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The Contemporary Music Magazine

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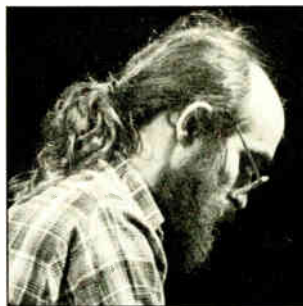
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David Sanborn



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George Winston



Odean Pope

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The Contemporary Music Magazine

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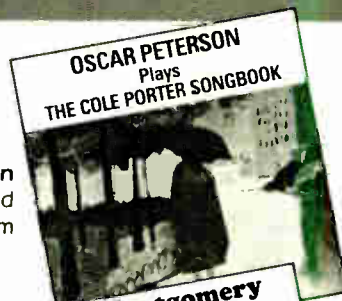
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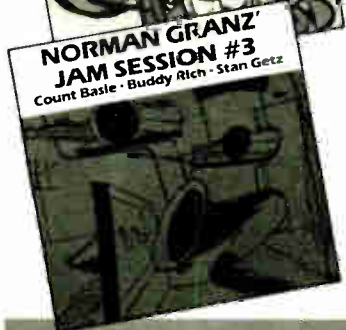
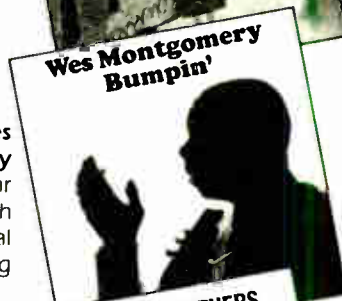
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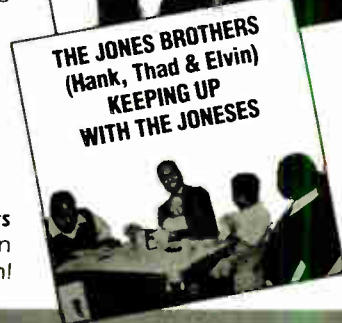
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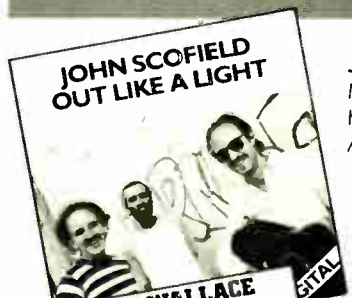
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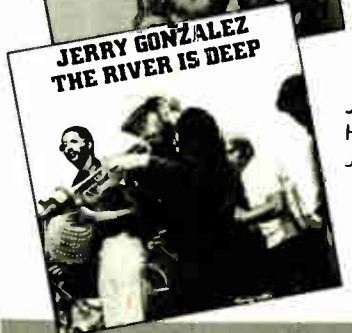
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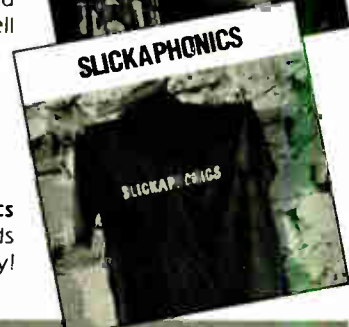


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ON THE BEAT

BY ART LANGE

JAZZ APPEARS PERIODICALLY AT THE White House like a Presidential in-law, treated with deference if not devotion, wine and dined with great show but no real concern or commitment. There have been exceptions of course—Jimmy Carter's bash on the lawn, Duke Ellington's 70th birthday celebration during the Nixon regime—but in the main, no one really seems to know why it's there and what it's supposed to do.

The most recent occasion followed suit. Offered as part of the ongoing Outstanding Young American Artists series sponsored by the White House and taped for public television (and already aired on some stations), this event suffered an identity crisis. Much excellent music was heard (though as is the case with most concerts taped for tv, much of the best music ended up on the cutting-room floor), and the musicians—Dizzy Gillespie, Stan Getz and his quartet (Jim McNeely, Marc Johnson, Adam Nussbaum), Chick Corea, Miroslav Vitous, and Roy Haynes—could not be faulted. Among the highlights were a reuniting of Getz and former-sideman Corea on the latter's *Litha*, supposedly an example of "cool" playing but hot as Hades on the uptempo sections; a medley by the Corea/Vitous/Haynes trio comprised of a spontaneous improvisation/*Autumn Leaves/Rhythm-a-ning* which was thunderous/puckish/crisp; and two numbers by Getz and group revealing real ensemble interaction and the tenorman at yet another peak period of playing—his interpretation of Billy Strayhorn's *Blood Count* has become a haunting dirge for jazz casualties and survivors alike.

No, as always, the problem was not the music, but the trappings surrounding it. No one seemed to know just how these particular musicians were chosen to represent the music, and, as Gary Giddins has reported in the *Village Voice*, even Mrs. Reagan didn't know who wrote her simplistic, clichéd opening speech. And who was host? Not Martin Williams, esteemed critic and head of the jazz department of the Smithsonian Institution. Not Dan Morgenstern, esteemed critic

and head of the Jazz Institute at Rutgers University. Not even Dizzy. No, it was Itzhak Perlman, esteemed classical violinist and (lately) talk show personality. His opening statement, "I love jazz," may have been heartfelt, but sounded condescending. His remarks implied that jazz was "legitimized" by its Ravel and Stravinsky adaptations, as if anyone thought the music still needed such highbrow acceptance. And if nothing else, his barely ornamented chorus on the *Summertime* jam finale showed him for what he was—a great violinist desperately out-of-place. Stan Getz' gentle tenor moaning following Perlman's vibrato-laden "solo" punctured all possible pretensions.

But Perlman was not the only less-than-ideal choice. Remember, this event was meant to showcase Outstanding Young American Artists, and while Diz, Getz, Roy, Chick, et al. certainly fit three-fourths of this designation, none qualify exactly as "young." So Dizzy brought along Jon Faddis, his part-time protege and perennial prodigy, to trade licks with. And Getz introduced Diane Schuur, a vocalist/pianist who is obviously talented, but whose material and vocal style is more reminiscent of Phoebe Snow or Carole King than any jazz vocalist you might care to name.

It's a shame that enough foresight was not put into this event so that some of the truly representative, outstanding young American jazz talents could have been showcased in this noteworthy, prestigious evening. There are thousands of musicians who deserve such recognition, who are keeping the music fresh and vital, expanding its horizons and reinvigorating its tradition. Where were they?

Next month will find us covering just such musicians, including features on Grover Washington Jr., whose saxophone playing has combined commerciality and creativity; James Newton, the flutist following in the barrier-breaking footsteps of Eric Dolphy; Marcus Miller, bassist extraordinaire in the studio and on the road with Miles Davis, David Sanborn, and countless others; a Profile of the energetic trombonist Craig Harris; Miles Davis and Spyro Gyra Caught in performance; and more.

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CHORDS & DISCORDS

Crook's in heaven

Just a note of thanks to Jim Roberts for doing such an excellent job of reviewing my album *Hello Heaven* (**db**, Nov. '82). His comments and opinions about the music parallel my own in the critical sense. I was very pleased to be mentioned in the same company with Slide Hampton and Ray Anderson, and rating me as having the "tools to be a major new voice on the trombone" was a little overwhelming to me, however, very appreciated. I felt encouraged and informed by the critique and hope that whenever I record again, the reviewer will be as inspiring and professional as this one.

Thanks again.
Hal Crook

San Diego

Gowen/Health

Upon reading the record reviews in the Nov. '82 **db**, I was saddened to learn of the death of Alan Gowen, whose work with National Health I admired and enjoyed. Earlier this fall I dusted off my Health LPs and was wondering what the people involved in them were up to these days. Thanks to John Diliberto's fine review, I am now up to date; my hat is off to Mr. Gowen and his music.

Richard Paschal

Glendale, CA

Changing patterns

Most **db** articles on improvisation deal with improvising on the "changes," showing the young improviser how to play "patterns." How boring, one-sided, and misleading. True, most jazz improvisation deals with improvising on chord changes; but what about melodic development of the tune being played? This one-sidedness, dealing with "patterns," tends to make every solo of a player sound alike.

For example, almost every Thelonious Monk tune is composed with interesting angular lines. A player improvising on only the changes, and not giving reference to melodic development, is not a creative improviser. Listen to any Monk solo—there is always melodic reference.

Compare the articles in the Nov. '82 **db** written by Hal Galper and Bill Russo (Pro Sessions). Galper shows scale patterns on changes; Russo briefly illustrates "isomelody" and "isorhythm." This concept of "isomelody" and "isorhythm" is one aspect of melodic development.

How about giving readers interested in improvisation more articles on creative improvisation, not just "pattern" playing?

Bob Aquino

Long Island University

Assoc. Professor of Music

Brooklyn

New notes or not?

I couldn't believe Wynton Marsalis in the Dec. '82 **db**... haven't we heard from enough self-proclaimed "ayatollahs"? First he indicates a distaste for the overuse of the term "jazz"—a point well taken—using the phrase "collective improvisation" instead. Then he turns around and says that what Miles is playing now is *not* jazz! I think a major characteristic of the music that we know as jazz, besides collective improvisation, is a pursuance of true emotion and feeling in that music, whether or not that music is commercially successful. I defy anyone to point out *anytime* in Miles Davis' career that he has not embodied those two qualities to the fullest. One can only wonder, if Marsalis had been a jazz musician in the '40s or '50s, and witnessed the emergence of the then-controversial styles of Bird or Monk, if he would have denounced their innovative music as well.

Frank Smith

Chicago

Blue over Jay

I'm writing in regards to your Jay Hoggard feature (**db**, Dec. '82), which I found tragic.

It seems to me Mr. Hoggard missed the mark when he said there'll be no compromise because he's putting his heart into [his mu-

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sic]. Like all art forms it is the intent behind the work that makes it real. (He can play his ass off and not communicate anything to us.) Indeed, mainstreaming can be commercializing; the artist should give us something that record companies can't put a price on.

That's what I want to buy (not fusion, funk, mainstream, etc.).

Rick Bishop

Waterville, ME

Clash lashed

It is interesting to note the numerous times articles appear as "The Clash: Revolutionary Rock" in **down beat** (Dec. '82). It is likewise interesting the many times you find letters, as this one, in Chords & Discords. The persons I know who subscribe to **db**, including myself, wonder why such articles appear in "The Contemporary Music Magazine." My definition of "contemporary" does leave out your rock and soul. Articles as "The Clash . . ." are a waste of space. Isn't **down beat** mainly jazz-oriented?

Robert Mulholland

Charleston, SC

I just received my issue of **down beat** (Dec. '82). The first article I read was on the Clash, (author Michael Goldberg), and I must say I was offended by this remark: ". . . the uptempo elevator music one mostly hears by

bands like Journey on the radio today." Why is this up beat "elevator music" on the radio? The answer is simple. It's popular. Not only am I a fan of groups like Journey, the Eagles, Queen, and Hall & Oates, but so are millions of other Americans and people worldwide. Compared to these groups, the Clash has only a fraction. Mark my words, the Clash will not enjoy the worldwide success of bands such as the Beatles, the Rolling Stones, or Queen. The Beatles were immensely popular in the mid-'60s and still are popular today. Let's see if a release from the Clash is still playing in 17 years.

Karl Grotenhuis

Stanton, IA

I just finished reading your article about the Clash (**db**, Dec. '82), considered by some as the "greatest rock & roll band in the world." Well, I'm not one of the many who's going to forgive poor musicianship for the sake of art. They do have guitars in their hands, don't they? Then why don't they play them? As for the art, consider this quote from one of the Clash's hits: "Darling you gotta let me know/ Should I stay or should I go? . . ."

Pure genius, wouldn't you say? Or how about this line quoted in **down beat**: "Murder is a crime/Unless it was done by a policeman or aristocrat." I'm embarrassed to even write

these profound thoughts down. If these are the earth-shattering political statements from the "World's Greatest Rock & Roll Band," then rock is in *much* worse shape than even I suspected. Give me Talking Heads, Police, or XTC any day over this bunch of idiots.

Ethan Wiley

Forest Knolls, CA

I have enjoyed reading **down beat** over the years and have never had any trouble accepting your occasional forays into the field of rock music, as some of your readers have. However, I was extremely disappointed to find Michael Goldberg's article on the Clash in your Dec. '82 issue. Though some of the Clash's songs are fairly good, their pseudo-political stance and tough guy posturing is trite and pretentious. The Clash wish desperately to be taken seriously, yet they continue to espouse a politically naive world view through their self-important songs. Characteristic of so many other English rock groups, the Clash are more concerned with creating an image than with making good music. Someone needs to tell Mr. Goldberg that it takes more than slurred Cockney vocals, loud guitars, greased-back hair, and trendy army surplus clothes to create a significant rock group.

Steve Russell

University, MS

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NEWS

Previn returns to jazz

PITTSBURGH—Andre Previn, musical director of the Pittsburgh Symphony and a jazz pianist of some note in the '50s, recently performed jazz in public for the first time in more than two decades. "There's been quite a lot made of the fact that I haven't played any jazz in 25 years," he said. "Nevertheless, it's true."

He went on to say that his self-imposed exile from jazz was "certainly not for the reason of any misplaced disdain because I love it a lot." He simply found that concurrent careers as a symphonic conductor and a jazz pianist were incompatible. "Something had to be left expendable. I just couldn't keep up with it."

The concert, a benefit for the Rehabilitation Institute of Pittsburgh, was originally to have featured Previn and violin virtuoso Itzhak Perlman. However, a fam-

ily illness forced Perlman to return home abruptly.

"I felt that to replace Perlman we would have to do something entirely different," said Previn. "I would rather hang by my thumbs at this point, but I think it's the right thing for this audience and it will be fun."

He persuaded veterans Shelly Manne (drums) and Monty Budwig (bass), both old friends, to fly in from California as replacements.

The concert was on a Saturday morning, and they arrived in town the previous evening. The trio's "rehearsal" consisted of jotting the names of a few numbers on the back of a symphony ticket over dinner.

The hour-long set, which began shortly before noon, was extremely well received by the diverse Heinz Hall crowd of more than 2,000, most of whom had paid to see Perlman. Previn's jazz chops were still intact, and he seemed to be genuinely enjoying himself.

Something else he may not have done in years is an encore,



GAND STAND PLAY: Adrian Belew, Island recording artist and one-fourth of King Crimson, recently debuted as a clinician at Gand Music & Sound in Northfield, IL, treating 12-score, slack-jawed, Windy City plectrists to his Cordon Belew animal noises—from belching bullfrogs to warbling whales. Above, he puts his Roland GR 300 guitar synthesizer/JC 120 amp combo through its paces. Store owner Gary Gand used his connection as a sound engineer on the recent *Crimson* tour to score the Belew coup. Synth expert Lee Sebel opened the evening with an awesome demonstration of the state-of-the-art Roland arsenal. The clinic capped the four-day, second annual "Gand Opening Celebration," which featured, on preceding nights, a TASCAM studio demo with Bernie Fryman, a KORG-athon with Ken Zemanek, and a Shure mic workshop with Travis Ludwig.

which is not generally suited to a classical format. But there were no such constraints here as they returned to a standing ovation with a crowd-pleasing rendering of *Satin Doll*.

Afterward, a young man was heard joking, "Maybe we should stop by the Crescendo [a local jazz spot] and see if Previn shows up to jam."

—harry patterson □

POTPOURRI

Zapped again: seemingly snake-bit **db** photog **Darryl Pitt** was nipped by us again; as we blundered into '83, we miscredited his beautiful Feb. cover shot of Frank Zappa; so sorry DP . . . speaking of the main mother: FZ's Barking Pumpkin Records has teamed with Stanford Blum Enterprises to market licenses on products spun off from his hit *Valley Girl*; set to be seen are Valley Girl dolls, clothes, cosmetics, jewelry, posters, ceramics, and greeting cards; in negotiations are comic strips, comic books, an animated tv series, and a video game—gag me with an Atari . . . Air-leak: the rumor mill has **Steve McCall** outa Air after a decade of stable personnel in the trio . . . breakin' away to a homecoming was Ripon (WI) College alum **Al Jarreau** who copped a Distinguished Alumni citation at his class' recent 20th-year reunion . . . in another homecoming reunion of sorts, Chitown native **Ramsey Lewis** gathered the original *In Crowd* trio (apart since '66) of bassist Eldee Young and drummer Red

Holt for a five-nighter at George's; *Hang On Sloopy*, word is they'll do it more this year . . . curtain-raising: Poland's first **Jazz Museum** officially opened in Lodz with a "60 Years Of Polish Jazz" exhibition coupled with a "Chicago Blues Festival" starring J. B. Hutto & the New Hawks; International Jazz Fed. prez George Alexander and *Voice Of America's* Willis Conover were among the honored guests . . . Duke unearthed: United Artist Music has "rediscovered" two songs with **Duke Ellington** melodies and Don George lyrics; never fear Ducophiles, they've been demoed for exploitation . . . horn-y? then check out the 11th annual **New York Brass Conference** 3/18-20 in NYC's Roosevelt Hotel; it includes salutes to Mannie Klein and Jimmy Maxwell; details from NYBC, 315 W. 53rd, NYC 10019; (212) 581-1480 . . . Crowning glory: **Crown International** offers the PZM Challenge II, their second contest for pro and amateur recordists with PZM mics as prizes; any original stereo recording using two or more PZMs as the principle pickups is eligible; entry deadline is 5/1 and entry forms/info comes from your

local Crown dealer or Crown International, PZM Challenge II, 1718 W. Mishawaka Rd., Elkhart, IN 46517 . . . in the record world: The WI-based band **Matrix** (who previously recorded for RCA, Warner Bros., and Pablo) have dipped their toes in the self-producing waters by releasing a 45 rpm disc (*Slam Dunk/Coming Home*) in advance of their forthcoming LP on the Mixart label . . . on the air: National Public Radio's **Jazz Alive!** goes truly live by moving into a live studio assembly—a production technique that increases flexibility and ensures timely presentations of regional events and new talents blended in with performances by big-name jazzers . . . also **NPR** has recently tripled its jazz offerings to member stations with a totally new six-night-a-week disc service that spans the history of recorded jazz . . . o'er the briny blue: **Lee Jeske**, **db's** Big Appier, is currently broadcasting via mail-a-tape on Italy's RAI radio program *Protagonisti Del Jazz*, heard Fri. nights in the land of Giorgio Gaslini and Enrico Rava . . . meanwhile up nor'western way, **CJAZ** (now 96.9 FM), western Canada's only 24-hour jazz sta-

tion, has relocated its transmitter and moved to a new wavelength in a bid to reach wider audiences in Vancouver while keeping the strong following they've built up in the Seattle area . . . friendly competition department: **Jazz Line** is a slick little b&w publication billed as "the jazz source"; 19 bucks gets you a year's worth of issues to decide for yourself; Box 258, Roslyn, NY 11576 . . . new music your bag? Then you'll want to check out the **Neo-Music Newsletter**; editor Chris Merrick keeps an eye and ear on the whole nation; check it out from KOPN-FM, 915 E. Broadway, Columbia, MO 65201 . . . Westward ho: Robert Kehle has been keeping tabs on the music scene (mostly jazz, mostly college concerts) for the last five years and publishing a semi-annual **Regional Jazz Calendar** that goes to all colleges in KS, MO, and OK and all Jayhawk high schools (plus most of the MO/OK ones too); pro groups are also welcome to submit info; get in touch with Bob at the Department of Music, Pittsburg St. U., Pittsburg, KS 66762 . . . Jeff & Jim, the Bros. Molter, offer **The Music Lesson**, a tongue-in-cheek car-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 14

Jazz live from the Painted Bride

PHILADELPHIA—Despite its move to a new home, the Painted Bride Art Center, Philly's major community arts performance space, is still faced with many of the same old problems. As is the case with many other non-profit cultural organizations, locating funding and attracting a sizable audience have not been easy for the Bride, which recently celebrated its 14th birthday. But, through a combination of good grantsmanship and cooperation with other non-profit institutions, the Bride's staff is developing solutions to these challenges, especially with regard to their jazz series.

As a center for both visual and performance arts, the Painted Bride has always been a unique place to attend jazz concerts. As their program director Keith Mason points out, the intimate gallery atmosphere helps the Center function as an alternative to both the bar-room jazz circuit and the high-priced concert halls. But these days of reduced funding for the arts have neces-

sitated innovative ways of finding both more money and more people.

One solution that is being tried is purchasing a permanent location. By buying and renovating a former factory at 230 Vine Street, the Bride hopes to reduce its rental costs and provide enough space for offices and expansion.

Another approach is exemplified in the jazz concert series. Last year, with money from the Merit Gasoline Foundation and the Pennsylvania Council on the Arts, Mason arranged for a series of 10 Saturday night jazz concerts to be broadcast live from the Bride on WUHY (91 FM), the local National Public Radio affiliate. Aired were performances by Rufus Harley, Al Stauffer, Bootsie Barnes/Middy Middleton, and others.

The Pennsylvania Council on the Arts continues to fund a second series which began last November. Additional support is provided by The Gap, a clothing chain with 26 stores in the area. The Rufus Harley Quartet returns on 3/12, followed by Ray Bryant on 3/26. The concerts begin at the Bride at 9 p.m., with WUHY broadcasting the 10-to-midnight conclusion. (Call 215/925-9914 for more information.)

The chief benefit of the radio



THE LITTLE BIG BAND was the moniker for this specially assembled jazz band, shown here in the gallery at the Painted Bride, that featured the full-blown sax line of John Davis on bari, Middy Middleton on tenor, and Russell Stewart on alto, drummer Jim Turner is also pictured.

broadcasts, in Mason's words, is "letting people know that good jazz is being presented in an accessible location in center city Philadelphia, so that more people will come out and see the live programs. It will generate more interest in what we're doing at the Bride in general, jazz and otherwise."

"It's one of these totally symbiotic relationships," notes Fred Landerl, the producer of the series at the radio station. "The

Bride has a lot to gain by the exposure that we give them, because we can reach thousands of people that they can't get into their hall. And we get the opportunity to put on the air the people who are creating music in this city, many of whom are worth hearing, but who don't have a name that, at least at this point, attracts lots of people to them. In other words, we each get to do what we do best."

—russell woessner □

Music Personnel Conference highlights jazz

ST. PAUL—For the first time in its 17-year history, the Music Personnel Conference (now incorporated and renamed the Assn. of Music Personnel in Public Radio) gave jazz its due emphasis, and even the skeptics had to admit the conference was better for it. Despite initial concern that domination by classical music representatives from public radio stations would result in little substantive jazz discussion, this was the most heavily attended of all previous conferences.

"This was the best conference we've ever had," said Mordecai Lipshutz, president of the AMPPR. "The attendance was larger than ever before, and it

certainly must have been due in large part to attendees from jazz stations who felt it was valuable to come and did so."

The 1982 conference drew many prominent non-radio representatives from around the country as well. Trumpet star Wynton Marsalis; Dr. George Butler, V.P., Artist and Relations for CBS Records; Ricky Schultz, jazz marketing consultant; Gus Stataris, owner of Progressive Records; Joe Fields, president of Muse Records; Dr. Reginald Buckner, treasurer of the National Assn. of Jazz Educators; Debbie Dumas, national promotion director, Contemporary Records; and others came to participate in panel discussions and/or to address the convention.

Dr. Ben Sidran, the new host of National Public Radio's *Jazz Alive!*, performed with his trio and received a citation from AMPPR for his contribution to jazz, as did Dr. Butler. *Jazz Alive!* executive producer Tim Owens

appeared as a panelist on the subject of producing live music events. A look at the attendance figures for the jazz panel discussions indicated there was keen interest in the make-up of a good jazz program, relations with record companies, how to improve service and reporting, producing live music performances for radio, and syndicating jazz programs.

Although some stations did not send delegates due to financial constraints or the aforementioned skepticism, stations from virtually every corner of the country were in attendance. Important NPR jazz outlets like WBEZ/Chicago; KLCC/Eugene, OR; WBGO/Newark, NJ; WBFO/Buffalo, NY; KCRW/Santa Monica, CA; KMCR/Phoenix; and WEMU/Ipsilanti, MI were represented.

One of the many positive side effects of the '82 conference was a new sense of cooperation and understanding between jazz and classical station personnel.

The addresses by Wynton Marsalis and Dr. George Butler helped considerably by provoking a good deal of thoughtful discussion. For evidence of the new spirit of cooperation you need look no further than the 1983 convention scheduled for October in Chicago that will be co-hosted by WBEZ and WFMT. "It is the first time," points out Lipshutz, "that the conference will have been co-hosted by a non-commercial jazz station [WBEZ] and a commercial classical station [WFMT]."

As Lipshutz (who hails from WXXI-FM in Rochester, which is 99 percent classical programming) said following the convention, "This concentration on jazz by the AMPPR is long overdue, and I foresee an increased emphasis on America's native music." Lipshutz, who was re-elected to a second one-year term, added, "As long as I'm in the organization, jazz will have my support." —john h. hunt □



LAUREN DEUTSCH

SATURDAY SWING SESSION: Nessa recording artists, the NRG Ensemble (from left: Hal Russell, drums/vibes/cornet; Chuck Burdelik, reeds; Steve Hunt, vibes/drums; Curt Bley, bass; Brian Sandstrom, bass/trumpet) delights droppers-in with their brand of avant garde jazz during Swingville Records' monthly Windy City shows; call (312) 472-5200 for details on the next freebee.

BIG CITY BEAT

ALBANY, NY

Great Guitars brings Charlie Byrd, Herb Ellis, and Barney Kessel to **Troy Music Hall** 2/19; (518) 273-0038 . . . Schenectady's **Proctor's Theatre** has booked a big band cavalcade 3/6 featuring the Russ Morgan Orchestra, Frankie Carle, Roberta Sherwood, and the DeCastro Sisters; (518) 346-6204 . . . the Riverboat Jazz Band is providing the dixieland fare at **The Fountain** 3/11-12; (518) 482-9898 . . .

CHICAGO

Rick's brings in Jay McShann and Ralph Sutton, "The Last Of The Great Whorehouse Piano Players," with guest Milt Hinton 2/15-26; (312) 943-9200 . . . the **Holiday Star Theatre** (Merrillville, IN) has B. B. King/Bobby "Blue" Bland in 2/25; (219) 769-0999 . . .

CINCINNATI

The Maynard Ferguson Big Band blows at **Bogart's** 2/26 . . . the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music **Jazz Concert Band** performs 3/6 at Patricia Corbett Theatre . . .

KANSAS CITY

Jazzwomen '83, the sixth annual Women's Jazz Festival, takes place 3/23-27 with 18 separate events, 14 of which are free; a wide range of styles and sounds are scheduled, from Maiden Voyage Big Band, Anita

O'Day, Sheila Jordan and Harvie Swartz, Amy Duncan's All-Stars with Emily Remler, and Alive, to a two-piano concert featuring Marian McPartland and Tommy Flanagan; for info/tix, send SASE to Box 22321, KC, MO 64113 . . . the second annual **Blues Festival** was an overwhelming success despite the last-minute revocation of the liquor license at the Uptown Theater where the 10-hour extravaganza took place; most of the thousand-plus in attendance didn't seem to mind sipping from their own stash as they listened to John Lee Hooker, Luther Allison, Lawrence Wright and the Starlighters, Rich Hill and the Riffs featuring Ida McBeth, and more than 60 other rhythm & blues musicians . . .

LONDON

The **Camden Jazz Festival**, canceled last fall for the first time in eight years, takes place again 3/14-19 with Lester Bowie's From The Root To The Source, the Freddie Hubbard Quintet (w/ Joe Henderson), Ronald Shannon Jackson, and others still being negotiated . . .

LOS ANGELES

Santa Monica's **Stepping Stone Youth Crisis Center** begins benefitting from jazz with a concert series at Lincoln Jr. High; set to raise funds are Ernie Watts and Nick Lane's big band (2/19); Bobby Shew/Chuck Findley 5 and Capp/Pierce Juggernaut (3/19); Dick Cary's Dixielanders with Wild Bill Davison and Bill Berry's L.A. Big Band (4/16); Tommy Newsom and Maiden Voyage (5/21); Joyce Collins and Don Menza's Big Band (5/21)

. . . **Orange Coast College** is the site for a continuing series of jazz concerts featuring name artists as well as the OCC Big Band; upcoming dates include Count Basie (2/20), Sarah Vaughan (3/24), Manhattan Transfer (3/25), Lionel Hampton (3/26), Oscar Peterson (3/27), and Mel Tormé (4/24); (714) 556-5819 . . . "An Evening Of People Being With People" was how the **Holiday Project** billed its dinner/show/boat cruise bash; Carmen McRae, Bobby Troup, and David Pomeranz entertained; proceeds from the one-grand-a-couple extravaganza helped brighten the Christmas season for the less fortunate in hospitals, rest homes, orphanages . . .

NEW ORLEANS

The Fairmont's **Blue Room** hosts Cleo Laine and John Dankworth 2/23-3/8, and Bobby Short 3/9-22; (504) 529-7111 . . . **Weather Report** powers the Riverboat President up and down the Ole Muddy 3/6; (504) 586-8777 for embarc. info . . . Jonathan Rome's Xenia Foundation brings the **Gary Burton Quartet** to Tulane U.'s Kendall Cram Room 3/10; (504) 861-1789; . . . **Woody Herman's** (the club) closed for good here in late '82; manager John Wilmot saw trends on the rise (in press coverage, tour groups, etc.), but the backers were dry; the club has reopened on a smaller scale, while Woody is off leading smaller groups in NY and elsewhere, hoping to reconstitute the Herd later . . .

