "Watercolors" or "Lakes" and then jump ahead to "San Lorenzo"—the connection is clear. (For that matter, jump ahead to "S/S/7" on this year's *Letter From Home*. For all of their late-'80s electronic sophistication, Metheny and Mays have remained true to their original instincts.)

Which is not to suggest that *Watercolors* can't still be enjoyed in its own right. It can—and should be. The music is wonderfully clear and open (even more so on CD), and its combination of lyricism, grace, and harmonic subtlety eloquently puts the lie to the new age concept that tranquil music must be boring and simplistic. (ECM 827 409-2, 41:54 minutes) —jim roberts



JONI MITCHELL

MINGUS—Asylum 5E-505: *Happy Birthday 1975; God Must Be A Boogie Man; Funeral (rap); A Chair In The Sky; The Wolf That Lives In Lindsey; I's a-Muggin'; Sweet Sucker Dance; Coin In The Pocket (rap); The Dry Cleaner From Des Moines; Lucky (rap); Goodbye Porkpie Hat.*

Personnel: Mitchell, guitar and vocals; Jaco Pastorius, bass guitar; Herbie Hancock, electric piano; Wayne Shorter, soprano sax; Peter Erskine, drums; Don Alias, congas, percussion; Emil Richards, percussion; unidentified horns, arranged by Pastorius (cut 9).

Rating: ★★★★★

This is a wonderful piece of work.

—neil tessier

★★★★★

The friendship and musical partnership that occurred between Joni Mitchell and Charles Mingus in his last years, as recorded here, will live through time gracefully, like one of the singer's feathery melodies floating from note to note. A seemingly unlikely pairing, but there's a lot to say for Mingus' vision in writing the music, and for her evocative interpretations.

Mitchell had certainly been moving out of a folk-rock mold ever since *Court And Spark* and *Hissing Of Summer Lawns*, on which she used The Crusaders, Tom Scott, Victor Feldman, Bud Shank, and the warrior drums of Burundi, among others. With Mingus, she could totally let go and think about creating and performing freely. And it's a total vocal performance from Mitchell, an immersion. Joni's acoustic guitar makes Shorter's saxes sound brilliant, and her work with the Weather Report rhythm section (Pastorius and Erskine) here is fascinating.

It was altogether fitting to have Pastorius, a voice on the instrument, play bass, although it's now almost eerie to hear the beautiful ringing harmonics,

the taut, high, bouncing bass lines, always moving, reacting, creating, and his happy shout horn arrangement on "Dry Cleaner From Des Moines."

The taped moments from Mingus' life add rare insight into the man, and make this an even more personal remembrance and tribute. (Asylum 505-2)

—robin tolleson



ART ENSEMBLE OF CHICAGO

NICE GUYS—ECM 1-1126: *Ja; Nice Guys; Folkus; 597-59; Cyp; Dreaming Of The Master.*

Personnel: Lester Bowie, trumpet, celeste, bass drum; Joseph Jarman, saxophones, clarinets, flutes, percussion, vocal; Roscoe Mitchell, saxophones, flutes, clarinet, oboe, percussion; Malachi Favors Maghostus, bass, percussion, melodica; Famoudou Don Maye, percussion.

Rating: ★★★★★

The Art Ensemble of Chicago stands as the epitome of ensemble empathy and democracy in action . . . and is a living testimonial to the glories of the past and the promises of the future.

—art lange

★★★★½

Consolidating and celebrating the gains they made in the '70s, the AEC's *Nice Guys* was and remains a compendium of some pet routines: the little-instrument warmup and tribal thunder (giving way to a braying gridlock symphony), "Folkus"; structuralist Mitchell's jaunty and austere sides ("Nice Guys," "Cyp"); the AACM's quirky take on free fury ("597-59," with its mock-Braxtonian title). They still stand up because they were so well constructed in the first place.

Two tracks rank among their great recordings: "Ja," a sort of microcosm of their omnivorous music, if a mosaic of reggae, calypso, comedy, oral history, and self-mythologizing (Jarman's the griot, but Ja Bowie wrote it) and even Rava romanticism. (Unexpectedly, ECM's deep-echo enhanced their open sound.) "Dreaming Of The Master" is to these ears indebted less to Miles than the master of big-sounding small groups, Charles Mingus, whose Antibes quintet pointed the way for this one. Jarman and Mitchell function as separate horn "sections," riffing and counter-riffing behind Bowie, making the band sound larger than life, Chaz-like. Walking and weaving, Favors and Moya echo Mingus and Richmond too. "Dreaming" reminds us how much the '80s' flexible small and medium-sized groups are in Mingus' debt.

Yet splendid as it is, *Nice Guys* was also a prelude to this decade, when so many bands and players recapitulated past glories. On 1984's *The Third Decade*, the Ensemble's diverse tactics had become mannered, predictable. But not the '90s beckon, and the AEC's not done yet. (ECM 827 876-2, 44:52 minutes) —kevin whitehead

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the 80's

by Art Lange

"The future ain't what it used to be!" I don't know who said it first, but this old chestnut certainly applies to jazz as we proceed into a new decade. Not that we should expect any great stylistic revolutions or upheavals of the status quo; as it did in the '80s, change in the '90s will occur stealthily, surreptitiously. And, ominously, the music's survival may not depend upon the resiliency and vision of the musicians, but in the fortitude and fervency of its advocates and its audience.

Change in the '80s was marked most emphatically by depreciation and loss. Compared to other art forms, jazz is still in its infancy—its entire history is crammed into the 20th century. This means that, despite its extensive stylistic diversification—from ragtime to dixieland to swing to bebop to free to fusion to you-name-it, plus all the subdivisions and hybrids and hyphens that flesh out such a skeletal view of the music's evolution—there have always been originators of a given style perpetuating its message. Until recently. And the '80s took a terrible toll in terms of those artists whose presence confirmed jazz, defined it, exemplified it. Innovators like Eubie Blake, Earl Hines, Count Basie, Thelonious Monk, Roy Eldridge, Jo Jones, Kenny Clarke. Synthesists like Benny Goodman, Mary Lou Williams, Bill Evans, Gil Evans, Sonny Stitt, Art Pepper, Philly Joe Jones, Zoot Sims. And those unclassifiable practitioners who enriched the character of the music, like Warne Marsh, Jimmy Lyons, Chet Baker, Dick Wellstood, Lockjaw Davis, Buddy Rich, Pepper Adams, Charlie Rouse. If jazz is the home of the individual, the repository of the unique, and personal expression is to be prized above all else, the music lost a measure of authenticity that will be hard to replace.

