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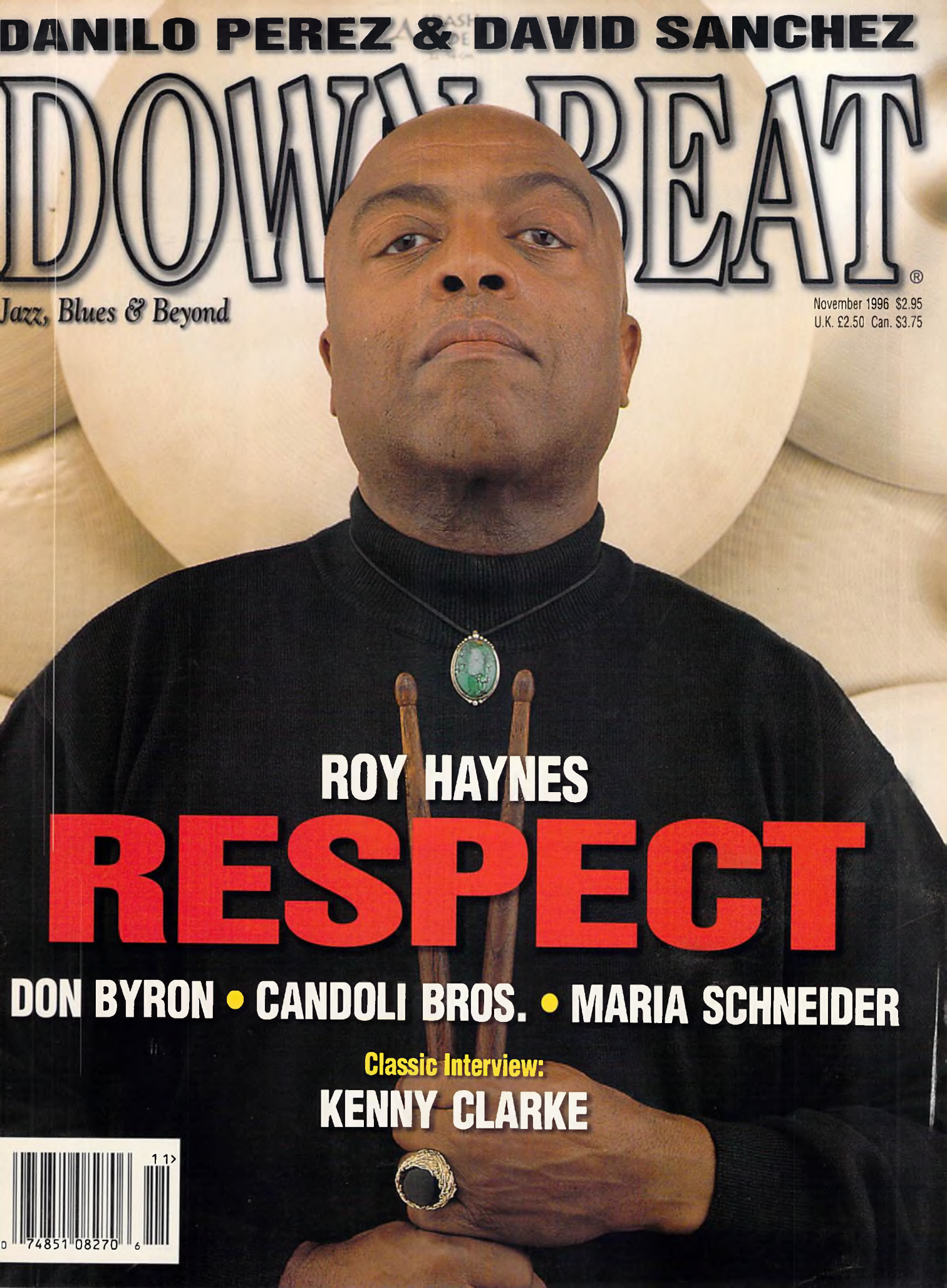

ROY HAYNES

RESPECT

DON BYRON • CANDOLI BROS. • MARIA SCHNEIDER

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A RIDE

ROY HAYNES
RESPECT

By Howard Mandel

Roy Haynes is on time, in time, of time, *with* time. "Oh, I always forget the years," laughs the sharp-edged drummer. If he can't pin down exactly when a legendary gig, tour or session occurred during his 50-plus-year career—and actually, he recalls nearly everything—you have to forgive him. You see, it's not just that Haynes played such a vital part in late-20th century American music and recorded so indelibly alongside everyone starting with Lester Young, Sarah Vaughan, Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, Tadd Dameron, Thelonious Monk, Bud Powell, Miles Davis and John Coltrane, not to mention his own seriously hip ensembles. The thing is, Haynes is happening *now*.

"Roy Haynes is the man of the hour," lauds pianist Chick Corea, who just finished a world tour and recording project with an all-star Tribute To Bud Powell band that included Haynes (don't forget, Haynes was the one member who actually played with Powell, as documented on the classic '49 date *The Amazing Bud Powell, Vol. 1* with Sonny Rollins and Fats Navarro; see p. 67). Indeed, with his every strike of the ride cymbal, every measure of subtle accompaniment, every immediate (albeit intricate), elegant (but sure-not-as-easy-as-it-looks) percussive pattern fusing rhythm with melody via personal flair, Haynes makes each moment count.

"This year has really been something," the drummer enthuses, fresher at 71 than most 20-year-olds. In addition to taking Best Contemporary Jazz Recording honors for 1995's *Te-Vou!* at this year's National Association of Independent Record Distributors and Manufacturers convention, Haynes has lent swinging uplift and forward rush to the Stephane Grappelli/Michel Petrucciani Quartet on the brand-new *Flamingo* and appeared onscreen in *The Preacher's Wife* backing up Whitney Houston and Lionel Richie. Explosive as fireworks behind Donald Harrison and Don Braden at the Chicago Jazz Festival over Labor Day weekend, Haynes stands poised to storm the Village Vanguard the first week of November with his dependably up-to-the-minute aggregate—currently drawing on players including pianists Dave Kikoski and Darrell Grant, bassists Dwayne Burno and Ed Howard, the aforementioned saxophonists and sometimes, as at Carnegie Hall last winter, trumpeter Graham Haynes, his son.

Haynes isn't tall, but he's imposing, head shaved bare but for a soul patch at the nape of his neck, wearing a salmon-orange silk shirt over yellow houndstooth-checkered slacks. His facial expressions—by turns attentive, inquisitive, skeptical, agreeable—invite and inspire response. But you don't want to

interrupt him; just make him comfortable, listen to his stories, glean some wisdom. As Corea says: "I'd never write a drum part for Roy, never! I'd try to sketch something that will inspire him to play. He doesn't read music; he *is* music." As fellow drummer Jack DeJohnette says, "He's my man!"

Haynes is a man of unapologetically modern jazz, though one with deep knowledge of and affection for the artistic tradition exemplified by drummers of his Boston upbringing (including Cozy Cole and Jonathan Jo Jones), stars, peers and fellow comers of his early professional life such as Kenny Clarke, Max Roach and Art Blakey.

"As a kid I heard everything," explains Haynes, certified as a Jazz Master just last year by the National Endowment for the Arts. "Stephane Grappelli in Django Reinhardt's Hot Club, Bing Crosby, Glenn Miller, a lot of Art Tatum, all the singers, [Count] Basie's band, Duke [Ellington]'s band. I had an older brother who had all the records. My ears were open to everything, including Irish music—Boston was all Irish—and the Jewish music from the funerals at the synagog across the street from where we lived. In the '30s and early '40s, my neighborhood, Roxbury, was like the UN.

"I was a drum major in my school band, calling the shots. Then the second year of junior high a teacher sent me to the principal's office for drumming on the desks with my hands, and he told me not to come back until I had my parents with me. My mother always told me that the principal didn't even look up while he talked to her, and he spoke of me like I was the worst child in the world. So I didn't go back to that school much after that.

"Instead, I went to school with Lester Young and Charlie Parker and Luis Russell. I've learned a lot being a musician, traveling around the world, meeting all different types of people, learning about their lifestyles. This music can take you up to Harlem, down to Brooklyn, off to Bangkok, Thailand, where a few years ago I got to hang out with the King and Queen. I can stand on a street corner, chatting with somebody I just met, or talk to the president of our country at the White House. It's wide, this music. Deep, too.

"I first came to New York in 1945 to join Luis Russell's big, nationally touring dance band—he'd never heard me, but I'd been recommended by an alto sax player named Charlie Holmes," a member of the Louis Armstrong retinue who met Haynes playing private parties in Connecticut. "Russell believed in me so much he sent me a one-way train ticket. I started with him at the Savoy Ballroom, checking out the charts, counting bars, and I didn't realize I was innovating, but the guys told


ALAN NAHIGIAN

my brother when we came to Boston that I'd changed the sound of the band.

"I must have had something back then. I knew I could swing. I knew that.

"I joined Lester Young in October of 1947, starting at the Savoy Ballroom in Harlem. That same week I accompanied Billie Holiday for the first time, excited as hell because I was always into her. And just to be around Lester Young, to hear him talk!

"Then after two years I joined Sarah Vaughan, and I played the summer of 1952 with Ella Fitzgerald and Hank Jones and Nelson Boyd, which was memorable. During that period Ella was scatting, singing fast. To play with Ella was like to play with Count Basie's band. To play with Sarah was like to play with Bird [Charlie Parker]. To play with Billie Holiday was like to play with Pres [Lester Young]."

What distinguished Haynes' drumming even then was its spark of brashness, anchored however in the closest imaginable listening. "As far as introducing things to jazz drumming that were different, I don't know what I did. I just had certain things in my head I wanted to play, and I played those things. I never played the bass drum *boom-boom-boom-boom*; my bass drum is more felt than heard, except for accents.

"I think the beat is supposed to be there within you, within everybody, once a tempo is established. You don't need anybody waving a stick at you, counting for you. If the beat is there, you just accompany the person. You don't have to say, '*One*, two, three, four'—your playing should say that, whatever you're doing. I leave the beat and play 'round it, still thinking in terms of 4/4, or 3/4, or whatever the meter may be.

"Of course, you can't do certain things with certain people; some things may not work, may make you sound horrible. But you try to surround yourself with guys who are going to try to complement what you're saying musically. When I get a

"YOU CAN LIFT UP PEOPLE WITH THE MUSIC IF IT'S TIGHT, IF EVERYBODY'S SAYING SOMETHING, IF NOBODY'S DEPENDING ON JUST ONE PERSON. NOT LIKE THE OLD DAYS, WHEN EVERYBODY DEPENDED ON THE DRUMMER TO CARRY THEM. I WANT TO BE CARRIED, TOO!"

quartet or quintet or whatever together, there has to be some understanding among the guys. Then you can go to the moon!

"And there's an audience for that—you can take the audience there with you. Young men and young ladies and older people, all smiling. You can lift up people with the music if it's tight, if everybody's saying something, if nobody's depending on just one person. Not like the old days, when everybody depended on the drummer to carry them. I want to be carried, too!

"I like to be an equal creative participant. I wouldn't want to play on a record where the leader has a certain thing for me to play and I can't do anything else. Today, you can get drummers who can read anything, remember anything that you want them to play. ... Usually people get me for what *I* do. I've been given parts to play—like on Sarah Vaughan with strings, Charlie Parker with strings, but there was a lot of space, too, for me to use imagination. I'd probably play more than they could have written, anyhow.

"In the old days a drum part was mostly a guide. With a big band, I'd get with the first trumpet player, who'd usually sit up high, next to the drummer. He'd have to be hip to my concept and come in strong to bring the rest of the band in. The lead alto player, too, would have to understand, but mostly the lead trumpeter.

"I filled in with Duke's band once, I played with Basie's band and it worked, everybody was happy. But I don't play with big bands much anymore."

If he did, his focus would still be where it is—on the surfaces within reach, the skins and shields from which he'll wring surging soundwaves and rhythms. "You can do something musical with each one of the drums, each part of the drums and cymbals. I can't break it down, but I think about it as I'm listening, and as I'm playing I'm searching.

"I think about the music, not the individual players, even when I'm working with groups like Chick's all-star group remembering Bud Powell, with Wallace Roney and Christian McBride and Joshua Redman, and towards the end of the tour, Kenny Garrett. We started that tour at Wolf Trap outside of Washington, D.C., in June, finished it in August at the Hollywood Bowl. Yeah, I've known Chick a long time—first in Stan Getz's band with [bassist] Steve Swallow in the '60s. But I hadn't played with him since the early '80s, when we toured in Europe and recorded for ECM.

"I carried five tom-toms on that tour and kept them tuned—my ears were my pitchfork—so the melody was there. I had two flat rides with me, Zildjians, a K and an A; I sort of introduced flat rides in the '60s. I used one on Chick's *Now He Sings, Now He Sobs*, his first solo record.

"Anyway, I try to play all over my cymbals, not just the bell or just the edge. With the drums, too, I want to draw the sound *out* of the instrument, whereas

some players beat the sound *in*. Trying to get the sound out, that's my approach—dancing with it. And allowing for air. Leaving space is very important.

"I play brushes when it's appropriate; with Sarah I played the slowest brushes in the world because she sang the slowest ballads. I played them 'wrong' then, leading with the left hand, making the swirl or circle with the right. That was my way of keeping it full; when it's slow there can be a lot of emptiness, but it has to have intensity even if it's slow, and you have to figure out a way to do that without doubling the tempo—that's my feeling, anyway. And with my approach, trying to draw the sound out of the instrument, you don't hit it hard, just a certain way. With touch."


JEFF SEDLIK

Ah, the fabled Haynes touch. The ineffable charm that's won him note as a figure of enviably casual fashion. The polished down-to-earthness that seems to endear him to his bandmates. The highly flammable mixture of charisma and skill that ignites during each of his drum breaks to highlight what's real and not in performance, to distill or concentrate the power of collective improvisation and, by whatever means is most appropriate, bring jazz to a boil.

"Touch will take you a long way. It will lengthen your career. Chick has a great touch; he's easy to play with like that. He plays percussively, too—not forcefully, necessarily, but mixing staccato and legato phrases, things that are more sustained, so what he plays is articulated, percussive in that way.

"Bud played percussively in the '40s, but during his hospital stays they took a lot of that out of him. Man, on those dates I was on with him and Sonny and Fats, and before that, he could play. He could play an intro so percussively to put you right into the tune, make *you* want to play. The fire was there, by God!

"Looking back: Have I had an interesting career, or what? Look at it! I don't know if there are still people like Monk and Bud today: to have played with both of those guys! I played with Louis Armstrong on the road for one week, touring the Deep South with the big band, without rehearsing or anything, in 1946. Pat Metheny and Chick and Gary Burton, we're talking about doing something together, coming up. I've got gigs scheduled into '98! From Louis Armstrong to Pat Metheny—and so many in between!

"Oh yeah, one I've forgotten. Arvell Shaw, the bassist, he lives in my neighborhood, and he'll say, 'Roy, remember that time we played with Sidney Bechet?' I forgot about that!"

Listeners will not forget Roy Haynes, drummer, locked in confidently commanding sync with Phineas Newborn and Paul Chambers on *We Three*, his unfaltering orchestral pitch on Oliver Nelson's *The Blues And The Abstract Truth*, the probing quality of his quartet date *Out Of The Afternoon* with Tommy Flanagan, Roland Kirk and Henry Grimes, his musical epiphanies in league

with Eric Dolphy, Ron Carter, Jaki Byard, Kenny Burrell, Richard Davis, Joe Henderson, Stanley Cowell, Milcho Leviev, Booker Ervin and unsuspected but not-so-surprising others like Ray Charles and Etta Jones.

"When we did that [Powell] record in 1949, the one with Sonny and Fats, Bud said, 'People will be playing this stuff 10 years from now.' That was 1949, and here Chick goes on tour with us to celebrate Bud Powell in 1996. Before we'd go onstage, there'd be a tape playing with [soul keyboardist/vocalist] Isaac Hayes talking about Bud, and some of Bud's cuts, and on one you could hear my hi-hat—and here I come from the wings!

