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How Jazz Diva Betty Carter Discovers Hot Musicians

Joshua Redman Wins Jazz Artist & Album of the Year

Dave Brubeck Enters Hall of Fame

Wallace Roney & Geri Allen Blindfolded

Bob Belden Plays Prince

Vinnie Colaiuta's Stinging Percussion



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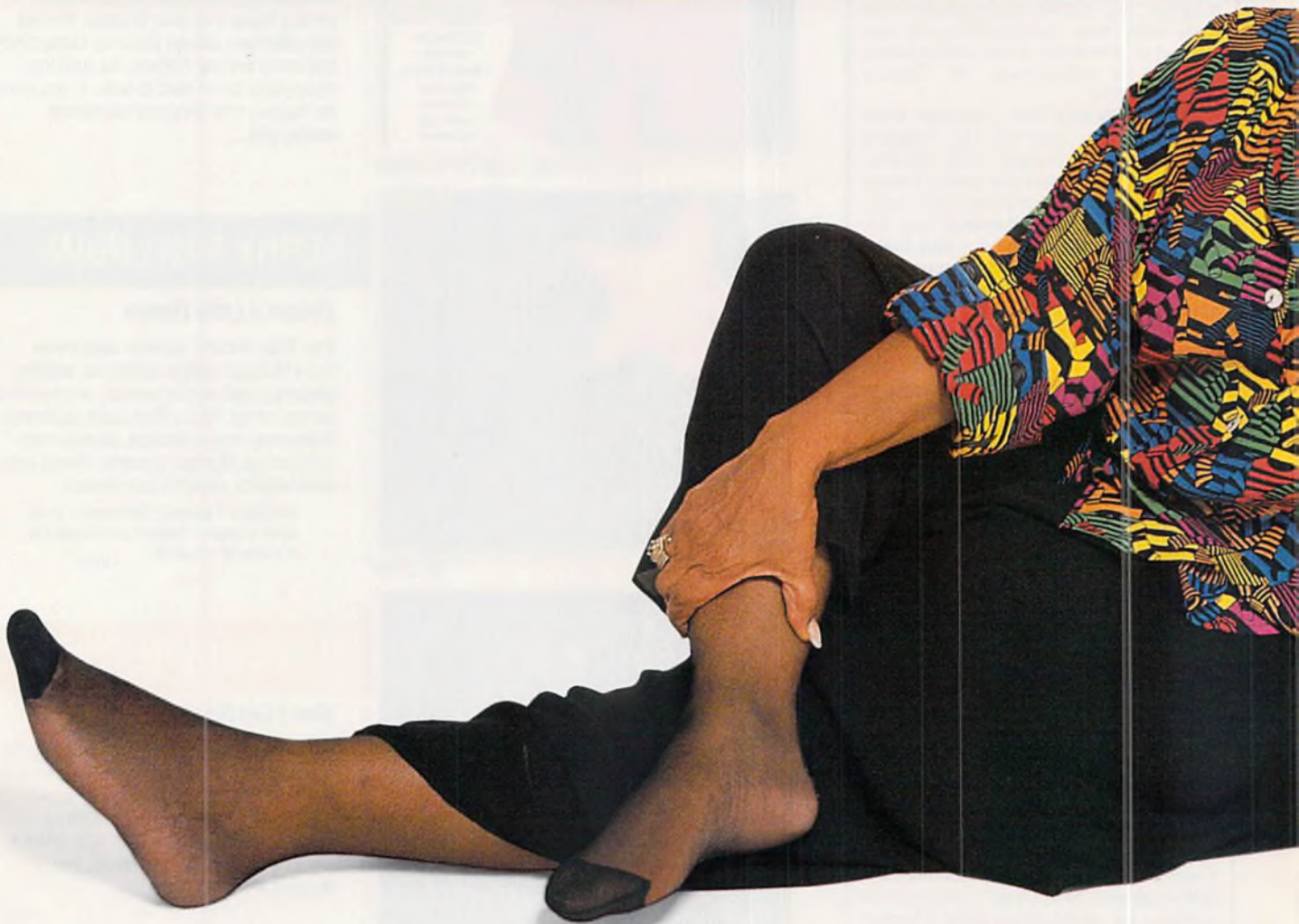
KEN FRANCHINI

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SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION: Send orders and address changes to: DOWN BEAT, PO Box 906, Elmhurst, IL 60126-0906. Inquiries: U.S.A. 1-800-535-7496; Foreign 1-708-941-2030.
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POSTMASTER: SEND CHANGE OF ADDRESS TO DOWN BEAT, PO BOX 906, Elmhurst, IL 60126-0906. CABLE ADDRESS: DOWN BEAT (on sale November 22, 1994) Magazine Publishers Association

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BETTY CARTER

IT'S **NOT** ABOUT TEACHING.



Betty Carter came out scatting. Syllables. Cascades of sound, soft and furry, easing above and around the changes. Then, words. "In the still of the night. . . ." Cole Porter—but now it's Betty's song. And, all at once, with only a turn of her head, the rhythm *rocketed!* Triple-time! So fast a train might've derailed—but not Betty. Betty drives a trio like Ben-Hur drives a chariot, galloping hard—but with *style*. And at the finish, a last "night" held high and strong, she *nailed* it like Pavarotti.

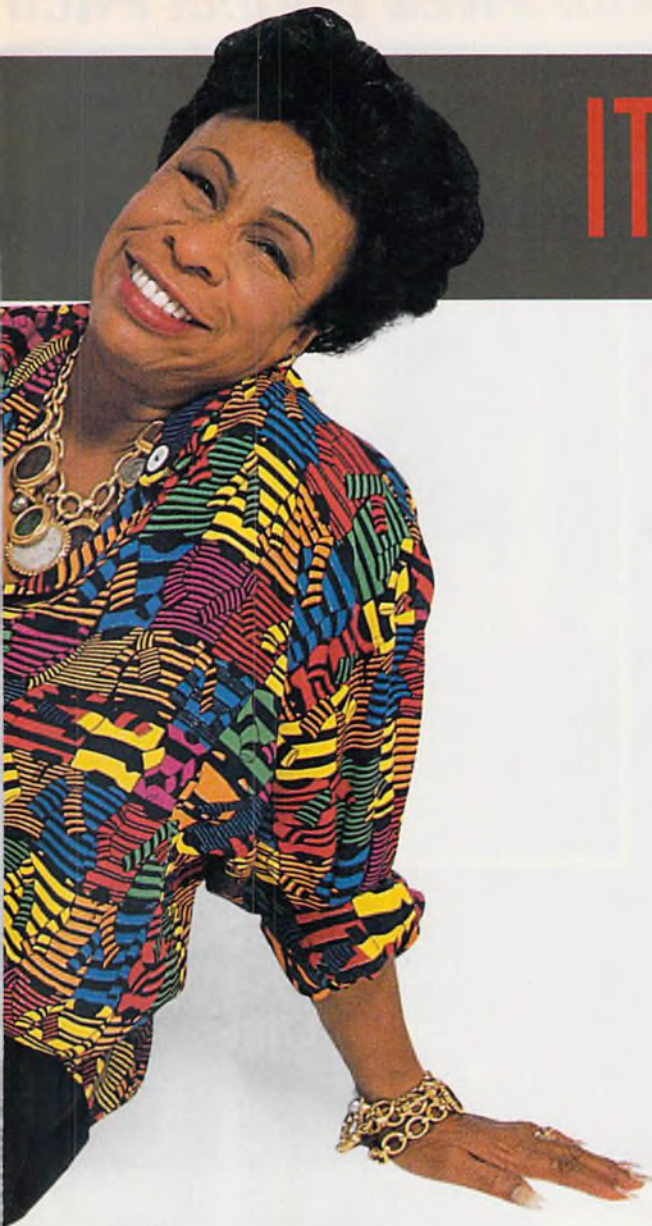
I've experienced the unique excitement of Betty Carter often through the years and around the world, but the performance last summer at the Istanbul Jazz Festival was *definitive* (see DB "Caught" Nov. '94). She sang standards. She sang originals. I'd heard all the songs before—and yet never before. Some singers, every note, every word, every emotion, it's the same at every show.

Betty Carter sings songs like Monet painted haystacks. Now yellow. Now purple. Now there's the pink of a sunset. It's nonetheless a haystack. It's that much more a masterpiece.

And she *works* the trio. (What drummer in Betty's band hasn't lost weight at every gig? She's downright *aerobic!*) Time stands still—or flies! Betty kaleidoscopes colors and moods and feelings and grooves. Some songs all rhythm. Some songs all heart.

Betty Carter sings *jazz*. "I'm a jazz singer, there's no doubt about it," says Betty. "I reach and I take liberties. I do a lot of stuff—and it's *mine*. What you hear is me and my thinking at that moment *and* the musicians behind me. They're reaching and growing at the same time. There's a real energy that these young kids have and *want* to have. There's a real camaraderie between the audience and these young musicians that bounces back off me. I really do *feed* off these kids."

She's worked most often since the '70s with young musicians,



IT'S ABOUT DOING.

BY MICHAEL BOURNE

PHOTO BY TERI BLOOM

usually newcomers to the scene (see sidebar). She's become the virtual godmother to a generation of musicians, especially young rhythm sections—encouraging them, fighting for them, fighting *with* them. It doesn't matter who they've played with before or what and where they've studied, when they join Betty's band that's when the real schooling begins.

"It's not about teaching. It's about *doing* and being allowed to do. What I can give them or say to them is, 'You've got to *work* to get better.' What I've been able to offer them are *jobs*. And, in the meantime, I put in a dose of skill. I can talk about what I've gone through, why this works and that doesn't. They're eager and really listen. They're in a hurry to cram it all in in a short space of time, and that's okay because things these days are in a hurry."

Her young pianists have included Benny Green, Stephen Scott, Cyrus Chestnut, Mulgrew Miller, Jacky Terrasson, and now Xavier Davis. Her young bassists have included Dennis Irwin, Curtis

Lundy, Michael Bowie, Ira Coleman, Ariel Roland, and now Eric Revis. Her young drummers have included Kenny Washington, Lewis Nash, Winard Harper, Troy Davis, Gregory Hutchinson, and now Will Terrell. She's even featured a saxophonist or two—like Don Braden and Craig Handy. And once a year at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, she gathers a whole *stageful* of young musicians. She'll host her third *Jazz Ahead* series, again with 20 or so newcomers, next spring at BAM.

"I select musicians from the IAJE [International Association of Jazz Educators] convention. I'll visit a college like Berklee and hear who's there. I listen to all the kids coming out of school. I might be told about them by musicians who know what I'm into. Or someone might send me a tape. I listen."

It's the same when she's looking for (*listening for*) musicians.

"You know there's something about a person when they have it. Something you can't nail down. Something you just feel inside. You know it *immediately*. Because of the time that I've been out here—and I've heard so many guys—I can just imagine what it would be like to have someone brand new like this and what I can do with them. . . .

"I don't listen to a certain thing. You've got to listen for the time, what they do with the rhythm, what they do with their solos, how they create or how they're *trying* to become creative. You know they're young and don't know everything, but with time and some exposure, some steady work, they could really develop. . . .

"They've got to have chops, but that doesn't mean their chops are necessarily *right*. You've got to have a feeling along with your chops. Most young players have an idea of what they want to do and what they want to *be*, and you can hear that. I want them to be *themselves* with me. I make sure they know that you do not have to be like the one who preceded you. I want something from *you*. I want *you* to feed me."

Betty Carter came out of Detroit, where the modern-jazz scene in the '40s was the most active outside of New York. She won an amateur singing contest—like Ella and Sarah—and jammed with Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, Miles Davis, and other greats who'd play through Bop City. She joined the Lionel Hampton band when only 18. Hamp's band was (and is) a jump-start for young jazz talent—Johnny Griffin was in the band then, also other singers like Jimmy Scott and Jackie Paris—and, while learning about music, Betty also learned about life. Gladys Hampton, the boss behind the band, became a mentor.

"I learned how to travel with men, how to be independent, how to look out for yourself, how to be in control, how to get on the stage, how to get *off* the stage, how to be disciplined, how to sit in a bus for hours and hours. I learned a lot from Gladys and Hamp both, not always realizing then that I was getting it." "Betty Be-Bop" was her nickname then. "I was disturbed at the time because I was always improvising. That's all Hamp had me doing. I thought, 'Jeez, I want to sing a *love* song!' I learned to do that on my own."

She was encouraged early on by Miles Davis and, after a tour with Ray Charles, the classic 1961 album *Ray Charles And Betty Carter*—with the hits "Baby, It's Cold Outside" and "It Takes Two To Tango"—became her real breakthrough. She recorded a variety of albums for a variety of labels in the '60s and, when record deals were not forthcoming, established her own Bet-Car label in the '70s. She signed with Verve in 1988, and her first Verve release, *Look What I Got!*, earned a Grammy.



ALL THE YOUNG DUDES

him and, unheard, she flew him to New York for an audition—and he stayed through 1984.

"I never played that fast before or that slow before—ridiculously slow tempos. Betty had extremes going that most people only fit in between. She also helped bring out dynamic range and control. She used to say, 'Watch me for the colors.' She'd say certain stuff or I'd have to be able to follow her hand. Betty's phrasing is unpredictable, so I had to trust my internal clock. If you waited for her lyric to know where you were, then you were lost. I learned to keep tempos myself without relying on where the lyric fell—and she *expects* you to be there. Betty didn't like telegraphing stuff, so that the audience would say, 'Oh, now they're setting up to. . . .' She wanted stuff to happen suddenly, when the audience is lulled into a certain mood, and then *jolted*. That's one of her trademarks, being able to shift gears on a dime."

Kenny Washington was just breaking into the New York scene as a drummer when he joined Betty's band in the fall of 1978. He stayed into 1980.

"One of the things I learned from Betty was paying attention *all the time*. I mean, with her body inflections; like, she might want a bass drum on the downbeat. And not only were the arrangements hard, she would constantly change them. She kept you sharp! Most singers, after you get the gig under your belt, you go to work every night and don't think about it. Betty Carter is the one gig where you *cannot* do that, where it's different every night. Betty used to play ballads so slow you could go to the bathroom between beats. And she would never count off the band on a ballad. We'd be doing a tune like 'Spring Can Really Hang You Up The Most,' and you'd watch her hand go way down. That's the downbeat—but you wouldn't know where that second beat was going to fall. You'd have to feel the space between beats. And she didn't want any *sweets* on the ballads, no brushes on the snare drum. She wanted the first beat on the ride cymbal, the second beat on the hi-hat, the third on the ride cymbal, the fourth on the hi-hat, and that was hard. Not only did you have to feel the space but it took a lot of control, plus you couldn't play too loud—just enough to be heard. And then she would play 'My Favorite Things' at *breakneck* speed!"

Dennis Irwin played bass in Betty's band right after Dave Holland in 1976. He stayed only six months but learned plenty—and also more with Art Blakey.

"It didn't take long for Betty to pull my coat different ways. I've learned a lot from singers, but Betty's thing is the attack on the note. I used to try walking with alternating fingers, but she got me in the dressing room and said, 'No, baby, *ding-ding-ding-ding*, all with the index. Look at those old pictures of Ray Brown and Oscar Pettiford doing everything with one finger. It's too uneven if you're alternating fingers.' She was right, but I couldn't get the muscle memory together when I was with Betty. I was thinking too much about it. It wasn't until I was with Art that I was able to relax and incorporate the things Betty talked about, pacing and drama, how to put a set together, doing things very slowly, quietly so that the bass note hangs in the air. She really exposed the bass a lot, and I could've benefitted from staying longer. Betty prepared me in a lot of ways for working with Art. She stressed being yourself. And she was so strong it was like being the bass player in a big band. It took a lot of stamina. She'd do long sets and the music had this intensity. She'd ride me the whole time. She wants the best."
—*Michael Bourne*

Betty Carter is an extraordinary artist, but also an extraordinary teacher. Some graduates from the Betty Carter "school" of jazz—pianists Benny Green (1983-87) and Stephen Scott (1987-88), drummers Lewis Nash (1981-84) and Kenny Washington (1978-80), and bassist Dennis Irwin (1976)—reflected on their "matriculations" through Betty's band, the first important regular gig for all of them.

Benny Green played piano with Betty from April 1983 through April 1987, his first real road gig. He eventually matriculated through the other great jazz "school" of Art Blakey.

"Betty and Art both emphasized directing my focus toward individuality, developing my own sound. That meant to not be intimidated by my predecessors in the Messengers. That meant, specifically with Betty, setting aside recordings. I was listening to records she made with John Hicks. They had such a good hookup, and I really admired his playing. Betty noticed that right away. Betty and Art both made the point about developing *Benny*. Betty was more verbal in her instructions. Art would drop gems of knowledge on you when he thought you were ready to hear it, but he preferred the Messengers to talk among themselves. She'd use visual imagery to convey the way she could see a piece telling a particular story. She'd emphasize the drama and the emotion in the performance and want us to relate our own experiences, like romantic experiences, to the music."

Stephen Scott became Betty's pianist after Benny Green split in 1987 and stayed through 1988. Betty's band was also Stephen's first important regular gig.

"What stands out most from working with Betty was respecting us and challenging us to take chances. I think that the basis of what she does is being original *and* being respectful to the music, helping the music move along. If you hear a quintet or a trio playing 'Star Eyes,' more than likely they'll play it like Charlie Parker did. That's great to respect Charlie Parker, but, as a musician, shouldn't you take time to think of an arrangement that stands on its own? Betty had a way of getting musicians doing whatever they should be doing in their own direction. I'd be trying to play Mulgrew Miller stuff or Kenny Kirkland stuff, and she'd say, 'Whose line was that? Is that yours?' I'd say no, and she'd say, 'Stop playing it!' That's what Betty taught me—to challenge myself and to challenge the music."

Lewis Nash was living in Phoenix when Betty was looking for a new drummer in 1981. Drummer Freddie Waits recommended

She's become more and more popular and *acclaimed* ever since. (Through to this year's Critics Poll, since '89, she's been voted top jazz singer in both the Readers and Critics polls.) And what's been her greatest strength, as an artist and as an individual, through tough times and even now as she's enjoying her greatest success, is an almost fierce *integrity*. She's never compromised. She's always determined herself to *be* herself. And, finally, she's reaping triumph after triumph.

"It really is different now. I feel good. I'm much more relaxed about my music than I've ever been. It's taken all this time maybe for some people to adjust to what I'm doing, but now people know exactly what they're coming to hear when they're coming to hear me. I can let go. I can really put out. I can take all kinds of risks."

Betty's most recent "risk" was, actually, great fun. She toured with friends—drummer Jack DeJohnette, bassist Dave Holland, and pianist Geri Allen—last fall around Europe. *Feed The Fire*, her newest album, was recorded in London and is highlighted by some serious interplay, an almost *giddy* "Sometimes I'm Happy," an impressionistic "Lover Man," and Betty's extraordinary duets with Geri on "If I Should Lose You," with Dave on "All Or Nothing At All," and her quiet percussive vocalizing with Jack on spontaneous sparring they've titled "What Is This Tune?" (see "CD Reviews" Nov. '94).

"It just happened," says Betty about the tour. "I'd worked with Jack and Dave when they were younger." Jack worked in Betty's band before his gig with Charles Lloyd back in the '60s. Dave worked in Betty's band in the '70s after his gig with Miles Davis. "I went to see Dave one night at Fat Tuesday's when he was working with Hank Jones [recently]. I decided that I wasn't going backstage. I was just going to enjoy the show and cut out. But as I was walking down the street, I heard someone calling me, and it's Dave saying how dare I leave without saying something! And he said that he wanted to work with me again."

"Betty thought it would be great," says Dave. "I thought first about just bass and vocals, and then I thought it would be great to have a trio with Jack and Betty. Betty suggested we should have Geri involved. Jack and I both admire Geri's playing a great deal, and it went from there."

"I'd always wanted to do something special with Betty, and then Dave pushed all the right buttons," says Jack. He'd reunited with Betty on her *Keep The Music Movin'* concerts at Lincoln Center and the Apollo several years ago. And on tour last fall, just like 30 years ago, Betty *worked* the band. "I think we worked *each other* very hard on the tour," Jack adds. "She wanted that. Usually, she's with the younger guys, and she really has to be on them for every little thing. Dave and I have gotten seasoned since our times with Betty, and it was important for Betty—and a treat for us—that she had musicians she could trust. She could take chances that she doesn't do normally with her regular trios. This tour for Betty was challenging."

"I knew it was going to be *right*, and it was going to be fresh with Jack and Dave because they're creative and they're going to be different all the time," says Betty. "Another difference from playing with younger musicians is that I'm often teaching them tunes and, with Jack and Dave, I'd just say, 'Let's play "Lover Man,"' and they knew it—and off we'd go! I'm the one who didn't know 'I'm All Smiles,' but Geri thought of that, and I had one of those 'fake' books and there it was."

Geri Allen first encountered Betty while attending the University of Pittsburgh in the '70s. They became friends when Geri was teaching at Howard University in the '80s. "Betty did a clinic," says Geri. "A lot of these kids were experiencing jazz for the first time. A lot of times they were looking in books or transcribing from records. To have a chance to be close to an artist of Betty's magnitude was a great moment for many of them. I remember Betty leading her clinic by singing *everything* to the students. And if

the students had any questions, they had to improvise, to *vocalize* their questions. These kids had to get up on the spot and react to music like they'd never done before. It was such a great illustration of what jazz is. It was really in the moment, terrifying and exciting all at once. That was the way Betty brought the real world of jazz to the students, the jazz life as it lives on stage."

Geri recorded a duet of "Stardust" and "Memories Of You" with Betty on the 1990 album *Droppin' Things* and felt the tour last fall was like her own master class. "Every time we would play, I was amazed at Betty's command, at her ability to communicate *directly* to each person in the audience, no matter how big or how small the venue. Every place was Betty's *house*. That was certainly a lesson in artistic mastership. And it's consistent. It was like that every night. She was able to *connect*. That was a great lesson for me to watch."

Dave and Jack were likewise inspired.

"I've really enjoyed the relationship of the bass to the singer," says Dave. "She doesn't have a format when she sings. She improvises and demands that spontaneity from the people she's with. She expects a serious contribution from everybody and draws it out of them. She gets right in your face when she sings. She comes right up and sings into your bass! It's real communication. It's a real *band*."

"By the end of the tour, we were *worn out*," says Jack. "It was hard work but enjoyable work."

Dave and Jack also recognize parallels between Betty and another master musician they worked with.