As a result, revitalizing past styles proved

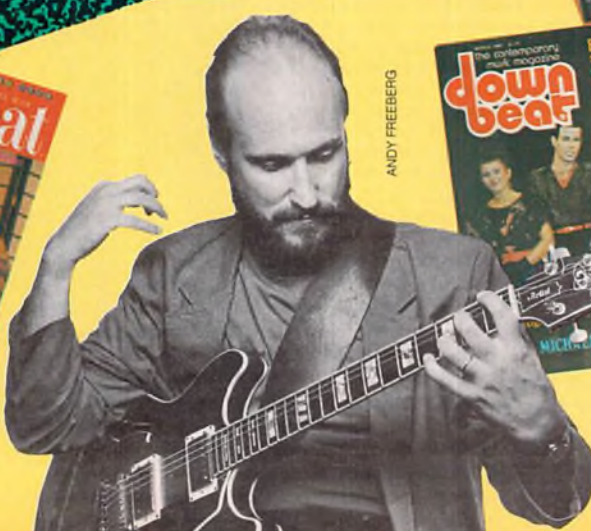
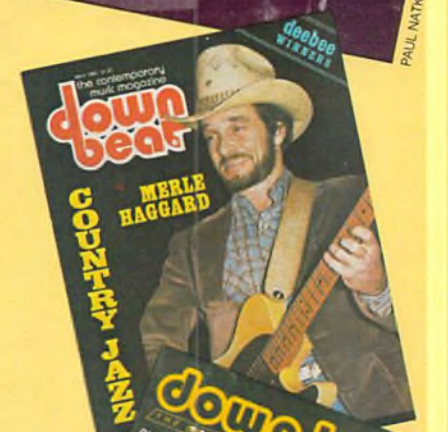
to be one of the '80s biggest challenges. In fact, it could be termed the "Decade of Wynton Marsalis," who claimed considerable popularity while coming to epitomize, fairly or not, the widespread conservative side to the Imitation vs. Innovation debate. Wynton's rise, ironically, overshadowed the 1981 comeback of Miles Davis, the man whose '60s style Marsalis has been accused of pirating. On the complete other end of the spectrum stands John Zorn, representing the period's avant-renegades, who, in addition to his polystylistic constructions and Looney Tune collages, has pillaged the past and redesigned hard-bop blowing tunes and Ornette anthems in his own zany, icon-smashing, undeniably vibrant fashion. Somewhere in between reside, to various degrees of normalcy and nonconformism, creative, committed musicians like Henry Threadgill, David Murray, Anthony Davis, Charlie Haden, and Phil Woods—all of whom have put mid-sized (7-10 pieces) ensembles to good use, to cite but one admirable '80s trend.

This reinterest in arranging is a promising omen for the future—and calls to mind the importance European arrangers will continue to play in the coming years. It also suggests that there's much more to be gleaned from the lessons of the past; arrangers like Tadd Dameron, George Russell—even Mingus and the Duke—still have secrets to be uncovered and adapted for the music's benefit. Rediscovering and refining the past is necessary, but, of course, not to the neglect of those exploring newer avenues.

The largest threats to jazz in the coming decade are misinformation and neglect. New age music, pop-jazz, and other "crossover" fads with only the feeblest connection to jazz are marketed with claims that misinform the public. Education and exposure are crucial as the music moves into the future.



PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESEARCH



ANDY FREEBERG

1980 Scores of jazz musicians came out in support of the **Carter-Mondale** ticket at a jam session organized by **George Wein** . . . **Max Roach** and **Cecil Taylor** played duets at Columbia U. . . . **Bill Cosby** said, "Old musicians never die—they just go to 2/4" . . . Columbia Records implanted plaques honoring **Sarah Vaughan**, **Roy Eldridge**, **Thelonious Monk**, and **Miles Davis** in the sidewalk on Swing St. — 52nd between 5th and 6th Avenues . . . NYC's only commercial jazz station, **WRVR-FM**, went c&w . . . **Marian McPartland's** *Piano Jazz* debuted on NPR.

1981 **Captain Beefheart** explained, "I think an artist is one who kids himself most gracefully" . . . **Duke Ellington's** *Sophisticated Ladies* opened on Broadway . . . **John Hammond** received *db's* first *Lifetime Achievement Award* . . . an all-star gala at the Kennedy Center raised money for the **Lionel and Gladys Hampton** Foundation's jazz school in Harlem.

1982 Philadelphia's Cava gallery mounted a show of **Milt Hinton's** photos . . . **Miles Davis** was seen sporting a **Willie Nelson** cap . . . **John Coltrane's** widow **Alice** sued San Francisco's One Mind Temple claiming they unlawfully used his name for a profit by worshipping him . . . Berklee College received **Woody Herman's** big band charts.

1983 **Roger Daltry** dropped two C-notes for **Sun Ra** discs at Rose Records under the EI in Chicago . . . a reunited **Return To Forever** (Corea/Clarke/DiMeola/White) toured . . . **Notre Dame's** *Collegiate Jazz Festival* celebrated its 25th anniversary . . . the **S.S. Norway** set out on its first *Jazz Cruise* . . . the **ROYA Saxophone Quartet** toured the USSR.

1984 **Artie Shaw** helped organize an orchestra using his name but fronted by clarinetist **Dick Johnson** . . . **Bob Wilber** was named Director of Jazz Studies at Wilkes College . . . **Pink Floyd's** *Dark Side Of The Moon* completed a decade on *Billboard's* rock charts . . . **Linda Ronstadt** finally released an album of standards, *What's New*,

arranged by **Nelson Riddle**.

