

Blindfold Test: Christopher Hollyday

For Contemporary Musicians

# downbeat

January, 1990 \$1.95 U.K. £2.25

## HERBIE & QUINCY *Rap*

ANDRÉ PREVIN  
*After Hours, After All*

TODAY'S MUSIC,  
TOMORROW'S FUTURE  
*Music Industry  
Predictions For The '90s*

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**AD LIB: Jazz On The Tube**





Herbie Hancock



Quincy Jones



André Previn & Benny Goodman



Harvie Swartz

HYOU VIELZ

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For Contemporary Musicians

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**JANUARY 1990**  
VOLUME 57 NO. 1

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**down beat** (ISSN 0012-5768) is published monthly by Maher Publications, 180 West Park Ave., Elmhurst, IL 60126. Copyright 1989 Maher Publications. All rights reserved. Trademark

registered U.S. Patent Office. Great Britain registered trademark No. 719,407. Second Class postage paid at Elmhurst, IL and at additional mailing offices. Subscription rates: \$21.00 for one year, \$35.00 for two years. Foreign subscribers add \$7.00 per year.

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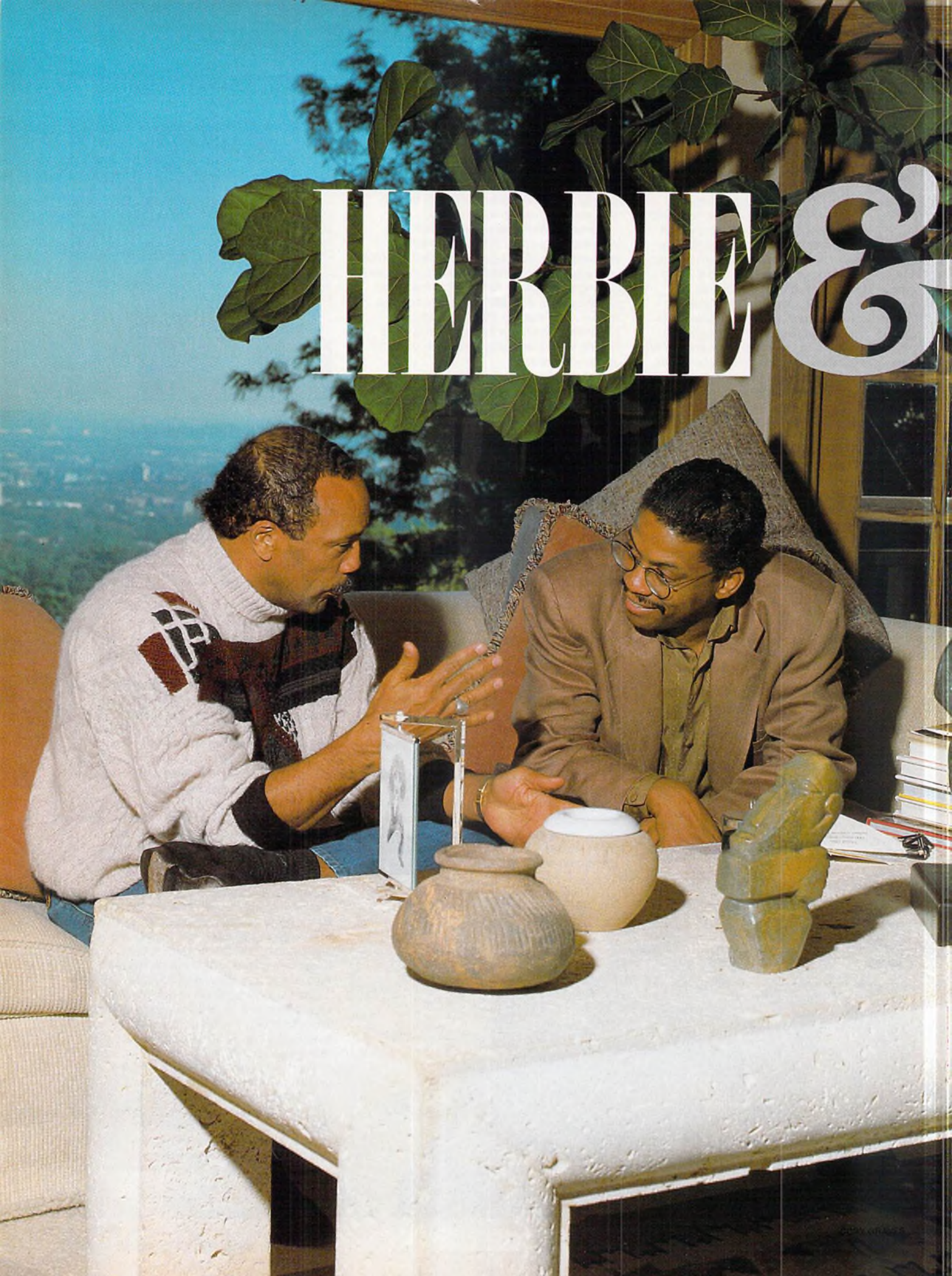
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# HERBIE &





# QUINCY

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## Talkin' Bout The Music Of These Times

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By  
Josef  
Woodard

When I thought to pair up Herbie Hancock and Quincy Jones for the kickoff issue of both a new year and a new decade, we didn't know quite how fortuitous the match was. Symbolically, here are two West Coast-based veterans of the jazz and pop wars (not to mention film music), still very much in active duty. As emblems of the present, past, and future, they function as both father time and the baby ringing in the new as they wax nostalgic about the old.

Hancock, born in 1940, and Jones, born in 1933 (both in Chicago, although Jones grew up in Seattle), have a lot of songs left in their fiddles, a lot of heads to turn, and controversies to ignore. Are they jazz artists? Are they erstwhile jazzers who have cashed in and settled comfortably into Hollywood? Or are they—as both would have it—beboppers by breeding answering honestly to the call of music, by whatever name it comes?

There's no pat answer. Suffice to say, both boast a sound creative muscle tone and have the capacity to deliver music of substance—and marketability.

Work-wise, too, Hancock and Jones have recently joined forces, again. Hancock was part of the who's who cast of musical characters comprising Jones's first solo album in almost a decade, tellingly entitled *Back On The Block*. There is an eerie synchronicity in the fall air the day the interview takes place. Talking by the pool, they discover that the release date of both Jones' *Back On The Block* and *Harlem Nights*—the Eddie Murphy film which Hancock scored—is the same day, November 16.

The two have played their significant roles in the shaping of the '80s musical landscape. Jones, of course, has merely the best selling pop album of all time, Michael Jackson's *Thriller*, to his credit, and brought a new creative fire to the business of being a pop/r&b producer/arranger. Jones' own albums framing the decade, *The Dude* and the new one, are blissful marriages of the musics he has been engaged in for 45 years. *Back On The Block*, particularly, stands to slice across many listener bands and bridge generation gaps.

Early in the '80s, Hancock's *Future Shock*, with its surprise dance hit "Rockit," went further in staking out a crossover audience than his funk-driven *Headhunters* had a decade earlier. Later in the decade, Hancock would be the musical voice guiding Bertrand Tavernier's singular jazz film *Round Midnight*, which—if it didn't initiate widespread interest in mainstream jazz again—certainly reflected the warming trend towards straightahead, acoustic jazz in our time.

Hancock's own achievements follow a more radically either/or pattern than Jones'. When we last checked in with him (see **db**, June '88) Hancock had just finished the Bill Laswell-produced *Perfect Machine*. Subsequently, Hancock has toured briefly in an electric mode with *Headhunters II* (with guest Michael Brecker on board) and then embarked on a series of club dates playing acoustic jazz, wowing crowds and critics with his still fertile improvisational aptitude, reaffirming his rightful place as one of the important pianists of the post-bop era. Meanwhile, he has kept his hand in film scoring, with fine work on Dennis Hopper's *Colors* and now *Harlem Nights* as well as recording an album with Pat Metheny and Jack DeJohnette due out in March entitled *Parallel Realities*.

On Halloween, it's a beautiful Southern Californian day in the neighborhood, the neighborhood of Bel Air, that is. Jones' lavish but unpretentious hilltop house, previously owned by Julio Iglesias, is armed with a stunning view. The spires of Century City and the urban sprawl of West L.A. sit safely at a distance, viewed through the sickly tan haze of smog below. Jones and Hancock, who first worked together more than 25 years ago, talk like fast friends, guffawing about travels and old times, about Miles Davis paintings, Eddie Murphy's fondness for the F-word, about social ills put into bracing perspective by rappers, and the link between bop and rap.

They position themselves on a couch in the living room with the picture window and Jones realizes the irony of the pose: "We're two bebop dudes talkin' about movies." Later, we ramble to a back room where Jones has several of Miles Davis' artworks amidst the scattered makings of a home studio. "He's painting so much these days," Jones says laughing, "it's amazing. Cosby says, 'Don't pay him. He paints too much.'" A charismatic presence, Jones is like a nice, wise, hip uncle with an uncanny knack for generating warmth in a room, in a band, on a record, between people of different ilks. He often refers to himself as 'we'—an unintentional reference to his multifarious personalities, or the habit of someone whose livelihood depends on teamwork?

Downstairs is Jones' den and trophy room: platinum records line the walls, from Frank Sinatra to Michael Jackson (he's taken down the cumbersome platinum record collection for *Thriller* alone, which is now up to 40 million in sales). Fading posters for films he has scored including *In Cold Blood*, *In The Heat Of The Night*, and *The Color Purple* hang in an adjacent room. Late in the afternoon, Jones puts a cassette of the album in the deck and cranks up the volume: Listening to his version of Joe Zawinul's "Birdland" with a stellar list of players including Zawinul, Miles Davis, and Dizzy Gillespie, James Moody, George Benson, Ella Fitzgerald, and Kool



Moe Dee is like a condensed musical mind trip that comes full circle—making explicit the implicit bond between music of many eras, many decades.

To top the tune off, a spunky wee voice trails off into the distance. “That’s Pee Wee, right?” Hancock asks Jones. “That’s right.” “Pee Wee,” Hancock explains, “was the M.C. at Birdland, and if you didn’t pay him off, he’d always pronounce your name wrong. He called me Herbie Stopclock and all kinds of things.” As they sit down to talk, with glasses of Dom Perignon as mock New Year’s Eve *accoutrements*, it’s clear that the two musicians have much in common, as jazz musicians who’ve come in from the cold and never forgotten from whence they’ve come.

**Josef Woodard:** *Let’s start by touching on your connection together. Where have you crossed paths in the past?*

**Quincy Jones:** With Herbie? My God. When we first worked together, you must have been what, 21 years old? I think it was in ’64, when we did *Mirage*.

**Herbie Hancock:** But I think I met you in ’61, when I was 21. Probably at Birdland.

**QJ:** You used to give Donald Byrd a hard time about being 30. “Ah, that’s ancient, man.”

**HH:** [*laughs*] We always have this thing, see, we tease each other about age. The funny thing is, I’ll be 50 next year and when you get around that point up to about 60, it’s all the same.

**QJ:** It’s all the same, and there’s a psychological countdown. You wonder, “How many more do I have?” You appreciate each one. After my brain operation [an aneurysm in 1974], it really focused me. It meant that I enjoyed every day.

**JW:** *Did that also motivate you creatively?*

**QJ:** Absolutely, because you can’t take it for granted that you’re going to get another shot. You can’t say, “I’ll do it next time.” You better do it now. When I had that operation, the first thing I realized was, “Damn, I’ve got so many dreams that I haven’t even touched yet. This is it?” I thought that was it. That was 15 years ago. That’s pretty scary and it makes you apply another kind of biological time clock on things. I never take anything for granted anymore, relationships and things you feel for people.

My doctor says to me, “When you’re staying up at night, if you’re dissatisfied with the end result, then it’s destructive. If it’s satisfying and rewarding and you’re happy with the end result, it does absolutely nothing wrong to you.” It’s a funny phenomenon.

We do brutal hours, man. Herbie just came through it, too. But if it comes out in the end and you’re happy and there’s a smile, your whole soul gets healed. It really does—it heals itself. We really beat our bodies up, you know. It’s ridiculous.

*The Color Purple* almost put me in my grave. It was like holding onto the tail of a 747. And then, on top of that, we had to mess with the music, too. The production was a mind-boggler—10 trillion details to deal with everyday.

**JW:** *You’ve both worked under inherently tight deadlines to do film scores. Herbie, you only had three weeks to finish the score for *Harlem Nights*. Does that force both of you to rise to the challenge?*

**QJ:** Absolutely. It’s the only thing that will force you to rise to the challenge. Otherwise, you procrastinate. The worse thing they could do is to tell Herbie, “You just take your time. Whenever you get it just like you want it, that’s when you turn it in.”

He wouldn’t hit it until the week before they put it out. If they gave you three years to work on an album, you’d be working the last two months.

**HH:** If I didn’t have some kind of deadline, I wouldn’t write a note. I find all kinds of excuses not to do it. When I have to produce something, I tell myself, “The next idea that comes out—I don’t care what it is—I’m using it.” The very last thing I had to do, it was a cue they threw at me at the end. I told them, “Look, I’m going to do that last. You’ve got no business adding another piece of music with all the other stuff.” It was the last day. I had been up

all night again and I’m supposed to be at the studio in 15 minutes. I remembered that there was one piece that I had recorded an alternate introduction for and we didn’t know where to stick it. So I said, “I’m using it.”

I played it back and it wasn’t long enough. So I just played another piece of music for the front of the scene, and it worked. Then I took the other piece of music and butt-spliced it . . .

**QJ:** Worked like a charm?

**HH:** Yeah. I looked at it and saw about five different things get hit with expressions and cuts and everything, so I wrote it exactly for that scene.

**QJ:** That’s when God walks in the room.

**JW:** *Film score deadlines are one thing—a hard-and-fast situation. How do you go about making your own project, such as you just have. Do you have to make a self-imposed deadline?*

**QJ:** To even pay attention, yes. This went past a self-imposed deadline. It’s almost nine—going on 10 years—late. That’s ridiculous. That makes even Stevie [Wonder] look like a swiftie. But you know, I got sidetracked with a lot of other things that really couldn’t be put back. We did *Thriller* and then *Color Purple*. I started my album and then the picture just ran over it. We did that and *We Are The World* and *Bad*.

I didn’t go to the beach on this, really. Other things just took priority over what was happening. It’s okay. Everything has its own time. The records that I’ve made I’m really happy with. Maybe they’re supposed to simmer a little bit. Like some greens. It’s a long simmer, though.

**HH:** Yeah [*laughs*]. You probably wouldn’t have made the same record.

**QJ:** No doubt about it, Herbie. All the living and everything that happened went into it. It was a very heavy decade.

**HH:** From everything you’ve told me, it sounds like a summary album in a way.

**QJ:** It’s all the roots. Dizzy and Miles were my answer to The Rolling Stones and The Beatles. To see Dizzy and Miles—who have never played together on a record—and Ella and Sarah—who have probably never sung together on a record, was like a fairy tale. James Moody—I started with James Moody when I was 19. I used to write for him. I survived off him. He used to give me \$12 a week to write for his band. All of it seems like that was the way it was supposed to be.

**JW:** *Was that the intention, to touch on a broad spectrum of music, or did it just keep growing?*

**QJ:** No, it just came out like that. It had been so long since I’d made a record that I really went for definitiveness in every category. It worked out like that. I was also very interested in pulling the different generation’s fans together. That’s why Kool Moe Dee and Big Daddy Kane are introducing Ella, Sarah, Dizzy, and Miles Davis.

There’s a correlation between bebop and hip hop. I can’t put my finger on it, but I feel there’s a real natural alliance, for many reasons. Right down to colloquialisms. We called each other “homeboy” in the old days. Like beboppers, they play for each other and rappers rap for each other. There are a lot of correlations and similarities there. My son’s heavily into rap and hip hop: he’s a dancer. So it all felt real natural.

**HH:** The great thing about Q is that he can relate to all of those different genres and different ages without any pretension, because it’s natural. [*To Jones*] You have to do it that way, because that’s the way you are. You’re all those things.

**QJ:** It’s what we learned, Herbie. You’re the same way. You want to taste the whole menu. Other guys are saying, “No, you can’t do this. No man, you gotta play acoustic instruments” and all that bullshit. I don’t even want to hear about that. If Bach were alive today, he would be all over the synthesizer, because of the extension of our vocabulary. That’s all it is. It doesn’t replace a real string



section or anything else. It's just an extension and it enhances and enlarges our vocabulary.

I want to come through these 25,000 days having experienced all of it, man. I don't just want this tiny little cubbyhole over here and can't get out of it. Herbie's always been like that. People jump all over you for it, but who cares? He'll still wear out anybody that sits down next to him in any category. Herbie don't have to worry about that.

**JW:** Dance music has been a fixture in your music for years, Herbie. Future Shock, for instance, was a real turning point for you and the r&b world at large.

**QJ:** Oh, long before that.

**HH:** I'm into phase two. I made a big decision back in 1973. I came to a realization about myself. I'm the kind of guy who had always preached about equality in music and that you shouldn't put this type of music over that type, that music is not a sport and that idiom cannot be the measure of good or bad. You can only look at the works in that idiom. The only thing you can really say is "I like it" or "I don't." One man's wheat is another man's poison. I preached all of that, but, at that point in my life, I started to realize that I drew lines myself.

One thing was, I loved hearing Sly Stone. If he would have said, "Come and sit in," I would have done it. But, for me to actually do that, it was no-no-no-no. It was like, "I'll do that on your stage, in your setting, but in my setting, I don't want to do that." But then I really looked at myself and said, "Wait a minute, who are you? What are you saying? What was all of this stuff about that you'd been saying before?" So I sat back, reexamined myself, and realized that I was just as guilty as the people I had condemned.

I said to myself, "Obviously, you like jazz, but you obviously like funk and r&b." When I was a kid, I listened to it and then got away from it. I became kind of a jazz snob when I noticed that all the coolest kids—the ones who seemed more mature—in high school were all listening to jazz. Everybody else was running around silly listening to pop and r&b. But then James Brown got me back listening to it. But I was only *listening* to it.

Anyway, I decided that I wanted to try it myself. I looked at it from a lot of different angles. I said, "You might lose all the audience that you've gained up to this point and you might not even gain a new one." But I said, "I have no choice. I have to do it."

*Headhunters* was supposed to be a funk album. As it started to evolve, I heard that it wasn't a funk album; but, whatever it was becoming, I liked the way it was headed. So I said, "Whatever this is, let's just do it." So we did it.

**QJ:** We started out with the eclectic thing from the very beginning, back in Seattle. When I was 14 years old and Ray Charles was 16, our average night went like this: We played from seven to 10 at a real pristine Seattle tennis club, the white coats and ties, roomful of roses, we'd accompany to dinner music, dying inside. Between Ray and Bumps Blackwell's band and our band, we had every job in town, you know.

From 10 to about one o'clock, we'd go play the black clubs: The Black and Tan, The Rocking Chair, and The Washington Educational Social Club—which is a funny name, funkiest club in the world. We'd play for strippers and comedians and play all the Eddie Cleanhead Vinson and Roy Milton stuff, all that r&b. It was a vocal group. Then, at about 1:30 or 2 a.m., everybody got rid of their gigs and we went to The Elks Club to play hardcore bebop all night long. That was it, didn't get paid a quarter. That's where we all would go at the end of the night—Cecil Young, Gerald Brashear, and Ray Charles. Anybody coming in from out of town, like Jimmy Cleveland, Jerome Richardson, even Eric Dolphy would come by. Bebop was it, that was the love.

But we had to do everything—schottisches [Scottish dances], funk, r&b, pop music, bebop, "Claire de Lune," everything. So it was an eclectic background in the beginning, also with school bands and marches. I was into r&b before I was into bebop—or at least simultaneously. We were real hip then. It was pitiful how hip we were then. We were trying to make these schottisches and everything else sound like bebop, and I remember Ray Charles



CORY GRAVES

said one night, "Every music has its own soul. Be true to it." I never forgot that. Its own pure soul. It doesn't need to have something imposed on it. That was a big lesson.

So it feels absolutely normal to be eclectic and, whatever criticisms there might be about it, it doesn't phase me.

**HH:** The other thing is that, you're aware of the essences of the different kinds of music. So when you combine them, you're still maintaining what Ray was talking about.

**QJ:** Right, the essence and integrity of where the music comes from without violating it. You don't have to violate it. Our music is really based on hybrid music. One great thing about jazz is that its very essence is like osmosis. It absorbs and eats everything in its path—dances, marches, Stravinsky, country music, everything. That's why it's so rich and that's why when someone wants to go find something fresh, it's always there.

**HH:** You know, I don't think I could have done the things I've done in pop music—and I'm sure you'd say the same thing—if we had not had our foundation in jazz.

**QJ:** Absolutely. It's like a classical music training. It's just in your mind and your thinking. You're never so rigid as to say, "Hey, you played a sharp ninth instead of a flatted ninth there. You can't do that." Just go with the sharp ninth or whatever you've got going. That's almost like a philosophy of life, about the way you deal with life. Do you flow with the punches or do you have a rigid preconceived idea of where you want to go and get stuck in it? It opens your head up so that you can be lucid about whatever happens. Roll with it, be resilient.

