

CELEBRATING DOC CHEATHAM AT 90

# DOWN BEAT

Jazz, Bb

June 1995, \$2.95 U.K. £2.50 Can. \$3.75

## David Murray's **Obsession**

Eric Reed &  
Stephen Scott

The Sorry State  
of Jazz Radio

Maynard Ferguson  
Blindfolded

**CLASSIC INTERVIEW:**  
Max Roach & Clifford Brown



## 16 David Murray

### *Obsessed*

Is he overrecorded? Overexposed? Or just obsessed? Saxophonist David Murray has made some outstanding music. Kevin Whitehead helps sort it out.

Cover photograph of David Murray by Enid Farber.

## FEATURES

### 22 Stephen Scott & Eric Reed *Fracturing The Mainstream*

By Jim Macnie

### 26 Doc Cheatham *A Walking History Of Jazz*

By Phil Schaap

### 30 The Sorry-Assed State Of Jazz Radio

By John Corbett

### 36 New Feature— *Tradin' Fours:* Sonny Simmons Marcus Printup Phil deGruy Gregg Field

### 40 Classic Interview: *Max Roach & Clifford Brown— Dealers In Jazz*

By Nat Hentoff

## DEPARTMENTS

- |                     |                   |
|---------------------|-------------------|
| 6 On The Beat       | 59 Book Reviews   |
| 8 Chords & Discords | 61 Caught         |
| 42 CD Reviews       | 63 Woodshed       |
|                     | 70 Blindfold Test |



26 Doc Cheatham

MITCHELL SEIDEL



22 Stephen Scott & Eric Reed

TERI BLOOM



42 Johnny Griffin



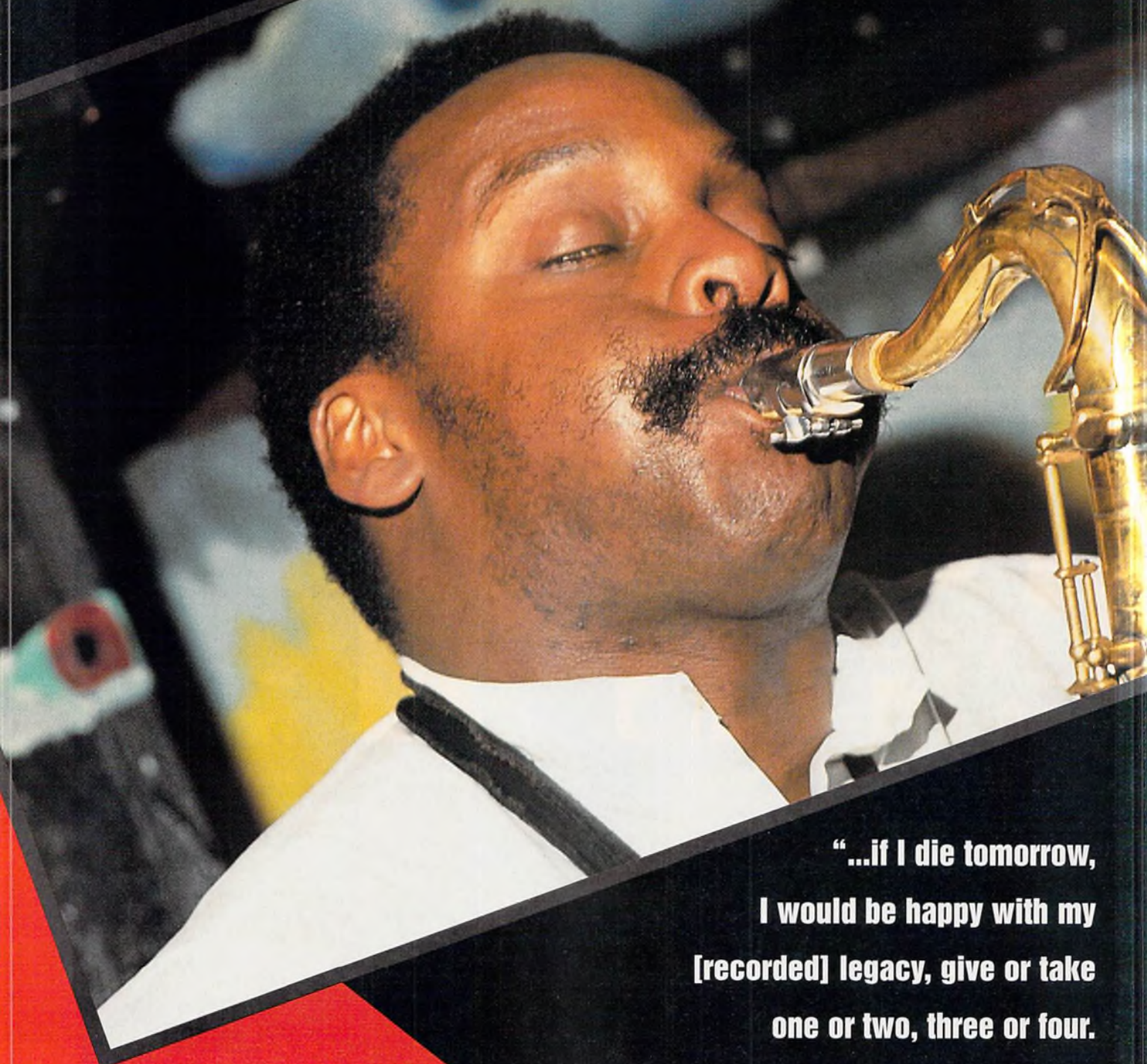
Don Pullen



Don Byron

**David  
Murray**

# OBSESS



**“...if I die tomorrow,  
I would be happy with my  
[recorded] legacy, give or take  
one or two, three or four.  
I’ve made some albums that’ll  
stand the test of time.”**



**Y**ou go to ask David Murray a blunt question: why do you make so many records? People think you're obsessed. But that's not the sort of thing you dive into cold—especially when he just woke up, having flown in from the West Coast late the day before. So you ask a warmup first: describe a recent itinerary. He skips back to mid-February. Monday night his big band played its new weekly gig at New York's Knitting Factory. Tuesday he flew to San Francisco to rehearse his *Bay Area Suite* for Friday's premier in Berkeley, where he's from, and to work on a Satchel Paige musical with Taj Mahal and Bob Weir at Weir's place in Mill Valley.

"Then I had to sneak away on Thursday to do a lecture-seminar at U.C. Berkeley. I had a rhythm section, played a little bit. The questions the kids ask are always so astute, they make you think. For instance, one kid asked me, 'Isn't it hard to keep your integrity when you're making all these records and things?'"

**B**ingo. Two years ago, Murray was under contract to two labels—Tokyo's DIW and New York's Red Baron—that weren't shy about shooing him into the studio, and he still found time to record for Black Saint on the side. DIW alone lists 23 current issues with Murray as leader or sideman. Red Baron's Bob Thiele devised and produced Murray tie-ins with movies by Spike Lee (*MX*) and Steven Spielberg (*Jazzosaurus Rex*, with its immortal "Dinosaur Park Blues"). And don't forget "The Bob Thiele Collective"'s *Sunrise Sunset*: Murray's quartet—John Hicks, Cecil McBee, Andrew Cyrille—playing the 6/8 title track in a manner reminiscent of certain Julie Andrews tunes Coltrane covered. (Nice "Old Folks" on there, though.) Even the critics have lost track of what's out. DIW, whose selective distribution deal with Columbia is off, has all but stopped shipping review copies Stateside.

"The plus side of [making so many records] is, in the jazz industry I probably am a household name. Regardless of whether people want this product or not, they do know who I am. The other plus is, if I die tomorrow, I would be happy with my [recorded] legacy, give or take one or two, three or four. I've made some albums that'll stand the test of time. Plus, I can document my whole program. People know what I'm doing, they know the different sides of me. The down side is, people might not know which ones to pick." (So we asked him to choose some personal favorites—see Selected Discography.) Since Murray has referred elsewhere to a few records he's unhappy with, we asked him to name them. They were all oldies—*Interboogieology*, his first Black Saint from 1978; *Low Class Conspiracy* on the unjustly forgotten Adelphi label; maybe something on the old Italian indie Horo—of which the last two are unlikely reissue candidates.

"Sometimes people want to exploit you so bad—well, I shouldn't say it like that." He taps a table with a pencil, searching for the words. "The commercial aspect of the record company always seems to supersede what you're interested in doing. For instance, when I did this record *Jazzosaurus Rex*, we had done a photo session; it was okay. Then the photographer surprises me—'Hey, David! Gaa!'—and takes a picture of me inside the booth. The famous goofy photograph. Then [Bob Thiele] doesn't run this cover photo by me when the record comes out. That's the example right there, total exploitation. Taking me so far out of character that it's almost embarrassing."

All he can do is make the best record he can under the circumstances. If he can't control titles or art—"You always do what Bob Thiele wants you to do, believe me; he pays you right, but he is always gonna do what he wants to do"—Murray will control what he can. For him that means recording as few compositions as possible by the prolific team of Thiele and Glenn

SISAVIA WILLMAN



**David Murray jamming with the Grateful Dead at Mardi Gras '95 in Oakland**

*(l-r: Bob Weir, Jerry Garcia, Murray and Vince Welnick)*

Osser, who contributed three tunes to *MX*, two each to *Black & Black* and *Rex*. Their riffy contributions do make these albums thematically uneven.

"I've learned to kind of work around it. The Malcolm X thing, *MX*, that's where Bob got the idea of piggybacking on the movie. I have no idea if that works or not; in fact, I probably doubt it. At the same time I try to do everything with the same kind of seriousness. So I went back and reread Malcolm's book, and the titles I use are the titles of chapters. I needed something strong like that to override the other thing that was happening." There is something close to the exploitation bone about a Spike Lee/Malcolm X dovetail where your producer and his partner pen a "Blues For X" to get a slice of the royalties. That's like something in a Spike Lee movie.

Still, you can't fault Murray for the company he keeps. On *MX* it's L.A. cornetist Bobby Bradford, whom he's known forever (and who composed Murray's DIW *Death Of A Sideman*), John Hicks, Fred Hopkins, Victor Lewis and Ravi Coltrane. Murray got Don Pullen to play organ on two *Shakill's* dates for DIW, one licensed to Columbia. Pianist Dave Burrell is liberally featured on more than a half-dozen DIW foursomes, usually with Hopkins and Ralph Peterson. Murray: "How many jazz quartet records do you want to have?" In DIW's case, make it 10.

Consider the formidable competition for the title of Most Recorded Modern Jazz Musician: Anthony Braxton, Steve Lacy, Paul Bley—"Oh, I've outdone all those guys." And sometimes, those artists make the record first, then shop it. Murray's dates are made to order.

How did it happen? Simple: he just wants to make a decent living. Murray has expenses. He has two ex-wives, and lives in a big, freshly renovated Brooklyn apartment two blocks from Grand Army Plaza with singer Taana Running. (She makes a cameo appearance on the CD *Body And Soul*.) When both DIW and Red Baron were courting him for an exclusive deal, each offered about half of what he needed. Working for both at once was Murray's idea. He got them to agree to corporate bigamy.

"It's funny, I like working for Bob Thiele. Other than that album cover, which I still detest, he's pretty good. I don't want to put down all the Red Baron records. It's amazing what people like in the rest of the United States, compared with what people like in New York. I think [Thiele's wife] Teresa Brewer is great; I loved the way she sang on the thing I did with her. I was so excited about doing it. But I wished I'd had more control over it. After awhile, we were saying, 'Can we play just one song that stays in the same key, from the start to the finish?'"

"Bob Thiele is a very influential person, so who am I to say

anything? I did these recordings to let people know what the other side of me is. So in a way, I say, okay, I'll accept that: see what he does. Whatever it was—an experiment or whatever it was—is pretty much over now."

As Murray tells it, he's reformed, hasn't (as of March) made an album under his own name since May '94, namely, *The Tip* and *Jug-A-Lug*, two CDs by his Octofunk septet, which includes Bobby Broom, Robert Irving III and Kahil El'Zabar. The records are alternately very good and not; on a no-frills pentatonic jam (*Jug-A-Lug*), his slap-tongue bass-clarinet sounds fit snugly with Darryl Jones' popping bass. A sextet version opened the Grateful Dead's Mardi Gras gig at the Oakland Coliseum this year. Say what you will about Murray—he records too much, he does some sloppy gigs (one sitting in with a bad bar band at the old Knit comes to mind), he is, or was, unjustly singled out as the tenor's great hope—Octofunk shows he still plays excellent bluesy, vibrant tenor saxophone, even when the material is beneath him.

If the David Murray Story (this one, anyway) is economic, it may help to see him in the heroic mode in which critical champions have cast him. He's a John Henry straddling eras, struggling to keep up with major (corporate) machinery. Now he's bowing out while he's on his feet, a happier ending to that folk tale.

February's *Bay Area Suite* made for a sweet homecoming. Murray turned 40 two days later (in New York, after stopping off in Philly to play with Archie Shepp). The suite was a chance to pay tribute to folks who'd influenced him; each piece is a dedication. To hear him talk about family, Murray grew up in a black California not unlike the Los Angeles depicted by filmmaker Charles Burnett or crime novelist Walter Mosley: an urban community whose rural roots were always near. Murray recalls his aunt Louise Hackett (dedicatee of "Fishin' And Missin' You"), who died at 96, two weeks after her 94-year-old brother. "She was the best fisher person I've ever seen. She could go somewhere nobody was catchin' any fish, she'd catch about eight or 10. One time I remember—she had a technique where she would park her car at the top of the levee, get these catfish out with a bamboo pole. Now catfish, they'll get you with those stingers on the side, you know? She hated to take the hook out of their mouth. So with one stroke she'd catch 'em, and BLAM! swing 'em up into the car at the top of the levee, BLAM! knock 'em out, so she could take the hooks out."

So that's at the one end of his experience, along with the big Ben Webster timbre such roots foster. (Not that he's a snob about his background; he toured the great middle with a Montana rhythm section—Bob Nell, Kelly Roberty, Brad Edwards—awhile back; and yeah, upholding an old tradition, some black folks gave him flak about it.) There's a certain logic to a musician with a sense of



MURRAY JARVIS

**David Murray at a jazz workshop at UC Berkeley**

history entrusting himself to an old-fashioned producer like Bob Thiele, who also recorded Webster and Coltrane.

But time slides on; circumstances and the business change. Nearing 40, and seeking relief from DIW's four-tracks-a-day recording schedule, Murray found the major labels weren't jumping. You can understand their skepticism—David Murray, playing hard to get? "When I put the feelers out, people said, 'Oh he's over-recorded, we don't want to record him.' Then they say, 'But he did make some good albums. But ah, we're not gonna take a chance, we'll go with some of the younger guys.' Guys that are very popular right now, I know what they're making, and they've all undercut me, heavy. They could make three of their records for the price it'd take to make one of mine." It doesn't decrease his own skepticism that Columbia has distributed a pile of his records—on *Portrait*, *Red Baron* and *DIW*—without the parent company ever signing him on.

So he'll sit this round out, and let folks try to catch up on the records already out. (He's started collecting his old LPs from defunct labels he knows will never pay him what they owe; he plans to sell them mail-order.) He's particularly proud of his octet's *Picasso* suite, based—very loosely—on Coleman Hawkins' unaccompanied '48 tenor solo. Amidst all those DIW quartets, *Ballads For Bass Clarinet* is one of the better albums I've heard. Doing so much to revive that instrument, on which few can touch

him, is one reason he habitually places in the top five or six in various categories of **DB's** Readers and Critics polls. Still, he notes, he's never on top.

**Y**ou can't help but feel spending time with the Dead—he sits in with them, and they gave him a Rex Foundation award—has caused him to reassess his position. Look at their m.o.: control your means of production and distribution where possible, diversify, document everything. Murray's got a lot to document: a duo with Dave Burrell, trios, quartets, World Saxophone Quartet, organ group, octet, big band, funk band. . . . And like the Dead, he likes to play. Surprising he fell in with them? Nah—they're all Bay Area boys. Bassist Phil Lesh was Murray's first contact in the band, before he sat in with them in New York two years ago (and thereby entered their information universe, with which he's dutifully impressed). But Murray really bonded with Bob Weir.

The guitarist drew Murray into the Satchel Paige project, which Weir and Taj Mahal and two wordsmiths had already been working on. The three composers work together or separately, the better to cover a full gamut of American music. The show, commissioned by Philadelphia's American Music Theater Festival (but bankrolled by Weir) is eventually bound for New York, fall of '96. The musicians have been busy recording elaborate demos; on a New Orleans session last year they used Alvin Batiste, Doc Cheatham and nonagenarian clarinetist Willie Humphrey, who died shortly thereafter. They videotaped everything.

So it's not like Murray's in hiding. He says his big band, conducted by Butch Morris, will play Mondays at the Knit until September, although other commitments make David an absentee leader (and Butch an absentee conductor) many weeks. Trombonist Craig Harris deputizes. In July the whole band tours Europe. Murray wants to rope in musicians passing through New York for guest appearances at the Knit. The money's not much, but he says it's worth running the band for the sense of community it engenders; it's good to have a place where musicians can gather to sound off, where younger guys can learn from the likes of the band's pride, reedman James Spaulding.

Murray would like to work more with his octet, too, but first he has to get a new big-band arrangement of a *Bay Area Suite* piece copied, before flying to France tomorrow for a gospel project at the Banlieues Bleues Festival, followed by Octofunk's European tour and a week with his quartet at the Vanguard in June. He's also writing a lot, for all those bands and for special projects. "I usually write on airplanes and things. I don't know why," he says. We know why. **DB**

#### EQUIPMENT

David Murray is back playing the seasoned Selmer Mark VI tenor (#121821) he bought new when he was 11. "I grew up with that horn; over the years I've had lights on it, initials, fur—all gone now. I've been using the same Berg-Larsen mouthpiece—120/2—for over 20 years. If anything explains strong high notes, it's using the same mouthpiece. Lotta guys they switch around, and you can always hear the change. The minute they get used to one mouthpiece

they get on to another, start all over again."

He uses #4 Rico Royal reeds. The Otto Link mouthpiece on his Leblanc bass clarinet is fitted with #3 Rico Royal tenor reeds. "They're actually a little thinner [than bass clarinet reeds], and don't lay all the way across the mouthpiece. But they make more of them, so they're a little more consistent. Plus, for some reason, the tenor reeds project better."

#### SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

No pretense to completeness here, obviously. We pressed David to list his own favorites among the records he's made, marked \*; some of his identifications were ambiguous ("anything I've done with Eddie Blackwell"—we list two—or

"the three octet albums I made for Black Saint," of which we list five). After his picks, we also list new Murray releases issued since his last **DB** feature, January 1993.

*JUG-A-LUG*—DIW 894\*  
*THE TIP*—DIW 891  
*SHAKILL'S II*—DIW 884  
*TENORS*—DIW 881  
*BALLADS FOR BASS CLARINET*—DIW 880  
*PICASSO*—DIW 879\*  
*REAL DEAL*—DIW 867 (w/Millrod Graves)  
*DEATH OF A SIDEMAN*—DIW 866\*  
*FAST LIFE*—DIW 861 (Brantford Marsalis)  
*REMEMBRANCES*—DIW 849  
*DAVID MURRAY BIG BAND CONDUCTED BY LAWRENCE "BUTCH" MORRIS*—DIW/Columbia 48964  
*SHAKILL'S WARRIOR*—DIW/Columbia 48963\*

*BODY AND SOUL*—Black Saint 120155  
*A SANCTUARY WITHIN*—Black Saint 120145  
*SAXMEN*—Red Baron 57758  
*JAZZOSAURUS REX*—Red Baron 57336  
*MX*—Red Baron 53224  
*BLACK AND BLUE*—Red Baron 48852  
*SUNRISE SUNSET*—Red Baron 48632 (DM Quartet as The Bob Thiele Collective)  
*IN CONCERT*—Victo 016 (Dave Burrell)\*  
*MING'S SAMBA*—Portrait 44432\*  
*HOPE-SCOPE*—Black Saint 120139\*  
*THE HEALERS*—Black Saint 120118 (w/Randy Weston)\*  
*NEWLIFE*—Black Saint 120100\*

*MORNING SONG*—Black Saint 120075\*  
*MURRAY'S STEPS*—Black Saint 120065\*  
*HOME*—Black Saint 120055\*  
*MING*—Black Saint 120045\*  
*THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE*—Cecma 1009\*  
*THE LONDON CONCERT*—Cadillac 1008/9 (LP)\*  
*3D FAMILY*—hat ART 6020\*  
*FLOWERS FOR ALBERT*—India Navigation 1026 (LP)\*  
 with World Saxophone Quartet  
*BREATH OF LIFE (WITH FONTELLA BASS)*—Elektra Nonesuch 79309  
*MOVING RIGHT ALONG*—Black Saint 120127

with various others  
*GOLDEN SEA*—Sound Aspects 027 (Kahil El'Zabar)\*  
*SOFTLY I SWING*—Red Baron 48850 (Teresa Brewer)  
*HI-BOP SKA*—Shanachie 45019 (the Skatalites)  
*PEACE-SONG*—Justin Time 72 (D.D. Jackson)  
*BROTHER TO BROTHER*—Gazell 4006 (Dave Burrell)  
*BLUE MONK*—enja 7039 (Aki Takase)  
*MENTAL STRAIN*

# Fracturing the Mainstream

STEPHEN SCOTT & ERIC REED



PHOTOS BY TERI BLOOM

by Jim Macnie

**T**he Village Vanguard and Sweet Basil are a couple of football fields away from each other, and two hip quarterbacks—Stephen Scott and Eric Reed—simultaneously threw bombs and bullets around the 7th Avenue turf in early March. Both young pianists are virtuosos, both have new trio records, both are acolytes of Ahmad Jamal. Both are easy laughers. Both wrote suites for their latest discs and have spent time with Wynton Marsalis' sophisticats. A rapport had to be in there somewhere.

