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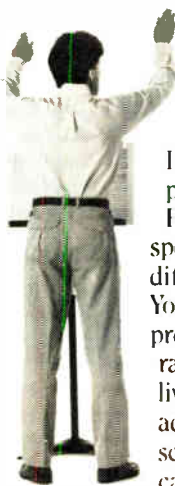
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DB 10/86

ON THE BEAT

BY BILL BEUTTLER

It's been a couple of months since the last in the string of rock charity extravaganzas—*We Are The World*, Band Aid, Live Aid, *Sun City*, the Amnesty International "Conspiracy of Hope," Farm Aid I & II, et al. Much good was accomplished by these, without question; but now that the congratulatory clamor surrounding them has had time to fade a bit, it's time for a more critical appraisal.

First off, let's dismiss all of the silly efforts of promoters to venerate the socially committed heroism of the stars who participated. All of the participants in these events deserve our thanks, and special praise should go to those most actively committed to the various causes (Willie Nelson, Little Steven Van Zandt, Sting, U2, and Bob Geldof come to mind). But the social commitment of other of these stars is paper-thin, straining the credibility of the charities they endorse. Some of these philanthropists after all, if one believes their bad-boy press clippings, can consume in one sitting enough in illicit substances to, say, forestall a farm foreclosure or two. Moreover, not even the most seriously committed of the charity participants is tak-

ing a particularly courageous moral stance: what could be easier than to declare oneself against such horrors as famine, apartheid, political imprisonment, and farm foreclosures?

In fact, a trifling bit of personal sacrifice buys these lucky stars priceless publicity. The hard-working Geldof, the ultimate PR beneficiary, elevated himself in the public's eye (deservedly, in his case) from a second-rate rocker to an intelligent and courageous battler of government red tape via his stewardship of Band Aid and Live Aid. More commonly, a big-name musician puts on one abbreviated show (Amnesty International's stars had a tougher, six-show deal during the summer touring season) for an upbeat, festival-like audience, which he performs for free (and can probably afford, as overpaid as most pop stars are); for this, his performance is satellite broadcast, proving to the whole world (by his showing up) what a fine, concerned fellow he is, and more importantly (by his being asked to show up) that he's among the very cream of the pop crop.

That there's so much to be gained by appearing at these events helps explain

why there've been so many of them (so many as to start inspiring satire, as in *Doonesbury's* recent creation of Contra-Band, a benefit for the Nicaraguan "freedom fighters"). The danger in this, beyond strained credibility and tiresome me-tooism, is that future such benefits could be rendered ineffective. Police manager Miles Copeland described the situation this way in *Billboard* recently: "Right now, I think charities are overexposed. . . . There has to be some sort of restraint and knowledge from the musicians saying, 'Wait a minute, this is a just cause, but we need to give the world a break before we go for something big.' Otherwise, something really terrible's going to happen in six months and no one will want to know about [it]. . . . Everyone's been tapped out."

Music, or at least the celebrity of certain musicians, is proving an important catalyst toward positive social change: it can raise dollars and social consciousness. That's why it's so crucial that these events be kept under tight scrutiny—so that self-aggrandizing artists and promoters can't twist good causes into impotent mockeries of themselves. **db**

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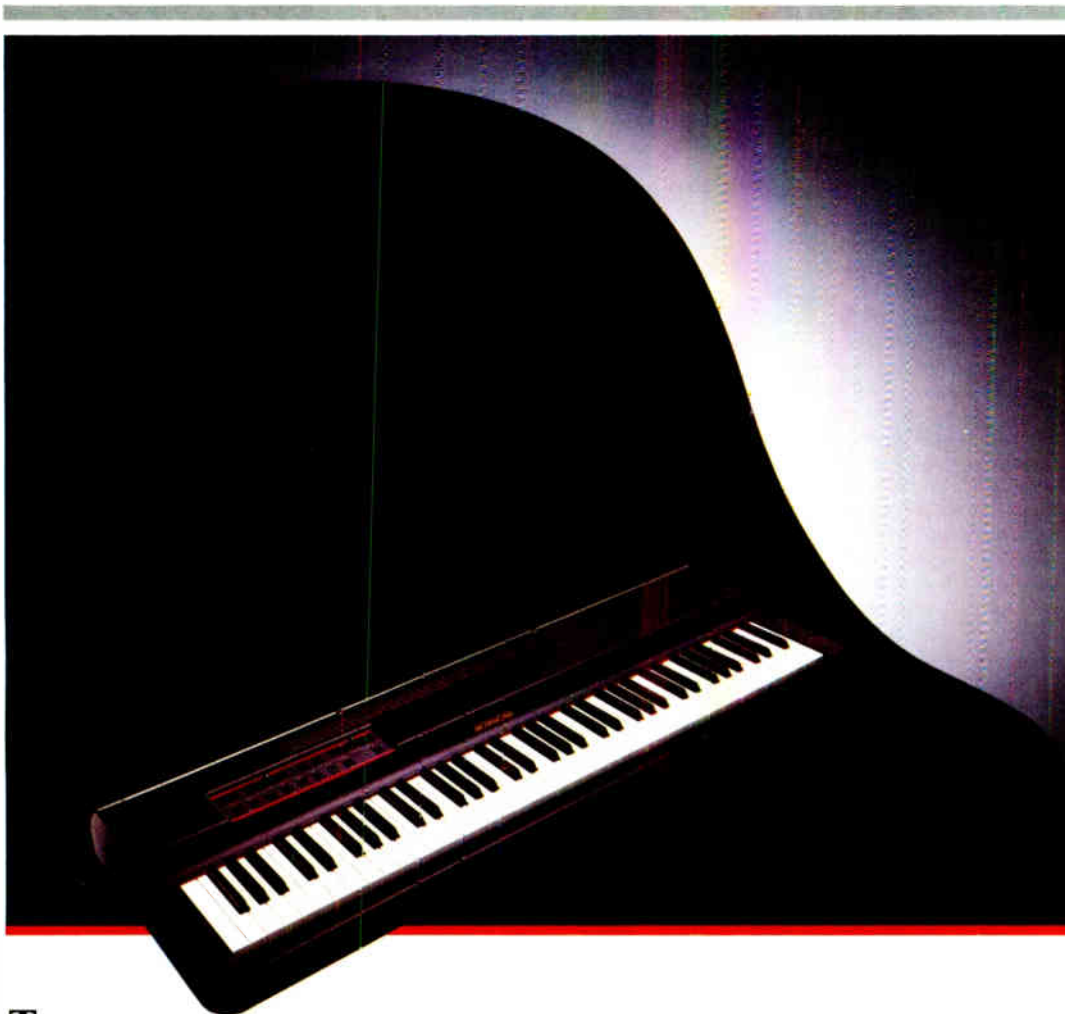
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“Music Is Emotion. And You Can Express Any Number Of Emotions Through The Right Instrument.”

From Bach to jazz-pop-rock: Jim Walker talks about Yamaha flutes and his musical journey from principal flute of the L.A. Philharmonic to the sizzling lead of Free Flight.

“Dad had a flute around and . . .” With Dad playing sax and Mom on piano, music came early and easily to Jim Walker. “I was never really pushed,” Jim says, “but there was always an easy encouragement, and it still goes to this day.”

Jim got serious right after his high school band days, and earned a degree in music education. He thought he’d teach music, but instead, “After I got into increasingly more sophisticated atmospheres, I really wanted to play . . . to be a professional player. I realized I wasn’t just playing something that was in front of me, but something that was inside of me.”

After college, the West Point Band was Jim’s first big chance. Here he found big talents from big name schools. “I realized it wasn’t going to be easy to just walk into some symphony job, so I started practicing diligently.” Jim landed a symphony spot as associate principal flute with the Pittsburgh Symphony. Then eight years later, he auditioned and won the principal spot with the L.A. Philharmonic.

That’s career enough for some, but after 7 years in L.A., Jim hit a turning point. “I was missing a certain element of

musical expression that I really wanted,” he says. His remarkable evolution from classical to jazz began. And Jim believes every moment of his classical training was critical. “Every thirty seconds of time I’ve spent in music until this minute adds up,” Jim says.

Something else stayed with Jim every note of the way. It was his search for an instrument as versatile and unlimited as he is. This quest led him towards his Yamaha flute. “Now I feel real comfortable going between real heavy, hard rock or jazz-pop-fusion; music that’s just as loud as you could imagine, and as soon as it’s finished going right into a slow movement of a Bach sonata.”

“When you’re playing for a microphone, you need a little more focus and a little more finesse in the sound. I get out exactly what I need with a Yamaha flute,” Jim says. “The scale on this flute is the best one I’ve ever had. The key system has very good balance. It’s held up to every test I’ve ever given it.”

“A Yamaha flute has absolutely no limitations for me. I can sit in the orchestra and get all the qualities out of the instrument . . . and I can turn around and play for a microphone in a totally amplified band. I can express any number of emotions through this instrument.”

And yet, Jim says, “Yamaha hasn’t closed the books on research and development.



They’re constantly listening and improving all their products. Not just flutes.”

What technical features does Jim look for in a flute?

First, “Does the head joint really respond well, does it allow you to do what you want to do?” The Yamaha’s double-tapered design head joint, says Jim, “along with other lip plate cutting innovations make the head joints very responsive; able to give the player a lot more flexibility with intonation, dynamics and tone color.”

And Jim says the student model (which also features the professional head joint design) is “phenomenal” and “an unbe-

Jim Walker and Free Flight record for CBS Masterworks FM.



lievable improvement". "It's unheard of for a student to be able to get a professional type head joint."

Another key feature according to Jim is consistent quality padding. "It's an important and often overlooked aspect of an instrument. But not with Yamaha. Yamaha is really leading the pack on that one."

Today, Jim and his Yamaha plug their sound into the electric rock of Free Flight, an innovative four-piece band making contemporary music history. Free Flight uses all Yamaha instruments. "The percussion

and electronics are the best available," Jim says.

But there is more to making good music than excellent instruments, and the master teacher in him has some advice for aspiring students:

"Study with as many teachers as you can . . . because you really want to develop your own synthesis of ideas." He advises getting loose now and then. Improvise with your rock records, because "you can be expressive and have fun on an instrument from the first day you play it."

Lucky for all of us, that thrill comes often to such an unlimited, free thinking musician. Especially when he's playing on

such an unlimited, superior musical instrument.

For information about the complete line of Yamaha flutes, write Yamaha International Corporation, Musical Instrument Division, 3050 Breton Road, S. E., Grand Rapids, MI 49510. In Canada, Yamaha Canada Music Ltd., 135 Milner Avenue, Scarborough, Ontario M1S3R1. Yamaha flutes available only at authorized dealers.



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- NOTE** All tapes will be adjudicated, and only those who perform at a National Standard will be invited to compete at the Nationals.
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- Notification of results** January 15, 1987



T.M.

Station identification

The San Francisco radio station David Sanborn remembers from '67 [db, August '86] for its varied music programs was the old KMPX, whose dj's went out on strike, formed KSAN, and eventually lost nerve. As a dj in public radio today (KAZU-FM, Pacific Grove, CA) I too recall that old standard for freedom in radio and take pride in listeners who excitedly respond to Craig Harris, The Klezmorim, and yes, David Sanborn. David Gitin Monterey, CA

Credit rearrangement

In Kevin Whitehead's review of my record *Song Of The Backlands* [July '86] I was credited with the arrangement of *Lush Life*. Actually, the arrangement was written by drummer William Thomas. Rich Halley Portland, Oregon

Potato update

Regarding the question asked by Todd S. Jenkins in your August '86 issue, "What is Potato Valdez up to nowadays?", I just want to inform him that Potato appeared with Paquito D'Rivera, Charlie Palmieri, and Dave Valentin on the Hudson Dayliner this past August as part of the "Musicruise 86" concert series. Otherwise, Potato is living in Miami and gigging every chance he gets. Harriet Wasser New York City

Missing persons

First off, I'd like to say how important your magazine's interviews, Blindfold Tests, articles, and transcriptions have been in my music education. They have been an inspiration and guide each month, and I wish you continued success. Unfortunately, there is one musician who has yet to be featured or recognized in your publication—bassist, pianist, vibist, drummer Don Thompson. He is world-class—just ask Jim Hall, Jay McShann, Ed Bickert, or George Shearing. Finally, I wish to thank Cedar Walton, Charlie Haden, Billy Higgins, and Bobby McFerrin for making the Pacific Jazz & Blues Festival the beautiful event it was.

P.S. Whatever happened to Mr. P.C. (Paul Chambers)? Joseph Hoar Vancouver, Canada
Bassist Paul Chambers died in 1969. —Ed.

Why Johnny should improvise

Your article "Why Can't Johnny Improvise?" [June '86] is a relevant statement of the music education problem we face today. Many of our young musicians

are having their talents stifled and their horizons compressed by their music teachers. The reluctance to introduce jazz improvisation and theory into the mainstream of music education is a crime being committed against one of, if not the purest American music/art form.

Improvisation expands a musician's ability and creativity, and by denying young musicians this very important

skill, we hurt ourselves. The next Charlie Parker or John Coltrane could be sitting in a classroom learning the principles of baroque instead of letting his natural music talent flow in the form of improvisation. Thank you, down beat, for this article. I hope, as all jazz enthusiasts must, that something be done to remedy this situation.

Clifford Marsh

San Diego

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Sonny Sharrock

OSSINING, NY—It's been a long time since we've heard from Sonny Sharrock, the seminal '70s avant garde guitarist who figured so prominently in Pharoah Sanders' *Tauhid*, Miles Davis' *Jack Johnson*, Don Cherry's *The Eternal Now*, and Material's *Memory Serves*. Sonny hasn't released an album as a leader himself since 1976's *Paradise* on Atlantic.

And now, 10 years later, he's back with a vengeance, fronting a new powerhouse band, appearing on an all-star improv album under the collective heading of Last Exit, and showcasing his extraordinary approach to the guitar in a stunning new solo album.

Sonny seems genuinely excited about this recent flurry of activity. "This is a rebirth of energy in me," he says. "Recently, I've gone back to high-energy freedom combined with a highly melodic thing. And it was going out on tour with Last Exit that really rekindled those old feelings. Yeah, that set everything on fire again."

Last Exit is the galvanized improvisational ensemble comprised of bassist Bill Laswell, drummer Ronald Shannon Jackson, saxist Peter Brötzmann, and guitarist Sharrock. They toured Japan in February and were so pleased with the



ILSE RUPPERT

results that they quickly booked a mini-tour of Europe. A live album of a performance in Germany was recently released on the Rough Trade label.

"We'd just crank it up and take it out," Sonny explains. "That's all we did, night after night. And

it felt so good to be doing that again."

Sonny is currently playing a Les Paul guitar and is now considering the acquisition of some Marshall stacks to take the volume level up a notch higher with his own new band (which includes bassist Ken Buchanan and two drummers, Pheeroan Aklaft and Eli Fontaine). "Man, we rehearsed the other day, and it was so loud the drummers were wearing ear plugs," enthuses Sonny. The band has scheduled some gigs around the Boston/New York area ("No jazz clubs. We're much too loud for that."), and there's a European tour booked for November.

Meanwhile, you can check out solo Sonny on his recently released LP, *Guitar* (Enemy 102). Produced by Laswell, it features the avant guitarist in all his glory, sans rhythm section. "I had never had eyes to do that," he confides. "Frankly, that kind of thing always bored me—just hearing one instrument playing. But Bill convinced me to try it. So what I did was put one background track with guitar and a solo track on top. And I'm very, very happy with it. I was playing at a very high volume and it was a lot of energy coming out. Very beautiful in a lot of ways."

It seems the once and future king of free guitar has returned to reclaim his rightful throne.

—bill milkowski

Insight

CHICAGO—"If you are truly a jazz lover, see if you can groove to this." That's Insight's ebullient keyboardist Reggie McCants introducing the band's funk-up version of *My Funny Valentine*, which, though it might not have been your typical jazz purist's cup of cocoa, neatly foreshadowed the spirited way that the boundaries separating jazz, pop, fusion, and funk would be kicked over in the music to follow. Opening for the L.A.-based fusion band Hiroshima, the hometown boys cranked out an eclectic set for Park West patrons that included *Minute*, a vocal/dance chart "guaranteed to make you wiggle and make you giggle;" *Four By Four*, a fusion tune that proved conclusively that these gents possess first-rate chops in that idiom (*Chicago* magazine calls them the top fusion band in town); and a sizzling all-instrumental cover of Chaka Khan's hit *Ain't Nobody*.

The band comes to its eclecticism naturally, since among them—them being keyboardist McCants, guitarist David Scott, bassist Richard Patterson, and drummer/leader Jerry Pickett (all four handle vocals)—they'd previously played everything from jazz to Motown to Rolling Stones and John Cougar Mellencamp covers. Though they'd grown up together on the city's South Side, the four didn't become a quartet until last February, when Pickett was asked by a trio of percussion manufacturers (Ludwig, Zildjian, and the now-defunct MPC Electronics) to put together a group for the Frankfurt Music Fair; the band proved so popular that the four decided to make



PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE

Insight a full-time commitment.

While reluctant to have their music tagged as fusion, funk, or anything else ("If you label yourself a jazz group, there's some people who aren't going to come to your concert just because they *think* they don't like jazz"), Insight's members will allow that those first two elements have played key roles in their still-evolving music concept. "When we started playing," explains Scott, "we were listening to a lot of Chick Corea, Stanley Clarke, stuff like that, and a lot of Rufus—so we were caught between a funk thing and a fusion thing." These days they've been increasing the number of vocals in their repertoire in an unabashed pursuit of a "mass audience," fine-tuning their work at The Bull's, a small club they play alternate weekends as a sort of house band.

To hear the bandmembers tell it, their hope of reaching an audience outside of Chicago (and Frankfurt) is getting closer to becoming realized: praise from the West Coast has come from Hiroshima and the Pointer Sisters' light crew, the latter having offered to tour with Insight after catching them in Chicago; and bassist Daryl Jones, of Miles Davis and Sting fame, phoned longtime buddy Patterson from the East Coast to report, "I walked into this club in New York, the first thing I heard was, 'Did you hear about this band Insight out of Chicago?'" Having put out their own LP, *Just In Time*, (JW Prod., 143 E. 122nd St., Chgo., IL 60628), Insight is now looking to hook up with a major label and hit the big time. "It's been a long time," says Pickett, "since a Chicago group has moved out of here."

—bill beuttler

Taj Mahal



ROBERT MAPPLETHORPE

NEW YORK—After an eight-year hiatus in his recording career, roots-master Taj Mahal is lodged in a Tribeca studio, talking, reminiscing, playing rough mixes of his forthcoming LP *Taj* (Gramavision 18-8611), overdubbing his uniquely warm, throaty vocals and some last-minute keyboard touches with the same impromptu flair that marked his generic potpourris of the decade before 1978. Like former bandmate and fellow musical explorer Ry Cooder, Taj characterizes his career with some irony: "It seems like I was always seven or eight years ahead; the record companies kept trying to find ways to 'mainstream' me, but somehow I always came out like me [*laughs*]. Now I figure, since I've laid off this long, maybe everybody's caught up."

If it's taken this long, it may be because everybody's had so much catching up to do to get to where Taj has been. After all, not everybody can claim to have studied with the likes of Son House, John Hurt, Rev. Gary Davis, and Joseph Spence; not everybody took in Bird and Monk and Mingus as well as gospel and West Indian music in a highly musical home; and not everybody who broke into the Cambridge folk scene of the early 1960s actually managed to master the welter of musical forms they were discovering, let alone remake those forms into hybrids of their own. Taj did.

As is demonstrated by albums like the two-record *Giant Step/Ole Folks At Home* (Columbia CG-18), with two sides featuring Taj's solo renditions of old country blues standards and the other devoted to easy-grooving quartet takes on tunes like *Six Days On The Road* and *Keep Your Hands Off Her*, or the live double-disc *The Real Thing* (Columbia CG-30619), featuring a swaggering big band with a horn section led by Howard Johnson and four—yep, four—tubas oompahing with explosive good humor; or *Mo' Roots* (Columbia PC-33051), where Taj began folding reggae and calypso into his loping blues. The way he puts it, "I'm always moving, always looking to hear what other sounds are out there. And when I heard Prince and The Time and even Madonna, I liked the direction the music here was going in for the first time in a long time. So I thought maybe I could do what I've been doing for

the last few years in Europe, South America, and Asia, mix in the newer sounds where they fit, and find a new audience that includes the 500,000 folks who bought *Giant Step*."

His new LP should do just that. With a Tacumapenned dance track (*Dancing By The Sea*), a menacing blues that pays tribute to Muddy Waters and Howlin' Wolf (*Do I Love Her?*), a calypso-driven anti-nuke tune (*French Letter*), and a

reggae-flavored paean to the islands that manages to incorporate the punctuating horn riffs from Louis Jordan's *Caledonia* (*Paradise*), Taj once again displays his encyclopedic knowledge, his instrumental prowess, and his incredibly supple voice—he can mimic singers from Wolf to George Jones to Otis Redding with uncanny perfection. It's great to have him back here, at the end of our phonograph needles. —*gene sarfaro*

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TANGERINE DREAM



PAUL ROBICHAUD

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BY JOHN DILIBERTO

"A

lot of people thought that we were technicians and we loved technology," explains Tangerine Dream founder Edgar Froese. "We are not technicians. We looked at what we had—and that's classical music and a growing technology. We haven't done anything but combine new technologies with the roots of classical music."

Tangerine Dream belongs to a post-World War II generation that had to answer many new and different questions. What kind of music do you make living in West Berlin, a city that still shows the scars of WWII occupation and is virtually sealed off from the outside world and the rest of your own country? How do you find solidarity with the '60s counterculture when you don't speak its common language, rock & roll? How do you find a musical expression that is true to your own heritage, but is born of the 20th century? For nearly 20 years Tangerine Dream has been finding the answers and creating more questions in a search for new sound experiences.

They don't have the brave new world disco-chic of fellow countrymen Kraftwerk, nor do they have the new music credentials of Philip Glass or Steve Reich. Yet over the course of 20 LPs in the last 16 years, and dozens of soundtrack recordings—including *Risky Business*, *Thief*, and *Legend*—Tangerine Dream evolved a style that's equally unique, and equally rooted in the philosophies and technology of the late 20th century.

Their detractors regard them as techno knob-turners and computer drones, wired into machines creating music that's all mood and no substance. To put it another way, the swirling layers and geometric rhythms of Tangerine Dream are anathema to those who revel in the populism of Bruce Springsteen or the techno-funk of Herbie Hancock.

With their hi-tech computers and aloof stage demeanor, it's sometimes difficult to believe that Tangerine Dream was created during the same period of youth counterculture that spawned the Grateful Dead, Pink Floyd, and Jimi Hendrix, although the name should be a dead giveaway. "My parents filled the house with all that classical stuff," recalls Christoph Franke, "but in my room I turned on the more progressive music. The really hot stuff came when Hendrix and Cream and all this so-called underground music was really established. The Doors and all those other things were wild, it was free, it was influenced by other cultures. Also, it was not just wallpaper music for entertainment, but forced people to think."

Edgar Froese was initially a guitarist, playing acid rock with groups like The Ones in 1966 and performing at exhibitions by the surrealist artist Salvador Dali. "I don't want to overstate that," says Froese. "We met a couple of times and spent some weeks during the summers of 1965, '66, and '67 in the north of Spain. We did produce about 60 minutes of music for his exhibitions, and we talked with each other."

Froese downplays the influence, but it was part of the psychedelic matrix of the late 1960s. Berlin itself was a hotbed of creativity, with countless groups emerging with names like Ash Ra Tempel, Agitation Free, Psi Free, and Kluster, and psychedelic jam sessions like The Cosmic Jokers and Galactic Supermarket, items that Froese now regards disparagingly. "It was less than a gimmick," he sighs.

But casting back to those days at the mid-point of his 42 years, Froese remembers what a tumultuous time it was. "On the one hand, there was a high political consciousness," Froese recalls. "On the other hand, we were quite heavily influenced by the West Coast rock & roll feeling."

"The other thing is, that over in Germany, we have no roots in rock & roll. Here [in the U.S.] you have pure rock & roll and bands that know how to play rock & roll music. As a rock band, we could not compare our talent with American musicians. So what we had to do was step away from that and move through the back door into different ways of expressing ourselves through music."

* * *

They didn't slip through the back door. They destroyed it. The first Dream album, *Electronic Meditation* in 1970, was a dissonant pillaging of the conventions of rock & roll. This was music, as Stockhausen would say, for the "post-apocalypse." Froese's guitar was a menacing cyclone of distortion. Drummer Klaus Schulze was venting his last bit of percussive angst before switching to synthesizers. Conrad Schnitzler's chain-saw cello and violin added just the right hint of Cologne-school modern classicism.