**HH:** I know that sometimes jazz musicians may have a tendency to be rigid about their own set of rules, but I feel fortunate that, even though I was that way at a certain time, because of circumstances, there was a point where I was able to get out of that. I look at people who seem to be stuck with those rules and I think, "Well, I'm glad I'm not there" [laughs].

**QJ:** You don't grow, getting stuck in one thing. Miles is the same way. He's already done that. Herbie, we came out of that school.

Back in 1953, it was a big turning point, playing clubs with Lionel Hampton. We knew what it was like to have people love your music and be into it, because we'd already experienced that. It was kind of unnatural to aim at being disliked, you know. You had to work at it. I don't know if you went through this, Herbie, but we also had the attitude of kidding about "they ain't playing shit." The whole attitude was that, if you wanted to, you could be commercial like that [snaps his fingers], which is another joke. It doesn't work that way, if it's not sincere.

**HH:** Even today, they think that.



**QJ:** They say, "If we play three chords, it will be commercial." That's a myth. I still think that sincerity is the most important component. It has to be something you believe in.

**HH:** In that regard, one part of my experience is with the guitarist Wah Wah Watson. He's a rhythm guitar player, not really a soloist. When I first hired him to play in my band, we played this one tune each night that he would solo on. He would play the same solo every night, because that was the way he was taught. His training was to perfect one way of doing something.

He didn't have a lot of things to draw on, either. What amazed me was that, every night, he'd play the same solo the same way, but every night, it sounded like it was the first time he ever played it. It was fresh everytime. And I didn't know how to do that, because jazz doesn't teach you that. I said "I've got to learn that."

He would just play two or three things and the audience would immediately remember and respond to that. I could play rings around this guy, play all over the place and that little statement that he would make would get incredible acknowledgment every night. I wasn't playing rings around him. I was just playing a lot of notes around him. It really taught me a lesson about what music is about and the value of the direction I was going in at the time.

**QJ:** That's another point, Herbie. Starting out as a bebopper—and I wear that banner with pride—is also a statement that you are aware of the latest thing that's gone on up to the moment. To *stay* there is to almost contradict that statement. If you stay there, it's just the opposite of what you're proud of. The latest word in terms of vernacular or colloquialisms or musical phrases, the latest lick, the latest figure on "All God's Children Got Rhythm" . . . you were right on top of the latest thing that was happening. But that's not the latest thing right now.

So it's a matter of being a part of an aura of an awareness. You don't have to work at that. You just get up every day and constantly move, it will happen automatically.

When you talk about pop music, you have to realize that in the '30s, pop music was Duke Ellington and Count Basie. That was pop, dance music. It had other elements in there, too, but it was pop music. They were equivalent to The Rolling Stones.

**HH:** Any music from that root was jazz, and rock & roll came from that same root. So if somebody hadn't imposed other terminology, rock & roll would have been jazz, too.

**QJ:** The first electric guitar players were around in 1939. Then, in 1953, a guy came to us just before we went to Europe with Hamp. Monk Montgomery was playing bass with us and Leo Fender said to him, "Why don't you try this for awhile." Nobody knew what the hell it was and the critics were saying, "Hamp doesn't have a bass player. What's wrong?" It was the Fender bass. We made records with that with Art Farmer and Clifford [Brown].

The electric guitar and the Fender bass were the cornerstones of rock & roll. When electric bass came along, that's when the focus in the rhythm section changed. They came from a jazz foundation, but those were the two cornerstones that made it possible for rock & roll to happen. It's always fascinated me, especially being there when we picked the first one up. Then we had to conceive of the bass part's function in the rhythm section.

I remember when Miles did things leading up to *Bitches Brew*, he played trumpet almost like a percussive instrument while all the action happened in the rhythm section. The roles shifted. Before, they used to keep time for the instruments to dance around: the rhythm section danced and they had to keep almost a percussion-type presence.

**HH:** This reminds me of when Wayne Shorter wrote "Nefertiti." We were in the recording studio and Wayne brought it in. We were trying to learn the song. Miles gave me a part. Miles was trying to play the melody and Wayne was sort of following behind. Wayne could have just played it, but he wanted to see Miles interpretation of it. The rhythm section was working on it and we would play it over and over again while they'd play the melody.

Finally, I said to Miles, "Listen, Miles, the melody is so beautiful, how would it be if the horns basically played the melody and the

rhythm section actually evolved?" He said [*in a gruff whisper*], "Okay." That's what we did.

**JW:** And the only solo, *per se*, comes from Tony Williams, as the tune goes out.

**HH:** Well, when Tony Williams plays, it's always a drum solo. It's not really, but that's the way he accompanies. It's a constant conversation. It's funny that you mention that. Miles, at the time, was into innovative ways of treating a tune. We were still bringing in tunes, but he would treat them in a very different way. Any kind of idea like that, Miles was more than willing to open up to.

**QJ:** And I think that affinity has always been round two of a fascination with other idioms. When we did *Gula Matari*, remember we did "Hummin'?"

**HH:** Oh yeah.

**QJ:** That was originally written for Jimi Hendrix. Hendrix wanted to solo over that thing and I wrote it for him.

**HH:** He's also from Seattle, too [*laughs*].

**QJ:** That's right, same high school, Garfield high school. But he was dying to play jazz. He was saying, "Let's do the thing. I'll meet you out in Jersey." In his book, they talk about him getting scared or something and he didn't show up. He was supposed to be featured on that tune, but he got hung up or got too high.

**HH:** That would have been fantastic. I never got to see him.

**QJ:** He used to come over to the house and sit under the grapefruit tree and stuff. He was really a reflective person. I knew his daddy.

**HH:** See, Miles knew him and some of the other guys in his band would come in and see us, but he actually never came in.

**QJ:** Very shy person.

**JW:** Is there a significance to the title of your new album, *Back On The Block*? Is that to say you were off the block for a spell?

**QJ:** Yeah. 10 years—in terms of my own album. It has a lot of meanings for me.

**HH:** Back on the chopping block.

**QJ:** A lot of stuff, even down to being not married anymore. You're in another place. *Back On The Block* also refers to being concerned with the street. When you're from the street, you're always concerned with the street. There are a lot of things that can bother you about the street right now. They're discovering their own solutions about things. I don't know how it got that way, but everyone is going to have to get together to figure out what the future of the youth is all about.

They've got some serious stumbling blocks out there right now. It's very difficult to dangle a Masters degree in front of someone who's making \$5,000 a week selling crack. It's a political, social, and economic problem. The solution isn't as simple as it seems. It could also bring this country or maybe even civilization to its knees if it keeps continuing the way it's going now. The work ethic and sense of passion is disappearing. It's a matter of thinking "I'm going to look after #1, f\*\*k everybody else, I'm going to take care of myself. I don't know how long we're going to be around, so I'll take care of me."

That scares me. We've evolved this far, to get to this point and then see everything regressing. I see racism rampant again now. I can't believe it. Marlon Brando said to me, "After all we went through in the '50s, we have to go through this shit again?" It's ridiculous. There's racism on campuses. It's like nothing ever happened. I don't know if this reflects Reagan's views on Affirmative Action, but it's like a joke, it's an aberration. Going into the '90s, it shocks me, the attitude. It's insane that this could be happening in the '90s. Somebody's doing something wrong. It's got to be the family unit or whatever.

**HH:** One thing is that humanity in general is very shortsighted. Some economic structures in the world maybe have a long-term view, but as far as humanity's concerned, we are still very



shortsighted. Human beings are responsible for this. We have set up this world in such a way that we've practically ruined it for our future, for our youth.

What would I do if I were a youth today? I'd probably do the same thing they're doing. Are they any worse than I am?

**QJ:** I came from Chicago, you know, and I'd do exactly the same thing. There's no other choice. When you're disenfranchised, you find your own way to survive, especially when you say "I don't care." You make up your own rules. It's back to Bertolt Brecht. He was talking about that in his plays.

**JW:** *There's a funny attitude going around regarding the '60s. Whereas some people think of that decade as a period of relative enlightenment, the concept that "the '60s are over" is prevalent among the young, as if to dismiss the social gains along with the excesses.*

**QJ:** Do you find that, as though they're adversaries of what that's about?

**JW:** *It's almost as if it's considered obsolete to think about societal ills, or if they do so, the targets are huge: Apartheid or rainforests.*

**QJ:** But what do you think the seeds of racism in the youth come from?

**JW:** *It's something in the fabric of society that most people are just toeing the line on.*

**HH:** There's so much going on that's different than when you and I were coming up. For one thing, we're living in a complex age because there's so much information available.

**QJ:** More than we can absorb.

**HH:** Even in our business. There's just too many goddamned records out. There's too many people recording and too much money put out, too many movies . . .

**QJ:** And the mortality rate's still 85 percent. I don't know why they put so many records out. Four albums a year take it all out.

**HH:** The system gets more and more like a firing squad. Throw them out to the firing squad, they shoot and, if there's anybody left. . . . It's ridiculous. I used to say that it was like records had stickers on them. They throw them up against the wall and if any of them stuck, those were the ones the record company would support.

**QJ:** Like, what's that stuff that sticks together [*slaps the wall*]? Velcro. . . . It used to be that, with five labels, you automatically had the good housekeeping seal of approval just by virtue of the fact that you were recording. On Decca Records, man, it was The Mills Brothers, Ink Spots, Ella Fitzgerald, Louis Armstrong. Anybody who recorded was good. We can't say that now. The mailman or the milkman might be on a record. I don't know whether that's good or not.

**HH:** I don't want to make it sound like we disagree with the fact that now it's possible for anyone to have a musical instrument in their house. When we were young, the musical instruments that were available were trumpets and pianos. Now, you can have the cheapest \$20-to-\$40 instrument and it can be very functional.

What that does is that allows a means for anyone to have fun with music personally, to give vent to their own creative sense about music, which was not so easy when we were kids. That's the good news. The bad news is that, like you say, even the mailman can make a record [*laughs*].

**QJ:** I've had my mailman tell me, man, "Hey, I've got a demo here. I'm tired of driving this truck. I want to do what you're doing, 'cause that's easy."

**HH:** Hey, man, how many limos have you been in where the limo driver hands you a tape [*laughs*].

**QJ:** Oh, yeah, all the time.

**JW:** *Oh, yeah, by the way [reaches in pocket, pretending to grab a demo tape].*

**HH:** [*laughs*].

**QJ:** I think the worst time was when Minnie [Ripperton] died. Stevie and I were pallbearers. It was a noon funeral and we were carrying the casket. A dude came up, while I had both hands on the casket, and said, "Hey, man, check this out," and put a cassette in my pocket.

**JW:** *On another subject, Quincy, do you have any dream projects?*

**QJ:** When I get to be 70, if I make it, my dream would be to write a concerto for you [Herbie] and Wynton and Kathleen Battle and Take 6 and Bobby McFerrin and a symphony orchestra. That's what I want to do. That's something I'd really like to hear—really put time and work into it and work it out so that it's an experience you've never heard before.

**HH:** So when do we start [*laughs*].

**QJ:** [*laughing*] I got about 15 minutes before my next appointment. I've still got 14 years left till that time.

**JW:** *It sounds as if this new album could target an audience of a huge age span. Do you consider your audience when you're putting together an album?*

**QJ:** I've been lucky. It's got to be a very strange feeling to try to make a record that you don't connect with but that you're hoping it's what is going to be accepted. You get in a lot of trouble like that, ending up making something that you don't like and they don't either. But if you do something you really love, it's another matter.

I use the guide of goose bumps. When Herbie came and played that night [of the recording session], I got goose bumps. With Miles and Dizzy there, I got goose bumps. When Ice-T runs down and says, "Let me kick my credentials," I get goose bumps, because I know he's telling the truth about the life he had and that he got his life together. That touches me, and if you can do enough things that touch you, that will touch a lot of other people, too.

After you listen and make something you like, naturally, you want everybody in the world to like it. I'd love for everybody to love it. I'll tell you, recording Ella was like a first date, one of my happiest moments with her. I was standing in the booth with her, with my arms around her. She doesn't use headphones, so I had to put headphones on her. She tore it up, man. It ran chills through me that we had little 12-year-old Tevin [Campbell, singer extraordinaire] on the album and Ella and Dizzy at 72.

**HH:** What was her reaction when she heard the cassette?

**QJ:** She loved it. In fact, she said she wanted to write a rap tune. I remember probably 30 years ago with her and Basie. She went in the next room when we did a Frank Foster tune and wrote a lyric in 10 minutes. She came back out and said she didn't want to sing Johnny Mercer's lyric for "Satin Doll," and wrote her own lyrics to it.

She's so bright and so youthful. It just turns me on, in 1990, to be on the same planet with Ella Fitzgerald. Really, man, we could have been born in any other time, but to have worked with Duke and Louis and Michael and Stevie . . . you know, it's a golden age of music. I wouldn't trade it for any other time.

**JW:** *Is it your intent to help push things along, to generate big or small innovations? When you do your own version of rapping, you're adding your own dimension to the idiom, aren't you?* CONTINUED ON PAGE 56



CORY GRAYES



# WHAT'S NEXT?

## THE MUSIC INDUSTRY REFLECTS ON THE '80s FOR CLUES ON THE DECADE AHEAD

*"I'm seeing guys all over who aren't afraid of technology and they're not afraid of history either."*

**DAN MORGENSTERN**,  
Director, The Institute Of Jazz  
Studies.

It's always difficult to predict. We have definitely passed the peak of innovation. In the '80s we returned to tradition. Jazz will continue to be a multi-stylistic form where everyone will find a niche.

We may also see more music of the kind that John Zorn makes—collage music. But I don't see that as a strong developmental strain that really moves jazz to a new place.

**MILES COPELAND**,  
Chairman, I.R.S. Records.

I believe the dance music phenomena will continue. Because radio has become so tight and MTV has also become as restricted as radio, the dance clubs have become one of the few avenues around to hear new music and this will continue to grow in importance. Music is going in all directions. The market will continue to become more fragmented. People are going to want to see the real thing—there's nothing like watching five guys on stage sweating it out. You can't go to a show and see a drum machine sweat.

**ORRIN KEEPNEWS**, Jazz  
Producer and Founder of  
Landmark Records.

To a lot of people's surprise, the 1980's turned out to be a period of great consolidation and what I'd define as a very intelligent look backwards. I don't know if the conservative trend will continue but I hope that the idea of building upon the past will. I suspect that in the 1990's we will have another revolution. I don't know if the music of the Brooklyn players is necessarily a new trend but it's time for some newer styles.

There has probably never been a greater proliferation of reissues than right now, which means that we are using our technology to allow our art to have a longer lifespan.



That, to me, is the greatest technological advance and it should get better in the next decade.

**BUNKY GREEN**, Professor of  
Applied Saxophone, Univ. of N.  
Florida; President-elect,  
International Association of Jazz  
Educators, and Delos recording  
artist.

In the 1980s we've seen 20 years of jazz education bear fruit. We've seen the standard of excellence change. Where there was a small cluster of superior players at the top with a wide gap in between them and the students, now, with jazz education, that gap has virtually disappeared. These kids can play Bird. They can play Trane verbatim; not simply memorize solos, but with a free interplay of ideas.

**YALE EVELEV**, Director, New  
Music America.

In the early '80s, when I was asked to predict [upcoming trends], I said that the integration of World Music would dominate things. Now that that has already occurred, I haven't the slightest idea what the '90s will hold, musically.

I do believe, however, that by the end of the next decade there will be just one record

label issuing all the music, and that the industry will come up with a new format that will render CDs totally obsolete.

**NANCY JEFFRIES**, Vice-  
President of A&R, Virgin Records.

I haven't seen any new trends in 10 years! The advent of the synthesizer caused some new music to be created but the initial infatuation with that seems to be ending. I believe that the drum machines and synthesizers will become less important in the next decade unless there are some startling technological advances. All the musicians that I know who play synthesizers, almost without exception, want to play Hammond B-3's this year! There will be a greater emphasis on acoustic instruments and the music will be more humanistic with more messages in the lyrics.

**GARY GAND**, President,  
Gand Music & Sound.

Rap, in effect, is the poetry of the '90s. Back in the '50s, poetry was a popular thing. You'd grab your bongo drums and go down to the coffeehouse for a poetry reading. Rap is the same type of thing but it's being done on a much more massive scale. You go down to your local stadium with 20,000 of your closest friends and hang out with all your gold jewelry for a rap reading.

**LENNIE DIMUZIO**, Director  
of Artist Relations and Education,  
Zildjian.

I see a strong movement back into the acoustic world of music. I think electronics will always play a role in the studios, but I find electronics has peaked. Players are going back to the basics. We find that a lot of drummers are not using such an elaborate drum set up. That's true with both jazz and Latin. If anything bursts through, I think it might be Latin music.

The demands on drummers are going to be a hell of a lot stronger than ever before. First, they must be versed in electronics if they're going to play in the studios. Second, they must be able to play in a variety of situations, not just jazz—it's jazz and funk, jazz and fusion, jazz and pop.

**MARIAN LEIGHTON  
LEVY**, Co-owner/founder,  
Rounder Records.

I think that early funk has become respectable and the funk masters of the '70s will



be rediscovered. Maybe disco and Barry White will be rediscovered about 1997, and definitely, The Meters are ripe for that sort of rediscovery right now.

Digital has affected us greatly. It revolutionized live, on-location recording. We recorded The Golden Eagles live, direct-to-digital two-track, in the barn where that tribe holds its practices. That technology didn't exist 10 years ago. We've digitally remastered our early catalog for a whole series of 60-minute-plus compilations.

**MIKE BERNIKER**, Jazz producer.

You'll see an amalgamation of musics. What was loosely called "fusion" will be truly fusion with all musics affecting one another, we'll have something approaching the global village. Essentially, it will be healthy for music, for the industry, because people will get to experience musics they wouldn't have been familiar with.

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*"In the '80s, popular music had a heavy-duty love affair with technology, it went all the way."*

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**WILLARD JENKINS**, Executive Director, National Jazz Service Organization.

Jazz as a true art form continues to evolve. As a result, there are new horizons for the music, new performance venues, possibilities of coexistence with other art forms. With programs like Meet The Composer, we have opportunities that folks in other art forms have been utilizing for years. There is more interest from the corporate and private sector. Jazz is a new "exciting" area for them.

In terms of jazz education, things are moving more into a conservatory mode for truly serious study; for instance, The Thelonious Monk Institute. Granted, the night club will always be the traditional laboratory for the music, but there is no reason why it can't evolve further onto the concert stage. I continue to see jazz as a composer's art form. But we don't want to move too far into this institutionalization thing; we don't want to become the museum piece that European classical music has become.

**RICHARD SEIDEL**, Vice-President, Polygram Jazz.

There will be continued interest in the kind of music you hear on WAVE formats. Within that, perhaps, more challenging music will take hold. That radio format will become the beautiful music of the "thirtysomething" generation. I don't see a significant place for straightahead jazz unless there's an underlying hook involving the personality of the

artist.

I would hope there'll be room for creative and challenging music in the next decade, but the times don't seem ready for it. What we've learned is that classic music is perennial and forever. But new recordings in the classic style are difficult to sell.

**ROB WALLIS**, Co-owner, DCI Music Video, studio musician.

In New York, the situation of radio is really horrible. Every two minutes you hear The Doors. The stations all play the same music with an emphasis on the '60s and '70s. Records that would get made won't be getting made due to a lack of radio support. I really haven't heard anything fresh and unique in the past couple years.

I feel very strongly that education is the future of the music business. If you keep kids enthusiastic and keep bringing more and more people in through music education, that assures a future generation, assures that there is a market out there with people buying sticks, keyboards, synthesizers.

**BILL BERRY**, trumpeter, Musical Director of the Monterey Jazz Festival.

There seems to be quite a trend back towards acoustic instruments. Synthesizers and drum machines have obvious uses, but I see them being utilized less because you need human input in jazz. I work with kids at the Monterey Jazz Festival and when I ask them who their favorite player is they all seem to say Clifford Brown! I haven't seen any new innovations that I can predict will develop. I'd say that all of the different jazz styles will continue to be strong, from the avant garde back to Jelly Roll Morton. Bebop is much stronger now than 10 or 15 years ago. Melody is once again becoming more important and I see that trend continuing throughout the '90s.

They make much better horns than they used to and the microphones that Dizzy and Miles have that can be attached to the bell of the trumpet are also a good improvement. But I don't see technological change improving the work situation in this country for jazz. There's no substitute for playing in public on the road and it's a shame that the younger people cannot get that experience.

**DAN MACKAY**, Chief Woodwind Tester in G. Leblanc.

If there was a trend in the '80s, it was exemplified by the way Branford Marsalis has worked with so many people, from Sting to his brother to Milt Hinton. Players aren't just jazz players anymore, not just fusion players anymore. It's not a homogenization of everything; it's musicians playing music and the labels are out the window. TV's *Night Music*, for example, you're dealing

with musicians from all kinds of realms and they are all playing together.