Reed's gospel past has honed a talent for waxing exclamatory. The 24-year-old played in his dad's church for years, and

everything he does has a fervent ring to it. But he's pithy, too; at his most articulate, one note can do the job of a cluster. A typical Reed solo will teem with discrete phrases, braided together yet fond of dropped stitches. He came in from L.A. to be part of Javon Jackson's Sweet Basil band, blowing deep with a rhythm section of Ron Carter and Billy Drummond. His solos were more linear than he creates on his own dates, or the intricate moves he busts on Wes Anderson's recent *warmdaddy in the garden of swing*. Reed's third record, *The Swing And I*, incorporates blues and dissonance, grooving while alternately fracturing and polishing bop lines. It's a joy.

Scott is a bit more of an excursionist;

stasis is his foe. On his latest Verve outing, *Renaissance*, the 25-year-old leads a band of righteous snoops; they probe every possible angle a piece has to offer. Stodgy ideas get inverted: "Solitude" is sprightly, "For Heaven's Sake" has a bit of the devil in it. A stint with Betty Carter heightened Scott's distaste for the same ole, same ole. At the Vanguard, an impromptu ramble through *The Renaissance Suite* turned out to have plenty of acute moves. Bassist Michael Bowie and drummer Greg Hutchinson joined their boss for some collective shrewdness, the fruit of quick-witted communication. It was the freest mainstream gig I've heard in ages.

The work of such insightful players gives

jazz an inclusionary vibe. Both Reed and Scott have found ways to hurl provocative idiosyncrasies into a straight-ahead context. Call it fierce finesse. After a hug and chuckle, the interview took off on its own exploratory tip. Here's a chunk.

**JIM MACNIE:** *Has either of you dropped in on the competition this week?*

**ERIC REED:** A lot of us see very little of each other. I wanted to come up the block and check out Stephen, but I'm busy getting my butt kicked by Ron Carter every night at Basil. Stephen's dealt with Ron, so he knows.

**STEPHEN SCOTT:** Yeah, I like to see other cats sweat to Ron.

**JM:** *There was a moment the other night where Ron took control of Javon's band. He was the drummer, he was the piano player, he was the boss. You looked shaken for 30 seconds or so, Eric.*

**ER:** He was doing his thing. It takes a minute to catch him. He's not playing stock stuff. In all honesty, it's one of the first times I've ever been forced to listen to a bass player. Nobody is playing that kind of harmony. I'm usually the one delineating the harmony, so it's unnerving and liberating at the same time.

**SS:** Ron's rocking harmony that piano players don't do: substitutions and things. Cats be like, "Could you write that down, Mr. Carter, sir?"

**ER:** A funny thing happened last night. We began "I Can't Get Started," and I missed everything he was doing, entirely. And I pride myself on having decent ears, but he blew it all out the water. Later on I said, "Ron, how do you deal with something like that, when you're playing something that I can't hear right away, and I'm stepping all over everybody? What should I do?" He says, "Apologize after the gig."

**JM:** *We're talking about intra-band democracy, moves that change the course of the music. On both of your new trio dates, it seems that melodies and rhythms are ever-mutable.*

**SS:** It's a group. Hire the right guys, and they'll throw ideas around. You don't have to do it yourself. Rely on your band. That would happen in great trios. Ahmad Jamal was in the middle of everything that happened in his band, but lots of times he'd just drop out—all you hear is bass and drums for awhile.

**ER:** That's why they didn't take solos. Because they would be playing all the time by themselves, anyway. They wouldn't be soloing per se—you didn't hear a lot of solos from [bassist] Israel Crosby and [drummer] Vernel Fournier—but they were playing, soloing, all the time. It's an abstract way of looking at it, but true. Guys like Oscar Pettiford and Paul Chambers didn't just play bass lines. They played melodies against melodies against melodies. Like a big band. Sax players can do it, too.

It gets thick. That's how my trio works.

**SS:** That's when you can lay out and still be cool. "You guys go ahead and do it." It's going to another place, and you peep out where it's headed.

**ER:** Miles would listen to Wynton Kelly for bar after bar. Monk, he'd leave the stage.

**SS:** "I'll be over here dancing; I'm gonna run in circles now." As a leader you have to find people that can help you get your message across. There are a lot of great musicians I could have called for the gig here, but they might not have brought what I needed. I'm talking alignment. You try people out, and it either works or it doesn't. Miles' sax chair kept changing for a long time there after Trane. Couldn't find the guy.



**ER:** That's why learning from people like Betty Carter is crucial. She teaches you what's expected, what's possible. Face it, we're basically learning music from records for the most part. That's our experience with history. We haven't seen Trane, we haven't seen Tatum. We missed it. Thank god we have quite a few players still alive that we can learn from.

**JM:** *That view of the future grows wider every day. It's been said that you guys are part of a squad that jazz is going to rely on for direction—lots of ideas, lots of meat in the music. Is that ever overwhelming?*

**SS:** [in a fake, worried voice] Gotta get another concept, gotta keep going. . . .

**ER:** Take it in stride, man. There are so many musicians out here.

**SS:** The younger generation are pretty good at live and let live. Eric Reed is a bad cat, but why compete? He might bump me off a couple gigs, but that's business. I get more out of being friends with him. As listeners you don't have to say, "I can't like Reed and Scott, they're both pianists and the same age and all." You don't have to choose. You can dig Sonny Rollins and Trane. Freddie Hubbard and Booker Little.

**JM:** *Eric, are B Sharp and Black/Note part of a burgeoning L.A. scene, or is that hype?*

**ER:** In all honesty? I don't know. L.A. is so spread out, musicians don't want to get together if they have to drive 45 minutes to someone's house. I wish there was more motivation, but it doesn't exist. L.A. doesn't lend itself to that esthetic. New York does. It's concentrated. Boom—a pile of musicians. Plus New York's got 30 more clubs than L.A. They got two clubs: Catalina's and whatever the other one is. I try to get cats to play at my house all the time. "How much does the gig pay?" "Gig?! Let's shed, get some burgers." Cats thought that when Branford hit town the scene would blossom, but they're all too busy.

**SS:** You've got to do it yourself. But it must

**"I've checked out some Cecil Taylor, because there's something in that I can deal with... you don't want to be a one-dimensional player, because then you get labeled. Play it all, play the piano."**

**—Eric Reed**

be tough out there—no place to hang.

**ER:** Even in the old days there wasn't but five or six cats that could really, really play bebop. True bebop. Everybody wasn't playing what Bird was playing on alto—know what I'm saying? It took *them* to put a generation of musicians in action.

**SS:** Everybody wanted to know what was going on, so they would be with those cats. Other piano players would be at Mary Lou Williams' house.

**JM:** *Is interacting with older musicians as stimulating as working with your peers?*

**SS:** The most important thing is the search. Get to the next level. I can't understand how people can just settle, even the masters. Like, "Wow, I wonder what they would sound like if they had Chris McBride or Greg Hutchinson behind them?" I would love to hear somebody young change up their thing. Sometimes older cats hire young guys, but they want them to play inside a certain style. That's unfortunate. Because there are a few cats I wouldn't mind getting with—Milt Jackson, say—and playing my true stuff.

**ER:** Not to run the guy crazy, but to see what happens.





“The younger generation are pretty good at live and let live. Eric Reed is a bad cat, but why compete? He might bump me off a couple of gigs, but that’s business. I get more out of being friends with him.”

—Stephen Scott

**SS:** Imagine what I would learn from Milt Jackson playing one of my tunes with my band. That would probably change my whole head!

**ER:** I always love to hear someone playing someone else’s music. It’s revealing.

**JM:** Like McCoy Tyner Plays Ellington.

**ER:** That was like ’63, ’64, and not a whole lot of cats were playing Ellington then.

**JM:** Especially the guys with the stylistic individuality of McCoy.

**SS:** That’s a great album.

**ER:** In spite of the percussion . . . did I say that? Nah, I didn’t say that.

**SS:** Quote him.

**JM:** *The guy who tells the truth the most has to sit closest to the pause button on this tape deck. You guys seem to set yourselves up compositionally so that the “normal” way of swinging—the ride cymbal thing—doesn’t dominate.*

**ER:** When I was thinking about doing this record, my main concern was to write trio things that aren’t usually done. I wanted to concoct things that only larger bands do. Because it can be done. There are many avenues the classic trio hasn’t walked down yet. After Oscar Peterson’s trio there was kind of a stagnant period as far as where it was going. Everything was left up to the horns. The trios became merely great rhythm sections. Like Wynton Kelly, Paul Chambers and Jimmy Cobb: a great rhythm

section, a great trio, but not the most innovative trio. For my record, I tried to create different moves.

**SS:** It’s funny you say that. People say, “When you hear a quartet, you know that they’re going to do this, that and the other.” Well, no. Moves can be made arrangement-wise. The trio can do odd things, too. Set up your music to be as large as it can be. Tackle those options.

**JM:** *A point is made in the record titles. Eric, you’ve used the term “swing” twice. Why stress it, why reiterate?*

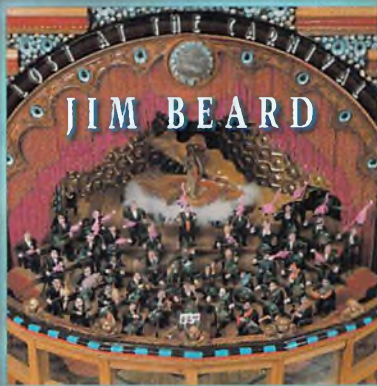
**ER:** It has to be there. It’s one of the basic elements. If you don’t have swing, you don’t have jazz—no jazz without swing. And I don’t mean ride-cymbal ding-dittling, dittling, dittling . . . it’s the feel of the music I’m talking about.

**JM:** *The thing is that for straightahead, your stuff has loads of wrinkles. Both of you*

# New on Lipstick

LIPSTICK LIP 8927-2

JIM BEARD



feat. Jon Herington, Bill Evans, Stan Harrison, Ron Jenkins, Scooter Warner, Mike Mechem, Billy Ward, Steve Rodby. Produced by Jim Beard.

LIPSTICK LIP 8928-2

LENI STERN



feat. George Whitty, David Mann, Lincoln Goines, Lionel Cordew, Joy Askew a.m.o.

A MEMBER OF NAIRD



1-800-221-8180

MARKETED BY HIRED GUN MARKETING

ALEX MERCK MUSIC INC. • C/O HIRED GUN MARKETING



730 EAST ELM STREET • CONSHOHOCKEN, PA 19428 • FAX 610 825 7529

guys can't go 20 seconds without change-ups. Last night's performance of The Renaissance Suite was a whirlwind—nothing stayed the same for more than a few bars.

**SS:** Eric and I have that in common. We share Wynton [Marsalis], who does that, too. Same thing with Betty Carter. With her, you'll be in the middle of something fast and all of a sudden you're doing a slow ballad. "Vrooom to ahhhhh." Then up again. It just happens. Even people who only play one way have to hear it different sometimes. We do it a lot; we hear it that way. Other guys think, "I can't do that, it's not the normal way to groove."

**ER:** Who says? It's much more interesting that way. Mingus did it. George Coleman does it. Boom, another key. You're there immediately. That's what jazz is, improvisation.

**JM:** Like Jacky Terrasson's fractured thematic moves and constant reharmonizing—with you guys it's no longer linear. Your version of mainstream jazz is sprinkled with abstract elements. Did the terms "in" and "out" ever matter to you growing up?

**ER:** I heard it all the time, but it didn't matter.

**SS:** You like what you like. I came up

hearing everybody. Take Kenny Barron, for instance—one night bebop, one night stuff you don't know what to call. Figure out what you like, and that's it.

**ER:** I don't like to lean too far to one side. As a jazz musician, you can't afford to do that. You have to encompass everything

jazz has to offer. I've checked out some Cecil Taylor, because there's something in that I can deal with. My stuff may not sound like it right off the bat, but you don't want to be a one-dimensional player, because then you get labeled. Play it all, play the piano. **DB**

#### EQUIPMENT

Eric Reed would prefer to play "a Hamburg Steinway," but he uses a Yamaha upright at home. "It isn't really dear to my heart, it just gets the job done. I had more of an affinity for the very first piano I ever had, which was a piece of crap"

"You probably worked out a lot of stuff on that one, so you and that piano are really close," offers Scott.

"True," agrees Reed. "That one was my breeding ground: a 1960-something Kimball that is now firewood somewhere. The action on it was incredible."

"I destroyed the thing at my house," explains

Scott. "Had it sitting by a heat duct and the wood dried out; the soundboard cracked. So I moved it and our furnace went out. It was a day and a half before the guy got there to fix it. So it went from extreme heat to extreme cold. It's a five-foot Fisher baby grand, an old 1938 or something. I've got a MIDI studio at home and a weighted-action Clavinova [Yamaha PFP1000] that I paid a whole pile of money for. It's a great instrument for what it does."

For Scott, other helpful items of hardware include an Atari 1040STE computer and a Roland R70 Human Rhythm Composer drum machine.

#### SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

##### Eric Reed

THE SWING AND I—MoJazz 314 530 468

IT'S ALL RIGHT TO SWING—MoJazz 374 637 006

SOLDIER'S HYMN—Candid 79511

with various others

WARMDADDY IN THE GARDEN OF SWING—Atlantic

Jazz 82657 (Wessell Anderson)

CITI MOVEMENT—Columbia C2K 53324 (Wynton

Marsalis)

BACK BEAT—Virgin 39413 (Don Was)

##### Stephen Scott

RENAISSANCE—Verve 314 523 863

AMINAH'S DREAM—Verve 314 517 996

SOMETHING TO CONSIDER—Verve 849 557

with various others

LOOK WHAT I GOT!—Verve 835 661 (Betty Carter)

LUSH LIFE—Verve 314 511 779 (Joe Henderson)

PUBLIC EYE—RCA/Novus 3113-2-N (Roy Hargrove)

GOOD FELLAS 2—Evidence 22077 (Philip Harper, Vincent

Herring, et al.)

GOOD FELLAS—Evidence 22050

REMEMBRANCE: LIVE AT THE VILLAGE VANGUARD—

Verve 841 723 (Harper Brothers)

THE HARPER BROTHERS—Verve 837 033

## THE FIRST INSTRUMENT WAS THE VOICE.



BEFORE SHE BECAME  
A GOLD-SELLING POP ARTIST,  
RACHELLE FERRELL TURNED  
THE JAZZ WORLD  
ON ITS EAR.  
LISTEN AND BE AMAZED.

With guests  
Wayne Shorter,  
Terence Blanchard,  
Michel Petrucciani  
and others.

27820



By PHIL SCHAAP

# A Walking History of Jazz

**D**oc Cheatham packs Greenwich Village's Sweet Basil every Sunday afternoon with youngsters— youngsters meaning anyone born since the sinking of the Titanic. When he's on break during his weekly brunchtime gig, they crowd around and tell Doc how good he looks for his age. Of course, he looks good for his age: Most people Cheatham's age have been dead for 20 years!

When Cheatham began life on June 13, 1905, in Nashville, Tenn., W. C. Handy was also in Tennessee, some seven years from publishing his first blues. Another Tennessean, Bessie Smith, was seven years from her first triumph, a roller-skating championship. Ma Rainey was still a teenager, as was Jelly Roll Morton. Louis Armstrong was three! Cheatham, who played with them all, has now outlived them all.

This in itself is headline news, but that is not the real story. The real story is that Cheatham, whatever his age, is one of the most powerful and creative trumpeters in all of jazz. On top of this, Cheatham is an engaging entertainer whose charming stage presence and storytelling is paralleled in a heartwarming, singing style.

For those who choose to dwell on Doc's age, the real story contains the powerful tale of his emergence as a great soloist in his senior years: the story of a man in his 60s practicing incessantly and finding his way to create great art. And this astounding accomplishment was topped by Cheatham's continued growth as a player and artist into his late 80s—an achievement since trumped by the fact that today he is at the pinnacle of his career, an assessment shared by Cheatham himself.

Cheatham doesn't have much of an explanation for this phenomenon. "I think of that day and night, even in the bed when I'm sleeping," says Cheatham, who turns 90 this month. "I play better today."

Doc does offer that he is inspired to try different approaches to trumpet playing. But the only specific creative breakthrough Doc can describe does not seem to account for the miracle his music at 90 represents.

"I'm better because now I can remember," he says. "I know the tune from top to bottom. I just finished writing two melodies that I can't find the music to. I travel and I need to give these piano players a piano sheet. They don't know these things. I didn't go downtown and look for

**"I play better today.  
I'm better because now I can remember. I know the tune from top to bottom."**

the music. I copied them myself out of my head. The tunes I know I'm going to have trouble with when I play concerts, I write them from memory. That's a new talent of mine."

**T**he real story of Doc Cheatham is also the story of jazz. Add to the wonder of his heightened performance the fact that here's a practicing pioneer who has witnessed the developments in jazz across the 20th century and whose own personal story is in fact an account of the history of jazz.

Cheatham's background, in fact, offers a lesson in United States history. His family has roots in many ethnicities, including the overlooked connection between the African-American and Native American

communities. His nickname hints at the medical professional. The family counted many members in that field, and the career-success stories of so many relatives illustrate the triumphs allowed in the brief period of opportunity that followed our Civil War and preceded the segregation-condoning Plessy vs. Ferguson decision.

One such career was that of Jenny Lee Cheatham, Doc's aunt, who taught music at Tuskegee University in Alabama. "She was an opera singer," remembers Cheatham. "She taught singing. She always gave me instruction that would be the same as she would give a vocalist—about the throat being open and the chest being out. What I learned from her, I do now, and it helps somewhat."

That was pretty much it for Cheatham's musical training as a child. Throughout his early career he was strictly an ear player doubling saxophone (primarily soprano) and cornet. As to other schooling: "Grammar school or grade school, that was okay. But when I got to high school, I had a lot of trouble. The teachers were not adequate. They were talking too high above my intelligence. I couldn't understand anything they were saying. I had to study Latin and mathematics, and I couldn't learn a thing. The school principal got on me about that. I just didn't have the talent to learn about geometry or Latin. Everything else I could do. I was playing saxophone in the school band, so they stay on me and say I was just a saxophone player and couldn't learn anything. So, I stayed the four years, and then I quit. The principal didn't like me."

One of the reasons that the principal didn't dig Doc had to do with the fact that Doc wasn't just playing saxophone in the high school band. Doc was gigging, backing the likes of Bessie Smith at Nashville's Bijou Theatre, where he augmented the pit band. A high school principal wasn't supposed to go to such places, and Doc spotted him in the audience checking out the show while holding a newspaper over his head.

Cheatham's work at the Bijou (usually on just soprano) was not the start of his



(TOBA) circuit. “Sunshine Sammy was in the *Our Gang* comedies [*The Little Rascals* to television audiences]. He was a little black kid, he was an excellent dancer. His father put a little show together and took him out on the road, and they did very well. The father kept the money for his self, and that’s how I got stranded in Chicago.”

It was in the Windy City that Cheatham heard the true jazz revolution from New Orleans, including the Crescent City’s cornet pioneers, Freddie Keppard and King Oliver.

“Freddie Keppard played a more military style, like in parades, marches—but in a New Orleans jazz style. I believe that if you could sit and hear Freddie Keppard for a whole night that you would like him and know how important he really is. He was very powerful. [Legend has it] he once blew the mute out of his horn and halfway across the dance floor. They had it in the Chicago papers. He gave Louis Armstrong hell.”

Cheatham remembers following King Oliver home one night after hearing him play. “I was shy and I stayed behind him for several blocks. He was walking with somebody who finally stopped and asked why I was following them. I said, ‘Well, that’s Joe Oliver, and I sure would like to meet him.’ The fellow said that Oliver was tired, ready to sleep. I was looking at Oliver. I can still see him in this big black overcoat and with a black cap. Well, he introduced me to King Oliver, and I told him how great I thought he was. He reached into his overcoat pocket and pulled out this copper mute, which I still use, and he gave it to me. I still don’t know why he did that.”

Up until these encounters, Cheatham the cornetist had been most influenced by Joe Smith. “I’ve been told several times that I sound like Joe Smith. Well, I admired him better than anybody I ever heard.”

As great as Oliver and Keppard were, it wasn’t until 1925, when Louis Armstrong returned from playing in New York City with Fletcher Henderson, that Cheatham heard somebody who surpassed Joe Smith, and, for that matter, Bix Beiderbecke. “I always have to laugh about Bix and Louis when they both came together. It was like two bulls or two bucks who stand up and boot with their horns, they hit one another. That’s what I think about when I think of Bix and Louis. Bix came along and upset everybody. Louis came on the same time. But Louis won, he won the battle.” Indeed, Louis Armstrong surpassed everybody, and the two became friends. The other highlight of Cheatham’s convergence with real New Orleans jazz was his meeting Jelly Roll Morton and playing in his band.

Learning from jazz’s pioneers was soon complemented by Doc’s learning the

career. Even before high school, he had played cornet at Atlanta’s historic “91” hall. Cheatham was visiting his mother’s family in Georgia and found a place in the 91’s house band. He also sat in with pianist Eddie Heywood during this stay, undoubtedly jamming with the earliest pioneers of blues and jazz, although Doc was too young to know who they were. That’s Eddie Heywood *Senior*, by the way.

Thirty years later, in the mid-’40s, a grown-up Doc would make musical history with Eddie Heywood Jr., composer of “Canadian Sunset.”

