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down beat

For Contemporary Musicians

Chick Corea

ELEKTIC AGAIN!

Dizzy Gillespie

TRUMPET AMBASSADOR
PART 2

Third World

REGGAE VISION

Robert Quine

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Chick Corea
Solo
Transcription

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Chick Corea

FRAN VOGEL



Dizzy Gillespie

STEVEN LASCHER



Third World

EBET ROBERTS



Robert Quine

MARCIA RESNICK

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EDITOR
Art Lange

ASSOCIATE EDITOR
Bill Beutler

EDUCATION EDITOR
Dr. William L. Fowler

ART DIRECTOR
Christopher Garland

PRODUCTION MANAGER
Gloria Baldwin

CONTROLLER
Gary W. Edwards

PUBLISHER
Maher Publications

PRESIDENT
Jack Maher

RECORD REVIEWERS: Alan Axelrod, Jon Balleras, Larry Birnbaum, Fred Bouchard, Owen Cordle, John Diliberto, J. B. Figi, Elaine Guregian, Frank-John Hadley, Peter Kostakis, John Litweiler, Howard Mandel, Terry Martin, John McDonough, Bill Milkowski, Jim Roberts, Ben Sandmel, Bill Shoemaker, Jack Sohmer, Ron Welburn, Pete Welding, Kevin Whitehead.

* * *

CONTRIBUTORS: Jon Balleras, Larry Birnbaum, Bob Blumenthal, Michael Bourne, Tom Copi, Lauren Deutsch, John Diliberto, Leonard Feather, Andy Freeberg, Howard Mandel, John McDonough, Bill Milkowski, Paul Natkin, Herb Nolan, Bob O'Donnell, Don Palmer, Gene Santoro, Mitchell Seidel, Pete Welding.

* * *

CORRESPONDENTS: Albany, NY, Georgia Urban; Atlanta, Dorothy Pearce; Austin, Michael Point; Baltimore, Fred Douglass; Boston, Fred Bouchard; Chicago, Jim DeJong; Cincinnati, Bob Nave; Cleveland, C. A. Colombi; Detroit, David Wild; Kansas City, Carol Comer; Las Vegas, Brian Sanders; Los Angeles, Zan Stewart; Minneapolis, Mary Snyder; Nashville, Phil Towne; New Orleans, Joel Simpson; New York, Jeff Levenson; Philadelphia, Russell Woessner; Phoenix, Robert Henschen; Pittsburgh, David J. Fabilli; Seattle, Joseph R. Murphy; Toronto, Mark Miller; Vancouver, Vern Montgomery; Washington, DC, W. A. Brower; Australia, Eric Myers; Brazil, Christopher Pickard; Finland, Roger Freundlich; Germany, Joachim-Ernst Berendt; Great Britain, Brian Priestley; India, Vinod Advani; Italy, Ruggero Stassi; Jamaica, Maureen Sheridan; Japan, Shoichi Yui; Netherlands, Jaap Ludeke; Norway, Randi Hultin; Poland, Charles Gans; Senegambia, Oko Draime; Sweden, Lars Lystedt.

EDITORIAL/ADVERTISING
PRODUCTION OFFICE:

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180 West Park Ave.
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John Maher, Sales Manager
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East: Bob Olesen
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THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE

COLUMBIA ARTISTS TOP READERS' POLL...AGAIN

TRUMPET

1 **WYNTON MARSALIS**
(4TH STRAIGHT YEAR)

2 **MILES DAVIS**

SOPRANO SAX

1 **WAYNE SHORTER**

2 **BRANFORD MARSALIS**

SYNTHESIZER

1 **JOE ZAWINUL**

3 **HERBIE HANCOCK**

ELECTRIC JAZZ GROUP

1 **MILES DAVIS BAND**

3 **WEATHER REPORT**

ELECTRIC PIANO

2 **HERBIE HANCOCK**

3 **JOE ZAWINUL**

JAZZ MUSICIAN OF THE YEAR

1 **WYNTON MARSALIS**
(4TH STRAIGHT YEAR)

2 **MILES DAVIS**

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I attended the fourth annual Jazz Times Convention in New York City a few weeks ago. This four-day confab is one of the few places—possibly the only one—where radio programmers and djs, record company executives, booking agents, club owners, personal managers, musicians, and writers can be found rubbing elbows (and bending them a bit). And I was curious to see (and hear) what these insiders felt was the state of the jazz industry today.

I'm not sure I got as much out of the convention as I had hoped for, though it was certainly a worthwhile experience. As at any convention, real results seldom surface at the panel discussions; the down-to-earth problems and potential solutions are often worked out one-on-one. In this regard, organizer Ira Sabin did a good job in getting the various industry factions together so they could hammer out concrete details, while the panels—though staffed with experts and

offering provocative topics—at times seemed to take the easy way out, failing to address a number of important issues head-on, even when confronted by concerned (and occasionally angry) individuals. More on that later.

Dr. Billy Taylor set an upbeat but cautious tone in his keynote address; warning against complacency and a willingness to accept a limited public awareness of jazz, he suggested that everyone involved in the making and marketing of jazz question first their own motives and goals, and then work to expand the music's visibility and effectiveness—citing such slow-to-change concerns as radio and tv exposure, conditions and fees for working musicians, education and campus activity as areas for improvement.

The first major panel, entitled "Straight Talk Session," was a fine idea in theory—putting representatives from the Musicians Union, National Endowment for the Arts, the Associated Booking Corporation, and two of the largest record companies, one directly concerned with jazz (Blue Note) and the other only peripherally concerned (Columbia), on the firing line—but the session slowly turned sour and regressed into a parade of musicians asking Bruce Lundvall and George Butler how to get record contracts. Though genial throughout, the executive pair did communicate how difficult it is to be signed—and sold—these days.

This sense of pessimism was extended into "Ways Toward More Effective Record Distribution"—which discussed no such topic. This was the most heated session I attended, as many genuinely bitter musicians claimed that, as independent record company owners, it was nearly impossible to get their albums picked up by distributors and placed in record stores in the first place, and then they weren't getting paid by the distributors. They received no solace—nor workable solutions—from the distributors, who lamented their own financial problems, the limited shelf space and lack of interest of store owners, and the general hopelessness of the situation. Such a panel served only to feed everyone's frustration; if the regular avenues have proven unsuccessful, why was there no pooling of information to try and come up with a new, innovative answer to the problems of record distribution?

There were some naysayers on other panels as well, but fortunately there seemed to be enough optimism and positive input to keep them in the minor

CONTINUED ON PAGE 59

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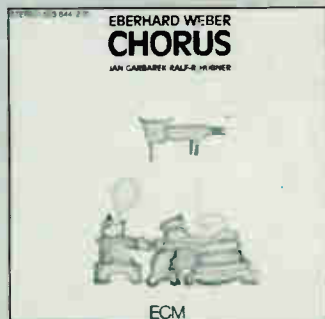
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ECM 1283

PAUL MOTIAN TRIO *It should've happened a long time ago*

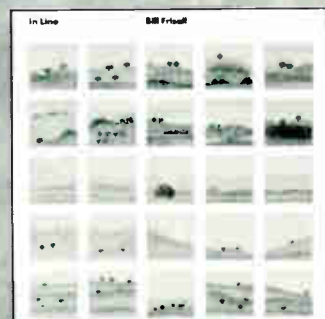
It should've happened a long time ago emphasizes the originality of drummer/group leader Paul Motian's compositional approach. Sensitive group interaction with trio members Bill Frisell (guitar, guitar synthesizer) and Joe Lovano (tenor saxophone).



ECM 1284

DAVID TORN *Best Laid Plans*

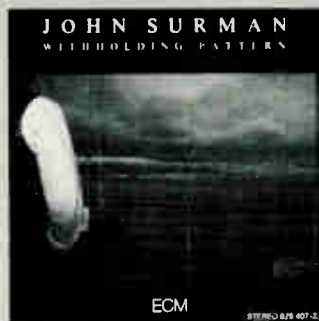
In his first solo effort, guitarist David Torn creates modern soundscapes with his singular musical conception and innovative technique. Joined by percussionist Geoffrey Gordon on *Best Laid Plans*, Torn offers music that is inspired by a number of contemporary styles and displays the sheer joy of playing.



ECM 1241

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ECM 1295

JOHN SURMAN *Withholding Pattern*

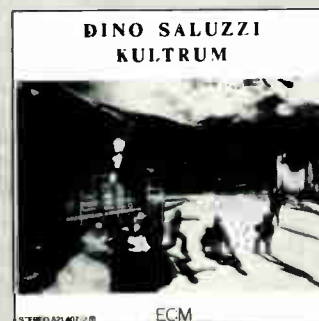
British multi-instrumentalist and composer John Surman presents an intricately layered and beautiful work, *Withholding Pattern*. Surman's extensive use of overdubbing allows the synthesizer and piano to provide a foundation for his passionate reed forays on soprano and baritone saxophones and bass clarinet.



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Praising Harris

Thanks to Michael Bourne for writing the fine article on pianist Barry Harris (Sept. '85). I found it a very uplifting and inspiring account of the activities of one of the most dedicated jazz pianists and educators in the country today.

It is fortunate that there are musicians like Mr. Harris who have the integrity and perseverance to see that jazz is kept alive and performed in this country. The article on his activities at the Jazz Cultural Center is very accurate in depicting his dedication to jazz education. It takes a great deal of courage and commitment to start a music school without funding from an outside source. Barry Harris has seen a need in our society for a school that will offer a chance for children and young adults to learn about jazz and hear it performed by masters of the art. I think we owe a lot to Mr. Harris for what he is doing to educate the public about jazz music. I hope he will receive the money he needs to fund his school so he can continue to offer this valuable service to society.

Thank you again for this inspiring article. I hope Mr. Bourne will continue to write about the activities of the masters of jazz music, and that **down beat** will continue to cover and support acoustic jazz.

Douglas Switzer

Fairfield, IA

Fan seeks back issue

As a new listener to jazz and popular music, I would like to commend you on your excellent magazine. The open format of **down beat** fosters a widening of interest in the reader, because your writers seem to draw thin lines between different forms of music. This unsnob-bish attitude has allowed me to expose myself to the diverse forms of jazz and to dabble in bits and pieces of rock & roll. I find **down beat's** record reviews and other monthly columns informative, inspiring, and fairly accessible to layman readers like myself. It would indeed seem that your magazine is a valuable asset to all types of music lovers, whether they be professionals, amateurs, or average listeners.

Now a question. Sometime in the spring of 1984, you ran an interview with Stewart Copeland, the drummer for the Police. I enjoyed the interview thoroughly because Charles Doherty carried on a serious music conversation with Mr. Copeland. It was a pleasant break from the other, so-called music publications, which love to dwell upon such questions as, "How do you deal with groupies?" That kind of frivolity underscores the merits of some of rock music. Unfortunately, I have misplaced the issue containing that interview and long for a copy to share with friends. Is it possible to purchase back issues?

Sean Norton

Reston, VA

Back issues can be purchased for \$2.50 from our business office, 180 W. Park, Elmhurst, IL 60126, provided we have the requested issue in stock. The Copeland interview was in May '84.

—Ed.

Address assistance

In your Nov. '85 issue there was a review of Allan Holdsworth's book, *Reaching For The Uncommon Chord*, published by 21st Century Music. Unfortunately, none of the stores in my area are familiar with that publishing company. Could you please supply me with an address?

Robert Duncan

Denton, TX

The company's address is PO Box 1816, Wayne, NJ 07470.

—Ed.

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Required reading

Your July '85 issue should be required reading for anyone even remotely concerned with the past, present, and future of jazz. Most revealing was the Henry Threadgill interview in contrast with the Kenny Kirkland profile. Both wanted to learn to play all kinds of music. The similarity ends there. At 41, Threadgill says his bop playing was ridiculed, but that he didn't play like Charlie Parker because Bird lived through a different social period.

Mr. Kirkland, at 28, must have lived through the Bird social period because he plays anything and everything—and nobody seems to walk off the stand when he personalizes his Barron, Hancock, Kelly, Bud, Monk, Hawes, Evans, and other influences.

Then there was the fine Ad Lib segment debating the pros and cons of jazz reissues. And John Litweiler's review of Gary Giddin's new book, with Mr. Litweiler disputing Giddin's position on the present "renaissance". And there was so much more . . .

This is the kind of stuff that does more

than simply reinforce personal tastes and prejudices. It provides in-depth insights into our favorite subject. My thanks.

Norman Meranus Herkimer, NY

Ferguson follies

As a former avid Maynard Ferguson fan, I decided to attend a recent Toronto concert of the band in the 1,000 capacity Sheraton Centre Ballroom. The attendance that night was barely 100. The band sounded like Led Zeppelin with horns—originality practically nil, compromise practically 100 percent.

The big giveaway as to the content of the show was the massive drum set, increased rhythm section, and the decreased horn section. It demonstrated the old adage, "When you run out of ideas crank up the volume." By contrast, several weeks later the Count Basie Band under Thad Jones played a one-nighter at the Fulton Street Fishery—capacity 250, but attendance that night was 700. The reason for the good attendance was that the band is original, has a sense of humor, is stocked with superior musicians, and does not have contempt for the audience. And above all is consistent, as are the Buddy Rich Band, Toshiko Akiyoshi, Sun Ra, Frank Foster's Loud Minority, Vienna Art Orchestra, etc.

I am afraid the Ferguson Follies have become the Ferguson Fallow.

Peter Mautner Toronto

Shoulda seen the picture

As a composer who makes a living matching music with pictures, I would like to say something about the review of Mark Isham's *Film Music* (db, August '85). It is unfortunate that Jim Roberts has not seen the movie *Never Cry Wolf*. I believe that music for film is not meant to stand on its own; it exists as part of a whole along with the visual and sound effects.

Perhaps the score for *Never Cry Wolf* is bland to the ears of your reviewer. Maybe it is not a great piece of music on its own. But I believe it to be one of the most exquisite combinations of music and picture that I have ever seen/heard. I guess that the point I am trying to make is that to review a piece of film music without seeing the movie it was written for is not fair to the composer or your readers.

Doug Wilde Toronto, Canada

If a soundtrack is released as an album, then I think it's fair to evaluate it as an independent piece of music. It has to stand on its own without visual images to support it, and I was

disappointed in Isham's music in that regard.

—jim roberts

American classic

A great article on Chet Atkins (db, Aug. '85)! Can you tell me his address? He is an American classic for sure.

Jack Kellam Danville, KY

Chet can be written c/o Susan Hackney Associates, 7 Music Circle North, Nashville, TN 37203.

—Ed.

Farm Aid

I have been informed that you have kindly agreed to run two full-page ads for the benefit of Farm Aid in *down beat* magazine. I wanted to write to you personally and thank you in advance on behalf of Farm Aid and our nation's farmers. Your generosity is greatly appreciated and will always be remembered.

Willie Nelson

Austin, TX

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X debuts in Philly

PHILADELPHIA—The first completely staged full-length production of *X*, an opera based on the life of Malcolm X, was presented by the American Music Theater Festival at the Walnut Street Theater recently. Composer (and jazz pianist) Anthony Davis scored the work, with the book written by his brother, Christopher, and the libretto done by their cousin, poet and playwright Thulani Davis. The New York City Opera will stage the official world premiere in September 1986 at the New York State Theater.

Anthony Davis describes *X* as "a narrative poem about Malcolm and Malcolm's life." The opera was commissioned by the Kitchen, the experimental arts performance

center in New York, with funds from the Opera Musical Theater program of the National Endowment for the Arts. Last year, the American Music Theater Festival staged excerpts from *X* at the Trocadero Theater in Philadelphia.

X follows Malcolm's life from his childhood and young adulthood as a numbers runner and dope pusher, through his conversion to Islam and his break with Black Muslim leader Elijah Muhammad, and up to his assassination in 1965. Davis says that he wrote the score as "ensemble music for different groupings of singers—as opposed to a succession of arias." The music resembles Davis' ensemble writing on such albums as *Hemispheres* and *Episteme*, in-

corporating elements of the repetitive rhythms of minimalism and Southeast Asian music. In Philadelphia, the score was performed by Davis' group, Episteme, augmented by 26 members of the Concerto Soloists.

Davis also uses the Afro-American tradition. He explains, "In the second scene, I drew more from the Black music tradition because it deals with Malcolm's introduction to streetlife in Boston. So I drew from Ellington and Cab Calloway, the 40's music, and incorporated it into the piece." Overall he considers *X* to be "my most mature work to date."

Davis says that he hopes that "this piece has a real broad appeal to people. There is a lot in it for people. I put a lot of myself into the music. I think it deals with real

issues. If you look at politics in the '80's and Jesse Jackson, if you look at the whole political scene now, I think it's been shaped in a fundamental way by Malcolm X. The music should address itself to that. There is always a political side to the message of music. As a musician today, I feel obligated to address myself to certain issues. I think the opera will challenge people to think about Malcolm, and think about today too. I think this piece really deals with racism, because it was part of the issue of Malcolm's life and what he worked for. One reason I chose to do a piece about Malcolm is that I've always admired him. I want to do justice to the material. It's important to me that it have the power and the impact that the man's life had."