**STAN GARBER**, Marketing Manager for Band Instruments, Selmer.

Saxophone has been the ideal instrument to blend into the music of the '80s. Hit songs, commercials, MTV videos all have saxophones. Interest among the kids is incredible. Industry sales of saxophones have skyrocketed though it has leveled off this year because high school bandleaders are saying, "Enough is enough, I don't need anymore saxophones in the band."

**AL HOSPERS**, CEO, Dr T's Music Software, former Blood, Sweat & Tears bassist.

In the '80s, popular music had a heavy-duty love affair with technology; not a flirtation, a hardcore affair that went all the way with technology. Jazz got sucked along for a while and got a little off the track. The thing it got away from was the interaction, which was the whole focal point of the music.

I expect to see two things going on in the '90s. A whole new industry is opening up on the low end for all these people who couldn't or wouldn't play music in school. They will be able to make some kind of music by using a program to generate something they couldn't do themselves. I think that's cool.

The second trend is typified by my friend Steve Coleman; he's black, he's a serious jazz man, he can play tunes from now to doomsday, plus he knows MIDI inside-out, and he's a programmer. I'm seeing guys coming out like that all over. They aren't afraid of technology and they're not afraid of history either.

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*"Education is the future of the music business."*

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**MURRAY HORWITZ**, Administrator for Creative Development, National Public Radio.

We are trying to expand the view of culture that NPR evidences in its programming. We view culture to be much closer to the dictionary definition of culture—the modes of life of a given people. When it comes to artistic expression, this means that this expanded view includes the cultural expression of all peoples and doesn't give primacy to any one idea of what culture should be. The term "cultural equity" has come into our lexicon in the arts now, which means that we want everybody to have access to the media to disseminate their own culture and for everyone to have the opportunity to hear and experience the joys of other people's ways of living.



**MICHAEL SKINNER,**  
Marketing/Educational Products  
Manager, D'Addario.

The great thing about music is its differences. Look at Jimi Hendrix and George Benson. The instrument is the same, but there's no mistaking their music. As long as there are people in control of our technology, the threat of "sameness" in music is only a remote possibility. So in the '90s, I don't think any one sound will become any more important than others.

**SAM SUTHERLAND, V.P.**  
and Marketing Director of  
Windham Hill and Director of  
Windham Hill Jazz.

I think the general trend in the '80s that will continue in the '90s is the fragmentation of the music audience that made pop music so dominant in the '60s and '70s. I see the resurgence of singer/songwriters and acoustic folk music continuing. I think the conservative trend in jazz will always continue.

I think we will see the continued evolution of World Music. I think you'll see more broad-based, mass-appeal artists who happen to be invoking a couple of different cultures at the same time. The next Beatles might very well be Latinos or Africans.

At Windham Hill, we have been looking at simplifying the production approach to some extent, working more with a direct-to-DAT approach; getting back to a style of production that is closer to being a performance than some kind of amazing life-like simulation. In jazz, where the interaction of musicians is so important, there is a lot to be said for getting good players together and letting them play.

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*"Disco and Barry White will be rediscovered about 1997."*

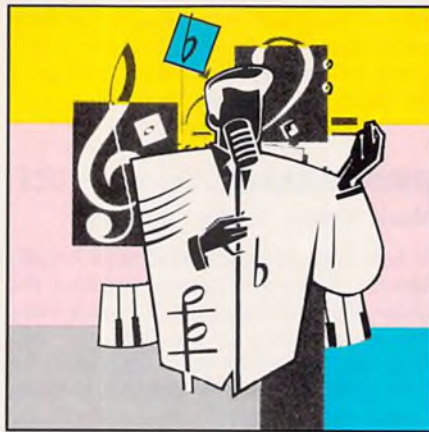
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**DAN SMITH, Vice-President,**  
Marketing Electric Guitars, Fender.

You can talk about technology, but in the '80s the actual music itself was basically a rehash of rock & roll. Take any band today and you can draw a parallel to some band that existed at some other point in time. Prince is not that far removed from Sly and The Family Stone. Heavy metal parallels hard rock. Latin and Afro-Cuban were popular in early '50s.

The other strange thing to me is that there are several styles of music that are equally popular. I think the big reason is that people our age, the baby boomers, we still like the music we grew up with. Three or four years ago I would have said that we were waiting for something to happen. Now I'm not sure. How long are we going to wait? Maybe what we are going to do is

refine and go back and grab a little bit of this and do it again.



**HARTLEY PEAVEY,**  
President, Peavey Electronics.

In the 1980s to a great degree we made the transition—audiowise—from a totally analog world to a digital world. There will be a number of major advancements in the 90s which will include the gradual death of magnetic recording as we know it—including digital recording. I believe that DAT, because of all the political bullshit, was delayed too long. We are now so close to the introduction of erasable optical disc technology that the whole DAT approach may well have missed the launch window—the window of opportunity.

Also, prior to the '80s, music—except for concerts—was something you listened to. It was an aural experience. Today when groups talk about coming with something they don't just mean a new album, but a new video. In the '80s, music stopped being something you simply listened to, but something watched as well as heard. Music video single-handedly resurrected the guitar market which is alive and well today and it brought the performance aspect back to music—I don't mean in terms of musicianship—I mean in terms of the theater of music. The visuals and style are very important to music today.

The way music is recorded is about to change forever. Today, a guy working literally in his bedroom can record and play music with at least 16 bit resolution. My message is now a person at home can equal the sound quality of the huge recording studio—that's hot.

Something that shouldn't be lost on the musicians of America is that most of the musical trends are set either here or in England. Five years ago when you went to, say, Germany or England or Sweden and turned on your TV you had a choice of two or three channels. Now cable, or pay TV, is coming to Europe in a big way. They have the Sky Channel (music videos) and MTV, and what ever happens in the U.S. is capable of being global. The most exciting thing as far as I'm concerned will be direct broadcast satellites—satellites in stationary orbit 23,000 miles up beaming signals of 500 or

1,000 watts back to earth. Instead of the Germans' having three channels they'll have 200. If you consider that music is a universal language, when direct broadcast satellites come along it is going to be a whole new ballgame.

**SANDY FELDSTEIN,**  
President, CPP/Belwin.

In the past decade, I've noticed that the most successful music programs have all built on their strengths in fundamental music education. Computers are making slow but steady inroads into the classroom both for teaching the basics in new ways and to explore new concepts. Portable keyboards have added a whole new dimension to instruction as well as performance. Innovative teachers are keeping students interested in the basics of form and design, harmonic progressions, and arranging and orchestration by drawing on the wide spectrum of rock music that is popular today.

In the upcoming decade I see big changes in instructional material: better designed books with supplementary cassettes, videos, interactive computer programs, and even laser discs. To be successful as teachers we'll need to build on our traditional training, adding an awareness about music trends in general and new technologies in particular.

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*"The '80s were exemplified by Branford Marsalis and his work with everybody from Sting to his brother to Milt Hinton."*

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**JOHN SNYDER, Jazz**  
Producer for A&M, RCA/Bluebird,  
and Musicmasters.

I think that the neo-traditionalism that Wynton Marsalis epitomizes will definitely continue. Right now, record companies are looking for similar artists, guys that dress good and play in a traditional manner that reflects music of 30 years ago. I also think that the music of people like Kenny G will continue. Dance music is always popular but right now the trend in jazz is towards neo-traditional Republican music.

I think mainstream jazz will continue to be strong. There'll be a lot of saxophonists continuing to copy David Sanborn but there'll be individuals like Steve Coleman and Greg Osby who'll be going against the trends and will try to find a new way. I think the use of drum machines and eventually even synthesizers will decrease; I notice more pop musicians wanting to get back to the piano.

I'm trying to get back to the idea of musicians playing music together in the studios, for there is a certain creative tension in knowing that you have to get your solo right the first time rather than fixing it up later.

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# André Previn

## AFTER HOURS, AFTER ALL

By Stephanie Stein

It's been over 30 years since André Previn hastily sketched some lead sheets for a jazz trio recording of songs from *My Fair Lady*, a Shelley Manne session for the Contemporary label. With Manne on drums and Ray Brown on bass, this '57 album became the first jazz album to win a Gold Record, making Previn's trio a hot item and inspiring a surge of other Broadway-based jazz LPs. Since the mid-'60's, Previn has been better known as a distinguished classical conductor, who has served as musical director or principal conductor for several acclaimed orchestras: the London Symphony, the Pittsburgh Symphony, the Royal Philharmonic, and the Los Angeles Philharmonic (the post he resigned from last spring). His accomplishments, which include over 200 classical recordings, may have obscured his early years as both a jazz pianist and an Oscar-winning Hollywood composer, arranger, and conductor. But recently, Previn fulfilled a recurrent dream by recording *After Hours*, his first jazz album in 27 years. For sidemen, he chose a couple of old friends who, musically, could do no wrong—guitarist Joe Pass and Ray Brown.

In a recent phone interview from his home in upstate New York, Previn, a youthful and engaging 60-year-old, discussed the making of this album after such a long hiatus. "Well, it was a very old-fashioned concept—just three guys who know each other very well, getting together without anything to prove and having a nice time. I knew when I first entered into conducting that something would have to give. I conduct about 125 concerts a year. If you add that to rehearsing, recording, studying, and traveling, it leaves you very little time. So I stopped doing any and all film work, which I've never regretted. But I also stopped playing jazz, which I've *always* missed and regretted. I had wanted to do something like this for a long time. I finally suggested it to Bob Woods, the head of Telarc, who has recorded me with the Vienna Philharmonic, the Royal Philharmonic, with everyone, and he said, 'Why not try it?'"

"Once I was convinced, I then had a certain amount of requisites—because after all these years, the prospect did seem a little daunting. The first was that I wanted Joe and Ray, because I knew I couldn't have a problem with them. Then I told Woods he had to do me a favor, I knew we'd probably do the whole album in two sessions, and after the first one, I wanted to take stock. If the thing was going to be even slightly embarrassing for anyone, then I wanted to just call it off. And he knew I was serious, so he agreed."

"After the first session I asked Joe and Ray, quite privately, what they thought. To my enormous pleasure, they both looked at me as if I'd gone mad and said, 'You must be crazy, this is fine!' So we went on, and since then, Ray has asked me if I'd play some club dates with him and I've agreed to be a sideman on Joe's next album; so evidently they really did think it was all right."

*After Hours*, though hardly groundbreaking, is a genuinely satisfying set of standards. The album is suffused with warmth, refinement, and displays the sensitive interplay between these three very gifted musicians. Previn's genuine concerns about the response to the album were a bit disarming, coming from such a consummate musician who has earned many accolades throughout his various careers. He won an Oscar for his score for *Gigi* in 1959, was nominated for several others, and won a Grammy for his collection of Harold Arlen songs. He has also accompanied a panorama of musical legends, including Billie Holiday, Charlie Parker, Benny Carter, and Frank Sinatra.



Previn was born in Berlin in 1929 and fled Germany with his family in 1939, moving first to Paris and then to Hollywood. Before leaving Europe, he studied at both the Berlin Royal Conservatory and the Paris Conservatory and continued his studies in the States. Remarkably enough, it wasn't until Previn was in his 30s that he devoted himself fully to his classical career. Upon graduating high school, he was immediately hired by MGM Studios as an arranger and as composer/conductor a couple of years later. It was also as a teenager that Previn developed a compelling interest in jazz.

"I was very classically schooled," said Previn, "not only classically but Germanically classically. I didn't have any jazz training at all—a school friend gave me a record of Art Tatum playing 'Sweet Lorraine.' I loved what I heard and I then did the really methodical thing: I got a copy of the printed tune and began to realize what this genius player had done with 32 mundane bars. In order to know more about it, I copied the record out with all the notes—which was absolute insanity—all seven million of them, which there are in any Tatum solo. It doesn't *really* help you play jazz, but I thought that was the way you learn. For instance, when I was a student at the conservatory and somebody made me copy out all the parts for the first movement of Mozart's G Minor Symphony, that was very smart, you learn a lot of secrets."

"At any rate, I went on from there and I started playing and I was completely fascinated. For a long time, I was deeply terrible, but then it got a little better, and after awhile, it got to be more my own thing. And say, retreating back into my youth, I do feel that in jazz, the heroes you had when you were first exposed are the heroes you keep. The people that I really idolized—Dizzy and Bird and Oscar [Peterson] and Art—I still do. There's a whole other generation that might think they've had it, but I don't think so."

"Jazz and improvising have absolutely enriched my life, but I

CONTINUED ON PAGE 57



# CRYSTAL-BALL CLEAR

## MUSIC WRITERS AND PERSONALITIES LOOK TO THE '90s

### THE WEIRD, THE WILD, THE WONDERFUL

I like the new, young energetic bands like Ocean Blue and The Wonder Stuff; and the new dance music like Celebrate The Nun from Germany and Seccession from England. The most overrated bands of the '80s: U2, a good band that was overhyped; all those hair bands from L.A. like Whitesnake and Def Leppard, corporate shit not music, and New Kids On The Block, they'll be totally forgotten in the '90s. I like all that eclectic, world beat stuff—I love Ofra Haza—and it's got its place, but I don't see it being the next big thing. What I want from the '90s is more of the weird, the wild, the wonderful music like I heard from The Clash, Depeche Mode, Echo and The Bunnymen, and The Cure in the '80s.

—*steve masters*  
music director, KITS [San Francisco]

### THE GOOD, THE BAD, AND THE TIRESOME

I was discouraged in the '80s that the creative promise of "fusion" only became generic and tiresome—and too damn popular. I'm otherwise encouraged for the '90s that World Music, especially from Brazil, generates more and more excitement; that the music of Monk and Ellington endures, both in retrospect on CDs and as they and the other greats inspire the next generation; that there is a next generation of straightahead musicians, from Wynton Marsalis and Marcus Roberts to The Harper Brothers; and, best of all, that new age is dead—but nonetheless Bird lives!

—*michael bourne*  
WBGO-FM [Newark]  
contributor, db

### ON THE WORLD BEAT

New faces destined for stardom will come from Namibia and South Africa as the politics in those countries are radically altered and their societies open up. Ladysmith Black Mambazo will produce young groups from their homeland that play African jazz with an overlay of tribal rhythms. Salsa will overtake reggae as the Caribbean music of the '90s. Tito Puente and his band will play in Panama at the inauguration of Ruben Blades as that country's new president resulting in the first inaugural soundtrack. Marvin "Smitty" Smith will be the jazz drummer of the decade and will revitalize drummer-led small bands. As more classical-music orchestras face extinction, they will survive by sponsoring jazz and pop concerts. The Marsalis Brothers will open a chain of record stores.

—*david steinberg*  
Albuquerque Journal

### SOUL POWER

*A renaissance for r&b-soul! It spawned The Beatles, rooted reggae . . . next it'll nudge the '90s!*

—*jack kolkmeier*  
KLSK/Santa Fe-  
Albuquerque

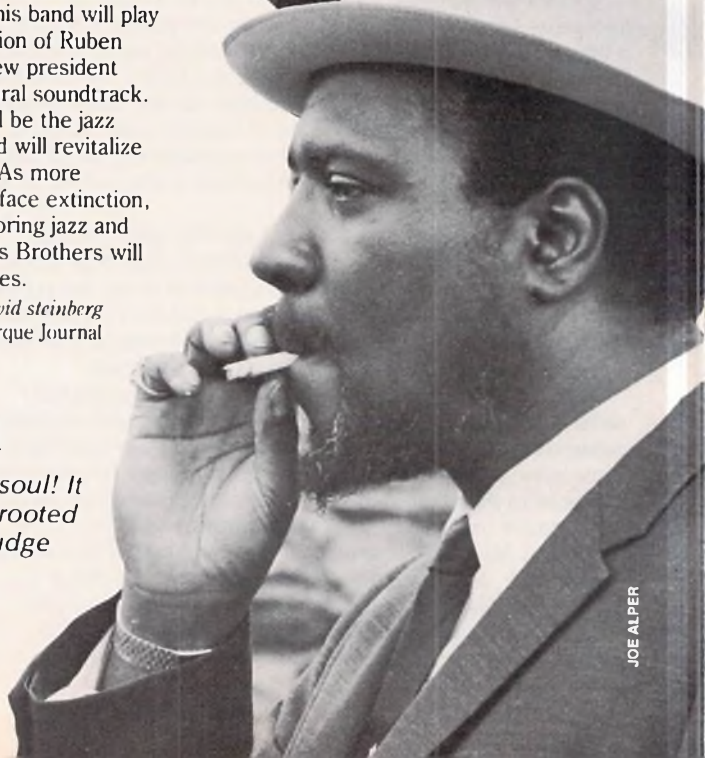
### E STREET SHUFFLE

The '60s didn't teach nearly as much as we'd like to think—with revisionist specs on—but it planted cultural seeds that have flowered in the '80s and will no doubt continue into the next decade.

Eclecticism—the E word, the E ticket of modernism and post-isms—and nostalgia are still the bywords of jazz/pop music.

This is not Kansas, anymore, nor is it utopia. In the '80s, jazz found a home in the marketplace. But if Kenny G. and Darwin are correct, the fittest survivors—i.e., those who speak to a common denominator and to their pocketbooks—will command the precious airplay and mass mindplay. The underground—and the dire need for an underground—is alive and well. This is no time to get smug.

—*josef woodard*  
contributor, db





## DELICIOUS DITTIES

Music as sustenance for the soul. Noteworthy fare in the eclectic, bounteous '80s: mainstream *haute cuisine* from Sarah, Art Pepper, Frank Morgan; *nouvelle* dishes served by Henry Threadgill, Kip Hanrahan, Ray Anderson; the blues of Hootie McShann, Cleanhead Vinson, Robert Cray; Caribbean zouk and Senegalese sounds. The '90s? Smack your lips over young jazz turks Ralph Moore, Tim Berne, Roy Hargrove, klezcat Don Byron, zydecoman Nathan Williams, and r&b rocker Barrence Whitfield. . . .

—frank-john hadley  
db contributor, 1979-present

## FROM "ME" TO WE

Too bad the '80s wound up an extension of the "me" decade, as reflected in the emphasis on the soloist—Wynton Marsalis, Courtney Pine, and Pat Metheny are prime examples. Hopefully, the '90s, like the '50s, will mark the re-emergence of the arranger. Like Tadd Dameron, Gigi Gryce, Cal Massey, and Gil Evans before them, musicians like Russ Gershon, Robin Eubanks, Geri Allen, and Mulgrew Miller will contribute mightily to this continuing tradition.

—michael g. nastos  
db correspondent [Detroit]  
*Ann Arbor News*

## BASSICLY

During the '80s, synthesizers and other digital gizmos were supposed to replace everything that's plucked, struck, bashed, or blown into. This technological revolution would then usher in an entirely new musical era. It didn't happen. What we got instead was:

- neo-classicism, which (choose one) reinvigorated American Music by emphasizing the timeless verities of The Tradition OR recycled a bunch of old, worn-out ideas; and
- post-modernism, which (choose one) creatively integrated traditional sounds with fresh, new ideas OR was a meaningless mish-mash of clichés and empty avant-garde gestures.

The '90s will see a break from all this backwards-and-forwards floundering. Musical leadership will come from the bottom up, as a new generation of bass players latches onto the possibilities of running everything from their command posts in the lower frequencies. Setting up Macintoshes and MIDI controllers alongside their trusty wooden instruments, the Brave New Bassists will blaze a trail straight into the 21st Century. And the ghosts of Charles Mingus and Jaco Pastorius will smile.

—jim roberts  
Editor, *Bass Player* magazine  
contributor, db 1981-'89

## ROCKIN'

"I like the fact that we got over our 1970s fear of dancing due to disco backlash. The '80s gave us some fine dance music. . . . New Order, Siouxsie & The Banshees, Ministry, and Talking Heads to name a few. My renaissance man of the '80s—David Byrne. Peter Gabriel, Elvis Costello, and Bryan Ferry ended the decade strong and promise to surprise us in the '90s. I bet we'll hear more from Brazil and Africa. And lets officially make New Orleans the music capital of the world with Irma Thomas the Queen of America and The Neville Brothers the Ministers of Music.

—terri hemmert  
morning dj, WXRT [Chicago]

## OH, YEAH

Quincy Jones will produce *Michael Jackson Sings Billie Holiday* with special guest Wynton Marsalis, but not soon. . . . Mick Jagger will still be singing "Satisfaction" when he's 64. . . . you won't be able to turn around at educational jazz gatherings, such as Musicfest U.S.A., PASIC, and the International Assn. of Jazz Educators convention, without bumping into an A&R man, producer, or bandleader. . . . Brazilian music's pervasive influence on popular music will result in Bill Monroe studying Portuguese. . . .

—dave helland  
db associate editor

## YEAH

In the '90s. . . Eddie Murphy will win *Playboy's* Best Male Vocalist award. . . Miles Davis will release an album with Tiffany and Debbie Gibson covers. . . Prince will quit the music business to become an evangelical minister. . . rich American jazz musicians will hire Sting as a backup singer on major world tours and documentary films. . . David Sanborn will get so tired of people copying his sound, he'll take up the cello. . . doctors will conclude that members of The Timeless All-Stars are, amazingly enough, getting younger. . . someone will make a positive and factual movie about a jazz musician. . . Branford Marsalis will release a comedy album.