"Miles was always moving forward and developing his music," says Dave. "It never ceased during his life, and I think Betty is the same way. She's not happy to just settle back and do the set routine. Many vocalists find something that's comfortable and stick with it, but Betty is constantly looking for the next movement *forward*, for something that gives a piece a little something extra special."

"She's comparable to Miles in that sense," says Jack, "and loves the music with such a *passion*. She goes around scouting talent because she wants to give something back to the community."

Betty, Dave, Geri, and Jack will play some concerts to promote *Feed The Fire*—and because they'll all have another great time together—but, otherwise, as always, she'll be on the road with her young musicians. One might presume that her young musicians keep Betty young. But, for Betty Carter, it isn't only who she plays with but who she plays *for*.

"Don't forget that if it wasn't for the audience, I wouldn't be here right now. I didn't have records I could depend on. All I had were my people. I've tried to give them everything I could. *The Audience With* album I did in San Francisco was thanking them for sticking with me all these years and supporting me at the door. It's been very encouraging, people enjoying what you're doing and encouraging you to *go on ahead*. . . ."

DB

EQUIPMENT

Betty Carter requests a Shure 58 microphone. Otherwise, her instrument is . . . Betty Carter.

SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

<i>FEED THE FIRE</i> —Verve 314 523 600	<i>INSIDE BETTY CARTER</i> —Capitol Jazz 89702
<i>IT'S NOT ABOUT THE MELODY</i> —Verve 314 513 870	<i>ROUND MIDNIGHT</i> —Atlantic 80453
<i>DROPPIN' THINGS</i> —Verve 843 991	<i>I CAN'T HELP IT</i> —Impulse! 114
<i>LOOK WHAT I GOT!</i> —Verve 835 661	with various others
<i>WHATEVER HAPPENED TO LOVE?</i> —Verve 835 683	<i>RAY CHARLES & BETTY CARTER</i> —DCC Compact Classics 039
<i>THE AUDIENCE WITH BETTY CARTER</i> —Verve 835 684	<i>THE CARMEN McRAE-BETTY CARTER DUETS</i> —GAMHCD-2706
<i>THE BETTY CARTER ALBUM</i> —Verve 835 682	<i>JAZZ AT LINCOLN CENTER PRESENTS THE FIRE OF THE FUNDAMENTALS</i> —Columbia 57592
<i>BETTY CARTER AT THE VILLAGE VANGUARD</i> —Verve 314 519 881	<i>CARNEGIE HALL SALUTES THE JAZZ MASTERS</i> —Verve 314 523 150
<i>ROUND MIDNIGHT</i> —Roulette 959992	
<i>FINALLY</i> —Roulette 95333	

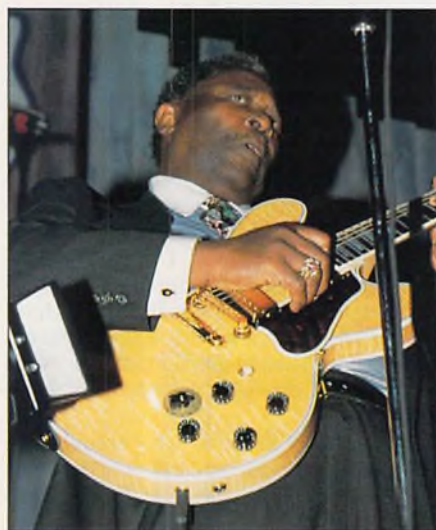
FOLLOW THE READER



KEN FRANKLING



KEN FRANKLING



T rue to form, our readers point the way. In contrast to our critics, it's the readers who continue to trumpet something slightly left of center, something slightly less conventional, new winners that suggest a change in the weather, if not the world of music. (Take a look at last August's Critics Poll if you don't believe me.)

Examples abound, but mention of a few choice winners should suffice. First off, how about 25-year-old Josh Redman? A relative newcomer to the scene, Redman's near-triple-crown win (not only for Jazz Musician of the Year and Jazz Album of the Year, but *seven* votes shy of taking Tenor Sax honors as well) harkens back to 1982, when a 21-year-old Wynton Marsalis took top artist, album, and trumpet honors in the Readers Poll. This year, Marsalis must be content to enjoy his top Trumpet award (with young gun Roy Hargrove close on his heels). Mighty fine, too, are the surprise wins (and winners) of singer Cassandra Wilson (handily breaking cover star Betty Carter's five-year winning streak), pianist Keith Jarrett, the McCoy Tyner Big Band, and of runner-up Maria Schneider for Top Arranger (next to Carla Bley)—results that further distinguish the readers from the ironically more predictable critics.

Sure, there's a helluva lot of overlap, and rightly so. The readers, no doubt, are influenced by the critics since the Critics Poll comes out four months earlier. And, artists like John Scofield, Steve Lacy, and B.B. King are winners in everybody's book. But it's those tough races that make for tough choices—all of which continue to make the *Down Beat* Readers Poll the most interesting and followed poll in the music business. If you don't think so, just ask the musicians.

—John Ephland

P.S. I gotta hand it to the critics for voting the one and only Burnt Weanie Sandwich, Frank Zappa, into this year's Hall of Fame. Long overdue congrats also to living legend Dave Brubeck, who now joins him courtesy of, you guessed it, the readers.

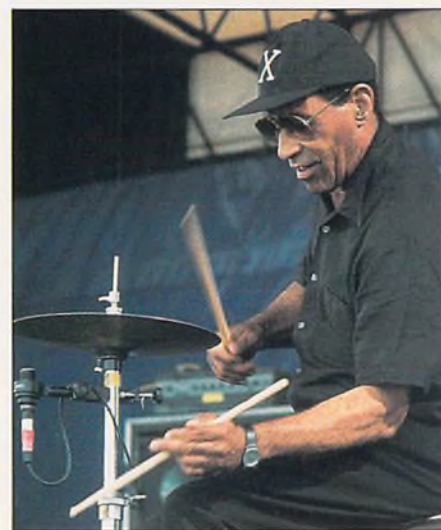
Clockwise from upper-left: Dave Brubeck, Joshua Redman, Cassandra Wilson, Max Roach, B.B. King, Wynton Marsalis



NEVIN BLOOM



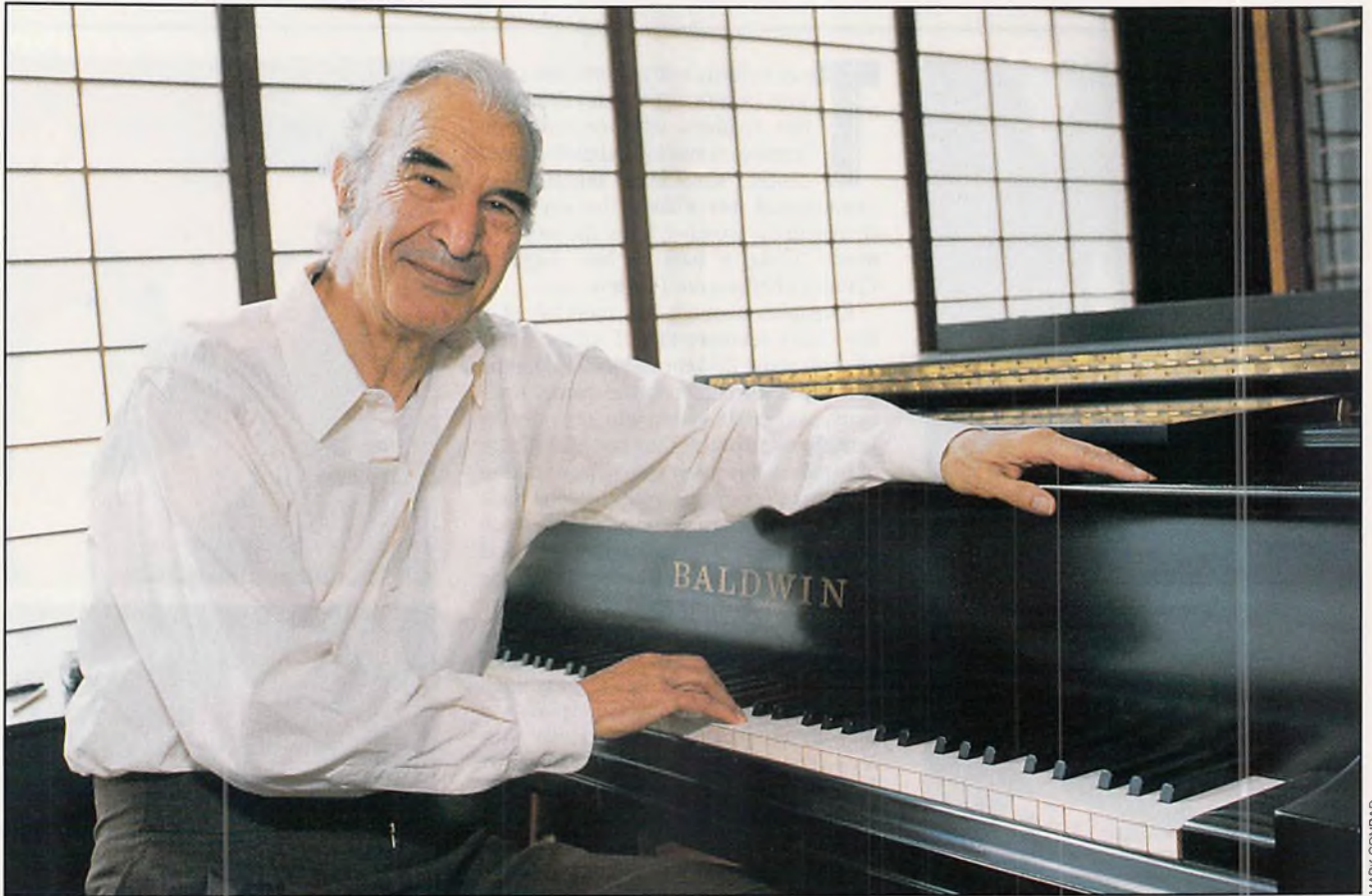
TERI BLOOM



KEN FRANKLING

Dave Brubeck

HALL OF FAME



MARK CONRAD

Hall of Fame

- 165 Dave Brubeck
- 102 J.J. Johnson
- 75 Elvin Jones
- 74 Joe Pass
- 62 Clark Terry
- 54 Charlie Haden
- 53 Horace Silver
- 45 Milt Jackson
- 45 Wayne Shorter
- 45 McCoy Tyner

By Robert Santelli

In a way, it's strangely fitting that it has taken this long for Dave Brubeck to enter *Down Beat's* Hall of Fame. After all, for much of Brubeck's career as a jazz pianist, composer, and bandleader, there always seems to have been a small but nagging criticism of his music's artistic merit, as if racking up record sales and satisfying audiences worldwide were somehow associated with selling out the sacred principles of jazz. In short, respect from some well-placed jazz critics has never come easy for Brubeck. But perhaps his fans know better; that's why he topped the list in our 59th Annual Readers Poll.

Brubeck never really endeared himself to those who believed hard-bop was the musical barometer by which jazz artists should be measured in the 1950s, Brubeck's early glory years. Brubeck certainly was no bop pianist. Instead, his cool slant and endless fascination with polyrhythms and the most intricate aspects of harmony led him down a different path than many of his contemporaries.

Add in his media popularity and his ability

to sell records—don't forget that Brubeck appeared on the cover of *Time* magazine in 1954, and both the tune "Take Five" and the album from which it came, *Time Out*, were huge hits—and it's easy to see why some jazz purists might frown upon Brubeck's place in the highest echelons of the music's hierarchy.

But no one can deny or downplay Brubeck's long list of achievements. It was Brubeck, for instance, who opened the door for the use of such unconventional time signatures as $\frac{5}{4}$, $\frac{7}{4}$, and $\frac{9}{8}$ within an improvisational framework. It was Brubeck who incorporated classical components into the jazz canon before it was fashionable to do so. It was Brubeck who brought jazz onto the college concert stage at a time when the only live jazz heard on campus was at an occasional frat party. It was Brubeck, who in a 1959 *DB* interview with Ralph Gleason, had enough vision to predict that jazz would someday embrace what we today call "world music."

It was also Brubeck who brought the sounds of jazz to the far corners of the globe as he helped define the term "jazz ambassador." And finally, it was Brubeck who gave

us a bin full of readily accessible jazz recordings that would turn on legions of new jazz fans in this country and abroad. For these accomplishments and others too numerous to mention, Dave Brubeck is indeed a **Down Beat** Hall of Famer.

"I think I've done a few good things with my music," said Brubeck during a recent interview. "At least I've had a lot of fun along the way."

For Brubeck, his lifelong interest in music began in the most unlikely of places: a California cattle ranch. He was born Dec. 6, 1920, in Concord, Calif. His father was a cowboy who managed a 45,000 acre spread; his mother was a classical pianist and teacher. Brubeck's two older brothers, Henry and Howard, were also musicians.

Brubeck began playing the piano at age four. "I remember having an early interest in music. But I also remember being interested in riding a horse and doing things my father did. There were times in my career when I couldn't feed my family or pay my band that the idea of returning to that ranch sounded awfully good to me."

Prodded by his mother, Brubeck attended College of the Pacific. He started out as a pre-med student, but eventually switched to music. At the time, Brubeck was listening to a lot of Fats Waller, and though he couldn't read music well, he began experimenting with harmony and tonality. He had also formed a friendship with pianist Cleo Brown and a deep admiration of the man Brubeck calls "the greatest jazz pianist who ever lived"—Art Tatum.

Brubeck actually met Tatum in 1941 while still a student. Here's the way Brubeck tells the story: "Cleo Brown, who knew Tatum, wrote me up an introductory note so I could meet him. There was a bar called the Streets of Paris in Hollywood. Well, I had come down from Stockton, which is where I was living then, just to hear Tatum play. I went in the bar, and there was no one there except me, Tatum, and the bartender. To me, this was unbelievable. Tatum was absolutely great, and no one was there to hear him.

"Well, after his set I went and gave him the note from Cleo. He held it real close to one eye and said, 'So how's Cleo playin'?' I told Tatum that I thought she had the fastest left hand I had ever heard. Tatum looked at me and said, 'Come over here.' He sat me down next to him and his left hand. Then he held up his right hand in the air and played with just his left. Well, he played like you wouldn't have believed. I'll never forget what I heard."

After graduating, Brubeck married, went into the army and served in Europe. He played in an army band, which is where he first met saxophonist Paul Desmond (nee

"A musician shouldn't let anything come between him and music. I'm just continuing on. I still have plenty of music left in me."



Breitenfeld), who would later become a key figure in Brubeck's success.

Discharged in 1946, Brubeck enrolled at Mills College to study under French composer Darius Milhaud, who would become Brubeck's mentor and teach him much about counterpoint and polyrhythms.

Brubeck formed the Dave Brubeck Octet, a group that included drummer Cal Tjader, trumpeter Dick Collins, and Desmond, at Mills College. Five of the eight musicians in the band were students of Milhaud. The Octet was ahead of its time since it often employed odd time signatures and was well along in crossing classical ideas with jazz.

But the octet rarely worked. Even when Brubeck cut the band down to a trio, which included bassist Ron Crotty and Tjader, the pianist found it difficult to pay a band, let alone support a family.

"I got fired a lot," recalled Brubeck, laughing. "I was playing in two and three keys at once. People weren't ready for that."

Brubeck began his recording career with his trio in 1949 for the Coronet label. When Coronet went out of business, Brubeck signed with a new label, Fantasy. In 1954 Brubeck switched to Columbia (although recordings of his still occasionally came out on Fantasy).

By 1951, Brubeck and his band had begun to taste some success; their regular gigs at the Blackhawk, a San Francisco jazz club, and recordings such as "Undecided," which was afforded best-of-the-year honors in *Jazz 1951*, a *Metronome* publication, led to increased audience awareness of the trio and dates beyond the Bay Area.

Around this time, Paul Desmond, with whom Brubeck had a falling out, came back into the picture. Desmond heard the Brubeck trio on the radio and returned to his former friend, insisting that the trio become a quartet.

"We were doing pretty good as a trio," said Brubeck. "And Paul would come and sit in wherever we were playing. But club owners would come up to me and say, 'Don't let that guy play—people came to hear your trio.' Still, Paul would just keep coming around.

"Well, we got a job in Honolulu and Paul wanted to come. He said he'd even pay his own way. But the cost was too high, so he stayed home. That's when I hurt my neck in a swimming accident and was nearly paralyzed. I had to stay in the hospital so Cal [Tjader] and Jack Weeks [Weeks had replaced Crotty in the trio] went back home to find new work. I knew they had to eat. I thought about Paul and wrote to him saying that we should start the quartet when I recuperated."

That they did. The Dave Brubeck Quartet, featuring Paul Desmond, formed in 1951 and included bass player Fred Dutton and drummer Herb Barman. The quartet went on to become one of the most popular jazz combos of the decade (the band's most memorable lineup was with drummer Joe Morello, who joined in '56, and bassist Eugene Wright, who joined in '58). Thanks to the *Time* magazine cover piece on Brubeck in 1954 and to the growing musical intimacy between Brubeck and Desmond, the quartet's popularity grew progressively.

By this time the quartet was also establishing its hold on American college kids; the Dave Brubeck Quartet crisscrossed the country, playing college campuses big and small. The quartet even recorded albums such as *Jazz Goes To Junior College* and *Jazz Goes To College*.

"We developed quite a following," recalled Brubeck. "The kids were bigger jazz fans than anyone thought. They were into jazz. We tapped that interest."

The group also performed abroad, often as part of State Department tours that showcased the virtues of American culture, primarily jazz. Brubeck and his band played Europe, South America, the Middle and Far East, and Pacific Rim countries.

Musically, Brubeck and the quartet continued their experiments with time and polyrhythms. But it was Desmond's sweet, lyrically fluid alto sax style that gave the group its main identity with listeners. This, plus the manner by which he spoke musically to Brubeck's polyrhythmic piano playing, made the band.

"No question about it," said Brubeck, "Paul Desmond was a very big reason why we were so successful."

The quartet lasted until late 1967. In the years that followed, Brubeck continued to perform, sometimes working with baritone sax man Gerry Mulligan, himself a **DB** Hall of Famer, and Brubeck's sons Darius, Dan, and Chris. Brubeck began to devote more of his attention to writing—and not just in the realm of jazz.

"My life has been split down the middle," he said. "One half of it has been about performing. The other half has been about writing. I love composing classical kinds of things and sacred music. I love writing for



The classic Dave Brubeck Quartet, circa 1960: Joe Morello (l), Brubeck, Eugene Wright, Paul Desmond

my sons. I'm still a busy man."

Residing in Wilton, Conn., Brubeck still finds time to perform and record. His most recent effort, *Just You, Just Me*, is a striking solo piano album of standards, his first such work in nearly four decades (see p. 48).

"Telarc wanted me to do a solo album, but I didn't think my technique was up to it," explained Brubeck. "I had been writing too much and practicing too little. But during a break in a recording session with my sons, I cut some songs: in 15 minutes I did three

"No question about it. Paul Desmond was a very big reason why we were so successful."



songs, and it went from there."

At age 74, after more than a half century in jazz, after a star on the Hollywood Walk of Fame, the holder of six honorary doctorate degrees, the recipient of the National Music Council's American Eagle Award and the BMI Jazz Pioneer Award, induction into *Playboy* magazine's Jazz Hall of Fame, and now a member of the *Down Beat* Hall of Fame, what else does Brubeck feel he has to accomplish? (At press time, the White House announced that Brubeck received the 1994 National Medal of Arts.)

"Oh, lots," he said, without hesitation. "A musician shouldn't let anything come between him and music. I'm just continuing on. I still have plenty of music left in me." **DB**

EQUIPMENT

Dave Brubeck plays a Baldwin SD-10 grand piano. Baldwin supplies him with the grand for live performances.

SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

JUST YOU, JUST ME—Telarc 83363
LATE NIGHT BRUBECK—Telarc 83345
TRIO BRUBECK—MusicMasters 65102
ONCE WHEN I WAS VERY YOUNG—MusicMasters 65083
QUIET AS THE MOON—MusicMasters 65067
TIME SIGNATURES—Columbia 4-C4K-52945
NEW WINE—MusicMasters 5051-2-C
MOSCOW NIGHT—Concord Jazz 4353
BLUE RONDO—Concord Jazz 4317
REFLECTIONS—Concord Jazz 4299
FOR IOLA—Concord Jazz 259
CONCORD ON A SUMMER NIGHT—Concord Jazz 4198
ALL THE THINGS WE ARE—Atlantic 1684
QUARTET 25TH ANNIVERSARY REUNION—A&M 75021-0806
MUSIC FROM WEST SIDE STORY AND OTHER SHOWS—Columbia 40455
TIME OUT—Columbia 40585
GONE WITH THE WIND—Columbia 40627
JAZZ GOES TO COLLEGE—Columbia 45149
JAZZ IMPRESSIONS OF NEW YORK—Columbia 46189
JAZZ IMPRESSIONS OF EURASIA—Columbia 48531
DAVE DIGS DISNEY—Columbia 48820
JAZZ AT OBERLIN—Fantasy OJC-046
JAZZ AT COLLEGE OF THE PACIFIC—Fantasy OJC-047
INTERCHANGES '54—Columbia 47032

with various others

THE REAL AMBASSADORS—Columbia 57363 (Louis Armstrong)
BRUBECK MULLIGAN CINCINNATI—MCA 42347 (Gerry Mulligan, Cincinnati Symphony)
LAST SET AT NEWPORT—Atlantic 1607 (Gerry Mulligan)
WE'RE ALL TOGETHER AGAIN FOR THE FIRST TIME—Atlantic 1641 (Gerry Mulligan)
REUNION—Fantasy OJC-150 (Paul Desmond, Dave Van Kniedt)

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Joshua Redman

JAZZ MUSICIAN & JAZZ ALBUM OF THE YEAR



Jazz Musician Of The Year

- 392 Joshua Redman
- 377 Wynton Marsalis
- 276 Charlie Haden
- 180 Joe Lovano
- 69 Joe Henderson
- 63 David Murray
- 45 Roy Hargrove

Jazz Album Of The Year

- 384 *Wish*, Joshua Redman (Warner Bros.)
- 269 *Always Say Goodbye*, Charlie Haden/Quartet West (Verve)
- 160 *Blue Light 'Til Dawn*, Cassandra Wilson (Blue Note)
- 125 *In This House, On This Morning*, Wynton Marsalis (Columbia)
- 100 *I Can See Your House From Here*, John Scofield/Pat Metheny (Blue Note)
- 76 *Old Flames*, Sonny Rollins (Milestone)

The crown prince of tenor sax has enjoyed another heads-up year, only the third since the Harvard '91 grad renounced Yale Law School and opted for the hard-knocks life of the jazz musician.