—russell woessner

POTPOURRI

Top of the line: **db** contributor (and former associate editor) **Howard Mandel** has won the prestigious ASCAP/Deems Taylor Award for general excellence in writing on the subject of music. Other winners in the magazine category include Teisco Del Rey (*Guitar Player*), Dick Hyman (*Keyboard*), Barbara Jepson (*New York Times* and the *Wall Street Journal*), Kathy Kemp (*Birmingham Post Herald*), Roxane Orgill (*Bergen Record*), Tim Page (*New York Times*), and William Penn (*Library Journal*) . . . hall additions: **Bessie Smith** and **Benny Goodman** have been inducted into the National Jazz Hall of Fame; selected by an advisory board including **db** contributor Leonard Feather and Chick Corea, the two join previous inductees Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington, Art Tatum, and Charlie Parker . . . jazz commissions: **Jay McShann** and **John Carter** presented the first two of a series of compositions being commissioned by New Jazz At The Public in New York City; McShann was joined by Grover Mitchell, Hamiet Bluiett, and Teo Macero, among others, while Carter was backed by David Murray, Bobby Bradford, Richard Davis, Andrew Cyrille, and others on his 90-minute suite, *The Castles Of Ghana* . . . Stevie sued: **Stevie Wonder** has been charged in a \$10 million lawsuit with stealing the Oscar-winning song *I Just Called To Say I Love You*; Lee Garrett and Lloyd Chiate claim they wrote the song in 1978 while staying with Wonder in a Hollywood hotel, and Broadcast Mu-

sic Inc. confirms that the pair had registered the song in 1979 . . . master teacher: tenor saxophonist **Joe Henderson** was this fall's Artist-in-Residence at Long Island University's Brooklyn campus; Henderson conducted a pair of master sessions as part of the school's Jazz Plus bachelors degree program . . . **Playboy** find: **Playboy Enterprises** recently discovered over 19 hours of live jazz recorded at the 1959 Playboy Jazz Festival at Chicago Stadium, where Count Basie, Miles Davis, Dizzy Gillespie, Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington, Sonny Rollins, Oscar Peterson, Dave Brubeck, Coleman Hawkins, and Ella Fitzgerald were among the many all-star performers, with Mort Sahl acting as emcee; the company is looking into the possibility of releasing a series of classic recordings from the '59 fest. Meanwhile, **Playboy** has announced that **Bill Cosby** will be hosting his sixth Playboy Jazz Festival this year in Los Angeles; last year's L.A. fest drew 35,800 jazz enthusiasts, their most ever . . . BMI Awards: **BMI** will award \$15,000 to composers under 26 years old as of 12/31/85 as part of the 34th annual BMI Awards to Student Composers competition; those wishing to enter should contact the awards director at 320 W. 57th St., New York, NY 10019 before the event's 2/18 deadline . . . Gomez concerto: bassist **Eddie Gomez** will be the soloist in a chamber concerto written for him by William Thomas McKinley; the concerto will be performed by the new mu-

sic group Omega, which commissioned it, at Carnegie Recital Hall in NYC, 2/24, and at Westerly (RI) Arts Center, 4/2 . . . NAJE lineup: the **National Association of Jazz Educators** has announced some of the artists who will attend NAJE's 13th annual convention this month in Los Angeles; among those named are Louie Bellson, Richie Cole, Jon Faddis, Joyce Collins, Bill Watrous, Tito Puente, Bob Florence's Limited Edition, Maynard Ferguson, and the Tonight Show Band with Doc Severinsen . . . Roland donation: **RolandCorp US** has donated microcomputer-based music equipment to nearly 500 school districts in the U.S.; totaling over a half-million dollars worth of equipment, the CMU-800 CompuMusic Systems work in conjunction with Apple II computers, which are already in use in many existing music education programs . . . new music: the New York State **New Music Network** brought minifestivals to Albany, Buffalo, Ithaca, Rochester, and the Hudson Valley this year; among those performing at the various locations were the Art Ensemble of Chicago, Cecil Taylor, Jane Ira Bloom/3-D Sax, and others . . . UNFC benefit: an all-star gathering of jazzers recently held a benefit concert for the **United Negro College Fund** at New York's Beacon Theatre; among those performing together for the first time were Jimmy Smith, Milt Jackson, Kenny Burrell, Jon Faddis, Grady Tate, Kenny Washington, Frank Foster, Monty Alexander, Bob Cranshaw, and Gloria Lynsee with the Earl May Trio . . . bravo: **Jazz Counterpoint**, an original half-hour series produced

by Bravo cable service featuring jazz performances and chats between host Billy Taylor and guests, has been nominated for an ACE Award in the Music Series category; the series is taped on location around the country, and has featured Ramsey Lewis, Teddy Wilson, Dick Hyman, Les McCann, John Lewis, Monty Alexander, and Ellis Marsalis . . . jazz clubs: the **Jazz Club of Sarasota** is producing an antidrug campaign with the slogan "Only a fool thinks drugs are cool," with trumpeter Warren Vaché Jr. delivering the message backed by pianist Derek Smith, bassist Milt Hinton, and drummer Mousey Alexander in a 30-second tv jam session; the 75-year-old Hinton, incidentally, was recently honored with a bronze bust by Frank Eliscu (designer of football's Heisman trophy) as a representative of all "sidemen" at the fifth annual Sarasota Hall of Fame Jazz Festival. On the West Coast, a group of 30 jazz fans gathered at the home of singer Tudy Huddings to kick off LA's **Jazz Buff Social Club**; the group laid plans for future meetings while spinning records by Miles Davis, John Coltrane, and Bob Florence before departing en masse to the nearby club Donte's for an evening of live music from Conte Candoli . . . jazz map: the New Orleans Jazz Club's Official **Jazz Map Of New Orleans**, by Dr. Karl Koenig, includes the location of over 800 of the city's historic jazz landmarks, including clubs and famous artists' residences; the 30-page booklet sells for \$7.50 and is available through Dr. Koenig, 3121 Cleary, Apt. 13, Metairie, LA 70002, (504) 888-3699 . . .

down beat creates International Award

VANCOUVER—down beat is inviting school stage bands from around the world to compete in the newly created down beat International Award competition, which is being held in conjunction with the 14th Canadian Stage Band Festival, Celebration '86, at the 1986 World Exposition in Vancouver May 13-19. Participating bands will be vying for gold, silver, or bronze International Awards, and each band will have at least one opportunity to perform at one of the 14 stages scattered throughout the Expo grounds.

The International Award will divide entrants into three categories—junior high, high school, and college. Each band will be judged against a predetermined standard, rather than against one another, which means that a half-dozen or more gold medals could be awarded for any of the categories.

One gold medal winner from each category will then be chosen as the top stage band from that category.

down beat representative John Maher says that the festival offers students several exciting benefits. "Aside from the competition, which will be strong, the festival gives music students the opportunity to perform in front of live Expo crowds, and more importantly, to mingle and exchange ideas with other music students from around the world."

The \$54-per-student registration fee also entitles participants to a five-day pass to Expo '86 and access to over 30 hours of clinics and workshops. Bands interested in signing up for the International Award competition should contact John Maher at the down beat business office, 180 W. Park, Elmhurst, IL 60126, (312) 941-2030.

BOOK BEAT

Dave Marsh, critic for *Creem*, *Rolling Stone*, *Playboy* and other publications, pays tribute to Elvis Presley, Marvin Gaye, and Bruce Springsteen, and chops up rock icons Mick Jagger and Linda Ronstadt in **Fortunate Son**, a best-of collection of Marsh's 15 years of rock criticism. The 337-page book, published by Random House, sells for \$9.95 as an oversized paperback.

Piet Koster, known for his four-volume Charlie Parker Discography compiled with Dick M. Baker, has published the first of a projected four-volume discography on **Dizzy Gillespie**. Volume One, covering 1937-53, can be ordered from Micrography Nieuwezijds Voorburgwal 51-53, 1012 RD Amsterdam, The Netherlands, for \$6 in bank notes.

Keith Jarrett, Mick Jagger, Linda Ronstadt, and Willie Nelson are a few of the 1,000-plus new biographies in the seventh edition of **Baker's Biographical Dictionary Of Musicians** (Schirmer Books, Div. of Macmillan Inc., 866 Third Avenue, NYC 10022). The 2,577-page dictionary, written by Nicolas Slonimsky, sells for \$95.

"The best guide I know of to estab-

lishing a career in the music industry" is what Lionel Richie calls **This Business Of Music**, recently issued in a revised and enlarged edition by Billboard Books (Div. of Watson-Guipill Publications, 1515 Broadway, NYC 10036). The fifth edition of the music business guide includes new information on the ramifications of the 1976 copyright laws and covers the emergence of video on the music scene. The 672-page book was written by Sidney Shemel, former general counsel and head of business affairs for United Artists Music Company, and M. William Krasilovsky, partner in the law firm of Feinman and Krasilovsky. It sells for \$19.95.

A.B. Spellman's classic **Four Lives In The Bebop Business** has been reissued by Limelight Editions (118 E. 30th St., NYC 10016). A perceptive and revealing study of the successes and failures confronting four talented musicians (Cecil Taylor, Ornette Coleman, Jackie McLean, and Herbie Nichols), the 240-page paperback includes a new introduction by the author, and sells for \$8.95.

Rocker Pete Townshend's autobiography, **Horse's Neck**, offers a summing up of the guitarist's life and work, from childhood through his success as the creative force driving The Who. The book's avail-

able through Houghton Mifflin, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., NYC 10017, and sells for \$12.95.

A special edition of the German magazine **Jazz** covers the Japanese jazz scene with articles on such practitioners as Tiger Okoshi, Yosuke Yamashita, Toshiko Akiyoshi, Kazumi Watanabe, Terumasa Hino, and others, with text in German and English, photos, and more. The oversized (11 x 16) o&w mag sells for \$6, and is available in the U.S. from NMDS, 500 Broadway, NYC 10012.

Other offerings include **David Bowie and Billy Joel: From Hicksville To Hitsville**, 48-page paperbacks from Cherry Lane Books (110 Midland Ave., PO Box 430, Port Chester, NY 10573) selling for \$4.95 each, **Rock 'N' Roll Babylon, The Beach Boys, and Julian Lennon** from Running Press (125 S. 22nd St., Philadelphia, PA 19103), which range in price from \$4.95 to \$7.98; **The Billboard Book Of Top 40 Hits**, \$14.95 from Watson-Guipill Publications (1515 Broadway, NYC 10036); and **Amusing Arrangements**, the third volume of Notable Quotes from Leigh Rubin (14447 Titus St., Panorama City, CA 91402), in which characters shaped like music notes trade quips.



SHANK SHOP: Milt Jackson, Ray Brown, Cedar Walton, Mickey Roker, Bill Watrous, George Cables, Bobby Shew, Howard Roberts, and Jeff Hamilton were among the instructors on hand for this year's annual Bud Shank Jazz Workshop in Port Townsend, WA. Shank is pictured above left with star students Bruce Babad and bassist Ben Wolf.



MUSIC TO THE MAX: This month marks the beginning of Max Gordon's 51st year of presenting music at New York's famed Village Vanguard, the longest running jazz club in the world.



ROCKSCHOOL: Herbie Hancock hosts Rockschoool, an eight-part music education series teaching the technique, theory, and craft of today's music. Produced by the BBC and presented nationally on public tv by WNET/New York, each half-hour program concentrates on the interaction of guitar, bass, and drums in a rock band, and features studio demonstrations, interviews, and concert sequences with the likes of B. B. King, John Entwistle, Nile Rodgers, Duran Duran's John Taylor, and the Police.



MARK MILLER

VOICES: Cecil Taylor (right) discusses the particulars of his orchestral music with students at the Banff Jazz Workshop, prior to a concert at the southern Alberta fine arts center in the Canadian Rockies. Twenty-two students, representing about half the workshop's Canadian, American, and European membership, participated in the concert, which included the performance of *Voices* (Cun un ur an) and a solo piano suite, both designed on themes reflecting Taylor's (maternal) Indian ancestry. The pianist was in Banff for six days of the workshop's four weeks; other instructors included David Holland (artistic director), Dave Liebman, Kenny Wheeler, Don Thompson, Jay Clayton, John Abercrombie, Steve Coleman, Julian Priester, and Marvin "Smitty" Smith.



PLUG IN: Berklee College of Music's new advanced synthesis facilities, designed to support its Music Synthesis major, were recently unveiled at a Kurzweil Music Systems-sponsored press tour. The student pictured above is working at one of six identical stations within the new lab, each of which contains Kurzweil, Yamaha, and Oberheim synthesizers as well as a Macintosh personal computer. Berklee's commitment to remaining on the cutting edge of technology will not interfere with its concern for teaching music, according to Synthesis Department chairman David Mash, because "we consider these synthesizers to be musical instruments, not just sound-creating devices, and as such, we're teaching the students to use them to make music."

FINAL BAR

Nelson Riddle, Oscar-winning composer/arranger famed for his work with Frank Sinatra and Linda Ronstadt and for his *Theme For Route 66*, died Oct. 6 at age 64 in Los Angeles. Riddle, who made a comeback in the last two years with Ronstadt on her *What's New?* and *Lush Life* albums, won an Oscar in 1975 for music adaptation for the score of *The Great Gatsby* and a 1958 Grammy for *Cross-Country Suite*. His greatest fame, however, came from his work with Sinatra on records and tv, where he provided the music for *The Frank Sinatra Show* in the '50s.

John H. Hunt, db Buffalo correspondent and a major figure in the revitalization of that city's jazz scene as music director of WBFO-FM, died after a long battle with cancer at age 33 on Sept. 21. In 1977 Hunt originated National Public Radio's *Downtown Jazz* series, a presentation of live performances by the likes of Earl Hines, Milt Jackson, Kenny Burrell, and Phil Woods that helped inspire the NPR's subsequent *Jazz Alive!* He also provided a valuable documentary on Eubie Blake for NPR's *Options* shortly before Blake's death, and he helped forge a

working relationship between broadcasters and the National Association of Jazz Educators.

Lloyd Glenn, known for his piano work with Big Joe Turner, T-Bone Walker, and Lowell Fulson, died May 28 at age 76. Influenced by Professor Longhair, Glenn recorded his own records for the Downbeat and Aladdin labels in the early '50s, including the hits *Old Time Shuffler* and *Chick-a-Boo*. His latest release, *Blue Ivorys* (Stockholm Records), combines previously unreleased recent material with vintage sides Glenn appeared last year at the New Orleans Jazz Festival.

Blind John Davis, renowned blues pianist, died Oct. 12 at age 72 in Chicago. Davis played on the Ray Charles hit *Born To Lose* and on hundreds of recordings with such blues artists as Tampa Red, Big Bill Broonzy, Memphis Minnie, Washboard Sam, Sonny Boy Williamson, and Lonnie Johnson. Davis got his start playing at a string of speakeasies run by his father in Chicago during Prohibition. His most recent recording under his own name is *You Better Cut That Out* (Red Beans Records).

Johnny Marks, noted songwriter whose most famous hit, *Rudolph The Red-Nosed Reindeer*, has been recorded more than 500 times and has sold over 12.5 million copies, and a board member of ASCAP, died Sep. 3 in New York after a long illness at age 75. Besides *Rudolph*, which was first recorded by Gene Autry in 1949, Marks penned over 900 songs in a career stretching back to 1935. Among his seasonal hits were *I Heard The Bells On Christmas Day* (Bing Crosby), *Rockin' Around The Christmas Tree* (Brenda Lee), and *A Holly Jolly Christmas* (Burl Ives). Other Marks' hits include *Smokey The Bear* and *Everything I've Always Wanted*, a country chart-topper by Porter Wagoner.

Joseph Hutchinson, founder of the popular '70s r&b group the Emotions, died Sep. 1, 1985 in Chicago of bone cancer at age 54. The Emotions' '77 platinum LP *Rejoice* featured their biggest hit single, *Best Of My Love*.

David (Buckwheat) Morris Wheat, guitarist, bassist, and composer died July 15 of a heart attack in Los Angeles at age 63. He co-wrote the song *Better Than Anything* (recorded by Irene Kral,

Al Jarreau, and others) and for many years performed with the Kingston Trio. As a teacher, he was a proponent of the George Russell Lydian Concept, which he taught to guitarist Jimmy Wyble and Ivan Neville of the Neville Brothers. He and partner Bill Loughborough invented the Boo-Bams and Log Drums used on albums by Gil Evans and George Russell.

Rudi Blesh, jazz critic and historian, died of a stroke August 25 in Gilmanton, NH. He was 86. Blesh was the author of the books *They All Played Ragtime* and *Shining Trumpets*, the latter a study of New Orleans jazz.

John Norval (Norvy) Mulligan, well-known dixieland bandleader in the '20s and '30s at Minneapolis/St. Paul dance halls, died July 28 at age 81.

Cedric Wallace, bassist and retired Sergeant of Arms Officer of New York's Local 802 Musicians Union, died August 19 of a cerebral hemorrhage he suffered three days earlier. He was 80. Wallace played in Fats Waller's band from 1934-43, and he later formed the Cedric Wallace Trio, featuring pianist Garland Wilson and guitarist Jerome Darr.



CHUCK STEWART

JAZZ IMAGES: Writer/director Burrill Crohn (left) is shown on location with trumpeter Wynton Marsalis and pianist Larry Willis during videotaping of *Three Kings*, the first show in Jazz Images Inc.'s History of Jazz series. Jazz Images was formed by Dave Chertok, Jeffrey L. Graubart, and Crohn to "marry the timeless art of jazz with the visual immediacy of film and video." The Marsalis shoot took place at the Versailles Club in Manhattan.



JOSEPH ZINGLER

NEW YORK: Gramavision Records recently took over the main floor of Tower Records' downtown store in Manhattan for a special in-store concert. The performance featured four Gramavision artists: violinists Didier Lockwood and John Blake, bassist Harvie Swartz, and guitarist Kazumi Watanabe. Swartz and Watanabe are pictured improvising above.

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Canadian Music Festivals

Jerry Goodman

PHILADELPHIA—It's been a long time between records for Jerry Goodman, the mercurial violinist who plummeted from the pinnacle of '70s success with the Mahavishnu Orchestra into '80s oblivion. *On The Future Of Aviation* (Private Music 1301, compact disc and cassette only) is his first outing since 1975's *Like Children* with Jan Hammer, recorded after the original Mahavishnu Orchestra dissolved. Rumors flew that he had given up music and was shoveling manure on a Midwestern farm. "No," claims Goodman, "I was living in Los Angeles actually, up until a year ago, in Topanga Canyon, which I guess in a way was hiding out."

During that time, Goodman was trying to write pop songs featuring the violin as a rock instrument. "And not having much luck at that, I might add," says Goodman ruefully. That may be bad news for Goodman, but it's good news for us, because *On The Future Of Aviation* is a compelling recording of music for electric and acoustic string instruments and electronic keyboards.

He wanted to do rock & roll, but in an unusual twist Private Music wanted an instrumental disc. "I almost wish it was my idea to do this stuff. It



LYNN GOLDSMITH

feels so right," Goodman enthuses. "For a long time I was actually trying to stay away from instrumental music because I'd been attacked by the stigma of fusion music. I thought that fusion

had seen its time." *Aviation* is definitely *not* fusion. It's tightly composed with intricate, almost classical arrangements, driven by multi-tracked violins and digital synthesizers. Goodman plays a Fairlight CMI and Yamaha DX-7, and Fred Simon adds additional DX-7 and Oberheim input.

The fiery electric violin that dueted in the air with John McLaughlin and Jan Hammer can still be heard, especially on the title track. Soloing over a Bartok-like string section, Goodman invokes the sonorities of an electric guitarist, but with the arcs and slides of a violin. "I play guitar," says Goodman, "and I also do most of my writing on guitar. I think my soloing style is more guitar-oriented rather than violin. All the bends, vibrato, and harmonics are guitar rip-offs."

As for Mahavishnu Orchestra reunions, Goodman does not share the bitterness expressed by Jan Hammer and, in fact, was a little mystified that McLaughlin didn't tag him for the newest edition of Mahavishnu. "We had talked about it a couple of years ago when he told me he had designs on a new electric group, and he asked if I was available," claims Goodman. "So I was surprised when he didn't call me, but that's John."

Though his rock career has grounded, we can look again for more innovative music from Jerry Goodman. —john diliberto



DONNA PAUL

Rubén Blades

BOSTON—Rubén Blades is in street clothes again, having shed his austere, black, almost priestly garb at a stand-up dance-around full-house finish at the Berklee College of Music's Performance Center. But Blades—Bla-dess to Hispanics, but razor-sharp to others—is still in character offstage: he's a charismatic freedom-

fighter who has pushed his way to the forefront of salsa and now popular music. He is making his point, flashing his winning hazel eyes; he's fighting the good fight as he sips Chilean Cabernet at the Panamanian Consulate's party.