1985 **Steps Ahead** did the music for **Jane Fonda's** *Prime Time Workout* . . . guitarist **Richard Thompson** said: "I try not to listen to other guitar players too much . . . though I do find listening to **Coleman Hawkins** or **Jimmy Smith** is a help" . . . **Leonard Feather** resigned from the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences, protesting the exclusion of jazz from the Grammy award show . . . **Dexter Gordon** starred in *Round Midnight*, for which he received an Oscar nomination . . . the **American Jazz Orchestra**, conducted by **John Lewis**, debuted.

1986 **RolandCorp USA** donated over \$500,000 worth of music equipment to nearly 500 school districts . . . **Max Gordon** celebrated his 50th year of presenting music at The Village Vanguard . . . **Stones'** drummer **Charlie Watts** toured with a 32-piece swing band . . . **Wynton Marsalis** kicked off the Jazz Institute of Chicago's *Jazz Express* program with a concert at the Whitney Young Magnet School.

1987 The first **Musifest U.S.A. Finals** were held in Chicago . . . **Chuck Berry's** 50th birthday bash featured **Eric Clapton**, **Keith Richards**, and **Robert Cray** . . . **Cecil Taylor** was a guest on **Marian McPartland's** *Piano Jazz* . . . **Sting** sat in with **Gil Evans** at Sweet Basil . . . the first **Thelonious Monk International Jazz Piano Competition** was held at the Smithsonian . . . shooting began on *Bird* directed by **Clint Eastwood**.

1988 Guitarist **Larry Carlton** was shot outside his home . . . **Carlos Santana** and **Wayne Shorter** toured together . . . the **Thelonious Monk Institute of Jazz** was established at Duke University . . . **Milt Hinton** published a book of his photos, *Bass Lines* . . . **Bobby McFerrin's** *Don't Worry, Be Happy* became the first a cappella song to reach #1 on *Billboard's* Hot 100.

1989 **Betty Carter** appeared on **Bill Cosby's** show . . . "YOU SPEND A THIRD OF YOUR LIFE ASLEEP," stated

the Nonesuch Records ad in *Billboard's* new age supplement. "ISN'T THAT ENOUGH? . . . the Smithsonian celebrated the 90th anniversary of **Duke Ellington's** birth with a conference on his life and music . . . **Elvis Presley** was sighted at shopping malls and laundromats all across America . . . after 55 years in the Loop, *db* moved its editorial offices to Elmhurst, Ill.

Final Bar: NO pianist **Professor Longhair**; drummer **Cozy Cole**; **Michael Bloomfield**; trumpeter **Cat Anderson**; singer **Helen Humes**; bluesmen **Furry Lewis** and **Lightnin' Hopkins**; **Hoagie Carmichael**; drummer **Sonny Greer**; guitarist **Gabor Szabo**; percussionist **Cal Tjader**; trumpeter **Wingy Manone**; **Muddy Waters**; trombonist **Kal Winding**; trumpeter **Harry James**; Motown bassist **James Jamerson**; The Vice-Prez, **Paul Quinichette**; **Ira Gershwin**; vocalist **Johnny Hartman**; saxophonist **Gigi Gryce**; r&b singer **Jackie Wilson**; pianist **Red Garland**; blues singer **Big Mama Thornton**; drummer **Shelly Manne**; saxophonist **Budd Johnson**; singers **Alberta Hunter** and **Mama Yancey**; trombonists **Vic Dickenson** and **Dicky Wells**; **Collin Walcott** of Oregon; saxophonists **Al Cohn** and **Zoot Sims**; bassist **George Duvivier**; arranger **Nelson Riddle**; trumpeter **Cootie Williams**; blues shouter **Big Joe Turner**; saxist **Joe Farrell**; pianist **Teddy Wilson**; trumpeter **Thad Jones**; tenors **Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis** and **Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson**; bassist **Johnny Dyanl**; guitarist **Freddie Green**; **Buddy Rich**; singers **Maxine Sullivan** and **Sippie Wallace**; producer **John Hammond**; trombonists **Turk Murphy** and **Eddie Durham**; **Jaco Pastorius**; **Woody Herman**; drummer **Dannie Richmond**; bluesman **Memphis Slim**; trumpeter **Billy Butterfield**; drummer **J.C. Heard**; tenor **Arnett Cobb**; **Roy Orbison**; trumpeter **Woody Shaw**; **Max Gordon** of The Village Vanguard.



Instrument
of Light

by LEE UNDERWOOD

The dishwasher rinsed the last plate and slammed it into the rack, hung up his apron, grabbed his paltry paycheck on the way out of the Tic Toc Restaurant, and rushed home to his crowded Mission District apartment. "Gotta hurry, Ma," he said, handing her the check, dressing quickly. "Miles Davis is on tonight." "Miles who?" "Davis, Ma. Bye." Out the door.

He smoked his last joint and downed the last shot of wine from his bottle on the way to the Fillmore. Broke, he hit on hippie kids standing in line. "Just a buck, man. You can spare it, can't you? That's all you got? Thanks." Still not enough. Inside, Miles' band started running the voodoo down. "Damn!"

He ran around the side of the building into the alley, and slammed a wooden orange crate up against the wall beneath the restroom window. Prying the window open further, he wedged his head inside, his shoulders . . .

"Hey! Whatta you doin'!" hollered Bill Graham himself, grabbing him by the collar and hauling him inside. "You again?" yelled the Fillmore impresario. "You're *always* hangin' around here. Whatsa matter with you? Where's your money? You too lazy to work?" . . .

With organist Gregg Rolie and bassist David Brown from the first group, percussionists Mike Carabello and Chepito Areas and drummer Mike Shrieve, still unrecorded Santana took the stage at Woodstock in August, 1969. They were a smash. Soon after, they appeared on the *Ed Sullivan Show*. Columbia signed them. Recorded in October, 1969, *Santana* sold over 2,000,000 copies. There wasn't a juke box in town that didn't play *Evil Ways* and *Jingo*. . . .