Yet, you'll not catch young Joshua Redman crowing about it: He's both awed and perspicacious about success. In the few times I've spoken with him, Redman, like Shakespeare's Prince Hal, has "sounded the very bass-string of humility" (*Henry IV, Part I*).

Since his **DB** cover story last December, Redman the Younger has:

- copped two '94 **DB** Readers Poll firsts, Album of the Year (*Wish*) and Jazz Artist of the Year, just missing a Triple Crown (second to Joe Henderson by a few votes in the Tenor Saxophone category).
- toured cross-country with Pat Metheny, Christian McBride, and Billy Higgins between summer and last fall on the heels

of his first lead recording, *Wish* (actually recorded three weeks before his premiere, *Joshua Redman*).

- waxed a second exquisite two-sax date with Redman the Elder (father Dewey; see "CD Reviews" Nov. '94) that cuts not to the chase but to the quick (*African Venus*, Muse).
- recorded *MoodSwing*, his first date with his band of contemporaries (Brad Mehldau, Brian Blade, McBride).
- guested on several albums, notably Milt Jackson's *The Prophet Speaks*, Roy Hargrove's *The Tenors Of Our Time*, and Mishell N'dege Ocello's *Plantation Lullabies*.

On a brief but hardly hasty phone call from Berlin, Redman painstakingly outlined his current musical *weltanschauung*. Here's a summary of his statements about his past year immersed in 'The Music:

"One thing that's very exciting for me,

even though I have a growing career as a leader, is co-leading and being a sideman, collaborating with great players and leaders. This year I've made records with Milt Jackson, Jack DeJohnette, Elvin Jones, and Paul Motian. I've played a whole week with Clark Terry on an [S. S.] Sovereign of the Seas cruise. After the *Wish* tour, I played with Roy Haynes, Pat, and Christian. I'm really fortunate to get a chance with so many master drummers."

Despite his meteoric career rise, Redman, unlike Icarus and a few of his prematurely chrysalized peers, does not seem to have scorched his wings. If his apparent regrets are few, the pace has been hectic for him: He sounds like he could use some down-time after all this get-down time.

"Cultural ruboffs? I haven't learned many languages. I've been to so many interesting places, and all I've done is play music! I haven't seen the sights. I'd like to take off six months from music and go to all the places I've journeyed without my saxophone, experience them for what they are, not just a gig. For me, that kind of life experience, not explicitly musical experience, is as important as practicing. If music is an expression of my soul, I need to live as rich a life as possible. If I haven't led an inspired life, with many exciting experiences to draw upon, I won't have much to say musically."

—Fred Bouchard

Charlie Haden/Quartet West

JAZZ ACOUSTIC GROUP OF THE YEAR



Quartet West: Charlie Haden (l), Ernie Watts, Larance Marable, Alan Broadbent

Charlie Haden's Quartet West, winner of DB's 59th Annual Readers Poll for Acoustic Jazz Group, is a microcosm of Los Angeles. The leader's acoustic bass—which also took first place in this year's poll—evokes the roots of hillbilly immigrants and the avant-garde impulse of Ornette Coleman's free-jazz, spawned in Los Angeles in the late '50s. Tenor man Ernie Watts conveys the sophisticated studio sound, with a jazz cry in his tone. Alan Broadbent's piano casts moody, film-noir harmonic shadows. Larance Marable's drums take a bebop ride down legendary Central Avenue.

"Quartet West celebrates Los Angeles," Haden says. "Alan and Ernie and Larance play with Quartet West like they play with no other band. The other great thing is, how many bands are there playing nowadays that have their own sound?"

Always Say Goodbye, Quartet West's latest album, won DB's 42nd Annual International Critics Poll for Jazz Album of the Year (see the August '94 issue with Haden's picture on the cover). Haden will receive the award when Quartet West performs at the San

Francisco Jazz Festival on November 10.

The group's itinerary in '94 included gigs in Appleton, Wis., Wilmington, Del., Rapid City, S.D., Kansas City, Mo. (Haden's home state), Austin, Texas, and Europe. Locally, the group performed at the Orange County Center for the Performing Arts, UCLA, and the Hollywood Bowl.

In between, Haden gigged with his Liberation Music Orchestra (both U.S. and European contingents), recorded part of the soundtrack for *Lost In The Stars* (a film documentary about composer Kurt Weill), and performed on record dates with Kenny Barron, Ginger Baker, Abbey Lincoln, and Hank Jones. In April, he flew from Europe for a one-nighter at Carnegie Hall to celebrate Verve's 50th anniversary.

Haden also finds time to teach a weekly course at Cal Arts in the L.A. suburb of Valencia that's open to players on any instrument. "It's about discovering your voice on your instrument," he says.

Haden discovered his voice on the bass a long time ago. In Quartet West, he has discovered the voice of an ensemble and the voice of a city. —Owen Cordle

Jazz Acoustic Group

- 456 Charlie Haden/Quartet West
- 344 Wynton Marsalis
- 157 Bobby Waston
- 141 Modern Jazz Quartet
- 128 Phil Woods

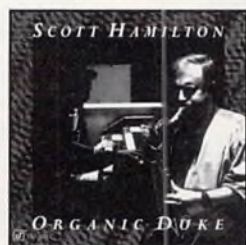


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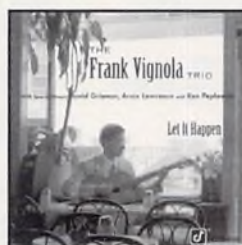
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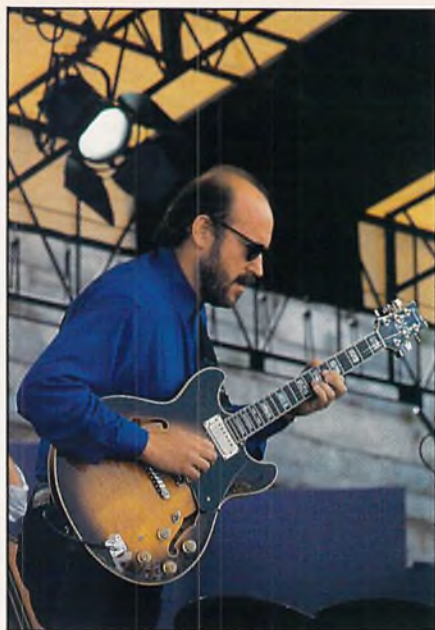
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KEN FRANKLING

John Scofield

JAZZ ELECTRIC GROUP OF THE YEAR

John Scofield continues his domination of DB's annual polls. For the third consecutive year, the 43-year-old guitarist topped both the Jazz Electric Group and Electric Guitar categories in the Critics Poll. He culminates a busy year by racking up wins in both categories for the third consecutive time in our 59th Annual Readers Poll.

Scofield began the year with a five-week tour of Europe with his current quartet of Dennis Irwin on bass, drummer Bill Stewart, and keyboardist Larry Goldings. April saw the release of his collaboration with Pat Metheny, *I Can See Your House From Here* (Blue Note), which had been recorded in December of '93 at the Power Station in New York City. There followed a European tour with John, Pat, electric bassist Steve Swallow, and Bill Stewart. Unfortunately, the band never played in the United States.

Summer saw the release of his soul-jazz opus, *Hand Jive* (Blue Note—see "CD Reviews" Nov. '94), which featured his quartet augmented by special guests percussionist

Don Alias and sax legend Eddie Harris. Scofield spoke enthusiastically about his chemistry with the tenor sax great on that October '93 date. "When I was a kid, I heard Eddie's album *Jazz Exodus* and his later collaborations with Les McCann, which totally knocked me out. I love Eddie's sound, it's so distinctive and swinging in a bluesy kind of way. I feel we are musically similar in that our harmonic concepts are together yet we are basically soulful players."

This fall Scofield performed 31 concerts in Europe with Eddie Harris as special guest. He closes out the year with a weeklong engagement at the Blue Note in New York alongside another tenor sax great, Joe Henderson. The band also features drummer Al Foster and bassist Dave Holland (the lineup that appeared on Henderson's 1993 poll-winning album, *So Near So Far [Musings For Miles]* on Verve).

Scofield plans to go into the studio in the spring to record his next Blue Note album. "I'm not sure what it's going to be into," says the poll-winning plectrorist. "But I'm keeping it at it."
—Bill Milkowski

Jazz Electric Group

- 261 John Scofield
- 168 Bill Frisell
- 162 Pat Metheny
- 132 Chick Corea
- 108 Yellowjackets
- 66 Ornette Coleman
- 66 Chico Hamilton

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Everette Harp
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La Voz alto medium hard
La Voz tenor medium hard

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La Voz alto medium
La Voz tenor medium hard

Ronnie Laws
La Voz alto hard
La Voz tenor hard

Sonny Rollins
La Voz tenor medium soft

David Sanborn
La Voz alto medium

Stanley Turrentine
La Voz tenor medium hard

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Rico Royal alto #2 1/2

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Kenny G
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Hemke alto #3

Kenny Garrett
Hemke alto #3, #3 1/2

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Hemke tenor #2 1/2

Stanley Turrentine
Hemke tenor #3 1/2

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Rico soprano #2 1/2

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McCoy Tyner

JAZZ BIG BAND OF THE YEAR



RONALD HEARD

Jazz Big Band

- 601 McCoy Tyner
- 408 Count Basie
- 138 Charlie Haden's Liberation Music Orchestra
- 81 Mingus Big Band

Just as the big bands of Duke Ellington and Count Basie epitomized the musical sensibilities of their leaders, so, too, the McCoy Tyner Big Band reflects the muscular, relentlessly driving sound and style of its pianist/founder.

Perhaps that's why Tyner's unabashedly idiosyncratic ensemble has aced the competition to win the Big Band category in this year's '94 Readers Poll. While various repertory bands across the country essentially preserve music of the past, Tyner's organization embraces the present and pushes aggressively into the future. In so doing, Tyner and friends have proven that the big band remains a vital and viable musical forum for the '90s, at least artistically speaking.

Though critics across the country have showered deserved praise on the Tyner band's most recent recording, *Journey* (Birdology/Verve), it's the ensemble's live performances that showcase its virtues best. In concert, Tyner gives his players an unusual degree of freedom to follow the musical inspiration of the moment. This rather freewheeling approach to big-band direction often gives rise to incendiary solos, roaring

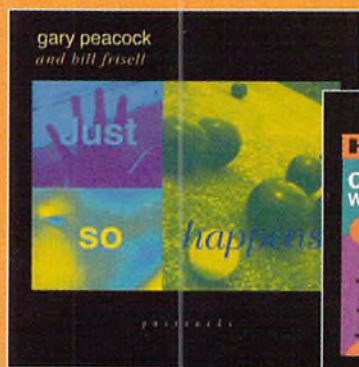
brass and reed choirs, and, occasionally, a sense of near-disorder or frenzy in large-ensemble passages. Yet what the Tyner band sometimes sacrifices in ensemble precision it more than repays in energy, visceral excitement, and freshness of sound.

More than any other act to play this year's Jazz in June series at the Ravinia Festival, the Tyner Big Band drew exuberant ovations from the crowd, which responded noisily to transcendent trombone virtuosity from Steve Turre and nearly avant-garde tenor saxophone blasts from Billy Harper and John Stubblefield. When the ensemble was playing at full tilt, with Tyner's all-over-the-keyboard pianism relentlessly pushing rhythms, tempos, and dynamics, you couldn't help but feel swept up in a great rush of sound.

Obviously, the days are long gone when the best big bands can afford to play the road full-time. Yet, the fact that Tyner's ensemble performs only periodically seems to work to its advantage, with the band's performances ultimately suggesting a free-ranging jam session rather than a recital of all-too-familiar repertoire. —Howard Reich

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Reggie Workman *Sunmi Conference*
with Andrew Hill, Sam Rivers, Julian Priestler,
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Ralph Simon *AS*
with Gene Adler, Jeff Berman,
Tom Beyer, David Dunaway,
Billy Hart, Marc Johnson,
Dan Rose, and Chip White
POST 1004



Composer

- 212 Henry Threadgill
- 200 Wynton Marsalis
- 183 Randy Weston
- 140 Carla Bley
- 90 Benny Carter
- 78 Julius Hemphill
- 67 Bobby Watson
- 60 Muhal Richard Abrams

Alto Saxophone

- 327 Phil Woods
- 272 Jackie McLean
- 271 Frank Morgan
- 153 Ornette Coleman
- 152 Bobby Watson
- 56 Antonio Hart
- 54 Anthony Braxton
- 46 Kenny Garrett



HYOU VIELZ

Arranger

- 261 Carla Bley
- 184 Maria Schneider
- 150 Jimmy Heath
- 133 Toshiko Akiyoshi
- 111 Melba Liston
- 110 Frank Foster
- 97 Slide Hampton
- 38 John Zorn
- 34 Benny Carter
- 34 Julius Hemphill

Tenor Saxophone

- 526 Joe Henderson
- 519 Joshua Redman
- 385 Joe Lovano
- 376 Sonny Rollins
- 256 David Murray
- 119 Johnny Griffin
- 76 Scott Hamilton
- 74 Stanley Turrentine
- 54 David Sanchez
- 54 Wayne Shorter

Soprano Saxophone

- 337 Steve Lacy
- 326 Branford Marsalis
- 323 Wayne Shorter
- 84 Jane Ira Bloom
- 79 Jane Bunnett
- 63 Bob Wilber
- 54 Eric Person

Baritone Saxophone

- 516 Gerry Mulligan
- 182 Hamiet Bluiett
- 114 Nick Brignola
- 90 Ronnie Cuber
- 86 John Surman



HYOU VIELZ

Clarinet

- 387 Don Byron
- 323 Eddie Daniels
- 141 Alvin Batiste
- 139 Buddy DeFranco
- 72 Phil Woods
- 66 Ken Peplowski
- 50 Paquito D'Rivera
- 32 Marty Ehrlich

Flute

- 324 James Newton
- 257 James Moody
- 150 Frank Wess
- 145 Lew Tabackin
- 64 Hubert Laws
- 58 Dave Valentin
- 38 Henry Threadgill
- 34 Kent Jordon



HYOU VIELZ

Trumpet

- 444 Wynton Marsalis
- 392 Roy Hargrove
- 329 Lester Bowie
- 180 Tom Harrell
- 122 Wallace Roney
- 104 Art Farmer



KEN FRANKLING

Trombone

- 332 J.J. Johnson
- 193 Steve Turre
- 181 Ray Anderson
- 71 Frank Lacy
- 67 Curtis Fuller
- 35 Robin Eubanks

Synthesizer

- 308 Joe Zawinul
- 273 Lyle Mays
- 171 Herbie Hancock
- 160 Chick Corea
- 70 Wayne Horvitz



Piano

- 269 Keith Jarrett
- 260 Kenny Barron
- 258 Tommy Flanagan
- 253 Geri Allen
- 145 Cecil Taylor
- 76 McCoy Tyner

Organ

- 304 Jimmy Smith
- 264 Joey DeFrancesco
- 176 Don Pullen
- 64 Amina Claudine Meyers
- 43 Barbara Dennerlein
- 28 Jimmy McGriff

Acoustic Guitar

- 274 John McLaughlin
- 190 Jim Hall
- 173 Kenny Burrell
- 172 Joe Pass
- 76 Ralph Towner
- 44 Pat Metheny

Acoustic Bass

- 398 Charlie Haden
- 279 Dave Holland
- 269 Ray Brown
- 162 Christian McBride
- 150 Ron Carter
- 66 Anthony Cox



CD 6119: TOWN HALL, 1972
with Dave Holland & Barry Altschul

CD 6075: DORTMUND, 1976
with George Lewis, Dave Holland & Barry Altschul

CD 6030: ONE IN TWO - TWO IN ONE, 1979 with Max Roach

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Electric Guitar

- 306 John Scofield
- 178 Bill Frisell
- 148 Pat Metheny
- 114 Kenny Burrell
- 100 Mike Stern
- 86 Jim Hall



HYOU VIELZ



TEHR BLOOM

Electric Bass

- 368 Steve Swallow
- 277 John Patitucci
- 165 Marcus Miller
- 152 Stanley Clarke
- 50 Bob Cranshaw
- 42 Bill Laswell
- 30 Eberhard Weber

Drums

- 421 Max Roach
- 387 Elvin Jones
- 260 Jack DeJohnette
- 150 Billy Higgins
- 82 Roy Haynes
- 78 Tony Williams
- 66 Marvin "Smitty" Smith



HYOU VIELZ

Female Singer

- 272 Cassandra Wilson
- 168 Betty Carter
- 166 Abbey Lincoln
- 151 Shirley Horn
- 119 Ella Fitzgerald
- 118 Sheila Jordan
- 65 Dee Dee Bridgewater
- 65 Carmen McRae

Percussion

- 406 Tito Puente
- 284 Trilok Gurtu
- 284 Airtó Moriera
- 136 Famoudou Don Moya
- 136 Naná Vasconcelos
- 45 Jerry Gonzalez



RONALD HEARD

Male Singer

- 319 Joe Williams
- 274 Bobby McFerrin
- 171 Tony Bennett
- 146 Mel Tormé
- 75 Jimmy Scott
- 74 Mark Murphy
- 66 Jon Hendricks
- 66 Kevin Mahogany

Violin

- 380 Stephane Grappelli
- 154 Billy Bang
- 154 Jean-Luc Ponty
- 138 John Blake
- 90 Mark Feldman
- 87 Leroy Jenkins
- 42 Johnny Frigo

Miscellaneous Instrument

- 412 Toots Thielemans (harmonica)
- 311 Steve Turre (conch shells)
- 136 David Murray (bass clarinet)
- 104 Bela Fleck (banjo)
- 56 Howard Johnson (tuba)
- 28 Don Byron (bass clarinet)



HYOU VIELZ

Vibes

- 419 Milt Jackson
- 321 Bobby Hutcherson
- 179 Gary Burton
- 139 Steve Nelson
- 126 Lionel Hampton
- 40 Jay Hoggard

Vocal Group

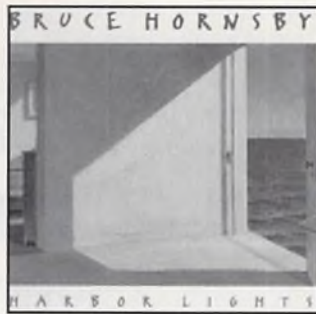
- 473 Take 6
- 293 Manhattan Transfer
- 140 Hendricks Family
- 133 New York Voices
- 80 Sweet Honey In The Rock
- 71 Jackie & Roy
- 67 Zap Mama

Blues/Soul/R&B Album Of The Year

- 246 *Blues Summit*, B.B. King (MCA)
- 118 *Just A Lucky So And So*, Charles Brown (Bullseye)
- 44 *Flyin' High*, Johnny Copeland (Verve)

Blues/Soul/R&B Musician Of The Year

- 370 B.B. King
- 147 Buddy Guy
- 117 John Lee Hooker
- 72 Robben Ford
- 48 Charles Brown
- 41 Robert Cray
- 41 Otis Rush



Blues/Soul/R&B Group

- 283 B.B. King
- 179 Neville Brothers
- 72 Robert Cray
- 48 Robben Ford

Beyond Album Of The Year

- 192 *Harbor Lights*, Bruce Hornsby (RCA)
- 89 *Hand On The Torch*, Us3 (Blue Note)
- 82 *Zooropa*, U2 (Island)

Beyond Musician Of The Year

- 180 Sting
- 173 Dr. John
- 77 Tito Puente
- 49 Milton Nascimento

Beyond Group

- 132 Neville Brothers
- 121 Tito Puente
- 88 Us3
- 67 Sting

Branford Marsalis



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From Puccini To Prince

BOB BELDEN

By Bill Milkowski

It's another late night hang at the Supper Club, home of the weekly Groove Academy throwdowns in Midtown Manhattan. And what a vibrant scene it is. Larger-than-life images of a young, slick Miles Davis, a confident Clifford Brown, and a regal-looking Max Roach are projected on walls surrounding a huge dance floor, alternating with shots of Art Blakey, Horace Silver, Thelonious Monk, and slides of classic Blue Note cover art. One by one those familiar Reid Miles/Francis Wolff images flash by as the bodies twirl and bump to the pulse: the sexy, high-heeled gams on the cover of Sonny Clark's *Cool Struttin'*, an ultra-hip Sonny Rollins sporting shades on *A Night At The Village Vanguard*, a pensive John Coltrane staring down at the dance floor from the cover of *Blue Train*.

They're passing joints, popping X, and catching the groove as DJ Smash works his magic on the house, sliding a taste of Lonnie Smith's "Move Your Hand" in between Ronny Jordan's version of "So What" and Lee Morgan's "Mr. Kenyatta" without dropping a beat. And the crowd responds with a wave of kinetic energy on the dance floor. The air is thick with sexual tension. This place is light years from the Vanguard. And in the midst of it all, digging the scene with the enthusiasm of a kid turned loose in a candy shop, is Bob Belden, acclaimed big-band arranger, winner of *DB's* '93 Readers Poll as well as the TDWR category in *Down Beat's* International Critics Poll for the last two years running.

The idea of Belden—a product of North Texas State who played in its highly regarded One O'Clock Lab Band and apprenticed with Woody Herman's Thundering Herd—hanging till the wee hours in a cavernous disco with this jazzy hip-hop crowd might seem a bit incongruous on the surface. But he's always been a little bit left-of-center. Quite a bit, in fact.

"At North Texas State, I was the renegade," he says, thinking back to that period from 1973 (when he enrolled as a 16-year-old and was known around campus as 'C.P.' for Child Prodigy) to 1978 (when he graduated with a degree in composition). "I was the guy who wasn't playing the big-band bullshit game. Everyone else was kissing ass to get approval from the faculty. Everybody was

"If I can get the rhythm section I want, if I can get the keyboard players to create that big sound I like, that mess, why do I need to carry a big band?"



digging Woody's band, Maynard's band, Kenton's band. I was into East Coast small bands. I would skip class with a bunch of subversive friends of mine, get stoned, and listen to [John Coltrane's] *A Love Supreme*, [Joe Henderson's] *In And Out*, and [Art Blakey's] *Free For All*.

"Meanwhile, the prevailing train of thought there was, 'If it ain't got a shout chorus, it ain't music.' But my attitude was, 'Don't tell me that I have to limit it to this!' To subvert the system there, all you had to do was take an extended solo. So I began introducing texture and opening up the rhythm section. They basically were saying, 'Don't run, walk,' while I was skipping around all over the place."