—robin tolleson  
contributor, db  
and basketball hack

## BITS AND PIECES

Diane Reeves will leave jazz altogether and become a pop star. . . big bands will not come back. . . the last LPs will be produced in 1992. . . bebop will no longer be called "modern jazz" . . . David Sanborn's *Standards* CD will be a best-seller. . . Jacob Armen will turn 19. . . jazz will survive.

—scott yanow  
contributor, db



MITCHELL SEIDEL

## MMA: Master Of Music Administration

The Harvard Business School will offer the following courses:

(I) how to book, utilize, and program live jazz performance in hotels and conference venues.

(II) The jazz leader, artist, and performer as a middle-management communicator.

—leigh kamman  
Minnesota Public Radio

## A MUSE OR TWO

We lost so many of the great players during the '80s it's not possible to list them all. To name just one, I do think of Pepper Adams often, because he embodied the spirit of bebop so thoroughly and because he played with total commitment right up to the very end of his life. But we lost hundreds of warriors from every idiom of jazz during the past decade. We might all use their passing to reflect on the fact that they were like musical redwoods; each was unique and can never be replaced.

That the first- and second-generation players will continue to be underappreciated until they die and then they will be celebrated for a brief moment, their work will be reissued but their estates will generally receive no royalties. Of course great young players will continue to rise up, despite the over-emphasis today on technique and method, because the music remains a terrific way to find your own voice and can be used by any dedicated soul to solve the puzzles of identity. And even though the old world of jazz is swiftly disappearing (who can even afford to hang out at the few jazz clubs that exist?), the music will have no trouble finding its eloquent spokespersons in the coming decade. And clearly, new technologies—i.e., the digital domain and it's samplers, FM synthesizers, sequencers and inexpensive recording devices—will play a greater role in the expression of emerging voices. The '90s, then, will be the best and the worst of times for jazz as we know it.

—ben sidran  
National Public Radio, VII-1



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



## KAZUMI WATANABE

**KILOWATT**—Gramovision R2 79415: 1000 MEGA; CAPRI; NO ONE; JIVE; PYPYRUS; SUNSPIN; PRETTY SOON; BERNARD; DOLPHIN DANCE; GOOD NIGHT MACHINES. (51:54 minutes)

**Personnel:** Watanabe, guitars, synth guitars, keyboards; Bunny Brunel, bass, synth bass, keyboards; John Wackerman, drums, synth drums, Electric Vibe; Wayne Shorter, sax (cuts 2,8); Alex Acuna, percussion (2-5,7,8).

★★★★★

Fusion is lucky to have someone like Kazumi Watanabe holding up the banner. Since his emergence into the West, KW has put together some of the most interesting bands out of North and South America to showcase his vast arsenal of guitar tricks. And it doesn't really matter where you pick up on Kazumi along his musical journey. Jump in anywhere, because the quality never lets up. *Kilowatt* is no exception.

Watanabe waits until the third song ("No One") before busting out of the pack. It's some of the funkier, most inside-out, astral 4/4 I've ever heard. J. Wackerman's drums are absolutely jammin' and free, and Alex's percussion rocks the musical world. Watanabe lets another one rip over the burnin' techno-funk of "Jive," and has fun with the baiting turns and angles of "Papyrus" as it builds into a texture-rich solo vehicle for the guitarist.

Watanabe's flute sounds on "Sunspin" aren't my favorite, and the electronic marimba sound doesn't do it either, but the acoustic guitar work is a saving grace. Bunny Brunel, previously an able foil for Chick Corea, airs it out on the ballad "Pretty Soon." Any notes he hadn't played up until that point get played then, for sure. "Bernard" once again features the terrifically agile rhythm work of Wasserman. Watanabe and Brunel mix up a spicy arena for a Wayne Shorter sax romp. And when they really get to third gear, Watanabe's guitar positively stomps.

Herbie Hancock's "Dolphin Dance" is a friendly and compelling duet for KW and Brunel. The guitarist comps beautifully while Brunel solos, then the bass walks and Kazumi wails. Brunel gives excellent support throughout—he's nimble like Jaco, with ideas flowing all the time. Brunel, like the whole group, sounds relaxed while doing the most demanding playing.

Pick up Kazumi anywhere in his career—at the Jeff Berlin/Bill Bruford period, in the Steve Jordan/Kenny Kirkland/Marcus Miller sessions, or the Sly and Robbie era. Is *Kilowatt* the one that breaks Japan's top guitarist through in the U.S.? Maybe. It screams with his band-

leading, composing, and arranging skills as well as the guitar hot-rodding. It packs the punch. (reviewed on CD) —*robin tolleson*



## WYNTON MARSALIS

**CRESCENT CITY CHRISTMAS CARD**—Columbia 45287: CAROL OF THE BELLS; SILENT NIGHT; HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING; LITTLE DRUMMER BOY; WE THREE KINGS; OH TANNENBAUM; SLEIGH RIDE; LET IT SNOW! LET IT SNOW! LET IT SNOW!; GOD REST YE MERRY GENTLEMEN; WINTER WONDERLAND; JINGLE BELLS; O COME ALL YE FAITHFUL; TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

**Personnel:** Marsalis, trumpet; Wycliffe Gordon, trombone; Alvin Batiste, clarinet; Wes Anderson, alto saxophone; Todd Williams, tenor, soprano saxophone, clarinet; Joe Temperley, baritone saxophone, bass clarinet; Marcus Roberts, piano; Reginald Veal, bass; Herlin Riley (cuts 1-4,8,13), Ben Riley (5,7,10,11), drums; Kathleen Battle (2), Jon Hendricks (7), vocal.

★★★★★

One expects the worst from Christmas albums—another sentimental, commercial package of songs that appear far removed from jazz. But Wynton Marsalis has overcome these cynical expectations through Duke Ellington-like textures, the blues, and modern, altered harmonies. The album shows imagination and an unself-conscious approach—no tepidness, no corn, no holier-than-thou put-ons.

In a textural sense, this album is a continuation of *The Majesty Of The Blues*, the trumpeter's previous record. As in Ellington arrangements, the ensemble lines criss-cross each other and there's the contrast between a dark, rich, Harry Carney-like bottom (thanks to Temperley) and a high, clarinet-laced top in the reeds. Marsalis' plunger-muted trumpet and Gordon's trombone give us the Ducal "jungle brass" connection. Also, the development of Marsalis' arrangements breaks up the familiar head-solos-head structure of jazz with ensemble interludes and individual instrumental voices flitting across the ensemble.

From the perspective of tone color, one problem with religious songs has always been how to apply the blues to them, that is if they are not sanctified, gospel-type of songs. Marsalis solves this problem in "Silent Night" by becoming, as he's quoted in Stanley Crouch's liner notes, the town crier to Miss Battle's angel. In "Hark! The Herald Angels Sing" there's the interplay between cool and bluesy passages and strict European passages. (Again, the liner notes are helpful.) The kings in "We Three

Kings" come across as kings of the Mardi Gras, with a Spanish section thrown in for contrast. One further example is "O Come All Ye Faithful," a piano solo which owes its color to the Monk school of the blues.

Harmonically, Marsalis takes liberties across the board. "God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen" is disguised as a sort of minor blues, with Veal's Blanton-ish bass set off by clarinets and an understated solo by Roberts. "Oh Tannenbaum" is a chorale with modern harmony. Some of the secular, pop-tune pieces suggest the writing of Shorty Rogers and Gil Evans.

This album is the clearest signal yet that Marsalis is exploring the history of jazz through Ellington, Monk, and the New Orleans tradition. His mid-'60s Miles Davis phase seems a suspended enterprise. The music here is charming, even to Marsalis' recitation of "Twas The Night Before Christmas," which can't touch Louis Armstrong's tender, totally disarming version but which does show that Marsalis has a sense of humor. Merry Christmas! Happy New Year! (reviewed on LP) —*owen cordle*



## VARIOUS ARTISTS

**HAPPY ANNIVERSARY, CHARLIE BROWN!**—GRP GRD-9596: LINUS & LUCY; JOE COOL; HISTORY LESSON; THE GREAT PUMPKIN WALTZ; LITTLE BIRDIE; RAIN, RAIN, GO AWAY; BREADLINE BLUES; RED BARON; CHRISTMAS TIME IS HERE; CHARLIE BROWN THEME; BENJAMIN; LINUS & LUCY. (47:58 minutes)

**Personnel:** David Benoit (cuts 1,12), Randy Kerber (1), James Toney (2), Dave Grusin (3), Don Grusin (3,8), Greg Phillinganes (5), Bill Charlap (6), Walter Afanasieff (7), Michael Abene (9,10), Dave Brubeck (11), keyboards; Grant Geissman (1,12), Leon Warren (2), B.B. King (2), Lee Ritenour (8), guitar; Nathan East (1,12), Michael Doster (2), Jimmy Johnson (3), John Patitucci (4), Neil Stubenhaus (5), Dean Johnson (6), Vail Johnson (7), George Mraz (9), Paul West (10), Chris Brubeck (11), bass; John Robinson (1,7,12), Calep Emphrey (2), Harvey Mason (3,5), Tom Brechtlein (4), Richie DeRosa (6), Terry Clarke (9), Charlie Persip (10), Randy Jones (11), drums; Joe Williams (5), Patti Austin (9), vocals; Bobbie Hall, percussion (1,12); James Bolden (2), Al Aarons (5), trumpet; Walter King (2), Edgar Synigal (2), tenor sax; Gerry Mulligan, baritone sax (6); Kenny G, soprano sax (7); Amani A. W.-Murray, alto sax (10); Bob Militello, flute (11).

★★★ 1/2

Good grief! What is GRP up to now? On the



40th anniversary of the Peanuts family (not an especially musical one, Linus notwithstanding), they've put out a commemorative recording, celebrating the great Vince Guaraldi's compositions and featuring Grusin and Brubeck-penned tunes from recent Charlie Brown specials.

David Benoit gives "Linus & Lucy" an extra funky reading, brings it up to date with some hi-tech sounds and a harder-edged beat, but it never loses the charm that Guaraldi first infused it with. On the other hand, Chick's interpretation of "The Great Pumpkin Waltz" is too maudlin. Chick goes introspective on us, refusing to lighten up even during his solo, and the result may be of musical interest, but it's not very Peanuts-ish.

Dave Grusin's "History Lesson" is nice ear candy, another one of those "St. Elsewhere"-sounding pieces. And his "Breadline Blues" gives Kenny G a chance to stretch out on some well-performed sax clichés. G can blow, but has no style of his own. Amani A. W.-Murray shows far more control and is more satisfying on Guaraldi's "Charlie Brown Theme."

Patti Austin puts very little spirit into "Christmas Time," concentrating more on notes than the lyrics, which oftentimes don't fit her tone of voice. B.B. King's "Joe Cool" is a fun poke at the beagle, without being much to listen to from a technical standpoint. Joe Williams builds up to some rich belting on "Little Birdie," tossing a few verbal barbs Charlie Brown's way. Joe scats a great out-vamp as a capper.

There are some magic moments on *Happy Anniversary*. Anyone who believes that "Peanuts" and Vince Guaraldi are national treasures will enjoy this package, and will wish that the great pianist was still with us. (reviewed on CD)  
—robin tolleson



## ALPHA BLONDY AND THE SOLAR SYSTEM

**REVOLUTION**—Shanachie 43062: SWEET FANTA DIALLO; BLESSER; JAH HOUPHOUET NOUS PARLE; ROCK AND ROLL REMEDY; TIME; ELECTION KOUTCHA; MIRI.

**Personnel:** Kone Seydou aka Alpha Blondy, vocals; various personnel.

★ ★ ★ ★

**THE PROPHETS**—Capitol 91793: FACE TO FACE; BLACK MEN TEARS; CORINTHIANS; JAH MUSIC; THE PROPHET; BANANA; COUP D'ETAT; KOLOMBARIA.

**Personnel:** Kone Seydou aka Alpha Blondy, vocals; various personnel.

★ ★ ★

Notice to anybody who's been doing a Rip Van

Winkle: over the last 20 years, reggae has ridden the coattails of powerhouses like Bob Marley, Peter Tosh, Bunny Wailer, Jimmy Cliff, Toots Hibbert, Burning Spear—you get the idea—to become a kind of worldwide musical lingua franca. In Japan and Oceania, bands like Mute Beat pump it out; in Brazil, superstars like Gilberto Gil play and adapt it; in Africa, Marley devotees like Alpha Blondy have picked up the torch.

In Blondy's case, as in Gil's, that torch burns bright with socio-political statements, views, ideas, as even a glance at the song titles above should indicate. Like his idol Marley, Blondy goes so far as to put a speech by an African leader to music: where Marley chanted Haile Selassie's speech against racism and oppression of black Africa, Blondy simply runs, over a reggae backing, Ivory Coast president Houphouët Boigny's oration on the 40th anniversary of the African Democratic Congress.

Blondy's political commitment is not quite matched by musical intensity. He certainly sings with a husky passion and angular phrasing vaguely reminiscent of Marley's, say, and his band can clearly cut some wicked dance-floor rhythms. But compared to the deft musical touches that Marley heirs as different as son Ziggy and the Brazilian Gil have brought to their extensions of that period's reggae, Blondy can be a sonic conservative who sticks closer to the charted paths. His band's grooves are solid, can undulate and sway with African inflections, but don't necessarily open up too far. Where side two of *Revolution* rocks more adventurous and serrated beats, plays with textures and sounds, for instance, side one more closely follows the book.

Still, Blondy can be an effective performer, so he's earned a fairly high buzz level—which is one reason the second album you see above was picked up by Capitol from their French EMI cousins. The other is that major labels are increasingly realizing that their mass mainstream audiences are basically fracturing out from underneath them; hence the turn to releasing all kinds of Third World pop—which was previously scorned as marginalia at best—as the best method of holding onto a significant and growing demographic, as the marketing folks say. So they get the bucks, and we get the music—which, for now at least, is a fair enough deal. (reviewed on LP)

—gene santoro



## ANDRE PREVIN

**AFTER HOURS**—Telarc 83302: THERE'LL NEVER BE ANOTHER YOU; I ONLY HAVE EYES FOR YOU; WHAT AM I HERE FOR; LIMEHOUSE BLUES; ALL THE

THINGS YOU ARE; HONEYSUCKLE ROSE; I GOT IT BAD AND THAT AIN'T GOOD; SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES; COTTON TAIL; LAURA; ONE FOR BUNZ. (64:04 MINUTES)

**Personnel:** Previn, piano; Joe Pass, electric guitar; Ray Brown, bass.

★ ★ ★

## MICHEL LEGRAND

**AT SHELLY'S MANNE-HOLE**—Verve 834 827-2: THE GRAND BROWN MAN; A TIME FOR LOVE; RAY'S RIFF; WATCH WHAT HAPPENS; MY FUNNY VALENTINE; ANOTHER BLUES; WILLOW WEEP FOR ME; LOS GATOS. (54:36)

**Personnel:** Legrand, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Shelly Manne, drums.

★ ★ ★

The leaders have led parallel careers: both are European-born (Legrand in Paris, Previn in Berlin); both are pianists, conductors, and composers who've worked in movie studios. Neither is known as a jazzman nowadays, but these albums—one new, one reissued—remind us that each was active in jazz for a time. And not bad at it either.

Maestro Previn's outing is his first straight-jazz set in almost three decades. By his own admission, he couldn't get in too much trouble with Brown and Pass for backup. Their presence suggests an Oscar Peterson connection; Previn doesn't have a 10th of Peterson's flash. Like Oscar, he's a Tatum-inspired melodic embellisher, but the unit's sound and format owe more to Tatum-admirer Nat Cole's classic early '40s trio—the triple-unison intro and outro to "What Am I Here For" make the link explicit.

Previn's no bopper—his coy improvisation on "Never Be" hinges on filigree and melodic displacement. On his "Cotton Tail" solo, Andre's clanging bass notes improbably mix Tristan and Hines, yet on the head, the concluding triplets are unaccountably stiff. There are times when the music lounges toward a cocktail act (an impression reinforced by the chestnut-stuffed program). But that's where the Pass-Brown insurance pays off. The guitarist in particular saves the day. His "Honeysuckle" solo is so wingy and inventive you barely notice Previn's monotonously stolid comping. Joe's dusky fills raise "Smoke" above the level of background music; his riffing and Freddie Green strums coax the pianist into his hardest swing of the date, on "Blues."

Legrand's circa-'68 trio feels more like an integrated trio than like a pianist riding a crest of rhythm—though Shelly Manne gives him an insistent, pervasive lift. (The uptempo "Blues" is the conspicuous example.) Legrand was a more driving and less tentative two-handed pianist than Previn is now. Michel speeds up the already brisk tempo late in that blues. If Ray Brown let Pass draw the spotlight on Previn's date, his mastery of rhythm and riff is more obvious (if no more real) here—sliding up to his chords on "Willow," Ray glides the pianist around the floor. On "Los Gatos"—a modal/flamenco wobble up and down a half-step—Brown sounds oddly like Charlie Haden. The only misstep is "Valentine," where Legrand scats like Chet Baker sitting on a pincushion. But all in all, this is a sturdy set—you'd never associate it with the theme from *Summer Of '42*. (reviewed on CD)  
—kevin whitehead





## JOHN SCOFIELD

**FLAT OUT**—Gramavision R2 79400: *Cissy Strut*; *Secret Love*; *All The Things You Are*; *In The Cracks*; *Softy*; *Science And Religion*; *The Boss's Car*; *Evansville*; *Flat Out*; *Rockin' Pneumonia*. (51:30 minutes)

**Personnel:** Scofield, electric guitar; Anthony Cox, acoustic bass; Johnny Vidacovich, Terri Lyne Carrington (cuts 3,7,8), drums; Don Grolnick, organ (1,4,6,10).

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

## MIKE STERN

**JIGSAW**—Atlantic Jazz 7 82027-2: *Another Way Around*; *Loose Ends*; *To Let You Know*; *Jigsaw*; *Chief*; *Rhyme Or Reason*; *Kwirk*. (46:44 minutes)

**Personnel:** Stern, electric guitar; Bob Berg, tenor saxophone; Michael Brecker, Akai EWI (5); Jim Beard, keyboards; Jeff Andrews, electric and fretless basses; Peter Erskine, Dennis Chambers (2,4,5), drums; Manolo Badrena, shekere (1), bongos (5).

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

## LENI STERN

**SECRETS**—Enja R2 79602: *Groundhog*; *Maybe*; *Easy Now*; *Secrets*; *Who Loves You*; *Amethyst*; *Point Falling*; *Silver Fox*. (48:28 minutes)

**Personnel:** Stern, electric guitar; Wayne Krantz, electric guitar; Bob Berg, tenor saxophone; Lincoln Goines, electric bass; Harvie Swartz, acoustic bass (3,7); Dennis Chambers, drums; Don Alias, percussion; Dave Tronzo, slide guitar (1).

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Judging from their new releases, three electric guitarists are primed to further develop the stylistic and technological possibilities of their axes in the '90s. There's the accomplished and acclaimed John Scofield, who outflanked an army of aspirers to rule as the premier young plectrist of the just-ended decade, and also there are Mike Stern—a talented contemporary of Scofield's heard recently with the Mike Brecker band, now concentrating on a solo career—and his spouse, Leni, promising in her own right.

Over the years, including stints with the *loud* jazz Miles Davis, Scofield's traveled a funky jazz-cum-heavy-metal route, steadfastly maintaining his integrity while avoiding the trap of narcissistic posturing. (He weathered his days of debacle 15 years back, alongside Billy Cobham.) Now, with *Flat Out*, he sets aside the peppery, thick-textured funk stew we'd come to expect from him and seeks out the joys of

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Scofield seems to cherish the melodies and harmonies of the classics "Secret Love" and "All The Things You Are," examining the main themes feelingly, although with a wry, edgy approach in the latter song, before playing ingenious lines through the changes; he evidences, here and most everywhere else on the set, a remarkable harmonic boldness. Scofield, too, engages in rewarding interplay with his adjutants and often displays his penchant for the blues, an entirely convincing fondness (e.g., "Evansville"). Aside from the title number, which contains stony-hearted guitar curlicues, *Flat Out* reinforces our knowledge that he knows how to use his prodigious technical gifts, whatever the setting.

Scofield's compatriot Mike Stern—like Sco a student at Berklee in the early '70s, a Miles sideman last decade, an admirer of Jim Hall,

a dynamo harboring bop and rock impulses—leads several contempo-jazz friends in top-flight rave-ups and medium-boil excursions on *Jigsaw's* seven originals, a sturdier bunch than what made up his two earlier solo outings. Stern's linear phraseology effectively intones the themes and his kindred solos develop with continuity. When some of his syntax appears overwrought or clichéd, hollowly expressive, the solid tenor saxophone of Bob Berg is usually there to set things right. Drummers Peter Erskine and Dennis Chambers (a member of both Scofield's and Stern's bands—has been, anyway) and bassist Jeff Andrews are on top of their game; on the other hand, Jim Beard's synthesizers and Mike Brecker's Electronic Wind Instrument, found only on the Miles tribute, "Chief," sound frosty. All told, better-than-good electric jazz—probing, full of intelligence and conviction.