"Let anyone say I have said or sung anything but the truth these past seven years," challenges Blades with his goodnatured but stubbornly dogged shrug. "My contra-intervention themes [the shark who never gets full] are not directed exclusively to the U.S. policy in Latin America, but include the Russians in Afghanistan and the British in Argentina. I didn't make it up—it's history! All I'm saying is, 'Leave us alone!' Now I'm still singing it in my songs, but with English translations and in a movie." Blades refers to *Crossover Dreams*, a low-budget sleeper in which he plays—somewhat autobiographically—a salsa singer who learns the hard way not to use his friends as stepping stones through the sleaze on his rise to the top. Blades sidesteps the syndrome with success, even as his second big seller, *Escenas* (*Scenes*), has been released by Elektra.

Blades' messages to his expanding audiences is to the traditional Panamerican salsa style what *moro* is to white rice: darker, healthy, full of beans and character. He has taken flak from policymakers for his unbridled lyrics dealing with sex and politics, and from traditional musicians for rocking the boat.

Tragicomic minidramas dot his tunes, universal cameo portraits of people in real-life situations. In his hearty, deeply felt expository style, Blades invokes honest responses to verismo tales of pride, fear, love, passion, political indignation. Yet

he is not a terribly serious guy: he likes to joke in his songs, show the lighter side even of tragedy, indulge in a little black (well, gray) humor. And he loves to rap with his mixed audience, loosen them up, coat the pill, explain himself.

His audience, he feels, is a barrio stretching not only from the South Bronx to Tierra del Fuego, but encompassing Afghanistan, Ethiopia, and Cambodia as well. Though his music in the company of his band Los Seis del Solar (*The Street Lot Six*) is not particularly innovative—few memorable melodic lines or overly exciting instrumentation—Blades' poignant stories from street level are hitting the young, aware Hispanic community right in the gut.

Blades "paid his dues on the cuchifrito circuit" with Ray Barretto and the Fania All-Stars and Willie Colon in the '70s, but is not neglecting political enterprises these days, and just earned his Master of Law degree from Harvard. The 37-year old bachelor has no time at present for settling down and marrying—though that would be an ultimate desirable state if he were to run for president of Panama. Blades feels right now too committed to the call of duty—hipping youth to realistic political alternatives. The multi-talented Blades is now turning this musical statecraft in new directions: he's made an anti-apartheid video with Linda Ronstadt, composed the scores for films on Guatemala (*When The Mountains Tremble*) and Venezuela (*Caminos Verdes*), and now he's composing incidental music for The American Repertory Theater's production of Jean Genet's arch-revolutionary classic *The Balcony*—an inflammatory political parable set in war-torn Central America. —fred bouchard

Earle Warren

GENEVA, SWITZERLAND—"I've always liked this city. And when I first came here, things were sort of blooming for jazz. But then they got to playing this old-time dixieland stuff, and I don't do that too much. I can play New Orleans jazz as it comes off of Bourbon Street, you understand, but this old kind of jazz that they're playing here now, with the washboard and the banjo and stuff, I can't make it!" Earle Warren's rich laugh resounds.

At age 71, Warren has attained "elder statesman" status in the jazz community. The public often seems to expect older jazz musicians to be keen on dixieland, but Warren's preferences lie in the mainstream today—just as they did in April 1937 when, as an eager alto saxophonist of 23, he joined the struggling Count Basie Band, earning \$6.25 a night at the start.

Except for a two-and-a-half year hiatus in the '40s, Warren stayed with Basie from '37 until 1950. Warren occasionally soloed on alto and sang ballads, but primarily led the sax section

through some of the greatest performances in jazz history. It's Warren's alto calling for our attention on the original and oft-imitated Basie recording of *Jumpin' At The Woodside*. It's his horn setting the mood at the beginning of *Sent For You Yesterday*. Once in a great while (such as on *Out The Window*), Warren got to be the major soloist on a number. But more commonly, it was section work for him, or perhaps a brief bridge solo (as on, say, *Doggin' Around*). Which is perhaps understandable when you remember Warren was sitting, originally, in a sax section that also included Herschel Evans and Lester Young.

Warren has played with small groups since leaving the Basie Band. These days he works mostly in Europe, often backed by the Henri Chaux Trio. He returns to the U.S. once a year, often playing at New York's West End Cafe. His visit this past year culminated with his recording an album for Muse Records, *Ballads And Basie*, including fellow former Basie-ites Jimmy Lewis and Eddie Durham. Warren's repertoire remains heavy on Basie material.



NANCY MILLER ELLIOTT

Naturally, the Count is an important part of Warren's life, 35 years after leaving the band. "Basie," Earle Warren says simply, "was my Czar!" —chip deffaa

Dick Hyman

NEW YORK—"I have to keep careful records of where I'm supposed to be," said composer/arranger/conductor and virtuoso pianist Dick Hyman. Few musicians have as active a life. Hyman played all around last summer's Kool Jazz Festival in New York: musical director and soloist for the Piano Spectacular at Waterloo Village and the tribute to Ethel Waters at Carnegie Hall, accompanist for Benny Goodman's surprise appearance at Lincoln Center, pianist with Bob Haggart's band at Waterloo's Jazz Picnic, and pianist/organist with Ruby Braff for a tribute to Pops at St. Peter's Church. But no sooner was one festival through than Hyman was involved with another: his own six nights of "Hot Jazz, Ragtime, Old Time, and Blues" at the 92nd Street Y.

"The Y series was an outgrowth of some earlier, simpler concerts I was asked to do there," Hyman said. "I did a couple of lecture/recitals on the history of jazz piano. That's what led to the summer series. The ideas and who's doing what were based on what would be a good time, a fun series." Hyman opened with ragtime, joined by Max Morath, Harvey Phillips conducting, and Carrie Smith singing turn-of-the-century songs. (Hyman and Smith often work together. They toured the Soviet Union in 1975 with Hyman's tribute to Louis Armstrong.) Jelly Roll's aptly titled *Fingerbuster* seems almost impossible to play but, note-for-note and lightning-fast, Hyman's chops were spectacular—and even whimsical.

On the following nights, a panoply of trade-jazz was arrayed. Hyman himself played four-handed stride with Dick Wellstood (six-handed when joined by Mike Lipskin), and four-handed boogie with Jay McShann, joined the Haggart/Lawson band, and fronted the Perfect Jazz Repertory



Quintet on a show that featured Maxine Sullivan (singing some of Hyman's jazz songs from Shakespeare) and Ruby Braff. (*Fireworks* on Inner City Records is the newest release of several Hyman/Braff duets on record.) Hyman climaxed the Y festival with a re-creation of Paul Whiteman's 1924 Aeolian Hall concert, the concert that introduced Gershwin's *Rhapsody In Blue*. Maurice Peress reconstructed and conducted. "Ivan Davis plays the *Rhapsody*," Hyman said. "I do the Zez Confrey pieces and some Irving Berlin songs. We've also done it at the Kennedy Center and Ravinia and Ann Arbor."

And if two festivals back-to-back were not enough, Hyman plays solo on Monday nights at Hanratty's. "I love playing solo piano," he said. "It's what I enjoy the most, playing solo anything that comes to mind. My repertoire has gotten to be pretty far-ranging, but most people ask me for the older stuff, and I oblige them." Hyman is a master of the "older stuff"—the traditional styles of jazz piano. "I'm not even sure what 'traditional' music is anymore," he said. "I suppose now

bebop is traditional. After all, it's 40 years old. It's an irony, but avant garde music of a few years ago gradually slips back and becomes the traditional music of the present. I'm most comfortable with the way-back stuff." He's recorded the complete solo piano works of Scott Joplin and a tribute to Zez Confrey for RCA, re-created the music of James P. Johnson, Fats Waller, and Jelly Roll Morton for Columbia and the Smithsonian, and recorded a tribute to the greats of jazz piano, playing *A Child Is Born* in the styles of Teddy Wilson, Art Tatum, Bill Evans, and Cecil Taylor, among others. "My favorite pianist of all time is Art Tatum," he said. "Everything that radiates from that perfect stride piano, and including pretty involved harmony and pretty good technique, excites me."

What excites Hyman especially nowadays is composing. He's written everything from solo pieces to concertos. "I'd like to be doing more composing," he said. "I had a premier of a piece in Buffalo on July 4th, called *The Piper Patriot Of '76*. I gathered some 4th of July kind of music for piccolo and orchestra." He's also composed and arranged the soundtracks for *Zelig* and *The Purple Rose Of Cairo*, two of the several Woody Allen movies he's worked on. "I've played on his movies since *Everything You Always Wanted To Know About Sex*," he said. Allen's favorite groove, like Hyman's, is trad. Does he ever, I wondered (tongue-in-cheek), consider himself a "moldy fig?" "Oh yes," Hyman said. "I love the music of the past. I'm very happy with it. That doesn't mean I think the music of the present is not worthy. I'll play that, too, if the occasion arises. I've played some pretty far-out stuff with Arnie Lawrence and Roger Kellaway. But generally, I think I'm drifting backwards. I'm retrogressing with great pleasure." —michael bourne

T

he mid-'80s mark the return of electric jazz-pop fusion—not that it ever left. But one can hardly ignore the re-focused energies of Chick Corea, John McLaughlin, and Herbie Hancock, the fresh efforts of Wayne Shorter, and the startling cross-over direction—from pure pop to Brit-soul-bop

arrangements—of Sting and his gang. Is it significant these developments parallel the comeback of jazz' canny, trendsetting pioneer Miles Davis, who's employed all of the above? Or is it simply, as Chick Corea asserts, that since all listeners under 45 grew up aware of Elvis and the Beatles, "more people can palate the music, their attention will be drawn to it, if it's coming from electric instruments"?

Corea's new Elektric Band—in its nascent stage a finely attuned, near virtuosic trio comprising bassist John Patitucci and drummer Dave Weckl—is no Return to Forever. Like his peers, Chick's less interested in recapturing past glories and reviving old hits than forging ahead. After all, he's had half-a-decade of diverse experiences since Forever's last stand (excepting an '83 reunion tour), during which he's collaborated with progressive players like Michael Brecker, Steve Gadd, and Eddie Gomez, straightahead old friends like Roy Haynes and Miroslav Vitous, sui generis artists including Hancock, Keith Jarrett, Gary Burton, Nicolas Economou, and Freidrich Gulda, and classical companions such as violinist Ida Kavafian and cellist Fred Sherry. Corea's even cast back through time to challenge himself with the oeuvre of the enduring composer (denied a Grammy despite spectacular commercial success in '84) Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, recording Mozart's *Concerto For Two Pianos And Orchestra*. Trying his hand in that vein, Corea's penned his own three-movement concerto for piano and orchestra, which he'll perform at the '86 Music Joy Festival in Japan, and premier in the U.S. in February with New York's Philharmonia Virtuosi, under Richard Kapp's baton.

Corea started in the mid '60s as an earnest, able Apple sideman, soon identifiable as a rising star. Since gaining greater prominence, his image has changed often, ranging from acoustic experimenter (in Circle) to reflective soloist, purveyor of jet-set Brazilian rhythms, pure melodist, leprechaun, romantic warrior, mad hatter, secret agent, and accompanist to his wife, vocalist Gayle Moran. What's his image for the '80s? "Slim. Japanese shirts. Eighteen-hour work days," Ms. Moran suggested toward the end of lunch on the day Corea and entourage disembarked from Manhattan. Yeah, that sounds like now. Efficient, alert, productive, confident in his maturity, but not without a sense of humor, Chick Corea's in step with the high-tech present. Considering his past, a portion of the future will surely be his, too.

Howard Mandel: Tell me about your new band.

Chick Corea: This Elektric Band is the advent for me of laying aside all other special projects. I've been doing nothing but special projects for four or five years now, and the thunderbolt to put my own band together was that I found myself *without* a band. I hadn't ever decided *not* to have a band, but I started accepting so many special projects that I just had no band after a while.

Projects are two- or three-week stints, with maybe a week, two weeks preparation, depending on if there's writing involved. They're every bit as serious but don't have a real group feeling, where you, with others, invest in a future. They're just a hit, instead of saying, 'Okay, here we go—and when does this thing end? Never.' This is like a marriage. You have goals, of course, but even if you accomplish goals, like hit records and sold-out houses, you want to take it further and expand with



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Chick Corea: Elektric Again

BY HOWARD MANDEL

the group from that, rather than leave it and go on to something else.

I like having a group. It doesn't only involve musicians; it involves record companies, business people, management, too. With projects you say to the record company or to management, 'I'm doing this now.' They say, 'Okay, let's get into that.' Then you say, 'Okay, good, that's over, now I'm doing this.' And no one really understands that one thing is connected to another, except that it's all me.

But with this band, we all understand that we have something to strive for. Plus, musically—a very strong reason—I just love the feeling of developing music. Not only write it, rehearse it, perform it over the period of two weeks—but write it, rehearse it, perform it, then *correct* it, and write some more and perform it, then take what you learn in performance back to the woodshed, carve it around, put it back in performance,

then do a record—you know what I mean? It's a development process that's the best thing in music, the very, very best thing.

I sort of auditioned the trio as a trio. When I asked John and Dave to come out, we did a week-and-a-half worth of small club gigs, and it worked great. So we put this long tour together. I'm hoping it will turn into a long-range thing for them, too; Dave and John are both incredible professionals. But we're just beginning, we're taking it tour-by-tour right now. I'm thinking about expanding to a quartet or quintet—I like the classical instrumentation—American classical—with a horn, guitar, possibly percussion, singers. My tendency is to get with young players who can be into what I'm doing long-term, rather than just as a hit and a project.

HM: How do you find being on the road now? Is it taxing?

CC: It's wonderful, it's the greatest existence. Especially now that I've resolved one huge factor, the traveling. We're doing a bus tour. We rented what used to be Merle Haggard's bus; he designed it. The bus makes touring human, since I never have to see an airport or airlines, which are very inhuman.

We stop at grocery stores, we make our own schedule. I have a closet where I hang my things so I never have to pack or unpack. We use the bus as a dressing room; it gets parked out back of the gig wherever we're playing. It's made it so I could stay on the road forever now, because on the road is where the music happens. Even the slightest thought of resisting being on the road would be counterproductive, because it's what needs to be done to play.

HM: Did Herbie Hancock's success with the Rockit tour persuade you to resume touring with an electric band, too?

CC: Somewhat. Gee, when did I meet Herbie? I guess when I was playing with Miles, in '67 and '68. Since then, Herbie and I have kind of dovetailed creatively, and Herbie has always inspired me. It's not the first time, you know. *Rockit* really perked my ears up—to hear how he was making use of dance rhythms, and employing electric instruments in general. Mainly though, the need to have my own band was the driving force to put this group together.

HM: Is it easier to maintain your own band if it's electric rather than acoustic now? Are there more venues for electric bands?

CC: I think so, yes. Not venues, but audiences. My experience is, no matter what kind of music you play, more people can palate the music, their attention will be drawn to it, if it's coming from electric instruments. This is in the past 10 years,

and includes people 40 and under. Even people who are 45 years old now, their orientation is Elvis Presley and the Beatles. That music is part of their lives; when they hear someone tinkling on a cymbal, someone playing a lot of notes on the piano, someone plucking the bass, most people aren't sure what that is.

My recent acoustic projects have drawn audiences that are generally older, a special group that knows and likes that music, with a sprinkling of younger people who for some reason attend. With my electric music, the bulk of the audience is younger, grooved into electric music, and there's a sprinkling of older people. It depends where we play, too. There were a couple of dates in the Midwest where whole neighborhoods came—moms and dads were there, and a good number of white-haired people. The order of the day, obviously, is electric music; increasingly, acoustic musics, especially jazz and classical musics, are special activities.

More basic, important, and essential than the form or style of the music or whether it's plugged in or played on a Steinway or Bösendorfer—for the artist—is the question of how my music is reaching people. The ultimate purpose of any art form is to communicate something to a receiver, a listener, or a viewer. And the value of an artist's creation can be determined by its effect.

This is true for me. I can only evaluate my art in terms of its effect. If I sit with a piece of music in my own room and evaluate it, what will I compare it to? I'll have to compare it technically to other pieces, and that's merely a technical comparison. Music and art can really be evaluated only by comparing what kind of effect they have on what audience, how deeply the effect goes, whether it's long-lasting, uplifting, derogatory, does it make people sick, does it make them happy. An artist will—or should—guide or correct his approach based on the answers.

Another big realization I've had—this might be disagreed with, but I'll say it because it's true—is that any artist has two completely separate lives with music. One life is as an in-flow; it's what music I personally like not as a musician, but as a listener. This is a completely different life than my role as an artist making music, which is all out-flow. When I make music, it's an out-flow, except that I'm in-flowing the response, and responding to it. When these two things can be kept nice and differentiated, and integrity is kept with each, I think an artist



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becomes a bit more sane; you can rest easier. It helps *me* an awful lot, because very often my personal taste in music won't be what I do as an artist, and vice versa.

For instance, a year-and-a-half, two years ago, I started getting interested in Mozart. I swear I could have spent the rest of my life studying the 17 sonatas and 27 piano concerti of Mozart, I became so engrossed and still am so in love with this composer's music. But if I spent 12 months a year with Mozart's music, I'd feel unproductive. I would want to get out there, be of service to others, be of value, and interact with life, not just isolate myself. Of course, Mozart is not the only music that's to my personal taste. Stevie Wonder and Quincy Jones' production of Michael Jackson are parts of my taste, too.

The usual misinterpretation of this is, "The guy is selling out because he likes this but he does that," but this brings us to the necessity of understanding another truth—this is a truth like the sun comes up and goes down; this not an opinion, this is a *truth*. The truth is that something is art only in the eye of the observer, the beholder. There's no authority that deems art to be *this*, not that the beauty of art is that people are free to appreciate what they want, when they want, as much as they want, if they want—that's like an inalienable spiritual freedom that's part of being alive and awake. This begins to become an artistic and religious question, and the answer is that art is differently appreciated by different people, who tend to group together since they have other tastes that are similar. If you use that as a basis, it sort of eliminates a lot of discussion about validity.

HM: But as a critic, I'm trying to understand aesthetic standards that apply across time, though the audience might be in flux.

CC: By crystal ball-gazing? You'll have to become a sociologist to predict how people will be responding in five, 10 years, and what music they will like. You can't inspect the art and know.

HM: Yet some art is good enough to encompass, even generate many different reactions, over generations, and it seems possible to identify art and music which is that rich.

CC: Well, let me ask *you* a question: do you think there have been musicians who made great music that just got lost in the shuffle?

HM: There have been classical musicians whose works were lost for a hundred years . . .

CC: True, Bach's music was gone for a long time—there's an example. You know, dealing with some really non-musical factors, trying to determine what becomes a classic—that's an interesting problem.

HM: It seems you're bringing some Mozart into your music; in the Elektric Band I recognize passages, phrases that I thought must come from your classical study.

CC: Now I have a much higher regard for your views in this area—because you've noticed that. I know that's happening. A subtle thing that happens is that an influence such as Mozart can find its way into a style as far away from a chamber orchestra as my electric trio. Some few people who know Mozart's music and know me well see how I might incorporate an influence like that very subtly.