"That in itself is kind of unique. I feel like I've been here a long time ago and I'm back. There have been times when they've said I've been overlooked, neglected, but I can't say that about now. I feel like I've been born again, and I don't know how that feels, but that's how I feel. It's weird!" And it's great. And it's not giving Roy Haynes pause. It's just encouraging him to keep playing, in the present. **DB**

EQUIPMENT

"I'm with Yamaha now, after all those years with Ludwig. I just wanted to try some new stuff," Roy Haynes says. "I had five tom-toms on the tour with Chick, three on the rack and two on the floor. The sizes were maybe an 8" x 12", a 9" x 13", and then a smaller one a little bigger than a bongo.

"I had 16-inch and 14-inch toms on the floor. And I just got a new Yamaha tympani I use mainly in New York, when there's room. My bass drum is 18 inches, the tympani is 23, so there's more depth. It doesn't have a pedal; it's called 'hand-cranking,' so you can only use one hand if you're using the other to change the pitch while you're playing it. Sometimes I just play it as part of the set when I want to get down there, play low.

I use two crash cymbals, so on tour I had two flat cymbals and one flat ride, three cymbals plus the hi-hat, Zildjians, exclusively. And I've introduced a new Zildjian Roy Haynes drum stick, equivalent to about a 7A, a medium, or maybe rock drummers would say it's light. I added half an inch to my old drum stick, put it in the back so the front is the same. Length gives you bounce. It's a matter of balance, equipoise and the distribution of power."

SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

TE-VOU!—Dreyfus 36469
WHEN IT'S HAYNES IT ROARS—Dreyfus 36556
LIVE AT THE RIVERBOP—EPM Musique 15203
HOMECOMING—Evidence 22092
MY SHINING HOUR—Storyville 4199
TRUE OR FLASE—Free Lance 007
CRACKLIN'—Fantasy/OJC 818 (with Booker Ervin)
WE THREE—Fantasy/OJC 196 (with Phineas Newborn & Paul Chambers)

with various others
FLAMINGO—Dreyfus 36580 (Stephane Grappelli & Michel Petrucciani)
WANTON SPIRIT—Verve 522364 (Kenny Barron)
QUESTION AND ANSWER—Geffen 24293 (Pat Metheny)
FOCUS—Verve 821982 (Stan Getz)
THE AMAZING BUD POWELL, VOL. 1—Blue Note 81503
THE COMPLETE BLUE NOTE & ROOST RECORDINGS—Blue Note 4-30083 (Bud Powell)
THE COMPLETE SARAH VAUGHAN ON MERCURY, VOL 2—Mercury 5-826327
THELONIOUS IN ACTION—Fantasy/OJC 103 (Thelonious Monk)
TUNE UP—Natasha Imports 4008 (Miles Davis & Stan Getz)
OUT FRONT!—Fantasy/OJC 1842 (Jaki Byard)
NOW HE SINGS, NOW HE SOBS—Blue Note 90055 (Chick Corea)
TRIO MUSIC LIVE IN EUROPE—ECM 21310 (Chick Corea)
THE BLUES AND THE ABSTRACT TRUTH—Impulse! 154 (Oliver Nelson)
THE COMPLETE ALLADIN RECORDINGS OF LESTER YOUNG—Blue Note 2-32787
LIVE AT THE ROYAL ROOST 1948—Musidisc 550092 (Lester Young)
MASTER TAKES— Savoy Jazz 250 (Lester Young)
CONFIMRATION: BEST OF THE VERVE YEARS—Verve 2-527-815 (Charlie Parker)

Agent On

"This is a zero-klezmer night," Don Byron notified a Knitting Factory audience last January. "So, don't even bother asking." The clarinetist had a smile on his puss as he explained the evening's ground rules—he's one of jazz's great stage rappers, able to charm a whole room with a string of impromptu witticisms. But he's also one of the most frank cats you'll ever come across—the announcement had a tone of warning to it as well.

Having earned substantial acclaim for his update of Mickey Katz's amusing klez, *Don Byron Plays The Music Of Mickey Katz* (1993), Byron has been somewhat saddled with the persona of being the black guy who does the Jewish music. The truth is he "does" many musics. That night he was recording a group composed of bassist Kenny Davis, drummer Smitty Smith, guitarist David Gilmore and pianist Uri Caine. Anyone waiting for Yiddish novelty tunes was left out in the cold. Instead, Byron and his band—or, more accurately, one of his bands—kicked off the show with a blistering take of Ornette's "W.R.U.," and subsequently tore ass through the leader's ever-growing songbook.

By Byron's account, the gig (and the newish document thereof, *No-Vibe Zone: Live At The Knitting Factory*) wasn't as killing as some prior presentations at the Village Vanguard, but it proved one thing: The quintet is a ridiculously tight outfit capable of inspired romping, sans the rubber chicken and gefilte fish. Some eight months later, in a conversation that took place in a couple of different New York locations, he explained that it's more than a little frustrating to be considered from a single perspective.

"I run into people all the time who don't know I made anything after the Mickey Katz record," Byron laments incredulously. "No matter how much I've done before and after, it always seems to be that stuff they want to talk about and hear. Sometimes I'm sorry I did it. Like when [Village Voice critic] Gary Giddins writes about me, he always has

omnijazz

Don Byron

story by Jim Macnie

photo by Anthony Barboza

to mention [the klezmer], and it's always in jest, as if it's ridiculous that I would play anything other than jazz. The other day I was telling a writer about my new poetry project, Existential Dread, and he says, 'That's a depressing name; your music is usually more lively.' More lively? But the more I talked to him, the more I realized that he thought the Katz stuff was my music."

That guy must not have been on the New York scene in August, when Byron rocked with Existential Dread at the KF, helped detonate the hip-hop explosions of Vernon Reid's Masque at Lollapolooza, played his evocative score to the silent film *Scar Of Shame* under the stars at Brooklyn's Prospect Park Bandshell, and put the finishing touches on *Bug Musik*, his new disc of compositions by John Kirby, Raymond Scott and Duke Ellington. And I guess that same guy didn't hear Byron's guest appearance on *Bar-B-Que Dali* (DiscLexia), the quite coercive sonic safari of "100 percent improvised music" that the San Francisco ensemble President's Breakfast released at the start of the summer. 'Tis a shame. Byron is an agent of omnijazz if there ever was one, and what he's up to is everything. As usual.

All this activity underscores the diversity that a bird's-eye view of the clarinetist's work would certify. The wide-open President's Breakfast outing is exactly the opposite of the detailed scripts that drive *Bug Musik*. Jazz is a language with several vernaculars and loads of lingo. One of Byron's strengths is his adroit handling of the situation at hand, regardless of stylistic protocol.

You'll find Byron on Masque's new *Mistaken Identity*—his clarinet is in there with bass, drums, turntable and theramin. "The thing that's interesting about Don's playing," assures Reid, "is that his approach to the horn is very unsentimental. So there's real tension there. He can play the classics, all the things associated with the clarinet. But he's a modernist, too. He never gets hung up on that 'I'm only doing my new shit' stuff to the degree that he ignores the history of the instrument. We have a real sympatico; I don't have to tell him what I want. He knows. People should only work with people that they dig ... or whose work they have a vibe for."

Byron sure has a vibe with pianist Uri Caine. As the sound check for the Prospect Park gig comes to an end, Caine, the clarinetist and bassist Kenny Davis hang for a bit, fooling with some unabashed swing that has elements of stride and boogie. Caine's way with bouncing while stretching is advanced, and the level of communication between him and Byron has been honed on countless gigs. Caine's new disc *Toys* contains a duet by the pair on Herbie Hancock's "Cantaloupe Island." And *Bug Musik* finds them sharing the action on Ellington's "Blue Bubbles." The maneuvers are the kind you'd find happening on both a chess board and playground.

"You get in there and look around," says Caine of the collaborative process. "There are a lots of things you don't have to talk about ... things that just happen, and you ultimately learn how to trade it around. It's about personal rapport, but it's translated into musical

things. We're coming together, and splitting apart, and coming back—Don's into the sensitivity of that. But he's also into the formal aspect of how to do things, start and finish ideas. It is fun, but you try to get a deeper feeling, too: changing textures and making things have a dramatic narrative, going toward goals. Many times with other musicians, it doesn't work. It's too risky, and it's not everybody's style."

On *Bug Musik*, it's "Blue Bubbles" that breaks from the dapper arrangements to allow room for extended improv. The record is Byron's salute to the edifying rigors of writing. One of Nonesuch's press blabs has him declaring that composition is the "only universal truth in music." The music is made by a large ensemble that includes saxophonists Steve Wilson and Bob DeBellis, trumpeters Steve Bernstein and Charles Lewis, and a variety of drummers (Pheeroan akLaff, Joey Baron and Billy Hart are on board). The shared traits of the pieces chosen from each composer are buoyancy and puckishness. Kirby's music in particular has been on Byron's love list for awhile.

"His stuff hasn't reached the hipness thing that Scott's or Esquivel's has," Byron explains. "He was a brother and he had a whole range of popularity in his day ... he pioneered a lot of shit. His was one of the early bands to have its own radio show, to play society gigs in mixed company—a lot of firsts associated with his group. They worked the good side of the Lawrence Welk vibe—this sprightly thing. But when you try to play something like that, you realize how difficult it is to correctly catch."

The cummerbund decorum is in high relief on pieces like "Frasquita Serenade" and "Royal Garden Blues." It's a music of intricacy, which is partially why it shares a spot on the disc with Scott's timeless mania. The swinging Rube Goldberg aura to "The Quinette Plays Carmen" is just as elaborate and whimsical as Kirby's take on Tchaikovsky, "Bounce Of The Sugarplum Fairy."

"It's amazing to read Gunther Schuller's book [*Early Jazz*] and hear what he says about Scott and Kirby, because—it's like, 'Am I listening to the same cats?' People resent black musicians for stepping outside what they're supposed to know. Somehow it was an offense for Kirby to step outside of jazz, not be a real Negro. On the other hand, both guys are linked, because it was definitely the small-group success of Scott that inspired Kirby. The record is about the Kirby vibe, because I sympathize with him. In those days, they didn't have no brothers in the New York Phil. Back then it was something just to be able to hear how great Tchaikovsky or Chopin's stuff was, and want to participate directly. 'Hey, let's play that!' I do that in a very different way, but I definitely know what that impulse is ... and it's natural. Because if you're a real musician, wherever you hear the shit you recognize it. If Stravinsky was in a room with Coltrane, he'd recognize it.

and vice versa. It's smaller minds that can't dig the achievement of another person just because they're not of the same genre, social strata or ethnic background."

That kind of perceived intercultural myopia is what led the clarinetist to title the record *Bug Musik*. It's taken from his favorite episode of *The Flintstones*, where Fred and Wilma's "hillbilly cousins" hit Bedrock for a visit and turn out to be atrocious house guests. A visit to the World's Fair is the crux of further argument, because they're going to present bug musik there. It's a typical mid-'60s spoof on the Beatles and the British Invasion bands. "By the time I saw it nobody would ever be thinking about the Beatles that way," clarifies Byron. "So it became this fable of subjectivity. Things can change so much; what needs to last and what needs to be discarded are always being discussed. In different ways, Scott and Kirby are victims of that. Yet for me, compositionally they're the closest to the early Ellington period. So I put some of the Ellington, played both in my vibe and in the authentic vibe, next to the scholarly takes of Scott and Kirby's music."

Byron had his own run-in with bug musik at home. A guy who thinks that pop star Dionne Farris' album *Wild Seed—Wild Flower* was hipper than any jazz disc last year, he explains how knowing about many musics is integral to an effective musical personality. He watches MTV, VH1 and listens to a lot of radio. Packing a bag for his next gig, he concludes that opportunities for potent collaborations are formed best when jealousies are given the old heave-ho.

"There's this longstanding image of the jazz musician as someone uncritical of music outside of jazz—that shit needs to go. For example, my father plays the bass, and when I was a kid, all the jazz musicians resented the Beatles. I remember watching them on Sullivan, and my dad would be running this incredible stuff. He'd say, 'Oh yeah, well Herbie Jones, he's playing behind the screen there, Herbie Jones. Those boys can't play ... they ain't good musicians ... that ain't bop, that ain't swing. ...' Hahaha! In a way, that shit still exists.

"Like a lot of these jazz cats could understand some Nirvana shit, but they don't want to do it, they don't want to go there. They'd rather than just make fun of [Kurt]Cobain for making money. I mean, c'mon, you just have to get past jazz." **DB**

EQUIPMENT

Don Byron plays a Buffet R-13 clarinet with antique French ligatures and Borbeck #11 and #12 mouthpieces. He uses Vandoren #5 antique (in the purple box) or Rico #4¼ (clipped) Grand Concert reeds.

Byron's bass clarinet is a Buffet Prestige with a Zinner mouthpiece and Marca #3½ or Glotin #3½ reeds.

His baritone sax is a Selmer "low A" with an Otto Link rubber mouthpiece (for "the early, jazzy stuff" he plays) or a Lawton mouthpiece with Rico Plasticover #5 reeds.

SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

BUG MUSIK—Nonesuch 79438
NO-VIBE ZONE—Knitting Factory 191
MUSIC FOR SIX MUSICIANS—Nonesuch 79354
DON BYRON PLAYS THE MUSIC OF MICKEY KATZ—Nonesuch 79354
TUSKEGEE EXPERIMENTS—Nonesuch 79280

with Bill Frisell
THIS LAND—Nonesuch 79316
HAVE A LITTLE FAITH—Nonesuch 79301

with Ralph Peterson
ORNETTOLOGY—Blue Note 98290
PRESENTS THE FO'TET—Blue Note 95475

with various others
WEIRD NIGHTMARE: MEDITATIONS ON MINGUS—Columbia 52739
BAR-B-QUE DALI—DiscLexia 028 (President's Breakfast)
MISTAKEN IDENTITY—550/epic 67396 (Vernon Reid)
BLUE LIGHT 'TIL DAWN—Blue Note 81357 (Cassandra Wilson)

The Candoli Brothers

When Jazz Met Show Biz

By John McDonough

Once upon a time, the geo-politics of jazz classification designated Los Angeles as a distinct wing of the music, like New Orleans, Chicago and Kansas City. But unlike those cities, whose musicians mainly eked out small livings in the colorful dives that fed the mythology of jazz, the Los Angeles scene was built on a healthy commercial industry sustained by movies, networks and records.

So the Los Angeles school lacked that sense of depravation, struggle and oppression (not counting the self-inflicted oppression of drugs) essential to the making of a folk myth. Although there was overlap, it was also distinct from what we know as "West Coast" jazz. That cool summer cocktail was largely mixed in the East by Claude Thornhill, Gil Evans, Miles Davis and Gerry Mulligan and exported west.

The lineage of this specific Los Angeles subspecie begins in the Stan Kenton bands of the 1940s, the source of most of the players who now personify this unique musical fraternity: Shorty Rogers, Bill Holman, Pete Rugolo, Howard Rumsey, Bud Shank, Bob Cooper, Shelly Manne and many more. Among the most prolific and familiar names on the list of Los Angeles prototypes are two trumpet-playing brothers who migrated west from Mishawaka, Ind., by way of Sonny Dunham, Tommy Dorsey, Woody Herman and finally Kenton. If you've studied personnel lists on the backs of L.A.-produced jazz LPs and CDs for any length of time, you've seen the names Pete Candoli and Conte Candoli with the regularity of the rising sun. For more than 50 years they have woven in and out of each other's careers and, together, through several chapters of jazz history, they have mastered the well-paying anonymity of the studio through hundreds of Frank Sinatra, Nat Cole and Ella Fitzgerald sessions.

This August, the Chicago Jazz Festival brought the trumpet team to town for some open-ended blowing. A few hours before curtain time, the Candolis met us in brother Pete's room in the SwissOtel, 20 floors above the Chicago River. Across the water, President Clinton was preparing to check out of the Sheraton Chicago after the Democratic National Convention.