He exercised those subversive ideas with the Denton Dues Band, an alternative big band at North Texas State that met every Sunday to work on Belden's ambitious charts. He later imposed his whole radical esthetic on Woody Herman's band in 1979 before moving to New York and establishing his own vehicle to push further in this heady direction.

Belden's lush voicings for bones, brass, woodwinds, and french horns on 1985's *Treasure Island* and his dramatic arrangements on 1991's *Straight To My Heart: The Music Of Sting* had some proclaiming him a big band messiah, the Second Coming of Gil Evans. Jon Andrews' 5-star review in *DB* (May '93) of Bob's masterful, though ill-fated, 1993 project, *Puccini's Turandot* (see sidebar), brought further attention to his considerable arranging skills. And he is bound to gain yet more accolades for his most recent work, *When Doves Cry*, an 11-

song collection of Prince tunes featuring an all-star cast and done up in Belden's inimitable style (see sidebar).

But right at a time when Belden is gaining more recognition for his big band accomplishments, he seems to be turning away from the traditional sound of bones, brass, woodwinds, and french horns in favor of a new muse. At a recent Visiones gig in Manhattan, Belden may have shocked any big band purists in the house. Dressed in colorfully outrageous African garb, he fronted a band that included two drummers, three keyboards, electric bass, guitar, trumpet, and DJ Smash on turntables. Belden eschewed his tenor sax for a WX-7 wind synth triggering a Miles trumpet sample through a wah-wah pedal. "It was loud, aggressive, and unrelenting," he says with a proud, wicked grin. "I had a field day. It was like Miles in '73."

A voracious record collector with a serious jones for guitarist Grant Green, Belden is also one of the world's foremost authorities on Miles Davis. His cramped Upper West Side apartment is stacked with Miles vinyl, bootleg CDs, cassettes, and videos. He's got stuff no one else has ever heard (and probably never will), and he's thoroughly schooled on all phases of Davis' ever-evolving career—which is why he's been asked to annotate an upcoming Smithsonian project on the music of Miles Davis. Meanwhile, Belden is in big demand as a producer, arranger, and archivist. He's got d.j.s from all over the five boroughs of New York coming to his Upper West Side digs to check out old Blue Note album beats they might be able to cop. He is preparing an Adult Contemporary remix of singer Cassandra Wilson's version of "When Doves Cry," the title track from Belden's first project for Metro Blue, the new Blue Note subsidiary for pop-oriented product. He will be producing and arranging for an upcoming Blue Note project celebrating the label's 10th anniversary since being reactivated in 1984. "We're taking classic Blue Note tunes and creating an alternative environment for them," he says, "like doing hip-hop versions and acoustic versions of Blue Note classics using all the artists on the roster." Another of Belden's recent undertakings involved plundering the Blue Note vaults in Holly-



BILLOUTHART

wood for any unreleased material that might be suitable for the label's Groove Series.

He's also working on the next Atlantic Jazz recording by the group Straight Ahead and will produce Richie Cole's next Heads Up project, a tribute to Dizzy Gillespie titled *Kush*. And he's been approached by Deutsche Grammophon about doing a jazz version of Vivaldi's *The Four Seasons*.

At present, Belden seems to be particularly fond of Miles' notorious *Agharta/Pangaea* phase, circa 1975. "I always felt that Miles in the '70s, with his *Agharta* band, was in his Ellington period,

because he had players that did exactly what needed to be done in the moment and he knew how to manipulate it and take it to a certain place. And for me, I want to get to that point where I know what's going on. Also, I want to get into a different way of making the rhythm section . . . begin working on pulse and feel and beat, bringing the drummers into the forefront of the sound.

The horns are gone from Belden's current working ensemble, replaced by three keyboards. Writing for horns, he says, became too frustrating after a point. And gigging with a 13-piece ensemble became economi-

cally unfeasible. At the same time he was feeling a financial drain from carrying the big band, Belden began hearing a completely different sound that would ultimately point him in a new direction. "My attitude was, if the rhythm section can make music, then what you do becomes more effective because then it's not just about the writing, it's about the whole sound. Then I realized, if they're making the music, why do I have to pay 12 extra cats? If I can get the rhythm section I want, if I can get the keyboard players to create that big sound I like, that mess, why do I need to carry a big band? So I said, 'I'm going to get three hip keyboard players who comp incredibly well and they can create a background that changes all the time.' And it worked. The interaction you get in that whole jungle matrix of sound with the three keyboard players and the turntable is amazing. Since May of '93 I haven't even thought about a big band."

His drummers of choice now are Rocky Bryant and Billy Kilson. He continues to work with guitarist Jimi Tunnell and mixer DJ Smash. "Smash is a virtuoso," he says. "He's into the total concept. It's like, for me it's not just about playing a solo, and for him it's not just about playing a record. He obviously has a sense of the music, more so than the previous generation of scratchers, who only added percussive effects and had a limited appeal. Smash can keep a groove going while mixing in a Horace Silver riff from 'Nica's Dream.' He's got an arranger's mind. He's a mixer as opposed to a scratcher."

Belden has worked with such fine upright bassists as Ira Coleman, Jay Anderson and Larry Grenadier, but his current cat is an electric bassist named Patrice from the British hip-hop jazz group D-Note. "He plays bass the way I like to hear it played," he explains. "It needs to be subsonic and have that very fat, very dark tone. My bass player's gotta want to play low. He's gotta be a Harvey Brooks fan, a Michael Henderson fan. I mean, it's the bass! You are a bass player. These guys with eight strings on their bass . . . I wanna reach for some wire-cutters, man. It's like, 'No! You are not a guitar player.' I have this option of coming up with what I call my No Option Bass, which has low B, low E, and low A strings with a range of a fifth. And that's it. Those are all the notes you can play. Stay there! Stay down there!"

For that gig at Visiones with his new ensemble, Belden had New Yorkers Kevin Hays and Jacky Terrasson switching off between acoustic piano and Fender Rhodes electric piano, and he flew in Scott Kinsey from Los Angeles to play synthesizers. The results more than validated Belden's new direction. "We had this wonderful situation

In A Not So Silent Way

For Bob Belden, 1992 will always be the year of the *Turandot* fiasco.

A sprawling production involving some 30 musicians, it was Belden's magnum opus, a magnificent jazz vision of the Puccini opera with occasional nods to *Bitches Brew*, Gil Evans' arrangements on "Porgy And Bess," and Joe Zawinul's "In A Silent Way." Apart from the regular members of his Bob Belden Ensemble, augmented by several other section players, guest soloists included such heavyweights as Tony Williams, Wallace Roney, Dave Liebman, Joe Lovano, and Gary Peacock.

Unfortunately, Belden has given up any hope of that brilliant 5-star recording ever being released in the States. The Puccini estate and the publishers of Puccini's music have basically refused to grant permission to use the material, regarding Belden's "jazzy" versions of what they consider to be sacred music as tantamount to blasphemy. It's a sad situation that has left Belden embittered,

certainly toward the world of classical publishing in particular, if not the music industry as a whole. "I can't even listen to it now," he sighs, adding in solemn tones, "publishers don't understand jazz. And they treat classical music like going to church. But, to me, it's all personal expression whether the material is Sting, Prince, or Puccini."

Turandot has, however, been released in Japan without incident. "Their copyright laws are different," Belden explains. "Puccini's music is in the public domain in Japan."

Meanwhile, Belden's Prince project, *When Doves Cry*, has recently been released Stateside on Metro Blue, Blue Note's newly inaugurated pop-oriented subsidiary label. Originally released in Japan (as *Purple Rain*) in January of '94 on the somethin'else label, it sold 13,000 copies in the first week and shot to the #1 position on *Swing Journal's* Contemporary Jazz Charts. It is expected to surpass Belden's previous sales of 20,000 in

Japan for his *Sting* project. Blue Note is planning to follow up with a heavy marketing campaign in the States based on the presence of Cassandra Wilson, currently the label's hottest artist (see "CD Reviews" Nov. '94).

When Doves Cry began taking shape in early 1993 when Hitoshi Namekata of somethin'else, a division of Toshiba-EMI in Japan, approached Belden with a commission. "Blue Note in New York was relieved to hear that they weren't going to have to pay for it, since they had just spent an enormous amount of money on a record that couldn't be put out in the States, namely *Turandot*," says Belden. "So I decided that I was going to find the sound that I liked for this project. And I took six months, 300 hours in the studio. I had the luxury of being able to re-record things two or three times with different groups, just to hear what it sounded like." By comparison, the sprawling *Turandot* took eight hours to record.

—Bill Milkowski



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where two cats were more or less playing off each other and a third guy creating melodies and composing on top. They had all these little patterns and activities going on, answering one another. And that was their function."

For trumpet, he has worked well with Tim Hagans, who is less and less available these days as his solo career takes off. And he seems to have a special chemistry with Wallace Roney, who was featured on *Turandot*. "Wallace is the only other cat I can see on the scene that I'd have fun playing with, but I don't think he'd be interested in what we're doing now because I'd make him put a wah-wah pedal on it."

So Belden's search for his dream band continues. "I'm really searching out the cats that just play the thing," he says. "I want guys who can play roles, who understand the concept of playing the part. I like [using John] Scofield and [Mike] Stern, but the last guitar player I used outside of Tunnell was this guy I met in the subway. I used him on *Turandot* and on a couple other gigs. He doesn't know what he's doing, per se, but whatever you tell him to do, he will do. I tell him to play in E for five minutes, he'll do it. There are certain guys who won't, or can't, do that. About 30 seconds into it, they'll

start developing. But, to me, I have to control the mood and the tempo and the tone of the song. It's about shaping a song.

"And my esthetic on that comes from the *Agharta/Pangaea* band, where they would sit on it for half an hour," he continues. "Or check out 'He Loved Him Madly' [from the

1974 Miles album *Get Up With It*, using basically the same band]. Now, that's discipline. That band is one of the most disciplined bands in the world because they would sit there and wait. You can't do that with big bands. Everybody wants to solo in a big band. And I just got tired of that." **DB**

EQUIPMENT

Bob Belden plays a Selmer VI tenor saxophone (made in 1972) and a Selmer VI soprano sax (1965). On tenor, he's been using an Otto Link 9-star metal mouthpiece and medium-strength Ray Bari plastic reeds; his soprano setup includes a hard-rubber Otto Link 8-star mouthpiece and medium-strength Vandoren or Rico reeds. Belden's alto flute is an Artley.

His electronic arsenal is well-endowed: a

Yamaha WX-7 wind synthesizer, a Roland JV-880 rack-mount synthesizer, an Akai S-3000 sampler, an Oberheim Orchestrator module, a Yamaha DX-7IID, a Yamaha OX-3 sequencer, a Performer sequencer, and a Wuritzer electric piano. His acoustic piano of choice is a Steinway piano (from Hamburg, Germany). Finally, Belden swears by a Sharpie extra-line-point pen for arranging and transcribing music.

SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

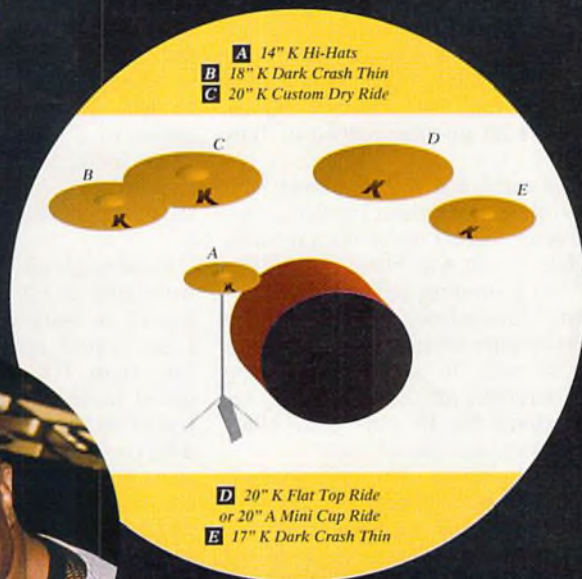
WHEN DOVES CRY—Metro Blue 29515
PRINCE JAZZ—somethin'else 5565 (Japan only)
TURANDOT—Blue Note 99829 (Bob Belden Ensemble Japan only)
STRAIGHT TO MY HEART—Blue Note 95137 (BBE)
TREASURE ISLAND—Sunnyside 1041 (BBE)
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 with McCoy Tyner
JOURNEY—Verve 314 519 941
TURNING POINT—Verve 314 513 573
 with Red Rodney
THEN AND NOW—Chesky 79

RED ALERT—Continuum 19101
CODE RED—Continuum 18901
 with various others
THE PLACE TO BE—Blue Note 29268 (Benny Green)
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Suitcase Full O' Chops

VINNIE COLAIUTA

By Robin Tolleson

There are few things that get under Vinnie Colaiuta's skin more than someone bad-mouthing fusion. The same way some people tried to turn the word "liberal" into a negative—the "L" word—fusion became the "F" word, and the drummer thinks it's a bum rap.

Colaiuta's self-titled solo-album debut celebrates and stretches the term "fusion." It harkens back to the early, challenging, no-excuses days of fusion, fusion with an edge. It's an album with the musical impact of Billy Cobham's 1974 solo debut *Spectrum*—great playing that doesn't overshadow the songwriting. It's Weather Report, Return To Forever, Miles Davis, Mahavishnu, and Frank Zappa. And the drummer eagerly acknowledges his greatest influence: Tony Williams.

"Concept rules, and Tony has taken concepts to a whole other place," Colaiuta says from the comfortable London hotel room he keeps while on tour with Sting. "Physically, what he does is amazing, and it's not predictable. Herbie Hancock once said that Tony is what he is because he understands the laws of music so well. To me, he's the logical bridge between the era of the '60s and '70s and the modern day. He came from Miles and Max [Roach], and he can rock."

Colaiuta remembers when, as a student, he found out about Williams' *Ego* album, a bombastic affair that vaporized any line between jazz and rock. "I went right out and bought it. Couldn't understand much about it the first time, but a month later it hit me like a religious experience. There was no turning back." Vinnie then got a serious Miles Jones, absorbing *Bitches Brew*, *Live-Evil*, *Nefertiti*, and *Miles Smiles*.

By the time he packed off to Berklee College of Music and studied with drumset instructor Gary Chapin, Colaiuta was listen-



ing to artists as varied as Charlie Parker, Led Zeppelin, Emerson, Lake & Palmer, Crosby Stills & Nash, the Beatles, and the Mahavishnu Orchestra. It was all good ear-training for the demanding polyrhythmic standards bandleaders like Zappa would impose on him years later. "I was exposed to odd times by Don Ellis tracks like 'Bulgarian Bulge,'" he recalls. "I found the whole score to a piece called 'Ionization' by Varese, and thought, 'What is this?' It really caught my attention. I had always been a Mothers/Zappa freak, and then there was Genesis, Gentle Giant, Yes, and the progressive rock thing. I got interested and started analyzing it."

Colaiuta got off a bus in Hollywood in 1977 with a suitcase full of chops, but he had some lessons to learn before becoming one of L.A.'s busiest session drummers. "It was like, 'Here, I'm ready to blow.' I was surprised to hear, 'Yeah, but can you cut a track?' So I had to figure out how to split the difference. The guy that turned my head about that was [Steve] Gadd, because he made stuff work in a commercial context. He could play the heaviest stuff on *Three Quartets*, then turn around and play a pop tune, and I'd know it was him. He had the context, and his touch and approach was coming from such deepness. When you're opened up to play more slowly and simply it centers your time and makes it mean more. And the jazz stuff gives you the freedom to be able to do what you want, whether you use it or not."

Colaiuta describes the musical digestive

process and his search for his own voice. "You go through a cycle when you're learning. First you discover you have some aptitude, and your own identity. Then you start hearing other influences and learn more, but you deny yourself. You start emulating others. Then you're at a hump. You've got to include their influences, but you've got to bring your shit out again, otherwise you're stuck sounding like them. You can emulate, but you're trying to learn the content of what they played and why they played it. The last step is getting back to you again. You realize that at the end of the day, you're all that you've got."

"Once I saw that circle and experienced it, I tried not to deny myself so much. That was the only way I could really get an identity. I couldn't help it that Steve and Tony and Billy [Cobham] came out. I just tried to use my personality filter to make it sound like me. If you acknowledge it and let that other stuff come through you, then you can start to get your own thing happening."

The album *Vinnie Colaiuta* is impressive for its strength of playing and musicality. A listener wouldn't immediately know it was a drummer's record. Like Williams, Colaiuta is dedicated to composition studies. In fact, he wrote and produced all the tracks, showing off musicality developed over the years playing with Zappa, Allan Holdsworth, Joni Mitchell, John Patitucci, and Jeff Beal.

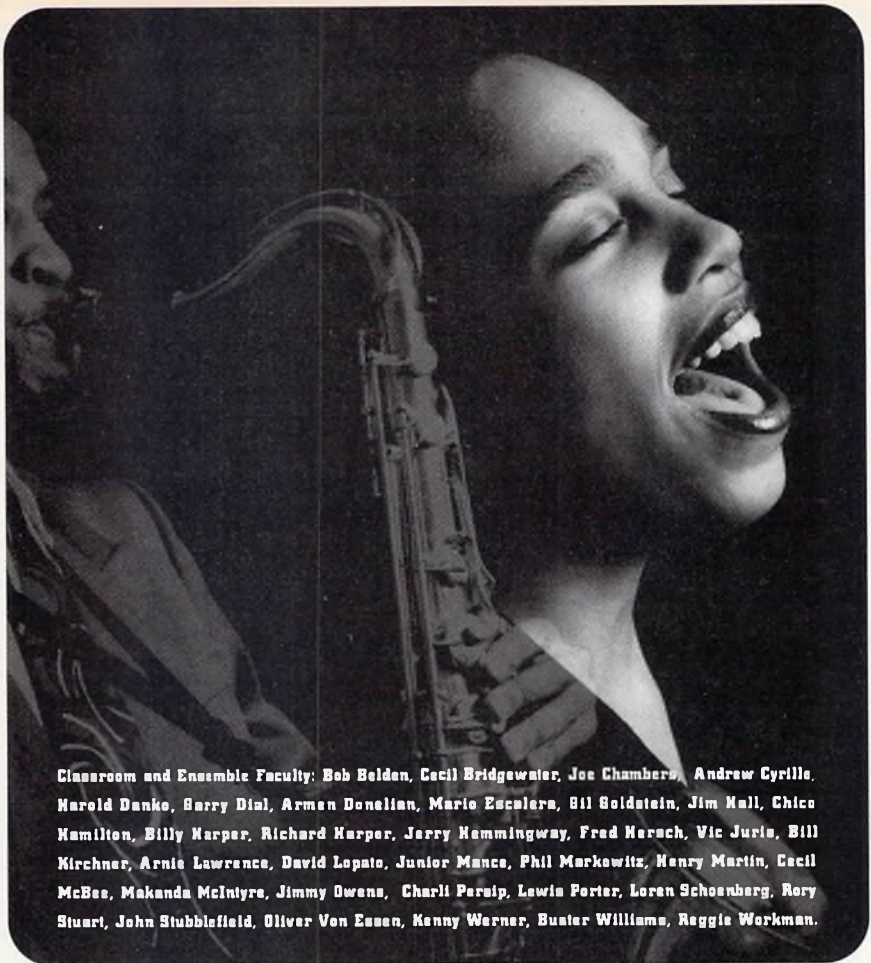
"My concept was to integrate myself as a whole musical personality—composition-

ally, performance- and production-wise, to make one statement," Colaiuta says. "The drums aren't subservient to the music, and the music isn't subservient to the drums. I'm playing the compositions and blowing, too. I'm not writing the tunes just as a gratis thing so I can blow. I can't fool myself. I've gotta hear some compositional content. If you're really making a statement with the drums, you've got to hear it musically. It validates the drums as an instrument to me. People know. If the music's not strong, they're going to be saying, 'Yeah, there's some great drumming on it, but the tunes were jive.'"

At first listen, melodic references to Joe Zawinul stand out in Colaiuta's music. "If Weather Report did exist [today], it might sound a little like that," the drummer says with reverence. "That's my concept of what it could be now. I miss that. I need to hear some good stuff again. There's a quote that says, 'Good composers borrow, great ones steal.' I'm not trying to steal anything. I'm just trying to put a new shirt on it and say, 'Whatever happened to . . .?' and 'Why not?' I think it's a lot of what *we* are about as musicians."

"I'm 'Tweaked" is a serious rocker with a nod to Joe Satriani and Led Zeppelin on which Colaiuta distinguishes himself on brushes before switching to sticks for an ass-kicking ending celebration. "John's Blues" is a chance to hear the dream rhythm section of Patitucci and Colaiuta, and Vinnie blowing like mad through phase-shifters à la Jimi Hendrix. "Slink" is a Tony Williams Lifetime-type groove with a Wayne Shorter twist, with Colaiuta a creative, challenging accompanist and soloist throughout. "Chauncey" is a deceptive, mesmerizing $\frac{5}{4}$ number, on which guest-artist Sting toys with a counter $\frac{4}{4}$. "If you keep counting, you'll find that it stays in 5. There's a little computer glitch where it skips a 16th note, so I covered it up with sampled sounds and Japanese cymbals," Colaiuta says. "Something happened with the time code, so I just made it like a big downbeat. Basically, it never changes: the triplet feel in 5 becomes the 16th note in $\frac{4}{4}$. When the drums cross-fade and come back in with those African flutes in triplets, that's to show the rhythmic illusion of it. I'm still playing in $\frac{5}{4}$, but the rest of the band is playing in $\frac{4}{4}$, and it works out, bar-wise. I wanted to make it subtle and snaky-smooth so you really couldn't tell."

Colaiuta has learned odd time-signatures to the point of complete comfort. He plays them seamlessly, such that a song in $\frac{7}{4}$ time like Sting's "Stronger Than Justice" can become a pop success. "I can take part of the credit for that, and Sting gets the rest for writing it," he says. "But I know what you mean. Conceptually, it's pretty amazing to do



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DRUMS: THE FINAL LAYER

It might sound like a live band playing on much of *Vinnie Colaiuta*, but that's an illusion of the technology.

The drummer began his solo project by writing out all the instrumental parts and programming them into his Macintosh computer. Then, piece by piece, he overdubbed and replaced his demo parts with performances by musicians of choice, recording onto five synched-up ADAT machines. He also wound up saving some of his own keyboard, bass, and synth parts.

"When [saxophonist] Steve [Tavaglione] came and played, I dumped the sax-guide track. We wrote some notes out for Steve and [guitarist] Mike [Landau], and they played. I overdubbed Landau because there wasn't any real guitar, just some cheesy guide stuff.