NEW YORK

Quiz: What is 50 years old, has a three-ton curtain, the largest theater organ in the world, and the Rockettes? **Radio City Music Hall**; and what is 48 years old, has a cast of 90, is four hours long, and is rarely performed? **Porgy And Bess**; well, the former is going to play host to a new production of the latter starting 3/19; tickets for the spectacle range from \$15 to \$30; (212) 757-3100 . . . a group from NY Local 802 of the musician's union have decided they are **Musicians For Disarmament And Peace**; Mel Lewis, Bob Brookmeyer, Sheila Jordan, Sal Nistico, and others joined in the organization's premiere fund-

raiser; for details of future activities write to them at 338 W. 84th St., NYC 10024 . . . "Jazz—yes, apartheid—no," chanted demonstrators in front of the Village Vanguard during **Chick Corea's** recent stint there; seems he performed in South Africa during '82, and that raised the ire of said demonstrators . . . **Roseland**, the ageless Manhattan ballroom, usually is the scene of much fox-trotting and cha-chaing, but on 3/4 it's going to shake to the rhythms of King Sunny Ade and his African Beats JuJu Music; watch out! . . . the **Village West** warms up winter nights with Buddy DeFranco/George DuVivier/Tal Farlow 2/15-20; Richard Sudhalter 2/22-27; Susannah McCorkle 3/1-6; Red Mitchell 3/8-13; and Jackie & Roy 3/15-27; (212) 691-2791 . . .

OTTAWA

It's still SRO most nights at the **Cock and Lion Lounge** of the Chateau Laurier here in the Canadian Capital where top flight Americans perform with Canadian accompanists; catch Doc Cheatham 2/14-19; Lew Tabackin 2/28-3/5; and Slide Hampton 3/7-12 . . . **Dizzy Gillespie** makes a rare visit here when he plays the National Arts Centre 3/1; a dry month there until the Preservation Hall Jazz Band hits 3/31 . . .

SEATTLE

The Emerald City's first jazz record shop, **Bud's Jazz Records**, is helmed by former Jazz Institute of Chicago prez Bud Young; you can find 'em in Pioneer Square; (206) 628-0445 . . . this Bud's for you: he's also installed the Emerald's first **Jazz Hotline**—(206) 624-5277 (JASS) . . . **Ernestine's** has Barbara Donald 3/2; Houston Pearson and Etta James 3/3-6; Alive 3/8-12; John Rena 3/16-20; Les McCann 3/21-27; and Nat Adderley 3/30-4/3; (206) 624-2387 . . .

VANCOUVER

The **Landmark Jazzbar** in the Sheraton-Landmark ushers in spring with a lion (Freddie Hubbard 3/9-12) and a lamb (Jimmy Giuffre 3/23-26); (604) 689-9312 . . . the **Piazzaz Showroom** in the International Plaza offers Valentines from Joe Williams 2/14-26; (604) 984-0611 . . .

Franklin Mint mines jazz

PHILADELPHIA—As the Time-Life Records *Giants Of Jazz* series winds down at around 30 volumes, the Franklin Mint is gearing up for a series of its own, *The Greatest Jazz Recordings Of All Time*, which is projected to run to 25 volumes at four LPs each.

The first volume, out late last year, provides an excellent cross section of Louis Armstrong and the best twofer condensation of Roy Eldridge available anywhere. LPs include six selections per side.



Roy Eldridge

Each volume in the series is to be programmed by critic/scholar Dan Morgenstern and the Institute of Jazz Studies at Rutgers U. (NJ), and will not be limited to the catalog of one or two specific record labels. Nor will it be limited to one or two artists.

"Each album will have a theme," says Stanley Walker, series producer. "Depending on who's in it, it breaks down many

different ways. The second volume will be on vocalists, for instance, and has a different artist on just about every track."

Future volumes will combine Waller / Tatum / Hines / Wilson, Hawkins / Young / Carter / Hodges, Goodman / Hampton, and Morton / Oliver / Bechet. There will be a great composers set joining Don Redman, Billy Strayhorn, John Lewis, and Herbie Hancock, plus a volume exclusively Ellington.

Unlike the Time-Life series, the Franklin Mint will also embrace the bop and post-bop periods with volumes on Cool/Third Stream jazz, Great Innovators (Davis, Mingus, Monk), and another on Parker and Gillespie. Other contemporary figures will be included within appropriate themes.

A booklet accompanies each volume providing a brief biographical or historical sketch, and music notes, although neither is as detailed or extensive as the books prepared for the Time-Life series. Volumes are to be issued bi-monthly at the stiff price of \$43 plus postage charges. Subscribers will be billed half that amount each month, and any volume is returnable. Walker justifies the cost on the basis of quality. "The records are quite thick—160 grams," he says, "and are made from an anti-static compound."

Franklin Mint expects to be issuing this series over a period of the next four years. For information, write Franklin Mint Record Society, Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19063.

—john mcdonough □



DENOMINATION TBA: The U.S. Postal Service just unveiled the design of the Scott Joplin commemorative stamp (left), honoring the ragtime piano giant as part of the Black Heritage USA Series that will be issued in 1983.

POTPOURRI

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

toon/story on the birth of the first jazz-rock band; strictly for the younger cats; \$2.50 from Jeff at 451 Oakdale #1, Chicago, IL 60657 . . . in a more serious vein: the non-profit Philadelphia Volunteer Lawyers for the Arts now publishes **Law And The Entertainment Business: An Introductory Guide**; the fourth guidebook in the PVLA series offers sound advice about the legal side of the biz to musicians, songwriters, and music students; five bucks from PVLA, 260 S. Broad St., Philadelphia, PA 19102; (215) 545-3385 . . . data bopping: **International Computer Casting** in Tinseltown has introduced the first computerized data base information service of talent availability to the entertainment industry, whereby musicians, dancers, actors, etc. will be able to make their availability known to the industry at the touch of a button, wanna get in or hookup? Tom A. Papke has the info at (213) 465-6770 or

874-2394 . . . a second **Anthony Braxton** discography has come from Europe (see Potpourri, db, Jan. '82, p. 14)—this time by Hans Wachtmeister; its 112 pp. includes a list of "Concerts & Tours," a bibliography, and index; available for \$8.95 from OLB JAZZ, Box 2663, Providence, RI 02907 . . . the **Canadian Jazz Discography 1916-1980**, an exhaustive reference work by Montreal's Jack Litchfield, is new from the University of Toronto Press at \$75 . . . Harmony Books (NYC) now offers **Elvis: The Illustrated Record**, by Roy Carr and Mick Farren, a lushly illustrated discography of the King of rock & roll that contains a mountain of swivel-hipping trivia. (Did you know that Elvis was nixed by Arthur Godfrey from his *Talent Show* in '55? And ditto by Ed Sullivan from *The Toast Of The Town*, who later changed his mind to the tune of 54 million viewers.) . . . elsewhere on the book beat: the **Ludwig Music Publishing Co.** (557 E. 140th St., Cleveland, OH 44110) is now the publisher of books formerly handled by Ludwig Industries (Ludwig Drum Co.); write for their latest catalog . . . **Margum Music Inc.** (167 Dudley Rd., Newton Centre, MA 02159) offers scores by a number of 20th century composers, including jazz writers George Lewis, Jimmy Giuffre, Gunther Schuller, Ran Blake, and the complete instrumental works of Alec Wilder . . .

FINAL BAR



Bobby Plater, lead alto saxophonist with Count Basie's orchestra since 1964, died of a heart attack Nov. 21 at the age of 68. Plater, a New Jersey native, played with Tiny Bradshaw's Savoy Dictators, Cootie Williams' big band, and spent 18 years with Lionel Hampton's orchestra before joining Basie.

Otis (Candy) Finch, drummer with Shirley Scott, Dizzy Gillespie, Stanley Turrentine, Jimmy Smith, and others, died of congestive heart failure July 13 in Seattle at age 49. Finch honed his chops in Detroit before becoming a Hollywood studio reg-

ular. For the past five years he played the Seattle area with his own band, the Seattle Three, and often backed out-of-towners like Ernestine Anderson, Sorny Stitt, and Richie Cole.

Tommy McGovern, veteran pianist in the Minneapolis/St. Paul area, died Oct. 15. He was 66. McGovern led his own big band in the '40s, and recorded with Doc Evans and Harry Blons among others.

Radka Toneff, Norwegian vocalist died Oct. 20 at age 30. She had recently recorded her third LP, backed by American pianist Steve Dobrogosz, and appeared

on European tv with Oscar Peterson.

Melvin Webb, drummer for Marvin Gaye, Nina Simone, Esther Phillips, Les McCann, and others, died Nov. 12 in Los Angeles at the age of 34.

(Lazy) Bill Lucas, blues pianist and singer, died Dec. 12 in Minneapolis. He was 64. After working in the 1940s with Sonny Boy Williamson and Little Walter Jacobs, during the '50s and '60s he led various groups in the Chicago area, and in '64 moved to the Twin Cities with ex-Muddy Waters harmonica player Mojo Buford.

DAVID SANBORN

INTERVIEW:

The Voice Of Emotion



H

e goes for the heart—that's for sure. Close your eyes and imagine a tear dripping from the bell of the horn. Or envision the keys blasting off the alto, straining under the torrential sound. Judging from his acceleration in today's musical marketplace, David Sanborn seems to be hitting his mark. A Sanborn contribution to an album may only be three minutes long, but always conjures up a range of feelings, and always leaves a mark.

You've heard the sound. Maybe with James Taylor or David Bowie on your car radio. Maybe watching *Saturday Night Live*, where he belted the show's theme out for months, got into more than a few inspired jams, and was featured playing his own material. Or maybe you've been listening to Gil Evans, Stevie Wonder, or Steely Dan. Maybe the guitar freaks have heard him on record with Tommy Bolin and John McLaughlin. It is definitely a measure of the man to see who calls him up.

Sanborn balances a studio career and performing. His seventh solo album, *As We Speak*, hit and held at No. 1 on jazz charts, and Sanborn toured last summer, opening shows for Al Jarreau. Sanborn's band featured bassist Marcus Miller, guitarist Hiram Bullock, drummer Buddy Williams, and Sugar Bear (from the Sam & Dave group) on keyboards. The chart-topping album *Casino Lights* features Sanborn and a host of other Warner Brothers "jazz-stars" at the Montreux,

B y

R o b i n

T o l l e s o n

Switzerland fest. I caught Sanborn in his New York apartment, working on his latest project—a film soundtrack. He is scoring *Stelle Sulla Citta* (*Stars Above The City*), being directed by Massimo Trabaldo Togna. The saxman also learned some Italian so he could make an appearance in the film. "Strangely enough," he laughs, "in the part of a saxophone player." You gotta start somewhere.

Robin Tolleson: Might I have seen you at the Fillmore Auditorium in San Francisco in the '60s with the Paul Butterfield Blues Band?

David Sanborn: Oh yes, the old Fillmore, and Winterland, and the Carousel. One gig we played, Cream was the opening act, and it was hilarious. Nobody had heard them, so people went, "What is this?"

RT: How did you get hooked up with Butterfield?

DS: I grew up in St. Louis, later went to school at Northwestern and at the University of Iowa, and then went to San Francisco in 1967. I knew

"I feel really close to r&b, because that's what gets me off playing—to have people dance. . . ."

Phillip Wilson, who was the drummer for Butterfield then, and I ran into him on the street. He said, "Listen, I'm playing with this band, like a blues band with horns, and you've got to hear it." So I went down and checked it out, and played with them. The rest is history.

RT: Now you're a Grammy winner, for *Voyeur*.

DS: Well, it was a minor category, "R&B Instrumental."

RT: That might seem minor to some people . . .

DS: It's nothing to sneeze at.

RT: Your albums have been charting very well.

DS: Yeah, the one that's out now was No. 1 on the jazz charts, which is interesting. I think the categories in music are less restrictive; they're less clearly defined than they were before, primarily because people are listening to more different kinds of music—not only the listeners, but the musicians as well. And so you get a lot of cross-influences. In *Talking Heads* you hear some African music, elements of a lot of other stylistic things that come creeping in, and I think that not only tends to open up the music that's being played, but also the people who are listening to that will be more prone to listen to other kinds of music. If someone who just listens to the Rolling Stones all of a sudden hears a Sonny Rollins solo on a Rolling Stones record, maybe that will pique their interest in who Sonny Rollins is, and maybe lead them to listen to some of his records, or moreover be kind of in-tune to his sound—kind of broken in—and consequently be more open to listen to him.

RT: It might surprise some people who think of you as a jazz player to see your albums on the rhythm & blues charts as well. But a lot of your background is in r&b, isn't it?

DS: Well, my early playing experience was in r&b. I played with r&b bands in St. Louis . . . Albert King, and Little Milton, and I think in terms



PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE

DAVID SANBORN'S EQUIPMENT

"I have a gold-plated Yamaha alto saxophone, which is a great instrument, and also a silver-plated Selmer, which I play occasionally, depending on what the situation requires. I tend to play the Yamaha more, just because the instrument speaks really well, it's in tune, and it's really sturdy.

"I play LaVoz medium-hard reeds, and I use a Dukoff #8 D8 mouthpiece. I think the LaVoz reeds are real important. Lately I've been using reeds that are made by my old saxophone teacher, Fred Hemke—Hemke reeds. They are really good, high quality reeds, distributed by the LaVoz company. I find that LaVoz and Hemke reeds are really the only ones that give me the right timbre and color, and depth to the sound."

DAVID SANBORN SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

as a leader

TAKING OFF—Warner Bros. BS 2873
SANBORN—Warner Bros. BS 2957
PROMISE ME THE MOON—Warner Bros. BS 3051
HEART TO HEART—Warner Bros. BSK 3189
HIDEAWAY—Warner Bros. BSK 3379
VOYEUR—Warner Bros. BSK 3546
AS WE SPEAK—Warner Bros. 9 23650-1
with Paul Butterfield
IN MY OWN DREAM—Elektra EKS74025
KEEP ON MOVING—Elektra EKS74053
with Stevie Wonder
TALKING BOOK—Motown 77-319R1
with James Taylor
GORILLA—Warner Bros. BS2866
with the Brecker Brothers
THE BRECKER BROTHERS—Arista AL 4037
BACK TO BACK—Arista AL 4061

with David Bowie

YOUNG AMERICANS—RCA AQLI-0998

with Gil Evans

SVENGALI—Atlantic 90048-1

with Phoebe Snow

SECOND CHILDHOOD—Columbia X698

with Tommy Bolin

TEASER—Nemperor NE 436

with Jaco Pastorius

JACO PASTORIUS—Epic PE 33949

with John McLaughlin

ELECTRIC GUITARIST—Columbia JC 35326

with Rickie Lee Jones

PIRATES—Warner Bros. BSK 3432

with Steely Dan

GAUCHO—MCA 6102

with various artists

CASINO LIGHTS—Warner Bros. 9 23718-1

of my musical background, that's what idiomatic form it is . . . r&b. I tended to listen to jazz later on, I think as any saxophone player would do. I think the pull toward wanting to stretch the limits of your playing automatically leads you into jazz and other kinds of more challenging forms of improvisation; r&b tends to be more an emotional kind of music, perhaps less sophisticated in certain respects, although not any less valid, just that the harmonic and rhythmic sophistication is

less than jazz allows.

RT: The emotion is what sticks out in your solos.

DS: I take that as a compliment. I think of myself as an emotional player too. Especially in a lot of the contexts that I've been in. You know, the pop context. I've primarily been called in as a soloist, and I think as soloist you respond to whatever your musical surroundings are. I'm a fairly emotional player, so one thing leads to another.

RT: If you could sing solos, do you think you'd sing the same thing that you would play on sax?

DS: I was thinking about that very thing the other night, because I was playing something on piano, some chord changes, and I was kind of singing a melody to myself, and I stopped and thought, "Would I play that melody?" And that led me to another conclusion, about one of the problems that I've been having about writing recently. Because I've been writing on piano, what I've been writing is not always conducive to being played melodically on the saxophone. I don't know. I don't think I would play the same notes, but I think it would probably have the same musical and emotional content. But in terms of the notes, I find that in the process of improvising, you end up in places that you didn't expect, and it's what you make out of where you end up. It's kind of like an escape artist. You say, "Whooh, how am I gonna get out of this situation? Ooop, yeah, okay I'll make that A, slap the five, go around the corner, and meet you at the tonic." I think there's a lot of that that goes on in improvisation. Ideally, in the process of growing as a musician, I would like to be able to have what I sing and what I think and what I play be the same thing. And I think probably the gap between those things is less than it was, but certainly it's still there.

RT: Do you have certain ways to approach solos, such as on a ballad like *Rain On Christmas*, or a funkier tune like *Hideaway*?

DS: *Rain On Christmas* allowed me to play more bebop-oriented lines, within that kind of latin rhythmic feel. The funkier stuff is rhythmically less flexible, and a little more idiomatic, probably. There are things that you can't do, that are out of context in the funk thing. I think there is a kind of language, or vocabulary in funk, just as there is with bebop or any other style or idiom. I think the ones in funk tend to be a little more strict, but that may be in my mind. That may be just because I feel that limitation. I feel really close to r&b, because that's what gets me off playing—to have people dance to it, whether they actually move to it or not, just to involve people in it. I think it's a rhythmic fact, a certain kind of rhythmic regularity. But it's not dumb just because it's regular, which is what a lot of jazz musicians incredibly thought. Just because something has a consistent rhythmic motif, that it's simple, or crude. But in actual fact, it's momentum. I mean, African music, which is the source of what we're talking about, is relentlessness, but it doesn't have the structural confines that Western music or popular music has. So just eliminate the structures, make the structures flexible too. Then that doesn't become like a pounding, it's a continuous flow, so you don't even care where "one" is. It's irrelevant.

RT: You use dynamics a lot when you're soloing.

DS: Yeah, well I think a lot of people remember me as playing a lot louder and harder-edged than I really play. I don't play that loud, necessarily. I try to use dynamics because that is another element of music and improvising, and melodic creativity. And I'm very conscious of dynamics because I think you shape a line using dynamics—in terms of attack and crescendo, decrescendo, and phrasing, legato, and staccato. I got a lot of my phrasing mannerisms, I think, from Stevie Wonder. When I was working with Stevie from '70 to '72, I picked up a lot of his little turns, and mordents, and appoggiaturas, and all that—things that he did on harmonica. And I think probably Stevie more than anybody else influenced some of the little grace notes—the mannerisms of my playing that I hear a lot of other people imitating when they're trying to sound like me. Those little "da-de-a-da," those turns and stuff—I really got from Stevie. It's kind of funny when I hear it filtered—like Stevie through me, to somebody else. I didn't make it up, nor did Stevie perhaps, but Stevie kind of codified it, and then I just kind of lifted a lot of it from him, because it's very effective.

RT: You've worked with several vocalists—James Taylor, Paul Simon, Rickie Lee Jones, to name a few. Do you learn from all of them?

DS: Stevie—that is an influence that I can see a direct connection. I

can say specifically "yes" that I picked up certain little mannerisms of his. It's less clear in some of the other people I've worked with. I've been very lucky in my career to have worked with a lot of singer/songwriters, and I think probably more than anything else that's helped my songwriting and general sense of song structure and composition. It's allowed me to hear those people perform their own material night after night, and see how they interpret it from day to day. Just to get that particular insight into their songwriting, the craft that they use in writing. I think it's kind of by osmosis. I just absorb the essence of whatever it is they are, or at least my impression of what their music is. But I do tend to pick up kind of abstract things from people I've worked with. I think I tend to favor James Taylor's kind of song structure, because it's one that's real compatible with mine. Usually when I start out a song, it tends to be loosely structured like a lot of James' songs. Then I'll take it in another direction. But I think about James a lot when I'm writing. He was a big influence on me. And Paul Simon also. Paul is a very methodical, meticulous writer, and his chord movements are very correct and interesting.

RT: I wanted to ask you if you feel much imitated.

DS: I do feel imitated, and I'm flattered that people would imitate me. Honestly, outside of some of the more obvious mannerisms of my playing, I don't understand why anybody would want to imitate me. In certain ways I'm not a very innovative player. Maybe my sound and the way I phrase is different or unique—individual—but it's kind of funny in a way. I'm flattered, but it makes me laugh when I hear somebody doing something that's obviously me.

RT: I hope you're not losing too many sessions because of all the...

DS: I wonder about that (*a big laugh*). Maybe I am, maybe I am. Well, I don't lose much sleep over it.

RT: You've done quite a bit of playing with the Brecker Brothers.

DS: I always enjoy playing with them. It's really fun to play in ensembles and stuff, because we respond to each other well. Just the kind of dexterity that they have, especially Michael Brecker, who's one of the most amazing saxophone players I know, on every level, musical or technical. Technically he's just overwhelming, and it was



PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE

great for me to be around him. In a certain way he had things that I didn't have, and I had things that he didn't have, because the way we came up was different. He came from a musical family, obviously, and I think he was more schooled, in a sense—at home learning from the piano as a basic frame of reference—whereas I didn't really learn to read until I was in college. I read a little in high school, but not much to speak of. And most of my early playing experience was with r&b bands. I'm not sure what Michael's early experience was, but I think he played more jazz. He's certainly a more accomplished jazz player than I am, or probably ever will be. But we have a mutual respect for

“I got a lot of my phrasing mannerisms, I think, from Stevie Wonder.”

each other, and the fact that we were different in a lot of ways is why we were so compatible. I think our approach in terms of the emotional aspect of our playing is very similar.

RT: You've been touring with your own band recently. Do you enjoy the energy of performing live?

DS: I do very much. I think it's very necessary. I didn't go on the road for a couple years, and I really started to feel kind of out of it, and isolated. I missed the direct, immediate return of energy that you get playing in front of a live audience. And I think I tended to get a little too careful in my playing. Being in the studio, having the opportunity to go back and correct yourself leads you to do that perhaps more than you should—and for continuity's sake in terms of just continuing ideas, and some kinds of stamina factors on a purely physical level. I just think it's a real necessary part of my life that I overlooked for a while. I try to balance my life between doing live performing and studio playing. I try not to get too overloaded on either one of those things. I really enjoyed working last summer. I had a great band with me.

RT: Can you describe the music that you are writing for the movie *Stelle Sulla Citta*?

DS: It's kind of romantic, wistful, a little Brazilian in flavor, maybe. Some of it is a lot like one of my albums, *Heart To Heart*. There's a tune on there called *Lotus Blossom* that was the cornerstone in terms of emotional feel, what the music is like. That's the tone of the music.

RT: Were you writing the score while you were acting in the film?

DS: Yes I was, actually. I wrote some of it before I went over there, and also wrote some of it while I was there, and am continuing to write it now. I'm going to get a rough cut of the film probably in two weeks, and at that time I'll finish the soundtrack and record it here. I'm using Steve Gadd, Mike Mainieri, Warren Bernhardt, and Steve Khan. Not a bad band.

RT: So you are writing little 15-second interludes and snippets for the film score?

DS: Yes. Well, that's the part I'm not sure of yet, because I don't have a rough cut of the film, but I will have to write little cues. I'm just not sure what's going to be involved there, what I have to do. But I will have to

do that, and I've never done that before. I've got a couple friends who have written for film, and they're going to help me out when I get in trouble, which I hope is not too often.

RT: On your *Hideaway* album, you wrote or co-wrote all the tunes except one. I've been disappointed that there weren't more of your tunes on your last two albums.

DS: I'm really glad to hear you say that, actually, because I've kind of shyed away from . . . I went through a crisis of not really feeling that my tunes were very interesting or valid. And I've recently re-evaluated that stance, and realized that the most effective music I make is my own—interpreting my own material. And that my point of view that it was maybe a little weak, or this or that, is really irrelevant. What really matters is the emotional communication. And that is best communicated through a context that I establish myself. So this next album, I'm going to write or co-write all the songs. I feel a real need to return to that kind of approach that I had on *Hideaway*.

RT: You have built up a fine supporting cast of players for your albums over the years. Are you going to continue with the same sort of sound on your next album?

DS: I think so. I'm going to try to distill it. Maybe make it a little more direct. I've tended to write a lot of latin-oriented tunes. I think I have a tendency to gravitate towards that kind of music, I don't know why. But I'm going to try to stretch my limits a little bit. Broaden my horizons as it were, and try to write some different kinds of tunes. I've got about 15 or 20 tunes now that I'm kind of combing through, and seeing what I can get out of them, seeing where they'll lead me.

RT: Bassist Marcus Miller has had a big hand compositionally on your last couple albums.

DS: He's the greatest. He and I are going to be working really closely on this next album. It's going to be Marcus and I, and Michael Colina and Ray Bardani, I think, almost exclusively, with maybe a couple other musicians occasionally. But we're going to try to keep it real simple and direct.

RT: Do you plan on using any electronic effects on your saxophone?

DS: I think I'll probably get into using more electronics on this next album. I don't know exactly how. I'll probably try to mix the natural sound of the instrument with other outboard equipment, coloring either the background horns or to change the context. And maybe just use the electronics as an expressive tool. I like the acoustic sound of the reed vibrating. The fact that the pickup for electronic devices is hooked onto the neck or the mouthpiece means it just picks up the sounds that are coming out of the neck or mouthpiece. It totally misses everything that's coming out all over the horn. The sound comes out everywhere; it just emanates. I think that was one thing I never really got used to about electronics—there was an absence of the natural sound. It wasn't so much that I disliked the sound that was obtained by using electronics, it's just that I missed the real reedy, rich sound of the instrument itself. It also made me feel like the instrument was less flexible. I also use some devices after the fact. I'll play, and then sit at the board and add a wah-wah effect with my hand while hearing myself back.

RT: I think some people were surprised that you toured as part of the Eagles a couple years ago.

DS: I enjoyed that. It's nice for me to play in a musical context that hasn't up to that point incorporated the saxophone. This is a guitar band, right? Country-rock American. Even though the musicianship can incorporate the sax, it just somehow hasn't been incorporated in that context. To be able to do that is great. Broaden horizons.

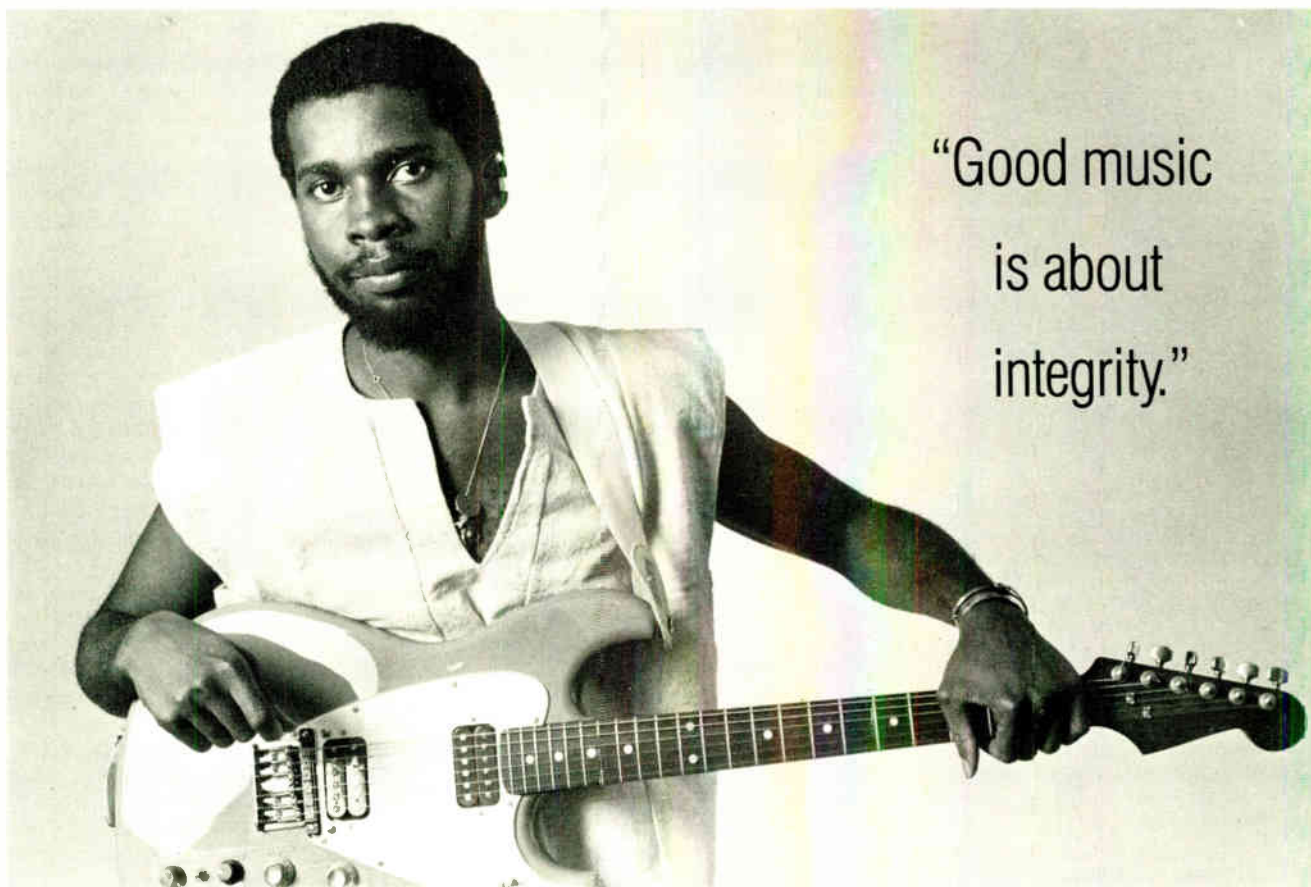
RT: Has your career gone the way you designed or imagined it?

DS: I certainly didn't have any idea that my career would take the form that it's taken. I don't know exactly what that is, how to describe it. I feel like I'm surviving, not only in the business, but in the general scheme of things. And I'm pretty pleased with the way things have been going recently. It's always nice to get response in the form of awards, like the Grammy, and also just selling records. To know that people are responding to what you're doing. But I don't feel like I really chose to be a musician. I feel like it just happened, and that it almost chose me. It was part destiny, part free choice. Music became what I had to do. It was never something I thought about, nor did I have any goals or aspirations in that area. It was just my means of expression, my way of expressing how I felt about the world. It just became my voice.

db

VERNON REID

ELECTRIC INTEGRITY



"Good music
is about
integrity."

ANDY FREEBERG

By Howard Mandel

"What Count Basie was playing in his heyday—wasn't that commercial music? It was *dance music*," asserts Vernon Reid, the 24-year-old guitarist who knows that cutting a groove isn't mindlessness. "Give me a break . . . Ellington, Cab Calloway—it was all dance music. And nobody claimed *they* were selling out."