"When I turned over a new musical leaf and recorded *Caravanserai*, I felt insecure. I was moving into the unknown. I didn't read music. I was working with advanced musicians like saxophonist Hadley Caliman, guitarists Neal Schon and Doug Rauch, percussionists Chepito Areas, Mingo Lewis and drummer Mike Shrieve, who were well into jazz. I was trying to stretch myself beyond rock 'n' roll.

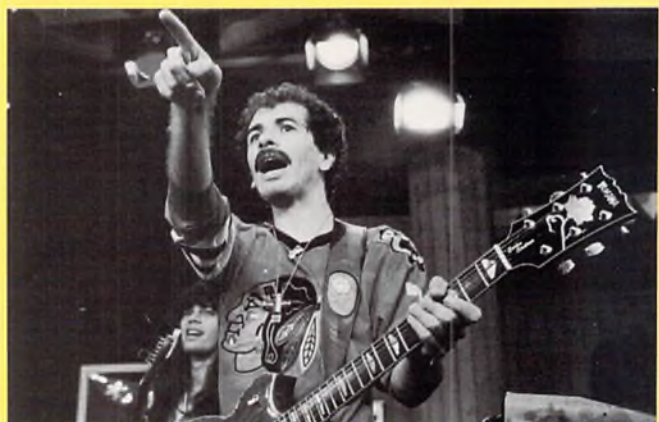
"When I recently recorded *Swing Of Delight* with Herbie Hancock, Wayne Shorter, Ron Carter, Tony Williams and the other guys, I did not feel so insecure. I call these musicians 'The Himalayas of American Music,' because they are so high, you know? But I did not feel so insecure, because I have learned a great deal through the years. . . .

"A musician, however, is somebody who floods the listener's heart with inspiration, hope, faith, light, joy, harmony—all the nutritious qualities that an entertainer will not be able to deliver.

"I still do not read music, but I know how to compose music and make melodies come alive. Every time I see Wayne Shorter, Joe Zawinul or Herbie Hancock, they say, 'Hey, Melody Man!' I have learned how to improvise, and have also learned you do not have to be superfast or supercomplex in order to improvise well." He might have pointed to *Golden Dawn* on *Oneness*: unaccompanied nylon string guitar, simply plucked and strummed on two chords only: nothing flashy, just a little somethin', marvelously musical.

"Through Miles Davis, I learned about the use of space between the phrases. Miles and Wayne Shorter taught me a lot about that. Silence gives people time to absorb the music. Otherwise, you just sound like a machine gun.

"When I was younger, I was very narrow minded. I was into straightahead black blues. I thought jazz was just boring cocktail music. Then I discovered Gabor Szabo. He is a



ANDY FREEBERG/CORE

spellbinder. He has been a tremendous inspiration to me, so melodic, so spacial and intimate. The day I heard Gabor was the day I put away my B. B. King records. Gabor opened my ears to the other musics—Miles Davis, Wes Montgomery, many others. He expanded both my listening and my playing. I wrote *Gardenia* on *Swing Of Delight* for Gabor, and I look forward to recording an album with him someday. . . .

In mid 1975, Carlos and manager Bill Graham had a little talk. Graham, a professionally pushy loudmouth, didn't like Santana's "refinement." A long time salsa freak and former waiter in a New York Latin club, Graham urged him to return to that "ethnic, sweaty, street tar quality everybody liked."

Amigos was the result. Featuring the upbeat *Dance, Sister, Dance* and the stunning melodism of *Europa, Amigos* became Carlos' first LP to reach the Top 10 since *Santana III* in 1971. Columbia was ecstatic. *Amigos* once again captured that Latin/blues/rock magic which had made the earlier *Evil Ways*, *Black Magic Woman* and *Oye Como Va* such commercial whoppers. Significantly, one of the many animals on the cover sits in a tree in the upper right hand corner, holding a copy of the very first *Santana* album. . . .

"Before recording *Amigos* and the following albums, I realized I had gotten too far away from my own roots. Here was Devadip, but where was Santana? I was lost. Musically, it became supremely important for me to reestablish that marriage between dynamism, soulfulness, simplicity, rock, blues and Latin music. . . .

"When I write for Devadip, I deal with moods and extended forms. When I write for Santana, I deal more with songs. For that reason, some people have criticized the Santana albums as being 'commercial.'

"But it's much more challenging to write songs. Ask Stevie Wonder. Writing a three minute, 15 second song which is appealing to the masses is tremendously challenging, no matter what anybody says. When a real musician can amalgamate dignity, simplicity, sincerity and imagination, and sell albums, too, that is an achievement.

"It is easier for me to do the music of Devadip than it is to write songs for the group. I play Devadip music 24 hours a day. Therefore it is not so frightening to me to think of doing albums with McCoy Tyner, Keith Jarrett, Herbie Hancock, Wayne Shorter, Ron Carter or Gabor Szabo.

"I need Santana, too. Santana enables me to do projects as Devadip. I also need Devadip. As soon as I complete a Devadip album, I can hardly wait to get back to Santana and play rock and Afro blues and Latin. Both musics are extremely important to me.

"You see, just as there is Muhammad Ali and Cassius Clay, Kareem Abdul Jabbar and Lew Alcindor, so there is Devadip and Carlos. Sri Chinmoy and others are teaching me not to reject Carlos so much, and I am learning how to do this. It is all becoming one now." db

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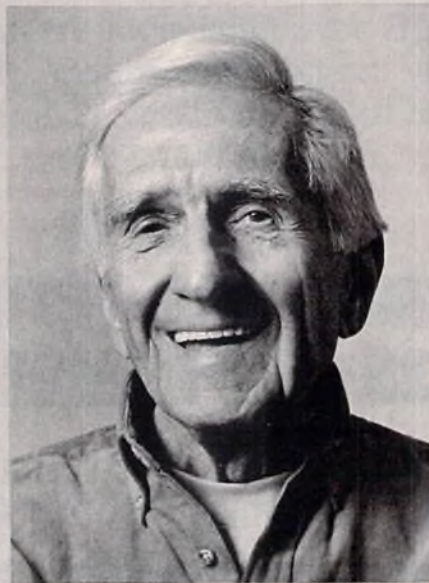
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Gil Evans

The Lone Arranger

By Howard Mandel



ANDY FREEBERG

Gil Evans has the biggest ears of any active jazz arranger. They're long-lobed and low-set, under a fleecy thatch of white hair, at the clench of his firm jawline. When he's playing "cheerleader piano" in the midst of his rocking, rollicking, loosely structured, multi-generational orchestra, Evans has his eyes closed but his ears open wide. . . .