"On 'I'm Tweaked,' [bassist Neil] Stubenhaus is playing a fuzz bass along with two Moog basses behind it. There are three bass tracks and all these subharmonic bass samples that you've

got to listen pretty close to hear. They all fit together contrapuntally to make up that groove. Pino Palladino came in when we were mixing in London and replaced some synth bass stuff. I wanted a sub-bass sound on 'Private Earthquake,' so there are a couple of synth tracks on there as well.


"On the song 'Chauncey,' one of our guest musicians didn't show, so I was stuck there with two-and-a-half minutes of a vamp, with Sting playing on it, and no guitar solo. I was in there with my samplers trying to construct something when [guitarist] Dominic [Miller, from Sting's band] walked in. I'm like, 'Why am I writing something? Just play on top of this stuff.' He brought his pedal board and guitar, plugged into the desk, and went for it. Steve had some outtakes that he had played from that tune and other places that we flew in. So we did it in layers. After they did all their stuff, I overdubbed the drums. My parts were recorded last." —Robin Tolleson

it in such a way that the average punter doesn't have to sit there and wonder why he can't clap. The whole concept of playing over the barline makes it accessible, and the way that it's asymmetrically divided over the bar makes it listenable. There's no mystery to it. The ride cymbal is playing sort of quarter notes. It's not a jerky 7/4 kind of thing, and when you unjerkify it you can clapify it. We want to make it sound like it wasn't necessarily in seven."

Colaiuta's former boss, the late Zappa, was the king of odd times. In 1989, he paid the drummer a sincere compliment in Zappa's *The Real Frank Zappa Book* (Poseidon Press): "A soloist choosing to work in this odd style . . . can only go as far into the 'experimental zones' as his rhythm section will allow him to go. The problem lies in the polyrhythms. The chances of finding a drummer . . . who can conceive of those polyrhythms—let alone identify them fast enough to play a complementary figure on the moment—are not good. (The grand prize goes to Vinnie Colaiuta, the drummer for the band in 1978 and 1979.)"

Colaiuta believes in finding the positive in each gig he plays. "Even when I was learning how to play Top 40, I was also taking

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chances," he says. "Don't be afraid to be yourself. Don't knuckle down to thinking it's gotta be like this or that. And always pay homage to the people who came before you.

Part of the fun Colaiuta has in Sting's band is getting to work with instrumentalists like David Sancious, a keyboardist who's helped shape the music of Bruce Springsteen and Peter Gabriel. "This is a guy who played guitar on Stanley Clarke's *Journey To Love*, and he's a keyboard player. He's got stuff going on from the core, and it's deep. And Sting is the only international superstar doing this pop stuff that's got the *muso* sensibility. Sting's a closet jazzer. He came up hearing the stuff we did.

"I love working with Sting," Colaiuta concludes. "He's a great bandleader and musician. I've been a mainstay with Sting for three-and-a-half years, but I can't *only* do that. Now I've got my own record. I've toured Europe twice with John Patitucci, and whenever I get the chance I like to do other sessions. You've got to keep a perspective on reality and everything that's out there. That's how you learn, that's how you grow." **DB**

EQUIPMENT

Vinnie plays a Yamaha Maple Custom drum set featuring a 4x14 Vinnie Colaiuta model snare drum, 10x10 tom, 10x12 tom, 12x14 tom, 14x16 tom, and 18x22 bass drum. Drum heads are by Remo, with coated Ambassadors on top of the toms and snare, clear Ambassadors on the bottom of toms, and a Pinstripe on the bass drum.

His hardware includes a Yamaha rack system with a DW hi-hat stand and DW Turbo double pedal.

Colaiuta plays Zildjian cymbals, including a 6" A splash, 8" K splash, 10" A splash, 13" A Custom hi-hats, 14" Platinum Quick Beat hi-hats, 15" A Custom crash, 17" A Custom crash, 18" A Custom crash, 20" Oriental China Trash, and a 20" Platinum ping ride.

He uses Zildjian's Vinnie Colaiuta model sticks with wood tips.

SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

VINNIE COLAIUTA—Stretch 1110
with various others
TEN SUMMONER'S TALES—A&M 31454 0070 (Sting)
ON THE CORNER—GRP 9583 (John Patitucci)
SKETCHBOOK—GRP 9617 (John Patitucci)
CROSSROADS—GRP 9610 (Eric Marienthal)
GRP SUPERLIVE IN CONCERT—GRP 21650 (various artists)
SECRETS—Inima 21S-73328 (Allan Holdsworth)
TALK TO YOUR DAUGHTER—Warner Bros. 25647 (Robert Ford)
WILD THINGS RUN FAST—Geffen 2019 (Joni Mitchell)
DOG EAT DOG—Geffen 24074 (Joni Mitchell)
NIGHT RIDE HOME—Geffen 24302 (Joni Mitchell)
JOE'S GARAGE THE COMPLETE VERSION—Rykodisc 2-10060/61 (Frank Zappa)
TINSELTOWN REBELLION—Rykodisc 10166 (Frank Zappa)
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The Bill Evans Trio: Evans (l), Larry Bunker, and Chuck Israels, circa 1964

Bill Evans

The Art Of Playing

By Dan Morgenstern

By popular demand, we bring you this "Classic Interview" with pianist/composer Bill Evans, reprinted from our October 22, 1964 issue.

There can be little doubt that Bill Evans is one of the most influential pianists—if not to say one of the most influential musicians—in jazz today. His strikingly personal conception has not only touched younger players but it also has affected many pianists with longer roots.

At another stage in the development of jazz, there might be nothing very surprising about this, for Evans' music—lucid, lyrical, melodic, and infused with a sense of, and search for, beauty and balance—is firmly grounded in an astonishing command and organization of the musical materials in the mainstream of the jazz tradition. And his approach to his instrument reflects a firm commitment to the heritage of Western keyboard music that began with Bach and perhaps reached its final splendor in Debussy.

Such an orientation is not exactly typical of the trend in contemporary jazz, sometimes called the "new thing," sometimes

"avant garde," and which seems more concerned with discarding tradition than with building on its foundations. The watchword of this school is "freedom"—a word open to many definitions.

Evans, too, is concerned with freedom in music. But he said recently, "The only way I can work is to have some kind of restraint involved—the challenge of a certain craft or form—and then to find the freedom in that, which is one hell of a job. I think a lot of guys either want to circumvent that kind of labor, or else they don't realize the rewards that exist in one single area if you use enough restraint and do enough searching.

"I have allowed myself the other kind of freedom occasionally. Paul Bley and I did a two-piano improvisation on a George Russell record [*Music For The Space Age*] which was completely unpremeditated. It was fun to do, but there was no direction involved. To do something that hadn't been rehearsed successfully, just like that, almost shows the lack of challenge involved in that type of freedom."

Just turned 35, spiritually and physically refreshed after a troubled interlude in his life, Evans spoke softly but firmly, the even flow of his words reflecting not glibness but long and careful thought about his art and craft. The pianist recently returned from a rewarding European tour at the helm of a revitalized trio and seems poised on a new peak in his career.

"I'm extremely happy with the group," he said. "Larry Bunker is a marvelous musician. [Drummer Bunker recently gave up a lucrative studio practice in Los Angeles to go with Evans.] He plays excellent vibes as well as being an all-round percussionist, and being so musical he just does the right thing

because he's listening. He really knows music, feels music—and he is a superlative drummer. . . . I hope you can get to hear him at his better moments, which depend, I guess, a lot on me, because if I'm in the least falling apart, they're always so sympathetic to what I'm doing that it's hard for them to come out if I'm not. [Bassist Chuck Israels is the third member of the group.]

"We probably make a stronger emotional projection than at almost any time in the past. Maybe one criticism of the group that could have been valid is that we didn't reach out to the people who weren't interested enough to come in, and I would like to get out to people and grab them a little. That's something that has to happen or not happen, but I think it's happening more and more."

Evans' desire to reach out to his audience may come as a surprise to those who have overemphasized the introspective qualities of his work. His music also has been characterized as intellectual, and critic Whitney Balliett once wrote that "no musician relies less on intuition than Bill Evans." The pianist said he was aware of Balliett's statement.

"I was very surprised at that," Evans said. "I don't consider that I rely any less or more on something like intuition than any other jazz player, because the plan process of playing jazz is as universal among the people who play jazz correctly—that is, those who approach the art with certain restrictions and certain freedoms—as, for instance, the thought processes involved in ordinary, everyday conversation.

"Everybody has to learn certain things, but when you play, the intellectual process no longer has anything to do with it. It shouldn't, anyhow. You have your craft behind you then, and you try to think within the area that you have mastered to a certain extent. In that way, I am relying entirely on intuition then. I have no idea of what's coming next, and if I did, I would be a nervous wreck. Who could keep up with it?"

"Naturally, there are certain things that we play, like opening choruses, that become expected. But even there, changes occur all the time, and after that, when you're just playing, everything is up for grabs. We never know what's coming next. Nobody could think that fast . . . not even a computer. What Balliett hears, I think, is the result of a lot of work, which means that it is pretty clear. I know this: Everything that I play I know about, in a theoretical way, according to my own organization of certain musical facts. And it's a very elementary, basic-type thing. I don't profess to be advanced in theory, but within this area, I do try to work very clearly, because that is the only way I can work.

"When I started out, I worked very simply, but I always knew what I was doing, as

related to my own theory. Therefore, what Balliett hears is probably the long-term result of the intellectual process of developing my own vocabulary—or the vocabulary that I use—and he may relate that to being intellectual, or not relying on intuition. But that's not true."

Another critic, Andre Hodeir, has stated that the musical materials used by most jazz players, such as the popular song and the blues, have been exhausted and that the greatest need for jazz is to develop new materials for improvisation. Evans said he is well acquainted with these views but does not share them.

"The need is not so much for a new form or new material but rather that we allow the song form as such to expand itself," he explained. "And this can happen. I have experienced many times, in playing alone, that perhaps a phrase will extend itself for a couple of moments so that all of a sudden, after a bridge or something, there will be a little interlude. But it has to be a natural thing. I never attempt to do this in an intellectual way.

"In this way, I think the forms can change and can still basically come from the song form and be a true form—and offer everything that the song form offers. Possibly, this will not satisfy the intellectual needs of somebody like Hodeir, but as far as the materials involved in a song are concerned, I don't think they are restricting at all, if you really get into them. Just learning how to manipulate a line, the science of building a line, if you can call it a science, is enough to occupy somebody for 12 lifetimes. I don't find any lack of challenge there."

Along with this regard for the song form goes a commitment to tonality, Evans pointed out. It is not an abstract idea, he said, or one to which he is unyieldingly bound, but it is the result of playing experience and a concern for coherence.

"If you are a composer or are trying to improvise, and you make a form that is atonal, or some plan which has atonality as a base, you present a lot of problems of coherence," he said. "Most people who listen to music do listen tonally, and the things that give certain elements meaning are their relationships to a tonality—either of the phrase, or of the phrase to the larger period, or of that to the whole chorus or form, or perhaps even of that to the entire statement. So if you don't have that kind of reference for a listener, you have to have some other kind of plan or syntax for coherent musical thinking.

"It's a problem, and one that I have in a way solved for myself theoretically by studying melody and the construction of melody through all musics. I found that there is a limited amount of things that can happen to

"I have no desire to listen to the bathroom noises of the artist. I want to hear something better, something he has dedicated his life to preserve and to present to me."



an idea, but in developing it, there are many, many ways that you can handle it. And if you master these, then you can begin to think just emotionally and let something grow. A musical idea could grow outside the realm of tonality. Now, if I could master that, then maybe I could make something coherent happen in an atonal area.

"But the problem of group performance is another thing. When I'm playing with a group, I can't do a lot of things that I can do when playing by myself because I can't expect the other person to know just when I'm going to all of a sudden change the key or the tempo or do this or that. So there has to be some kind of common reference so that we can make a coherent thing."

Evans became emphatic.

"This doesn't lessen the freedom," he continued. "It *increases* it. That's the thing that everybody seems to miss. By giving ourselves a solid base on which to work, and by saying that this is accepted but our craft is such that we can manipulate this framework—which is only like, say, the steel girders in a building—then we can make any shapes we want, any lines we want. We can make any rhythms we want, that we can feel against this natural thing. And if we have the skill, we can just about do anything. Then we are really free.

"But if we were not to have any framework at all, we would be much more limited because we would be accommodating ourselves so much to the nothingness of each other's reference that we would not have room to breathe and to make music and to feel. So that's the problem. Maybe, as a solo pianist, I could make atonal things or whatever. But group improvisation is another type of challenge, and until there is a development of a craft which covers that area, so that a group can say: 'Okay, now we improvise, now we are going to take this mode for so long, and then we take that mode with a different feeling for so long, and then we go over here' . . . and if I were to construct this plan so that it had no real tonal reference, only then could it be said that we were improvising atonally.

"What many people mean when they say

'atonal,' I think, is more a weird kind of dissonance or strange intervals and things like that. I don't know . . . I don't feel it. That isn't me. I can listen to master musicians like Bartok or Berg when they do things that people would consider atonal—although often they're not—and love and enjoy it, but here's someone just making an approximation of this music. It really shows just how little they appreciate the craft involved, because there's just so much to it. You can't just go and play by what I call 'the inch system.' You know, I could go up eight inches on the keyboard and then play a sound down six inches, and then go up a foot-and-a-half and play a cluster and go down nine-and-a-half and play something else. And that's atonality, the way some guys think of it. I don't know why people need it. If I could find something that satisfied me more there, I'd certainly be there, and I guess that's why there are people there. They must find something in it."

It was suggested to Evans that this was a charitable view, that, in fact, much of this kind of music reflects only frustration, and that the occasional moment of value was no adequate reward for the concentration and patience required to wade through all the noodling.

"Yes, it's more of an aid to a composer than a total musical product," he answered. "If you could take one of these gems and say, 'Ah, now I can sit down and make a piece. . . .' But it's the emotional content that is all one way. Naturally, frustration has a place in music at times, especially in dramatic music, but I think that other feelings are more important and that there is an obligation—or at least a responsibility—to present mostly the feelings which are my best feelings, which are not everyday feelings. Just to say that something is true because it is everyday and that, therefore, it is valid, seems to me a poor basis for an artist to work on. I have no desire to listen to the bathroom noises of the artist. I want to hear something better, something that he has dedicated his life to preserve and to present to me. And if I hear somebody who can really move me, so that I can say, 'Ah, there's a real song'—I don't care if it's an atonal song or a dissonant song or whatever kind of song—that's still the basis of music to me. . . ."

What did Evans mean by "song"? Was it melody? "Essentially, what you might consider melody or a lyric feeling," he replied. "But more, an utterance in music of the human spirit, which has to do with the finer feelings of the person and which is a necessary utterance and something that must find its voice because there is a need for it and because it is worthwhile. It doesn't matter about the idiom or the style or anything else; as long as the feeling is behind it, it's going to move people."

DB

Key

Excellent	★★★★★
Very Good	★★★★
Good	★★★
Fair	★★
Poor	★



Dave Brubeck

JUST YOU, JUST ME—Telarc 83363: *Just You, Just Me; Strange Meadowlark; It's The Talk Of The Town; Variations On Brother, Can You Spare A Dime?; Lullaby; Tribute To Stephen Foster; I Married An Angel; Music, Maestro, Please?; Briar Bush; Newport Waltz; I Understand; More Than You Know.* (58:30)
Personnel: Brubeck, piano.

★★★★★

Brubeck: quintessential quirk, square swinger, guy with the glasses (check out the cover to Dave's first solo piano album, *Brubeck Plays Brubeck*, sporting flopped b&w closeups of the mad professor looking at himself). And, oh yeah, **DB** Hall of Famer.

Actually, Brubeck's career as a four-eyed, block-chord buster ended some time ago. Proof of his move toward calmer waters is all over *Just You, Just Me*. Except for "I Understand," which took three takes to satisfy Brubeck, all are first takes. Likewise according to Brubeck's liner notes, "Just You, Just Me" is the only tune with a complete arrangement. Four of the 12 numbers done here are Brubeck compositions, chief among them the very tuneful "Strange Meadowlark" and "Briar Bush," songs that beckon for another *Brubeck Plays Brubeck* album. There are moments of exuberance, but on the whole, *Just You, Just Me* finds the pianist in more pastoral, reflective waters (not unlike the cover photo).

"Strange Meadowlark" follows the brief, peppy title tune. Brubeck's stride-swipes gently—and not so gently—nudge the lovely bird song along, giving it a brighter feel when compared to the '59 quartet version. Brubeck hits his stride about a third of the way into the program, finally mixing it up in a blend of parlor and classical pastiches on the "Brother, Can You Spare A Dime?" variations. What follows, for the most part, is the recurring motif through

"More Than You Know": delicate, tempered mannerisms with single lines and chords that hang around the melodies like bugs around a campfire. (Improvisation takes a back seat.) The polytonalities and polyrhythms that Brubeck loves so much are still in evidence, as are the passing chords that've become a signature. Just don't look for them in the bold, primary colors of yore. Instead, listen and you'll hear burnished colors of gold, auburn, and pastel blue.

Just You, Just Me is a delightful, pensive, and intimate document of one man's musical fountain of age, and an instructive picture of a mature, seasoned pro. —John Ephland



Tim Berne's Caos Totale

NICE VIEW—JMT 314 514 013-2: *It Could Have Been A Lot Worse; The Third Rail; Impacted Wisdom.* (77:08)
Personnel: Berne, alto saxophone; Marc Ducret, guitars; Herb Robertson, trumpet; Steve Swell, trombone; Django Bates, peck horn, piano, keyboards; Mark Dresser, contrabass; Bobby Previte, drums.

★★★★★ 1/2

Tim Berne packs two albums worth of strong, challenging material onto one CD. The first half of *Nice View* features some taut ensemble passages with just a few long solos, most notably Berne's fired-up, raving alto solo and Herb Robertson's conversational, post-Lester Bowie trumpet work, both on "It Could Have Been A Lot Worse." With greater emphasis on structure and increased reliance on electric guitar (from Marc Ducret), *Nice View* recalls Berne's *Fulton Street Maul* (from '86). Ducret's guitar work can be percussive and aggressive, as with his introduction to "It Could Have Been A Lot Worse," or even funky as the situation demands. Thanks to Bobby Previte's drumming, *Nice View* may be Berne's most rhythmically interesting album yet. Previte gives "The Third Rail" a martial beat, and supplies strong momentum throughout.

Berne's epic "Impacted Wisdom" clocks in at nearly 40 minutes. The piece is slow and spacious, but no less tense, and Berne gives everyone lots of room for solos and interactions. Ducret's squalling guitar, Mark Dresser's arco bass, Previte's polyrhythms, and another furious, vaguely Middle Eastern alto solo from Berne are among the highlights. In retrospect, Berne's *Diminutive Mysteries* collaboration with Julius Hemphill (1992) may have marked a turning point in Berne's arrangements.

Extended solos now fit within a more visible

framework, linked by unison horn statements. He seems determined to incorporate more melodic and rhythmic material, and to use new colors, e.g., Django Bates' keyboards, without compromising the unpredictable and episodic qualities of his compositions. —Jon Andrews



Eric Clapton

FROM THE CRADLE—Reprise 9 45735-2: *Blues Before Sunrise; Third Degree; Reconsider Baby; Hoochie Coochie Man; Five Long Years; I'm Tore Down; How Long Blues; Goin' Away Blues; Blues Leave Me Alone; Sinner's Prayer; Motherless Child; It Hurts Me Too; Someday After A While; Standin' Round Crying; Driftin'; Groaning The Blues.* (60:19)
Personnel: Clapton, guitar, vocals; Dave Bronze, bass guitar; Jim Keltner, drums; Andy Fairweather-Low, rhythm guitar; Jerry Portnoy, harmonica; Chris Stainton, keyboards; Roddy Lorimer, trumpet; Simon Clarke, baritone saxophone; Tim Sanders, tenor saxophone; Richie Hayward, percussion (7).

★★★★★ 1/2

So what do you do after your last album tops out at 40-plus million? Well, if your name's Eric Clapton, you take a deep breath and play the shit that you really feel inside. The blues. *From The Cradle*.

The guitar genius that characterizes Clapton's blues style on the new album was, of course, first evidenced in his early professional years as a young Muddy Waters devotee with the Yardbirds and John Mayall's Bluesbreakers, when he snapped off bent tones like a mad dog. Although he's gotten blue on occasion during the past many years in the pop arena (Derek & The Dominos, *Money And Cigarettes*, a 1989 pay-per-view Atlanta show), nothing prepared us for the tremendous emotional power and musical assurance of his plugged-in playing here. He does no less than yank the hard luck out of old blues songs.

On "Blues Before Sunrise" and "It Hurts Me Too," Clapton's slide guitar explodes out of the speakers like the Second Coming of Elmore James. The grungy, well-conceived licks he packs into "Five Long Years" are enough to shame overpraised guitar hot shots into slinking back to the practice room. Everywhere ol' Slowhand's instincts on electric guitar are about as sharp as those of Chicago bluesmen Son Seals and Jimmy Johnson—no small praise. In comparison, his deft acoustic-guitar bends on "Driftin'" and "How Long Blues" sound effete. They best belong on mega-seller *Unplugged*.

As a singer, Clapton trades in his trademark sleepiness for a vigorous approach which gets

over in a big way. His passion seems authentic, unrehearsed, and there's a sort of moral earnestness to his plea for romantic reconciliation ("Reconsider Baby"), his struggle with loneliness ("Blues Leave Me Alone"), and his soul-wrenching rejection of sadness ("Groaning The Blues").

No matter how effective he is, Clapton could easily be dragged down by unsympathetic sidemen. Fortunately, he's supported by players who never cheat on blues exultation: veteran Brit rockers Andy Fairweather-Low and Chris Stainton, Hall of Fame drummer Jim Keltner, and, among others, ex-Muddy Waters harmonica virtuoso Jerry Portnoy.

—Frank John Hadley

quality (where is the bass?) it's clear that Peterson, guitarist Herb Ellis, and bassist Ray Brown (who played together from 1953-58) were in great, supple form for these 1957 recordings. Ellis' fluent guitar playing is especially lovely on "We'll Be Together Again," where he and Peterson are like an old married couple who can finish each other's sentences without even trying. Outrageously impressive as Peterson's florid, more-notes-to-the-measure style can be, it's sometimes also over the top, so his restraint on "When Lights Are Low" is refresh-

ing. Here he turns to the fancy stuff only briefly, and to good effect.

On *Side By Side*, Peterson is the seasoned veteran supporting classical superstar Itzhak Perlman. Always the pro, Perlman has mastered enough moves to get by respectfully. He sticks mostly to lots of melody lines that show off his luscious tone. These arrangements let him dip into improvisation without jumping in all the way. Nobody falls flat, but nobody takes the music anywhere amazing, either.