Over the course of the next three albums, the Dream personnel shifted around Froese. The music was aggressively experimental, sharing more with Ligeti, Stockhausen, and other European composers than any rock music. The titles evoked science fiction and space themes:

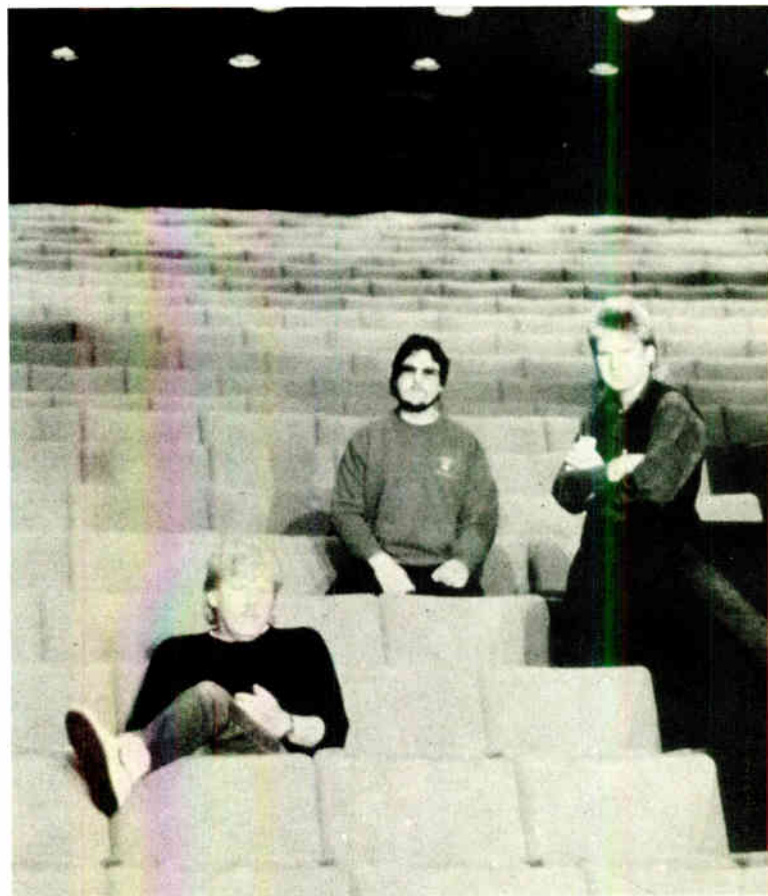
Alpha Centauri, *Zeit*, *Fly Over Comas Sola*. But the music became almost claustrophobic with its dark, introspective textures and tape echo bounding off the grooves, magnifying those eerie, exotic sounds. The two-record *Zeit* combined synthesizers with a string quartet in a hauntingly desolate, yet effective landscape. They spoke of space, but they were still living in West Berlin.

"It's not a jail situation, but it's something close to it," reflects Froese somberly. "You have to drive 160 miles just to reach the other part of West Germany, through the Autobahn corridor. The city of Berlin, you can go from one end to the other in 45 minutes, and that's it. That's why the whole situation gets a little crazy sometimes. It's something that lies as a subconscious influence."

And Tangerine Dream was doing nothing, if not exploring the realms of the subconscious. The personnel stabilized around Froese, Franke, and Peter Baumann, just in time for a record contract with the British label Virgin Records. With a new 16-track studio and Moog synthesizers as part of their advance, they created *Phaedra* in 1973. Its ethereal, liquid textures were rooted to the relentlessly thudding sequencer rhythms that would be a Dream trademark.

Phaedra actually entered the British Top 10, making Tangerine Dream the pre-eminent synthesizer ensemble almost by default. They played in planetariums and darkened cathedrals all over Europe, mesmerizing SRO audiences with exotic sound colors, fluid yet precise sequencer rhythms, and long, floating arrangements. It was music devoid of conventional signposts like melody, solos, or drums. Over the course of dozens of albums, Tangerine Dream evolved to include the memorable melodies of *Stratosfear* and the propulsive rhythmic drive of *Force Majeure*.

They found a limited success outside of their cult following with soundtracks for Hollywood films beginning with William Friedkin's *The Sorcerer*. Their film credits now



include *Firestarter*, *Risky Business*, *The Keep*, *Vision Quest*, the *Streethawk* tv series, and *Wavelength*, which surprisingly, is still their only science fiction credit to date. (The sword-and-sorcery of *Legend* doesn't count.)

Following the departure of Baumann shortly after their first American tour (he now runs the Private Music label in New York), Franke and Froese became the nucleus of Tangerine Dream. After a brief fling with a rock rhythm section and vocalist on *Cyclone*, they filled Baumann's void with Johannes Schmoelling in 1980. He was recently replaced by Paul Haslinger on their latest tour and album, *Underwater Sunlight*.

At 24, Haslinger was only eight years old when the first Dream album was released. I asked him if he was a fan of Tangerine Dream before he joined and he responded, "No, not really. I became a fan two months ago when they hired me." Besides a degree of keyboard proficiency, Haslinger gives the Dream youthful good looks, especially next to the burly Froese and Franke.



While Tangerine Dream's current music is almost completely computer controlled, improvisation has been a key to their sound. Their early concerts were entirely improvised. As late as 1977, when they first came to America, Froese claimed that there was only about eight minutes of composed music in their set. "It's very different now," he admits. "It's more like 40 percent improvised. And the improvised parts are in a fixed time-slot since all the drums and bass patterns are preprogrammed into drum computers—and this is really a limit."

Technology has made things a lot easier since 1977, when their equipment sprawled across the stage. With digital technology and MIDI controllers, their set-up has been reduced to three large cases, filled with modules, and two or three keyboards apiece.

"Actually, the instruments look smaller, but there's much more in there," says Franke. "A synthesizer doesn't necessarily have to have a keyboard anymore. You just have a universal computer buss and you couple all the synthesizers to a master keyboard. There are programmers, and by a touch of a button you can get all the programs and sounds back that you've created. This makes pieces much more colorful."

If Tangerine Dream records provide a surreal listening experience, their concerts break all the conventions of any music packaged as rock, not to mention jazz and classical. Except for the odd piano interlude or Froese guitar solo, it's impossible to tell who is playing what, especially since what's playing is often a digital sequencer or computer. The sounds seem to emerge from the speakers with their own internal guidance. The three immobile figures on stage are like electronic priests, administering their altar of equipment as if tuning in a mystical transmission from beyond. It does not appear as a frenzy of spontaneity.

Despite their computer technology and synthesizers, improvisation remains a significant factor in their compositional process. "It's such a direct way of producing and composing music," explains Franke. "Somehow it's more honest."

Freed of sequencers that lock one into infinite repetitions of the same phrase, computers have helped the Dream reveal a talent for composing tight, concise nuggets of sound, like those on the 1985 recording *Le Parc*. "This is also the result of the ease of using computers," says Franke. "We can improvise into our computers, then play them back and add things in. You can even see the notation on the screen, take the best part and develop it from there. If it's already on tape, it's much harder to develop. Now we can risk more, to compose from improvisations, and in the end it is a

TANGERINE DREAM'S EQUIPMENT

After 15 years of synthesizing, there aren't too many synthesizers, computers, rhythm machines, or processing units that Tangerine Dream hasn't used at one point or another. For their recent North American tour, all three Dream members were stationed before their own rack units jammed with modular equipment, keyboardless synthesizers that included Yamaha 816s, Yamaha 216s, Roland MKS30 Planet Ss, Roland MKS80 Super Jupiters, PPG Wave Terms, and an Oberheim Xpander. For sampling they use a pair of Akai S612 modular units.

In addition to the Akai sampler they used an Emulator II, one of the few actual keyboards that they employ. It's played by Christoph Franke, along with a Yamaha DX7. Edgar Froese uses a Roland JX8P, a PPG Wave 2.3, and a DX7 keyboard. The newest member, Paul Haslinger, seemed to be the most active stage member, using PPG Wave 2.3, the ubiquitous DX7, and a Roland MXB300 Mother Keyboard. In the only segments of conventional virtuosity, a piano soliloquy and a Bach *Invention*, he played a Yamaha Electric Grand.

Controlling and synchronizing their intricate web of sound is a Yamaha QX-1, Sequential Circuits Drumtraks, a Friendship SRC, and one customized sequencer.

The only instruments free of synchronization and computer control are Froese's Les Paul and Haslinger's Tokai guitars.

At their three studios, they have the GDS synthesizer, one of the first digitals available. Franke recently sold his Synclavier II and is currently consulting on a new modular computer synthesizer called the Wave-Frame. They also employ the Akai S900 sampler.

All in all, everything that the well-equipped synthesist is wearing in 1986.

TANGERINE DREAM SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

UNDERWATER SUNLIGHT—Relativity 8113
GREEN DESERT—Relativity/Theory 8072
 ... IN THE BEGINNING—Relativity 8066
LE PARC—Jive Electro 8 26135
POLAND—Jive Electro 22
PERGAMON—Caroline 1333
HYPERBOREA—Virgin 2292
LOGOS—Virgin 2257
WHITE EAGLE—Virgin 204 563-320
EXIT—Elektra 5E-557
ENCORE—CBS 35014
TANGRAM—Virgin 2147
FORCE MAJEURE—Virgin 2111
CYCLONE—Virgin 2097
STRATOSFEAR—Virgin 2068
RICOCHE—Virgin 2044
RUBYCON—Virgin 2025
PHAEDRA—Virgin 2933-723
ALPHA CENTAURI/ATEM—Virgin 2504
ZEIT—Virgin 2503
ELECTRONIC MEDITATIONS—Oh! 556004

Edgar Froese
AQUA—Virgin 13-111
EPSILON IN MALAYSIAN PALE—Brain 0001 074
MACULA TRANSFER—Brain 60.008
AGES—Virgin 2507
STUNTMAN—Virgin 2139
KAMIKAZE 1989—Virgin 2255
PINNACLES—virgin 2277
ELECTRONIC DREAMS—Brain 0040.148

soundtracks
SORCERER—MCA 2277
THIEF—Elektra 5E-521
FIRESTARTER—MCA 6131
WAVELENGTH—Varese Sarabande 81207
FLASHPOINT—EMI 17141
RISKY BUSINESS—Virgin 2302
HEARTBREAKERS—Virgin 207-212-620
LEGEND—MCA 6165

composition."

Although they've never fallen to classical rock cliches or Rachmaninoff and Bach licks, Tangerine Dream has always striven for the rich timbres of an orchestra. The mellotron and string sounds that marked their *Phaedra* and *Rubycon* period have been replaced by digital samplers like the Emulator II, the Synclavier, the Akai S-900, and a new synthesizer prototype called Wave-Frame. "The instruments are so developed that a synthesizer doesn't necessarily have to sound cold, artificial, and unpleasant," exudes Franke. "We mix sampled sounds—that means acoustic sounds—and we mix them with digital sounds. And people cannot really tell, you know, if it is electronic or acoustic."

"Like on our latest studio record, *Underwater Sunlight*," he continues, "people from the record company said, 'I like the acoustic guitar. It sounds great. What did you do to it?' It wasn't an acoustic guitar. It was just digital wave forms, synthesizers. It sounds like a guitar, but somehow new and different. We don't want to imitate acoustic instruments, we want to invent new ones."

Sampling is more than a Memorex guessing game for Tangerine Dream. "You can interface the acoustic side and the digital side of sounds," says Froese. "If you put a different envelope curve on an acoustic sound than on a digital sound, the interface between both curves and frequencies gives you a lot of interesting patterns."

"There are people like Brian Eno," says Franke indignantly, "who say samples are boring, for idiots, because

CONTINUED ON PAGE 59

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I Got Rhythm
I Get A Kick Out Of You
I Only Have Eyes For You
I Want To Be Happy
It's Only A Paper Moon
Just One Of Those Things
Love For Sale
Lullaby Of Birdland
Lulu's Back In Town
Mack The Knife

The Man I Love
Misty
Night And Day
Oh, Lady Be Good
'Round Midnight
Satin Doll
Secret Love
Skylark
Softly As In A Morning
Sunrise
Soon
Sweet Georgia Brown
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by FRED BOUCHARD

Crossover covers a lot of turf these days. The interpollination of musical disciplines has brought about more than just a fistful of double-pocketed concept dates and double-barreled monickers (jazz-rock, pop-funk, country-soul, latin-punk), including fresh attitudes toward old forms. Some of these half-breed critters dead end as musical mules, while others reach out to open new doors of creativity and aesthetic extension. The connections between classical and jazz look like they might be the most productive in the coming decades. The two disciplines

John Kirby's Sextet running the sextet from Donizetti's *Lucia de Lammermoor*; the Art Ensemble of Chicago varying a theme of Monteverdi; and on and on. Composer/pianists like Dave Brubeck and George Gershwin spent whole careers straddling the razor's edge. How many jazz musicians have gotten mileage out of the Russian Romantics, albeit through their inspiration of Tin Pan Alley?

In reverse, however, the classical world has appeared less than sanguine about recognizing, much less adopting, jazz. I don't mean the composers. They have always had the individualist's ear for such matters: Stravinsky's *Ebony Concerto*, an awkward but devilish

Richard Stoltzman

Clarinet Crossover

have a lot in common: they draw heavily and consciously on historical tradition; they demand technical expertise; they enjoy comparatively small, intensely devoted and knowledgeable audiences; and they have always been peopled by a small handful of individualists who sense only minimal division between them, from the Creoles to the Kronos Quartet.

Yet the jazz/classical connection has been, in the main, a one-way street. Whereas many jazz artists with a full set of chops and a penchant for advanced form have played in public, at some point in their career, melodies or longer compositions associated with the realm of classical music, there has been until lately no such reciprocal recognition from their classical colleagues. I'm talking about the likes of Chick Corea and Herbie Hancock playing Bela Bartok's *Toccata* in concert, for a direct and bold example. Benny Goodman got Bartok to write *Contrasts*, an earthy landmark trio for clarinet, viola, and piano; he played it beautifully with Bartok and Joseph Szigeti. Not to mention Benny's stacks of other commissions (*Hindemith*, *Copland*, etc.) and his limpid Mozart recordings. Jazz musicians tend to look upon classical music as a rare and distinct, equally worthy form of musical expression.

On a much broader base, for that matter, we have witnessed with mixed amusement, delight, and chagrin the "jazzing" of the classics that has gone on throughout the years, such as Ellington's puckish remakes of Tchaikovsky's *Nutcracker Suite* and Grieg's *Peer Gynt*, and his love and debt to the music of Maurice Ravel;

study, was written expressly for the Woody Herman Orchestra. The numbers of 20th century composers who have incorporated into their scores more than a smattering of jazz syncopation and harmony are legion: Hindemith, Berio, Bernstein, oodles of the French. (Blues feeling was another, more ticklish, matter.) Nor the conductors: Toscanini, Stokowski, Fiedler—to name three giants—all had an ear and liking for jazz music and musicians, and held tremendous respect for their musicianship and artistry. It has been the "legitimate" players themselves who balk at innovation, preferring the safe, well-trodden paths of their forebears to the heady heights being scaled by their peers.

Enter, on tiptoe, Richard Stoltzman. Don't let the soft velvet bow-tie, downy lip, and teddy-bear hairdo kid you.

Here is a world-class musician who is bucking the trend: he is an established clarinet soloist, with a long list of classical credentials, who openly embraces American musical forms, including popular music and jazz. Stoltzman doesn't just talk about jazz, he pays it the ultimate lip service—he actually plays it. But Stoltzman plays jazz in the same sighing, intimate, extremely personalized way that he plays his classical repertoire.

Stoltzman, charter clarinetist with the well-known, world-traveling, contemporary chamber group Tashi, shared center stage with singer Joe

Williams at the gala opening of the Boston Pops last spring, where he modestly played a creamy, pianissimo chalumeau behind Williams' assertive, coffee-toned baritone on *Mood Indigo*. His own encore, paired with Rossini's *Clarinet Variations*, was a wispy symphonic ballad, *Blues Lament*, composed for him by William Thomas McKinley, the ebullient, prolific pianist/composer/teacher who was Stoltzman's classmate and jam session chum at Yale.

The clarinetist, who has been heard around the world as soloist with over 100 orchestras—including the New York Philharmonic, the London Symphony, and the Orchestra of La Scala—and has played from memory just about the entire major clarinet repertoire—from Brahms to Beethoven,



Corigliano to Takemitsu—is nevertheless making his entrance into jazz a slow and careful one. Though he's been using Monk tunes and other jazz standards as encores in his recital programs for the last couple of years, he still had to be dragged onstage by Chick Corea in Tokyo recently to improvise genial five-minute romps for a devoted audience.

"Chick has been very understanding and supportive," said the easygoing Stoltzman. "He's a model of how to be open to new ideas without compromising or being a dilettante. I was scared to death of going onstage and improvising before 3,000 people. I kept saying, 'Well, aren't we going to rehearse some more?' Chick looked at me as if to say, 'What are we going to rehearse?' He said, 'We'll play some waltzes.' And we did: there was Chick's new *Japanese Waltz*, with its difficult changes, *Someday My Prince Will Come*, *Alice In Wonderland*, and one piece with Eddie Gomez." [The bassist is featured on Stoltzman's new RCA Red Label release, a move to pop forms called *Begin Sweet World*.]

"I kept saying to myself, 'Am I crazy to be doing this?' But Chick grabbed me by the arm and led me out there. He let me know that everything would be okay. Later backstage, as my tongue was hanging out, he told me, 'You're not doing that bad for somebody playing in a tuxedo.'"

Most classical musicians cringe when you take the music away. Stoltzman just frets a bit. Appears a little tentative. Shuffles his feet. But he's game. And why not? Born the son of a saxophone-playing railway man in Omaha in 1943, Stoltzman was raised listening to big band records of Count Basie, Les Brown, Artie Shaw. Father's main idol was Lester Young, but he liked to capture the furry, masculine sounds of Coleman Hawkins and Ben Webster. Richard's first contact with the clarinet was finding his father's old E \flat metal one under the bed at five years old and rolling it around the floor. His dad got a kick out of that, and showed him some simple blowing and fingering. At the United Presbyterian Church in San Francisco, where the family moved when he was three, little Dickie's clarinet filled in the harmonies and counterlines with dad on sax and grandmother on piano as the chorus sang the hymns. Later on, he dabbled with alto in school bands, and dad bought him some Music Minus One records to blow with.

Stoltzman speaks freely, with enthusiasm and affection, about those who influenced and taught him. "A lot of my musical models came from Marlboro. I was exposed over 10 summers to high-powered chamber musicians, who had dedicated their

whole lives to the ideal of rehearsing and rehearsing until the music responded and bowed to the composer's wishes. That kind of commitment I hadn't seen much before then. I was exposed to Mieczyslaw Horszowski, one of the great teachers and pianists at Marlboro; and Rudolf Serkin; Mischa Schneider, cellist of the Budapest Quartet; Marcel Moyse, a flutist constantly shedding his light on the wind players—people like that were my models and mentors in music, more than clarinetists.

"Yet I shouldn't disparage my clarinet teachers, because each of them gave me a lot of positive help. I remember my very first teacher in San Francisco, Howard Thompson, who was a doubler himself on alto and tenor and played in the Ice Follies. Just when I was about ready to leave him to move to Cincinnati, he took me aside, looked me in the eye, and tried to communicate—you know how hard it is

to relate important messages to children—that I had a gift, and he wanted me to be responsible and careful with it. I remember his look and tone of voice at that last lesson. He helped me because I wanted to play jazz in elementary school but wasn't ready for it. He transcribed solos and duos so that at my level I could get to play jazz rhythms and jazz phrasing. For my very first concert he arranged Hoagy Carmichael's *Stardust* so I could play and "improvise" a chorus he'd written out.

"There were several great teachers in Cincinnati, such as Jimmy Wilbur, who played both jazz and classical clarinet, and William Gasbarro, today professor at the University of De Pauw in Wilkes-Barre, PA." Later in New York, a long apprenticeship with Kalman Opperman showed him a great deal about the mechanics of the clarinet. Opperman completely redesigned and personalized Stoltzman's instruments



DONNA PAUL



DONNA PAUL

I've never gained anything from being an ostrich, with my head in the sand. The most important thing is to get out there and put myself on the line.

(see equipment box), and got him to change to the double-lip embouchure, to improve control and articulation.

A break came for the young clarinetist, who'd unsuccessfully sought symphony chairs, when at Marlboro in 1974 he played Olivier Messiaen's *Quartet For The End Of Time*. Pianist Peter Serkin happened to be in the audience, and was so struck by Stoltzman that he asked him to read the piece with friends in Manhattan. The friends—cellist Fred Sherry and violinist Ida Karafian—turned out to become the other half of Tashi, the avant garde music group that still tours and records. The *Quartet* was their first of many albums on RCA (now sadly out of print). On it you can hear Stoltzman's exquisite solo "Abyss of the Birds," which shows him milking a difficult line for every drop of emotion and finesse. And Stoltzman today is finding new challenges with *Little Rootie Tootie* and *Epistrophe*!

Speaking about repertoire, from classics to crossover, Stoltzman reflects:

"It's less a matter of finding great works than working with the pieces I have and bringing out what is good in each one. The percentage of masterworks in clarinet literature is rather high compared to other instruments. For example, Brahms came out of retirement to write four great works for clarinet. And Mozart did not write many pieces for the clarinet, but what he wrote—the last *Concerto* and the beautiful *Clarinet Quintet*—are considered favorite pieces by lots of musicians. Benny Goodman was supposed to have played that with the Mostly Mozart Festival this summer, and I got the call when he died in June.

"Mostly I spend my time on pieces that are not masterworks—such as the Weber *Concertos* and the Rossini *Variations*. The Hindemith *Clarinet Concerto* is as well-crafted as any of his other concertos—it's great! It's another piece inspired [and commissioned] by Benny, with that jazz feeling.

"But people are writing for me. Tom McKinley has written several things: there's a new *Sonata*, a trio called *Attitudes*, and a dozen pieces in between! Tom is the only living composer I know who is so prolific and maintains such a high level of creativity. When he'd play lounge piano as a student in New Haven, he'd be inside the lid—no *Melancholy Baby*! He's never lost his fiery dedication and passion for composition. To me, he's a miracle of creation.

"Clare Fischer wrote me a *Duke Ellington Suite For Clarinet And Orchestra*," continues Stoltzman, "which includes *Mood Indigo*, *Sophisticated Lady*, *Satin Doll*, *Daydream* (which I didn't know), *Johnny Come Lately*. It's a very beautiful piece, but it's not a "pops" piece. Magician that he is, Clare wrote a fantasia on the themes of Ellington and Billy Strayhorn that can fit in a symphonic concert. I have parts I can

RICHARD STOLTZMAN'S EQUIPMENT

"I play a Kalman Opperman mouthpiece and barrel," Richard Stoltzman says. "The instruments are Buffets, two sets of B \flat and A, but they have been thoroughly remodeled by Opperman. He re-bored the diameters of the internal cylinders, re-adjusted the tension on the springs, re-bored the finger holes. He really re-designed everything except the keys themselves.

"Yes, the barrel is different, but you have your own mouth, and your sound is literally determined by what's in your head—both the sound in your inner ear or your brain, and the sound in the air cavities in your own head: the tongue, teeth and their shape, as well as the oral, nasal, and Eustachian cavities. These are wholly—no pun intended—personal spaces.

"My B \flat clarinet is also Opperman's work, overhauled similarly on a Selmer body. The last time I needed a B \flat bass clarinet was when I played Steve Reich's *New York Counterpoint*, overdubbed for the premiere performance at Avery Fisher Hall [also used on a new RCA album] and I borrowed Opperman's."

RICHARD STOLTZMAN SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

with Tashi

DOUGLAS: *CELEBRATION II*—RCA 1-4328
MESSIAEN: *QUARTET FOR THE END OF TIME*—RCA 1-1567
MOZART: *CLARINET QUINTET*—RCA 1-4704
MOZART: *QUINTET FOR PIANO & WINDS*—RCA 1-4704
STRAVINSKY: *CHAMBER WORKS*—RCA 1-2449
TAKEMITSU: *QUATRAIN*—DGG 2531 210
TAKEMITSU: *WAVES*—RCA 1-3483
WEBER: *CLARINET QUINTET*—RCA 1-4328
WEBER: *QUARTET OP. 22*—RCA 1-4730

solo

MCKINLEY: *FOR ONE*—CRI 507

with Emanuel Ax (piano)

WEBER: *GRAND DUO CONCERTANT OP. 48/SCHUBERT: ARPEGGIO SONATA D. 821*—RCA 1-4825

with Richard Goode (piano)

BRAHMS: *CLARINET SONATAS OP. 120*—RCA 1-4246

with Peter Schickele (piano)

SCHICKELE: *ELEGIES*—Vanguard 71269

with Peter Serkin/Bill Douglas (piano)

A GIFT OF MUSIC FOR CLARINET—Orion 73125

with Rudolf Serkin (piano)

BEETHOVEN: *QUINTET OP. 16*—Columbia 33527

BEETHOVEN: *TRIO IN B \flat OP. 11*—Marlboro Recording Society 7

with Irma Vallecillo (piano)

THE ART OF RICHARD STOLTZMAN—Desmar 1014G

with the English Chamber Orchestra

MOZART: *CONCERTOS K. 622 & K. 191*—RCA 1-3934

with the Cleveland Quartet

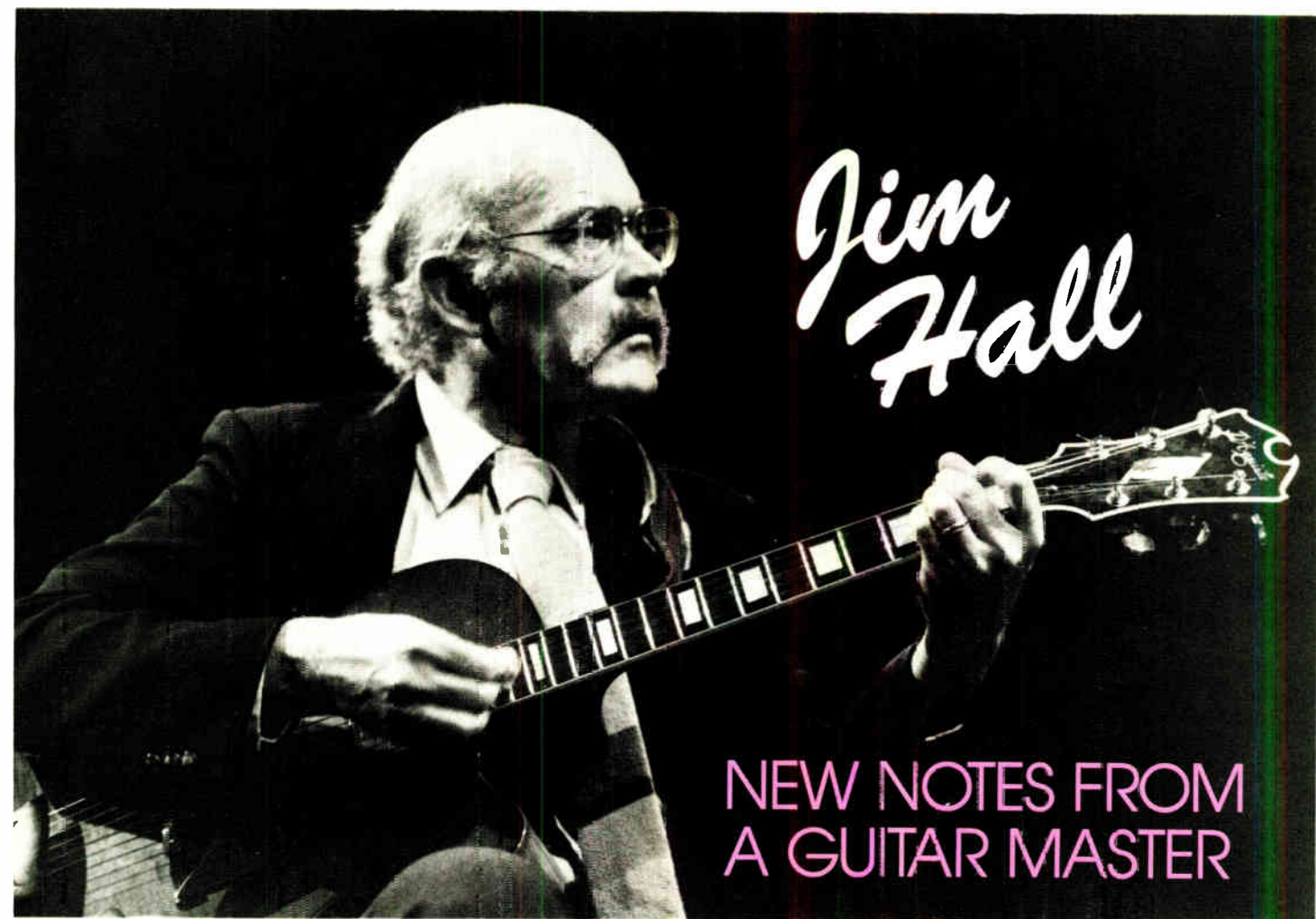
BRAHMS: *CLARINET QUINTET OP. 115*—RCA 1-1993

with Bill Douglas/Eddie Gomez/Jeremy Wall
BEGIN SWEET WORLD—RCA 1-7124

improvise, but it doesn't relegate the orchestra to coloristic football [i.e., whole note] playing with piano, bass, and drums up front. I've played this piece in Philadelphia and Tokyo already."