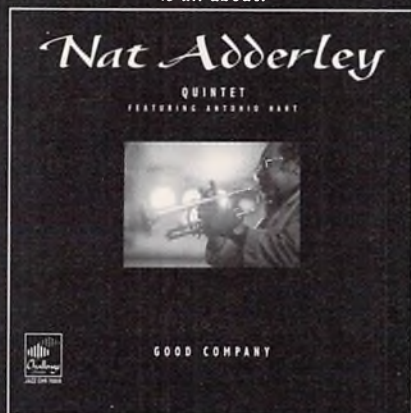
Cheatham’s full-time music career got underway in 1923 when he joined the *Sunshine Sammy Show*, one of the road revues of black vaudeville working the legendary—and sometimes notoriously so—Theater Owners Booking Association

MITCHELL SEIDEL

# THE WORKIN' BAND IS BACK!



Accompanied by bright young talent Antonio Hart and his old buddies Rob Bargad, Walter Booker and Jimmy Cobb, Nat Adderley gives you another chance to experience what real team-playing is all about.



**NAT ADDERLEY  
GOOD COMPANY  
JAZZ CHR 70009**



**BASE LINE  
WHY REALLY  
JAZZ CHR 70002**



**CLARK TERRY  
SHADES OF BLUES  
JAZZ CHR 70007**

**AVAILABLE AT ALL  
TOWER  
RECORDS STORES**

**NORTH COUNTRY  
DISTRIBUTORS  
BAYSIDE  
VILLAGE JAZZ SHOP**



**CHALLENGE USA  
1917 24TH STREET NR 3  
SACRAMENTO  
CA 95816  
PHONE/FAX 916.4554239**

**CALL TOLL FREE  
800-525-5709  
BAYSIDE  
DISTRIBUTION**

**FACE THE CHALLENGE IN MUSIC**



Doc Cheatham, backstage at a tribute to Milt Hinton in 1990

rudiments of music. "I was in [pianist] Charlie Johnson's band only one night. I was fired the same night. They liked me until they learned that I couldn't read. I couldn't read the show music. So that's when I got busy down there. I found a teacher, Viola something. She was a great pianist. Viola taught me everything, and I wasn't a bad learner. I learned how to read, I didn't fool around. I went to Europe with [pianist/bandleader] Sam Wooding, I played with Chick Webb's band, and I played the first parts. It came easy to me, reading was nothing to me. I learned to do it, and I did it."

A formula for a career had been created. An excellent trumpeter, rooted in the jazz and blues tradition, added first-class musicianship to his equipment right at the dawn of a time when such a blend could lead to a lot of work. Cheatham became a lead trumpeter of choice during the Big Band Era. The key gig: spending nearly a decade (1932-40) in the Cab Calloway Orchestra.

"Benny Carter recommended me to Cab, that's how I got that job. I left [William McKinney's] Cotton Pickers and went straight to Cab Calloway and the Cotton Club. Cab needed a lead trumpet player. He had one, but they couldn't get along, so they had to let one guy go, Reuben Reeves. Reuben was a good player, but he was jealous. He must have been jealous of Cab, of Louis, and it made him mean and evil."

Over 40 years later, Cab and Doc got to reminisce about the old days. "I told him about the time he made a mistake and paid me twice. We had played this tobacco warehouse, and the place was packed. Afterwards, Cab was in his Pullman with

the money piled to the top of the car. I'd never seen so much money, and Cab paid me off first. Then other members of the band came in and got their money while I was asleep in my berth. Suddenly, Cab came shouting down the aisle, 'Cheatham!! Don't you want your money!?' So, I went back to him, and even after paying everybody, he still had money piled up six feet deep in his cabin. Cab had forgotten that he paid me, so naturally I took the money. He had made so much that it really didn't make too much difference to him."

Cheatham played much less with Billie Holiday than with Calloway. Nevertheless, backing Lady Day in the mid-'40s remains the best-known aspect of his early career. And as Doc remembers it, he wishes he had spent more time with Billie.

"When I played with Eddie Heywood [Jr.] at Cafe Society, we had to back up Billie Holiday. I didn't know Billie Holiday too well, but just by looking at her it looked as though she was in love with everybody. She would smile, she'd give everybody this beautiful smile. She did that to me, and I misunderstood that. So I thought maybe she's trying to hit on me. One day I got nerve enough to hit on her. She was so nice about it, she was so nice about turning away from me. When [trumpeter/author] John Chilton was going to do a book about Billie Holiday [*Billie's Blues* (1975)], he wrote me from England asking me a lot of questions. I answered showing my appreciation of Billie Holiday. So as a last question, Chilton asked me if I loved Billie Holiday. I told him that everybody loved Billie Holiday. I wrote him that I had tried to hit on her once. So, he wrote back to me

thanking me but wondered, if I loved her, why did I try to hit her?" (Doc has since explained the colloquialism to Chilton.)

Those two associations—Holiday and Calloway—are major credits on the resume of a top-shelf musician, but they are not the career highlights for Cheatham. The turning point in his life came in early 1966, when he was 60. Doc joined Benny Goodman at a time when Goodman didn't need a first trumpeter, but a soloist for his quintet. "I was honored to play on the same bandstand as him, whether I played good or not," says Cheatham.

Cheatham, in fact, played fine, as the recorded evidence portrays. But Doc's assessment that his solo skills were not on the level of jazz's first-chair improvisers moved him to practice harder than ever before, to create his own solo concept. He worked for seven years and achieved what few jazz musicians ever have, especially at such an advanced age: He became a *great* soloist.

Recently, that great soloist appeared on TV with Ted Koppel on ABC's *Nightline*. He performed superbly with two kids, Lionel Hampton (86) and Milt Hinton (who turns 85 on June 23). Doc fielded Koppel's questions with vision and clarity, but he surprised him when he said the future looks bad. After all, Doc explained, "I'm almost 90." That dovetails with Doc's explanation of his dominating powers in music at this point in life. "It's like a lightbulb," he says. "It's at its brightest right before it burns out."

However long Cheatham is allowed to grace this earth—and the smart money says we're talking another Eubie Blake here—this beacon of jazz and the music he has helped create will not be extinguished.

DB

*Phil Schapp—New York-based jazz historian, educator and disk jockey—has been throwing birthday parties for Doc Cheatham for 25 years.*

#### EQUIPMENT

Doc Cheatham plays a Bach Stradivarius trumpet, with a mouthpiece custom-made by Johnny Giardinelli. He also uses a copper mute given to him by Joe "King" Oliver.

#### SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

SWINGING DOWN IN NEW ORLEANS—Jazzology 233  
 THE EIGHTY-SEVEN YEARS OF DOC CHEATHAM—  
 Columbia 53215  
 DOC CHEATHAM & JIM GALLOWAY AT THE BERN  
 FESTIVAL—Sackville 3045  
 BUTCH & DOC—Daring 3012 (with Butch Thompson)  
 LEGENDS—MusicMasters 01612-65087 (with Benny  
 Carter)  
 DOC CHEATHAM LIVE!—Nataasha Imports 4023  
 THE FABULOUS DOC CHEATHAM—Parkwood 104  
 DOC CHEATHAM. IT'S A GOOD LIFE!—Parkwood 101  
 DEAR DOC—Orange Blue 5 (Europe dist. only)  
 ECHOES OF NEW ORLEANS: LIVE AT SWEET BASIL—  
 Big Easy 5

video

THE SOUND OF JAZZ—VJC 2001

# JAZZ at THE NEW SCHOOL

## CLASSROOM AND ENSEMBLE FACULTY

Horace Arnold	Mario Escalera	Christina Kanders	Jimmy Owens
John Basile	Bill Evans	Bill Kirchner	Charli Persip
Bob Belden	Gil Goldstein	Arnie Lawrence	Lewis Porter
Steve Berrios	Ron Gonzalez	Stephan Lindeman	Benny Powell
Cecil Bridegwater	Jammy Haddad	David Lopato	Loren Schoenberg
Jaki Byard	Jim Hall	Junior Mance	Joan Stiles
Joe Chambers	Chico Hamilton	Phil Markowitz	Rory Stuart
Andrew Cyrille	Billy Harper	Henry Martin	Oliver Von Essen
Gerard D'Angelo	Richard Harper	Cecil McBee	Kenny Washington
Harold Danko	Fred Hersch	Makanda McIntyre	Kenny Werner
Garry Dial	Sheila Jordan	Andy McKee	Buster Williams
Armen Donelian	Vic Juris	Mike Mossman	Reggie Workman
		Steve Neil	

### NEW SCHOOL JAZZ

### B. F. A. PROGRAM

212 · 229 · 5896  
 For a catalog and information call  
 or write: New School Jazz BFA Program 66 Fifth Avenue, NY, NY 10011



The New School

# The Sorry-Assed State



Jazz radio, then and now: Dizzy Gillespie and deejay Symphony Sid take to the airwaves during radio's post-WWII heyday; at right, New York deejay/jazz programmer Phil Schapp broadcasts Lionel Hampton live on WNYC.



By John Corbett

**W**e're living through an age of seriously inclement weather for jazz radio. With the National Endowment for the Arts under intense pressure to cut funding for public broadcasting, the near-future of non-commercial jazz broadcasting in the United States is in jeopardy. Indeed, the ongoing political swing to the right has been so thoroughgoing that arguments now pit cultural programming against welfare subsidies, raising the unbelievable either/or proposition: Which would you cut, public arts or public aid? It makes you wonder whether we could possibly be living in the most highly developed economic system in the world when

one of the nation's most important contributions to 20th-century culture—jazz—is treated like the fat to be trimmed from a gluttonous support system.

Take the case of WBGU in Newark, N.J. This 15-year-old station produces *JazzSet With Branford Marsalis*, an hour-long, weekly program syndicated nationwide. With an estimated 377,000 listeners per week, BGO serves the metropolitan New York City area, a huge

jazz market, with a program of what it describes as acoustic jazz, blues and a little rhythm & blues. "We play the masters, of course," says music director Gary Walker, who has also been the host of the morning show for the last 10 years. "And we feature the music of today. There's too much to cover, but that's a good problem to have."

Affiliated with the Public Radio System, BGO receives 40 percent of its

# of Jazz Radio

operating budget from on-air drives, which happen three times a year. "I think Mr. [Newt] Gingrich would like us to do 30 a year!" exclaims Walker, jokingly. It's not that funny, and may be true. Without state assistance, the diversity and depth of public radio will be staring down the long, cold barrel of commercial compromise. Smaller outfits like KUVO, an NPR-affiliate in Denver, Colo., and its sister-station WDNA in Miami, Fla., are among the few all-jazz stations not supported by an academic institution. They may well be the first to feel the pull of the funding trigger.

At KLON (Long Beach, Calif.), a 24-hour jazz and blues station servicing Los Angeles and Orange County, general manager Judy Janowski is hunkering down for the projected cuts. "My costs certainly aren't going down, so I'm going to need to get money from somewhere," she says. "Underwriting has not been a very successful money-raising strategy for us, but I think our listeners will dig a little deeper—they're international travelers who are aware of the awful state of jazz on national radio." KLON regularly receives about \$300,000 annually from the Corporation for Public Broadcasting (CPB); the proposed 15-percent cut would diminish that by \$45,000 per year. "Fifteen percent, I can do," Janowski says. "When we get to 30 percent, I'm not so sure."

Is it even that important that jazz gets played on the radio? For the potential newcomer to jazz, the possibility of learning about the music on the radio is obviously great. As long as there's a variety available, the neophyte can tune in and turn on with no financial risk, selecting the kinds of jazz and specific artists to which he or she is most drawn. If the on-air jock can impart a little historical context or musical analysis, so much the better. Kimberly Barry, program coordinator/music director of JAZZ-FM, an 11-station network emanating from WRTI at Temple University in Philadelphia, argues for the educational importance of jazz radio.

"Where else are you gonna hear it?" says Barry, whose station was named the 1995 Jazz Station of the Year by *The Gavin Report*. "I'm a personal example. The ability to hear jazz 24 hours a day on the radio let me start to educate myself about the music."

Chris Heim, music director of Chicago's NPR-affiliate WBEZ, insists that jazz programming needs to be non-exclusionary and non-elitist: "The big challenge is opening up the door for listeners so that when they walk in, they'll find a really comfortable place to be."

**W**hat the de-funding of public radio will do to jazz is force it further into the marketplace, severely compromising public broadcasting stations and requiring jazz to fend for itself on commercial stations. Straightahead jazz hasn't fared well in this format, as demonstrated by Alameda, Calif.-based KJAZ—the nation's last 24-hour commercial jazz station—which bit the dust last year, only to re-emerge as a non-profit satellite/cable station. "Jazz has not been profitable in general," says KLON's Janowski. "It's definitely not commercially viable on radio, as KJAZ showed us."

However, KJAZ CEO/chairman Ron Cowan doesn't think that the failure of KJAZ as an over-the-air station indicates a lack of commercial potential for jazz. In fact, he points out that it's an extremely valuable niche market. "What surprises most people is the demographics for mainstream jazz are the highest demographics of any musical format there is, including classical," Cowan says. "The mainstream jazz aficionado, by and large, is the best educated and makes the highest income. It's the most desirable demographic for advertisers to reach. That does not hold true for what I would call New Age Jazz or Yuppie Jazz."

Why, then, has mainstream jazz had such a hard time commercially?

*(Continues on next page)*

**A**s it stands now, there are six primary contexts in which jazz is featured radiophonically:

- Jazz-only stations (college, public and/or listener supported). This is a rare breed, regardless of its means of support, and even some that claim to be "all jazz" feature Latin, world beat, blues and rhythm & blues shows. There are no surviving commercial jazz-only stations, the last to die being KJAZ, which serviced the San Francisco Bay Area until last year.
- Jazz as part of block programming on commercial stations. Many alternative rock stations and some of the nation's rapidly vanishing classical stations feature relatively small chunks of jazz programming, often in remote parts of the weekly calendar.
- Jazz as part of block programming on public radio stations and affiliates. Daily schedules on many NPR and APR radio stations include jazz, often as a key ingredient.
- College radio (free-form or block formatted). Industry magazines dedicated to college radio (*College Music Journal*, *Rockpool*, etc.) have paid increasing attention to jazz, not only because it is featured prominently on so many college stations, but because substantial crossover audiences are moving from alternative and indie rock into free-jazz and improvised music and from hip-hop and acid-jazz into funky old soul-jazz and blues-jazz.
- Lite-jazz stations (interspersed with adult-instrumental music). Unlike block formats, these stations tend to include occasional hits of appropriately mild jazz in their daily fare.
- Digital cable-radio format. In fast-emerging new technologies, digital cable-radio (which sometimes comes as part of a TV cable package) may open up new, previously uncharted, better-sounding opportunities for airplay. The new KJAZ is currently operating under this format. — J.C.

# Can it be Fixed?





Deejay Bob Parlocha (l), deejay Jal Smith and remote engineer Chuck Waltman celebrate the rebirth of KJAZ as a satellite/cable-radio station.

"Because of the in-place infrastructure of the broadcast industry, which is all about Arbitron and advertising agencies, and the concept of points and ratings," explains Cowan, who believes that advertising agencies simply misunderstand the demographic and are misled by Smooth Jazz stations with larger market shares. "The advertiser in New York looks up the [Smooth Jazz] radio station, looks at the format, which

they classify as 'jazz,' looks at the demographic for jazz, which they accept as being a high demographic, and makes his buy. KJAZ would have a smaller share, but it was the only true station that owned the audience that's described by the jazz format. And the advertiser would never make the buy because of the gross share points. Advertisers are never going to get gross points from a true mainstream station. That was the

challenge that KJAZ was facing as over-the-air radio."

In addition, Cowan insists that the highly educated jazz listener has different listening habits than the typical "drive-time" public. "Our audience listens to KJAZ at home or in the office," he notes. "Our heaviest listening began at five or six in the evening. We had a little 1,900-watt license, and we got up to a 5.5 share between 6 p.m. and midnight. Those hours don't mean anything to an advertising buyer who's looking at drive time."

With its new non-profit satellite/cable strategy, KJAZ is currently carried in 101 cities in Northern California and in New York City. It will be funded by 24 high-class clients, each of whom sponsors 35 programming hours per month at a cost of \$5,000. KJAZ has also started a joint venture with the Chicago-based classical station WFMT to provide programming for public radio stations across the country, allowing those stations the less-expensive option of automating between the hours of 8 p.m. and 8 a.m.

What might be lost in this process is the specific flavor that a city lends to a station's programming. WBEZ's Chris Heim stresses the necessity of a regional dimension. "Radio has an immediacy,"



"With gorgeous songs and exquisite, robust performances...a singular accomplishment!" — Mark Holston

"I love the way they play."  
— Antonio Carlos Jobim

Join Romero Lubambo, Nilson Matta and Duduka Da Fonseca—with special guests Herbie Mann, Claudio Roditi, Nana Vasconcelos, Cyro Baptista and Maucha Adnet—in an encore celebration of an event that changed the character of Brazilian music forever.



KOKOPELLI  
RECORDS

Distributed in the USA Exclusively by  
Distribution North America.

1-800-289-4853

says Heim. "Even if it's just in the back of their head, a listener knows if the programmer is in the same town talking to them. Canned programming loses that. Smaller stations that rely to a great extent on CPB funding may have no choice but to go with these things [automation and satellite programming], but this is a short-sighted answer.

"I think there's a way of providing something unique, something that speaks to listeners literally where they live," Heim continues. "That's what people like, and stations will find, much to their shock and dismay, that when fundraising time comes around, the phones won't ring. We at WBEZ strongly believe that there's a synergy created in a community of artists and audience and support. If you cut one leg out from under it, the whole thing starts to fall apart."

From her perspective in public radio, Heim believes that jazz radio does have some commercial potential. "The meaning of commercial viability depends on how greedy you are," she says. "A lot could be done on radio that could be self-sustaining, even a little profitable. But people want to make a lot of money. If they don't, they're not satisfied, so they don't do it at all."

From some viewpoints, the last decade would seem to be quite good for jazz in a commercial arena. We've seen the development of new formats, like AAA (Adult Alternative Album) and PAR (Progressive Album Rock), which include a smattering of jazz in their potpourri programming. And the large-scale success of Lite Radio, New Adult Contemporary and Contemporary Jazz—all euphemisms for Smooth Jazz—has, for some camps, seemed to indicate an opening in the seemingly impenetrable dominance of rock and pop on the airwaves.

Michael Camillo, in jazz promotion at Columbia Records, sees it like this: "Though we've lost a lot to Smooth Jazz or Contemporary formats, those stations playing straight-ahead jazz have grown more focused and better educated." Camillo believes that there is enough listenership to maintain jazz stations in major markets. "But the presentation end has to educate itself," he stipulates. "The questions are, how to get an audience and how to sell records. To do that you have to educate the people on the radio—they're our mouthpiece." On the other hand, WBGO's Walker sees the inherent crossover potential in Contemporary or Lite Radio as a plus for

more substantive stations. "People are gonna yell and scream, but I think they do a wonderful service building an audience for this music," he suggests. "People who were listening to lite-rock might now be making a transition. A lot of people bitch and moan, but if those stations can get Joe Q. Public to mention the word 'jazz,' it benefits the history of the music. At least it turns their attention to instrumental music and eventually we'll get 'em. They'll tune us in."

The road for jazz broadcasting has been rocky since World War II, passing out of network radio in the '50s, moving into a world of increased specialization and fragmentation. Radio stations, by the mid-'60s, were busy breaking into the form of individual formats with which we're now familiar. In 1967, the era of public broadcasting was officially initiated, setting in motion a form of state support—always partial and in conjunction with viewer- or listener-contribution—that has promoted cultural and educational programming. That's the same legacy that now provides listeners with *JazzSet*, Marian McPartland's extremely popular *Piano Jazz* and other tidbits such as Kevin Whitehead's



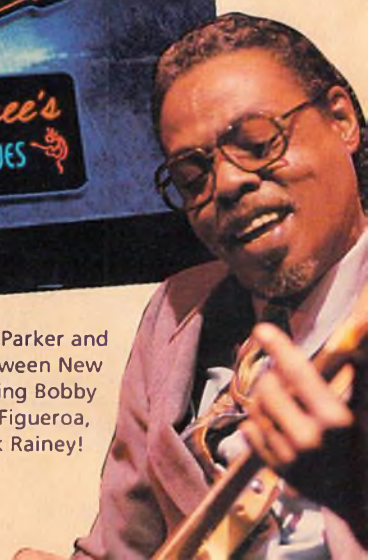
Internationally renowned pianist and composer Steve Barta blends lyrical melodies, jazz and Brazilian influences with a light, reflective touch. Featuring Bruce Dunlap, Herbie Mann, and Ricardo Silveira.

- "A great composer." —Lionel Hampton
- "Outstanding... (A) fine talent." —Clark Terry
- "A world of talent at his fingertips." —David Amram



The world's foremost R&B guitarist takes the music of Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie and plays it as if they grew up somewhere between New Orleans and Texas...This bebop will blow you away! Featuring Bobby Watson, Terrell Stafford, Leon Pendarvis, Ronnie Cuber, Sammy Figueroa, Ricky Sebastian and Chuck Rainey!

An unforgettable concert event... here is Sarah Vaughan — backed by an orchestra and chorus of 70 conducted by the celebrated Lalo Schifrin — in one of her final performances. Featuring songs based on the poetry of Pope John Paul II with special guests Art Farmer, Benny Bailey and Ed Thigpen.





**SPHERE SPANS THE WORLD  
WITH SOUL NOTE NEW RELEASES...**



**BAIKIDA CARROLL**  
*Door of the Cage*  
Soul Note 121123-2  
With Adegoke Steve Colson, Eric Lindsay, Santi Debriano and Pheeroan ak Laff



**GEBHARD ULLMANN**  
*Basement Research*  
Soul Note 121271-2  
With Ellery Eskelin, Drew Gress and Phil Haynes

**KLAUS SUONSAARI**  
*Inside Out*  
Soul Note 121259-2  
With Steve Nelson, Scott Robinson, Scott Wendholt, Renee Rosnes and Ray Drummond



**CHICO HAMILTON**  
*Dancing to a Different Drummer*  
Soul Note 121291-2  
Solo drumming, vocals and reminiscences by Chico Hamilton



**AND ENJOY NEW DAVID MURRAY & MORE IMPORTS FROM SPHERE:**

- **DAVID MURRAY OCTET:** *Picasso* (DIW-879)
- **DAVID MURRAY:** *Ballads for Bass Clarinet* (DIW 880)
- **MISHA MENGELBERG TRIO:** *Who's Bridge* (Avant 038)
- **JOHN ZORN MASADA:** *Alef (1)* (DIW 888), *Beit (2)* (DIW 889), *Gimel (3)* (DIW 890)

For a free catalog and mail order, please write: **Sphere Marketing & Distribution, Inc.**  
Cargo Bldg 80, Room 2A (Dept DB6), JFK Int'l Airport, Jamaica NY 11430  
Telephone: 718.656-6220, FAX: 718.244-1804

reviews on *Fresh Air* and occasional jazz-related features by Howard Mandel and others on *All Things Considered*. It may be a less familiar face now, but from the very beginning, jazz was no stranger to the electromagnetic spectrum.