Brothers Pete (left) and Conte Candoli relax on the patio of the SwissOtel before their set at this summer's Chicago Jazz Festival.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN BOZ

Around long enough to witness a dozen previous presidents, the Candolis are among the dwindling population of still-active players directly influenced by that remarkable confluence of trumpet giants that, within barely a decade, went from Louis Armstrong through Harry James and Roy Eldridge to Dizzy Gillespie. Pete was 13 when James joined Benny Goodman in 1936. He caught the fading influence of Armstrong, whom he impersonates both vocally and instrumentally in amazing detail. "I came of age around the time of Bunny Berigan and Harry," says Pete. "Harry got all the PR and was a born soloist, but I remember hearing Bunny doing such beautiful things with Tommy Dorsey like 'Marie.' "

And that influence guided the younger Candoli. "When I was getting into my teens," says Conte, "outside of Pete, I loved James. I would listen to him on the radio doing 'Flight Of The Bumble Bee,' and it scared me. Then I got with Roy Eldridge when I heard him do 'After You've Gone' with Gene Krupa. They were each spectacular players in their own way. Then at around 18 I started to move into Dizzy. I had first heard Diz a few years before when Pete was working with Dorsey at the Paramount Theater in 1943. After one of the shows he took me over to 52nd Street to hear Diz. He was up there with Don Byas, and I didn't know what to think. I was still copying Roy and wasn't sure what Diz was doing. It took me a few years to understand. I didn't appreciate Armstrong until I got a older. The same with Duke Ellington. When I was a kid, I thought they were a bunch of old men."

Pete Candoli was traveling with Sunny Dunham when he first recorded in July 1941 for Bluebird. The next year found him with Will Bradley, then Dorsey during 1943 and '44. But he hit his stride in the famous Woody Herman First Herd during its glory days of the mid-'40s. He played on all the early Herman classics: "Northwest Passage," "Caldonia," "Goosey Gander," "Wild Root" and "Apple Honey," which, according to Herman, Pete enlivened in personal appearances by jumping out onto the stage in a Superman outfit to play the final trumpet solo.

"I tried to join Woody at the Chicago Theater when I was in high school," Conte recalls. "I told him I was Pete's brother."

"And I said, 'No you're not,' " Pete injects. "'You're going to finish school.'"

Conte at 16 was having none of that "older brother" nonsense; he was determined to join. So Herman took him on tour during the summer of 1944, then stepped in with some binding arbitration. "He was great," Conte says. "He told me to go back to school and that he'd find a spot for me when I graduated."

Herman delivered on his promise, but it was the Kenton orchestra that drew the Candolis into that network of L.A. musicians who would become their most frequent associates in the years ahead.

By the mid-'50s the Candolis had settled in Southern California, where they carved out the studio careers that would subsidize much of their jazz work from then on.

For Conte, it was to be with the Lighthouse All-Stars, based in Hermosa Beach. Howard Rumsey, the bassist with the original Kenton band at Balboa in 1941, started running regular jam sessions at the Lighthouse in 1949, which soon became the biggest thing to hit L.A. since Norman Granz's Jazz At The Philharmonic concerts in 1944 and '45. And, like Granz's historic live productions, they promptly started spinning off LPs on Contemporary Records. In the '60s Conte played with vibist Terry Gibbs' "Dream Band," returned to Kenton often and enjoyed a long musical relationship with Shelly Manne. He stood in for his idol Dizzy Gillespie, whose style he reflects most completely, in the celebrated Supersax ensemble of the '70s and '80s. And then for more than 20 years there was nightly

exposure in the Tonight Show Band under Doc Severinsen.

"Doc transformed the Tonight band," Conte remembers. "Under Skitch Henderson, it was relaxed and laid back, strictly a staff band with the guys sitting around reading the paper. When the show came to California in 1972, Doc handpicked the men and created a real power outfit."

For Pete it would be steady work doing all manner of studio chores. He played most of the trumpet solos in the Time Life LP series of big band recreations in the '70s and rendered a flawless imitation of Bunny Berigan on the soundtrack of the Jack Lemmon film *Save The Tiger*. In 1958, both brothers appeared on camera in the Zodiac Club scene of *Bell, Book And Candle* casting an unnerving version of "Stormy Weather" (with Lemmon on bongos) on a frazzled Janice Rule.

It's a good example of how in L.A. jazz and show business consorted in ways less common in the East. In the late '50s George Duning, music potentate at Columbia Pictures, happened to hear the brothers play together in a Hollywood club. "He had just been assigned the music for *Bell, Book And Candle*," Conte recalls, "so he had us in mind from the start because he had written two-trumpet things himself along the line of what we were doing."

Sitting in the same room with the Candolis, it's hard to tell where one leaves off and the other begins, as the stories move between jazz and show biz. The brother act is not unusual in jazz to anyone who knows the Dorseys, the Adderleys, the Heaths and the Joneses. But few brothers have become peers on the same instrument. With such sibling simpatico, then, the first musical question is, what's difference between Pete and Conte Candoli?

"My playing might be a little different because I started mostly in small bands," says Conte.

"Conte's got the soul. He's by himself in that class."

—Pete Candoli

"I was a few years older and got in on more of the big band thing," notes Pete. "I got a reputation as a pretty good lead player and worked with lot of conductors, from Nelson Riddle to Don Costa and Michel Legrand. I could pretty much play anything, legit or whatever. I was used as the screamer on the bands."

"They called Pete when the music was really difficult," Conte adds.

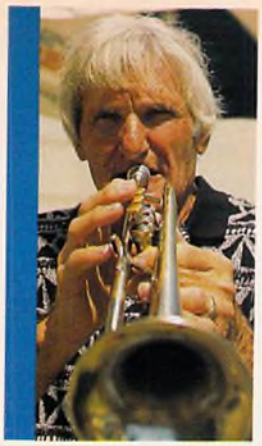
Says Pete: "As far as I'm concerned, Conte's got the soul. He's by himself in that class."

Today, Conte is 69; Pete, 73. There was a time, believe it or not, when no one could imagine jazz as anything but a young man's game. In the mid-'40s, when jazz was still so young, few had ever heard an old jazz musician. But today, with Clark Terry, Harry Edison, Ruby Braff, Doc Severinsen and Doc Cheatham in their 70th years and beyond, the world knows better. And so do the Candolis, who once passed over Armstrong as a old man.

"I think our ideas are better now," says Conte, who now views the age issue from the perspective of a seasoned veteran, not the young turk he once was. "We've heard more. What I lack in flexibility because of

"They called Pete when the music was really difficult."

—Conte Candoli



denture problems I make up for in ideas and creative judgment ... "

" ... because," Pete jumps in, "you have the experience to utilize what you have in the most efficient way. Experience and practice teaches you how to get what you want without killing yourself. When you're young you have energy to burn. When you get older, you get smarter. You learn to pace your energy.

"But age does affect your lip. I have a little scar tissue inside my lip, and it takes away about 30 percent of what I could do in terms of flexibility. It just won't vibrate the way it once did."

As if to emphasize their present satisfaction, many of the records they're proudest of were made well after the ones they wish they'd never made. "I'll tell you," says Conte, "I love practically all the stuff I did with Supersax in the '80s. On the other hand, I wish I could have another crack at a Verve session with Stan Getz, Leroy Vinnegar, Lou Levy and Shelly Manne. Stan played unbelievably on 'Shine,' and I had to follow him. I really had my tail between my legs."

Conte had just turned 28 when he made that one. Today, when the brothers Candoli play, they have the pleasure of feeling they're playing their best.

And listeners have numerous opportunities to judge for themselves. Early next year at the Lionel Hampton Jazz Festival in Moscow, Idaho, they'll be joined by another brother duo, Hank and Elvin Jones.

Separately, each maintains a heavy schedule of session work. Conte, who recently recorded with the Frank Capp Juggernaut for Concord, sits in occasionally with Capp or Supersax when he's in L.A. And earlier this summer, he recorded his first album as a leader in five years, a quartet session for Fresh Sounds Records.

Pete played with the Woody Herman reunion at this summer's JVC Jazz Festival New York, then did two weeks with Hampton, Harry Edison, Frank Wess, Frank Foster and others at the Blue Note. In addition to live dates with his brother, he'll record on Louie Bellson's next album.

So the Candolis play on, with no out chorus in sight. **DB**

EQUIPMENT

Conte and Pete Candoli each play a copy of a Martin Committee trumpet made by King about 25 or 30 years ago.

Conte plays a standard Bach 10½ C mouthpiece. Pete uses a custom mouthpiece made by Bob Reeves.

Conte also uses a Blessing red-bell flugelhorn, and Pete plays a "classic" Martin flugelhorn.

SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

Pete Candoli with Woody Herman
THE THUNDERING HERDS, 1945-47—Columbia 44108
THE FIRST HERD: LIVE IN '44—Jass 621 (with Conte)
THE FIRST HERD: LIVE IN '45—Jass 625

Conte Candoli with Howard Rumsey's Lighthouse All Stars
IN THE SOLO SPOTLIGHT—Fantasy/OJC 451
JAZZ INVENTION—Contemporary 14051
VOLUME 6—Fantasy/OJC 386
MUSIC FOR LIGHTHOUSEKEEPING—Fantasy/OJC 636

Conte Candoli with various others
EAST OF THE SUN : THE WEST COAST SESSIONS—Verve 531 935 (Stan Getz)
GERRY MULLIGAN AND THE CONCERT JAZZ BAND—Verve 838 933
DREAM BAND, VOLS. 1-5—Contemporary 7647, 7652, 7654, 7656, 7657 (Terry Gibbs)
SHORT STOPS—RCA/Bluebird 5917 (Shorty Rogers)
THE TONIGHT SHOW BAND WITH DOC SEVERINSEN, VOLS. 1-2—Amherst 93311, 93312

Danilo Perez & David Sanchez

IMPORT DUTIES

by Eugene Holley

Danilo Perez and David Sanchez have found their niche, and it is the import business. Their product reaches far beyond the familiar vistas of Afro-Cuban Latin jazz grooves, incorporating rhythms from the entire Latin diaspora along with elements of bebop, blues and U.S. urban funk.

The bilingual musical connection between 29-year-old pianist/composer Perez and 28-year-old tenor/soprano saxophonist Sanchez dates back to the late 1980s, when they first met in Boston. Perez, a Panamanian, was at Boston's Berklee College of Music, and Sanchez, a Puerto Rican, was studying under Kenny Barron at Rutgers University in New Jersey. The two hooked up with trumpeter Charlie Sepulveda and played in Dizzy Gillespie's star-laden dream team, the United Nation Orchestra, from 1989 until Gillespie's death in 1992. They later launched their careers as leaders, performing on each other's recordings: Perez's self-titled debut and his follow-up, *The Journey*, and Sanchez's *The Departure* and *Sketches Of Dreams*.

On their most recent CD releases—Sanchez's *Street Scenes* with vocalist Cassandra Wilson and alto saxophonist Kenny Garrett, and Perez's *Panamonk*, a spicy take on Thelonious Monk featuring drummers Terri Lyne Carrington and Jeff Watts and bassist Avishai Cohen—they realign the boundaries of what has been popularly known as Latin jazz. Their shared seriousness and businesslike dedication are as evident as their taste for musical adventure and experimentation.

After meeting for a quick photo-shoot this summer at New York's Steinway Hall, Sanchez and Perez adjourned to the GRP/Impulse! headquarters to discuss everything from the rhythms of Africa in the Americas to rice and beans, respect, collaborations and their take on the current Latin-jazz scene.

EUGENE HOLLEY: *Let's start with a very simple question. What does the term "Latin jazz" mean to both of you?*

DAVID SANCHEZ: Oh, man! [*laughs and shakes his head*]

DANILO PEREZ: I don't use terms like that. I think what people really think Latin jazz is about is having a combination of a Latin background with a jazz solo ... the Afro-Cuban rhythms with the jazz soloist improvising over them. When people talk about Latin jazz, they don't know about [tango composer] Astor Piazzolla from Argentina or [composer] Hermeto Pascoal from Brazil, or don't know rhythms other than Afro-Cuban. I think that the term should be used with a lot of care. ... It's like saying that David or I exemplify Latin America, and we don't. We're just a part of a large culture. So, the term has been used for commercial purposes, and what we do is more of jazz with Latin rhythms. We're trying to incorporate those rhythms to jazz.

DS: And another thing is, Latin jazz is just a word to describe something, like salsa, and it was born in the United States. One of the first fusions with jazz and Latin music was with Dizzy and Chano Pozo with Mario Bauza. They were the pioneers, but we haven't been able to move beyond that. That happened with Dizzy, Tito Puente and the other masters, and it's like, Latin jazz means guaguanco with jazz, salsa with jazz, and that's it. They don't realize that it's much bigger and wider than that. In the '60s, Miles Davis was working with Hermeto Pascoal. Those guys were making a fusion. Airto and Flora Purim did things with Chick Corea, and guys like [saxophonist] Carlos Garnett from Panama were involved with other things, like other musicians from Argentina, Puerto Rico and Panama.

DP: The musical director for Louis Armstrong, Luis Russell, was from Panama. The other thing is the [misleading] impression of Latin musicians clowning around, when in fact there are a lot of deep Latin writers and singers. We have a big tradition that is not a part of the American mentality. They look at the tango as one thing, they look at Brazilian music as another thing, and it's Latin jazz and it's [*imitates a hand drummer*] *cong-gee, cong-gee, cong-gee.* ...

DS: Exactly! Even jazz musicians are confused. They're like, salsa, yeah man, I hear that, and it's like they're at the Palladium. People like Tito Puente and Eddie Palmieri—I'm not putting them down, I want this to be clear—they made their reputation playing dance music. People know Eddie Palmieri for "Pal Monte," or they know Tito Puente with "Oye Como Va" and then they go to their concerts and the audience expects to hear "Oye Como Va," and the musicians are trying to do a serious Latin jazz thing.

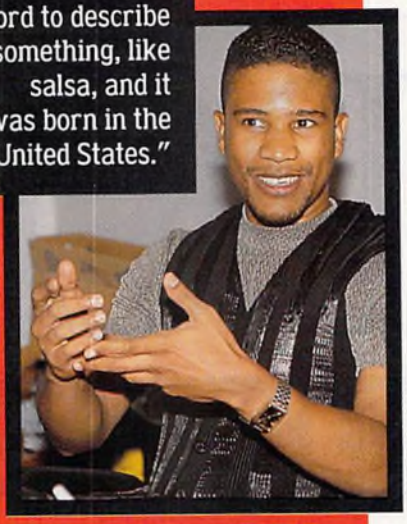
EH: *So people fixate on the popular tunes like "Oye Como Va," which Danilo played with Wynton Marsalis at the Olympics?*

Perez

"My music is a mixture of jazz, Brazilian rhythms and rhythms from my country, but I really couldn't call my music Afro-Cuban jazz."

Sanchez

"Latin jazz is just a word to describe something, like salsa, and it was born in the United States."



PHOTOS BY TERI BLOOM

DP: Now that you mentioned it, that was Latin jazz: We were improvising, fusing jazz elements with Latin rhythms. I showed Wynton how the rhythms came to Latin America and the U.S. through the 12/8 and 6/8 rhythms like the abakwa and the bembe, and when we study the 12/8 we can unify those things. Sometimes jazz musicians tend to play behind the beat when they play Latin music, and there's a limit to how far you can go. The problem is that people hear the cowbell and think that's where the beat is, and it's not. When we find that rhythm where we both can talk to each other [*snaps his fingers in time*], then everything is cool. Because I got hooked up to Jelly Roll Morton next to [Cuban and Argentine composers] Ernesto Lecuona and Alberto Ginastera. I can see that the African element ties everything together, and the African element is in every part of America.

EH: *So, Danilo, how would you describe your music in that Pan-Afro-American context?*

DP: David and I both grew up playing dance music, and that changed the whole perspective. Your whole point comes down to making people dance, and if you don't swing, people don't like you. I think our African link is being lost. The European classical vibe is becoming stronger than the African roots—don't you think so, David?

DS: Yes, I agree completely agree. It's a dangerous thing.

DP: My music is a mixture of jazz, Brazilian rhythms and rhythms from my country, but I really couldn't call my music Afro-Cuban jazz.

DS: And he's not saying that we don't have Afro-Cuban rhythms in our music, because I know that I have that in mine. But I try to get as many things as I can from Cuba, Brazil, and then, little by little, it's a process, it comes out.

EH: *Give us an overview of the musics both of you grew up with.*

DP: I grew up listening to very heavy Latin music by [singer] Beny More, [pianists] Peruchin, Papo Luca and classical music, too. After that, I heard Dizzy on *Jazz At Massey Hall*, but I never had a big study of Latin jazz.

DS: It's definitely the same with me. I was transcribing Mongo Santamaria, Ray Barretto and Irakere ...

DP: Gran Combo?