In that Tokyo audience was Toru Takemitsu, the composer who embraced French impressionism long before his native Japanese traditionalism. "Did you know he was awarded a Fulbright to study in the U.S. in the '50s, and he elected to study with Duke Ellington? The board turned down his request, so he didn't come at all. Yet the influence is strong. We played his *Waves* just before Clare's *Fantasia*, and the pieces flowed together seamlessly. The clarinet part is very

CONTINUED ON PAGE 61



Jim Hall

NEW NOTES FROM A GUITAR MASTER

BY BILL MILKOWSKI

He's revered by a generation of guitarists. Ask John Abercrombie, John Scofield, Bill Frisell, Mike Stern, Emily Remler, and countless others what player they emulate most. They may cite varied influences, but all will include the name of Jim Hall, the modern day master of elegant jazz.

Hall's gentle warmth and finesse typified the laidback sound of mid-'50s West Coast Cool. Emulating such lush sax players as Ben Webster and Coleman Hawkins, he evolved a wholly individualistic voice on the guitar. His was a sparser, more thoughtful approach than the frenzied beboppers, yet he still swung insistently. His brand of cooking was on a lower flame, but it burned all the same.

His first important gig, replacing Howard Roberts in Chico Hamilton's group, led to a significant role in the Jimmy Giuffre Three in 1957. It was in that setting that Hall learned a thing or two about economy. "Jimmy sort of turned my thinking around about phrasing and not picking so many notes," he explains. "He had a very compositional approach to jazz. His charts were highly arranged, so he really got me to listening closer to the way I phrased and to the way we blended together."

A significant lesson. Since then, Hall has distinguished himself as a superb listener, the ultimate team player. The rapport he has exhibited in duo settings with bassist Ron Carter or with his current trio of Steve LaSpina on bass and

Akira Tana on drums is practically psychic. Listening is the key ingredient in Hall's music.

Today, at 56, Jim Hall continues to listen and grow. Unlike some of his contemporaries (who steadfastly refuse to hear anything post-Wes), the mild-mannered man from Cleveland, Ohio, keeps an open mind about new sounds, approaches, and techniques. He's even expressed an interest in checking out the guitar synthesizer.

"Yeah, I am interested," he chuckles. "I like the stuff Pat Metheny is doing with synthesizers. I heard him in Italy a couple of weeks ago. He did a piece that sounded like an organ. It was beautiful. And I did some duets with him a while ago at City College here in New York. He had so much equipment on stage it looked like mission control. But the sounds he gets with all that stuff are just beautiful. So I am interested. I wouldn't mind playing a guitar synthesizer—if somebody'll carry it for me."

Recently, Hall was preparing to appear in another startling duo context—this time with guitar-synthesist Bill Frisell at the Walker Arts Center in Minneapolis, Minnesota. The venerable jazzman was excited about this collaboration, though uncertain about exactly what they'd do together. "I'm looking forward to this performance with Frisell," he commented. "We've never played together in public before, although he did some studying with me about 10 years ago. And I don't usually like to do that sort of thing, with two or three guitars. I don't enjoy playing in a Great Guitars kind of setting. Usually it just

feels like everybody gets diminished. But working with Bill—he plays so differently it's like playing with a keyboard player. I've heard some of his things on ECM and I think he's fantastic. He plays some fabulous stuff and I'd like to see how he does that up-close. Who knows? Maybe some of his technological thing will rub off on me."

Hall is a young 56. He keeps fresh by staying open to things around him. Always inquisitive and uncommonly humble for a man of his stature in the jazz world, he's not above taking tips from some of the younger players on the scene. "I heard Al Di Meola for the first time at Montreux this year and I was really impressed. I thought he sounded great, and his picking technique is so fantastic. These younger guys always inspire me to try different ways of picking or slurring or whatever. The same with John Scofield or John Abercrombie or John Basile, who plays bass lines and accompaniment like the Brazilian guys but in a jazz vein. That's something I've been working on. And, of course, I greatly admire Stanley Jordan's playing. He's really a gifted guy. I'd really like to see him try some new compositions or more creative stuff on the guitar. But I hate to give people advice. I would've advised George Benson to do that too, instead of going into the pop vocalist thing—if he listened to me he'd probably still be in Pittsburgh or scraping around New York trying to get work in piano bars. But the truth is, I am learning a lot from these guys. They've all showed me some new, different ways of enhancing the

music."

Hall is even open to the new, electrified Miles Davis. "I always felt that it was sad that a lot of the older guys don't listen to or aren't open to the younger guys. I've known some players who muttered under their breath about new things. In fact, it made me mad at this tribute to Miles at Radio City a couple of years ago. The show opened with different musicians performing Miles' old stuff, and the audience really dug it. But by the time Miles came out with his electric band, people started leaving. They couldn't deal with the real man. They wanted to hear *My Funny Valentine*. But I thought it sounded great—like Bartok with a backbeat."

Bela Bartok was a personal hero of Hall's when the guitarist attended the Cleveland Institute of Music in the early-'50s. "I was very interested in 12-tone music at that time, but I studied everything from Gregorian chants to Bach to Bartok. I wrote a string quartet as my thesis and also wrote some piano pieces. I guess I was actually being primed to become a composer or a teacher or something. I was really torn between jazz and classical. Part of me had this problem of wanting to do something 'legitimate'."

"Being brought up in the Baptist Midwestern environment of Cleveland, playing jazz in saloons seemed a little illegitimate. So I thought I could get a job teaching in some music school somewhere and concentrate on writing music. And I probably could've done that, as several of my peers had. But in the back of my mind I also wondered if I could've made it as a guitar player. A jazz guitar player."

He didn't stick around Cleveland long enough to find out about the academic life. In 1955, halfway through his first semester of working toward his master's degree, Jim dropped out and headed for Los Angeles on a whim. "A bunch of things happened at once," he recalls. "I sort of got frightened noticing that most of the people I was around at the time were going to school to learn how to teach—going from one school environment to another one. And that seemed a little unreal to me. I think it scared me. I was 24 and I hadn't really tested myself as a working musician. So when a friend of mine asked me to ride to California with him in this deal where you could drive cars out West and just pay for the gas, I jumped at the chance."

In retrospect, he sees the schooling as a good experience. "It really helped me after I got out. I could read music fairly well for a guitar player, and I knew about all the different clefs. And it opened me up to learning about music, which is something I hope I never lose—that attitude of keeping an open mind about music and continually learning. So I am glad I went to school. I don't think I would've fit in too well as a teacher, but that experience there did help me so that now I can listen to someone like Bill Frisell and not panic."

While in California, Hall began studying classical guitar with Vicente Gomez during the day while trying to make contact with jazz musicians at night. "Through a coincidence I was at somebody's house when Chico Hamilton called looking for a guitar player. So I got hooked up with Chico, but I continued studying with Gomez. I wasn't sure what I wanted at that point, classical or jazz. I just wanted to be a musician. But the jazz playing seemed to take off and I really got interested in it then."

After Hamilton, he hooked up with Jimmy Giuffre, took a leave of absence to tour South America with Ella Fitzgerald, rejoined Giuffre, then teamed up with Ben Webster in 1959. It was around this time that he met and collaborated with pianist Bill Evans on the 'classic *Undercurrent*. Their rapport was instant magic. "It was really easy to play with Bill, maybe partly because I had already been so greatly influenced by his playing from hearing his stuff with Miles Davis. Yes, we had a very special rapport."



TOM COPI

Hall recently took part in a tribute album to Bill Evans. Produced by Orrin Keepnews of Landmark Records, it's an album of Evans music performed by the Kronos Quartet with Hall and Eddie Gomez appearing as special guests on separate cuts. The centerpiece of Hall's performance is the deeply moving *Turn Out The Stars*. "The main thing I got out of this experience was that it reminded me of what a great composer Bill was," says Hall. "That really startled me. Right after Bill died it was really hard for me to listen to any of those things we had done together. But gradually I went back and got reacquainted with Bill's music, as a lot of people did. And when I did *Turn Out The Stars* for this recent session, even though I had recorded it with Bill, I never realized what a great form there is to that piece. It's a perfect circle. The last chord in the piece leads back to the first chord. That was just part of Bill's genius that perhaps I didn't appreciate the first time around."

Hall has had a special rapport with precious few other pianists. George Shearing is one. (Check out their beautiful *First Edition* on Concord). His latest keyboard collaborator is Michel Petrucciani, with whom he recently toured Europe. "I worked opposite Michel at the Blue Note last year. He had his trio and I had mine. Then he invited me to do one concert in Paris last December, which went great. We had never even rehearsed or anything. I think we did a soundcheck and that was about it. He was listening so hard it seemed like he was accompanying me, even though it was *his* concert. But on this tour we had one rehearsal in Montreal before we went over to Montreux, where we recorded for Blue Note Records. It was a terrific concert. Wayne Shorter came out and did three pieces with us—*Limbo*, a tune of his he recorded with Miles, then a ballad of Michel's and a calypso I wrote, sort of in the Sonny Rollins vein. Mostly, it was a lot of fun, personally, because Michel's such a great guy, really bright and very funny. But musically it was great because he's such a wonderful player and makes it easy because he listens so hard and reacts so fast. To me, that's really the gist of playing together. It all boils down to whether or not the guys listen to one another, and Michel does that very well."

Apart from his recent work with the Kronos Quartet and with Michel Petrucciani, Hall is particularly proud of his own trio. His latest album for Concord, *Three*, features Akira Tana and Steve LaSpina in a typically tasteful setting, swinging lightly and politely on standards like *All The Things You Are* and originals like *Hide And Seek* or the title cut. And *Bottlenose Blues* features a Jim Hall first—playing a 12-string guitar.

While some guitarists burn out in their early years, Hall seems to be getting better with age. Since signing with Concord in 1981 his recorded performances have been nothing short of sublime, particularly his telepathic duos with Ron Carter (1982's *Live At The Village West* and 1984's *Telephone*). In fact, it was his first collaborations with Carter back around '69 that helped get him over a bad period in his life.

"When I got off the road in '65 I was really tired. There had been a lot of drinking going on and it just got out of control. I really needed to change my life around. I actually retired and started going to Alcoholics Anonymous meetings. Right around that time I had gotten married and I started thinking that I needed to take a 'grownup' job. That old Baptist guilt again. So I got a gig playing in the house band on the *Merv Griffin Show*. Funny, that always sounds like a confession when I mention it now. And it was fun for about three weeks, but after that it was just awful. But I felt like I had a grownup job—someplace to go to work everyday. And that went on for three-and-a-half years. So during that time I kind of fell out of touch with the music scene.

JIM HALL'S EQUIPMENT

For years, since he was 25, Jim Hall played a fat-bodied Gibson ES-175 jazz guitar, which had previously belonged to Howard Roberts. Ten years ago his friend and personal guitar maker, Jimmy D'Aquisto, crafted a lovely custom job for Jim called a New Yorker (which appears on the cover of his classic *Jim Hall Live* album on A&M/Horizon). Recently, D'Aquisto made an electric version of that classy acoustic guitar, adding a Guild pickup. Lately, Jim has been playing this new one, a Jim Hall model, through a Gibson GA-50 tube amp in the studio or a Polytone amp on the road. He favors thick gauge strings, though he says he's dropped down to a thinner gauge recently—.11 on the high E to .50 on the low E. He also recently began using a Boss chorus pedal in performance to add a touch of sonic enhancement.

JIM HALL SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| as a leader | with Paul Desmond |
| JIM HALL'S THREE—Concord Jazz 298 | EAST OF THE SUN—Discovery 840 |
| CIRCLES—Concord Jazz 161 | EASY LIVING—RCA 3480 |
| COMMITMENT—A&M Horizon 715 | FIRST PLACE AGAIN—Warner Bros. 3356 |
| LIVE—A&M Horizon 705 | |
| CONCIERTO—CTI 8012 | with Bill Evans |
| IN A SENTIMENTAL MOOD—Pausa 7112 | INTERMODULATION—Verve 2106 |
| WHERE WOULD I BE—Milestone 9037 | UNDERCURRENT—United Artists 5640 |
| with Ron Carter | with Sonny Rollins |
| TELEPHONE—Concord Jazz 270 | THE BRIDGE—French RCA 741074/5 |
| LIVE AT VILLAGE WEST—Concord Jazz 245 | WHAT'S NEW—French RCA 741091/2 |
| ALONE TOGETHER—Milestone 9045 | |
| with George Shearing | with Jimmy Giuffrè |
| FIRST EDITION—Concord Jazz 117 | 7 PIECES—French Verve 2304 438 |
| with Itzhak Perlman | THE EASY WAY—French Verve 2304 491 |
| IT'S A BREEZE—Angel 37799 | THE 3—Atlantic 1254 |
| A DIFFERENT KIND OF BLUES—Angel 37780 | with the Kronos Quartet |
| | PLAYS BILL EVANS—Landmark 1510 |

"In fact, I got called to do two or three jobs that I should've done, but I was really afraid to take them. Miles Davis called me for a record date—the session that George Benson ended up doing (*Miles In The Sky*). I was nervous. Too scared. And then Tony Williams called me to go with his group Lifetime. He was sending for John McLaughlin and he asked me to play for two or three months before John came over from England. I should've done that. It would've been a great experience, but I was afraid. So being on the *Merv Griffin Show* had kind of a bad effect on me that way, locking me into this secure gig and making me too frightened to venture out.

"But then this club opened in New York called The Guitar, which Kenny Burrell had some financial interest in. It was a duo room for guitar and bass. I started working there with Ron Carter, who I had played with in Art Farmer's band for a while before he left to join Miles' group. And we had also done some small group things backing Helen Merrill. So I had known Ron for a while. And playing with him at The Guitar gradually got me back into playing out again. Finally, when the Merv show moved to California, I decided to stay in New York. Ron and I did a live album in 1970 from The Guitar, and then gradually I started going out as a leader with a trio, or sometimes just a duo. So Ron really sort of helped me over the hump in a way. We've kept in touch since then and I hope we do some more in the future."

A perennial *db* poll winner, Hall's gentle playing reflects his warm and thoughtful nature. An unusually open-minded musician, he's collaborated with such kindred spirits as Bill Evans and Paul Desmond, mixed it up with such explosive forces as Sonny Rollins, Ornette Coleman, and classical violinist Itzhak Perlman. And now he's rubbing elbows with the synthesizer set. Though there were no plans to record any of his performances with Bill Frisell at the Walker Arts Center, you can be sure that these two will meet again. Perhaps Frisell may even persuade the venerable Mr. Finesse to pick up a guitar-synth himself.

"I'm interested in just about anything to help make the music better," says Hall. "I like the idea of guitar-synthesizer for different coloring. Maybe sort of like the way Duke Ellington's band used mutes. It just puts a little different face on things. So I am interested. Whether I get involved in it myself, I don't know. I guess I'm still too involved in looking for the right notes to have time to experiment with all that stuff. For now, anyway."

db

BUTCH MORRIS

By Howard Mandel

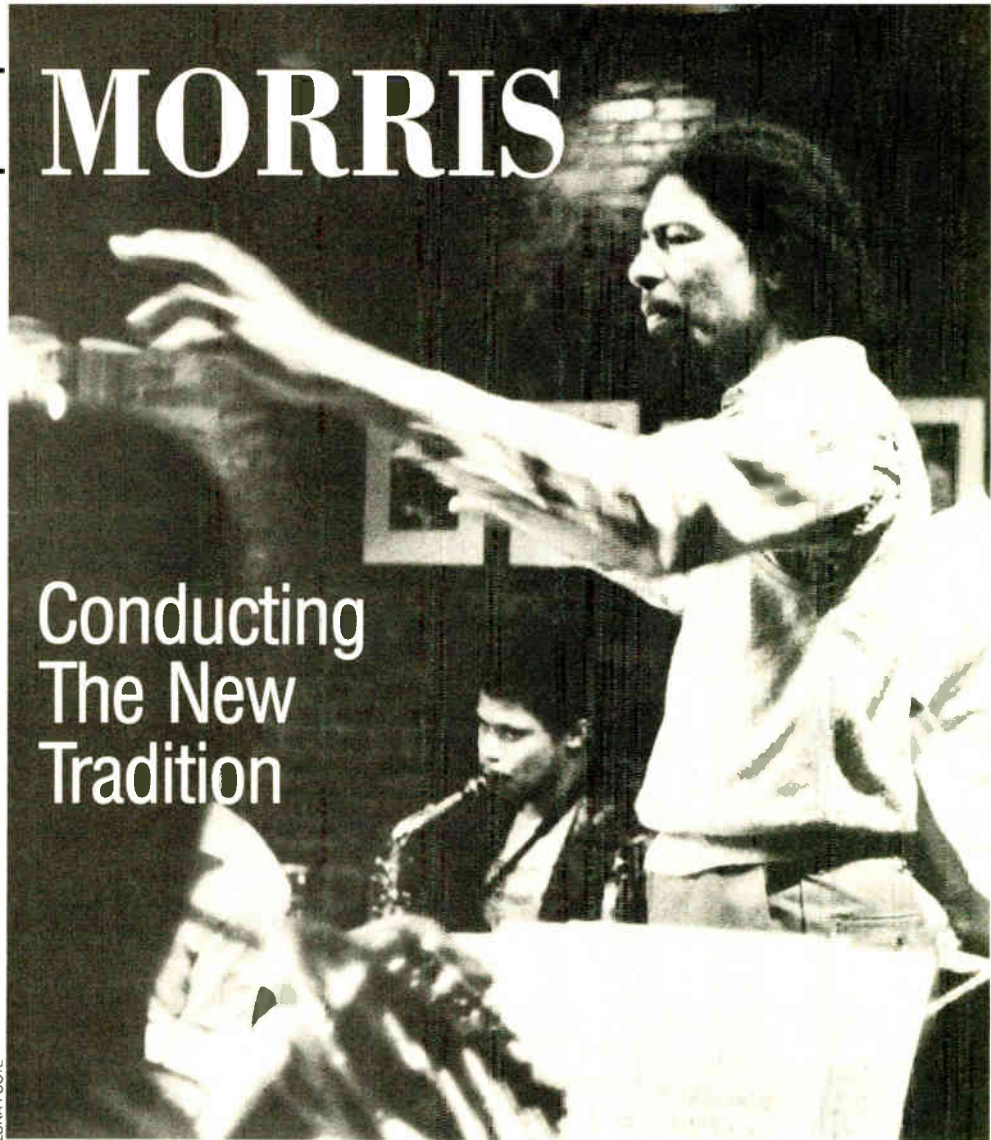
Who is that man waving his hands so fiercely at the musicians while actors declaim, dancers leap and pose, painters splash vivid oils on canvas, crowds mill about such avant garde mixed-media events as *Goya*, *The Hunchback*, *Popeye*, *Modette*, *Images Of None*? And how can the music be so different at each night's performance? Is the fellow who's called the downbeat to David Murray's big band, Jemeel Moondoc's Jus' Grew Orchestra, Michelle Rosewoman's New Yoruba, and Billy Bang's extended ensembles the same guy who blows across the bottom of his cornet's valves and shoves his mouthpiece up its bell, who immerses himself in rich electronic fields in trio, who wrings sweeping symphonic rhapsodies from a 14-piece ensemble with hardly a shred of musical notation?

To all but the most attentive jazz or "new music" fans and players in the U.S. and Europe—those who search out the truly innovative musicians of our day in pursuit of their own pleasure as listeners, or their prestige as presenters, or their inspiration as creative professionals—Lawrence Douglas "Butch" Morris has been a seldom recognized, not to say invisible, man. Yet he's a key figure in the new generation of composer/improvisers whose activities are linked to the creative ferment of lower Manhattan. Like Henry Threadgill, Morris has irrevocable ties to personal expression within the jazz tradition; like John Zorn, Butch suggests radical alternatives to conventions of performance, improvisation, and composition that change the very nature of those games.

Yet, his name has appeared in the critics' polls, has been linked with some of the bright younger lights of both coasts and the Old World, has been heralded on music series at the Museum of Modern Art, the Kitchen, the Painted Bride, the '83 New Music America fest in D.C.—still Morris remains almost as elusive as a rumor. Is Butch in-residence at Tufts University or the performance space JAM leading his faithful troupe of emerging talents (core members include bassoonist

Conducting The New Tradition

LONA FOOTE



Butch Morris directing the David Murray Big Band; with Steve Coleman (left)

Karen Borca, flutist Marion Brandis, french horn player Vincent Chancey, timpanist Benta Fischer, violinist Jason Hwang, pianist Myra Melford, and vocalists Alva Rogers and Karen Yeager)? Is he at some makeshift theater, collaborating with a new director or choreographer? Waxing lyrical amid feedback and effects from guitarist Bill Horvitz and plugged-in trombonist J. A. Deane, or within the DX7 sampling and sharp splashes of keyboardist Wayne Horvitz and drummer Robert Previte? Playing his moving, memorable tunes on brass and piano with his bassist brother Wilber? Traveling alone?

Word gets around—New York, mostly, but Morris pops up, often though irregularly, all over the Eastern seaboard, still appears with too little advance notice in his native Los Angeles, his adopted Bay Area, Seattle—wherever the gigs are. He summered this year in Austria, Brussels, Belgium, Holland, Germany, and the south of France, winning raves at the Nickelsdorf Music Confrontation, in Stuttgart, and with

vocalist Arlene Schloss in Linz. His reputation precedes him; his coterie grows and follows.

"I see all my activities working together, basically, but it takes a while," says the tall, thin, goateed 39-year-old composer/conductor/cornetist, who's spent a goodly portion of his non-musical energy over the past few years homesteading an abandoned building on run-down Avenue C, investing "sweat equity" in an apartment of his own. "I'm not meandering; I've got a goal: I want to create something as powerful as my heritage, and something very magical at the same time. My whole idea is to create music for improvisers. I rarely write, *notate* anything. I get tired of playing the same arrangements," he offers what must be considered extreme understatement, "so I constantly rearrange pieces."

"First of all, that's my nature, and secondly, I do it for my livelihood. When I was in [West Coast pianist] Horace Tapscott's band, he used to



and Murray (right).

make little gestures that meant certain things for us to do that weren't on the page, and I started to think about how that could be expanded. Then when I was in college, studying conducting in Oakland, and I asked my teacher 'How do you get the orchestra to go back to letter B?' and she said, 'You don't do that.' I knew I had a profession. And then I joined Charles Moffett, in Oakland; Charles would lead his ensemble rehearsals with no music, he would just conduct them with a relatively under-developed vocabulary of gestures. Then I knew it could be taken further." Morris, especially in the past two years, has kept advancing towards more spontaneously evolving pieces, whatever number or character of players he's assembled for a particular engagement. As a consequence of his preference for large groups, his reluctance to finalize the form of his compositions or issue albums without feeling they're significant statements that stand as more than mere product, his own accomplishments haven't been widely heard, and his contributions to the

success of some of his best friends' projects have been ignored, miscredited, or misunderstood.

"When I first got to New York, in '76, I wanted to make a record, because in that period I was playing, let's say, swing stuff better than I'm playing it now—because I'm concentrating on a wider range of things now," Morris allows. The resultant *In Touch . . . But Out Of Reach*, finally realized in '82 on the tiny Karma label, reveals Butch's gift for luxuriant, sensuous melody—only if one can imagine past the inadequate live mix and poor pressing, towards the depth of sound and feeling trombonist Granchan Moncur III, pianist Charles Eubanks, older brother Wilber, and percussionists Bobby Battle and Steve McCall brought to the music. Another production, 1984's *The New York City Artists' Collective Plays Butch Morris*, features singer Ellen Christi to advantage, but remains only tangentially related to Morris' spirit and intentions—though he plays piano and conducts, the NYCAC simply isn't his ensemble.