—Elaine Guregian



Oscar Peterson

AT THE CONCERTGEBOUW—Verve 314 521 649-2: *THE LADY IS A TRAMP*; *WE'LL BE TOGETHER AGAIN*; *BLUESOLOGY*; *BUDO (aka HALLUCINATIONS)*; *I'VE GOT THE WORLD ON A STRING*; *DAAHOU*; *WHEN LIGHTS ARE LOW*; *EVREY*; *SHOULD I?*; *BIG FAT MAMA*; (*BACK HOME AGAIN IN*) *INDIANA*; *JOY SPRING*; *ELEVATION*. (69:50)

Personnel: Peterson, piano; Herb Ellis, guitar; Ray Brown, bass.

★ ★ ★ 1/2

Itzhak Perlman & Oscar Peterson

SIDE BY SIDE—Telarc 83341: *DARK EYES*; *STORMY WEATHER*; *GEORGIA ON MY MIND*; *BLUE SKIES*; *MISTY*; *MACK THE KNIFE*; *NIGHTTIME*; *I LOVE YOU PORGY*; *ON THE TRAIL*; *YOURS IS MY HEART ALONE*; *MAKIN' WHOOPIE*; *WHY THINK ABOUT TOMORROW?* (62:36)

Personnel: Perlman, violin; Peterson, piano; Herb Ellis, guitar; Ray Brown, bass; Grady Tate, drums

★ ★ 1/2

For Verve's reissue of *The Oscar Peterson Trio At The Concertgebouw*, the company started by correcting a few little details, beginning with the fact that this music wasn't recorded at the famed Amsterdam hall. The first eight tracks, which made up the original release, were actually from a Jazz at the Philharmonic concert in Chicago. And the added five tracks, which in the past were released with the title *The Modern Jazz Quartet And The Oscar Peterson Trio At The Opera House*, were from another Jazz at the Philharmonic concert, this one at the Shrine Auditorium in Los Angeles—that is, if we can believe these corrections.

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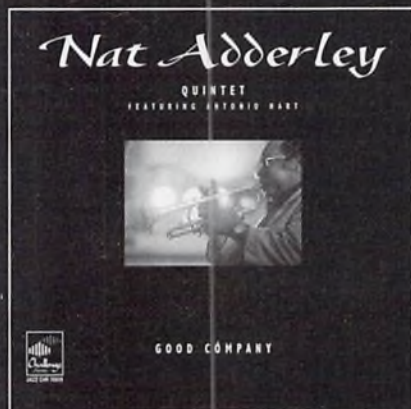
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FACE THE CHALLENGE IN MUSIC

CD REVIEWS



Antoine Roney

THE TRAVELER—Muse 5469: *THE TRAVELER*; *THE CRY OF . . .*; *CHIEF RAHAB*; *MAYAN OWL*; *TEMPUS FUGIT*; *ON GREEN DOLPHIN STREET*; *ESTATE (IN SUMMER)*; *WEAVER OF DREAMS*; *BEAN AND THE BOYS*. (52:24)

Personnel: Roney, tenor saxophone; Wallace Roney, trumpet (1-5); James Spaulding, alto (1,3) and soprano (4) saxes, flute (2,4); Jackie (sic) Terrason, piano; Dwayne Burno, bass; Louis Hayes, drums.

★ ★ ★ 1/2

Tenor saxophonist Roney, the younger brother of trumpeter Wallace Roney, makes his solo debut here at the relatively advanced age of 31, displaying the mature technique and emotional depth of a seasoned musician, if not a particularly original vision. With his hard, full tone and sharp-angled phrasing, he often suggests his early idol, Wayne Shorter, and to a lesser extent John Coltrane. But Roney is nobody's clone, and with help from a group of gifted sidemen, he restores the cutting edge to a hard-bop style grown dull through a decade's worth of repetitive revivalism.

Veteran drummer Louis Hayes, a last-minute substitute, keeps the session cooking, especially on uptempo tunes like Roney's title track and Bud Powell's "Tempus Fugit." Wallace Roney breaks from his usual Miles-style improvisations with staccato bop lines more reminiscent of Dizzy Gillespie, while Jacky Terrason's spare, slightly dissonant piano adds an air of modernist mystery. On ballads like "Mayan Owl" and "Estate (In Summer)," the band supplies appropriately elegiac textures, but Roney's sax conveys more moodiness than lyricism, and when he delves into swing-era material, as on Coleman Hawkins' "Bean And

The Boys," his playing bogs down in stylistic confusion—caught, as it were, between time zones.
—Larry Birnbaum



Patricia Barber

CAFE BLUE—Premonition 737: *WHAT A SHAME*; *MOURNING GRACE*; *THE THRILL IS GONE*; *ROMANESQUE*; *YELLOW CAR III*; *WOOD IS A PLEASANT THING TO THINK ABOUT*; *INCH WORM*; *ODE TO BILLY JOE*; *TOO RICH FOR MY BLOOD*; *A TASTE OF HONEY*; *NARDIS*; *MANHA DE CARNAVAL*. (62:51)

Personnel: Barber, voice, piano; Michael Arnpol, bass; John McLean, guitar; Mark Walker, drums, percussion.

★ ★ ★ 1/2

It's odd to find a jazz singer whose lyricists include Maya Angelou ("Mourning Grace") and Virginia Woolf ("Wood Is A Pleasant Thing To Think About"), but on her debut for Premonition, Patricia Barber proves to be quite uncommon in other respects as well. Next to those two literary inspirations, she applies her smoky, at times studiously sultry voice to the less-high-brow pop tunes "Inch Worm," "A Taste Of Honey," Bonfa/Jobim's "Manha de Carnaval" (featuring drummer Walker snapping, striking, clicking, and whapping various body parts), and an updated, AIDS-era version of "Ode To Billy Joe." There's also an improvisation on a Gregorian chant ("Romanesque"), Miles Davis' "Nardis," and a couple of her own highly personal songs.

The production is successful, though very slick, and her voice is coolly, poppishly reverberated, not unlike Everything But The Girl. Excellent work from the band, particularly from effects-conscious guitarist McLean.

—John Corbett



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Benny Carter

ELEGY IN BLUE—MusicMasters 65115: *Did You Call Her Today?; Ceora; Good Queen Bess; Prelude To A Kiss; Little Jazz; Blue Monk; Someday You'll Be Sorry; Nuages; Undecided; Elegy In Blue.* (69:24)

Personnel: Carter, alto saxophone; Harry Edison, trumpet; Cedar Walton, piano; Mundell Lowe, guitar; Ray Brown, bass; Jeff Hamilton, drums.

★★★★

COSMOPOLITE: THE OSCAR PETERSON VERVE SESSIONS—Verve 521 673-2: *Gone With The Wind; I Got It Bad; Long Ago; I've Got The World On A String; Street Scene; Imagination; Pick Yourself Up; I Get A Kick Out Of You; Laura; That Old Black Magic; Angel Eyes; The Song Is You; A Foggy Day; You Took Advantage Of Me; Poinciana; Prisoner Of Love; Frenesi; Gone With The Wind; I Got It Bad; Long Ago; I've Got The World On A String.* (77:45)

Personnel: Carter, alto saxophone; Bill Harris (9-12), trombone; Peterson, piano; Barney Kessel (1-8, 18-21), Herb Ellis (9-17), guitar; Ray Brown, bass; Buddy Rich (1-4, 9-12, 18-21), J.C. Heard (5-8), Bobby White (13-17), drums.

★★★★

Middle and late Benny Carter are the business of these CDs, each of which illuminates the owner of the longest continuous recording career in history.

Cosmopolite offers four definitive Carter sessions from 1952 and '54, all with pianist Oscar Peterson and bassist Ray Brown. The first (tracks 1-4, 18-21) is complete in four titles, with one alternate of each, none previously issued. The second (5-8) included everything except an issued alternate of "Street Scene." The third (9-12) sidesteps two titles on which Dizzy Gillespie sat in. And the fourth (13-17) finishes a session begun on Verve's 1991 Carter reissue, *Benny Carter: 3, 4, 5*.

The ballads are warm, lyrical, and alternately lush and intense, as Carter punctuates his readings with clusters of rapid triple-time bursts. One surprise is the aforementioned "Street Scene." Alfred Newman's definitive big-city theme from the 1931 film of the same name is a piece you've heard a thousand times, probably without knowing it had a name. Carter proves it a beautiful, though neglected, blueprint for improvisation, especially in the wonderful bridge. Carter's tours with Jazz at the Philharmonic seem to put him in shape to swing with a particular bite and firmness on the uptempo pieces. Peterson and Brown don't exactly slow things down, either.

Jumping 40 years forward, *Elegy* finds Carter pairing with Harry Edison in a series of dedications to Ben Webster ("Did You Call Her Today?"), Johnny Hodges ("Good Queen

Bess") and . . . well, just scan the titles. The fresh material, the preponderance of peppy tempos, and good routing of the music make a classy setting for one of the boldest stylistic signatures anywhere. The contrast in the front line gives further dimension to the music: Edison, laconic and spare; Carter, brocaded and ornamental. No mirror images here.

Nor are there any breakthroughs; none were intended. These men have told us who they are and have nothing to prove, save for the fun they still can have with a flock of good tunes

and the right companions. The rock-solid stability of Carter's attack, intonation, and rhythmic intrigue is one of the wonders of music. And though sweetness now competes with a measure of astringency in Edison's sound, the economy and fire in his playing remains potent, a lot more so than his singing, which wouldn't have been missed on "Someday You'll Be Sorry." Brown and drummer Jeff Hamilton are under no strain, though, and have a quick-footed conversation on "Undecided."

—John McDonough

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Buddy Guy

SLIPPIN' IN—Silvertone 41542: *I SMELL TROUBLE; PLEASE DON'T DRIVE ME AWAY; 7-11; SHAME, SHAME, SHAME; LOVE HER WITH A FEELING; LITTLE DAB-A-DOO; SOMEONE ELSE IS STEPPIN' IN (SLIPPIN' OUT, SLIPPIN' IN); TROUBLE BLUES; MAN OF MANY WORDS; DON'T TELL ME ABOUT THE BLUES; CITIES NEED HELP*. (49:35)

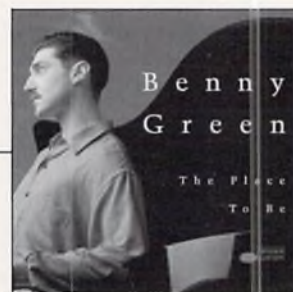
Personnel: Guy, lead guitar, vocals; Johnnie Johnson, piano; Reese Wynans, organ (1,2,4,8,9,11), piano (1); Scott Holt, guitar (3,5-7,10); David Grissom, guitar (1,2,4,11), acoustic guitar (8), slide guitar (9); Tommy Shannon (1,2,4,8,9,11); Greg Rzab (3,5-7,10), bass; Chris Layton (1,2,4,8,9,11), Ray "Killer" Allison (3,5-7,10), drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

Guy's latest album is the sweaty and raw *Slippin' In*, produced by Hendrix/Led Zep vet Eddie Kramer. It follows up on his two earlier Silvertone releases (both of which racked up Grammy awards) and advances his reputation as one of the best—if not *the* best—blues guitarists alive. With no two solos remotely similar, Guy flexes his muscle and torches this set, whether he's offering smoldering leads on the slow tunes or scorching licks on mid- and uptempo numbers.

Guy unveils three of his own compositions, including the power-packed "Man Of Many Words" (further charged by David Grissom's slide guitar) and the loping "Cities Need Help," where Guy brilliantly expresses with his ax the anguish and anger he feels for the plight of inner-city youth. He also scores with covers, plumbing the depths of the Charles Brown classic "Trouble Blues" and vocally barking out with sheer delight the Freddie King hit "Love Her With A Feeling."

The album, recorded in Chicago and Austin with two bands, features sparking keyboard support from pianist Johnnie Johnson. Special bonus is the live-in-the-studio take on "Someone Else Is Steppin' In," where a cast of nearly 30 rowdies were invited to whoop it up, cheer Guy on, and sing along in the chorus. It's brawny bar blues at its best. —*Dan Ouellette*



Benny Green

THE PLACE TO BE—Blue Note 29268: *NICE PANTS; PLAYMATE; I WANT TO TALK ABOUT YOU; THE PLACE TO BE; I FELT THAT; PENSATIVE; ONE OF ANOTHER KIND; WHICH CAME FIRST; NOREEN'S NOCTURNE; CONCERTINA; THE GRAY WALTZ; THE FOLKS WHO LIVE ON THE HILL*. (58:50)

Personnel: Green, piano; Christian McBride, bass; Kenny Washington, drums; on cuts 1,3,5 only: Byron Stripling, trumpet; John Clark, french horn; Delfayo (sic) Marsalis, trombone; Herb Besson, tuba; Jerry Dodgion, flute, alto sax; Gary Smulyan, baritone sax.

★ ★ 1/2

Occasionally looking backward but seldom ahead, ex-Messenger Benny Green is stuck on

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the vintage Art Blakey sound, nodding to Bobby Timmons both as pianist and composer on originals like "Nice Pants" and the title track. He also recalls Ahmad Jamal with a breathlessly fast take on the cornball classic "Playmate," pays mildly modal tribute to McCoy Tyner on "One Of Another Kind," and stridingly salutes Oscar Peterson on "Noreen's Nocturne." But though his technique gleams with lapidary polish, his phrasing shows little rhythmic or dynamic flexibility, and his style is more pastiche than personal expression.

Green's perfect foil is bassist Christian McBride, who shares his taste for dead-center exactitude and his conviction that the best surprise is no surprise. Replacing Green's longtime drummer Carl Allen, Kenny Washington swings hard in a style that often suggests Blakey without his high-hat. The trio is accompanied by a glossy horn section on three tracks (used for color more than anything else), further reinforcing the Messenger connection even though the horns don't solo. The recording, at Rudy Van Gelder's legendary studio, is mixed slightly too hot, with overmic'ed piano and bass lending an air of immediacy that doesn't quite compensate for the players' lack of imagination.

—Larry Birnbaum



Steve Grossman

IN NEW YORK—Dreyfus Jazz 36555-2: *SPEAK LOW; MY SHIP; SOFTLY AS IN A MORNING SUNRISE; IMPRESSIONS; OVER THE RAINBOW; LOVE FOR SALE; GOOD BAIT.* (72:55)

Personnel: Grossman, tenor sax; McCoy Tyner, piano; Avery Sharpe, bass; Art Taylor, drums.

★ ★ ★ 1/2

DO IT—Dreyfus Jazz 36550-2: *CHEROKEE; LET'S CALL THIS; I'LL KEEP LOVING YOU; LET'S MONK; THE MORE I SEE YOU; OBLIVION; DANCE OF THE INFIDELS; SOULTRANE; CHI CHI.* (58:44)

Personnel: Grossman, tenor sax; Barry Harris, piano; Reggie Johnson, bass; Art Taylor, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

A resident of Italy who too seldom gets notice in the States, tenor man Steve Grossman is hardly as well known as he might be. Back in the late 1960s, he was an up-and-comer whose steamy blowing à la John Coltrane, Sonny Rollins, and Jackie McLean landed him in the heady company of Miles Davis for the *Live-Evil*, *Black Beauty*, and *Jack Johnson* sessions. The ensuing years found him with Elvin Jones, forming Stone Alliance, then lighting fires under albums released on a smattering of labels, notably Italy's Red Records.

Currently with Dreyfus Jazz, Grossman still

expends considerable energy in an adventurous, questing 1960s mode of expression. Visiting a French studio for *Do It*, the 43-year-old crackles with activity on Bird's "Chi Chi," Monk's "Let's Monk," perennial flag-waver "Cherokee," and Bud Powell classics "Oblivion" and "Dance Of The Infidels." In a more relaxed frame of mind, he extracts warmth from Trane favorite "Soultrane" and Bud Powell's "I'll Keep Loving You"; his tone, however, has the smoothness of burlap. It's to his gain that he sets his phrases over the responsive rhythm of

second-generation bebop masters Barry Harris and Art Taylor, plus bassist Reggie Johnson. Harris offers several piano solos that exemplify controlled, profound swinging.

Grossman's *In New York*, recorded during his week-long September 1991 gig at Sweet Basil with worthies Taylor, McCoy Tyner and bassist Avery Sharpe, succeeds as a Trane salute. With none of the seven songs shorter than nine minutes, the tenor player stretches to his heart's content in the hallowed name of his mentor. So does Tyner, raising the intensity of

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the performances. Enjoyable renditions of "Softly As In A Morning Sunrise" and "Impressions" hark back to the epoch when the pianist played in the great Coltrane quartet, and "Good Bait" goes even deeper into the Trane past, to the early 1950s. You expect Grossman to drop wild lines all over his tenor during "Over The Rainbow," as Trane did with his soprano when radicalizing the similarly precious "Chim Chim Cheree." But he fools us by never straying too far from the openhearted melody of the Oz ballad.
—Frank-John Hadley



Odean Pope Saxophone Choir

EPITOME—Soul Note 121279: *EPITOME; IN AND OUT; BRISA; TRILOGY; COLTRANE TIME; LIFT EV'RY VOICE; IMPROVO; GRAY HAIR; TERRESTRIAL; ZANZIBAR BLUE. (59:05)*
Personnel: Pope, Bob Howell, Glenn Guidone, Middy Middleton, Bootsie Barnes, tenor saxes; Julian Pressley, Sam Reed, Robert Landham, alto saxes; Joe Sudler, baritone sax; Eddie Green, Dave Burrell, pianos; Tyrone Brown, bass; Craig McIver, drums.

★ ★ ★ 1/2

Using nine singing saxes, Philadelphian tenorman Odean Pope builds a richly arranged

environment deserving of the choral moniker. On *Epitome*, the Choir's third record for Soul Note, an elegant feel is established right away as the title track introduces the group, alternating grand, sax-only sections with a relaxed solo from Green. The same strategy of alternation (a sort of long-form call & response) is behind Green's arrangement of "Lift Ev'ry Voice," where the reed section's statement of the theme is punctuated by drum breaks; Pope's "Improvo," too, is structured that way, with the full ensemble taking turns with altoist Pressley.

The two pianos are used more for stylistic difference—Green, the impressionist; Burrell, the expressionist—than increased firepower. In fact, there's almost nothing stressed or agonized on the record, save Pope's turbulent "Gray Hair" (a touch of free-jazz as proof of youth?) and a sharp version of "Coltrane Time" that features a short, all-out solo from Burrell. Pope's own deep, throaty tenor is the horn highlight; check his tandem duet with the impressive Pressley on Burrell's bouncy "Zanzibar Blue." The leader's gorgeous "Terrestrial," lushly arranged around an intriguing set of melodic ideas, is the disc's finest composition.

Slight technical note: my copy has distracting high-end distortion that sounds like something went amok in the mastering phase.

—John Corbett

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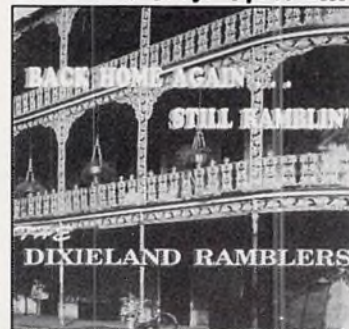
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AFRIQUE—AudioQuest 1024: *SUN BONE*; *AFRICA 3/2*; *FRAGMENTS*; *WHISPERS*; *PARABLE*; *GLORIA'S STEP*; *BUGLE ANN*; *AFRIQUE*; *MR. MOORE'S NEIGHBORHOOD*; *COUNTRY*. (57:07)

Personnel: Glen Moore, bass; Larry Karush, piano; Glen Velez, frame drums, percussion; John Bergamo, Junior Homrich, Bob Fernandez, percussion (2,7,8); Pedro Eustache, bass flute (7).

★★★★ 1/2

David Friesen/ Glen Moore

RETURNING—Burnside 0013-2: *MY FUNNY VALENTINE*; *RESERVE*; *LET'S PRETEND*; *FREE BOWING*; *FREE ONE*; *STRIDE LA CONGO*; *I'M OLD FASHIONED*; *PAST FINDING OUT*; *ON THE ROAD WITH JAZZ*; *FREE TWO*; *SWEET GEORGIA*; *LAST TIME THROUGH*; *FREE THREE*; *TOBY AND TINA*; *BLUE IN GREEN*; *BONGO BASS*; *DANCING WITH MY DAUGHTER*; *RETURN*; *AMAZING GRACE*. (67:28)

Personnel: Friesen, acoustic bass, Hemege bass; Moore, acoustic bass, piano.

★★★★

In a world full of piano trios, Mokave offers something distinctive and different. Starting with Glen Velez's frame-drum introduction to "Sun Bone," *Afriqué*, their third and strongest recording, promises to expand and challenge expectations about a trio's appropriate repertoire, references, and interactions, many of which date back to the classic Bill Evans Trio. That tradition continues here, evidenced in Scott LaFaro's "Gloria's Step," but Mokave smoothly incorporates world musics and free improvisation into the mix as well. The remarkable range of influences on which Mokave draws can be attributed in part to experience with Paul Winter, and in Glen Moore's case, Oregon; but Larry Karush and Velez's work with Steve Reich's African-influenced pulse music shouldn't be overlooked, either.

Although Velez's percussion gives Mokave's music an unmistakably ethnic flavor, Karush's versatility and flexibility allow the trio to embrace a wide range of influences. Three tracks augment the group with three percussionists, generating remarkable results. Karush's "Africa 3/2" and "Afriqué" capture the cadence and gait of African music in ways reminiscent of Abdullah Ibrahim and Randy Weston. Moore establishes irresistible, inexorable rhythms on these tracks, and, on "Mr. Moore's Neighborhood," improvises with the percussion section. Folk influences of various regions work their way into less exotic compositions, including John Abercrombie's "Parable" and Karush's "Country," the latter evoking Keith Jarrett in a down-home mood.

