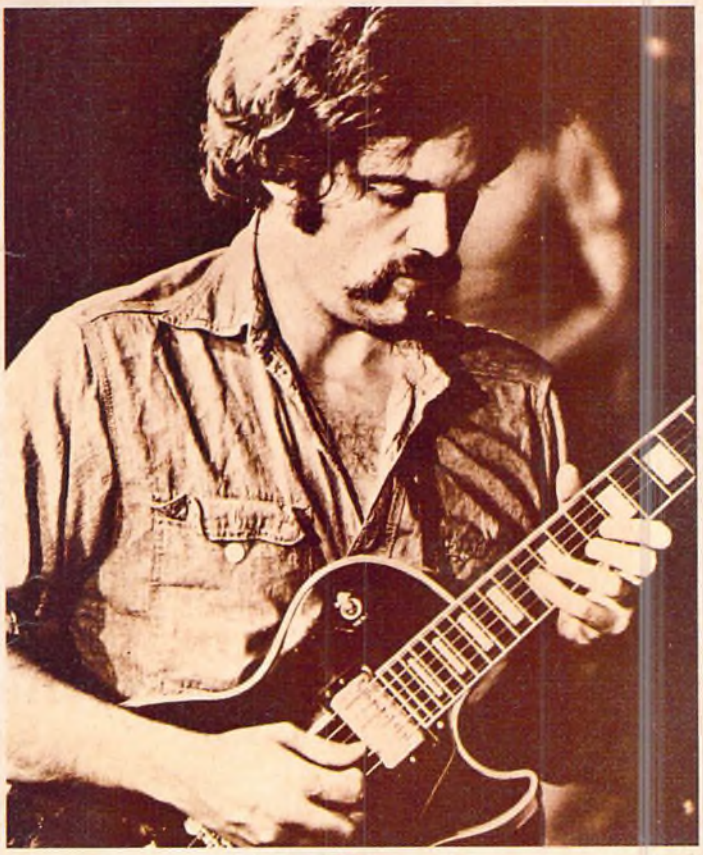
FEBRUARY 26, 1976 60c

the contemporary music magazine

down beat



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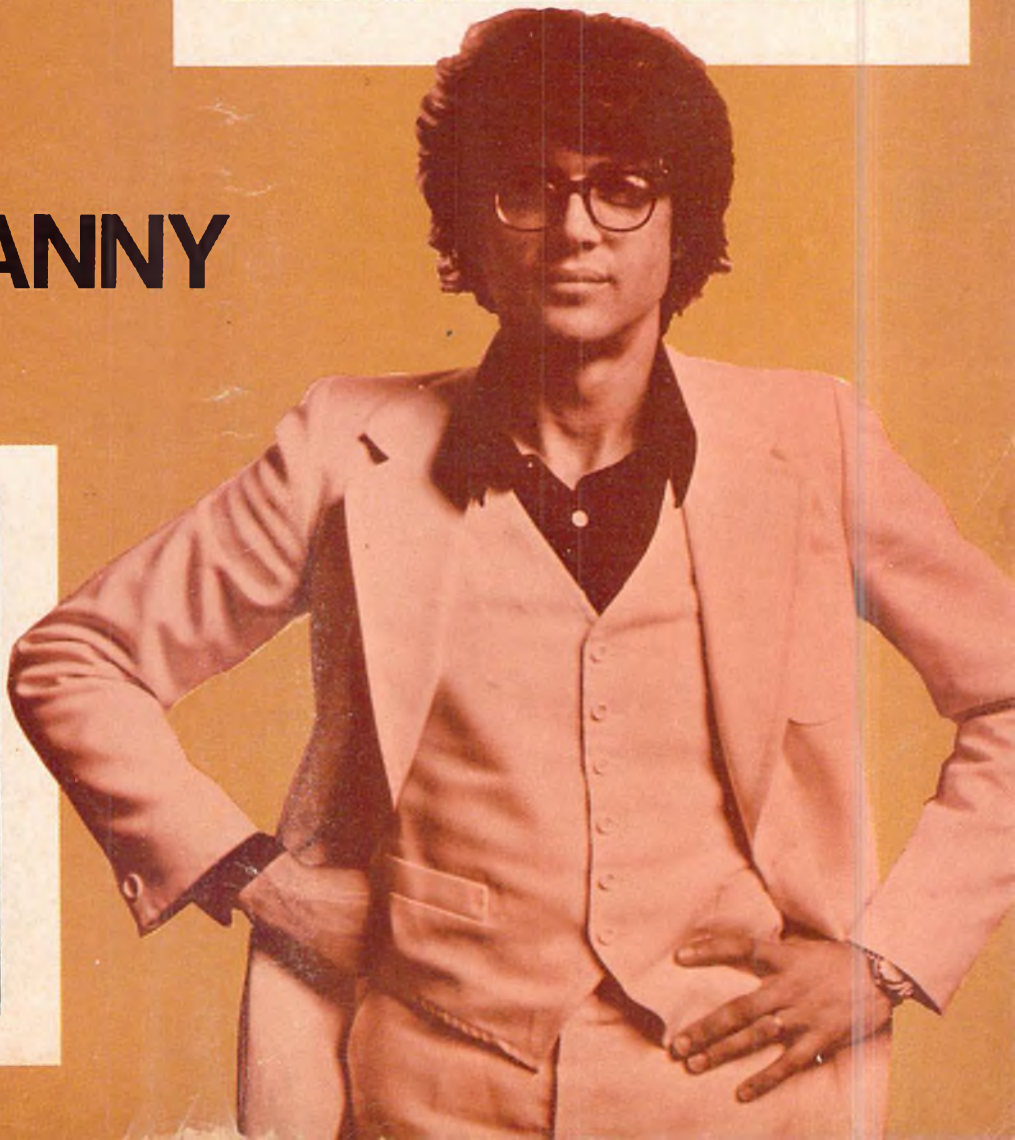

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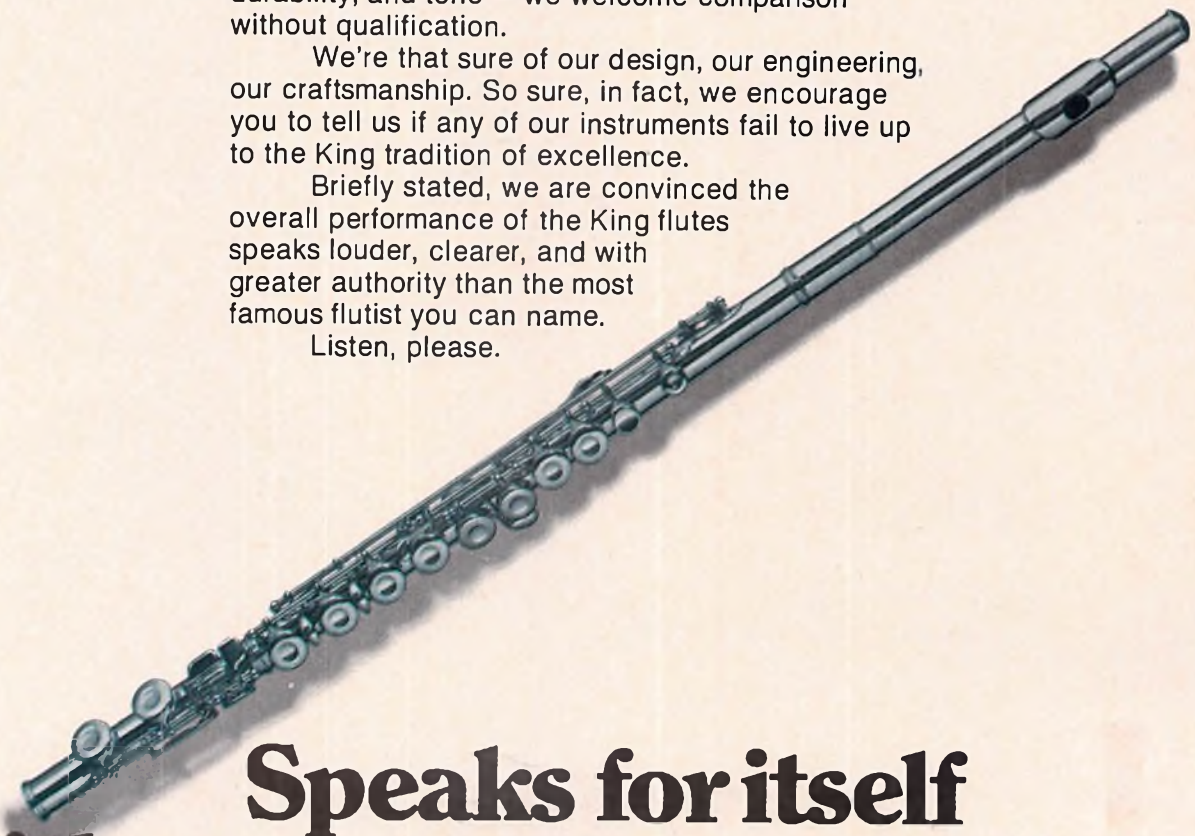

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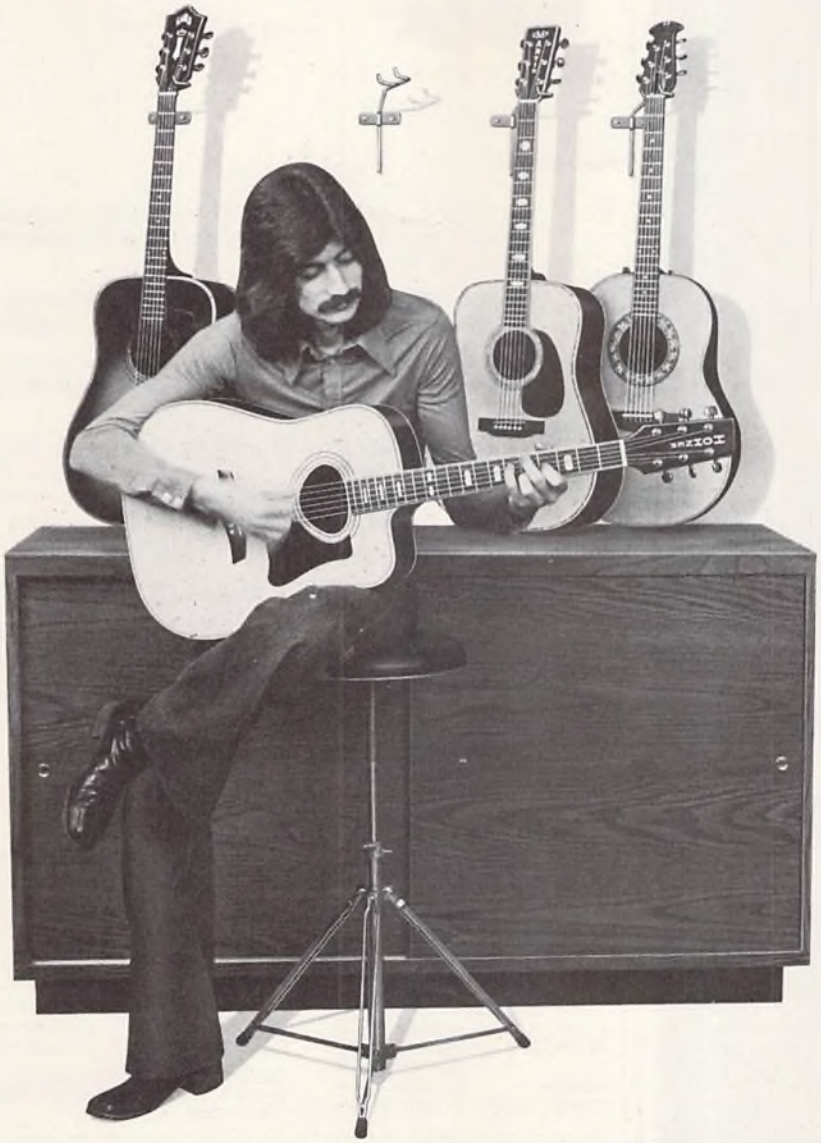

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down beat

February 26, 1976

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the first chorus

By Charles Suber

Guitarist Larry Coryell, in an interview in this issue, makes some provocative observations on the current state of music . . . and society as well.

Coryell, recuperating from some best-forgotten scenes, likens these days to Thermidor, a time of post-revolutionary blahs when excess, cant, and hype have drained and disillusioned the troops. He thinks this a quiet time to search out spiritual values—after a decade of Vietnam . . . the draft . . . Kent State and Jackson State . . . the Chicago convention . . . Watergate; and Altamont . . . Hendrix, Joplin, and Morrison.

Coryell believes that John McLaughlin's conversion to the joyful, clean, non-drug Mahavishnu ushered in the spiritual era. However, Coryell notes that peace can seem "complacent and boring" after all the excitement and violence. Translated into musical expression it means that excitement has to be built from performance rather than from maximum dynamics and distortion. It also means a turn to acoustic, natural sound . . . and the controlled use of electronics to expand the means of expression.

John Abercrombie—a favorite guitarist of Coryell's—is also into peace and non-hype playing but has come to it along a more tranquil road.

Abercrombie started his playing career at Berklee where he was influenced by two gifted players and teachers: guitarist Jack Peterson (now at North Texas State U.) and trumpet player-arranger-composer Herb Pomeroy (now in his third decade as a Berklee Master Teacher). From Peterson, Abercrombie gained an appreciation of what happens when careful attention to technique is coupled with the improvisational skills. Peterson, who built his own electronic guitar lab for class teaching, emphasized the virtues of control, especially when using electronic devices.

From Herb Pomeroy, Abercrombie learned how improvisation should fit into and abet ensemble playing. Abercrombie's post-graduate studies involved much playing, playing with Berklee connected musicians, such as Gabor Szabo.

Abercrombie has come to where he is today by acquiring an important asset: patience, patience to regard promises of Big Money and Big Career as "very short-lived. I'd rather have my music progress over a long period of time."

This issue's Profiles of Danny and Darius Brubeck also reveal a decided move to rational musicianship. Perhaps this movement can also explain the attention paid by young players and listeners (and Grammy nominations) to the recent recordings of Jim Hall, Paul Desmond, Dizzy Gillespie, Joe Pass, Ray Brown, Bill Basie, Oscar Peterson . . . and the rest of the Pablo people.

Next issue: features on keyboardists Bill Evans, multi-instrumentalist Jan Hammer, today's Jethro Tull; profiles on trumpeter Kenny Wheeler and bassist Harvie Swartz; Blindfold Test of Flora Purim and Airto Moreira; and other delights. **db**

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chords and discords

More M'Boom

Thanks . . . to Brian Duffy for his letter regarding M'Boom (Chords, 12/18). It's good to see someone else is aware of this group. They should be heard!

Speaking of drummers, there is another one I feel has not received the recognition he deserves and that is Andrew Cyrille. For the past ten years, he has been one of the driving forces of the Cecil Taylor Unit, but has been virtually ignored by the press.

I have seen numerous articles on Billy Cobham and Alphonse Mouzon, but it is time the readers were made aware of some musicians who are interested in preserving their art and not just in filling their pockets. How about it?

Keith A. Thomas Bronx, New York

Trouble In Paradise

I thought the **db** readers did one of the best jobs ever on the Readers Poll; however, there is one major facet of the poll that does upset me somewhat. I feel the Hall Of Fame section has been too often used to eulogize recently departed artists. I do not feel this was the original purpose of the honor.

Look, I loved Cannonball and mourn his death just as much as any lover of music and life. I just think there are several living artists who are just as, if not more, deserving than the late great Mr. Adderley. Look at poor Woody Herman. This guy has led a big band for nearly 40 years, had some of the greatest groups in the history of jazz, introduced scores of future superstars and has played tasty soprano, alto, and clarinet for years. He places near the top every year, yet never gets inducted. Why?

Ella Fitzgerald is known as the "First Lady of Jazz," but you wouldn't know that by looking at the **db** Hall Of Fame. J. J. Johnson, one of the founding fathers of modern jazz, didn't even place this year, and that's a disgrace. How about Gerry Mulligan . . . Stan Getz, Benny Carter, Maynard Ferguson, Dave Brubeck? Are the readers and critics going to wait until these greats are gone?

Tom Smith III Greenville, N.C.

Change For The Worse?

What are you doing to your magazine? I think the new City Scene format is a step backward. This feature used to have a touch of the human element. People were telling readers what was happening, including little bits of commentary, names of sidemen, etc. The new format looks like a timetable and is just about as interesting.

Let's go back to the informal style, which provides a more intimate communication with the readers.

Joseph R. DiNolfo Bremerton, Wash.

Triple Critique

I totally disagree with Neil Tesser's inference that previously unreleased music is "old" and therefore cannot be listened to objectively (*El Juicio* record review, 1/15). In such a vitally alive form as jazz and especially with artists of Jarrett's stature, a performance at any given point in time is as fresh and stimulating as something he does tomorrow. Most of Jarrett's ECM works, *Facing You* for example, were cut long before they were released here. . . .

Also, why not give the readers a chance to vote for Talent Deserving Wider Recognition? With such an ever-expanding selection of superb players to choose from, one solitary vote per category is ludicrous.

Finally, concerning the discography for the Lonnie Liston Smith article, *Now Please Don't Cry, Beautiful Edith*, by Rahsaan Roland Kirk, is on Verve V6-8709, not Atlantic.

Larry Hollis Oklahoma City, Okla.

Open Letter To Phil Woods

I enjoyed reading your interview (**db**, 12/18). I was hanging in to almost every word you had to say, your insight into what's happening to jazz and the reactions given the music by the people of this society. I cannot blame you for your actions in leaving the United States and I can see and hear where you are coming from when you say America always kills the spirit of creation. Bird, Trane, Dolphy, and recently Cannonball and Oliver Nelson, are all proof of your statement. . . .

I hope we hear more of you in the future and that your plans for your school have success.

Ed Clark Goshen, N.Y.

Asleep At The Helm?

Since you bill yourself as the contemporary music magazine, how about an article on the current resurgence in western swing, thanks to the hard-working band known as Asleep At The Wheel? Wake up!

Frank Hemmerton Los Angeles, Cal.

THE HOUR DRAWS NEAR!!!

The week of February 14 will see the *Soundstage/down beat Awards* show presented over nationwide affiliate stations of the Public Broadcasting System. As mentioned in the 12/18 **db**, the show promises to be of knockout quality, with a lineup including Chick Corea, Quincy Jones, McCoy Tyner, Rahsaan Roland Kirk, Sonny Rollins, Hubert Laws, Bill Watrous, Freddie Hubbard, George Benson, Stanley Clarke, Lenny White, and Airto Moreira, plus a guest appearance by Weather Report.

Check your local listings for time and station.

P.S.—Correspondence concerning the show will appear in upcoming installments of Chords & Discords.

REILLY MANNES IMPROV

NEW YORK—For the first time, an "Improvisation Ensemble Workshop" has been introduced at the Mannes School of Music in New York City. It is an approved college course (two credits) for two hours per week. The course is offered on three levels: Beginners (Apprenticeship), Intermediates (Journeyman), and Advanced (Mastership).

"The sole purpose is to achieve mastery of the jazz idiom, or at least an understanding of the principles and disciplines that one must go through to reach maturity as a jazz artist," pianist/composer Jack Reilly told **db**. Reilly also teaches at the school. The text for the course is by Adolphe Sandole, a brilliant but obscure jazz composer who has written the definitive texts for beginners and advanced courses.

The course includes:

I—Theory: sight singing, scales, chord study, piano for horn players, progressions, modulation, melodic improvisation, rhythm studies, blues.

II—Methods of Improvisation: chord inversion, chord scales, cadence scale.

III—Practice Schedules

IV—Repertoire: standard tunes and jazz lines to be memorized.

"To fully realize all that is implied in the above, the student will have to spend 8 to 12 years of diligent practicing and playing," Reilly said. "You can readily see how frustrating the whole scene is. The school allows one two-hour course in its curriculum and expects wonders. The students are the first to come to this realization and are now demanding jazz as a major course of study."

Plans are under way to present a full program of study at Mannes. Reilly has set up a four-year curriculum in the extension division for jazz pianists. He is using John Mehegan's four volume work on the subject.

"Advanced levels must have classical training, as well as a complete study of Tatum, Wilson, Powell, Tristano, Bill Evans and Peterson," Reilly went on.

Beginning in February, Jack will be teaching the George Russell "Lydian Concept Of Tonal Organization" also, in the extension division for advanced students only. "I can only do that for a limited time."

Reilly is pleading for assistance in the form of teachers, space and money. "Why don't we start a Berklee in NYC, THE jazz metropolis?"

Replies should be directed to Jack Reilly through Linda Goodman, 212-873-2067.

Ailey Lauds Duke

NEW YORK—The Alvin Ailey Dance Co. is finalizing plans for a five day Ailey/Ellington Bicentennial Celebration at the New York State Theatre in August, 1976. In collaboration with the Ellington family and orchestra, Ailey will celebrate Duke with 10-12 ballets, all based on his music.

Meanwhile, the Company is currently presenting five ballet productions based on the material of Ellington's. *The Road Of The Phoebe Snow* is comprised of fanfares and movements from sundry items such as *Tymperturbably Blue, Anatomy Of A Murder* and *A Drum Is A Woman. Liberian Suite*, the only one to feature live musicians, has Carlene Ray singing the opening *I Like The Sunrise*. The pit orchestra includes Dave Tofani, Danny Bank and Harvey Estrin, reeds, Lew Soloff and Jimmy Owens, trumpets, and Richie Pratt, drums. *Night Creature* is the suite performed with the Symphony Of The Air, and other symphonies around the world. *Echoes In Blue* culls from *Mood Indigo* and the extended *Harlem*, the 1952 orchestration based on *A Tone Parallel To Harlem* of a much earlier vintage. The final production, *The Mooch*, is actually five pieces with a unifying theme, women. They are *The Mooche, Black Beauty* (for Florence Mills), *The Shepherd* (for Marie Bryant), *The 23rd Psalm* (for Mahalia Jackson), and *John Hardy's Wike* and *Creole Love Call* (for Bessie Smith).

Trying to single out the best elements of this fine company is like picking your favorite soloist in an Ellington orchestra. The pax de deux in *Phoebe Snow*, featuring Tina Yuan, Elbert Watson, Enid Britton, and Ulysses Dove, were classics; the entire *Liberian Suite* could have been a Broadway dance abstract a la the *Steam Heat* number in *Pajama Game*. There are elements of tap and buck and wing here, too; the leaps and turns that culminate in jitterbug in *Night Creature* are striking; the concluding *Mooch* uses all the effects necessary for the production it is, mirrors and mirrored balls, smoke, and a neon sign spelling out M-O-O-C-H.

All the while there is Judith Jamison, using every fibre of her body, her hands, feet, arms, head, fingers, to convey her message.

Standouts in the company include Sarita Allen, Estelle Spurlock and Dudley Williams, but it is Ms. Jamison that gets the deserved ovations as she appears each time.

It's exciting to witness the Duke being honored in this manner and even more so to know that he will play a vital role in the Bicentennial celebration.

down beat NEWS

potpourri

McCoy Tyner's recent Fantasy session featuring a full symphony orchestra was conducted by **William Fischer. Ron Carter** assisted the proceedings, with help from McCoy's new performing unit that includes **George Adams** and Joe **Fort,** reeds; **Joony Booth,** bass; **Guilherme Franco,** percussion; and **Eric Gravatt,** drums.

●

A week-long benefit was recently held in **Toronto** for radio station **CJRT-FM.** Various Toronto bands broadcast live on **Ted O'Reilly's** *The Jazz Scene* program. Donations were taken at the door and from listeners. CJRT offers 24 hours of jazz per week as well as classical, folk, rock, and educational programming. Musicians who donated their services included **Jim Galloway,** the **Artists' Jazz Band,** the **Avant Garde Jazz Revival Band, Ed Bickert,** the **Canadian Creative Musicians Collective,** the **Climax Jazz Band, Ted Moses, Phil Nimmons, Alvin Pall, Bernie Senensky,** the **Michael Stuart/Keith Blackley Duo,** and **Frank Wright.**

●

The **University of Nevada at Las Vegas** will hold its annual jazz festival on February 27-29.

●

Salsa stars the **Fania All-Stars** have been tagged as warmup act for the upcoming heavyweight championship fight between **Muhammad Ali** and Belgian challenger **Jean-Pierre Coopman.**

●

Sonny Lester and **Groove Merchant Records** have made a deal to be distributed by **Pickwick International.** A twofer series of reissues is planned, with some of the spotlight artists being **Lucky Thompson** and **Lionel Hampton.** New Groove projects include albums by **Lee Konitz, Woody Herman,** and the **Heath Brothers.**

●

Philadelphia recently got a treat in the way of a debut performance by a new unit called the **Change Of The Century Orchestra.** The Ornette-inspired unit included **Archie Shepp, Odeon Pope,** and **David Murray,** saxophones; **Grachan Moncur III,** trombone; **Khan Jamal,** vibes; and **Philly Joe Jones** and **Sunny Murray,** drums. **db**

THE UNHOLY THREE

In the last few months, religious readers of **db**'s record reviews have undoubtedly noticed the appearance of three virgin bylines. In order to acquaint erstwhile admirers and assaulters with our latest proud additions, we herewith provide some biographical info on the aforementioned trio, complete with mug shot. Alphabetically, then:

Chuck Berg, age undivulged, was born into a family of musicians, picking up clarinet, sax, and flute skills along the way. While working on a doctorate in communications from the U. of Iowa, he did time at various jazz, country, and rock gigs. Berg currently teaches film and media courses at Queens College in New York City, in addition to freelancing for various film, music, and communications periodicals. He lives in Flushing, New York.

Mikal Gilmore, 24, is a freelancer residing in Portland, Oregon. As Mikal explains it, "I grew up in a family where everyone listened to country and rock, so it was a natural progression for me to accept what the Beatles, Dylan, and so many others did in the '60s. I discovered jazz when I bought a Coltrane record in 1967. . . . Jazz and rock mean about the same to me, which is a lot. It's all part of the same stream."