Morris' cornet projections, personally idiosyncratic and engagingly risky like the brass attacks of Miles, Don Cherry, Bobby Bradford, Clifford Brown, Booker Little (and Rex Stewart, Bubba Miley, Cootie Williams, Red Allen before them), are strongest on quartet sessions from his travels of '78, including *Tricks Of The Trade* (with tenorist Frank Lowe), *Let The Music Take You*, and *Last Of The Hipman*—these last two fronted by prodigal David Murray, with whom Morris has sparred since '71, when they met in drummer Moffett's rehearsal band.

Their relationship has evolved as both their careers have developed: from being Murray's right hand brass pal, Butch in '77 helped score *Spell Number Seven*, an off-Broadway play by the saxophonist's then-wife Ntozake Shange, and worked with David to compose, orchestrate, and arrange for their first big band presentation, at Public Theater producer Joseph Papp's instigation, in '78. Playing cornet in Murray's octet (alongside Olu Dara on *Ming and Home*, with Bradford on *Murray's Steps*, and in quintet on *Interboogieology*), Butch eventually stepped out front of the big band to conduct—as he says, "to create music on the spot"—using a gestural vocabulary of his own, and enjoying a freedom for instant decision-making that few jazz arrangers (Gil Evans is the only exception that comes to mind) have ever been able to indulge.

Morris' effort is perhaps most aurally apparent on *Duet For Big Band* from the Murray big band album *Live At Sweet Basil Vol. 1*. The 16-plus minute track starts with tubaist Bob Stewart puffing four-to-the-bar, and Billy Higgins

tapping the rim of his snare drum in time. See Butch's right arm crooked over his head? His hand slightly clasped so his forefinger protrudes, flicking a pulse which slows the momentum? Fred Hopkins' bass slips from under the tuba; Butch points to the bassist with his left forefinger, alternates between Stewart and Hopkins, shifting their turns as though trying to catch one or the other off-guard. He's also brought them back up to tempo, and introduced a syncopation. Next he opens his right palm, spreading his fingers for everyone to notice, and makes a cupping, gimme motion. Almost at once, the 11 men launch their parts in a swelling, improvised arrangement of pre-penned phrases that reflect each other, curl in on themselves, shore up then spin away from sectional accents, to ultimately etch a handsomely detailed, unpredictably perfect, swinging yet sturdy jazz edifice.

"There's a history for improvisers, a body of common knowledge among jazz musicians," Morris states. "There's a whole repertoire of songs that have been used as a basis for improvisation, like the blues. We can just call a key, and it doesn't have to have a name—we can make music, right? Well, if I point to you, and you're an improviser, and as part of my vocabulary you understand that when I point to you you're supposed to improvise—that's a beginning. You play until I ask you to stop. And if I hear something that you play that I want you to repeat or develop, I have a gesture I'll give you for that. If I want you to continue on that same frame on a longer curve, I have a gesture for that. If I want someone to do or emulate something that you're doing, I have a gesture for that. It continues to grow, my vocabulary for improvisers."

Having taught this vocabulary to the clique of improvisers Murray's drawn on (many of whom are aspiring composers themselves), since the big band's last New York concert at the Kool Jazz Festival of '85, Morris has concentrated on less tune- and solo-oriented, more suite-like and ensemble applications of his gestural direction, involving instrumental combinations of his own devising. Last year, Morris created what he considers a historically important "Full Conduction—which is an improvised duet between ensemble and conductor, based on subject matter, in which the conductor works out his gestures and relays them to the ensemble, and the ensemble in turn interprets the gestural information.

"*Current Trends In Racism In Modern America, A Work In Progress*, was my first



LONA FOOTE

attempt to have a full conduction in the United States," Morris explains of the totally improvised piece for a wildly varied personnel, including tenorist Lowe, reedsplayer Zorn, turntable manipulator Christian Marclay, percussionist Thurman Barker, pianist Curtis Clark, guitarist Brandon Ross, harpist Zeena Parkins, cellist Tom Cora, vibist Eli Fountain, and vocalist Yasanow Tone. *Current Trends* is being released this fall by Sound Aspects as the first issue of Morris' "semi-exclusive" contract calling for three albums (unrelated but of interest will be a trio with Wayne Horvitz and Previte, due early in '87).

"The title was a point of reference, subject matter for all to think about—not only the audience, but the musicians involved. And it was something that burned a hole in everyone's mind—especially the musicians, because when I called to ask them if they'd be a part of it, they all began to wonder what it was about. It was only important to me that they *wonder*. There was enough in the news at that time to let us know that if some things [vis a vis racism] have changed, what have they changed *to*? I thought it very appropriate to have a conduction with that particular title, because there are, in America and in the world, different trends of racism. And I use improvisation to comment on how I feel, how people feel around me, what I see, what people see around me, what I think." Then he hastens to add, "For me, improvisation and composition are almost the same thing; I don't see them being separate. I don't know where my improvisation starts and my composition begins—they're one and the same."

Current Trends is not an easy work—but then, it's subject matter is not for

restful meditation, either. Opening with Zorn's squeal, then turning thick and thin with ringing vibes overlaid by the strings of the harp and guitar, underpinned by Tone's groans, complicated by Lowe's growls and Barker's cymbal crashes, the instruments correspond with the unruliness of individuals. There are harmonious relations, as in love; there are bitter clashes, as in hate. No duets or trios stand apart from the totality of the ensemble for long, just as every inter-racial exchange since the arrival here of slavery has had a political, public context, perhaps despite any private, interpersonal significance. Other than the sudden eruption of a beat-box rap, there is no programmatic material—no quotes of "We Shall Overcome" or the black national anthem. Nonetheless, *Current Trends* holds together as a passage of compassionate if dissonant, flowing and at the same time discrete encounters, building to a climax that's dramatically coherent though nominally unresolved. It's a work like no other I've heard Butch Morris create. Of course, repetition is not what he's about.

In fact, "Technology will take care of history" is one of Butch's axioms. "For me the necessity to conduct spontaneous improvisation comes out of the need to hear a sound and see a particular form or structure happen *in the moment*. That's exciting to me. I think it's exciting to the musician-improvisers, and I think it's exciting to the audience. It's a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity, although I *do* think technology will take care of its posterity. I mean, a given improvisation is not something I feel has to be done again, but if it has to be done again, technology will take care of that." All the better that he's reached an

BUTCH MORRIS' EQUIPMENT

"I was walking down the street in L.A. one day in '71," Butch Morris recalls, "carrying my flugelhorn, and I looked up and saw this cornet in the window of a pawnshop. It was an Olds. I went in and tried it and—how do I explain?—I don't think I've been that blown over in a long time. That was it; I could tell. It came with a mouthpiece. So I swapped my flugelhorn for it, even though I could have gotten more for the flugelhorn. Since then, I haven't played a trumpet since '72; I've been playing a cornet ever since. I've even collected them. I use a Dennis Wick mouthpiece now—about a year ago I bought seven of them." He also uses battered mutes.

"The cornet is interesting to me because it's a sound merchant, something that's very close. The bell is only about a foot away from my mouth, as opposed to a foot-and-a-half or two feet away with a trumpet. I play a Cortois cornet, a copy of an older model. I bought it in '77, the year they discontinued it, and it's the best horn for what I like that I've ever played. It's got a disconnecting shank that's about four-and-a-half inches long—it's detachable from the rest of the horn. One thing I like to do is turn the cornet upsidedown and play the bottom of the valves. You get a whistling. Another thing I learned real early was half-valving. When the valves are all the way up or down, there are holes in the pistons themselves, and the air travels clearly through the horn. When you push it halfway down, only half the valve opening is exposed to the rest of the horn, and you get half the amount of air. So it's a more pinched sound."

BUTCH MORRIS SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

as a leader

NEW YORK CITY ARTIST'S COLLECTIVE PLAY BUTCH MORRIS—NYCAC 503
IN TOUCH BUT OUT OF REACH—Karma 9
3+2=XXXXX—Dimensional Sound Studio 1

with David Murray

LIVE AT SWEET BASIL—Black Saint 0085
MURRAY'S STEPS—Black Saint 0065
HOME—Black Saint 0055
MING—Black Saint 0045
INTERBOOGIEOLOGY—Black Saint 0018
THE LONDON CONCERT—Cadillac 1008/9
PENTHOUSE JAZZ—Circle 18877/4
HOLY SIEGE ON INTRIGUE—Circle 18877/8
LAST OF THE HIPMAN—Red 129
LET THE MUSIC TAKE YOU—Marge 4

with Billy Bang

OUTLINE NO. 12—Celluloid 5004
SWEET SPACE—Anima 12741

with Frank Lowe

EXOTIC HEARTBREAK—Soul Note 1032
SKIZOKE—Cadence Jazz 1007
LOWE & BEHOLD—Musicworks 3002
TRICKS OF THE TRADE—Marge 2

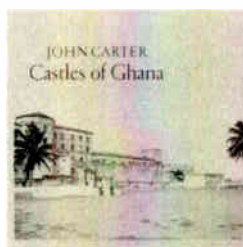
agreement with Sound Aspects, a company whose releases to date are carefully, cleanly produced.

"I have never wanted to do one thing all my life," Morris says. "That is, the things I do with my own music I've longed to do for many years. But I don't think of the range of what I create as much different than changing shoes. You know, you go out and buy five or six or 10 pairs of shoes, and one day you wear this pair, the next day a different pair. But they all look like you. They all fit. They're all part of your personality. Hats, sweaters, pants, the same way. I don't look at music any

CONTINUED ON PAGE 61



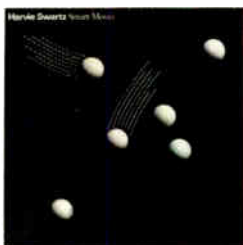
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John Carter
Castles of Ghana
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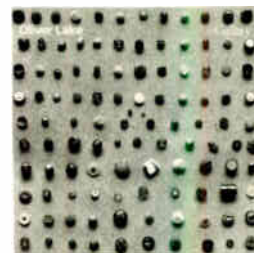
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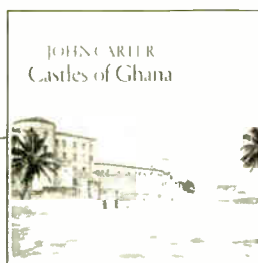
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GRAMAVISION



JOHN CARTER

CASTLES OF GHANA—Gramavision 8603: *CASTLES OF GHANA; EVENING PRAYER; CONVERSATIONS; THE FALLEN PRINCE; THEME OF DESPERATION; CAPTURE; POSTLUDE.*

Personnel: Carter, clarinet, voice; Terry Jenoure, violin, voice; Marty Ehrlich, bass clarinet, percussion; Bobby Bradford, cornet; Baikida Carroll, trumpet, voice; Benny Powell, trombone; Richard Davis, bass; Andrew Cyrille, drums, percussion.

★★★★★

John Carter is arguably this decade's preeminent clarinetist; his compositional gifts are also immense. Yet, he remains somewhat on the periphery of the jazz audience's collective consciousness. *Castles Of Ghana* should change that. It is, to date, Carter's masterpiece—a programmatically rich and vivid suite that strikes the balance between compositional design and improvisational freedom that jazz in the '80s is supposedly about.

Carter's subject is a noble African society whose initial commercial links with Europeans jaundice with the rise of the slave trade, the harbinger of colonialism. Underpinned by burnished brass and muted tom-tom cadences, the title piece establishes a *mise en scene* that is bustling yet tranquil, until fluttering reeds usher in a hard-edged tempo set by Richard Davis and Andrew Cyrille; the ensuing solos by Baikida Carroll, Marty Ehrlich, Benny Powell, and Terry Jenoure are crisp, incisive characterizations that lay the groundwork for bantering improvised flourishes in the brisk concluding ensemble passage. *Evening Prayer* is subdued, solemn foreshadowing, a whispered, pensive piece momentarily interrupted by several chordal volleys shot midway through the composition; Carter's impeccably articulated reading of the material buttresses its sacred cast. *Conversations* closes the side with virtuosic performances that escalate to dizzying proportions, like rumours that grow more fantastic with each retelling; the rousing duet scored for Carter and Ehrlich is sterling.

The last half of the program depicts the unraveling of a society. *The Fallen Prince* is an appropriate feature for Benny Powell, perhaps the American trombonist most deserving of a wider audience, as its emotionally tentative patchwork of melody requires the subtlety of a fully matured artist. Powell convincingly forwards a mixture of melancholy, self-pity, and noble indignation; he is well-foiled by Davis and Jenoure. The eerie plasticity of the voicings on *Theme Of Desperation* makes for a cogent pressure-drop before the storm of the suite's tour de force, *Capture*. Urgency perme-

ates every note in the piece; the ensemble rips through the score, and Bobby Bradford turns in a barreling solo. Yet, if the mark of an accomplished jazz solo is its storytelling ability, then Carter's solo on *Capture* is nothing short of masterful; it heaves, shrieks, gasps, and runs stark and raving as if its life depended on it. *Capture* is so powerful that the ruminative *Postlude* ends before the shock subsides.

In short, *Castles Of Ghana* is one of—if not the—most important recordings of 1986.

—bill shoemaker



PETER GABRIEL

SO—Geffen 24088-2: *RED RAIN; SLEDGEHAMMER; DON'T GIVE UP; THAT VOICE AGAIN; IN YOUR EYES; MERCY STREET; BIG TIME; WE DO WHAT WE'RE TOLD; THIS IS THE PICTURE (EXCELLENT BIRDS).*

Personnel: Gabriel, vocals, Fairlight CMI, piano, Prophet 5, LinnDrum, Synclavier, percussion; Jerry Marotta, Stewart Copeland, drums; Manu Katche, drums, talking drum, percussion; Chris Hughes, LinnDrum programming; Jimmy Bralower, LinnDrum; Tony Levin, Bill Laswell, Larry Klein, bass; David Rhodes, guitar, vocals; Daniel Lanois, Nile Rodgers, guitar; Wayne Jackson, trumpet; Mark Rivera, saxophone; Dan Mikkelsen, trombone; Richard Tee, piano; Simon Clark, Yamaha CS 80, Hammond organ, Fairlight, bass; L. Shankar, violin; Djalma Correa, surdu, congas, triangle; Kate Bush, Youssou N'dour, Michael Been, Jim Kerr, Ronnie Bright, P. P. Arnold, Coral Gordon, Dee Lewis, Laurie Anderson, vocals.

★★★★★ ½

I wasn't prepared for the way *So*, Peter Gabriel's fifth album since leaving Genesis, snuck up on me. Expecting more World Music electro-tone poems of despair and exotica, *So* was instead preceded by the single *Sledgehammer*, a rollicking dance groove that borrows heavily from Martha and the Vandellas' *Dancin' In The Streets*. My first reaction was, Hey Gabe, it's Phil Collins that's supposed to sound like you, not the other way around.

However, from the opening chords of *Red Rain*, it was apparent that Gabriel was not here just to dance. Clanging guitar chords and syncopated rhythm charge Gabriel's impassioned reading of somewhat ambiguous lyrics. Is it an ecological treatise, an anti-nuclear plea, is the red rain the blood of apartheid rebellion? Gabriel leaves it open for you to fill in the forboding blanks.

Less ambiguous is *Don't Give Up*, a moving

song of failure and despair from an unlikely source. Mellencamp and Springsteen may have cornered the plight of middle America, but Gabriel's tale of an unemployed man has an ennobling power that recalls John Steinbeck. Over a shuffling organ groove Gabriel laments, "So many men no one needs." He's answered in chorus by Kate Bush, quavering in affirmation and support. The atmospheres of the Fairlight's breathy organ contrasts with Richard Tee's gospel piano passages.

Gabriel retains his passion for World Musics and assimilates them naturally into the flow of his work. Percussionist Manu Katche weaves colorful rhythms around a panoply of drum computers, lending the African and latin touches that make Gabriel's music so earthy and human and unmechanized no matter how many Fairlights and LinnDrums he uses.

So jettisons the marauding murkiness and texture of the previous Gabriel records, but with producer Daniel Lanois, generates a new clarity and airiness. *Mercy Street* etches gentle afro-latin percussion against a textural depth of field that emerges you in his poignant tale of poet Anne Sexton.

Within the album's emotional backwash, *Sledgehammer* takes on new meaning Paired with another Motown/Stax horn track, *Big Time*, a parody of success, Gabriel is saying a lot more with this groove than Phil Collins. It's a maturing Gabriel taking an infectious fling through our lingering adolescent fantasies. After all, it's simply another audio diary of the state-of-mind of Gabriel. That's why his records are eponymously entitled when they leave the studio. (Reportedly, *So* is not Gabriel's title, but his response to Geffen's demand for one.)

Compact disc player owners should note that the CD version of *So* contains an updated *Excellent Birds*, re-titled *This Is The Picture*, previously heard on Laurie Anderson's *Mister Heartbreak*. It's not as ominous and final an album closer as *We Do What We Are Told*, but it is a nice treat.

—john diliberto



JIM HALL

JIM HALL'S THREE—Concord 298: *HIDE AND SEEK; SKYLARK; BOTTLENOSE BLUES; AND I DO; ALL THE THINGS YOU ARE; POOR BUTTERFLY; THREE.*

Personnel: Hall, guitar; Steve LaSpina, bass; Akira Tana, drums.

★★★★★ ½

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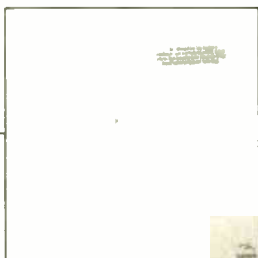
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RECORD REVIEWS

ing the high standards of musicianship and imaginative resourcefulness that long have marked his playing. The guitarist is a player of uncommon melodic/harmonic fertility, whose every solo stands as a paradigm of unerring taste, focused lucidity of thought, and perfectly controlled execution. He does not simply run changes or paraphrase his thematic materials but, rather, plays from deep inside them, loosing their potentials for meaningful development.

Poor *Butterfly* is the most perfectly realized example of this, with several of the others—the standards *Skylark* and *All The Things You Are*, and the originals *Three*, *Hide And Seek*, and *And I Do*—not far behind it. Only *Bottlenose Blues*, Hall's first recorded foray on 12-string guitar, falls short, revealing a rhythmic hesitancy and a slight overall tentativeness that sit oddly with the other performances. Even this, however, is not bad—it's just not as good or finely focused as the others. LaSpina and Tana are perfect foils and collaborators, and this is a joyous set from beginning to end. If I've not given it a full five stars, it's simply because there are even better Hall performances scattered through the various recordings he's made over the last 30-odd years. Ultimately, Jim Hall can be compared only with himself. This is one to treasure.

—pete welding



PHIL WOODS

HEAVEN—BlackHawk 50401: *I'M GETTING SENTIMENTAL OVER YOU*; *HEAVEN*; *THE DUKE*; *AZURE*; 222; *OCCURRENCE*.

Personnel: Woods, alto saxophone, clarinet; Tom Harrell, trumpet, flugelhorn; Hal Galper, piano; Steve Gilmore, bass; Bill Goodwin, drums.

★★★★

Forget Phil Woods' alto playing. Everyone knows he can blow the keys off the horn. Let's talk about his clarinet playing—some of the most rapturous and natural playing I've heard from a performer, jazz or classical. Hearing Woods recently in Chicago, I was struck by the fact that although he's at ease with any horn he picks up, it's the clarinet he seems to speak most personally through. The exceptional musicianship he displays on clarinet may spark less hue and cry among fans because it lacks the pizzazz of the flurrying eighth-note Parkerisms that Woods tosses off on alto, but it is nevertheless arresting in its simplicity.

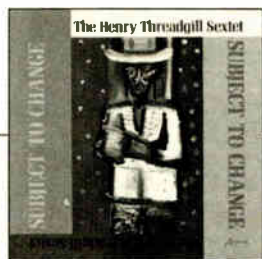
On this recording, the quintet pays its respects to the Duke with two compositions by Ellington himself and a tune Dave Brubeck

named for him. Their feeling for Ellington's music is evident. Playing *Heaven*, they make the melody a lazy breeze, with Tom Harrell's trumpet adding just the right amount of bite. In some respects Harrell, who's been with the quintet for two years now, is a curious match for Woods. His tone is rough; Woods' is polished. He cracks and misses notes; Woods is right on the money. In a duo, though—especially on the Ellington tunes on this recording—his presence adds a welcome tang to the orchestration.

On Ellington's *Azure*, Harrell and Woods wail a langorous chart against a gently throbbing tom-tom background. The effect recalls the recording of *All Through The Night* that Ella Fitzgerald made in 1956: "Like the beat, beat, beat of the tom-tom/When the jungle shadows fall," she sings; and Woods' quintet could easily segue in to join her. *Azure* is all charm; even Hal Galper's piano asides tinkle like ice in a long, cool drink. It is disappointing that Galper never gets beyond this accommodating lyricism, skillful though it is.

All in all, the quintet is at its best playing in a style that looks backwards. It's not that 12-year veterans Steve Gilmore or Bill Goodwin miss, either, with their bass and drum performances; they're reliable and they play with the subtlety that comes only after years of experience. It's just that the Phil Woods Quintet seems happier in the past than in the present. Nothing much new happens on this recording, but if solid musicianship and a well-balanced selection of tunes are enough for you, it will please.

—elaine guregian



HENRY THREADGILL

SUBJECT TO CHANGE—About Time 1007: *JUST TRINITY* *THE MAN*; *HOMEOSTASIS*; *HIGHER PLACES*; *SUBJECT TO CHANGE*; *THIS*; *A PIECE OF SOFTWARE*.

Personnel: Threadgill, flute, alto, tenor saxophone, clarinet; Rasul Siddik, trumpet; Ray Anderson, trombone; Deidre Murry, cello; Fred Hopkins, bass; Pheeroan Aklaif, John Betsch, percussion; Amina Claudine Myers, vocal (cut 4).

★★★★★

Is this Threadgill's best album? Already one reviewer has said so and, in fact, that was my own first response to this music, too—but I've already said the same of several other Threadgill recordings. Rehearing and marveling again at his *When Was That?* (About Time 1004) and *Just The Facts And Pass The Bucket* (About Time 1005) reinforces the feeling that his sextet works from an ongoing line of development and discovery that's among the most

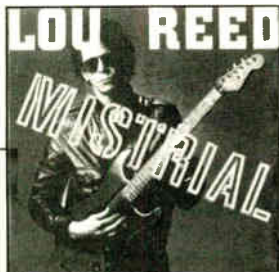
rewarding features of 1980s jazz. Like Joseph Jarman, Lester Bowie, David Murray, and Edward Wilkerson, Threadgill finds great possibilities in the little-big band medium. Three horns, two strings, and two percussion (remember, this Sextet is really a septet) can have many recombinations, especially with the leader's multi-woodwinds, and the cello acting as a horn or a rhythm instrument. Moreover, the size of the ensemble gives each individual distinctive weight as he/she serves the leader's conception; incidentally, Siddik's and Anderson's stylistic links with their Sextet predecessors (Olu Dara and Craig Harris) are obvious and happy.

The surface of the Sextet's music is most exuberant, with plenty of fanfares and explosive dramatics, yet behind its good cheer lie constant anxieties and an undertone of irony. You hear these most obviously in *Software*, with hopeful lyrics ("All that is lost suddenly is found," etc.) betrayed by a rowdy collective improvisation centered around a violent tenor sax. After a stark theme, *Homeostasis* becomes another cluttered group improvisation, during which Aklaif reads a poem—the words are almost indistinguishable. *Just Trinity* begins with a manic theme, including brass blasts, before settling into three-beat; in *Higher*, the disturbances are created mainly through flute and cello solos. Unrest is ongoing throughout the album. All solos are played over ensemble figures, often relocated theme fragments, that actually guide more than they accompany—the soloist is simply the topmost, most mobile line amid busily moving pieces. The recurring diatonicism in Threadgill's composing may inspire complacency in the unwary, but his Sextet's idiom is full of savage, sometimes hilarious mockery.

This has a stately theme, but there's a funky rhythm for a Siddik solo whose brittleness itself denies nobility. Anderson follows, extravagantly, in a too-virtuosic solo that's, of course, marvelously satirical. *Subject*, the longest piece, is a prime example of Threadgill's technique of broken line and ensemble accumulating into a single performance. After a fanfare, a theme appears, almost hidden amid elaborations, variations, interjections, a nearly mad whirl of lines before a near-jumble of "accompanying" figures in a multitude of quick chord changes fracture an exasperated alto solo. The long conclusion, slowly vamping on the at-last unadorned theme, suggests fatigue from the preceding clattering intensity.

So the music is eternally uneasy—but the individualism of the players saves it from disassociation. Anderson, especially, expands upon the black humor elements of the music; Murray, surprisingly, solos with something of Threadgill's own dramatic flair; Hopkins is, of course, an old master by now, and note how his *Just Trinity* solo proceeds into complexity, incorporating commentary on his accompanists' commentary. These are seven bold players, none more so than the leader himself, who dishes up aggressive straight-ahead playing and full, ripe sounds on all his horns, even the flute. *Subject To Change* is jazz that communicates on several levels, with many meanings, and of course it's most warmly recommended.

—john litweiler



LOU REED

MISTRIAL—RCA 1-7190: *MISTRIAL*; *NO MONEY DOWN*; *OUTSIDE*; *DON'T HURT A WOMAN*; *VIDEO VIOLENCE*; *SPIT IT OUT*; *THE ORIGINAL WRAPPER*; *MAMA'S GOT A LOVER*; *I REMEMBER YOU*; *TELL IT TO YOUR HEART*.

Personnel: Reed, guitar, vocals; Fernando Saunders, bass, drum programming (cuts 2, 6, 7), vocals (2, 8-10); J.T. Lewis, drums (1, 4, 10), percussion (2); Eddie Martinez, guitar (2, 4, 7); Rick Bell, tenor saxophone (2); Sammy Merendino, percussion (2, 5, 7), drum programming (3, 5, 10); Jim Carroll (5); Rubén Blades (9, 10), vocals.