Over the last decade, American radio has been dominated by Adult Contemporary, Country & Western, Top-40 and Album Oriented Rock. Jazz radio is but a small piece of the pie. In 1989, there were a total of 296 stations that featured jazz either primarily or as a regular block in their weekly schedule. By 1993, these figures had jumped nearly 25 percent to 367 stations, with the vast majority (337) on FM, and an overwhelming number (295) being non-commercial. What these figures point out is the continuing prominence of college and public stations in jazz broadcasting.

For 25 years, Phil Schaap has been a deejay (and archivist, fundraiser...) at Columbia University's FM station, WKCR in New York City. He arrived at the station when he was but 18 years old and helped orient the programming toward jazz; it now features 40 percent jazz on a daily basis. He's also a jazz programmer for WNYC. Over the years, he's had shows on other stations as well, including a five-year stint on BGO and an NPR satellite show called *Jazz Session*.

"College radio is vital, essential and blessed," says Schaap. "But it's not dependable. Their commitment, ultimately, is not to jazz. College stations have commitments to student-activity boards or to putting school activities on the air. They help jazz, sure. But they help jazz among many other musics." This echoes promoter Camillo's basic difficulty with college radio, which he also sees as the current primary radio target for jazz: "The problem is an always changing crew. With students, it's harder and harder to get a hold of the right people." College stations, which often employ students and change jazz-music directors on an annual basis, lack some of the consistency and long-term planning needed for an in-depth program.

Schaap concurs that the euphemism-heavy industry, which congratulates itself for succeeding in making the Contemporary Jazz Album chart separate from the Jazz Album chart in *Billboard*, is simply dodging a deeper question. "I would ask a station, When was the last time you played the original version of [John Coltrane's] 'Naima,' and when will you play it again? Or, Have you played [Count Basie's] 'One O'Clock Jump' in the past year? Those are statistics, yes/no answers."

Such questions take the job of programming jazz seriously, as a historical and cultural mandate, not a

## Roscoe Is Back On Delmark



**ROSCOE MITCHELL**  
*Hey, Donald* DE-475

Delmark recorded Roscoe Mitchell's *Sound*, the very first AACM album, in '66. Nearly 30 years later Roscoe is back on Delmark! However, this is not intended as a commemorative release but an exciting merging of creative musicians; with Jodie Christian, Malachi Favors and Albert "Tootie" Heath.

## ...and so is Ritual Trio.

**KAHIL EL'ZABAR'S RITUAL TRIO**  
DE-477 *Big Cliff* with guest Billy Bang

On *Big Cliff*, recorded live at Underground Fest, Billy Bang and Ari Brown challenge each other to play either the wooliest or prettiest solo. Malachi Favors keeps things down to earth while El'Zabar's slyly explosive style manages to expand the group's open-sky sound.



Available at finer record stores or call (312) 222-1474.  
Also new on Delmark: Ed Petersen *The Haint* (474), and Eric Alexander, *Up, Over & Out* (476).  
Free catalog: Delmark Records, Dept. D, 4121 N. Rockwell, Chicago, IL 60618

marketing gimmick. That doesn't mean it has to be pedantic and boring or proselytizing. Jazz is exciting music, and a good programmer should have little trouble putting it into a thoroughly entertaining package.

**S**o, is jazz radio imminently doomed to become lost in our mass-mediated memories? Judging from the rise in programming outlets over the past few years, probably not. "I can't say jazz radio is dying," says WRTI's Kim Barry. "I wouldn't put the nail in the coffin just yet." But everyone seems to agree that it's in bad shape and has been for a long time.

"I'm disappointed in the state of jazz radio," Schaap says. "The real transition beyond the current question of funding is one of a modern definition of 'popularity.' When I grew up, I could hear any kind of music on the radio here in New York. There were lots of little stations. Then urban radio shifted drastically into something where you had to be as big as possible. Early on, jazz was lost in this transition. Public radio picked up some of the slack, but there wasn't enough of it. The idea of a full-time station playing jazz was already gone. And with the proposed funding cuts, this will only get worse."

And then there are those who have given up on the airwaves completely. Crazy as it may sound, a few record companies and distributors don't believe they can benefit from sending promo copies to radio stations. In fact, they think that radio airplay has little or no impact on sales. "I know labels who spend thousands of dollars sending it out, tracking it, who find almost no impact," explains Bob Rusch of North Country Distribution, which handles some 800 independent jazz labels. "And a lot of the markets that the records are being played in don't even have stores in which people can buy the records they're hearing. Plus, relative to the rest of the music spectrum, this is high art, and it therefore just doesn't have as large a market. Occasionally radio does work, but mostly it's a waste of time, effort and resources. *Billboard* and *Gavin* are big scams inasmuch as they are bought into by people with a misconception of what it's going to do for them."

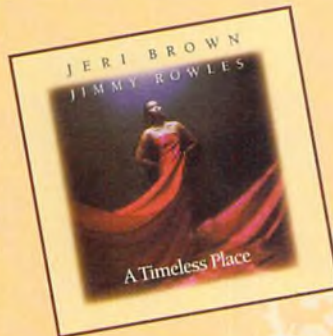
With public radio perhaps fatally wounded by impending budget cuts and with commercial radio ultimately meaning some sort of compromise, what's the solution? Where college radio may be somewhat inconsistent and sloppy, it's always located in a center of learning, and indeed its license stipulates that it has a responsibility to educate itself as well as its audience. This self-

awareness is what jazz radio needs, desperately, in order to thrive again.

There's no replacement for the power of commercial stations, no substitute for the listenership of public radio—jazz can benefit from being brought center stage in the mass ear. But the big question is, will jazz do it on its own terms, or will it bend its image to fit into an instantly marketable slot, genuflecting at the possibility of being programmed once an hour, mixed in with new instrumental pop?

The history of jazz is a history of defiance, of iron will and artistic integrity. Jazz broadcasters, whatever context they find themselves in, should be proud of the music they play, not fearful it'll scare someone off. **DB**

*John Corbett has been a college-radio disc jockey and programmer for 13 years. He currently has a jazz program on Northwestern University's WNUR, and his show "Radio Dada" airs weekly on the University of Chicago's WHPK.*



**JERI BROWN & JIMMY ROWLES -  
A Timeless Place**

A delightful and highly unusual collection of songs performed by singer Jeri Brown and legendary pianist/composer Jimmy Rowles, featuring the vocal duet *Baby Don't Quit Now*. Positively incandescent! "Jeri is a singer of remarkable range and inventive ingenuity." - Gene Lees



**D.D. JACKSON - Peace-Song  
featuring David Murray**

After distinguished collaborations with Billy Bang, Kip Hanrahan and Dewey Redman, D.D. Jackson has recorded a strong debut quartet recording, featuring David Murray. "This recording will launch what promises to be a spectacular career for this dynamic pianist." - David Murray



**LIGHTNIN' HOPKINS -  
The Rising Sun Collection**

Excellent, previously unreleased recording from 1977, authorized with the cooperation of the Hopkins estate. Also available in the same series: Esther Phillips, Big Moose Walker, John Lee Hooker, Nina Simone and Taj Mahal.



**RANEÉ LEE -  
I Thought About You**

"Raneé Lee is a complete singer. Her intonation is faultless, as are her phrasing and overall rhythmic sense." - Chuck Berg



**ASTOR PIAZZOLLA -  
Piazzollissimo**

This deluxe 3 CD box set contains a comprehensive collection of the instrumental pieces composed and interpreted by Piazzolla between 1974 and 1983. Includes six complete albums: *Libertango*, *Lumière*, *Persecuta*, *Chador*, *Escuela* and *Sette Sequenze*.

**LOOK  
FOR THE  
RABBIT**

**WHEREVER  
FINE MUSIC  
IS SOLD.**



5455, rue Paré, suite 101  
Montréal (Québec)  
Canada H4P 1P7  
Tel.: (514) 738-9533  
Fax: (514) 737-9780

**DISTRIBUTION (USA):**  
**KOCH**  
INTERNATIONAL

2 Tri-Harbor Court  
Port Washington, NY  
11590-4617  
Tel.: (516) 484-1000  
Fax: (516) 484-4746

## Back From Hell

**H**is face is weathered but stoic, like the pitted granite of a sea cliff. His alto sax sound is focused and unrelenting; after 10 years without touching an english horn, he's resonate and penetrating on that double-reed instrument, too. His musical declamations unfold idea after idea with preacherly rhetoric, the investigatory probity of a '60s counterculture type, the unpretentious eloquence of a man who has lived wins and losses.

At age 63, Sonny Simmons has survived setbacks that derail lesser artists. Still admired by those aficionados who remember the early peaks of his career, the reedman is trying to compound new interest generated by *Ancient Rituals*, his '94 trio CD on Quincy Jones' Qwest Records (see "CD Reviews" Nov. '94). It was recorded after Simmons spent a long, hard decade blowing sax in the streets of San Francisco's financial district.

"I call it shipwrecked in San Francisco," Simmons says without rancor of the years following the breakup of his marriage to trumpeter Barbara Donald in 1979. His career drifted a grim distance from the position of respect he'd earned in the mid-'60s, recording with Eric Dolphy, McCoy Tyner, Jimmy Garrison and Elvin Jones, as well as on his own raw and expressive yet flowing and lyrical albums with Donald, fellow reedist Prince Lasha and rhythm sections including Billy Higgins, Bobby Hutcherson, Charles Moffett, Gary Peacock and Buster Williams, among others.

Residing in New York during the heyday of "free jazz," Simmons hung out with Sonny Rollins, turned down gigs with Mingus and led sessions for ESP. But eventually, he, Donald and their two children returned to the West Coast, from which they'd come. In pursuit of a financially secure lifestyle, he was persuaded to put down his horn and take simultaneous jobs with paraplegic kids and as a janitorial custodian.

"In 1978, I started playing some little clubs again," Simmons recalls. "In '79 my wife toured the Pacific Northwest, got hired up in Seattle, and we moved there. But I didn't dig it at all. It didn't work for the both of us together on the bandstand. We had to contend with a lot of racism and bad vibes, and I just couldn't take it anymore. I'd put many years, night and day, into my family, but I had to go back to playing



Sonny Simmons

music. So I went back to San Francisco.

"It really tore me up to be split from my family. Then, through the years, things happened, and it got worse. Working as a street musician was very humiliating—but better than being broke. I kept my dignity from begging or asking people to do things for me. I'm not that kind of guy, helpless—I have a lot of pride in what I'm about."

Born in Sicily Island, La., to a preaching, singing, trap-drumming father and a mother in the church choir, Sonny and his family moved to California during the '40s. He became "engulfed" in his dad's 78-rpm jazz records and heard Charlie Parker at Oakland Auditorium. Fascinated by bebop, he played tenor sax in r&b bands until Prince Lasha, a friend of Ornette Coleman's from Fort Worth, Texas, approached him at a mid-'50s jam session.

"I never left Charlie Parker—never have, never will," Simmons contends. "But I dug that Ornette was bold enough to pioneer in

another direction. I was thinking along those lines, too."

Simmons played alto and Lasha flute on their 1962 debut for Lester Koenig's Contemporary label (which had issued Coleman's first two albums); *The Cry!* comprised eight original themes for improvisation in a quartet setting with no chordal instrument. Their second album, *Firebirds*, was more lush than their first.

None of Simmons' work with Lasha or with Donald, who also wielded an instrumental voice of impressive heft and power, has been reissued on CD. *Ancient Rituals* picks up just past where Sonny found himself—alone, financially broke, denied club gigs because he was (falsely) rumored to not play changes. Outdoors, improvising at "certain geographical corners of the city where the sound would echo and reach," he restricted his creative spirit to "blues and eternally beautiful, recognizable ballads.

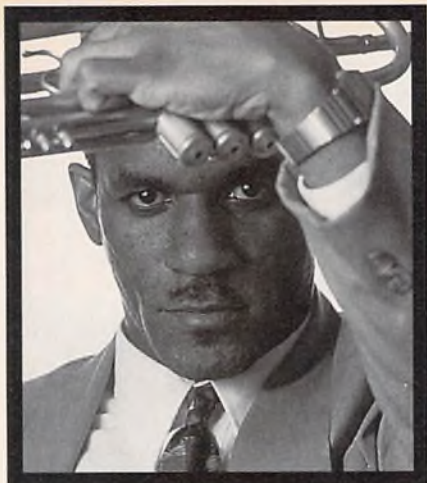
"I always had a big sound, ever since I started," he says. "Playing on the street kept my ideas and my sound alive. Some people dug it," he shrugs, "and some people didn't."

Among those who did was one Craig Morton. Simmons knew him from non-musical contexts. "He would park his car, hang out and listen to me. Craig appreciated what I was doing, knew I was an exponent of the '60s, knew I'd played with all the great cats—and one day he wondered why no one was recording me and decided, 'This is a waste.' He took it from there." Morton produced *Ancient Rituals* and is now Simmons' manager.

Sonny's album, which has been well received, features his son Zarak on drums and Charnett Moffett on bass. Besides concertizing at the San Francisco Jazz Festival last autumn, Simmons showcased elsewhere in New York and continues to seek bookings.

"I don't dwell on the past," he claims, "and no one can predict the future. But I absolutely intend to go on like I been doing, dealing with the love and conviction I have for the music. I don't worry about creativity—my reservoir is endless. I'm getting some press, some play, I've got a CD out that I'm proud of, and, after all these years, my son's on it with me." He sighs, though—it's work.

"I love what I do," Sonny Simmons continues. "I hope the music I make will affect people in positive, spiritual ways, and provide enjoyment or some type of direction that inspires them to pursue their artistic endeavors." —Howard Mandel



Marcus Printup

LOU JONES

## All the Right Grooves

The turning point in Marcus Printup's musical development came when he first made contact with pianist Marcus Roberts. "Marcus told me, 'Your playing is a bit chaotic, you're just kind of floating, but you're extremely talented and you can really get to some wonderful music if you just practice,'" says the 28-year-old trumpeter. This was three years ago, when Printup was a student at the University of North Florida and Roberts was artist-in-residence.

Printup, a native of Conyers, Ga., was no slouch before he met Roberts. He had won an International Trumpet Guild Competition and placed as a semi-finalist in the first-annual Louis Armstrong International Trumpet Competition.

Yesterday: school bands, competitions and the practice room. Today: New York City, where Bruce Lundvall, president of Blue Note Records, heard and signed Printup—sans demo tape. The resulting album, *Song For The Beautiful Woman* (Blue Note 30790), cooks with sudden scattershot trumpet drama, a perky outlook (except for the occasional muted loneliness) and a hard-bop overview.

The band—with Walter Blanding Jr. on tenor sax, Eric Reed on piano, plus bassist Reuben Rogers and drummer Brian Blade—had never played together as a group, although Printup had performed previously with each musician. Printup has also gigged with Wynton Marsalis and the Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra.

Besides being well-connected, what's his secret? "You've got to get into practicing and totally dedicate your whole life to being out there playing. I'm lucky and blessed to be where I am," he said, with characteristic modesty. "But I do realize that I could [end up] right back at the bottom again."

—Owen Cordle

# E.M. Winston

\* Custom Pro 2000 Tokyo Series \*  
Handcrafted Saxophones  
The Vintage Sound—Today's Technology



EMILIO LYONS  
"The Sax Doctor"



### MODEL

MODEL	MUSICIAN'S NET PRICING
2001GL	Curved Soprano, Gold Lacquer Finish \$ 1,395.00
2001NG	Curved Soprano, White Nickel Body w/ Gold Plated Keys 1,695.00
2001BN	Curved Soprano, Black Nickel Body w/ Nickel Keys 1,595.00
2020GL	Straight Soprano, Gold Lacquer Finish 1,395.00
2020NG	Straight Soprano, White Nickel Body w/ Gold Plated Keys 1,595.00
2020BG	Straight Soprano, Black Nickel Body w/ Gold Plated Keys 1,595.00
2020BS	Straight Soprano, Black Nickel Body w/ Silver Plated Keys 1,595.00
2050GL	Alto, Gold Lacquer Finish 1,495.00
2050NG	Alto, White Nickel Body w/ Gold Plated Keys 1,595.00
2050BG	Alto, Black Nickel Body w/ Gold Plated Keys 1,595.00

Available at:

**Rayburn Music, Boston, MA**  
**617-266-4727, ext. 114**

Sam Ash Music, Roberto's (New York City); Washington Music (MD); All County Music (Tamarac, FL); U-Crest Music (Cheektowaga, NY); Oleg Music (Los Angeles, CA); Royal Music (Royal Oak, MI); Zap's Music (Philadelphia, PA); Harry's Music (Honolulu, HI).

Dealer Inquiries: E.M. Winston Saxophones, NYC  
Tel: 212-463-7197 • Fax: 212-229-0642



## USA HORN, INC.

625 Oradell Ave, Oradell, NJ 07649

**IF** you don't care about performance, quality, price, service or honesty ...go to anyone!

**But** if you want the BEST in performance, quality, price, service and selection call:

**1-800-USA-HORN**  
(872-4676)

**(201) 265-7714**  
overseas

Ask for Dennis Eder or the Professor

### VINTAGE AND LATE MODEL

- ★ Selmer (Mk VI, Balanced Action, etc.), Conn, King, Martin and Buescher saxes
- ★ Buffet and Selmer clarinets, all other woodwinds
- ★ Trumpets, trombones and brass

### TRADES ACCEPTED/ CONSIGNMENTS ENCOURAGED

We will pay the fairest prices anywhere for your used horns!

## Call our Vintage Horn INFO LINE

**(201) 265-9783**

**fax: (201) 265-7915**

Sorry, no catalogs, send phone number with all inquiries.



Phil deGruy

## The Guitarp Wizard

**P**hil deGruy doesn't play guitar, but an oddly shaped 17-string apparatus called a guitarp. When performing, he doesn't bow politely between tunes, but engages in spiels of satiric banter. "It gets you out of the little hell hole you're in," says deGruy of his use of humor and "derangements" of well-known music. A normal night for this slightly twisted twanger (who usually performs as a solo act) has him moving from tunes like "If I Only Had A Brain" to John Coltrane's "Naima." More examples abound on deGruy's debut release, *Innuendo Out The Other* (see "CD Reviews" May '95).

To see him on stage, deGruy's backdrop isn't lovely ferns but rubber bands, lasers, dolls and, sometimes, à la Screamin' Jay Hawkins, a coffin. "My thing is to first laugh, and then spread it around and shove it in people's faces. If I miss a lick, I actually stop and slap my left hand. Joe Pass did that once, and I thought it was pretty amusing."

Credit Chet Atkins for deGruy's partiality to both the complicated and comedic. There's a "What the hell did he do there?" quality to Atkins' playing of the "technically impossible" that grabbed the teenaged deGruy's imagination. "Hearing Chet Atkins was a big pivotal turnaround for me," says the 39-year-old deGruy, who immediately abandoned rock and pop for instrumental country and classical music. "And he made me throw my pick away."

Also influential was guitarist Lenny Breau, particularly with respect to designing the guitarp. "He turned me on to the seventh string," he explains. "I sought Lenny out when I was 21, when I heard he

was playing in Nashville. I recorded him and asked him about the mysteries. I came back with a lot of homework to do."

As for his self-designed guitar, it's a 17-string instrument that's a seven-string guitar (with a high A) augmented with a set of harp strings. Back home, deGruy found help in sorting out what he'd learned from Breau—particularly the workings of harmonics—from local guitarist/teacher Hank Mackie, with whom he often duets and performs with in a local jazz quartet called Hot Strings. But it was Breau, his link to Atkins, who proved decisive. "Lenny was a big door—a double door. He was real open to showing me what it was all about. And yeah, Lenny was a humorist, too."

Coming from New Orleans, a predominantly Catholic city, deGruy's show often includes both the city and the Church as targets for his gently stinging comedic arrows. Calling himself a "lost disciple," he says, "I suspect in the church of fingerstyle guitar, the father, son and holy ghost have to be Merle Travis, Chet Atkins and Lenny Breau." Taking his show on the road in support of the new album might mean having to find new prey for his musical witticisms. "My material might go over like a Led Zeppelin balloon," deGruy says; "out of tune, of course."

"Comedy is sort of like the keys to wisdom, based on two totally different ideas brought together in a novel way," exclaims deGruy, paraphrasing philosopher Timothy Leary. "I don't consider myself serious unless music is involved. There is satire in my instrumental playing, but it's mixed up with tragedy, romance and whimsicalness." —Geraldine Wyckoff

# On the Road with Sinatra

**G**regg Field loves to blend r&b aspects with jazz, giving his drumming a contemporary pizzazz. The 39-year-old also relishes old-fashioned swinging, which is a good thing since he currently works for Frank Sinatra.

Field, who has also played with Count Basie, Ray Charles and Harry James, joined Sinatra in 1991. "This is why I picked up my instrument," says Field, who lives in Woodland Hills, a suburb of Los Angeles. "These moments—surrounded by a 40-piece orchestra, playing arrangements by Nelson Riddle or Don Costa—are what I dreamed about as a kid."