"They pick up on the intensity," Gil explains. He doesn't stop them. Clearly, Evans is no disciplinarian; his personnel is routinely unpredictable, and it often appears he won't know who's on the job until they drift in to join a set in progress. But if Evans' ears were any sharper, he'd be radar for the Defense Department; his sense of harmonies, dynamics, atmospheres, and styles pre-dates Pearl Harbor. Yet he's probably the only arranger—make that *musician*—who started with the pre-World War II big swing bands and continues in 1980 to create the idioms of today.

For instance, Evans quite credibly mixes Jimi Hendrix themes and musical quotes from the Beatles into programs with Charlie Parker's *Yardbird Suite*, which he charted for Claude Thornhill's polished dance band in the '40s. He has made Jelly Roll Morton's *King Porter Stomp* a vehicle for Sanborn's soulful squealing, having first recorded a ver-

sion with Cannonball Adderley in '58. Evans was godfather to Miles Davis' nonet, Miles' collaborator on four innovative albums (including an interpretation of Gershwin's *Porgy And Bess*), and remains an adviser to Davis in the '80s. His influence is vast—hear Bob Moses' recent recordings, or Baird Hersey's—if often unacknowledged (where do tv themes, muzak, and commercial jingle charts come from?), yet his explorations of sound's possibilities are nowhere near an end. Topping it off, Evans is generous and unpretentious almost to a fault. No one ever speaks ill of Gil.

* * *

"Of course, I like the old music best," he maintains for a moment. A glance at his band book finds plenty of classic jazz in its pages, but scored for electric guitars, french horns, tubas, flutes, Miles-muted brass, and synths. "You can dance to my band," he admits. (Dance like college kids do today, for Evans can't abide pale imitation, mentioning he has slight use for standard four-to-the-bar bass walking "since Paul Chambers and Oscar Pettiford are gone—except for Ron Carter and Ray Brown.")

"You can take somebody's sound and use it and become a great artist, because you don't have to be a sound innovator to be a great artist," he allows. "But it doesn't take the effort that it takes for the originators; when you take somebody's sound mentally, you don't have to get it physically. Miles' sound comes very hard; it takes a lot of energy, chops, and muscle for him to recreate his own sound all the time. I told him once—and he was surprised—that he's the first one to change the tone of the trumpet since Louis Armstrong, as far as any significant kind of feeling thing goes. There've been others who got certain sounds, like Harry James—he swung, he was a virtuoso, though on the ballads he was too schmaltzy.

"You know, when somebody synthesizes a sound, pours all the sounds into a funnel and it comes out *him*, you don't really hear the component parts. One time, while editing *Miles Ahead*, the first album we made for Columbia, I heard Miles, just for *thiiiiis* long, sound *exactly* like Harry James. But that's the only time I ever heard that in him. Because he always loved trumpet, but hated trumpet-trumpet, know what I mean? And now, of course, he can't play anything unless he gets his own sound." db

Sting & Band

by Art Lange

Let me set the scene. We had heard rumors throughout most of '85 that Sting was looking to hook up with some then-unspecified jazz musicians for his debut solo LP. Not that he was desperately seeking fusion, mind you, but in search of a new sound. And then he sat in for a few tunes on one of Gil Evans' regular Monday nights at Sweet Basil, covering a couple of his favorite Hendrix tunes already in the band's book. But, despite the enticing potential, this proved not to be "it." (Though the three—Sting and Evans and Orchestra—did subsequently collaborate to spectacular effect at the Umbria Jazz Fest in '87 . . . and unless someone can make a deal with Italian television, who taped and broadcast the concert, that music is unlikely to be released.)

Then, suddenly, there was *The Dream Of The Blue Turtles*, and a tour, and before long this thing had gone from rumor to phenomenon. I caught up with the band after a Chicago gig and interviewed them (see **db**, Dec. '85)—all but Sting. He had split to take care of some business. So a week and a few hundred phone calls later, while I was in New York attending the (then) Kool Jazz Fest, I got the word from A&M Records: "Would I like to speak with Sting?" I did. He was open and sincere and here's what he had to say. . . .

Sting Speaks

"I was committed to do an album without the Police, and I went through all kinds of ideas about how I would do it. There are various ways of skinning this cat. I could have done it all on my own, which would have involved synthesizers and sequencers and drum machines and all the rest of it. Actually I wandered to a certain extent along that path and then I thought, 'No, there's too much of that out there already, why add fuel to the fire?' Then I thought perhaps what I needed was a big producer—I think I was going through a need for a big brother figure, somebody to convince me, 'Yes, it's great, do try that.' So I approached Quincy Jones. I sent Quincy some demos, and he was really enthusiastic and said he loved the songs, which was nice. Before that I had approached Gil Evans, who I'm an enormous fan of. I met Gil backstage at Ronnie Scott's club in London. I went to see his show and introduced myself, and surprise, surprise, he'd actually heard of me. And he too was interested.

"But all that would have involved orchestras and big bands and whatever. So then I thought really the most organic, the most exciting thing you could possibly do is actually form a *band*, the way the Police was formed. You're a band, you're committed, you go out and do gigs, and then you make an album. So I thought, 'Where's the best place to do that?' I think New York; the best musicians in the world happen to live in this metropolis. So I got in touch with Vic Garbarini, and Vic had access to a lot of musicians and he introduced me to Branford. We had dinner one night. Branford talked for three hours and I didn't say a word. And we sort of committed ourselves to this crazy idea, and the only basis for this alliance was my material, in that the stuff I had already written had changes in it. It wasn't just one-chord funk or three-chord rock & roll—it actually had minor chords and some things that would interest people like Branford Marsalis.