★ ★ ★ ★

VELVET UNDERGROUND

ANOTHER VIEW—PolyGram 829 405-1: *WE'RE GONNA HAVE A GOOD TIME TOGETHER*; *I'M GONNA MOVE RIGHT IN*; *HEY MR. RAIN* (Version 1); *RIDE INTO THE SUN*; *CONY ISLAND STEEPLECHASE*; *GUESS I'M FALLING IN LOVE*; *HEY MR. RAIN* (Version 2); *FERRYBOAT BILL*; *ROCK AND ROLL*.

Personnel: Lou Reed, guitar, vocals; Maureen Tucker, drums; Sterling Morrison, guitar; John Cale, bass (3, 6, 7), viola (3, 7); Doug Yule, bass (1, 2, 4, 5, 8, 9).

★ ★ ★

Trekkies salivate over rare outtakes from *Star Trek*. Fans of *The Honeymooners* drool over "The Lost Episodes." Lou Reedologists will no doubt hail *Another View*, another collection of previously unissued Velvet Underground material, as significant a find as the Dead Sea Scrolls. It's really a rather unremarkable LP.

With some tracks dating back to 1967 and others culled from the post-John Cale sessions of '69, this stuff is positively primitive compared to the studio-slick *Mistrial*, Lou Reed's 17th solo offering. There are many ugly blemishes and nasty noises on this garage-band-rough session, but there's no denying the energy, wit, and imagination of young Reed and his '60s cohorts.

Two versions of the eerie *Hey Mr. Rain* give the listener two takes on John Cale's inventive viola improvisations in the context of Dylanesque folk-rock. And Reed's pneumatic-drill guitar adds an edge that served as inspiration for all the punk-noise guitarists to follow. *Ride Into The Sun* and *I'm Gonna Move Right In* are naive and unmemorable, but *Ferryboat Bill* sticks in the mind for its wacky, chugging rhythm and black sense of humor (sounding quite a bit like the way the Violent Femmes imagine themselves some 20 years later).

Perhaps the most interesting moment, for collectors and initiates alike, is the rough sketch rendition of *Rock And Roll*. Here it's a decidedly smoother, tamer affair than the urgent tune that became a Reed anthem some years later.

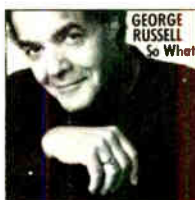
Reed's *Mistrial* is perhaps his finest work since 1982's *The Blue Mask*. Studio slick but street tough, it's full of his favorite subjects—New York City, love and hate, with some social commentary mixed in. The title cut is stripped-down Stones-ish raunch & roll with Reed's mad

guitar distortion stinging relentlessly behind the vocals throughout the entire piece. *No Money Down* shows Lou in his contempo mode, getting the best results out of drum machine and sequencer by using them sparingly. *Outside* is standard homogenized pop-rock radio fare, but Reed's signature monotone yelp and his unorthodox phrasing somehow salvage this otherwise mediocre vehicle.

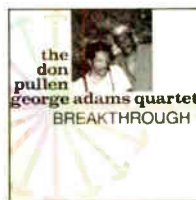
Don't Hurt A Woman and *Tell It To Your Heart* are the emotive ballads, while *The Original Wrapper* gives Reed the wordsmith a chance

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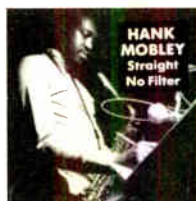
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RECORD REVIEWS

Desperately Seeking Sassy

Bing Crosby, in a widely quoted observation, argued that his listeners firmly believed that they sang as well as he did. "It's no trick for them to believe this," he contended, "as I have none of the mannerisms of a trained [meaning classical] singer and I have very little voice." Crosby's reflections on his own art quickly attached themselves to virtually all of the jazz-influenced popular singers who came after him.

All, that is, except **Sarah Vaughan**. Here was a singer who completely sidestepped the process of listener-identification that Crosby developed. Her voice fit none of the conventional ideas about what naturalism was supposed to sound like, being as virtuosic and as stylized as any opera star's—but still firmly in the jazz tradition. After Crosby, singers—even Sinatra—tried to hide their artistry and make it look easy. Vaughan revealed all, let the audience in on how it was done, and made her magnificent vocal machinery part of the act itself. In short, she discovered a whole new way to sing and to think about singing.

Today, most of us listen to vintage Sarah Vaughan to hear jazz, though from the beginning she recorded more often with large string-heavy semi-phonetic orchestras (the concept of Vaughan as a "jazz singer" who "sold out" aids no one). We also like to hear tunes we know, even though recording directors of Vaughan's generation inevitably stuck their star singers with new and often quickly forgotten songs.

Then, *The Complete Sarah Vaughan On Mercury* (17 discs divvied up into three box sets, Japanese Mercury 826 320-1, 826 326-1, and 826-333-1, and also available on compact discs), the definitive collection of recorded Vaughan, at first glance seems to offer record after record of what we don't want—dates with strings and one-shot tunes. Small wonder that PolyGram, Mercury's corporate heir and U.S. importer of the Japanese boxes, has already released separate compilations from the Vaughan catalog which they consider saleable by mid-'80s standards: her sessions with name jazzmen (Clifford Brown especially), songs by our most important musical-comedy composers (George Gershwin and Richard Rodgers), and her sumptuous duets with Billy Eckstine.

Vaughan's Mercury sessions consist of a rag-tag bunch of all kinds of dates and ditties, some made originally for LPs, some recorded for singles but not long after issued on albums, some released only on 45s, and plenty of alternate masters and takes never issued at all. It also happens that all of it works when organized chronologically. You couldn't do this with, say, Frank Sinatra or Thelonious Monk, who structured their best albums along carefully worked-out thematic

principles (to deconstruct *Only The Lonely* or *Monk's Music* into strict discographical order, as has actually been done in the latter case, would be to deprive them of much of their impact).

As with all Japanese reissues, we get impeccable pressings and bilingual documentation complete with an unintentionally perverse libretto of each lyric that might have been transcribed by Godzilla. The set isn't cheap, so apparently no one expected to sell enough copies to pay for printing a separate booklet for the LP edition (each volume contains a CD-sized digest) or to pay for new English language liner notes. Dan Morgenstern's short essay, reprinted from another release entirely, serves as a brilliant but frustratingly brief introduction to the Sarah Vaughan experience.

Though Mercury gave her songs no other singer would touch with a 10-foot microphone, Vaughan has something to communicate even when her material doesn't. Her stylization distances her from said material, just as Ella Fitzgerald's and Miles Davis' do. Considering the quality of some of these numbers, this disassociation enhances her credibility. On the good songs—the few on the stratum of *My Funny Valentine* (included here)—Vaughan's approach may not please the Broadway crowd, but instead offers new insights into the composition's melody and harmony.

But for all her Vaughan-ly magic, I still cringe when I get to cuts like *Oh Yea*, a rare mixture of sexism and extremely bad musical taste, or *Make Yourself Comfortable*, where, through overdubbing, Vaughan becomes her own Mitch Miller chorus. None of Mercury's arrangers ever gave Capitol's (Billy May, Nelson Riddle) or Verve's (Russ Garcia, Marty Paich) great orchestrators any sleepless nights, aside from the talented Jimmy Jones and Ernie Wilkins. Sometimes after a side or two of especially weak material, we're content to find Vaughan singing an inoffensive arrangement, let alone a good one. But like her cousins in the black baritone movement (Eckstine, Earl Coleman, Al Hibbler, et al) Sarah doesn't depend on her accompanists for support. On the lovely *Vaughan And Violins* date, recorded in Paris with Quincy Jones at the helm, the presence of master obbligatist Zoot Sims adds much for the listener, but you get the impression it doesn't matter much to Vaughan. She digs right in and produces the same lush tone and suspended, floating rhythm whether backed by a trio or every fiddle-player in the union.

I confess the above only amounts to a rationalization of my adoration of Sarah Vaughan and the pleasure I receive from basking in the warmth and radiance of her voice. In fact, I dassn't leave my Vaughan records too close to any others for fear she might melt them. Perhaps I should store them in the icebox, so that I'll always be able to enjoy that dazzling blending of voice and vibrato into an aural blur, a tonal paintbrush that sashays across the sonic spectrum.

—will friedwald

to navigate through some tricky and rather cerebral tongue-twisters. (Only Lou Reed could fit words like "lugubrious," "pugnacious," and "sanctimonious" into a rap tune, and get away with it.)

Video Violence is his finest moment since *Heroin*. It's a driving anthem for these morally decaying times, sung to a catchy vamp that sounds incredibly close to Talking Heads' *Life During Wartime*. (Halfway through I expected Lou to yelp out: "This ain't no disco, this ain't no foolin' around!") Basically a shopping list of all the world's ills, this tune gives Reed a chance to vent his spleen on such topics as splatter movies, sex and violence on tv, and the exploitation of women in everyday society. Some vivid, gritty images here, an insane fuzz-inflected guitar solo, food for thought, and you can dance to it. His *piece de resistance*. Good video, too!

—bill milkowski



BILLY COBHAM

POWER PLAY—GRP 1027: *TIMES OF MY LIFE*; *ZANZIBAR BREEZE*; *RADIOACTIVE*; *A LIGHT SHINES IN YOUR EYES*; *SUMMIT AFRIQUE* (EXCERPTS FROM . . . *THE FOUNDATION/DANCE OF THE BLUE MEN*; *THE NOMADS*; *THE DEBATE*; *THE LITTLE ONES*); *DESICATED COCONUTS*; *TINSELTOWN*.

Personnel: Cobham, drums, drum machine programming; Dean-Brown, guitar synthesizer; Baron Browne, bass; Sa Davis, percussion; Gerry Etkins, keyboards; Onaje Allan Gumbs, keyboards.

★ ★ ★

ALPHONSE MOUZON

BACK TO JAZZ—Pausa 7196: *ST. THOMAS*; *THE NEXT TIME WE LOVE*; *POOBLI*; *SPACE COMMANDER*; *PEACE ON EARTH*; *THE BAKER'S DAUGHTER*; *JUST BECAUSE OF YOU*.

Personnel: Mouzon, drums, percussion, synthesizer, vocals (cut 5); Doug Norwine, alto saxophone; Jeff Daniel, piano, synthesizers; Welton Gite, bass; Jean-Pierre, Alphonse Philippe Mouzon, vocals (5).

★ ★

Once upon a fusion time, Messrs. Cobham and Mouzon were the most explosive drummers in the land, cavorting with the likes of Mahavishnu John McLaughlin, Larry Coryell, George Duke, the Brothers Brecker. Since much of the fiery derring-do went out of rock-jazz, Cobham and Mouzon have sustained solo recording careers that have wound aimlessly through the backwaters of commercial black music. Inspiration has been at a



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db

RECORD REVIEWS

premium on their records for years now.

Cobham's *Power Play* and Mouzon's *Back To Jazz*, both recent recordings, provide little in the way of jazzy resurgence or vivacity of imagination, but they do succeed as entertaining marketplace syntheses of r&b, pop, and jazz. Cobham and Mouzon have integrity. They have style.

The Cobham of *Power Play* hasn't traded in his triple bass drum kit for plastic plates, but otherwise he's embraced hi-tech, utilizing a drum machine on occasion and surrounding

himself with musicians adept on assorted electronic instruments. The drummer has taken painstaking care in crafting the songs, and the integration of funk-sweaty drums and bass with kaleidoscope-colorful synthesizers works well. Cobham works several strong rhythmic charges on the album. While the numbers are bereft of emotional directness, aural thrills exist aplenty.

Mouzon's album consists of more polite and lighter contemporary pop/r&b-meets-jazz. It's the usual stew: perky alto saxophone, acoustic

and electric keyboards, a funky rhythm team, pleasantness everywhere. Saxman Doug Norwine, however, strains every which way—upwards mostly—to bust loose from the confines of the tepid funk settings. His drama seems warm and reasonable in *The Next Time We Love* and *Poobli*, yet cold and flashy within *Just Because Of You*. *Back To Jazz*'s most affecting moments come when Mouzon and his children winningly sing bromides on the tune *Peace On Earth*—a commercial trifle only the curmudgeons among us could truly loathe.

—frank-john hadley

S

A X M A S T E R

Within the musician's circle, Kenny G is referred to as "The Saxmaster" and rightfully so. One listen to his new album and you'll discover why he's earned that respect. Expressive vocals backed by Kenny G's instrumental artistry make *Duotones* his most colorful album to date. Includes the songs, "What Does It Take (To Win Your Love)," "Don't Make Me Wait For Love," "Sade" and "Esther."



DUOTONES,
THE NEW ALBUM FROM
KENNY G.
A DIFFERENT SHADE OF SOUL.



MAKOTO OZONE

AFTER—Columbia 40240: *YELLOW FEVER; IF YOU KNEW SUSHI; AFTER; MERRY GO ROUND; KATO'S REVENGE; WALTZ FOR RONKO; IMPROVISATION.*

Personnel: Ozone, piano; Bill Pierce, soprano saxophone (cut 1), tenor saxophone (2, 5); Eddie Gomez, bass (1, 2, 4-6); Tommy Campbell, drums (1, 2, 4, 5).

★ ★ ★ ★

As a player, Makoto Ozone has already demonstrated that he's very talented. As a composer, however, his neo-classic style is still taking shape. While listening to *After*, Ozone's second album for Columbia and third overall, it's easy to play name-that-influence: Chick Corea, Bill Evans, McCoy Tyner, Keith Jarrett, Gary Burton. The solo pieces reflect his study of Debussy, and there are a couple of tunes that might be from a Wayne Shorter album on Blue Note. (You could have a lot of fun with this record in a Blindfold Test.)

One would seem to conclude from this that the 25-year-old pianist is still sorting through all the things he's heard, but it would be wrong to think that he's derivative. Consider the way he's developed his playing style; while his fellow teenagers were out on the ballfields of Kobe striving to become the next Sadaharu Oh, Ozone was home transcribing Oscar Peterson albums. By the time he got to Berklee, he was a virtual clone of O.P. But today he doesn't sound like Oscar at all.

In absorbing Peterson's style, Ozone learned what the possibilities of the piano were. Then he analyzed those possibilities and came up with something fresh. It would be fascinating, no doubt, to hear tapes of him at 16, 18, and 20 and follow his progress. We can't do that—but we can trace the development of his composing on his albums. While it's interesting to speculate where he'll end up, it may

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be even more fun listening to him get there.

The compositions on Ozone's first Columbia album were hailed by Fred Bouchard in the Feb. 1985 **db** as "fervent and facile" tunes with "a rush of new ideas fighting to emerge." The all-Ozone program of *After* is marked by a similar rush of ideas, but the pianist is more firmly in control this time. Although the arrangements are complex, they don't sound contrived—not an easy trick, and a sure sign that even better things can be expected from Ozone in the future. The structures are logical but not stiff, and there's a touch of humor (*If You Knew Sushi*). Freewheeling saxophonist Bill Pierce contributes greatly to the fluid drive of the music, and his solo on *Kato's Revenge* inspires a wonderfully relaxed and extroverted response from Ozone.

After is not a fully formed, mature work. Ozone is still weighing various ideas about rhythm and chord voicing and trying out different forms (there are solo, duo, trio, and quartet pieces). But his experiments sound less self-conscious than they did on his last album. Best of all, there is an immediacy that shines through on everything from the spontaneous *Improvisation* to the carefully wrought quartet arrangements. Like the late Bill Evans, Ozone promises to be that rarest of all jazz creatures: the intellectual who wears his heart on his sleeve. I can't wait to hear his next album.

—jim roberts

WAXING ON

Fusion Or Confusion?

FATTBURGER: *ONE OF A KIND* (Golden Boy Jazz 2001) ★ ★

OLIVER WHITEHEAD QUINTET: *PULSE/IMPULSE* (Justin Time 7) ★ ★ ★ ½

CROSSING POINT: *LISTENER FRIENDLY* (City Pigeon 1027) ★ ★ ★ ½

GEOFFREY McCABE: *TESERACT COMPLICITY* (Timeless 212) ★ ★ ★ ½

SKYWALK: *THE BOHEMIANS* (Zebra 5715)

★ ★ ★

SPECIAL EFX: *SLICE OF LIFE* (GRP 1025)

★ ★ ★ ★

SCOTT HENDERSON AND TRIBAL TECH:

SPEARS (Passport Jazz 88010) ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

ROB MULLINS: *NITE STREET* (RMC 1006)

★ ★ ★

AIRPOCKET: *HUNTER* (Fossil 001) ★ ★ ★ ★

THE ORDINAIRES: *DOSSIER 7509 08-5315*

★ ★ ★ ★

ANDRE CAPORASO: *COLLAGE* (Blue Room 001)

★ ★ ★ ★

DOC SEVERINSEN AND XEBRON

(Passport Jazz 88008) ★ ★ ½

JEFF RICHMAN: *HIMALAYA* (Passport Jazz 88007) ★ ★ ★

WISHFUL THINKING (Pausa 7187) ★ ★ ★ ½

UZEB: *BETWEEN THE LINES* (IOU, no number)

★ ★ ★

FIRST LIGHT: *HOW THE LAND LIES* (IOU 1028)

★ ★ ★

CHUCK LAMB GROUP: *THE BUDDIES* (Saga

Paw) ★ ★ ★ ½

RANDY BERNSEN: *MUSIC FOR PLANETS, PEOPLE & WASHING MACHINES* (Zebra 5006)

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

REVERIE: *IN CONCERT* (Encounter 1003)

★ ★ ½

RONNIE MONTROSE: *TERRITORY* (Passport Jazz 88009) ★ ★ ★

T LAVITZ: *STORYTIME* (Passport Jazz 88012)

★ ★ ★

PEKKA POHJOLA: *SPACE WALTZ* (Breakthru 3)

★ ★ ★ ½

JANNE SCHAFFER: *TRAFFIC* (Breakthru 7)

★ ★ ½

After a while, it all becomes a blur. The triplets, the unison lines, the double-stops reappear with relentless regularity on cut after cut. Sure, the chops are there. All the young players on these two-dozen fusion albums can get around on their instruments with no problem.

JOHN ZORN

On *THE BIG GUNDOON*, "the Lower East Side's reigning musical thinker" (*Vogue*) reworks the music of Italian film composer Ennio Morricone (*The Good, The Bad and the Ugly, Once Upon A Time in the West*). "Like Bernard Herrman's work for Alfred Hitchcock, Nino Rota's for Fellini, or John Barry's for the James Bond movies, Morricone's writing for Sergio Leone marks one of the pre-eminent composer-director collaborations... Zorn's foxy, intrepid arrangements latch onto the soundtracks only to crack them open." (from the liner notes)

Nonesuch/Icon (79139)



photo credits: (clockwise from left: George Chinsee, Joel Meyerowitz, Carolyn Schultz)

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RECORD REVIEWS

So what sets an album apart from the heap, then, is not an impressive solo or a neat lick here or there, it's the compositions, the arrangements, the overall vision.

Fattburger plays highly polished cookie-cutter fuzak. Their lightweight, hooks-conscious cruisin' fare is faceless, bloodless, and vacuous. Calculated vamps with licks thrown on as an afterthought. Sounds like tv pilot theme music. Yes, guitarist Steve Laury flaunts chops and saxist Hollis Gentry III does a nice imitation of Grover Washington and David Sanborn, but so what? Unmemorable.

The Oliver Whitehead Quintet is a slick bunch of Canadian clones of Spyro Gyra, George Howard, and other advocates of "happy jazz." Whitehead is a guitarist, though alto player Chris Robinson seems to be the upfront presence in this lightweight band. More variety here than the previous album. *In The Past* is an attempt at creating a smokey jazz club ambience (with brushes and everything). *Green Shade* is a lush Earl Klughish affair. And *Schizophrenic* earns this group an extra half-star. There's more bite here than anywhere else on the album. But one tune does not an album make.

Crossing Point is more ambitious yet. Leader Richard Reiter has forged a personal sound on his alto and as the group's principal composer he shows great potential. *Pathways* is a moody piece with crying tenor, showing a distinct Wayne Shorter influence. *They Don't Play The Blues In The Suburbs* is a robust funk workout with an interesting free middle section, some witty Rollins-type asides on tenor, and screaming guitar solos by Tony Viscardo. And *Echoes* highlights Reiter's sonorous bass clarinet on top of a floating Oriental ostinato. Expressive playing, well-crafted tunes.

Geoffrey McCabe is competent in the Pat Metheny style; the boy can play, but he seems more interested in jamming than in composing.

Don't get me wrong, he does take risks in his soloistic approach. And he's in fine company with bassist Eddie Gomez, drummer Bob Moses, and pianist Clyde Criner. Some Pat Martino influence in McCabe's playing, too. Good electric neo-bop, if that's your bag.

Skywalk is a good rock band. They have that big drum sound—great for concerts. They should be opening for Journey in stadiums. Their sound would not be all that foreign to Journey fans (except for the fact that there are no vocals), and their jazzy influences just might open some young eyes. Very slick technorock-fusion production. Burning guitar by Harris Van Berkel, who blends John Scofield lines with Eddie Van Halen wang bar theatrics on the title cut. Rock the house, Bohemians.

Special EFX is one of the premier new fusion bands on the scene. Guitarist Chieli Minucci has a gift for melody and composition, while percussionist George Jinda has a gift for grooves. A nice partnership. There's more attention paid to dynamics, more space between notes and an effective blend of acoustic and electric instruments here. Even a melodic "up" tune like *Vacation For Life* has more depth than the usual "happy jazz" fare. It's pleasing, yet has a mysterious quality to it that lends a whole other edge. The *Slice Of Life Suite* is their most accomplished, fully realized work to date. It opens with a haunting duet between Chieli and George, segues to an exciting middle section with Chieli's fleet-fingered acoustic single note lines on top of ringing U2-type electric guitar arpeggios, then heads into a final segment featuring the incredibly nimble basslines of Jeff Andrews. There's more music in this one suite than on many of the other records reviewed here. And there's lots more where that came from.

Scott Henderson recently left his guitar gig with Chick Corea's Elektric Band to concentrate on his own band. Good move. He's too

accomplished as a composer to be laboring away in someone else's band. This auspicious debut, *Spears*, reminds me of another auspicious debut album: Jaco Pastorius' 1976 showcase on Epic. Henderson was obviously influenced by Jaco and Weather Report (as you can hear on *Big Fun*), yet he maintains his own individual voice. The guy's got soul and brains as well as technique. Title cut gives Scott a chance to flaunt his bop-blues chops while the flowing legato influence of Allan Holdsworth comes out elsewhere. Every cut on this album is a killer.

Rob Mullins is not nearly so inspired as Henderson, but he is clever. And he's got a great knack with technology. This album merits an extra half-star for his neat arranging skills. It's virtually a one-man show with Rob programming the LinnDrum and manning several layers of synths to create solid grooves with orchestral richness to them. And an added attraction is the great bass playing of Martin Ruddy, yet another Jaco emulator. *Make Me Shake* and *Nite Club* is funk fare coming out of Herbie Hancock's *Thrust* era, while the title cut is a hook-laden hitbound funk. *Torpedoes* has a gospel feel that cleverly segues to the *Peter Gunn* theme, and *Underground Express* is an uptempo latin romp that gives Rob a chance to flaunt considerable facility at the piano, accompanied by Ruddy's pulsating cha-cha bass. Catchy, commercial, and cleverly done.

Airpocket is an irreverent seven-piece aggregation led by the brothers Fowler (Tom, bass; Walt, trumpet and synths; Steve, alto; Bruce, trombone; Ed, bass and synths). Good arranging, good writing, great soloing, particularly by guitarist Mike Miller on *Here I Go Again*. *Chris* is a Zappa-esque piece of "difficult music" marked by lots of tension and some insane soloing. No radio-play potential here. More cuts like this one and I would've given *Hunter* another star.

The Ordinaires are easily the most eclectic band reviewed here. This odd nonet blends so many musical influences it's hard to keep count. Traces of Slavic folk music, urban dance music, avant garde jazz, chamber music, Indian music, Stravinsky, Hendrix, Glenn Branca, and James Brown can be heard in their catchy symphonies. No hot licks, per se. No extended soloing or chops-grandstanding. This is a highly disciplined democratic unit of two guitars, two saxes, two violins, cello, bass, and drums. Odd meters, tight (but not slick) playing, weird harmonies, lots of dissonance, this is another album that is doomed to exile from the airwaves (with the possible exception of the catchy-but-quirky dance cut, *Grace*). Inventive and captivating.

Andre Caporaso is another renegade who dares to be different. A practitioner of the fretless guitar, his tunes tend to have a nasty nontempered edge to them. *Face On Fire* is dark and dissonant, featuring some microtonal bowed bass by Jeff Czech. *Indiscreet Mayor* is a tongue-in-cheek jazzy number with an "out" solo by tenor player Jeff Newell. *Song For Monk* has a humorous undercurrent, while *Zero Secure Zone* is a rock rave-up with tons of dissonant guitar. More odd meters, abrupt stop-time changes and "out" playing from cut to cut. Only drawback is the poor recording



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quality of this otherwise fine album.

The **Doc Severinsen** of Xebro is not the Doc of *Tonight Show* fame. No swinging Basie-esque big band, this outfit is strictly mild pop fare with some jazzy-type soloing thrown in. The world does not need another Chuck Mangione, yet Doc offers his take on *Feels So Good* with the syrupy *Little Girl*. There's more breezy pop-funk El-Lay fusion with *Too Soon To Tell* and some ersatz reggae in *Cloudwalk*. But just when you're about to write this album off as total dreck, ol' Doc gets down and blows some serious stuff on *Magical Valley*, an uptempo cooker that also features some fine piano playing by Biff Hannon. The rest is only so-so.

Jeff Richman And Another Language is along the same lines as Xebro, only Mark Hatch is a more adventurous trumpeter than Doc in this setting. The structures are the same lame El-Lay fusion but guitarist Richman and trumpeter Hatch seem to want to temper the slickness with some emotion. They succeed on *Magic Island*, an evocative piece, *Pygmy People*, which features Hatch blowing a synth trumpet, and *Show Of Hands*, a charged-up ska-beat vehicle. Forget the rest. On the other hand, **Wishful Thinking** is more calculated, melodically pleasing, precisely packaged pop-rock-funk-jazz. Very formulaic. Funk vamps, lyrical ballads, and the obligatory latin workout. Yawn.