True, the Old Man's voice isn't what it once was, says Field, but so what? "People should listen to what's there, not what isn't," Field asserts. "Even on bad nights, like if he's hoarse, he'll sing through it. He doesn't have it in his mind that he can't do it. And on the really good nights, he's so powerful. But he's always rhythmically intense. That strong phrasing hasn't diminished at all. If



DEBBIE SPINELLI

**Gregg Field**

anything, it's better."

It makes sense, then, that Sinatra is particularly sensitive to the rhythm section, and Field says he keeps him comfortable by "locking dead in middle of the beat where he sings." Sinatra responds to the rhythm right away. "If I play an aggressive fill, he might look back with a huge grin on his face," Field says. "But if we don't do something right, we get the ray, and his ray makes Benny Goodman's ray look like Mother Theresa's."

When he's not on the road, Field stays busy in Los Angeles, working some dates with Dennis Rowland, the former Basie-band singer whose debut album he's produced. *Rhyme, Rhythm & Reason*

(Concord Jazz 4605), due out in mid-May, features the rousing, blues-based Rowland tackling such songs as "You're Blasé" and "It Never Entered My Mind," standards not usually sung by a male vocalist.

Field says his relationship with Sinatra is mostly business. However, the Chairman occasionally takes his band out for dinner, as on a night in Monte Carlo in 1992, when he sat with Field and bassist Chuck Berghofer for an hour and a half.

"It was like hanging out with one of the guys, and Frank was telling us how he learned to breathe and phrase listening to Tommy Dorsey," Field said. "But the real intimacy between us comes when we're playing."  
—Zan Stewart

**hat**  
**THE HATS KEEP COMING**  
**hatARTCDs**

RAY ANDERSON, HAN BENNINK & CHRISTY DORAN: AZURETY 6155  
 ANTHONY BRAXTON: CREATIVE ORCHESTRA (KÖLN) 1978 2-6171  
 MYRA MELFORD EXTENDED ENSEMBLE: EVEN THE SOUNDS SHINE 6161  
 JOE McPHEE, LISLÉ ELLIS & PAUL PLIMLEY: SWEET FREEDOM-NOW WHAT? 6162  
 FRANZ KOGLMANN & LEE KONITZ: WE THOUGHT ABOUT DUKE 6163

**Ac: TOWER RECORDS & BORDERS BOOKS AND MUSIC**  
 Distribution: BAYSIDE Phone 1-800-525-5709  
 & NORTH COUNTRY Fax 315-287-2160  
 Mail order: CADENCE Phone 315-287-2852  
 & TOWER RECORDS 1-800-648-4844  
 Marketing HAT HUT Records USA: Phone/Fax 916-455-4239  
 CANADA: SCANDINAVIAN (SRI) Fax 705-748-5628

Hat Hut Records Ltd, Box 461, 4106 Therwil/Switzerland

Photo: Rolf Hans

Sponsor: Swiss Bank Corporation, Basel/Switzerland





ROSS BURDICK/FRANK DRIGGS COLLECTION

and does the majority of the arrangements for the group) describes the audiences in the East as being less reserved than on the West Coast. "The reason is," theorizes Clifford, "that the type of jazz they like out there, the kind being played by Shorty [Rogers] and Chet [Baker], is more on the cool side. So naturally the West Coast audience is cool, too; there's nothing for them to get excited about.

"Our own policy," Clifford continues, "is to aim for the musical extremes of both excitement and subtle softness whenever each is necessary, but with a lot of feeling in everything. The majority of our book consists of originals with some standards. And we have a definitely organized sound because organization is the trend in all modern jazz groups today. We're trying more and more to have our solos built into each arrangement so that it all forms a whole and creates emotional and intellectual tension."

"In other words," adds Max, "we want to be interesting musically and emotionally at the same time."

Neither Max nor Clifford puts much stock in labels like "West Coast" or "East Coast" jazz, but they do feel that much of the music they heard on the Coast lacked the kind of excitement they try to sustain in their own band. Max, who played at the Lighthouse for six months before Clifford arrived, expresses it this way: "Their material is more prepared, a little more formal and less spontaneous. They play some very interesting things—Shorty, Shelly [Manne] and the whole crowd. I have a lot of respect for their musicianship. But they're really very cool."

"We realize," Clifford emphasizes, "that one thing that has hurt small jazz units is the fact that bookers often haven't been sure they'd get the same personnel the next time they hired a unit. A club owner would hire a name musician one week, and the next time the name came around, he'd have different men with him and a different sound. In a small band, if you can stay together at all, you have a responsibility to maintain your identity.

"But club owners themselves sometimes don't realize this fact. Some of them look for a short cut. For example, they want to hire stars, but try to save money by putting in a local rhythm section. If these new men are weak musically, they hurt the stars' reputation, too, in the long run. Max and I have had offers while in New York to headline as singles at a couple of places. But unless they hire the unit as it is, we won't do it. We've been determined to play New York first with our group as a whole. That's the only way we're going to keep together. We've got to work together all the time."

DB

## Max Roach & Clifford Brown: Dealers In Jazz

By Nat Hentoff

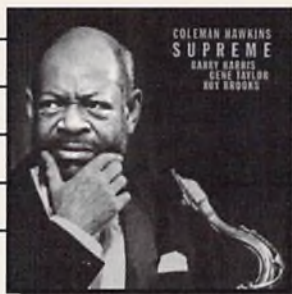
*Together, drummer Max Roach and trumpeter Clifford Brown led one of the most influential quintets of the 1950s. Their collaboration—which lasted only two years, ending with Brown's untimely death in an automobile accident in June 1956—is well-documented in a recent two-CD release of reissued material, *Alone Together: The Best Of The Mercury Years* (Verve). The following "Classic Interview" with Roach and Brown is reprinted from our May 4, 1955 issue.*

Since June of 1954, Max Roach and Clifford Brown have been coping with one of the fiercest problems in jazz. Like hundreds of leaders before them, theirs is the constant concern of getting enough steady work so their unit can stay together and grow musically (as well as financially).

Max and Clifford have already done better than most in keeping their band intact for almost a year. Clifford, after

having built a rapid reputation in the East as a startling new trumpet player with the potential stature of Dizzy Gillespie or Fats Navarro, joined Max on the West Coast in late March 1954. Their present group was formed for a date at the Tiffany in Los Angeles some two months later, and the group continued to play the coast until its Eastern debut at Philadelphia's Blue Note last October.

Clifford (who writes most of the originals



## Coleman Hawkins

Supreme  
enja 90092

★★★★

If a signature tune often hangs around the neck of its signator like an albatross, you'd never guess from Coleman Hawkins' lovely, umpteen-zillionth version of "Body And Soul" on *Supreme*. He goes at the standard he made his own headlong, with all the emotional oomph and melodic intrigue his 62-year-old body and soul can muster. And then when he seems about to let Barry Harris take over, from off mic he continues to blow, first under the pianist's solo, then joining him for an exchange of sweet, loving lines. If anything, *Supreme's* other ballad, the Quincy Jones-penned "Quintessence," is even more stirring; Harris backs Hawkins' ultra-sensitive statements with Monk-like cascades.

Recorded live in 1966 at the Left Bank Jazz Society in Baltimore, in front of a highly interactive, social, sometimes rude audience (they trample on Harris more than once), *Supreme* is a very hang-loose date, with all but the closer ranging in length from nine to 17 minutes. And even though it's been "digitally reprocessed" for this, its first release, it has problems with tape hiss and bad distortion in a few spots. Nonetheless, Hawk was still blowing beautifully two-and-a-half years before he died, and his presence clearly brings the best out of his (presumably pickup) quartet.

Brooks, in particular, is almost irrepressible. On Monk's "In Walked Bud," he ornaments and accents wildly under Harris' well-mannered solo, and in each of his own solos the drummer uses dramatic pauses to evince enthusiastic applause. Taylor's parallel bass/vocal lines on his solo call to mind Slam Stewart and Hawkins sideman Major Holley; elsewhere, he holds his own with Brooks' hard swing. Harris is given room to roam on the 17-minute "Lover Come Back To Me," and he acquits himself with a hard-boiled solo, full of perky quotes.

Over the course of the long blowing jams, Hawkins generally lays way, way back against the rhythm section's drive, but he still sounds relaxed, easy and in control. "Lover Come Back To Me" allows him to take his sweet time developing the line of thought; he's surprised and calls out midway when Harris mirrors him. Occasionally, Hawkins cries out with a surge of adrenaline, and he comes out front more on "Fine And Dandy," leading directly into a minute-and-a-half taste of Dizzy Gillespie's "Ow!," which trails off into

another short run of Harris/Hawkins musical dialogue. —John Corbett

**Supreme**—*Lover Come Back To Me; Body And Soul; In Walked Bud; Quintessence; Fine And Dandy; Ow!* (65:05 minutes)

**Personnel**—Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Barry Harris, piano; Gene Taylor, bass; Roy Brooks, drums.



## Roy Haynes

Te-Vou!  
Dreyfus Jazz 36569

★★★½

Haynes at age 69 remains Mr. Hip, swinging with pinpoint perfection, shedding a stream of original traps orchestration, stirring and nudging his fellow-players ever up and forward. Haynes always forges a band's bond from his drum seat, but his choice of material is sometimes unsatisfying. On this New York studio date a top-notch quintet essays a Chick Corea tune, three by guitar star Pat Metheny (sharing the front line with saxman Donald Harrison), a Haden blues, classics by Monk and Ornette, and Harrison's modest soul closer. The better the song, the better this combo plays.

So program the CD player to "Blues M45," let it run through misspelled "Trinkle Twinkle" (it should be "Trinkle Tinkle") and repeat Coleman's "Trigonometry" until you've got it down by heart, 'cause that's where the music gets to depths beyond facility. Metheny and Harrison playfully roam some special space, Haynes abstracts explicit time with true authority and bassist Christian McBride shines, even while Haynes continues his provocative tap dance.

Comparatively, the other tracks seem harmonically bland and limited, though Metheny slips a reference to "Straight Life" into "John Mc Kee" and Harrison quotes Ron Carter's "81" (re: '80-'81?) during his "Good For The Soul" solo. Metheny's "James," like it or not an indisputably memorable theme of the '70s, is taken at a tempo so fast it can hardly catch its breath much less sigh, and there are surely ballads Harrison wears more comfortably than Pat's "If I Could."

"Like This" is bright, slightly tricky, basically light. Harrison's "Good" line could slip easily into any jazz-radio format, yet might be too slick to stick. Everywhere, pianist Kikoski plays with appropriate fluidity but doesn't establish his individual voice. There's a problem listeners sometimes have with talent and skill: their possessors

make music so easily we're tempted to take it for granted. —Howard Mandel

**Te-Vou!**—*Like This; John Mc Kee; James; If I Could; Blues M45; Trinkle Twinkle [sic]; Trigonometry; Good For The Soul.* (52:31)

**Personnel**—Haynes, drums; Donald Harrison, alto saxophone; Pat Metheny, guitars; David Kikoski, piano; Christian McBride, bass.



## Arturo Sandoval

The Latin Train  
GRP 98202

★★★

In 1955, I heard Cuban bandleader Perez Prado briefly at the old Chez Paree in Chicago. The brass attack of his band was absolutely shattering, almost frightening. I'd never known anything like it. Later, it dawned on me that the trumpet, not percussion, was the controlling force in Latin pop; a broad-shouldered, romantic symbol of authority, strength, hot temper and tenderness expressed in dense, sweeping glissandos and piercing high notes. In short, the essence of machismo.

Without diminishing the astonishing musicianship of Arturo Sandoval, it's worth keeping in mind that he came out of a tradition of trumpet virtuosity even more athletically rigorous than that of American jazz.

On this CD, he salutes that style of Cuban pop brass that bridged the eras of Batista and Castro. "A La P.P." is for Prado and "La Guarapachanga" and "Candela/Quimbombo" are described as homages to other players of the period, musicians not known to me.

Notwithstanding energetic, often dazzling performances of "Be-Bop," "The Latin Trane" (based on "Giant Steps") and a friendly detour into "I Can't Get Started" by Joe Williams and a muted Sandoval, this music lies in a pop sensibility of mambos, cha chas and background vocals essentially outside the borders of jazz. For sentimental reasons, this is the artist's choice, which is fine. He hits his targets. But the formulaic matrixes of pop music, whether Cuban or Yankee, make it a limiting choice. Nevertheless, the precision and gleam in the brass section work is something any jazz ensemble could learn from.

—John McDonough

**The Latin Train**—*Be-Bop; La Guarapachanga; Marte Belona; Waheera; I Can't Get Started; A La P.P.; Royal Poinciana; The Latin Trane; Candela/Quimbombo; Drume*

Negrita; Orula. (46:55)

**Personnel**—Sandoval, trumpet, flugelhorn, acoustic piano (10), percussion (11); Dana Teboe, trombones; Kenny Anderson, Ed Calle, saxophones, flutes; Omar Hernandez, tres; Otmaro Ruiz, piano; Rene Toledo, guitar; David Enos, bass; Aaron Serfaty, drums; Manuel "Egui" Castrillo, Luis Henrique (11), Edwin Bonilla, various percussion; Joe Williams (5), Celia Cruz (2), Oscar DeLeon (9), Luis Enrique (9), vocals; Vicente Rojas, Laura Pifferver, Cheito Quinones, background vocals.



## Anouar Brahem

**Khomsa**  
ECM 21561

★★★★

**D**issolving borders both national and musical, Tunisian oudist Anouar Brahem brings together his most cosmopolitan aggregate yet for *Khomsa*. His fourth for Manfred Eicher's German label, it's a strong follow-up to last year's Jan Garbarek/Shaukat Hussain *Madar* collaboration. Throughout, the 38-year-old Brahem uses his cast in different combinations, orchestrating alluring and confounding pieces that leave this listener wondering: Is this old, new or otherworld music?

The song titles, as Brahem states in his notes to the album, come mainly from original music he's

composed over the last 10 years for the Tunisian cinema and theatre. Including a broader spectrum of musicians—specifically Galliano, Danielsson and Christensen—no doubt helps Brahem to "liberate this music . . . from its chains of images and texts." The compositions regularly offer room for improvisation and with rhythms that take advantage of the jazz potential here. The title piece, for example, showcases the ensemble on a driving, mid-tempo jaunt, soprano sax, piano and accordion supported by an almost-funky rhythm section. (One can only imagine what was going on up on stage or screen.) "Des rayons et des ombres," one of two pieces not composed by Brahem, opens with a semi-structured free section, followed by straight-ahead grooves, Galliano and Danielsson bobbing and weaving with solos while Christensen punctuates ever so deftly.

Mention should be made of the oud, an ancient Middle Eastern instrument and forerunner to the lute and Spanish guitar. In Brahem's hands, it's a magical instrument, played with delicacy and great proficiency. For the most part, however, Brahem seems to have formed *Khomsa* around Galliano's evocative, cinematically friendly accordion.

The pieces, ranging in length from just under two minutes on up to 10, use a variety of modal structures with the occasional song form, and are almost ambient in nature, with endings and beginnings many times impossible to decipher without monitoring your CD player. Eicher's typically cool yet intimate production caresses even as it lacks an essential grainy texture that might have brought *Khomsa* closer to the desert it at times suggests.

—John Ephland

**Khomsa**—*Comme un depart; L'infini jour; Souffle un vent de sable; Regard de mouette; Sur l'infini bleu; Claquent les voiles; Vague; E la nave va; An ghazel; Khomsa; Seule; Nouvelle vague; En robe d'olivier; Des rayons et des ombres; Un sentier d'alliance; Comme une absence.* (76:33)

**Personnel**—Brahem, oud; Richard Galliano, accordion; Francois Couturier, piano, synthesizer; Jean-Marie Larche, soprano saxophone; Bechir Selmi, violin; Palle Danielsson, double-bass; Jon Christensen, drums.

# THE HOT BOX

CDs

CRITICS

John McDonough      John Corbett      Howard Mandel      John Ephland

**COLEMAN HAWKINS**  
*Supreme*

★★★

★★★★1/2

★★★★

★★★

**ROY HAYNES**  
*Te-Vou!*

★★★★1/2

★★★

★★★★1/2

★★★

**ARTURO SANDOVAL**  
*The Latin Train*

★★

★★★★

★★★★

★★★★

**ANOUAR BRAHEM**  
*Khomsa*

★★1/2

★★★★

★★★★1/2

★★★★

## JAZZ... AS THE SPIRIT MOVES IT



## STEAL AWAY

**Charlie  
Haden**

**Hank  
Jones**

**Two living legends  
of jazz interpret  
timeless spirituals  
and folk songs  
with heartfelt  
emotion, restraint,  
and simplicity**

**An album for  
always.**

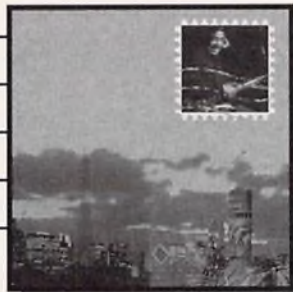


© 1995 PolyGram Records, Inc.



**J&R MUSIC  
WORLD**

The Jazz Outlet • 25 Park Row • Manhattan  
Or Call 1-800-221-8180 to Order



**Johnny Griffin**

**Chicago, New York, Paris**  
Verve 314 527 367

★★★★

The title of Griffin's Verve debut refers not only to the geographic phases of his long career but to the blues, bebop and ballad repertoire he favors generally and features here specifically. The old tenor master is accompanied by two different rhythm sections—a young-lion unit and a mixed-age trio—plus Roy Hargrove, who sits in with both groups. In the end, the wisdom of experience prevails, complemented if not especially enhanced by the precociousness of youth.

Griffin may not be the speed demon he once

was, but his sumptuous tone is very much intact, and he can still stitch the well-worn vocabulary of modern jazz into statements that are original, personal and deeply felt. On an original blues like "Leave Me Alone," he pinches and pummels the notes, wringing emotion from every phrase. Taking an acid tone, he snakes through the Mingus-like changes of "Do It," making bop sound almost dangerous again. On ballads like Michel Legrand's "You Must Believe In Spring" or Rodgers and Hart's "My Romance," the agonies and ecstasies of love spurt from his horn with spooky sensuality.

The limber, self-assured team of Kenny Barron, Victor Lewis and Christian McBride easily outclasses the brittle, tentative one of Peter Martin, Rodney Whitaker and Gregory Hutchinson. Hargrove sounds radiant with the former group on "Without A Song" and hackneyed with the latter on "The JAMFs Are Coming." But the magic fades quickly whenever Griffin is off mic; he may not sound like the youngest player on the session, but he's surely the liveliest. —Larry Birnbaum

**Chicago, New York, Paris**—*The JAMFs Are Coming; Do It; To Love; Hushabye; You Must Believe In Spring; Without A Song; Leave Me Alone; My Romance; Not Yet.* (62:46 minutes)

**Personnel**—Griffin, tenor saxophone; Roy Hargrove, trumpet (1,6), flugelhorn (3); Kenny Barron (2,4-8), Peter Martin (1,3,9), piano; Christian McBride (2,4-8), Rodney Whitaker (1,3,9), bass; Victor Lewis (2,4-8), Gregory Hutchinson (1,3,9), drums.



**Bruce Ditmas**

**What If**  
Postcards 1007

★★★★

The perplexing question posed in the album title gets answered with a rousing affirmative when drummer Bruce Ditmas channels his textural, dynamic and rhythmic ideas into the open-ended improvisational style embraced on his first feature session in a generally productive career dating back almost three decades.

Dreams do come true. Ditmas, with some helpful advice from producer Ralph Simon, at long last got to bring together some of his favorite players—and what a gang it is. John Abercrombie

**JAZZ** THE ORIGINAL  
**MASTERS**

SERIES - VOLUME FOUR



The latest in the award-winning Original Jazz Masters Series. Also available Vol. 1, 2 & 3

More great jazz recordings by...

LOUIS ARMSTRONG  
DUKE ELLINGTON  
THELONIOUS MONK  
MILES DAVIS  
EARL 'FATHA' HINES  
DONALD BYRD  
OSCAR PETTIFORD  
DEXTER GORDON  
FREDDIE HUBBARD  
BEN WEBSTER  
COLEMAN HAWKINS  
SIDNEY BECHET  
ILLINOIS JACQUET  
SONNY STITT  
BILLIE HOLIDAY  
STEPHANE GRAPPELLI  
BUCK CLAYTON  
SERGE CHALOFF  
RUBY BRAFF  
ANDRE PREVIN  
BUD POWELL  
BILL COLEMAN  
and many more !

• THE LONG-AWAITED  
VOLUME 4 OF THE JAZZ  
MASTERS SERIES

• 50 GREAT SONGS PER  
BOX SET BY LEGENDARY  
JAZZ ARTISTS

• LICENSED FROM  
ORIGINAL BLACK LION  
RECORDINGS



Produced and marketed by da music, Inc.  
P.O. Box 3, Little Silver, NJ 07739  
tel. (908) 530-6887 fax. (908) 842-5041

For a free complete catalog, please call, fax or write to the above.

has natural affinity for abstraction, his heavy thinking aired out in the music with characteristic focus and visceral might. Paul Bley, of course, is another paragon of iconoclasm, especially on the aptly named "Clever Conversation" and when hatching a harmonic web of intrigue in the "Deep Blue Sleep" section of the altogether alarming New Orleans crypto-homage "3348 Big Easy." Bley's deep space synthesizer finds its perfect complement in Abercrombie's snatches of otherworldly electric guitar on "Don't Wake Me."

Sam Rivers, an old hand at conjuring free sounds, evidences a strong self of dramatic impetus. His tenor accelerations run footloose through "Power Surge," albeit never lacking for direction, and his expressions elsewhere on either tenor or soprano proceed similarly on the frantic wings of bold determination. Dominic Richards, playing string bass, is dependable and at ease mixing it up with players whose reputations dwarf his own. As for Diltmas, he sweats over his kit with a storm-and-stress approach that speaks loud and clear of his commitment to the striking, colorful music played in conjunction with four fellow adventurers.