HM: It seems like quite a stretch from playing an acoustic piano to working with electronics as you do.

CC: It's a big stretch. But I'll tell you, my recent period with Mozart, playing with orchestras and playing piano solo, has taught me a lot of things about how to approach this music. I mean, finesse is finesse, and if you strive for it, you can find it in anything. Each keyboard I come across on electric instruments has different touch and response characteristics. If I were slashing at these keyboards, unaware, I don't think I could extract any finesse from them. Technically, part of the element of finesse in classical music is touch. It's also true of electronic instruments since the parameter of touch sensitivity is being built into most new keyboards. You can play loud or soft, and the velocity of the key strike can trigger other sounds. So, being more sensitive to that now, I can utilize that flow in my electric music.



HM: Are there particular practice routines you use, or are you able to perceive differences of touch as you land on one keyboard or another and make your adjustment spontaneously?

CC: It has to be relatively quick. Getting this particular repertoire and this particular band together has been a feat. It hasn't left me time to attend to the detail of practicing touch on the keyboards. But I'm acutely aware that it exists, and I wing it. Remember, not only do the keyboards respond differently, but each new synthesized sound makes the keyboards respond differently, because the parameter of touch is programmed individually into each new voice. It's kind of a challenge.

HM: Do you do the programming yourself?

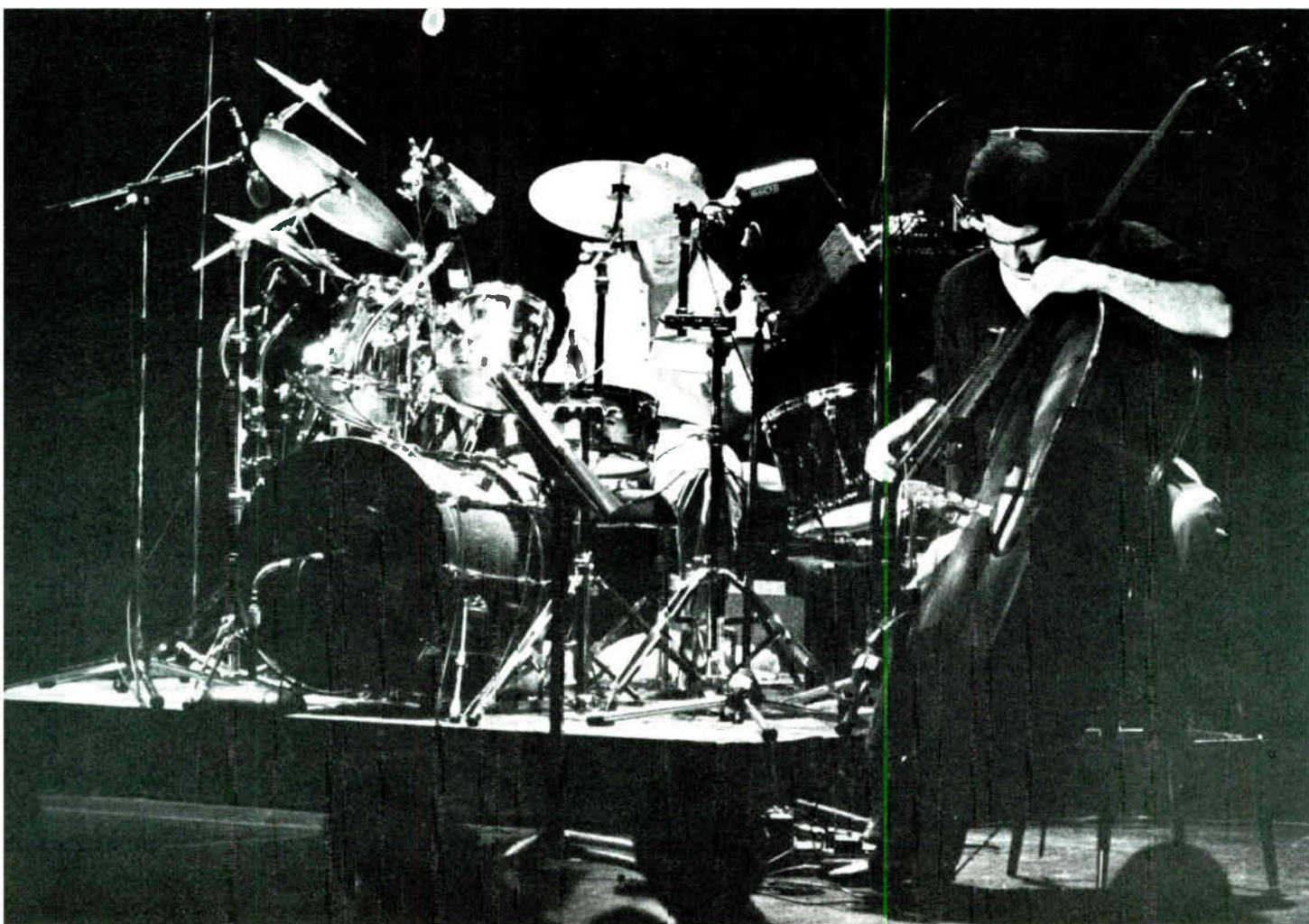
CC: I've done a lot of the programming, and I've chosen sounds created by others and worked with others to create sounds—mainly a guy from Los Angeles named Bo Tomlin, but also a friend named John Novello. Bo Tomlin got me into programming the Yamahas myself. There's nothing like hands-on programming. Not doing it yourself is like having someone else get you dressed.

HM: What goes into choosing or creating an electronic voice for a particular composition?

CC: In this area there are no rules—if there is a rule I haven't noticed it yet. I sort of intuit it. I work to find sounds that are pleasant and that I like to play around with, and create things from them. That's how *India* was composed; I found a sound that reminded me of a sitar, started bending it around, and came up with the melody. Equally frequently, I get the concept of a piece, then search for a particular sound that will realize it. The better programmer I become, the better able I am to do that.

HM: When did you first start programming?

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RHODES SCHOLAR: Corea hits the keyboards (left), with Dave Weckl and John Patitucci.

CHICK COREA'S EQUIPMENT

"My setup is compact but deep," says Chick Corea. "The possibilities of the Yamaha instruments and the Synclavier go very deep."

"I had modules on the left of the stage at the Bottom Line, where we played two nights. Yamaha names instruments with letters and numbers; there's a set of eight boxes that are called TF-1s. Together the eight TF-1s are called TX-8 16s; they're eight separate synthesizers, each module the equivalent of a DX-7, without a keyboard and with some extra things that it does. You put eight of them together MIDI-style and they can be addressed, triggered, by any external keyboard that's MIDI."

"All MIDI is, is an interface system that allows computer data to travel from one instrument to another. Most keyboards being made these days come equipped with MIDI and some that don't have the capability can be retrofitted."

"So my eight modules go through an eight-mix board and mix down into two cuts that go into my master mix board, which mixes only my keyboards. This is duplicated—I have two sets of eight modules, two mix boards, two out, two out, and all outs go into my master mix board."

"I'm using a keyboard called a KX-88, which is not a sound producer but has a lot of fancy things on it that you can do with a keyboard. It's what I mainly use to control the 16 modules, a big white thing that sits on the Rhodes. My Rhodes is a new one; it's MIDI'd so that when you hit the keys, it can send key-strike information through MIDI to anything that will receive MIDI. I also have the Rhodes trigger modules at various times—that's how I get a big fat sound on it. Then there's the Synclavier, which is stereo, two outs also, and underneath it to the left is the GS-1 which is an 88-key Yamaha board about four years old, a synth. On top of the Synclavier is the Linn 9000 sequencer and drum machine. *India* was played with the sequencer, though the sequence pad is smooth and my hands are moving, so people may not be able to tell."

"The KX-5 is my strap-on. It's also a Yamaha, and it also triggers the modules. The left hand has a lot to do; it has a slip that when you pressure you can slide in pitch up and down like the string of a violin. You can do vibrato with your third finger, or slides, like a guitar. There's a knob, the modulation wheel, which you assign various things to; a waveling vibrato is usual. There's a little button at the end that's just like a sustaining pedal, and there's a volume knob, too."

"I worked with a little instrument in '83 called the C6-01, also a Yamaha, an analog instrument with a breath controller. These strap-ons are great fun. Not until their advent did I realize how much the motion of the hands may not be understood or experienced by the audience. I used to wonder sometimes; I'd be playing a piano solo and look at the audience but their attention was fixed on the drummer. It was my solo; why were they watching the drummer? But now the common comment about the strap-ons is that my hand, how it moves, can be seen."

CHICK COREA SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

as a leader

SEPTET—ECM 1297
VOYAGE—ECM 1282
CHILDREN'S SONGS—ECM 25005-1
TRIO MUSIC—ECM 2 1232
THREE QUARTETS—Warner Bros. 3552
TAP STEP—Warner Bros. 3425
THE MAD HATTER—Polydor 6130
MY SPANISH HEART—Polydor 9003
THE SONG OF SINGING—Blue Note 84353
PIANO IMPROVISATIONS VOL. 1—ECM 1014
PIANO IMPROVISATIONS VOL. 2—ECM 1020
THE LEPRECHAUN—Polydor 6062
FRIENDS—Polydor 6160
A.R.C.—ECM 1009
DELPHI I—Polydor 6208
SECRET AGENT—Polydor 6176
INNER SPACE—Atlantic 2-305
BLISS—Muse 5011
BEFORE FOREVER—Quintessence 25071
CHICK COREA—Blue Note LA395-H
with Gary Burton
LYRIC SUITE FOR SEXTET—ECM 1263
IN CONCERT, ZURICH—ECM 2-1182
DUET—ECM 1140
CRYSTAL SILENCE—ECM 1024

with Return To Forever

MUSICMAGIC—Columbia 34682
BEST OF . . .—Columbia 36359
LIVE: NY CONCERT 5/77—Columbia 35281
THE ROMANTIC WARRIOR—Columbia 34076
NO MYSTERY—Polydor 6512
WHERE HAVE I KNOWN YOU BEFORE—Polydor 6509
HYMN OF THE SEVENTH GALAXY—Polydor 5536
LIGHT AS A FEATHER—Polydor 5525
RETURN TO FOREVER—ECM 1022

with Circle

PARIS CONCERT—ECM 2-1018/9
CIRCLING IN—Blue Note LA472-12
CIRCULUS—Blue Note LA882-J2

with Miles Davis

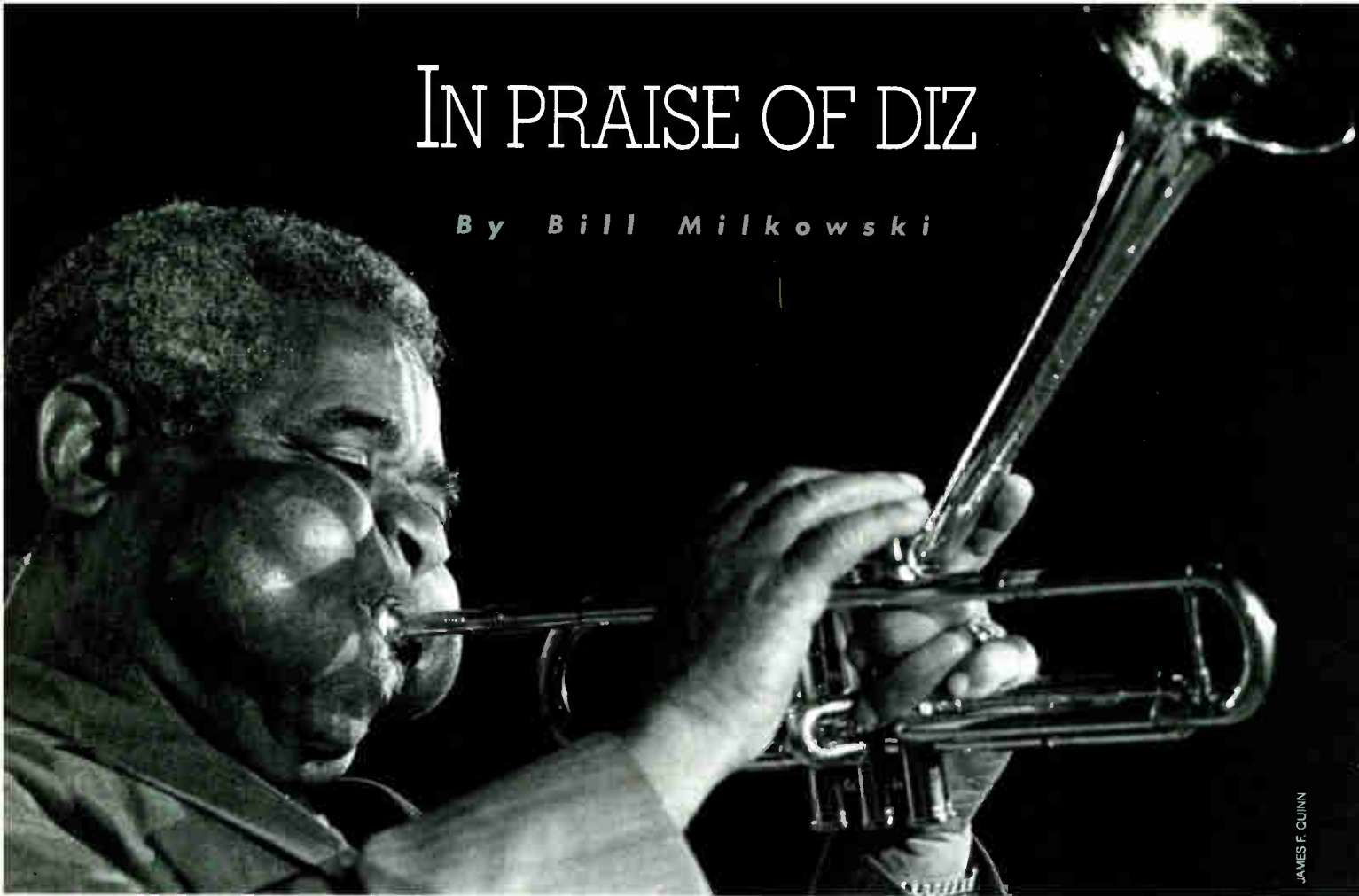
AT THE FILLMORE—Columbia 30038
DIRECTIONS—Columbia 36472
CIRCLE IN THE ROUND—Columbia 36278
LIVE/EVIL—Columbia 30954
BITCHES BREW—Columbia GP 26

with Herbie Hancock

AN EVENING WITH . . .—Columbia 35663
COREA/HANCOCK—Polydor 2-6638

IN PRAISE OF DIZ

By Bill Milkowski



PART 2

In 1943, Dizzy joined the Earl Hines band, an aggregation that included such budding stars as Billy Eckstine, Sarah Vaughan, and Charlie Parker. Sadly, due to the Petrillo record ban, no commercial recordings exist of this stellar outfit. Diz left Hines' band in September of '43 to play with Coleman Hawkins. In November of that year he formed a group with Oscar Pettiford, George Wallington, Max Roach, and Don Byas for an extended gig at the Onyx Club. By February '44, that outfit (with pianist Clyde Hart replacing Wallington) would participate in the first bop session for Apollo Records. Coleman Hawkins was the leader of that date, fronting a 10-piece band augmented by Ed Vandever, Leonard Lowry, Leo Parker, Budd Johnson, and Ray Abramson. They recorded Diz' *Woody'n You*, Budd's *Bu-Dee-Dee*, and a blues entitled *Disorder At The Border*.

By April of '44, Diz hooked up with Billy Eckstine's big band, which also featured Bird. They recorded for Deluxe Records. In January '45 he was with Boyd Raeburn's band, and on their recording of Dizzy's *A Night In Tunisia* the trumpeter's sizzling runs simply startled

everyone.

1945 was a productive, historic year for Dizzy and the new music. 52nd Street was humming. Diz and Bird had hooked up and were riding high at the Three Deuces, with Al Haig on piano, Curley Russell on bass, and Stan Levey on drums. Their recordings for Guild in February and May of '45 document some of the sounds they were making at the time. (Sid Catlett would replace Levey on recordings of *Shaw 'Nuff*, *Salt Peanuts*, *Lover Man*, and *Hot House*).

On the historic Savoy date led by Parker in November of '45, Diz played



trumpet on *Ko Ko*, but on the other cuts (*Now's The Time*, *Billie's Bounce*, *Thriving From A Riff*) he played piano under the name of Hen Gates. "Yeah, I showed piano players how to comp back then," says Diz, recalling those sessions. "Comp-ing was different before—that whole stride thing. But that style sometimes would get in the way. You play too much, you just get in the way. So I'd leave space. Basie's the perfect example of that, man. Whenever there was a need for him to be in there, he was there. That's how I played piano behind Bird."

In late '45, Diz formed a big band that toured the South as part of a unit called The Hepsations of 1945, featuring dancers like the Nicholas Brothers and comedians Patterson & Jackson. "Billy Eckstine gave me all the music I wanted for that big band," he recalls. "Charts, stands—the whole works. He said, 'I don't wanna see no big band! Take it away!' So I did."

The big band stayed together, off and on, for about four years before Diz eventually folded up shop. But in 1956 he would put together another 16-piece outfit with Quincy Jones for a tour of the Middle East and Latin America, spon-

sored by the U.S. State Department. Although he would in later years appear at jazz festivals in Europe and New York with his "dream bands," Dizzy today takes a dim view of the big band route. "Now I'm like Billy Eckstine was back then. When you talk about big band, my ears go deaf. I cut off my hearing aid, man. Too hard to keep it together on the road. It's alright for Lionel Hampton 'cause he's a millionaire. But I ain't gonna do it no more."

Diz continued his relationship with Bird on the West Coast, performing at Billy Berg's in Hollywood in December '45. It was a depressing gig. Not only were the audiences downright hostile to this aggressive new music, but the gig was further marred by a backstage altercation with funnyman Slim Gaillard. Slim was opening for the Diz & Bird band (with Milt Jackson, Ray Brown, Al Haig, and Stan Levey) and winning over the audiences with his swinging jive music. With their flurries of 16th notes at break-neck tempos, Bird and Diz must've scared those audiences half to death. As if the conditions weren't bad enough, tempers flared backstage.

"We had a terrible, terrible fight," says Diz, half-smiling. "He attacked me. And his wife was gonna cut me with a knife. She was standing back, I saw this knife coming—a big, long butcher knife. I picked up one of them bar stools that was laying around backstage. I was gonna crown her with it. Man, she was gonna cut me!"

Dizzy also had his share of turmoil with Bird during that ill-fated West Coast stay. Sometimes Bird failed to show up for gigs and would be replaced at the last minute by Lucky Thompson. During this period on the West Coast, Dizzy recorded (sans Bird) some sides for Dial, the label established by Ross Russell. By January '46 he was back in New York, appearing at Norman Granz' JATP concerts. Bird would remain on the West Coast. The two partners were separated until September '47, when they appeared together at Carnegie Hall in a special reunion concert. Granz recorded the two together for his Mercury label in June '50, with Thelonious Monk, Buddy Rich, and Curley Russell. The famed reunion concert at Massey Hall in Toronto in '53 teamed the dynamic duo with Bud Powell, Charles Mingus, and Max Roach. But two years later, Bird would check out.