UZEB is an adept bunch of rockers from Canada. Guitarist Michel Cusson is a killer and Alain Caron is the Jaco-in-residence. The big 4/4 backbeat is relentless, but the music on *Between The Lines* is intense and vigorous. *Le Basier Sale* rocks hard. *Gimme A Break* rocks even harder, with some sizzling guitar/bass trade-offs while *Nice* features some nice acoustic guitar from Cusson. If you dig Yellow-jackets and Skywalk, you might as well pick this one up too.

First Light is a clone of a different color. This British fusion outfit is following in the footsteps of Allan Holdsworth's I.O.U. band. Guitarist Ronnie Johnson is a spectacular player, ripping off incredibly fluid legato lines on the title cut and on *The Profit*. Fierce playing. Many soaring high-speed lines. Tons of triplets. And one gentle acoustic guitar/piano ballad in *As The Eye Can See*. For guitar freaks and Holdsworth worshippers.

The Chuck Lamb Group is definitely worth a listen, especially to hear the otherworldly wordless scat of Theano Anifantakis and the fine bass playing of Scott Petito. *As If* borders on Gayle Moran-type schlock, but *Undertow*, a blazing bop romp, more than makes up for that. Many risks taken on *The Ghost Of Thelonious Monk Present*, and *Top Of The Falls* offers some exhilarating fours (a la Return To Forever) by keyboardist Lamb and guitar synth player Mike DeMicco. Hits and misses.

Randy Bernsen is an accomplished composer, arranger, and guitar player. The lad has a great future, judging by the impact of this fine album. Good blend of horns, technology, and feeling. And a stellar cast to boot. Jaco himself does his bass thing on the very vibrant and funky *Olde Hats*, while Herbie Hancock and Urszula Dudziak join him on *Windsong*, which builds to a mean latin groove full of triplets and trade-offs between Herbie's piano, Bernsen's

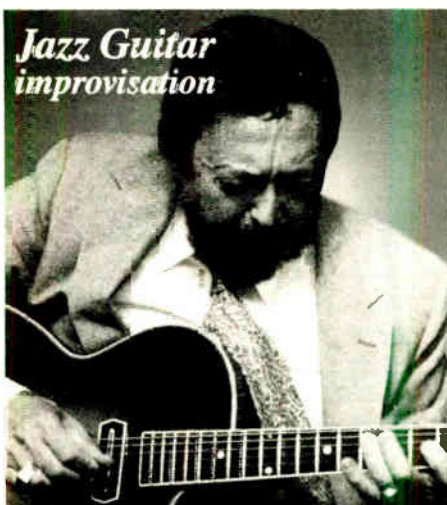
guitar, Michel Urbaniak's violin, and Melton Mustafa's trumpet. Whew! A witty reggae arrangement of *My Funny Valentine* seques smoothly into *I Shot The Sheriff*. *Steppin'* is a funk workout matching Bernsen's guitar synth with Peter Erskine's powerful drumming, while *Conehead Bop* features some cool horn charts. Heavy Jaco influence throughout, particularly in the use of Caribbean pans. Let's hear more from this guy.

Reverie is a better band than this album would indicate. The live format is just a bit too loose, too sprawling to hold interest on record. Gerald Veasley is an astonishingly good bass player, but jamming on vamps is not the best use of his talents. Back to the drawing board, boys, and come up with some compositions.

Ronnie Montrose offers a varied menu on *Territory*. From pop to disco to grinding rock and fusion to New Age, it's an ambitious undertaking. But while the album is long on style, it comes up short on substance. *Catscan* is overbearing heavy metal with plenty of Van Halen hammer-ons, while *Pentagon* and *Women Of Ireland* are clear on the other side of the spectrum—delicate, atmospheric New Age-ish fare. *Odd Man Out* is sequencer-propelled disco (a la Bronski Beat) and *Love You Too* is a techno-remake of that Indian-flavored Beatles tune. Some original ideas here, though more appealing to rockers than jazzers.

T Lavitz is the talented keyboard player from the Dregs, that highly touted, now-defunct rock outfit led by guitarist Steve Morse. On *Storytime*, T gets to tell his story, and it's a much jazzier sound than his work with the Dregs. T bares his soul on the gospel-ish pop number *I'm Callin' You*, featuring vocals by Paul Barrere, formerly of Little Feat. A *Voice From Without* is a blues-rocker sparked by the Sanborn-ish Kim Parks on alto, and *Crystal* is some slow funk featuring the stinging guitar work of former Spyro member Chet Catallo. T and former Dregsmate Morse collaborate on *Sparkle Plenty*, in which the two run through 16th note lines like kids rolling down a big hill. Whether he's playing Morse's Handel-esque crescendos, doing pop tunes, or putting up the funk, T has a real blues feel that always cuts through, with dashes of Herbie-esque flair on acoustic piano.

Pekka Pohjola is a gifted Finnish composer who masterfully blends the intensity of rock with the structure of chamber music. Like many contemporary European composers, his music draws more on classical forms than on jazz or rock & roll. Naturally, it's more strictly arranged and precisely executed than those looser, freewheeling American forms. Far from being just vamps for blowing, his pieces on *Space Waltz* evolve like highly sophisticated suites. The 14-minute *Risto*, for instance, builds from a gentle overture to Led Zeppelin-like flights of fuzz-inflected mayhem, courtesy of guitarist Seppo Tyni. He injects bits of humor in the dark *Cat Boulevard* and the enchanting *American Carousel*. Title cut is a highly orchestrated excursion through some pretty odd meters and abrupt tempo changes. The emphasis here is clearly on the compositions with little room for soloing. It remains to be seen if that European approach to fusion will get over-



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RECORD REVIEWS

in the States.

Janne Schaffer is a Scandinavian guitarist who made quite a name for himself in fusion's heyday with a few albums on Columbia. Now he's toned it down a bit and seems to be going for the same pop-jazz that everybody else is going for these days. *The Cats Eye* could be Lee Ritenour. *Rose Tango* could be a Metheny/Mays collaboration. *September* is the perfect soundtrack for cruising down Sunset Strip in your BMW (with the sunroof open). And *Springfire* sounds like an outtake from *Flashdance* or *Fame*. Nothing of note here except the title cut, an industrial noise-funk workout (a la Art Of Noise) or the big beat dance groove of *Flight 05* (which sounds like The Shadows Meet Nile Rodgers).

And there's lots more where this came from. Some of it is indeed very good. Much of it's dreck. But as long as people like Scott Henderson keep combining chops with ideas, and renegades like Andre Caporaso keep taking risks, and bands like Airpocket keep on doing their thing, this idiom (call it fusion) will remain fresh. Don't expect the clones to keep it alive. Watch for the gifted eccentrics and inspired upstarts to supply the periodic kick in the ass this genre so desperately needs during times of stasis.

—bill milkowski

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.)

AUDIOPHILE/CIRCLE

Joe Derise, tasteful singer accompanied by a Ten-tette in classic cuts. . . IS MAD ABOUT YOU! **Helaine DeLys**, vocalist w/ a European following presents songs of '60s-'70s vintage DELOVELY DELYS. **Stan Freeman** popular nightclub pianist/accompanist steps out front w/ vocals, piano trio. NOT A CARE IN THE WORLD. **Sonny Dunham**, trumpet-led swing band's Lang-Worth Transcriptions from 1943-44. **Joe Reichman** early '40s novelties classical arrangements, and tear jerkers from THE PAGLIACCI OF THE PIANO. **Russ Morgan**, versatile '38 big band makes MUSIC IN THE MORGAN MANNER. **Chris Clifton** echoes of Louis Armstrong in the Midwest trumpeter and N.O. cohorts, MEMORIES OF A FRIEND

BLACKHAWK

Tom Harrell, striking trumpeter currently w/ Phil Woods fronts an '82 sextet, PLAY OF LIGHT. **Stan Getz**, poetic purveyor of the tenor swings w/ lyrical abandon backed by Kenny Barron and others, VOYAGE. **Chico Freeman**, multi-reedman shares this quintet's front line w/ John Purcell; Elvin Jones drums. THE PIED PIPER. **Brubeck/Laverne Trio**, Dan and Chris of the former and Andy of the latter, with piano trio originals. SEE HOW IT FEELS. **Pam Purvis/Bob Ackerman** vocal and reed duet plus strong rhythm section offer standards and self-penned pieces. HEARTI SONG. **Jessica Williams** Frisco piano vet's trio takes off on Monk pieces and originals, NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH.

MUSE/SAVOY

Eddie Daniels, reissue of mellow '77 quartet date from the virtuosic flutist/clarinetist/saxist BRIEF ENCOUNTER. **Jimmy Witherspoon** blues belter buoyed by an all-star aggregation inc. Dr. John, Fathead Newman, Hank Crawford, and Pretty Purdie, MIDNIGHT LADY CALLED THE BLUES. **Mark Murphy**, first-rate jazz vocals brought directly into your LIVING ROOM. **Big Maybelle**, '56-'59 samples of the incomparable blues/soul songstress, BLUES, CANDY & BIG MAYBELLE. **Cecil Payne** bari sax bopper's '56 session w/ Kenny Dorham and Duke Jordan, PATTERNS. **Thelonious Monk/Herbie Nichols**, little-known sides w/ Sphere guesting in Gigi Gryce's '56 quartet, plus seven rare '52 Nichols numbers, MONK/NICHOLS. **Sonny Stitt**, '52 and '56 alternate takes originally on Roost, SYMPHONY HALL SWING.

IMPULSE

Henry Butler, multi-talented pianist/vocalist debuts with solid peers like Charlie Haden, Freddie Hubbard, Billy Higgins, FIVIN' AROUND. **Mike Metheny**, trumpeter/flugelhornist adds brother Pat's guitar, bassist Rufus Reid, and others to his musical brew, DAY IN, NIGHT OUT.

HAT HUT

Mike Westbrook, program of original and other compatible cabaret songs sung by the mesmerizing Kate Westbrook, LOVE FOR SALE. **Anthony Braxton/Karlheinz Stockhausen**, German pianist Marianne Schroeder debuts in a trio disc composed by the reedman, plus three of the German composer's *Piano-stucke*, BRAXTON/STOCKHAUSEN.

INDEPENDENTS

Tangerine Dream, subaquatic electronic sounds generated by the hi-tech trio, from Relativity Records, UNDERWATER SUNLIGHT. **Fumio Miyashita**, Japanese computer/key-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 42

NEW

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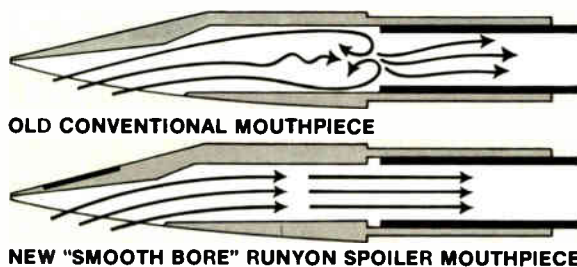
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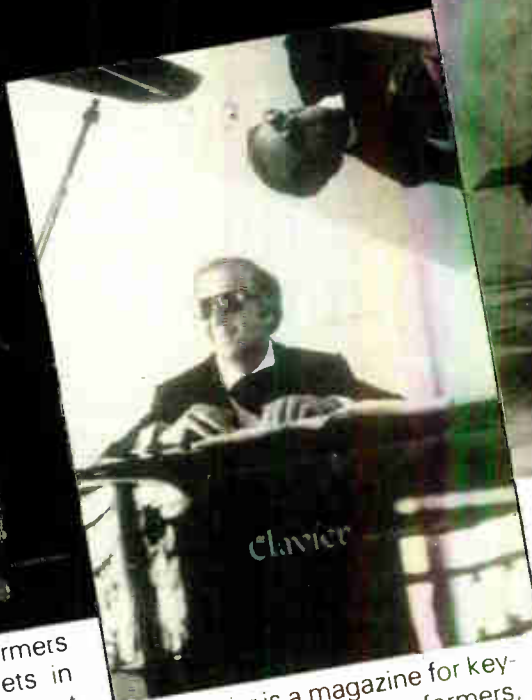


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RECORD REVIEWS

boardist creates miniature space symphonies, from *Relativity*, JOURNEY TO SPACE. **Michael J. Smith**, intuitive pianist joined by surprising rhythm-team: Mahavishnu's bassist Jonas Hellborg and ex-Santana drummer Michael Shrieve, from *Relativity*, ALL OUR STEPS. . . . **Eugene Friesen**, cellist in the Paul Winter Consort spins out golden melodies assisted by keyboardist Paul Halley, from *Living Music*, NEW FRIEND. **Michael Manring**, bassist/keyboardist plus Bob Read's reeds and assorted percussive guests, from *Windham Hill*, UNUSUAL WEATHER. **Carl Weingarten/Walter Whitney**, duo combine various guitars, keyboards, and percussion in impressionistic pieces, from *Multiphase Records*, DREAMING IN COLORS. **Checkfield**, likewise, a guitar/keyboards duo specializing in colorful original material, from American Gramophone Records, WATER WIND AND

STONE. **Michael Jones**, piano solos of a New Age ambience, from Narada Records, SUNSCAPES. **Emerald Web**, woodwind and synth duet create New Age electronic chamber music, from Audion Records, CATSPAW. **Barry Cleveland**, guitarist adds DX7 and tape loops to his sound arsenal, plus the Emerald Web duo, from Audion, MYTHOS.

Bobby Shew, '83 date by the trumpeter and his sextet, from Pausa Records, SHEWHORN. **Tom Grant**, keyboard/vocalist jams the airwaves with his electric quartet, from Pausa, TAKE ME TO YOUR DREAM. **David Matthews**, six of the composer/arranger's grooves played by a tentet inc. Lew Soloff, Mark Egan, and Richard Tee, from GNP Crescendo, SPEED DEMON. **Duke Ellington**, previously unreleased early '50s live recording, from GNP Crescendo, THE 1953 PASADENA CONCERT. **Jakob Magnusson**, Scandinavian

CRITICS' CHOICE

Art Lange

NEW RELEASE: Mike Westbrook, *Love For Sale* (hat Art). Better known as a composer/arranger/big bandleader in his native England, Westbrook here supplies wife Kate with a remarkable range of cabaret songs—originals and others by Cole Porter and Kurt Weill—and her singing epitomizes emotional commitment.

OLD FAVORITE: Giorgio Gaslini, *Plays Monk* (Soul Note). Though this '81 solo piano recital by the Italian pianist isn't that old, it nevertheless stands as a landmark example of using standard repertoire not for imitation, but for highly personalized creation. A totally new view of Monk, faithful to his spirit if not his style.

RARA AVIS: Don Lambert, *Swings The Classics* (Pumpkin). Yet another neglected past keyboard giant; rollicking stride variations of both classic songs and classical arrangements.

SCENE: Electronic trumpeter/synthesist Jon Hassell and his two keyboard cohorts brought an evocative blend of Third World rhythms and hi-tech textures to the Ravinia Summer Festival in the Chicago suburb of Highland Park.

Kevin Whitehead

NEW RELEASE: Cassandra Wilson, *Point Of View* (JMT). This loose freebop date splendidly showcases the most sultry, assured, and ear-grabbing jazz singer to emerge in years. Steve Coleman (who employs Wilson in his band Five Elements) and Grachan Moncur III head the backing quintet.

OLD FAVORITE: Ornette Coleman, *Change Of The Century* (Atlantic). Loathe as we critics are to answer the question "What's your favorite album?", more often than not this is my answer: improvisations of exquisite balance, bluesiness, and elegance that proved free music's legitimacy before ideological wars had scarcely begun.

RARA AVIS: Gruppo Jazz Marca, *Mitteleuropa* (Gulliver). Italian pianist Roberto Magris' nonet plays spirited modern-mainstream music that refers to everything from Cecil Taylor's piano (fleetingly) to Oliver Nelson's arranging acumen (often). A recent import well worth searching out.

SCENE: A naïf's first visit to Kansas City, history books in hand, looking for the remains of College Inn, the Reno Club, Bar Le Duc, and Elmer Bean's—and finding skyscrapers, municipal buildings, freeway interchanges, and vacant lots. The old neighborhoods ain't even there no more.

Howard Mandel

NEW RELEASE: Samm Bennett/Elliott Sharp/Ned Rothenberg, *Semantics* (Rift). Just one of the half-dozen exciting new issues of NYC's downtown crowd—see also Wayne Horvitz, Kip Hanrahan's EP, Sharp and Rothenberg alone, all available from NMDS—not rock, not jazz, maybe urban tribal?

OLD FAVORITE: Sam Rivers, *Contours* (Blue Note). Freddie Hubbard, Herbie Hancock, Ron Carter, and Joe Chambers make the reedist/composer's songs—especially *Ueterpe* and *Mellifluous Cacophony*—shapely and sensuous.

RARA AVIS: Arrested development department: I've had posters from the great Ann Arbor Blues & Jazz Festivals framed on my walls lo' these 15 years.

SCENE: Still Sweet Basil, for Olu Dara's Okra Orchestra with Henry Threadgill, every Monday this month. Similarly, Steve Lacy's week with his sextet brought out the widest range of New York musicians in the audience.

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keyboarder aided by West Coast studio vets, from Golden Boy Records, *TIME ZONE*. **Charles Marshall**, debut disc from the saxist and his quintet, from Charm Records, *A HEARTBEAT AWAY*. **Paul Cacia**, trumpeter fronts a *big* (28) band in four sides of showtunes and originals, from Outstanding Records, *QUANTUM LEAP*. **Madeline Vergari**, familiar songs served up by the singer and Roger Neumann's Rather Large Band, from Outstanding, *THIS IS MY LUCKY DAY!* **John Park**, highly regarded saxist and former Kentonite in a '79 club outing, from Jazz Mark Records, *IF WINTER COMES*. . . .

Thomas Oboe Lee/Brad Hatfield, jazz compositions for sextet from the classical side of the tracks, from GM Records, *DEPARTED FEATHERS*. **Collage**, new music group conducted by Gunther Schuller performs comps by Roger Bourland, Richard Busch, and Marc-Antonio Consoli, from GM, *COLLAGE*. **Sequoia String Quartet**, the CA Institute of the Arts foursome string out pieces by William Thomas McKinley and Michio Mamiya, *SEQUOIA STRING QUARTET*. **Prism Orchestra**, conducted by pianist Robert Black, play four comps by Miriam Gideon and Stephen Dembski, from CTI Records, *GIDEON/DEMBSKI*. **Various Artists**, Composers Award-winning comps by John Melby and James Tenney (the latter for solo saxophone), from CRI, *MELBY/TENNEY*. **Various Artists**, the Muir and Lydian String Quartets play pieces by Richard Wilson and Steven Mackey respectively, from CRI, *WILSON/MACKEY*. **Mario Davidovsky**, pioneer in combining taped and acoustic sounds here offers a pair of chamber pieces sans electronics, from CRI, *DAVIDOVSKY*. **John Harbison**, lyrical composer presents two "narrative" pieces, from Nonesuch Records, *ULYSSES' BOW/SAMUEL CHAPTER*. **Caetano Veloso**, Brazilian guitarist/vocalist combines "harmonic sophistication and introspective dreaminess," from Nonesuch, *CAETANO VELOSO*.

Red Clay Ramblers, curiously eclectic quintet cover c&w, bluegrass, and jazzy material, from Flying Fish Records, *IT AIN'T RIGHT*. **Arlen Roth**, hot guitarpicker provides a precis of his talents, from Flying Fish, *LONELY ST.* **Gamble Rogers**, Troubador Emeritus plots a programful of his observations in song, from Flying Fish, *SORRY IS AS SORRY DOES*. **Ruth Pelham**, Pete Seeger-approved songwriter with a social conscience, from Flying Fish, *LOOK TO THE PEOPLE*. **Guy Carawan**, Appalachian folksinger plus friends addresses serious concerns, from Flying Fish, *THE LAND KNOWS YOU'RE THERE*. **Bob Franke**, songs of whimsy, family, and fortune, from Flying Fish, *FOR REAL*. **db**

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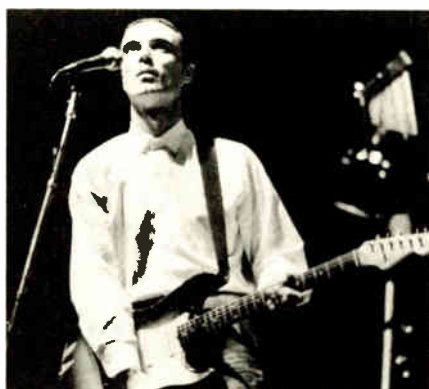
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Filmed History

Everyone knows by now that performance music videos can be both entertaining and educational—but they are especially valuable when they provide a historical perspective. *Music In Monk Time* (from Video/Arts Productions, 60 minutes, dir. by John Goodhue) is a fine docu-performance film that touches on the iconoclastic keyboardist/composer's legend but really jolts to life when **Thelonious Monk** himself is shown at the piano. In stature, demeanor, authority, Monk is a riveting presence, and reminds me of the poet James Schuyler's characterization of Brahms ("a bearded thumb"), as he probes and prods *Crepesque With Nellie* from a 1970 Paris tv show; you can almost see the electrical impulses leap from behind his eyes through his fingers onto the keyboard. Unfortunately, Monk's four or so filmed episodes make up only a small part of the hour. Much of the video is devoted to Jon Hendrick's intelligent if occasionally coy rhymed-couplet narration, mostly superfluous interviews with ex-bandmembers (those quotes from Monk's son Toot are priceless, however—especially when he tells us Monk taught him how to play basketball. What an image that evokes!), and strong versions of Monk tunes by Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Rouse, Carmen McRae, Walter Davis, and Milt Jackson. Probably the only way this video could have been improved would have been with more Monk footage.

History is an important part of *Piano Players Rarely Ever Play Together* (Stevenson Productions, 76 minutes, dir. by Stevenson J. Palfi), too. The idea was to bring together three generations of New Orleans piano players to explain how the music evolved from hand to hand—from **Tuts Washington** to **Professor Longhair** to **Allen Toussaint**. Their reminiscences and offhand banter are fascinating—no more so, however, than their playing. Washington, then in his 70s, had a still-formidable technique, evident as he romps through Pete Johnson's *Mr. Freddie Blues*, and adds quirky Monkish right hand arpeggio splashes to *Yancey Special*. We see how Professor Longhair rhythmically altered Tuts' *Junco Blues* into his trademark *Tipitina* ("mixing styles together—calypso and rumba and blues—makes the best gumbo"). And the reticent Toussaint is tracked down in his studio for a glimpse of his fastidious production technique. Then, in the middle of the filming, Professor Longhair died. The remainder of the film is a tribute to him, documenting



David Byrne, "... nervy, nerdy. . . ."

the stark, stunning, at times disconcerting emotion of his funeral, finally evoking the affirmative resiliency of the Crescent City's cultural continuity.

One Night With Blue Note: Preserved (Sony Corp., two volumes each 60 minutes, dir. by John Jopson) serves to span a few generations as well, though to hear flutist James Newton alongside Herbie Hancock and Bobby Hutcherson is to remember that the more things change, the more they stay the same. Freddie Hubbard energizes the Jazz Messenger tunes, Stanley Jordan communicates the kick he gets out of performing even when concentrating so hard, and Bennie Wallace's Southern grit enlivens the tough tangle of his tenor variations (all on Vol. 1). The second set is a bit lightweight—too much Charles Lloyd for my taste—but don't miss Cecil Taylor's hypnotic 12-minute opus—as riveting and revealing in its own way as Monk's authoritative presence. Throughout both tapes the camerawork is exceptional—usually in the right place at the right time to catch a telling glance or detail of technique—but the biggest thrill is to hear—and see—Lou Donaldson, Jimmy Smith, McCoy Tyner, Jackie McLean, Art Blakey—names that define the Blue Note label for many of us.

A completely different sort of historical perspective is captured on *Monterey Pop* (Sony Corp., 72 minutes, dir. by D. A. Pennebaker). This was a trendsetting film (preceding *Woodstock*), documenting one of the first rock festivals in 1968. From the light show opening to Ravi Shankar's finale, echoes of psychedelia abound in the props (paisley and tie-died clothes, mini-skirts, flowers, painted faces) and the performances. There are some justly famous, striking images captured: Canned Heat's bookish Al Wilson sliding the blues, the Who's nihilistic destruction of their instruments, Otis Redding's soulful silhouette, Hendrix

setting his guitar aflame. For those of us who were children of the '60s, the curious accoutrements and inherent naivete is almost painfully nostalgic; a bittersweet reminder of a culture and an attitude alien to the '80s.

Ex-Beatle **John Lennon's** position in the '60s was well-documented; the Beatles were a worldwide phenomenon. In the '70s, however, Lennon had become something of a musical recluse, acting as a political and social figurehead (sometimes of ridicule), cutting records but declining to perform in public. *John Lennon: Live In New York* (Sony Corp., 55 minutes, dir. by Steve Gebhardt) documents his final concert performance with Yoko Ono and the pickup band Elephant's Memory prior to his death in '81. Filmed in 1972, but not released until last year, Lennon's admirable though caricatured political stance makes this almost as much of a period piece as *Monterey Pop*. Visibly nervous, Lennon adopts camp posturing, inane asides, and apologetics, though isolated moments of his power as a musician do emerge intact. He wasn't helped much by his accompanists; the raucous band is sloppy ("Welcome to the rehearsal" is the way Lennon describes the set) and misinformed ("That was reggae, baby. They do it in Jamaica and London, one day you'll do it here," Lennon prophesizes rightly, after performing nothing of the sort). There's no doubt that Lennon was a man trying to confront and exorcise his demons—public and private—which manifested itself in the alternating political platitudes and personal confessions revealed in his songs. Though this sometimes makes for dubious "entertainment" value (Lennon's wry "I hope you enjoyed it," after the cathartic primal screams of his *Cold Turkey* remind us of that), there are nevertheless touching moments, from the naive *Imagine* to the emphatic *Hound Dog*, where we see John Lennon's paradox in full. If he could have found happiness ala Elvis, mouthing banalities but rockin', he would have. But his was a higher—if abbreviated—calling.