—Frank-John Hadley

**What If**—*Island Seven; What If; Clever Conversation; 3348 Big Easy (Deep Blue Sleep/Thursday Nite Special/Voodoo Street Beat); Pulp; Power Surge; Don't Wake Me. (59:53)*  
**Personnel**—*Diltmas, drums; John Abercrombie, guitars; Paul Bley, piano, synthesizer; Sam Rivers, tenor, soprano saxophones; Dominic Richards, bass.*



## Bill Frisell

### Go West

Nonesuch 79350

★★★★★

### The High Sign/ One Week

Nonesuch 79351

★★★★

**G**iven his interest in American cultural history, which was on display in a few earlier Nonesuch releases, Bill Frisell could be expected to look closely at the classic films of Hollywood.

Blending composition and improvisation, mixing jazz, blues, country and rock, the Seattle resident invokes his unorthodox sensibility upon two short Buster Keaton silent comedies, *The High Sign* and *One Week*, and upon the Great Stone Face's feature film *Go West*, all from the early 1920s (on two separate CDs under the heading of *Music For The Films Of Buster Keaton*).

*Go West* is the most sentimental feature Keaton ever made, though its pathos comes heavily streaked with absurdity since the film concerns the love between a hapless man, Friendless, and his cow Brown Eyes. Frisell's thoughtfully shaped guitar speech seems to draw its resonance from the disturbing melancholia of Keaton on screen. He and his rhythm section propel the film with a loopy sort of menace, playing an ingratiating theme now and again that burrows deep into our subconscious. Like the film's whimsical plot, the artful music never lets you know where it's going next. Frisell wears the master comedian's tragic-comedic mask very well indeed.

Ditto for the second disc. On *The High Sign*, the tale of a sad sack saving the town penny pincher from bandits, Keaton carefully integrates his gag sequences while Frisell provides incisive sonic commentary on the film's moods, using nervous guitar jangles and irresolutions or a recurring, bittersweet little melody. Despite some hearty laughs, *The High Sign* just isn't much of a film and Frisell might have been better off taking a light-

Branford Marsalis

Michael Brecker

# Saxophonists

For the Finest in Hand Made Saxophone  
Mouthpieces, Reeds and  
Saxophones

Dave Guardala® Mouthpieces, Inc.

Dave Guardala® Reeds, Inc.

P.O. Box 926  
Hicksville, New York  
11802  
U.S.A.  
516-254-2220  
FAX: 516-254-2229

Available at  
Fine Woodwind  
Dealers Worldwide.

hearted approach rather than searching for poetic solemnity in the unremarkable visual images. But, then again, the unexpected is the guitarist's specialty. *One Week*, a vastly superior film, has Keaton methodically constructing his honeymoon cottage from a how-to-do-it kit, following backwards instructions that result in a screwball angular building that later gets reduced to rubble by a train. Frisell and his alert band give Keaton's character his heroic worth, underscoring the strength of purpose behind his grim demeanor by alternating passages of bluesy, aw-shucks playfulness with serious-minded spatial meditations.

The latter two films, without Frisell's soundtracks, have just appeared on videocassette, from Keno International. Coordinate the VCR and CD player—you'll be glad you did.

—Frank-John Hadley

**Go West**—*Down On Luck; Box Car; Busy Street Scene; Go West; Train; Brown Eyes; Saddle Up!; First Aid; Bullfight; Wolves; New Day; Branded; Eats; Splinter Scene; Cattle Drive; Card Game; Ambush; Passing Through Pasadena; To The Streets; Tap Dancer And Confusion; Devil Suit; Cops And Firemen; That A Boy!; I Want Her.* (66:00)

**The High Sign/One Week**—*Introduction; The High Sign Theme; Help Wanted; Target Practice; The Blinking Buzzards; Good Shot; Swearing In; Shooting Gallery; Chase-Cop; The High Sign Theme; At The Home Of August Nickelnurse; Chase-Caught; The High Sign Theme; One Week Theme-The Wedding; Reckless Driving; Construction; Oh, Well-The Piano; Fight; Oh, Well-The Bath Scene; Housewarming Party And Storm; One Week Theme-Aftermath; Here Comes The Train; Oh Well.* (37:08)

**Personnel**—Frisell, acoustic, electric guitars; Kermit Driscoll, acoustic, electric basses; Joey Baron, drums, percussion.



## Don Pullen & The African Brazilian Connection

Live . . . Again  
Blue Note 30271

★★★★

**Y**ou can't accuse Don Pullen of cosmetically enhancing his work with the world-music flavor of the month. Since 1990, when he

formed his African Brazilian Connection ensemble, Pullen has positioned himself at the confluence of Brazilian, African and African-American musical styles, exploring new ways of organically and viscerally integrating them. In the process (and including two studio albums), he has created a heightened jazz hybrid of celebration and reflection. ABC's music, teeming with the sizzling rhythms of Senegalese percussionist Mor Thiam and charged with Pullen's in-and-out pianistic restlessness, can now be heard live on *Live . . . Again*, recorded in the summer of 1993 before an enthusiastic audience at Montreux.

Diagnosed with and subsequently treated for lymphoma not long after this show was recorded, Pullen is at the top of his game here, playing with equal parts physicality, grace and joy. He knuckles and strokes the keys, shatters smooth melodic motifs into scintillating shards and charges into strong-fingered dissonant dashes after delicate single-note runs.

Pullen and company deliver five extended studies of the ABC repertoire. The superb set is bracketed by spirited uptempo pieces peppered with percussion. Panamanian-born Carlos Ward stars on "Yebino Spring," blowing alto sax squalls over samba-like terrain, while, on Thiam's "Aseeko! (Get Up And Dance!)," the entire quintet takes flight into a lively polyrhythmic jaunt highlighted by Pullen's delirious flash-and-splash excursion. Sandwiched in between two slower tunes (including Pullen's deeply moving salute to the late George Adams) is the disc's centerpiece,



## NEW FROM CONCORD JAZZ



### SCOTT HAMILTON

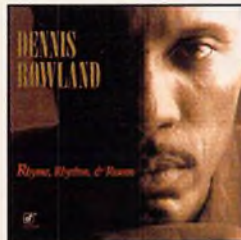


CCD-4649

#### "Live at Brecon Jazz Festival"

Brian Lemon - Dave Green  
Allan Ganley

### DENNIS ROWLAND

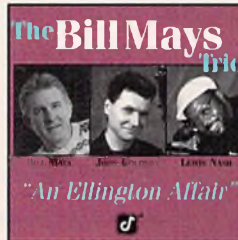


CCD-4650

#### "Rhyme, Rhythm & Reason"

Mike Lang - Greg Pillinganes - John Chiodini  
Melvin Ragin - Phil Upchurch - Chuck Berghofer  
Paul Morin - Gregg Field - Pete Christlieb  
Sal Marquez - Snooky Young plus special guests

### BILL MAYS TRIO

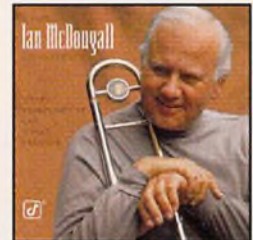


CCD-4651

#### "An Ellington Affair"

John Goldsby - Lewis Nash

### THE IAN MCDUGALL QUARTET



CCD-4652

#### "The Warmth of the Horn"

Oliver Gannon - Ron Johnston  
Torben Oxbo

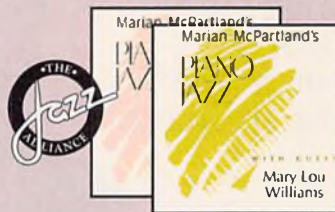
### KENNY DREW, JR.



CCD-4653

#### "Maybeck Recital Hall Series, Volume Thirty-Nine"

### MARIAN McPARTLAND'S PIANO JAZZ



#### "with guest Mary Lou Williams" (The Jazz Alliance TJA-12019)

#### "with guest Alice Coltrane" (The Jazz Alliance TJA-12020)



### FREE CATALOG

Concord Jazz, Inc.  
P.O. Box 845-DB  
Concord, CA 94522

PHONE: (510) 682-6770  
FAX: (510) 682-3508

"Capoeira," a roiling number that perfectly reflects the playful-potent essence of the African-Brazilian kick dance. —Dan Ouellette

**Live . . . Again**—*Yebino Spring; Ah George, We Hardly Knew Ya; Capoeira; Kele Mou Bana; Aseko! (Get Up And Dance!)*; (73:14)

**Personnel**—Pullen, piano; Carlos Ward, alto saxophone; Nilson Matta, bass; J.T. Lewis, drums; Mor Thiam, djembe, tabula, rainsticks, wind chimes, vocals (4,5).



## Lisle Ellis

**Elevations**  
victo 027

★★★★

**Paul Plimley/  
Lisle Ellis/  
Gregg Bendian**

**Noir**  
victo 022

★★★★

**B**assist Lisle Ellis left his native Canada for California and made some new friends. As a result, *Elevations*, his first date as a leader, features a high-powered saxophone quartet of Glenn Spearman, Joe McPhee, Larry Ochs (of ROVA) and, on alto, Christopher Cauley, who gets (an earns) much of the solo space. The horns act as a chorus, sighing, singing, conversing and adding emphasis to individual solos. Ellis' role is to direct traffic and bring the chorus back to earth with his insistent basslines, as on two versions of "Ground." On "Life Cycle," which opens with a long, introspective bass solo, Ellis recalls Malachi Favors Maghostut in the Art Ensemble of Chicago. Ellis' introduction to Albert Ayler's "Mothers," joined by slow, mournful saxophones, gradually builds tension, provoking febrile tenor solos from McPhee and Spearman. McPhee plays soprano sax most often, switching to trombone for two quartet tracks in which he duels with Cauley in less crowded settings.

*Noir* puts Ellis in a very different arena—a balanced trio comprising three diverse, assertive musical personalities. There's more room here for one-on-one interactions between the bassist and his partners. Pianist Paul Plimley, a longtime collaborator, will remind you of Cecil Taylor at first, working in discrete units with precise,

almost terse phrasing. He's also a lyrical player, as when he opens up in duets with Ellis on "Sleeves Of Alloy," and with Gregg Bendian's vibraphone, as on Bendian's "Interzonia." Bendian, who's worked with Taylor, brings an array of percussive sounds, alternating between drums, clashing percussion and vibraphone. His aptly titled "Jill Cyborg" incorporates equal parts of straightahead piano and metal-machine music. The trio is an impressively focused, cohesive unit, though Bendian's playing and writing repeatedly catch your attention. —Jon Andrews

**Elevations**—*Ground; Lacuna; Life Cycle; Reach; P.B.'s Parable; Arc; Mothers; Re: Call; Ground*. (61:21)

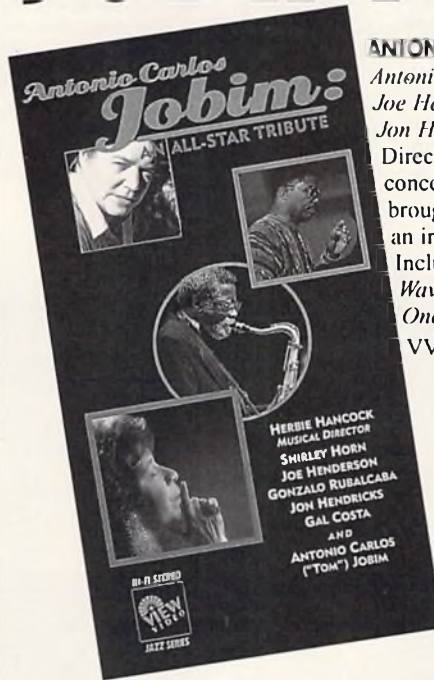
**Personnel**—Ellis, bass; Christopher Cauley, alto saxophone (1-6,8,9); Glenn Spearman, tenor saxophone (1-3,5,7-9); Larry Ochs, soprano, tenor saxophones (1-3,5,8,9); Joe McPhee, soprano and tenor saxophones, trombone; James Ruthier, electric guitar (3,5,8); Donald Robinson, drums.

**Noir**—*Noir; Jill Cyborg; Interzonia; Sleeves Of Alloy; Open Apertures; Noir Encore; Fade To Grey; Fade To Grey Then Blue*. (52:40)

**Personnel**—Plimley, piano; Ellis, bass; Bendian, drums, vibraphone, percussion; Bruce Freedman, alto, soprano saxophones (3,5).

NOW ON VIDEO

# JOBIM & MJQ



**ANTONIO CARLOS JOBIM: An All-Star Tribute**

Antonio Carlos ("Tom") Jobim, Shirley Horn, Joe Henderson, Gonzalo Rubalcaba, Jon Hendricks, Gal Costa & many more.

Direct from Brazil comes the last recorded concert appearance from the legend who brought the world the Bossa Nova, joining an international delegation of jazz giants. Includes: *The Girl From Ipanema, Dindi, Wave, Chega de Saudade, O Grande Amore, Once I Loved* and many more.

VV1349 Hi-Fi Stereo, color, 1 Hour.



**40 YEARS OF MJQ**

The Modern Jazz Quartet displays its genius in its 40th anniversary concert, backed by the lush elegance of a full chamber string orchestra.

Includes: *Three Windows Medley, Sketch, Alexander's Fugue, Adagio from Concerto de Aranjuez, A Day in Dubrovnik*

VV1350 Hi-Fi Stereo, color, 1 Hour.

Available at

**TOWER**  
RECORDS • VIDEO • BOOKS

**& BORDERS**  
BOOKS AND MUSIC

Call to receive a free catalog or order direct using any major credit card:

**1-800-843-9843**

Send check/money order: \$19.98/per video + \$3.95 S&H/per video (+ \$2.50/each add'l video) to: V.I.E.W. Video, 34 East 23rd Street, New York, NY 10010





**Don Byron**  
**Music For Six Musicians**  
 Nonesuch 79354

★★★★

**D**on't confuse Don Byron's *Music For Six Musicians* with Latin jazz as we know it. As the formal title suggests, the clarinetist aims for a different, more abstract target. Jerry Gonzalez's congas and Edsel Gomez's piano spark familiar "Afro-Caribbean" rhythms, but Byron's use of those rhythms breaks with a Latin genre he considers insular. When you hear the fluid, expressive clarinet atop these tight, complex grooves, Ornette Coleman's music may come to mind. Gonzalez and Gomez expertly lay the foundation. The percussionist is always good, but

the less familiar pianist surprises, moving easily between a traditional accompanist's role and some explosive solos reminiscent of Cecil Taylor or Don Pullen. M-BASE co-founder Graham Haynes is a good foil for Byron, as the spare, dry sound of his cornet contrasts with Byron's flowing, bubbling clarinet lines. On "WORK/SEX (Clarence/Anita)," a melancholy dance, Byron's clarinet and Haynes' cornet circle each other warily.

Byron's titles and Sadiq's poem "White History Month" establish a sardonic political subtext. "Crown Heights," for example, starts with an inviting melody and a buoyant rhythm, but suddenly descends into turmoil and anger, from which it never recovers. "The Importance Of Being SHARPTON" and "Rodney King" feature passionate solos from Byron, Haynes and Gomez, along with jittery rhythms and shifting tempos.

Some compositions may seem overly analytical, but on the whole, Byron's adventurous, spirited *Music For Six Musicians* challenges assumptions about what Latin music could or should be.

—Jon Andrews

**Music For Six Musicians**—*"Uh-Oh, Chango!"/White History Month; Shelby Steele Would Be Mowing Your Lawn; (The Press Made) Rodney King (Responsible For The LA Riots); "I'll Chill On The Marley Tapes . . ."; SEX/WORK (Clarence/Anita); La Estrellita; \* . . . That Sucking Sound . . ."* (For Ross Perot); *Crown Heights; The Allure Of Entanglement; The Importance Of Being SHARPTON.* (60:18)

**Personnel**—Byron, clarinet, bass clarinet; Graham Haynes, cornet; Edsel Gomez, piano; Kenny Davis, electric bass;

Lonnie Plaxico (4), Alex Gonzalez (7), acoustic bass; Jerry Gonzalez, congas; Ben Wittman, Ralph Peterson Jr. (4), drums; Bill Frisell, electric guitar (4); Sadiq, voice (1).



**Harold Land**  
**A Lazy Afternoon**  
 Postcards 1008

★★★

**T**he candlelight flickers, your cognac's fingers caress the side of their snifter, your beloved strokes your silk pyjamas, and from the stereo hi-fi home-entertainment unit emanates soft midnight jazz-and-strings. Sounds like something straight outta the '50s, doesn't it? Well, so does *A Lazy Afternoon*, an album full of un-

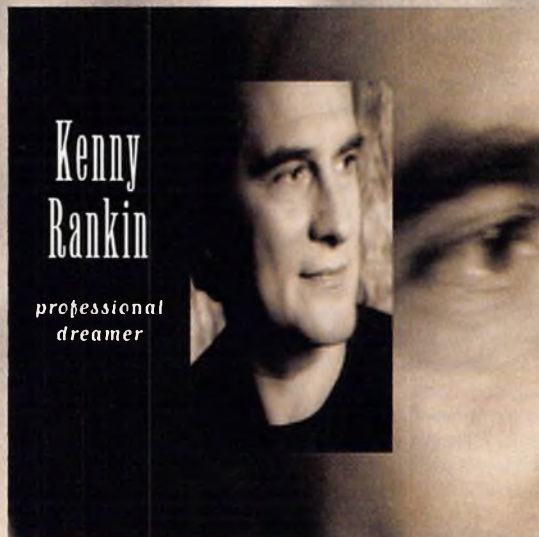
**Standard** has never been so *special*.

Kenny Rankin sets new standards for jazz vocal style with non-standard interpretations of classics by Cole Porter, George and Ira Gershwin, Sammy Cahn and more.

A collection of timeless songs rendered with seductive improvisational freshness.

Kenny Rankin  
*Professional Dreamer*

*Produced by* Hank Cicalo and Kenny Rankin  
*featuring* Mike Wofford, Brian Bromberg and Roy McCurdy  
*with special guest performances by*  
 Sue Raney, Tom Scott, Bill Watrous and Alan Broadbent



Private Music  
 © 1995, Private, Inc.  
 Distributed by BMG



apologetic lushness, romanticism and sentimentality; a retro trip all the way.

Orchestral backdrops are by arranger/conductor Ray Ellis—best known in jazz circles for his wonderful arrangements on Billie Holiday's late masterpiece *Lady In Satin*. Indeed, four of the cuts ("You Don't Know What Love Is," "The End Of A Love Affair," "But Beautiful," "You've Changed") were also featured on Holiday's 1958 record. On *Lazy Afternoon*, the rhythm section is tasteful and restrained, and the strings and Land's sax are mixed with abundant reverb, which works well for Land, though it tends to blur the details of the string section.

On tunes like "You Don't Know What Love Is" and "In A Sentimental Mood" the strings come forward from time to time to take a more forward position, stating the melody in counterpoint with the featured sax man. This strategy works less effectively on A. C. Jobim's "Wave" and "You Go To My Head," where the string statements sound stiff. For his part, Land's tenor sounds good, if a bit too laid-back for even these idle moments.

—John Corbett

**A Lazy Afternoon**—*Lazy Afternoon; You Don't Know What Love Is; In A Sentimental Mood; Nature Boy; You Go To My Head; But Beautiful; Invitation; Stella By Starlight; The End Of A Love Affair; You've Changed; Wave; Round Midnight.* (45:50)

**Personnel**—Land, tenor saxophone; Bill Henderson, piano; James Leary, bass; Billy Higgins, drums; Alan Pasqua, synthesizer; unidentified orchestra.



## Steve Turre Rhythm Within

Antilles 314 427 159

★★★

**T**rombonist Steve Turre waxes eloquent in the areas of tone and phrasing on his first feature album since 1993's *Sanctified Shells*, making his playing glow reassuringly like a campfire on a chilly autumn night. Coupling impressive technique with overt sincerity, he gives listeners a primer in how someone can use jazz music as a means to achieving feel-good optimism without pandering to sentimentality.

Turre has recruited some mighty big guests for this polite pan-cultural project, which draws upon the indigenous musics of Spanish-speaking coun-

tries, Africa, Polynesia and India as well as black-jazz America. Herbie Hancock plays piano with typical clarity, Pharoah Sanders drops by to dispense his hot spirituality and Jon Faddis explores the trumpet's upper register with all the expected pizzazz. Perhaps best of all, though, is the appearance of the venerable, neglected ex-Ellington trombonist Britt Woodman on "Since I Fell For You."

Turre's seashells, showcased aplenty, have a mawkish and vapid sound quality. They nearly cancel out the great warmth of Woodman's blowing on the aforementioned number, and everywhere else the shells impart none of the spontaneous magic or color that the other instruments do so naturally when guided by gifted musicians. One more testy objection: Turre's choice of old songs to re-address is trite: in addition to "Since I Fell For You," there's "Body And Soul" and Miles' "All Blues."