Russell Shaw, 27, is a resident of Atlanta, Georgia. He has been a jazz critic for several years and feels comfortable with all modes of modern music. Shaw's publication credits include the now defunct rock magazine *Zoo World, The Music Gig, Country Music,* and *Circus.* He presently serves as editor of *Vibes,* an entertainment monthly based in Atlanta.

LAURA BREMER

Berg

Gilmore

Shaw

ZOOT TOASTED

NEW YORK—"We intend to make this an annual event," exclaimed producer Jack Kleinsinger. He was speaking during his "Highlights in Jazz" tribute to saxophone star John Haley "Zoot" Sims. "It's time we paid attention to our great jazz legacy while the stars are still with us," he went on.

Last year's Lionel Hampton bash (**db**, 6/5/75) packed them in. And on this night, too, the patrons lined the walls to see and hear Mr. Sims joined by his friends Al Cohn, Joe Newman, Ross Tompkins, Bucky Pizzarelli, Mousey Alexander, Major Holley, Cliff Leeman and George Duvivier. The place was New York University's Loeb Student Center, home for Kleinsinger's monthly concerts. Roy Eldridge played and sang a blues called *Wineola,* in the middle of which an unscheduled Gerry Mulligan leaped on stage with soprano sax and joined the fray. Zoot, who wasn't due to play until the next tune, came out, inspected his former bandmaster, and proceeded to riff behind him.

Mose Allison and Al Porcino wandered by for a few choruses and Ms. Lynn Roberts added class to the occasion with vocal renditions of *Misty* and *The Lady Is A Tramp.*

Newman and Cohn presented Zoot with a plaque which read, in part, "A Jazz Musician's Jazz Musician." All gushed as John Haley thanked his friends. "Sometimes I play jobs and sometimes I play gigs. This was a true gig."

Kleinsinger is expected to keep his promise for more.

New Releases

Recent **CTI** additions are *Prelude,* **Eumir Deodato;** *Fire Into Music,* various artists; *I Hear A Symphony,* **Hank Crawford;** *House Of The Rising Sun,* **Idris Muhammad;** and a reissue of *Soul Box,* **Grover Washington.**

•

Premiere '76ers from **Island** include *Short Cut Draw Blood,* **Jim Capaldi;** *Y'Know Wot I Mean,* **Speedy Keen;** *Rainbow Rider,* **Mike Harrison;** *Marcus Garvey,* a debut album by reggae group **Burning Spear;** and *Struggling Man,* a reissue of a **Jimmy Cliff** disc.

Fresh **Arista** vinyl includes *Back To Back,* the **Brecker Brothers;** *Szobel,* a debut effort by 18-year-old European pianist **Hermann Szobel;** *It's In Everyone Of Us,* **David Pomeranz;** and *Better Days And Happy Endings,* **Melissa Manchester.**

•

Miroslav Vitous, once rumored to be heading toward Columbia, has signed with Warner Bros. His first release, *Magical Shepherd,* features vocalist **Cheryl Grainger** and **Herbie Hancock.** Ms. Grainger's first solo disc should be issued sometime this spring. **db**

FINAL BAR

Lee Wiley, well-known jazz singer closely associated with Eddie Condon, died on December 11 at Sloan Kettering Memorial Hospital in New York City from cancer. She was 60.

Born in Port Gibson, Oklahoma, Miss Wiley ran away from home at 15, becoming a top name in New York and Chicago night clubs within two years. During the '30s she performed with Paul Whiteman and Willard Robison, eventually joining Condon in 1939. Her five-year marriage to pianist Jess Stacy found her fronting a big band led by her husband.

Miss Wiley never really attained the massive stardom that many thought she so richly deserved. Her last public performance was at the '73 Newport Jazz Festival, in which she took part in a tribute to the late Condon. At the time of her death, she was preparing to record a new album and had already finished choosing the material for it.

Independent, sensuous, and forthright, she once told critic John Lissner that "I always sang the way I wanted to sing. If I didn't like something, I just wouldn't do it. Instead, I'd take a plane to California and sit in the sun."

Ms. Wiley is survived by her husband, Nat Tischenkel, a brother, and a sister.

•

Chester Arthur Burnett, known to blues fans throughout the world as **Howlin' Wolf,** died on January 10 in Chicago from kidney disease. He was 65.

Wolf penned many songs which have become blues standards, of which *Smokestack Lightning, Little Red Rooster, Spoonful,* and *Wang Dang Doodle* are only a few. He has rightfully been deemed the most important influence on British rock groups such as the Rolling Stones and the Yardbirds.

Born in West Point, Mississippi, Wolf's career spanned some 42 years. Once asked to describe his music, he said: "It's just lowdown, gutbucket blues—the old common music, pleasing to the ear."

Survivors include his widow, two daughters, a brother, and two sisters.

Mirror, Mirror on the wall,
Who plays fairest of us all?
The Mirror answered as always:
Queen, thou art fairest that I see;
But o'er the hills in forest green
Snow White really makes the scene,
And she plays fairer yet than thee.

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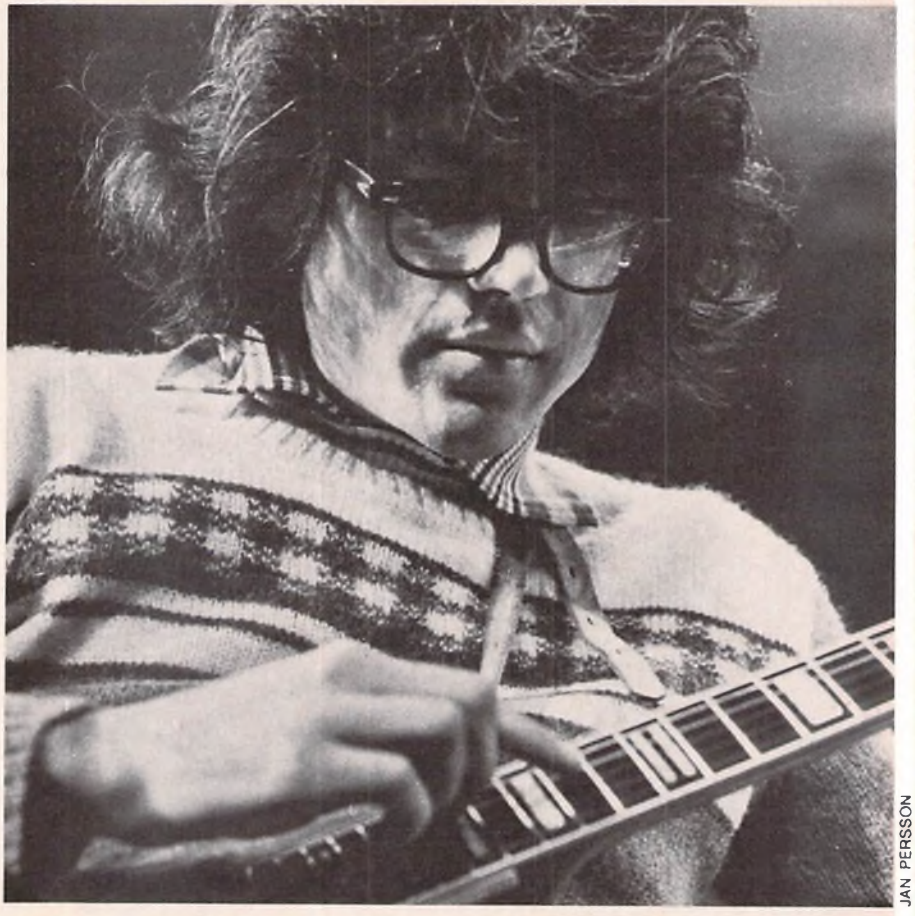
Larry Coryell

Leveling Off

by Neil Tesser



JAN PERSSON

It's just that I'm Larry Coryell, that strange guitar player, man. I was born in Texas, and raised over there, and now I'm living over here"—his gesticulations flail half-heartedly around the hotel room—"people don't know how to classify me, and I don't know what to call myself. . . ."

And that would pretty much sum it up, except that it glosses over the myriad complexities and contradictions that distinguish Larry Coryell's personality, that spill over into his music, and that have crept up on the arena of his career as well. Such contradictions, like yin and yang, can yield spectacular results if carefully disciplined. If not, they only blur the focus; they diffuse the energy, scattering musical power like a prism instead of concentrating it with laser-like effectiveness. Coryell is acutely aware of his self-contradictions, just as he is aware of how long it has taken him to *realize* that they're there. "I don't want to be what I have been," he says simply.

What he has been, mostly, is confusing. But that state has somewhat altered through the auspices of The Eleventh House, the fusion quintet Coryell formed in late 1973. Their first album, *Introducing The Eleventh House,* was like their early performances, both suffering from extreme overindulgence. Still, after several years of directionless Coryell records—"search parties," he calls them—The Eleventh House showed a clear Coryell attempt to steer a perceivable course. However flawed the execution, at least Larry finally had a *concept.*

And, despite a potentially crippling personnel change when trumpeter Randy Brecker left the band only months after its formation, their second album *(Level One)* was a sure improvement. In fact, at the time of this interview, Coryell felt the band was finally on the verge of coming together. One remaining problem was the burgeoning blatancy of drummer Alphonse Mouzon. Mouzon's recent departure—he was replaced by Gerald Brown, whose subtler, more down-to-earth style better fits what Coryell is trying to accomplish—cleared that up.

But, like Larry Coryell, I'm getting ahead of myself. The guitarist conducts an interview as if it were a free association session, jumping easily from topic to topic and skipping around through a narrative as if time were space, to be traversed in any direction at will. In order to illustrate how busy he's been, he whips out a lined composition book—his diary—and proceeds to page through the band's tours of Europe and America, record sessions, and his duet concerts with guitarist Steve Khan. Coryell stops here and there to read an entry, laughing at suggestions he'd jotted for song titles, ticket hassles in Scandinavia, sex fantasies in Montreux, furniture sketches in Paris, and some slightly goony ramblings about the similarities between the French and English languages.

Somewhere in that morass of minutiae is the first mention of Coryell's respect for Chick Corea's Return To Forever. Like The Eleventh House, the second Return To Forever has drawn for initial inspiration on the original Mahavishnu Orchestra, but Coryell sees in RTF a wealth of things The Eleventh House is not.

"We did a tour with Chick," he explains, "and it was a very disappointing tour, for me, because they played so much better than we did. They were incredible. They have a discipline which is so important, which we don't have—which *I* don't have—but which, hopefully, we're starting to get. I mean, they are an object lesson in how to apply a philosophy, like Scientology, to an art, like music, which is tied to a business, like the music business, and then just tackle each thing head on, and deal with it. They are an amazing group, just one of the most amazing collections of people. I thought we were a good opening act for Chick. I felt no competition with them, because they were on another level. We learned so much from them. It was amazing."

As it turned out, Scientology was *not* something Coryell learned, although he found out something more about it. "I just read my first Scientological work, by L. Ron Hubbard," he continues. "I've been around Scientologists, but I had no idea what they were involved in. So when I read this, I understood, and I was really taken by it. I see more clearly than ever what Chick's band is all about; I was really impressed. I would never become a Scientologist, or anything like that, of course. And I'm not pushing the thing, just like, even though I'm an ex-Sri Chinmoy disciple, I wouldn't push yoga on anyone. Nor would I discourage anyone *from* it; everyone must have their own convictions.

"But it's just weird. McLaughlin is into the meditation, and Chick and Stanley Clarke are into Scientology, Buddy Rich is into karate . . . everybody's into *something.*"

The unmistakable implication is that Larry Coryell is looking for "something to be into" as well, but he knows he can't be—that's not the way it works. (Contradiction number one, if you're keeping score.) He recalls the first experience both he and John McLaughlin had with Sri Chinmoy, the guru whom McLaughlin and Carlos Santana have credited with their musical rebirths:

"I was a disciple just long enough to see that I wasn't cut out for that kind of life. This was during the time we were making the *Spaces* album. The producer of the album had been seeing Sri Chinmoy, and he knew that John was into yoga, and he thought that I might be very easily, and John and I were initiated together. But I went out of curiosity, and John went out of destiny; he was destined to become one of the top disciples. I was into it just long enough to see the beauty of the Hindu spiritual culture, and to see that I couldn't do this.

"It's paradoxical. See, I can't deal with anything religious. In order to develop my whole totality, I can't shut myself off from anything I think is beautiful. Or get *into*

something that would isolate me. But if I see that I'm never really going to be able to make this thing work for me, then I just have to stand on the shore and figure out another way to get there. Like John, in his head, and Herbie Hancock, with his Buddhist chanting, maybe even Buddy Rich . . . I know Chick is there, and Miroslav Vitous is there, and I want to get there too."

At least part of the search involves Coryell's quest for what he calls "quiet music." You can call it contradiction number two, because Coryell's reputation is not for soft-spun lines of acoustic grace. His image, rather, has grown to be that of a loud and speedy, longhaired rocker who turned his eyes jazz-ward but turned his amps up, an image reinforced by his recordings of 1969-72. And yet, the image is shaken by his recent duo work with Steve Khan, as well as his last album for Vanguard, *The Restful Mind*. That features Coryell and three-fourths of the acoustic quartet Oregon as accompaniment. On the album, he uses acoustic and toned-down electric guitars.

"*The Restful Mind* was just one of a long series I hope to make: acoustic, low-key, more jazz-oriented, non-trendy music. I mean, I love quiet and beautiful music," he says, trying to effectively grip the paradox unfolding. "I've *always* loved it. But as a social person, which I am, I'm so much tied in with the ebb and flow of contemporary actions and events that my music, during my youth, has reflected my growing up, my development of maturity. And the reason I got into electric guitar, and the whole jazz-rock thing, was because there was *that part of my personality* that wanted to be involved with life as it changes.

"But I really want to preserve as much beautiful music as I can create on record, because I think that's going to be my main contribution—if I *have* any contributions—to musical history."

This does not, however, signal the end of Coryell's electric guitar playing. "You see, having been an electric player all of my life, I can't really just drop that and say, 'Well, I deny this.' You put so much work into an idiom, such as the electric guitar; you just can't throw that all away. I like both the electric and acoustic sides of music; but I would like to infuse more lyricism—more of what I consider to be beautiful music—*into* The Eleventh House, so that it doesn't become a grind, just something I do without having to. I wish we could learn to get *really* quiet with our electric instruments. There seems to be a certain level of volume that you can't go beneath, and that bugs me."

Coryell's use of the acoustic guitar has fed on itself, and he seems to become more enamored of it the more he plays it. In fact, the entire shift of emphasis back to the inclusion of acoustic instruments is something that he couldn't be happier about; but Coryell has his own rather singular interpretation of this return to non-electric music, one in which the last ten years of music and the society it serves are seen as a colorful side road off the historical highway.

"The '70s are very, very complacent and boring, man. And rightfully so, because after the tremendous upheaval that we experienced in the '60s, it's only natural that things would cool out. I mean, the actual *year* 1970 was when McLaughlin went to the guru and began to pursue a non-drug, non-longhair path. I mean, the symbolism is so *strong*, you know? And right then, Hendrix and Morrison and Joplin all died. Somebody was *telling* us something, you know, because McLaughlin revolutionized everything with his band."

Of course, the Mahavishnu Orchestra was hardly a quiet aggregation, or particularly peaceful; nor were they acoustically oriented, either. Contradiction?

"He wasn't quiet, no," Coryell agrees, "but he was a *hero*, man, he was *clean*. Chick Corea followed suit: they're *clean*, they're not druggers. It's great. Oregon, Keith Jarrett, Return To Forever playing electric but *quiet* . . . these people are getting back into what was about to happen before the big psychedelic thing of the '60s.

"I mean, it was like the Jazz Age of the 1920s, a time of upheaval and hedonism, almost. Everybody was out there for the perfect acid trip, the perfect orgasm, the perfect kind of rock music that would give you the perfect kind of 'Hey man, I was really out of it,' you know. . . . When the '70s came in, everything had to change, and we got back on the track as far as the pure thing was concerned. The pure thing had to suffer all through the '60s *hype*, the kind of attitude that took an adequate guitarist like Johnny Winter, say, and tried to perpetrate him as The New Thing on the record-buying public. The message of enlightenment wasn't there, whereas Mahavishnu *enlightened*, he enlightened the world.

"The hype may still be there, but I think people are paying less attention to it. Maybe it's just *my* evolution, the fact that I was at one stage in the '60s and here I am at another level in the '70s. But it seems like what happened after the political revolutions in the 18th century. There was a lot of John Locke, and fire and brimstone, *before* the revolutions; but after independence, there was this thing that historians call a thermidor, which is a cooling off. And that's what's happening now, a cooling off. I mean, I went from listening to the Beatles in the '60s to Oregon in the '70s."

Then again, going to the Beatles in the '60s from Chet Atkins in the '50s was a significant change, too. Larry Coryell was born in Texas in 1943 and was fooling around at the piano when he was four; it wasn't until after his family had moved to Richland, Washington in 1950 that he began to develop any steady interest in music. Coryell describes Richland as "a timewarp town. It was a very remote town in the desert in the eastern part of the state. Richland was invented and built during World War II to process U-235 for one of the bombs; it was an offshoot of the Manhattan Project. The only music I heard was the schlocky country shit that came over the radio, and the music I heard in church. So when I discovered records—when I discovered that you could go out and *buy* a Chet Atkins record—it was really a breakthrough."

At 12, his grandmother had sent him a toy ukelele, and Coryell remembers being immediately impressed by its mobility, as compared to the piano. Eventually, through little chord books and listening to records, he began to pick his way around a roundhole cowboy guitar he graduated to, and then to his first electric model. "I was listening to Chet Atkins on the one side, and Chuck Berry on the other, till I began taking jazz guitar lessons in my little town, and I was opened up to all these beautiful chords and different kinds of music. My teacher was always telling me to cut out the rock and roll, and he laid these gorgeous records on me—Tal Farlow, Johnny Smith, Barney Kessel, and Les Paul—before he got into his multiple recording. Not only did I like that hot electric sound he got, with all his effects, but I really dug the notes he was playing; he was all over the guitar."

Like any impressionable youngster, Coryell worked at emulating the exact style of his guitar hero-of-the-moment. His next phase was Barney Kessel, which directly preceded his Wes Montgomery period. Coryell says that was his longest sojourn in another's stylistic territory, and he remembers the first time he actually saw Wes:

"I was in college by this time; I had moved to the University of Washington at Seattle. And when Wes came to play in Seattle, I borrowed a phony I.D. because I was underage, and I went to see him. It was such an incredible experience, man. Now, it's funny—the world of clubs, and performers, and so many young people come up to me and ask about playing, and hang around—and I was *just like that*, man. Phony I.D., and I went into this club, and here were these four black cats in dark suits . . . I had never seen anything like it in my life. And Wes—I thought at the time that he must put clear polish on all of his fingernails, because they just *glowed*, and his thumb was shining like it was a diamond or a jewel, man, the way the lights hit it; I just sat there, looking at his *thumb*."

All the earmarks of an epiphany, here: Coryell can remember every song of the set, the image etched fresh in his mind. "Wes' single-note lines were the most influential for me," he muses. "I tried to play the octave passages, but I couldn't. No one can play them like Wes did."

From then on, college went by the boards as the young guitarist lunged into all the playing he could handle. "I was playing rock gigs at night and jazz gigs after hours," he continues, "and trying to go to school during the day. But after my first 'apocalyptic revelation,' the realization of this whole *thing* of music out there, it became impossible. I mean, I would go to the library, and instead of doing my lessons, I'd be sitting there writing out bebop lines, just to myself, so I could develop my mind to construct a solo *away* from the instrument. I was totally tied to the instrument, man; I was just practicing all the time, trying to get my chops up."

Anyone who has heard Larry Coryell instantly realizes the success of those efforts. Despite the unfocused misdirection found in so many of his recordings, there was never any doubt about his technical abilities; a number of critics in the late '60s were hailing him as the fastest guitarist around. A more in-

SELECTED CORYELL DISCOGRAPHY

LEVEL ONE—Arista 4052
THE RESTFUL MIND—Vanguard 79353
INTRODUCING THE ELEVENTH HOUSE—Vanguard 79342
THE REAL GREAT ESCAPE—Vanguard 79329
OFFERING—Vanguard 79319
CORYELL—Vanguard 6547
AT THE VILLAGE GATE—Vanguard 6573
SPACES—Vanguard 79345
LADY CORYELL—Vanguard 6509
BAREFOOT BOY—Flying Dutchman 10139

depth hearing reveals a variegated and highly sophisticated approach to phrasing, and a propensity for strong, angular lines that show a relatively individualistic use of intervals. Both these qualities were found to be lacking in John McLaughlin's music after its initial energy-impact had worn off, even though he continued to outpace Coryell in polls, sales and overall musical success. (And interestingly, these qualities are evident in the work of Coryell's current favorite among modern guitarists, John Abercrombie.)

After Wes Montgomery's influence, came a period devoted to Joe Pass, during which Coryell bought "every World Pacific album I could find with Joe Pass on it. But what attracted me to Pass was how much like Wes he sounded, and the thing I like about Barney Kessel was how much like Wes he sounded. So then I realized there must have been somebody else that all these cats were listening to, and it was Charlie Christian. Charlie Christian was all the people I was listening to in the crudest, initial form."

Another part of his "apocalyptic revelation" was that there was an entire life styled around the music and what it could teach. Coryell began hanging out with horn players, who turned him on to Miles Davis and John Coltrane, and "all the spinoffs; if you start out listening to Miles and Trane and then follow the personnel, you get to everyone."

Foregoing the rest of college, the young guitarist got a steady gig around Seattle with several older musicians, for the express purpose of learning from their experience. He picked up tips on accompaniment and backing chords, and then set to work on his rhythmic feel; both lessons were designed to attach reins to his thoroughbred technique. "The technique became a curse, man. There was nothing coming from my mind; the technical thing needed control. At that time, I was literally an 'impressionistic' guitarist; I was trying to impress everyone. Charles Lloyd was the one who helped me develop the ability to float in and out of the specific metric units. I never played with Charles, but I worshipped him like a guru. He showed me how to get my time together."

And then, like everybody else who has ever wanted to get onto the jazz scene, Larry Coryell decided to go to New York.

"The first thing I did when I got to New York was to seek out Charles Lloyd," he recalls. The memory is vivid, Coryell fancifully compares it to a bit of jazz mythology: "It's not unlike how Miles, when he went to New York, headed straight for Bird. I went to Charles; and fortunately, that night—Sept. 3, 1965, it was a Friday—Charles was at the Village Vanguard with his band, which was Ron Carter, Pete LaRoca, and Gabor Szabo on guitar. And I couldn't believe what I heard! I mean, Pete LaRoca was so amazing. After that, I took my first ride on the subway, and all I heard was Pete LaRoca solos—you know, as the train was going—and I heard music in the streets. Everything I heard was musical. I mean, I understood Thelonious Monk's music more, because so much of his music sounded like the random coming-together of different horns in the traffic. Man, it was a mind blow."

Coryell began attending sessions, hungry for the chance to play. "I wanted desperately to play *jazz*, you know, to play with Charles or Miles, just to be able to understand that music well enough to fit in. But I had no confidence at all, man. So I fell back on my blues; I knew I could project feeling through my blues.

"I remember one Monday night, I went down to Slugs, where some group was playing and it was supposed to be an open night. My hair was down to my ankles, I had on some crazy sunglasses, I was wearing a plastic yellow raincoat, and I looked like a complete freak. I asked if I could sit in, and the guy growled, *'Not tonight.'* So I went to sit in the back, and this skinny Jewish kid walked in with a trumpet case. I asked if he was going to sit in, and told him what had happened to me, and he sort of barked out 'You just gotta have confidence!' And then he went up and blew those cats off the stage." The kid trumpeter was Mike Lawrence, Randy Brecker's eventual replacement in The Eleventh House.

After practicing, jamming, and scuffling for awhile, Coryell landed a job with dancer Killer Joe Piro (1966). Soon after, a saxophonist named Steve Marcus moved into Coryell's building, and they formed a band called The Free Spirits. Then came his first recording—with Chico Hamilton—and next, a call from vibist Gary Burton.

"Gary was leaving Stan Getz at about this time, and he wanted to form a group of young jazz musicians; he could see what was happening on the music scene." This was 1967, and gave Coryell the honor of establishing the guitar seat in Burton's group, a chair that has remained in all of the vibist's subsequent ensembles. That group, in its search for other avenues of improvisation and a new *milieu* for the jazz tradition, helped plant the seeds for the fusion music phenomenon of the '70s, a phenomenon that now encompasses The Eleventh House and Larry Coryell.

Leaving Burton in 1968, Coryell underwent an intense reaction to the professionalism and steadfast drive for perfection that characterize Burton's music. These are traits which, in a not unexpected contradiction, he greatly respects; nonetheless, his exit from Burton's group inspired a headlong jump in the opposite direction. "I just was tired of that certain feeling in Gary's music," he recalls. "I used to call it a sterile feeling, but that's not it, either. I'm not sure what to call it, but I didn't want it. Still, I learned more from Gary—about how to be a leader and a performer *and* about music—than from anyone else. It's just that I had to *rock out* more, play loud, go through a phase where I almost lost my hearing . . . and now I'm past that, I'm doing that thermidorean reaction. I'm saying, "Sure, the volume is nice, but let's save it, and let's pattern ourselves more after Stravinsky, than Bachman-Turner Overdrive."

"For instance, I'm going back to the positive things I learned from Gary at this time. With the guitar duet, we're doing several songs from that era. Steve Khan and I are going back and re-examining his music, and finding that it still stands up well."

Coryell's "rock-out" period is the time he spent with Steve Marcus, a time he frankly considers a mess. The band went under various names, the most lasting of which was Fourplay. "It was a joke. Our whole attitude towards life at that time was a joke. Marcus and I drank a lot"—leading to the first of Coryell's two bouts with alchoholism—"and made all those albums, a series of search parties. It was terrible. Finally I realized it was going to have to end, and I spent five days sitting by the phone trying to call Marcus, my best friend, and tell him we were through."

The period wasn't entirely bleak, though. In May of 1968, Coryell played a Michael Mantler composition on what would later be released as the first record on the Jazz Composers Orchestra Association (JCOA) label. It was quite a successful performance, and one which he remembers as a high point of that time. And at the same time, the lady who is now his wife moved in with him. Today, the Coryells have two children, aged three and seven.