Over on the distaff side of the guitar family, Leni Stern, the successful German actress turned fledgling American musician, is gradually becoming a technically and emotionally assured player, with musical motives aligned with jazz more than rock. She favors writing songs that have a reflective mood and a slow gait, and the bulk of her third album *Secrets's* program—all Stern tunes save the sprightly fusionoid title track from second guitarist Wayne Krantz—conforms to such a preference. While not an especially distinctive melodist, Stern does quite well combining written and improvised materials into coherent, appealing

song wholes. Yet she willfully fashions atmospheric solos for herself that hold back more than they reveal, and she economizes on swinging spontaneity. Guest saxman Bob Berg, ever dependable, manifests his heart and soul, even if Stern doesn't, in "Maybe"; ditto for acoustic bassist Harvie Swartz with "Easy Now." In sum, *Secrets* is a moderately pleasing affair, but let's look forward to the time when she's gained full confidence and truly expresses herself. (reviewed on CD)

—frank-john hadley



## RALPH MOORE

**IMAGES**—Landmark 1520: *FREEWAY; ENIGMA; EPISODE FROM A VILLAGE DANCE; THIS I DIG OF YOU; BLUES FOR JOHN; PUNJAB; ONE SECOND, PLEASE.*

**Personnel:** Moore, tenor saxophone; Terence Blanchard, trumpet (cuts 1, 3, 4, 6); Benny Green, piano; Peter Washington, bass; Kenny Washington, drums; Victor See-Yuen, percussion (3).

★ ★ ★ ★

**REJUVENATE!**—Criss Cross Jazz 1035: *REJUVENATE!; JOSEPHINE; C.R.M.; EXACT CHANGE; IT MIGHT AS WELL BE SPRING; SONG FOR SOWETO; MELODY FOR MR. C. (60:31 MINUTES)*

**Personnel:** Moore, tenor saxophone; Steve Turre, trombone, conch shells; Mulgrew Miller, piano; Peter Washington, bass; Marvin "Smitty" Smith, drums.

★ ★ ★ ½

Introductions may be in order to start. Ralph Moore is of the under-35 crowd now spawning in the jazz sea (mainstream branch). His sturdy tenor sax served its initial apprenticeship in bands led by no less than Horace Silver, Roy Haynes, J.J. Johnson, and Freddie Hubbard; he's also gigged and waxed widely of late with his generational peers and has a fistful of discs under his own leadership. His strengths include a big, meaty tone, a sense of authority on uptempo cookers, and an unflappable sense of control—nothing seems to upset his equilibrium. Weaknesses? A slight blandness on ballads, perhaps (the bane of younger players universally), and a general reticence to take risks—nothing seems to upset his equilibrium.

It's hard to choose between his two most recent releases. *Rejuvenate!* has plenty of pluses on its side—Smitty Smith's infectious drumming (he's the one who puts the exclamation point in the title, though he's maybe a tad too forward in the mix (a common, fashionable problem in recording today) of the other-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34

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## WHERE'S THE (WORLD) BEAT?

by Art Lange

It may have been 20 years ago today that Sgt. Pepper taught the band to play, but it was 25 years ago—even before George Harrison discovered the sitar and introduced it to Western ears on "Norwegian Wood" (1965)—that peripatetic jazz clarinetist Tony Scott released his pathbreaking *Music For Zen Meditation* (beautifully CDized on Verve 817 209-2) and opened up a world full of musical options. Combining attitudes of jazz improvisation (as distinct to various ethnic procedures) with oriental scales, rhythms, and instruments, Scott (in collaboration with shakuhachi master Hozan Yamamoto and kotoist Shinichi Yuize) created a hybrid of styles that would prove to be amazingly fruitful. (For a particularly outrageous late-'80s downtown NYC take on Scott's conception, hear the John Zorn-produced CD by Japanese shamisen-plucker Michihiri Sato and Losaida legends, *Rodan*, hat ART CD 6015).

Around this same time, the first of Paul Winter's copious Consorts began exploring a wider variety of ethnic sounds, from the Orient, India, South America, and beyond. And Winter's Consort begat Oregon, and Oregon begat various splinter combos and recordings—and quite possibly planted the seeds for the whole bloody (or should I say bloodless?) New Age movement. And then there was Shakti (with John McLaughlin and L. Shankar) and Codona (with Don Cherry) and Jan Garbarek (who recorded with Zakir Hussain and Egberto Gismonti) and other ECM prefab confabs (many of them quite good) and on and on. (Those looking for a more thorough intro to the phenomenon should check out John Schaefer's helpful, if occasionally over-enthusiastic *New Sounds: A Listener's Guide To New Music*, Harper & Row.)

Which, roundaboutly, brings us to a few new specimens of the genre. The first can be dismissed rather quickly. On *The Fire & The Moon* (White Mountain CD 101-2, 47:02 minutes), flutist **Nick Rowe** floats beyond the new age boundary, confusing ambiance for substance. Generic titles like "Spiral Dance" and "Celtic Raga" are indicative of the formula: lots of "pretty" rhapsodic flute meanderings, a few synth washes, a touch of tabla, acoustic guitars for spice. But there's no dramatic contrast, little momentum or rhythmic movement to the music. You might like this if watching clouds pass by excites you.

*Worlds Beyond Words* (Flying Note CD 9001, 71:58) shares Rowe's (and most of the New Age's) penchant for glib "spiritual/nature" titles, but there's much more textural and colorful variety to be found, and some of the music at least exhibits a spine. During her "13-year world odyssey," **Zusaan Kall Fasteau** picked up a proficiency on Egyptian (ney) flute, African (thumb piano) sanza, soprano sax (if unwisely mimicking Coltrane), and piano

(ditto, McCoy). Fasteau's best on shakuhachi and other flutes, revealing an expansive sense of melody—indefinitely more mature than her work on the very rare '74 ESP LP by The Sea Ensemble (her and then-husband Donald Rafael Garrett), *We Move Together*. But despite the initially pleasing cornucopia of instrumental colors, what's lacking is an inherent compositional sensibility. Fasteau, like too many others in this field, relies too heavily on sheer atmosphere, exotic tones, drones, vamps, and ostinatos. Most music of this ilk is on an endless treadmill. I like my music to go, somewhere.

I suppose proponents of "meditative" and new age musics would spout in their defense John Cage's maxim copped from Indian and Elizabethan times: "Music that is intended to calm the mind and render it susceptible to Divine influence." Well, if I must, I'll admit a preference for **Stephan Micus**. Another well-studied ethnic voyager, heard on a harvest of ECM discs, his flute work (on shakuhachi, ney, penny whistle, sho, et al.) is the richest in terms of involved lyricism, timbral and textural variety. True, I'm partial to his older work, where he was wont to drop in the unexpected rebab or zither track, but his newest, *The Music Of Stones* (ECM CD 837 750-2, 51:08), is remarkable. The real stars are the stones themselves—large cut and carved cubes of black granite and green serpentine by sculptor Elmar Daucher. Striking and stroking these acoustic marvels, Micus and cohorts coax alternately wooden and metallic timbres from the stones, at times reminiscent of Javanese or Indonesian gongs and metallophones, or, ironically, indeterminately pitched synthesizer oscillations. Haunting, and truly timeless.

In dramatic contrast to Micus' music—introspective even at its most energetic—stands *Assyrian Rose* (CMP CD 42, 46:26), the third outing led by hand-drum virtuoso **Glen Velez**. Here, fireworks are the order of the day—primarily rhythmic. Velez and partner Layne Redmond have studied Arabic, Indian, African, and other complex musical systems; Steve Gorn has done likewise with Indian and Asian flutes, and pianist/harmonicist Howard Levy is a veteran of The Balkan Rhythm Band, Chevere (a Chicago salsa ensemble), and most recently, various Paquito D'Rivera groups. French hornist John Clark adds the jazz. But despite this wealth of hands-on (sorry) experience, their music is not ethnomusicological mimicry; it's more a blending of elements suggesting the similarities of various cultures while creating a reasonably distinctive synthesis. "Offering To Anubis," for example, could instigate images of a voyage either up the Amazon or down the Nile. And how can you categorize a piece like "Assyrian Rose," where the harmonica grafts a bluesy tinge to the combination of plaintive bamboo flute, steel drum, frame drum, and trench horn? Most amazing are the solo tracks, though, where Velez can unleash dazzling elaborations and embellishments of basic rhythmic patterns—and keep them musical. **db**

## HAT HUT RECORDS PRESENTS



ANTHONY BRAXTON hat ART CD 6025  
SEVEN COMPOSITIONS (TRIO) 1989  
with Adelhard Roidinger and Tony Oxley  
Recorded March 21, 1989 in Amiens/France

Roidinger's adroit fingering and lovely resonant tone are certainly among the foremost delights on this CD; likewise, Tony Oxley's pattering rainfall of percussion, at times amazingly deft and delicate from a player renowned for the exuberant clangour he can conjure from a drumkit. As for Braxton—running the gamut of clarinet, flute, C-melody, soprano, sopranino and newly-purchased alto sax (his old one was stolen just before the tour)—the grace and rapt intensity of his playing are what we have come to expect from such a master improviser. His lines are like trails of brilliant light that dart and feint in a felicitous 3-D dance through the ever-changing contours of the sonic architecture.

The resulting music—a step back from Braxton's current multiple-logic projects, a step into virtuoso improv within "vibrational space"—sings with a relaxed exhilaration that will make it a certain pleasure for all who listen. Here, I guess (to steal an image from William Blake), is the sound of "Joy as it flies".

GRAHAM LOCK, April 1989

Also available:



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

wise immaculate-sounding CD); Mulgrew Miller's mature, reliable piano; Steve Turre's burry 'bone. Moore is consistency personified, only wavering on "It Might As Well Be Spring," where he aims for nobility but seem slightly uncomfortable at the extremes of the melody. Meanwhile, his "Song For Soweto" is an attractive vamp, where Turre adds a touch of exotica on conch shells. Turre too takes writing honors with his "Melody For Mr. C."—there's a nicely contrasting bridge, and Smitty switches blithely between backbeat and shuffle. All told, a substantial date with few surprises.

I give *Images*, recorded 10 months later in the same (Rudy Van Gelder's) studio, extra points primarily because of the material—it's always fun to hear new slants on neglected tunes by quality composers like Mobley, Hope, and Henderson. This front line is a little looser; Blanchard slices through like a laser. Hear how, on the opening "Freeway," he stretches his lines for that little extra, and his playing on "This I Dig Of You" oozes optimism. Kenny Washington provides a whole different style of percussive punch to the band than Smitty Smith, but there's never a rhythmic letdown (Peter Washington's the solid bassist on both dates). Pianist Benny Green is quick on the uptake and retort. Moore enlivens "Freeway" with chromatic curlicues, he's at ease on the romp through "One Second, Please," and turns in his most dramatic, forceful playing on "Blues For John" (he's admitted early-to-mid Coltrane to be a

heavy influence, and it shows).

Moore's at an enviable stage—he's a sure-footed soloist now, with the potential to be even better. (reviewed on LP and CD) —*art lange*



## GANELIN TRIO

**JERUSALEM FEBRUARY CANTIBLE**—Leo LR 168: A. CANTIBLE; B. CANTIBLE (CONT.); CANTIBLE/ENCORE.

**Personnel:** Slava Ganelin, piano, Roland JX-3P, Casio MT65, percussion, flute; Victor Fonarev, bass, percussion; Mika Markovich, drums, percussion.

★ ★ ★ ★

There's more than just music here. I won't pretend to understand the "Russianness" of it all, having only recently been exposed to such

important performers as Vladimir Chekasin, Vladimir Tarasov, and, of course, Slava Ganelin (all previously the former Ganelin Trio). Initially, elements of 1960's and '70s experimental space-rock music came to mind (Soft Machine, live music of The Grateful Dead, Quicksilver, and Pink Floyd, even some Mothers with Don Preston), thanks largely to Ganelin's electronics. But the distinctly jazzier stuff, that Russianness, and Cecil Taylor... these are the more predominant elements here.

Ganelin having emigrated to Israel in '87, one can only wonder what this music from Jerusalem is all about. Things begin with a spacious, uneven, dark Debussian intro with some form of distant thunder—is it the sound of percussion, or bombs?—pattering behind, building in intensity only to stop with occasional bursts and percussive splats. At times, there's an image of a mansion, with candlelight and Dracula in the shadows. The fullness of the piano is almost symphonic when, again, it stops abruptly as Fonarev's bass and Markovich's percussion enter with taut pizzicato and rattle opposite quick, chordal jabs. Enter the synthesizer, with its lines invoking images of air-raid sirens, weaving their various ways through spaces left by bass and percussive bells, and more rattles. The weight of Ganelin's sometimes roomy, sometimes murky piano is undercut by his sometimes solo, sometimes alternating synth lines.

What is lurking in the shadows? Seen as a whole, "Cantible" goes through periods of drift vacillating with intensity, motivic developments coming and going like sunshine on a partly cloudy day. There is a patient pushing to this performance. For example, a vague, occasional bass ostinato provides the only point of systematic departure midway into side one. Otherwise, the playing seems to feed on its own interactive energy as bass, drums, and keyboards punctuate and offer sonic contrasts leading to a dizzying array of sounds held together by—of all things—Markovich's snare and Fonarev's single notes (after all, what's a rhythm section for?).

Lacking an apparent cohesive center, this music rises and falls as it creates temporary centers where the mood is shared in instrumental conversation before moving on. Occasionally, there is a song/folk-like quality with dramatic passages alternating with rampant, indistinct, and random meanderings of various intensities and textures. This is music that relies most heavily on sonic explorations over against melodic and harmonic cohesiveness (similar, in some ways, to some forms of space music). That is, of course, until we hear the last "tune." "Encore" might very well pass as a children's melody save for the occasional atonal outbursts. (Come to think of it, this may be the most childlike aspect to the piece.)

The Ganelin Trio's music has recorded borders, but leaves the imagination in a state of flux or suspension—there is a sense in which this music has no beginning, middle, or end. Rather, despite compositional intentions, there is the sense of a visitation: temporary incarnations of sound, of a stream of audibles both coherent and incoherent; sounds that invite, cajole, and reorient the listener's perceptions of what is possible with improvised music.

Not bad for a day's work. (reviewed on LP)

—*john ephland*



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## DEALING IN DEUCES

by John McDonough

A duo, like an interval, is in-between. More than a solo, less than an ensemble, its scale is small and draws the listener up close. Intimacy sweeps away all camouflage. A duo gives itself no place to hide—no decoys or covers to conceal weak material or musicianship. It's a demanding format. And these three duos are well up to the demands musically. This is cabaret music as it might sound today if there were still cabarets. And in cabaret music, the play as much as the performance is the thing. Probably more.

It seems almost redundant to review these two **Tuck & Patti** CD's. The particular marketplace to which they've been targeted has already made its judgment. *Tears Of Joy* (Windham Hill Jazz 0111, 41:54 minutes) and *Love Warriors* (Windham Hill Jazz 0116, 46:41) both have



Tuck & Patti

MICHELE CLEMENT

broken 10 on *Billboard's* Contemporary Jazz chart. Moreover, on their first album, their version of "Time After Time" (the Cyndi Lauper tune, not the vastly superior Jule Styne song of the same name) has received the ultimate accolade of commercial promise—a video.

Nevertheless, these two superb musicians come off better as performers—she with her low, foggy voice and new-age funk phrasing, and he with his clean Wes Montgomery-influenced guitar—than as writers. Notwithstanding the melodic richness of "Take My Breath Away," when they write about love, they bog down in phony metaphysics. Such hippie-speak on the album jacket as: "Everyone we've ever loved or been loved by, passed through us . . . during [this] recording" is fair warning. Their lyrics on "Love Is The Key" try too hard, take it all too seriously, and end up losing it. This is only emphasized alongside

Larry Hart's lyric for "My Romance," which debunks the clichés of love with an urbane insouciance and gets to the real heart of the matter without becoming so damn transcendent about it.

The repertoire on *Love Warriors* is as wide-ranging as a Kronos Quartet concert, moving from the rambling incoherence of Patti Cathcart's title tune to the tongue-in-cheek Tin Pan Alley charm of Lennon/McCartney's "Honey Pie"; from George Gershwin (whose "They Can't Take That Away From Me" is mistakenly credited to other composers) to Jimi Hendrix. Tuck & Patti are obviously seeking to showcase their considerable skills in unexpected material. Fine. And it comes off well enough when the songs convey a strong idea. It's their own songs that tend to produce the ringers. They might look into the work of Janis Ian or the curiously neglected Dory Previn.

*Silent Stories* (Atlantic 7-81989-2, 43:04), by **Janis Siegel and Fred Hersch**, is not really a duo. But the bass and cello keep such a low profile, it feels like one. Siegel serves the songs straight-up with immaculate annunciation and uncanny nuances of intonation woven discretely about. The album title invites us to a program of stories, yet delivers only sporadically. "Pretending To Care" has everything a good cabaret song should have—conflict, emotion, a sense of people, an idea. And Dave Frishberg's "Zanzibar" has smartness and attitude. A good lyric, which should always be the singer's first priority, has every right to aspire to literature. But some of the ones here either confuse literature with complexity—it's actually just the opposite—or simply regard words as dressing to a few bars of music. "Love Tastes Like Strawberries" is an intriguing idea, for example. So tell me more. But it really doesn't. It's just a so-so tune.

**Nancy Marano**, like Ms. Siegel, is a virtuoso vocalist, comfortable in all kinds of different styles. Such singers are not easily pegged, and sometimes we who listen to records with an intent to scribble reviews are inclined to see versatility as an affront to artistry. But well-crafted songs usually do well in the hands of well-crafted singers. There are a few good ones here on *The Real Thing* (Perfect Sound PSCD-1205, 45:50)—mature songs full of doubt, ennui, and even bitterness. Cy Coleman's "Would You Believe" combines the emotional trauma of "I Get Along Without You" with the surprise ending device of "Guess Who I Saw Today," though not as startlingly. And "The Real Thing" is Gerry Mulligan and Mel Torme at their best as composers.

What intrudes here throughout, though, is an effort to make more of this than there really is. The singer and her material are forever getting entangled in overly fancy, contrived arrangements. **Eddie Monteiro's** accordion, organ, and voice accompaniments overlay a potentially attractive songbook with the textures of a lounge performance. db

## HAT HUT RECORDS PRESENTS



To put *It Is In The Brewing Luminous* into perspective circa 1989, we must make use of history and hindsight. This particular sextet proved to be a fortuitous albeit momentary combination of familiarity and fluxessential elements to be balanced within Taylor's ensemble equation. As his group interaction demands intuition and interdependence, individuality and collaborative trust ("...a test of their singularity, unity, and sanity" as Cecil once characterized it), the music's identity changes according to the nature of its participants.

The core of the Unit, Jimmy Lyons and Sunny Murray, joined Taylor in 1961, at the time of *Into The Hat* (Impulse); the saxophonist to remain at Cecil's side for over two decades, the drummer here reunited with Taylor after an 18 year (recorded) absence. Bassist Alan Silva has been a frequent participant over the years (recording with Cecil as early as 1966) on a sporadic basis. And Ramsey Ameen had at this point (1980) been with Taylor for nearly three years.

Only Jerome Cooper is a newcomer, and his inclusion provides an additional impetus to the rhythm section, contrasting succinctly with the propulsive Murray. As you can hear, the latter is a more fluid, cohesive presence; Cooper's role is pattern-oriented and punctuational. Together, they fairly crackle. By alternating textures and dynamics, they create haloes of soft cymbals or earthy rhythmic stability—quite different from Ronald Shannon Jackson's rollicking clobber in the preceding Unit.

Perhaps in response to the rhythm section's solidity of purpose—Silva's bowed drone, too, though ripe in expressive details, is more foundational than narrative—the "front line's" thematic investigations seem especially focused and concise, though not cautious. Ameen's spidery peregrinations provide textural counterpoint when not spraying curt, elliptical variations. Lyons' lyricism—literally, his ability to discover emotionally-charged new melodies within the craggy intervals Cecil suggests—is illuminating. His also is the lightning to Taylor's pianistic thunder. Cecil, meanwhile, is in remarkable form here, even by his own incomparable standards, as he essays tightly argued developmental episodes ranging from lush rhapsodies to brisk atonal romps.