Their partnership was uncanny. Their rapport was spellbinding. So much in sync were these soulmates that one would often finish a phrase that the other had begun. Diz called Bird "the other half of my heartbeat." In a touching passage of a story that appeared in the April 20, '78 issue of *down beat*, Dizzy related his feelings about his doomed partner: "He was my main man. More than anybody else, he established the identity of the



NICE TIE: From left, Ollie Britton, Melvin White, Diz, Benny Green.

music. The last time I saw him, I was playing a concert at Carnegie Hall. Bird walked on stage and gave me a yellow rose. He'd probably spent his last quarter to buy it. He kissed me on each cheek and said, 'Goodbye.' The next thing I knew, he was dead."

When I mention to him that Richard Pryor has been toying with the notion of directing and starring in a movie based on the life of Charlie Parker, Dizzy seems thrilled. "Yeah, I think that's good casting," he beams. "And I know who could play me—Bill Cosby! We're very good friends and he watches me very closely. He knows all of my mannerisms. Yeah, Pryor and Cosby. That'd be good!"

* * *

So many scenes, so many landmarks. Along the way: the premiere of *Cubana Be Cubana Bop* with Chano Pozo at the '47 Carnegie Hall concert; the formation of his own DeeGee label in '51 and

ensuing collaborations with comical scat singer Joe Carroll; the 1964 campaign for the presidency of the United States (on a platform of total withdrawal from Vietnam, establishment of a national lottery, and the abolishment of segregation); the 1977 visit to Cuba, where he posed for pictures with Fidel Castro; the 1978 White House performance, in which he sang *Salt Peanuts* with President Jimmy Carter; the 1982 appearance on *Sesame Street*, in which he played trumpet to a Muppet named Oscar The Grouch; and so many others. . . .

That brings us to the present. On his latest album for GRP Records, *New Faces*, Dizzy is featured with a stellar cast of youngbloods. Tenor sax star Branford Marsalis reprises the role of John Coltrane on *Tin Tin Deo* and *Birk's Works*, originally recorded in '51 on Diz' DeeGee label. Versatile pianist Kenny Kirkland adds color to the breezy *Tenor Song* and



JAMES J. KRIEGSMANN

paints a haunting mood for Diz to play over on *Ballad*. Bassist Lonnie Plaxico plays forcefully throughout the album's seven cuts, while drummer Robert Ameen drives the group with crisp drumming. Lincoln Goines adds electric bass on the soulful *Every Morning*, harkening back to Diz's early experiments with that instrument. And percussionist Steve Thornton adds fire and spice on the lively samba, *Fiesta Mojo*, and the Afro-Cuban workout, *Tin Tin Deo*.

It's a good album, hailed as Diz's best in years. And he seems not only pleased with the album but thrilled by the prospect that his legacy will live on through these new keepers of the flame. "These guys are very knowledgeable about music and about my contributions to the music," he says. "I had played with Wynnton and Branford before. See, they know my music through their father, Ellis. So they know all about my contributions. And they'll not only carry on the tradition, they'll be taking it further and further as they go along. Yesiree! They're alright, man."

Within the next few weeks I see Dizzy perform here and there around New York, fronting a five-piece unit that includes electric bassist Jon Lee, pianist Walter Davis Jr., and reedman Sayyid Abdul Al-Khabyrr and his drummer son Nasyr. On a boat cruising up the Hudson River as part of the '85 Kool Jazz Festival he cuts the break on *Night In Tunisia* with power and precision, and the crowd goes wild. At the Village Gate, putting in a guest appearance with the Machito Orchestra as part of the club's ongoing "Salsa Meets Jazz" series on Monday nights, he lays down some heavy conga playing before picking up his upswept horn and billowing the famous cheeks. During a week engagement at The Blue Note in Greenwich Village he engages the intimate crowd with chitchat and charm before dazzling them with muted 16th notes. At Grant's Tomb, up near Harlem, performing a free Jazzmobile concert for a teeming crowd gathered on the steps of this historic monument, he breaks the audience up with *Swing Low Sweet Chariot*. The man is definitely out there, taking it to the people.

"Jazz is growing," he maintains. "It's going on and on. It's not gonna stop. It's like God's plan for mankind. They can slow it down with unbelievers, but His work is gonna be done. With jazz, it's the same thing. I hope the day will come during my lifetime that the United States government puts more effort into the promulgation of our native American art form, which is jazz. I'd love to see the government get behind it like the European countries get behind classical music. That would give us a new incentive, a new reason for playing jazz. But whether the government helps it or not, it's gonna go on. I have faith in that."

Amen.

db



DIZZY GILLESPIE'S EQUIPMENT

Dizzy Gillespie plays a custom-made, upswept-bell Shilke trumpet given to him by Jon Faddis, with a Al Caas mouthpiece tailored to his specifications, and he favors Al Caas trumpet oil. He also bops Latin Percussion congas.

DIZZY GILLESPIE SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

as a leader

NEW FACES—GRP 1012
TO A FINLAND STATION—Pablo 2310-889
MUSICIAN/COMPOSER/RACOUNTEUR—Pablo 2620-116
DIZZY'S PARTY—Pablo 2310-784
THE TRUMPET KINGS—Pablo 2310-754
THE ALTERNATE BLUES—Pablo 2312-136
BAHIANA—Pablo 2625-708
THE GIFTED ONES—Pablo 2310-794
FREE RIDE—Pablo 2310-794
CARTER, GILLESPIE, INC.—Pablo 2310-78*
AFRO-CUBAN JAZZ MOODS—Pablo 2310-771
MONTREUX '80—Pablo 2308-226
MONTREUX '77—Pablo 2308-211
MONTREUX '75—Pablo 2310-749
THE BIG 4—Pablo 2310-719
JAZZ MATURITY—Pablo 2310-816
THE SOURCE—JazzMan 5021
DIZ & GETZ—Verve 2-2521
REUNION BAND—Verve 821-662-1
BIRK'S WORKS—Japanese Verve 23MJ3361

PORTRAIT OF DUKE ELLINGTON—French Verve 817-107-1
GREATEST TRUMPET OF THEM ALL—French Verve 2304 382
THE STITT/ROLL'NS SESSIONS—Verve 2-2505
HAVE TRUMPET WILL EXCITE—Verve 8313
DEE GEE DAYS—Savoy 2209
GROOVIN' HIGH—Savoy 12020
DIZZY GILLESPIE STORY—Savoy 12110
THE CHAMP—Savoy 12047
COMPOSER'S CONCEPTS—EmArcy 2-410
JAMBO CARIBE—Limelight 15PJ-26
DIZZY!—GNP Crescendo 9028
PARIS CONCERT—GNP Crescendo 9006
ON THE FRENCH RIVIERA—Phillips 200-048
THE GIANT—Prestige 24047
IN THE BEGINNING—Prestige 24030
GOOD BAIT—Spotlite 122
THE DEVELOPMENT OF AN AMERICAN ARTIST—Smithsonian Collection 004
THE BEBOP ERA—RCA 513
THE GREATEST OF...—RCA 2398
WHEN BEBOP MET THE BIG BAND—French RCA 741-595
ONE NIGHT IN WASHINGTON—Elektra Musician 6030

with Charlie Parker

THE COMPLETE SAVOY SESSIONS—Savoy 5500
THE VERVE YEARS 1950-51—Verve 2512
THE GREATEST JAZZ CONCERT EVER—Prestige 24024

with the Giants Of Jazz

GIANTS OF JAZZ—Atlantic 2-905
GIANTS OF JAZZ—Concord Jazz 3004

with Boyd Raeburn

EXPERIMENTS IN BIG BAND JAZZ 1945—Musicraft 505

Third World *Vision*

By Maureen Sheridan



EBET ROBERTS

From the beginning, they knew what they wanted. Third World—the progressive reggae group started in Kingston, Jamaica, in 1973 by keyboarder Michael “Ibo” Cooper and guitarist Stephen “Cat” Coore, and completed shortly thereafter with the addition of rhythm guitarist William “Rugs” Clarke, bassist Ritchie Daley, drummer Willie Stewart, and now-departed percussionist Irving “Carrot” Jarrett—wanted a sound of its own, a sound that would support its vision of one universal musical and social harmony without betraying the group’s Jamaican roots. And from its 1975 debut album onward, Third World has delivered that sound.

The uniqueness of the Third World sound, says Ibo, as he sits on the radiator (“It’s cold up here”) in a bare dressing room on the Toronto stop of the band’s recent Reggae Sunsplash tour, “comes from its members . . . from the way we’ve united different people. Everyone in the group stems from the same root, but each one of us has absorbed different musical influences.” He explains that he and Cat both have classical and jazz backgrounds and a fondness for rock; rhythm-man Rugs and bassist Ritchie are basically “roots,” the word used to describe an indefinable Jamaican essence, but roots that have

mingled with a little r&b or funky topsoil; and Willie, the only member born outside of Jamaica, has a penchant for African drum rhythms.

Put it all together over a reggae base, add lyrics that reach further than the Rasta-ese of many reggae groups, and you have Third World. “Roots reggae is a good foundation,” Ibo tells me, “but we get impatient with the static form. What we do is add to it and stretch it further.”

And stretch reggae music further is precisely what they’ve done over the past 10 years, using the complementary rhythms of funk, rock, jazz, and Africa. In their most recent CBS album, *Sense Of Purpose*, the album they consider their best, they’ve stretched even further with a little Sugar Hill-style rap and U.K. Electro-pop. Aren’t they afraid that by delving into all of these diverse styles they will dilute or lose their sense of direction? “No,” says Ibo, “once you’re rooted, you’re free to take off anywhere.”

Ibo Cooper studied at Kingston’s Royal School of Music (the “Royal” a holdover from colonial times and since deleted), beginning on piano, an instrument that “combines the harp of biblical times with the rhythm of drums,” and later taking up clarinet, organ, synthesizer, and percussion. Cat Coore’s main teacher was his mother, Rita, recognized by critics as “one of



VISIONARIES: Ritchie Daley and Rugs Clarke.



STRUNG OUT: Willie Stewart and Cat Coore.

the best [teachers] in the Caribbean," from whom he learned to play the guitar, cello, bass, and harmonica. Such formal musical training is unusual among reggae musicians, most of whom are self-taught. It is this added dimension of theory and discipline—balanced by the less-structured self-expression and considerable practical experience contributed by Rugs, Ritchie, and Willie—that propelled Third World into musical areas not previously explored by reggae groups.

The development of the Third World sound came naturally from the group's frequent need to cover soul and reggae tunes during its early gigs as a resident and backing band for Bob Marley and others. Third World was the first band to funk up the reggae beat, according to Ibo, having done "seven years ago what others are just beginning to do now. Our music has influenced many international groups, including the Police. As a matter of fact, Sting told me when we opened for them in New York that he was a bit afraid to come on after us because of this."

There is little doubt that Third World is at the cutting edge of reggae (not to mention video and performance art, since way back in 1980 the group made the long-form *Prisoner In The Streets*, and before that it had performed the experimental musical plays *Explanations* and *Transmigration*). Third World was, for example, the first reggae group to add synthesizer, and it originated the poetry-read-to-reggae art form known as dub poetry.

First signed by Island Records, the band left the label after its 1978 hit *Now That We've Found Love* and a half-dozen successful albums because of the label's heavy promotional concentration on its best seller, Bob Marley. The move to CBS came at approximately the same time as the band's beginning of a now-strong link with Stevie Wonder, who was one of the first black Americans to pick up on the potential of reggae and bring its rhythms into his own music (*Master Blaster*, *Jammin'*, *Ebony And Ivory*, and others). "We met when Stevie came down to perform at Reggae Sunsplash '81 in honor of Bob Marley, and it was meant that we work with him." Anyone who was present at Stevie's Third World-backed performance would have to agree: nothing that magical could have been otherwise—Stevie singing "jammin' till the break of dawn" as the sultry tropical sun rose on the horizon and the multi-national, multi-racial audience jammed as one.

Next came the collaboration with Stevie on the Wonder-written single *Try Jah Love*, a crossover pioneer and worldwide hit. "Stevie has done a lot for reggae," says Cat. "He really helped to break it in North America." He also helped, by his

endorsement, to integrate Third World's mostly white state-side audiences.

In the last two years reggae's strength in North America in terms of record sales and concert attendance has surged dramatically. In addition to the earlier acceptance of the music by white audiences, cemented by Wonder and groups like the Police, Men At Work, and Culture Club, people like Jimmy Cliff, Musical Youth, Donna Summer, and Tina Turner have at last opened black America's ears to the power of Jamaican funk. Like rock, reggae is beginning to diversify, a sure sign of growth and burgeoning demand. "You have Jamaican reggae, British reggae, the American version—Tina Turner—and now there's a new reggae sound starting in Florida," Ritchie Daley tells me.

Does Third World resent the much greater exposure accorded U.S. or English groups who play reggae? "No," answers Cat, "these people are playing our music, they believe in it. How could we resent them?" But Rugs Clarke, disappearing through a door, remarked, "Police dem thieves." A few minutes later, Rugs returns with another thought: "Reggae is a spiritual force you see, a positive force for black people." I smile and ask, "Do you want to keep it just for yourselves?" "No, no," he smiles back, "we'll share it."

Third World's Kingston headquarters-cum-theatre-cum-rehearsal hall is housed in a low, white building in the uptown area of the city known as New Kingston, which is so different from its "old" or downtown counterpart that many Kingstonians never cross the invisible border between the two. To the downtowner, Third World plays uptown reggae, a variant that has travelled too far from

the ghetto to be "roots."

"No one ever says we can't play roots; they just say we don't," Ibo explains. "If roots is basic rhythm, then you must be able to move on from that to communicate to a wider audience. Music is energy and comes from the ultimate source, and how can you limit that? That would limit the ultimate possibilities of the music."

"Music," interjects Willy, "communicates through natural energy with a power so great that it makes mechanical means of communication unnecessary. You can't block or limit anything that powerful." Willy's words echo those of Marshall McLuhan, who saw the music of the '80s as "blowing the horse blinders off the old restrictive technology by asserting a tribal or more human way to communicate." Halfway through the decade, there are signs that this may be happening.

"We don't believe in categories or classifications," Ibo says. "We believe in being cosmopolitan. The narrow-minded man meets no one and gets nowhere." Third World's deep spiritual commitment to the Rastafarian ideal of the unity of mankind is the source of its members' open minds, and it's apparent in everything they do. Even the musical influences they cite are far more eclectic than one would expect, given the semi-closed airwaves (now slowly opening) and natural insularity of the island. In fact, so many names pour forth from their lips that the following is a distilled list of three pages of notes. Collectively they cite Stevie Wonder, James Brown, Bob Marley, Sly and the Family Stone, Earth, Wind and Fire, Mighty Sparrow, and Ashanti (from the Ivory Coast). Individually, Willie cites Alton Ellis, Eric Donaldson, Desi Jones, Lenny White, Buddy Rich, Buddy Miles, and Carl Darkin; Rugs names Nat King Cole, Sam Cooke, Aretha Franklin, Nancy Wilson, and most crucially, his father, who "always sang at weddings" and who overruled his mother's objections when Rugs got his first gig at the age of 16; Ritchie lists Carlos Malcolm, Desmond Dekker, and the Beatles; Cat adds Ernie Ranglan, Jimi Hendrix, Santana, Toots Maytal, Pat Metheny, Leslie and Harold Butler, and ("I wouldn't say he's an influence, but I do listen to") Van Halen; while Ibo cites Herbie Hancock, Jackie Mittoo, Keith Jarrett, and Mtume.

What do they listen to now? To everything that's current in rap, rock, U.K. pop, and jazz, but mostly to reggae—all forms of reggae, including the ubiquitous (in Jamaica) dance hall or dj-style personified by Yellowman. Third World prefers Brigadier Jerry: "Him swing mahn." They also listen to Eddie Grant, Papa Levi (U.K. toast rapide king), and a couple of them listen to juju.

I turn the conversation to *Sense Of Purpose*, an album that reinforces the group's reputation as innovators. ("There's a new generation listening to our music," notes Ibo, "and we must communicate to them—a father cannot stay away from his children.") Recorded in both Jamaica and New Jersey—the band prefers laying down the basic tracks in Jamaica before mixing in final touches in the States—10 of the 11 cuts on the album are self-produced, and nine of them are original Third World songs. The major songwriters in the group are Ibo, Cat, and Rugs, but Ritchie explains that by the time a song is recorded each man's contributions are such that in many cases they feel they all wrote it, and credit is given accordingly. The actual songwriting process, according to Cat, is usually a lone endeavor, a tape of which is brought in for the others to hear. "Sometimes, not often, a song is created spontaneously in rehearsal," he says.

With *Sense Of Purpose* appearing on pop, black, and dance charts and the Brit-hit Island remix of *Now That We've Found Love* offering yet more proof of the band's position in the vanguard of sound, where does Third World go next? (Apart, that is, from solo projects—like Ibo and Cat's production of Canadian twin act Syren and Willy's production of such artists as Jamaica's Carlene Davis.) "We don't know. We won't know until we get there," answers Ibo, glancing at Ritchie. "Stevie [Wonder] asked us the same question, and Ritchie told him we'd be doing a further extension of the same thing." **db**



THIRD WORLD'S EQUIPMENT

Cat Coore's guitars include modified Fender Twin Reverbs with Electrovoice 12L speakers and a Fender Stratocaster—the latter, he says, essential for reggae because "it has the most variety of reggae tones." He uses no extraordinary pedals, "only fuzz, overdrive, and flanger, because my engineer is so good I don't need them." Rhythm guitarist **Rugs Clarke** strums a Fender black-and-white Telecaster through modified Fender twins with JBL speakers. Bassist **Ritchie Daley** uses a B.C.R. and a Fender Precision with Ampeg S.G. and a portable Wilef mic for freedom of movement, and he's also started using modified Fender twins with 12L speakers.

Ibo Cooper's keyboard arsenal includes a Yamaha CP70 (for stage use) and an acoustic Yamaha Grand (for recording), as well as a PF12 Electric Piano, a Hammond organ (There is nothing like a Hammond," he says), a Prophet 5 synthesizer, Kurtzweil 250 keyboards, and a Korg CX3. Drummer **Willie Stewart** has abandoned his Sonar set and is now playing mostly electric—Simmons SDS7 with acoustic snares—along with his Tito Puente timbales and Paiste and Zildjian cymbals.