The formation of The Eleventh House was a turning point: a turning away from a personally sloppy lifestyle that was wallowing in its own split potential, and which smacked of self-destruction. There remained, however, one last manifestation of the past, triggered by Randy Brecker's departure from the band:

"I went into a big personal depression, because I had dug the cat so much, man; I didn't realize how much I depended on him. That's why I started drinking again. Mike Lawrence came into the band, and he very quietly put up with all my shit. It's like I had to act out my final obnoxious drama: rolling on the floor at a Harry Nilsson session, broken bottles, falling over guitars, being asked to leave record dates . . .

"I guess it was all something I had to work out. But then the band started to jell; I brought in John Lee to play bass, because I had played with him in Europe, and heard him in a band he co-led with Gerald Brown. And we switched labels; we couldn't be happier with Arista." (The band also features longtime Coryell sideman Mike Mandel on multiple keyboards.)

Coryell has more praise for the other half of his duet, Steve Khan. "He's so supportive, man, it's like I was up there laying down basic tracks for myself. He's like my other half. His choice of material is fantastic; he always suggests something that sounds perfect to me."

It may be, at last, that the contradictions are beginning to fuse into creative tensions, and that the energies are narrowing to the point at which they can be handled effectively. Larry Coryell, that strange guitar player, is bringing quiet directions to his electric ensemble while honing his acoustic skills on the fragile format of a duet. Whether this is a point of arrival or only a stopover phase remains to be seen. But the rewards, in his eyes, make it worthwhile.

"I think I've found what I've been looking for," he asserts. "I want the band to be successful, now, so that I can reach a stage where I can take more time off, get off the road, get more into my family and into this music that's so important to me.

"You know, it's just a little more than ten years now since I went to New York. And before I went, I took a ride over to see a pianist I knew in Seattle, the heaviest musician in town. I figured, if I was ever going to be good enough to go to New York, I'd be able to play with this cat. So I went over to see him, and it was one of the most uplifting experiences of my life. And as I look back, it seems that what he and I played together that day, in that room, ten years ago, would sound great right now. It's like the '60s really *were* a detour. I'm just glad I'm around to see us get back on the track." db

Remembering Django Reinhardt

by Dennis E. Hensley

The continuing influence of the near-legendary Belgian gypsy guitarist Django Reinhardt on a generation of mainstream jazz guitarists tends to be overlooked in these day of high-energy six-string distortion and radical feedback. But Django and Charlie Christian were the forefathers of modern jazz guitar, and without acknowledging them, it's impossible to talk about the later achievements of Joe Pass, Kenny Burrell, Barney Kessel, Tal Farlow, Herb Ellis, or gifted younger musicians like Philip Catherine.

Yet much of Django's life itself remains shrouded in mystery, 23 years after his death. Recently, interviewer Dennis Hensley reminisced with Art Wrightman, one of the foremost collectors of Django records and memorabilia. Mr. Wrightman is president of "La Roulotte," an orgunization dedicated to perpetuating the memory of Reinhardt. The following is a brief discussion about Django's life and some of his musical contributions.

Hensley: Mr. Wrightman, when did you meet Django?

Wrightman: I met Django in Detroit in 1946 at the Masonic Temple. Django had come from France to do a nationwide tour with the Duke Ellington Orchestra. The place was packed that night, and I was there in row two. The first five rows were occupied by jazz guitarists from the Detroit and Windsor area. The show turned out to be a raging success, and Django was the spark that kept it constantly alive.

Well, after the curtain fell, I hurried to the backstage door and explained to the doorman that I was Django's biggest fan in America and that I *had* to meet him while he was in Detroit. I pushed a five dollar bill into the doorman's pocket and was quickly let in. Django was still on stage, although most of the other band members had picked up and gone. I went up and introduced myself.

He understood English well enough, but he spoke it haltingly. Nevertheless, he and I hit it off immediately. I even asked him if he'd like to go somewhere for a glass of wine. To my surprise, he said he'd be delighted. Ten minutes later Django was seated with my wife and I and two other friends at Cappy's Bar. I knew the guys in the band there so I arranged for the fellows to take their instruments back to my friend Andy Bartha's home after their gig. Django went with us, and we jammed until daybreak. That was the greatest night of my life. Never have I witnessed such talent.

Hensley: Why was it that Django always attested to a misunderstanding of Americans, and why was it that after the 1946 concert tour he never set foot in the U.S. again?

Wrightman: All that is true, yes, but you've got to understand Django. First of all, he was an artist. In Paris he was recognized as a grand master; when he arrived in America, not even one reporter was on hand to interview him. He was terribly disappointed by this lack of concern, this insulting reception. Second, he was not used to American customs. For example, in Detroit, Django laced some great ad libs and the audience shouted and clapped its approval. Instead of being pleased, Django was upset. He thought it was very improper for persons to make noise while a musician was still performing. With American musicians, however, Django was at home. He loved Louis Armstrong, admired Duke Ellington, and enjoyed jamming with nightclub musicians. By the way, he finally did make plans for a return tour of the United States, but he died before it came about.

Hensley: Let's hit upon some Django myths. Was he a real gypsy?

Wrightman: He certainly was. He was born in a gypsy roulotte—a square wooden horse-drawn covered wagon—in 1910, while his tribe was driving across Belgium toward France. He was a member of the band of gypsies called Manouche.

Hensley: Was Django illiterate?

Wrightman: He could not read, print, spell, or read music. He attended night school for 15 days once and learned to count and write numbers.

Hensley: Did he really refuse to cooperate with the Nazis when they conquered France?

Wrightman: He hated the Germans. They asked him to perform for them, but he declined. They offered him large sums of cash, but he still refused. The night Django and I sat together, he wrote on a paper napkin the figures the Germans tried to bribe him with. It was a small fortune.

Hensley: Was Django irresponsible?

Wrightman: To his music, no; to some other things, yes. During his tour of America he was supposed to perform in Cleveland, Chicago, Detroit, and other major cities. He always arrived, but not always on time. For example, he met the French boxer Marcel Cerdan in New York City one night and sat talking with him all during the time he was supposed to be giving a concert at Carnegie Hall. It never bothered him to miss a train or to be late for a performance—he was always his own boss.

Hensley: What about the English version of the Django Reinhardt biography?

Wrightman: It's incorrect in sections. The English version has glossed over important events, or has romanticized some other events of Django's life in order to heighten the book's pace. The section on Django's injury is particularly invalid and misleading.

Hensley: Well, you've been to France to study Django's life and you are well read on the man, so please tell us the true story of the fire and the resulting injury.

Wrightman: When Django was a teenager, he was a gypsy violinist. He also played the six-string banjo. He married early in life and supported himself and his wife by working in Parisian nightclubs as a sideman. On November 2, 1928, Django came into the boxy roulotte where he lived. It was late, he'd just finished a long gig, and he was exhausted. He decided to smoke a quick cigarette and then get some sacktime.

Django's wife made celluloid artificial flowers each night in the roulotte and sold them at the area cemeteries during the days. Her materials were lying on the floor that night. Django accidently dropped the candle he was using to light his cigarette and it made contact with the cellophane. Within a minute the roulotte became a raging inferno. In a state of anxiety, Django grabbed a blanket, threw it over himself and his wife, and together they escaped through a back door.

Hensley: Was Mrs. Reinhardt hurt?

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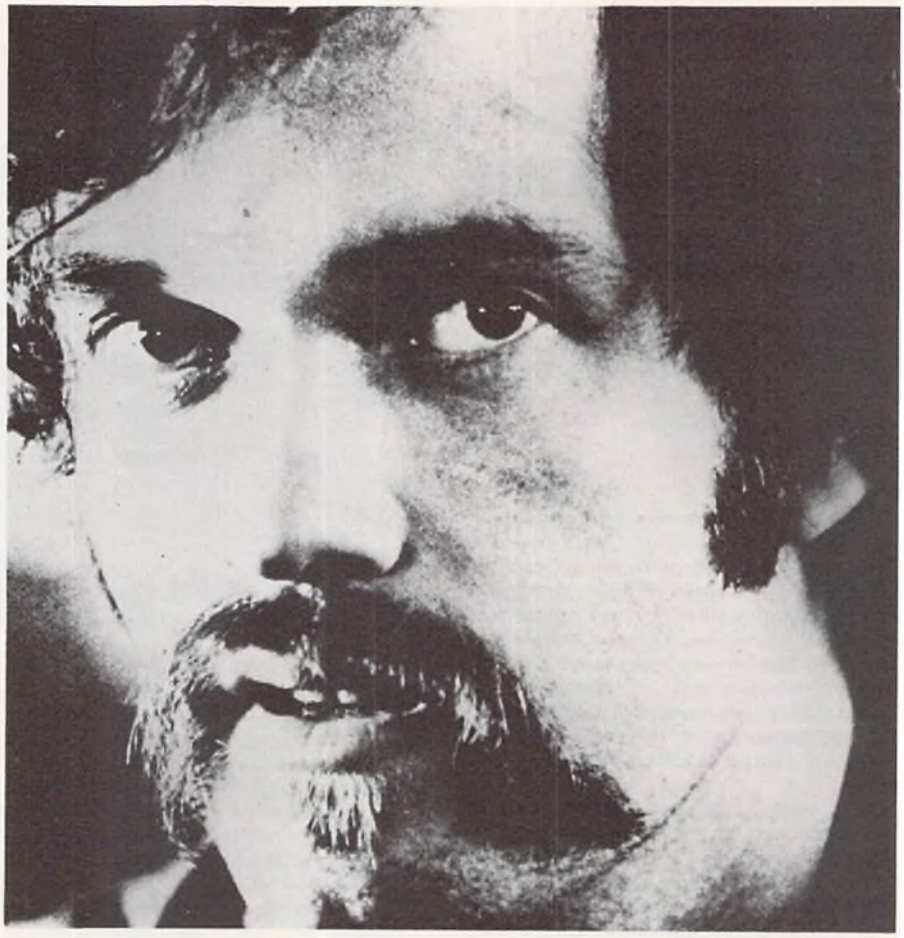
SELECTED DJANGO DISCOGRAPHY

DJANGOLOGY—RCA LPM-2319
DJANGO REINHARDT, VOLS. 1, 2, & 3—Archive of Jazz and Folk 212E, 230E, 255E
FIRST RECORDINGS—GNP 9023
PARIS 1945—Columbia J-12
QUINTET OF THE HOT CLUB OF FRANCE—Angel 36985E
PARISIAN SWING—GNP 9002
DJANGO AND HIS AMERICAN FRIENDS—EMI Odeon CLP 1907 (French)

John Abercrombie's SIX-STRING STYLISTIC SUMMIT

by Chuck Berg



John Abercrombie is one of the fastest rising guitarists on today's music scene. Dates with such contemporary artists as Jack DeJohnette, Gato Barbieri, Billy Cobham, Michael Urbaniak and Dave Liebman, are an indication of his high standing among musicians. This, in turn, has led to increased recognition by the critics (in **db**'s 1975 International Critics Poll, Abercrombie was selected as the guitarist most deserving wider recognition) and the **db**'s readers selected him number 4 in the Readers Poll. And with the release of two excellent albums (*Timeless* and *Gateway*), Abercrombie's career seems headed for a steady climb.

When I met John at his Greenwich Village loft, he was just finishing a lesson with one of his students. He communicates his knowledge and experience with patience and precision, providing a brief demonstration with each verbal pointer. The student follows and repeats until the idea has been clearly established. This methodical, matter-of-fact approach characterized the tone of our conversation.

Born in Portchester, New York, on December 16, 1944, John grew up in Greenwich, Connecticut. In high school he started gravitating toward music. "The big influence was the music of the times, of the '50s—the popular music of Elvis Presley, Bill Haley. I liked the music and it seemed like a way to give myself some kind of identity, especially in high school. I didn't play sports. I wasn't in the honor society. So I decided to learn how to play the guitar, purely for reasons of finding myself and doing something that would set me apart.

"I took lessons from a local teacher who played weekend gigs. But he inspired me just because he was there giving me lessons every week. And when I'd ask about different things, he'd show them to me. But the first thing that really attracted me to anything other than rock was hearing a guitar player on one of those daytime TV shows playing background music. It was probably Tony Mottola or somebody like that. Anyway, I heard him play *Tenderly* and I asked my guitar teacher if he could show me how the chords and melody could be put together. So he showed me *Tenderly* with melody and chords and I just memorized it note for note. We never talked about improvising. I just learned how to read and memorize solos."

On other influences during high school, John said, "I met an alto player, Bill Augustine, and his brother who was a trombonist, and for some reason they were really into jazz. They were, in fact, the only people I met in my town that were. And they had a little room upstairs in their house with a hi fi and records that we would play. This was the first jazz I'd heard other than guitar backgrounds on TV or Dave Brubeck, who was very big during the '50s. Toward the end of high school I heard a Barney Kessel album, a trio with, I think, Ray Brown and Shelly Manne. That was really my first introduction to jazz guitar. I also started hearing Johnny Smith, Tal Farlow and Jimmy Raney. But Barney was a big influence because he really swung hard and played a lot of chords and got a really nice sound."

Abercrombie started gigging in high school with local rock bands. "I used to play in bands with just guitar, drums and no bass, or with two guitars. But the best band I played in had accordion, guitar, harmonica and drums. It was more like a country club band except we tried to play the rock music of the day, like the Ventures."

Even with his music experience in high school, John was not sure about the direction of his life after graduation. "I packed my bags and went to Berklee."

This turned out to be an important decision. At Berklee, John found many of his peers already into advanced improvising. Combined with that was the heritage of outstanding Berklee grads such as Gary Burton, Gary McFarland and Gabor Szabo, which quickly caused him to reassess his own playing. "I thought I'd never be able to play because I had no idea how to improvise. But with the help of my guitar instructor Jack Peterson—a good, Barney Kessel type of improvisor—I started to make some progress. He was a big inspiration. And so was Herb Pomeroy, who teaches improvising and jazz workshops. They were big influences because they would give constructive criticism. If something sounded good, they would tell you. And if something sounded bad, they would tell you about that too. They gave me enough reinforcement to keep on playing."

Like most musicians, John really started making progress when he got the chance to start gigging with good musicians. "The first two years I spent at Berklee were fun, but I didn't really learn how to play. I wasn't hearing what I was playing. I didn't really understand all the theory. I was just sort of playing along with other people and trying to make it all sound right. But gradually I began to meet Berklee-connected people who drifted into the Boston music scene. They were the ones that really got me started—working with bands, meeting people, and jam sessions."

After Berklee, did you stay in Boston?

"About eight years. That's when I started to do actual professional jazz work. My first gig was with an organ player named Johnny 'Hammond' Smith who happened to be passing through town. A friend of a friend told me he was looking for a guitar player so I went

and auditioned. Naturally I was totally scared, but we just played a blues and I guess he couldn't find anyone else and I was eager, so he took me on.

"I really learned a lot. I played with him for about a year in a Boston club renowned for its hookers and pimps. It was just organ, guitar and drums. Seven nights a week. Five sets a night. He knew lots of tunes. Everything from straight-ahead jazz to standard tunes and blues. And he could really swing. It was a kind of playing that I don't think a lot of people get to do today. With the organ trio, the guitar player has to do a lot of 4/4 comping and the soloing can't be too far out. It helps your sense of time. So, I was forced to learn a lot."

Getting a good balance between comping and soloing styles seems to be one of the biggest challenges for a guitarist.

"Yes, because a lot of guitar players get locked into typical guitar voicings, cliched ways to solo and comp, which can really date the music. When you're playing in a more modern context you can't be thinking so much about guitaristics. That's where Jim Hall really turned me around. I wasn't even aware that there was another way to play until I heard Sonny Rollins' album, *The Bridge*. I then wanted to immediately hear everything Hall had ever done. But it turned out there wasn't that much that he'd recorded. But Jim's playing on *The Bridge* influenced me a lot. It was really a much more musical way to play. It somehow sounded really streamlined to me."

What about other guitar players?

"Other than Jim, there was Barney Kessel and Tal Farlow. And Pat Martino and George Benson. I related to Pat and George because they were playing a lot of organ trio type music and they were, for me, the best players of that school. I was attracted to their lines and energy and Jim Hall's subtlety. Later, hearing Joe Pass was a mind-blowing experience. The way he played immaculate, Clifford Brown-like lines really impressed me. He's still one of my favorite players."

What about today? Are there any people on the scene who are on the cutting edge of new, unexplored directions?

"Definitely Larry Coryell and John McLaughlin. And before them, Gabor Szabo, a very original guitar player. When he first joined Chico Hamilton's band, I said, 'What is that!' I'd never heard anyone play like that. First of all, he used an old acoustic guitar with a pickup in the middle of it. And he had come from Hungary, which has its own musical culture. Yet he studied at Berklee and played with a lot of American musicians. So he had this interesting cross-breeding of musics. He was one of the first people I heard to use the electric guitar feeding back, bent notes, and just odd kinds of sounds. Also, his playing was very sparse.

"The next person who changed things was Larry Coryell, who was coming out of rock 'n' roll, country music and blues. And then John McLaughlin who was out of rock but much more harmonically and technically sophisticated. I found myself very influenced by McLaughlin's concept and with the things he did with Miles and on a Miroslav Vitous album called *Infinite Search*. His was a very different concept. So, I think those three people—Gabor, Larry and John—in their own ways really did something to sort of shake up traditional guitar players. A lot of people didn't like them. I don't think I liked them that much when I first heard them because I was more interested in learning how to play bebop and they were obviously going ahead and playing what they wanted, what they felt. That didn't influence me until later when they said to me, 'Go ahead, it's o.k. to play something different. You don't have to play like Barney Kessel. You can play what you want. Music changes. You're free.'"

What brought you back to New York?

"Well, for me it was a must. It was either come to New York and see what will happen or just stay in Boston and work little gigs. There weren't enough people around or enough work of the kind I needed. New York? Although it frightened me, I just had to see if I'd be able to do anything here at all. I had to take the chance. And it's worked out."

How did you break into the New York scene?

"I was lucky. A friend of mine had been playing with Chico Hamilton and had decided to leave the band. But he was taking a few weekends off initially and he called me to sub. So I was coming down a couple of weekends a month from Boston and playing with Chico in a club on 14th St. that paid about ten bucks a night. Then Chico called me later and said that he had a gig that would amount to a couple of months of steady work in a New York club which turned out to be a Park Avenue hotel called Delmonico's. So I just moved everything down because I knew I'd be able to at least make money for a couple of months.

"I also knew Randy and Mike Brecker. I met Randy initially in Boston when he came there with Horace Silver. Later, Randy called me up when Dreams was forming and said they were having auditions. So I played and they liked me. So that was my next break. We recorded one album for Columbia and did several gigs. The musicians were all great, but then there were the management people surrounding the band. I didn't like the feeling of it. It was like, 'Well, we've got to make it.' They would tell me how to dress or how to look and I got very depressed. So I just went back to Boston."

What did they say about dress?

"Well, I dressed about like I do now. I didn't wear anything flashy. Also when I played I didn't move around because that for me is wasted energy. I don't feel like moving around. I'd rather put the effort into playing guitar. After I left and the personnel had changed, they did another record for Columbia. After that they split up. It was just handled wrong—too many fingers in the pie and not letting the music just speak for itself. If you go out and try to play rock or commercial music or whatever and you don't believe in it, it's going to come across. I know if I feel embarrassed or very uptight it immediately comes across to the audience."

Many musicians find themselves at crossroads where they have to make the decision whether to go into something that is being hyped and promoted or to maintain a more pure direction. Is it difficult when someone is dangling the promise of big bucks and stardom?

"Yeah, I guess it is, though I've never really had too much dangled at me. But recently it has been starting to happen. I've been getting calls from record companies, people who would like to know if I'd sign or do a tour. But since I've been through things before, I know if something is not for me. When people start dangling money or promises I'm wary because I see most of that as being very short-lived and I'd rather have my music progress over a long period of time."

What happened after Dreams?

"I went back to Boston and played with a local band called Stark Reality which never got anywhere but which really made some nice music. It was an electric quartet with guitar, vibes, bass and drums led by a guy named Monty Stark. He's really quite talented. We gigged around and went on the road for a short while. We played a jazz sort of rock music that was pretty free and atonal. But it never quite came across, so we finally disbanded. Then I got a call from Chico and moved to New York. And I also knew Randy and Mike, Jan Hammer, Gene Perla and several other musicians who had been in the Boston area and who had moved down before I did. So I wasn't coming in blind."

How was the gig with Chico?

"The band included Chico, myself, Victor Gaskin on bass and Mark Cohen, a saxophone player. My first trip to Europe was with Chico when we played the Montreux Festival. We recorded in London with that particular quartet. Why it was never released, I don't know. I stayed with Chico for about a year and a half. And that was another invaluable experience because it was night after night, a lot of playing. Chico allowed a lot of freedom, everyone started writing tunes."

"I don't think it matters to me that I develop one concept of music. I think it's more important that I play all these different kinds of music and see where they all meet."

Was that your first writing experience?

"I'd done a bit in Boston for Stark Reality. But Chico's band was the first time that I really had the chance to do it on a regular basis. We'd all bring in tunes and try them out."

I've heard you with Dave Liebman's band. Have you done much gigging with him?

"I sat in with him a couple of times. But it's mostly been recordings—two recordings for ECM, *Drum Ode*, and another one before that called *Lookout Farm*, and then just recently I played on some of his albums on Horizon Records. Some of that's really nice. For the Horizon sessions, it was his regular group augmented by Donald Ives on congas and Charlie Haden on acoustic bass. In between I've worked for a lot of different people. I played with Jeremy Steig. Jeremy's music is more free form. Not much was ever said about what we were going to play. Also, Gil Evans' band. That was last year when I went to Europe with him."

Do you have to make some adjustments going into a big band?

"I don't really think about adjusting. You just hear what the music needs from you and try to adjust to it. Sometimes you're successful, sometimes you're not, or sometimes you're in between. With a big band you're less

exposed. Gil's music was, in a sense, very free. He wanted you to be creative, and add something to the band other than just read the parts."

Some musicians seem to be influenced by some sort of spiritual concept and others are very theoretically oriented, like Lennie Tristano and George Russell. Do you see yourself being guided by any of these approaches?

"I think about scales and theory and try to analyze what I've done either by listening to tape or by sitting down and playing. Other times I just play totally from the energy coming from me. And then there is a really intuitive sense that seems to be something else, a sort of responding to what you hear from other people."

What's your feeling about electric versus acoustic guitar?

"Playing the acoustic guitar demands more guitaristics in a sense. I can't slide around or get away with certain things. With electric, I'm developing a way to play that, while nothing new, is just easiest for me. Instead of picking every note, you hammer the note with the left hand which helps in making certain passages very smooth and legato. With the legato approach, you don't hear the separation of the notes. They just run into one another, almost like a wind instrument. I think of the guitar like breathing. If I take a long breath I'll play a long phrase. If I want a very short popping kind of phrase I'll pick every note. It's hard to develop a balance because I find myself going from one extreme to another, but I want to get them both happening at the same time. You know, saxophone and trumpet players play from the air. It would be great if I could have a mouthpiece on the guitar, blow air into it and then move my fingers."

What about equipment?

"I've been through a myriad of pedals and attachments. This guitar that I'm using now I've had for the past six months and it's just an old Gibson electric called the Melody Maker. I don't see too many people playing them. It's a very fast, light action guitar that enables me to play very fluidly. In terms of the acoustic guitar, I have the Ovation acoustic/electric which is really good in recording studios because you can mike it directly from the pickup and also mike it so that you get an acoustic sound and an electric sound which you can blend in a mix. The only other thing that I have right now is a little mandolin guitar. When I bought it, the strings were tuned in fifths like a violin. I played it like that for a while but recently I put some very light gauge strings on and tuned it like the top four strings of the guitar so that I could play more conventional music. The high string is an octave above the high E of the standard guitar and the frets get so small that you have to shrink your fingers and your whole concept to play it."

Are you using any electronic devices?

"I am really attracted to phase shifters. I always like to have a little something that can sustain the sound. Right now I'm using a distortion box, a little MXR. And a volume-pedal—I love to make notes and phrases swell. It makes it more like a wind instrument because with the volume pedal I can play very quietly and then suddenly get much louder. A horn player can do that without any pedals and I've always wanted to be able to do things like that. Otherwise, you just plug the guitar in, set your volume and play it. That seems pretty limited to me. I had an echoplex when I worked with Billy Cobham's band which was a lot of fun. The wah-wah I used for years but just got tired of because it was overdone."

Speaking of Cobham, what was that gig like?

"I got involved with Billy through Dreams because he was the drummer. Later I received a postcard from Billy saying 'Thinking of starting a band—give me a call if you're interested.' So, we got together with the Brecker Brothers. The first record I did was *Crosswinds*. It was done with about two rehearsals. Very quick. Then we went on the road. I went through a lot of different changes with that band because at first I was trying to hold back, be very sensitive, play some lyrical things even though I realized the music wasn't really about that. It was more high energy kind of music. So gradually I just began to forget about that part of myself and went with the music. Then I added a few more little attachments, turned my volume up a little, and found that I enjoyed it more and that the music sounded better. My technique got better. I could play faster. And the band was really starting to sound good, too. But then there were some things that I had to do that meant I had to make a decision. And it felt like a good time to change. I wanted to play a wider variety of music."

In what directions do you see yourself going?

"Right now I see several directions. One is what's happening when I play in a band like Jack DeJohnette's where we do more spontaneous, intuitive things. And then I'm still very fond of playing very structured jazz or rock material that has a predetermined set of chords to play off of. I also want to explore electronic techniques, the acoustic guitar and the mandolin guitar. And I'd really like to find an instrument that I feel completely comfortable with, a guitar that would give me some way of playing very sustained long phrases without being really loud or distorted. Not a synthesized sound, because I'm getting very tired of the synthesizer. But that's because I've heard so much of it. It's still a fantastic instrument. Jan Hammer's conception of playing it is still the best I've heard. I think I might have something built for me eventually."

What about Jack DeJohnette's band?