Solo statements are beside the point, however; the music's true meaning is most evident in the rhythmic layers and dovetailed phrasing, the thematic and dramatic continuity, the rich sense of ensemble which Taylor's unique organizational principles, and the talents of his cohorts, make explicit. Though this sextet's methods and instrumentation anticipate Cecil's working band of '87-'88 (with only one drummer, however), each group's separate personnel allows for its distinctiveness. *It Is In The Brewing Luminous* is an experience which can never be duplicated. - Art Lange, March 1989

IT IS IN THE BREWING LUMINOUS  
CECIL TAYLOR hat ART CD 6012

This recording has been made possible by a generous financial assistance of Swiss Bank Corporation. Hat Hut Records LTD, 4106 Therwil/Switzerland







## SAL SALVADOR

**SAL SALVADOR & CRYSTAL IMAGE**—Stash ST-CD-17: *CRYSTAL IMAGE; GOT A MATCH; THE MORE I SEE YOU; DORINDA; DANCING IN THE DARK; PARALLELOGRAM; SATIN SLIPPERS; SUSTENANCE; JUST FRIENDS; COMIN' ON STRONG; #1 JUMP STREET.* (51:54 minutes)

**Personnel:** Salvador, guitars; Mike Giordano, guitars; Phil Bowler, bass; Greg Burrows, drums, synthesizers (cut 1); Barbara Oakes, vocals; Carlos Carion, Andrea Weiser, percussion (2-4,7); Teo Macero, synthesizers (1).

★ ★ ★ ½

One problem with many bands that try to cover miles of styles, switching glibly from Latin to swing and bop, samba and scat to ballads and blues, is that they sound textbook, like your local high school lab band. But where Sal Salvador's group succeeds is in sounding sincere and accomplished over all the aere-

age. Salvador is a poignant and interesting lead voice on guitar, tasteful and provocative in the same phrase. He takes his sweet time on "The More I See You," revving the action up slow but sure, dragging slightly behind the beat, focusing attention on every note. He burns on "Sustenance," a fast bopper. At 64, the guitarist is nimble and quick-thinking—still riffing up a storm.

The rhythm section does yeoman's duty, playing "in the style" at all times, really. Even when they throw a reggae break into "Dancing In The Dark," you don't mind it too much. "Dorinda" is a pleasant ECM-airy track that features the two guitarists and percussionists. Percussion is again very crisp on "Satin Slippers," although it cannot save the tune from

the vocal offerings of Barbara Oakes, which wear quite thin on this particular cut. Oakes seems more at home on "Parallelogram," where her pep, intonation, and attack bring to mind some of Ursula Dudziak's better efforts of the '70s.

This ensemble is something of a throwback to the two-guitar, bass, and drums groups of Mundell Lowe of the early 1950s (with which Salvador had the chance to play). However, the leader updates things considerably, in terms of sound (done under the watchful eye of Teo Macero), the boundary-crossing ability of his sidemen, and the forward-looking compositions. "Comin' On Strong" is a tidy and catchy swing piece, and "#1 Jump Street" is an adventurous romp through the Latin fusion jungle. (reviewed on CD) —*robin tolleson*

## A CENTURY WITH COUNT BASIE

by John McDonough

**T**he basic unit of jazz with a Kansas City passport was the riff, and Count Basie was never very far away from it by the evidence of these four LPs, which sweep from the beginning of his career to the end of it with the kind of enormous lurch possible only in a century that has preserved its wonders like no other.

*Basie Beginnings* (RCA Bluebird 9768-1-RB) means the Bennie Moten Band. Basie was just the piano player in this popular, but not especially remarkable territory outfit that recorded consistently and prolifically from 1923 to 1932. The earliest Basie sides from October 1929 (a week before the stock market crash) have the bumpy, om-pah rhythm section and staccato phrasing typical of '20s dance bands. Basie's piano is dense, full of Hines and Waller signposts, and the main reason these sides are remembered at all today. There are ghosts of both the past and the future in these early cuts. In the last chorus of "Eddie," you can hear the seed of "Moten Swing." The roots of Jimmy Rushing's "Good Morning Blues" and "Sent For You Yesterday" are in "That Too, Do," which also borrows a trick from Ellington's "Black And Tan Fantasy" at the end. And it seems clear that tenorist Woodie Walder had caught some Coleman Hawkins licks from his 1929 tour de force "Hello Lola" (reissued on RCA Bluebird *Three Great Swing Saxophones*, 9683-1-RB) before recording "The Count."

If the 1929-'30 sides have that for-historians-only quality, the 1932 Moten date (its last) still stands as one of the dozen or so most thrilling single sessions in this history of jazz. Here is the epitome of the Kansas City big band sound before it became absorbed into the swing movement. A modern 4/4 rhythm section invites a leaping, glancing attack from the horns. The brass shout. The reeds sing. "Moten Swing" builds through a half-dozen riffs and sequences with growing power



GIUSEPPE G. FINO

before it approaches what the world knows now by that title. The tempos are generally fast. "Prince Of Wales" is a stupendous vehicle for Basie. But for the supremely cathartic experience of them all, listen to "Blue Room," which progressively strips away Richard Rodgers' melodic encumbrances until nothing is left at the end but a rhythmic core running wild. Every college band should play this piece, just to stay in shape. But don't think it's easy. Even the Loren Schoenberg band's record of this chart for Musicmasters last year sounds sluggish by comparison with this amazing masterpiece. Regretfully, "Milenberg Joys" is not included, though a ninth track could have been squeezed in.

(We all make mistakes, and I don't think a reviewer should be a proofreader/listener. But there are some misleading errors for those who speak the strange language of discographia. The version of "Jones-Law Blues" here is actually the original issue, take 2, not take 3 as listed. And "That Too, Do" is take 1, not take 2, which was the original issue and the version used on the old RCA Vintage LP. Also its master number is 912, not 812. And "Somebody Stole My Gal" is 62927, not 62027.)

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photo by Lisa Bogdan



Next stop, 1972, but it's a look back to Kansas City Days. Occasionally, I'm amazed at the sessions that Norman Granz didn't consider worth issuing in the heyday of his Pablo label. *Flip, Flop And Fly: Joe Turner With Count Basie And His Orchestra* (Pablo 2310-937) is a case in point—a certified five-star album that never was, until now. Here we have probably the finest Turner since the 1967 *Spirituals To Swing* album from CBS. He roars and bellows. He swallows a whole stanza full of lyrics in one rolling, impulsive gulp:

"I cried last night and I cried the night before." Better still (almost) is the Basie band itself. For the first time in God-knows-when, it seems to be running on the kind of youthful instinct that propelled it out of Kansas City in 1936. There appear to be few formal charts. It's like a big band jam session, with the musicians falling in behind Turner's lead with the kind of simple riffs that give a beat body and substance. Sonny Payne turns in some of the best drumming of his Basie years; and Basie himself, without surprising anyone, is flawless, especially in his striding trots through "Shake Rattle and Roll."

*Count Basie Jam: Montreux '77* (Pablo OJC-329) is like a kind of single-volume twilight of the swing era gods. Though Benny Carter is still delighting us, Basie, Vic Dickenson, Roy Eldridge, and Zoot Sims are all gone now. This is a spirited snapshot of an off-the-cuff, string-of-solos jam session originally issued as part of a 14-LP compilation Granz recorded at the Montreux Festival in 1977. (Not to be confused with an earlier and smaller Montreux set Granz did in 1975.) Fantasy has now put the entire series back into circulation via its "Original Jazz Classics" series with attractive new album covers. Ray Brown and Jimmie Smith provide a fast, firm track on "Bookie Blues" (not a blues, by the way), and Dickenson sounds a bit stranded at times, although his work might have sounded stronger if he were better mic'ed. Carter and Sims dominate the lineup. Eldridge gives crackling support and generally solos well, although his sound tends to run fat, thin, and sometimes winded when rushed. He is more stable on a piece like "She's Funny That Way," which he shares with Sims. The electricity of Basie's sudden stride piano cracks up everyone on the stand.

From the same series comes a typical Basie band set, *Count Basie Big Band: Montreux '77* (Pablo OJC 377). Lyn Biviano was in this edition of the band and gives a powerful brass section even more thrust. He overlays a Cat Anderson ending on "Things Ain't What They Used to Be." Jimmy Forrest's big-sounding, rhythm-and-bluesy tenor nails "Bag Of Dreams" to the wall. The program is a mixture of the familiar ("Splanky," "Freckle Face"), the very familiar ("Jumpin' At The Woodside," "Li'l Darlin'"), and the downright institutional (a full dress "One O'Clock Jump"). But that's alright. It's always fresh. The band sounds in typically fine form, and Norman Granz is at his vituperative best in a short-liner editorial against rock & roll engineers. dh



## HORACE SILVER

**SONG FOR MY FATHER**—Blue Note 7 84185  
2: *SONG FOR MY FATHER; THE NATIVES ARE RESTLESS TONIGHT; CALCUTTA CUTIE; QUE PASA; THE KICKER; LONELY WOMAN; SANCTIMONIOUS SAM; QUE PASA (Trio version); SIGHIN' AND CRYIN'; SILVER THREADS AMONG MY SOUL.* (61:11 minutes)

**Personnel:** Silver, piano; Carmell Jones (cuts 1,2,4,5), Blue Mitchell (3,7,9,10), trumpet; Joe Henderson (1,2,4,5), Junior Cook (3,7,9,10), tenor saxophone; Teddy Smith (1,2,4,5), Gene Taylor (3,6-10), bass; Roger Humphries (1,2,4,5), Roy Brooks (3,6-10), drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

**MUSIC TO EASE YOUR DISEASE**—Silveto 105: *PROLOGUE; HANGIN' LOOSE; THE RESPIRATORY STORY; TIE YOUR DREAMS TO A STAR; MUSIC TO EASE YOUR DISEASE; THE PHILANTHROPIC VIEW; WHAT*

IS THE SINUS-MINUS?; EPILOGUE.

**Personnel:** Silver, piano; Clark Terry, trumpet, flugelhorn; Junior Cook, tenor saxophone; Ray Drummond, bass; Billy Hart, drums; Andy Bey, vocals.

★ ★ ★

Horace Silver has remained consistent during the 24 years that separate these albums. Today he espouses the curative powers of music. Yesterday he popularized funky hard-bop, a style with the emphasis on feeling good. A charter member of the Jazz Messengers in 1955, he helped define the Blue Note sound through his compositions, quintets, and piano style.

As a composer, he documented lots of bluesy public-domain licks. As a bandleader, he kept structural integrity over his performances through tight charts and thematic accompaniment, especially in the area of rhythm. As a pianist, he was a composer/improviser like Monk and John Lewis, and he fell in the lineage between Bud Powell and Bill Evans, although he sounded like neither.

These characteristics were set in place by 1963 and '64, when *Song For My Father* was recorded. (The CD version of the reissue includes four tracks not on the original LP.) Compared to *Music To Ease Your Disease*, it's the better album because the bands are more familiar with the music, the tunes are not

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saddled with a message, and the players are more vigorous.

The title track, which has been a jazz repertoire item since it was recorded, shows Silver's knack for writing catchy tunes using the vernacular of the day without pandering to the lowest common denominator. Equally memorable is his "Lonely Woman" (not to be confused with Ornette Coleman's tune of the same name—or Benny Carter's either, we're told in the liner notes). This trio performance captures a moody, reflective side of Silver that surfaced too rarely during his Blue Note days.

The extra cuts (the last four on the CD) don't detract from the original album, but add nothing revealing to the Silver legacy. Besides the leader, Joe Henderson is represented as a composer, too ('The Kicker'), and time hasn't diminished his challenging, grappling solo style.

Henderson was part of Silver's working quintet at the time. In contrast, the group on *Music To Ease Your Disease* is a collection of all-stars gathered for a record date to promote Silver's current philosophy. Nothing wrong with his message or the music, but the best healing groove is on *Song For My Father*. On the latter-day record, everyone does his customary thing—Silver sends them through tough changes at times—but with a get-on/get-off quality. Maybe the time has come for Silver to write for a bigger band or record a trio album or hire a crop of '80s firebrands or make a gospel album—something different.

As it is, Clark Terry's tone is nice, his mood jaunty. Junior Cook hasn't changed too much—same muscular tone and take-your-time approach. Silver's intervals are as funky as ever, with that little bite in the chords and good rhythms everywhere. The doctor is in. (Silveto Records are available from Silveto Productions, Inc. 18326 Clifftop Way, Malibu, CA 90265; reviewed on CD and LP, respectively)

—*oven cordle*



## DAVID BYRNE

**REI MOMO**—Luaka Bop/Sire 25990-1: *DEPENDENCE DAY; MAKE BELIEVE MAMBO; THE CALL OF THE WILD; A DIRTY OLD TOWN; THE ROSE TATTOO; THE DREAM POLICE; DON'T WANT TO BE PART OF YOUR WORLD; MARCHING THROUGH THE WILDERNESS; LIE TO ME; WOMEN VS. MEN; CARNIVAL EYES; I KNOW SOMETIMES A MAN IS WRONG.*

**Personnel:** Byrne, vocals and guitars; Milton Cardona, percussion; various others.

★ ★

## VARIOUS ARTISTS

**BRAZIL CLASSICS 2 O SAMBA**—Luaka Bop/Sire 26019-1: *A DEUSA DES ORIXAS; IJEXA (FILHOS DE GANDHY); S.P.C.; SUFOCO; FORMOSA; OLERE CAMARA; O ENCANTO DO GANTOIS; ALDEIA DE OKARIMBE; QUEM ME GUIA; ELA NAO GOSTA DE MIM; CLAUSTROFOBIA; BATUCO NO CHAO; SARAU PARA RAMADES.*

**Personnel:** various artists.

★ ★ ★ ½

It must've looked like a great recipe on paper. Take Talking Head David Byrne, who explored Afro-funk before Paul Simon's *Graceland*, who compiled (with help) and released two useful and noteworthy introductory albums of Brazilian music. Match him up with Latin songwriters like Celia Cruz and Johnny Pacheco. Put his

herky-jerky stage persona and surrealistic lyrics in front of a muscular Latin big band driven by the fierce percussion versatility of Milton Cardona. Sprinkle a few Latin stars like Willie Colon and Yomo Toro over the mix.

Mouth watering yet? Save it for later, 'cause listening to all of *Rei Momo* for your musical hunger is the equivalent of diving into a carton of Twinkies for din-din. Short of being recorded entirely out of key, it's hard to imagine what could make this pastiche sound worse than it already does.

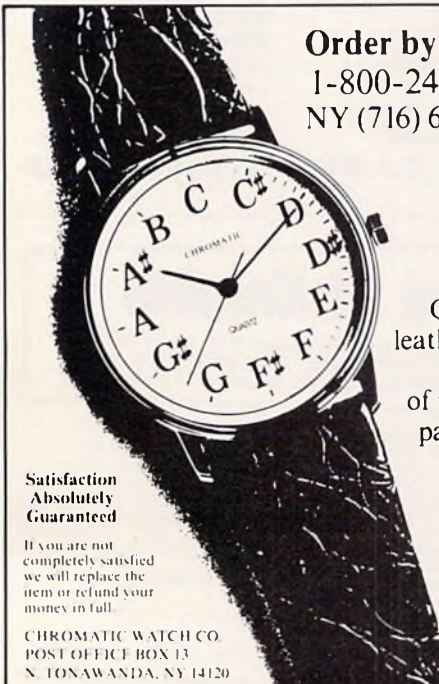
The lyrics range from juvenile to inane—often a problem with Byrne's free-associative spurts inside and outside Talking Heads, where he can sometimes hit with the force of a nightmare and sometimes miss completely. But exacerbating that problem is the underlying one: Byrne's complete lack of feel for the musical styles he's appropriated as his backing.

That's not to say he doesn't know about them, hasn't studied what they do and how, and so on. He just has no sense of what *he* can, or even could, do with them: his vocals, for instance, run pretty constantly at rhythmic crosspurposes with the music. In that sense, the muddled lines passing for lyrics only reflect that deeper-seated confusion, which comes across in the album's every aspect, including the vague mix.

Then why do it? Well, clearly Byrne thought he had something to contribute to the ongoing Latin synthesis of ancient Afro-based beats and culture with North American musical hybrids. But equally evident, I think, is his uncynical but nevertheless trendy voyeurism, which last manifested itself in the dull-witted ironies of his film *True Stories*. That tabloid-style condescension means that the audience gets the aural equivalent of Pat Boone covering Fats Domino or Little Richard. The difference between the '80s and the '50s seems to be that now, as wrapping paper for the feeble appropriation, we get the patina of education: each of Byrne's tunes is carefully labeled "samba," "merengue," "orisa," and so on. The resonant cultural depths of their roots can't save Byrne's efforts from seeming juvenile and soporific; in fact, by comparison they seem even more misbegotten.

On the other hand, *O Samba* is worth checking out whether or not you think you like what you think is samba. I put it that way because samba, as this solid and well-annotated compilation makes plain, is actually an umbrella term, like jazz; *O Samba* does a good introductory job of running the stylistic gamut from street-beat to silky-smooth. Byrne's name on the cover will undoubtedly make this volume almost as popular as the first—which is to say, an exponentially better seller here than albums by virtually any of the musicians who either appear on the compilations or have their own U.S. label outlets. Among those represented here are Alcione, Clara Nunes, Martinho da Vila, and Paulinho da Viola.

Hopefully, this taste-test sampler will provoke at least a few listener/explorers to check out the vast and heterogeneous world that is Brazilian music. And hats off to Byrne for continuing to try to open North American ears to global currents that are too good and too important and too much fun to leave to the musicologists. (reviewed on LP) —*gene santoro*



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# THAT DECEITFUL, MYSTERIOUS CHARMER

by Fred Bouchard

There's been a rush on **Chet Baker** this year: not just the usual posthumous attention, but a real spate of his last recordings (largely in adoring Europe), and the real newsmaker: Bruce Weber's film, *Let's Get Lost*, focused on Baker's personal style and grace. While the jazzophile may prefer to track Baker's decline as one of the golden boys of white, West Coast bebop, the general public perversely sinks its teeth into the myth and the mystique of a quintessential jazz wastrel. As Danish discographer Hans Henrik Lerfeldt intoned: "He came to us as a mystery and he went as a mystery."

Weber's achievement (most of the music is interrupted, voice-overed, or truncated) is the constant juxtaposition of Baker's musical style (unique, high crooning of ballads and distilled, intimate *solto voce* trumpet improvisations) with his personal style (a charming, manipulative druggie, whose expensive, corrosive lifelong drug habit led him to impose, wheedle, sponge, lie, excuse, rant, smash hearts and piggybanks). What we find is not so much a trumpeting Adonis or Gabriel as a male Siren, of whom one ex-lover exclaimed, "He was trouble, but beautiful!" Baker was a taker: his balladry, like his life, seems to cry plaintively of some inconsolable, voracious inner loss.

Weber's quick cuts between Baker's sturdy yet vulnerable square-jawed good looks of 1955 to his ravaged, wizened, pointy-chinned countenance of 1987 was inevitably haunting: a palimpsest of the pipe dreamer. Only the intense, hurt gaze has remained. Listeners may do the same, cutting between the EmArcy or Jazzland releases (full of stalwart chops, unfaltering lip, fearless up-tempo) and the penultimate RCA Novus soundtrack (rent with broken notes, flabby embouchure, the haunted hollow reed).

In latter days, dead-slow ballads become the breath of life for Baker, whose slurred, high tenor approaches the chillpoint of the liquification of oxygen. They get slower and more distilled and rarefied in the '80s, and on his



CHARLES STEWART

ghostly visitation, *Let's Get Lost*, virtually ground zero. On trumpet, Baker paces favored classics—like "My Old Flame" or "You Go To My Head"—at a skin-crawl, and, just when you begin to nod (or think he may), he'll spin the melody off in a surprising, eyebrow-raising direction. His smoky, slurred vocals get the ideas across with minimal emoting: you fill in the emotional blanks. Too many Baker ballads in a row can induce a heady euphoria or soporific state, depending on your hormones and mood. He is so cool and retentive, soft and airless, he seems to inhale as he croons. His art stops the clock, making it all the more affecting to watch him fade like Dorian Gray before your eyes.

*Chet Baker In Paris* (1955-'59, EmArcy 837 474-2 (I); 45:20 minutes; EmArcy 837 475-2 (II): 70:41) sparkles with the watershed piano of Richard Twardzik ((I) only), bankable bassist Jimmy Bond, baladissimo Baker. Here was the foil for Miles Davis, the unstudied natural of the horn, fresh from successes in L.A. with Gerry Mulligan's pianoless quartet at The Haig and other clubs and ready to conquer the continent. (Polygram has since issued two more volumes of outtakes.) Vintage Baker: outrageous compositions by Bob Zieff, another oddball Boston pianist (I), and some deep, deep ballads (II). Twardzik is a rare bird, indeed: too bad he hardly recorded any standards.

*Chet Baker In Milan* (Jazzland OJCCD 370-2, 1959, 42:42) is a short, fresh, and sunny date, with a rhythm section that could easily hail from sunny L.A. instead of drizzly Milan.

Very nice tenor sax (Gianno Basso) and piano (Renato Sellani).