The smart, smiling, but still somewhat cautious Reid, relatively new to interviews but used to a bit of attention after three years of travel with Ronald Shannon Jackson and the Decoding Society, is defending his music against a charge that hasn't been leveled against it yet. Reid considers himself an eclectic, drawing inspiration from many genres, willing to work with many types of bands, eager to explore the potentials of several

different electric stringed instruments, always bringing concentration as well as fresh spirit to his work. But he's aware of players and listeners who will scoff that his electric guitar playing isn't cool, but something impure—a tainted fusion of elements contrived for marketplace appeal, some betrayal of the avant garde, the jazz tradition, and the hip elite. Remember all the fuss about the first attempts to amplify improvisation?

Well, by now it should be obvious that youth won't necessarily choose a saxophone in emulation of Bird or Trane, or a trumpet in admiration of Dizzy and Miles. In fact, as the '80s continue, electricity, especially the electric guitar and especially one supported by powerful rhythms, has become central to some of our most artful and committed creations. The contemporary masters—including Miles and Dizzy, Sonny Rollins and Ornette—often rely on guitarists who know how to use their electricity; the guitarists keep searching out and modifying their instruments; the image of the guitar hero looms superimposed over dreams of past profits in the minds of marketeers and promoters. Guitarists raised on rock and psychedelia and free jazz and soul are returning a popular

sound to our attention, and not just recycling riffs—their music is exciting because it's truly their own, and its complexities are new.

Maybe there's been little hue and cry because in our current economic state, it's no



LAUREN DEUTSCH

VERNON REID'S EQUIPMENT

Vernon Reid has enough gear to stock a store. As a conscientious professional, he wants to be ready for anything, and as a member of a sonically experimental ensemble, he likes to choose the proper voicings to express Ronald Shannon Jackson's compositions to their max. Then, too, his buying habits are a good investment; when other musicians become self-indulgent about drugs, clean-living Reid puts his bucks into hardware.

"I practice only on acoustic guitar; my Washburn electro-acoustic is real nice for recording, too. It's funny, but I never practice on it amplified. On-stage I use a Les Paul Gold Top with Seymour Duncan pickups and a Stratocaster that was put together for me—I just put a Duncan single-coil pickup on the bridge position, and I have two humbuckers in it, and it has a tremolo arm I really love. Then I have a Roland guitar synthesizer GR 300, with the 202 guitar, but it has an ESP neck of padua and ebony—I don't like maple necks. I have a six-string banjo, an Italian Echo, which was inexpensive, but it's good. Ronald suggested it to me, and at first I balked—I'm a guitar player—but then I said, 'Hey, look—it's just something at my disposal.' I don't really approach it like a claw-hammer, I approach it like a Chinese lute. I've thought about getting a tenor banjo, and also about getting a fretless guitar and a guitar with scalloped frets, so you can bend the strings by pushing down, into the neck, but I've got to find a luthier who's willing to try it and make it work.

"Anyway, I also have a Vesta guitar, which is a cross between a Les Paul and a Gibson 335—it's really warm sounding, and it has a lot of presence. I have a Fender steel, like a lap steel with legs.

"Amplifiers—I use a Yamaha G-100 amp for the guitar synthesizer. I've been alternating between a Roland pre-amp and power amp and a Barcus Berry with two 10-inch speakers for the guitars; they're both good, but I want to check out Peavey's amps, because I hear they're quite reliable.

"As for strings, basically I use an 11 to 52 gauge set, with an unwound, plain 18 or 19 G-string, either D'Addario's, Dean Markley, or Stay-In-Tune strings."

And devices: Reid's include an Ibanez compressor and auto-filter, an Electro-Harmonix flanger, a DOD analog delay, and a Pro-Co RAT distortion box.

VERNON REID SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

with the Decoding Society

MAN DANCE—Antilles/Island 1008

NASTY—Moers Music 01086

EYE ON YOU—About Time 1003

with Defunkt

THERMONUCLEAR SWEAT—Hannibal 1311

sin to make some money. Maybe the electric guitar has finally become accepted as a practical and flexible instrument, capable of volumes that demand attention but also able to convey the gentle and unique human touch. The electric guitar can be a dangerous tool in the hands of a soloist—too frequently abused—but it's quite useful, too, in an accompanying role; that dual nature has been enjoyed by every exponent of the axe since Charlie Christian plugged into America's jazz culture. Maybe it's just that the guitar has symbolized up-with-it energy in music for more than 30 years now—and now, more than ever, music lovers need its zest.

Back to Vernon Reid; let's regard him as a real musician (not just some hot punk with a wonder wand), decoding contrapuntal harmonics or plunging into Defunkt (Reid's been with Joe Bowie's threatening dance band on and off since its beginning), or experimenting with music-gamesmaker John Zorn or autoharpist Laraaji, or recalling close roots with his high school and college party-in-the-basement pals. Vernon's fingers are wickedly fast, but so's his brain. Which ever of many guitar sounds he selects, he can link furious phrases to the point of a piece: he can twist melodic notions so they co-join despite their contrasts; he can cut through steamy funk with masterful cool, or linger in some haunting aural space just this side of not being noticed. He'll step forth, certain he'll excite the audience; he'll lay back, to feed another soloist comped chords with smooth style. Quite the young guitarist—such skill might make one less mature rather cocky.

"From the beginning: the Vernon Reid story," he starts with an ironical sigh. "I was born in England. My parents are from the West Indies. When people think of the West Indies they think of Jamaica or Trinidad, but my parents are from one of the smaller, leeward islands, Montserrat, which was dominated by the British. I've heard records of choral singing, hymns, and folk tunes from there which are beautiful, very clear. But I've never really been there.

"We moved to Brooklyn when I was two, and I was raised here, going to public school, then Catholic schools, until I bailed out after junior high. I went to Brooklyn Tech as an art student, studying illustration, industrial art, Cubism, different stuff; there was always a mixture of music and cultures around me. I was a serious AM radio listener back then; my favorite song was Dionne Warwick's *Do You Know The Way To San Jose?*—'All the stars that never were/parking cars and pumping gas'—those were heavy lyrics, you know? And the Temptations, Aretha Franklin, Ray Charles. . . . My folks were into Johnny Mathis, as well as West Indian singers like Mighty Sparrow and Lord Melody. I was looking in a record cabinet at their place recently, and found a single by Xavier Cugat, *Flying Down To Rio*, as well as some of James Brown's best records, with the Fabulous Flames.

"I started playing guitar during my sophomore year in high school. There was a

barber shop on the corner, where the barber was really into blues, and he used to show me things on his guitar. Then my uncle, he was playing in calypso bands, he'd show me chords and things. I had wanted to play flute, but a cousin gave me an old Gibson acoustic guitar that he didn't play anymore; it had these really thick strings and really high action, and it was painful for me to learn on it. I actually stopped playing for a while, then a few months later I said to myself, 'I'm going to sit down and try to learn how to do this stuff.'

"So I just kept at it. When I finally figured out about changing the strings, I realized the guitar's intonation was a mess, and when I took it into a guitar store, the repairman laughed at me. But there was a music school in my neighborhood, and I got my first instruction there from a guy who looked like Woody Allen and was really into the Beatles—he was a Beatles fanatic. I had to beg him to show me stuff by Kool And The Gang, the Ohio Players, bands like that.

"The common theme I was hearing from all these people," Vernon thinks of his barber, his uncle, his cousin, his Beatles teacher, "was: If you stick with music, it will take you places. I thought, 'Okay.'"

* * *

Reid's first gig was with his high school jazz workshop. "We played *Afro Blue*, some Earth, Wind & Fire charts. . . . I was so nervous, my mind was a total jumble. I had to turn to my friends to ask what tune we were doing, and when I turned back, the curtain was open, and there was my entire junior class, a thousand of my peers! But I did it, I did it." The next place music took him was to dance parties in Brooklyn and Queens, where he played with pickup cover bands. Reid went on to form combos that aspired to work originals into sets of Top 40 hits. "Ha-ha," Reid laughs dryly, "the originals never happened."

But he did try writing pop hooks, and has kept tight with Raymond Jones, his musical influence from those days who's played keyboards with Chic, toured with Talking Heads, worked with Nona Hendryx' Propaganda, and maintained his own projects, playing Manhattan clubs like S.N.A.F.U., with Vernon on guitar. And unlike his fabled predecessors, the guys who were underage but would sneak into bars to hear black music, Vernon, self-described as "a college-bound, middle-class black kid," merely turned to the radio for his advancing education.

"In '73, '74, New York City FM radio was out. I was hearing Pharoah Sanders and various people; I didn't understand a lot of it, but I was getting into it. And I was caught between two worlds—I was listening to Santana; *Caravanserai* was, to me, his best album, one of my favorites. I was listening to John McLaughlin in the context of Miles Davis, all his playing on *Live/Evil*—that was great. I really liked the first Return To Forever album with a guitarist—Bill Connors; I had friends who were into rock & roll, who played me a record called *Roadwork* by Johnny Winter with Rick Derringer—a lot of playing.



ANDY FREEBERG

"Then the *Band Of Gypsies* album, that's timeless. But I don't want to talk about Hendrix too much, 'cause that's like . . ." Inescapable. If there's a ghost hovering above young black guitarists—or any musicians trying to create widely heard, complex, consuming music out of wild, lyrical sound—it's Jimi's. Conservative ears can't hear him but as noise—still the ghost stirs many a musician towards glory, scaring them with suggestions they're mere imitators.

"A really good player is like a magnet," Reid considers. "Benson, Pat Martino, Wes Montgomery, Johnny Winter, McLaughlin—it's so easy to get caught up in what they're doing. They sound so good, man, I want to play like that! It's a danger, especially for a young guitar player—and I was very aware of the danger at that time. I think one of the heaviest weights for young black guitar players who choose the idiom of, say, rock, is living up to that Hendrix image. It's hard, too, because when people hear things and they don't really listen, they associate you with what they want to associate you with. It's an easy cop-out for a reviewer to say, 'Oh, yes, the pyrotechnics of Hendrix,' even when you don't sound anything like him."

"Some people mean it as a compliment," he goes on, "but others just mean to dismiss

you. After one date I played with the Decoding Society, a guy walked up to me and sneered. 'Didja ever hear of Jimi Hendrix?' Reid grimaces sweetly. "I felt like smashing him."

Vernon has gone to some lengths to avoid being thought of as a Hendrix clone. "For a long time I wouldn't play the Stratocaster. I wouldn't even wear a headband on-stage," he admits. "Now, I'm not worrying about that." Still, the critics bring up the Dead Man—haven't they heard any screaming feedback from anyone *alive* in the '70s? Reid sounds less like Hendrix than like someone who's heard him, and loved him, and understood what he did.

"You talk about the bridge between free jazz and rock; listen carefully to *Machine Gun*," he advises. "Listen to the end, where Jimi has the feedback, and he's playing a really fragile line on top of it, and he's controlling the tremolo arm. The song is about Vietnam, and you can actually hear, like, voices—to me, it's like a choir—of the men, women, and children who were suffering, being slaughtered, during that war, even while he was playing that concert."

"Above a certain volume, the electric guitar takes on totally different characteristics. The guitar is malleable; when it's hot,

when it's really high, it becomes even more sensitive. That's what people either fail to grasp or don't want to grasp, but Hendrix did it—*Machine Gun* is *orchestral*—and guitarists like Pete Cosey [with Miles in the mid-'70s] had that understanding, too."

Knowing that malleability—and how it changes from guitar to guitar—is Reid's meat (otherwise, he's a vegetarian), though he's seldom cast as the mighty macho guitar-slinger. Prominent in the frontline of the Decoding Society, mobile within the bounds defined by his stands of guitars and his legged steel guitar, Reid nonetheless functions as part of an ensemble. It would be pretty hard to steal thunder from Ronald Shannon Jackson, but the Decoding Society doesn't arrange itself around soloists. Everyone gets a chance to blow, and Vernon plays spectacularly all over the band's three albums—*Man Dance*, *Nasty*, and *Eye On You*—opening *Man Dance*'s title track with a trebly, twanging descent while the twin basses of Melvin Gibbs and "Reverend" Bruce Johnson lift a fanfare of horns over Jackson's brisk canter. That detailed, many leveled composite obscures any individual's contributions, though if you listen attentively, you'll hear Reid coloring the whole with thought and passion, knowledgeably selecting the right tone from an array of instruments.

Reid is a founding member of the Decoding Society—a **down beat** review confused his solos with Bern Nix', writing of its debut LP—having come to Jackson's attention via Melvin Gibbs' word of mouth, after a time on the no wave front.

"I'd been with Defunkt for a while," explains Reid—he's all over its second album, *Thermonuclear Sweat*, sharing guitar space with Kelyvn Bell (also Arthur Blythe's guitarist), having replaced Martin Ober (who recorded with the late guitarist Alton Tims and his Flying Tigers for ROIR cassettes—another story entirely). "Matter of fact, I was on one of the first Defunkt gigs, because I was working with James White." The pale poseur "had a great band," Reid says. "John Purcell was playing baritone sax, Joe Bowie on trombone, Ted Daniel on trumpet, and sometimes Henry Threadgill or Luther Thomas on saxes."

"White called them his Flaming Demonics. One night, in the middle of a set, he ran off, and Bowie started calling 'Defunkt! Defunkt!' and began to play *Thermonuclear Sweat*. From then on Defunkt had gigs of its own."

The iconoclasm of no wave wasn't Reid's only preparation for serious playing; he'd taken lessons from guitarist Ted Dunbar through Jazz Interactions ("I got a sense from him of how much was involved in jazz—here's a man who understands what this music is all about.") and guitarists Bruce Johnson and Rodney Jones, who taught him "certain concepts concerning timing and rhythm, the idea of internal time, especially in contexts that are so-called 'free'—so you always know where you want to go. That was further emphasized when I started working with

CONTINUED ON PAGE 51

George

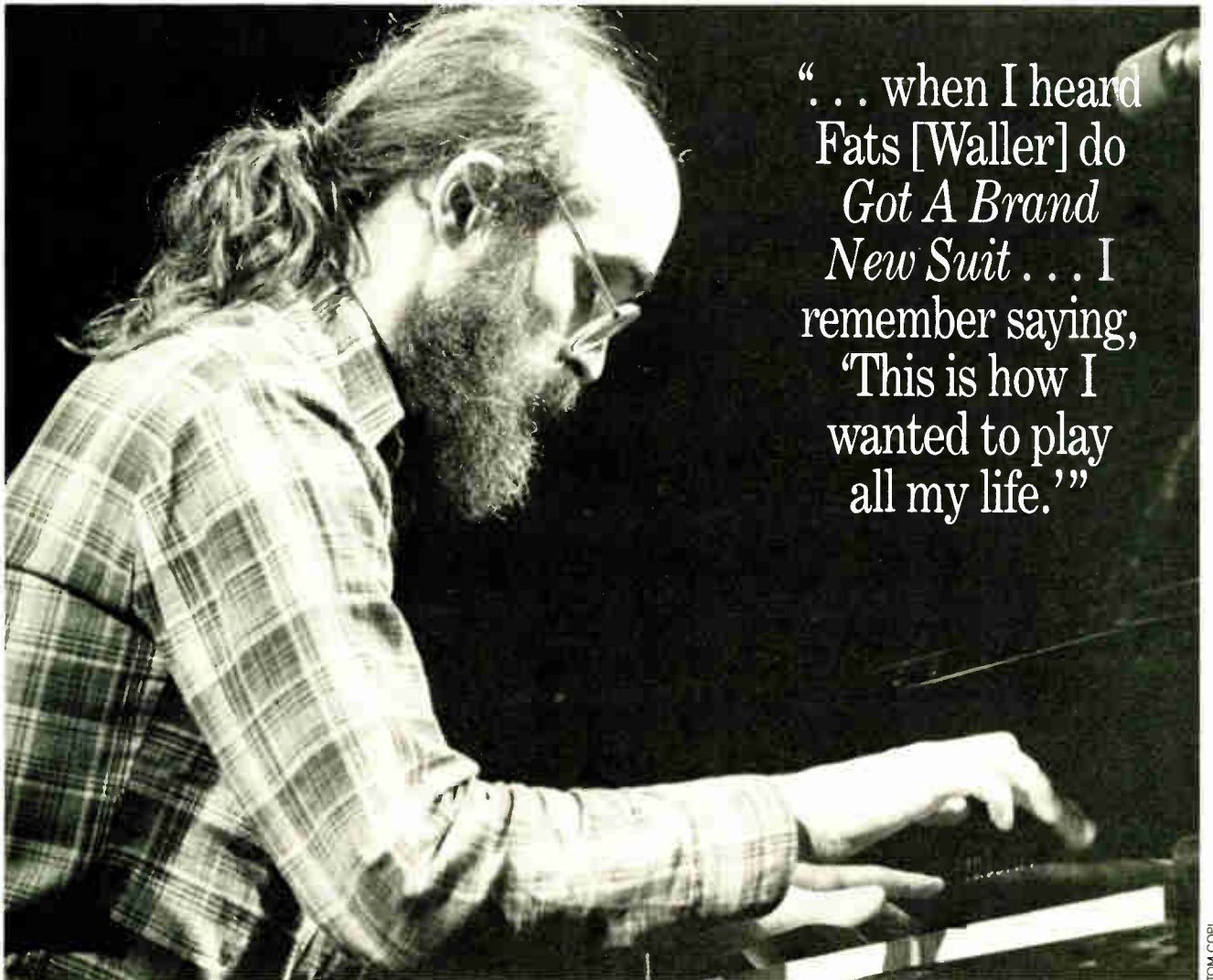
Winston

Mood Maker, Closet Rocker

B Y

B I L L

M I L K O W S K I



“... when I heard Fats [Waller] do *Got A Brand New Suit* ... I remember saying, ‘This is how I wanted to play all my life.’”

TOM COPI

There's something about George Winston's serenely lyrical solo piano music that affects people in profound ways. His mesmerizing mood music is lush with imagery, evoking the deepest emotions in listeners and spurring on sentimental reverie.

Winston fans—and there is a steadily growing cult of them—often find themselves projecting into his trance-like tapestries of sound, recalling faces and places and feelings from their past. As Charles M. Young said in his *Rolling Stone* review of Winston's *Autumn*: "The first time I heard this record, I found myself thinking wistfully of old girlfriends." **down beat** reviewer Lee Underwood touched upon the therapeutic quality of Winston's atmospheric piano pieces in a review of the same album: "By attuning his emotions to the serenity, order, and power of nature rather than to the violently frenetic tones of our contemporary cityscape, Winston provides us with a perfect aural and psychological antidote to the urban madness."

His cascading impressionism is ideally suited for meditation or late-night reflection. It soothes the senses like an aural Jacuzzi. He's the Holistic Piano Man, a Pied Piper for the New Age.

But this is just one side of the gentle, bearded, organically fed pianist who has been compared to Keith Jarrett and whose label—the tiny, San Francisco Bay Area-based Windham Hill Records—has been called "the American ECM." Few Winston fans realize that the man's musical scope goes well beyond his recorded output for Windham Hill. For beneath that ethereal, introspective image lurks the soul of a stride-playing boogie woogie man just itching to break loose.

Winston does reveal himself in performances, however, usually running the gamut of his eclectic musical tastes. It's a delightful surprise, if not an extreme bit of culture shock, for Winston's fans, who come to bask in the hypnotic flow of atmospheric pieces like *Colors*, *Moon*, or *Rain/Dance* and at some point in the evening get hit with Fats Waller's *Cat And Mouse* or Vince Guaraldi's *Linus And Lucy*.

And he doesn't stop there. At a George Winston performance you're also likely to see him whip out a boxful of harmonicas and launch into some real nasty get-down blues honking . . . hardly what you'd expect from Mr. Serenity himself. And on occasion Winston has treated crowds to some pretty mean slide guitar playing, complete with Jimmie Rodgers yodeling. Or he may favor fans with a jumping rendition of Amos Milburn's *Chicken Shack Boogie*. Clearly, there is more to George Winston than what meets the ear via Windham Hill.

When Winston arrived in New York recently for a performance at the Bottom Line, a showcase club in Greenwich Village, he spent an entire afternoon rummaging through some of the city's more eclectic record shops for rare r&b records. He came back to the club shortly before concert time with two boxes of albums to inspire him.

As he explained backstage, just before going on, "Right now I'm studying a lot of old pre-rock and early rock records from 1947 to 1957. I want to do a solo piano album of '50s dance blues, so I've been studying some of the old pianistic classics by people like Jerry Lee Lewis, Amos Milburn, and Floyd Cramer. What I do is listen to a lot of this stuff until I hear a song that has the feel I like. Then I'll take it and dabble on the piano for a while until I find something that fits, and maybe give it some title like *What You Got Is What I Like*. So, it's still impressionistic like *Autumn* is . . . it's just about a sock-hop instead of a forest."

So as not to confuse or disappoint those fans who thrive on his more meditative material, Winston is also planning another seasonal album for late *Spring Into Summer*. This will complete the cycle of albums which he has called "soundtracks of life." In explaining the idea behind these seasonal theme albums, he said, "With the *Autumn*, *Winter Into Spring*, and *December* records, I tried to communicate season changes and the thoughts of what people are doing in those changes." After this project comes the '50s dance album, followed by a record about space ("stuff influenced by synthesizer players") and then a double live album from his very eclectic performances.

Although Winston continues to soak up a number of musical influences, he says there

are only two piano players whom he actually steals licks from. "Professor Longhair [Roy Byrd] and Fats Waller—those are the only records I'll slow down to a lower speed and really study."

★ ★ ★

The 34-year-old pianist was born in Hart, Michigan and raised in Montana where he began piano lessons at the age of eight but soon gave up in order to concentrate on playing baseball with the rest of the kids in his neighborhood. On the move with his family in the early '60s, he grew up with the Top 40 rock & roll of first Jackson, Mississippi, and then Miami AM radio stations, latching onto pianistic influences along the way. In 1960, at the ripe old age of 11, something caught his ear to rekindle his interest in the piano. "It was a tune called *Asia Minor* by a group called Kokomo. It was a big hit that year and was actually the first piano tune that really turned me on. It was a great, classic piano concerto done to a rock beat by a pianist named Jimmy Wisner. Then, that same year, came Floyd Cramer's tune *On The Rebound*, followed a few months later by his hit *The Last Date*. By now I was hooked, not so much on the piano as much as the melody."

The turning point came a year later when he heard *Nut Rocker* by a group called Bee Bumble & The Stingers. "That killed me," he recalled. "It was a rock version of *The Nutcracker Suite*, and I remember saying to a friend after hearing that song, 'God, I'd give anything to play like that.' I still can't play that song."

Winston continued to absorb influences—Vince Guaraldi's music for Charlie Brown tv shows in 1965, Artie Butler's work on the 1969 Joe Cocker hit *Feelin' Alright*, Nicky Hopkins' melodic playing on the Jeff Beck LP *Beck-Ola*, and later on a Steve Miller album. Caught up in the rock frenzy, he joined a band at the age of 18, playing organ parts to covers of *Light My Fire* by the Doors, *Whiter Shade Of Pale* by Procol Harum, and anything by the Young Rascals.

That rock-influenced phase lasted for a few years until he heard Fats Waller for the first time in 1971 and very suddenly immersed himself in stride piano playing. "I was playing electric piano at the time, doing covers of Spirit's *Fresh Garbage* and stuff like that when I heard Fats do *Got A Brand New Suit* off one of the old RCA Vintage albums. I remember saying, 'This is how I wanted to play all my life.' I had seen a couple of stride players like Big Tiny Little and Joanne Castle, who used to be on the Lawrence Welk show, but I wasn't really interested in stride until I heard Fats. So when I heard *Got A Brand New Suit*, I literally left the electric stuff behind and began practicing tunes like *Handful Of Keys* or *Cat And Mouse*."

But Winston quit playing altogether in 1977, somewhat discouraged by the music business and also frustrated by not being able to play like Fats Waller. "For a while it just broke my heart," he said. "I knew I could never play like Fats, with that power and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 51



TOM COPI

GEORGE WINSTON SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

as a leader

AUTUMN—Windham Hill C-1012

WINTER INTO SPRING—Windham Hill C-1019

DECEMBER—Windham Hill C-1025

BALLADS AND BLUES 1972—Lost Lake Arts LLA-81

with William Ackerman

PASSAGE—Windham Hill C-1014

with Michael Hedges

BREAKFAST IN THE FIELD—Windham Hill C-1017

GEORGE WINSTON'S EQUIPMENT

George Winston plays (and endorses) Steinway pianos. In concert he often plays a Hohner Special 20 harmonica, occasionally dabbling in slide guitar on his Mosrite dobro.

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598
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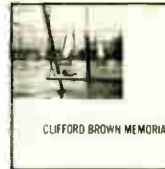
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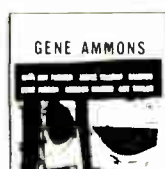
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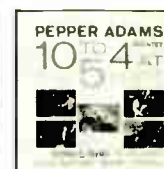
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OJC 040 (Jazzland 955)

RECORD REVIEWS

★★★★★EXCELLENT

★★★★★VERY GOOD

★★★GOOD

★★FAIR

★POOR

BILL EVANS

CALIFORNIA HERE I COME—Verve VE

2-2545: CALIFORNIA HERE I COME; POLKA DOTS AND MOONBEAMS; TURN OUT THE STARS; STELLA BY STARLIGHT; YOU'RE GONNA HEAR FROM ME; IN A SENTIMENTAL MOOD; G WALTZ; GREEN DOLPHIN STREET; GONE WITH THE WIND; IF YOU COULD SEE ME NOW; ALFIE; VERY EARLY; 'ROUND MIDNIGHT; EMILY; WRAP YOUR TROUBLES IN DREAMS.

Personnel: Evans, piano; Eddie Gomez, bass; Philly Joe Jones, drums.

★★★★★

THE INTERPLAY SESSIONS—Milestone

M-47066: YOU AND THE NIGHT AND THE MUSIC; WHEN YOU WISH UPON A STAR; I'LL NEVER SMILE AGAIN; INTERPLAY; YOU GO TO MY HEAD; WRAP YOUR TROUBLES IN DREAMS; LOOSE BLOOSE; TIME REMEMBERED; FUNKALLERO; MY BELLS; THERE YOU CAME; FUDGESICKLE BUILT FOR FOUR; FUN RIDE.

Personnel: Evans, piano; Freddie Hubbard, trumpet (cuts 1-6); Zoot Sims, tenor saxophone (7-13); Jim Hall, guitar; Percy Heath (1-6), Ron Carter (7-13), bass; Philly Joe Jones, drums.

★★★★★ ½

We have become reconciled to the inevitable exquisite sadness, like a gray November afternoon, in Bill Evans' playing. But, as liner note writers Orrin and Peter Keepnews (father—producer and annotator of the 1962 *Interplay Sessions*, with its first six cuts being originally released in 1963 and the last seven appearing here for the first time—and son—annotator of *California*, which was taped at the Village Vanguard in 1967 and is newly issued) observe, Evans could swing, although he often chose to downplay that aspect of his temperament. These double-album sets present Evans the swinger.

They are quite different. In Evans' sparse, 1962 style, single lines shine, buoyed by a delicate, almost John Lewis-like sense of rhythm, and fleshed sparsely by mesmerizing chords. In 1967, all the elements of his later trio persona were in place—the personal chordal exposition of melody with inner lines becoming lead lines and disappearing into further harmonizations, the dance of block chords clipping with the beat, the fluid out-of-tempo introductions, the conversational accompaniment of bass and drums. . . .

The sides with Hubbard have a contemporary (for 1962) feeling—a springy beat, an emotional glow, crisp ensemble punctuation, pop tunes and Evans' minor blues, the bop vocabulary—but the sides with Sims (and, more importantly, the pianist's cerebral originals) seem a throwback to the 1950s. Hubbard plays a nuzzling muted solo on *Interplay*, and elsewhere his tone has a bright spittle edge. He is very good on this album.

Hall stitches melodic fragments together sketchily, sometimes connecting and sometimes not, but his warm tone is consistently a



DAVID B. GARLAND

plus. He and Sims make airy work of Evans' written lines, and this texture carries over to the saxophonist's improvisations. Evans' tunes gave the musicians a difficult time, according to Orrin Keepnews' notes, but no tentativeness eviscerates the playing of the pianist, Carter, or Jones. The drummer in fact works equally well with Heath (dig their unity on *Wrap Your Troubles*), Carter (note the neat tempo changes on *My Bells*), and Gomez—and with Evans, whom he clearly inspires on the trio sides.

Evans expressed doubts about the strength of the 1967 recording, but I think he sought innovation, different tunes, and another format besides the trio: something other than nights in a club he frequented several times a year. But of course this is precisely the Bill Evans that evolved—the consummate trio performer who continually found depth and beauty in a repertoire of standards and jazz originals, and in the instrumentation of piano, bass, and drums.

These performances are alacrious, perhaps too much in the same medium tempo, but technically polished, warm, and full of the rich chordal perspective that no other pianist has yet equaled. Sometimes Evans eschews the written melody altogether, transforming a *You're Gonna Hear From Me* or a *California Here I Come* into an engaging jazz vehicle. Bassist Gomez breaks up the counterpoint behind Evans and solos dazzlingly. Jones is a model of prodding swing.

Five stars for the cuts with Hubbard, four for the ones with Sims, yielding four-and-a-half. Five all the way for *California*.

—owen cordle

AL DiMEOLA

TOUR DE FORCE "LIVE"—Columbia FC

38373: ELEGANT GYPSY SUITE; NENA; ADVANTAGE; EGYPTIAN DANZA; RACE WITH DEVIL ON SPANISH HIGHWAY; CRUISIN'.

Personnel: DiMeola, guitar; Jan Hammer, keyboards; Anthony Jackson, bass; Steve Gadd, drums; Victor Godsey, Philippe Saisse (cuts 1, 5), keyboards; Sammy Figueroa (1-3), Mingo Lewis, percussion.

★★★★★

Tour De Force "Live" is a follow-up to *Electric Rendezvous*, Al DiMeola's early 1982 release on which he dispensed with his regular band and formed a group consisting of Hammer, Gadd, Jackson, and Lewis. The resurrection of the idea of the super group that *Electric Rendezvous* represented worked so well that the band went out on the road for a one-time tour, whose final night—and climax—in Philadelphia was recorded live and edited, now, into *Tour De Force*, Di Meola's sixth album as a leader.