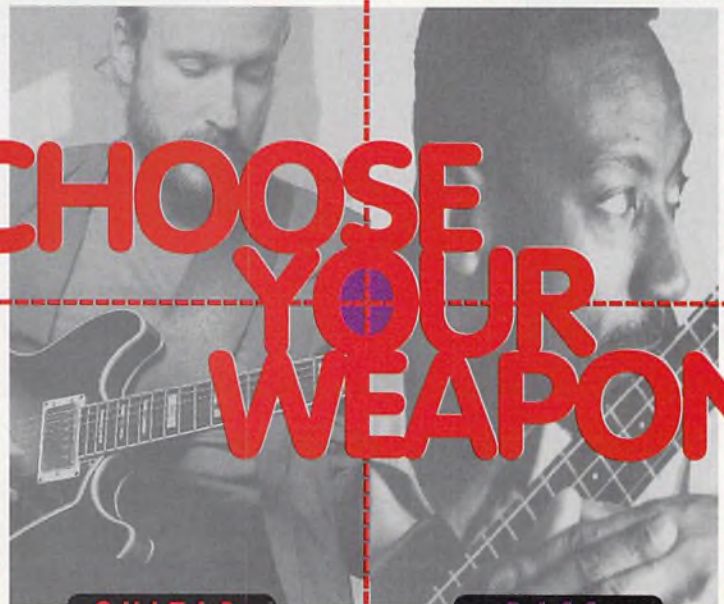
Mr. Moore's real neighborhood has long

been in Portland, where he vies with David Friesen to establish bragging rights for the state of Oregon. Friesen and Moore recorded and produced their second album of duets, *Returning*, for Portland's Burnside label. The atmosphere is one of friendly rivalry and spontaneity, with two exceptional, sympathetic bassists working through equal measures of standards like "I'm Old Fashioned" and "My Funny Valentine," originals, and free improvisations on their battle-scarred, 18th-century instruments. The two basslines frequently be-

come so closely intertwined it's a challenge to separate them. The prospect of a duet between bassists can be daunting.

Returning is a highly musical, user-friendly CD. To add variety over 19 tracks, Moore plays piano occasionally, and Friesen substitutes his solid-body, digital delay-enhanced "Hemege bass." Moore's piano work has rarely been recorded, and his spare, no-frills approach can be highly effective, as on his darkly pretty, haunting "Reserve." The Hemege bass creates possibilities through its extended range, par-

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ticularly with Friesen's bowed work on "Past Finding Out." *Returning* will reward any perseverance necessary to find it. —Jon Andrews



Danny Gatton/ Joey DeFrancesco

RELENTLESS—Big Mo 20232: *FINE; BROADWAY; KINDRED SPIRITS; THE CHESS PLAYERS; GEARHEADS; BLUES ON THE HALF SHELL; THE PITS; BIG MO; WELL, YOU NEEDN'T.* (63:08)

Personnel: Gatton, guitar; DeFrancesco, Hammond B-3 organ; Timm Biery, drums; John Breviti, bass (2.3.8.9)

★ ★ ★ ★

Joey DeFrancesco Trio

ALL ABOUT MY GIRL—Muse 5528: *GRILLED CHEESE AND BACON; POLKA DOTS AND MOONBEAMS; DONNA LEE; ALONE TOGETHER; SAVE YOUR LOVE FOR ME; BLUES FOR JOE F.; WHEN SONNY GETS BLUE; ALL ABOUT MY GIRL.* (52:47)

Personnel: DeFrancesco, Hammond B-3 organ; Paul Bollenback, guitar; Byron Landham, drums; Houston Person, tenor saxophone (1.2.4-7).

★ ★ ★ ★

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Atlanta Journal



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In this ideal companion disc to the John McLaughlin-Joey DeFrancesco guitar-organ fest (*Tokyo Live*, released earlier this year; see "CD Reviews" Sept '94), B-3 ace DeFrancesco teams with the accomplished, late guitarist Danny Gatton on a blues-drenched, rocking, jazz-infused set. There's great chemistry, for example, as they dive into an extended down-and-out blues, "The Pits," each delivering anguished and cathartic solos. Gatton takes a Wes Montgomery-style jaunt through Wayne Shorter's "The Chess Players." But it's Gatton's embrace of stylistic variety that really helps to turn the heat up. His scorching, rockabilly-flavored licks complement DeFrancesco's own driving blaze on the high-velocity "Gearheads."

On *All About My Girl*, DeFrancesco eases up on the pace, working his trio and guest tenor saxophonist/producer Houston Person through several slower pieces, including gorgeous takes on a couple standards, "Alone Together" and "Polka Dots And Moonbeams." But like the 1965 Ford Cobra DeFrancesco sits in on the cover of the disc, speed is definitely a factor here, especially on the upbeat charge through the deep-grooved title tune (a Jimmy McGriff composition) and the breakneck romp into Charlie Parker's "Donna Lee." Paul Bollenback, while not as dazzling as Gatton on guitar,

delivers fine soft-toned solos, and Person blows with typically smoky blue soul, particularly in his duet with the leader on "When Sonny Gets Blue." But, whether he's zipping through bracing arpeggios or sputtering out clipped phrases, DeFrancesco is the star, commanding center stage with his B-3 brilliance. —Dan Ouellette



Kenny Werner

AT MAYBECK—Concord Jazz 4622: *ROBERTA MOON; SOMEDAY MY PRINCE WILL COME; IN YOUR OWN SWEET WAY/NAIMA; AUTUMN LEAVES; TRY TO REMEMBER/ST. THOMAS; GURU; A CHILD IS BORN.* (58:57)

Personnel: Werner, piano.

★ ★ ★ 1/2

This is chamber jazz: quiet, contemplative, impressionistic—and lovely. Werner's touch and sense of development show his classical



Brecker Brothers

OUT OF THE LOOP—GRP 9784: *SLANG; EVOCATIONS; SCRUNCH; SECRET HEART; AFRICAN SKIES; WHEN IT WAS; HARPOON; THE NIGHTWALKER; AND THEN SHE WEPT.* (54:51)

Personnel: Michael Brecker, tenor and soprano saxes, EWI; Randy Brecker, trumpet, flugelhorn; George Whitty, Maz Kessler (3,6), keyboards; Robbie Kilgore, guitar (6), keyboards (3,6); Eliane Elias (4), keyboards, vocals; Dean Brown, Larry Salzman (2), guitar; James Genus, Armand Sabal-Lecco (5), bass; Steve Jordan (1,7-9), Shawn Pelton (2), Rodney Holmes (4,5), drums; Steve Thornton, percussion; Mark Ledford, background vocals (4); Chris Botti, Andy Snitzer, programming (2).

★ ★ 1/2

The reunited Breckers continue to press a commercial agenda, looking back to their fusion-era heyday rather than their more recent personal explorations. With four separate sets of producers, *Out Of The Loop* is as slick as oil on ice, but the glazed textures, heaving and swelling with synthesized precision, glide by like soulful, sophisticated elevator music. Closer listening reveals the brothers' considerable craftsmanship, but the artistry they've brought to various individual projects and sideman dates is scarcely in evidence.

Both Breckers reach, without stretching, into their usual bag of well-turned tricks: saxophonist Michael alternates between romantic funk and gritty hard-bop, while trumpeter Randy pays butter-toned homage to Miles Davis as both funkster and balladeer. As composers, both add subtle twists to familiar formulas without breaking, or even straining, the basic mold. At worst, as on "Scrunch," the material suggests the Average White Band; at best, as on "African Skies," it transcends fusion clichés by incorporating diluted elements of world music and classical minimalism. In between are tunes like "When It Was," which neatly bridges the gap between '70s funk, contemporary hip-hop jazz, and "Secret Heart," an Eliane Elias samba so light and breezy it's almost imperceptible. —Larry Birnbaum

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music training. We hear Bill Evans, Keith Jarrett, and the introspective side of Dave Brubeck in his playing. There is much to recommend here, but also a preciousness and evenness of temperament that's become too much of a good thing.

"Roberta Moon," wholly improvised, defines the Werner approach: brooding single lines, more rhythmic single lines, treble thirds (like a child's music box), a sprinkling of evanescent chords, and a gentle descent to the finish. On

"Someday My Prince Will Come" we hear fleeting references to Wynton Kelly's solos on the Miles Davis album of the same name. The medley performances seem like a main tune followed by another tune that becomes its coda. The connections seem spontaneous and logical. Werner's forte is linear development, the logic of one note inspiring the next and the subtle enticement of rhythm waking up. But he never roars and romps. This, after all, isn't a drag race; it's a ballet.

—Owen Cordle



Carl Allen

THE PURSUER—Atlantic 82572-2: *THE PURSUER; HIDDEN AGENDA; PINOCCHIO. ALTERNATIVE THOUGHTS; MY BROTHA; A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION; EACH ONE, TEACH ONE; PREFERENCE OR CONVICTION; AMAZING GRACE.* (55:53)

Personnel: Allen, drums; Ben Wolfe, bass; Ed Simon, piano (1,3-9); Vincent Herring, alto saxophone (1,3,5-7,9), soprano saxophone (4,8); Teodross Avery (1,3,5-9), George Coleman (2), tenor saxophone; Marcus Printup, trumpet (1,3,5-9); Steve Turre, shells (8), trombone (9).

★★★★

PICCADILLY SQUARE—Timeless 406: *PICCADILLY SQUARE; AUTUMN LEAVES; ROUND MIDNIGHT; LULLABY OF BIRDLAND; ANNIE'S MOOD; THE BISCUIT MAN; NEW JOY; WHAT'S NEW; IN THE STILL OF THE NIGHT; AFTERTHOUGHTS.* (57:56)

Personnel: Allen, drums; Ira Coleman, bass; Donald Brown, piano; Roy Hargrove, Freddie Hubbard (1,9), trumpet; Vincent Herring, alto saxophone (1-4,6,8-10), soprano saxophone (5), flute (7).

★★★★

Piccadilly Square is a session recorded in 1989 with trumpeters Hargrove and (drummer Allen's former boss) Freddie Hubbard; throughout, the drummer's playing is tight and focused. He seems to be on a real mission, bashing inspired, confident licks with former Hubbard rhythm-section mates Brown and Coleman. He reaches for it on this date, spanking the skins good on the title track. The tune selection includes slightly altered standards and nice contributions from Hargrove, Herring, Donald Brown, and the leader.

Herring is a valuable player throughout both Allen discs, and his "Annie's Mood" is a graceful cross between Wayne Shorter's "Anna Maria" and Tony Williams' "Sister Cheryl." Brown's "The Biscuit Man" is the album's most dynamic drum feature, and even there, Allen chooses not to stray too far from the ensemble. He's mature enough to put his group sound first, and it pays off.

The Pursuer is a direct-to-two-track recording that showcases Allen's composing and bandleading skills. The drummer wrote six of eight songs, and shows a good understanding of his supporting cast. He's got everybody right in their comfort zones, and, again, his own playing shows nice chops and energy. Highlights include his gentle nudging of tenor giant Coleman on "Hidden Agenda," the controlled abandon on his cover of Wayne Shorter's "Pinocchio," and the strong swing of "My Brotha." If anything is missing, it's a style that's uniquely his. I can hear Bu and Elvin and some Tony, but I'm not sure I could pick out Carl Allen in a Blindfold Test. yet.

—Robin Tolleson

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Thad & Mel

by Jack Sohmer

After nine years of contributing mightily to the sound of Count Basie's revamped band of the 1950s, **Thad Jones** finally left the nest in January 1963 to seek his fortunes as a free-lancer. He called drummer **Mel Lewis** and suggested that they, along with valve trombonist/composer Bob Brookmeyer, form a rehearsal group composed of other top-flight jazzmen and big-band vets then working in the New York recording and TV studios. Rehearsals followed, and



Jones and Lewis: a shared love

on February 7, 1966, the band opened at the Village Vanguard for the first of a long series of Monday night concerts. Despite shifting personnel, the orchestra lasted for 13 years; and even after Jones' sudden departure for Copenhagen in 1979, Lewis maintained its tradition until his death in 1990.

In compiling *The Complete Solid State Recordings Of The Thad Jones/Mel Lewis Orchestra* (Mosaic 151; 60:03/53:18/49.40/56:08/46:39; ★★★★★), producers Charlie Lourie and Mike Cuscuna have, in every case, gone back to the source tapes and remixed them to eliminate hiss and the artificial echo effects that many felt marred the four original releases on Solid State and the two on Blue Note. Moreover, they have also unearthed four previously unissued alternate takes, an unissued performance of Joe Farrell's "Lover Man," and two titles ("Sophisticated Lady" and "Hawaii") that only appeared on 45s. The recordings range in time from May 1966 to May 1970 and include both live and studio dates.

Thad's charts, as well as those by Brookmeyer, however experimental in voicings and structure they may have been, are well within the compass of mainstream orchestration, and, like those of Ellington, one of Jones' mentors, remain fresh. Brookmeyer's impressionistic re-workings of "Willow Weep For Me," "Willow Tree," and "St. Louis Blues," with their emphasis on shifting tone colors and unusual harmonic movements, successfully combine elements of both jazz and more formal compositional methods. Thad, though, wields an even larger palette as he goes from such finger-popping

swingers as "Don't Git Sassy," "The Second Race," "Big Dipper," and "The Little Pixie" through ruminative ballads like "Consummation" and "A Child Is Born" to gospel and blues-funk, jazz-rock, and an extended work, "Central Park North," that makes use of several contrasting extremes. Especially intriguing are Thad's use of soprano lead in sax soli, "walking" unison trombones and bass, the occasional spurt of Eddie Daniels' boppish clarinet, and the seemingly endless variety he achieves in his choice of soloists.

In addition to Jones and Brookmeyer, the most impressive of the soloists are Snooky Young, Jimmy Nottingham, Garnett Brown, Jerry Dodgion, Jerome Richardson, Joe Farrell, Daniels, Pepper Adams, Hank Jones, Roland Hanna, and Richard Davis. The most lasting image of this collection, however, remains with the overall sound of the band, the writing and direction that inspired it, and the commonly shared love that sustained it for so many years. (Mosaic Records: 35 Melrose Pl., Stamford, CT 06902) **DB**

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Joe Knows

by Howard Mandel

He voices a creative, enquiring, subtle, and sometimes wryly critical intelligence; carries an unpredictable but ultimately balanced line; has an immediate feel for sound. He's possessed of enduring yet supple strengths: consummate, comprehensive taste, unforced originality; cool lyricism turning to ripe sensuality. He's pursued his objectives as a featured sideman with the same thoughtful involvement he brings to his own projects, whether rushed in rehearsal or afforded relatively longer periods of experimentation and development. He swings with spontaneity and savoir-faire that artfully veils his profound technique.

It's **Joe Henderson**, the jazz musicians' musician, a scholar of the saxophone and quietly *inside* outsider.

Here's evidence backing those claims: *In 'N' Out* (Blue Note 29156; 48:45 ★★★★★—an alternate take of the title track now ends the original 1964 LP program, issued on CD in '87 as 46510 2). It's the stunning third album as a leader by a 26-year-old of exceptional *realization* as well as promise. Henderson has total control over a sleek yet burly tone through spontaneous elaboration, fragmentation, and exhortation; he bespeaks vast rhythmic range and deep internal drive.

The repertoire includes at least two ("In 'n' Out" and "Punjab") of his originals that remain challenging, memorable yet fresh today—and this band couldn't be better or more resourceful. Kenny Dorham, McCoy Tyner, Elvin Jones, and Richard Davis together and individually summon smarts, soul, and melodicism. They're not trying to change the shape of music—rather, they succeed in *enspiriting* it. Compliments are due, too, to Van Gelder's recording of dark, sparkling presence.

Joe Henderson—The Milestone Years (8MCD-4413-2; 71:00/75:00/69:00/74:00/75:00/72:00/75:00/76:00 ★★★★★) includes much equally compelling music spanning 1967-76, an era that *did* test the flexibility of jazz and its adherents. Our hero comes up ages.

The weaker tracks or arguable concepts (Nat Adderley leans muchly on Miles' horn sound; how much reverb and Echoplex can you dig? What about Flora Purim?) amid the 22 sessions produced and now annotated by Orrin Keepnews are far outnumbered by inspired solo and collective blowing—on hard-bop lines, standard songs, funk vamps, freely intuited forms, diverse East and West Coast and Brazilian themes, nominally political, meditative and/or programmatic suites . . . Joe's reach stretches out and on.

Throughout, the tenorist (who dabbles with flute, alto flute, and soprano sax) absorbs ideas, adapts them, reconfigures them entirely, then moves on. Among his brilliant collaborators on these eight CDs are pianists Kenny Barron, Joe Zawinul, Herbie Hancock (on both acoustic and electric pianos, ditto George Cables, George Duke, and Larry Willis), Alice Coltrane; the late trumpeters Mike Lawrence and Woody Shaw; bassists Ron Carter, Dave Holland, the no-kin Clark(e)s (Stanley and J.F.



The jazz musician's musician: Joe Henderson, 1970

Jenny); drummers Louis Hayes, Jack DeJohnette, Lenny White, Harvey Mason, Airtio; such ringers as Grachan Moncur, Jeremy Steig, a fine Japanese (Ichikawa-Inaba-Hino) rhythm trio, James "Blood" Ulmer, Luis Gasca, violinist Michael White, Patrick Gleeson, Lee Ritenour, and Ernie Watts. They all accept and react to the music that comes to mind, hand, and performance situation. They make electronic equipment effect new Urban American rhythms out of traditional Afro-Caribbean ones; diverse personal vocabularies arrive at collective consensus, front-line match-ups catch fire, and larger-ensemble charts bloom.

The numerous highlights include such exemplary echoes of Henderson's Blue Note style as "The Kicker," a chiseled "Chelsea Bridge," and "You Don't Know What Love Is" in duet with Lee Konitz. Henderson followed his quintet/quartet change-up *Power To The People* with a *killing* series of albums: live *At The Lighthouse* (we get previously unissued versions of his "Recorda-Me," "Shade Of Jade," and "Isotope" as well as neglected proof of a grass-roots, post-CTI, live-guts band sound), *In Pursuit Of Blackness*, *Multiple*, and *In Japan*. Check out Henderson's near-forgotten sextet with trombonist Curtis Fuller and reedman Pete Yellin; his overdubbing throughout the ambitious *Black Is The Color* project; his unlikely use of spiky guitars and colorful San Fran-Latin elements; his versions of semi-corn pop hits ("My Cherie Amour") and classics ("Good Morning Heartache").

If Henderson has a flaw, it is his infernally high level of consistency; even when he's confrontational or iconoclastic, he never seems like an extremist. *Chick Corea And Joe Henderson. Live In Montreux* (GRP 1112; 75:00;

★★★★), recorded in 1981, featuring bassist Gary Peacock and maestro drummer Roy Haynes, is a bright, engaging, and, at moments, powerful program with Monk's "Trinkle Tinkle" and Cole Porter's "So In Love," among the revisions and originals. How could Henderson and Corea have fallen so far from fashion that this set would wait for release until now? Exposure to unrelenting ability may persuade us that facility is an enemy—but Joe and Chick each love what the other is doing and so do the deep, quick rhythmists. Technical facility is deployed with unerring felicity.

In fact, one of Henderson's unremarked characteristics is his unusual celebratory—make that *festive*—air. At his loosest, live at the Lighthouse, or with Chick, Peacock and Haynes at Montreux, or on *The State Of The Tenor Volumes 1 & 2* (Blue Note 28879; 56:23/53:16 ★★★★★½) at the Village Vanguard in trio with Ron Carter and drummer Al Foster, Henderson's focus shifts from sculpting the most perfect possible track to singing of the thrill of right now. The song selections he agreed upon with producers Stanley Crouch and Michael Cuscuna in 1985 comprise tunes by Monk, Duke, Bird, Horace Silver, Mingus, and Sam Rivers besides "Isotope," "Y Ya La Quiero," and Henderson's never-the-same-twice "The Bead Game." There is no hurry in his consideration of any of the music here, nothing pre-ordained about how things come out, or what musical twists arise from the unfettered expression of the moment. Personally, I prefer the dynamic exploration of his Milestone years, but this two-volume Henderson recital is also exemplary, if only yet another stage of Joe Henderson's happily ongoing career. **DB**

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Hans Zimmer, 1994
The Lion King composer

Ran Noir

by Art Lange

The world of **Ran Blake** is one of rainy nights and shadowy side streets, broken hearts, and Fellini-like dreams. Even his solo-piano investigation of Ellington and Strayhorn, the most picturesque com-



BRIAN McWILLEN

Blake: full of dark undercurrents

posers in jazz, is full of dark undercurrents and ulterior motives. On strictly musical terms, *Duke Dreams—The Legacy Of Strayhorn-Ellington* (Soul Note 121027-2; 39:58: ★★★★★½) is a bridge between Blake's Monkish demeanor (mostly acidic harmonies and rhythmic decentralization) and Duke's brittle tone and rhapsodic bent, where modulations can drift or plunge in any direction. But the shifts of quick wit on "It Don't Mean A Thing" and the dissonantly slivered high spirits of "Me And You" are no less eloquent than the wistful pathos of "Sophisticated Lady," and even "Something To Live For" (with its ennui-encoded quote of "Lush Life") comes out moody and mournful and maybe bitter.

The version of "Drop Me Off In Harlem" encored on *Round About* (Music & Arts 807; 68:43: ★★★★★), Blake's recent collaboration with vocalist **Christine Correa** displays Correa's playful sense of variable pitch and diction. Though recollections of the pianist's magical duo with Jeanne Lee are bound to occur, Correa's got her own lone(s), elastic phrasing, and dramatic attitudes. Blake's "accompaniment" is no accompaniment at all; he's not a cushion but a needle, offering a contrariness to the normal theme-and-variations as he staggers through unexpected keys and quotations, but remains totally devoted to mood. Best here are the standards like "You Don't Know What Love Is," "Angel Eyes," and "You Go To My Head," which are all but recomposed afresh.

The first thing you'll notice about Blake's *Masters From Different Worlds* (Mapleshade 01732; 67:20: ★★★★★½) is the "hot," bright, immediate presence of the horns. The reworking of "Something To Live For" is the disc's highlight; the late Clifford Jordan's tenor creates a fascinating fantasy of boo and swing inflections while Blake burrows into the tune's cracks and crevices. Likewise, the loose, romantic balladry of "Arlene," adding Julian Priester's compatible trombone. If the whole album had consisted of just their contributions, the rating would no doubt be higher. But the use of a saxophone quartet and duos with sensitive but miscast drummer Steve Williams distracts from the otherwise seductive interplay.

DB

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On The Latin Fringe

by Larry Birnbaum

Milestone's recently inaugurated World Music series makes contemporary Brazilian Instrumental and Spanish "new flamenco" music available to U.S. audiences. The series' latest batch of releases samples the jazzy, sophisticated fringe of the worldwide Latin scene. They make less of an impact than the label's new domestic Latin-jazz acquisition, **Jerry Gonzalez & The Fort Apache Band**.