*You Can't Go Home Again* (A&M 0805, 41:56) and *The Best Thing For You* (A&M 0832, 41:29) blend two 1977 sessions Don Sebesky produced for A & M. These seem a bit brash by comparison, yet make Baker get up once again for some fairly hot playing, such as on the spicily scored "El Morro" (a Creed Taylor-ish production jam) and a torrid "Un Poco Loco" (transcribed solo included). These dates have, above all, a few exquisite pairings with Paul Desmond, that dry martini maker of the alto saxophone. But the heavy hitters are out—Mike Brecker, John Scofield, Richie Beirach—and Chet is right up with them.

*Chet Baker With The Ake Petersson Trio* (Dragon 178, 1983, 73:01) is another laid-back club date, where the Nordic audience lets it hang cool and happen. The band plays differential and smooth, with nice piano from Petersson and Kjell Jansson's august, bowed bass, and Baker pulls no punches. Only a final "But Not For Me" is packed with energy, the rest of the date is flaccid balladry and a tightrope of emotions. Baker had a lot in common with Art Farmer: both were Midwest-born trumpeters, forged their pure, unadorned horn styles; adjusted well to European lifestyles; adored finding and highlighting gorgeous compositions that nobody played except their composers. Exemplified here are gorgeous tunes by Sam Rivers (another Oklahoman), Charlie Haden, J.J. Johnson, played for broke.

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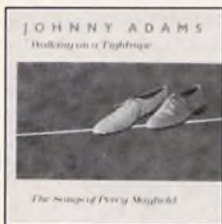
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*Let's Get Lost* (RCA Novus 3054-2-N, 1988, 63:15), largely the soundtrack of the Weber film, contains eight trio tracks with pianist Frank Strazzeri and bassist John Leftwich, adding drummer Ralph Penland on two, and guitarist Nicola Stilo on Jobim's haunting "Zingaro." It's hard to hear those strung-out ballads without seeing that wizened, bespectacled face scrunched in intense, monastic concentration at the mic. Equisitely pain-inducing: better for the current flock of Baker-watchers with an overdose of "Maude Frickert" vocals. Baker-listeners look elsewhere.

The LPs: *When Sunny Gets Blue* (Steeple-Chase 1221, 2/83, 1986, 43:30) finds Baker in mushy voice on a medium "Isn't It Romantic," sotto voce, subtonal, and bemused on the horn, as if the breath had been squeezed out of him. Despite late entries, he gets up with some nice snatches of lines even at uptempos, and seems at ease with a decent young rhythm section featuring pianist Butch Lacy. In such equisitely straitened circumstances, the listener roots unabashedly for Baker, as an underdog of music and of life; we want him to make that note, complete that phrase, mumble those lyrics, despite all odds. Baker has listeners in the palm of his hand, as he did with people throughout most of his life. Superb recording, cruelly scrutinizing the mashed-potato voice.

Baker's very last recordings may well be on *Little Girl Blue* (producer/aficionado Paolo Piangarelli's Philology 214 W 21, 3-2-88, 1988, 45:00) with the tasty, appropriately deferential, and delicate Space Jazz Trio, who inexplicably go unidentified on this album cover. Baker plays pale and delicate as an eggshell, with that same purity of form and tensile strength. Baker's very survival through a tough world, as much as his high-proof improvisations, made fans and lovers forgive him everything. Ironically, he runs a thread of tensile strength throughout this set. It wasn't a swan song, just another up in a down life.

Whether the Philology date turns out to be

Baker's last recorded combo session is as yet uncertain (might not some tape maven yet come forth with tapes documenting the last Paris or Copenhagen club dates as Baker's posthumous legends grow?), but this final release (*My Favorite Songs*, Enja R2 79600, 49:25) is assuredly, as the subtitle claims, the wispy trumpeter's Last Great Concert. Surprisingly smooth and comfortable for its dimensions (Baker with quintet for one, NDR band for three, Radio Orchestra Hannover for three), this thoughtful tribute had Baker pick well-thumbed favorites for conservative, self-effacing arrangements by H. Muhlbradt and B. Ebbinghouse, respectively. Baker sounds weak as a shadow, as if dying from natural causes. He sounds especially sad and wistful on "Funny Valentine," spinning subtone skeins of surpassing length and beauty, but puckish and bright on "Well You Needn't."

Appearances by expatriate bandmates from Baker's Haig years ('50s L.A.) lend an air of homecoming, a circle completed. Walter Norris, whose scant recordings are also on Enja, is a brick as accompanist and an angel as soloist ("In Your Own Sweet Way"). Herb Geller, lead alto in the NDR Big Band, plays two ripe, punctilious choruses on the Monk anthem—a teaser for his old fans, who can look forward to more action from a guy who took yet a different path from Parker and Konitz.

Producer Matthias Winckelmann (interviewed in the liner notes by Scott Yanow) gives insight of a plan-filled, relatively happy Baker that would seem to rule out suicide in his death 15 days after this concert. And this leisurely and halcyon concert, too, warm in feeling and gleaming in an expert recording, makes a fitting apotheosis to a wistful intense, bittersweet career. Yet, there is another volume to come.

[Note: When the delicious, finely-played Clet Baker/Russ Freeman Complete Quartets released by Mosaic run their limited production course, we can expect to see the Capitol CDs emerge in the Pacific Jazz release program.] db

## New Releases

(Record Companies: For listing in the monthly New Releases column, send two copies of each new release to **down beat**, 180 West Park Ave., Elmhurst, IL 60126.)

**MILESTONE / CONTEMPORARY / VOLT / PABLO / GALAXY:** Bill Evans, *The Solo Sessions, Vol. 1*. John Handy, *John Handy With Class*. Cliff Habian, *Manhattan Bridge*. Tom Harrell, *Sail Away*. The Spinners, *Down To Business*. Various Artists, *Jazz At The Philharmonic London, 1969*. Art Pepper, *The Complete Galaxy Recordings*. Ruth Brown, *Blues On Broadway*.

**HANNIBAL:** Ailana, *The Mysterious Planet*. Kanda Bongo Man, *Kwassa Kwassa*. Ivo Papasov & His Bulgarian Wedding Band,

*Orpheus Ascending*. Muzsikás, *The Prisoner's Song*.

**RCA / BLUEBIRD / ZOMBA / NOVUS:** Hoagy Carmichael, *Stardust, And Much More*. Joe Turner & T. Bone Walker, *Bosses Of The Blues, Vol. 1*. Jive Jazz Collection: Barney Rachabane, *Barney's Way (Vol 1)*; McCoy Mrubata, *Firebird (Vol. 2)*; Ezra Ngcukana, *You Think You Know Me (Vol. 3)*. Charlie Elgart, *Balance*. Clyde Criner, *The Color Of Dark*.

**ALLIGATOR:** Little Charlie & The Nightcats, *The Big Break*. Tinsley Ellis, *Fanning The Flames*. Katie Webster, *Two-Fisted Mama*.

**MESA / BLUEMOON / GRAMAVISION / ENJA:** The Mozz, *Mystique & Identity*. Mitch Watkins, *Underneath It All*. Anthony Davis/James Newton/Abdul Wadud, *Trio 2*. John Carter, *Shadows On A Wall*. Kazumi Watanabe, *Kilowatt*. Gary Thomas & Seventh Quadrant, *Code Violations*.



**STASH:** Charlie Parker, *The Legendary Dial Masters, Vols. One & Two*. Mike Clark Sextet, *Give The Drummer Some*. Sherrie Maricle/John Mastroianni Quintet, *Cookin' On All Burners*.

**POLYGRAM / ECM / WATT / PHILIPS / VERVE / FORECAST:**

Wolfgang Muthspiel Trio, *Timezones*. Carla Bley, *Fleur Carnivore*. Shankar, *Nobody Told Me*. The Uptown String Quartet, *Max Roach Presents*. John Lewis, *Midnight In Paris*. Chet Baker, *Baker's Holiday*. Helen Merrill/Ron Carter, *Duets*. Various Artists/Jazz Club: *Big Band; Drums; Tenor Sax; Vibraphone; Piano; Vocal*. Nestor Torres, *Morning Ride*. Various Artists/Compact Jazz: *More Of Best Of Dixieland; Nina Simone; Miles Davis; Best Of Blues*. Toninho Horta, *Moonstone*. Stan Getz, *The Bossa Nova Years*. Tim Berne, *Fractured Fairy Tales*. Robin Eubanks/Steve Turre, *Dedication*. Gary Thomas, *By Any Means Necessary*.

**CONCORD JAZZ/PICANTE:** Red Holloway/Clark Terry, *Locksmith Blues*. Warren Vache, *And The Beaux-Arts String Quartet*. Laurindo Almeida/Carlos Barbosa-Lima/Charlie Byrd, *Music Of The Brazilian Masters*. Hank Jones, *Lazy Afternoon*. Ruby Braff/Dick Hyman, *Music From My Fair Lady*. Monty Alexander, *Triple Treat III*.

**GEMINI/TAURUS:** Flip Phillips/Kenny Davern/Bjarne Nerem, *Mood Indigo*. Harold Ashby, *The Viking*. Al Grey/Bjarne Nerem, *Al Meets Bjarne*. The Norwegian Radio Big Band, *Meets Bill Holman*. Jon Gordon, *Beginnings and endings*.

**ROUNDER/PHILO:** David Bromberg, *Sideman Serenade*. Johnny Copeland, *Boom, Boom*. Katy Moffatt, *Walkin' On The Moon*. Various Artists: *Vintage Hawaiian Music: Steel Guitar Masters 1928-1934; The Great Singers 1928-1934*.

**CAPITOL/PACIFIC JAZZ/BLUE NOTE:**

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**hat ART:** Anthony Braxton, *Seven Compositions (Trio)* 1989. Georg Grawe & Gruben-KlangOrchester, *Songs And Variations*. Maarten Altena Ensemble, *Quot!*.

**WARNER BROS./SIRE/ELEKTRA/WEA LATINA:**

Mark Knopfler, *Last Exit To Brooklyn*. Various Artists, *Brazil Classics 2, 0 Samba*. Sadao Watanabe, *Front Seat*. Various Artists/Tropical Storm: Marcos Ariel, *Terra Do Indio*; Gilberto Gil, *Realoe*; Rique Pantoja, *And Chet Baker*; Andre Gerassati, *Dadgad*; Raul Mascarenhas, *Featuring Ricardo Silveira & Rique Pantoja*; Elis Regina, *Essa Mulher; Alo Brasil!*; Victor Biglione, *Baleia Azul*; Alberto Favero, *Classical Tropico*. Laurie Anderson, *Strange Angels*.

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George Coleman, *At Yoshi's* (Theresa). Machine Gun, *Open Fire* (MU NY). Robert Musso, *Absolute Music* (MU NY). UNC Jazz Lab Band 1, *Alive VIII* (Night Life). George Robert/Tom Harrell Quintet, *Lonely Eyes* (GPR). James Asher, *The Great Wheel* (Music West). Teja Bell, *The New Spirit Of Christmas* (Music West). Miles Davis, *Aura* (Columbia). Thelonious Monk, soundtrack to *Straight No Chaser* (Columbia). Michel Camilo, *On Fire* (Epic). Various Artists, *Greetings From New Jersey* (Westwood). David Cullen, *Blue Counterpoint* (Tall Tree). Schildpatt, *Bunju* (Schild). Various Artists, *Sampler One* (Narada Mystique). Bruce Mitchell, *Dancing On The Edge* (Narada Mystique). Lester Bowie's Brass Fantasy, *Serious Fun* (DIW). Wayne Kelso, *Questions* (Apparition). Ed Mann, *Get Up* (CMP). Glen Velez, *Assyrian Rose* (CMP). Philip Aaberg, *Upright* (Windham Hill), contraband, *Live At The Bimhuis* (BVHAASST). Meat Puppets, *Monsters* (SST). Geoff Keezer, *Waiting In The Wings* (Sunnyside). Gerald Wilson's Orchestra Of The 90's, *Jenna* (Discovery). Albert King, *King Of The Blues Guitar* (Atlantic). Gary Herbig, *Friends To Lovers* (Headfirst). Craig Peyton & Ben Verdery, *Emotional Velocity* (Sona Gaia). J. R. Monterose/Tommy Flanagan, *A Little Pleasure* (Reservoir). Buddy Tate/AI Grey, *Just Jazz* (Reservoir). Rique Pantoja, *Featuring Ernie Watts* (Sound Wave). Various Artists, *The Complete Commodore Jazz Recordings, Vol. II* (Mosaic). Dizzy Gillespie, *The Symphony Sessions* (ProJazz).

db



**1 LEE KONITZ.** "Too Marvelous For Words" (from *KONITZ MEETS MULLIGAN, Pacific Jazz*) Konitz, alto sax; Gerry Mulligan, baritone sax; Carson Smith, bass; Larry Bunker, drums.

Ah, that's . . . no, wait a minute. I was going to say Paul Desmond but it started sounding a little different in the solo. From the first note it sounded like Desmond but then when he started doing that high-note thing . . . is it Lee Konitz? Yeah, I know Lee. He was one of the first guys to say some real nice things about my playing, back when I was *real* young. Paul and Lee sound very similar in the middle octave, but Lee attacks the note differently in the high register. That's great. I'd give that five stars.

**2 PHIL WOODS.** "Star Eyes" (from *BIRDS OF A FEATHER, Antilles*) Woods, alto sax; Hal Galper, piano; Bill Goodwin, drums; Steve Gilmore, bass.

That's Phil Woods. A brisk tempo. I was just talking to someone about this cut the other night. I like Phil's tone a real lot, and this tempo is killin'. First time I saw Phil live was when he was out touring in support of this album, so I remember it well. You can tell it's Phil because he's one of those cats whose all over the horn. And the tempo was a giveaway, along with the tone. He's fun. I'd definitely like a chance to play with him sometime. I just love his firm tone and the way he just goes ahead and puts it out. And it sounds like they're having a lot of fun on this cut. I like that. And another nice arrangement. Another five stars.

**3 ARTHUR BLYTHE.** "As Of Yet" (from *ILLUSIONS, Columbia*) Blythe, alto sax; John Hicks, piano; Steve McCall, drums; Fred Hopkins, bass.

Arthur Blythe? Yeah, he's got a different sound. He's got that kazoo-type tone. And this tune is different. I like it. I'm really into people having different tones. I don't believe in having just one perfect sound. I prefer the individuality. I haven't listened to much of Arthur Blythe but I try to keep an open mind to different things, like what he's doing. If it's someone I don't know about, I try to check it out just so I become familiar with it because, you know, one little thing in someone's playing can turn you on to something new. So it's pretty important to keep open to new stuff. Arthur Blythe is cool because everything he plays is so energetic, even his ballads. He's all over the horn, too. No rating because I haven't checked him out that much and I really shouldn't give him a rating until I know his music better. But something about this original should deserve a high rating. So, five stars for the composition, and the playing was great, too.

## CHRISTOPHER HOLLYDAY

by Bill Milkowski

Considering his command of the alto saxophone and his vast knowledge of the jazz repertoire it's fairly astonishing to realize that Christopher Hollyday just turned 20. Weaned on bebop, he began studying the music of Charlie Parker at the age of 12, practicing Bird lines six-to-10 hours a day. He started gigging around Massachusetts with brother Richard at age 14 and a year later released his debut recording, *Treaty*, on his own Jazzbeat label. A second album, *Oh, Brother!*, came out a year later, garnering favorable reviews across the country. In 1987 he recorded *Reverence* with veterans Ron Carter, Billy Higgins, and Cedar Walton for the RBI label and in the summer of 1988 he became the youngest leader to bring a group into The Village Vanguard for a week. Hollyday signed a multi-record contract with RCA in 1989 and released his self-titled album later that year.

This, his first Blindfold Test, was con-



ducted at his New York apartment. On the walls of his bedroom were pictures of Jimmy Smith, Dexter Gordon, B.B. King, Stevie Wonder, and a clipping from a newspaper proclaiming "Dizzy at 71." (Consider that Hollyday will be 71 in the year 2041.) Also on display was a giant "Bird Lives" poster and a hand-drawn sign that read: "Practice! Now!" During this Blindfold Test, he expressed a reverence for the jazz masters while also showing an open-mindedness toward new ideas.

## 4 CANNONBALL ADDERLEY.

"Del Sasser" (from *THEM DIRTY BLUES, Landmark*) Adderley, alto sax; Nat Adderley, trumpet; Louis Hayes, drums; Sam Jones, bass; Bobby Timmons, piano.

I know this one. This is one of the tunes I learned to play my horn on, playing along with this record. This is "Del Sasser," Cannonball Adderley Quartet. Ball, I didn't get into him until I was a sophomore in high school but he was my main man for a while. I remember walking on cold days to school, checking out his solos on a Walkman. He's got a real round tone, very jolly. [*Hums along with solo, note for note*] This is great. And Bobby Timmons is one of my favorite piano players because he swings so hard. Five stars for the band, five stars for Cannonball.

**5 ORNETTE COLEMAN.** "The Circle With A Hole In The Middle" (from *THE ART OF THE IMPROVISORS, Atlantic*) Coleman, alto sax; Charlie Haden, bass; Billy Higgins, drums; Don Cherry, trumpet.

Ornette! [*laughs out loud*] Yeah, I like Ornette a real lot. This isn't the music I play but it's certainly wonderful music, of course. It's amazing to me that he does all that stuff on the horn but can still keep a hold of his tone. Amazing technical facility as well as

ideas. I don't know how to rate this. All you have to say is Ornette Coleman and you've said it all. He's a wonderful artist. And on this cut I really like what Billy Higgins and Charlie Haden are doing behind Ornette. Very expressive music, great musicianship. I like to listen to this music just as much as I like to listen to Phil Woods.

**6 JACKIE MCLEAN.** "Cabin In The Sky" (from *TIPPIN' THE SCALES, Blue Note*) McLean, alto sax; Sonny Clark, piano; Butch Warren, bass; Art Taylor, drums.

[*Hums along with horn, note for note*] Mr. McLean! This is "Cabin In The Sky" with Sonny Clark. Jackie is, in my opinion, right now playing more music than anybody. Of course, he's one of my biggest influences. He's got such a tone. Sometimes you wonder how you should feel when you hear him. His tone is like the Mona Lisa, where you don't know whether you should be happy by it or saddened by it sometimes. I love Jackie. I learned about tone, concept, and composition from him. I used to look up to him as #1. Now I realize that there is no #1, there's just different styles. But I learned from him. What he did with Bird is what I'm trying to do with him now . . . develop my own thing. We always have to do that and that's what he did. Five thousand stars for Jackie McLean. db



## HARVEY SWARTZ

THE BASSIST, COMPOSER, AND BANDLEADER ENLISTS HIS URBAN EARTH BAND IN A QUEST FOR THE NEW JAZZ OF THE '90s.

by Philip Booth

"I think the music that I'm doing is a really good example of jazz of the '80s," bassist/composer Harvie Swartz said prior to a show with his band, Urban Earth, at Fat Tuesday's in New York City. "It's not about ultra-technique. It's not super-electric and it's not super-acoustic."

*Full Moon Dancer* (Bluemoon R1/2/4 79150), Swartz's fifth album as a leader, handily fits that definition. It's an appealing mix of warm chamber jazz and bright, energetic fusion, all anchored by the Massachusetts native's exquisite anchor-and-solo-work on the vertical bass—a sort of electric-acoustic half-breed—and the upright. The bassist and his band—saxophonist Billy Drewes, Ted Lo on synthesizers and keyboards, drummer Yves Gerard, guitarist Wayne Krantz, and singer Joan Drewes (on three cuts)—glide through an evenly-paced set of eight carefully crafted originals.

Swartz, in his seventh year on the teaching staff at the Manhattan School of Music, recorded *Full Moon Dancer* in May, wedged in-between a bass-and-big-band concert with a University of Connecticut ensemble and a Chicago recording date with pianist Billy Charlap in April as well as a summer stint at the Eastman School of Music. The album, full of intriguing melodies and some solid groove-making and improvisations, ought to avoid the fate that befell some of Swartz's earlier work; it's dotted with touches that call to mind Pat Metheny, Weather Report, and Spyro Gyra.

Swartz's other major gig, his ongoing series of duo projects with veteran jazz singer Sheila Jordan, also has yet to make significant inroads with the record-buying public. The latest example of the exquisite pairing may be heard on *The Very Thought Of Two*, a Japanese release (M·A Records D28Y0245) recorded live last year in Tokyo that's yet to find an American distribution deal. The sublime singer and the virtuosic bassist, whose *Old Time Feeling* on the now-defunct Palo Alto label had been re-released on Muse Records (Muse MCD5366), seem like natural-born partners on the '88 recording, as they take full advantage of a kind of musical pairing that, in most cases, usually lives and/or dies as a novelty number. Swartz, on the cut renamed for the title, spins out triplet attacks under his partner's whole notes, then moves into a solo section



MITCHELL SEIDEL

full of tricky trapeze lines, variations on a riff, harmony chording, and woody slam dunks. The bassist then begins walking again, and Jordan rejoins, as naturally as a breathing pattern, over the insistent beating of Harvey's generous, pliable supportive heart. The two subsequently turn conversant, trade fours, and then move on to other standards, including "Ain't Misbehavin'," "You Are My Sunshine," and "Let's Face The Music And Dance."