DS: Exactly. Then one day my sister brought home two jazz records, *Basic Miles* and *Lady In Satin*, by Miles Davis and Billie Holiday, and then I became obsessed with that.

EH: *Let's talk about your first impressions of each other when you both started working with Charlie Sepulveda.*

DS: I knew Danilo before we played with Charlie. I was playing with Eddie Palmieri at the time, and he was playing with Dizzy, and I think we met once in an airport in Europe, you guys were leaving and we were going. ... I saw him playing, and I told Charlie that there was this great piano player, Danilo Perez, have you heard of him? He said no. I said you gotta get this guy and bring him on the record [*The New Arrival*] as a guest. I remember Danilo was leaving Bradley's [in Manhattan], and I told him that Charlie should use him and he told Dizzy about me. I'm glad Charlie brought him on record because he made a big difference and changed the direction of the whole record.

EH: [*to Sanchez*] *Talk about his playing then and now.*

DS: Well, at the time, I knew Danilo had something special, with his ability to go here and go there. But when we started doing things with our group, I said, wait a minute, he's doing something different. It was scary. It was the beginning of something, and I didn't know where it was going. Maybe now, his playing has changed with more technique, and his sound is fatter, but his general concept is the same. He can go from classical to jazz; he's free. It's like languages. If you know English, Spanish and French, you've got more possibilties to express yourself, and you can go back to your own language.

EH: *Danilo, as a composer, what ideas do you get from David?*

DP: Whatever he thinks of me, I think the same about him. [*both laugh*] When I met David after working with Paquito, and he hooked me up with Charlie, we both worked with Dizzy and we discussed harmony, music, stuff like that, and we had the group. One night he played something and I said, damn! ... He was playing with a lot of awareness. Up to that point, we were friends, brothers, you know, but after that we really got to do our thing. I started doing the things I do now. You had two Latinos playing whatever. We think very close, very similar. For example, when I would get into chords and try to write things that I would hear, he ...

EH: *He knew where you were going.*

DP: Right, and I turned him on to writing basslines. So when we play, we actually play like composers. Even if I don't know the tune, like the one we played at Steinway just now ... I didn't know the tune very well, he knew it better than me, so he'll give me guidelines. And then when I get it ... it's like basketball. We play [musical] basketball very well. We also came up in the same culture, so our music principles are the same rhythmically.

What it really comes down to is respect. We respected each other from day we met. I'd get mad at him, and I know he'd get mad at me, because I have my moods, but we always respect each other on stage and that shows in the music.

EH: *Your respect for David was evident when you flew in to New York from your home in Boston at the 11th hour to his recording session for* Street Scenes *when the scheduled pianist didn't make it.*

DP: When the piano player didn't show up, [Sanchez's manager] Charlie Fishman told David, don't worry, Danilo's coming. I cancelled everything because I know he'd do the same for me.

DS: I wasn't nervous because we're connected to the soul, so he can come in and jump in in a matter of minutes and know what the thing's about. Not many piano players can come in and deal with both sides and be bilingual, play a son montuno in 5/4 with the clavé. When I

knew he was coming, I was cool.
DP: Again, it comes down to respect. When we were with Dizzy, you had to shut up and be quiet.
EH: *Everybody has some good Dizzy stories. Let's hear one that's fit for publication.*
DP: Oh, man! [*Perez and Sanchez laugh hysterically*] One day I got into Italy with no visa, and can you imagine walking into Italy with no visa? You think everything's fine, and the guy says, where is your visa, and they called me out of the line. Three big guys with dogs were coming toward me, and they walked right past me—like that commercial where the two lovers are running past each other in the field. They went toward Dizzy, who was right behind me eating peanuts. The guards said, Mr. *Gee-lesspie*, I can't believe it, that's you! What are you doing here? He said, that guy, that's my piano player. Where are you taking him? The guard said he doesn't have a visa … and then he said, OK, but this is the last time you come into Italy with no visa.
EH: *What can young musicians from the United States do to learn to play Latin rhythms with jazz properly?*
DP: It takes getting into the culture. When I was playing with Terence Blanchard, I studied how people walked, how they communicated … [*speaks in an urban Afro-American voice*] "Hey, what's happenin' man? How you doin'?" They bring that stuff into the music, and if you really want to play, you have to make yourself conscious of the culture. Then, you find out that you both eat fried chicken and rice and beans. [*laughter*]
EH: *I want you guys to talk about the musicians who influenced you.*
DS: Before us, Hilton Ruiz was one of the first musicians of Latin origin playing jazz. He really helped me out when I got here. … I had a lot of obstacles—language, I didn't know anybody—and Hilton encouraged me. Also the Gonzalez brothers, Jerry and Andy, they made big contributions mixing jazz with Afro-Cuban folkloric rhythms, along with Papo Vasquez, Mario Rivera and Steve Berrios.
EH: *And in our generation?*
DS: There are a few: John Benitez, Richie Flores, Eddie Simon, some younger guys.
DP: We met a saxophonist at Berklee named Miguel Zeno [from Puerto Rico].
DS: There are many, many musicians coming up now, giving all of their soul to play jazz and study the culture. People are moving along the two ways. As musicians, we wouldn't be doing our jobs if we didn't study as many cultures as we can. **DB**

EQUIPMENT

David Sanchez plays a Selmer Balanced Action tenor sax (42,000 series) with an Otto Link 6-star mouthpiece and Vandoren #3 reeds. He also plays a Yamaha soprano sax with a silver, curved neck, outfitted with a Selmer E mouthpiece or a Vandoren 3 1/2 mouthpiece and Vandoren #3 1/2 reeds.

Danilo Perez says Steinway and Yamaha are his pianos of choice.

SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

Danilo Perez
PANAMONK—Impulse! 190
THE JOURNEY—Novus 63166
DANILO PEREZ—Novus 63148

David Sanchez
STREET SCENES—Columbia 67627
SKETCHES OF DREAMS—Columbia 67021
THE DEPARTURE—57848

as sidemen
TROPIJAZZ ALL-STARS VOL. 1—RMM/Tropijazz 82028 (Sanchez)
SENDERO DEL SOL—Rounder 6063 (Sanchez and Perez [producer] with Sol Y Canto)
DANZÓN—GRP 9761 (Perez with Arturo Sandoval)
I REMEMBER CLIFFORD—GRP 9668 (Sanchez with Arturo Sandoval)
ALGO NUESTRO (OUR THING)—Antilles 512 768 (Sanchez with Charlie Sepulveda & the Turnaround)
TO BIRD WITH LOVE—Telarc Jazz 83316 (Perez with Dizzy Gillespie)
THE NEW ARRIVAL—Antilles 510 056 (Sanchez/Perez with Charlie Sepulveda & the Turnaround)
LIVE AT THE ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL—enja 6044 (Perez with Dizzy Gillespie and the United Nation Orchestra)

Maria Schneider's Composin

By Bob Protzman

Out of Maria Schneider comes music that prompts critics to hail her as a distinctive, daring and gifted composer, arranger and conductor. Into making that music goes constant, grueling, painful struggle.

In several conversations covering several hours, Schneider used the word "pain" a number of times in talking about composing. She made it clear that it's anything but pleasurable or fun.

Reminded of that, she laughs—as she does easily and often during the talks—and says, "Well, yes. That's because I'm trying to write these days, and I think it's very difficult work. It has been for me. I need to work very hard to make my pieces sound seamless, to make the different events in each piece sound inevitable. A piece just doesn't spin out. I struggle and mold and work very hard for every one."

Composing for Schneider is so traumatic, in fact, that it is usually a long, long time before she is able to listen to a piece and enjoy what her efforts have wrought. "All I can think of after a piece is first performed is the pain of the process—the bumpy ride it was putting it together. I can't feel good about it. Eventually, though, when I can get some distance, I can look at it with its own personality and become a friend to it."

Schneider's ideas for compositions are sometimes emotional (and mostly personal), sometimes visual (e.g., ballet, paintings) and sometimes "pulled out of the air." "Sometimes, it's more like you're *discovering* the piece instead of creating it," she says.

As for Schneider's actual composing process, she says, "It's best that, as soon as I get up in the morning, I head straight for the writing board at my piano. If I start out my day doing other things, it is very hard to get to the writing. Getting into the process is almost like putting yourself into a meditative state. You have to get inside yourself, lose yourself—at least *I* do. If I get in that place, I completely lose track of time. If I'm not there and am trying to write, time moves interminably slowly. But then it must be that way for everyone doing creative work."

Schneider, 35, puts her "idea" on her writing board and begins manipulating it. "I try to figure out all the possibilities, all the places I can go with that idea, back-and-forth, backwards and forwards. It must be similar to writing a book or script for a movie, to know where you're going to go and how you're going to get there."

Her first album as leader of the Maria Schneider Jazz Orchestra, 1994's *Evanescence*, was nominated for two Grammy awards (best large ensemble performance, and best instrumental composition for the title tune). Schneider's recent followup, *Coming About*, again with her 17-member orchestra, has received more praise for the writing, arranging and the band's performance (see "CD Reviews" Sept. '96).

In addition, for the past three and a half years, she's led the Maria Schneider Jazz Orchestra every Monday night at the jazz club Visiones in New York's Greenwich Village. She also conducts the orchestra in concert halls in the U.S. and abroad.

Incidentally, she's done very well in the Down Beat Critics Poll over the past three years, winning primarily as top composer and arranger in the Talent Deserving Wider Recognition category. Instead of jumping up and down, however, Schneider thinks of somebody else. "I wish the man who was my teacher had placed in the polls. He should be in every year. He's so fantastic. He's making so much incredible music in Europe." She was talking about composer/arranger/leader/trombonist Bob Brookmeyer. "But Bob has plenty of company. Certain people get a lot of publicity and recognition, while all these incredible musicians out there are overlooked."

Schneider's connection with the 66-year-old Brookmeyer goes back some 11 years. When she moved to New York in '85, she received a National Endowment for the Arts grant to study with him. "He was the person who made my career happen," she says. "And he's still the man I go to when I get stuck or frustrated.

He's my real support."

Brookmeyer protests that she gives him far too much credit. "She was already a fully developed writer when she came to me," he says. "I offered a combination of emotional and professional support, especially of her role as a woman in jazz, because that's something that needs to be addressed, since jazz has a history of being a male enclave."

Brookmeyer also lined up some writing opportunities for Schneider with the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra. "Thad and Jim McNeely and I were writing for the band, so for my view, I thought a female touch would be very welcome." It was.

Soon after her stint with Brookmeyer, Schneider became assistant to the

g Pains

"All I can think of after a piece is first performed is the pain of the process – the bumpy ride it was putting it together.

...Eventually,

I can look at it with its own personality and become a friend to it."

renowned composer/orchestrator/bandleader Gil Evans, working with him as a copyist and occasional ghostwriter on, among other things, the music for the Paul Newman movie *The Color Of Money* (1986) and pop artist Sting's 1987 European tour. Schneider remained with Evans until his death in 1988. As is evident from her two albums (*Evanescence* is named for Evans), she is clearly indebted to Evans' work, particularly as a colorist.

"When I first heard Gil's music, I heard the passion of music," she said years ago in an interview for Down Beat (June '92). "I realized that this was the emotion I wanted to express in my own music."

In 1988, Schneider decided to become a leader herself. At first, she co-led a band with former Woody Herman sideman/trombonist John Fedchock. But they soon learned they had very different styles of writing and went separate ways, both starting their own bands. They remain bandleading colleagues.

The trail to New York began in 1960, from her Windom, Minn., home, complete with a piano, which Schneider took to quickly. "She loved it right away," says her dad, Carl, who now lives in the Minneapolis-St. Paul area with his wife, Doris. Aware of their daughter's natural musical talent, the Schneiders got her started at age five with piano and theory lessons. "There was a woman named Evelyn Butler, a jazz pianist from Chicago who had moved to Windom after her husband died to be near her daughter. She took Maria under her wing," says Mr. Schneider.

Maria continued her studies in high school, playing clarinet in the school band. Then it was off to the University of Minnesota, a semester or so at the University of Miami, and the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, N.Y., where she earned a masters degree.

Her interest in music centered more around writing for improvisers than big bands per se. If composing's been an ongoing struggle, what about bandleading—especially a large ensemble, when it's tough enough for individuals and small groups to find playing and recording opportunities? Not a problem, is her surprise answer. "In

CLASSIC INTERVIEW

Kenny Clarke
View From The Seine

By Burt Korall

Drummer Kenny Clarke, a bebop innovator in early 1940s New York and founding member of the Modern Jazz Quartet in 1951, was one of several American jazz musicians who left the States in the late 1950s to take advantage of performing opportunities and seek better living conditions in Europe. In the case of Clarke, nicknamed "Klook" for his use of off-beat accents, it was a permanent move to Paris. In the following "Classic Interview," reprinted from our **Dec. 5, 1963,** *issue, Clarke expresses his love for France and his disappointment with the then-current generation of American jazz musicians.*

Time is not of the essence in Paris; it passes, unimpeded by those who would engage it in combat. The French develop little acid over deadlines. They value life. They are proud, patriotic, untamed. They love their own and those they take for their own.

Jazz drummer/composer/pioneer Kenny Clarke has been warmly embraced by Lady Paris and seems little inclined to be free of her. He has structured "a fulfilling life," he says, in the seven years since he left the frenetic New York City scene to live in Paris.

In many ways he is a new man.

Clarke appears satisfied with his lot; he does well, he feels well and he looks happy. A smile seldom left his face during a recent few hours of conversation.

He is something of a celebrity in Paris, particularly so in St. Germain, the student quarter. And he's most accessible to his admirers.

People of all kinds waved, shouted greetings or stopped to speak with "Kennee" at a sidewalk cafe facing Club St. Germain, where the Clarke group appears six nights a week, to the delight of Parisian jazz fans and visiting tourists.

First an African engaged the drummer in conversation about his work problems. A little later, a svelte, well-formed young woman slowed down for a "hallo" before continuing on her undulating way.

Another passer-by paused, whispered something into Clarke's ear and apparently amused him; both men smiled, shook hands, and the man took a seat at another table.

A French musician stopped to question Clarke about a forthcoming recording session and then inquired where the drummer planned to spend his next four-week vacation.

It all struck a familiar chord.

The scene was out of a typical Warner Bros. picture, vintage 1930s, when the show-business celebrity or champion boxer or top-level hood or successful trial lawyer returns to "the old neighborhood," usually on New York City's Lower East Side. The only difference was the locale—and that the people treat Klook this way all the time.

"It wouldn't take a *terribly* exceptional opportunity to get me away from here," the drummer said. "I'd like to return to New York for a visit—and probably will later this year—but certainly won't stay on permanently. Why should I? I have what I want. Besides, I've spent too much time and effort creating something here."

He paused and then explained: "Recently I brought my son over and have enrolled him in school. This is a good environment in which to grow up. It's relaxed and *real*. The French understand the human being. Problems are discussed. Americans don't take the time."

Clarke said he feels that the family structure in France is sounder than in the United States.

"There's a closeness," he said. "When someone in the French family unit goes wrong, he's not rejected. All the members of the family try to find the reasons for it so that they can help straighten things out." Living among the French, Clarke said, one comes to terms with oneself and is better able to deal with situations and with people. Each person one meets is given "the benefit of the doubt"; the hand of friendship is extended.

"I try to be a good person," he said. "I mind my business, but when it comes to my professional life, I take care of business."

The conversation changed course.

HERMAN LEONARD

Familiar names and places in jazz were mentioned, and Clarke warmed to the subject closest to his heart.

"The new generation of American musicians is killing jazz," the 49-year-old musician declared. "The richness in the music is fast disappearing. I question the ambition of the younger jazzmen; their level of musicianship is far lower than what was common when I was breaking in."

It is Clarke's opinion that there is an unsettling feeling and undue aggression in

the "new" music he has heard on recently released U.S. recordings. What is more, he said, he finds much of the "new" music "formless, empty and meaningless."

"Of course, I'd rather say nice things about today's jazz and jazzmen," he said, "but, frankly, I don't think the compliments are deserved. The youngsters are looking for gimmicks, the easy roads, when there are none!"

The drummer cast some of the blame on recording companies hungry for the quick dollar. He cited the practice of recording "inferior" talent and was vehement that several "extremely promising" musicians had been taped before they had earned that privilege. "Recognition that comes too early is often worse than none at all," he said.