The album title might strike some DiMeola skeptics as strangely uncanny—like an open admission of the guitarist and his friends as simply musele-strutting virtuosi—but actually the title is particularly apt as a pun on these players' well-known instrumental command and their strength as creative musicians on this night when all their high-geared talents meshed and inspiration flowed freely.

Elegant Gypsy Suite, perhaps DiMeola's most iconoclastic composition and certainly his best known, is the riveting opener. The

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RECORD REVIEWS

crackling rhythm virtually pops off the record, and DiMeola and Hammer's interplay is a cross-weave of beautiful soundscapes and elegant thematic developments. It is one of the rare live jazz-rock performances that ignites the live audience yet stays fulfilling during repeated listening because of melodic fluency and finely carved peaks and valleys.

Equally hard to resist is *Nena*, the closest thing to a ballad on the album. DiMeola displays another facet of his guitar by avoiding his customary distorted edge in favor of an extremely clear and lush romantic sound. While *Advantage* and *Egyptian Danza* are marked by fusion clichés of rapid exchanges and dizzying unison runs, *Race With Devil* is another highlight with crowd-pleasing but also totally awesome guitar soloing. Here, as elsewhere, Santana lurks in the wings.

Finally, *Cruisin'* offers a further example of extremely infectious double-play between guitar and keyboards, and of the ability of the entire group to structure even the slightest of themes into a dynamic and exciting piece of music.

—Iars gabel

HENRY THREADGILL

WHEN WAS THAT?—About Time 1004: *MELIN*; *10 To 1*; *JUST B*; *WHEN WAS THAT?*; *SOFT SUICIDE AT THE BATHS*.

Personnel: Threadgill, flute, bass flute, clarinet, alto, tenor saxophone; Craig Harris, trombone; Olu Dara, cornet; Fred Hopkins, bass; Brian Smith, piccolo bass; Pheeroan Ak Laff, John Betsch, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Anyone familiar with Threadgill's contributions to Air is aware of his prowess as an instrumentalist and musical director. However, it wasn't until his impressive first solo album, *X-75 Volume 1*, that Threadgill's capacity for ensemble composition was really revealed. The compelling sonorities of *Celebration*, a beautiful tapestry for four basses, four flutes, and one voice, indicated that Threadgill was an orchestral maverick to keep an eye on. On his new outing, he deepens the breadth of his unconventional vision, alternately channeling and unleashing the six other individualists on hand.

On paper, the ensemble of two bassists and two drummers might appear bottom-heavy. Be assured that Ak Laff and Betsch manage an uncanny hand-in-glove sensitivity so that no one's tail is stepped on. Likewise, Smith's piccolo bass is often pulled out of the backfield up to the frontline, leaving Hopkins as anchorman.

Threadgill likes to float around in a kind of harmonic backwash and sometimes the pieces don't really "go" anywhere special. The voicings are so rich, though, that this doesn't present a problem. The funeral ballad *Melin* uses an arco bass and bass flute backdrop to ground the plaintive trombone and cornet, which take turns crying on each other's shoulders.

10 To 1 is particularly delightful when lis-

tened to through headphones. Smith and Hopkins play a game of musical ping pong across the channels. Plucked and bent notes are thrown back and forth in a call-and-response interaction under Threadgill's flute lines. This piece is the weakest in terms of composition, but it provides an open format for the soloist's tonal accountings. Threadgill's flute is bright, Dara's cornet is playful and sly, Smith's arco work is furrowed, and Harris' trombone swaggers and prances with multiphonic accents.

The title track is the only real flagwaver, and it bristles with excitement. Like Mingus, Threadgill knows how to make a mid-size ensemble swing with the intensity of a roaring big band. Betsch and Ak Laff play a labyrinthine introduction that builds tension with each measure. When the front line finally jumps in, the effect is like that of a bursting dam. Threadgill's alto leads off in a double-time solo that mixes Morse code staccato with impassioned declamation. The ensemble re-enters for a brief refrain at the end of each chorus to punch it up and remind the soloists to keep it pithy. Dara is exhilarating in a high-note trapeze act. When he runs up the ensemble's back with a rapidfire run, it's nothing less than thrilling. Isn't it about time we get a solo record from him?

Soft Suicide is a reharmonization of *White Christmas* into a doloroso lament. While the horns play it loose and juicy, the drummers are real busybodies weaving double- and quadruple-time networks underneath. Threadgill's taut clarinet and Harris' wide open sobs create an arresting texture amid the polyphony.

There are parallels to Threadgill's writing to be heard in David Murray's octet and Muhal Richard Abrams' current ensemble work. Threadgill is on his own, however, in his textures, voicings, and instrumental groupings. He's making important music that deserves our attention.

—kirk silsbee

BOBBY HUTCHERSON

SOLO/QUARTET—Contemporary 14009:

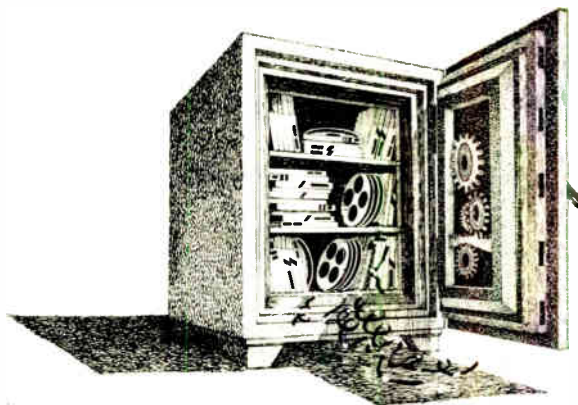
GOTCHA; *FOR YOU, MOM AND DAD*; *THE ICE CREAM MAN*; *LA ALHAMBRA*; *OLD DEVIL MOON*; *MY FOOLISH HEART*; *MESSINA*.

Personnel: Hutcherson, vibraphone, marimba, bass marimba, chimes, xylophone, bells, boo-bam; McCoy Tyner, piano; Herbie Lewis, bass; Billy Higgins, drums; John Koenig, bells.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

This album is undoubtedly a dream realized for Hutcherson. It seems that almost every truly creative musician has a desire to present his work in a solo context. There have not been too many such experiments with mallet instruments, and it takes a Bobby Hutcherson to pull it off successfully. The three tracks on side one feature him alone on his entire arsenal, with the aid of overdubbing.

It is a difficult task to maintain harmonic and melodic interest when there is only one kind of sonority to deal with. However, in each of the three works, there is a surprising variety



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of moods, enough to warrant full attention. The opening cut has shades of an ancient Moroccan desert caravan totally out of character with the modernity of the title, *Gotcha*. Generally, Hutcherson sets up a pattern on one or another of the instruments, then proceeds to embellish and explore different tonalities with the others, often using the chimes and bells as backdrop to the foreground figures on marimba or xylophone. In the liner notes, producer John Koenig informs that, "... [Hutcherson] would play each of the several mallet instruments in ensemble with each other through the medium of 24-track tape ... his aim was to create a homogeneous whole, both sonically and interpretatively."

Side two teams Hutcherson with three equally talented musicians, each of whom he worked with in the early 1960s. This represents a potent reunion, and it is a tribute to Hutcherson's stature that pianist McCoy Tyner appears as a sideman for the first time in almost 10 years. The four of them sound as though they had been doing this together all their lives, and one wonders if this may not be the forerunner of many such appearances.

Two of the compositions on the quartet side are Hutcherson originals; the other two are beautiful old standards. Hutcherson and company invest these tunes with a quality of newness and spontaneity that is the special trademark of the true jazzman. Hutcherson's penchant for romantic lyricism is well showcased in *My Foolish Heart*; his playfulness comes out in his own *La Alhambra*; and *Messina* is the perfect vehicle for exploration. The vibist's rapport with Tyner needs special mention: at times, during some unison lines or chords, it is almost impossible to tell the two instruments apart, so closely do they resemble each other, and so in tune are the two players. Hutcherson continues to produce only superlative albums, and his choice of associates always does him credit.

—frankie nemko-graham

ART HODES

JUST THE TWO OF US—Muse MR 5279: *WILLOW WEEP FOR ME; WININ'; I WOULD DO MOST ANYTHING FOR YOU; LOW DOWN N' BELOW; BYE & BYE; DOWN HOME BLUES; RANDOLPH STREET BLUES; HERE COMES COW COW; MISS OTIS REGRETS; MILT JUMPS.*

Personnel: Hodes, piano; Milt Hinton, bass.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

SELECTIONS FROM THE GUTTER—Storyville SLP 4057: *SELECTION FROM THE GUTTER; MAKE ME A PALLET ON THE FLOOR; BLUES KEEP CALLING; WASHBOARD BLUES; ORGAN GRINDER BLUES; JACKASS BLUES; FRANKIE AND JOHNNY; ST. LOUIS BLUES.*

Personnel: Hodes, piano; Jens Sølund, bass (cuts 1-3, 5, 6).

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

God bless you, Art Hodes, for here you are in your 78th year still spelling out the righteous word in all its glory. Not only did you learn your stuff first hand from the masters—Louis and Earl, Dodds and Noone, Bix and Bessie—but you kept on adding to it over the years, constantly refining it according to your own per-

sonal specifications until you finally reached what is now the apex of your lifelong career. Art, out of your entire discographical bequest to jazz, *Just The Two Of Us* will come to represent your finest, most shining hour.

I especially enjoyed Jelly's *Winin' Boy Blues* (which the liner curiously and querulously insisted on calling *Winin'*), your James P./Fats version of Claude Hopkins' *I Would Do*, the Hines touches and stride on *Bye & Bye*, the long overdue revival of Ethel Waters' 1921 masterpiece *Down Home Blues*, your own cherished *Randolph Street*, the tribute to boogie woogie pioneer Cow Cow Davenport, the carelessly loving *Miss Otis* and, of course, Milt's almost brutal slapping of his new baby on the final track.

But there's even more. Now, thanks to a new leasing arrangement between Danish Storyville and American distribution interests, your 1970 Copenhagen date will, for the first time, be made generally available to stateside collectors. Undoubtedly you remember the occasion. You arrived in that charming city for a gig with Papa Bue's Viking Jazz Band at a bohemian, Village-y sort of place called the Vingarden and, to your surprise, found yourself, a person of modestly monolingual persuasions, not only unmet at the gate but not even expected until the morrow. However, frustrations and educative tribulations once put aside, you finally rallied to the point of cutting this date. Bue's bassist, Jens Sølund, accompanied you on five of the eight tracks, and probably at your own request, but so self-effacing was his barely audible contribution that I think you could have done just as well—maybe even better—without him. Certainly, he's no Milt Hinton, but then again, who is besides the Judge himself?

Aptly titled, the album is gully low from start to finish. Indeed, not since the days of Jimmy Yancey have I heard so much depth of feeling or proprietary command of the idiom than you can still invest in the blues. One way or another, every performance in this package must be considered definitive. Above all, though, even beyond your personally hallmarked enrichments of the 12-bar idiom is that special understanding you always bring to Hoagy's otherwise neglected classic, *Washboard Blues*. Indisputably an irreplaceable chunk of Americana, this unique composition never fails to elicit a sensitive response from your fingers. Keep it in the book. It works.

—jack sohmer

BILL DIXON

NOVEMBER 1981—Soul Note SN 1037/38: *NOVEMBER 1981; PENTHESILEA; THE SECOND SON; THE SIRENS; ANOTHER QUIET FEELING; WEBER; WINDSWEEP WINTERSET; VELVET; LLAATTIINNOO SUITE.*

Personnel: Dixon, trumpet; Alan Silva, Mario Pavone, bass; Laurence Cook, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Ironically, discussions about Bill Dixon dwell upon his activities as a theorist, organizer,

and educator to the exclusion of the specific musical contributions he has made on the trumpet. Oversimplified, Dixon's affinity for non-tempered tuning, fused with innovative usage of "flubbed" and half-valved notes, exaggerated vibrato, and non-pressured blowing, is a methodological approach as self-contained as Albert Ayler's or Cecil Taylor's. *November 1981*, a two-disc package documenting a Zurich concert and a Milan studio session, gives a better head-on perspective of Dixon the trumpeter than the flurry of albums released in the last 18 months, as the pared-down, two-bass quartet affords him maximum solo space and does not require his direction from the piano.

November 1981 also presents a good case for Dixon as a progenitor of such diverse trumpet stylists as Leo Smith and Lester Bowie, to name just two. *Webern* is a compacted (less than a minute long), thickly textured solo exploration of a B7 aug. 11th chord that reflects both Smith's structural concerns and his inclusive creative music rhetoric. Similarly, using many of the timbral devices he pioneered but have since become identified with Bowie, Dixon sustains a charged atmosphere throughout the multifaceted, 15-minute-plus *Llaattinnoo Suite*.

Though the program offers ample portions of the jarring visceral music that was perceived by many as the calling card of the avant garde in the early '60s, *November 1981* also includes compositions and passages of pointed lyricism and meditative calm. On *Another Quiet Feeling*, Dixon blows in a breathy, vibratoless manner that forms a warm chiaroscuro with bowed basses and silvery cymbals. The same approach intensifies on *Penthesilea* to create a subtle dramatic tension. Dixon's use of clipped phrases at a soft volume is especially effective on *Velvet*, as they seemingly evaporate like wisps of smoke.

November 1981 is a substantial addition to the too-scant discography of this dynamic figure.

—bill shoemaker

EDDIE "CLEANHEAD" VINSON & ROOMFUL OF BLUES

EDDIE "CLEANHEAD" VINSON & ROOMFUL OF BLUES—Muse MR 5282: *HOUSE OF JOY; FRIEND OF MINE; MOVIN' WITH LESTER; NO BONES; THAT'S THE GROOVY THING; PAST SIXTY BLUES; STREET LIGHTS; FARMER'S DAUGHTER BLUES.*

Personnel: Vinson, alto saxophone, vocals (cuts 2, 6, 8); Greg Piccolo, tenor saxophone; Rich Lataille, alto saxophone; Doug James, baritone saxophone; Bob Enos, trumpet; Porky Cohen, trombone; Al Copley, piano; Ronnie Earl Horvath, guitar; Jimmy Wimpfheimer, bass; John Rossi, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Here's an album that isn't perfect, and that's just the way they wanted it! Uninhibited, blowing jazz and blues are on the docket, and there's only one way to capture the true

spirit of such music—as spontaneously as possible.

House Of Joy sets that stage immediately, a full-blown big band classic from the '40s Cootie Williams orchestra that young Eddie Vinson was a major part of. Next up is a Vinson blues vocal, *Friend Of Mine*, and there you have it. From this point on it is obvious that whatever these guys cook up together is going to turn out at least partially raw. That's how they like it.

The veteran Vinson and the upstart Roomful of bluesologists have been aware of each other as performers for several years now, and you can bet that the younger guys have made a study of his act for even longer. This session followed a series of live dates together in New England, during which such wide-open ditties as *House Of Joy* and *That's The Groovy Thing* were worked up, in every sense of the words.

But this studio date brought forth some fresh charts for the boys to dig their axes into: *Movin' With Lester* (with Cleanhead's additional tribute to Charlie Parker), *No Bones* (meaning Texas guitar legend T-Bone Walker), and *Street Lights* (the Lockjaw Davis penning, not the recent crossover hit). Actually, much of this material was undertaken on the wing and downed in a maximum of two takes, thereby preserving the spirit of wild times and sizzling sax. Vinson is in pretty good form, but the Roomfuls seem downright excited.

Roomful Of Blues has that reputation of only being in it for the "funny"; they're a party-prone unit that loves to play hard and have fun doing it. While the ever-so-slightly more conservative Mr. Vinson's demeanor may have been tempered by time, even age can't hold him back from joining in the raucous revelry with priceless vocals on *Past Sixty Blues* and *Farmer's Daughter Blues*. Sings Vinson on the former: "Just cuz I'm past 60 don't mean I'm a dirty old man/I don't chase after women; they come see me every chance they can."

Authentic blues in the '80s may not be the next big thing, but this kind of record has a looseness and feel that anyone can understand. In that sense, *Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson & Roomful Of Blues* gets down and rattles our nerve endings in a most refreshing way.

—robert henschen

PETER WARREN

SOLIDARITY—Japo 60034: RIFF-RAFF;

SOLIDARITY; Mlle. JOUE; LISA'S TILT; I REMEMBER STU.

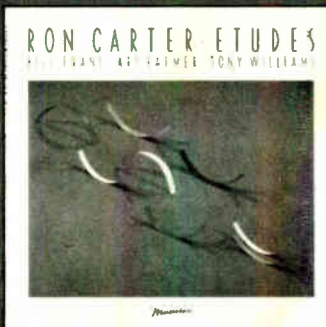
Personnel: Warren, bass, cello; John Purcell, alto, tenor, soprano saxophone; John Scofield, guitar; Jack DeJohnette, drums; Ray Anderson, trombone (cuts 1, 2).

★ ★ ★

Side one of Peter Warren's first album as a leader in a decade has what Garcia Lorca called *duende*—passion, darkness, soul. That's mainly due to Ray Anderson, whose rubbery, greased trombone soars wildly over

"The rhythm of jazz is against the normal psychological needs of man."

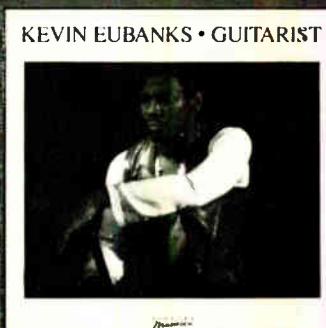
Excerpted from HOW TO DISTINGUISH DECADENT SONGS, THE PEOPLES MUSIC PRESS, PEKING, CHINA.



RON CARTER/ETUDES

60214

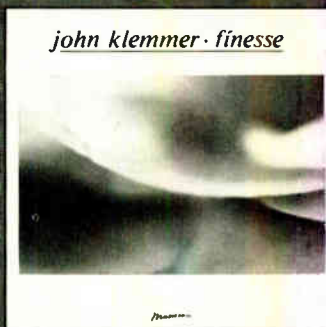
The premier acoustic bassist in jazz in a piano-less quartet setting featuring Art Farmer, Tony Williams and Miles' saxophonist, Bill Evans. A program of inspired originals such as "Echoes," "Rufus" and "Bottoms Up."



KEVIN EUBANKS • GUITARIST

60213

The solo debut of blazing 24-year-old virtuoso, Kevin Eubanks, on both electric and acoustic guitar. Features Roy Haynes, Robin Eubanks, Ronnie Burrage and others on such tunes as "Innervisions," "Novice Bounce" and "Evidence."



john klemmer • finesse

60992

A beautiful audiophile recording of original compositions by saxophone wizard Klemmer and his Open Skies group featuring Roy McCurdy on drums, Bob Magnusson on bass, Russell Ferrante on keyboards and Steve Forman on percussion.



CHICK COREA/AGAIN AND AGAIN (THE JOBURG SESSIONS)

60167

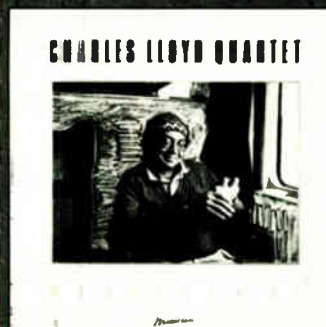
Chick's current touring quartet features Steve Kujala on flute, Don Alias on percussion, Carlos Bonavent on bass and Tom Brechtlein on drums. This fine band recorded a fascinating studio album while on tour in South Africa including "Again & Again," "Twang" and "Quartet #3."



BILL EVANS/THE PARIS CONCERT, EDITION ONE

60166

Never-before-released performances of Bill at the peak of his genius with Joe LaBarbera on drums and Marc Johnson on bass. "My Romance," "Up With The Lark" and "I Love You Porgy" are some of the highlights of Bill's triumphant 1979 Paris concert.



CHARLES LLOYD QUARTET

60220

CHARLES LLOYD QUARTET/MONTREUX '82

The return of a contemporary saxophone legend in the performance that was THE highlight of the '82 Montreux Festival. Features the brilliant young pianist Michel Petrucci, Sun Ship on drums and Palle Danielsson on bass for superb concert playing of "The Forest Flower," "The Call," "Wind In The Trees" and others.

"PRESENTING OUR 'DECADENT' NEW RELEASE FOR JANUARY 1983." Musically, Bruce Lundvall



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RECORD REVIEWS

the first two tunes, *Riff-Raff* and *Solidarity*. When Anderson deserts on side two, and Warren turns to love (*Mlle. Jolie*, *Lisa's Tilt*), passion melts to mere sentiment.

Group sympathy and invention peak on the title track. Warren, who wrote all the tunes, states the simple, I-IV-V-I folk melody in a blunt, acoustic bass tone similar to Charlie Haden's, then the quintet lights into a nine-minute Third World movie score. Anderson wails and struts like a matador, entwining Purcell's tenor saxophone, then everyone crowds into the square at Tegucigalpa: many

have died, but the revolution has triumphed; the lovers are reunited.

Riff-Raff, a catchy, Ornette-ish melody first recorded by Warren and DeJohnette on the drummer's Special Edition album *Tin Pan Alley*, is looser here, less deliberate. An extra, ascending free-for-all second climax, as well as an insouciant second riff improve the tune. Scofield's pearly electric guitar adds urgency and spatial surprise. But on the love songs, his guitar descends into a slippery fog, Purcell's metallic soprano saxophone sounds Hollywood romantic (*Mlle.*

Jolie), and DeJohnette begins to overplay (*Lisa*). Warren overdubs some busy piano (by DeJohnette) on *Jolie*, with the same messy result as his own dubbed cello solo on *Lisa*. The way Purcell saunters in on that tune on alto, though, is wonderful, growling the latest gossip from the corner tavern. A brief, dolorous elegy—three tracks of cello and bass, bowed *molto espressivo*—for Warren's friend, drummer Stu Martin, cleanly closes the album.

—paul debarros

LARRY VUCKOVICH

CITY SOUNDS, VILLAGE VOICES—Palo Alto

Jazz PA 8012: *DR. HERB'S HERBS*; *BESAME MACHO*; *SOULTRANE*; *BOUNCING WITH BUD*; *VILLAGE VOICES*; *SERENADE IN BLUE*; *KISS AND RUN*; *YOU'VE CHANGED*.

Personnel: Vuckovich, piano; Tom Harrell, trumpet, flugelhorn; Jerome Richardson, tenor, soprano saxophone, flute; Charles McPherson, alto saxophone; Ray Drummond, bass; Eddie Marshall, drums; Eric Golub, violin (cut 5).

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Larry Vuckovich is the name. Hide-and-Seek is his game. He plays it on the cover of *City Sounds, Village Voices*, peering suspiciously from behind a grand piano. He plays it on the record too, as he takes on his six sidemen in a mean game of peekaboo.

Vuckovich is not your typical 1980s pianist. His solos are not exercises in egotism. He does not dominate or overwhelm. He blends. He accommodates. When he ad-libs, he has his say and disappears. The others carry on. Then he reappears, when least expected, to give his fellow musicians a lift.

Even though Vuckovich is the leader of this recording session, he does not hog the spotlight. He has arranged things so everybody has a chance to shine. This results in an album of impressive cohesion. *City Sounds, Village Voices* features five instrumental combinations—duo, trio, quartet, quintet, and sextet. Each is characterized by a strong group effort. The melody instruments—horns and violin—achieve an ensemble sound rarely heard in working bands, much less a group formed for a one-shot record date. Flutist Jerome Richardson, trumpeter Tom Harrell, and violinist Eric Golub take the air of *Village Voices* at a loose, confident pace. They navigate the song's treacherous twists and turns with such aplomb, it seems as if they have been playing this bit of Balkan-flavored bebop for years, not hours. Drummer Eddie Marshall and bassist Ray Drummond also deserve high praise for their work on this number. They refuse to ham up the meter of this Vuckovich original, based on folk songs from the pianist's native Yugoslavia. Instead, Marshall and Drummond play it straight by maintaining the beat, adding insights, and inspiring the soloists.

Every solo on *City Sounds, Village Voices* resounds with lyricism. Charles McPherson's alto saxophone creates alternate melodies on *Besame Macho* and *Soutrane* that are as

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

HERBIE HANCOCK WYNTON MARSHALLIS RON CARTER TONY WILLIAMS

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OLD WINE NEW BOTTLES

FROM THE '20S THROUGH THE MID-'40S big bands ruled both jazz and popular music. In fact, during part of that time (after 1935), big band jazz was popular music in America, and virtually every soloist of any consequence in jazz from Sidney Bechet to Charlie Parker made their living playing in bands.

There were white bands and black bands. The white bands mostly sunk their roots in the soil of the theater, Tin Pan Alley, Victor Herbert, and dance music of the polite, potted-palm variety. Some had serious pretensions as well. The black bands that we remember today and that recorded extensively grew out of the blues and stomps that made up the earliest jazz. The irony was that each wanted to be like the other. Almost from the beginning there was an exchange of ideas and inspiration. The best white bands wanted the power and drive of the black ones. The black orchestras aspired to the discipline and legitimacy of the white ones.

The results of this irony are illustrated in many ways in this stack of LPs sitting before me right now for review. If they prove one thing, it's that fusion music didn't begin with *Bitches Brew*. It began with **Paul Whiteman**.

The Smithsonian Institution, which has released a number of definitive jazz collations in its Smithsonian Collection series, now gives us a reconstruction of Whiteman's famous *Experiment In Modern Music* (Smithsonian Collection RO28) concert originally performed in Aeolian Hall in 1924. It provides a good survey of what was Whiteman's Pygmalion approach to both jazz and popular dance music. Every selection played at the original concert is represented, in a Whiteman performance of the period if possible or a reasonable facsimile. Whiteman played but never recorded *Livery Stable Blues*, for instance, so the Original Dixieland Jazz Band version of 1917 is included in this set. All selections, whether by Whiteman or a stand-in, are acoustic recordings from the early '20s, giving the album a tinny but uncompromisingly authentic sound. To understand the Whiteman-as-fusionist theme, so well explored in Thornton Hagert's outstanding program notes, listen to *Stairway To Paradise* (1922) and the hot 12-bar choruses played by trumpeter Henry Busse. Of course, Whiteman was a man who wanted to accomplish everything. While embracing and "civilizing" jazz from the left, he also wanted to make his mark in serious music on the right. Thus we have the original 1924 version of *Rhapsody In Blue*, Gershwin's ingenious interweaving of jazz, popular, and light classic elements that still manages to rise above its "serious" facade and make delightful sense of its inherent dilemmas.

It was once written that Whiteman heard **Duke Ellington** at the Cotton Club, and left both amazed and frustrated—amazed at the concentration of solo strength showcased within an original orchestral vision, and frustrated because he couldn't steal a single bar

of Ellington's music. MCA's Jazz Heritage series offers us three LPs worth of the music that so stymied Whiteman, in an outstanding survey of the early Ellington years. *The Beginning* (MCA 1358) covers a period from late 1926 to mid-'28, and is dominated by Bubber Miley, who took the plunger trumpet style of the New Orleans generation, extended it to its ultimate extreme, and made it the cornerstone of the Ellington skyscraper. Its early form heard here is incomplete and immature, but *East St. Louis Toodle-oo* and *Black And Tan Fantasy* survived to become fully realized ensemble masterpieces in later years. (Actually *Fantasy* was born with a remarkable unity that later years did little to improve upon.) *Hot In Harlem* (MCA 1356) continues the tale through late '29. Miley leaves the band, but Cootie Williams inherits his mantle. Harry Carney begins to bloom on baritone sax (*Jungle Jamboree*) and Johnny Hodges seems to be everywhere. (Like the other MCA Ellingtons, *Hot In Harlem* is a reissue of the original Decca reissue, with identical cover art, identical programming, identical liner notes, and—curiously—an identical error: *Doin' The Voom Voom* is actually *Rent Party Blues* and vice versa on both the jacket and label.) The best of the three LPs is *Rockin' In Rhythm* (MCA 2077). The lumps in the rhythm section are still there, but the key soloists are swinging up a storm on stomp pieces like *Wall Street Wail* and *Double Check*. Carney's baritone swagger on *Double Check* and *Is That Religion* remains unsurpassed. And the sax section work on *Runnin' Wild* has a bite to it that jazz wouldn't see again until Benny Carter came down the pike a few years later. Among the important Ellington landmarks caught here are the first *Mood Indigo* and Duke's maiden attempt at extended composition, an honorable if elementary first effort called *Creole Rhapsody*. The morose tempo becomes somewhat oppressive in its determination, a flaw Ellington corrected in a subsequent recording for Victor.

A pleasant collection of **Andy Kirk** numbers is rounded up on *The Lady Who Swings The Band* (MCA 1343), the lady of the title being pianist Mary Lou Williams, who provides the liveliest solo work and a number of the better arrangements. Kirk's *Clouds Of Joy* was a Kansas City band, but a far cry from the roof-raising riffsters like Bennie Moten, Count Basie, or Jay McShann. It was, in fact, among the most circumspect of the leading black bands who played during the height of the Swing Era. It favored quiet, mid-tempo numbers almost exclusively, and never shouted. Dick Wilson's dry, dispassionate tenor fitted in perfectly. But this reissue proves there are rewards in such a shy approach to swing. Listen, for instance, to *Twinklin'* and hear how Mary Lou peppers her Teddy Wilsonish lines with sly dissonances. Jazz semanticists will note in *I'se A Muggin'* an early use of the word "bebop" as a scat code for derby mutes. And *Walkin' And Swingin'* is an unissued alternate, not a carryover from *Andy Kirk* (MCA 1308).