"There's a quartet that's happening right now with myself and Jack, Alex Foster, a saxophonist, and a bass player, Mike Richmond. With Jack's band I get to play everything from bebop to free music. And for me that's important because I have a lot of different ways I like to play. I don't think it matters to me that I develop one concept of music. I think it's just more important that I play different kinds of music and see where they all meet. I'd like to explore some Japanese and Indian instruments. Oregon is a group that I feel close to musically. Ralph Towner, who is a close friend, has a fresh new sound."

Do you talk about moods, emotions and atmosphere in setting up a tune?

"Yeah, sometimes. When I did my record for ECM, I used Jan Hammer and Jack DeJohnette. The title song, *Timeless*, began with a very ethereal kind of drone. It then went into a slow medium tempo kind of thing in 7/4, but it was so slow you weren't aware that it was in 7. I didn't know how to describe what I wanted but they just played it exactly the way I wanted it. It only required one take. Somehow certain people just naturally understand a lot of things. Jack is incredibly good at it. Jan is amazing too. Jack is also the most musical drummer I've ever played with. He doesn't just beat them. He makes music on them. He has really helped my music a lot."

What about working in studios?

"It's a very unnatural environment to be in. You hear something coming through the headphones and it sounds almost nothing like what it would be if you heard it in a room. So what I usually do to compensate is to take one phone off so that I can hear the other instruments in the room. It's frustrating."

And clubs and concerts?

"In general I prefer to play in clubs because I like the loose atmosphere. Also I like to play several sets. A concert is a one-shot situation. If the sound isn't right, you don't have a chance to really change it. I've always played better in clubs where people can have a drink, talk and walk around."

What is your practice routine?

"I'm trying to practice things very slowly. Lennie Tristano once told a friend that if you play very slow, even eighth notes, you'll find that you won't be able to play a lot of your old licks because you'll be hearing everything you play instead of just zipping around the instrument. You'll come up with some really different things. Also I play a lot of scales, so that they feel physically good and flowing. I work on trying to play through different sets of chord changes. I practice trying to write a song now and then. I have a tape recorder, a Revox, that can multi-track, so I've been working on that. I think I'm at the point now where I see more clearly what I have to do. It has to do with editing my playing. I need to phrase things so that they'll feel better and sound clearer. I'm trying to constantly refine my music."

Do you jam with a lot of people, talk to other musicians, etc.?

"Sure. There's a scene. Every city has it. I'm always meeting musicians. Everyday I talk to somebody on the phone. The conversation might be about a gig or business but a lot of times it will trail off into how we feel about music or a record we've heard, a gig

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SELECTED ABERCROMBIE DISCOGRAPHY

as a leader
TIMELESS—ECM 1047
GATEWAY—ECM 1061

with Jack DeJohnette
SORCERY—Prestige P-10081
COSMIC CHICKEN—Prestige P-10094

with Dave Liebman
LOOKOUT FARM—ECM 1039
DRUM ODE—ECM 1046

with Billy Cobham
CROSSWINDS—Atlantic 7300
TOTAL ECLIPSE—Atlantic 18121
SHABAZZ—Atlantic 18139

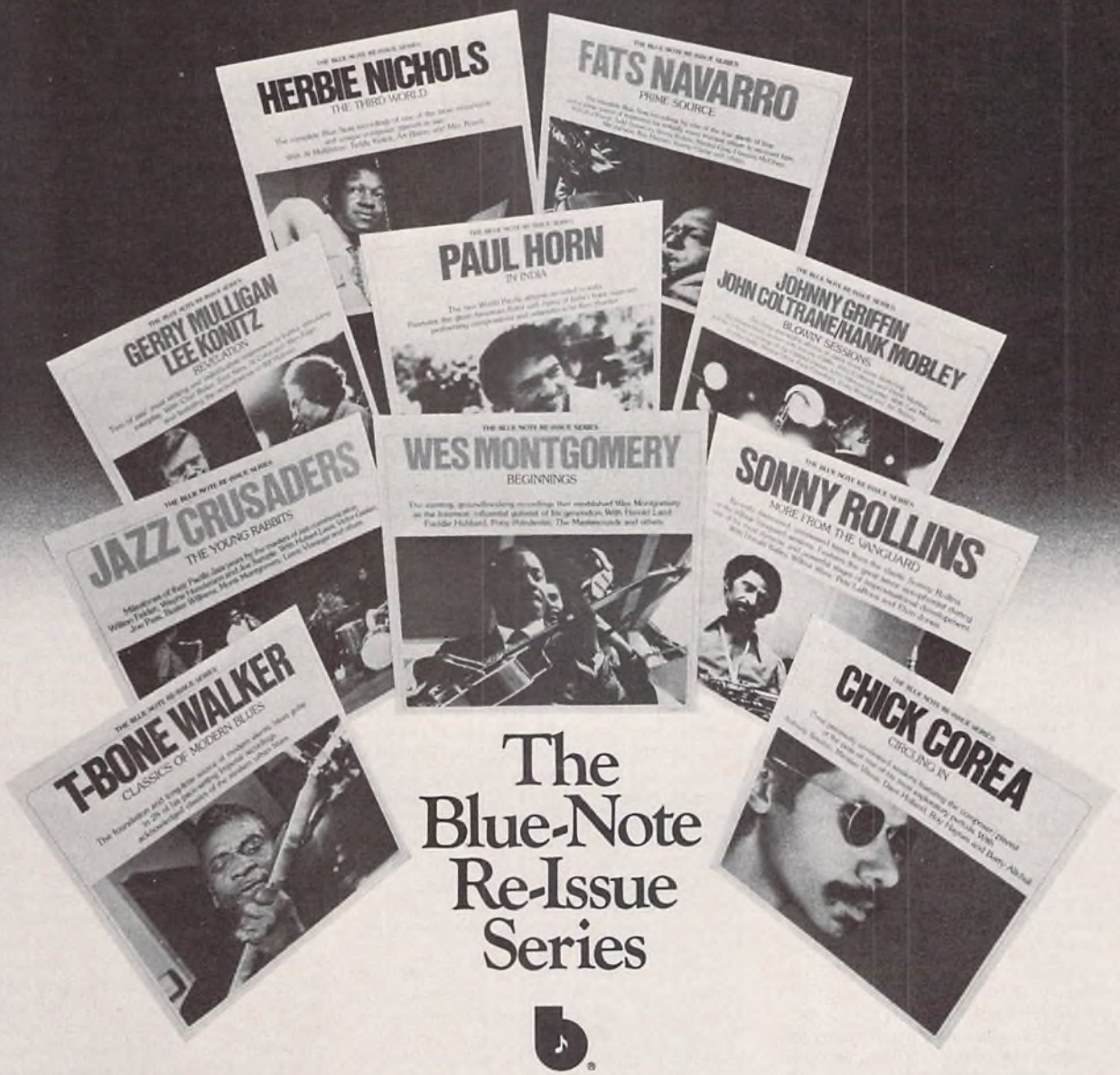
with Gato Barbieri
UNDER FIRE—Flying Dutchman 10158
BOLIVIA—Flying Dutchman 10156
EL GATO—Flying Dutchman 1-1147

with Marc Cohen
FRIENDS—Oblivion Od. 3

with Dreams
DREAMS—Columbia C-30225

with Michael Urbaniak
ATMA—Columbia KC-33184

Jazz Musts:



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DAVE BRUBECK/ PAUL DESMOND

1975: THE DUETS—Horizon SP 703: *Alice In Wonderland; These Foolish Things; Blue Dove; Stardust; Koto Song; Balcony Rock; Summer Song; You Go To My Head.*

Personnel: Brubeck, piano; Desmond, alto sax.

★ ★ ★ ★

Sometimes the most logical combinations take a long time to happen. Brubeck and Desmond, through all their years of collaboration, have never recorded as a duo, not until this outing.

As the humorous and informative jacket notes of Paul Desmond inform us, the two were recently on a working cruise aboard the S.S. Rotterdam. One of the sessions, recorded for broadcast by the BBC, developed into an ad-hoc collaboration between the two, although Brubeck's sons were on board. Later, back on land in New York City, Brubeck and Desmond, remembering the enthusiastic audience response on ship and taking advantage of what Desmond calls the "rare as a solar eclipse" phenomenon of being between recording contracts, the musicians, under the auspices of "boy wonder" John Snyder, went into the studio with the express purpose of vinylizing a long overdue duet effort.

The results are most pleasing. No new unexplored vistas are discovered by either. But nowhere in the mythical Constitution of jazz does it state that everybody has to be an Anthony Braxton, or even a Phil Woods. Ditto Taylor or Tyner. Yet there is, and will always be a place for prettiness, however verbatim. And if Brubeck, in his more saccharine moments, does flirt with the Devil Cocktail, he should be forgiven, in the light of his past accomplishments and aversion to excess.

The only fault of the album is that, despite its melodic beauty, it comes off at times like a mood piece, with gorgeous sax solos following quiet piano musings on both sides. *Balcony Rock* and *Summer Song* are the only uptempo breaks. Yet even the shortcoming of sporadic monotony can be defended with the debatable argument that Brubeck, lacking the self-contained propulsive force of other pianists, is forced to "play quiet" almost by necessity. In addition, the total absence of percussion strikes another prohibitive blow against any thoughts of a swinging jam session.

What *The Duets* sets out to do, however, it does well, even masterfully. The responses of the shipboard crowd attest to this on the only live cut, Dizzy Gillespie's immortal *You Go To My Head*, each twist and turn being warmly seconded by the passenger-audience. It must have been a pleasant voyage. —*shaw*

BILLY COBHAM

A FUNKY THIDE OF SINGS—Atlantic 18149: *Panhandler; Sorcery; A Funky Thide Of Sings; Thinking Of You; Some Skunk Funk; Light At The End Of The Tunnel; A Funky Kind Of Thing; Moody Modes.*

Personnel: Randy Brecker, Walt Fowler (tracks 1, 3), trumpet; Glenn Ferris, trombone; Tom Malone, trombone, piccolo (tracks 1, 3); Michael Brecker, Larry Schneider (tracks 1, 3), saxes; Milcho Leviev, keyboards; John Scofield, guitar; Alex Blake, bass guitar; Cobham, percussion, synthesizers; "Rebop" Kwaku Baah, congas (tracks 1, 3).

★ ★ ★

Any performance that must repeatedly announce its intentions is almost certainly in trouble, and the number of times *funk* appears in the song titles here gives some indication of the success of the album.

Well, what the hell, it's a time of retrenchment—politically, educationally, morally, and, of course, musically, and so we had best get used to hearing formulaic performances by artists who would in other times be compelled to innovate. Thus *Panhandler*, standard jazzed funk, highlighted by a strong acid-rock solo by Scofield, but weakened by the underrecorded, muddily-voiced horn chart. Thus the title cut, which features a fine, scratchy, raunchy tenor solo by Schneider and, this time, a tight, well-balanced horn performance complemented by driving work by Cobham, Blake, and Baah. And thus *Skunk*, in the familiar robot-hustle rhythmic mode, with Brecker catchy on tenor and Ferris exceptionally pithy on trombone. Side one, then, is very pleasant listening; your brain won't be strained but the same straight plane will be maintained. The sole mild surprise is a new version of Keith Jarrett's *Sorcery*, which was first performed on Charles Lloyd's *Forest Flower* album. Cobham's version, as might be expected, is sweeter, prettier, fuller, but less interesting. Leviev, who arranged it, has the main solo on synthesizer.

Side two is a bit different. *Kind Of Thing* is a 9:24 traps solo containing perhaps two minutes' worth of original music. No question about Cobham's chops, nor, on this cut, about his willingness to take chances, since he uses many pauses, spaces, and spare, simple (sometimes simplistic) figures. However, he does not yet have an imagination sufficiently wide to bring it off. For example, there's a series of between-beats snare accents about four and a half minutes into the track that constitutes the first even slightly complex rhythmic idea in the whole piece; that such a simple series draws so much attention to itself indicates the thinness of the conception.

Leviev's *Modes* partially redeems the album. It, too, is simple, but delightfully so. Leviev states the lovely, wistful melody on electric piano with a thin, firm, reedy Gil Evansish chart backing him; he then switches to acoustic for his solo, unaccompanied save for Cobham's crisp on-beat cymbal accents. The solo provides a striking contrast to the arrangement, since it's built around rich, rolling two-handed runs. He concludes with some Tyner-inspired left-hand chording; the emulation wouldn't be disturbing except that Brecker follows with a trumpet solo embarrassingly indebted to Miles, albeit tastefully played. Blake, on acoustic, also begins by paying dues: his Spanish-flavored pizzicato-with-strummed-chords commencement owes much to Garrison and Haden, but he soon gets into his own territory, buoyed by some crisp interplay with Cobham. It's a fine ending to the session, and shows what Cobham can do as drummer and leader when the proper material and some sophisticated musicality present themselves. As a purveyor of funk, however, he isn't needed; we already have the Blackbyrds, K.C. and the Sunshine Kids, the Ohio Players. . . . —*heineman*

CHUCK MANGIONE QUARTET AND CONCERT ORCHESTRA

BELLAVIA—A&M SP 4557: *Come Take A Ride With Me; Listen To The Wind; Carousel; Bellavia; Dance Of The Windup Toy; Torreano.*

Personnel: Mangione, conductor, Yamaha fluegelhorn, Rhodes electric piano, celeste; Gerry Niewood, soprano and tenor saxes, Yamaha piccolo, C flute, alto flute; Joe LaBarbera, drums, roto toms, miscellaneous percussion; Chip Jackson, electric bass; Kathryn Moses, solo flute (track 6); Vincent DeRosa, french horn solo (track 6).

★ ★ ★

Chuck Mangione belongs to that growing realm of jazz musicians who proclaim a need to redefine the lines of communications between their music and their audiences. His albums sell comparatively well and he can pack a 3000-seat hall with young listeners who prefer their "jazz"—i.e. accessible amalgams of rock and big band mannerisms with romantic and black references—in neat, compact presentations. Mangione displays an appealing affinity for sentimentality in his compositions (which audiences often confuse for sensitivity), and while his music has a decidedly "white" sound, it certainly is never condescending nor apologetic. He wears his profile well.

Bellavia follows the same popular formula Mangione adopted for his *Chase The Clouds Away:* a warm phase-shifted electric piano lightly outlines the chords, the rhythm section and orchestra form sweeping underlayers for the horn vamps, and the brass section immodestly punctuates the break points, which serve as transitions for the soloing instrument. Generally speaking, Mangione doesn't vary the textural voicing enough, but in at least two instances, *Dance Of The Windup Toy* and *Torreano,* he shifts the percussive emphases and horn complexions for bright results. By far, the most exciting element in the Mangione quartet is the rhythm section, comprised of Joe LaBarbera on drums and Chip Jackson on bass. Together they form an attentive, empathetic and sinewy union that sustains the otherwise monotonous flow of things. Mangione and Niewood's horn exercises show watertight professionalism but little emotionalism. Chuck's proficiency for powerhouse arrangement is truly staggering, and his music is undeniably friendly. I have no doubt that it would sound better on a carousel than something more elusive might, yet I don't spend my life riding carousels.

—*gilmore*

HARVEY MASON

MARCHING IN THE STREET—Arista AL 4054: *Marching In The Street; Modaji; Hop Scotch; Wild Rice; Ballad For Heather; Fair Thee Well; Building Love (Hymn).*

Personnel: Mason, arrangements, drums, percussion; Dave Grusin (tracks 1, 2, 4, 5, 7), Herbie Hancock (tracks 3, 5, 6), Jerry Peters (track 3), keyboards; Chuck Rainey (tracks 1, 2, 4, 7), Paul Jackson (tracks 3, 6), electric bass; Jerry Peters (track 5), Arp bass; Lee Ritenour (tracks 1, 2, 4, 7), Melvin

Ragin (track 6), guitar; Ernie Watts (tracks 1, 3, 4), Hubert Laws (track 2), Benny Maupin (tracks 3, 4, 6), woodwinds; Oscar Brashear (tracks 1, 3, 4), Blue Mitchell (track 1), Bobby Bryant (tracks 1, 3, 4), trumpet; George Bohannon (tracks 1, 3, 4), Frank Rosolino (track 5), trombone; Julia Tillman, Maxine Willard, Randy Crawford, Jerry Peters, Harvey Mason (tracks 1, 7), Jim Gilstrap (track 1), vocals; Bob Wirtz (track 1), percussion.

★ ★ ★ ½

This is a fun, funky collection of music fused from jazz, rock and the current state of electronic music technology. As such, it reflects both the virtues and limitations of eclecticism. The synthesizers, talking box, wah-wahs, Arp bass, and multi-tracking techniques help expand the music's tonal vocabulary. The insistent rock rhythms make the music accessible to a wide cross-section of the public. The jazz elements add an accent of the unknown and unpredictable.

On the other hand, the fragmented nature of recording techniques partially disrupts the organic collective spirit of interactive music-making. New sound generators, like the Arp bass, need to be heard beyond the novelty stage before their true potentials can be assessed. The great problem with rock rhythms is their tendency to sound monotonous and to force the improvisation into restricted, conventionalized channels.

Like so much of the current "product" of the record industry, these virtues and limitations seem to contend with one another in Mason's new album. Fortunately, the exuberance, dash and consummate professionalism of Mason and his colleagues for the most part help the music transcend the pitfalls of the fusion approach. For example, the hip street beat of a parade band with Mason's whistle signaling the entrance of rhythm, horns, voices and Blue Mitchell's fine solo wittily combine to make the title song a perfect jazz/rock gem.

In sum, Mason's music is fun for listening, and also fun for dancing. And that's not a bad combination. *—berg*

TOM WAITS

NIGHTHAWKS AT THE DINER—Asylum 7E-2008: *Emotional Weather Report; On A Foggy Night; Eggs And Sausage; Better Off Without A Wife; Nighthawk Postcards; Warm Beer And Cold Women; Putnam County; Spare Parts I (A Nocturnal Emission); Nobody; Big Joe And Phantom 309; Spare Parts II.*

Personnel: Waits, vocals, piano (tracks 3, 4, 6, 7, and 9), guitar (tracks 2 and 10); Mike Melvoin, piano (tracks 1, 2, 5, 8, and 11), electric piano (tracks 3, 4, 6, and 7); Pete Christlieb, tenor sax; Jim Hughart, upright bass; Bill Goodwin, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Tom Waits is one of a handful of contemporary artists who perceptively draws from the plethora of popular composers that shaped pre-1950s song forms, such as George Gershwin, Cole Porter, Jerome Kern, and Richard Rodgers. He even proclaims a penchant for the plaintive southern melodies of Stephen Foster. But it is Waits' retrospective identity with the beat experience of the '50s, the late night world blending into the hint of dawn, a time that is always frozen in the still darkness with the pulse of monologue, that renders him so motley and indelible as a character. In his first two albums, *Closing Time* and *The Heart Of Saturday Night*, Waits promoted himself as a sensitive, melodic balladeer, with a predilection for free-verse jazz soliloquies.

But it has been said of Waits, as it has been of Bruce Springsteen, that you simply must catch his act live, preferably in a club setting, to appreciate his full impact. Indeed, it can be a transfiguring, even vertigo-inducing experience. Dressed in his customary overly large black suit, crooked tie and ratty sports cap, Waits delivers an evening of song and patter, a syncopated stream-of-consciousness lyrical vision, sharing firsthand experiences and unnatural observations in parallel humorous and stirring images. With rare exception, he is his own lone accompanist, performing on guitar, piano and cheeks.

Nighthawks At the Diner, Waits' third album, is the rare exception, a belated opportunity to recapture his live show in your own living room. Recorded in a studio "cafe" with a warm, empathetic quartet in front of a live audience, *Nighthawks* vividly recreates the timeless mood of the Edward Hopper painting from which it borrows its title. Waits is in splendid, raw form, stringing the songs together with his flash-poetic "nocturnal emission" raps, reliving his road travelogues, and painting the sleazy nuance of his self-imposed after-hours world right down to the flies on the counter plate. The four sides should be taken in their natural order, for Waits constructs his show with a disarming, chilling climax in mind, Red Sovine's haunting *Big Joe And Phantom 309*, masterfully relieving the tension with an uptempo, swinging endpiece. Welcome to a most sublime case of indigestion. *—gilmore*

JOHN KLEMMER

TOUCH—ABC Impulse 922: *Touch; Glass Dolphins; Waterwheels; Free Fall Lover; Sleeping Eyes; Body Pulse; Tone Row Weaver; Walk With Me My Love And Dream.*

Personnel: Klemmer, tenor sax, echoplex, flute, electric piano (track 8); Dave Grusin, George Duke (track 3), electric piano; Chuck Domanico, Chuck Rainey (track 3), electric bass; John Guerin, Harvey Mason (track 3), drums; Mitch Holder, Larry Carlton (track 1), acoustic guitar; Joe Porcari, Emil Richards, percussion.

★ ★

Conceived during an artistic and electronic brainstorm, the echoplex device has declined from its first incarnation as a paintbrush for a spacy, dream-clouded canvas of musical mystique to a comfortable, but weather-beaten crutch. At surface value, everything is still the same; tone poem and instant woodwind-brass deja vu fills the post-coital air with a wistful, euphoric ambience, processed sound propelled like protons off the bedroom walls by the latest in octaphonic speaker systems. And yes, it's pretty.

Lest I be taken as a heretic desecrator of all things beautiful, I regretfully but dutifully must peel off the glistening flesh and reveal an innard of skin and bones. For Klemmer's recordings have, through sheer, cliched repetition, lost their sense of slightly eerie yet uniquely individual identity, and that perplexing echoplex, the sightless saxman's original rocket fuel, is slowly dragging him into the dregs of melodious, but quite superficial, mediocrity.

What a pity. Here's a man with clarity of tone, mathematically perfect breath control, and phrasing of Utopian relevance. Yet where's the excitement? Is the perpetuation of a 40 minute, never-changing, often boring, sense of beauty the sole raison d'etre for this work?

Only Klemmer's sweet blowing and perceptive melodic and compositional sense saves *Touch* from being a hip, space-age Billy Vaughan. *Touch*, the title cut, is memorable and hummable, elevator music, or at best, background buzz for listeners unwilling to commit themselves on any level deeper than surface perception. Tired Corea-isms (thank goodness Chick has moved on to something else) resound from Dave Grusin's plagiaristically derivative piano. And if that were not enough, *Waterwheels* finds the electrically-charged ivory man in another yawning run, with alternate notes assigned to left and right speaker. A great sample album for stereo shops.

Other persona non grata surface. David Batteau, three years removed from a sixth-rate Loggins and Messina imitation that had about as much impact on the world's art as a fart does in a blizzard, is heard endlessly repeating a series of inane foreplay mantras like "free fall lover" and "tone row weaver," which are also two titles here. And as a crowning insult, Klemmer himself takes the mike on the final track, *Walk With Me My Love And Dream*, with a rap so naive it makes McKuen sound like E. E. Cummings. Or Bruce Springsteen. *—shaw*

DICK HYMAN

CHARLESTON—Columbia M33706: *Charleston; One Hour; Caprise Rag; Medley: Ginger Brown, Old Fashioned Love, Charleston, Love Bug, Open Your Heart, Old Fashioned Love; Snowy Morning Blues; Steeplechase Rag; Eccentricity; Carolina Balmoral; Just Before Daybreak; Jingles; Carolina Shout; You've Got To Be Modernistic.*

Personnel: Ruby Braff, cornet; Mel Davis, Pee Wee Erwin, Joe Wilder, trumpets; Vic Dickenson, Buddy Morrow, Paul Faulice, trombones; Bob Wilber, Phil Bodner, Romeo Penque, Don Hammond, Harvey Estrin, reeds; Everett Barksdale, guitar, banjo; Milt Hinton, Bob Haggart, bass; Bob Rosengarden, drums; Hyman, piano, organ, arranger. Plus seven strings.

★ ★ ★ ½

A selection of the composed works of James P. Johnson is the focus of this record, issued on Columbia Masterworks. The growing tendency to treat the work of early black musicians and musician-composers as a sort of American classical music, subject to interpretation and reinterpretation, reminds us that jazz not only has an increasingly "legitimate" tradition but has within its domain works capable of challenging subsequent generations of musicians and listeners.

This is not a jazz record, as such. It is too committed to the spirit and letter of the original material to be that. Such a commitment imposes disciplines that replace the cult of personality with the structure and detail of composition. Hyman has fashioned orchestrations following note for note upon the models of Johnson's piano rolls, recordings and sheet music. They range from full theater orchestra renditions (the *Medley, Eccentricity*), through dance ensemble *(Charleston, Jingles, Modernistic)* and jazz band *(Steeplechase, Balmoral, Shout)* to duos between Hyman and Braff and even a frisky solo rag. The voicings, which are Hyman's own, are faithful to the period, and the impeccable performances make the music superior to any other modern retrospective of the '20s that comes to mind. Yet, it still all has the sound of nostalgia about it, which raises doubts that such material, as composition, can be taken on its own merits apart from its period. Time will tell.

There might be a hint, however, in the fact that the album attains its most strikingly beautiful heights when personality asserts itself—Braff's to be exact, in *One Hour*. This improvisation, with Hyman switching to organ, must stand as classic Braff and one of the most haunting treatments of this theme since Armstrong and Hawkins first approached it nearly half a century ago. Braff invites comparison with Armstrong, but lends to it the fragile beauty of his unique tone, which becomes almost ethereal following Hyman's chorus. Writing as one who's heard a lot of Braff over the years, *this* stands out.

—mcdonough

MAL WALDRON

BLUES FOR LADY DAY—Arista-Freedom AL 1013: *Blues For Lady Day; Just Friends; Don't Blame Me; You Don't Know What Love Is; The Man I Love; You're My Thrill; Strange Fruit; Easy Living; Mean To Me.*

Personnel: Waldron, piano.

★ ★

RANDY WESTON

BLUES TO AFRICA—Arista-Freedom AL 1014: *African Village Bedford Stuyvesant; Tangier Bay; Blues To Africa; Kasbah Kids; Uhuru Kwanza; The Call; Kucheza Blues; Sahel.*

Personnel: Weston, piano.