"When I was coming up in the 1930s," he pointed out, "a recording date was a privilege. You had to be ready or you weren't called. It was as simple as that.

"All the musicians I knew tried to get as much experience as possible so as to be ready when the time came—for a recording session or joining an important band."

Clarke spoke with great relish of his yesterdays. The excitement in his voice revealed a feeling of satisfaction about what were for him great and fruitful years. Minton's, his associates during the interval when bop was going through labor pains before its difficult birth, names, places, memories were brought into focus, all of which are familiar to those who have followed the course of modern jazz.

"Everyone came up to Minton's to listen," he reported. "All the fine musicians sat in—Pres, Charlie Christian. There's no truth to the story that we purposely played weird things to keep musicians outside the clique off the stand. All we asked was that the musician be able to handle himself. When he got up on that stand, he had to know. ... "

The man who brought a new, looser, more creative kind of drumming to jazz lost some of his conversational fervor when speaking of the current U.S. scene; it obviously was a letdown for him.

"Something unhealthy is happening to jazz in America," Clarke insisted. "I hear a lot about Crow Jim, reverse segregation. ... How can any musician in his right mind put down Stan Getz and people like that? It's a bunch of you know what. One race can learn from another. No one race has everything. This attitude could do jazz a lot of damage."

Clarke was angry, no doubt about it. He looked around the cafe and then exploded: "I may be put down for this ... but I must admit that I'm not interested in allying myself with causes. I'm a Negro; I know what's happening. I don't turn my back on the realities because I'm 3,000 miles away. I do what *I* can as I move through my life. But ... as far as I'm concerned, it's the music that's important. That's the legacy we leave behind."

The drummer maintains that a musician has to be responsible, that he must have some idea of the consequences when he acts musically—and personally. He said a professional should be concerned about the future, not just today.

As far as Clarke is concerned, the confusion over the race question, in general, as well as the uncertainty about where jazz is going, have had a great effect on the music itself.

Despite his negative attitude toward much of the new music from the United States, the drummer doesn't avert his ears and pretend it doesn't exist. "I'm out there listening whenever the fellows come through, and there isn't a record of any consequence that I don't play at home.

"I made sure to hear Eric Dolphy when he was in Paris," he declared emphatically. "I spent my evening off digging him. I can't say he's my cup of tea, but I was there. Why didn't I like him? He sounds the same on each instrument he plays, and there doesn't seem to be any real shape or form to his solos."

When referring to Dolphy's onetime colleague John Coltrane, for whom, incidentally, he has respect, Clarke said, "There must be form and economy in music. You can't say everything in one song. I tell Nat Davis, my tenor man, 'Build to natural climaxes, make every note pay, then *stop*. The rest is superfluous.'"

His comments about Gunther Schuller and John Lewis, his confrere in the original Modern Jazz Quartet, were provocative. "What Gunther does has nothing whatever to do with jazz as I know it. He's a fine writer of serious music and a marvelous teacher; however, when he applies jazz ideas to his composing, it just doesn't work out.

"As for John, his music is a bit too bland and pretentious for my taste. I fell asleep the last time I heard the Modern Jazz Quartet in person."

Clarke did have some words of praise, too, for musicians. His enthusiasm was as intense as his censure.

"Milt Jackson, Sonny Stitt and Ray Brown are three men from the last generation who are equipped. Donald Byrd, Cannonball and Nat Adderley are three of the younger men I enjoy most. The kids can find inspiration in these fellows; they qualify."

As the afternoon was coming to a close in St. Germain and dinnertime was nearing, Clarke spoke of his future plans.

"I intend to augment my present quintet"—Nat Davis, Raymond Fol (piano), Beke Rovere (bass), Jimmy Gourley (guitar)—"with voices and hire Bob Martin, a French singer who sounds like Sinatra. Donald Byrd, who's studying composition here, will write a new library for us. And we'll perform in all media, not just in nightclubs."

Kenny Clarke still can scare one with his playing. And it will be a long time before the electricity is turned off and his fertile mind stops sending to his hands and feet the creative impulses that have made him a definitive force in jazz for so many years.

Klook refuses to pull the plug. **DB**

CD REVIEWS

NOVEMBER 1996

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

Lighthouse All-Stars

Mexican Passport

Contemporary 14077

★★★★

In the 1950s Howard Rumsey, a former bass player with Stan Kenton, made Hermosa Beach, Calif., a beehive of activity and the operational base from which a host of other Kenton alums worked. His Lighthouse All-Stars produced a flock of small-group albums full of the kind of music Kenton men might have played if Kenton hadn't been around.

This reissue collects 10 conga tracks from five Lighthouse albums recorded between 1952 and 1956. The fact that there were only seven Latin titles in the large repertoire may help explain why the rhythm sections may be playing Latin, but more often than not the horns are thinking bebop. These were mainstream players obliged to season a set with a pinch of variety, a function that has made the conga beat welcome since W.C. Handy first inserted a Latin strain into the "St. Louis Blues."

The lovely melodies that have come to America from Mexico are not the business of these groups. Instead, they groove on the power of the rhythms, mostly to the exclusion of melodic variation. Much of the material, starting with "Viva Zapata!" is little more than a series of powerful rhythm vamps. But they nail you fast with a surging blast of energy, even if they don't provide much sustaining harmonic interest. Shorty Rogers, Chet Baker, Bud Shank and the others manage to deliver plenty of well-tempered commotion. That they manage to do as much as they do with so little (especially Rolf Ericson) keeps the music generally lively, if not brilliant.

The three versions of "Witch Doctor" are presided over in succession by three drummers: Shelly Manne, Max Roach and Stan Levy. Levy sets up some powerful contrasts between Latin and straight 4/4 time. His version swings hardest. Manne keeps in a Latin groove in a performance that loses its stinger over nine minutes. Roach is paired with Jack Costanzo's bongos, and uses his cow bells like a fist full of fire crackers.

Rogers' own "Mambo Los Feliz" is a bright and appealing tune and "Mexican Passport" has the lightest touch and the most signature "West Coast" voicings of the 10 tracks, including Bob Cooper's stately oboe.

—John McDonough

Mexican Passport—*Viva Zapata! No. 1; La Soncailli; Viva Zapata!; Witch Doctor; Mambo Los Feliz; Witch Doctor No. 1; Witch Doctor No. 2; Mexican Passport; Mambo Las Vegas; Latin For Lovers.* (63:22)

Personnel—*Conte Candoli (9), Shorty Rogers (1–3), Maynard Ferguson (2, 3), Rolf Ericson (4–6), Chet Baker (4), trumpet; Milt Bernhart (1–3, 5, 6), Frank Rosolino (7–10), trombone; Bob Cooper, Jimmy Giuffre (1–3), Bud Shank (5–8), saxophones; Frank Patchen (1, 3), Hampton Hawes (2), Claude Williamson (7, 8), Sonny Clark (9, 10), piano; Howard Rumsey, bass; Shelly Manne (1–4), Max Roach (5, 6), Stan Levy (7–10), drums; Carlos Vidal (1–3), Jack Costanzo (5, 6), percussion.*

Kenny Barron/ Mino Cinelu

Swamp Sally

Verve 532 268

★★★★

Lurking beneath the surface of every mainstream, straightahead, bebop-anchored player is an eclectic crocodile, just dying to crawl onto dry land with all kinds of sounds and rhythms, an alter ego that just wants to *get down*. It's only a theory, but Kenny Barron, for one, sounds like one of those eclectic crocodiles on *Swamp Sally*. With a boatful of instruments and an all-original program, Barron and multi-instrumentalist Mino Cinelu swing, get funky and go out on a limb or two. *Swamp Sally* is a modest little treatise on the art of the duo, and what can happen when fixed ideas about music become fluid ones.

If you're wondering where Cinelu gets off playing with Barron, remember the two collaborated on a couple other Barron dates, *Sambao* ('93) and *Other Places* ('94). Actually, it's Barron who seems to be on Cinelu's turf here, a turf that includes stints with, among others, Miles Davis, Weather Report and Sting.

Swamp Sally is, by and large, a multitracked, beat-oriented production (Cinelu's the producer), chords and conventional song forms taking a backseat. The fun begins with the funky "Louisiana Memories (Part 1)," featuring Cinelu on banjo and mandolin as well as some vocalizing, and Barron playing some delicious electric piano. The 10-minute "Relentless Pursuit" starts off serious, with a busy intro, Barron evoking acoustic fusion à la Return To Forever before things shift into a kind of Herbie groove, Cinelu's drums and percussion giving Barron the perfect kick and swing. Barron's Gil Melle-like synth work two-thirds of the way through might make you wonder, is this the same guy who's been playing with Stan Getz, Milt Jackson and Jimmy Heath all these years? Aided and abetted by Cinelu's whirling beats and a butt-kickin' bass line, Barron proceeds to get *fun-kay*.

The notes say "Simple Thoughts" was created "without the slightest preparation." Well, it works as a simple jam of sound and color. The soulful title track reminds that some of these pieces have a story. Barron plays double bass and acoustic piano on this most jazzy of tunes about a frisky someone named Sally from the swamps of South Carolina. Nice guitar touches

THE HOT BOX

CDs ▼ / CRITICS ▶	John McDonough	John Corbett	Jim Macnie	John Ephland
Lighthouse All-Stars *Mexican Passport*	★★★★	★★★★	★★★★	★★★1/2
Kenny Barron & Mino Cinelu *Swamp Sally*	★★★	★★★1/2	★★★	★★★★
Steve Lacy & Mal Waldron *Live At The Dreher*	★★★★	★★★★1/2	★★★★	★★★1/2
Charles Mingus *Revenge*	★★★★1/2	★	★★★★★	★★★

by Cinelu. "Mystere" is a medium-tempo two-chord rock showcase, Barron's piano driven by Cinelu's backbeats and shadowed by his own synth as well as Cinelu's synth, guitar percussion and sound effects. "Moon Dance" is a percussion showcase for Cinelu, an aural delight of metal, wood and skin meeting flesh and (a little) electricity.

The album's *joie de vivre* belies an occasional serious undertow, not to mention sense of disconnection. For example, "Beneath It All," framed by Barron's meditative, dark chords, finds Barron's colorless, ominous doubled piano/synth grinding against Cinelu's provocative groove, as if the keyboardist were playing incidental music for a creature feature, the percussionist regaling a festival crowd. A picture of melancholy pervades Barron's exquisite solo piano piece "Shibui." And the intro and outro to "Relentless Pursuit," while finely executed, sounds like an excercise in fake, disturbed drama.

Like a significant precursor, Keith Jarrett and Jack DeJohnette's *Ruta And Daitya* (from '71), *Swamp Sally* is long on inventive risk-taking (and experimentation), that sense of immediacy crucial to great jazz, and the dynamism found when two great instrumentalists meld minds and hearts. —*John Ephland*

Swamp Sally—*Louisiana Memories (Part 1); Relentless Pursuit; Simple Thoughts; Swamp Sally; Mystere; Moon Dance; Such A Touch; Beneath It All; Shibui; Louisiana Memories (Part 2); Conversation; Monique. (65:47)*
Personnel—*Barron, piano, electronic keyboards, synthesizer, double bass; Cinelu, mandolin, banjo, guitar, synthesizer, sound effects, drums, percussion, vocals.*

Steve Lacy & Mal Waldron

Live At The Dreher, Paris 1981, Round Midnight Vol.1

hat ART 6172

★★★★

Jazz certainly sees its share of temporary associations. Players bump into each other on the bandstand, parting company in a post-gig flurry of "next times" and "laters." Only sporadically do these promises come to fruition, because the nature of the biz makes its principals a damned itinerant bunch.

Perhaps that's why the unmistakable feeling of affiliation that howls through this recital seems so reassuring. Lacy and Waldron are old pals, and were well acquainted with each other when this double-disc live date from '81 was cut. Their relationship began back in the late–'50s, while sharing the stage for jazz and poetry gigs at the Five Spot. The imaginative flair that propels the 10 pieces on "Let's Call This" is born of continuity, longstanding association and parallel interests. Working together, the pair know all the secret handshakes and high signs.

Start, for example, with the way each is adept at building skyscraper-like solos: Thematic scaffolding, dynamic staircases and textural escalators are all a part of the schematic in "A Case Of The Plus 4's." Theirs can be music of stacking and layering, with micro moves being made with each go-round. But both teammates are savvy when it comes to the use of repetition. One theme can be transmuted into sundry paraphrases. The three-note twirl that guides "No Baby" blossoms a hundred different ways before they shake it loose. Linearity doesn't limit these two in the least.

Much of this has to do with the way Lacy effects a flow. Sometimes it's as if he's swinging with a chisel in his hand. Thrust toward their ultimate destination, his soprano sax lines are some of the most propulsive in the horn's history, part Sidney Bechet, part Evan Parker. The middle-Eastern references in the melody of "Snake Out" help drive Lacy's improv—the performance comes to quite a boil, enhanced by the lyrical insistence of Waldron's two-fisted jabbing. One of the program's strongest assets is its devotion to dynamics.

At some points, the percussive attack generates a bit of a mechanical feel, but both players

concur on this account, so the right angles that equal the rounded corners have their own balance. It's an odd stylistic element that gradually becomes attractive. The usually lush "'Round Midnight" is made singular because of its incorporation of such geometry. This rapport also breeds parity—both players get equal time to digress. The drama that Waldron concocts on the second half of the impromptu "Deep Endeavors" proves that post-Jarrett meandering isn't always a bummer, and the pianist further evokes an odd sentimentality on "The Seagulls Of Kristiansund." It's the track that's most reminiscent of *Sempre Amore*, their enchanting 1987 take on the Ellington/Strayhorn book. And it's one of many pieces that proves that the ongoing Lacy/Waldron partnership is often one of jazz's most sublime associations. *—Jim Macnie*

Live At The Dreher—*Let's Call This; 'Round Midnight; No Baby; Herbe De L'Oublie; Snake Out; 'Round Midnight; Deep Endeavors; A Case Of The Plus 4's; The Seagulls Of Kristiansund; Snake Out. (56:03/60:29)*
Personnel—*Lacy, soprano saxophone; Waldron, piano.*

Charles Mingus

The Legendary Paris Concerts

Revenge 32002

★

This project focuses attention on the attempts of Charles Mingus' widow, Sue Graham Mingus, to collect royalties and thwart bootleggers. More power to her. Although Ms. Mingus promises in her short liner text that her improved, legit releases will include "comprehensive notes, authentic photographs, historical data," no such helpful info appears here. Instead, what we get are notes devoted entirely to her escapades retrieving illegal CDs from stores. Too bad, since the story surrounding the concert in question is actually quite complicated and dramatic.

The Mingus sextet made a multple-night stop in Paris in mid-April 1964 during the last tour that the ensemble would make with reed player Eric Dolphy; Dolphy remained in Europe (and died there two months later) after the band returned to the States. Miles Davis-influenced trumpeter Johnny Coles stayed on the Continent, too, but for a different reason—Coles collapsed onstage during the group's April 17th performance, underwent emergency surgery and remained in the hospital for a couple of weeks. According to Mingus biographer Brian Priestley, the next night Cole's trumpet was propped on a chair in homage throughout their late-night concert.

What is ostensibly documented on *The Legendary Paris Concerts* comes from the night without Coles, and indeed all of the first CD features a quintet. But put on the second disc, and straight away you'll be puzzled to find that the track listed as "Goodbye Pork Pie Hat" isn't that tune at all, but is actually "So Long Eric." Listen awhile and you'll be even more surprised to hear that the first soloist is a *trumpet* player, namely Coles (who's unlisted).

Didn't they listen to the music? One won-

ders. Ironically, questions are raised that are probably best answered by referring to the more reliable bootleg issues: As there's no trumpet on "Parkeriana," which follows "So Long Eric," it's possible that both come from the concert on the 17th, some from before Coles collapsed, some after. Or is this double-disc set cobbled together out of both concerts? In which case, the fact that it lists the 18th as its sole recording date is wrong.