Though the biculturally fluent Apaches have



Robertinho Silva

led the international Latin-jazz movement for a decade. *Crossroads* (MCD-9225-2; 56:43; ★★★★★) is their first major-label album. Saxophonists John Stubblefield and Joe Ford and pianist Larry Willis give the group enough hard-bop credibility to dispense with Latin rhythms altogether, which they do on uptempo swingers like "Malandro" and "Ezekiel Saw The Wheel" and mellow ballads like "Thelungus" and "Lament." As if to compensate, Gonzalez and Steve Berrios play short, hot Afro-Cuban percussion interludes throughout the album. But the music really comes together on idiomatically integrated tunes like "The Vonce" and "Fort Apache" (the latter composed for the band by Jackie McLean), where Gonzalez plays congas instead of or along with his trumpet.

Brazilian trap drummer **Robertinho Silva**, best known for his 25-year tenure with Milton Nascimento, makes his U.S. solo debut with *Speak No Evil* (MCD-9220-2; 46:39; ★★½), featuring vocalist Nascimento, keyboardists Egberto Gismonti, Wagner Tiso and Hermeto Pascoal, and saxophonists Paulo Moura and Wayne Shorter, among others. But neither stellar sidemen nor Silva's own busy samba-jazz rhythms keep these slickly produced, fusion-flavored arrangements from sounding emotionally forced and stiff. **Rildo Hora** is the Brazilian Toots Thielemans, a harmonica virtuoso with a taste for mainstream jazz, but on *Espraiado* (MCD-9222-2; 47:04; ★★), his mild, sentimental approach to Brazilian pop classics and his own originals rarely rise above the level of easy-listening music. Brazilian guitar wiz-

ards **Raphael Rabello & Dino 7 Cordas** find common ground on their self-titled duet album (MCD-9221-2; 39:10; ★★★) even though Cordas (the "7" stands for "7-string") is 45 years older. Trading pensive leads and flamenco-like accompaniments, they dazzle with sheer technical mastery, but as their material is semi-classical, the album is likely to appeal more to guitarists than jazz fans.

Saxophonist **Jorge Pardo** is one of the leading lights of Spanish "new flamenco," which blends traditional Andalusian gypsy

music with jazz, salsa, and other outside influences. On his fifth solo album, *Veloz* (MCD-9223-2; 62:50; ★★★), Pardo's tenor sax, soprano sax, and flute lines often follow the contours of old-school flamenco singing before veering off into wistful fusion-style improvisations. But when his horn is juxtaposed against the authentic vocals of El Potito on "Una Vez Tendi La Mano" and "Que No Quero Dinero," the grit and passion of the original style make the contemporary effects sound like superfluous affectations. **DB**

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CD REVIEWS

Engaging Lee

by John Corbett

Lee Konitz: master of buoyant rhythm, dean of easy energy, emir of effortless articulation. The '59 gigs that resulted in a wonderful two-disc set *Live At The Half Note* (Verve 314 521 659; 48:54/47:40: ★★★★★^{1/2}) found this ruler of cool reunited with equally tempered tenorman Warne Marsh, a fellow student of pianist Lennie Tristano. In fact, it was actually Tristano's date, though he took Tuesday nights off to teach, so Bill Evans (rather timidly, from the sound of it) accepted the gig. Later, Tristano released the tapes on the Revelation label—the only problem is, he had excised Konitz's solos, leaving only Marsh's. In the notes to this "first time" issue, Bob Blumenthal suggests that this may have been due to a hardening in Konitz's soft tone, a change that Tristano found disagreeable.

But Marsh and Konitz fit together so perfectly and their solos are so exactly complementary that once you've heard these sessions in full splendor it'll be impossible to imagine them any other way. Through a long list of standards, Tristano tunes ("317 E. 32nd," "April," "Lennie-Bird"), and a couple of Konitz compositions ("Palo Alto," "Subconscious-Lee"), the two horns dovetail loosely, but with absolute seamlessness. In places, they move like fish in a



A young Konitz: ruler of cool

school, darting around in daring parallel lines: elsewhere they leave airspace between themselves, achieving a relaxed, sonorous heterophony. Evans lays way back, coming forward for a solo here and there (an especially nice one on Bird's "Scrapple From The Apple") and to spar/comp with the saxes on "Subconscious-Lee." The rhythm core is killing—Paul Motian swings relentlessly and Jimmy Garrison's sound is a deep treat. Check out the latter's arco blues solo on Bobby Troup's "Baby, Baby All The Time." (Note: On the Revelation LPs, the bassist was mis-listed as Peter Ind.)

Alone out front on *Jazz Nocture* (Evidence 22085; 50:56: ★★★★★), recorded in 1992, Konitz still sounds outstanding. Despite material that's grown thin from age—he even manages to squeeze genuine interest out of "Misty" and "My Funny Valentine"(!)—he and his able accomplices construct a delightful outing that showcases his mature rhythmic sophistication and boundless melodic imagination. Pianist Kenny Barron is an excellent, bright match for Konitz, as evidenced on duo cuts "Everything Happens To Me" and a touching "Body And Soul." Drummer Kenny Washington and bassist James Keep the mood convivial, but ears are on Konitz, and the sidemen don't distract from his superb performance.

That's more than can be said for the altoist's 1993 encounter with **Peggy Stern**, *The Jobim Collection* (Philology 68.2; 60:12: ★★). Though the notion of Konitz playing Jobim isn't bad (conjuring comparisons with Stan Getz, to whom he dedicates the disc), Stern's piano playing is precious, sometimes stiff, and quite unsuited to the lively Latin material. Where they play straight duets, she's less objectionable, largely because Konitz still plays so beautifully; indeed, I'd love to hear the isolated sax track from "Zingaro" or "Wave." Stern's sappy, Muzaky synthesizer sequences, however, are completely unbearable and impossible to ignore. On "A Felicidade," "Dindi," "Triste," and "How Insensitive," she backs the two of them up with sequenced cheesy guitar and stock cymbal samples, emphasizing the most glossy, artificial aspects of the already-pop-enough tunes. How insensitive, indeed. **DB**

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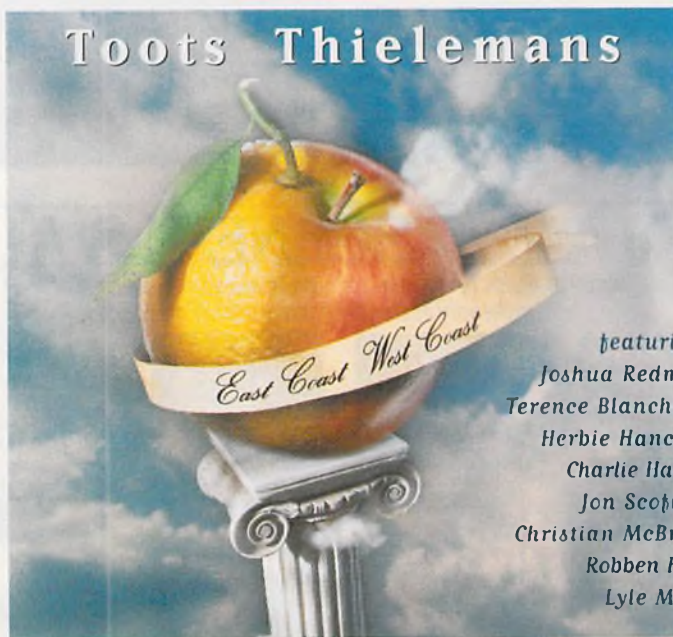
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antics. In addition to performing such White charts as "Harlem Camp Meeting," a gleefully swinging vehicle for Calloway's scating and hollering, and "Evenin'," a period pop ballad, the SMJO demonstrated the Calloway band's adventurousness on Don Redman's "Cupid's Nightmare," which employed whole-tone and chromatic passages.

The selections from Lunceford's book emphasized Oliver's role in molding the band's reputation for polished precision. Oliver's boisterous arrangement of "Annie Laurie," the subtle modulations he tucked into "Organ Grinder Swing," and the flat-out bravado of his "Blue Blazes" go a long way toward defining the Lunceford sound. Yet, it was Lunceford's own "Stratosphere"—an unusually complex, yet vigorously swinging piece—that was the most engaging composition of the sequence.

As expected from music created by a drummer-led band, the Webb tunes had an incessant rhythmic drive, enhanced by

drummer Chuck Redd's Webb-like use of wood blocks and rim effects in his fills. While the band's signature piece, "Jungle Mama," established that Webb himself wrote steamy jungle music, the two Dixon-arranged pieces were the most intriguing—"That Naughty Waltz," a $\frac{4}{4}$ tune with a waltz feel, and "Harlem Congo," built on dense, yet exciting, phrasing.

The concluding Ellington section underscored the flexibility in Duke's compositional style that accommodated the inspiration of his soloists. Until trombonist Sam Burtis' snarling reading of "Caravan" and the finale, an extended take on "C Jam Blues," such effective soloists as trumpeters Joe Wilder and Virgil Jones, saxophonists Steve Wilson and Loren Schoenberg, and clarinetist Shannon Hudgins were limited to as little as six bars per solo. Though such "pastel" pieces as "Azure" detailed Ellington's innovations in orchestration, the program gave greater weight to Duke's integration of improvisation into the compositional process.

Still, despite Schuller's meticulous programming, the only sustained standing ovation was given to an unscheduled performance. During intermission, Anthony Brown, director of the Smithsonian Jazz Oral History Program, interviewed Charles Lynton about his memories of performing and touring with Webb's band in the '30s (it was Lynton who introduced Webb to Ella Fitzgerald). The discussion prompted the non-agenarian vocalist to sing what was his featured number, "September In The Rain." The turban-ed Lynton's sure intonation and supple phrasing brought the house down with thunderous applause.

—Bill Shoemaker

piana suite Schiffrin wrote for Gillespie back in the early '60s. D'Rivera followed with his own set, a highlight being his improvisational work with veteran alto saxist/guest artist Gabe Baltazar.

In the educational clinics, the University of Hawaii Jazz Ensemble, under the direction of Pat Hennessy, made an impressive showing. Three talented high school students received scholarships presented by Berklee grad/trombonist/arranger Phil Wilson. Also on hand was the University of Nevada (Las Vegas) Jazz Ensemble, under the direction of Frank Gagliardi. Gagliardi made a counter offer to Wilson's in the form of a full, all-expenses-paid four-year scholarship to UNLV.

The closing night of the festival featured Tana Reid, singer Kitty Margolis, Steve Turre, Gabe Baltazar, and the Old Tonite Show Band, under the direction of Doc Severinsen, whose big band rocked the house down.

—Bunky Green

Hawaii Jazz Festival

Various Sites/Honolulu

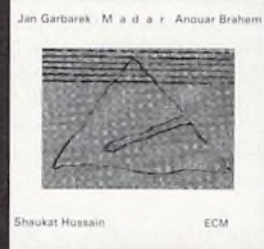
This past summer, the first annual International Hawaii Jazz Festival offered concerts, free daily jam sessions, and educational opportunities galore.

The first night, singer Cleo Laine, with saxist John Dankworth in tow, moved the audience with wonderfully crafted arrangements reaching for the head as well as the heart. Blues Night followed, with Taj Mahal, Michael Paulo, Pauline Wilson, the incomparable James Ingram, and Buddy Guy stealing the show. The third night featured the local group Tropjazz, a Latin jazz band that opened for the Lalo Schiffrin/Paquito D'Rivera septet (featuring Conte Candoli, Snooky Young, and Steve Turre). They all performed in a tribute to Dizzy Gillespie and Latin jazz. The septet performed the Gilles-

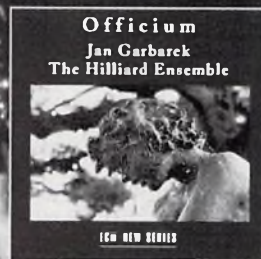
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Heard A Good Book Lately?

by Frank-John Hadley

A natural way to spend time between CD plays is to read books about music. Although the printed word doesn't conjure up the active thrill of hearing a creative musician in flight, the thoughtful ordering of finely tuned sentences may convey a writer's enthusiasm for music and educate or entertain in the bargain. If the writer does his job, the reader is coaxed back into the mood for listening.

John Corbett, a regular **DB** contributor, tries to capture the interest of academicians as well as the general jazz public with **Extended Play** (Duke University Press, Durham, N.C., 342 pp., paper), his long and admiring look at music on the cutting edge. Aware of the gap between his potential audiences, he's wisely chosen to break the book down into three sections. The first is given over to serious scholarship, with essays concerning such topics as (take a deep breath) "the commodification of music objects" and "the fetishization of audio equipment." It's tough going, aside from a fascinating reader-friendly discourse tying together eccentrics Sun Ra, funk's George Clinton, and reggae's Lee Perry.

Reaching past the ivory tower to everybody with well-turned phrases and lucid observations, Corbett fills the next section with profiles of Ra, Perry, Clinton, Hal Russell, Von Freeman, and eight more musicians. Also having broad appeal, the final third features interviews conducted with the likes of John Cage, Evan Parker, Derek Bailey, and Ra. (Given Corbett's fawning admiration for Le Sony'r Ra, it's curious that he takes a back seat to a cub reporter at their celestial sit-down chat.) Additionally, Corbett offers an excellent annotated discography.

Graham Lock, the Anthony Braxton biographer and freelance journalist, shares Corbett's enthusiasm for writing about musicians who take boldly creative paths rather than well-traveled routes littered with clichés. **Chasing The Vibration** (Stride Publications, Devon, England, 192 pp., paper) collects 17 quick and easy-to-digest interview pieces written between 1982 and '91 for England's *New Musical Express* and *The Wire*. (An 18th interview, held with drummer Sunny Murray, is previously unpublished.) Lock has an appealing way with words and makes interesting presentations on American artists such as Cecil Taylor, Betty Carter, Jimmy Giuffre, Max Roach, Marilyn Crispell, Ra, and on Brits like Mike Westbrook, Norma Winstone, Dave Holland, the late Chris McGregor, and an obscure women's band known as the Guest Stars.



Ubiquitous subject: Sun Ra

The journalist also met up with Canadian Kenny Wheeler and Cape Town native Abdullah Ibrahim. In general, Lock succeeds in getting the players to open up. Still, some of the pieces can't help but show their age, with the 1988 entry on disgusted and downcast pianist Crispell in particular begging for a fresh clarification. A "Discographical Update" takes stock of the players' European CD output up to late '93, and there are three good if superfluous little record reviews on Billie Holiday, Horace Tapscott, and Leo Smith nestled among Lock's "meetings with creative musicians."

Val Wilmer's **As Serious As Your Life** (Serpent's Tooth, New York, 296 pp., paper) became a classic of jazz literature immediately upon its publication in 1977. Recently reprinted, her introduction to free-jazz, or New Music, remains essential reading for the lucidity, insight, and passion she expends detailing how proud black musicians like John Coltrane, Cecil Taylor, Ornette Coleman, the AACM brethren, and Bill Dixon nurtured inspiration in spite of resistance from a rancorous, white-controlled music industry. Wilmer uses a measure of scalding skepticism when consigning the musicians' tremendous need to play in the sociological and political context of the day. Fascinatingly, her near-comprehensive purview of the New Music scene also takes in the role of women—as musicians, wives, girl friends, and hangers-on. *As Serious As Your Life* benefits from 31 fine photographs by the author, such as Trane getting a hair cut, Ornette and Anthony Braxton shooting pool, and electric keyboardist Ra going ballistic at the Village Gate. The reprint gains little, however, from those creaking-with-age capsule biographies on the musicians Wilmer penned in the mid-'70s.

Dancing In Your Head (Oxford University Press, New York, 308 pp., cloth) com-

piles several dozen of Gene Santoro's articles on "Jazz, Blues, Rock and Beyond" from the pages of *The New York Post*, *The Nation*, **DB**, and other publications that he's written for in recent years. Avoiding the cant of facile reportage, Santoro uses thoughtful and lively prose to particularly good advantage when discussing Columbia's Robert Johnson CD set, profiling Les Paul, savaging James Lincoln Collier's Ellington biography, and when giving penetrating portrayals of Gunther Schuller, Ed Blackwell, Cecil Taylor, unplugged and electric Miles Davis, and the ubiquitous Mr. Ra. Like a good song, they sometimes end too soon—many are only two or three pages long. Only Santoro's essays on gospel and country & western seem at a loss for emotional involvement with the music discussed, and, to nitpick, his praise of Derek & The Dominos' *Layla* comes dangerously close to going over the top.

Businessman Manek Daver is absolutely wild about old long-play record jackets, and he's conscientiously assembled 400 illustrations of his favorites for **Jazz Album Covers: The Rare And The Beautiful** (Graphic-Sha, Tokyo, 143 pp., cloth). The David Stone Martin treasure box offers up 40 jackets (Manek's earlier book, *Jazz Graphics*, has 230 more DSM gems), and less-celebrated master Pierre Merlin, whose field of operations covered the French Swing and Vogue labels in the early '50s, is represented by almost 50 cover reproductions. Jazz photographers Herman Leonard and Frank Gauna are also present in all their creative genius, as is Japanese cover-designer K. Abe. Not so beautiful is the over-Martinized jazz art of Andy Warhol and the too-self-conscious arch work of musician/artist Gil Melle, who's responsible for the garishly unattractive cover of this impressive coffee-table book. **DB**

1 Joe Wilder

"That's All" (from *No Greater Love*, Evening Star, 1993) Wilder, trumpet; Bobby Tucker, piano; producer, Benny Carter.

WR: I liked it. Was the trumpet player Benny Carter? It reminds me of the way he plays alto saxophone. It also sounded like Clark Terry in one place. I don't know the pianist. 4½ stars.

GA: I liked it a lot, too: the feeling. Particularly, I liked the pianist's accompanying approach: the note choices, the harmonic development, the forward movement. I would give that 4 stars. I thought that was Wynton on trumpet—something about the way he landed on the notes.

WR: Wynton? Not at all! More like Benny Carter, someone not primarily a trumpet player.

GA: The pianist reminded me of the Detroit players, their accompanying style. Maybe Tommy Flanagan.

WR: Hmm, sounded more like Jimmy Rowles.

2 Charles Mingus

Title track (from *EAST COASTING*, Bethlehem, 1957) Bill Evans, piano; Clarence Shaw, trumpet; Jimmy Knepper, trombone; Dannie Richmond, drums.

WR: The drummer is killing me! Reminded me of Art [Blakey], Philly Joe [Jones], or Roy Haynes. I think it's Roy—light and right. The trumpet player reminded me of Idrees Sulieman: playing purely from the heart. He wasn't playing the changes as accurate, but the changes had some twists in it, something George Russell might write. I liked it. 4 stars.

GA: Mingus came to mind—his kind of ensemble. I liked it a lot. It was full of life, joyous.

WR: Yeah, that Jimmy Knepper trombone!

GA: That pianist had a beautiful, ringing bell-like quality; the twists and turns he took really reminded me of the great beboppers. Another member of the Detroit school? 5 stars.

3 Jan Allan

"Billie's Bounce" (from *THAT WAS THAT*, Dragon, 1989) Allan, trumpet; Red Mitchell, acoustic bass; Roger Kellaway, piano.

GA: I liked the trumpet—a lot. He reminds me of my teacher, Marcus Belgrave, the way he kinda curved around phrases and would land on the notes. And he ended phrases so nice. The bass was really interesting once he started soloing. The sound threw me off at

WALLACE RONEY & GERI ALLEN

by Fred Bouchard

Trumpeter Wallace Roney and pianist Geri Allen, longtime colleagues in his increasingly fresh quintet, are entering new recording phases, he afront the band, she leading a trio date with Ron Carter and Tony Williams for Blue Note. Roney's last Muse date (*Crunchin'*) had great production by Don Sickler; his new *Mystérios* (Warner Bros.) has strings and South American influences (Milton Nascimento, Astor Piazzolla). "Each album adds to the quintet's development," says Roney, casual yet confident. "It's the nucleus and focus of everything I do." Both recently branched into fascinating sidework with top singers on Verve: Roney made pretty cameos on Helen Merrill's *Brownie* (a Clifford Brown homage), and Allen proved an absolutely scintillating accompanist for Betty Carter on *Feed The Fire*.



When Allen met Roney at Howard U. in Washington, D.C., back in 1975, she immediately joined their quintet, working clubs like Howard's Rogue and Jar. On their first BT—individually or collectively, their copacetic on-stand collaborations notwithstanding—Allen and Roney pursued divergent paths in taste and observation.

first because I thought it was a stick bass [upright electric]. 4½.

WR: Heh-heh, it did kinda remind me of Marcus. With Kirk Lightsey on piano. I thought the bass was acoustic. 3½ stars.

4 Wynton Marsalis Septet

"Hymn" (from *IN THIS HOUSE, ON THIS MORNING*, Columbia, 1993)

WR: [after a few notes] Wynton. I know it's Wynton, being true to what he believes in: his heritage. I haven't heard his band or anything, but that's Wynton. A lot of people unfairly tried to pigeonhole him, then critics started to like him; they should decide whether they like him or not. One thing I can identify: his approach is very classical. He reminds me of someone who really studied the music and took his time. Sometimes you can relate a person's music to other areas of art. Miles and Bill Evans you can relate to painting. Wynton reminds me of journalistic art: like reading a Schuller or Crouch book. It's still art. 4 stars.

GA: It seems through-composed. The personality of the music is more in the writing than in the individuals playing it. That's what makes it more classical than African-American derived music, where the personalities come together in a homogeneous whole. 3½ stars; raise that to 4 for meticulous musicianship. I have to respect that, even if my personal taste might be different.

5 Sun Ra Arkestra

"Under Different Stars" (from *SPACE IS THE PLACE, Evidence, 1993/rec. 1972*) Kwame Hadi, Wayne Harris, trumpets.

GA: I loved it: 5 stars. I liked the textures and they way the ensemble worked. It took me to another place—I enjoy that.

WR: I liked it, too. It was effective. 4 stars. But I have the same comment that Geri had about individuality. I couldn't distinguish the players, but I enjoyed the whole. Where Wynton was musically reaching, this is emotionally reaching.

GA: Must be Sun Ra. He used the band like a canvas to create a work of art. Very organic, spatial, whereas Wynton's piece was more like computer repetitions of images.

6 Thad Jones

"What Is This Thing" (from *QUARTET*, A&M Horizon, 1978) Jones, cornet; Harold Danko, piano.

WR: Five big ones for Thad. That's the most trumpet playing you've played us all day!

GA: Great. Sounded wonderful, mature. 5 stars. Kirk Lightsey came to mind.

WR: Talk about a combination of mind and heart! Something else. Thad composed while he was playing, and no one could play what he composed; like his brother on drums and his brother on piano. I hope that Elvin and Hank get their due. They all deserve great honors. **DB**