Ellington and Kirk drew their material largely from within their own ranks. It fit their collective personalities and more importantly, didn't tie them too tightly to the passing fancies of popular culture. At least that's the

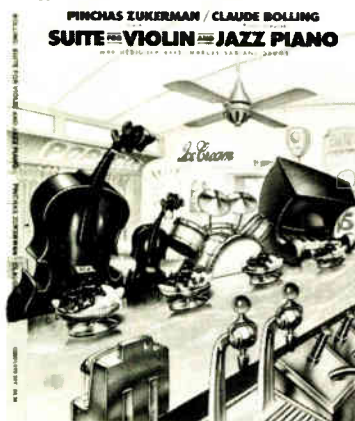
picture we get in these LPs. But neither **Chick Webb** nor **Ella Fitzgerald** were so lucky on *Princess Of The Savoy* (MCA 1348). These are the leftovers, the commercial droppings of jitterbug music from Tin Pan Alley that good bands were often prevailed upon to play for the Swing Era's equivalent of the teeny-bopper. Aside from *Everybody Step*, *Sing Me A Swing Song*, and *If Dreams Come True*, the quality of the material is frankly dreadful. The one who carries most of it, of course, is Ella, whose prime years, even discounting tunes like *Chew Your Bubblegum*, were still years ahead of her.

One of Webb's finest arrangers was **Edgar Sampson**, who never managed to record under his own name until Decca had him redo some of his Webb and Benny Goodman charts with a studio band in 1956. Although the band on *Sampson Swings Again* (MCA 1354) doesn't sound materially different from other studio bands, it happens to be playing superb charts that can't help but swing. Add to that some energetic solo work by trumpeter Charlie Shavers, wonderful tempos, a fine big band presence in the recording, and even a few minor variations tucked into such Grails as *Don't Be That Way*, and you have an album of no particular historical import, but one that certainly sounds marvelous.

Luckey Millinder and **Lionel Hampton** were characteristic of another sort of fusion style among the black orchestras. The jump bands, whether small or large, swung hard on the foundation of simple riffs, but in the process walked a thin line between swing and its poor relation, rhythm & blues. They kept Harlem hopping, but the years have diminished the importance of their work in some respects. *Let It Roll* (MCA 1357), for example, gives us little of the sense of excitement that made the Millinder band worth hearing at its best. *Berserk Boogie* is the best of the album's meager 10 titles, along with *Rock Me with Rosetta Tharpe*. Otherwise, this particular collection offers mediocre arrangements without the compensation of outstanding solo work. For anyone wanting to take the full measure of Millinder cutting loose on his best work, *Luckey Millinder: 1943-44* (Kaydee 6) is recommended. These airshots let us hear *Little John Special* (with the original *Salt Peanuts* riff), *Cherokee*, and 11 others, plus great solos from Tab Smith and Joe Guy.

Rarities (MCA 1351) scrapes together in a manner similar to the Webb and Millinder collections 10 Lionel Hampton leftovers, but with one important difference: it turns out remarkably well. Everything here is previously unissued, and better still, it's nearly all instrumental. On the other hand, a look at the personnel (Joe Wilder, Arnett Cobb, Bobby Plater, Johnny Griffin) and then a listen to the music reminds us that Hampton's bands never seemed to add up equal to the sum of its parts. Although there are a few first-rate arrangements here (*Gay Notes*, *Empty Glass*), they don't quite offset the impression that much of the playing was mere jamming. As an ensemble the band tended to empty both barrels in the first 16 bars, leaving itself no place to build to for a climax. But it generated action in the process, and this is a fine, action-packed LP. —john mcdonough

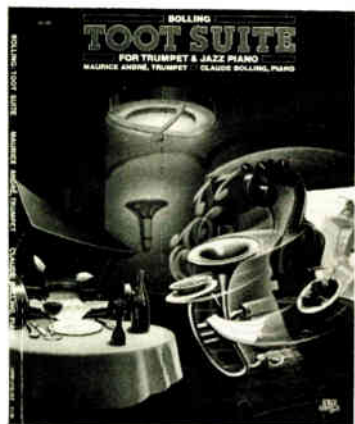
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RECORD REVIEWS

skillfully assembled and highly polished as the originals. On the quartet rendering of *Serenade In Blue*, Harrell's flugelhorn and Vuckovich's piano weave a romantic spell with the melody and ad-lib line passing freely back and forth between the flugelhorn's non-chalant phrases and the piano's quick, furtive bursts.

A piano/soprano saxophone duet, *You've Changed*, concludes the album. Jerome Richardson joins Vuckovich for a series of freewheeling, thematic expositions on the ballad's pristine beauty. The duo takes great pains with the melody and chord progression to reveal the many facets of this timeless composition.

—cliff radel

AMADÉ ARDOIN

HIS ORIGINAL RECORDINGS, 1928-38—Old

Timey 124: *LA VALSE A ABE; TWO STEP D'EUNICE; MADAME ETIENNE; QUOI FAIRE; TWO STEP DE MAMAN; TANTE ALINE; LA VALSE A AUSTIN ARDOIN; LA VALSE DE MON VIEUX VILLAGE; LE MIDLAND TWO STEP; VALSE BRUNETTE; TWO STEP D'OSSUN; VALSE DE LA POINTE D'EGLEISE; TWO STEP DE JENNINGS; LES BLUES DE LA PRISON.*

Personnel: Ardoin, vocals, accordion; Dennis McGee, fiddle.

★ ★ ★ ★

LEO SOILEAU

HIS ORIGINAL 1930'S RECORDINGS—Old

Timey 125: *LA VALSE DE JOSEPHINE; DEMAIN C'EST PAS DIMANCHE; PERSONNE M'AIME PAS; VALSE D'AMOUR; IN YOUR HEART YOU LOVE ANOTHER; LOUISIANA BLUES; PETIT OU GROSS; MA JOLIE PETITE FILLE; LA BONNE VALSE; EMBRACE MOI ENCORE; CHERE LIZA; LA VALSE DE ROSA; ATROPE MOI—JE TOMBE; QUAND JE SUIS BLEU; PROMETS-MOI.*

Personnel: Soileau, fiddle, vocals; Moise Robin, accordion, vocals; Floyd Shreve, Dewey Landry, guitar; Tony Gonzales, drums; unidentified, piano.

★ ★ ★

MICHAEL DOUCET

DIT BEAUSOLEIL—Arhoolie 5025: Two-Step A

WILL BALFA; DONNEZ-MOI PAULINE; LE TWO-STEP A MIDLAND; LA VALSE DES JONGLEMENTS; ACADIAN BLUES; LE BAL A CHATAIGNIER; ADIEU ROZA; SI J'AURAIS DES AILES; AWESOME OSSUN TWO-STEP; MADAME SOSTAIN; LE AFFAIRE DE PERRODIN; LES PETITS YEUX NOIRS; LE BOZO TWO-STEP.

Personnel: Doucet, fiddle, vocals, mandolin; David Doucet, guitar; John "Billy" Ware, triangle, spoons; Robert Vignaud, bass; Errol Verret, accordion; Tommy Alesi, drums (cuts 9-13); Tommy Comeaux, mandolin (9-13); Annick Colbert, recorder, vocals, (9-13).

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Louisiana's Cajuns enjoy one of American folk music's richest traditions—a wild mixture of 18th century French sources, basic blues, New Orleans r&b (itself a Caribbean hybrid), and country & western/rockabilly. Little of Acadiana's music is heard nationally, though,

apart from country fiddler Doug Kershaw and zydeco accordionist Clifton Chenier. Arhoolie Records continues to counter this unfortunate obscurity with two new roots reissues (on its Old Timey label) and a contemporary set by the area's top revivalists.

Ears of the '80s may have trouble adjusting to Amadé Ardoin, the founding father of black Cajun zydeco. Ardoin sang in French, but his 1920s bayou dialect would baffle Parisians; his cracked passionate wails aren't too far removed from tribal field recordings. Ardoin's rhythmic accordion work is a bit more standardized and accessible, though, sticking mostly to blues-tinged waltzes and funky two-steps. There's little actual soloing, and the chord-button squeeze-box precludes the playing of single notes. Ardoin provides simple self-accompaniment while singing, then riffs furiously through the next chorus, pounding out dynamic triplets but not attempting any harmonic climax. All 14 songs are patterned on this sing-and-riff alternation (not unlike Mexican Norteno music), with abrupt, sudden endings. Ardoin is bolstered on side one by fiddler Dennis McGee, whose single-string melody lines define Ardoin's chords and anchor his raspy vocals. Their rough, robust harmony pulses with the strong groove of long-standing partnership. The album is highly repetitive in terms of tune, tempo, and attack, but—like today's disco—this hearty dance music wasn't made for passive listening. Outstanding cuts include *Two Step D'Eunice*, *Madame Etienne*, and *Two Step De Maman*. Ardoin is long dead, but McGee, 90-plus and vibrant, performs annually at the Acadian Music Festival in Lafayette, LA.

Leo Soileau virtually duplicates the Ardoin/McGee sound on his 1929 debut duets with accordionist Moise Robin. Soileau's vocals are nasal and droning (a fairly common Cajun trait), while his raw, wailing fiddle makes dramatic use of piercing blue notes. *Demain C'est Pas Dimanche*, a primitive rumba bounce, finds the two in electrifying interplay. During the '30s Soileau broadened his scope to "Cajunize" mainstream country & western swing. *Petit Ou Gross* and *Ma Petite Jolie Fille* feature piano, rhythm guitar, drums, and "Bob Wills"-background whoops. Soileau's fiddling becomes somewhat smoother with a full band. It's still untamed and erratic though, and western swing buffs will appreciate his novel variations. Tony Gonzales' drumming is unusually forceful for country-swing music, with a double-time bass count and random offbeat whacks. A similar funky pattern appears on *Bouret Blues*, one of Nathan Abshire's popular '50s sides. Interesting moments aside there are some very dull tunes here, and non-Cajun listeners, who won't catch the lyrics, are apt to prefer the Ardoin set.

Louisiana's postwar oil boom shattered the rural isolation of Ardoin and Soileau's era. The old folk ways faced complete extinction, but rapid growth has fortunately stimulated a backlash resurgence of Cajun culture, with Michael Doucet's *Dit Beausoleil* firmly in the

musical forefront. Doucet is a fiery, accomplished, inventive fiddler who blends the Cajun styles of McGee, Soileau, and Canray Fontenot with modern swing and bluegrass. Side one of *Dit Beausoleil* emphasizes traditional Cajun sources. *Donnez-Moi Pauline* is a "blues-waltz dirge" with searing fiddle and raw, anguished singing. Ardoin and McGee's ubiquitous influence fills the rollicking *Two Step A Midland*, while *Le Bal A Chataignier* relates a lusty tale of dancing and jealousy. (Lyrical translations are included.) Doucet syncopates, bends notes, jumps broad intervals, and takes rhythmic chances, but his timing is always precise. On side two he channels his vibrant fervor into more commercial contexts, such as the poignant ballad *Les Petits Yeux Noirs* (*Little Black Eyes*). Doucet and Annick Colbert's rich vocal harmony recalls the sweet bluegrass sound of current country chart-topper Ricky Skaggs; Colbert's melodious recorder solo provides the perfect tasteful modern touch. *Le Bozo Two-Step* goes for broke in an eclectic blowout with fiddle, accordion, bass, guitar, and mandolin solos. These are highpoints in a powerful set which never flags; *Dit Beausoleil* succeeds as a unique, excellent album, esoteric but irresistible.

—ben sandmel

DON CHERRY

DON CHERRY/LATIF KHAN—Europa JP 2009:

UNTITLED/INSPIRATION FROM HOME; AIR MAIL; ONE DANCE; RHYTHM 58½; SANGAM.

Personnel: Cherry, trumpet, keyboards, gong, bamboo flute, douso n' koni, vocals; Khan, tabla.

★ ★ ★ ½

EL CORAZON—ECM 1-1230: MUTRON; BEMSHA

SWING; SOLIDARITY; ARABIAN NIGHTINGALE; ROLANDO ALPHONSO; MAKONDI; STREET DANCING; SHORT STUFF; EL CORAZON; RHYTHM FOR RUNNER; NEAR-IN; VOICE OF THE SILENCE.

Personnel: Cherry, pocket trumpet, piano, melodica, doussn' gouni, organ; Ed Blackwell, drums, wood drum, cowbell.

★ ★ ★

LEO SMITH

GO IN NUMBERS—Black Saint BSR 0053: THE

WORLD SOUL; GO IN NUMBERS; ILLUMINATION: THE NQUZO SABA; CHANGES.

Personnel: Smith, trumpet, flugelhorn, ateneben flute; Dwight Andrews, tenor, soprano saxophone, flute; Bobby Naughton, vibraphone; Wes Brown, bass, odurogyaba flute.

★ ★ ★ ½

By almost every account of the World Music concert at the 1982 Kool/New York Jazz Festival, Don Cherry distinguished himself as the musician with the firmest—or is it most elastic?—grasp of transcontinental musical forms. This special position comes as ever more musicians in jazz and, for that matter, rock & roll—witness the festival organized by Peter Gabriel last summer and the recent direction of the Police, Brian Eno, Talking

Dewey Redman*



* Dewey Redman is a founding member of Old and New Dreams; he has been an important voice in groups led by Keith Jarrett and Ornette Coleman, and he has been called upon by musicians like Charlie Haden and Pat Metheny for their recording projects. Now, he has recorded his first album as a leader for ECM. Called *The Struggle Continues*, it features Ed Blackwell (drums), Mark Helias (bass) and Charles Eubanks (piano). *The Struggle Continues* ECM 1-1225

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RECORD REVIEWS

Heads, and Robert Fripp, among others—are looking to the East and Mideast. Why is Cherry more successful than most? Others, likely, share his sincerity but, somehow, Cherry has drunk deeper and metabolized better all he has heard elsewhere. And the proof is abundant on *Don Cherry/Latif Khan* and his duet with Ed Blackwell, *El Corazon*.

The first side of the duet album with Khan is, by itself, five-star material. Khan's tablas form the foundation: a percolating, fermenting life force. Above and around them, Cherry contributes blocky, off-kilter piano, wonderful, wide, sweet trumpeting, and wordless vocals reminiscent of Milton Nascimento's Third World scatting. How wide is Cherry's range? Who else would record an Ornette Coleman tune (*Untitled*) with tabla and dedicate it to Maurice White (presumably he of Earth, Wind & Fire, although the point is not clear)? Sadly, the second side of the album shifts the emphasis to Khan. As one not exceedingly knowledgeable about Indian music, I can take it on faith that Khan is a master of his instrument. But the interaction between him and Cherry diminishes with the drone and cadence of the tabla modulated far above Cherry's serpentine lines on organ.

A more consistently engaging conversationalist for Cherry is Ed Blackwell, his colleague in Ornette Coleman's old quartet, in *Old And New Dreams*, and on a pair of duet discs from the late 1960s, *Mu* (on the BYG label). Blackwell is a delightfully eccentric drummer who leaves plenty of room for air and for partners, yet clearly enjoys soloing as much as supporting. He ranges from the African on *Makondi* to hints of r&b on *Mutron* to a marimba sort of sound on *Short Stuff*—and all the references are made with a sense of fun, not dry anthropology. But the greatest revelation of *El Corazon* is Cherry the pianist. As with Blackwell, he cites a range of footnotes: European and Spanish on the title selection, resolve and brooding on *Arabian Nightingale* and *Solidarity*. But he sounds his best with a joyful, stride reading of Thelonious Monk's *Bemsha Swing*. Whatever *El Corazon*'s merits and drawbacks (perhaps it needs more dueting and less trading of solo statements), it makes the tantalizing case for an entire album of Cherry on piano.

It is hard to pinpoint exactly why *Go In Numbers* leaves me a bit cold. Leo Smith is a gifted trumpeter and conceptualist, and certainly the soft tone poems that comprise *Go In Numbers* are accessible enough. But a center seems absent, except in the moments when Smith's mournful trumpet begins to lead his quartet. This center is not by any means a melodic or harmonic concept, but some sort of idea or imperative around which all else should gyrate. The problem, perhaps, is in the live recording. While live records can convey well the fire of driven performances, they do not do as well when the performance is as stark and elusive as on *Go In Numbers*. The visual complements—seeing that musician alone wring out a single note—cannot be approximated on vinyl. And Smith, in this case, suffers.—sam freedman

LARRY GELB/KIM PARKER

THE LANGUAGE OF BLUE—Cadence Jazz

Records CJR 1012: *JAZZ AT THE PHILHARMONIC; WALTZ FOR PHIL WOODS; ALTERNATE MASTER; TO BIRD WITH LOVE; KIM, WHEN I CLOSE MY EYES; THE LANGUAGE OF BLUE; THE BAND IN HEAVEN; HOPALONG CASSIDY; MY FRIEND PICASSO; THE RECORD COLLECTOR.*

Personnel: Gelb, piano; Parker, vocals; Gary Lefebvre, saxophones; Mike Richmond (cuts 2, 4-6), Roy Cumming (1, 7, 8, 10), Paul Rostock (9), bass; Adam Nussbaum (2, 4-6), Glen Davis (1, 7, 8, 10), Bob Ventrella (7, 8, 10), drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

KIM PARKER

HAVIN' MYSELF A TIME—Saul Note SN 1033:

HAVIN' MYSELF A TIME; PARIS IS A LONELY TOWN; A SLEEPIN' BEE; EVERYTHING I LOVE; THE UNDERDOG; RAIN GO AWAY; AZURE.

Personnel: Parker, vocals; Kenny Drew, piano; Mads Vinding, bass; Ed Thigpen, drums.

★ ★ ½

There are a lot of good—indeed, excellent—jazz singers around today, so I cannot say, "At last, a real jazz singer." Kim Parker doesn't necessarily stand out; however, in the Cadence album the material, the accompaniment, and the ambience of the whole production definitely sets this one apart from other recent vocal jazz efforts.

All the music and lyrics are by Larry Gelb, and in a brief reprinted interview on the jacket, he informs us that when he moved, in 1979, to Delaware Water Gap, PA, the first person he met was Kim Parker "... from that moment on we've had a musical love affair." The success of their collaboration is evident in Kim's total identity with Gelb's somewhat off-the-wall lyrics. Even when she sings about *My Friend Picasso*, it seems that it was she who was personally acquainted with the painter.

Although the musicians on this set are not very well known, the group constitutes a perfect foil for both the ultra-hip tunes, and Parker's sure and confident rendition of them. Lefebvre and Gelb have worked together before, and the saxophonist contributes much to the overall picture painted here. Now and again he can be heard softly harmonizing or echoing Parker's words, as he does with his soprano on *Picasso*; elsewhere his tenor sax drives home the musical point.

Kim Parker spent the early years of her life as the adopted daughter of Charlie Parker; later, after Bird's death, her mother, Chan, married Phil Woods. This auspicious upbringing has obviously left its mark. Probably exposed to the best jazz around, Kim, while not necessarily emulating, has timbre and phrasing sometimes reminiscent of early Annie Ross. Later on, in the Soul Note session, she momentarily shows her allegiance to another forerunner of jazz vocals, Anita O'Day.

The Soul Note set is not as exciting. How-

ever, its major credit lies in the impeccable musicians Parker has chosen for her solo debut. Kenny Drew is one of the most sensitive and empathetic of pianists extant; Ed Thigpen ditto with his drums. His brushwork is subtle yet always appropriate. Mads Vinding turns in some more-than-adequate bass work. This album is much more straight-ahead and is, in fact, a "quartet" inasmuch as each musician (including the vocalist) takes equal solo space.

My main reservation about this album is the choice of material. While obscure songs can be fun to discover, there's not a great deal of variety here. It comes off as almost a venture into the pop field rather than an adventure in jazzdom. Only *The Underdog* (written by Al Cohn and Dave Frishberg) seems completely fitting for Parker's rather Bohemian, bebop-era voice and delivery.

Nonetheless, both these albums display a healthy attitude towards the art of jazz singing. Kim Parker is carrying on a lineage of great interpreters of both music and words.

—frankie nemko-graham

ROY ELDRIDGE

THE EARLY YEARS—Columbia C2-38033:

HERE COMES COOKIE; WABASH STOMP (two takes); FLORIDA STOMP; HECKLER'S HOP; WHERE THE LAZY RIVER GOES BY; THAT THING; AFTER YOU'VE GONE; WHAT SHALL I SAY; WHAM; A BEE GEZINDT; I'M NOBODY'S BABY; GREEN EYES; LET ME OFF UPTOWN; AFTER YOU'VE GONE; ROCKIN' CHAIR; BALL OF FIRE; HARLEM ON PARADE; THE MARINES HYMN; THAT DRUMMER'S BAND; MASSACHUSETTS MURDER, HE SAYS; WATCH OUT; SWISS LULLABY.

Personnel: Eldridge, trumpet; with various instrumentalists including Scoops Carry, Joe Eldridge, Dave Young, saxophones; Teddy Cole, piano; John Collins, guitar; Truck Parham, bass; Zutty Singleton, drums; Teddy Hill and his Orchestra; Mildred Bailey and her Orchestra; Teddy Wilson and his Orchestra; Gene Krupa and his Orchestra.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

ALL THE CATS JOIN IN—MCA 1355: AFTER YOU'VE GONE; I CAN'T GET STARTED; LITTLE JAZZ BOOGIE; ALL THE CATS JOIN IN; AIN'T THAT A SHAME; HI HO TRAILUS BOOT WHIP; TIPPIN' OUT; YARD DOG; LES BOUNCE; ROCKIN' CHAIR.

Personnel: Eldridge, Andy Ferretti, Bill Graham, Jimmy Maxwell, Yank Lawson, Henry Clay, Elman Wright, Tom Girder, Leroy Hill, Dave Page, Marion Hazel, Sylvester Lewis, trumpet; Will Bradley, Ward Silloway, Fred Ohms, Sandy Watson, George Robinson, John McConnell, Al Riding, Nat Atkins, trombone; Ray Eckstrand, Michael Doty, Don Purvance, Hank Ross, Ed Gregory, Christopher Johnson, Tom Archia, Al Green, Al Townsend, Ernie Caceres, Cecil Payne, saxophones; Dave Bowman, Buster Harding, piano; Mike Bryan, Lucius Fowler, Napoleon Allen, guitar; Rodney Richardson, Ted Sturgis, Louis Carrington, Carol Pruitt, bass; Cozy Cole, Melvin Saunders, Leon Abramson, Earl Phillips, drums.

★ ★ ★

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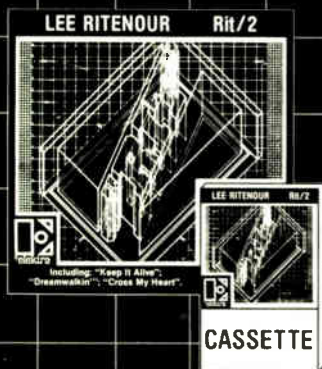
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exceptional people, and one way we separate the heroes from the fakers is by honoring those who never play a solo the same way twice. We place quite a premium on that. That's why alternate takes are such prized finds when they turn up. In addition to being welcome for their own sake, we like to think they tell us something about the player. When solos are different on an alternate, we say "There! You see. Proof of creativity." A case in point is John Chilton's fine program notes on Columbia's Roy Eldridge retrospective spanning 1935-49. To wit: "There is scarcely a bar in the whole piece that is the same as the original," he writes of a *Rockin' Chair* alternate. "... Roy's limitless ingenuity accords a different set of time values to each phrase."

As I sat listening to Eldridge and reading Chilton make the standard argument on alternate takes—an argument I myself have made many times, by the way—I suddenly noticed that Sam Munsiker, the journeyman reedman and clarinetist in Gene Krupa's band, seemed to be scoring as many variations in his solo spots as Roy. It made me wonder. Maybe we've been kidding ourselves a bit. Perhaps minor modifications in an unwritten solo chorus are no more evidence of "limitless" musical genius than variations in a signature are evidence of extraordinary visual imagination. Musicians, whether they be in Eldridge's constellation or Munsiker's, are human beings, not computers. Where improvisation is concerned, it seems, forgetfulness is the mother of invention, not genius.

I don't mean to pull Eldridge down from his pedestal in the pantheon, mind you; his ranking is secure. But on this matter of alternate takes, perhaps they tell us less than we assume. The 11 alternates in this collection (only one, *Wabash Stomp*, is heard alongside its master take; and a third *Wabash* is available on a Franklin Mint set) are delightful to have. But they shouldn't lead us to confuse a capacity for spontaneity with what Chilton calls "limitless ingenuity." Eldridge created solos according to certain basic design principles that didn't change. They were what Roy's ingenuity was all about, not the embroidery.

Unfortunately, during his prime years of the '30s and '40s, Eldridge spread that ingenuity among several labels, including Decca, Victor, and various Columbia-affiliated companies. But the good news is that Columbia has what are arguably the two greatest performances of his career—*Heckler's Hop* and *Rockin' Chair*—and both are heard here. *Heckler's Hop* in particular condenses everything that made Eldridge so unique down to two shattering choruses which will tell you everything you need to know him—and probably leave you wanting more.

Given what Columbia had available, there is little to complain about in this package. An entire LP (12 cuts, 10 alternates) is devoted to Eldridge's work with the Gene Krupa band, which tends toward a rather stilted staginess. But *Drummer's Band*, *Green Eyes*, and

Rockin' Chair (arranged by Benny Carter, I learned recently, not Elton Hill) contain superb Roy. *After You've Gone*, while a dazzler, is played at a ridiculously fast show-off tempo that can't possibly swing. Reservations might also be entertained about some less-than-first-rate Eldridge with Mildred Bailey and the absence of his Vocalion sides with Fletcher Henderson. But then they are available elsewhere, and producer Mike Brooks probably sought a balance of rarity and quality, which he's generally achieved. This is an excellent place for the newcomer to start with one of jazz' greatest figures.

MCA continues the Eldridge chronicle in a skimpy single LP offering 10 titles that pick up the story after the recording ban in 1944. They are generally very good, although they add relatively little to the picture of Eldridge already provided in the Columbia collection. Because he was in the process of organizing his own band, part of his recording time was spent re-doing some of his big numbers with Krupa under his own name. Thus, we get another *After You've Gone* (better than the Krupa version, not quite up to the 1937 take) and *Rockin' Chair* (as spectacular as ever!). To these staples he adds another ballad showcase (*I Can't Get Started*) and a muted firecracker called *Tippin' Out*. Although a certain youthful energy and recklessness found in his '30s work is replaced by a more disciplined restraint here, Roy is still in peak form. Unfortunately MCA did not see fit to include the pair of Delta Four titles made in 1935. Nevertheless, this is a modest but highly welcome supplement to the Eldridge discography.

—John McDonough

UNITED JAZZ + ROCK ENSEMBLE

LIVE IN BERLIN—Mood 28628:

AUSGESCHLAFEN; RED ROOM; STORYBOARD; OUT OF THE LONG DARK; FREIBAD SUD; DES'SCH TOO MUCH; SIMPLY THIS; TRANS TANZ; ADVENTURES OF WATER; SOUTH INDIAN LINE.

Personnel: Wolfgang Dauner, piano, synthesizer; Charlie Mariano, soprano, alto saxophone; Barbara Thompson, soprano, tenor saxophone; Ian Carr, Ack Van Rooyen, Kenny Wheeler, trumpet, flugelhorn; Albert Mangelsdorff, trombone; Volker Kriegel, guitars; Eberhard Weber, bass; Jon Hiseman, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

This band's music isn't nearly as generic as their name. In fact there's a lot of fire to it. In addition to quality arranging and an interesting blend of compositions, there is some stepping out-of-bounds on the four sides. And sure, if they want to call it the United Jazz + Rock Ensemble, why not? From the sound of these live Berlin sets, this group of Europeans and Americans plays crisp, sympathetic—yeah, united.

Though some of the tunes demand strict adherence to arrangements, groove songs like *Out Of The Long Dark* allow the band to float freely in the manner of Weather Report.

The ensemble is less musically cute than Carla Bley's, with more emphasis, perhaps, on soloing, but there are unexpected twists too. Guitarist Kriegel's *Freibad Sud* propels its melody slow and grand, but finishes in a rousing and completely uncalled-for flourish of horns. The audience loved it. Barbara Thompson's *Adventures Of Water* has the ambience of Brian Eno's airport music, with solos that at times flood the air with sound. Tempo breaks completely for a lovely piano solo by Dauner, then builds again as Thompson's soprano wails enticingly. The Mangelsdorff tune *Dessch Too Much* sounds at first like *West Side Story*, with tight kicks between the rhythm section and brass creating dissonance and tension. Dauner lopes and springs over the dark musical landscape, Mangelsdorff barks out some peppy trombone chatter, and the group re-

peats the intro licks—only this time they sound like the Art Ensemble of Chicago. On *South Indian Line*, the compressed soprano sound of Mariano charms snakes over a sitar-like drone. Weber is given the spotlight for a bit, and his solo, using bow and fingers, is a gem. The ensemble horn figures that follow whisk the tune away in a noisy cacophony.

There isn't a weak link in the band. Drummer Hiseman drives everything well—the rock tom-tom blasts are as natural as his light latin grooves, and he spars well with the horns. Kriegel and Dauner integrate their electric sounds well, and the three trumpeters are all crackerjacks, as the round and precise blowing on side three proves. There aren't many bands around of this size that do it this well, and even with some predictable moments, this album is overwhelmingly good.

—robin tolleson

DAVID "FATHEAD" NEWMAN

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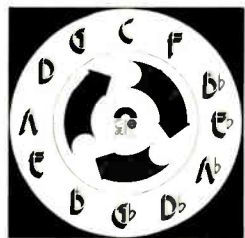
Personnel: Newman, soprano, alto, tenor saxophone, flute; Hank Crawford, alto saxophone; Howard Johnson, baritone saxophone; Charlie Miller, trumpet; Larry Willis, piano; Walter Booker, bass; Jimmy Cobb, drums; Steve Nelson, vibes (cuts 3, 6).

★ ★ ★ ★

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RECORD REVIEWS

Ray Charles band before launching his own long-lived recording career, usually typecast as a jazz-funk saxophonist. *Still Hard Times*, his second Muse release, was conceived as a recreation of the Charles ensemble, circa 1960, but of the original personnel, only Hank Crawford was available. Nevertheless, the resulting Newman/Crawford collaboration—featuring, among others, Howard Johnson, Walter Booker, and Charlie Miller in place of Leroy "Hog" Cooper, Edgar Willis, and Marcus Belgrave—not only recaptures the spirit

of past recordings, but actually improves upon them.