Lennon's legacy of exploring painful personal emotions via songwriting has been adopted by **Richard Thompson**, and his video *Across A Crowded Room* (Sony Corp., 84 minutes, dir. by Larry Jordan) is full of bitter chronicles of failed love and broken relationships, distrust and dishonesty—with lyrics like "Let me take my chance on the wall of death," "She twists the knife again," "Listening to the wrong heartbeat," "Living with a skull and crossbone," you get the idea I'm sure. With nearly an hour-and-a

half of these blood-and-guts tales, the set does bog down due to a lack of variety about halfway through. What saves the video is Thompson's remarkable guitar playing; his fertile imagination twists his lines into knotty conundrums which ultimately resolve themselves in the most surprising, ear-opening fashion. It's a shame that, despite the solidity of the band heard here, his more exuberant and colorful accordion-and-horn outfit wasn't filmed; still, for guitar aficionados and lovers of acidic songwriting, this tape will hold interest.

Guitar fans found much of interest in the just-past incarnation of **King Crimson**. The interlocking patterns and dissimilar solo styles of Robert Fripp and Adrian Belew were the band's trademark, though the construction of their songs often demanded a four-part contrapuntal skeleton (bassist Tony Levin and percussionist Bill Bruford excelling equally). A pair of videos show us the dark and light sides of this regrettably underrated foursome. *The Noise*, *Frejus 1982* (E'G Video, 55 minutes, no director listed) is visually uneven but musically excellent. The music's exotic gamelan-esque scales and uneven-meter rhythms keep things fresh and surprising. Even better is *3 Of A Perfect Pair* (E'G Video, 82 minutes, Ryuji Sasaki, dir.), taped two years later, with the benefit of better production values and even more expansive songs. Making creative use of negative reversing, colors, freeze frames, slow motion, split screens, and other effects, the visuals mirror the band's expanded palette, which makes use of almost orchestral electronic effects, precise dynamics, and a variety of textures and details (a dissonant harmony here, an angular interval or cubist rhythmic figure there) which hold the listener's attention. Though Belew is the always-entertaining frontman (catch his occasional David Byrne-isms in dramatic scenes like *Indiscipline*—no surprise as Belew toured for a time as Talking Head guitarist), it's instructive to watch Fripp: seemingly severe, his mask drops at times to show his passion and involvement. The songs, usually about men out-of-sorts, experiencing alienation or anxiety, and the intricate instrumentals are thoroughly engaging. King Crimson was unlike any other band in their particular combination of intellect and emotion; their demise was unfortunate—luckily, these videos remain.

Speaking of David Byrne and alienation, the **Talking Heads' Stop Making Sense** (RCA/Columbia Home Video, 99 minutes, dir. by Jonathan Demme) is one of the most expressive music films ever

made. The vitality and variety of the songs, the band's endless energy and enthusiasm, and Byrne's curious but enticing stage concepts grab your attention and won't let loose. There are so many startling and witty images acted out—from the Byrne-and-beat-box solo opening of *Psycho Killer* to the *Take Me To The River* climax, the concert builds tension-and-release like any substantial story. Characters are introduced and add to

the winding plot, but Byrne as principal protagonist draws a fine line between art and pretension—then proceeds to erase it. He communicates so many personas—gullible, slapstick, stumbling, cocksure, naive, nerdy, nervy, nutso—within the aggressively simple, deceptively deep, thoroughly danceable songs—and everyone on-stage is having so much fun that the feeling is infectious. Don't miss it. —art lange

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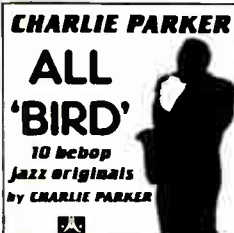
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World Radio History

BLINDFOLD TEST

1 STAN KENTON. *FUEGO CUBANO* (from *CUBAN FIRE*, Capitol). Bob Fitzpatrick, Carl Fontana, trombone; Lucky Thompson, tenor saxophone; Johnny Richards, arranger.

That was Kenton, but I'm not familiar with the soloists. The colors are beautiful, but the power of the palette overshadowed the soloists; what they were saying didn't have a lot of conviction or force. That's generally been my reaction to Kenton: arranging—top-shelf, but the groove and the soloing thing—not so transporting. I can't give that stars; rating music is so totally subjective. What I like is not relevant to whether the music is good or not. For me to pass judgment on it is contrary to what I think music is about.

2 J.J. JOHNSON/AL GREY. *SOFT WINDS* (from *THINGS ARE GETTING BETTER ALL THE TIME*, Pablo). Johnson, Grey, trombone.

That was J.J. and Kai [Winding], but I can't guess the rhythm section. I had a sixth grade teacher who played J.J. and Kai at half-speed, and it was still in absolute synchronicity. You could hear that their articulations were perfectly clean. You can give that 10,004 stars. That's roots for trombone players. J.J. played so well in his way that most players copied his approach, because it was so powerful. Bird had that influence on people's conception; likewise, so many tenor players sound like Coltrane today. I felt I had to break out of that mold and do something different. Vic Dickenson was very important to me, as was Trummy Young. Later I got into Duke's players: Butter [Quentin Jackson], Lawrence Brown, Tricky Sam Nanton. And Roswell Rudd.

3 GARRETT LIST. *FIRE AND ICE* (from *FIRE AND ICE*, Lovely Music). List, composer, trombone.

Well, I have no idea who that was. I didn't really enjoy it. The rhythmic thing—I can dig it, but it sounded bombastic. It was like hammering. I presume that he's trying to be deliberately grating with the ostinato. But I don't need that grating and hammering; I'm on your side! Tuning is a totally relative thing, but it bothered me a little bit here. Still, it's a major cleanser to hear a bunch of stuff you've never heard before.

4 CARLA BLEY. *VALSE SINISTRE* (from *SOCIAL STUDIES*, WATT/ECM). Joe Daley, euphonium; Gary Valente, trombone.

That reminds me of Carla Bley with that light whimsy. The writing is very far out, very good. It's got a circus vibe on it, a circus gone slightly mad, through a wide-

Ray Anderson

BY FRED BOUCHARD

Beyond category," Duke Ellington's typically playful double entendre for the incomparable and unpigeonholable, certainly applies to Ray Anderson, trombonist extraordinaire. This year alone the hearty, hard-working Anderson has appeared on a wide range of fresh releases: with Henry Threadgill's Sextet, his own Slickaphonics jazz-rock fusion band singing and playing, an avant garde trio, a straightahead quartet; plus live appearances in Boston with Barry Altschul's Quartet at The 1369, with tubist Bob Stewart and drummer Gerry Hemingway at Charlie's Tap; and recent big band appearances with Malcolm Goldstein at Northeastern and Randy Weston at the Hartford Jazz Society. Truly a musician for



all seasons, Anderson balances a happy-go-lucky persona with deeply serious, dedicated creativity.

This was Anderson's first Blindfold Test; he was given no information about the selections until afterwards.

angle lens! I'd like to know who that was. I really enjoyed that! The guy was playing a valve something-or-other—sounded darker, like a euphonium. There was a trombone player playing glissandi in the ensemble who reminded me of Gary Valente. Valves will articulate for you, and a slide won't; he was doing all those ascending *deedela-deelelas* with his tongue. Hmm, I don't know if I've ever met a euphonist!

5 CLARK TERRY/BOB BROOKMEYER. *GAL IN CALICO* (from *THE POWER OF POSITIVE SWINGING*, Mainstream). Horns as guessed; Roger Kellaway, piano.

That's a good sign [taking the first of the fours together]; it shows they haven't over-rehearsed—it's more spontaneous. Nice. That was Clark Terry on flugel and Bob Brookmeyer on trombone—you can hear that valve thing happening. I liked the pianist—nice harmonies, great lines. I find Clark's playing much more interesting, the way he jumps around the registers and really talks to you. People assume that you're influenced by your instrument. I'm much more influenced emotionally and musically by Louis Armstrong, Coleman Hawkins, Red Prysock, and Sonny Rollins. Of course, you hear some good technical thing on trombone and you want to check it out, but for me, there have been few trombonists who have wielded an enormous influence on me musically. When people write that you come from this or that trombonist, it's a little silly. I come from Roy Eldridge and Gene Ammons more than most trombonists.

6 JOHN SWALLOW. *SEQUENZA V FOR TROMBONE SOLO* (from *A LITTLE TROMBONE MUSIC*, GM). Swallow, trombone; Luciano Berio, composer.

You'd almost want to see a videotape of that, because the audience reaction was so significant: he'd stop, they'd laugh. Well, what did he do? One of the far-out things about trombone is this duality between the ridiculous and the majestic. It has the role of being the ultimate clown instrument, and yet it can be the saddest instrument. Mendelssohn called it "the voice of God." Trombonists have to struggle with the balance. People get stuck in it; I felt that here we had some cheap victory with that indrawn breath thing. That's like telling an old joke; it got laughs, so I have no problem with that. But listening to it on record, I'd say I would not have released that. They were having a good time, but there wasn't much happening compositionally. It wandered through a bag of tricks: the multiphonics, flapping the plunger, this and that.

7 DICKY WELLS. *BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP BLUE SEA* (from *DJANGOLOGY*, French Pathé). Wells, trombone, arranger; Django Reinhardt, guitar.

Wow! Yeah! That's mah shit! Another 10,004 stars for that. I'm not sure who it is. It might have been early Lawrence Brown. I love that; the swing is flawless, and it's happy. Technically it's amazing, and the section with the hat mute's "oo-ye-dat!" is amazingly hard to do. But what really moves me is that up feeling. I can't hear that and not grin. **db**

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PROFILE

Lenny Pickett

*An alumni of the famed
Tower of Power horn section,
the saxist divides his time
between playing it
funky and futuristic.*

BY GENE SANTORO

Burly toned tenor virtuoso, adept multi-instrumentalist, provocative composer—these are just a few of the hats the much-in-demand Lenny Pickett dons. When he's not doing sessions, solo or with the Borneo Horns, for producers like Nile Rodgers, Quincy Jones, and Arthur Baker, or for artists like Mick Jagger, David Bowie, Talking Heads, Paul Simon, Hall & Oates, Paul McCartney, Scott Johnson, Peter Gordon, and Ned Sublette, he's writing charts for—or blowing screaming solos across the top with—the *Saturday Night Live* band, or composing music for dancers like Andrew DeGroat, Stephen Petronio, and Charles Moulton. And, in his spare moments, he'll take the Borneos onstage at experimental venues, where they strut their soul-band choreography and funky chops on pieces that often sound like collaborations between Bach, King Curtis, Steve Reich, and the World Saxophone Quartet.

The beefy sax ace outlines his basic concept this way: "I think the jazz tradition of saxophone playing since bebop has come to a problematic area, where so much information has been added to what is possible to do in that genre that it's very difficult to make a decision about what to do. The pure line that goes more directly to the heart of the music, I think, leads back to the rhythm & blues tradition: bands like James Brown's, Little Richard's, Ray Charles', Amos Milburn's, and Louis Jordan's aren't that far from Count Basie's, really. They're still playing the 7th-chord-based style, still using rhythmic intricacy as a major device, and are more concerned with the line of the melody and the contrapuntal nature of the melody's rhythm than with anything else, which I think makes that style more African—and more American—than any other. There's something very appealing about what made jazz what it is,



MITCHELL SEIDEL

what made rhythm & blues what it is, that I find a wellspring of material—it speaks very directly to me. I mean, I love jazz playing as well, and I certainly spent a lot of time learning how to do that stuff and am happy to do it when asked. But I also spent a lot of time with the Jamie Aebersold LPs, the Music-Minus-One stuff, trying to figure out how to play blues over really obscure jazz changes just to see how to do it—and there's always a way to get that scale to work just right, to get the tension just right and play very modally over them, make this very melodic thing with the flatted 7th and the raised 9th happen."

That focused torrent of intensity, so brilliantly demonstrated each time he draws soulful, surging sounds from one of his axes, has driven Lenny from the beginning. Starting out in fourth grade on school-band clarinet, copping sheet music for Beatles tunes on the side, he borrowed saxes from friends until eighth grade, when he did double-duty playing clarinet in the orchestra and sax in the band. His black stepfather, a jazz trumpeter named Tommy Warren, encouraged him, taught him how to practice and improvise with other people, and played him lots of Blue Note discs, including Coltrane, Blakey, Lee Morgan, and Clifford Brown. "That's what I heard," he recalls, "and it started me practicing incessantly—like eight or nine hours a day. I just let school slide completely to play."

And thus got assigned to an "alternative educational facility" ("This is Berkeley in the late '60s, so we had courses like 'Running In The Woods,'" he laughs). Meanwhile, he was studying jazz and kept performing—for pay—in

the high school band, on the street with a guerrilla theater troupe, and in clubs with r&b and rock bands: "That's the kind of music all my friends were playing, so I wanted to play it too."

One of those bands opened regularly for an Oakland outfit called Tower of Power in 1972, and the 17-year-old Pickett began sitting in with the headliners. When their tenor soloist left a year later, they hired Lenny for the slot—a gig that expanded to include alto and flute chores and lasted nine years, eight LPs, and literally hundreds of session dates with the famed Tower horn section. "They were bringing the rhythm & blues tradition back into the mainstream of rock & roll," is how he sees it, "and I played the style they liked. I'd studied Junior Walker records, King Curtis records; I'd become a rhythm & blues sax enthusiast. There's a lot of tricks—circular breathing, altissimo stuff, weird trills, very vocal sounds like growling—that you do with the saxophone within that tradition, and I had that."

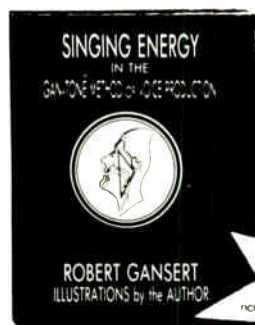
That, and then some. Switching from his Conn to a Selmer ("It projected better"), changing mouthpieces, using a softer reed, Pickett could either blend

seamlessly into the section or roar out of the gate like a spirited thoroughbred, as the extended solo on *Knock Yourself Out* (on *Live And In Living Color*, Warner Bros. 2924) illustrates, with its wailing inside and outside. "What Tower of Power was doing—the staccato, tightly voiced chord thing—may be the most popular form of horn writing in contemporary music," he asserts. "Half the jingles I do are based around those kind of triplet subdivisions or 16th-note subdivisions of the bar. That's the name of the game when it comes to playing in horn sections."

Which is why folks like Elton John, Peter Frampton, Roy Buchanan, and Jefferson Starship tapped the ToP section for their own records. "We did a million horn dates," Lenny grins, "so I learned the process of making a record. I have a sense of what a solo should sound like on a record from having done it for such a long time with them, and that's something that's hard to find in players, especially of my age. The studio's a different environment: you have to learn what the headphones are supposed to sound like and tell the engineer to make them sound the way you need them; you

need to be able to interface with that microphone and know your proximity and relationship to it; you need to know what not to think about when you're doing the solo—what you don't want in the headphone mix, for instance. You only learn things like that from experience, which really prepared me well for all the session work I'm doing now."

After he left the band in 1978—on excellent terms, even continuing to gig and record with them for a couple of years—Pickett started concentrating on composing; in 1981 he headed to the Apple, where he scrambled through two years of writing for theater, films, and choreographers ("Even if it was costing me money, at least the music got heard"), as well as session dribs and drabs. "Then the [David] Bowie tour came along," he says drily, referring to the *Let's Dance* comeback tour. "I'd done a couple of Chic records and worked with Nile Rodgers, who co-produced *Let's Dance*, and Steve Elson, who played on the record, is an old friend of mine. So when Robert Aron (who wielded the tenor on the LP) didn't want to go on the tour, he recommended me, and, thanks to all those guys, I ended up with the gig."



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PROFILE

And, when the tour ended, with a dramatic upsurge of work calls: "Tower of Power had faded a bit by then, and so it gave me a new calling card. Then you just watch it network out, once you've made the initial contacts. If you have the ability to do the work, are dependable, and can get along with people, you'll get called back. My playing has an emotional quality people want on their records, and I approach solos to get as directly to the rhythmic and emotional point as possible."

In addition to session and arranging jobs, the Bowie tour provided Pickett with an optimum outlet for his prodigious music energies—the Borneo Horns, consisting of Pickett, fellow reedmen Steve Elson and Stan Harrison, and, later, drummer Leroy Clouden. "They're great players, wonderful interpreters, and willing co-conspirators," he laughs. "Leroy is an extremely steady player, incredibly metronomic with a really accurate subdivision of the beat, which is one of the main things the Horns are concerned with. And Stan, Steve, and I worked very hard to learn to

play together on the Bowie tour, because in the beginning it wasn't very easy to get the time and stay steady, make the interlocking passages work, and get lines that really seemed to have no relationship to each other to coexist and then realize what the relationship really was. And I wrote all the time—I think I wrote 20 or 30 pieces between one and six minutes long, called *The Borneo Trios*, some of which we still do." And some of which will be included on Pickett's forthcoming Carthage Records LP, to be produced by Hal Willner and recorded direct-to-two-track, reflecting the reedman's love of the live interaction between musicians.

Of his favorite axes he says, "I play a lot of different things, including the fifth Lyricon ever made [laughs]. I play mostly Selmer saxes, though I also play a Yamaha alto and a Yamaha tenor. I have a Conn bass saxophone, a Selmer bass clarinet, a Leblanc contrabass, and Buffet E \flat and B \flat clarinets, Muramatsu flutes, an Artley piccolo, and an Artley bass flute. My tenor mouthpiece is an old stainless-steel Berg-Larsen with a 130/0

facing; my reeds are Van Doren medium-soft. On my alto I play a Meyer mouthpiece refaced by Frank Wells with medium-soft reeds. I like softish reeds because they're more flexible: they tend to play the altissimo better, they tend to be easier to articulate, and they tend to be more free with the pitch—you can play it more *in-tune* and more *out-of-tune*. They're also easier to manipulate in the lowest register of the horn and more even throughout. I have an old E-mu modular synthesizer and a Computone wind-synthesizer driver, which I developed with Patrick Gleeson and use currently for a lot of commercial things."

With his many musical travels, it's no wonder this explorer disdains artificial boundaries. "There's always been this snobbery, among jazz players especially, about playing other stuff and wrecking your chops; but that's not really true," he points out. "That attitude is changing now, especially among younger players. You can do whatever you want to, as many different things as you can handle. *That's* the key: can you handle it? I think you can if you apply yourself." **db**

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JVC JAZZ FESTIVAL

VARIOUS SITES

NEW YORK—The JVC (néé Newport, néé Kool) Jazz Festival in New York opened at Gracie Mansion with a jam on—what else?—*Things Ain't What They Used To Be*. There've been more (and better) concerts in the 13 years I've attended the Wein-fest, but JVC's first New York festival offered fun enough.

George Wein might have called it a Singers Festival: four greats were featured and another, Nat Cole, was honored at Avery Fisher Hall. Ella Fitzgerald sang first, looking good and sounding her best in years. While her range isn't what it was, Ella is singing from strength, especially uptempo, and as dynamically as ever. And though she lost some lyrics in the first half, particularly through an awkward Lerner and Loewe medley, she came out swinging in the second with *St. Louis Blues*. She's not singing ballads as much anymore, but an encore request of *I Can't Get Started* was sublime, and she rocked Lincoln Center with a finale of *Alright, Okay, You Win!*

Sarah Vaughan, another perennial, was featured this year with her musical godfather, Billy Eckstine. Some of Billy's repertoire was unfamiliar and unmemorable, but when he eased his baritone into a medley of hits the audience was downright drooling. Sarah, with a heartfelt *If You Could See Me Now*, was in good voice and good spirits from the first. She clown'd too much, even on the loveliest ballads, but all to everyone's delight. Joined by Billy for an encore of songs they recorded ("105 years ago," said Billy), they vocally cuddled, especially through a magical *Passing Strangers*.

Perhaps because the other singers were so wonderful, I expected too much of the usually wonderful Mel Tormé, but his concert with George Shearing was mostly a dud. Perhaps it was only because the opener, pop singer Angela Bofill, was so tiresome. Tormé recreated Marty Paich's Ten-Tet (actually an Eleven-Tet) fronted by Al Cohn. Perhaps they didn't rehearse enough (or were mixed wrong) but the band often sounded haphazard. Tormé's songs with the band didn't have his patented pizzazz, and a finale, joined by the bumptious Bofill, bombed. Only the moments of Mel and George together were as wonderful as expected, especially Shearing's Delius counterpoint to Tormé's *It Might As Well Be Spring*.

Natalie Cole's tribute to her father was



Miles Davis

another mixed bag. Jon Hendricks and Company opened with a spirited gathering of songs of the King Cole Trio. George Benson followed with Cole-sounding ballads and a Benson-style *Nature Boy*. Natalie Cole sounded more like Aretha's daughter than Nat's, shouting high and hard through generic grooves, but once she quit the vocal histrionics, her medley of her father's favorites was touching. Best of all were "videos" of Cole himself (a tongue-in-cheek *Frim Fram Sauce* and a JATP reunion) and a flabbergasting finale: Natalie singing with Nat's recorded voice, a duet that was indeed *Unforgettable*.

One of the best pop singers in the world, Milton Nascimento, was presented at the Beacon Theatre. Though heralded as Brazilian jazz, it was more like Brazilian rock, complete with electric band and light show. He rocked even his lyrical songs, but always with passion, all the more so when joined by guest soloist Pat Metheny. Milton sang only in Portuguese, but his songs of love and freedom transcended mere words. *Travessia (Bridges)* was a heartlifting encore, and by the climax everyone was dancing in the aisles.

There was a media blitz for the other international musicians at the festival—the Ganelin Trio from the Soviet Union—but for all the publicity only about half of Town Hall was filled. What they play is collective (communistic?) compositions, at first spacey, then a whirlwind, and they almost never ease up. Ganelin at the piano and Tarasov at the drums mostly blast away, while multi-instrumentalist Chekasin writhes and stomps as if possessed. Often playing two or more flutes

and saxophones at once, Chekasin seems a berserk puppet pulled by (and pulling at) his strings. When he scats (actually, snorts), Chekasin is a hoot—but after an hour of hooting the Ganelin Trio was exhausting.

Lester Bowie's Brass Fantasy followed, feeling goofy—and groovy. Dressed in yellow satin jackets (with orange lapels), they played '50s-style pop (like *The Great Pretender* and Patsy Cline's *Crazy*), but weirdly, as if a lounge band from Mars. *The Emperor* featured composer/trombonist Steve Turre soloing on seashells, but the other virtuosi didn't solo enough. Bowie himself, even when only blating or breathing through his trumpet, was quirkily romantic—and a delight.

Dick Wellstood generated the most fun of the solo piano series at Lincoln Center's Bruno Walter Auditorium. After he masterfully strode through some Fats Waller songs, he turned to the audience: "What else do youse wanna hear?" He answered every request—even *Jingle Bells*—with pianistic fireworks. Wellstood's casual charms were in contrast to the elegance of Ellis Larkins. Without fuss or fanfare, Larkins just played beautifully an hour of standards, and as usual his touch was one of the standards of jazz piano.

One of the Fisher Hall concerts opened with a new piano sensation, Henry Butler, and even better than his Tyner-esque solos was his operatically gospel-ish singing. OTB, the young Blue Note co-op, followed with some bright neo-bop, though the band's presence on stage is still somewhat collegiate. Herbie Hancock was featured (and enjoyed) in the company of Branford Marsalis, Ron Carter, and Al Foster. Hancock's best moment was accidental, turning a busted string into percussion on *Dolphin Dance*. Branford climaxed the concert, swinging Hancock through Bird's *Cheryl*.

Bird, Dizzy, and most of the bebop greats were uncharacteristically absent, both in spirit and in person, from the festival this year, but there were "Jazz Legends" nonetheless on film from David Chertok's archives. Chertok's show at the 92nd Street Y was his 10th at the New York Wein-fest. Among the highlights: Bud Freeman swinging with Johnny Guarnieri and Joe Turner, Earl Hines likewise with Coleman Hawkins, a performance of Billie Holiday, a mini-tribute to Jo Jones, and a Benny Goodman retrospective. "It's great!" Chertok said to the audience. "You applaud the solos—as if they haven't gone!" And they haven't. Jazz was alive and kicking at the now-JVC Jazz Festival.

—michael bourne

CAUGHT



Jimmy Heath

MITCHELL SEIDEL

NEW YORK—With the new sponsor, JVC, in tow, George Wein's New York Jazz Festival limped out of town and left the regrettable impression that the gig may indeed be up. The weeklong fest has long been Wein's showpiece among his many celebrated productions. This year's edition, however, was an uninspired and formulaic series of concerts, some altogether undistinguished, others noteworthy for individual heroics.

At the Bruno Walter Auditorium at Lincoln Center, the piano recitals I witnessed—Barry Harris, Mulgrew Miller, Ray Bryant, and Dorothy Donegan—were, as usual, intimate affairs, exercises in contrasting styles, not only in keyboard technique but in each artist's overall approach to performing.

Harris built his set around songs with a decidedly French connection. He moved from a sprightly, sure-fingered treatment of *The Last Time I Saw Paris*, to a sad, ruminative *April In Paris*, imbuing the latter with impressionistic washes that gently caressed the melody and buoyed it to prominence. He then traveled familiar Monk territory with fetching interpretations of *Pannonica*, *Blue Monk*, and *Ruby, My Dear*.

Mulgrew Miller proved far less affecting in his recital. His conception on most tunes was flat and linear. Miller did, however, add dimension to the set with a particularly expansive *Reflections In D* (part of an Ellington medley), and a tightly contained *Crepuscule With Nellie*, both of which served as endposts in his stylistic gamut.

It was refreshing to hear the no-frills attack of Ray Bryant, whose entire program was dominated by blues and boogie woogie. Though he's capable of moody introspection (*Sometimes I Feel Like A*

Motherless Child and *Willow Weep For Me*), he seemed most at home working up a sweat in the barrelhouse.