The music here is simply fantastic, no question about that. This period was one of the most rewarding in Mingus' long, fertile small-band career. Dolphy is playing outrageously every step of the way; his unaccompanied bass-clarinet solos on "Fables Of Faubus"—periodically in dialogue with Clifford Jordan's tenor, Dannie Richmond's drums and eventually the whole band—are characteristically interstellar, and he takes a brilliant, fragmented alto break on "So Long Eric." Jordan's excellent tenor work stands out (though he's often unfairly overlooked in favor of Mingus' work with Booker Ervin), and Jaki Byard's in fine form on his transidiomatic piano solo on "Parkeriana." The most towering figure in modern bass, Mingus takes an engrossing, fluid solo on "Orange ... ," and the rhythm team he created with Richmond and Byard is beyond compare. At times, they intentionally pull the rhythmic rug out from under soloists, as they do when Dolphy and Jordan are trading thoughts at the end of "Parkeriana."

For the music alone I would give this release four-and-a-half stars (decent, but not fantastic sound detracts half a star). But this shoddy job of re-pressing old pirates is absolutely no way to honor the memory of Mingus, Dolphy and Richmond, or to take satisfactory "revenge" on those who ripped them off. —*John Corbett*

The Legendary Paris Conerts—*Peggy's Blue Skylight; Orange Was The Color Of Her Dress Then Blue Silk; Meditations On Integration; Fables Of Faubus; Goodbye Pork Pie Hat; Parkeriana. (72:06/53:06)*
Personnel—*Mingus, bass; Clifford Jordan, tenor saxophone; Eric Dolphy, alto saxophone, bass clarinet, flute; Jaki Byard, piano; Dannie Richmond, drums; Johnny Coles, trumpet (5).*

Horace Silver

The Hardbop Grandpop

Impulse! 192

★★★★

Slugger Mo Vaughn could have been talking about all-star jazz sessions when he commented on what his Red Sox ball club

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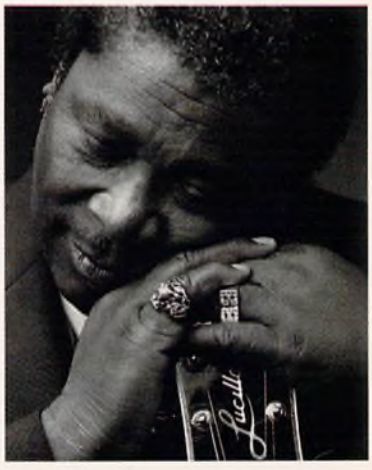

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needed to turn around a disappointing season: "Chemistry is what it's all about. You can bring in the greatest players in the world, but if they don't want to play hard and they don't want to fit in with everyone else, they're useless." The stellar talent brought in for Horace Silver's very first septet date *do* work hard and succeed admirably at playing his hard-bop as a cohesive unit.

Silver freshens his distinctive piano playing—rudimental phrases rat-a-tat-tat over left-hand boogie figures—on 10 new but familiar-sounding compositions that bear his individual stamp. He blends funky blues and gospel ideas, swing and bebop, a balance of simplicity and sophistication, and surprising compositional passages (e.g., tags and interludes). As a composer, Silver enjoys tipping his hat to jazz masters on the new album: "Hawkin'" flies high and swoops as a Coleman Hawkins homage must, "Diggin' On Dexter" celebrates another of his favorite tenor players and the ballad "Gratitude" gracefully lifts off on the changes of Satchmo's "Someday You'll Be Sorry." (Silver's lyrics for "Gratitude," as with four other originals, are printed in the CD booklet. Relax—Grandpop doesn't sing.)

Silver's soloing, comping and writing are all so eloquent they spur his soloists into going the extra creative mile while maintaining a sense of proportion and awareness of structure. Michael Brecker is excellent, as he's also been with McCoy Tyner and Herbie Hancock of late. Claudio Roditi evidences his virtuosity on the Latin burner "Serenade To A Teakettle" and three more. Ronnie Cuber and Steve Turre likewise place their fine improvisations within the ensemble sound, while Ron Carter and Lewis Nash mesh with everyone as if part of a smooth-running, stable working band and not a one-time studio group. —*Frank-John Hadley*

The Hardbop Grandpop—*I Want You; The Hippest Cat In Hollywood; Gratitude; Hawkin'; I Got The Blues In Santa Cruz; We've Got Silver At Six; The Hardbop Grandpop; The Lady From Johannesburg; Serenade To A Teakettle; Diggin' On Dexter. (62:36)*

Personnel—*Silver, piano; Claudio Roditi, trumpet, flugelhorn; Michael Brecker, tenor saxophone; Steve Turre, trombone; Ronnie Cuber, baritone saxophone; Ron Carter, bass; Lewis Nash, drums.*

Hans Kennel

Habarigani Brass
hat ART 6185

★★★★

Glenn Ferris Trio

Face Lift
enja 9089

★★★★

Peter Schärli

April Works
Unit 4095

★★★½

CD REVIEWS

Trombonist Glenn Ferris studied with trumpeter/bandleader Don Ellis and worked in the trumpeter's group in the '70s, sessioning with many other West Coasters, including Frank Zappa and Bobby Bradford. Now based in France, the 46-year-old has his own highly successful trio and continues to play odd studio dates and work in ensembles like Kennel's sextet. Possessed of a warm, matte sound and a more graceful sensibility than many a blatting 'bonist, Ferris is an ideal sideman and a thoughtful leader.

Face Lift's instrumentation suits Ferris well: The two strings often move together in a chamber-jazz manner, as on Ellington's trombone-friendly "Creole Blues" (tandem arco on "Mom And Dad," with a great cello intro). On "Blues Forever Blues," Segal and Rousselet walk a simple blues line beneath Ferris' light-touch wah-wah, while on "Lord Hanuman" they spice it up with a cocky strut. Ferris builds interest and excitement without flash—his compositions are filled with corners on which he can hang a cool phrase. A measured outing, *Face Lift* is a record for anyone convinced the trombone can't be an elegant instrument.

Drumless, but with the momentum of longterm Steve Lacy bassist Avenel, Hans Kennel's *Habarigani Brass* has a fanfare-like classical-brass chamber feel; Ferris blends tones with Hager's bass trombone, twin trumpets and french horn. Four of the disc's compositions are by Kennel, five by his Swiss countryman Jacques Siron, and a couple by Tom Varner, including "The 100th Goodbye," which includes a lengthy, extremely inventive solo from Ferris. While the material (including a little medley of Monk and a neat rethinking of Miles Davis/Gil Evan's "Boplicity") is all highly arranged, it also manages to be continuously engaging and avoids deadly cutsieness. Another Swiss trumpet/flugelman, Peter Schärli, concocted a worthy project, *April Works*—within and atop dense thickets of percussion (Brazilian, West African, Turkish and more). He weaves strings and horns, including, on four tracks, Ferris' eminently adaptable trombone. *—John Corbett*

Habarigani Brass—*Un Poco Troppo; The 100th Goodbye; Numinous; New Prayer; Boplicity; La Valse; Les Faussaires D'Horoscope; Quelque Croquis De La Lune; La Nuit; Blanche Neige Et Les Sept Nains; So Evidently; Little Rootie Tootie; Monk's Mood; Cattle Call (Chüehreiheli). (57:15)*
Personnel—*Kennel, Heinz della Torre, trumpet, flugelhorn; Ferris, trombone; Richard Hager, bass trombone; Tom Varner, french horn; Jean-Jacques Avenel, bass, cora.*

Face Lift—*Memories; Face Lift; When The Night Turns Into Day; Blues Nouk; Spring Can Really Hang You Up The Most; After Affair; Creole Blues; Blues Forever Blues; Mom And Dad; Lord Hanuman. (51:59)*
Personnel—*Ferris, trombone; Vincent Segal, cello; Bruno Rousselet, bass.*

April Works—*Ndinderere; Arrive; Madonna; Berimbao; Iwe Wangu; Mondtage A; Mondtage B; Temayimisasa; Waiting Again; Cha Chimurenga; Another End. (53:36)*
Personnel—*Schärli, trumpet, flugelhorn; Glenn Ferris, trombone; Dom Um Romao, Burhan Oçal, Biboul Darouiche, Leonard Ngwenya, percussion; Stella Rambisai Chiweshe, mbira, voice; Fredy Studer, drums;*

Hämi Hämmerli, bass; David Gattiker, cello, voice; Roland Philipp, saxophones, flute.

Marcus Roberts

Time And Circumstance
Columbia 67567

★★½

Portraits In Blue
Sony Classical 68488

★★★★½

Say what you will about the 32-year-old Roberts, he's not afraid to take chances, which is just what he does on these two latest albums.

On *Time And Circumstance*, the pianist tackles the narrative theme of a lifelong love relationship. While musical ties to the story may pull the listener along somewhat, ultimately what's missing here is the visceral thread in the form of song-like, tuneful melodies.

Strange that Gershwin buff Roberts writes here with such a monochromatic palette—melodically *and* harmonically. Many of the selections have a dark turgidity; it's as if Roberts is trying to imitate Ellington's suites, but without the color of orchestration, and the maestro's imagination.

The first half of the album's 14 pieces are the most interesting. The opening "Soul Mates" has a glimmer of a pretty line, and this leads into the expansive "Exploration," where meter shifts from 4/4 to 3/4 and back, and tempos vary between jackrabbit fast and oozing slow. Roberts is in good form at uptempo here, offering ideas that have a pleasingly rounded shape.

The New Orleans flavor in a segment of "Reflecting Mirrors" is natty, as is the pianist's light, locked-hands playing on "Imperfect Balance," recalling Red Garland. Then, the pieces seem to take on a sameness of tone. Still, here are pockets of light, one provided by Grossman's engaging solo on the title track, another by the leader, who dashes with bop-pish élan on the same number. Marsalis and Grossman, 19 and 18, respectively, are talents to watch.

Portraits In Blue begins with Roberts' often stunning revamping of Gershwin's "Rhapsody In Blue." He fleshes out the jazz underpinnings already present in the original work and lets them breathe. There's hardly anything in "Rhapsody" that the leader hasn't tinkered with, except for the initial airing of the final, luxuriously slow theme, here played elegantly by orchestral violins. Elsewhere, everything is fair game. Ted Nash improvises the opening clarinet glissando, and the bustling second theme becomes a bubbling New Orleans second line shuffle. Then, in a long section, horn solos dart in and out over brief snippets of the staccato theme. More piano follows.

Roberts mostly improvises the themes from "Rhapsody," sometimes using a stride left hand, comping like Monk or swinging à la Jelly Roll Morton. His playing, like his concept, is superbly suited to the intention of the original. James P. Johnson's subsequent "Yamekraw," orchestrated by William Grant Still and premiered in 1927 by Fats Waller, suffers by comparison to the opulent "Rhapsody." Though a solid piece with references to 1920s jazz, the number's themes aren't that memorable. Roberts' performance in both stride and modern moods helps.

On "Rhythm Variations," orchestral passages state the time-tested melody in various modes—slow waltz, uptempo, ballad. The leader is first-rate when he bangs out probing left-hand figures and chime-like right-hand forays, recalling McCoy Tyner. —*Zan Stewart*

Time And Circumstance—*Soul Mates; Exploration; Reflecting Mirrors; Imperfect Balance; Two Rocks By The Shore; Harvest Time; Alone; Time And Circumstance; Memories Of One; Eternal Dialogue; In Retrospect; Optimism; When Fire Meets Moonlight; Renewed Vision. (76:42)*

Personnel—Roberts, piano; David Grossman, bass; Jason Marsalis, drums.

Portraits In Blue—*Rhapsody In Blue; Yamekraw; I Got Rhythm Variations. (62:00)*
Personnel—Roberts, piano; members of the Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra (including Ted Nash, clarinet; Bill Easley, Wes Anderson, saxes; Ronald Westray, Wycliffe Gordon, trombone; Marcus Printup, trumpet, Jason Marsalis, drums; Ben Wolfe, bass) and the Orchestra of St. Luke's, Robert Sadin, conductor.

John Scofield

Quiet

Verve 533 185

★★★★½

Over the last decade, no electric guitarist in jazz can claim a body of recorded work as strong as John Scofield's. The steel wool of his electric guitar is one of the most expressive textures in modern music. On *Quiet* he throws it out the window and begins anew.

Until a duo date with Pat Metheny in 1993 (*I Can See Your House From Here*, Blue Note), Scofield did not even own an acoustic guitar. Metheny turned him on to the "intimacy" of nylon strings, and now *Quiet* is Scofield's first acoustic album. But "Scofield Unplugged" is not all that is new about *Quiet*. It is also his first recording for the Verve label, his debut as an orchestrater, and the first time he has played with Wayne Shorter, who guests on three tunes.

Like so many contemporary arrangers, Scofield starts from Gil Evans. He gets those same burnished colors, but his charts are even more spare. On the opening "After The Fact," a three-note repetition is drawn like a frame around Scofield's glistening instrument, which is set loose to conjure and dance.

The enveloping hazy rasp of Scofield's electric sound can be an end in itself, but the clean austerity of his acoustic instrument rivets attention on his ideas. The third track, "Away With Words," has the emotional authenticity of Scofield's very best songs, and in the acoustic environment his melodic grace emerges pristine. The french horns and tubas and flutes provide a murmuring chorus of commentary, and Shorter comes in over everyone with softly spiraling brush strokes. (Scofield calls Shorter "one of the great quiet musicians in jazz.") Each one of Shorter's three entrances is unexpected and dramatic. If he chose, he could still be the ultimate sideman. He pieces suave abstractions seamlessly into the samba momentum of "Door #3," and whispers gritty filigrees against Scofield's linear progress through "But Not For Love."

The acoustic Scofield is a kinder, gentler musical personality than the electric one, but no less audacious. *Quiet* is one long, sinuous unwinding of imaginative guitar intelligence which always starts from songs that linger in the mind. (The only one not written by Scofield is "Away" by Steve Swallow, a delicate meditation that gathers intensity until Scofield attacks those nylon strings to the breaking point.)

Scofield's skills as an arranger do not yet match his gifts as a guitarist and composer. The repeated simplicities of the ensemble are sometimes static, and the too-rich sonorities can cloy. But *Quiet* is both a fascinating addition to Scofield's recorded canon, and a promising new direction for one of the most restless and creative minds in jazz.

—Thomas Conrad

Quiet—*After The Fact; Tulle; Away With Words; Hold That Thought; Door #3; Bedside Manner; Rolf And The Gang; But For Love; Away. (50:58)*
***Personnel**—Scofield, acoustic guitar; Wayne Shorter, tenor sax (3, 5, 8); Steve Swallow, electric bass; Bill Stewart (1, 3, 4, 7–9), Duduka da Fonseca (2, 5, 6), drums; Randy Brecker, trumpet, flugelhorn; John Clark, Fred Griffin, french horn; Charles Pillow, alto flute, english horn, tenor sax; Lawrence Feldman, alto flute, flute, tenor sax; Howard Johnson, tuba, baritone sax (2, 5, 6); Roger Rosenberg, bass clarinet (1, 3, 4, 7–9).*

Jeremy Davenport

Jeremy Davenport
Telarc 83376

★★★

Kevin Clark

New Orleans Trumpet
Viper 77772.8

★★½

To take on the formalities of the traditional New Orleans repertoire and find new ground to break is about as tough a task as any player could contrive for himself. The material has been so explored and demystified, what is there left?

Kevin Clark is a fine young trumpeter with a big sound and clean attack, whose on-the-money reading of Louis Armstrong's "West End Blues" introduction, which so many players garble, almost won me over. He is clearly trying to think like Louis on "A Kiss To Build A Dream On" and "When It's Sleepy Time Down South" with each song's carefully paced climbs toward the grand cathartic release. His "Tin Roof Blues" achieves a genuine majesty. And elsewhere he offers us peeks at his impressive capacity for heat and power.

But his homage to New Orleans, and particularly Armstrong, is a faulty showcase for this gifted player (and decidedly less lively than Nicholas Payton's comparable *Gumbo Nouveau* CD). Much of the time it bumps along on square wheels in a clutter of stiff, staccato rhythmic concepts ("Don't Get Around Much Anymore"). Even a natural swinger like "Struttin' With Some Barbeque" comes out full of starch. One could argue, I suppose, that since early New Orleans music had not yet figured out how to swing, all this is in the interest of authenticity.

But if authenticity is the thing, what is Clark doing applying such a well-schooled virtuosity to material defined in part by its technical limitations? His nearly vibrato-less readings of "When You Wish Upon A Star" (the most magisterial of Armstrong's last recordings) and "Stardust" are pretty, but bland and, frankly, emotionally empty.