Although the old Charles combo is widely regarded as a rhythm & blues band that dabbled in jazz, the reverse is closer to the truth. Newman in particular, notwithstanding his early tenure with bluesmen Lowell Fulson and T-Bone Walker, has consistently adhered to the hard-bop approach pioneered by Horace Silver—a blend of bebop, blues, and gospel influences that was formerly synonymous with the term "funk." Later, as funk

came to be identified with electric instrumentation and a disco beat, Newman's albums were outfitted accordingly, but his personal style, while somewhat constrained, was never essentially altered. Here, on his and Crawford's straightahead arrangements, Newman is able to flex his multi-instrumental chops without commercial restriction.

Newman and Crawford have inherited Charles' ability to wring big band sonorities from a small group, an effect that is further enhanced by the pellucid quality of this recording. The rhythm trio of Booker, Jimmy Cobb, and Larry Willis provides a buoyant foundation for the lush horn charts, with Johnson's baritone supplying extra richness in the bottom range. The title track refers to Newman's first solo hit, *Hard Times*, and is in fact identical to a tune he recorded for Warner Brothers under the title *Still Hard*; a second Newman composition, *Shana*, is in a similar Silver-ish vein. Crawford contributes the bluesy *Blisters* and the torchy *To Love Again*, along with a pair of alto solos, but his muscular blowing is overshadowed by Newman's Texas-sized tone on tenor, alto, soprano, and flute. Equally robust and fluent on all three saxophones, Newman plays with the earthy, down-home lilt so characteristic of Texas hornmen, but as he has demonstrated over the years, his talents range far beyond the blues alone.

—Larry Birnbaum

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★ ★ ½

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Personnel: Danko, piano; Reid, bass.

★ ★ ★ ½

Pianist Cedar Walton, with his light touch, spare harmonies, and seeming dispassion, recommends himself for those quieter moments in the day when one merely craves surcease from life's many tribulations—in short, a voluntary suspension of committed involvement, either emotional or intellectual. As for myself, there are no such moments of selfless indulgence. It should be mentioned to avid Ron Carter collectors that the sound of the bass comes across rather muddily, blurring, as it were, whatever distinct articulations might have been intended. In essence, this is polite, unassuming, and somewhat self-effacing jazz background music.

Harold Danko's name should be familiar to

WAXING ON

Tenor Tunes

followers of the late, lamented Thad Jones/Mel Lewis band, for he was the sterling pianist employed to spark an already sparkling rhythm section. His teammate in that section, and later the scaled-down horn and rhythm quartet, was Rufus Reid, not so coincidentally also his partner in these duet doings. Apparently less distressed by his boppish roots than Walton, Danko opens with Monk's *In Walked Bud*, an anthem especially meaningful to those of us who have actually witnessed Powellian prances within the sacrosanct grounds of the monastery. Other selections include Mary Hurt's *Yes, You*, here performed as a dirge-like, impressionistic tango; Jackie McLean's *Omega*; Reid's *Elegy* to the late Sam Jones; Parker's early *I Got Rhythm* head, *Red Cross*; Brazilian Edu Lobo's *Lero, Lero*; and three bits of impressionism: Wayne Shorter's *Penelope*, Danko's own *Pastoral Landing* (a piece inspired by the thought of a spaceship landing in a meadow), and the latter's delicate waltz, *Mirth Song*.

It is all very pleasing to sorely abused ears, this thing of piano/bass duos occupying entire LPs, but when it comes down to personal druthers, I will still opt for the hiring of one or more good hornmen and a drummer. At least that way, if the conversation becomes a bore, you'll still have something of possible value to key in on.

—jack sohmer

GENE AMMONS: *BLUE GROOVE* (Prestige MPP-2514) ★ ★ ★ ½
GATO BARBIERI: *BAHIA* (Fania JM-608) ★ ½
JUNIOR COOK: *SOMETHIN'S COOKIN'* (Muse MR-5218) ★ ★ ½
ALLEN EAGER: *RENAISSANCE* (Uptown UP-27.09) ★ ★
JIMMY FORREST: *HEART OF THE FORREST* (Palo Alto PA-8021) ★ ★ ★ ½
JOHNNY GRIFFIN: *TO THE LADIES* (Galaxy GXY-5139) ★ ★ ★ ½
WILLIS JACKSON: *GATORADE* (Prestige MPP-2516) ★ ★ ★
PAT LaBARBERA: *NECESSARY EVIL* (Canadian Broadcasting Corporation LM478) ★ ★ ★ ½
HAROLD LAND: *XOCIA'S DANCE* (Muse MR 5272) ★ ★ ★ ★
FLIP PHILLIPS: *FILIPENSTEIN* (Progressive PRO 7063) ★ ★ ★ ★
ARCHIE SHEPP: *I KNOW ABOUT THE LIFE* (Sackville 3026) ★ ★ ½
BENNIE WALLACE: *THE BENNIE WALLACE TRIO & CHICK COREA* (Enja 4028) ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

EVER SINCE COLEMAN HAWKINS BIlowed his way through *Body And Soul* in 1939, the tenor saxophone has been at the heart of jazz. There were two camps then—either you subscribed to Hawk's macho, rough-and-tumble approach or Lester Young's feminine, ethereal sound—and to-

day it's still possible to trace the playing of most tenorists to those two men. Here we have an even dozen (arranged alphabetically), and all are passionate, emotional blowers of what is perhaps the most passionate and emotional of jazz instruments.

The late **Gene Ammons** was one of the finest exponents of raunchy, beer-bellied blues swinging—the kind of playing that had a strong effect on rock & roll and rhythm & blues. Here we have eight typical Ammons performances, never before released, from a 1962 Chicago blowing date. There is nothing here to rattle the walls—just good, basic meat-and-potatoes blowing on a selection of uptempo tonsil-tearers and custardy, sensual ballads which often, with "Sleepy" Anderson's organ churning below, threaten to enter the realm of the corny, but never quite do. Jug is in his element here and carries the date with his brick-hard playing, augmented by a nice mooring buzz. The album's highlight is an uptempo jumper called *Yea!* and that sums things up very nicely.

Listening to one selection from **Gato Barbieri's** *Bahia* is fine—South American mood music played with Gato's almost-clichéd fat, buzzing, though lacquered tone in lush fusion/funk surroundings. It is sexy and warm and evocative of hot, exotic nights. Unfortunately, this is a whole album, and in very short order the banality of Gato's playing takes over. His sound becomes cloying, and the sterility of the project comes through—it's not interesting or fiery, but rather out-on-its-feet music of the type that Gato has been playing since he first tangoed into our con-

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sciousness. Teo Macero produced two-thirds of this LP, but even he couldn't let this cat out of his stagnant musical bag.

Junior Cook is a steady-as-you-go hard-bop journeyman—he has a medium-hard tone and he can spit out upper-range phrases in his sleep. He's not an earthshaker of an improviser and, despite the 100-proof rhythm section of Cedar Walton, Buster Williams and, especially, Billy Higgins, this album is never much more than a pleasant diversion. It doesn't sound like a lot of care went into it—it's just like another night at the Village Vanguard, or wherever. There are many good moments, though, especially a short exchange between Cook and the vibrant, good-humored Higgins on *Heavy Blue*, but, for the most part, this is all somewhat less-than-riveting.

Allen Eager is a direct musical descendant of Lester Young whose career has been checkered, at best. Despite an audacious start in the late '40s, Eager has drifted in and out of the music scene for the past 25 years . . . usually out. In 1982 he resurfaced and was quickly gobbled up by Uptown Records—a company which specializes in recording such "whatever happened to's" as Davey Schildkraut, John Bubbles, Joe Thomas, and others (hey, how about George Wallington?). Eager returns to wax with an eerie, other-worldly sound—like a drunken Lester Young playing in the Lincoln Tunnel. Eager's face on the cover tells the story—it is haggard and prune—and his playing is rusty and out-of-focus. There are interesting deep-purple moans and a certain tenseness here—where is Eager going to land after a wide whoop across the harmonic plain? Hopefully he will regain his chops and his confidence following some serious woodshedding, and this album will remain just an interesting oddity. Two stars for effort and for Eager's fine sense of swing; let's just hope he stays in touch this time.

One thing about the late **Jimmy Forrest**—he always exuded *fun*. Here's a live date, recorded near his home three days after Christmas with the lively Shirley Scott on organ, and you *know* the pots are on. This is crash and bang from note one—raise-the-roof swing with lots of quotes, audience-rousing honking, and all-around loose-lipped roaring. There's nothing new under this sun, but that's okay. Forrest rides his *Night Train* for all it's worth—his is a fat, greasy tone with a lovely vibrato and a lot of Ben Websterish buzz, and both he and Scott pull out all stops and pretensions. This is funky, high-rev swing—a party-time album—and lots and lots of good, less-than-clean, fun.

Johnny Griffin is the fastest tenor in the West, but this LP—recorded in 1979 with his working quartet of Ronnie Matthews, Ray Drummond, and Idris Muhammad—showcases his softer side. And if this album doesn't have the hard-nosed exuberance of other recent Griffin recordings, it does display his adeptness at relaxed tempos. Griffin is a fine soloist and never paints himself into corners. He runs the changes with professional spit-and-polish and is a master at building tension. This is further enhanced by a sharp, clear recording and the firm rhythm section. The highlight of the album is the

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lengthy *Soft And Furry*, a Griffin original first recorded on his live Tokyo LP. Drummond takes a delightful solo and the leader has a good, fluid a cappella passage filled with flutters, throaty buzzes, and sly quotes. Personally, I prefer Griffin with a sharper edge, but this is a worthwhile, relaxed LP.

Willis Jackson is another foot-in-your-ear, raunchy, good-time booter. He comes on stuttering a la King Curtis and proceeds to deliver bags of gut-grabbing funk. The gators represented here don't live on golf shirts, but in thick, muddy swamps. There's not an ounce of subtlety or sophistication on this LP—from Carl Wilson's gauche organ work to "Boogaloo" Joe Jones' spikey guitar solos to Jackson's cheek-to-cheek deliveries of two unlikely Beatles ballads—and after a while this thing wears thin but, in small doses, this kind of deep-fried, crowd-pleasing tenor work is alright. It harks back to a different era—when organ groups were king, tenor players strolled on bar tops, and guys were nicknamed things like "Gator Tail."

Pat LaBarbera showed enormous promise 10 years ago when he was the best soloist in Buddy Rich's best big band, but since then, apart from work with Elvin Jones, he has been out of the spotlight. This production shows off his work on tenor and soprano—on the latter horn he has a post-Trane sound, softer and more feminine, though with a tough, elastic edge. His solos—particularly on bassist Don Thompson's *Days Gone By*—are beautifully detailed and stitched together, but there is a minimum number of sparks on this LP. Pat's playing has a fine sense of pacing and balance, yet he seems to be slightly tethered here—only occasionally does he allow himself to break out into a trot. Unfortunately, only the bassist offers LaBarbera the support he deserves—the pianist is dull and the drummer is just okay—and that, as well as the fact that they're playing mainly Pat's originals, may account for some of the stiffness here. There's a lot of talent in Pat LaBarbera, but it doesn't show its whole face on *Necessary Evil*.

Harold Land is yet another journeyman tenor veteran. He has a brilliant, smooth tone, and he plays solos that are brief and to the point—he rarely tries to overblow, but lets himself bob on the rhythmic sea. He's not a fastballer, but a player who can move the ball around and, with a half-dozen compatriots here, he turns in an exemplary album in the classic Blue Note mode. Bobby Hutcherson is added on three of the LP's five tracks, and his exotic, quicksilver vibes are welcome, as is the steady rhythm of George Cables, John Heard, Billy Higgins, and Ray Armando. Land plays with a lot of feeling and turns in a number of excellent solos—particularly on Charles Tolliver's *Ah, I See*—but this is very much a performance by a group, rather than just sax and rhythm. Oscar Brashear's limited-resource trumpeting adds extra spice to the project. It's nice to hear a tenor player who's not out to draw blood, and the result is very pleasant, very relaxed, and very listenable.

Filip Phillips is a victim of bad press which has followed him down through the decades. People who aren't old enough to remember Jazz At The Philharmonic are quick to repeat, by rote, the characterizations of Phillips as a

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honking, crowd-pleasing, second-rate talent who used to grab the spotlight from players like Charlie Parker and Lester Young at Norman Granz' massive jam sessions. Well, all you have to do is listen to Phillips to realize that the man is a first-rate, gentle swinger with an inbred sense of time and a beautifully warm approach. He's also a crackerjack improviser, and *Flipenstein*, despite its half-baked premise of songs with such titles as *Ghoul Of My Dreams*, *Dracula's Dance*, etc. (get the picture?), is a small gem. There are rompers, ballads, and mid-tempo swingers, and Flip handles them all with taste and intelligence. I like the breezes in his playing, and I like the support he gets from Lou Stein, Butch Miles, and Michael Moore. This album bounces along with glee and doesn't display a single shred of evidence for Flip's castigation for crimes of three decades ago.

Archie Shepp's recent exploration of jazz standards continues here—two Monks, one Coltrane, and one original—but what is most remarkable about this LP is Shepp's tone—an eerie, quavering tone, a mooring, echoey tone, as if it has gotten fat and lazy with age. On *Well, You Needn't*, for example, Shepp sounds like a caricature, and his solo drifts wildly—he doesn't nail much down. On the title tune, an original previously recorded with vocals, Shepp sounds like he's playing a bassoon; although he gives an affecting, gentle performance, there isn't much fire here, just a rambling tepidness; on *'Round Midnight* it sounds as if the horn is being allowed to do what it wants—there are a lot of vocal-sounding effects but, again, not much logic to the soloing. Only on *Giant Steps* do things take on a glow—thanks mainly to John Betsch's spirited trap work. Otherwise, this is a strange album from Archie Shepp—he sounds like late-Lester Young, but there is something unsettling about the entire performance.

Bennie Wallace is one of the finest of the new breed of tenor saxophonists; he is a big-toned, nimble player who improvises on his feet. His range isn't expansive, but he has a gruff, forward-drive attack and is able to straddle the line between inside and outside playing without seeming to force it. He is also an impressive composer—one who writes difficult, twisting lines. On top of that, he has assembled the perfect rhythmic setting for his tenor forays—Eddie Gomez and the sparkling, dynamic Dannie Richmond. Toss in Chick Corea, on this album, and the result is an always razor-sharp piece of work that does all four of its players proud. Corea's performance is exciting and unleashed—he accepts Wallace's challenge and meets him head-on; the two men seem to truly play off each other. Their duet on *My One And Only Love*, one of the most beautiful of all ballads, is an inspired, free-ranging exploration. The rest of the album is much tougher—Gomez pushes particularly hard, and Richmond coats the whole thing with some of the finest cymbal work in jazz. This is an album that is that rarest of things—four superb musicians playing at their very best every stride of the way. One can feel the fever of the date—there isn't a moment of sloughing off; the tension, the sound of four men *listening*, is palpable all the way. This is today's jazz at its very strongest.

—lee jeske

NEW RELEASES

(Record Companies: For listing in the monthly New Releases column, send two copies of each new release to Art Lange, db, 222 W. Adams, Chicago, IL 60606.)

PALO ALTO

Arnie Lawrence, ex-Chico Hamilton and *Tonight Show* band sideman returns with an '81 basically quartet program, *RENEWAL*. **Don Menza**, big band tenorman heads sextet inc. *Sal Nistico*, Sam Noto, caught live, *HIP POCKET*. **David Lahm**, pianist/lyricist debuts with varied backing, playing *REAL JAZZ FOR THE FOLKS WHO FEEL JAZZ*. **Scheer Music**, reedman Scott Scheer leads sextet plus guests in original tunes and *Naima*, *RAPPIN' IT UP*. **Paul Robertson**, West Coast mainstream reedman with seven post-bop chestnuts, *OLD FRIENDS*, *NEW FRIENDS*. **Meredith D'Ambrosio**, songstress adds Phil Woods, Hank Jones, and a string quartet to her stylings, *LITTLE JAZZ BIRD*. **George Howard**, soprano saxist and part-time vocalist in the Grover Washington Jr. pop-funk-jazz mold, *ASPHALT GARDENS*. **Mary Watkins**, keyboarder fronts septet and orchestra with easy-on-the-ears sounds, *WINDS OF CHANGE*.

CIRCLE/AUDIOPHILE

Ralph Sutton, pianist in solo stride session from '76, *OFF THE CUFF*. **Dan Wall**, Berklee-alum keyboarder joins Ike Isaacs and Steve Ellington in a live Atlanta gig, *THE TRIO*. **Maxine Sullivan**, Swing-singer's '78 date with the Ike Isaacs Quartet. **Billy Butterfield**, buttery-smooth trumpeter in '75 Holland live club recording, with special guests and Ted Easton's Jazzband. **Jimmy Dorsey**, 12 sides of the orch. and vocalists Bob Eberly and Helen O'Connell, via World Transcription Service, from 1939-40. **Carol Leigh**, contemporary blues singer accomp. by Bob Helm's reeds and Ray Skjelbred's piano, *BLAME IT ON THE BLUES*. **Leon Oakley**, saloon jazz from the ex-Turk Murphy cornetist and his flaming deuces.

SACKVILLE

Fraser MacPherson/Oliver Gannon, tenor/guitar duets on mostly Swing Era standards, *I DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT YOU*. **Doc Cheatham/Sammy Price**, two longstanding instrumentalists in "a salute to black American songwriters," *BLACK BEAUTY*.

CONCORD JAZZ

Art Blakey, live date finds Wynton and Branford Marsalis still in this early '82 Messengers aggregation, *KEYSTONE 3*. **Dave Brubeck**, reunited w/ clarinetist Bill Smith for old and new takes on the Brubeck canon, *CONCORD ON A SUMMER NIGHT*. **Scott Hamilton**, nine soothers and swingers from a nostalgic tenor sensibility, *CLOSE UP*. **L.A. 4**, '78 date originally only on direct-to-disc, now conventional stereo, *JUST FRIENDS*. **Carlos Barbosa-Lima**, acoustic guitarist plays the music of Jobim and Gershwin.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 44

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A New Kind of Trouble in River City

Some parents are being encouraged to do just that, by renting instruments locally, and then purchasing identical instruments at lower prices from a discount dealer. The trouble is

that sooner or later this convenient arrangement must come to an end. Your local school dealer doesn't offer service out of altruism; service is his business and he performs it conscientiously. Neither does a discount dealer offer discounts out of altruism. You pay for what you get from him, just as you get what you pay for from your local school dealer. The question is whether the service you get is worth the cost. The answer will be apparent to anyone who compares American music education with that of any other country—or any local dealer with Harold Hill.

Who Are We to Complain?

Virtually every down beat reader is a young active musician, whose interest in music was developed by playing in a school band. down beat's continuing success depends on the continuing success of school music, and the continuing success of school music depends on service-oriented school music dealers. So, after all, does yours.

down beat
The Contemporary Music Magazine

DISCOVERY

Duke Ellington, reissue of his '60s Reprise latin program **AFRO-BOSSA**. **Spike Robinson**, tenor backed by Victor Feldman, Ray Brown, and John Guerin, plays the music of **HARRY WARREN**. **Feather**, vocalists Weaver Copeland and Mahmu Pearl plus eight instrumentalists in occasionally latin-tinted affair, **CHEN YU LIPS**.

MILESTONE

Sonny Rollins, tenor giant w/ two-guitar lineup explores the **REEL LIFE**. **Azymuth**, Brazilian trio offers latin pop-jazz, **CASCADES**. **Irakeré**, energetic Cuban jazz-salsa in an '82 date from Tokyo, **EL COCO**.

PROGRESSIVE

Walter Norris, '78 outing from the sensitive pianist and George Mraz, Ronnie Bedford, **STEPPING ON CRACKS**. **Laurie Altman**, pianist's quintet premieres with eight '81 originals, **FOR NOW AT LEAST**. **Judy Carmichael**, Waller-influenced pianist and Marshall Royal's alto plus Basie-ish rhythm, two-handed **STRIDE**. **Don Lamond**, big band drum vet heads new ensemble with up-to-date charts, **EXTRAORDINARY**.

INDEPENDENTS

(Available from NMDS, 500 Broadway, NYC 10012, or contact **db**.)

New Black Eagle Jazz Band, 10th anniversary

concert of the N.O. trad band, from Philo Records, **AT SYMPHONY HALL**. **David Matthews Orchestra**, big band led by the keyboard/composer/arranger plus Earl Klugh, Ronnie Cuber, from GNP Crescendo, **DELTA LADY**. **Blue Wisp Big Band**, Cincinnati-based swinging ensemble blows nine self-arranged numbers, from MoPro Records, **BUTTERFLY**. **Dave Eshelman's Jazz Garden Big Band**, West Coast group in five originals and two ringers, from Jazz Mind Records, **THE JAZZ GARDEN**. **April Aloisio**, Cincinnati songbird and 14 musicians in varying backgrounds, from MoPro Records, **APRIL ALOISIO**.

Buck Hill, sterling tenor stylist waxes all-original program, from Turning Point Records, **PLAYS EUROPE**. **Frank Wright**, return of ESP tenorman in quartet setting dedicated to Eddie Jefferson, from Krona Records, **EDDIE'S BACK IN TOWN**. **Joe Farrell**, multi-purpose reedman leads quartet recorded digitally, from RealTime Records, **SOMEDAY**. **Joe Farrell/Art Pepper**, reeds in tandem at Art's final studio group session, from RealTime Records, **DARN THAT DREAM**. **Ted Harris**, baritone maven and sextet offer straightforward swingers, from H&D Records, **PRESENTS MORE GIANTS OF JAZZ**. **Dave Bendigkelt**, young trumpeter and quartet in eight originals, from Jazz Mind Records, **LOOKING OUT**.

Roland Hanna, keyboarder and varying all-star (Chet Baker, Larry Coryell, others) backing, from CTI Records, **GERSHWIN CAR-MICHAEL CATS**. **Horace Tapscott**, West Coast pianist & guiding light in live trio date from Nimbus Records, **LIVE AT LOBERO**. **Ahmad Jamal**, influential keyboard stylist captured live and done digital, from Shubra Records, **AMERICAN CLASSICAL MUSIC**. **Barry Kliner**, pianist w/ bassist Frank Pullara, tiptoe through standards, from Strathallan Records, **LIVE AT STRATHALLAN**. **Alvin Queen**, drummer hosts Junior Mance's piano and Martin Rivera's bass, from Nilva Records, **GLIDIN' AND STRIDIN'**.

Jayne Cortez, poet joined by Jamaaladeen Tacuma, Bern Nix, Denardo Coleman, and others, from Bola Press, **THERE IT IS**. **(a)R(t) Noise**, three multi-instrumentalists—Diana David, Paul Gaudynski, Thomas Gaudynski—in free improvisations, from (a)R(t) Noise Records, **OBJECT LESSONS**. **Susan Allen**, harpist plays works by Cage, Rochberg, Lomon, McKinley, Bourland, from 1750 Arch Records, **NEW MUSIC FOR HARP**. **Paul Smadbeck**, marimbaist plays original etudes, a duet for marimba and alto, and two Bach chorales, from Mallet Arts Inc, **MUSIC FOR MARIMBA**. **Richard Grossman**, seven self-styled keyboard pieces, from Tango Records, **SOLO PIANO IMPROVISATIONS**. **Spencer Barefield/Anthony Holland/Tani Tabbal**, guitar/reeds/percussion trio goes ethnic, classical, and improvisatory, from Trans-African Records, **TRANSDIMENSIONAL SPACE WINDOW**. **Bob Reigle**, seven tracks of tenor and flute on one side, tenor-led quartet on the other, from Aardwoof Records, **THE MARRIAGE OF HEAVEN AND EARTH**. **Roy Finch**, synthetically created sounds and human vocals, from Palace of Lights Records, **FICTION MUSIC**. **db**

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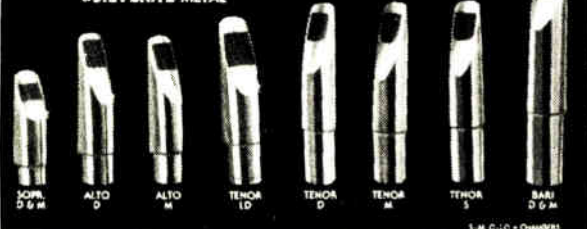
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BLINDFOLD TEST

1 CANNONBALL ADDERLEY.

NASCENTE (from LOVERS, Fantasy). Adderley, alto saxophone; Nat Adderley, trumpet; Alvin Batiste, clarinet, composer.

I don't recognize any of the players. The tone of the alto player—just the tone—reminded me of Julius Hemphill. On that piece I liked the trumpet player the most. Competent players, but it didn't impress me too much as a piece. It's hard for me to rate in numerical degrees: it'd be at the low end. [Later] Cannonball? Wow! And I thought that might be Alvin Batiste.

2 THE COLUMBIA JAZZ COMBO.

PRELUDIUM (from STRAVINSKY CONDUCTS, Columbia). Igor Stravinsky, composer.

Well, that was a composed piece, quite interesting, with that classical alto sax sound. The tone reminded me of Marty Ehrlich, an alto saxophonist and good friend. I dug the composition, considering its length [a minute-and-a-half], but I don't know who composed it. There was no improvisation, but the way the sax hooked up with the strings was good. I wouldn't know how to rate it.

3 ROSCOE MITCHELL. S II

EXAMPLES (from L-R-G, Nessa 14/15). Mitchell, soprano saxophone.

You can take that off. I got the feeling that's Roscoe Mitchell's piece dealing with the sounds of one or two notes. I've never heard it, but he tells me about his projects when we meet on the road. That impresses me as a mood piece for meditation: if you want to cool out, you could check it out. Now I love Roscoe, one of my contemporary influences; we've known each other 20 years and may influence each other, but I prefer to hear Roscoe when he's playing more than one note. Toward the lower end.

4 PAUL MOTIAN. MANDEVILLE (from

PSALM, ECM). Motian, composer, drums; Bill Frisell, guitar; Ed Schuller, bass; Joe Lovano, Billy Drewes, saxophones.

Oh, yeah. I dug that a lot. A kinda African thing, with slide guitar and rhythm. I've been listening to a lot of African music. I'd go to the highest end on this. I dug the composition—really relaxed. The tone of the saxophone reminded me of Roscoe again—only the tone. I wanted to hear more of the alto, though the bass solo was good. Even though they weren't Africans, the feeling was real good.

5 KING SUNNY ADÉ. MO BERU

AGBA (from Juju Music, Mango). Adé, lead guitar, vocal. Recorded 1982.

Definitely African. I'd venture to say West African. The talking drums, 6/8 rhythm, and voices [in harmony] are all very traditional; that's timeless. But I heard a synthesizer in there; is that a recent recording? To me that transcends rating. As Duke Ellington would say, it's "beyond category." Impeccable drumming! Is it Nigerian? It is? My group

Oliver Lake

BY FRED BOUCHARD

THE HOUR WAS VERY EARLY AND OLIVER Lake warmed to his challenge over strong, hot coffee. The dread-locked saxophonist and bandleader from Arkansas via St. Louis has been moving in new directions as he hit 40 (born 9/14/42). Lake made his mark in St. Louis' BAG and Chicago's AACM and nurtures his association with the World Saxophone Quartet, but his new band Jump Up is diving headlong into a fusion of reggae, jazz, and pop. Lake has long played alto and flute, and now regularly plays tenor and curved soprano in Jump Up, as well as getting into some soulful vocals with original lyrics. The band's fidgety feet brought them to Africa and Europe in 1982; some of the exciting music that ensued will be forthcoming on their second Gramavision release, due out early '83. Their first, eponymously titled, is Gramavision 8106.



Alongside his work with Jump Up and the WSQ, Lake has led various quartets and quintets (recorded for Arista-Novus and Black Saint Records), and has recorded his alto backed by violins in self-composed, neo-classical settings.

Lake was especially sensitive to the tone of the horns he heard here in his second Blindfold Test (see db, 8/9/79). He was given no information before or during the selections, and in rating preferred directional "ends" to numerical "stars."

Jump Up went to Africa last spring, and we're greatly influenced by what we heard. We played a new African composition last night [at Jonathan Swift's, Cambridge], and we're working on two more. Fela, a tenor saxist and singer, is a mixture of James Brown and Africa; he and General Ebenezer are really happening. This isn't them, though.

I read in *Billboard* that American companies are releasing African albums; we played a disco in L.A., and they played African drums between sets; Talking Heads are incorporating African rhythms, so is Steve Reich. All of this helps the cultural exchange. People ask how I move from the avant garde to reggae: the roots are all African rhythms. Jazz and blues are on the same line.

6 AMINA CLAUDINE MYERS.

WASTED LIFE BLUES (from SALUTES BESSIE SMITH, Leo). Myers, piano, vocal; Smith, composer; Jimmy Lovelace, drums.

That's Amina Claudine Myers, whom I've known for 10 years. We've played together, and I listen to her all the time. Her sound is distinctive on piano and vocals: I knew her from the long piano intro. She played for years in Chicago with Jug [Gene Ammons]. The highest rating. I love the composition and her singing.

7 PAQUITO D'RIVERA. MIAMI

(from MARIEL, Columbia). D'Rivera, alto saxophone; Hilton Ruiz, piano.

That was Paquito from Cuba. That was very emotional and exciting. I tend to lean more that way than the cerebral. I really like his playing; he's a hell of a technician too. I heard him first around 1976 with Irakere in Switzer-

land before they came here. High end. I enjoy that!

8 LEE KONITZ. MUSIC FOR ALTO

SAXOPHONE AND STRINGS (from AN IMAGE, Verve). Konitz, alto saxophone; Billy Bauer, guitar; William Russo, composer.

That was a long A-B-A composition, maybe by Gunther Schuler. Could be Jim Hall on guitar, and Lee Konitz or Paul Desmond on saxophone. I always like strings and alto, somehow the sonorities are so similar. I've done several things with strings. The first part sounded overly dramatic to me. The second part was more interesting, a fusion of improvisation and written material. It was executed very well, but the Stravinsky, much shorter, said more. I didn't get a feeling of completeness, too much shifting from writing to blowing. Near the low end. [Later] It is Lee! I immediately thought of him with that pure intonation.

9 LOUIS JORDAN. AIN'T NOBODY

HERE BUT US CHICKENS (from THE BEST OF, MCA). Jordan, alto saxophone, vocal. Recorded 1946.