Jordan and Swartz, who played the West Coast in February and traveled to Japan in March for two weeks of concerts and the recording of a follow-up album for M·A, first met when the singer caught the bassist at a Lee Konitz club date in New York City. Jordan sat in with the group, and subsequently worked with Swartz in a duo concert at Temple University in Philadelphia that cemented the future of the creative partnership.

"I can feel very free up there," Swartz explains of the duo's two-of-a-kind chemistry. "She has an amazing ear. She can really hear what's going down. Because of my musical background—I've dealt with so many different styles—I can get a lot of sounds with the bass. I can really use all these things that I've worked on over the years. I have a special way of doing this stuff—with hitting the bass, double-stops, the harmonic and rhythmic things that I do, and then there's also a lot of humor, and I do a singing thing. It's like a whole show that's not planned, in the sense that it's not programmed. And then the way Sheila sings, just the blend of the way the bass is and her voice—she's very free and loose. It's just like a real amazing experience. And the audience just comes right into it. They become part of it. It's really been great for me, because I've learned a lot doing the duo. It's made me stronger, because I don't

have a piano, I don't have any other resource to help me. I have to keep the intonation happening. I've got to keep the time happening. I've got to be the rhythm section. Sheila calls me the orchestra. I have to be an orchestra."

Says Jordan: "There's three of us—the voice and the bass and the silence. We work off that silence because that makes us very attuned to each other. . . . I've had 10 great musical highs in my life, when I totally was out of my body, and five of those were with the bass and voice; and I've been singing jazz for 40 years. It wouldn't be with just any bass player."

Swartz's ever-expansive bass playing has roots in the piano, his first musical love. A follower of the work of keyboardists Bill Evans, McCoy Tyner, and Herbie Hancock, Swartz didn't make the switch to bass—he's mostly self-taught—until his second year at Berklee College of Music, where he was a piano/composition major.

"I think it was brewing in me for a long time," he says. "See, when I was younger, we did not have a very good stereo system, to say the least, and I never really could hear the bass. I never knew what it was doing, so I didn't even think about playing the bass. Later on, I visited some friends who had a good stereo system. I heard the bass, and I said, 'Wow.' That intrigued me—that sound—and I heard some Scott LaFaro. It was so startling to hear what he was doing. No one was playing bass like that. He was playing the bass and soloing like a horn player. He had a real good, clear sound. He used the lower register very well. The way he did the interplay kind of playing with Bill Evans was very unique. And I heard some Ray Brown and Ron Carter and people like that, and I think that stayed in the back of my mind. And then one morning I just woke up and I [thought], I'm not playing the piano any more. I'm going to play the bass."

Swartz began gigging on the bass within months of learning how to play on "a cheap plywood" model, and the summer after graduation he toured Europe with the likes of Dexter Gordon, Johnny Griffin, and Kenny Drew. He subsequently returned to Boston, where he found work as the house bassist at The Jazz Workshop and Lenny's On the Turnpike, finally packing it in for New York City.

The bassist released his debut solo album, *Underneath It All* (Gramavision 8202) in 1982, and celebrated the maturity of his group-writing work with 1985's *Urban Earth* (Gramavision 18-8503-1), 1986's *Smart Moves* (Gramavision 18-8607-1), and last year's *It's About Time* (GAIA 13-9011-1). "It was never a band [the group assembled for *Urban Earth*]," Swartz explains. "It was totally my concept. I sat home, I wrote the music, I put it together. One rehearsal. Two



days recording—for *Urban Earth* and *Smart Moves*. It would have been great to have had a band out working. I had some momentum going, and then I left Gramavision. I had no record album. So I discontinued the band for about a year. And now, since I've put it together, now I feel like I'm starting at square-one again. It's been very difficult getting this going, but I really love what I'm doing. I love the band. I'm really very happy with what's been going down with the band. It's got kind of a pop flavor. The band is really not a fusion band. It's electric jazz of the '80s, really the '90s. It's not jazz of the '50s." db

## RONNIE CUBER

**BETWIXT AND BETWEEN THE GROOVES, THIS COMPOSER/BARITONE SAXMAN'S BOP-TO-SALSA SOUNDS ARE IN HEAVY CIRCULATION.**

by *Michael Bourne*

It wasn't quite salsa and wasn't quite samba but the groove was somewhere in betwixt—hence the title, "Salsamba"—when baritone saxist Ronnie Cuber played *The Blue Note* one Monday night recently. Cuber's sextet often ventures into a tropical feeling, also serious funk and straightahead, a rhythmic spectrum he's played through the years with the likes of George Benson, Maynard Ferguson, Dr. John, The Gadd Gang, and Eddie Palmieri, among other gigs all around the New York scene. And now, after more than 20 years as a stellar sideman, Ronnie Cuber is a bandleader himself. "I feel that I'm at the point in my career that I want to go forward and get a good deal with a major label so that I can get out and reach a lot of people and create a niche for myself on my instrument."

Cuber's instrument was not at first the baritone sax he's mastered. He'd started on clarinet when he was nine, then switched to tenor in high school, and only played baritone his last year with the school band. He'd considered tenor his instrument but switched to baritone when he auditioned for Marshall Brown and The Newport Youth Band in 1959. "I auditioned on the tenor and Marshall said, 'Great, but I have loads of tenor players and there's nobody playing baritone.' I said I didn't have a baritone. Marshall said, 'If I bought one for you, would you play it?'" I said sure, and that's how it started. I stuck to the baritone and at that time there were very few baritone players working, so I started working a lot, and I



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liked it."

Stan Getz and Zoot Sims inspired him when playing tenor, but Cuber especially appreciated the music and sound of Blue Note recordings—and one Blue Note tenorist in particular. "When I heard Hank Mobley playing 'Doodlin' on one of those old Messengers albums, I said, 'Whoa, this is something else!' That really had an impact on me, and I started copying Hank Mobley solos. When I started playing baritone I still retained a lot of information I got from tenor and alto players—Charlie Parker, John Coltrane, Sonny Rollins—but I still needed a reference point for the baritone. I came on Pepper Adams who'd done a lot of work on Blue Note with Donald Byrd. I started copying Pepper but realized I never could actually sound like him no matter how hard I tried, so I kept playing and playing until I realized I was maybe finding my own identifiable sound."

Cuber was 17 when he joined The Newport Youth Band and soon thereafter he was on the road with Kai Winding. "He had four



Ronnie Cuber

trombones but wanted something a little different with a baritone sax playing the bass

trombone part. I remember Roger Kellaway playing in that band. We played colleges and dances. I joined Maynard Ferguson around '63 and stayed till around '66." Cuber also worked with Lionel Hampton and played some studio gigs—but it wasn't until George Benson called in 1966 that Cuber felt free to express himself more as a soloist.

"Coming out of that big band thing, where I was buried in the section, it was really a treat for me playing with George and Lonnie Smith. It was a chance to get out and be featured with a small group. The arrangements were very simple and groove-oriented. The foundation was so strong and George's playing was great all the time. That gig lasted about two years." Benson's quartet recorded several albums for Columbia that spotlighted Cuber as a player versatile enough to swing, whatever the groove—from jazz to soul and then some; and his next bandleader excited Cuber just as much.

"I got into some Latin work with Eddie Palmieri at the beginning of the '70s. I've always heard the Latin feel in jazz groups like Dizzy and the Messengers. Eddie would use jazz musicians but he would never get too far off that he didn't communicate with the dancers on the floor. That's what we did, played dances, but at the same time Eddie was trying different things. He was a rebel, experimenting all the time. It was a free kind of Latin band. I remember when Jerry Gonzalez and Andy Gonzalez joined that band. That's when it really became interesting."

When not working with Palmieri's band, Cuber often gigged with King Curtis and Aretha Franklin, though more on the road than on records. He's recorded otherwise with everyone from Woody Herman and Charles Mingus to Paul Simon and James Taylor, among a variety of albums—and first recorded a session of his own in 1976, a session Don Schlitten produced for Xanadu called *Cuber Libre*. "Ira Gitler said to give Don a call but I wasn't the type who'd ask someone to record me. I'd want to wait for someone to call me—but sometimes you wait forever—so I called Don and we agreed to do an album but with his choice of rhythm section. I was pretty happy working with Barry Harris and Sam Jones and Tootie Heath on my first album. I had no original material but I got up a list of tunes I thought everyone knew and we went into a studio and started playing."

Cuber recorded again for Xanadu in 1979, the session called *The Eleventh Day Of Aquarius* with Mickey Tucker, Dennis Irvin, Eddie Gladden, and Tom Harrell. "I started writing about that time and we recorded one of my originals. It was an education being a bandleader in the studio. That was the beginning of feeling that I had enough knowledge to actually be in front of a band." And the next year Cuber fronted a band of his own at the Newport festival.

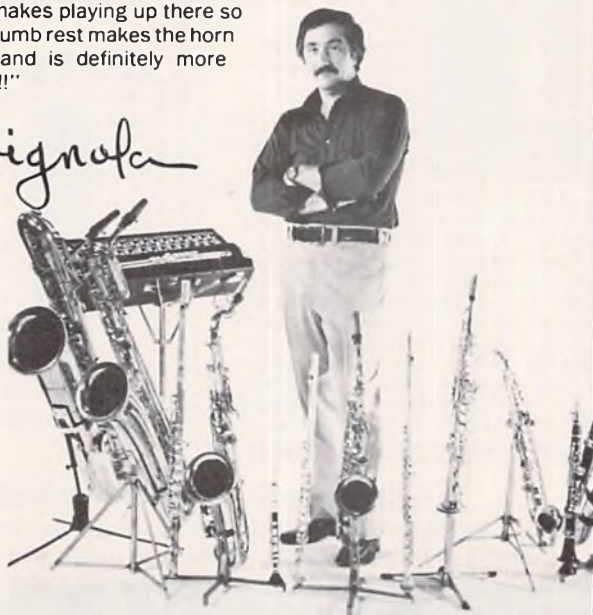
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Cuber started touring Europe, working with Dutch musicians like pianist Rein de Graaf or Italian musicians like pianist Enrico Pieranunzi, recording with the latter on the session *In Consequence* in Milan in 1982. He joined TV's *Saturday Night Live* band for several years and when not in the studio was on the road. One regular gig was the big band of Dave Matthews, then also a producer for the Japanese label King.

"I was always involved in Dave's sessions and after a few years I asked if he thought King might be interested in me, but they thought I wasn't a big enough star. I said, 'Do you wait until someone becomes a star before you record them?' I was kind of hurt. Then one afternoon I was listening to the radio and heard Jorge Dalto and Superfriends with Steve Gadd and George Benson. I got the idea that since I'd worked with George this might be a way to get in. I asked if they'd give me my own album if I could get George to play on a track or two, and they said yes. I called George and it came out nice. I had Richard Tee, Rob Mounsey, Will Lee, Dave Weckl. George played some overdubs on two tracks and said he wished he could've played on the original sessions because he liked the band."

King advertised Benson's name as much as Cuber's, but the response was good enough that they recorded another Ronnie Cuber session within the year, *Two Brothers*—though again a guest star was featured, David Sanborn on some alto-baritone duets, to boost appeal. Projazz released the music in the U.S. and when King balked at recording Cuber at The Blue Note in 1986, Projazz was game. "*Live At The Blue Note* stemmed back to the George Benson quartet days. I've always loved that sound, organ running the bass line, but my idea was to have trumpet/baritone/organ/drums." Lonnie Smith, from Benson's quartet, played organ, with Randy Brecker on the trumpet and Ronnie Burrage at the drums. Projazz collected highlights from that session and the two King albums last year for a CD called *The Best Of Ronnie Cuber*.

Since then he's worked most often between two of the grooving-est gigs around: with The Gadd Gang or with Dr. John. Though he was born in Brooklyn, Cuber nonetheless enjoys being one of the Louisiana Luminoids, joined by David Newman, Lou Marini, Tom Malone, and Lew Soloff as the horn section for Dr. John. And after guesting on the first Columbia session with The Gadd Gang, Cuber's sound became a natural element in that band. "Steve Gadd is one of the greatest drummers I've ever worked with. I've known Eddie Gomez since The Newport Youth Band when I was 17 and he was 13, and I met Richard Tee and Cornell Dupree through working with King Curtis, so there's a strong feeling, a mutual kind of spiritual vibe."

And in the meantime, more and more,

Cuber is anxious to front a group himself. He's experimented with different instruments, listening for a group sound that will best satisfy him as a composer and a soloist. Cuber worked for a while with a baritone/trombone front line something like The Crusaders, but now he's most pleased with the sextet that played The Blue Note this summer: Kenny Werner at the keyboards, Joe Caro on guitar, Lincoln Goines on bass, Zack Danziger at the drums, Roger Squitiero on percussion, and himself the only horn. Together they grooved the night through Cuber's often tropical originals, and on "Car-

avan" they criss-crossed salsa and bop. "This seems to be the direction I want to go. This band has all the elements that I need to do what I want. I'm doing more writing and it feels good to me."

Now all that's wanted (and deserved) is the right record deal. Cuber and his partner, Roberta Arnold, want everything perfect—and, after all these years, it's about time. "This band really feels like a good springboard for me to get out there, to get a good record happening and do some tours." He smiles at the sound of his name, at last, up front. "The *Ronnie Cuber Group!*" db

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## HERBIE & QUINCY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

**QJ:** Absolutely, making it applicable to what your musical sensibilities are. In some cases, there have been some really wonderful accompaniments to go with rap and sometimes I think they're pretty infantile. So when you hear what it's about and, given the fact that you like it, obviously you're going to do with it what pleases your own musical sensibility in the context of that genre. I think it's supposed to be done the way you like to hear it done.

When I talked to them [the rappers] about recording, I said, "Well, when do you want to get together to talk about this *Back On The Block* thing?" They said, "Tomorrow at three." "What, to rehearse?" "No, record." Herbie, they write so fast, they scare you to death. I've never been so impressed. High intelligence, sensibility, every word right on. I'll play this thing for you in a minute. They are ridiculous. Not one word wasted. I think they're the most vital voices out there. They'd be astounding as lyricists.

**HH:** It's funny because, when rap came out, at first I liked the rhythm, but I'm not very lyric-oriented. I've got a big problem with that, because I've been into instruments all along.

**QJ:** I have the same problem. I don't know the words to the "Star-Spangled Banner."

**HH:** But most people are lyric-oriented and they don't hear the instruments. They sense the textures but they don't really hear them. So it was really hard for me to get into something like rapping past the rhythm. Then I got tired of the rhythm. There didn't seem to be enough variety in the rhythm to sustain me over three or four minutes. Certainly not over three or four years [laughs].

But it surprised me, because now, they've got people who are really talented, who turned something that could have been just garbage into an art form. So I'm glad to see it. I had written it off.

**QJ:** It's an old tradition, that probably goes back to the griots, you know, oral historians.

**HH:** I had a griot in my band at one point, Foday Musa Suso, who I made *Village Life* with. It was so fascinating. He played the kora, from Gambia. He left there and moved to Chicago to form a band. One thing he wanted to do was expose the music of his country to the world—which is what we Americans do all the time. Oral history is right.

Rappers are maybe telling the story of what's happening now, in the immediate past. But, it's just like in jazz, we know tunes from the '20s and '30s that were written before we were born. Just think, 50 years from now, if rap or some development of it lasts that long, they'll be singing the song that Kool Moe Dee and L. L. Cool J. are singing now.

**QJ:** And it will reflect the times.

**HH:** That is, if we're smart enough to figure out how to stop this bullet from reaching our skull. Humanity is playing a roulette game; we already pulled the trigger. We're just waiting for the bullet to hit.

**QJ:** There's an amazing fascination for violence now that just kills me. If they're going to associate sex and violence, take sex [laughter all around].

**JW:** Speaking of the African tradition, it works from the other direction, too. It goes without saying that, without the influence of African and Afro-Cuban music, pop music as we know it wouldn't exist. Is that, in a sense, the fuel for music—the influx of ideas from other cultures?

**QJ:** Basically, I'd say that pop music is pushed by an African motor. That's why Brazil is so closely on our tails in music, because they're dealing with lyricism, but it's got an African motor. I think all music is driven by an African motor. Forget about today; how about Bizet and Stravinsky and Rimsky-Korsakov? It goes for composers in classical music, too. All of the rhythmic motors had an African start. That's great, that's where the vitality is. That's what makes it move, interestingly.

**JW:** Thinking historically, do you think the '80s was a decade supportive of the eclecticism that you were talking about? Was it a time of consolidation of concepts in pop and jazz?

**QJ:** You know, I have a hard time accurately assessing what happens to a decade. In our time, we live by the week, by the month. I can't remember what happened in '88.

**HH:** Yeah, it doesn't change when it goes from 1979 to 1980.

**QJ:** No, it's a blur.

**JW:** It's an artificial unit of time by which we try to measure the flow of life.

**HH:** You know what I was thinking about is that one concept—that's usually forgotten or considered as having no value—is that, when people listen to music, they only think of the notes. They don't realize that the silence between the notes is a part of the music. So they think that if nothing appears to be happening in a particular decade—referring to the concept that you're talking about—they think that nothing is happening. But things come in waves. Life is waves.

**QJ:** And cycles: birth, ascent, peak, and decline. That's nature's pattern for everything. You can't constantly be concerned with birth all the time. New things are constantly being born.

**HH:** That's a concept from Buddhism, too. So I know it's at least 3,000 years old [laughs].

**JW:** Looking ahead, do you have reflections on where music is going or where you'd like to see it go?

**QJ:** My feeling is that hybrids are the way



right now, not only aesthetically, but from a socio-political standpoint. More countries are bringing their real roots to the table and creating fusions. I know that in France right now, the big thing is like house music/disco mixed with Arabic music. I hear that all over the place there, which is great because you're dealing with quarter-tones and a different scale perception.

Let it all fly. Everybody has something to say. The hybrid factor is coming together. Ain't nothing pure anymore.

**JW:** Was there ever?

**QJ:** No [laughs]. People like to think there was. Even the Royal Family of England is not pure.

**HH:** I like to think that, because of the times we live in right now, that the people in the entertainment industry can't help but think about the future in a much more concerned way. There's a stark reality that we're all aware of—that there may not be a future. I don't think anybody's ever entertained that idea before, but now we're all looking at that possibility and it can't be denied.

**JW:** Given the potentially harsh reality of what you're discussing, does music have more of an impact now than ever before? Is it one of the last refuges that can bring people together?

**QJ:** There's an abstraction of the power and mystery of melody that is so strong. The big moments come when the power of conviction and the word are combined with melody. Melody is really powerful. Nobody has control over songwriting, because when you try to write a song, it's always different from what you think it's going to be, because it comes straight from God and there's no technique to that. When those two things are aligned properly, it has the power. You can't touch it, you can't see it. It's just something that exists in time and space.

---

*"If Bach were alive today,  
he would be all over the  
synthesizer . . ."*

---

I'm not trying to be cosmic with this, but we're in a funny, strange business that you could call an "industry," in which [our merchandise] is consumed before it's purchased. You get all the music you're going to get from a record free on the radio. That doesn't say that if you go down and spend nine or 10 dollars for a record, you're going to get more. And it has to connect so strongly to make you spend your hard-earned money to bring it home to do the same thing that you got for free on the radio. That's a very serious relationship. And you have to be very honest. There's no room for bullshit in a relationship like that because it's too

straight-out.

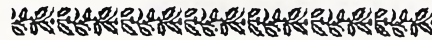
But I think music can say a lot for the world. I think it can affect larger segments of the population a lot stronger than the government, because it's emotional. It's on a visceral level.

**HH:** It transcends language, even if it's in a foreign language. Something that's very important to me is to point up the value that any human being has. You don't have to be a musician or a star to feel that you have value. Everybody makes a difference. I don't care what they're doing.

**QJ:** That's what I feel it's all about. The music is maybe just a catalyst to get it so that it's in the consciousness and then the people spread it.

**HH:** Even that idea, that everybody makes a difference. So we're promoting the truth about humanity.

**QJ:** It's just the throw that we're involved in. db



## PREVIN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

can't really say that my experience as a jazz pianist has been a tremendous advantage to me as a conductor, except for one thing. I tend to have relatively few problems about complex rhythms and I'm sure that's from all those years of playing with a rhythm section. It's gotten rather funny at times. In various orchestras I've conducted, I've often had to show string players how to feel a certain kind of interior time, between the obvious beats. And at these times, I usually see someone in the brass section grinning at me; because they know exactly what I'm talking about, and very often string players don't."

The classical world remains Previn's first commitment, and despite his Los Angeles resignation, his calendar is filled well into 1992. But he hopes to take Pass and Brown up on their invitations, and perhaps is no longer willing to set jazz aside for such a lengthy period.

"What jazz has really given me, the thing I missed most, was the purveyors of it, the people in it. I had played with a lot of different people and they are all happy memories. When I saw Ray and Joe after an intermission of 25 years, it was as if we had something to eat after the gig the night before. I was wonderful, as if once they liked you and felt you were a good player or whatever, that's it forever. You don't have to keep renewing it or proving it. And that is something that I've found quite unique in music." db

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