Jeremy Davenport's debut CD on Telarc is the album that asks the question: How many Harry Connicks can contemporary music support? Two instrumentals notwithstanding, this collection clearly positions Davenport as a softly romantic singer who, by the way, plays some nice trumpet, too. The album artwork features the handsome star in seven pensive poses, with his hair brushed elegantly back and dressed in fashionably oversized suits. It's not the kind of treatment your normal jazz musician gets.

On virtually all counts Davenport invites comparison with Connick—and not unfavorable comparison, I hasten to add. Not only does he look and sing like him, he writes like him, too. The five Davenport songs are hummable tunes, mostly of the traditional AABA variety with simple lyrics about nothing of great weight. His trumpet work is articulate, though relatively modest, and calls no attention to its workmanlike virtuosity. It is well crafted, confident and quietly unspectacular, never overbalancing Davenport's low-key vocalizing or the support he gets from his well-tuned trio and Peter Martin's comfortable piano solos. *—John McDonough*

Jeremy Davenport—*Was It Something I Did?; The Night We Met In Paris; They Can't Take That Away From Me; I See Your Face Before Me; Why Oh Why?; Joy Jones In The Temple Of Doom; I'm Old Fashioned; Watch Out; I'm Confessin'; Lora With An O; Just In Case; I'm In The Mood For Love. (56:36)*
Personnel—*Davenport, trumpet, vocals; Peter Martin, Glenn Patscha (6, 7), piano; Christopher Thomas, Neal Caine (6, 7), bass; Shannon Powell, Martin Butler (6, 7), drums.*

New Orleans Trumpet—*Bourbon St. Parade; Lucky Dog Blues; When You Wish Upon A Star; Don't Get Around*

Joey Baron's Barondown

Crackshot
Avant 059

★★★★

Much Anymore; Struttin' With Some Barbeque; A Kiss To Build A Dream On; Tom's Buick; That's A Plenty; Tin Roof Blues; Stardust; At The Jazz Band Ball; When It's Sleepy Time Down South; Martin's Mambo. (60:38)
***Personnel**—Clark, trumpet, vocals; Craig Klein (1, 2, 4, 5, 8–10, 13), Ben Smith (1, 6, 12), Dave Woodard (2), trombone; Tim Laughlin (1, 6, 8, 9, 12, 13), clarinet; Evan Christopher (1, 4, 5, 9, 11, 13), Eric Taub (1, 2, 4), saxophone; Matt Perrine (1, 8, 11, 13), sousaphone; Steve Blailock, guitar; Everett Link (6, 12), Matt Perrine (2, 4, 5, 9), bass; Tom McDermott, piano; Fred Staehle (1, 2, 4, 5, 8, 9, 11, 13), Richard Taylor (6, 12), drums; Leigh Harris (3, 10), Al Carson (2), Milton Rich (6), vocals.*

Ray Anderson/ Mark Helias/ Gerry Hemingway

You Be
Minor Music 8007

★★★★

The neat thing about the trio format is how many different guises it can take. These two three-piece outfits are located within roughly the same musical arena, but the way they tap the trio tree is remarkably different.

You Be was recorded and first released on LP in the mid-'80s. The group, which also goes by the moniker BassDrumBone, is one of the most successful settings for trombonist Anderson. On Helias' "Boxcars," his brawling 'bone—so often given to bouts of unmediated funk—encounters challenging compositional hurdles, which he clears with the ease of an Olympian track star. But there's no "leader" on *You Be*—it's a collective ensemble with each member contributing tunes as an equal in the roundtable-style music. Hemingway's a seasoned trio-man, and he provides the session with energy bursts and chunky grooves, as well as a thoughtful suite, "Edward's Dance." And with his impeccable taste and sharp time, Helias keeps the bottom nice and fat.

Where that trio is a model democracy, Barondown is very definitely Joey Baron's puppy, and the underlying concept is something totally other. A piece like "Dog" allows a working description: Sumptuously groovy drum pattern (second-line strut + blues grind + stripper swank + JBs edge) drives riffing trombone and tenor into bit-part open improvisations that make the soloists work hard for their little blow to be meaningful. Swell is perfect for the task, with a clear love of the slider's low-down sound, and Eskelin continues to be the most inventive American tenor player in creative music, perfectly nasty for this affair. In places, Barondown's music is almost too generously funky, too much of a good thing, and when I saw them do it live, after a spell I found it boring. But on *Crackshot*, the perversity and ultimately the sheer cunning of it comes through—by reducing pleasure to such potent oil, such a sweet sweet, Baron can push beyond it. He doesn't simply use swing or funk as a release device, but creates something (dare I say) new out of it. —*John Corbett*

Crackshot—*D.B.; Dog; Offering From A Pigeon; Toothpick Serenade; Punt; Games On A Train; Friend; 11:58; Oseola; Tantilla Garden; Sittin' On A Cornflake. (70:57)*
***Personnel**—Baron, drums; Ellery Eskelin, tenor saxophone; Steve Swell, trombone.*

You Be—*Question Mark; You Be; Pumbum; Boxcars; Stole Stroll; Edward's Dance; Mudpie Anthem. (48:32)*
***Personnel**—Anderson, trombone; Helias, bass; Hemingway, drums, percussion.*

Dave Young

Piano-Bass Duets/ TwoByTwo/Volume Two

Justin Time 81

★★★½

Dave Young, respected for his bass playing with Oscar Peterson and other notables, is one lucky guy. He was asked by his record label to team up with some of the finest pianists on the planet and record enough duet material for *three* albums emblazoned with *his* name in boldest print. A fantastic wish fulfilled.

Young, a fixture on the Toronto jazz scene, makes the most of his windfall by playing very well on the first two albums (the third's out for Christmas), intoning notes with a swinging surety or a convincing calmness.

Young and fellow Canadian Oliver Jones have worked together many times in the past and it shows when they confidently essay "Bass Blues," an uptempo Young composition that's perfect for Oscar Peterson. Their version of Mingus' "Self Portrait In Three Colors," though, disappoints because Jones comes off glib rather than tender. Renee Rosnes, whose talent has grown by leaps and bounds since departing her native Vancouver for NYC 10 years ago, is as exact and decisive as the bass player when running commentaries on the themes of "I'm All Smiles" and "Peaceful."

The American pianists also hit it off with Young. Cyrus Chestnut, joining Rosnes as the kids on the album, dazzles with mix of gospel with blues flourishes on "Make Me A Pallet On The Floor" and the musical splendor carries over into the bowed bass solo. Kenny Barron's complicated long lines, full of inventive harmonic insight, brighten Herbie Hancock's "One Finger Snap" as Young scampers right alongside. Ellis Marsalis and Young size each other up on "Dolphin Dance," another Hancock song, then deftly handle Horace Silver's "Blowin' The Blues Away." The estimable Barry Harris holds our attention on his gentle tribute piece "Nascimento," with Young in control of dynamics and a model of pacing.

All told, these pairings of double bass and piano give pleasure and reveal the value of working together. —*Frank-John Hadley*

TwoByTwo/Volume Two—*Dolphin Dance; Blowin' The Blues Away; Make Me A Pallet On The Floor; Moment To Moment; Bass Blues; Self Portrait In Three Colors; One Finger Snap; Loverman; Nascimento; Pendulum At Falcon's Lair; I'm All Smiles; Peaceful. (69:36)*

Personnel—*Young, bass; Ellis Marsalis (1, 2), Cyrus Chestnut (3, 4), Oliver Jones (5, 6), Kenny Barron (7, 8), Barry Harris (9, 10), Renee Rosnes (11, 12), piano.*

JAZZ

Skin Games

by Dan Ouellette

As we all know, drummers not only shape the backbone of the jazz operation, they also make fine leaders. From avant rumblings to world-beat flavorings, these drummers-at-the-helm express their musical outlooks through others while exploring the sonic potential of their kits.

Dennis Warren's Full Metal Revolutionary Jazz Ensemble: *Watch Out!* (Accurate 5017; 65:06: ★★★★) The exclamatory title says it all. The rampaging drummer leads his eight-member FMRJE through trumpeter Raphe Malik's free-spirited compositions, including "Mallets," a captivating suite written as a forum for the spirit of the drum. While Warren crashes, bangs, roars and punches into the out zone, he also gets to flick, tap, march and brush when the squalls momentarily dissipate. His "Currents" surges with a polyrhythmic riptide of drumming.

Matt Wilson: *As Wave Follows Wave* (Palmetto 2020; 55:51: ★★★★) Wilson, drummer for both Dewey Redman and Cecil McBee's bands, enlists his bosses for his remarkable swing-to-avant premiere. The whimsical opener, "Free Range Chicken," with guest Larry Goldings on toy piano, serves as the precursor for the heady material to come. Wilson displays lots of syncopated action, especially on the jazz renderings of "Bingo" and "Sweet Betsy From Pike." The title track buoyed by Carl Sandburg poetry is compelling, the hymn to Don Cherry moving and the three solo drum sketches engaging for their rhythms, sound and humor.

Yoron Israel Connection: *A Gift For You* (Free Lance 24; 63:12: ★★★½) Unwilling to simply blend in with the rhythmic undergirding on his auspicious debut as a leader, Israel drives this tasty set from the drum seat. He prods his bandmates with rich sonorities, jaunty ride rhythms and numerous thrilling solos. He scampers through the bop-charged "Gabriel's Dance," skitters and chatters out the beat on the rousing "O.H.!" and sparks the full swing of the "The Move" with an invigorating drum intro.

***The San Francisco Nighthawks Featuring Eddie Marshall* (Monarch 1011; 64:55: ★★★)** Veteran Marshall mans the drum chair on this pleasing post-bop date of West Coast cool. The stickman tumbles out the uptempo beat on "The Rain Theory," kicks "Tribute" into swinging gear and bounces through two of his effervescent originals. Marshall plays with color in mind, glittering the gentle "Bohemian Romance" with radiant cymbal action and striking jalepeño red into the zesty "Teresa." Ensemble interplay is strong throughout, yet at points feels a tad too restrained.

ALAN NAHIGIAN

Playing with volcanic authority: Franklin Kiermyer

Tom Peron/Bud Spangler Quartet: *Dedication* (Monarch 1010; 59:07: ★★★½) Trumpeter Peron and drummer Spangler join forces for an alluring collection of thoroughbred straightahead jazz. Their sophomore disc is highlighted by Peron's lyrical blowing and refined compositions (all four are standouts) as well as Spangler's impeccable rhythm support. The band delivers a passionate take on "Angel Eyes" (with Spangler piloting the tempo transitions), but the runaway winner of the pack is the quartet's big swing through Carroll Coates' "One For Monterey."

Steve Reid: *Water Sign* (Telarc 83396; 53:33: ★½) Rippingtons percussionist Steve Reid celebrates the trade winds and serene seas with a synth-slick batch of tepid pop-jazz. With such tune titles as "Warm Summer Rain," "Waterfall" and "Candle Dance," it's not surprising that sunny tranquility rules as Reid applies multiple layers of soothing tropical percussion. The best waves here are the glimmering ripples on "Dolphin Ride," where Reid and his fellow sailors turn the breeze up a notch.

Franklin Kiermyer: *Kairos* (Evidence 22144; 57:02: ★★★★) Kiermyer plays with volcanic authority, pummeling the skins and flinting the cymbals on the tumultuous tracks that co-star saxophonists Michael Stuart and Eric Person. Kiermyer's ferocious on "John's Mode" and flexes his muscles in support of gusting soprano sax guest Sam Rivers on "Basheret." He's equally propulsive on "Around The World," which serves as the disc's thematic center. The jazz aggressiveness gets tempered as Kiermyer creates a fascinating musical balance by quietly drumming into the fabric of sampled world music pieces interspersed throughout the disc.

***Mickey Hart's Mystery Box* (Rykodisc 10338; 54:15: ★★★½)** The ex-Dead drummer launches into a new orbit with his latest Planet Drum recording. The polyrhythms still soar as percussion titans Zakir Hussain, Giovanni Hidalgo, Sikiru Adepoju and Airto Moreira join Hart in laying down the irresistible grooves. But pop dominates this song-oriented project as the delightful a capella group the Mint Juleps and Hart himself handle vocal duties on lyrics written by Robert Hunter. Surprise! It works, especially on the rambunctious rocker "John Cage Is Dead" and the sweetly lilting "Look Away." Only disappointment: the short supply of rhythmic conversations.

Phillip Greenlief-Scott Amendola Duo: *Collect My Thoughts* (9 Winds 0185; 67:33: ★★★★) Tenor saxist Greenlief and drummer Amendola dialogue in the free-improv spirit, effortlessly bouncing a wealth of ideas off each other—honks for gallops, toots for rumbles, melodic blowing for skipping rimshots. Many of the pieces are inspired by literary figures. The turbulent "Saint Louis" (Amendola goes slapstick) is for Zora Neale Hurston. Great storytelling visuals throughout, especially on "Anne Frank" when Amendola signals the marching arrival of Nazi storm troops. A few lulls, but otherwise sharp, funny and moving. **DB**

BEYOND

Old Folks, Young Folks

by Dan Ouellette

The '90s folk renaissance is in full bloom, thanks largely to some of the pathfinders of the '50s, '60s and '70s who've recently emerged from recording retirement. Others are garnering fresh recognition with CD debuts of their long out-of-print recordings.

Pete Seeger: *Pete* (Living Music 32; 63:48: ★★★½) Coaxed out of recording retirement by Paul Winter (who also plays soprano sax on two tunes), the 77-year-old folk legend/social activist/12-string guitar and banjo player offers his first studio release in 17 years with the support of three different choirs. Revisiting such classics as "Kisses Sweeter Than Wine" and "All Mixed Up," Seeger also performs three new tunes, including the spritely homage to Lead Belly, "Huddie Ledbetter Was A Helluva Man." The spirited protest number "Garbage" and the slow banjo blues "In The Evening" highlight this delightful hootenanny.

Peter, Paul & Mary: *LifeLines Live* (Warner Bros. 46298; 72:08: ★★★) This live collection of old and new tunes testifies that Yarrow, Stookey & Travers still reign as the preeminent folk trio. With doses of good-natured humor and cultural critique rooted in idealism, PP&M deliver their trademark vocal harmonies on their hit "Stewball" and Woody Guthrie's compelling "Deportee." Slick spots using unnecessary electric keyboards and a couple lame numbers (e.g., "Virtual Party") are offset by Stookey's clever "Old Enough (Ode To An Aging Rocker)" and a soaring take on Dylan's "The Times They Are A' Changin'." Guests include folk giants Odetta and Richie Havens.

Hot Tuna: *Classic Hot Tuna—Acoustic* (Relix 2075; 53:14: ★★★½) Recorded and broadcast live in a radio-station studio in 1971, this rare, all-acoustic Hot Tuna set, available commercially for the first time, features co-founders Jorma Kaukonen and Jack Casady along with fiddling ace Papa John Creach and drummer Sammy Piazza. With Kaukonen leading the way with his ragtime-inflected guitar licks, Hot Tuna performs a laid-back, downhome concert infused with folk, old-timey swing and Delta blues sensibilities. While "Uncle Sam Blues" provides a potent reminder of the antiwar sentiments of the time, the jam-heavy covers of Reverend Gary Davis numbers, including "Death Don't Have No Mercy," carry the day.

John Fahey: *The Voice Of The Turtle* (Takoma 6501; 39:50: ★★★★½) From its tongue-in-cheek liner notes to the bizarre double "raga" centerpiece, this 1968 collection by steel-string guitar wiz Fahey has to be the strangest folk trip of the '60s. It's the first Takoma reissue since independent label kingpin Fantasy acquired the roots music label founded by Fahey—who's also credited with creating and popularizing the blues-based fingerpicking style known as American primitive. Fahey's all over the map here. There's a buoyant bottleneck blues, a fluteled melodic beauty, a fiddle-fed old-timey swing, a drunken Cajun waltz. But it's Fahey's loopy sound collages and odd sonic touches that make this largely instrumental album a treasure.