—Frank-John Hadley

**Rhythm Within**—*Funky-T; Morning; Since I Fell For You; Rhythm Within; Twilight Dreams; All Blues; Montuno Caracol; Body And Soul; African Shuffle.* (68:16)

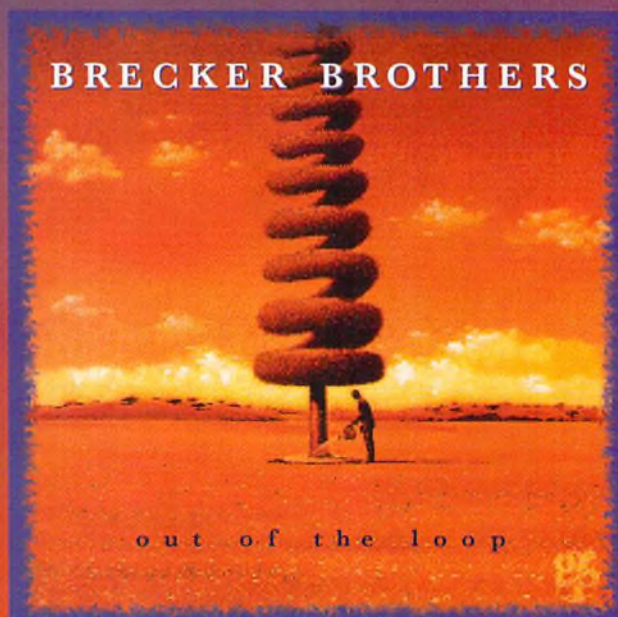
**Personnel**—Turre, trombone, shells; Douglas Purviance, trombone, bass trombone, shells; Robin Eubanks, Frank Lacy, Jamal Haynes, trombones and shells; Stanton Davis, trumpet (2,8,9), flugelhorn (8), shells (7); Jon Faddis, trumpet (1,5,6), flugelhorn (4), shells (6); Aaron Johnson, shells; Herbie Hancock, piano (1,4-6); Pharoah Sanders, tenor saxophone (1,4); Andy Gonzalez, bass; Victor Lewis, drums, percussion; Kimati Dinizulu, African drums, percussion, one-string (2); Milton Cardona, congas, guiro, shakere; Jimmy Delgado, shakere, timbales, cowbell.

# BRECKER BROTHERS

o u t o f t h e l o o p

1994 Grammy® Award Winner  
for the Best Contemporary Jazz  
Performance.

1994 Grammy® Award Winner  
for the Best Instrumental  
Composition — "African Skies,"  
composed by Michael Brecker.



©1995 GRP Records, Inc.



**Clark Terry**  
**Remember The Time**  
 Mons 6458

★★★★

**Shades Of Blue**  
 Challenge 70007

★★★★★

**The Second Set**  
 Chesky 127

★★★★

**R**emember *The Time* is Clark Terry's 75th-anniversary album. One needs the reminder. His playing remains precise, rock steady,

honed to the narrowest tolerances and constructed on the kind of correct fundamentals of technique designed not to deteriorate with age—an affliction that has been known to catch up with self-taught giants from Armstrong to Gillespie. Even when playing boilerplate, Terry is among the most astonishing and personal trumpeters alive. If some regard such exactitude as mechanical and scholarly, so be it.

The three-horn lineup with trombonist Mark Nightingale and altoist George Moroni enables some nice variations of blend and ensemble interactions, especially on "In Orbit" taken at a medium, then fast, tempo. Pianist Dado Moroni concocts two originals that hit the mark. "Definitely So" is tight, propulsive and well suited to Terry's strengths, while "Cattin" is a slow blues built on an intriguing descending bass line. "Gwen" is another blues played with only bass accompaniment, and "The Story Of Love" is lyrical and gracefully phrased. Two Terry vocals, however, are better suited to live performances than recordings.

*Shades Of Blue* is a more focused session in which Terry, a master blues player, and Al Grey create a seminar on the blues backed by only bass and piano. I have nothing against drummers, certainly not the wonderful Jeff Hamilton, who plays on *Remember The Time*. But music takes on unexpected textures when the rhythm section is less explicit. And it works beautifully here. Grey's in-your-face trombone, which was a last-minute addition to the date according to the liner notes, is

a fitting foil to Terry's wry voice and brittle phrasing. Both are masters of the mute, and when trombone and flugelhorn meet on "Sluggo," the result is a blend as seamless as a soap bubble, a description that fits the album as a whole, in fact.

All but three tunes are "originals," though the term seems beside the point. Figures are drawn from a vast vocabulary of riffs that are common coin to players like these. "Hip Hat Blues," for instance, is the intro to Duke Ellington's 1954 "In The Mood" on which Terry played. In any case, this is particularly tasty Terry and not to be missed.

Not far behind, though somewhat more routine in nature, is *The Second Set*, recorded live at the Village Gate in November 1990, four years earlier. Here's another irreproachable performance with all the expected qualities. Terry takes a second pass at his own melodic "Ode" (also on *Remember The Time*)—always a good chance to catch a player passing off a set solo sequence as improvisation. But his playing is farm-fresh and free of any specific self-plagiarism. He even invites the audience to climb up on a riff at the end. Also on the stand is Jimmy Heath, whose playing is contemporary yet warm. An 11-minute interview closes the program. —John McDonough

**Remember The Time**—*The Story Of Love; Definitely So; Hot Sauce; On The Side; Gypsy; In Orbit; Ode To A Flugelhorn; Gwen; Don't Ask; Cattin; Remember The Time.* (53:27)

**Personnel**—Terry, trumpet, flugelhorn; Mark Nightingale,

**THIS IS ACID JAZZ. (EX-305)**  
 new voices take two

**NEW VOICES** (take two)

the years' freshest talent from around the world.  
 DJ KRUSH, EXODUS QUARTET, RAD, NO SE, and CFM BAND.  
 includes the radio hit  
 "M.L. IN THE SUNSHINE" by COUNT BASIC

also available: **THE JAZZ OF BOOGIE BACK**  
 the finest, silkiest, smoothest acid jazz from Boogie Back Records

Send \$3 for our full length promotional sampler CD!  
 INSTINCT RECORDS 26 W. 17th St. #502 NY, NY 10011  
 Send a SASE for our free catalog

**instinct.**

*Berg Larsen*



**Precision Mouthpieces**

**Berg Larsen, Inc**  
 2201 Industrial Parkway • Elkhart, IN 46516  
 (219) 293-6514 • Fax (219) 293-9465

trombone; George Moroni, alto saxophone, Dado Moroni, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Jeff Hamilton, drums.

**Shades Of Blue**—Hip Hat Blues; Sluggo; Salty Mama; The View From Glencove; Whispering The Blues; Cool Vibes; Greazy Blues; Funky Butt; Parker's Mood; Hooties Blues; St. Louis Blues. (54:33)

**Personnel**—Terry, trumpet, flugelhorn; Al Grey, trombone; Marcus McLaurine, bass; Charles Fox, piano.

**The Second Set**—One Foot In The Gutter; Opus Ocean; Michelle; Serenade To A Bus Seat; Joonji; Ode To A Flugelhorn; Funky Mama; interview. (72:36)

**Personnel**—Terry, trumpet, flugelhorn; Jimmy Heath, tenor saxophone; Don Friedman, piano; Marcus McLauren, bass; Kenny Washington, drums.



## Lou Donaldson

### Sentimental Journey

Columbia 66790

★★★½

### The Scorpion: Live At The Cadillac Club

Blue Note 31876

★★★★

### Everything I Play Is Funky

Blue Note 31248

★★★

Organ combos come in different shapes and sizes, from raw-funk-and-groove-juice to silky-smooth soul. Altoman Lou Donaldson handles either variety with equal aplomb. His latest record, *Sentimental Journey*, is primarily the latter, with a tad of the funky stuff thrown in courtesy of his own slow-burner "Midnight Creeper." Both *The Scorpion* and *Everything I Play Is Funky* come from the period between the '60s and '70s, when James Brown's rhythmic innovations were becoming a regular part of jazz from, on one hand, the lugubrious ribs 'n' greens groups of people like Donaldson to, on the other hand, the experimental electro-boogie of Miles Davis.

*Everything I Play Is Funky* takes its title from Lee Dorsey's hit "Everything I Do Gonna Be Funky (From Now On)," penned by Allen Toussaint. In fact, Crescent City's own funk left as heavy a mark on the soul-funk-jazz of the time as JB did—check out organist Charles Earland (present for two tracks) as he quotes the Meters' "Cissy Strut" on "Donkey Walk." "West Indian

Daddy" is appropriately calypsoid; "Hamp's Hump" rests on a chewy, saltwater taffy lope, with super-swank solos by Blue Mitchell, Donaldson and organist Lonnie Smith; Jimmy Lewis' electric bass subs for the normal (maybe preferable) organ pedal. But for sheer funk poison, *The Scorpion's* the real stinger, kicking off with organist Leon Spencer's excellent title number, changing pace with a couple of ballads ("Laura," "The Masquerade Is Over") and Donaldson classics ("Alligator Boogaloo," "Footpattin' Time"). "Laura" finds Donaldson on some sort of electric sax (varitone, perhaps?), though his usual tone is

often so tight and nasal that it sounds like it's been electronically treated. Melvin Sparks twists his guitar solos up like a psychedelic Grant Green, and Idris Muhammad moves deftly between Zigabo Modeliste's cutting funk and a swinging jazz cymbal-ism.

Unlike the two Blue Note reissues, which are part of the label's Rare Groove Series, *Sentimental Journey* isn't likely to become hip-hop fodder; it's the sleeker side of organ-jazz, with Donaldson's longterm partner Smith laying bluesy changes on the Hammond, but with few latent breakbeats to be harvested. "Messin' Around

# A link with the past... a bridge to the future.



Photo: Andrew Lupton

## The Joshua Redman Big and Small Chamber Mouthpieces

Reminiscent of the husky tenor sounds of another generation, with an important difference; *Power*.

Joshua Redman's Big and Small Chamber Mouthpiece interiors are contoured to focus air into the neck-pipe with virtually no restriction or diffusion.

Our mouthpieces are machined to minute tolerances from solid brass and finished in pure 24K Brushed Gold. They come furnished with Cap and Ligature in a wide variety of facings.

The Joshua Redman Tenor Models, by Bari, project their lush warm subtones like nothing you've played before. Excellent harmonics with unparalleled immediate response, worthy of the musician of the year ... Joshua Redman. See your dealer or write direct.



© 1994 Bari Assoc., Inc.

Joshua plays the #10 facing.

Dealer inquiries welcome

Bari Associates, Inc. 788 N.E. 40 Ct. Ft. Lauderdale FL 33334  
(305) 564-2733 • Fax (305) 568-1182





**Bobby Shew**  
**Debuts on**  
**Double-Time**  
**Records**  
**First**  
**Release!**

This is Bobby's first recording in over ten years! His playing is better than ever, blowing melodic lines on every tune! **Nine classic tunes:**

- Featured Artists:** Tiny Capers  
**Jamey Aebersold** Whisper Not  
 - Alto & Tenor Sax Confirmation  
**Steve Schmidt** Nica's Dream  
 - Piano Night In Tunisia  
**Tyrone Wheeler** Rhythm-A-Ning  
 - Bass This I Dig Of You  
**Ed Soph** In A Sentimental Mood  
 - Drums In Your Own Sweet Way  
 Order your copy from: CD \$12.95

**'Double-Time' Jazz**  
 P. O. Box 1244D  
 New Albany, IN 47151  
 Ph 1-800-293-8528 Fax 812-949-2006

**CD REVIEWS**

With C.P." is Donaldson's dedication to Bird, though in general he's more reminiscent of Johnny Hodges. No one rushes or drags; drummer Fukushi Tainaka swings gently with Smith's bass footwork, infusing tunes as corny as the title track or "Danny Boy" with life and light. —*John Corbett*

**Sentimental Journey**—*What Now My Love; Sentimental Journey; What'll I Tell My Heart; Messin' Around With C.P.; My Little Suede Shoes; Midnight Creeper; Danny Boy; Peck Time.* (55:24)

**Personnel**—Donaldson, alto saxophone; Dr. Lonnie Smith, organ; Peter Bernstein, guitar; Fukushi Tainaka, drums; Ray Mantilla, congas, bongos (1,5,8).

**The Scorpion**—*The Scorpion; Laura; Alligator Boogaloo; The Masquerade Is Over; Peepin'; Footpattin' Time.* (46:28)

**Personnel**—Donaldson, alto saxophone; Fred Ballard, trumpet; Melvin Sparks, guitar; Leon Spencer, Jr., organ; Idris Muhammad, drums.

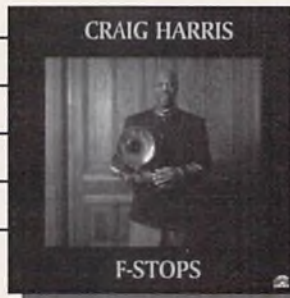
**Everything I Play Is Funky**—*Everything I Do Gonna Be Funky (From Now On); Hamp's Hump; Over The Rainbow; Donkey Walk; West Indian Daddy; Minor Bash.* (38:54)

**Personnel**—Donaldson, alto saxophone; Eddie Williams (4,5), Blue Mitchell (1,2,3,6), trumpet; Charles Earland (4,5), Dr. Lonnie Smith (1,2,3,6), organ; Melvin Sparks, guitar; Jimmy Lewis, bass; Idris Muhammad, drums.

fects of guitarist Bill White. Harris' finest straightforward playing is heard on the melancholy ballad "Generations," taken at the kind of excruciatingly slow tempo that Betty Carter thrives on. He encourages a more subversive direction on the lilting jazz waltz "A Soft Shoe," marked by a startling rubato middle section that is wide open to input from these creative musicians. Together, they hit an infectious, danceable groove on the Afro-pop-flavored "High Life," which features some sparkling guitar work by White and another crisp drum display by Lewis. And they close on a probing note with "Burundi," a surging vehicle that highlights considerable stretching by Grant, White and Harris. In spite of his muscular tone and facility with the bone, it's Harris' comely vision and arranging instincts that most impresses here. —*Bill Milkowski*

**F-Stops**—*Say Essay; F-Stops (1-7); D.A.S.H.; Generations; High Life; A Soft Shoe; Burundi.* (77:28)

**Personnel**—Harris, trombone, didjeridoo, vocals; Darrell Grant, piano, keyboards; Calvin Jones, acoustic, electric basses; Tony Lewis, drums; Bill White, guitar; Hamiet Bluiett, baritone saxophone (2,9); John Stubblefield, tenor saxophone (2).



**Craig Harris**  
**F-Stops**  
 Soul Note 121255-2

★★★★

Trombonist Craig Harris debuted *F-Stops* several years ago at the Roulette performance space in New York City. Soul Note finally got around to documenting it last year. An ambitious seven-part suite, it addresses texture, melody and group interplay in a variety of settings designated as "flows." Each flow has its own unique character, from the brisk samba feel of "3rd Flow" to the dark and dramatic "4th Flow" (a didjeridoo feature for Harris), to the more contemplative "6th Flow," a brief feature for pianist Darrell Grant. The most arresting of these is "5th Flow," a modal piece in which Hamiet Bluiett is turned loose on baritone sax and powerhouse drummer Tony Lewis gets to flail mightily over an ostinato. John Stubblefield turns in his strongest performance on "7th Flow," throwing in a quote from Miles Davis' "Jean Pierre" in the midst of a jaunty avant-dixieland group improv.

As fresh and provocative as this 30-minute tone poem is, there are even better moments on *F-Stops*. Special guest Bluiett saves his most urgent blowing for "D.A.S.H.," a lyrical number set against the swirling Frisell-like ambient ef-



**Marilyn Crispell**  
**Fred Anderson**  
**Hamid Drake**

**Destiny**  
 Okkadisk 12003

★★★★½

Outside his homebase of Chicago, Fred Anderson is sighted less often than Elvis. Although the saxophonist's reputation in free-jazz circles goes back to the inception of the AACM, he very rarely records or tours. Fast, fluent and tireless, he may be the best tenor player you've never heard. And although *Destiny* is nominally pianist Marilyn Crispell's date, Anderson charts the course for these collective improvisations. You hear connections to late Coltrane and Pharoah Sanders in Anderson's long phrases and in the spiritual incantations at the core of "Destiny 2" and "Destiny 3." Anderson communicates without the harshness and split tones that alienated many listeners in that era.

Curiosity about the saxophonist shouldn't overshadow Crispell. Encountering Anderson and percussionist Hamid Drake for the first time, Crispell overcomes limited rehearsal time and a

**LEGENDS OF**  
**JAZZ**  
**GUITAR**  
**VIDEOS**

featuring Wes Montgomery, Joe Pass, Barney Kessel, Kenny Burrell, Grant Green, Herb Ellis and Charlie Byrd



**VOLUME ONE:**

Titles include: WES MONTGOMERY Twisted Blues, Jingles and Yesterdays JOE PASS Original Blues In G and Do Nothin' Till You Hear From Me BARNEY KESSEL Basic's Blues and The Shadow Of Your Smile HERB ELLIS Medley: It Might As Well Be Spring & Things Ain't What They Used To Be and Sweet Georgia Brown and HERB ELLIS & BARNEY KESSEL A Slow Burn

VENTAPOP. 13009 \$24.95

**VOLUME TWO:**

Title include: BARNEY KESSEL, KENNY BURRELL & GRANT GREEN Blue Mist WES MONTGOMERY Full House and 'Round Midnight JOE PASS Original Blues In A and Prelude To A Kiss KENNY BURRELL Lover Man and My Ship BARNEY KESSEL BBC Blues and CHARLIE BYRD Jitterbug Waltz and Isn't It A Lovely Day

VENTAPOP. 13033 \$24.95

(POSTAGE/HANDLING: \$5.00 FOR FIRST VIDEO AND \$1.00 FOR EACH ADDITIONAL VIDEO) VISA/MASTERCARD ACCEPTED

**STEFAN GROSSMAN'S GUITAR WORKSHOP**  
 P.O. Box 802, SPARTA, NJ 07871  
 TEL: 201/729 5544 FAX: 201/726 0568

problematic piano, sounding like she's played in this trio for years. The pianist displays a broad range of expression from percussive rage to crystalline delicacy. Crispell excels as an accompanist, constantly adapting to the flow of the music.

The live performance (recorded in Chicago at the '94 Women of the New Jazz Festival) improves as the players get better acquainted, reaching a creative highpoint in the Eastern sound of "Destiny 5," where Drake's tabla and Crispell's delicate birdsong constructs are joined by some sublime playing from Anderson. —Jon Andrews

**Destiny**—Destiny 1; Destiny 2; Destiny 3; Destiny 4; Destiny 5; Destiny 6. (66:46)

**Personnel**—Crispell, piano; Anderson, tenor saxophone; Drake, drums, percussion.

Sascha" and his rippling banjo rhythms that undergird the brisk dialogue between Marsalis and Corea on "Backwoods Galaxy." Plus, for Fleck's longtime fans, there's "Cheeseballs In Cowtown," a bluegrass blast delivered with exuberance by Fleck and a top-notch country music crew.

It's like they say, you can take the banjo out of bluegrass, but you can never take the bluegrass out of the banjo. —Dan Ouellette

**Tales From The Acoustic Planet**—Up And Running; First

Light; The Great Circle Route; Circus Of Regrets; Three Bridges Home; The Landing; Arkansas Traveler; Backwoods Galaxy; In Your Eyes; System Seven; Cheeseballs In Cowtown; Bicyclops; Jayme Lynn; For Sascha. (59:21 minutes)

**Personnel**—Fleck, banjo; Chick Corea (8,9,12), Bruce Hornsby (2), piano; Branford Marsalis, tenor (8), soprano saxophones (14); Paul McCandless, bass clarinet (1), soprano saxophone (1), oboe (2,5,13), english horn (5); Matt Munde (1,6,13), Sam Bush (10,11), mandolin; Tony Rice, guitar (1,3,5,6); Victor Wooten, bass (1,3-5,8,10,11); Edgar Meyer, piano (4), bass (2,4,6,7,9,10,13,14); Future Man, percussion; Jerry Douglas, dobro (2,3,10,11); Stuart Duncan, fiddle (3,6,10,11); George Tidwell, trumpet (4); Dennis



## Béla Fleck

### Tales From The Acoustic Planet

Warner Bros. 2-45854

★★★★½

While the jury's still out on whether the banjo really works as a jazz-friendly instrument, Béla Fleck continues to argue the case with his latest jazz-fusion outing and first solo endeavor since 1989. Working in an all-acoustic realm, he plays through a constellation of styles—a meld of soft jazz in the Oregon zone, relaxed acoustic folk à la David Grisman, mainstream jazz and straight-ahead bluegrass. All the while, Fleck stays close to his country-acoustic roots bolstered by an all-star supporting cast.

Fleck, who started his career with the pioneering bluegrass band New Grass Revival before launching his Flecktones jazz ensemble, makes a go at reconciling the two disparate musical camps with mixed results. The quiet, warm-toned moments of "First Light," "Three Bridges Home" and "The Session" make for polite parlor music that borders on mellow new age. Fleck should have sat one out and let Chick Corea and bassist Edgar Meyer carry the elegant "In Your Eyes" by themselves.

But highlights outweigh the shortcomings: Fleck's mournful banjo musings on "Circus Of Regrets" and his sprite race with Corea through "Bicyclops" (the disc's choice track), his rousing interplay with pianist Bruce Hornsby on "Great Circle Route," his waltzing with soprano saxman Branford Marsalis on the graceful lullaby "For

# MONS RECORDS NEWS

Mons Records • Taubensplatz 42 • 67705 Tripstadt • Germany • Tel. (0049) 16305/1878 • Fax (0049) 6306/9625

## Clark Terry's 75th anniversary album

REMEMBER THE TIME

CLARK TERRY 75th ANNIVERSARY

Clark Terry  
Ray Brown  
Jeff Hamilton  
Dado Moroni  
Mark Nightingale  
George Robert

MONS RECORDS

874-762

Heavy rotation on American's radio stations

Clark Terry (trumpet/flugelhorn)  
Ray Brown (bass)  
Jeff Hamilton (drums)  
Dado Moroni (piano)  
Mark Nightingale (trombone)  
George Robert (alto saxophone)

Listen to Clark Terry at his very best, accompanied by five of the finest musicians of the world.

## Mark Nightingale

Mark Nightingale (trombone)  
Dado Moroni (piano)  
Ray Brown (bass)  
Jeff Hamilton (drums)

Mark Nightingale is playing in the tradition of Carl Fontana and Frank Rosolino. For the last two years he has received prizes at the British Jazz Awards.