"I decided to have a workshop here in New York, and I invited the jazz community to come and play. Lots of people turned up—people whose records I own—but it wasn't an audition.



PAUL NATHAN/PHOTO RESERVE

The beginning of the day I'd present the material, and I'd keep a drummer from the previous day, and a bass player from the day before, and gradually over 10 days I got an idea of who was there, what they could do and couldn't do, and at the end of that period I picked who I considered to be the best young jazz musicians in the world—on the understanding that we weren't going to play jazz. What I wanted was a flavor. I didn't want to go off and give Branford 120 bars to explore a theme; I was gonna say, 'You're going to have these 16 bars and you're going to *burn* from the first bar.'

"It's funny, you wouldn't think it but pop music has a discipline, a finely honed discipline, and the members of the band were going to have to make a journey, because I felt I was making a journey to a different country, and so would they. I wasn't going to have them be comfortable in their world and me sort of floundering. So I think what we've produced is sort of a hybrid, and we're still doing it; the record really isn't an end product because every night the show changes because of the jazz influence.

"Every night it just grows and gets more strange. At the same time, I'm not losing pop fans. I like the fact that 14-year-old girls can come to the gig and enjoy it. And I think what's interesting about the audience is you get such a broad cross-section, and all those sections

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are looking at each other. You get some serious music people who come to see the guys, and they're looking at these kids in Police t-shirts, and the kids are looking at the older people. For me, that's what music's about. It's not about sectarianism. It's not about appealing to a small minority group. It's appealing to everybody. Actually, it's been a long-term aim of mine to emulate the span that the Beatles had, for example. There's no musician in the world who doesn't appreciate the Beatles, and no pop fan either. They just had the whole thing down, and that's because things were freer then, more open. The radio stations were less demographically controlled. Back then a kid could turn his radio on and hear different kinds of music—black music, jazz, pop. Now you turn a radio on and it's the same music all

day. Which is sad. Rock music is becoming more and more atavistic, just feeding off itself, instead of feeding off everything else, which is what it does best. At the moment, we're just getting rehashes of old pop music.

"If I had to single out one jazz group that I appreciate and love it's Weather Report. But what I would hope to do is kind of emulate the vision that Zawinul has but go further, with songs. Because songs speak volumes. That's what I am, a songwriter, so I want to use that kind of finesse, that kind of adventurism with songs.

"The album came together quickly. Basically the arrangements were fairly solid. I had done demos in the studio in London—virtually all keyboards. I didn't do any guitar work until later. But I knew exactly what I wanted. I knew

in my head what I wanted Branford, for example, to contribute—and he did that, and more. He just amazes me, that guy. He seems to have a sort of telepathy with me. But obviously, I didn't want just sidemen. I wanted integrity. I wanted people who understood what I was singing about. They were all very concerned that what they were playing was the right thing. Happily, my arrangements seemed to survive the test. Daryl [Jones] was very pleased with the basslines. I said, 'Look, if you can improve them please don't feel restricted by what I can do because you're 100 times better as a bass player than I am.' But it was a trade-off. Daryl taught me things on the bass and I taught him a few things—reggae, for example. He had never played reggae before. So we have a good time."

INTERVIEW

WYNTON & BRANFORD MARSALIS

A COMMON UNDERSTANDING

Nineteen eighty-two was the year of Wynton Marsalis—**down beat** readers crowned him Jazz Musician of the Year; his debut LP copped Jazz Album of the Year honors; and he was named No. 1 Trumpet (handily defeating Miles in each category). In 1980 the New Orleans-bred brassman first stirred waves of critical praise with Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers; by the summer of '81 (with a CBS contract under his arm), he was honing his chops with the VSOP of Herbie Hancock, Ron Carter, and Tony Williams. By early '82 *Wynton Marsalis* was topping the jazz charts; *Fathers And Sons*—one side featuring Wynton, brother Branford on sax, and father Ellis on piano—soon followed (both remain charted to this day), as did whistle-stop tours with his own quintet (Wynton, Branford, pianist Kenny Kirkland, bassist Phil Bowler, drummer Jeff Watts). Now at only age 21, Wynton is on top, and rapidly rising 22-year-old Branford has been signed by CBS on his own.

BY
A. JAMES
LISKA

A. James Liska: Let's start by talking about the quintet—the Wynton Marsalis Quintet.

Branford Marsalis: That's what they call it.

Wynton Marsalis: When he gets his band, it'll be called the Branford Marsalis Quartet.

AJL: Are you going to play in his band?

WM: No-o-o-o.

BM: He's barred. Let's face it, when you get a personality as strong as his in a band, particularly playing trumpet and with all the coverage, it would become the Wynton Marsalis Quintet.

AJL: Even though it would be your band?

BM: That's what it would be.

AJL: Is that a reflection on your leadership abilities as well as your personality?

BM: We're talking from a visual standpoint. When people come to see the band, the whole image would be like if Miles started playing with somebody else's band. You can't picture Miles as a sideman at any time.

WM: Co-op music very seldom works—the type of music in which



SKIP BROWN

everybody has an equal position in deciding the musical direction of the band. I mean, somebody has to be the leader.

BM: Everybody else has to follow.

WM: The thing is though, when you lead a band, you don't lead a band by telling everybody what to do. That's a distortion that I think a lot of people get by watching bands. Nobody has ever had a great band in which they had to tell all the guys what to do. What you do is hire the cats who can play well enough to tell *you* what to do. But you have to make it seem like you're telling them. It's psychological; you have to be in charge of it, but you don't want to be in charge of it.

AJL: Then the role of the leader is . . .

WM: What I'm saying is that the direction of the band is formed by the band, but it goes through one person: the leader. If you're a leader, you lead naturally, automatically.