★ ★ ★

The 1975 release of that 13-record Art Tatum solo extravaganza seems rather symbolic, coming precisely at the midpoint of a decade that, despite its emphasis on electronics, has rediscovered the art of solo piano. The gamut runs from soloists inspired by Tatum's muse—Oscar Peterson, Roland Hanna and Europe's Tete Montoliu—to those finding fresh directions for the solo idiom, such as Jarrett, Tyner and, of course, Cecil Taylor.

THAD & MEL: 10 YEARS OF BEAUTIFUL MONDAYS.

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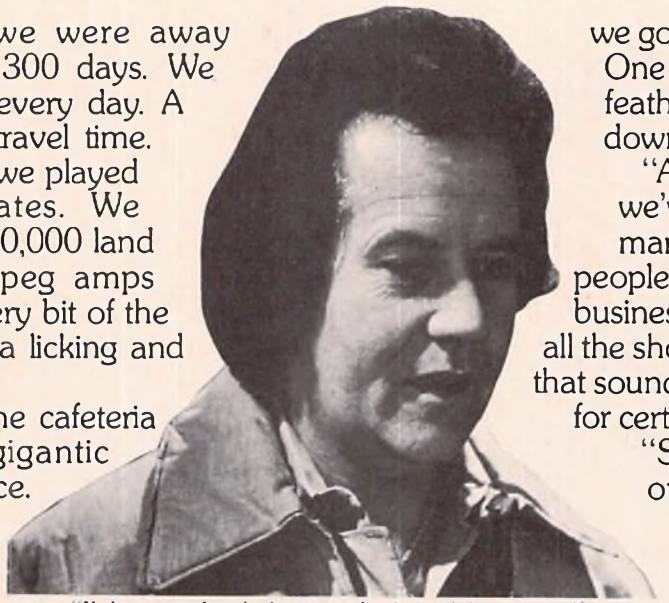
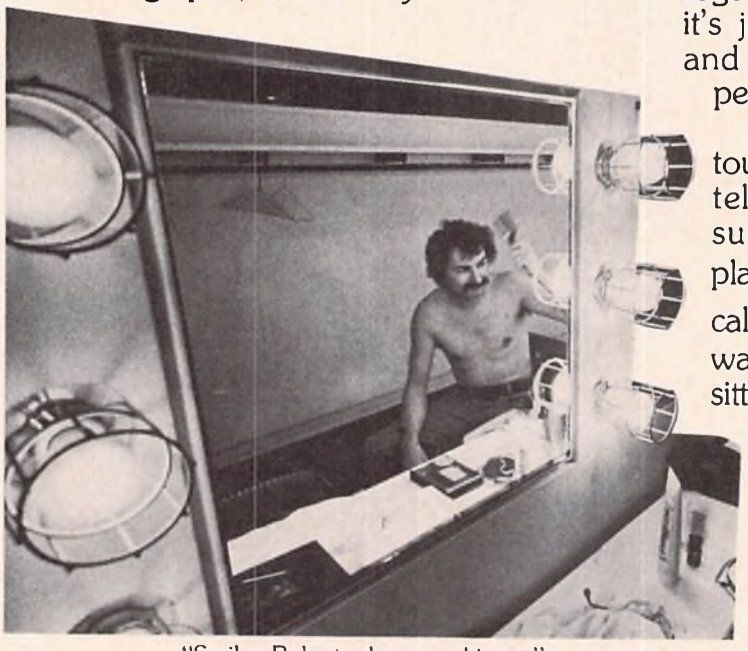
"Ampeg gives us the be

"Last year we were away from home for 300 days. We weren't picking every day. A lot of that was travel time. But I would say we played 210 to 215 dates. We logged about 250,000 land miles. Our Ampeg amps were with us every bit of the way. They take a licking and keep on ticking."

We were in the cafeteria of Chicago's gigantic McCormick Place. Within an hour, Tommy Overstreet and his Nashville Express band were to perform in the Arie Crown Theater along with Roy Clark and Barbara Fairchild. Tommy lit up a cigarette, took a slug of coffee, and in-between signing autographs, told us why he prefers Ampeg over any other amplifier.



"If the sound isn't there you're hurtin' for certain."

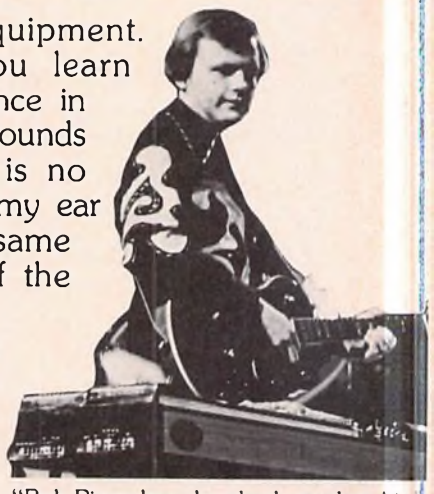


"Smiley Roberts cleans up his act."

"Today we play in front of 4,400 people. Next week we'll be in a small club which seats only 300. Everywhere we go it's a different acoustic setting. One day it's chicken, next day it's feathers. But Ampeg never lets us down. It's versatile."

"Ampeg gives us the best sound we've ever had. We've had too many compliments from too many people — both in and out of show business — to fool with it. You can have all the showmanship in the world, but if that sound isn't there, then you're hurtin' for certain."

"Sometimes we're forced to use other equipment. We've played in clubs where the drums were actually nailed down to the floor. No way we could set up our own equipment. That's when you learn there is a difference in amps. The band sounds different. There is no togetherness. To my ear it's just not the same and it throws off the performance."



"Bob Rippy has already cleaned up his.

"Is Ampeg tough? Let me tell you. Last summer we played a place called Cullpepper, Virginia. It was an outdoor gig. You see all the people sitting out in their lawn chairs and they're digging country music. Well, I was on stage and all of a sudden lightning started dancing across the sky. Within minutes there was a cloudburst. I mean it rained like somebody unzipped the heavens. Our electrical equipment was totally, absolutely soaked. We didn't have time to dry it off. The next gig we just plugged them in and they worked perfectly."

Bob Rippy, the lead guitarist, strolled up to the table. Smiley Roberts who plays the steel guitar was with him. Rip added another war

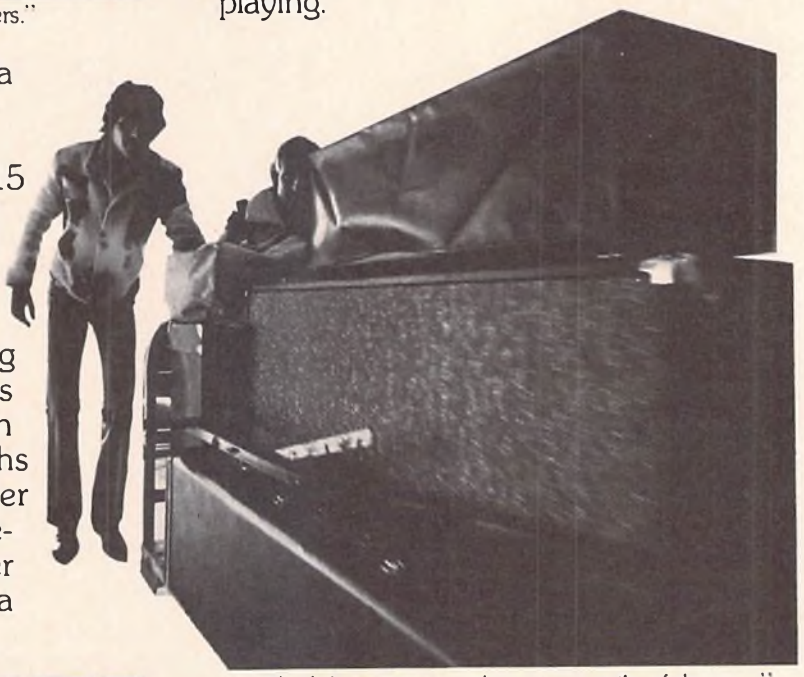
sound we've ever had."

Tommy Overstreet
The Nashville Express

"One day it's chicken, next day it's feathers."

story. "One time we flew up to Canada and when the airlines people were unloading the baggage section they dropped one of our Ampegs. All 115 pounds of it fell from the belly of the plane clear to the ground. Two of the supports broke but it worked fine that night."

Smiley is the one who puts Ampeg to the acid test. His steel guitar has two necks, each with a set of ten strings. There are tremendous highs and lows. "Ampeg gives a ballsier sound. That's the only way I can describe it. I've played through other equipment but when I'd punch it up a little the sound would start breaking up. Ampeg gives me all the highs I want. And a lot of bottom. It's not a booming bass bottom, not a thud like another amp I could name. I use a heavy reverb for a violin effect. I use it in combination with the fuzz tone and it gives me a kind of simulated eight or nine violins playing. If I didn't have Ampeg to give me that desired tone or sound it would affect my playing. Because you know, when it doesn't sound right you don't put your whole heart and soul in your playing."



"And Ampeg was with us every mile of the way."

"We logged 250,000 land miles last year."

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Apparently, the solo bandwagon has an unlimited number of seats.

However, there are those for whom this is clearly an inappropriate vehicle, including Mal Waldron and Randy Weston. Both are intriguing, if not major, stylists; both present good music using a piano. But neither displays the rigorous awareness of form, the imaginative flair for arranging, or the sheer technique demanded by the task of playing unaccompanied. Both Waldron and Weston have emotionally chosen the solo medium for albums dedicated to personal concerns; perhaps cooler heads should have prevailed.

Take Waldron, for example, who was Billie Holiday's accompanist in the pathetic years just before her death. The album opens with his rather pedestrian title blues, then works its way through several of Lady's favorite songs. Waldron's left hand locks into an uninteresting pattern on *Blues*, which sets an uninteresting pattern for the album. Indeed, it is primarily his left, which is only occasionally independent and mostly uninspired, that keeps the music about as texturally varied as virgin snow.

When he played with Eric Dolphy, Waldron's stingy motivic development offered much in its crafty retooling of a tiny phrase; here, this most economical of pianists is crippled by his own left hand's lack of presence and accentuation. And in an idiom that, above all else, requires unquestioned rhythmic control, Waldron shows severe problems with his time, notably on *Just Friends* and *The Man I Love*.

Weston fares considerably better with his album, dedicated to his African heritage and experiences; the reason is that he is less deficient in many of the areas mentioned above. (His time, to be fair, is flawless.) Half of the eight pieces are very similar-sounding blues, on which Weston's heavy touch and lack of variety wear rather thin; yet the title track, as well as the implied polyrhythms at the top of *Uhuru Kwanza*, are genuinely stirring and memorable.

The other pieces provide needed contrasts; *The Call* and *Tangier Bay*—a moody, evocative tone poem honoring Weston's home during his African sojourn—stand out in particular. Unfortunately, like most of the other pieces, *Tangier* runs a bit too long, Weston's ideas petering out shortly before the end. *Sahel* is a *word* poem, narrated by Weston and punctuated by short piano phrases. The Sahel is a region of Africa stricken by famine and drought, and the recitation makes it a symbol for the entire continent's historic rape; the rumbling, dissonant, now lovely, now bleak, chordal explosions successfully complement the poetry's rhythms, tying together the album's theme in a moving finale.

Like Waldron, Weston often abuses, rather than uses, space. There are gaping holes throughout both albums that add nothing, bespeaking only a lack of something to say. There are some excellent tonal effects on *Blues To Africa*, some strong coloristic devices, some arresting voicings, but not enough; too much is simply trite. There are things of interest, but little that's compelling.

Disturbingly, the liner says this is the first in a projected *series* of Weston solo discs; his previous Arista album, with quartet, was far superior. In fact, that's the problem with both of these albums: rather than being fulfilled by the solo instrument, you keep waiting for the piano break to end and another instrument to

come in. And that's a sure signal something else is needed. —*tesser*

FRANK ZAPPA AND THE MOTHERS OF INVENTION

ONE SIZE FITS ALL — DiscReet DS 2216: *Inca Road; Can't Afford No Shoes; Sofa No. 1; Po-Jama People; Florentine Pogen; Evelyn, A Modified Dog; San Ber'dino; Andy; Sofa No. 2.*

Personnel: Frank Zappa, all guitars, lead and background vocals; George Duke, all keyboards and synthesizers, lead and background vocals; Napoleon Murphy Brock, flute and tenor sax, lead and background vocals; Chester Thompson, drums; Tom Fowler, bass; Ruth Underwood, vibes, marimba, and other percussion; James "Bird Legs" Youman, bass on *Can't Afford No Shoes;* Johnny "Guitar" Watson, lead vocals; Bloodshot Rollin' Red, harmonica.

★ ★ ★

BONGO FURY—DiscReet DS 2234: *Debra Kadabra; Carolina Hard-Core Ecstasy; Sam With The Showing Scalp Flat Top; Poofter's Froth Wyoming Plans Ahead; 200 Years Old; Cucamonga; Advance Romance; Man With The Woman Head; Muffin Man.*

Personnel: Frank Zappa, lead guitar and vocals; Captain Beefheart, harmonica and vocals; Napolean Murphy Brock, sax and vocals; Bruce Fowler, trombone; Tom Fowler, bass; Denny Wally, slide guitar and vocals; Terry Bozzio, drums; Chester Thompson, drums (tracks 5 and 6).

★ ★ ★ ★

Frank Zappa has so much going for him as a musical mind that even his less-than-excellent collections come across as virile and fleshy albums. On *One Size Fits All,* Zappa furthers his satiric and musical visions of rock and jazz on a small scale, crowded with a near surfeit of stock imagery. He shares the vinyl with Capt. Beefheart on *Bongo Fury,* his latest release, and both sound as they haven't in ages.

In recent years, the Zappa sound has consisted of thick instrumental layers, harmonically dispersed and rhythmically interrelated. Unlike so many others who pursue such a course, Zappa never clutters his mix to obscure weak performances; sounds are sharp and present, and performances rarely weak. On *One Size* this construction works best on *Inca Roads,* with its complex, precise and rapid tempo changes and fiery guitar blasts, and *Florentine Pogen,* a gutsy piece in a majestic rock framework which utilizes jazz and classical embellishments.

But no matter how majestic isolated moments may appear, Zappa dilutes the album with a conspicuous reworking of his favorite themes. *Can't Afford No Shoes* is highly accessible rock, but it is also the same blues-based funk he has been writing since *Absolutely Free.* A parallel criticism applies to *San Ber'dino,* which, if not for sophisticated tempo changes and Johnny "Guitar" Watson's hot vocal, could pass as a leftover from *200 Motels.*

In *Bongo Fury,* we find Zappa and cohort Beefheart working in more jagged, musically remote and ultimately more valuable contexts. The two have not collaborated since Zappa's *Hot Rats* of nearly six years ago, and their chemistry here suggests that the association, particularly in the Captain's case, revitalizes a latent adventurous spirit. The high-minded, eccentric quality of consciousness had diminished in Beefheart's work of late, and, by the time of his misguided Mercury albums, that quality had degenerated to the "product" level. Where his previous albums, most notably the landmark *Trout Mask Replica,* asserted an arcane, musically unique perspective, disenchanted believers had come to wonder whether his best moments were merely accidents.

If nothing else, the brief realliance with Zappa has taught the Captain that the company one keeps can make a difference. Beefheart's gruff, blues-based vocal style is better suited for Zappa's facetious lyricism, as so clearly evident in *Debra Kadabra*, a convulsive sampling of loosely related musical and lyrical images, and *Poofter's Froth Wyoming Plans Ahead*, a country ditty about bicentennial regalia, similar to Jimmy Buffett's excesses. Both of Beefheart's compositions, *Sam With The Showing Scalp Flat Top*, and *Man With The Woman Head*, are attractively grotesque poem forms laced with allusive fills, call and reply riffs, and alien backgrounds.

Zappa flexes his imagination throughout *Bongo Fury*. Although lyricism is still the focus of his performances, he takes the time and muscle for some flamboyant guitar work during *200 Years Old*, *Muffin Man*, and *Advance Romance*, the latter credit shared with Denny Walley's grim slide guitar.

As far as the Captain goes, we're keeping our fingers crossed. And hopefully Frank will soon break down and release another instrumental album. *—gilmore*

BILL BERRY

AND THE L.A. BAND—HOT AND HAPPY—Beez-1: *Doodle-Oodle; Betty; Bloose; Smoke Gets In Your Eyes; Easter Parade; Mutton Leg; Rockin' In Rhythm.*

Personnel: Berry, cornet; Cat Anderson (tracks 4-7) or Jack Sheldon (tracks 1-3), Gene Goe, Blue Mitchell, Conte Candoli, trumpets; Benny Powell, Tricky Lofton, Britt Woodman, trombones; Marshall Royal, Bill Byrne, alto saxes; Richie Kamuca, Teddy Edwards, tenor saxes; Jack Nimitz, baritone sax, clarinet; Dave Frishberg, piano; Herb Ellis, guitar; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Jack Hanna, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

JOE DIORIO

SOLO GUITAR—Spitball SB 2: *Windows; Nuages; Poem; Invitation; India; A Time For Love; Call To The Center; Without You.*

Personnel: Diorio, guitar.

★ ★ ★ ½

These widely disparate albums are both on small (not to say tiny) independent labels.

Bill Berry's LA Band has been in existence since 1970, and its nucleus dates back to a band Willis Conover and Berry had in New York prior to the Merv Griffin Show's trek west. It's a band that plays for the joy of it, a happy, swinging group that generates tremendous enthusiasm and spirit.

Recorded live on two occasions—a clinic/concert at a high school, and a set at the Concord Festival—the album captures the feeling of an in-person performance. Even the incidental microphone noises, bits of musicians' talk, and less than studio-perfect balance add to rather than detract from the enjoyment.

The personnel reads like a "Who's Who" of jazz; veterans of all the great bands. Each section is topnotch, and this band plays together. The repertoire includes Ellington and Basie classics *(Rhythm, Mutton)*; some excellent originals by the leader *(Betty*, written for Johnny Hodges and here proving a perfect fit for Marshall Royal's singing alto, *Bloose*, a movement from a work in progress called *How Suite*, that explores a number of approaches to the blues and highlighted by Tricky Lofton's wonderfully earthy plunger work), and some nice sketches on standards to showcase individual soloists *(Smoke* for Blue Mitchell, in very good form; *Easter* for Herb Ellis, ditto). The opener is a chart Billy Byers did for the '60s Basie band, and it roars, with a friendly tenor battle between Edwards and Kamuca and a generous helping of two-fisted swing from one of my favorite pianists, the sparkling Dave Frishberg. Vinnegar and Hanna also obviously have taken to heart the leader's dictum, "The band should always swing."

Berry can well be proud of this bunch (and also of his own modest solo spot, a tasty muted obbligato to the opening ensemble of *Bloose)*. That he had to produce his own album on his own label shows that bigtime record producers still have smalltime minds. Get this if you like happy, swinging big-band music in the great tradition.

Diorio's album emphasizes the introspective dimension of this fine guitarist's work. To this listener, there is a lack of rhythmic fire that eventually induces impatience; after 20 minutes of mainly out-of-tempo rumination, no matter how beautifully played, I begin to wish for something a little more lively.

India and *Invitation* do have some vitality —the latter is one of three pieces on which multi-tracking is employed, *Windows* and *Without* being the others—but Django Reinhardt's *Nuages* seems like a prolonged introduction and is no match for Joe Pass's version.

Still, the album must be recommended to guitar fans, who will marvel at Diorio's gorgeous sound, sensitive touch, and highly developed harmonic ear, and to listeners fond of meditative moods in music. The recording is excellent. *—morgenstern*

The Fourth Important Arista/Freedom Release Explores The Newest Frontiers In Contemporary Jazz!

On the heels of last year's "Silent Tongues", which was named "Record of the Year" in Downbeat Magazine, Freedom releases Taylor's historic live trio sessions from the Monmartre in Copenhagen. One disc of this double record set has never before been available in the United States. Included are such Taylor classics as "D Trad, That's What" and "Nefertiti, The Beautiful One Has Come". (AL 1905)

Recorded at the 1975 Montreux Jazz Festival, Hill made his European debut with this fantastic, abstract solo piano set. Included are a number of new original compositions and Duke Ellington's "Come Sunday". (AL 1023)

Frank Lowe's "Fresh" marks the solo debut of one of the leading tenor and soprano saxophonists in contemporary music. Lowe established himself as an important force in his field as a featured player with Alice Coltrane with master trumpeter Don Cherry. (AL 1015)

This unique double set offers Marion Brown in a series of intimate duets with trumpeter Leo Smith and with classical composer and pianist Elliott Schwartz. Brown's warmth and improvisational abilities are at their peak in the company of these two brilliant musicians. (AL 1904)

This collector's item, recorded in 1973, is now available to a larger audience. With guest artists Oliver Lake and Lester Bowie, the ensemble explores a funky version of a traditional African melody, entitled "Lover's Desire". (AL 1022)

Ted Curson established himself as an important trumpeter during the sixties during his stints with Cecil Taylor and Charles Mingus. This album, which includes a moving tribute to the late Eric Dolphy recorded just weeks after his passing, showcases the first quartet that featured Curson as bandleader, along with Bill Barron, Herb Bushler and Dick Berk. (AL 1021)

This exciting, penetrating jazz-rock group is led by baritone saxophonist Bruce Johnstone, bassist Rick Petrone and drummer Joe Corsello. The sextet presents a group of original compositions that avoid imitation and commercialization, but exhibit this band's own unique sound. The album is highlighted by "New York Mary" and "Hip City Slicker". (AL 1019)

Recorded live at the Monmartre in Copenhagen in 1971 with a trio that includes bassist Henry Franklin and drummer Michael Carvin, this album captures Hawes at his best and most adventurous. The set is highlighted by a stunning version of "This Guy's In Love With You", which takes on concerto proportions, and Carvin's unusual piece entitled "The Camel". (AL 1020)

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ON ARISTA RECORDS.

MARION BROWN

VISTA—ABC/Impulse ASD-9304: *Maimoun; Visions; Vista; Moment Of Truth; Bismillahi 'Rrahmani 'Rrahim; Djinji.*

Personnel: Marion Brown, alto sax and wind chimes; Stanley Cowell, acoustic and electric piano and mbira (except track 4); Anthony Davis, acoustic and electric piano; Reggie Workman, bass (except track 2); Jimmy Hopps, drums and cymbals (tracks 1, 3, 4 and 5); Jose Goico, congas, tambourine and finger cymbals (except track 2); Allen Murphy, vocal and bells (tracks 2 and 5); Bill Braynon, acoustic and electric piano and celeste (tracks 2, 3, 4 and 5); Ed Blackwell, drums and slit drum (tracks 3 and 6); Harold Budd, celeste and gong (track 5 only).

★ ★ ★

There is nothing at all wrong with this album. It is relaxing, skillfully played, pretty and features a vocal on Stevie Wonder's *Visions*. What it lacks is emotional energy and commitment. These players are attempting to reach an audience that already likes the Blackbyrds or, more to the point, Grover Washington. This is neither jazz nor dance music, but pleasant background sound. The titles are vague and Eastern and Marion often falls into popular Coltraneisms. Usually, he is not really soloing, just filling up space.

The whole first side is in a slow, dreamy vein. The vocal on *Visions* is the kind of thing you'd hear on a Quincy Jones album, but harks back to Earl Coleman.

The solos don't stand out, but blend into the rhythm section. Most of the songs take a great deal of time to state the melody and a short space to improvise off of it.

The second side opens with the medium tempo, slightly Latin, *Moment*. Again, the solo is almost lost. *Bismallahi* is very chromatic with four keyboards and no drums. Bells, gongs and cymbals add to the melodicism. This is very much mush. Finally on *Djinji*, the most energetic number on the album, Brown plays the melody with more intensity and he digs in a little for his solo. But soon we return to the rhythm and a fadeout ending.

There is obviously a demand for pretty music like this and certainly players as talented as Cowell, Brown, Workman, Hopps and Blackwell deserve to earn a living from their music. But why couldn't they have done an album that had both lyricism and emotional vigor? There are beautiful recordings of popular material by Coltrane, Sun Ra, Shepp, Dolphy and Ayler. Roland Kirk has elaborated on the beauty of at least one Stevie Wonder song. Marion seems afraid to give up any control to his emotions for fear he'll defeat his commercial purposes.

Unfortunately, an energetic and more representative album by Marion, *Porto Novo* (Arista-Freedom AL-1001), was panned in these columns some months back. That 1967 new door has poor bass and drums accompaniment, but, Brown therein avoids the decorative in favor of true spontaneous song. His lines don't have the rationality of this new album. Instead they are charged with honest emotion. Yet if you want an album of mood music, you could do far worse than *Vista*.

—steingroot

TIM WEISBERG

LISTEN TO THE CITY—A&M SP 4545: *Rainbow City; Discovery; Listen To The City; High Rise; The Chase; Love Maker; The Good Life; Street Party; The Passing; The Dealer; Conception; Lunchbreak; Nikki's Waltz; Rush Hour (Friday P.M.); Weekend.*

Personnel: Weisberg, flute, alto flute, Eb flute, bass flute, piccolo, ARP 2600; Lynn Blessing, vibraharp, piano, organ, synthesizers; Billy Osborne, electric piano *(Weekend)*; Todd Robinson, guitar; Carl Johnson, guitar *(Nikki's Waltz)*; Doug Anderson, bass; Ty Grimes, drums, percussion; Bobby Torres, congas, percussion.

★ ★ ★

Surprise! This isn't bad at all—a good deal more substance then one has come to expect from Weisberg. The music here is still severely limited by the narrowness of Weisberg's own horizons, but given that restricted palette, enhanced by Blessing's perhaps broader talents, a solid, pleasant album emerges.

Perhaps the nature of the session is best suggested by the penultimate cut: it's called *Rush Hour*, but it is tuneful, even soothing, with a steady, kicky rhythmic base. What planet has Weisberg been living on; what rush hour *ever* felt like that? The point is that this is a melodic, romantic concept album, not a rounded, complex portrait.

Within that range, however, no complaints. *Rainbow* is a sort of casual triumphal march, if that isn't too unthinkable, with a happy, relaxed feeling to it—a good beginning. *Discovery* provides a churchy transition to *Listen*, a Motownish line for which one can easily imagine lyrics sung by the Temps or the Supremes, except that the flute gives it an airier tone than straight Motown.