What I wanted to say

Mark Nightingale  
Dado Moroni  
Ray Brown  
Jeff Hamilton

MONS RECORDS

874-763

For information or catalogue, call or write Mons Records c/o Hired Gun Marketing • 730 East Elm Street Conshohocken • PA 19428 • USA Phone 610 8259698 • Fax 610 8250987

To order 24 hours a day, 7 days a week please call: **1-800-221-8180**

stanford  
A Z Z  
WORKSHOP

Study and play jazz  
this summer!

Horace Silver

Ray Brown

Benny Green

Steve Coleman  
& Five Elements

Gregory Hutchinson

Afro-Cuban/Salsa, Vocal,  
Turtle Island String Quartet

Jazz Camp (ages 12-17)  
July 23-29 & July 30-Aug 5

Jazz Residency Aug 6-12  
adults & advanced students

Jim Nadel, Director

Stanford Jazz Workshop  
Box 11291 Stanford, CA 94309  
415 386-8535

JOE SAX WOODWINDS  
Presents



LYNN GOLDSWORTHY

The DAVID SANBORN™  
Mouthpiece from SAXWORKS®

Large selection of MK VI's and other  
fine instruments.  
Most popular reeds, cases and  
accessories in stock!

SAXOPHONES,  
CLARINETS & FLUTES  
Bought & Sold & Traded

55 Roxbury Road, Dumont, NJ 07628

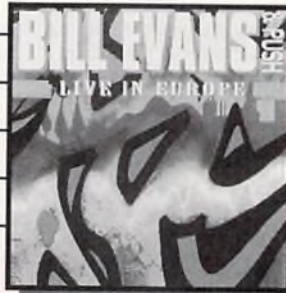
(800) 876-8771

Fax (201) 385-8626

## CD REVIEWS

Solee, clarinet (4); Robert Barry Green, trombone (4); Kenny Malone, drums, percussion (7, 10, 11); Connie Heard (13); Mary Kathryn Vanasdale (13); violin; Kristin Wilkinson, viola (13); Grace Bahng, cello (13).

guitar; Charles Blenzig (1, 2, 4-8), Jon Werking (3, 9), keyboards; Ron Jenkins, bass; Scooter Warner, drums; Manolo Badrena, percussion, vocals (5, 8, 9); KC Flight, rap (5-8); Marc Allison, background vocals (7).



### Bill Evans & Push

Live In Europe  
Lipstick 8929

★★★★

**L**ive In Europe is an energetic, hard-driving outing from saxman Bill Evans and his young Push band, recorded in Aachen and Cologne, Germany. This set of hot funk and hip-hop jazz rivals the energy of the *Let The Juice Loose* import that Evans did a couple years back live from Tokyo with Jim Beard, Dennis Chambers, Darryl Jones and Chuck Loeb.

The album-opening "London House," one of five live tracks that first appeared on last year's *Push* album, sounds attractively sinister here, and "Secret Agent" is as nasty as a Prince track. This audience is ready to rock, as the teasing guitar intro to "Push" shows. One of the strongest tracks is a new Evans composition called "Pastiece," where the leader says it all on his soprano with bite and with charm, rampaging at times, romancing at others. Veterans Badrena and Blenzig provide solid and adventurous textures, and drummer Scooter Warner lays down the undeniable groove, driving it hard and mixing it up with bandmates as well.

KC Flight enters with a smart, positive, musical rap on "You Gotta Believe," complemented by some serious funk with nice orchestrations from Blenzig, a sparse rhythm track and colorful vocalizing by Badrena. It sounds kind of like MeShell with some George Duke wah-wah effects and turnarounds. On "Stand Up And Do Something," Flight shows political as well as syllabic savvy.

Evans does his best to sell this hip-hop fusion, and because of the integration of the rap into the music, because the music plays off the rap, it is largely successful. The main problem is that they reach a feverish crescendo on nearly every song over a one-chord vamp, and it grows a little tiresome even to the most devoted fusion fanatic. But there's a lot to like about *Live In Europe* nonetheless.

—Robin Tolleson

**Live In Europe**—London House; Nightwing; Pastiece; Push; You Gotta Believe; Secret Agent; Stand Up And Do Something; And You Don't Stop; Sierra. (70/04)

**Personnel**—Evans, soprano and tenor saxophones, background vocals; Gary Poulson (1, 2, 4-8), Adam Rogers (3, 9),



### Charles Brown

These Blues  
Verve 314 523 022

★★★★

**C**harles Brown's Verve debut, *These Blues*, is an album of intimate crooning. Brown backed by his cozy quartet/trio and, on a few tunes, going it alone. Beautifully recorded by producer John Snyder, Brown's delivery, and the band's sound, gives the feel of a small club performance. As if playing for you and you alone, his piano stylings—mixing elements of stride, boogie-woogie and Nat Cole—accompany his husky yet velvety-smooth vocals. Performed solo, "I Got It Bad" finds Brown's classic tenor colored with blue notes while his piano, complete with his trademark tremolo, envelopes Ellington's mournful melody with rays of sunshine, striding ever so gently. You can almost reach out and touch him as he laments, "My heart is sentimental, not made of wood," his way with a lyric so wrapped up in his hands it seems the two were made for each other.

While the mood is more golden than brazen, *These Blues* does offer some spunk. Along with lonely, late-night saloon songs are numbers like the good-timey Louis Jordan classic "Is You Is, Or Is You Ain't (Ma' Baby)," reminding that the 72-year-old Charles Brown is still a swinging, West Coast r&b groove merchant. And the very capable group of Solomon, Davies, Birch and Caron (who doubles as musical director) makes you want to kick off your shoes and dance.

Brown's reharmonization of "Amazing Grace" to close the album leaves you feeling that you've been to church, only it's because you've been listening to *These Blues* (catch his sly reference to "Moonlight Sonata" as the album ends). As Joe Williams has said of Brown's voice: "It's full-bodied, full-flavored and with enough syncopation to satisfy your soul."

—John Ephland

**These Blues**—*These Blues; Honey; May I Never Love Again; I Got It Bad (And That Ain't Good); Is You Is, Or Is You Ain't (Ma' Baby); A Hundred Years From Today; Save Your Love For Me; I Did My Best For You; A Sunday Kind Of Love; Tomorrow; Amazing Grace.* (59/19)

**Personnel**—Brown, vocal, piano; Clifford Solomon, tenor saxophone (1-3, 5, 7, 8, 10); Danny Caron, guitar (1-3, 5-9); Ruth Davies, bass (1-3, 5-9); Gaylord Birch, drums (1-3, 5, 7, 8).

# JAZZ

## The Jazz Scene And After

by John McDonough

If, after the Billie Holiday cube and Ella Fitzgerald Songbook compilations, you harbor any doubts that PolyGram is putting out the most imaginative, intelligently designed reissues in the industry, kindly note . . .

Various Artists: *The Jazz Scene* (Verve 314 521 661-2; 76:51/77:00: ★★★★★), a diminutive two-CD set that restores one of jazz's earliest prestige packages with both music and prestige intact. In the 11th hour of the 78 era, Norman Granz issued 5,000 signed sets of *The Jazz Scene*, a contemporary snapshot of the music at the intersection of swing, progressive and bop. Each contained six 78 rpm discs, program notes and a photo portfolio between its minimalist black covers bearing lowercase gold letters. The elegant design expressed jazz's growing perception of itself as a higher art. It also was so seductive one easily could overlook the mixed musical messages and the \$25 price, which was stiff indeed in 1949. But they were snapped up inside a year, and try to find one today.

Of the original 12 pieces, at least four would attain stature and reissue exposure: Coleman Hawkins' unaccompanied "Picasso," Charlie Parker's "Repetition" and "The Bird," Bud Powell's "Cherokee" and the Lester Young/Nat Cole "I Want To Be Happy." But the original collation disappeared in the mid-'60s after being reduced to a proletarian single LP! This reissue restores not only the original collation, but five alternate takes, 21 related sides and, most important, the sense of occasion that gave the original its panache. (Read the 1950 *Down Beat* 5-star review by the late Mike Levin printed inside the wrap-around folio.)

We get 100 pages of photos and text (including a fine, updated perspective by Brian Priestly), all ring-bound into the cover. Nichell Delville's flawless art direction reminds us that high style need not violate the reader's right to clear legibility. The sound is bright and wears the soft crackle of the old 78 surfaces without apology or computerized coyness. Granz should be well pleased that the catalog he built finally has passed into the hands of people of taste and a shared sensibility.

Today, of course, a sense of history has replaced the sense of occasion. *The Jazz Scene* is necessarily dated. Granz cast an inclusive, unrestricted and not-always discriminating net. Aside from the aforementioned, the result was a curious album of oddities, a number of which have become orphans without historical category. A Ralph Burns piece and especially George Handy's "The Bloos" (both of which are reprised in alternates) must have sounded a good deal more important at the time than they



Flip Phillips jams with Norman Granz, Feb. '49

seem now, what with their somewhat contrived quirkiness. The same might be said for the Neal Hefti cuts. Strings turn up on half the numbers, including two by Harry Carney, suggesting jazz's eagerness to wear the robes of legitimacy.

Disc two is filled with related items: pieces that didn't make the final cut, other items from the sessions, and so on. Of special interest are three Billy Strayhorn piano solos that add two new compositions to the Strayhorn canon, to my knowledge at least. Jo Jones' surpassing grace is instantly felt on Willie Smith's "No So Bop Blues." And Hawk honks and purrs on "Big Head" and five other tunes. *The Jazz Scene* closes with a bit of a stretch, but a welcome one: three fine 1955 Burns charts featuring Phillips and Roy Eldridge in top form.

Flip Phillips: *At The Helm: Live At The 1993 Floating Jazz Festival* (Chiaroscuro 327; 76:48: ★★★★★). Of the original headliners of '49, only Hefti, Burns and Phillips remain active; and Phillips is the only one still putting out regular records. His latest is a compendium of swing tenor unsurpassed by just about any other player these days. While *The Jazz Scene* straightjacketed him in Latin tempos, Derek Smith, Bucky Pizzarelli, Milt Hinton and Ray Mosca give him the kind of fast wheels his playing still thrives on. The sound, the intonation, the surging attack and elegant phrasing are all here in marvelously forceful and unadorned performances of "Jumpin' At The Woodside," "Sound Investment," "Just Friends" and a thinly veiled "Honeysuckle Rose" called "At The Helm." **DB**

New HDCD® Releases!



Classic charts in sizzling performances by Basie alumni CLARK TERRY and FRANK WESS, with the prize-winning *Jazz Ensemble I* from DePaul University. The best big band sound you ever heard, engineered by the legendary "Prof." Keith Johnson with the revolutionary HDCD® process. (RR-63, CD or Analogue 2-LP)



Milt Hinton, Joe Wilder, Phil Bodner, Butch Miles, Urbie Green, Bucky Pizzarelli, Joe Temperley and Frank Wess: some of the greatest who lived and played through *The Age of Swing* have been brought together once again, maybe for the last time. Dick Hyman arranged small groups, and "Prof." Johnson recorded these giants of jazz in a real concert hall with great acoustics, in the latest HDCD® sound. (RR-59, CD or Analogue 2-LP)

★ ★ ★ ½ -Downbeat

At better music stores, or direct.  
Check / Visa / Mastercard  
Free catalogue / Dealer inquiries invited.  
TO ORDER: 800-336-8866



Box 77225X, San Francisco CA 94107  
Canada: May Audio Marketing 514-651-5707

A Label With  
 Legendary Affect



It's Never Too Early To Be  
 Called A Legend

THOMAS CHAPIN

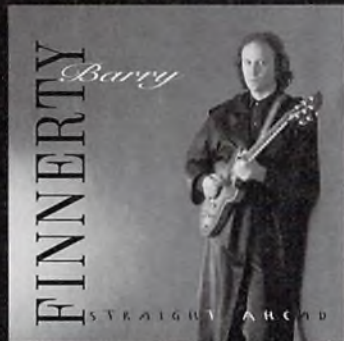


AJ0115

YOU DON'T KNOW ME  
 featuring Tom Harrell

You've heard his guitar  
 on the legendary  
 recordings of the Brecker  
 Brothers, the Crusaders, &  
 Miles Davis—now BARRY  
 FINNERTY comes at you  
 "Straight Ahead"

BARRY FINNERTY



AJ0116

STRAIGHT AHEAD

with  
 David Kikoski—piano  
 Mike Richmond—bass  
 Victor Lewis—drums

Available at all fine record stores

For a free catalogue write  
 Arabesque Jazz 10 West 37th Street  
 New York N.Y. 10018 or call 1-800-966-1416

B E Y O N D

Third World Exotica

by Larry Birnbaum

The media hype over world music has died down, but the sounds just keep on coming.

As jazz, rock, dance and classical artists spice their music with ethnic exotica, third-world musicians reciprocate, lacing their high-tech productions with Western flavors. If there's a common thread running through recent African, Caribbean and Brazilian releases, it's that they all try to reach an international audience while satisfying the folks back home.

**Baaba Maal: *Firin' In Fouta* (Mango 162-539 944-2; 55:08; ★★★★★<sup>1/2</sup>)** Maal claimed fame in his native Senegal by reviving folk forms from throughout the country and fusing them with Youssou N'Dour's modern *mbalax* style. On his latest album he finds a sleek global groove that meshes Senegalese rhythms with hip-hop, salsa and reggae beats, interlacing African koras with Celtic harps and talking drums with synthesizers. Rap, jazz, soul and new-age motifs segue smoothly into sampled work songs from Maal's hometown of Podor, but the kitchen-sink mix seems superfluous. With his own hard-edged band anchoring the cosmopolitan studio ensemble, Maal's powerful, Islamic-inflected singing and insidious, semi-sweet melodies are as riveting as the eclectic accouterments are distracting.

**Mansour Seck: *N'der Fouta Tooro Vol. 1* (Stern's Africa 1061; 51:13; ★★★★★)** Baaba Maal's childhood friend and longtime band mate steps out on his own with this spine-chilling album of unplugged traditional music. Unlike Maal, Seck was born into the musical griot caste, and the tunes here have the magisterial air of court songs—sparse and dry, yet stately and elegant. Seck alternates lead vocals with another griot, Ousmane Hamady Diop, and Maal makes a guest appearance on "Tabakaly," wailing passionately to the winding accompaniment of a lone kora. With acoustic guitars elsewhere filling in for folkloric instruments, the sound isn't strictly trad, but the blues connection comes through loud and clear.

**Boukan Ginen: *Jou A Rive* (Xenophile 4024; 66:26; ★★★★★<sup>1/2</sup>)** Formed by defecting members of Boukman Eksperans, this Haitian roots-rock outfit features lead singer Eddy Francois' soulfully rasping tenor and arranger Jimmy Jean-Felix's Van Halen-esque guitar. They radiate their own brilliant light, energized by a voodoo rhythm section led by Evens Seney. Folk and pop fuse seamlessly on revolutionary stomps like "Nèg Anwo" and "Travay," and the band soars like a *rara* rocket on long carnival anthems like "Pale Pale W" and "An N Ale Wè," bursting with cultural pride and percussive power even as they bewail their country's bitter plight.



Sleek global groove: Baaba Maal

**Daniela Mercury: *Musica De Rua* (Sony Latin 81419; 45:51; ★★★★★)** Some Brazilian singers seduce softly, but this Bahia-bred dance diva conquers with clarion vocals, captivating hooks, pounding rhythms and a powerhouse production. Elsewhere, drum machines augment the berimbaus and cufcas, and the rhythm turns to samba-hip-hop. Musical influences range from Michael Jackson to Benin's Angeli-que Kidjo, whose "Batonga" samba-reggae queen Mercury covers in Portuguese as "Saudade." But the cosmopolitan material is mostly for home consumption.

**Sierra Maestra: *¡Dundunbanza!* (World Circuit 041; 47:27; ★★★★★)** This Havana band pays tribute here to the Cuban dance music of the '40s and '50s, drawing heavily from the repertoire of the legendary Arsenio Rodriguez. The approach is traditional—swaggering trumpet, ripping piano, percolating percussion and robust, resonant vocals—but the sound is timeless, with just a hint of modern swing. Performed with loving authenticity and captured in a state-of-the-art London recording, Rodriguez classics like "Kila Kike Y Chocolate" and the title track come radiantly to life. But the most striking tune is a retro take on Willie Colon's "Juana Peña," bringing New York salsa back to its roots.

**The Skatalites: *Hi-Bop Ska* (Shanachie 45019; 67:46; ★★★★★<sup>1/2</sup>)** The original Skatalites lasted hardly more than a year in the mid-'60s, during which time they defined the sound of ska, backed a host of Jamaican singers, and paved the way for reggae. The four founding members at the core of this reformed ensemble reaffirm their jazz roots in vibrant style here, with help from guests like David Murray, Lester Bowie and Steve Turre, whose occasional squawks and squeals fit right in with the jaunty riffs and jerky rhythms. New compositions blend easily with classics like "Guns Of Navarone" and "Man In The Street," with vocals by Prince Buster and Toots & the Maytals breaking up the mostly instrumental session.

DB



# BLINDFOLD TEST

JUNE 1995

## Maynard Ferguson

by Dave Helland

The "Blindfold Test" is a listening test that challenges the featured artist to identify the musicians who performed on selected recordings. The artist is then asked to rate each tune using a 5-star system. No information about the recordings is given to the artist prior to the test.

**E**lected to *Down Beat's* Hall of Fame by his fans in 1992, Maynard Ferguson is one of jazz's remaining road warriors, playing 200-plus dates a year. His career began in his native Canada as a teenager leading a big band and playing the trumpet hits of the day. A stint with Stan Kenton in the early '50s brought him to the attention of jazz fans everywhere.

"There's so many great young trumpet players out there now," says Ferguson. "A lot are coming out with the predominant influence—which is a great combination—of Miles and Wynton. You hear it in what classical trumpet players refer to as the 'missed' notes. They're not really missed, that's just the way they're playing them."

Ferguson's latest release is *It's The Gospel Truth* (Avenue Jazz). His *The Complete Roulette Recordings Of Maynard Ferguson And His Orchestra* is available from Mosaic.

### Randy Brecker

"When It Was" (from *Brecker Brothers' Out Of The Loop*, GRP, 1994) Brecker, trumpet; Michael Brecker, tenor sax; Robbie Kilgore, Maz Kessler, rhythm programming.

I love that kind of thing—the pulsation is great. The drummer was not showing off the most incredible display of technique in the history of modern American drumming—instead of that he gave us the groove.

The trumpet had a nice lyrical feel to it. Sometimes, especially guys like me that have a certain amount of technique, we have to be careful that we don't display too much of that on tunes that really don't warrant it. The tenor player has his upper harmonics together. 3½, and I have a hunch if I heard a different cut I would have liked that even better.

### Paul Smoker

"Caravan" (from *Alone, Sound Aspects*, 1988) Smoker, trumpet; Phil Haynes, drums; Ron Rohovit, bass.

That was an amazing display of technique, first of all. There's a lot of confidence in his playing. This reminds me of things going on in Europe where a lot of classical musicians were into the freedom forms of jazz as it was called. Classical pianists got into it because they found it hard to play "One O'Clock Jump," but they could really buzz and smoke on technically demanding things. Free thought allowed them to create their own changes pretty much when they wanted to, though this is based on the beginning and end of "Caravan." To rate this technically, everybody, the drummer included, has a lot of chops, and I feel sometimes you have to rate things higher because of what the artist was saying and wanting to do. I give it 4 stars. I had terrific admiration for what was played rather than any great love for it. These guys obviously love the direction they're taking, and I respect that—I enjoyed listening to it. I'll tell you what, he was really pumping those valves and has an extremely good double-tongue technique.

### Wynton Marsalis

"I Can't Get Started" (from *Tune In Tomorrow*, Columbia, 1990) Marsalis, trumpet.

I love that way of playing. This was lovely and very lyrical. The genius of Ellington sounds through once again with the chords and



RONALD HEARD

voicings they're using. It reminds me of Slide Hampton or Benny Golson's writing in terms of getting into beautiful changes, although not the original changes. Still, you're not taking it out so far you're turning it into a scholastic exercise. 3½ stars for the writing, and for the trumpet playing at least 4 because it is so clean and lovely.

### Wallace Roney

"Muerte" with an excerpt from "The Art Of The Fugue" (from *Misterios*, Warner Bros., 1994) Roney, trumpet.

Very nice mood, especially at the end. The trumpet player really has great ears. He runs beautifully through changes; obviously, he's a very fine jazz player. He goes into some out chords, then it feels very classical toward the end—almost like a different writer. The instrumentation being used gives a classical feeling not unlike [Miles Davis'] *Sketches Of Spain*. 4 stars.

### Shorty Rogers

"Chances Are" (from *Swingers*, RCA/Bluebird, 1958) Rogers, trumpet; Mel Lewis, drums.

Here is the old-fashioned concept of letting everybody blow. Probably, the leader is a nice guy. I'd like to hear two soloists on a tune, yet I'm a funny guy to talk that way because we have long solos in our band. We're more like Ellington's concept of not worrying about everybody getting to play and shortening everybody up. Give it 3½ stars, 3 stars. Incidentally, the music is better than the way they made the drums sound. We hear some thuds there I would like to have heard recorded better.

DH: *This is Shorty Rogers.*

Shorty and I were together in Stan Kenton's band. He was a great jazz trumpet player and a marvelous composer/arranger. I said this was a nice guy—Shorty was one of the sweetest guys you'd ever meet.

### Steven Bernstein

"Bemsha Swing/Lively Up Yourself" (from *Medeski Martin & Wood's It's A Jungle In Here*, Gramavision, 1993) Bernstein, trumpet.

I really like this. Along with the outness, they're really pumping some rhythmic content. The trumpet player feels comfortable in this context, whereas in some other out things we hear, the soloist is really uncomfortable. Sometimes you feel the pay-attention-or-I'll-play-the-wrong-changes feeling from a great player, which makes him a mediocre player. I'll give it 3½ just because they made the effort to do something besides playing "Tiny's Blues." **DB**