THIRD WORLD SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

SENSE OF PURPOSE—Columbia 39877
ALL THE WAY STRONG—Columbia 38687
YOU'VE GOT THE POWER—Columbia 37744
ROCK THE WORLD—Columbia 37402
REGGAE GREATS—Island 9789
PRISONER IN THE STREET—Island 9616

ARISE IN HARMONY—Island 9574
THE STORY'S BEEN TOLD—Island 9569
JOURNEY TO ADDIS—Island 9554
96° IN THE SHADE—Island 9443
THIRD WORLD—Island 9369

Robert Quine On Guitar

Basic And Beyond

By Gene Santoro

Pick up a record with James Burton's guitar on it—any record from Ricky Nelson to Emmylou Harris—and drop it onto your turntable. Listen carefully to the Telemeister's sense of structure, the way he builds a solo, where he drops in his pedal-steelish slurs and bends. Follow that with Ritchie Valens' *Fast Freight*, anything by Chuck Berry, Link Wray, Jimmy Reed, Charley Patton, and Skip James. Pull out Charlie Christian's solo on *Swing To Bop*, Bill Evans' *Portrait In Jazz*, Miles' *On The Corner or Kind Of Blue*, Jimmy Raney *Visits Paris*, Coltrane's *Ascension*, some Cecil Taylor, and Ornette's *Rambles*. Switch to early- to mid-period Stones, Beck-powered Yardbirds, and 12-stringed Byrds. Now top off the stack with the Velvet Underground's *White Light/White Heat*, Iggy and the Stooges' *Raw Power*, and any ambient Brian Eno.

Digested all that? Now take a deep breath and put on Richard Hell and the Voidoids' *Blank Generation* with its finger-nails-scratching-the-blackboard Strat solo; the schizy, pain-inducing Strat that squawks through *Waves Of Fear* on Lou Reed's *Blue Mask*; the gentle, delay-clouded Strat of '65 from *Basic*; or the melodic-with-a-hint-of-malice Strat on Tom Wait's *Blind Love*. All of the latter are the work of the bald man with the sunglasses holding the Strat: Robert Quine, guitar hero to downtown New York post-punkers and walking musical encyclopedia; the list of names in the preceding paragraph are what he calls, with laconic irony, "some of my basic influences."

The best place to hear these influences collide is still *Basic*, Quine's co-venture with drummer Fred Maher. At the time of its release *db's* John Diliberto wrote of it, "Quine is obviously a scholar of the electric guitar, often merging several divergent styles within a single piece. . . . Blues, country & western, psychedelia, minimalist loops, and slide guitar course through *Basic* in a synchronous guitar carnival."

The carnival began 43 years ago in Akron, Ohio, where Quine was born. His

parents loved jazz, and so the youngster got to hear Django and Charlie Christian and even Brazilian acoustic guitar records. Soon he was supplementing his parents' record collection with his own choices: "I'd buy these Gene Autry records, Jimmy Wakely records, because I just loved the sound of an acoustic guitar. I'd play them over and over again until I wore them out; I still do that with things I like." Making the switch to rock & roll after an initial lack of interest ("Bill Haley and the Comets didn't do anything for me; that same summer there was a Dean Martin record called *Memories Are Made Of This* which I loved because it had acoustic guitar"), young Quine picked up on *Speedo* by the Cadillacs and *Why Do Fools Fall In Love?* by Frankie Lymon and soon found himself hooked. "It became the only stuff I'd listen to: those chord riffs on *Wake Up Little Susie* and *Bye Bye Love*, the stuff Scotty Moore was doing on the early Elvis records, James Burton's playing with Ricky Nelson. He's amazing—I've been digging up everything of his I can find for the last few years, and it's taught me a lot about how to structure a solo."

The obsessed youngster was signed up for traditional music-store guitar lessons by his parents, but after a couple of months spent struggling with a cheap f-hole acoustic and misguided teaching ("He gave me a 1938 Gibson guitar book and made me learn stuff like *Yankee Doodle*," laughs Quine) the frustrated picker quit, only to have a prep-school roommate show him the basic three- and four-chord progressions needed to rock. From then on, there was no stopping him. Immersing himself with characteristic single-mindedness in a study of what he wryly terms "your typical '50s influences," he wore out albums by Chuck Berry, Little Richard, Fats Domino, and Bo Diddley. Then came another revelation, this time in the guise of a Ritchie Valens album cover. Recalls Quine, "I'd seen a Strat when I went to a Buddy Holly show in 1957, but I had no idea



what it was. When I saw Ritchie Valens with a Strat on his first album, I still had no idea what it was but I knew I had to get one just like it." By the summer of '61 he had his Strat, and a Tremolux amp as well.

He had also acquired a taste for the guitar-dominated instrumentals so popular in that period, as the Ventures, the Shadows, Link Wray, and Duane Eddy topped the charts with hit after hit. Repelled by the faceless and voiceless wonders of early '60s schlock-rock, Quine started deepening his familiarity with the blues roots of the music he loved: Jimmy Reed, Skip James, Son House, Charley Patton, Bukka White, Snooks Eaglin. Jazz, too, piqued a deeper interest than before: "I loved that solo of Charlie Christian's on *Swing To Bop* because I could hear the link between that and what Chuck Berry was doing." Besides Miles and Bill Evans, Jimmy Raney's fretwork attracted his attention: "He's not a great rhythm player, but his solos are pure genius." The aspiring axeman copped some of Raney's solos via the 16 rpm speed on his turntable and plowed through Mickey Baker's jazz instruction books, but a summer-session stint at Berklee in 1967 wasn't geared to his impatience. "They went through the program, what we'd learn this term and that term, and said we'd get to Bill Evans' chords about the eighth semester.

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[laughs]. Well, I couldn't wait for that; I wanted to learn them right away."

And so away he went—to finish law school, pass the bar in Missouri (and thus keep himself out of the draft), and wind up in 1969 San Francisco, Capital Of Hippiedom. Ironically, it was in that unlikely place that the close-cropped, sport-coated guitarist ("I did *not* fit in; I did *not* like the Grateful Dead"), trekking from audition to audition and club to club, ran smack into a key to how he could begin to put together all the different things he'd listened to in a way that would make them his own. "Roger McGuinn's guitar playing on the flip side of *Eight Miles High*, called *Why*, was a real revelation; he made it possible for me to connect Coltrane's *Ascension* and Cecil Taylor to the rock stuff," is how he tells it. "And the solo Lou Reed took in *I Heard Her Call My Name* from the *White Light/White Heat* album was also a revelation to me. I'd been fooling around with the Coltrane and Taylor stuff, not too successfully, trying to do things with feedback, lining up three or four fuzz boxes because they were so bad at the time. And then the Velvet Underground came to San Francisco and played at a little club called the Matrix for two or three weeks, and I went every night." With very few people turning out to hear them, the Velvets, and especially guitarist Lou Reed, were open to Quine's questions. "Reed told me that the weirder aspects of his playing came from listening to Or-

nette Coleman on *Ramblin'*, and he told me that he thought it was really strange and difficult until he realized it was just rock & roll, basic and simple." Quine agreed: "I found that out when I saw Coltrane with Pharoah Sanders. I was sitting in the front row and trying to analyze the stuff the way you would with a bebop thing and I couldn't, so my attention started drifting off. Then suddenly both these horns were in my face, screaming, and I thought, 'What's there to understand? It's as basic and powerful as Howlin' Wolf.'"

* * *

Quitting California for New York, Quine spent two-and-a-half years writing articles on tax law before surrendering to his obsession. "I decided that music had to be more than just a hobby for me," he says, and so he worked part-time in bookstores while working on his chops seven or eight hours a day. Even so, it wasn't until 1975 that the guitarist-in-search-of-a-band found himself where he wanted to be—thanks to his job in a bookstore. "I was working in Cinemabilia, and it just so happened that Tom Verlaine, Richard Hell, and a lot of people from that whole CBGB's scene were working there too. Richard and I became pretty good friends, and I played him some old tapes of live things I'd done in the '60s. He liked them, and when he left the Heartbreakers in March '76 he approached me about starting a band."

The Voidoids exploded on the New

York scene with *Blank Generation*, a powerful musical Molotov mixing sneering lyrics and mosaic-like song structures with Hell's nasal, off-key vocals and Quine's nerve-shredding Stratocaster whines and snarls. Finally the guitarist had found a vehicle for his idiosyncratic approach: "When I'm playing I operate on a very intuitive and unconscious level, because that's where the good stuff is. I try *not* to concentrate, to avoid being self-conscious, to stay fresh. So I generally like to do maybe one or two takes of something, and that's it. But for *Betrayal Takes Two* and *Blank Generation* Hell had a particular approach he wanted, but he couldn't communicate it to me in musical terms. So take after take it got more and more frustrating, until after about the 20th take you could *hear* it. So I guess it worked. I mean, in some ways I have a limited amount of technique, but I've got enough so that I can put across how I feel."

When the Voidoids fell apart from internal dissension, Quine hooked up with another ex-bookstore clerk named Jody Harris [see Profile, db, July '84], who shared his passion for Link Wray and Miles Davis' *On The Corner*. "When I bought that album I thought it was utter garbage," says Quine of the Miles disc. "It would put me to sleep. Then I realized it was about *textures*; it was wrong to approach it as a jazz record. The way it was recorded you *had* to approach it as a rock record—then you'd stand a chance." Harris agreed, and so the duo had a starting point that evolved into *Escape*, their skewed guitar romp through musical sources, styles, and genres, thick with textures and punctuated by blues. Recorded in 1979-80 at Quine's East Village apartment on a four-track Dokorder with a Teac mixer, the provocative LP reflects the energized spontaneity that gave it birth. "It was a chance to cut loose, to do a lot of Stooges-meet-Miles Davis-out-of-control," laughs Quine. "We'd sit and jam, come up with a riff that we liked, and then go on from there. I don't *write* things; I don't see any need for heads and bridges. If something *happens*, I don't care if it's over one chord or two—it *happens*. If it doesn't, it doesn't. That's why I work here; we could just turn on the tv and watch the Three Stooges [laughs]."

After *Escape*, Quine continued working around the downtown scene with people like Material, Lydia Lunch, James White, DNA, and a reprise edition of the Voidoids until lightning from the past struck. "About October 1977, right before we went to England on one of our disastrous tours [laughs], Lou Reed came into CBGB's and saw me play with Richard Hell—his wife was a fan. I didn't even know he was there; I hadn't talked to him since 1969. I was walking past his table and he grabbed me and started raving about my playing. That was nice,

coming from somebody who was such a big influence. Then we didn't see each other again until early 1981, when he called me up and we had lunch and talked. He was going back to RCA and wanted to disband the group he'd used on *Growing Up In Public*. He wanted to play guitar again, and I encouraged him. He said, 'You're lead guitar,' and I said, 'Okay, but I won't play with you unless you play guitar.' So then we went in to do the album."

The album was *The Blue Mask*, a powerful peak of Reed's erratic talent, encompassing as it does gentle ballads (*Our House*), ironic rockers (*Average Guy*), and paranoid raunch (*Waves Of Fear*). "Everybody got a basic tape of the songs before we went in," recalls Quine. "He was just playing acoustic, they were two- or three-chord songs, so we were all free to do whatever we wanted. Most of the songs were first or second takes with almost no rehearsal; that gave it that kind of improvisational feel that makes it close to some of my favorite jazz things. Plus you had four people who'd never played together before, which gave it that edge."

An edge indeed, especially on a gut-wrencher like *Waves Of Fear*. "I wouldn't call what I do there a solo exactly," demurs the axeslinger with typical irony. "It's more an emotional outpouring. I *hated* to play it live, because I'd had to put myself in such a state to get that. I mean, there was no guitar solo *planned* on that; it just started going off and I started playing that, first take. Lou had asked me, 'Please listen to the lyrics when you come up with your parts,' and listening to those lyrics I thought, 'How can I put myself in that frame of mind?' So I figured, 'Okay, this is my big chance. I'm in a recording studio and I'm trying to play guitar, only I'm going to have a complete nervous breakdown in the middle of all this. It's going to be very embarrassing to everybody, they're gonna have to call a cab and send me home.' So I got out the Fernandes Strat, got out the Memory Man, got out the little Peavey Bandit, got that scary chorus sound, and started doing these Chuck Berry things with chokes and stutters all up and down the neck." By the time he's done, you feel as if somebody has their hands tightly around yours.

Despite playing on Reed's subsequent *Legendary Hearts*—where he pulls off a Burton-style solo for *Betrayed*—and touring with the man, Quine emphasizes that their relationship is over. "I played with him for almost four years," he says evenly, "but it became clear to me at the end of the last five-month tour that I should do something else. Exactly what that is I still haven't determined."

In the meantime, *Basic* and its followups claim his attention. "Escape was coming off the Miles influence; the key difference between it and *Basic* was that I had

worked with Eno and listened to his stuff, especially *On Land*, a lot, all those textures. So with most of the tracks I decided that to put a solo on top would just be a distraction. That's why I called it



MARCIA RESNICK

ROBERT QUINE'S EQUIPMENT

An equipment fanatic of the highest order, Robert Quine selected the following items from the clusters of guitars, amps, effects, and recorders that share his apartment. He favors a few '65 Fender Stratocasters: "Barely CBS with pre-CBS parts—my favorite has a rosewood fingerboard and a sunburst finish. It's got a great tone." A couple of late '70s Strats and early '80s Telecasters made the cut: "The late '70s Strats have a drier tone, closer to that dry and brittle Tele sound." His latest acquisitions include a pair of Gibson Les Pauls from '80-81, one with P-90 single-coil pickups and one with standard humbuckers. As for amps, he favors his Fender Super champ "with the stock Fender speaker, not the EV," a Peavey MX that he uses for club dates, a Peavey Deuce for recording, and a Fender Twin Reverb II with EV speakers. Strings are Fender Super Bullets, light gauge; picks are Jim Dunlop Tortex, medium gauge. Effects include the Deluxe Memory Man ("I'm addicted to the sound of it, so I'm hoarding the ones I've got"), the Korg SD-1000, the RE-501 tape delay, and the Roland SRV 2000 digital reverb. Finally, his most recent purchase is the Teac Model 388 Studio 8 recorder, which he'll be using for his upcoming albums.

ROBERT QUINE SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

with Fred Maher

BASIC—Editions EG 36

with Jody Harris

ESCAPE—Intelligibility 236

with Lou Reed

LEGENDARY HEARTS—RCA 1-4568

THE BLUE MASK—RCA 1-4221

LIVE IN ITALY—German RCA 89156

with Richard Hell & the Voidoids

R.I.P.—ROIR Cassette 134

DESTINY STREET—Red Star 801

BLANK GENERATION—Sire 6037

with Material

RED TRACKS—Performance 382

with James White & the Blacks

ALMOST BLACK—Ze 33-033

with Tom Waits

RAIN DOGS—Island 7 91299-1

with Lydia Lunch

QUEEN OF SIAM—Ze 33-006

Basic—they're the basic tracks. Even though it sounds like a lot of guitars on *Bandage Bait*, for instance, that was just two tracks, live." To get the sounds he wanted, Quine drew heavily on what he'd learned from Eno about echo and delay: "He taught me that analog delays and cheap tape echoes approximate the sound of a natural echo more closely than a digital delay because digital is too clean. With a natural echo there's all kinds of high-end loss, and that's what analog and tape do."

Like all of Quine's work, *Basic* was spontaneous and ransacked his extensive catalog of influences. "I'd usually have a particular drum beat in mind, which I would communicate to Fred. Then we'd lay down the basic tracks: drum machine, Fred on bass and sometimes guitar, and me. Then we might do an overdub pass, and that would be it. The way things fit together would be just as much a surprise to me as to anybody, which is nice, but scary. People *do* lose intuitive inspiration, after all. But I put all my influences in there. The first track, *Pickup*, derives from what Scotty Moore plays on Elvis' version of *Milkcow Blues*, that riff mutated. *65*, which is my favorite track, was basically the product of listening to Miles' *He Loved Him Madly* for thousands of hours—I'm not exaggerating. The way things in *65* are floating, the way the guitars hover and barely resolve, then go to another place, the way it's spliced together—that's the feel I got from Miles."

Having dropped his distinctive guitar onto the latest albums by Scritti Politti and Tom Waits, Quine is contemplating his next musical moves. "I have plans to record five albums in the next year," he begins, "partly because the people I want to work with—Fred, Bill Frisell, Jody Harris—will be coming and going on tours, and so this way whenever any of them is in town he can just come over and we can go. It also looks like Richard Hell will be signing with Island, and right now he wants the band to be himself on bass, Fred on drums, and Jody and me on guitars. If that works out I'll be real excited about it." He pauses on the historical irony that finds him back with Hell. "You know, I seem to have made my reputation as a psychotic guitar player, but I don't have much to prove in that area now. A lot of people classify me as avant garde or new wave, so they're surprised when they find out that I listen to all these old records—but that's what inspires me. I don't want to go out and start a rockabilly band, but what I *am* trying to do—hopefully this isn't some wretched senility or nostalgia on my part, in my declining years [*laughs*]*—is* recapture that sense of excitement, the newness that they have. After all, the essence of rock & roll is excitement and spontaneity, and that's what I'm trying to get."

db



WYNTON MARSALIS

BLACK CODES (FROM THE UNDERGROUND)—Columbia 40009: *BLACK CODES; FOR WEE FOLKS; Delfeayo's DILEMMA; PHYZZINIAN MAN; AURAL OASIS; CHAMBERS OF TAIN; BLUES.*

Personnel: Marsalis, trumpet; Branford Marsalis, tenor, soprano saxophone; Kenny Kirkland, piano; Charnett Moffett (cuts 1-4, 6), Ron Carter (5), bass; Jeff Watts, drums.

★★★★★

THE ALL-AMERICAN HERO—Who's Who In Jazz 21026: *ONE BY ONE; MY FUNNY VALENTINE; ROUND 'BOUT MIDNIGHT; ETA; TIME WILL TELL; BLAKEY'S THEME.*

Personnel: Marsalis, trumpet; Bobby Watson, alto saxophone; Billy Pierce, tenor saxophone; James Williams, piano; Charles Fambrough, bass; Art Blakey, drums.

★★★★½

The concept behind *Black Codes (From The Underground)* first appeared on January 20, 1965, when Miles Davis released his *E.S.P.* album and eventually continued to *In A Silent Way* in 1969. Today, Wynton Marsalis has applied his own refinements, expansions, and maturity to those Milesian ideas of abstraction, chromaticism space, and melancholy.

Stanley Crouch's forceful liner notes mention Miles in passing but elaborate on Wayne Shorter, who composed much of the music for those late '60s albums. Wynton says, "It is easy to see that Wayne took the music in a fresh direction because of his organic conception of the interaction of melody, harmony, and rhythm." Shorter inspires *Black Codes (From The Underground)*, too, then—via Branford's chameleon-like horns and five of Wynton's six compositions. (His *Blues*, a duet with Moffett, is different, but Kirkland's *Chambers Of Tain* is Shorter-ish.)

But jazz celebrates the moment and jazz musicians do not like to dwell in the past, so what we can say about Wynton's music now is that it is technically advanced (re: mind/instrument facility) and sophisticatedly abstract. In some strange reversal, it conveys more drama and emotion than some of the trumpeter's recent live performances.