High Rise is mostly synthesizers, another short track segueing into *Chase*, whose rhythms seem a blend of Amerind, Caribbean, and African qualities. Weisberg plays counterpoint with himself here, via overdubbing, and it's a high-energy piece, aptly titled, maybe the highlight of the set. Weisberg could never be accused of virtuosity, but he gets the job done.

Side two contains some darker colors. *Passing* is misterioso, and *Lunchbreak* is hectic, employing synthesizers for melodic static behind—and sometimes overshadowing—the main line. The waltz immediately following is a lovely contrast, and for sheer melody outshines anything on the album. Really a pretty tune. Then *Rush Hour* leads into *Weekend*, an appropriately up-ending to a glossy album.

Glossy in both positive and pejorative senses: the session does shine, glow, convey warmth, but it's also slick. It isn't a commercial cop-out, since energy and integrity apparently run high on it. It's just—well, *limited*, like the man said. —*heineman*

OLD WINE— NEW BOTTLES

CECIL TAYLOR

IN TRANSITION—Blue Note BNLA 458 H2: *Bemsha Swing; Charge 'Em Blues; Azure; Song; You'd Be So Nice To Come Home To; Rick Kick Shaw; Sweet And Lovely; Get Out Of Town; Carol/Three Points; Love For Sale; Little Lees; Motystrophe; I Love Paris.*

Personnel: Cecil Taylor, piano; tracks 1-7—Steve Lacy, soprano sax; Buell Niedlinger, bass; Dennis Charles, drums; tracks 8-13—Ted Curson, trumpet; Bill Barron, tenor sax; Chris White, bass; Rudy Collins, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Time sometimes brings a gradual acceptance of ideas originally thought to be dangerous, even the eventual acceptance of musical styles once considered heretic. A generation ago, when Cecil Taylor first released the performances reissued here, an indignant jazz world greeted his music as a "restless, discordant flux of jagged, darting patterns." In the present light of Taylor's long overdue acclaim, this Blue Note collection stands as a monumental ghost, one which should shame a graveyard of detractors.

Granted, Taylor's nonpareil piano style can be a bit perplexing, even upsetting. But it is the emotional challenge which he hurls at the listener that ultimately makes his art so deeply appealing. Sometimes listening to him is like listening to another language you don't fully comprehend, but the meaning surpasses the words and is communicated in expression and inflection. When he flashes, both hands pumping constantly, grabbing chords where they couldn't be, overlaying and trading constructions and phrases, Taylor is creating a multiplicity of languages, instantly interrelating and taming them. Listen underneath those layers of dissonant intervals and uncommon chords, and the melodies still come through, only at a different angle. This music is more than interesting or challenging; it is fun.

Taylor's *Jazz Advance*, recorded on the Transition label in 1955, comprises the first half of this set. This is a young Cecil, emerging from the shadows of Monk, Powell and Tatum, but more concerned with atonality than any of those elder contemporaries. In fact, his tour de force performance of the set, Cole Porter's *You'd Be So Nice To Come Home To*, is a solo mapping of uncharted atonal and modal latitudes. In this coltish exercise, he takes a motif, allowing his mind and fingers to play loose association and keeping a general tendency towards a dramatic gravitational tension. The remainder of *Jazz Advance's* performances incorporate a rhythm section and occasional soprano sax, but they are almost incidental to Taylor's own purpose. He rarely embraces any exchanges or dialogue; instead, he superimposes his playing over the rhythm and embellishes the sax solos in an Ellingtonian fashion.

By the time of *Love For Sale*, the 1959 United Artists recording which rounds out this collection, Cecil had integrated his style fully for ensemble format. He takes cues as much as he sends them, exchanging seasoned phrases and ideas with his other soloists. Taylor focuses his energy on a balanced tonality, sympathetic to the range the horn players outline. Intriguingly, Cecil's finest moment in this setting occurs during his interpretation of another Porter song, *I Love Paris*. His opening phrases are so surreal that they are nearly frightening, and his Tatumesque solo is so energetic that one could swear the keyboard is divinely possessed. —*gilmore*

MOSE ALLISON

CREEK BANK—Prestige 24055: *Somebody Else Is Taking My Place; Don't Get Around Much Anymore; Bye Bye Blues; How Long Has This Been Going On; I Told Ya I Loved Ya, Now Get Out; Baby Let Me Hold Your Hand; Stroll; I Hadn't Anyone Till You; My Kind Of Love; Sleepy Time Gal; The Seventh Son; If I Didn't Care; Cabin In The Sky; If You Live; Yardbird Suite; Creek Bank; Moon And Cypress; Mule; Dinner On The Ground; Prelude To A Kiss.*

Personnel: Allison, vocal, piano, trumpet (track 7 only); Addison Farmer, bass; Nick Stabulas (tracks 1-10) or Ronnie Free (tracks 11-20), drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

Ambition never has been one of Allison's besetting sins. For most of his professional

life he's been content, and successfully so, with relatively small musical formats—trio settings, a basic repertoire of blues, standards and similarly structured song forms, and a somewhat narrow melodic-harmonic area of his own choosing. All of these have combined to make his music accessible and immediately recognizable to the listener, and this is no less true of his instrumental work than of his laconic, wistful singing.

Contributing importantly to his success, at least initially, was the unforced down-home spirit that infused both his vocals and a number of his original, blues-drenched compositions. It was this aspect of his work that first drew attention (notably *Back Country Suite* and *Local Color*), though in most other respects his music is, as Richard Hadlock rightly observed, "polished urban jazz, drawing upon, but not remaining with, the folkways of the south." In Allison's warm, ingratiating music the sophisticated vocabulary and grammar of postbop jazz practice are slightly inflected by and with the southern folk and folk-based musics, black and white, he heard as a youth in Mississippi in the '40s. It's as though Charlie Parker and Bud Powell, for example, had been filtered through Mercy Dee Walton, Sonny Boy Williamson or Muddy Waters, resulting in a distinctively colored, "good ol' boy" kind of modern jazz.

This two LP set continued Prestige's documentation of Mose's early recording career. Sides 1 and 2 reissue his third LP for the label, *Young Man Mose*, dating from January, 1958, and 3 and 4 his fourth album, *Creek Bank*, recorded in August of that same year. They are worthwhile additions to the Allison discography, dating from his most productive period, when his music was at its freshest and, in its quiet unassuming way, most stimulating. Allison is a modest and nicely effective improviser who wisely never attempts more than he can bring off with ease.

Most of the finest moments occur on Sides 3 and 4 (the *Creek Bank* album), by far the better of the two discs, due primarily to the greater cohesiveness of the trio—a point acknowledged by Allison in the liner notes—as well as to the inclusion of five original compositions, on which the pianist always seems to shine. The best, most invigorating playing is on four of the originals—there's a nice elliptical feel to *Creek Bank*, the lovely *Moon And Cypress* just seems to shimmer, *Mule* lopes along jauntily, and *Dinner On The Ground* courses uninterruptedly from beginning to end, flowing from theme to invention and back again. Every one is a jewel, containing Allison's most sustainedly committed, inventive playing of the set. Much of *Moon And Cypress* and parts of *Mule* and *Dinner* recall John Lewis' economical elegance and beautiful roundness of tone, and those are pretty good things to recall, I think you'll agree. Every one of the performances from this session contains high caliber Allison work, nicely interactive ensemble playing, and is well-chosen grist for his/their particular mill, all of which result in a strikingly effective album, one in fact of the Allison trio's better ones.

Sides 1 and 2, while offering some appealing music, contain nothing approaching this level of playing, either solo or collective, and thus the rating represents something of an average—three stars for it and four-and-a-half to five for Sides 3 and 4. —*welding*

Joe Pass

blindfold test

by leonard feather

The year 1975 was one of unprecedented triumph for Joe Pass. After winning the **db** Critics' Poll in the TDWR division, he made a spectacular jump from sixth to first place in the Readers Poll.

Much of this success could be attributed (along with his unique talent) to the extraordinary exposure given him by Norman Granz, who arranged for Joe's concert tours with Oscar Peterson and Ella Fitzgerald, both of whom he manages, and included Pass on so many Pablo albums in every conceivable context that it was all but impossible for the jazz world to be unaware of him.

Pass can be entirely self-sufficient, as his several solo albums indicate (most recently a live at Montreux set), but some of his most impressive work has been done in guitar duos with Herb Ellis, his partner off and on in the early 1970s, and with Oscar Peterson, of whom he says: "In the first three weeks I worked with him I lost 15 pounds. He plays for real, and it's hard work, but he challenged me into doing my best work in 20 years."

Previous blindfold tests with Joe appeared in **db** 11/21/63 and 6/8/72. As usual, he was given no information about the records played.

1. STÉPHANE GRAPPELLI and BARNEY KESSEL. *What Now My Love* (from *I Remember Django*, Black Lion). Stéphane Grappelli, violin; Barney Kessel, guitar; Nini Rosso, rhythm guitar; Michel Gaudry, bass; Jean-Louis Viale, drums.

I know that was Stéphane and I know that was Barney Kessel on guitar. I don't know who was on bass and drums. I knew it was Barney Kessel because it sounded too modern to be Django and I could tell from the attack. You might call it an electric-acoustic attack. There's a certain way that Barney hits the strings, and then as soon as he started playing his chorus I knew it was Barney.

I liked that very much. I had heard about that album being done but I had never heard it. I had the occasion to play with Stéphane once in Berlin. We were both doing a concert (I was with Ella Fitzgerald) and he was doing the first half. We were backstage and we jammed for about a half hour and it was really a lot of fun. We talked about recording together, but we never did it.

I'd rate it four stars.

2. KENNY BURRELL and GIL EVANS. *Last Night When We Were Young* (from *Kenny Burrell Guitar Forms*, Verve). Kenny Burrell, guitar; Gil Evans, arranger and conductor; Harold Arlen, composer.

That was Kenny Burrell, and I tell you, that's a beautiful tune and a beautiful rendition. I would give that one five stars. I'm not sure who wrote the arrangement . . . Gil Evans? It's beautiful. The use of the gut string guitar at the beginning is nice, and it's kind of unique to use the pick on the last part tremolo which surprisingly produced a good sound, although it's something you're not supposed to do. It's a rule that's broken.

I recorded *Last Night When We Were Young* with Carroll O'Connor. He sort of sang and spoke the words. It was strange, because they brought in a lead sheet and that's not a tune you can fake. You have to know it a little bit, at least play it a few times. They brought in a lead sheet and it turned out that he sang it in a different key.

Feather: That defies belief. *Last Night When We Were Young* with Archie Bunker and Joe Pass!

3. CHARLIE CHRISTIAN. *Waitin' For Benny* (from *Charlie Christian Jammers*, Columbia). Charlie Christian, amplified guitar; Benny Goodman, composer; Dave Tough, drums; Johnny Guarnieri, piano; Cootie Williams, trumpet; George Auld, tenor sax; Artie Bernstein, bass. Recorded 1941.

That was Charlie Christian absolutely. I don't know who the rest of the guys were . . . Gene Krupa it sounded like, and Teddy Wilson?

I liked the sound of the guitar and that was probably recorded in '39 or '40 . . . maybe earlier, but the quality of sound of the amplifier and guitar is the sound that has remained traditional for jazz players.

That's a five star because it's Charlie Christian. I started playing in 1939 right after hearing Charlie and Django. The next day I started. I had an old Harmony acoustic guitar which I used for about three years, and then I got an old Martin with a pickup and started playing gigs. I started playing electric at that time because I needed it for jobs on weekends at the VFW and the Elks.

We had the same kind of a group: we had rhythm guitar and I played lead, and we had a violinist and a bass player.

4. JIMI HENDRIX. *Trash Man* (from *Midnight Lightning*, Reprise). Jimi Hendrix, guitar; Jeff Mironov, guitar; Bob Babbit, bass; Alan Schwartzberg, drums.

O.K. Take it off. That's enough of that. I can't identify it at all. I think it's actually a fuzz tone and wah-wah, that's all, but I wouldn't know who that was. I'm not really interested . . . especially that kind of music . . . there's a great deal of one-chord monotony, and mostly electronic sounds with a lot of feedback.

I would give that no stars as far as jazz is concerned . . . as far as music is concerned, I would again say no stars.

Feather: What is it that would make this artist world famous and enormously accepted by a huge audience?

Pass: Probably the sheer volume, you know, and maybe in the context that it's presented. The young people dig a lot of power and volume and very little music.

Feather: It was Jimi Hendrix.

Pass: Is that Jimi Hendrix? Unbelievable! But Jimi Hendrix sang also, and you're playing just a solo thing, and maybe in the context of him singing the blues it might make a difference. This is the first time I ever heard him, I think.

5. JIM HALL. *The Way You Look Tonight* (from *Jim Hall, Live!*, Horizon). Jim Hall, guitar; Don Thompson, acoustic bass; Terry Clarke, drums; Jerome Kern, composer.

That was Jim Hall. I could tell his touch . . . the sound; and Ron Carter on bass, I think. That's a recent album. I heard a couple of tracks but not this particular one, and that's another five star record. Jim Hall is one of the finest guitarists around.

Jim is a sparse player and I like his tone and his concepts. He's very different. He has an identity. I think it's very important for all musicians who are improvising or playing jazz to have some kind of an identity that you can hear and right away recognize. How one arrives at that I don't know.

6. GEORGE BENSON. *Footin' It* (from *Shape Of Things To Come*, A & M). George Benson, composer and guitar; Don Sebesky, arranger and composer.

I don't know who this is at all. The recording itself sounds like an attempt at a pop or jazz-pop record, with strings and an arrangement with charts. I was going to guess Kenny Burrell but I don't think so. I can't label it any style or person that I can identify. I don't seem to find any place to hang my hat to figure out who it is . . . Grant Green, maybe? No, it's more of a soul player. I'd give it two stars. It had nice feeling.

Feather: That was George Benson.

Pass: That's not representative of George. One could not identify George's playing from this track, and I could tell his playing if he played. He didn't play much on this track except the melody.

7. BUCKY PIZZARELLI and JOE VENUTI. *Joepizz* (from *Nightwings*, Flying Dutchman). Bucky Pizzarelli, guitar and composer; Joe Venuti, violin and composer.

That's Joe Venuti and Bucky Pizzarelli. Is that just a duo, or is there a bass? No, that's his seven-string guitar. I like this a lot because it has spark and vitality. I'd give that one five stars, too. It has a good feeling and I like the sound of the guitar and the violin together. For two guys, it's a lot of music.

I've known about Joe for a long time and I've played several times with him at jam sessions, and Bucky I just met in the last couple of years. He's very interested in the seven-string guitar, which gives it that low bass sound. **db**

Profile

DARIUS BRUBECK
by arnold jay smith
DANNY BRUBECK

Darius, the eldest Brubeck *fils* at 30, is a compleat musician on keyboards. Never having been classically trained in the strictest sense, he nonetheless performs parts of that repertoire. In addition to his own group, the Darius Brubeck Ensemble, he has opened a loft for newer inventions with fellow musicians Perry Robinson, brother Dan, and John Fischer among them. It is called Environ, and has obtained a New York State grant to continue its work.

"Jazz can be enjoyed by simply allowing it to flow. But listening to it that way must hark back to the works of Mozart, who was a performer first. The sonatas and some of the other things he 'wrote' could very well have come from the performance first, and writing them later. The blues are that way and so are some of the things we do at Environ.

"Mozart was the most perfect performer and improvisor of a pre-existant genre. Shostakovich, Stravinsky, Coltrane were experimentors, people who had to invent forms that would contain their content, their unique expression, their idea of what music should convey. As a keyboard player, not as a musicologist, I feel you can develop technique with Chopin; but Mozart has helped my improvisation because the structure is so up front. Playing Chopin cannot reveal what can be done within the limits of a very set structure the way Mozart does. Four-bar phrases, eight bars, sixteen, repeats, perfect sonata form; the blues is perfect sonata form for us, so there's a parallel."

Darius Milhaud, Darius Brubeck's namesake, wrote a piece called *La Creation Du Monde* (The Creation of the World). It was thought to add to the jazz repertoire from the classics. Darius thinks similarly.

"It deals with the implications of jazz as it was known at the time. It is very much a European creation, not American. Milhaud had as much influence on jazz as jazz had on him. The saxophone and clarinet solos in the piece will bear that out."

His theory and harmony were taught by a former Dave Brubeck sideman, clarinetist Bill Smith. "I have had less than ten classical lessons and I am thankful for those because I would have never been made aware of the differences. It's a totally different trip. It's a more subtle approach. I mean, what's the point of learning seven degrees of pedal and how to play a sustained legato at a mezzopiano level when you're working with a drum set? There's no need for learning that as a jazz musician. You don't even conceive of it because you don't use it. Keith Jarrett may conceive of it when he does those solo items. But in the normal course of events, you don't. Does he use them with the quartet? I would doubt it.

"Dave is a percussive pianist from a pianist's point of view. That is not to say that Dave is or isn't a percussionist; but hell, he plays hard, with a lot of attack, yet he is lyrical, too.

"On the other hand, I am a band more than anything else, using the instrument as it was meant to be used, as a full orchestra. I am not a marvelously articulate player; I don't have a Glenn Gould conception of what's possible with the keyboard. I certainly wish I did, but I'd be damned if I could find any use for it in real life. To be a more complete musician, I'd like to have that. A piano is something on which you can play all the notes you need at once. That's the virtue of the instrument. That may be a naive and limited conception, but it's one that I find practical."

Acoustic piano was Darius' first keyboard, but a switch was inevitable. He was fascinated with the electric sound and the possibilities it offered to his ears. The real turning point came as a matter of pragmatism when the Two Generations of Brubeck was born.

"It was decided that it would be uncomfortable and perhaps visually and auditorially awkward (as

well as musically unrewarding) for Dave and I to play the same instrument, produce the same sound, on the same stage. It's natural for a second reed player or hornman to develop his own train of thought—invent his personal approach and not get in the other's way. But with piano there are inherent functional similarities, just as you would have with two drummers or two bass players. So I got into electronics virtually by necessity, although I wanted to. Two G's was the nudge.

"I was in Shepherd's in New York City with Dave early in my career when Billy Taylor came over and gave me what I thought was a compliment, but could be taken the other way. 'You play really good rhythm guitar; you play really nice band, I'd like to hear you play piano sometime.' He was saying that I was doing the gig that I had to do, and doing it well, comping for Dave."

The electronic revolution has taken Darius into other sounds. An Arp String Ensemble graces the stage at his concerts and he is adding others as he masters them.

"Les McCann, on *Layers*, overdubbed an Arp Pro Soloist. But with an Arp Odyssey you can do some of those things live. Les gets sounds that only a master can get. You can't get all of that music just by pushing buttons and hoping. You really have to figure out your filters and all of the other parameters that go into it. The least of playing a synthesizer is playing the keyboard. You can take the keyboard off the Odyssey, which is what I play, and still have a musical instrument.

"The String Section is a little more difficult. You have to push your buttons fractionally ahead of when you want the sound to hit. I'm getting better at it. There are polyphonic capabilities involved with the String Ensemble that few utilize. Most use it as a single line, although Herbie Hancock uses some chords."

The Darius Brubeck Ensemble will soon become two distinctly different groupings of musicians. MBR (Muruga/Brubeck/Robinson) is still in its experimental stage.

"We want to see if such a group can exist and with some concerts behind us, we feel it can. Muruga is a multi-instrumental percussionist and Perry you know." (Perry Robinson is a clarinetist at home in all fields from Dixieland through avant garde and has recently won **db**'s Critics Poll.)

The other group is called Earthrise, and is essentially the Darius Brubeck Ensemble, but "I felt it was silly to keep on calling it that since everyone contributes so much. There will be more of those contributions in the future. Jerry Bergonzi, Rick Kilburn, Danny—everyone in it really makes the group what it is. There are no interchangeable parts. You can't, for example, replace Perry with someone else. We are building a book that will represent everyone in the group—not just me—independently of Two Generations."

Wesleyan University was where Darius did his undergraduate work, while Clifford Thornton was in residence. He did not study music but ethnomusicology. He graduated in History of Religion. "I was into Indian music and the world music program, and in a general way I was acquainted with Balinese, Javanese, and Japanese music.

"I played while I was there, but not with one group. I formed different kinds of ad hoc groups, some good, some terrible. It made me drinking money playing solo piano and cocktail piano for fraternities, dances all over the area. I was playing the whole time, but not studying, at least not the music I play now."

Solo piano is not Darius' forté, but his respect for those that play alone centers around Keith Jarrett.

"He has almost single-handedly brought back an art that was dying, solo piano. While I love his compositions, it's his solo work that excites me. But I don't think Keith's very partisan stance that electronic keyboard playing is at best a necessary evil, is fair. He would lead you to believe that Chick Corea is making a mistake. But perhaps some of the others are. Keith with his playing and workshops has kept the public acoustically enlightened. Hopefully he will read this; if he does, I would like to point out that it is not necessary to line up against playing electric keyboard. What's the issue?"

To listen to the youngest male scion of the Brubeck musical family, you would not believe he is inhibited. He is forceful and has some of the most coordinated extremities this side of Buddy Rich. Yet by his own admission he is shy of taking the breathtaking solos he is capable of.

"I like to work with other drummers, with others in my band, not against them. I want to create working abstracts—not constantly duel, or trade eight bars."

At 20, Dan is learning what it is to propel a group without driving the sidemen to exhaustion.

"I am getting strong enough now where I don't have to try to sound like Joe Morello or Alan Dawson (two of Dave's drummers). Even Dave has been letting things happen naturally instead of looking for a certain type of drummer. Recently, in Chicago, he took a "free" solo; even though the block chords were there in the left hand, the right was roaming freely.

"I come from a rock frame of mind—not in terms of what I *do*, but in terms of the drive involved. But I feel that I'm more of a jazz player than a rock player. My intention is not behind the beat like Elvin; I like to play on top of, or in-between/on top, or right on the beat. I really like to keep things driving. That might be a problem I have with the music. Because of that, I'm sure that the soloists have a hard time relaxing.

"That's one of the things I have to work on. I have to allow the soloist to make it swing; but whenever I feel like anything is dropping out, I get right on it. I want constant feeling of drive. I hate all of a sudden to feel that everyone's falling out. The music tends to collapse underneath you.

Music, of course, was all around him at home, but Dan cannot point to a single drummer as an influence on his playing. He has tried other instruments, but drums were his pleasure.

"I think more rhythmically than melodically. I watched Morello; I grew up with him, and probably my original source of playing came through his presence. I'm not into technology, but he kind of broke tradition. His conception of a waltz, for example, was not boom-ching-ching, boom-ching-ching. He would go boom-ching-ching-ching-ching-ching. His eyes were to make everything swing, keeping the high-hat moving even while he was boom-chinging. He did it first in *Three To Get Ready*.

"Northwind (a new group Dan is forming with reedman Jerry Bergonzi and bassist Rick Kilburn) will have Latin rhythms and tempo changes in it, too. It will be ultra-modern sounds with all of our backgrounds thrown in. No one knows this, but Jerry is a very good piano player, although he doesn't consider himself one. He can play anything—bass, drums, a bitch of a musician. He's the kind of musician that studies John Coltrane not for the notes, but for inspiration and where Trane came from. There comes a point when you are so good a musician that you go beyond the notes to the place where the people are tuning in."

The question invariably arises about the son being the father of the man. In this case, who influences whom? Does the student ever become the teacher?

"Dave is amazingly stable. He has the whole universe defined. That's changing to an extent because all the things around him cannot be defined. He's going through a very heavy growth period. Two Generations expanded his sights. Now I can relate to how he is playing now rather than how he was playing before. I used to play 2/4 because that was what he liked, but now I play whatever is going to get him into the direction he is going. His music is flowing into a much more modern approach. And it's not the influence of others. It's like Sun Ra becoming a free player after playing with Fletcher Henderson! Dave combines both and is changing his style too."

Most musicians like to tinker with other instruments. Non-keyboardists tend to pick out tunes on the piano and eventually study chords and theory from it. Danny is different.

"I love saxophones. I would be a sax player if I weren't a drummer. I've played *with* one a little, although I haven't really *played* one. I know what I like to hear out of a saxophone and that gets frustrating, especially when I hear something that I wouldn't have done. Why saxophone? When you think that of all the maestros in jazz, most have been sax players; something about the instrument is very spiritual. You feel that sax in your hands and feel the energy coming through it. Drums can be like that, although it is harder to play drums, having four things going all at once. Sax, too, is a direct force. When I go to see a band, the first thing I check out is the horn player—not the section, just the soloist. I know all the beautiful things Duke Ellington wrote for his reeds, but it's the soloist that excites me.

"Direction is important. I've learned and I have much further to go. For that purpose we've set up Environ, where musicians can gather, play, learn, experience. Perry Robinson is with us, as is John Fischer. I personally appreciate some free music, the kind with more of a direction like Anthony Braxton. There's a lot I can dig 15 minutes of and that's it. It parallels a period that the whole country went through, and as we level off it becomes less of a big thing. I'm bored to death with the music I hear now. I don't know why I'm even in New York—that surprises the hell out of me. I feel that the city has great potential, everything should be able to happen here. My intellect was with Blue Cheer (the S.F. rock group) at one time and now I'm here trying to make it on something else.

"I'm more into what I am into personally—what affects the people I play with—than anything that comes down on radio no matter how hard they try. I listen to it all because I can respect their efforts; but that's it—listening. I haven't heard anyone do anything that has really excited me in a long time. That's why this trio excites me. Even the 'high mice,' the jazz maestros, are wearing on me. A new level of music is needed.

"Things are going to start happening on a very high spiritual plain. People are looking for a direct source; they have gotten away from the source on all levels. Right now, New York City is against all of what I consider a natural thing. It has the potential to reach the highest musical level. That's all the Earth has to offer. New York could be the Earth's Apple." db

caught... Lee Konitz, Four and Nine . . . Motor City Woodard: the Porn-Town Blues . . . Burrell's quiet imagination . . .

LEE KONITZ QUARTET

Ronnie Scott's Club, London

Personnel: Konitz, alto, soprano saxophones; Gordon Beck, piano; Ron Matthewson, bass; Tony Levin, drums.