AJL: From the co-op perspective then, don't all-star sessions generally work?

WM: They don't work as well as an organized band. Sometimes, something exciting can come about. But that's rare because jazz—I hate to use that word—group improvisation is something that has to be developed over years of playing together or, at least, from a common understanding. The reason that these all-star things can work so well is that everybody has a common ground. It's when you lump people from all different forms of music together that it sounds like total shit. . . .

AJL: Coming from the same family, being close brothers, how did you end up so different?

WM: My mother's a great woman. She treats everybody the same, so we're all different. When you treat everybody the same way and don't tamper with the way you treat them in accordance to their personality, then they act differently. They develop into their own person. Like Branford and me, we're totally different.

BM: Radically different.

AJL: Yet you appear to be best of friends.

WM: Well, we have our things.

BM: Appearances can be deceiving.

WM: All my brothers . . . we grew up living in the same room, you know? He was always my boy, though. Like, I could always talk to him.

AJL: You two are the closest in age?

BM: We're 13 months apart.

WM: I always took my other brothers for granted. When Branford went away to college and I was still in high school, that's when I missed him. But we used to argue all the time. We think totally different. Anything I would say, he'd say just the opposite.

AJL: Just to be obstinate?

WM: Just to say it.

BM: It wasn't just to say it. It was because I didn't agree.

WM: Nothing I say he agrees with.

BM: Some things I agree with.

AJL: Musically, did you agree?

BM: No.

AJL: Still?

WM: No.

BM: Know what we agree on? I've thought about this a lot. I think we agree on the final objective. I think the common goal is there, but the route to achieve the common goal is totally different. . . .

AJL: What's the most difficult thing about keeping your group together?

WM: Getting gigs. I worked three gigs in May with the band, and those were like one-hour gigs. You've got to gig all of the time, but you can't make money working in the clubs.

AJL: What about the concert hall situation?

WM: It hasn't hurt the music because the music in the clubs was dying anyway. It might be picking up now, but it was dying for a long time because the music changed.

AJL: How so?

WM: The music was different in the '50s and '60s than it is now. Then you could play popular tunes in the jazz setting and make them sound hip.

AJL: And now?

WM: You can't do that now because all of the popular tunes are sad pieces of one-chord shit. Today's pop tunes are sad. Turn on the radio and try to find a pop tune to play with your band. You can't do it. The melodies are static, the chord changes are just the same senseless stuff repeated over and over again. Back then you could get a pop tune, and people were more willing to come out and see the music because it had more popular elements in it. They could more easily identify with it.

AJL: Have the pop tunes of back then lost their meaning today?

WM: They haven't lost their meaning, but they're old. You've heard them played so many times by great performers that you don't want to play them again.

AJL: Any suggestions or solutions?

WM: I think one of the biggest problems is that nobody wants to do somebody else's song. Everybody thinks that they can write great tunes, and all the public wants is that it sounds different. Music has to be played before it gets old. The music that Ornette Coleman played, that Miles and Trane played in the '60s, some of the stuff that Mingus and Booker Little and Charlie Rouse and these cats were starting to do . . . that music isn't old because nobody

else has ever played it.

AJL: What happens, what is the reaction, if you do play it?

WM: People say, "Man, you sound like you're imitating Miles in the '60s," or else, "He sounds like he's imitating Elvin Jones." So what? You just don't come up with something new. You have to play through something. The problem with some of the stuff that all the critics think is innovative is that it sounds like European music—European, avant garde, classical 20th century static rhythm music with blues licks in it. And all these cats can say for themselves is "We don't sound like anybody else." That doesn't mean shit. The key is to sound like somebody else, to take what is already there and sound like an *extension* of that. It's not to *sound* like that. Music has a tradition that you have to understand before you can move to the next step. But that doesn't mean you have to be a historian.

AJL: Earlier you expressed an aversion to the word "jazz." Why?

WM: I don't like it because it's now taken on the context of being everything. Anything is jazz; everything is jazz. Quincy Jones' shit is jazz, David Sanborn . . . that's not to cut down Quincy or David. I love funk, it's hip. No problem to it. The thing is, if it'll sell records to call that stuff jazz, they'll call it jazz. They call Miles' stuff jazz. That stuff is not jazz, man. Just because somebody played jazz at one time, that doesn't mean they're still playing it. Branford will agree with me.

BM: (*laughs*) No. I don't agree.

WM: The thing is, we all get together and we know that this shit is sad, but we're gonna say it's good, then everybody agrees. Nobody is strong enough to stand up and say, "Wait, this stuff is bullshit." Everybody is afraid to peek out from behind the door and say, "C'mon man." Everybody wants to say everything is cool.

AJL: Do you have as strong a feeling to maintain the standards?

BM: Yes. Even stronger in some ways. I just don't talk about it as much. A lot of the music he doesn't like, I like.

AJL: Like what?

BM: Like everything.

WM: Like what?

BM: Like Mahavishnu. A lot of the fusion stuff.

WM: I don't dislike that.

BM: It's not that you dislike it, it's that you prefer not to listen to it.

WM: That's true.

AJL: Do you think you're more open?

BM: I don't consider it being more open; it's just that he's kind of set in his ways. What I feel strongly about is the way the business has come into the music. Everything has become Los Angeles—everything is great and everything is beautiful. It's kind of tired. Cats come up to me and say: "What do you think of Spyro Gyra?" And I say: "I don't." That's not an insult to Spyro Gyra. I just don't like it when people call it jazz when it's not.

AJL: Any advice for young players?

WM: Avoid roots.

BM: I think the basis of the whole thing is the bass player. The rhythm section is very impor-

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blindfold test

1 JOHN COLTRANE. "26-2"
(from *THE COLTRANE LEGACY*, Atlantic)
(Originally reviewed 1/29/76 by Akiyoshi and Tabackin) Coltrane, tenor and soprano saxes; Elvin Jones, drums; McCoy Tyner, piano; Steve Davis, bass.

I loved it, particularly the drummer. Is it Philly Joe? This could be something Coltrane might have written—I'm not sure. Is it the same person playing tenor and soprano?