The rapport with Branford and Kirkland, both now with Sting, and the burning rhythmic fuse to Watts—all with salient underpinning by Moffett—become the trumpeter's real ESP channel. Hear the staggered-horn trading on *Delfeayo's Dilemma* and Branford's soprano version of his brother on the title cut. Uncanny. The saxophonist's ability to enter and exit other players' styles while running his own game

makes the album, on one level. On *Phryzzinian Man* he compresses Miles' ex-tenor men Shorter, George Coleman, and Hank Mobley into his own voice. On another level, Kirkland plays changes and "time—no changes" with creative openness, startling insight, and interesting turns. He's quite his own man, out of Hancock and Evans.

The music shifts rhythms like race car drivers shift gears, and the players connect first with this intricate element as a basis for individual thematic extrapolation. Wynton combines flowing lyricism—notice how subtly he slips into his solos from an ensemble passage or preceding soloist—and a perky audacity, the latter like quick jokes behind the teacher's back. But his tone and phrasing rebound to a cool melancholy: Miles as leitmotif.

The atmosphere of this record is mentally exotic and intriguing. Wynton, because of his pacesetting neoconservative craftsmanship, takes the music places Miles never reached. Despite Columbia Records' corporate rudeness to certain artists and fans, Wynton remains a heroic positive force. Stay true, man.

The All-American Hero sounds like another life: Blakey days, when Wynton was getting it together under the master drummer and bandleader. Notes swarm all over the place in this set of leftovers (save the previously issued *Valentine*) from Blakey's *Live At Bubba's* album recorded in 1980. In the parade of bop and post-bop chops, the trumpeter leads the way, but tenor saxophonist Pierce and pianist Williams are not far behind. It's typically rousing Blakey fare, but compared with *Black Codes (From The Underground)* it appears dated to a certain extent. Still good, though.

—owen cordle



VARIOUS ARTISTS

CHANGE OF SEASON—Soul Note 1104: *HOUSE PARTY STARTING; THE HAPPENINGS; STEP TEMPEST; HANGOVER TRIANGLE; CHANGE OF SEASON; SPINNING SONG; TERPSICHORE.*

Personnel: Misha Mengelberg, piano; Steve Lacy, soprano saxophone; George Lewis, trombone; Harjen Gorter, bass; Han Bennink, drums.

★★★★★

Who was Herbie Nichols? The composer/pianist (1919-63) seems the odd-man-out in *Black Music: Four Lives* (Limelight Editions), A. B. Spellman's book about Nichols, Ornette Coleman, Cecil Taylor, and Jackie McLean, until one investigates his music. His compositions on *Change Of Season*, an all-Nichols program, sound fresh and vital, yet they strongly reflect

jazz and European classical roots without being beholden to particular antecedents (Monk is a possible exception). It is hard not to be charmed by them. They reach out and grab you: the sad lyricism of *House Party Starting* that belies oblique references to boogie woogie; the odd little calypso within parentheses (Nichols was of West Indian parentage) that gives *Terpsichore* its extra hop—to name only two examples. Nichols' romantic, deceptively simple, but nonetheless compelling 32-bar structures sing with wit, humanity, and pleasing turns.

Recorded in 1984, *Change Of Season* picks up where *Regeneration* (Soul Note 1054), the split tribute to Monk and Nichols, left off two years earlier. The roster of players has changed, pairing an American front line with European rhythm: George Lewis stands in for Roswell Rudd, a former student of Nichols and apparently the moving force behind the previous session, and Harjen Gorter replaces Kent Carter. But the dedicatory zeal of the first LP remains.

Hearing Nichols arranged for horns is, again, a special pleasure. As arranger, Misha Mengelberg strikes an ingenious balance between individual parts and unisons. His use of both kinds of voicings on *House Party* extends the call-and-response patterns of the original piano trio performance by Nichols/Teddy Kotick/Max Roach. Mengelberg's other settings repay close attention to detail also.

These players, though faithful to notation, let their independent streaks show through in all the right places. An emotionally introspective, bittersweet tinge runs through ensembles played by the tight soprano/trombone tandem. Concise statements carry the day: the longest performance runs seven minutes, but most average out to about five. Solos are kept short, eloquent, and democratic. Lacy's coiling harmonic spirals curl in direct relation to Nichols' harmonic lines. Lewis' elastic blowing alternates measures of notecramming with leisurely expansion of theme. The young trombonist exposes comic and ironic implications in Nichols' compositions differently than did his predecessor in this group (Rudd), who favored a brassy gutbuckety attack.

Mengelberg's directorial piano "comps" deliberately (not from habit), adding meaningful harmonic punctuation. He, too, is a thinking improviser (no Nichols clone); his solo on the title track is full of Monkish displacements and ruminative chords. Gorter's bass boosts the surrounding activity, swelling through during an assertive spot that leads the series of solos on *House Party*. Han Bennink, Mengelberg's rhythm mate from Eric Dolphy's *Last Date* (Limelight 1017), is a nonstop gremlin-like source of clicks, rimshots, and cymbal slices, an irrepressible presence.

Artists of Nichols' caliber learn from tradition without wearing its handcuffs. This release, one of the year's standouts, makes a solid case for important jazz verities: abiding swing, group communication, and a beneath-the-skin inventiveness. We can only guess how these lines would sound arranged for large ensemble, where the composer's fascination for overtones and the tuned drum could be extended still further.

—peter kostakis

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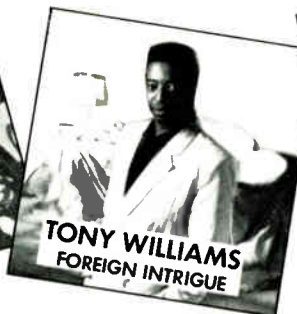
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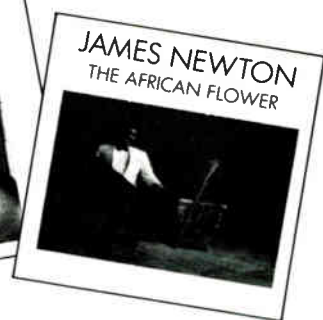
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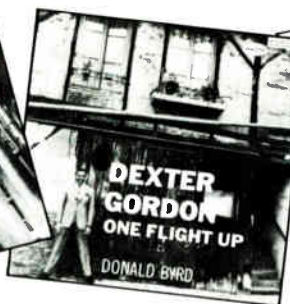


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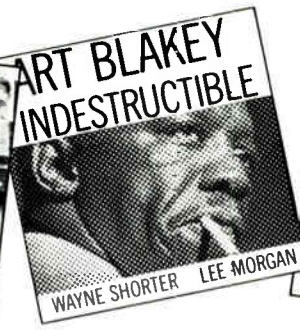
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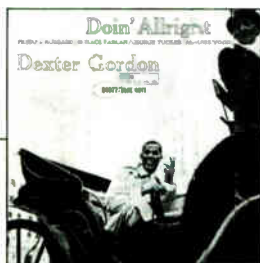


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RECORD REVIEWS



DEXTER GORDON

DOIN' ALLRIGHT—Blue Note 84077: *I Was Doing All Right; You've Changed; For Regulars Only; Society Red; It's You Or No One.*
Personnel: Gordon, tenor saxophone; Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; Horace Parlan, piano; George Tucker, bass; Al Harewood, drums.

★★★★★

AT MONTREUX—Prestige 7861: *Fried Bananas; Sophisticated Lady; Rhythm-a-ning; Body And Soul; Blue Monk.*

Personnel: Gordon, tenor saxophone; Junior Mance, piano; Martin Rivera, bass; Oliver Jackson, drums.

★★★★★ 1/2

THE SHADOW OF YOUR SMILE—Steeplechase 1206: *Once I Had A Secret Love; Polkadots And Moonbeams; The Shadow Of Your Smile; Summertime.*

Personnel: Gordon, tenor saxophone; Lars Sjösten, piano; Sture Nordin, bass; Fredrik Noren, drums.

★★★★★ 1/2

NIGHTS AT THE KEYSTONE—Blue Note 85112: *Sophisticated Lady; It's You Or No One; Antabus; Easy Living; Tangerine; More Than You Know; Come Rain Or Come Shine.*

Personnel: Gordon, tenor saxophone; George Cables, piano; Rufus Reid, bass; Eddie Gladden, drums.

★★★★★

After Dexter Gordon returned to the United States in 1976, a local tenor saxophonist became so caught up in Gordon's charisma that he acquired the behind-the-back nickname "Dexterman." After all, one *could* become hooked on that majestic presence of sound, the imposing musical and physical aura, the whole preceding legendary '40s bebop trip, the critical linkages to Rollins and Trane, the dexterous (pun intended) interpolations, and the spiritual rapture imploding the orphaned '70s back home. These records, three recorded before that auspicious homecoming and one afterwards, show that Gordon's musical qualities existed all along—if anyone doubted it—and that they have remained remarkably consistent over the years.

Doin' Allright, which dates from 1961, itself represents a homecoming—Dexter's return to New York and regular recording after a decade of that "lost life" Art Pepper alludes to in one of his tune titles. The tenor saxophonist isn't lost for notes, structural integrity, or feeling anywhere on the album. *You've Changed* is notable for his manly tenderness and unhurried pacing—certainly a complementary companion

to Billie Holiday's memorable version of this ballad. At the other tempo extreme, *It's You Or No One* builds excitement through Gordon's fleet change-running which leads to climactic melodic and rhythmic incidents. *Society Red*, a Gordon blues, suggests, in passing, Rollins' dark '50s tone and Coltrane's upper-register wail, bringing on the inevitable question of who influenced whom. Hubbard was 23 at the time of this recording and perhaps closer to Miles than at any time since. His playing is mature and nearly faultless here. Parlan's engaging style combines Bud Powell's single lines and Bill Evans' more boppish (as distinguished from his more romantic) chords. Tucker and Harewood are sturdy and uncluttered in the manner of the day. Four stars for this reissue.

In 1970, Gordon recorded with the Junior Mance Trio at the Montreux Jazz Festival, but the tapes have resided in the vault until now. The half-star gain over *Doin' Allright* is a matter of energy: both Gordon and the rhythm section give and receive heat and light in exchange with the audience. This is most evident on *Rhythm-a-ning*, with its grandstanding shades of *The Chase*, the old Gordon/Wardell Gray king-opus of tenor orgies. *Sophisticated Lady* and *Body And Soul*, the sessions' ballads, reek with the ardor of dignified soulfulness. There's heavy drama here, especially in Gordon's long, sweeping cadenza that closes *Body And Soul*. Mance's trio provides rousing support throughout the set, with the pianist soloing like a funky, updated Teddy Wilson on Gordon's *Fried Bananas* and stomping the blues on *Blue Monk*. The band and the audience really work together on this LP.

Another live session, a 1971 club date in Stockholm, gives us *The Shadow Of Your Smile*, also newly released. Gordon is in typically inventive form, but the rhythm section is a little slack in the solo department. Anyway the tenorman carries the trio through a long, tumbling *Secret Love*, two masterful ballads (*Polkadots* and *Shadow*), and a blistering *Summertime*, the last replete with the leader's spoken quote of lyrics. Four stars for Dexter, three for the Swedes yields the rating.

Dexter's first permanent post-homecoming band was formed in mid-1977 and included the personnel heard on *Nights At The Keystone*. This two-record set, recorded in '78 and '79 at the Keystone Korner in San Francisco, documents a smooth and supple working band. The rhythm section is the most adventurous of the four reviewed here, and Dex is Dex is Dex. He stamps the ballads—*Easy Living* is the best ballad performance—with his indelible combination of masculine tone and phrasing, and Cables often continues with a Tatum-like a capella solo leading into double-time and the doubly swinging reentry of bass and drums. Reid picks up phrases from everyone and phases them into his straight-ahead and broken-up walk. Some bassist! His high, Oriental-sounding pedal tones and Dexter's leisurely ad lib create tension against the prevailing uptempo drive of Cables and Gladden on *Antabus*, the saxophonist's minor blues. Cables plays excellently throughout this set, bringing his springy beat and an emotional heat to everything. Dexter doesn't catch fire with anything really new, but work-a-day

Dexter is always a substantial musical experience.

Amid excitement over his filming a movie in Paris and sadness over his two-year hiatus from public performance, these records are a welcome addition to the Gordon body of sound. Yeah, Dexter, man. . . —owen cordle



GEORGE SHEARING

GRAND PIANO—Concord Jazz 281: *When A Woman Loves A Man; It Never Entered My Mind; Mack The Knife; Nobody Else But Me; Imitations; Taking A Chance On Love; While We're Young.*

Personnel: Shearing, piano.

★★★★★

MARIAN McPARTLAND

WILLOW CREEK AND OTHER BALLADS—Concord Jazz 272: *Without You; The Things We Did Last Summer; All In Love Is Fair; Willow Creek; Long Ago And Far Away; Someday I'll Find You; I Saw Stars; I've Got A Crush On You; Summer Song.*

Personnel: McPartland, piano.

★★★★★ 1/2

The link between Marian McPartland and George Shearing is not merely that they both happen to be English-born pianists who are currently recording on the same label, nor that they are of the same musical generation—indeed, they are nearly of the same year—but that they share a polished keyboard conception, a respect for the American song form, and a clarity of musical ends and means.

This isn't to say that McPartland's and Shearing's means and ends are identical, for they're not. *Willow Creek And Other Ballads*, by McPartland's own standards, is an enigmatic recording. Gone is the experimental, expansive air that her playing took when she stretched out with her trio for her own label, Halcyon, in the '70s. Replacing this is a Bill Evans-in-slow-motion sort of impressionism, melancholic and bittersweet, tinged with introspection and carried on with iridescent yet somehow static harmonies. But part of McPartland's difficulty in making cohesive jazz statements here may lie simply in her choice of material. *Long Ago And Far Away* and Noel Coward's *Someday I'll Find You* have the kind of rigid melodies that suffocate improvisation. Other selections, like *The Things We Did Last Summer*, are more pliable, yet still fail to receive complete development. Here, as in, say, many

of Art Tatum's recordings, *development* means nudging and poking at the thematic material rather than expanding it. Relying on improvisation by paraphrase is a timid substitute for a genuine jazz performance, especially for a pianist of McPartland's background and calibre.

Nodding in the direction of pop/rock, McPartland offers Stevie Wonder's *All In Love Is Fair*, a haunting melody fitted with careful bass lines, subtly moving chordal tones, and floating voicings. Such fine touches, easily overlooked on first hearing, delineate the strongest features of McPartland's style. Finally, and in sharp contrast to much of the foregoing sweetness and light, there is Billy Strayhorn's *Blood Count*, a visit to the infrequently seen dark side of McPartland's moon. Here she experiments with static pensiveness and the effect is chilling as the piece's darkly augmented harmonies are inched along by McPartland's subtle,

sure powers. Would that her tack were as thorough and firm with all the material present here.

Like Marian McPartland, George Shearing is an avatar of good taste. But more than meeting this by-no-means minimal standard, his playing on *Grand Piano* is nothing less than a patient, complete explanation of the way the piano was meant to be played, in jazz idioms or otherwise. Shearing is a viable defender of jazz piano styles, both mainstream and modern and spanning far greater distances, literally and otherwise, than the Milt Buckner locked-hands style of keyboard voicing which Shearing popularized. Shearing's chief stylistic means rest in the classic but nevertheless very real virtues of precision, urbanity, decorum, geniality, imitation, and wit, qualities which are present throughout this recording in roughly equal and certainly ample propor-

tions.

T. S. Eliot, I believe, once remarked that lesser artists borrow while great ones steal. Those who doubt the efficacy of this compositional strategy could consider, first, the way in which Shearing interpolates the first strain of Erik Satie's delicate *Trois Gymnopédies* with Rodgers and Hart's poignant *It Never Entered My Mind*. The result has a simple inevitability about it that makes the musical whole far greater than the sum of its parts. This facility of assembling such pieces into a new form is *wit* in its pure state, the perception of similarities in apparently dissimilar things. Shearing delights in making musical puns like these, but the result here is not humorous but moving, as when he joins Antonio Carlos Jobim's *How Insensitive* with the chordal and bass figures from Chopin's *E minor Prelude*. Everything fits, and the result is not mere novelty but a new way of

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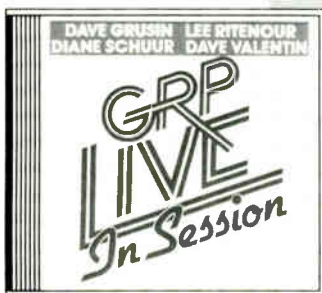
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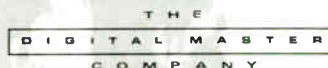
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RECORD REVIEWS

experiencing both pieces. And showing us new ways of thinking and feeling about our experiences is, of course, one definition of the task of the artist.

While pointing this out may seem a long distance from cataloging the Wallerisms, Wilsonisms, Tatumisms, Garnerisms, and, yes, even Shearingisms in Shearing's work here, doing so may give some insight into the task Shearing has set for himself—it's a large one and he's risen well to its challenge.

—jon balleras



HERBIE HANCOCK/ FODAY MUSA SUSO

VILLAGE LIFE—Columbia 39870: *MOON/LIGHT*; *NDAN NDAN NYARIA*; *EARLY WARNING*; *KANATENTE*.

Personnel: Hancock, Yamaha DX-1 Digital Synthesizer, Yamaha RX-11 Digital Drum Machine; Suso, kora, talking drum, vocals.

★ ★ ★ ★

Combining state-of-the-art technology and ancient instruments is a well-worn, but still inspirational idea. It forges a continuity between past, present, and future and assures us that we're not lost in space, but connected to an ancestral spirit that is closer to the original truth. I don't think that Hancock and Foday Musa Suso are trying to invoke the gods here, but they may be entertaining them a bit.

This series of improvised duets links the digital technology of Herbie "Future Shock" Hancock with Foday Musa Suso and his kora, a 21-stringed African instrument whose sonorities fall somewhere between an acoustic guitar and a sarod.

Suso, who plays with the Mandingo Griot Society, can't match the variety of sounds and colors that Hancock generates on his keyboards, but makes up for it by subtly interweaving deft rhythmic and melodic patterns. His improvisation on the side-long *Kanatente* is deceptively complex, a brief repeated phrase that slowly evolves into intricate lines and counterpoints. As Suso's designs become more elaborate, Hancock seems to become a little lost. There just aren't that many holes for him to fill with his Rhodes-like, light-funk comping. Occasionally, both he and Suso run out of steam and simply play vamps against each other.

But Hancock makes a great percussion section elsewhere on *Kanatente*, creating a kalimba choir out of his keyboards. On *Ndan Ndan Nyaria*, based on a chanting vocal by Suso, the drum machine kicks in with a happy

ritual rhythm, playing tambourine-like shakers against tuned drums. It's a sound that is funky in a celebratory sense rather than a dance sense. *Early Warning* is an all-too-brief percussion dance with Suso composing a talking drum melody around Hancock's electronic bass kalimba.

Hancock and Bill Laswell's production on *Village Life* is refreshingly restrained. The techno-funk, hip-hop contemporizing that mars some Laswell productions is absent, and there's none of Hancock's penchant for trite melodies and facile sound effects. And unlike *Junku*, the previous Suso/Hancock collaboration from Hancock's *Sound System* LP, *Village Life* takes place on Suso's turf. Hancock adjusts his technology to what sounds like traditional-based melodies, as on *Moon Light*, where his simple, sparkling comping reflects the childlike innocence of Suso's vocal chant.