It's a symptom of these times that a jazz master of Konitz's stature should have come to London to play second billing to Blossom Dearie. It's a symptom, too, of the way this completely original musician's work has been received during nearly 30 years in the jazz business.

But that wasn't Lee's only problem on the night this correspondent caught his performance. For Konitz was using a local trio with whom he had been unable to practice; Gordon Beck was the second pianist he'd had in a week; the drummer was often in a different world; and Lee had been unable to warm up before his first set—his hotel forbade it, and the *pianissimo* delivery of much of Blossom's repertoire made warming up at the club equally impossible.

Konitz, however, is a Stoic. And even if, as he himself suggested, his first set was his warm-up, it still provided several passages of moment.

There are few more acute harmonic minds than Konitz's, so it was no surprise that Beck—a newcomer to the setting—was soon asked to lay out during Lee's solos. This followed several harmonic collisions during the opening number of the first set, *The Song Is You*. Beck is a top-flight British pianist, but his chosen path this night—reworkings of the Bill Evans approach without the latter's asceticism—led to a *contretemps*.

Once Konitz had established the pattern with his accompanying trio, the unexpected began to happen with greater regularity. At the same time, he began to unveil the manner

in which his style has developed.

Most immediately striking is the tonal change. The almost piping sonority that was such a vital colour on the palette wielded by Miles Davis's Tuba Band in 1948 has filled out—but without losing its astringency. Gone, too, are the long, elastic lines that used to snake around the accompaniments of Tristano, Sal Mosca or Ronnie Ball. Instead, Lee jabs out short, angular phrases that dart in unexpected directions and allow his solos to breathe. "I find I can hear what the others are doing, and react better," he explained. "With those long lines I could get lost in my own thoughts."

Rhythmically, too, there have been changes. He's moved far away from requiring purely metronomic bass and drums, preferring vigorous, self-assertive accompaniment nowadays. This traces back as far as 1961, when he recorded with Elvin Jones for Verve. On this night, the rhythmic urgings of Matthewson's post-Scott LaFaro bass often pushed Konitz into interesting harmonic byways. But the Elvinesque drumming of Levin somehow intruded on the alchemy.

Nonetheless, Konitz was able to bring some startlingly free improvisation to *Star Eyes*, wringing out boiling phrases without descending to tonal distortion. The attack on *What's New?* was more cerebral, affording space for several dark-hued but dancing illuminations on the melancholy theme.

Between these two, he exercised his soprano on Sergio Mihanovich's pretty *Some Time Ago*. It was here that he addressed the audience apologetically on his warming-up problem—after losing sound completely at the apex of the tune's "B" strain. Once in flight, however, Lee's soprano sound proved completely different to that of the instrument's other practitioners, its Oriental flavour neatly excised.

It was on the set's final item—*Cherokee*—that he really began to cook. It was here, too, that he made his only bow towards his own antecedents, weaving some of those long lines that always took the breath away with their subtle power, grace and swaggering intensity.

The warming-up over, Lee embarked upon

a second set that hit rarefied heights. He began with a long blues that was, in fact, a free improvisation of great harmonic color and rhythmic variation. He didn't name it, but it was very similar to his *Free Blues*, recorded in 1974 for Milestone.

A lengthier, but more conventional, excursion obtained on Jerome Kern's evocative *Yesterdays*. Lee's exhilarating solo swam with relaxed passion through a complex harmonic substructure, reaching giddy heights of melodic acrobatics, guiding his listeners through a maze of esoteric variations.

Here, as in all his selections, Konitz continually eschewed the soft option, each successive phrase bearing a mint-fresh stamp of originality. One could easily bear an occasional stray into unproductive byways, because, in Lee's hands, jazz remains the "sound of surprise." *—chris sheridan*

LEE KONITZ NONET

Stryker's, New York City

Personnel: Jimmy Knepper, Steve Torre, trombone; Burt Collins, John Eckert, trumpet, flugelhorn; Kenny Berger, baritone and soprano saxophones; Konitz, alto and soprano saxophones; Harold Danko, electric piano; Jimmy Madison, drums; Dave Shapiro, bass.

Arranger Sy Johnson noted that "Lee never understood what he did in a band. He wanted to find out what it meant to lead one." The current group started life at the Tin Palace some months ago. It has found a home here at Stryker's on Wednesday nights. The stand is small, accustomed to the intimate workings of such groups as Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma; thus, an acoustic piano was an impossibility. The electric substitute was not only out of place, but actually brought the group down in spots. It was even written out of some of the ballads.

Lee feels an obligation to writers who don't get their charts played by anyone else, so we have items like *Footprints* by Bill Kirschner, a former student of Lee's, and *Fallen Sparrow* by Ross Schneider. *Sparrow* is a pretty, waltz-tempo ballad that opens *sans* rhythm, and very darkly. The second chorus, however, opens up blazing. *Footprints* is worked around a baritone-less front line during all solo passages; Berger is on soprano with the leader. A major contrast occurs when Kenny picks up the big horn for ensemble choruses, setting a rich, full sound against the bottomlessness of it all when the soloists pick up.

Lee has been telling his students that they must sing in order to feel the music deep down inside the body. "Get the bones vibrating," he says. "Feel it in your head." That's the instruction Konitz gave Sy Johnson when he commissioned him to do the chart for *Stardust*. The harmonies were beautiful for this standard, played with the too-neglected verse intact and the electric piano sitting out. The ensemble took the verse and then turned the refrain over to Knepper, who reworked an old warhorse by playing around with the changes, mixing up the verse's chords with the refrain's, and sometimes not even coming back to the tonic.

A *pas de deux* took the spotlight in *You Stepped Out Of A Dream*, or more precisely, a group of them, as each pair of horns traded against each other. After an ensemble unison first chorus in straight 4/4, Konitz and the trumpets did a chorus abstract. Next, Eckert vs. Collins for an illuminating stylistic contrast, then Knepper in another bop solo, while Torre triple tongued and used some slide tricks to good advantage. Danko took his best solo of the night, considering the difficult circumstances under which he was working. All the while, Madison kept the tempo from breaking down during the loose horn battles.

Dorian Fanfare was a fast 3/4 that sounded almost 7/16 with Madison's well-placed accents. It was a Danko feature, and if "Dorian" means "play anything," than Harold did it right.

If Dreams Come True is older than *Stardust* and was one of the most played tunes of the '30s, by all age groups from Dixie through cool. The line was tight and alive, with the written passages brightly played. Konitz' soprano sounded just like a clarinet, for all its sparkling clarity. The overall sound was more Mulligan-like in its conception, although not quite as austere; it swung.

A melodyless flag waver closed the evening. *Sweet Georgia Brown* was what the chord changes told me, but it was all written and improvised around them. Everyone soared through this one. Both trumpets challenged for a half-written/half-improvised chorus. Konitz's offhanded semi-chorus had more feeling and nuance in it than any he took all night long. Knepper gave one from the chest; Torre was nasal and heady. They closed with a tour—trading fours, then twos, and out (or rather what passed for an out chorus, again lacking melody.)

Lee had anthemed the set with Bird's *Confirmation*, very *Birth Of The Cool*. His way of showing the roots, I guess, but they're everywhere else in evidence also, including an overall ensemble tightness that was most refreshing. *—arnold jay smith*

LYMAN WOODARD ORGANIZATION

Pretzel Bowl Saloon, Highland Park, Michigan

Personnel: Lyman Woodard, organ; Ron English, guitar; Larry Smith, alto sax; George Davidson, drums.

If you exclude the premium-high Blue Cross, and excuse the trite analogy, then it would be difficult to find a group that consistently insures and guarantees such beneficial evenings for your investments than the Lyman Woodard Organization. Against the backdrop of Detroit's constantly deteriorating economic fabric, Lyman and his chief *aide-de-camp*, Ron English, have not only managed to front a group from weekend to weekend but also (with the help of Strata Records) have produced an album—*Saturday Night Special*—that received enough airtime a few months back.

The band traces its origins back to the early 60's, when Lyman and Ron were just two of many left-leaning, artistically progressive intellectuals trying to impregnate and extend Detroit's strong working class aesthetic. To listen to them now over the typical hubbub of saloon activity is to notice the cohesion of performance, the timing and execution that experience has stamped on their relationship.

A consistent enthusiasm guided their combined comping as they masterfully guided the

group's newest addition, saxophonist Smith, over some unfamiliar terrain right up to the edge of a chorus, ushering him persuasively toward an inspired solo. *Fishfeet*, an English original, and *Feel Like Makin' Love* are standard fare for the group; and while Davidson keeps an exuberant sock in his shoe, Smith was hesitant and cautious, lacking the fire and bustle of the group's former altoist Norma Bell, now on Frank Zappa's payroll. But Smith's facility and knowledge on the remaining tunes (*Dolphin Dance*, *Impressions*, and *Round Midnight*) were in sharp contrast to his previous efforts.

Highland Park may have a reputation as porn-ville or the "naked city" to some; but to those in the saloon, reluctantly getting ready for the chilly prospects of the almighty "Hawk," being stripped of the warmth instilled by Lyman Woodard Organization would have been the worst form of indecent exposure. —*herb boyd*

KENNY BURRELL

The Longhorn, Minneapolis

Personnel: Burrell, guitar; Onaje Alan Gumbs, electric piano; Tony Dumas, bass; Fritz Wise, drums.

The difference between being laid back and being relaxed was graphically demonstrated by Kenny Burrell during his four-night stand at the Longhorn. Complacency was simply not in evidence, but a sense of comfortable self-assurance certainly was. Burrell knows what he likes to play and plays it without attempting to ride the shirttails of faddish styles.

Burrell's imagination shows not only in his solos, but in his arrangements as well. Nothing earth-shatteringly new is implemented, but he does know how to volley with his partners. A cappella guitar passages alternate with two-and-three-voice weaves; and adding flavor underneath it all are those vital changes of tempo. Thad Jones' *A Child Is Born* received an especially sympathetic treatment. Burrell opened with some mood-setting chordal work, during which Dumas joined in. The second chorus marked Gumbs' entry into the ensemble; and shortly thereafter, Wise's tasty brushes made it a foursome once again. Gumbs' probingly contrapuntal solo was one of his most moving of the two

VALERIE WILMER

shows I caught, although his duet with Burrell on *Make Someone Happy* also deserves special mention. In general, his playing on this gig was much more personal than what he did on Woody Shaw's latest album, *Moontrane*, cut a year ago.

On the second night of the engagement, a sly smile stole over Burrell's face at the audience's positive reaction to his inspired rendition of Strayhorn's *A-Train*. I don't know whether what followed was planned in advance, or whether Burrell took his cue from the crowd—but in any event, when the applause subsided, he moved into an Ellington medley. The warmth with which it was performed had to have stemmed from motives deeper than the mere desire to patronize an audience with hits.

Burrell handled *In A Sentimental Mood* and *Just A'Sittin' And A'Rockin'* all by himself. The latter was a total pleasure. The rest of the quartet then joined him for *Solitude* and *Satin Doll*, which featured another nice bit of Gumbs.

The blues have always been a staple in Burrell's book, and over the years he has learned to dress them up in all kinds of flattering outfits. At least a third of the numbers I heard at the Longhorn were blues, but they were culled from several different subheadings of the blues outline. Some had a beat that any R&B group would envy, some smacked of Latin soul, some were simple riff blues over straightahead jazz rhythms. The rhythm alone was enough to keep everybody's feet occupied, but Burrell and Gumbs saw to it that nobody's head was idle, either. Between the two of them, they took the audience from street funk to space funk to down-home moanin', often within the confines of the same tune.

Much of the success of such a blues smorgasbord has to rest with the drummer, and Wise took it all very much in stride. Away from the funk, he was equally effective. He took no extended solos, but every opportunity he had to trade fours or eights was a reminder to all that he was here to play music, not just keep time.

Too often, jazz groups that haven't been (or refuse to be) hyped onto the pop record charts fly over the bulk of the Midwest as they move from coast to coast, but Kenny Burrell learned that there are a lot of enthusiastic and thoughtful listeners out this way too. Hear that, you bookers? —*kent hazen*

Wrightman: Her hair was singed and she experienced smoke discomfort; otherwise she was fine. Django, however, was burned excessively. When rushed to the hospital he was told that his left arm below the elbow would have to be amputated and that his left leg was badly burned. Django denied permission to amputate, for he hated and distrusted physicians and felt he could somehow recover. He spent six months in the hospital. Finally, in an act of tomfoolery and bravado, a band of gypsies staged a night raid on the hospital and kidnapped Django. Once free, he never entered a hospital again.

Medically, Django's body was scarred for life. His leg mended well enough for him to walk without a limp, but his left hand was extremely mutilated. His ring finger and pinky were permanently hooked, his skin was scarred, and his hand muscles were distorted. Under such circumstances he could not play the violin professionally, so he began practicing on a guitar instead.

Hensley: You're saying that Django became one of the world's greatest jazz guitarists, yet he could only use the first two fingers of his left hand for fretting?

Wrightman: Yes. It's truly astounding. He transposed leads so that he could incorporate open-string sounds even when adlibbing high on the neck. He never used trick tunings, nor did he doubletrack his leads when recording records. Eventually, he was able to play certain ninth chords by hooking his little finger against the solo E string, but even that was rare. He was strictly a two-fingered player. Magazines and newspapers used to photograph his hand for publication; and one of his album covers is nothing more than a close-up of the injured hand. He was a phenomenon.

Hensley: What guitar did Django use?

Wrightman: A Selmer Macafferi. Django owned several, some small, with pickups attached across the soundhole, and others very large which were not electrically amplified. Macafferi was the man who designed these instruments for the Selmer Company during the 1930s. The last Macafferi was made in 1937 in Paris. Django always used steel strings, never nylon or gut.

Hensley: Was Django a moody person?

Wrightman: He was emotionally charged and sensitive to conditions around him. While visiting a great cathedral in France once, Django sat completely hypnotized by the classical organ recital being played. He *felt* the music. It is recorded in his biography that after giving a concert one night, Django took his guitar to a city park and played in the darkness; when he was located by a friend, the man noticed that Django was crying huge tears—he was touched by even *his own* music.

Hensley: Can you give us a summary of the years leading to Django's death?

Wrightman: In the post-war years Django had the jazz guitar throne to himself. His photo was on the cover of the November 18, 1946 issue of **down beat,** his records were being sold worldwide, and he had no end of offers to make personal appearances. In 1953, at age 43, Django was just reaching middle age and without any real warning, he died of a brain hemorrhage.

Django had completed an exhausting tour of performances in Switzerland in early 1953. After the tour, he hurried back to his wife and home in Samois, France, a small village located 60 kilometers directly south of Paris. He went immediately to bed that evening and slept around the clock until 3:00 p.m. the following afternoon. When he awoke it became evident that he had suffered a stroke, for his left arm was completely numb and he was experiencing stiffness in his neck and hips.

His wife telephoned for a doctor to make a housecall, then she returned to Django and did all she could to nurse him and ease his discomfort. Over an hour later the physician arrived. By then Django was feeling some of his strength returning. He unleashed a tirade directed at the doctor, probably comparable to, "About time you got here!" The doctor tried to administer help to Django, but he was rebuffed. Instead, now feeling better, Django announced that he was going to go across the street to play a round of billiards with his neighbors. Django made it outside, but his excitement and obstinacy combined to bring on a relapse. Halfway across the street, he collapsed. He was pronounced dead at 8:00 p.m. that night at a hospital in Fautenbleu. He was buried in Samois, where his tombstone is engraved with the name DJENGO. The name was spelled differently so that it would be closer to the gypsy name (pronounced *Yengho*) rather than the French. In both languages it means "John."

Anyone who has never experienced the artistry of Django Reinhardt can only profit by becoming acquainted with his recordings. Django had an amazingly creative mind, and his hands had the agility and preciseness to perform anything that mind imagined. In my opinion, he ranks as the greatest of jazz guitarists.

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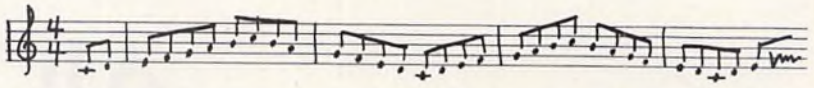
HOW TO pick scale segments

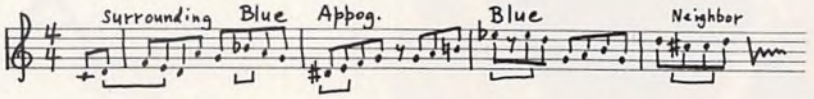
by Dr. William L. Fowler

Right now there are books aplenty showing the construction of practically every type of scale or mode, from simple major to Hungarian minor to supra-Locrian to whatever. And many a modern student has set about to master them all. Up and down the scale patterns fly the fingers of these eager instrumentalists, often until blur threatens clarity. . . .

But improvisors who swear by the scale, the whole scale, and nothing but the scale, likely will make musical statements as dry as a legal deposition. No matter how speedy their zips up and down those pre-practiced assortments of adjacent tones, an impression of mere rote exercise is probable.



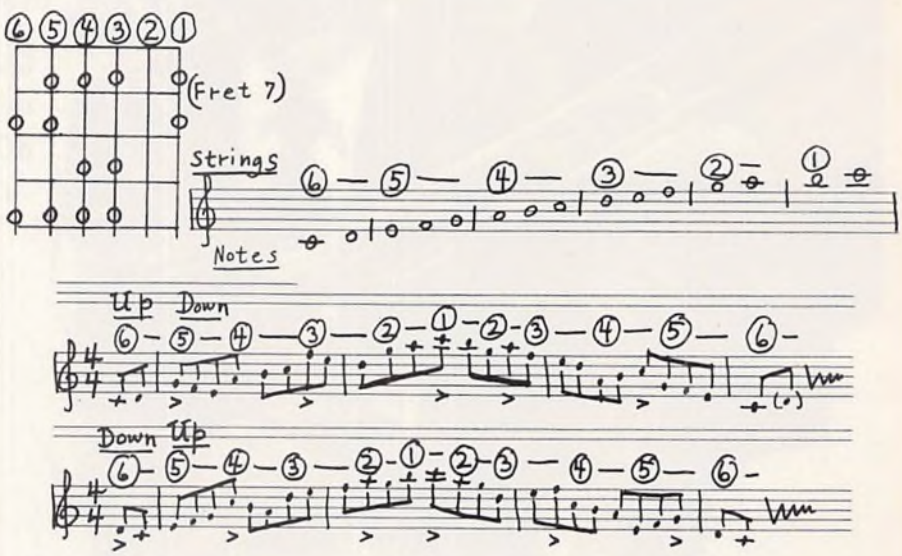
Yet, pedantic as they might sound, scales still underlie most melodic invention. And as uninspiring as their regular practice might seem to any fledgling improvisor anxious to rip through riffs, such exercise prepares the brain to conceive and the fingers to execute the flow of diverse melodic materials which stock an imaginative improvisor's bag—unexpected turns; blue notes; pitch smears; repeated tones; appoggiaturas; surrounding notes; upper and lower neighbors; wide and narrow leaps; chromatic alterations; and segments of scales.



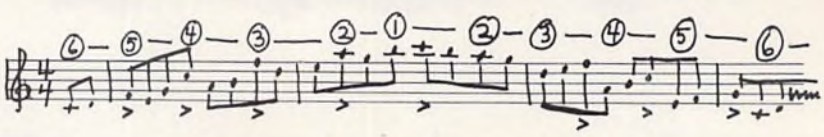
For guitarists especially, scale practice is vital. The irregular tuning and fretboard marking of the instrument, originally designed to facilitate chord fingering, requires much visual memorization of melodic patterns before confidence in single string playing can be achieved. Furthermore, scale practice quickly coordinates left hand fingering with right hand picking, a skill no jazz or rock guitarist has dared neglect ever since Charlie Christian brought the electric to prominence as a bona fide, single line solo instrument.

There's a great advantage for the guitarist who has memorized the fingerboard look of a lot of scale types. When moved up or down the neck, those configurations remain intact: The G Mixolydian pattern which fits third-fret G^7, simply moves up two frets to fit fifth-fret A^7. Transposition on guitar is virtually automatic.

And the guitarist can instantly reorganize any memorized scale pattern by reversing the pitch direction of the notes appearing on successive strings. Here, for example, are the pitch patterns produced by this process on the seventh-fret, two-octave, C major scale:



Result: A diversified sequence of leaps and scale segments, plus the rhythmic bonus of irregular accents caused by irregular pitch peaks! The next step in reorganizing fingerboard scale patterns is to reverse direction while on individual strings, as the following illustrates:



And since two notes on a string can be played either up or down (two possibilities)—and three notes on a string can be played all up, all down, or in four mixtures of up and down (six possibilities)—the total number of possible configurations on any standard mode or scale across the six strings approaches 2000. And the addition of each chromatically altered note

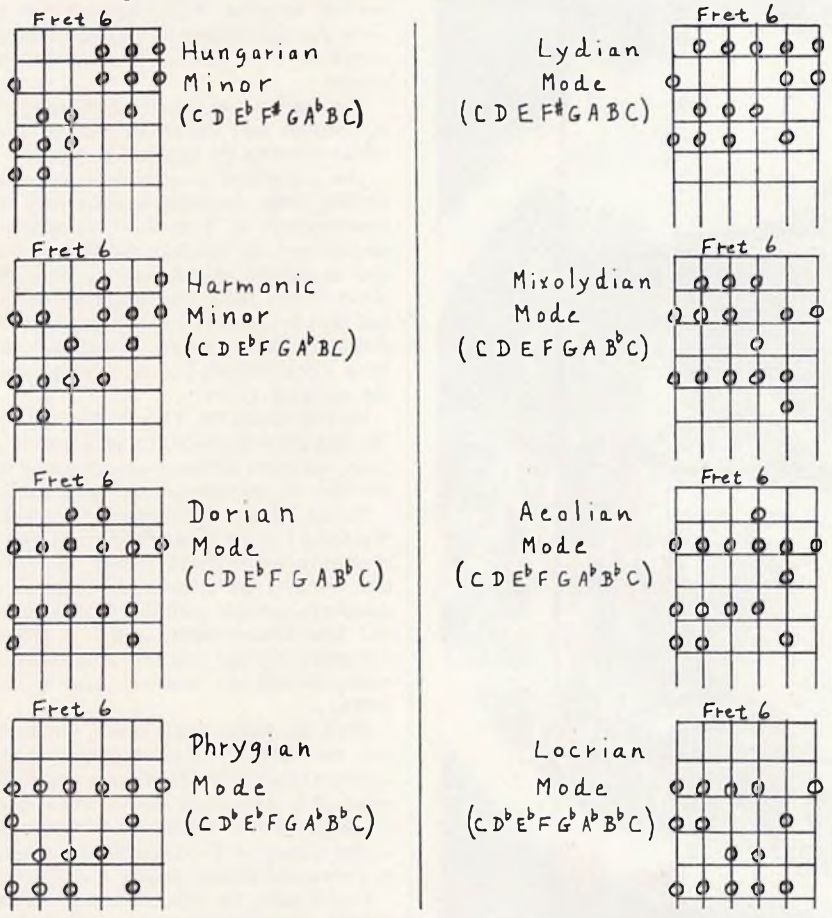
to a scale, such as a blues lowered third or seventh added to a major scale, doubles the configuration possibilities. There's plenty of material for long-term study in the pattern of any one scale or mode!

music db workshop

SCALE PATTERNS

by Dr. William L. Fowler

For guitarists wishing to apply segmentized configurations to scales other than the major illustrated in the preceding *How To* article, here are some patterns for two-octave minor and modal scales straight across the fingerboard. The bottom and top notes shown are both tonic (C on fret 8 on strings one and six). Since some tones in these patterns produce strong tendencies to resolve up or down—degrees IV and VI in Hungarian minor, for example—the most natural-sounding configurations will contain such resolutions.



Theoretically, any of these scales and modes can be used against any chord constructed out of notes contained in that scale or mode. But the ear should be the final judge.

—1776-1976— IT HAPPENED

1776—Guitarist Benjamin Franklin signs the Declaration of Independence.

1820—J. Siegling of Charleston, South Carolina, publishes the first American guitar instruction book.

1893—Jeff "Brock" Mumford of the Buddy Bolden Quartet, New Orleans, becomes the first guitarist to play six-string rhythm in a jazz band.

1894—Charley Galloway of New Orleans becomes the first guitarist to lead a jazz band.

1928—Andres Segovia plays his first New York concert.

1929—Lonnie Johnson, early great blues guitarist, and Eddie Lang, the first great jazz guitarist, make the first jazz guitar duet recordings.

1936—Vladimir Bobri founds the Society of the Classic Guitar in New York.

1937—Eddie Durham introduces Charlie Christian to the electric guitar.

1946—Django Reinhardt visits the United States to tour with Ellington.

1958—Bill Fowler designs the first guitar major offered by an American university. (U. of Utah, Salt Lake City).

• • •

1833—C. F. Martin opens in New York City, the oldest American company still making guitars.

1931—Adolph Rickenbacker of Rickenbacker becomes the first American company to market an electric guitar.

early **1930's**—Major development begins of electrical devices for guitars in Gibson's laboratories.

Perspective

Jazz Captains Of Cinema/Video

by burt korall

The jazz-trained composer has become a major factor in scoring for television. A random sampling of any season's fare indicates the high degree of original writing by composers who derive from such a background.

The names are already familiar to jazz aficionados and increasingly so to people whose interests go beyond the music.

The composers in question cover a wide stylistic range. All young at heart, they are as contemporary as Tom Scott, as widely respected as Lalo Schifrin and Quincy Jones, and as deeply experienced as Billy May, Harry Geller and Earle Hagen, all of whom had their first major musical experiences with first-rate bands—Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw, Glenn Miller, Tommy Dorsey—during the swinging 1930s.

Moving across the TV schedule for 1975-76, then perusing credits for programs in past years, we come across an abundance of writers who are meaningful in a jazz sense:

Nelson Riddle, trombonist with the Jerry Wald and Tommy Dorsey orchestras, and later chief scorer for Frank Sinatra; Shorty Rogers, formerly an influential trumpeter and composer-arranger with the Woody Herman and Stan Kenton bands; and J. J. Johnson, composer-arranger and the trombonist who revolutionized jazz trombone playing in the 1940s.