ART FITZSIMMONS

Leo Kottke: heavenly harmonics

Leo Kottke: *6- And 12-String Guitar* (Takoma 6503; 37:28: ★★★★★) Masterpiece. Period. Kottke's 1969 acoustic-guitar solo debut has sold over a half-million copies (mostly, no doubt, to aspiring young pickers) and has certainly withstood the test of time. He's got ballads with heavenly harmonics, bluegrass charged with lightning licks, twangy bottleneck blues, even a reverential 12-string version of "Jesu, Joy Of Man's Desiring." While speed remains one of Kottke's main calling cards, this album also demonstrates his broad range of influences, his whimsical sense of humor and his distinctive guitar voice. Top grades go to Kottke's riveting sprints through "Vaseline Machine Gun" and "Busted Bicycle."

John Fahey/Peter Lang/Leo Kottke (Takoma 6502; 35:36: ★★★★) Only disappointment with this 1974 album is it's a sampler of guitar pioneers rather than a trio project. Like a folk club open-mic night, each guitarist gets four tunes to shine. Kottke leads off with a dazzling mini-set highlighted by his syncopated 12-string fingerpicking on "Red And White." The "unknown" Lang overcomes the odds with the remarkable classical-meets-folk melody "When Kings Come Home" and the speedy "St. Charles Shuffle." Last but not least, Fahey revisits material he previously recorded, including the hymn "In Christ There Is No East Or West," rendered with grace and spirit. **DB**

REISSUES

Dreaming Of The Re-Master

by Paul de Barros

There are controversies, there are opinions, there certainly is room for measured disagreement and criticism. But let us begin by acknowledging the sheer and unequivocal sublimity of this music. If these sounds do not make you melt, consult your physician. You may need open-heart surgery.

Miles Davis & Gil Evans: *The Complete Columbia Studio Recordings* (Columbia 67397; 73:49/76:45/74:38/77:27/64:45/77:12: ★★★★★) Miles Davis and Gil Evans met in 1948, when Evans was living in a basement apartment that had become a "bebop salon" on Manhattan's West 55th Street. Evans was arranging for Claude Thornhill; Davis was playing on 52nd Street with Charlie Parker. This remarkable friendship, which lasted the rest of their lives, resulted first in the landmark 1948-'50 *Birth Of The Cool* recordings for Capitol Records.

The present, six-disc compilation picks up the story in 1957, after Miles had signed with Columbia, and takes it to 1968. It is the second installment in a comprehensive program beginning with last year's *Live At The Plugged Nickel*, covering the entire Miles opus on Columbia. (These studio dates with Miles and Gil will be followed by their live recordings.) The heart here is the trio of famous collaborations: the airy and pungent *Miles Ahead* (1957), the more jazzy and brassy *Porgy And Bess* (1958) and the somber Spanish fusion classic *Sketches Of Spain* (1960). This package also marks the first authentic stereo remix of *Miles Ahead*. (A fudged one came out in 1987; more on that later.) Also included is the less successful Brazilian project *Quiet Nights* (1964).

Each of the four familiar albums is presented in original program order, on its own disc, followed by bonus tracks. *Sketches Of Spain* now includes "Song Of Our Country," discovered later. *Quiet Nights* has lost the irrelevant quintet track, "Summer Night," but gained three sextet titles (two with singer Bob Dorough), and two previously unreleased short works, "Time Of The Barracudas" (1963) and "Falling Water" (1968). Discs five and six are composed entirely of alternate and rehearsal takes. It's a gold-card package, with 198 pages of discography, annotations, rare photographs, original liner notes and jacket art, some fine essays and a shiny brass binding. (Mosaic has simultaneously released their 11-LP, 180-gram "Q" version.) More than half of this material has never been issued.

Total immersion in such exhilarating musical waters highlights why Davis and Evans got along so well. In music, as in life, they despised the obvious, preferring the inferences of hip. They also shared a passion for pastel colors and pretty melodies, and a fondness for chords that created narrative through their "weight" (like Ravel's). Spiritually, they were fellow suitors of *duende*, that elusive state of suspended soulfulness, expounded by the poet Garcia Lorca. Their collaboration brought out the best in them, as individuals, as well, particularly Miles' ability to *speak*. People always talk about his unique tone, but Miles also understood "tone" the way a poet or an actor does: When Evans' music demanded insouciant, uncontained joy on "I Don't Wanna Be Kissed (By Anyone But You)," Miles spoke in a joyful tone. When it called for piercing sadness on "Summertime," he spoke mournfully.

Evans, for his part, had his finest moments with Miles. Fascinated by the possibilities for jazz of European orchestral timbres—oboe, french horn, bassoon, flute, harp—he created dazzling, airy, sometimes ambivalent chords that fluctuated through a seemingly limitless range of colors. Unlike many "Third Stream" composers, Evans used the rhythm section (sans piano) for the actual colors it had to offer, not as add-ons for "jazz feeling." A master of contrary motion—dig the way the flutes and brass wheel in and out of each other as well as Miles on "The Pan Piper"—he advanced the concerto form beyond the figure-and-ground syndrome. Miles' horn and the 19-piece orchestra trade places, echo, weave, bob, even finish each other's sentences.

What a treat it is, on *Miles Ahead*, to listen again to the grainy, exploding brass of "I Don't Wanna Be Kissed," the loping eighth- and two 16th-note phrase of "Miles Ahead," the jaunty Brubeck melody "The Duke" and the elated, cool contours of "Springsville"! *Porgy And Bess* brings back pleasant memories, too: Bill Barber's agile tuba solo on "The Buzzard Song," the wild spread in the winds and flugelhorn lead on "There's A Boat That's Leaving Soon For New York" and the oddly independent figure behind Miles' solo on "Summertime."

Sketches Of Spain is a model of how successful fusion digs to the intersections of genres to create something new, as Evans found the hook between Gypsy blues (flamenco) and American blues. Listen to the "jazz" cymbal and "Spanish" snare and castanet on "Solea." That's *duende*. In spite of a valiant effort to restore its reputation, the heavily edited *Quiet Nights* remains an unsatisfying (and incomplete) project, a fact acknowledged by both Miles and Gil at the time it came out. It's not enough to suggest that the failure was due to commercial pressure to capitalize on the bossa nova fad, since *Porgy*, too, was timed to the film release of the musical. Evans seems to have been genuinely defeated by the bossa nova pulse.

"The Time Of The Barracudas," 12 minutes-plus of underscoring for a play by Peter Barnes, is far more interesting. Rehearsal shouts and occasionally poor execution suggest that it wasn't ready for release; but nevertheless there are intimations of the tense, open territory Miles would explore in the 1970s, with Tony Williams' clackety snare and Herbie Hancock's polyphonic piano forging a new mood. A telegraphed, long-short-long-short passage would later become "General Assembly"; some devilishly slow, brass-lip trills, "Hotel Me Blues." "Falling Water," a four-minute tone poem recorded in 1968, showcases Miles' emerging interest in electric instruments and a more dominant bass line. Listening to it is rather like staring into a fishbowl, watching a lot of beautifully suspended, random activity.

Comparisons of alternate takes is instructive. The master of "Gone" reveals the judicious choice of a slower, more elegant tempo. Miles' solo on take two of "Summertime," on the other hand, is better than the master, but the feeling overall was probably rejected as too "happy." The four solo overdubs of "Springsville" play like a little storybook, showing how a great jazz improviser gradually finds a balance between shapeliness and surprise.

When Teo Macero remastered a stereo version of *Miles Ahead*, it was believed that the mono masters were lost. In fact, the stereo version was created from unissued and incomplete alternate takes. A fraud, most of the takes differed from the original, resulting in the disc being taken off the market and replaced by

Recording *Miles Ahead*, 1957: fellow suitors of suspended soulfulness

the currently available and slightly altered original mono version. Phil Schaap was hired to piece together this puzzle. The result is a lovingly reconstructed stereo remix, "as was," of the original takes, plus a breathless concordance of every scrap that did or did not go into the final mix. Was it worth it? Soundwise, absolutely. Schaap's 20-bit stereo remix has decidedly more depth, three-dimensional brilliance and (naturally) stereo separation than the original. The reverb on the mono version has been removed, so the sound is more natural, as well.

Ironically, Schaap's zealous fidelity occasionally has highlighted differences in room ambience between masters and overdubs. (On "I Don't Want To Be Kissed" you can hear a definite shift.) And while the overall clarity of sound on all the discs has been vastly improved by Schaap and Bob Belden, who produced the 1962-'68 material for this release (the ride cymbal, particularly, has been happily brought up) one has to question the merit, even for aficionados, of issuing all this rejected material, especially takes where Miles or an orchestra member simply turned in a honker. As for the much-vaunted "rehearsal tapes," they are meager; surely it is something of an exaggeration to label 33 seconds of shuffling manuscript paper and mumbling, ending with, "Let's play it at [letter] E," a "studio discussion." And isn't it unfair to ask consumers to pay more than $100 to get a stereo remix of *Miles Ahead*?

As we begin to codify the jazz past into a "classical" heritage, we will no doubt see more of such hagiographic completism. If any artist deserves such careful curation of his canon, it is Miles Davis. However, even zealots may find this brass-bound package contains more than they actually want. Maybe.

Flashback: Jimmy Cleveland, who played trombone on *Miles Ahead* and *Porgy And Bess*, had some insights into Gil Evans' voicings: "What Gil was doing seemed funny to all of us. He would have A's and B♭'s close together, and maybe the next horn would have an F#. To get that kind of sound and overtones he was looking for, one part would be marked forte, another mezzo forte and another mezzo piano. The volume that each player would bring to each particular chord is what made it sound right. The atmosphere was quite different from other sessions. We knew that the music was going to be new and fresh and as far, modernwise, as you could go with it. The scene was just so upbeat. I found those sessions to be sheer pleasure."

Lee Konitz, a *Birth Of The Cool* veteran who played on the *Miles Ahead* sessions, recalls, "When I heard this music for the first time, I got major goose pimples. It was very, very moving. After a while, though, with the repetition, with that soothing sound, I started to get a little bit sleepy. I recall at one point I could feel myself drifting off. Then a very beautiful, very sexy woman walked into the date and I woke up."

"The session [for "Falling Water"] started early in the morning," recalls tuba player Howard Johnson. "In the coffee shop across the street I ran into [french horn player] Ray Alonge and Larry Lucie, the studio guitar player. They didn't know who the date was for and they were complaining that it was too early to start recording. Lucie, who had been called to play mandolin, asked, 'What kind of dreck is this going to be? Who's the artist, anyway?' I said, 'Miles Davis and Gil Evans.' You can be sure those two sleepy musicians woke up in a hurry!"

Johnson scoffs at producer Teo Macero's claim (see Down Beat Dec. '95) that Macero stepped in as conductor to rescue the "Falling Water" session: "I don't remember him conducting anything.

"Gil's stuff always came together with difficulty. You came in and you didn't know where anything fit. I've listened to all of those takes, and it's amazing how different each one sounds." **DB**

Initial Down Beat ratings:
- *Miles Ahead*: ★★★★★ (12/12/57 issue)
- *Porgy And Bess*: ★★★★★ (7/23/59)
- *Sketches Of Spain*: ★★★★★ (9/29/60)
- *Quiet Nights*: ★★★★ (3/12/64)

BLINDFOLD TEST

NOVEMBER 1996

Peter Erskine

by Zan Stewart

The "Blindfold Test" is a listening test that challenges the featured artist to discuss and identify the music and 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.

Like his marvelous colleague Albert "Tootie" Heath, drummer Peter Erskine's time does not stomp, it floats; he relishes the spaces between the beats. No wonder, then, that his chosen ensemble is the lithe threesome he leads with pianist John Taylor and bassist Palle Danielsson.

The trio, which toured Europe this spring and summer, provides a setting for intimate musical conversation. "I love the transparency in the sound and the compositional interplay between the three voices," says Erskine. "And I like the three-way dynamic, where, since we're a rhythm section, that 'always soloing, never soloing' idea can be expressed." Their newest release, *As It Is* (ECM), says it all (see "CD Reviews" Sept. '96).

But Erskine, who's delivered the boisterous thump in such gregarious ensembles as Weather Report and Maynard Ferguson's big band, likes to roar, too. He tells of his just-completed trip to Japan, playing at the Live At The Lake '96 festival near Mt. Fuji with Michael Brecker's band, which opened for Herbie Hancock's *New Standard* quintet. "I hadn't played much with Michael lately except a tour of England with Don Grolnick a year and a half ago, and he was burnin'," says Erskine of his former Steps Ahead bandmate. "I had a ball."

This is his second Blindfold Test. He was given no prior information about the recordings.

ALAN NAHIGIAN

Bill Stewart

"7.5" (*from* Snide Remarks, *Blue Note, 1995*) *Stewart, drums.*

[*Erskine recognizes Stewart immediately.*] Bill Stewart. The first rim shot gave it away. That's a distinctive thing of his. I love his playing. Billy's a swinger, always inventive, composing when he plays. Last time I heard him live he was toning down the rim shots. This was at Live By The Lake, where he was with John Scofield. He sounded marvelous. Here, he's doing that out-of-time accenting, which is kind of unique, too, but it's not my favorite aspect of his playing. I like the more swinging part. He has an excellent touch. 3½ stars.

Paul Motian Electric Bebop Band

"Half Nelson" (*from* Reincarnation Of A Lovebird, *jMT, 1994*) *Motian, drums; Chris Potter, Chris Cheek, tenor saxophones; Kurt Rosenwinkel, Wolfgang Muthspiel, guitars.*

That was wild! I haven't heard Paul play like that in a while. At first, I didn't know who it was and then, 'Bing!' Part of it is the incredible kind of sophisticated primitive way that Paul plays. It's so unsophisticated in some ways. Most drummers nowadays on things like this would be all over the hi-hat and Paul's just clunking on 2 and 4, so elemental and somehow so great. I say all this while acknowledging that Motian is perhaps my biggest drum hero of all time. I like the band, too. 4 stars.

Steve Grossman

"Circus" (*from* Time To Smile, *Dreyfus, 1994*) *Grossman, tenor sax; Elvin Jones, drums.*

[*Soon after the track begins*] The tenor player is playing like Sonny [Rollins]. Whew! [*recognizing Jones*]

[*After the track*] Was that [Bob] Mintzer? Steve [Grossman]? I haven't heard him in 20 years. We played together in national stage band camps. He was 14, I was 11.

ZS: *Why guess him?*

Something near the end, the bigness in his sound reminded me of him. ... Elvin, he's always been my favorite drummer. It's so exciting to listen to him play. It's like you're sitting here, it's swinging, but then he brings you up on the tightrope with him. His stuff has such a wonderful sense of balance and excitement. It's kind of like going to the circus. He is somehow like the earth. If a [Native] American Indian would think of a great spirit connected to the earth, having to do with something essential to their life, that's how Elvin is to me.

John Scofield

"Kool" (*from* Groove Elation, *Blue Note, 1995*) *Scofield, guitar; Larry Goldings, organ; Dennis Irwin, bass; Idris Muhammad, drums.*

Idris is real earthy, not slick, rough around the edges, which is cool. He's always been a great funk drummer, but he's a swinger, too. Probably, my favorite funk drummers are guys who in one way or another swing. What makes one drummer's beat sound different from another is the space between the notes. It doesn't have to do with technique or sticking, it's just the shape between the notes. John sounds great—he has some New Orleans blood in him. I love the way Larry plays organ, and I got to play with Dennis Irwin with Brecker [in Japan]. What a swinger. Gut strings, right on the beat, a real tower of strength on the bass. In a way, he reminds me of Dave Holland. They're both like the modern-day Paul Chambers. 4 stars.

Miles Davis & Gil Evans

"Gone" (*alternate take from* Porgy And Bess, *from The Complete Columbia Studio Recordings, Columbia, 1996/rec. 1958*) *Davis, flugelhorn; Evans, orchestrator, conductor; Philly Joe Jones, drums.*

I guess that's an alternate track.

Why?

Some parts were a little rough.

[*We A-B the alternate with the previously issued master, which is quite a bit slower.*] Philly Joe was a magician of the drums, the most definitive of the bebop drummers because of the way he spoke the language. He had great intelligence, very witty, always swinging. And, of course, Gil's writing and Miles' playing are astonishing. The sound shows what CDs can do, the way you get the details. Even on an old recording, the way the drums were recorded, they sounded great—they had at the most maybe two mics. This is like one of Picasso's paintings that he decided not to hang up. Still, it's 5 stars. **DB**