The last of the pianists—and thank goodness because she takes a lot out of you—was Dorothy Donegan. Donegan confidently walks two opposite worlds. In a Romantic vein, she travels the high road with glittering arpeggios and filigreed melodies, but then suddenly she shifts gears and grinds out a sultry blues, badass and nasty. Her showmanship scored heavily, as did her dazzling pianistics.

It's too bad that Billy Hart's septet was booked into St. Peter's Church. The room may be kind to sinners, but it is notoriously disagreeable to musicians. For instance, Oliver Lake blew furiously—I'm certain because I saw him—yet the acoustics rendered his alto as effective as a dog whistle. Thankfully, bassist Cecil McBee, whose gorgeous tone was properly somber and dirge-like on Bill Frisell's *Waiting Inside*, anchored the band with weighty notes that stayed close to the ears of the audience. Guitarist Frisell used the space smartly, filling it with his signature atmospherics, well-suited to the room's vaulted design. Despite the problems in sound, Hart sizzled adventurously. The Rochester/Veasley Band, which followed on the same bill, never established the dance-funk groove I expected from them. Instead, they offered too many synthesizer effects and unnecessary bravado posturing that reduced the performance to a clichéd exercise in self-parody.

The "Jam Session for Reverend Gensel," the spiritual leader of the jazz community who was hospitalized at the time of the festival, was a blowing session with a string of solos by Joe Newman, Jimmy

Heath, and Steve Turre. Accomplished though they may be, the players never got things going, and the evening plodded along without distinction.

Chico Hamilton also played St. Peter's with his group, The Young Altos. The strength of his concept was not enough to compensate for the uneven play of the three front-liners. As the band's centerpiece, Hamilton pushed and goaded the saxophonists, who ultimately proved unequal to his percussive talents. Hamilton's rhythm-mate, Cary Denigers, cut loose a blistering foray on the opening *Out Of This World*, which remained the program's highlight. The leader's skills were well represented on *Lotus*, his rim shots and cymbal splashes adding zest and texture to the tune's Oriental character.

Miles Davis has finally crossed that fine line into caricature. Dressed to kill in a shimmering lamé outfit that glittered far more than his performance, he strutted the Avery Fisher stage, bored and oddly disinterested. Noodling over grooved vamps (tightly laid down by a new and worthy rhythm section), Miles played scales and disconnected blasts that went nowhere. Robben Ford, the group's latest guitarist (replacing Mike Stern and John Scofield), carried his fusionist sensibility high—he said what he had to, then got out. Miles might have followed. Up next, Spyro Gyra delivered a suburbanite jazz-lover's dream—no-mess, no-fuss, drive-in, fast-food melodies, easy to hold like musical Whoppers.

The tribute to "Three Saxophone Giants"—Ben Webster, Johnny Hodges, and Harry Carney—was actually a succession of solo spots sandwiched by opening and closing jam sessions involving players whose style or sound evoked those of the deserving honorees. The evening was largely unfocused, with many more valleys than peaks, and without the tension or surprise sometimes generated by salutes of this kind. Yet, there were highlights: Scott Hamilton captured the seductive side of Webster with a breathy reading of Julie Styne's *Time After Time*; Pepper Adams lovingly caressed a Carney original, *Chalumeau*, perhaps the evening's most poignant moment; and Flip Phillips did what everyone expected—he raised the roof, a la Jazz At The Philharmonic, with a frenzied attack on *Perdido*.

The mood was downright festive when the geriatrics jived on stage for the "Tribute to Wild Bill Davison." What was originally conceived as a salute to the 80-year-old cornetist became something more—a celebration of Chicago jazz from the '20s. The celebrants, among

them cornetists Max Kaminsky and Jimmy McPartland, clarinetist Clarence Hutchenrider, trumpeter Yank Lawson, and pianist Art Hodes, trucked through early jazz classics with the help of relative youngsters George Wein, Kenny Davern, Frank Chace, and Vince Giordano's Nighthawks. The plaintive tones of Pee Wee Russell's clarinet were recalled on *Pee Wee's Blues*, handled skillfully by Davern and Chace. *South Rampart Street Parade* was authenticated by Lawson's feisty flourishes. And not to be outdone,

Wild Bill himself sounded lusty and brash on the show's topper, *Blue Turning Gray Over You*. No one—especially the musicians—went home disappointed.

It's not often that the tributes inform as much as they entertain, but in the salute to Jelly Roll Morton, host and co-producer Martin Williams provided a rare history lesson on the life and music of the early pianist, composer, and innovator. Morton, who died in 1941, eerily started the program with a piano roll performance of *King Porter Stomp*, and the mu-

sicians who followed faithfully captured the extroversion in his music. James Dapogny tackled the difficult *Original Jelly Roll Blues*, before Dick Hyman earned high marks on the aptly named *Finger Buster*. Linda Gatling sang *Sweet Substitute* without resorting to red-hot mama-isms. And the honest re-creations of Morton's various trios, quartets, and big bands—along with King Oliver's *Creole Jazz Band* and the Red Hot *Peppers*—made for a successful close to the festival.
—jeff levenson



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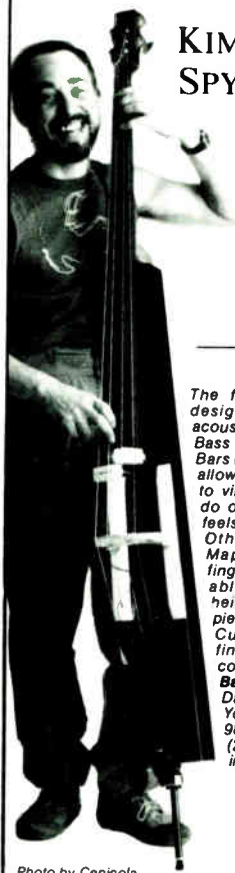
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PRO SESSION

Jim Hall's Solo on *All The Things You Are*—A Guitar Transcription

BY JOE DENNISON

Joe Dennison is a Graduate Teaching Assistant at the University of Miami in Coral Gables, FL, and works professionally as a guitarist in the Miami area.

Jim Hall's interpretation of *All The Things You Are* (Jim Hall's *Three*, Concord Jazz 298) is a fine example of his unique and brilliant approach to improvisation.

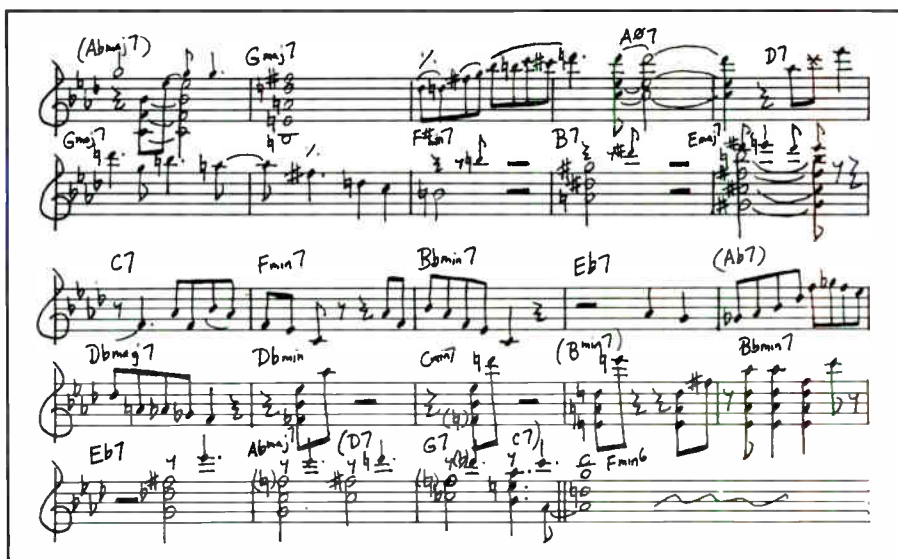
Some points of interest:

- 1) Hall's lines often mirror the phrase lengths and direction of the original melody.
- 2) The motif in the third measure is repeated and developed throughout both choruses.
- 3) At the beginning of the second chorus, Hall implies a 3/4 meter in the upper voice and sets up a cross-rhythm comping pattern below it.
- 4) Hall displays a preference for quartal-voiced chords.

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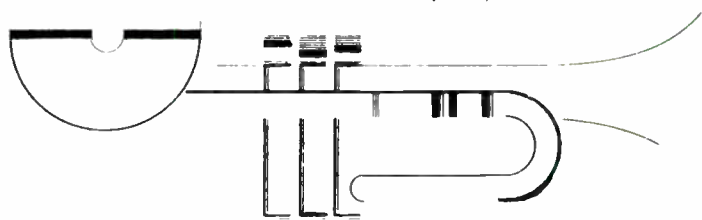
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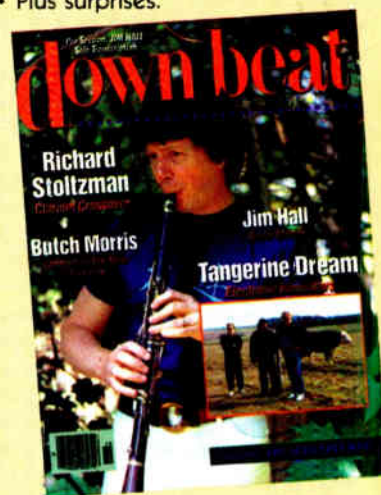
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PERCUSSION SHOP



Dynacord's Rhythm Stick

EUROPA TECHNOLOGY INC. (Venice, CA) has introduced the Dynacord Rhythm Stick, a remote MIDI controller enabling drummer/percussionists to play MIDI instruments from the front of the stage. The guitar-shaped controller features eight trigger selectors for specifying MIDI instruments and two slap sensors with which selected sounds can be played; all eight sounds can be triggered simultaneously. The Rhythm Stick remembers data entered in its programmable memory, a three-digit LED display shows the program or preset number, and a peak LED indicates the maximum value for velocity MIDI data so that different playing techniques can be adapted without sacrificing dynamics.



PalmTree's Airdrums

PALMTREE INSTRUMENTS (La Jolla, CA) has created Airdrums, a gesture-capturing MIDI controller consisting of two drumstick-like tubes (1.1-inches diameter, 7.2-inches length) and a control box. Each tube can generate six triggers when shaken in different directions; each trigger is sensitive over the full MIDI range—MIDI velocity is determined by how hard the tubes are shaken. Triggered notes can come from internal buffers stored as part of a patch or selected with MIDI In messages. While primarily a percussion instrument, Airdrums are capable of playing harmonic and melodic phrases with control over the duration of the elements of the phrase; an internal bussing arrangement groups triggers by assigning each to one of 12 internal busses, which can act indepen-

dently or be added together for multi-part counterpoint.

KEYBOARD COUNTRY



Casio's CZ-1

CASIO INC. (Fairfield, NJ) is offering the CZ-1, a 61-key full-sized synthesizer with velocity and after-touch sensitivity. Velocity can be programmed separately for control of volume, timbre, and pitch envelopes of each line of sound generators. Aftertouch can control the modulation depth and/or DCA volume. The CZ-1 is 8/16 note polyphonic, and has tone-mix and key-split capabilities with expanded features like separate stereo outputs and detune/octave shift capabilities. There are 64 internal RAM memory locations, and a new operation memory holds 64 split, mix, or other combinations for instant recall. MIDI implementation allows for polyphonic multi-timbral operation over 16 channels.

GUITAR WORLD



B.C. Rich's ST-III Line

B.C. RICH GUITARS (Los Angeles, CA) has introduced the ST-III line of guitars and basses, offered in bolt-on and neck-thru models. The pictured bolt-on bass features a maple neck and body, 22 Accurizer jumbo frets, 34-inch scale, P & J pickup configuration, one tone and two volume selector switches, ebony fingerboard, dot inlay, black hardware, and black angled headstock with white decal. Several additional options are available for all models, some at no extra cost; standard colors include black, white, violet, blue, and two shades of red. A lifetime limited warranty on the guitar's basic structure is offered in addition to

the company's standard one-year limited warranty.

HORN SECTION



Leblanc's B^b Soprano

G. LEBLANC CORP. (Kenosha, WI) has added the new Yanagisawa 2200SS B^b straight soprano saxophone to its line of instruments. The instrument is designed to produce a better tone than conventional sopranos, and it is the first soprano available with two interchangeable neckpipes for different tonal characteristics—the straight neckpipe produces a regular soprano tone, and the curved neckpipe a milder one. The 2200SS is designed to conform to the natural lay of the fingers, conforming to Yanagisawa alto and tenor saxes. Other features include power-forged keys for maximum strength and continued key alignment; premium tan kid resonator pads for a lively, resonant tone; stainless steel rod and pivot screws that resist corrosion; and pearl G[#], side F[#], and high F[#] keys.



Calicchio's Liteweight

CALICCHIO TRUMPETS (Hollywood, CA) has added "the Liteweight" to its line of custom handmade trumpets. The Liteweight is available in three bore sizes, three bell sizes (bright to dark), and four different leadpipes. The instrument weighs less than two pounds, and has an added positive airflow tuning slide, amado water keys, and a bronze bell—yielding even better response than the company's fine standard models. **db**

TANGERINE DREAM

continued from page 18

it's just like a tape recorder. [From sampling] you can get some very interesting recordings. There is a koto group from Japan with amazing percussion instruments. I recorded them and can play them on stage. But sampling is just an interlude to a new technique called re-synthesis."

With re-synthesis, the recording of an acoustic sound is converted into wave forms in the computer, which can then be manipulated through computer control. This gives the performer the richness and complexity of acoustic timbres as the fabric to create completely new sounds. "You again become a synthesist," agrees Franke, "but you have a model of an acoustic sound."

After 15 years of recording, you'd think that technophobia would no longer be an issue, but controversy reared its head again this year, when Tangerine Dream did the soundtrack for *Legend*. The problem was that the film had been released in Europe with an orchestral score by Jerry Goldsmith, but when it came time to release it in the U.S., Universal Studios commissioned a new, synthesized score from the Dream.

Froese tried to put a diplomatic face on it. "It's the worst thing that can happen to a composer, what happened to Jerry Goldsmith," he commiserated. "The reason why he was replaced has nothing to do with the music, but just the opinion the studio came up with. The reason why they chose us in the end is they were looking for something more contemporary, more new in sound. That's what they said to us."

When pressed, Franke admitted that there was more of a controversy than that. "Many people said that all these young guys fooling around with synthesizers should be thrown out of Hollywood. This was very natural because some people say orchestral scoring is an art, then there are people who press a button on a computer and this is not art. This doesn't pertain only to film music, but for serious and electronic pop music in the whole world." It should be noted that Goldsmith has himself composed many electronic film scores, including *Runaway*, and uses synthesizers on most of his orchestral work.

Edgar Froese can still be found slinging an electric guitar, played with overdriven fuzz-tone and sustain, though he rejects guitar synthesizers out of hand. "A guitar is a very special thing to me. It would be like changing my wife into a robot. Still, Dream connoisseurs may be shocked to hear Froese cite Eddie Van Halen as his current favorite. "I don't know if I should say this," laughs Froese. "People might think 'My God, he's into that bloody trash,' but I like his guitar playing. I think he's the best guitar player. Not because he's very fast, but because he's the only guitar player, in my opinion, who knows how to transform the dynamics of classical music into guitar playing."

Despite Froese's nostalgia for the guitar, it's the excitement of living in the electro-computer age that gives Tangerine Dream much of their allure. Unlike Laurie Anderson, who uses technology as a vehicle for her love/hate relationship with the modern world, Tangerine Dream uses technology to allow the band's feelings and expressions to stand transparently on their own, uncolored by how much the musicians sweat, how histrionic they can get on a solo, or how clever they make their imagery. "That means your brain is free of associations with other music styles or visualizing musicians playing," says Franke. "They shouldn't even know if you blow an instrument, hit it, or pluck a key." db

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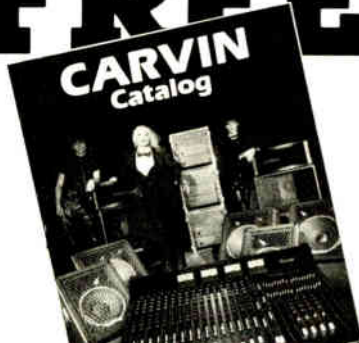
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differently. When I get into something else, I'm just changing a pair of shoes. And I love shoes."

If you look at Morris as a clothes horse, though, know he's got a complete wardrobe—or rather, a closet full of costumes, from which he selects the proper disguise. "If you see me as a cornetist/improviser, as a conductor, if you hear my music played by someone else, or view me as a composer for theater or dance, you're seeing pieces of a puzzle that are only part of a composite," he warns. The compound-complex Butch Morris doesn't want to be pinned down.

What is certain to Morris is, "We have to contend with who Beethoven was, with who Mozart was, with Duke Ellington, with whoever you respect. If we're not reaching for their ground, what are we doing? If I'm not reaching for something as powerful as what my heritage has been, then it's not going to be meaningful in the overall run. A 1922 Louis Armstrong solo is going to last just as long as the best pop group there is today, and if I can't reach for something that powerful, I become useless." Most everyone who knows Butch Morris through his music believes he reaches for greatness with every gesture; many of us are betting he's informing the heritage future innovators will strive to emulate. Sure, there's prestige, power, pleasure in being recognized, in being popular; but often real advances are made by the less immediately visible man. db

STOLTZMAN

cont. from page 22

avant garde—multiphonics, multi-fingerings, and all—but the trombones and french horn are playing sustained chords right out of *Mood Indigo*! After the concert, I renewed my request for him to write a piece based on Ellington—he'd been too busy before—and he agreed!

"We're trying to set up a meeting between Wayne Shorter and myself to discuss what we could play together. Initially I thought, 'What can I bring to his music that he doesn't play better?' I've never gained anything, on the other hand, from being an ostrich, with my head in the sand. The most important thing is to get out there and put myself on the line, and to get out if I feel myself floundering. But if he wants to sit around and exchange some ideas, I won't turn down the chance. If

I don't think it'll work, I'll say so. I've already been playing tunes like *Pinocchio* and *Nefertiti* with Tom McKinley, and maybe we'll play some at Sanders Theater at Harvard. It's really nice to be around musicians, like Wayne, who have a positive feeling for music and the reasons why they're making it. The things he played with Weather Report—spacious, refreshing, like he just thought of them, not just endless arpeggios and licks. He has an unaggressive, loving way about music."

Stoltzman has been getting around with lots of the jazz crowd; following his Tokyo gig with Corea, he's slated for a number of encounters with the Woody Herman Big Band. At Woody's 50th Anniversary Concert at the Hollywood Bowl, Stoltzman had quite a set; around the centerpiece of the *Ebony Concerto* of Stravinsky (composed in 1945 for Woody's big band), Stoltzman dueted with one of the two harps on Debussy's *The Maid With Flaxen Hair* as an opener, then played Stravinsky's *Solo Clarinet Pieces*. Afterwards, he jammed fours with Woody on *Greasy Back Blues*, then Copland's *Fanfare For The Common Man*.

Begin Sweet World is his first foray on disc into pop; it's a dreamy, soft-core outing, with great tunes by Bach, Fauré, keyboardmen Jeremy Wall and Bill Douglas, and Monk's *Blue Monk*, paired with *Abide With Me*. Stoltzman's pure, placid tone and easy phrasing keep it together. The new album and another in the making, both with Eddie Gomez and keyboarders Wall and Douglas, are aimed at expanded audiences, à la the Marsalises in reverse. When asked how this fits into his musical worldview, Stoltzman gives a characteristically straightforward, unapologetic, musically comprehensive viewpoint: "I like the sound I'm making on the instrument. What these albums are about are the sound of the clarinet in different contexts. There are no Brahms sonatas on them; these albums are not conceived to have one work per side, but the pieces are short and more varied. It's fun for me, and I can use synthesizer and Eddie Gomez again, and also percussion.

"The new one [out in October] will have Steve Reich's piece for 11 clarinets (me overdubbed) called *New York Counterpoint*. I perform it with tape. There'll be some Charles Ives songs that Richard Goode has led me to, an Ornette Coleman blues tune—a cross-section of American music that I can relate to, feel convinced about, and can contribute to. There's no point in my playing music that somebody else can play better." db



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AUDITIONS

down beat spotlights young musicians deserving wider recognition.



MIKE FILICE, 18-year-old alto saxophonist from Hamilton, Canada, has enjoyed remarkable success as a young jazzman, especially considering that he has been playing sax for only four years. At the 1986 Canadian Stage Band Festival, he was a member of the Hamilton All-Star Jazz Band, which took first prize in its division, was selected first-chair alto in the Senior All-Star Band, was awarded a scholarship to the Berklee College of Music, and most importantly, was named the festival's Rising Star (besting some 8,000 students for the honor).

Under teachers Nick Alfano, Stan Simcoe, and Ken Lamanes, Filice performs with a number of bebop, dance, latin, and rock bands, as well as a saxophone quartet that won first-class honors in the 1985 Kiwanis Music Festival. The Cathedral High School graduate is currently studying sax and flute at Mohawk College in Hamilton, and hopes eventually to earn a Performance degree from Berklee before beginning work as a musician and teacher. Filice compares his high-energy playing style that of David Sanborn, Gato Barbieri, and John Klemmer, other influences include Charlie Parker, John Coltrane, Michael Brecker, Chick Corea, Thelonious Monk, Pat Metheny, and Steve Gadd.



MARK WATSON, 18-year-old guitarist/singer/songwriter, was a 1985 honors graduate of Home-wood-Flossmoor High School in Chicago's south suburbs, where

he was a section leader in the school's Viking Choir, participated in the quartet and ensemble, and received four Division I standings in state solo and ensemble contests. He's currently devoting his efforts toward his rock band, Pursuit, whose performance of all-original music won them the Roselle Midwest Talent Search. Pursuit has more than two albums' worth of original music readied for recording, and recorded an EP released last January.

Watson's music experience also includes being auditioned by musical director/composer Michael Gore and chosen as a featured singer for the movie *Lucas*. He has played for clubs, parties, and musicals since high school. He has had training in classical, jazz, blues, and rock guitar, and considers Randy Rhoades, Gary Richrath, Brad Gillis, Adrian Vandenburg, and Edward Van Halen his major influences.



DARRYL MARTIN, 11-year-old drummer, was exposed to such jazz artists as Junior Mance, Bill Doggett, and Monty Alexander at the age of two weeks by his parents, saxophonist John "Spider" and Beatrice Martin, who took him to jazz clubs in his native Rochester, NY. He made his drumming debut at the Key Club in Newark, NJ, at age three, and shortly thereafter spent a year being tutored by Philly Joe Jones. He began academic music training at six, and has performed with his father's N.B.S. Jazz recording group since seven. Other credits include performances with Dizzy Gillespie, Clark Terry, Jimmy Owens, Pepper Adams, Ramsey Lewis, Nat Adderley, Patato Valdez, and Mongo Santamaria, as well as being featured on the University of Miami cable tv show *Something On 17*.

Martin, who has also done endorsements for international toy distributor Kid Stuff, is a fifth grader at Kendale Lakes Elementary School in Miami. He studies percussion with Bill Kreitner, a graduate of the University of Miami.



RICHARD HOLLYDAY, 20-year-old trumpeter and elder brother of saxophonist and past Auditions honoree Christopher Hollyday, is already a prominent figure in the highly competitive New England jazz scene. The Norwood, MA, resident, who attended the Berklee College of Music on the prestigious Lawrence and Alma Berk Scholarship for the Superior Musician, received widespread acclaim for his debut solo album on the Shiah label, *Moment's Notice* (which earned him a four-star review in *db*), backed by Alan Dawson, James Williams, John Lockwood, and Bill Pierce.

Hollyday, who leads his own quartet and quintet at clubs in New England as well as such renowned New York clubs as the Blue Note, earned a McDonald's All-America High School Band and Jazz Band honors and three *db* "deebee" awards while in high school. This past summer, the Hollyday Brothers performed at the Montreal Jazz Festival and began work on a new album.



THOMAS CHAPIN, 29-year-old saxophonist/flutist, spent five years as Music Director of the Lionel Hampton Orchestra after graduating from Rutgers University, where he had studied with jazz arranger Paul Jeffrey, pianist Kenny Barron, and guitarist Ted Dunbar. Chapin began playing and composing music at age 10, studied classical music and jazz at Phillips Academy in Massachusetts, and did undergraduate work at the University of Miami and Hartt College of Music in Connecticut (where he studied with Jackie McLean) before transferring to

Rutgers.

Since leaving Hampton's band, Chapin has been recording and performing solo and with a big band led by Andy Jaffe in Connecticut, working as an accompanist with the Phyllis Lamhut Dance Company, and doing occasional studio work around Manhattan. He is also composing his own music, much of which combines straight-ahead jazz with assorted world musics, among them Brazilian and Middle Eastern music. Chapin's work has been widely praised by critics, among them Bob Blumenthal, who applauded his "quicksilver flute and declarative alto sax" in the *Boston Globe*.



ANTON BARBEAU, 19-year-old singer/keyboardist, has a two-year background at Skip's Music Stairway to Stardom summer music program in Sacramento, CA; in 1983, his second year in the renowned educational program, he won the Best Keyboardist award. Since then, Barbeau has gone on to release two full-length limited-edition cassettes in the past two years, on which he plays keyboards, guitar, and drum machines. His first effort, *More?*, is a 90-minute exploration of avant garde and pop music that ranges from Beatles-era rock to the quirkiness of Fred Frith, with an ironic nod toward popular music in general.

The more advanced *Big Band Theory* was released last spring; song structures and recording quality have improved because of Barbeau's increasing expertise with his four-track cassette recorder. Barbeau's chief collaborator on the Big Band Theory project, incidentally, is guitarist Stephen Green, also a graduate of the Stairway to Stardom summer music program. **db**

Young musicians wishing to be considered for Auditions should send a black & white photograph and a one-page typewritten biography to **down beat**, Auditions, 222 W. Adams St., Chicago, IL 60606.

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