Until his recent tragic death, Oliver Nelson, recording artist, accomplished reed instrumentalist and writer of music of all kinds, much of it with a jazz flavor, was a man of consequence on the Hollywood scene, having scored numerous TV segments for a variety of shows and several feature and TV films.

Pete Rugolo, for some time Stan Kenton's chief arranger-composer, has emerged as a heavy in TV and films. In the forefront as well are Benny Golson, composer of such jazz standards as *Whisper Not* and *I Remember Clifford*, saxophonist and group leader; Billy Byers, composer-arranger-trombonist who first surfaced with the Georgie Auld and Benny Goodman bands over 20 years ago; and Harry Betts, ex-Charlie Barnet, Stan Kenton and Harry James trombonist turned composer and arranger.

John Williams and Pat Williams, both spawned on jazz, are strongly represented in TV schedules of the past few seasons. Gil Melle, first known as a saxophonist and group leader, certainly must be mentioned in any story documenting the activity of writers with roots in jazz. Still another man to be noted, Dave Grusin, increasingly is a factor in the industry.

Geroge Roumanis, bassist and arranger for Les Brown, Maynard Ferguson and Claude Thornhill, then contributor to the libraries of Count Basic, Stan Kenton and Woody Herman before moving West from New York, is a man of many TV credits.

Composer of the music for the now world-famous *N.Y. Export: Opus Jazz* danced around the world by Jerome Robbins' Ballet U.S.A., and other companies as well, Robet Prince, vibraphonist and writer of music with a great suggestion of jazz interest, is another transplanted New Yorker who has taken hold in California.

The list of TV writers with roots in jazz extends to Kenyon Hopkins, one-time arranger and composer for Benny Goodman, Glenn Miller and Tommy Dorsey; Pete Candoli, who came to fame as trumpet soloist with Woody Herman's First Herd and also played with Charlie Barnet, Stan Kenton and Benny Goodman, among others; John Parker, who began his career playing trumpet with Benny Goodman; Joseph Mullendore, an arranger for the Bunny Berigan and Mal Hallett bands in the 1930s; Marl Young, pianist with Fletcher Henderson and Cab Calloway in the 1940s; and Hugo Montenegro, who includes among his credits scores for the Benny Goodman and Red Nichols bands.

Certainly of equal consequence are Charles Fox, a composer and arranger with a long-time interest in jazz who once spent time studying with leading jazz teacher Lennie Tristano; Fred Karlin, another former Benny Goodman staff writer; Jack Elliott, a man of many interests who worked as a jazz pianist in the 1950s; and Duane Tatro, a former Stan Kenton instrumentalist and composer who has made jazz albums of his own.

Other notables of the jazz persuasion include Ian Bernard, ex-Tommy Dorsey and Freddie Slack sideman; Dick Clements, who has written for the Buddy Rich and Stan Kenton bands; Stu Phillips, among other things a jazz arranger and composer and musical director for singer Chris Connor before moving to Hollywood; Robert Drasnin, ex-Les Brown and Tommy Dorsey reed man; Charlie Albertine, who played and/or wrote for the Les Elgart and Sauter Finegan orchestras; and Dave Brubeck, whose credentials are known to almost everyone.

The coming of jazz orientated music to television was not an overnight matter. The first indication of change came in motion pictures. The late Leith Stevens made small inroads in the 1940s with an RKO picture titled *Syncopation*, and then pioneered the jazz trend in such '50s films as *The Wild Ones*.

Film makers had broadened the base of their subject matter, involving themselves more deeply in social problem areas. Rather than resort to traditional Europe-influenced scoring, they turned to modern writers, many of whom were strongly versed in jazz.

Elmer Bernstein, still enormously active in both TV and motion pictures, was another composer primarily responsible for triggering the interest in jazz. He scored *The Man With The Golden Arm*, a revealing essay on drug addiction, and offered music that was most consonant with what transpired on the screen.

A strong beginning had been made. Above and beyond their real-life content and contemporary relevance, important films in the 1950s had in common scores which did not merely accompany action and remain unobtrusive, as did most traditional film backgrounds. The meaning of scenes was expressed in new depth by music that spoke out strongly, often boldly, while emphasizing continuity and bringing added dimension to

the visual.

Most significant, the music was natively American, reflective of roots within our heritage—a compounding of jazz elements by composers and players on intimate terms with our own forms.

Through the 1950s and 1960s and into the 1970s, the Americanization of music for TV and films has continued, with accomplished jazzmen doing a lion's share in bringing it all back home. **db**

ABERCROMBIE

continued from page 18

we've played, our feelings, things in general. If I've had a bad night it makes me wonder what I'm doing here, what my motives for playing are. Is it the money? Is it love for the music? Is it wanting people to love me? Usually we talk about wanting to get the music better. Sometimes you can get so into the music that you forget that there's anything else out there. That's why I spent a week in Nantucket recently. I didn't touch the guitar. It puts you on a more human level and you start to see other people doing what you're doing and you realize that you're not so bloody unique."

What about ECM?

"I met Manfred Eicher at a recording session of Gary Burton's. He said that we should do something. Eventually it turned out to be *Timeless*. I have nothing but high praise for him and ECM and what he's trying to do. He's totally concerned with the music. He'll sit there at the mix and listen to the same tune maybe 50 times, just trying to get the sound right. He's the only producer I've ever seen or worked with who has something instructive to say. He might suggest that a particular piece could maybe use a different approach, whereas most producers would say, 'Can you play a little more like James Brown?' He has really helped on record dates. When something wasn't happening he would make a suggestion and he'd be right. And no other recording company would have ever let me record something like *Gateway*. Not only is he an excellent producer and an honest guy, but he really knows what's happening with recording technology. I haven't heard anything to match it for clarity and just beautiful sounds." **db**

CITY SCENE

NEW YORK

Angry Squire: Jazz weekends.

Barbara's: Jazz all week.

Boomer's: *Billy Harper* or *Cedar Walton Quintet* (month of Feb.).

Bradley's: *Barry Harris Duo* (Sun.); others weeknights.

Churchill's: *Duke Jordan & Mickey Bass* (Mon., Tues., Wed., Sun.) *Al Haig Duo* (Thurs.-Sat.).

Eddie Condon's: *Balaban & Cats* (Mon.-Sat.); guest soloist (Tues.); guest group (Sun.).

Cookery: *Joe Turner* (Mon.; Sat. eves); *Chuck Folds* (Sun. afternoons); *Dick Hyman* (Sun. eves.).

Downtown (Statler Hilton Hotel, Buffalo, N.Y.): *Jonah Jones* (2/18-29).

Fisher Hall: *Johnny Mathis* (2/13, 15-16).

Gerald's (Cambria Heights, Queens): Jazz weekends.

Gulliver's (West Paterson, N.J.): *Norman Simmons w/Lisle Atkinson & Al Harewood* (2/13-14); *Phil Woods Quartet* (2/20-21); *Joe Newman Quartet* (2/27-28); *Joe Pirrone & Dr. Lyn Christie* (2/16); *Eddie Berg* (2/23); *Jazz Explosion* (Wed.); *Reno Brooks* (Sun., Tues., Thurs.).

Gregory's: *Hal Galper & Lynn Crane* (Mon-Sat., 6-9pm); *Galper Trio w/Ron McClure & Bill DeArango* (Mon. & Tues.); *Brooks Kerr Trio w/Sonny Greer & Russell Procope* (Wed.-Sun.); *Warren Chiasson w/Mike Longo* (Sun., 6:30).

Hopper's: *Phil Woods* (thru 2/14); *Gerry Mulligan* (2/16 until).

Jazzmania Society: Concerts (weekends, 3pm).

Jim Smith's Village Corner: *Lance Hayward* (Mon., Tues., Thurs.-Sat.); *Jim Roberts* (Wed.); *Hayward w/Jane Valentine* (Sun.).

Jimmy Ryan's: *Roy Eldridge* (Mon.-Sat.); *Max Kaminsky* (Sun.).

Ladies' Fort: Concerts (weekends, 4pm).

Mikell's: Jazz all week.

My Father's Place (Roslyn, L.I.): *Brecker Brothers* or *Jonathan Edwards* or *Kenny Rankin* (month of Feb.).

Hotel Carlyle (Bemelman's Bar): *Barbara Carroll.*

P.S. 77: *Bucky Pizzarelli* (Mon., Thurs.-Sat.).

Sherry Netherland Hotel (Le Petit Cafe): *Hank Jones.*

Sonny's Place (Seaford, L.I.): *Bob Kindred* (2/13-14); *Norris Turney* (2/20-21); *Bob Forrester Trio* (Sun.); *Frank O'Brien & Norman Keenan* (Mon.); *Alexanders The Great* (Tues.); *Arnie Lawrence & Treasure Island* (Wed.).

Stryker's: *Chet Baker* (Mon., Tues.); *Inner Space* (Thurs.); *Chuck Wayne/Joe Puma* (Sun.).

Carnegie Hall: *Benny Goodman* (2/13).

Studio We: Jazz weekends.

Surf Maid: *Jim Roberts* (Sun. & Mon.); *Nina Sheldon* (Tues. & Wed.); *JoAnn Brackeen* (Thurs.-Sat.)'

Sweet Basil: Jazz all week; *Mark Thompson* (Sun.).

St. Peter's Church: Jazz Vespers—*Shamek Farrah* (2/15); *Leon Atkinson* (2/22).

Three Sisters (West Paterson, N.J.): *Jazz Impact w/Harold Lieberman, Derek Smith, Ronnie Bedford and Jay Leonhart* (2/20-21); *Jazz Conspiracy* (Sun.); *Bill Pesar w/Andrea Boufill* (Mon.); *The Aliens* (Tues.); *Segue Quintet* (Wed.); *North Jersey Jazz Quartet* (Thurs.).

Tin Palace: *Cecil McBee Sextet* (2/13-14); *Cosmology Quintet* (2/15); *Jerry Tilitz Sextet* (2/19); *Prince Igor Czar* (2/20-21); *Tilitz* (2/22); *Cosmology* (2/26).

TV (*WNET*, Ch. 13): "*Soundstage: The* **down beat** *Awards*" (2/14, check papers for time).

Village Gate: Jazzradio WRVR-FM live remotes, with *Les Davis*, (every other Monday).

Top Of The Gate: Jazz after cabaret theatre (weekends)

Village Vanguard: *Sam Rivers Quartet* (2/10-15); *Heath Brothers—Percy, Jimmy w/Stanley Cowell* (2/24-26); *Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Jazz Orchestra* (Mon.).

West Boondock: *Bonita Sargent* or *Nat Jones.*

West End Cafe: *Franc Williams Swing Four w/Ram Ramirez, Eddie Durham, & Shelton Gary* (Mon. & Tues.); *The Warren Court w/Earle Warren, Dill Jones & Taft Jordan* (Wed.); *Swing to Bop Quintet w/Ed Lewis* (Thurs. & Fri.); *Paul Quinichette, Sammy Price, Jo Jones, and Harold Ashby* (Sat. & Sun.).

Environ: New sounds nightly.

International Art of Jazz (Ethical Humanist Society, Garden City, L.I.): concert (2/22).

SAN FRANCISCO

Keystone Korner: Closed for renovations (2/9-20); *McCoy Tyner Sextet, Woody Shaw Quartet* (2/21-22); *Kitrina Krimsky, Art Lande and The Rubisa Patrol* (2/23); *McCoy Tyner Sextet* (2/24-

29); *Bobby Hutcherson Quintet* (3/1); *Anthony Braxton w/Kenny Wheeler, Dave Holland and Phillip Wilson* (3/2-7); *Vince Wallace and The Be-Bop Bandits* (3/8); *Jimmy Smith* (3/9-14).

Great American Music Hall: *Stanley Turrentine* (2/12-14); *Donald Byrd and The Blackbyrds* (2/19-20); *Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee* (2/23); *Gary Burton, Oregon* (2/28-29).

El Matador: *Teddy Wilson* (2/10-14); *The L.A. Four* (2/17-21); *Mose Allison* (2/24-3/6); *Bob Dorough* (3/9-20).

Reunion: *Azteca* (2/13-14); *Scratch Ensemble Big Band* (Mon.); *Roger Glenn Latin Salsa Band* (Tues.); *Salsa de Berkeley* (Wed.); *Dave Alexander* (Thurs.); various guest artists (Fri. and Sat.); afternoon jam sessions led by *Hal Stein* and evening sets by *Jules Broussard* (Sun.).

Boarding House: *Patti Smith* (2/11-15); *David Bromberg* (2/16-17).

River City (Fairfax): *Merl Saunders* (2/13-14); various jazz and blues acts to be announced.

LOS ANGELES

Concerts At The Sea: *Lonnie Liston Smith* (2/11-14); *Jimmy Smith* (2/17-22).

Lighthouse: *Milt Jackson* (2/10-22); *Sonny Terry & Brownie McGhee* (2/24-29).

Concerts At The Grove: *Sonny Rollins* (2/14); *Donald Byrd & Blackbyrds* (2/21-22); *Stan Kenton & Anita O'Day* (2/28).

U.C.L.A. (Royce Hall): *Cleo Laine & John Dankworth* (2/19); *Gary Burton* (2/27).

Baked Potato: *Lee Ritenour* (Tues.); *Don Randi* (Wed.-Sat.); *"Sweets" Edison* (Sun.).

Donte's: Jazz all week; details 769-1566.

Hungry Joe's: *Dave Pike Quartet* (Tues.-Sat.); various artists (Sun.); *Orange County Rhythm Machine* (Mon.).

Studio Cafe: *Vince Wallace Quartet* (Tues.-Sat.); Sunday jam session (12-5p.m.).

Tail's Out: *Dave Mackay Trio* (Tues.-Sat.).

Irish Knight (Toluca Lake): *Milcho Leviev & The Midgets of Jazz* (nightly).

Memory Lane: *O. C. Smith & Jack Wilson Trio.*

Etc. Club: *Maxine Weldon or Hodges, James, & Smith.*

The Cellar: *Les De Merle & Transfusion* (Mon., details 487-0419).

Parisian Room: Continuous jazz bookings (details 936-0678).

Blues Room: Blues & jazz nightly (details 769-8744).

Total Experience: Top soul groups.

Pasta House (Commerce): Salsa.

Club Virginia (mid-Wilshire): Salsa.

Rudolph's Fine Arts Center: *John Carter Ensemble* (Sun., 3-5P.M.); special concerts on Fri. (details 296-3401).

King Arthur's Restaurant: Big bands every Fri. & Sat. (details 347-3338).

Music Bar (Redondo): Wally Withem Trio (Thurs.-Sat.).

PHOENIX

French Quarter: *Buddy Weed Trio w/Margo Reed.*

Arizona Western College (Yuma): 3rd Annual Jazz Fest; *Stan Kenton Orchestra* (2/27).

Coliseum: *David Bowie* (2/15).

Northern Arizona University (Flagstaff): *Jazz Festival* (2/14).

Cork Tree: *Virge Warner & El Bandito* (2/22); *Leaf.*

Reuben's: *"Phoenix" w/John Hardy* (nightly).

Celebrity Theater: *Herbie Mann* (2/8); *Janis Ian* (2/11).

Boojum Tree: *Mose Allison* (2/16-21); *Armand Boatman Trio* (thru 2/14); *Joel Robins Trio* (after 2/22); *New Horizon* (2/22).

Page Four: *Joel Robins Trio w/Suzanne Lee.*

Red Dog: *Keith Greko Jazz Jam* (Sunday nights); *Hub* (tent. late Feb.).

Varsity Inn: *Grant Wolf's Night Band*, 18 pieces (2/16).

Anchorage-Hawaii: change from live to disco.

El Bandido: *Pete Magadini Quartet* (Thurs.-Sat. afterhours).

Hatch Cover: *Charles Lewis Quintet* (Sun.-Mon.).

Arizona State U.: *Jazz Arts Quartet* (2/24); jazz jams (Wed., 7 PM, Gammage 301).

NEW MEXICO

Albuquerque: *Sonny Rollins* (2/20-21); *David Bowie* (2/16).

Las Cruces: *Blackbyrds* at U. of N.M. (2/28).

SAN DIEGO

Catamaran: *Stanley Turrentine* (2/3-8).

Albatross: *Collage* (tent.).

Monterey Jazz Cruise: *Cal Tjader* (starts 2/22).

Sports Arena: *David Bowie* (2/13).

Sportsman: Jazz happy hour (4:00-7:00 daily); *Ted Picou & Epicycle.*

UCSD: *Atomic Cafe* (2/24).

Safety: *Matrix* (4:30-8:00, Sun).

Zebra: *Dr. Jazz with Danny Jackson* (tent.).

Mississippi Room: *Jim Boucher's Swing Quartet* (nightly).

Sumatra: *Aero.*

Cote D' Azur: *Cottonmouth D'Arcy's Jazz Vipers* (Tues.).

Crossroads: *Equinox* (Fri.-Sat.); *Joe Marillo Sextet* (Sun., tent.).

KANSAS CITY

Smokey's: *Greg Meise Trio.*

Papa Nick's: *Roy Searcy.*

Plaza III: *Jeff Gholson.*

Alameda Plaza Roof: *Frank Smith Trio.*

Jeremiah Tuttles: *Pete Eve Trio.*

Strawberry Patch: *Mike Ning with Linda Ott.*

Yesterday's Girl: *Carol Comer.*

Breckenridge Inn: *Means-DeVan with Cindy Fee.*

Top of the Crown: *John Elliott Quartet with Gloria Edwards.*

TORONTO

Basin Street: *Vic Dickenson* (to 2/14); *Jim Galloway* (2/16-3/6); *Dick Wellstood* (3/8-20).

Bourbon Street: *Howard McGhee* (to 2/14); *Pete Christlieb* (2/16-28); *Barney Kessel* (3/1-13).

George's Spaghetti House: *Ted Moses* (to 2/14); *Sonny Greenwich* (2/16-21); *Sadik Hakim* (2/23-28); *Moe Koffman* (3/1-6); *Eugene Amaro* (3/8-13); *Jerry Toth* (3/15-20); *Doug Riley* (3/22-27).

El Mocambo (961-2558): Various name folk, rock, and jazz acts to be announced.

Mother Necessity Jazz Workshop (368-0971): Various Toronto jazz groups (Tues. thru Sat.); *Mother Necessity Big Band* (Sun.).

Albert's Hall: *Kid Bastien's Camilla Jazz Band,* (Mon. thru Wed.); *Vintage Jazz Band* (Thurs. thru Sat.).

D.J.'s Bar: *Climax Jazz Band* (nightly).

Grossman's Tavern (366-3102): Various groups (Mon. thru Thurs.) *Kid Bastien* (Fri.-Sat. afternoon and evening).

Music Gallery: *Canadian Creative Musician's Collective,* (activities to be announced).

Zelda's Lounge (Roehampton Hotel): *Jim McHarg's Midnight Special* (nightly).

Chez Moi: *Silverleaf Jazzmen* (Sat. afternoons).

Copper Lounge (Inn on the Park): Various groups (Sat. afternoons).

Malloney's: *Climax Jazz Band* (Sat. afternoons).

A Space: *Dollar Brand* (2/20-2/22); *Anthony Braxton, Richard Teitelbaum, Fredrick Rzsweski* (3/6-3/7).

Radio: *CJRT-FM* (Ted O'Reilly, *The Jazz Scene,* Mon. thru Fri. 10PM-1AM Sat. 6AM-noon, 6PM-9); *CKFM* (Phil MacKellar's *All That Jazz,* Sun. 10PM-6AM); *CBC* (*Jazz Radio-Canada,* AM Thurs. 10:30PM; FM Sat. 2:03PM).

CLEVELAND

Hawken-Overture Concerts, (Rte. 322/County Line Campus): *Randy Weston* (2/6 only, 8 pm).

Cleveland Plaza Hotel: Karamu House Benefit by Links, Inc., *Duke Ellington Orchestra* under *Mercer Ellington,* (2/28 only, 8 pm).

Cleveland State University: MC Auditorium Scholarship Series, *C.S.U. Jazz Ensemble* under *Al Blaser,* (2/29 only, 7:30 pm).

Smiling Dog Metro Theatre (351-9604): Jazz/ folk/blues every Fri. thru Sun.

CHICAGO

Amazingrace: *McCoy Tyner* (2/13-15); *Vassar Clements* (2/17); *Gary Burton* (2/20-23); *Kenny Rankin* (2/29-3/1).

Jazz Showcase: *Shirley Scott Trio W/Harold Vick* (2/11-15); *George Benson* (2/16-19); *Sun Ra Solar Infinity Arkestra* (2/20-22); *New York Jazz Quartet w/Roland Hanna, Frank Wess, Victor Gaskin, Sonny Brown* (2/25-29).

Biddy Mulligan's: *Mighty Joe Young* (2/11-14); *Bob Reidy Blues Band* (2/18-21); *Jimmy Dawkins* (2/25-28); *Sam Lay* (3/3-6); *Cactus Slim* (Sun.); *Magic Slim* (2/16-17); *J. B. Hutto and the Hawks* (2/23-24).

Enterprise Lounge: *Von Freeman* (call club for exact times).

El Mirador: *Latin Fire* (indefinitely).

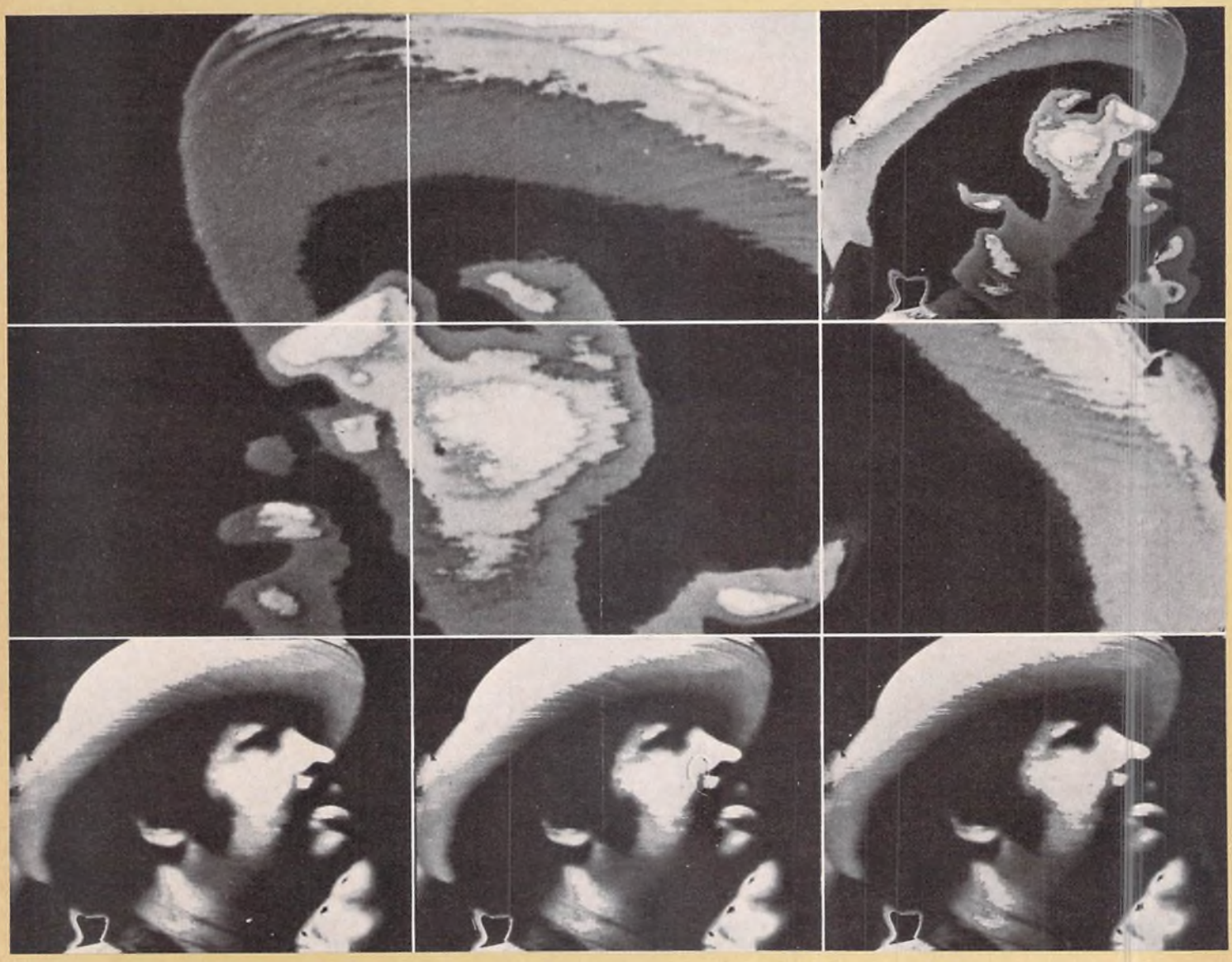
Orphan's: *Synthesis* (Mon.); *Ears* (Tues.); *Bobby Christian Big Band* (Wed.).

Radio: *WNIB-FM* (97.1)—*Straight No Chaser* (nightly, 11:30pm); *WBEZ-FM* (91.5)—Jazz nightly; *WNUR-FM* (89.3)—Jazz nightly from 6 pm; *WXRT-FM* (93)—*Un-Concert* (Sun., 10 pm, features occasional contemporary jazz and fusion artists in a schedule of generally good rock acts).

•••

And finally, when we ran John McDonough's Caught In The Act piece on the Brooks Kerr Trio at New York's Gregory's, we included a note to the effect that the group had moved over to the Cookery (corroborated by two Big Apple mags of note). This info was erroneous, and if you City Sceners are looking to check Brooks, Gregory's is still the place. Sorry.

THE CANNONBALL ADDERLEY QUINTET



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THIS.

This 13th fret F, for example. Pick it just once and hear how long that tone sustains. And how round and warm and yet brilliantly clear it is.

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This great high end. Play some licks up here. Hit every string at every fret and listen for dead spots. Surprise. You won't hear any dead spots. Because there aren't any.

AND THIS.

This octave G at the 3rd fret. Two beautifully complemented tones. Perfect intonation. Incredible projection.

AND THIS.

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