I'm not sure who the piano is . . . a little different from Red Garland. It's not Herbie Hancock, is it? I give it four.

2 MCCOY TYNER. "Naima"
(from *ECHOES OF A FRIEND*, Milestone)
(Originally reviewed 11/2/78) Tyner, piano; John Coltrane, composer.

Well, a lot of emotion; I think it's also a lot of chops and continuation, it's very admirable to me. It's obviously somebody strongly influenced by McCoy Tyner. I have a problem trying to get a musical grasp of contents, is what I'm trying to say; but there is a lot of emotion. I would just give something like a three-and-three-quarters. Coltrane used to play this tune.

3 GARRY DIAL. "Between Us"
(from *DIAL & OATTS, DMP*) Dial, composer, piano; Dick Oatts, saxophones.

Oh, I think it's very musical, beautifully written, beautifully played. I don't know what they call that. Do they call it "new music"? It's very beautiful. I have a problem now when talking about jazz, because I can't ignore music like this, because of its beauty, and it's very well-executed, well-written and well-played, and I have a problem putting them down. Obviously, to me, that should go in a different category.

If I have to judge from a judgment point of view, I can't give it any stars; that's my problem nowadays. But it is very beautiful. If this was complete music . . . it's a bit short; sounds as if it's going to something. Just to judge for its own, I would give it 3 3/4. I think that could even be a movie theme.

4 HENRY THREADGILL.
"Good Times" (from *You Know The Number, Novus*) Threadgill, saxes, flute, composer; Diedre Murray, cello; Reggie Nicholson, percussion; Raoul Sadik, trumpet.

A lot of happiness, the drummer is very energetic; he or she has to be very energetic. Sounds like strings in the background. When it first started, I thought maybe

TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI

by Leonard Feather

The Blindfold Test originated as a monthly feature which I launched in *Metronome* in September 1946, with Mary Lou Williams as the first subject. In March 1951, I transferred it to **down beat**.

Composer/pianist/bandleader Toshiko Akiyoshi has been one of the most frequent blindfoldees. Her first test, conducted less than three months after she had arrived in his country to study at the Berklee College of Music, appeared in the issue dated 4/18/56. Subsequent tests appeared 10/20/66 and 11/14/68. After she and reed player/husband Lew Tabackin moved to California, they did a joint test that appeared 1/29/76. Toshiko's most recent previous blindfold test was published 11/2/78.



I did not tell Toshiko that records #1 and #2 below had been played for her in previous tests, nor did she recall this. No information was given to her about these or any of the other records that were played.

synthesizer, but then I thought about it. . . .

Anyway, it's happiness and lots of energy, and I guess that makes up for the rest of it, so to speak. I think the composition has its own purpose in different places, and this probably served the purpose for what they were trying to do, but it wasn't much of a composition to begin with. The whole thing about it was the groove, the rhythm kept going all the way through, and everybody was very happy.

The trumpet player, I liked that, he's probably the kind of player needed for playing like this. He reminded me a bit of a dixieland player, kind of a very interesting combination, because the rhythm was not at all. But a lot of energy; also reminded me of guys in our band, too.

I have to give this three for the happiness.

5 CHICK COREA. "Time Remembered" (from *BILL EVANS—A TRIBUTE*, Palo Alto) Corea, piano; Bill Evans, composer.

I think it's Bill Evans, I'm not quite sure. If it's not, then it's somebody awfully influenced by him. I always liked him, he's got such a beautiful sense of harmony. This seems to be just one of those solos that doesn't really play time, just almost like a soliloquy.

I think I probably have to give five stars. I think it's Bill Evans, because he's one of the idiom-setters.

LF: I have a surprise for you. It was a

Bill Evans composition, which he had recorded; but that was played by Chick Corea. Does that surprise you?

TA: No, it doesn't actually surprise me, because Chick Corea plays like that. I heard some of his solo tapes that he did in his own studio, and much more sounds like some kind of Bartók solos. I wasn't surprised because it had a certain touch. I think he was very influenced by Bill Evans anyway. Of course, he went in his own direction.

6 ELIANE ELIAS.
"Hallucinations" (from *CROSS CURRENTS*, Denon) Elias, piano; Eddie Gomez, bass; Peter Erskine, drums; Bud Powell, composer.

Sounds like a pianist I should know, but I just don't know who it is. I haven't heard any records for so long, I'm ashamed to admit, but I just run out of time all the time. I think the bass player has such soul, walks so great, it's so hard to get bass players like that. I don't particularly care for the recording of the drums, because it's too high, the brushes and the cymbals; it doesn't give a nice, full sound. The piano sounded pretty okay, except the first solo part . . . too high.

Sounded like it might be a Bud's tune, and I was thinking about McCoy. I have to give it a five star. . . .

LF: It was Eliane Elias.

TA: Oh, yes; I have heard her, but with a Brazilian type of group with Mike Brecker. I'm very impressed. **db**

tant. If I've got a sad rhythm section, I'm in trouble.

WM: Listen to the music. High schools all over the country should have programs where the kids can listen to the music. Schools should have the records, and the students should be required to listen to them all, not just Buddy Rich and Maynard Ferguson. They should listen to Parker and Coltrane and some of the more creative cats. That should be a required thing. Jazz shouldn't be taught like a course. The students should know more than a couple of bebop licks and some progressions.

BM: Never play what you practice; never write down your own solos—a classic waste of time unless you're practicing ear training.

WM: You should learn a solo off a record, but don't transcribe it. It doesn't make sense to transcribe a solo.

BM: You're not learning it then, you're reading it.

WM: And learn a solo to get to what you want to do. You don't learn a solo to play that solo.

BM: What people don't realize is that what a soloist plays is a direct result of what's happening on the bandstand.

WM: You should learn all of the parts—the bass, the piano, the drums—everything. . . . Music goes forward. Music doesn't go backwards. Whatever the cats couldn't play before you, you're supposed to play.

BM: There's a huge movement for the perpetuation of ignorance in jazz. Play, that's all. db

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