Yeah, man! Louis Jordan! He's heavy! I was aware of him from my mother's records when I was very small. Then I saw him do a tv show in Paris two years before he passed [1973] and he . . . blew . . . me . . . away! On that old recording you can't realize how much he was into a bebop sound, and how much alto saxophone he could really play. He's very humorous with his vocals, as much an entertainer as a player. What I have been doing lately is moving in that same direction. The highest! A classic!

Odean Pope

From the lush voicings of his nine-man Saxophone Choir to the lean muscularity of his Trio, the reedman applies his variegated background to great effect.

BY RUSSELL WOESSNER

Odean Pope, who plays saxophone and other reeds with the Max Roach Quartet, admits that his musical tastes are catholic. "I'm just a person who likes all kinds of music. I like classical music. I like rock. I like spirituals. I even like ragtime and dixieland. I find that if you listen things out, you can learn something from everything. My mother used to tell me, 'Always listen—don't condemn or cancel things out—because you can learn from that.' I think that really stuck with me. That perspective makes me more flexible and more fluent in my main objective, the music that I really like, which is current contemporary music."

Odean received this maternal advice in Ninety-six, South Carolina where he was born on October 24, 1938. He recalls, "My mother used to play piano and organ for the Baptist church. My father was on the baseball team, and he used to play trap drums for the marching band, also trombone. So, from a very early age I was exposed to speeches and singers in church. And I was exposed to music. Basically what I heard was march music, black spirituals, gospel, and blues."

This early exposure to secular and sacred music stood the young musician in good stead when his family moved to Philadelphia when he was about 10 years old. But it was Benjamin Franklin High School that convinced Odean that his future was as a musician. "When I went to Ben Franklin, there were a lot of good musicians there: Benny Golson, Jimmy Garrison, Sonny Brown, Hassan Ibn Ali, Spanky DeBrest. I think the experience of seeing all these musicians so young and getting familiar with the roots of the music really confirmed my decision to be a professional musician. My first lesson on the saxophone was with a teacher by the name of Segeal at the Wurlitzer School of Music. But at a very early age I sort of canceled saxophone players out. When I first started, I used to listen to Chu Berry, Coleman Hawkins, Sonny Rollins a little bit. But later on I found out that you never get any



LAUREN DEUTSCH

recognition if you played too much like someone else. I became very frustrated and my solution to this was just to take all of the saxophone records out of the house and stop buying saxophone records. I tried to come up with some other concept, so I started to listen to piano players. I wondered what it would be like if I could play my horn like Hassan or Art Tatum or Scott Joplin, Jelly Roll Morton or Bill Evans. I'm pretty happy with the results because dynamically, harmonically, and melodically, I think I got a tremendous amount of knowledge from that experience.

"I studied with Ray Bryant for harmony and theory for a while, then I studied with Hassan Ibn Ali. Hassan was one of the forerunners in Philadelphia. He was one of the first to use the triangle Major seventh chord that they use today. Trane started using it quite a bit, and it became very popular, but Hassan was using raised ninths and flat ninths long before the majority of musicians in this area ever thought about that. They thought he was playing wrong. Very few people would even play with him because they said he didn't know what he was doing. I was just glancing through some of Hassan's music recently, and it still is very current. I think his music will be around, like Charlie Parker's, for a long time." (Pianist Hassan Ibn Ali made at least two recordings for Atlantic Records in the mid-1960s. *The Max Roach Trio Featuring The Legendary Hassan* [Atlantic SD 1435] includes Hassan's compositions performed by the pianist, Roach, and bassist Art Davis. It is now out-of-print. The other session was a

quartet with Hassan, Davis, Pope, and drummer Kahli. That tape was never released. Hassan died in 1980.)

Hassan may have been the teacher Pope most admired, but others were also important. He remembers studying with "Colmore Duncan and Jymie Merritt. I rehearsed with Jymie's group for a while, and at that time Jymie was playing with Max Roach. Max was organizing a new group, and Jymie sort of mentioned my name. It just worked out." Odean performed with Roach from June 1967 to April 1968 in a group with Merritt, Stanley Cowell, and Charles Tolliver. According to the saxophonist, the quintet "did a recording in Europe which was never released. It was a spiritual recording with Vi Redd. I think Max still has the master."

"The experience of playing with Max is very rewarding because he's not only a good leader but he's also a friend and a good teacher. He has a way of telling you things where most people wouldn't have the patience to tell it to you that way. My experience with Max led me to come back and want to do bigger and better things, to write, to write for a large group, to study other instruments like the oboe, the piccolo, and the english horn. I just wanted to expand as much as I possibly could."

As a result of this expansion, Odean formed a group along with three friends. "Catalyst was organized around 1971. We were all teaching with the Model Cities Cultural Arts Program, and that made it very easy for the four of us to study and write. The time was very loose. So that left Eddie Green, Sherman Ferguson, Tyrone Brown, and myself with a lot of freedom and flexibility. During that time we did a lot of writing. We had a 45-member concert band, a 70-member orchestra, and a 25-member stage band." Eventually, Catalyst recorded four albums: *Catalyst* (Muse 5170), *Perception* (Muse 5025), *Unity* (Muse 5042), and *A Tear And A Smile* (Muse 5069). Odean quotes Muse Record's Joe Fields as "saying 'Catalyst was really ahead of its time.' Because the music that we played in the '70s, they called 'fusion.' That's what's really happening now. Catalyst was a real modern, advanced group."

After Catalyst dissolved in 1975, Pope spent more time studying and writing. In 1977 he established his Saxophone Choir, the genesis of which was in the church of his youth. "I was brought up in the church, and they used to have choirs that I would sing in. Deep down I always asked myself how it would sound to have nine saxophones do the same thing. From that experience I had the desire to write for a choir of saxophones. In 1977 I had the first Choir rehearsal with Zach Zachery playing lead alto, Ray Wright playing second, and Robert Landham playing third. The tenors were Earl Grubbs, Middy Middleton, and Charles Bowen, with Willy

Williams on tenor and soprano, and I was playing tenor and flute and some of the other instruments. The rhythm section was Eddie Green on piano, Gerald Veasley on bass, and Cornell Rochester on drums."

The Saxophone Choir still performs in Europe and the United States, and one of its concerts led directly to Odean's rejoining Max Roach's band. After a Saxophone Choir gig at Ali's Alley in New York in early 1979, the drummer invited the saxophonist to accompany him on his next tour. In September of that year, Odean, Max, Cecil Bridgewater, and Calvin Hill recorded *Pictures In A Frame* (Soul Note SN 1003) in Milan. That album includes two compositions by Pope, *Mwalimu* and *Mail Order*. In 1980 the Max Roach Quartet recorded in the United States for the first time in approximately 10 years when Columbia Records released *Chattahoochie Red* (Columbia FC 37376). In the five-star review in **down beat**, the reviewer referred to Odean Pope's "long arpeggiated lines of sinewy determination" and called the group a "superlative quartet."

The Odean Pope Trio also recorded an album last summer in Europe. *Almost Like Me* (Moers Music 01092) reprises Pope's *Mwalimu*, marking Odean's multi-tracked singing debut. *Multiphonics* is a duet between Pope and Veasley which achieves much of the same full-bodied texture as does the Saxophone Choir. Odean comments, "Surprisingly, you can get a lot of the voicings for the nine saxophones with the trio. Gerald plays multiphonics, which is a concept and technique that we worked a great deal with. I asked him if he could play things like 10ths, Major sevenths, ninths. He's the kind of person that if you give him a concept, he'll work with it. In a very short while he could play multiphonics on the bass like I could play on the saxophone. From that point, a lot of the things that we do with the choir, we were able to do with the trio. Sometimes he might play three notes or four notes or two notes. And I might play three notes, so we get six voicings there. So with those instruments, we can come up with seven voices, sometimes it can be eight because sometimes I can play four voices on the tenor, but it's kinda hard. I'm still working with it. But as a rule, we can always play six and seven tones at once. So a lot of the concepts that I worked out with the Saxophone Choir, we still can do with the trio."

"I've also been working on some different fingering on the saxophone. I sort of transposed the fingering from the oboe to the saxophone. That way you get different tones. When you take the flute fingering and use it on the saxophone, you get different concepts. That's where I get the harmonic chord multiphonics and overtone series from. The overtone series has been around for a long time, but I've never heard anyone play it or approach it the way I am. With this kind of

concept, you can compile different combinations of scales. What I normally do is get maybe two five-tone scales, three seven-tone scales, two nine-tone scales, and maybe one 11-tone scale. I'll put all these scales together and make a row. When you compile them like that, you come up with very basic things and very complex things. You come up with the whole spectrum. That's what makes it so interesting, because you come up with funk, rock, acid, fusion, bebop, dixieland, you name it. Everything is right there. It's amazing how all of these things derive out of all of those scales."

For a person with Odean's range of interests, there is never a shortage of projects. He agrees that "there's always something to do. I'm working on some things with voices now. I would like to hear the Saxophone Choir along with maybe five or six or more voices. I'm also working with some string ensembles. I did some arrangements, and we're scheduled to do some recording with Max and the Double Quartet—which consists of the quartet, two violins, a cello, and Max's daughter, Maxine, on viola. So I'm experimenting with different concepts right now. It'll probably take me a little while before I can put them together. I hope I'll always have the kind of mind to try to develop and grow because that's what it's all about."

db

Jerome Harris

Playing alongside Sonny Rollins and in Oliver Lake's Jump Up might qualify as a career for some, but the guitarist/bassist says he's just begun.

BY FRED BOUCHARD

Jerome Harris stands next to an old Chinese dragon in his former stomping ground, Harvard Yard, and strikes a few tentative poses. Posing is evidently not a habit for the unassuming, well-spoken guitarist and bassist, visiting Cambridge again to play two diverse gigs with saxist Oliver Lake's *Jump Up* at Jonathan Swift's and guitarist Michael Gregory Jackson at The Channel. Harris weighs his words as he weighs each note, the clarity of his thoughts matching the clarity of his lines. He is less a dragon of the bass than a horse—an elegant, sturdy bearer of the bands he graces. In Boston days, at the New England Conservatory, these included Stan-

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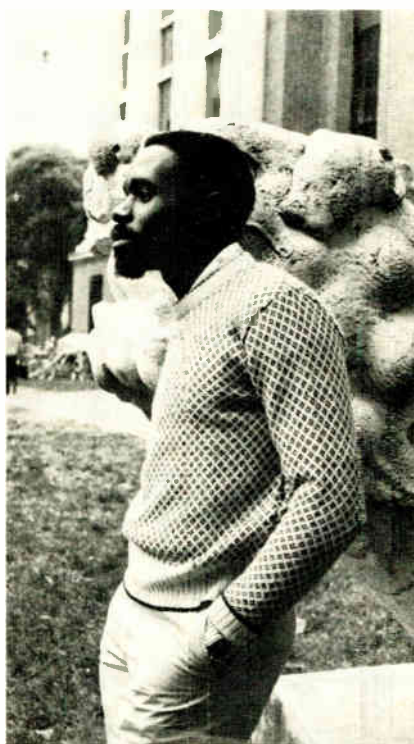
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ton Davis' Ghetto Mysticism (which effected a brilliant synthesis of Miles Davis and soul), Webster Lewis' orchestral extravaganzas, and Billy Thompson's lyrical reed combos. Into each of these bands Harris brought a rare intelligence for form and harmony, and a cool, limber voice. All three prepared him for his major break with Sonny Rollins: Davis through expressive playing and professional experience, Thompson through a wide range of rhythms and tunes, and Lewis for connecting him up with Sonny.

Harris got a late start in music as a career, which, as usual, means that salubrious creativity preceded chops-consciousness. "I was born in Queens and grew up in Brooklyn," said Harris in his thoughtful, unhurried manner. "I was academically inclined and music was a hobby. I played a little terrible violin in junior high, but had a real affinity for singing, which I still love. Science was what I really wanted at Stuyvesant High; I thought I'd be a chemist. But my musical interests increased and expanded on all fronts." There was rock & roll with friends, funk and blues bands, even a little country music and folk. (The first acoustic guitarists he was interested in were Doc Watson, John Fahey, and Mississippi John Hurt.) His parents listened to radio pop singers (Dakota Staton, Mahalia Jackson, Nat King Cole) and some organ trios (Shirley Scott and Stanley Turrentine).

After some rip-off accordion lessons, guitar came self-taught, and from his pre-teens Harris played and sang along. He bought an amp to be heard in groups and gospel choirs, but didn't get to club-hop, instead absorbing music from records, mostly pop and r&b. "My early sense of form and structure came from Cream, Eric Clapton, Youngbloods, Traffic." Later he delved into the American Popular Songbook, which stood him in good stead during his three-year ('78-81) stint with the Rollins ensemble.

Harvard, as might be expected, did little for Harris' performing career, but continued to expand his musical universe and inform his philosophy. It was the days of the Harvard Square Riots (1969); he was living on his own for the first time; he shifted majors from chemistry to social sciences. "I was intimidated by the mindset and circuit, freaked out, struggled my ass off, and only got fair grades. In retrospect, it was a positive time for me—circumspect and analytical. And I discovered [radio station] WHRB's wonderful record library. I listened to everything: gospel, blues, world music, classical European tradition." Harris gained a comprehensive perspective on musical values. "When you discover there has always been high creativity in every culture, you can use it as a model and source of inspiration. When you find how many different ways there are and have been of making music, you get some



FRED BOUCHARD

sense of what processes are common to musical value. What's good and bad has lots of ramifications on individual decisions. Pre-industrial society looked on music for social function, not just entertainment.

"It's dismaying as a musician to realize how little exposure people have to all that. You turn on the radio and usually hear music that has been put on for economic reasons rather than musical or cultural value. Music, like all art, carries much more encoded data than just [fun and money]. It's dangerous when people equate music with 'bodymusic' or 'headmusic' or 'electric instruments' or 'volume.' People need a wealth of concepts to have rich lives! People are hungry worldwide not only for entertainment but everything else (abstract values, shape and form, sounds moving in time, the repetitions and modulations of all traditions).

"The American music industry (especially these days, protecting its bottom line) has little room for cultural diversity. They only see masses, airplay, huge structures, maintained salaries. It's a multimillion-dollar industry that can only see itself as a branch of entertainment, like film, video games, and tv. I like what [Robert] Fripp has been writing and living, seeking to support the smaller channels. It's a rare thing for an artist who has played arenas to go solo. Jazz people have been dealing with that more manageable human level for years, sometimes voluntarily, sometimes not. Yet one can lead a good life at that level: Oliver Lake has done it and so has Michael Gregory Jackson. Each has an affinity for small-group work and for musicians who have developed a core of

strength and depth of expression that allow them to function fully as solo musicians as well as group members."

After graduation from Harvard in Social Psychology, Harris crossed the Charles River to attend the New England Conservatory's Afro-American department on a scholarship in the fall of 1973. Guitar was his major, "but I always played a little bass along the way. I started on electric; the bassist would be late, so I'd see what I could do on it. Or I'd play drums: I'm a closet drummer." His education continued. "Music is always very much involved in learning, like art. They teach people about openness, creativity awareness, relation of culture to culture, class to class, person to person." At NEC, Harris was exposed to "The Griots"—Jaki Byard and George Russell—who "have lived so much of the black American musical tradition that it comes through in their being. In their stories about people and situations, you gain knowledge of a musical culture going through a lot of changes these days. And Russell's Lydian Concept diminishes the chasm that most people sense between tonal and pan-tonal music: you get to realize they're on a continuum. Ran Blake has an uncanny openness to the whole world of musical experience that he tries to deal with in his music and his teaching. These people are priceless because they keep you in touch with the core of that living tradition."

Placing himself in perspective is important to Harris, who was expected to know whatever of hundreds of standards and calypso and bop tunes Sonny Rollins might be going into the first couple of bars, and who today is carving out new niches of fusion in reggae-jazz with Oliver Lake and pop-vocal with Jackson. "I am part of that jazz tradition, though not to the exclusion of anything else. That spirit of creativity and musical expression I try to bring to all the genres I play in. I play jazz, but I'm not a specialist. It is one of my influences and the one I study most to this day. There are lots of improvising traditions: Brazilian, African, European classical, Indian."

Harris faces the future with a quiet and steady confidence. "I've tended to be an accompanist, but I'll be stepping out a lot more in the future. My academic and scholarly temperament has been taking in music and information, but that will change. I may be younger in musical development because I got serious later than the new virtuosi." Just 30, Harris has been doing more writing—hear *Sun People*, a very melodic instrumental on Jump Up's Gramavision debut LP—and has played and recorded with saxophonist Marty Ehrlich. "More of my tunes will see the light of day. I'll make composing my third instrument," says Harris, who won't choose between guitar and bass. "I'd play kazoo if I thought I could make music on it." **db**

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Ronald, since rhythm and time is very important to him. Along with melody and harmony. Rhythm in today's music is like this: you can't get away from it, and why should you?" Spoken like a born harmolodician.

But when Reid first encountered Jackson, "His concept went right over my head. I said, 'Okay, I'll go hear them again sometime.' The second time I thought, 'I really like the way this guy plays drums, and I'd like to work with him.' A good drummer, whatever he's doing, is *happening*. I was out of college when Melvin—whom I've known since high school, so no one can tell you better than me what a great musician *he* is—called to tell me to audition for Ron's band. It was Gifts then; Bern Nix was in it, too, and Bern's great—he's like Howlin' Wolf cum laude, a very deep mixture of real blues and real intellect. Now, without Bern in the Decoding Society, my role has expanded; I have to do more, so you don't notice that something's missing.

"Ron's music has been changing, too. He's been a big factor in my growth, just from the standpoint of endurance and being able to hear different keys at once, parts that go totally against other parts, and making it all work. It's a music that takes getting used to. It demands a lot of listening, and a lot of the listener, since so many things are occurring at the same time. A lot of people don't

understand it; what I'm concerned about is that they give it a chance. Much of what I've come to love, when I heard it the first time I thought, 'Oh, come on.' When I listened to AM radio, I wanted everything to end on a Major chord. From there to this! People should give the Decoding Society's music a chance. It won't hurt you."

Yet there are quibblers; they might shout "Sell out!" or "Show off." Says Reid, "For me, jazz has always been a people's music. I don't like the elitist trip, whether it's a jazz giant laying it down, or some chick or dude on the corner. I like dressing up as well as the next person, putting on the Ritz, but the aura of 'Let's get sophisticated'—which extends into a bebop attitude—I don't dig it. Olu Dara put it best; he says the bebop and classical cats have one thing in common—they both say, 'We're the ones playing the *real* thing, so give us the money.'

"Older guitar players who hear Hendrix and say, 'I know all the young kids like this loud stuff, but I don't'—the fact is that the ability to control the forces Hendrix was dealing with is difficult. Controlling an L5 is difficult also, as is running 16th notes over bop changes. It's not about that.

"I mean, people who can't dance always hate dance music; you just can't expect everyone to like you or what you do. But sound is sound. Attitude is attitude. And when you mix sound and attitude, music is what you get—hopefully.

"Good music is about *integrity*. Ronald Shannon Jackson's father used to sell juke boxes, so Ron's always heard that, and he's brought a back-beat to all the people he's worked with. That's where it's at for him. For me, I do what I like. I'll enjoy Grandmaster Flash, then I'll want to hear *Thelonious Monk At The Five Spot*. And why shouldn't I? It's all coming from the same thing, the same integrity. I could listen to Stockhausen, Edgar Varese's *Ionization*, then Albert Collins' album *Frozen Alive!*—all great music." And only some of it is free or experimental, white or black or European or American—only some of it directly concerns the guitar.

So maybe that's what should be obvious: it's not the instrument you play; it's the *music* you play. Professional guitarists, too, need to eat, so they'll take r&b gigs as readily as play cocktail lounges or gather a mass of colleagues to create guitar symphonies or evolve One World music or check out micro-tones—as long as they can find someone to sign the paycheck. The *music* guitarists play may not be about the form or style, either—if you hear their music, maybe you're listening to their resources of strength and imagination—whatever they can offer. Of course, there have been rogues and rascals who've made fine music—at least their *music* had integrity.

As for Vernon Reid, he's straight, has chops, wit, ambition, and integrity—which is all he'll really have to defend. **db**

WINSTON *continued from page 23*

delicacy." A couple of years later, after hearing a tune called *Hey Now Baby* by Professor Longhair off an old Atlantic reissue album entitled *New Orleans Piano*, Winston became excited again about playing piano. "I thought, 'God, this is simple and right to the point and I think I can play it.' So I got deeply into Longhair. I got his album *Rock 'N Roll Gumbo* and just freaked out on it."

He explained that his idea for doing the so-called "mood" albums that have now become his trademark came after hearing a Christmas album for solo guitar by John Fahey entitled *The New Possibility*. "I started fooling around with the guitar myself, trying to work out some of these tunes on Fahey's record, and eventually I began dabbling with them on piano. What happened was, when spring came around, there wasn't anything else for me to play, so I had to make up things that sounded like spring. Essentially, I've done all the melodic stuff like *Autumn* by wanting to play something other than blues for a change at home. So I practiced this melodic stuff just for fun. It just turned out that the melodic stuff became ready to record earlier than the blues stuff. So with that, I feel that I can just do whatever I want. I've come up with something personal so that it doesn't really matter how good or bad it is pianistically. It just reflects what I'm trying to say personally. But when you try to play blues or

stride piano, you've got all the great guys like Fats Waller and Jerry Lee Lewis and Amos Milburn as the precedent. And you can't be as good as those guys. So I guess I've been so much under the shadow of all those great players—everybody from Meade Lux Lewis to Albert Ammons to Little Brother Montgomery—that I'm just not ready to record that stuff. I'm still warming up but I haven't quite gotten there yet."

But he does feel confident enough to perform stride and boogie woogie material in concert, much to the delight of fans who had no idea that Winston even had it in him. And now that he is preparing material for his '50s dance album, Winston said, "I guess I'm sort of coming back to my roots, which is playing music for people to dance to. My whole background is listening to singles. I'd like to record some of those old instrumental singles over again, like *Nut Rocker* or *On The Rebound*. I've played enough concerts over the past two years since *Autumn* came out, but what I'd really like to do is to play some dances. Even though it's just solo piano, you might be able to get some people to forget that there isn't a bass drum beating on every beat and there's no discofied quadrasonic sound system, and they're still able to dance to it, just like a real sock-hop."

So until then, Winston will have to remain content with being the undisputed "star" of Windham Hill, that quality-conscious label started in 1967 by guitarist Will Ackerman as an alternative to a career as a contractor and

carpenter. What Winston has brought to this ambitious independent label is high visibility. His debut album, *Autumn*, has racked up sales of 200,000—an astonishing figure for a small, independently produced record—and it's still selling at a steady clip of about 10,000 per month, according to Windham Hill publicist Sue Auclair. Momentum has been building at Windham Hill since the release of that breakthrough album in 1981, and now some of Winston's labelmates like guitarist Alex DeGrassi, pianist Scott Cossu, and violinist Darol Anger are beginning to enjoy increased record sales. A definite "Windham Hill sound" has been identified by record buyers: an acoustic, introspective, and non-commercial sound that is strictly left to the artist's discretion. But George Winston surely will break the mold when he begins releasing material that shows his swinging, stride-happy side.

Regarding the frequent comparison to Keith Jarrett, Winston offered, "What I'm doing is folk piano. It's more of an American sound, influenced by a blend of blues, gospel, stride, and my own impressions. What he's doing is more classically influenced and mainstream jazz-influenced. I like to keep it real simple and steady. Jazz players tend to break up the rhythm more than I do, but my own preference is to keep a steady thing going. I mean, I think Art Tatum is great. I listen to a lot of piano players just for fun or just to appreciate their talents. But for me, the only textbooks are Waller and Longhair." **db**

LIBERATION MUSIC ORCHESTRA

THE PUBLIC THEATRE

NEW YORK CITY—What could be bad? Charlie Haden rekindled the music from his fine Impulse album of a decade ago, added other latin revolutionary songs, put together a band consisting of three-quarters of Old And New Dreams and a large fraction of the Carla Bley Band, signed Bley on as arranger, and hit the road for a European tour followed by a sell-out weekend at the Public Theatre. What could be bad?

Nothing, except on this particular night the thing that most needed liberating was the music. Not the ensembles—no, Bley's brassy reworkings of the original material were tart and moving—but everything else. The players were, for the most part, listless and bored, the solos were usually too long, and the entire project adamantly refused to swing.



From left, Carla Bley, Mick Goodrick, Charlie Haden, Paul Motian, Dewey Redman, Steve Slagle, Mike Mantler, Don Cherry, Sharon Freeman (hidden), Gary Valente, Jack Jeffers.

The first number went something like this: Haden explained that now was the time to relight the revolutionary spark that inspired the Liberation Music Orchestra of the early '70s (the last announcement or explanation of the night), and the band launched into a pungent hymn. The melody was followed by a long, long bass solo that seemed to dissipate (with the leader crouching into his instrument like Margaret Hamilton melting in the *Wizard Of Oz*), followed by a lovely Mick Goodrick guitar intro to Sharon Freeman's french horn playing over Paul Motian (elegantly straw-hatted, by the way) doing Spanish ditherings on the traps. Don Cherry followed with a lightweight solo that led into a lengthy Motian foray, still no heat. Gary Valente then made futile efforts to enliven things with a bristling trombone solo before Dewey Redman took over with a sleepy disinterest that finally, for a brief second, turned to pins-and-needles blowing, with Haden and Motian hard-driving underneath. This led into

a so-so Mike Mantler trumpet solo, with only the rhythm section (the problem here is that things were under-arranged—Bley should have had the rest of the players *doing* something rather than sitting there droopy-eyed during the solos), followed by Steve Slagle on alto over a pitter-patter rhythm. Then it was back to the stentorian theme (like the music from a Pancho Villa movie, but that is not necessarily bad) and out. Olé? Ho-hum.

Anyway, that was how the evening went for four long numbers. Motian's perpetual cymbal chatter became annoying, Bley's piano playing was awfully stiff, and only rarely was there anything to get excited about. Don Cherry managed to pull a few plums out of the mud, as did Dewey Redman on the last number (delivering the best solo of the night), and whenever the brass stood up to deliver another finely wrought piece of Bley arranging, things were perky but, for the most part, this band played with an amazing lack of spirit and elan.

Why did this happen? I don't know. The band should have been tight—they had just returned from Europe—but where was the

up a dozen tours each winter season, about a quarter of them by jazz or improvising musicians. Normally these are regular groups such as the Steve Lacy Sextet or the Canadian percussion ensemble Nexus (also heard recently), but this particular musical offering brought together four pianists of differing pedigree.

The brainchild of Howard Riley (Profile, **db**, Feb. 10, '77), the tour offered contrast but not cacophony. No gimmicky quadruple improvisation, just four unaccompanied sets in which (on the opening concert) the first and last performers were most impressive.

Alex Schlippenbach, leader of the Globe Unity Orchestra, opened with a solo style that shares some of the virtues of Cecil Taylor, especially a clarity of execution deriving from his percussive attack which, even in rare moments of repose, creates an irresistible forward impetus.

In the case of Riley, who followed, a similar overall approach allowed for more textural variety, including a theme/solo/theme section introduced by traditional-sounding, even Brahmsian harmony; another extended passage featured single-note lines in the right hand with a "walking bass" in the left.

After the interval, Irene Schweizer took us back to the realms of free structures, with less intensity than Schlippenbach but, like Riley, investigating different textural possibilities. In two separate segments of her half-hour, she examined alternative methods of playing the insides of the piano, and was clearly unafraid to let silences play a part in the performance.

Despite the contrasts so far, there was little catharsis until Jaki Byard weighed in with his pan-stylistic celebration. Anyone who expected at least duets from the assembled cast would have relished the moments when Jaki's right and left hands took off in totally unrelated directions, only to return to complete coordination in the Byard composition dedicated to Tatum and Waller, or in Willie "The Lion" Smith's *Fingerbustin'*.

All this was included in an improvised medley which not only had more highs and lows than the other sets, but made a fitting and yet entertaining end to the evening. Much food for thought was created by this meeting of European and American heirs to the jazz piano tradition, and the experiment deserves to be repeated on U.S. soil.

—brian priestley

JAKI BYARD/ HOWARD RILEY/ ALEX SCHLIPPENBACH/ IRENE SCHWEIZER

THE ROUNDHOUSE

LONDON—The Contemporary Music Network organized by Britain's Arts Council sets

DAVID FRIESEN TRIO

EMMANUEL CHURCH

BOSTON—David Friesen is a musician very much on the move. He tours out of hometown Portland, Oregon in his VW van, his new, compact Oregon Bass at his side, criss-crossing America like a hummingbird in a garden. Even his group is moving right along. In the past, guitarist and comrade John Stowell and one of David's teenage sons



David Friesen and Paul Patterson.

accompanied him but this time he brought along Paul Patterson, as well. The young violinist/plectrist from Cincinnati has made the duo a trio, and new elements of space, light, and melody are moving in the music. Once-familiar melodies, rich as they were with counterpoint and creative noodling, have added new dimensions and sound fuller, layered like clouds.

As *The Day Begins* had a languid country feel, Patterson on a big 12-string guitar, Friesen in close harmony, Stowell on his electric mandolin (which can, on faster tunes, sound like steel pans): it became a timeless desert paean. *Trilogy*, a stops-out set-closer from the LP *Mansions* (Inner City), featured an extraordinary cadenza for violin (a telling blend of Bach, Stravinsky, and Vassar Clements) before a long free section for Friesen and Stowell, while Patterson tried tremolos for effect. They are finding their way, and the raw excitement is evident.

Friesen loves change, especially ones that make his complex music more rainbow and lucid. The new bass, modeled after a viola da gamba, has a rich, wirey bottom and plays with great facility (Friesen can sit as he plays and expends no energy holding it upright). In addition, he's added the color of shakuhachi (Japanese recorder) given him by a master on his last trip to Japan, while Stowell handles several percussive instruments ably: kalimba (tango in *Episodes*), tuned hand drums (in *Ancient Kings*).

Other influences showed. *Amber Skies* rolled amiably like bluegrass Roy Harris with quick chord changes and evolved folk blues; *Descending Dreams*, in a circular pulsed 6/4, made a joyfully skimming A-level dream with more texture than tune and no solos. In *The Place Of Calling* had a twangy hillbilly sound for very full trio—Stowell riding the busy changes with some aplomb and daring, and adding small hammered cymbals for a nice touch. The second set aired a couple of Patterson's tunes—a very pretty, hypnotic Caribbean line called *Turning Point*,

and a more spirited cooker, *Lake*, in a loping 4/4. These pieces show more freedom than craft, but they are cut of the same country calico as Friesen's best, and the union is a felicitous one.

—fred bouchard

LOU DONALDSON AND GUESTS

FAMOUS BALLROOM

BALTIMORE—Creative spontaneity has been the game's name lately at the Left Bank Jazz Society-sponsored, cabaret-styled concerts where internationally known recording artists like Lou Donaldson and Buck Hill have been inviting some of the area's more talented artists to come on-stage and jam. The result has been a series of swinging sessions that have added an interesting dimension to the normal LBJS format of "name" artists like Dexter Gordon, Sun Ra, and Johnny Griffin.

Lou Donaldson's LBJS concert was artistically successful, and chock full of more fun than any other concert I have been to this year. Lou was in superb form, belting out intricately interwoven strands of glisses, arpeggios, honks, and squeals as he leaped back and forth acrobatically between his horn's upper and lower registers during the evening's first and second sets, booted along by pianist Herman Foster, bassist Walter Booker, and drummer Vernel Fournier.

But the stratospheric swinging came on the third set when Donaldson asked saxophonist Arnold Sterling and vocalist Lady Rebecca to join him on-stage. After kicking off *Stormy Monday* with a unison sax statement, Donaldson turned the microphone over to Lady Rebecca, who blitzed through the lyrics so intensely that she nearly scorched the stars and clouds off the ceiling

at the Famous Ballroom. Having never heard Lady Rebecca croon a tune before, I was overwhelmed with her fluid articulation, control, and range—not to mention the quality and crystal clarity of her superb voice.

Fueled with the tremendous energy generated by Lady Rebecca's forceful singing, Donaldson ripped off a blistering solo that clearly demonstrated why he is known as one of the men who put the "unk" in funk long before any of today's Top 40 groups ever heard the word. Gifted with one of the bluest vocabularies in contemporary jazz, the altoist made the most of each soulful note as he played with fire recalling his classic performance on *The Sermon* with Jimmy Smith. Next, Arnold Sterling took off on a fiery solo that clearly revealed the bristling talent that led organist Jimmy McGriff to recruit him to go on the road, and to play on his album *The Groover*. Responding to the crowd's vociferous demand for an encore, Donaldson struck up the band again so that Lady Rebecca could deliver an impassioned rendition of *God Bless The Child*.

Exiting the stage to a thunderous ovation, Lady Rebecca graciously turned the stage back over to Donaldson and Sterling so they could romp through briskly paced treatments of *Bye Bye Blackbird* and *The Best Things In Life Are Free*, trading four-bar riffs and taking adventurous solos. Having been on-stage for more than two hours by this time, Donaldson had totally loosened up and was flexing his musical muscles to the max. But Sterling, whose recording *Here's Brother Sterling* (JAM) was recently released, matched the elder statesman note for note, helping generate escalating levels of excitement that kept the 500-plus audience members riveted to their chairs until the last note of the concert echoed through the Famous Ballroom.

—frederick i. douglass

From left, Lady Rebecca, Lou Donaldson, Arnold Sterling.



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PROSESSION



HOW TO vary two-octave Major scale patterns on bass

BY DR. WILLIAM L. FOWLER

William Fowler, professor/composer/clinician, holds a PhD in Music Composition and is down beat's Education Editor.

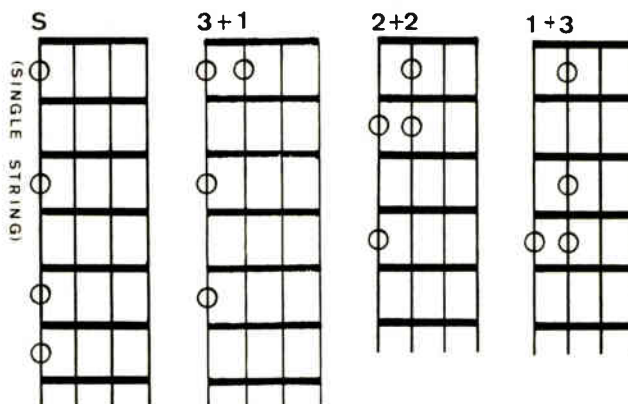
Four facts from last month's Pro Session, "How To Vary One-Octave Major Scale Patterns On Bass," also apply to this article:

- 1) A half-step

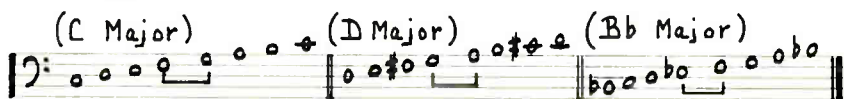
above two consecutive whole steps makes a Major tetrachord:



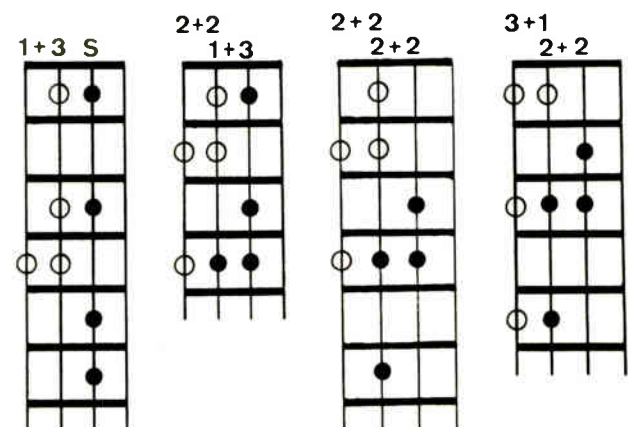
- 2) On the bass fingerboard a Major tetrachord can assume four patterns:



- 3) Two consecutive Major tetrachords a whole step apart make a one-octave Major scale:

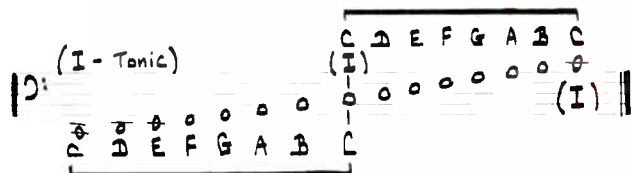


- 4) On the fingerboard any combination of Major tetrachord patterns a whole step apart becomes a Major scale pattern (in the examples, circles show bottom tetrachords; solid dots show top tetrachords):



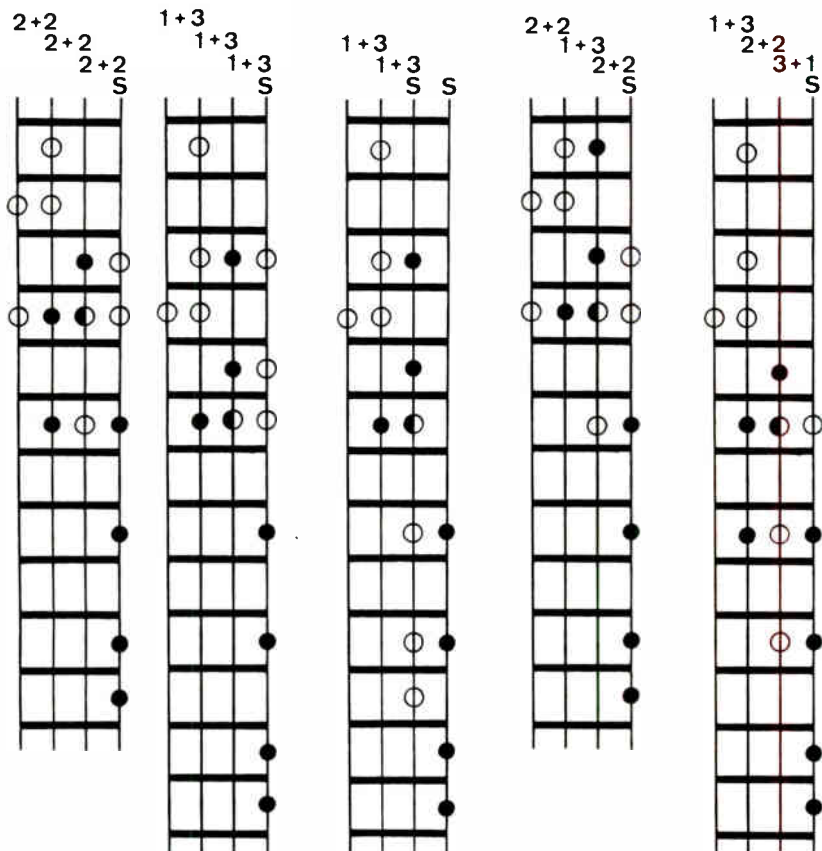
Whenever a one-octave Major scale continues upward into another octave, its top tonic

note (the doubled C in the next example) becomes the bottom note of the second octave:



This double-function tonic note will be shown in two-octave patterns by a half-dot combined with a half-circle: \odot .

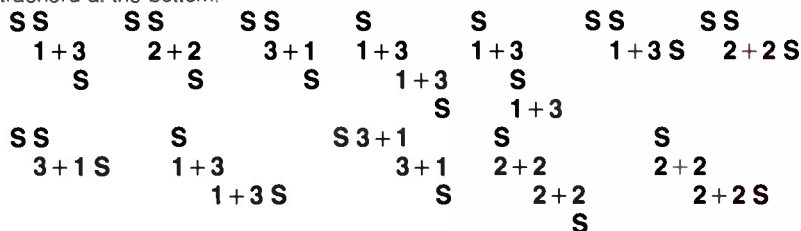
Two-octave Major scales can combine three identical tetrachord patterns with one single-string pattern (the two examples at left below); or they can combine two identical tetrachord patterns with two single-string patterns (center example below); or they can combine two identical tetrachord patterns with one single-string pattern plus some other pattern (example second from right below); or they can combine all four tetrachord patterns (example at right below):



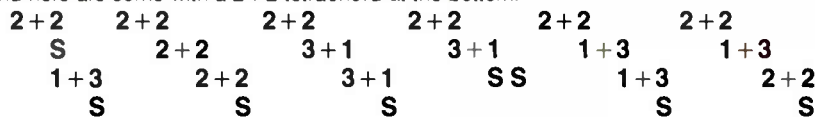
But whatever the tetrachord combination in a two-octave scale might be, at least one single-string tetrachord pattern will be included.

A vast number of tetrachord combinations other than those already illustrated can be used to form two-octave scales. Some are easy to play and thus practical. Others are awkward to play and thus impractical. But the very act of discovering them all solidifies a bass player's knowledge of the fingerboard. And the awkward ones can provide valuable exercise in finger-stretching and position-changing. Systematically arranging the order of the four tetrachord patterns will reveal all possible two-octave Major scale patterns.

Here, for example, are some of the possible two-octave scales with a single-string tetrachord at the bottom:



And here are some with a 2+2 tetrachord at the bottom:



And so on, into the several hundred possible two-octave Major scale patterns.

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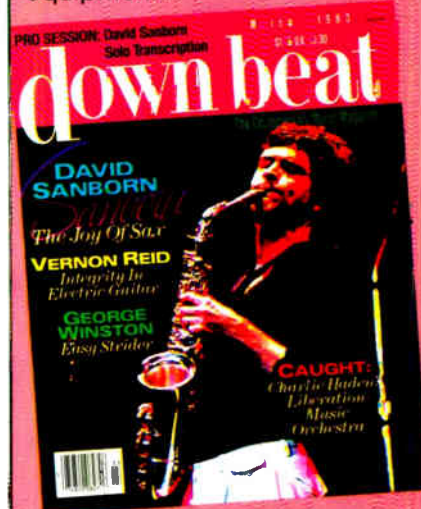
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**David Sanborn's Solo On
Buddy's Advice—An Alto
Saxophone Transcription**



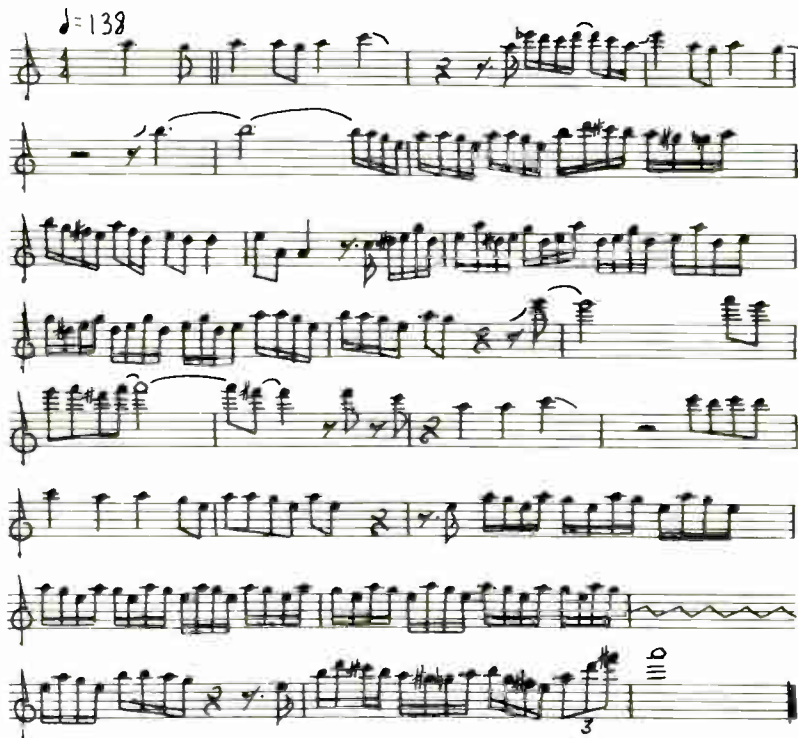
BY HARRY MIEDEMA

Saxophonist **Harry Miedema** holds the B.M.E. and M.M. degrees from Indiana University. He has studied jazz or jazz saxophone with David Baker, Lee Konitz, Joe Allard, Eugene Rousseau, and George Russell. While in a West Point army band he backed the likes of Louis Armstrong and Pearl Bailey. He has led student groups that have won several jazz festival competitions, and he himself was awarded an Outstanding Individual award at the National College Jazz Festival. His professional career has included tours with the Supremes and the Four Tops. He has accompanied Buddy Greco, Doc Severinsen, Johnny Mathis, and Michel Legrand. He has also worked in the big bands of Warren Covington, Buddy Morrow, and Skitch Henderson. Miedema currently plays professionally and teaches saxophone and improvisation privately near his hometown of Indianapolis.

This David Sanborn solo is transcribed from the tune *Buddy's Advice* (by Buzzy Feiten) off the Paul Butterfield Blues Band album *Keep On Moving* (Elektra EKS 74053). It is reprinted from my **down beat** Music Workshop Publications book *Jazz Styles & Analysis: Alto Sax*.

Points of interest:

- 1) The solo is based on concert C 7 (key signature is concert C min. owing to use of C blues scale throughout).
- 2) Note Sanborn's emotional, energetic style.
- 3) Almost the entire solo is based on the blues scale.
- 4) Check out his heavy use of repeated figures (bars 8-10 and 19-22).



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Baldwin's Discoverer

BALDWIN (Cincinnati) recently introduced the Discoverer, a good-sounding, easy-to-play portable keyboard at a competitive price. The 49-note instrument provides one-finger automatic accompaniment with a versatile selection of solo effects. In addition to pre-programmed accompaniments, the player can record the accompaniment chords of any song for automatic playback. Besides the solo pre-sets, the Discoverer's solo voices can be combined and modified to make infinite solo combinations.

PERCUSSION SHOP

Duraline Magnum Lines

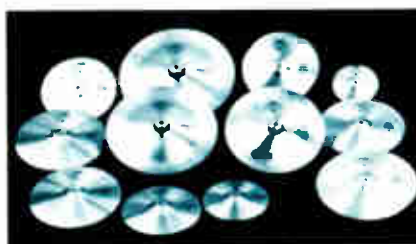
DURALINE (El Monte, CA) has introduced a new line of Magnum products as extensions of their Superstick and Superhead products.

Simply, the Magnum stick is merely a larger tip on the 60-, 65-, and 70-gram drumsticks, resulting in a better response—producing louder, brighter cymbal sounds. The Magnum heads have a special coating, offering more resonance and less overtones than their Concert line, which has a little less sustain, or their Studio model, which has the least resonance. All Duraline heads are noted for their loudness and durability.



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PAISTE AMERICA INC. (Brea, CA) has expanded its popular 505 line of cymbals to include 8-, 10-, and 12-inch splashes; 13-, 14-, and 15-inch crashes; and 13-, 14-, and 15-inch hi-hats. Additionally, three sizes of China-type cymbals debut to round out the 505 series which has always included larger crashes, mediums, and rides. The expansion is the Paiste Swiss plant's response to requests from players around the States for more 505 models.

NEW MUSIC RELEASES

■ DuckNOB Music (Louisville, KY) has just released Ken Slone's transcription book,

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This book is more than a treasure-trove of historical artifacts and memorabilia; it captures much of the bittersweet emotion of the music and the milieu in which it grew, by showing us formal and informal glimpses of the musicians and the places they worked, with much of the original atmosphere still intact. Sumptuously produced, planned, and printed, *Black Beauty, White Heat* contains more than 1500 photos, advertisements, covers of sheet music and books and magazines, posters, and the reproduction of countless classic 78 rpm record labels, the sight of which will give hardcore collectors—who spent years bent over in dusty Salvation Army bins and dark warehouses searching for just such titles—a tingle. (Indeed, Paul Bacon's memoir, "Jazz Fan," chronicles the collector's quest for the Holy Grail—a genuine Gennett or an uncracked Okeh.) The material comes from the voluminous, priceless collection of Frank Driggs, who for over a quarter-century has written about and produced records, and who instills in this fascinating book a sense of devotion, erudition, and joy. He also has written the photo captions here, which are ripe with obscure personnel listings, historical data, descriptive quotes, hearsay, and anecdotes, as exemplified by the following:

"Duke [Ellington] performed his 'Jungle Nights In Harlem' at the Cotton Club: all-white clientele, all-black show; Broadway

sports, high public officials, foreign royalty. And gangsters: Jack 'Legs' Diamond, with girlfriend Kiki Roberts, to Ellington: 'Play *St. Louis Blues*'. He played it. Diamond danced by the bandstand, repeating his request all night. Ellington continued to play *St. Louis Blues*. Diamond gave Duke a \$1,000 bill—'Buy yourself a cigar!'—then another \$1,000 bill, and he walked off into the dawn. It was that kind of time."

Though the book's subtitle limits its coverage to a 30-year stretch, the earliest photo is actually a 1919 shot of Fate Marable's nine-piece orchestra (including a 19-year-old Louis Armstrong) on a Mississippi River flagship, The Capitol. There is no photo of Buddy Bolden, but there is one of the equally legendary Buddy Petit, another unrecorded hot New Orleans cornetist. There is King Oliver's band playing in the stands at Comiskey Park during the 1919 World Series, and three photos of Bix Beiderbecke, beaming, seemingly perennially, though to die at 28. Such photos give bodies where there were previously only names—and such evocative, lyrical names: the Razy Dazy Spasm Band, the Halfway House Dance Orchestra, the Original Tuxedo Orchestra, Creole Harmony Kings, the Charleston Chasers, the Goofus Five, the Mound City Blue Blowers, the Chocolate Beau Brummels, and the Yelping Hounds Jazz Band. And the clubs and halls where the music percolated: Sunset Cafe, Dreamland Ballroom, Royal Garden Cafe, Friar's Inn, the Three Deuces, Palais Royale, Kelly's Stable, the Famous Door, the Hot Feet Club, and the Ubangy Club.

If there is one problem with the photographs used, it is that they rely mostly on publicity stills, with few spontaneous, informal snapshots included. Nevertheless, they subtly communicate the eternal struggle for jobs, security, acceptance: in the racial stereotypes and caricatures illustrating "race record" catalogs, the funny hats and funny poses bands were forced to adopt to entertain listeners (e.g. Cab Calloway's mugging, despite the excellence of his orchestra), the cavalier attitude towards the music and the musicians in Hollywood films: Tommy Dorsey's Swing band (plus violins) in Louis XIV costumes for *Dubarry Was A Lady*, *Orchestra Wives* combining Swing Era popularity (via Glenn Miller) with a soap opera plot, or a "Rhythm Cults Exposed," banner flaming across a poster for *The Crimson Canary*.

Regardless, it is two photos of Louis Armstrong from 1949 which reveal more than what the editors call the "personal intensity, high seriousness, and poetic combativeness" of the artists pictured. In one he is on the cover of *Time* magazine wearing a crown of cornets, illustrating his commercial success. In the other, crowned as the first black King of the Zulus for the New Orleans Mardi Gras, in face paint and billowing headdress, he grins a grin that is a triumph over adversity and which communicates a confidence and dignity even in such silly surroundings. As such, it stands as both an indictment of the forces of indifference which tried to prevent the music from taking root, and a source of satisfaction in its success.

—art lange

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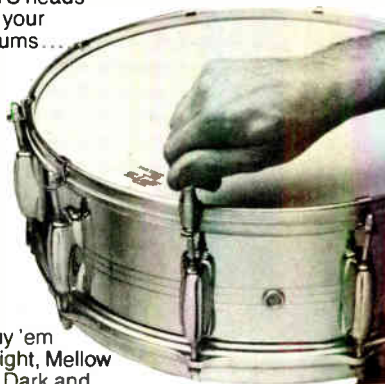


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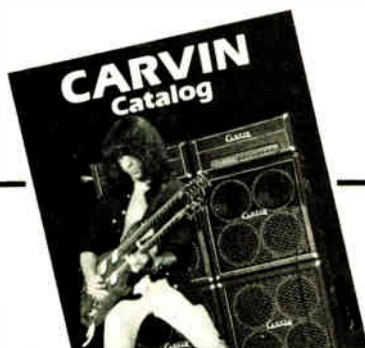
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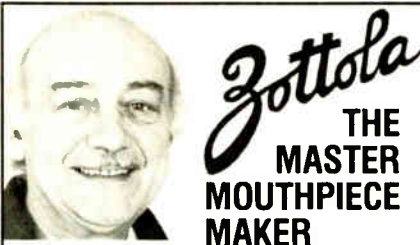
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BOOK REVIEWS

THE OTIS FERGUSON READER

edited by Dorothy Chamberlain
and Robert Wilson (Highland
Park, IL: December Press, 1982,
305 pp.; \$10, paper).

You can be forgiven for never having heard of Otis Ferguson, if such is the case, because his career as a writer, critic, and chronicler of the music of his time was a relatively short one, cut off as it was by World War II. He appeared regularly in the pages of the *New Republic* and a few other little publications from 1934 until he went into the service in 1942. But only a part of that time (1936-40) was spent turning out occasional jazz pieces. His normal venue was the movie beat, with a once-in-a-while detour into book reviews. I count 20 published jazz essays in this book, supplemented by an additional dozen unpublished. Together they make up only 124 pages of this 305-page volume (the rest is a sampling of excellent book and film pieces). But it's enough to make it one of the outstanding collections of jazz essays currently in print.

Several reasons: first, Ferguson was a man of letters, probably the first man of letters to deal with jazz. The middle '30s was a time in which a number of serious jazz critics first made their appearance in print. Leonard Feather, George Simon, Stanley Dance, George Frazier, and John Hammond all knew the music, had strong opinions, and came to exert real influence in shaping public taste. But none had Ferguson's literary skills, his easy fluency of phrase and simile, or his flare for the apt insight so snugly tucked into the flow of his thought it goes almost unnoticed. He used language with an elegance matched today only by Whitney Balliett and Benny Green. One delights in reading about Jess Stacy sitting by himself at the piano "in the faraway land of his inner ear." Or Bix Beiderbecke living "in the servant's entrance to art." Or describing music "as unforced as a column of smoke in the air." Or this marvelous metaphor: "Music has two lives: first the concept in somebody's head and heart, second the expression. In between, it is a mummy, because for all its intricacies, notation can't do more than tell you where to dig for the body." It's enough to make you forgive him for a malapropism which places Jean Goldkette in the "Greyhound" ballroom in Detroit—though editor Chamberlain believes this to be her error, not Ferguson's.

But there are other interesting and unique aspects to this book. Its perspective, for example. Anyone who writes about the music of the '30s today must be influenced by the advantages of hindsight and the nature and character of all the music that was unknown then but has come since. Ferguson is reacting in these pages to the music as it happened, and we get a vivid picture of what informed opinion thought was important among the people to be heard. Bix Beider-



Benny Goodman, late '40s.

becke was already, five years after his death, the legend we know today. Aside from Bix, however, Ferguson's thinking was dominated by Benny Goodman. Much of the book is, in fact, a profile of Goodman, his orchestra, his classical sub-career, his principal associates. Teddy Wilson, Jess Stacy, and Ziggy Elman are considered as moons around the Goodman sun. It is clear that any serious thinking about jazz, as far as Ferguson was concerned, was dominated by Goodman in those years. Armstrong, Ellington... yes, of course. But Goodman was the engine of his time. On the subject of BG, by the way, he offers one rather surprising factual detail. It has been generally assumed that Jess Stacy's famous piano turn on *Sing, Sing, Sing* was a one-night-only affair that happened to get recorded because it occurred at the first Carnegie Hall concert. But not so, Ferguson tells us. Reviewing the Victor recording in November 1937 (two months before Carnegie Hall), he is distressed at the absence of Stacy in a solo spot he had evidently become accustomed to hearing.

Ferguson's attention also extends to Red Norvo, Mildred Bailey, Jack Teagarden, and John Hammond, whom he profiles with a fine eye for his inability to be indifferent about anything. Most of the music Ferguson writes about, he approves of. And he approves of what most of his colleagues in criticism approve. He does break ranks on Billie Holiday, however, whom he respects "without liking much."

One of the most interesting recurring themes through some of these essays, however, is one which was very common in serious jazz writing of the '30s but disappeared by the end of the '40s at least. It is the almost combative sense of defensiveness

that the upstart traditionally has for the ruling classes. In musical terms before World War II, this meant that jazz had reached a point in its development where it had emerged from its folkish origins to develop into a relatively sophisticated form where musical literacy and virtuosity were as important as they always had been in classical music. Therefore, it seemed to many writers that established music critics should accord the same reverence and respect to jazz that they had always given to classical music. When they turned up their noses, the jazz partisans preferred to toss sour grapes. Some of Ferguson's prose is typical. After making room on Bach's pedestal for Teddy Wilson, for example, he casts a general swipe at "your highly artistic and highly solemn, for the most part sterile, composers in the upper-case regions."

Perhaps that is why jazz' first generation of intellectuals was so attracted to Goodman. He became the ultimate clincher in any argument asserting the "legitimacy" of jazz vis-à-vis the classics. Such chip-on-the-shoulder writing as this was common: "I'll challenge any one of these wise heads to bring a first class legitimate clarinet player to hear Benny Goodman." And a little later: "If I had a kid who expected to be a creative genius, I'd warn him away from high-brow music as we hear it today." No doubt about it, Ferguson reflected a youthful cultural inferiority complex that was widespread among jazz' first wave of literate propagandists.

But all this simply makes this book more valuable. It gives us insights into prevailing attitudes and prejudices long since forgotten. It is a primary source on pre-bebop thinking about jazz. And it sets a literary standard rarely if ever surpassed by those of us who have listened and written since. Distribution could be sketchy on this exceptional collection, though, so note the publisher's address: 3093 Dato, Highland Park, IL 60035.

—john mcdonough

BLACK BEAUTY, WHITE HEAT: A Pictorial History Of Classic Jazz 1920-1950 by Frank Driggs and Harris Lewine (New York: William Morrow & Co., 1982, 360 pp.; \$39.95, hardcover).

The documentation of jazz history has always been a sketchy proposal; for years considered only "entertainment" or a "folk art," jazz wasn't deemed worthy of serious documentary status. However, times and attitudes have changed over the decades, and today there are a number of oral history projects, record and film archives, and written memoirs which are helping to reconstruct the music's early days and its subsequent development, in order to place jazz in its rightful position in American culture.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 59

STEVE GADD. HOT ON ZILDJIAN.

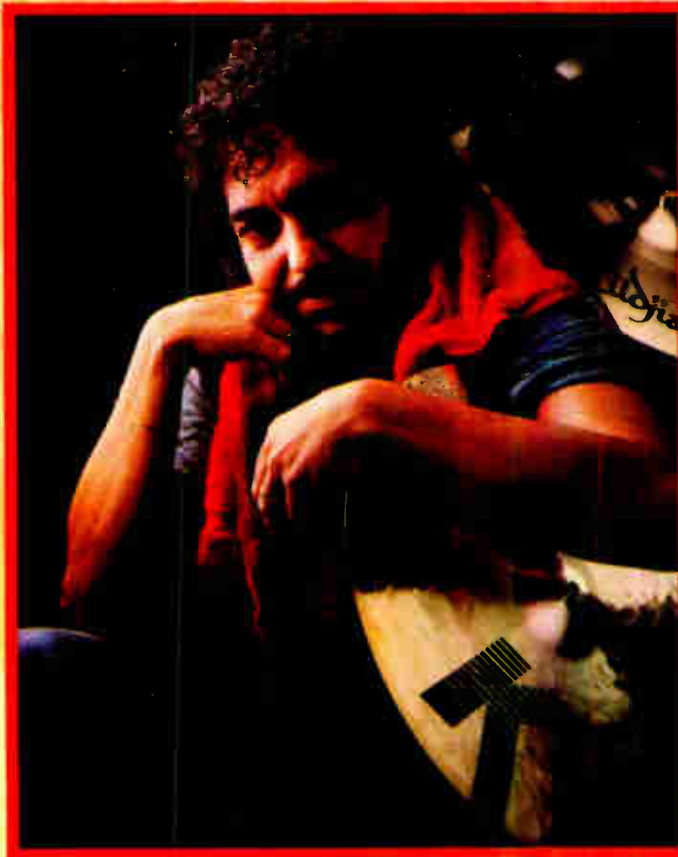
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