Village Life is a joyous recording, the meeting of two divergent cultures finding unity in sound.

—john diliberto



CHARLIE ROUSE

SOCIAL CALL—Uptown 27.18: *LITTLE CHICO*; *SOCIAL CALL*; *HALF NELSON*; *GREENHOUSE*; *DARN THAT DREAM*; *CASBAH*.

Personnel: Rouse, tenor saxophone; Red Rodney, trumpet, flugelhorn (cut 5); Albert Dailey, piano; Cecil McBee, bass; Kenny Washington, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

RED RODNEY/ IRA SULLIVAN

HI JINX AT THE VANGUARD—Muse 5267: *HI JINX*; *ON THE SEVENTH DAY*; *DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES*; *I REMEMBER YOU*; *I GOT IT BAD (AND THAT AIN'T GOOD)*; *LET'S COOL ONE*.

Personnel: Rodney, trumpet, flugelhorn; Sullivan, tenor saxophone (cut 1), flute (2), alto saxophone (3, 5), trumpet (4, 6); Garry Dial, piano; Paul Berner, bass; Tom Whaley, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

Contrast, variety, and the glorious Rodney trumpet link these two albums. *Hi Jinx* comes from the 1980 sessions that produced Rodney's previous Muse release *Live At The Village Vanguard*, a rewarding disc—but this often soaring sequel is even better. Ira Sullivan at his best has a long history of stimulating and challenging his best horn-playing partners. His gift for contrasting with or extending their

lines is rare, joyous; this sensitivity to the tides of others' improvising is combined with daring responsiveness, a manifestation of great self-awareness. For whatever reasons, this liberating responsiveness has been mainly exhibited in relatively informal settings—organized, well-rehearsed groups tend to dampen Sullivan's spontaneity.

It doesn't happen here, undoubtedly because Rodney shares many of these virtues. Moreover, Rodney's a dramatic player with a flair for flaring phrases opening choruses that subside into middle register linear developments that burst yet again with surprise and uplift. The flexible yet dependable solo form is based in the Gillespie heritage; the specific lyricism and dazzle are uniquely Rodney's. He's no less spontaneous than Sullivan, so much of this LP's satisfaction is in hearing the shifting relationships between the two. In the title piece, Red's solid trumpet is followed by a chorus of Ira's furious double-time tenor patterns, after which he digs in for real hard-bop lines. The two rescue *Wine And Roses* from the ignominy of its chord changes; in the chase choruses, altoist Ira takes flight in a flurry of 16th notes, so Red responds in rhythmically simple phrasing, and they progress in thesis and antithesis.

By contrast, *I Remember You* has the two on trumpet improvising a consistent line over choruses of 16s, eights, and fours—a single story told by alternating narrators. I wish this and *Let's Cool One* (trumpeters Ira, then Red, one chorus apiece) had stretched out longer. *I Got It Bad* is Sullivan's alto feature; the other ballad, *Seventh Day*, is a glossy piece for Rodney, the only weak cut in the collection. This LP's ongoing flaw is that the pianist and drummer are far too brittle players for the flowing music that the hornmen create—to me, the rhythm section sounds raw in support of such refinement.

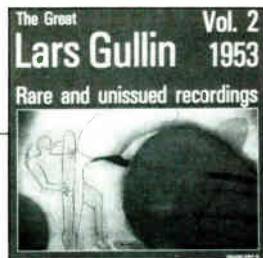
The rhythm section of Rouse's quintet is ideally alert and responsive, topped by the fine Powell-loving piano work of the late Dailey. The repertoire is near-perfect, too, including *Casbah*, one of Tadd Dameron's loveliest themes, *Half Nelson* with a *Lady Bird* interlude, and the title piece, my favorite Gigi Gryce song. Really, everything about this session is a delight. The leader's music has evolved over the years, and the great swing and authority of his playing nowadays is this record's best feature.

For years his tenor work was a clipped-phrase synthesis of Hawkins, Young, and Parker—a transitional style that often resembled the likes of Gene Ammons, for instance. The decade with Monk led to Rouse's incorporating the pianist's phrasing and linear relationships, so it's no surprise that his choices sometimes recall the young, Monk-inspired Rollins of three decades ago. Not a lyricist but a straightahead player, Rouse's sense of solo organization used to depend to an unusual degree on the movement of the underlying chord changes for linear continuity. Today he conceives in longer units and even whole solos (the two choruses of *Greenhouse*); this has led to a more freewheeling emotional range, so that in solos like *Little Chico* he even incorporates twists of subtle humor. It's a more flowing, more relaxed Rouse than ever; these qualities lend force to the driving swing that has always

been his special gift.

Again, there's marvelous contrast with Rodney, nowhere better than in *Little Chico*, with its hot tenor followed by a stunning trumpet flight, beyond pulse and harmonic structure, that lasts a chorus before settling into characteristically shapely lines. *Greenhouse* is just as fine, with its designed piano, trumpet (great Rodney, with wry inflections), and tenor solos. It's hard to choose—Rouse is also great in *Half Nelson*, and the other cuts are nearly as satisfying, the ballad *Darn That Dream* excepted. Rouse's dynamic evenness seems to emphasize the inherent drama in the trumpet solos; these two are a terrific team, and I'll only add that I've gotten more pleasure out of *Social Call* than from any other new album this year.

—john litweiler



LARS GULLIN

THE GREAT LARS GULLIN VOL. 2—Dragon 75: *You Go To My Head*; *The Things We Did Last Summer*; *Ablution*; *Lady Fingers*; *The Front*; *The Boy Next Door*; *North Express*; *Hersey Bar*; *Night And Day*; *Chloe*; *You Go To My Head*; *Love Me Or Leave Me*; *Yvette*; *You Go To My Head*.

Personnel: Gullin, alto (cuts 6, 7, 9, 10), baritone saxophone; Weine Renliden, trumpet (5-8); Kettil Ohlsson, baritone saxophone (9, 10); Putte Lindblom (1-10), Bob Laine (12), Mats Olsson (13, 14), piano; Yngve Akerberg (1-4), Georg Riedel (5-8), Lars Pettersson (9, 10), Simon Brehm (12), Tauno Suojärvi (13, 14), bass; Jack Noren (1-8, 12-14), Bosse Stoor (9, 10), drums.

★★★★

LARS SJÖSTEN

DEDICATED TO LEE—Dragon 66: *For F.J. Fans Only*; *Danny's Dream*; *Peter Of April*; *Merlin*; *Fine Together*; *Dedicated To Lee*; *Happy Again*; *Perntz*; *Our Knob*; *Late Date*; *The Flight*.

Personnel: Sjösten, piano; Lee Konitz, alto saxophone; Hector Bingert, tenor saxophone; Gunnar Bergsten, baritone saxophone; Gustavo Bergalli (1, 2, 4-11), Jan Allan (3), trumpet; Torgny Nilsson, trombone; Lars Lundström, bass; Egil Johnsen, drums.

★★★★

In the years since his death in 1976 at age 48, Lars Gullin's reputation has receded to the point where today he is only a footnote in the "Foreign Musician" category of American jazz. This is unfortunate, as he was not merely one of

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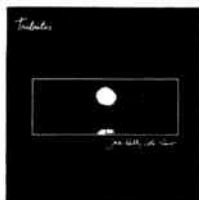


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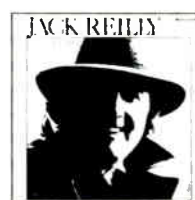
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RECORD REVIEWS

Sweden's greatest musicians but one of the most imaginative instrumentalists/composers to come out of the cool school circa mid-'50s, period. A thoughtful soloist and flexible stylist, in addition to a wealth of European and Scandinavian activity he toured and recorded with a wide range of Americans, from his idol Lee Konitz to Chet Baker and even Archie Shepp. A measure of his success was that he was voted *New Star* in the 1954 *db* Critics Poll—without yet having played in the U.S.; only his recordings had circulated.

If Gullin's alto leaned heavily into Konitz territory, and his baritone playing was Mulliganesque, it's not due to mere mimicry, but a comfortable stylistic niche found and favored. It turned out to be a strange combination of influences, however, for the reedy, almost transparent tone of his alto belies the warm beefiness and fluidity of his baritone. Especially on the former his lines are rhythmically unfettered and his phrasing buoyant, while the baritone brought out an almost constant ooze of melody—one of Gullin's greatest gifts was an effortless inventive streak that poured out of his instruments like honey.

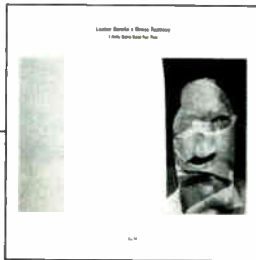
The Great Lars Gullin is the second volume of rare or previously unissued material released on the Swedish Dragon label. (*Volume 1* included four live '55 performances featuring Chet Baker and Dick Twardzik, recorded six days before the legendary pianist's death, aged 24.) The first eight tunes were at one time available in the U.S. on a 10-inch Contemporary disc, and though a number of the songs look familiar, Gullin often took the Tristano tact of soloing throughout the changes and only obliquely referring to the given melody. Side two is taken from various broadcasts, live tapes, and a few recording sessions. Without fail the reedman receives solid if unobtrusive support from his compatriots. As for his own prowess, one need only compare the three versions of *You Go To My Head* which the LP offers: the first a fantastically fluid, inspired performance; the second a live, even more leisurely statement with lovely curlicues of melody which never double-back or overlap themselves; the third a less introspective, more forthright statement—and all three fully the equal of any baritonist active in 1953, save perhaps Serge Chaloff.

Gullin's highly developed technique is everywhere evident (hear the double-timed flourishes—casually phrased on the often cumbersome bari, no less—on Gigi Gryce's *Yvette*, for example), but it's his lyricism which commands attention, which is one reason why his writing was so admired during his lifetime—and why the octet album under Lars Sjösten's leadership works so well. Sjösten was Gullin's pianist for 15 years, and he collected seven of Gullin's own arrangements for this homage (*Happy Again* and *Peter Of April* are played by a quartet and quintet respectively; *Dedicated To Lee* and *Late Date* were transcribed off of 1953 recordings Gullin made with Konitz and other visiting Kentonians).

The octet pieces are conscientiously crafted, with Gullin's personal voicings stamping them with his own flavorful, sometimes melancholic identity. It is altogether appropriate that Konitz be the featured soloist throughout the program, and he brings a combination

of questing elegance and impishness that helps these scores soar. Though the other soloists are uneven (Bergalli's trumpet tends to trip forward—like catching your toe in the cracks of the sidewalk—without ever actually faltering), the ensemble hangs together and does justice to this remarkable music of true character.

—art lange



LESTER BOWIE'S BRASS FANTASY

I ONLY HAVE EYES FOR YOU—ECM 1296: *I ONLY HAVE EYES FOR YOU; THINK; LAMENT; COMING BACK, JAMAICA; NONET; WHEN THE SPIRIT RETURNS.*

Personnel: Bowie, Bruce Purse, Malachi Thompson, trumpet; Stanton Davis, trumpet, flugelhorn; Craig Harris, trombone, didjeridoo; Steve Turre, trombone; Vincent Chancey, french horn; Bob Stewart, tuba; Phillip Wilson, drums.

★ ★ ★

This is an age of healthy Instrumental Chauvinism. In solo concerts and in groups such as the World Saxophone Quartet, loyalists to particular instruments declare their independence from every other axe. Four reeds can be a self-sufficient band. So can a lone trombone. Properly handled, any instrument or family of instruments can do most anything.

Now Lester Bowie gives the brass family its chance to strut. (True, he's cheated a bit by drafting a drummer. But no sensible person would begrudge this band, for the sake of a theoretical point, the crisp and pointed pulse-keeping of Phillip Wilson.) Horns can do the work of chording instruments; on the title ballad, they play *tink-tink-tink* piano triads; on *Jamaica*, skanky reggae guitar. Here and there, you'd swear you heard the hum of arco bass.

Mostly, however, the horns sound like themselves. And given that, *Brass Fantasy* is remarkably independent of obvious models. Only on Lester's ramshackle dirge *Spirit* (curiously reminiscent of *Blue Christmas*) does this unit recall a New Orleans funeral band—cemetery-bound here—and nowhere does Sousa or the circus come to mind. Indeed, *Brass Fantasy*'s main failing is that the players avoid the obvious a little too rigorously; nowhere do they exploit the massed power at their command, threatening to topple Jericho's walls.

The hornblowers employ a gamut of effects, from swing band wah-wah muting to Manglesdorff multiphonics, yet the emphasis is on the straightforward: open-horn work, well-drilled

section riffs, and pretty, billowing chords are the order of the date. *Spirit* is the best, loosest thing here, patterned after the Art Ensemble's airy and unhurried ballads. But the longest tracks are padded out with episodes of AEC-brand atmospheric noodling. Bass-anchor Stewart's fetching latin vamp streaks and sways on for 14 minutes of *Nonet* (while Purse's lovely waltz *Think* fades almost as soon as it starts). Thompson's suite *Lament* takes ages to get going, but eventually pays off with Davis' oddly successful synthesis of Bowie's rubber note-bending and Herb Alpert's spanish tinge.

The leader is the featured and standout soloist, but even in ensemble his sweet-and-sour phrases unfailingly grab the ear. Orderly as most of these settings are, Bowie's uncannily beautiful mix of asthmatic wheezes, barnyard whinnies, raspberries, and dropcloth splatters is the most elegant sound to be found.

—kevin whitehead



AZYMUTH

SPECTRUM—Milestone 9134: *WHAT'S GOING ON; SONG OF THE JET (SAMBA DO AVIAO); UNIVERSAL PRISONER; CANDOMBLÉ; ALL THAT CARNIVAL; THE ISLAND (COMECAR DE NOVO); AREIAS; TURMA DO SAMBA.*

Personnel: José Roberto Bertrami, keyboards, vocoder, Hammond organ, percussion; Alex Malheiros, electric bass, acoustic guitar, vocal, percussion; Ivan Conti (Mamão), drums, percussion, repique; Paulinho Olivera, flugelhorn (cuts 3, 6); Sidney Moreira (Cidinho), percussion; Tangerina, surdo, tamborim (8); Zizinho, pandeiro, tamborim (8); Peninha, caixa, tamborim (8); Carlinhos da Mocidade, repique base (8).

★ ★ ★ ★

Brazilian pop music is a coolly expressive melange of happiness and tender longing. Rio de Janeiro-based sessionmen José Roberto Bertrami, Ivan Conti (Mamão), and Alex Malheiros—together known as Azymuth—belong to the national treasure chest of artists who have the absolute command of feelings to both exhilarate and haunt us. The trio's six Milestone albums, with their relaxed, orderly meldings of samba and jazz-funk, offer ample proof of this.

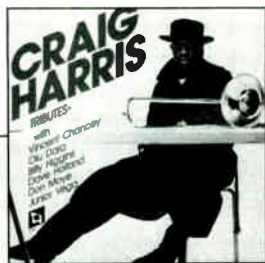
The records also show how Azymuth's *samba doído* (crazy samba) incorporates elements of the Portuguese, Indian, and African musical traditions within Brazil as it advances their interest in electronics. While these sparkling techno-pop LPs make for deliciously attractive listening, each one has patches of indistinct sentiment and lifelessness. Will

Azymuth eventually go the lame hearts-and-flowers way of Sergio Mendes? The bossa whispers? Don't worry; their new album, *Spectrum*, contains the usual amount of wistful beauty and a surprising abundance of energy. None of the music is insipid.

Azymuth delves into the past for three songs. Their cover of Marvin Gaye's *What's Going On*, a number performed by the three in early-'70s Rio nightclubs before officially forming the group, is a sleek success; Bertrami's subtle electric piano catches the aching optimism of the Motown star's singing while Malheiros' fragment-bomb bass and Mamão's precise traps establish an appropriately light funk groove. Azymuth nestles in the warmth generated by guest Paulinho Olivera's flugelhorn on Les McCann's *Universal Prisoner*, another favorite from the pre-Azymuth days. The bouncy *Areias*, originally done for an early Brazil-only Azymuth album, is swept along by lively percussion and assertive wordless vocals. Bertrami's arrangements allow little room for solos, but the songs are certainly fresh and captivating.

Other invigorating songs take us deep into the Brazilian psyche. Malheiros, Mamão, and sambista Cidinho make *All That Carnival* a tremendous rhythmic celebration of national spirit. This rendering of meriment is seconded by *Turma Do Samba*, throughout which Mamão and five masterful drummers pound out crisscrossing rhythms as if leading an army of Carnival dancers and carousers. *Candomblé* is (as well as a song title) the mystical, life-affirming Afro-Brazilian religion that Azymuth, stressing a monstrosly funky bass pattern, does its best to represent in terms of samba *doido*. Least we become overawed by this aggressive emotionalism, pretty songs *The Island* and *Jet* remind us of the trio's—and country's—special sensitivity.

—frank-john hadley



CRAIG HARRIS

TRIBUTES—OTC 804: *HIGH LIFE*; *D.A.S.H.* (FOR DIANE); *SAME PLACES*, *NEW FACES*; *24 DAYS AN HOUR*; *LORNA*; *UNDERGROUND JOURNEY*.

Personnel: Harris, trombone, didjeridoo; Olu Dara, cornet, harmonica, African trumpet; Junior Vega, trumpet; Vincent Chancey, french horn; Dave Holland, boss, cello; Billy Higgins, Don Moye, drums, percussion.

★ ★ ★ ½

Steering a middle course between the aridly textural *Aboriginal Affairs* (India Navigation) and the hot-blowing *Black Bone* (Soul Note),

trombonist Harris' third album avoids the dry patches of the former without hitting the heights of the latter. Not that this band lacks firepower—they mix things up quite ably on *High Life* and *Same Places*. But Harris isn't out to relive past glories. He brings a fresh plan to each of his LPs.

Tributes' plan is built on doubles: two very different drummers, surprisingly like-minded wherever they meet; Dara's and Vega's twinned tart and darting cornet and trumpet; trombone apposed to a dense brass trio. Motifs double out. *High Life's* repeater-note bass riff echoes through *24 Days*, and through *High Life's* own jackhammer horn chords. The same brass choir returns to toll behind Harris on the second track, *D.A.S.H. (For Diane)*—which sets liquid trombone above wind section, as does the equally heartfelt *Lorna*.

Like a minimalist, Harris uses redundancy as a structural/unifying device. But any minimalist echoes here are subtle at most; the feel and effect are different. Like Mal Waldron's repetition-based music, *Tributes'* has its roots in the music of the black church—and in Harris' case, in the street. *High Life's* rhythm has more to do with New York's salsa and Rolins/Roach calypsos than with African high-life. The (subway?) train song *24 Days* creaks under a jive vocal chant and Dara's wailing Natchez harp, but the leader's steamer solo saves the track.



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RECORD REVIEWS

Harris had approached Trummy Young about appearing on this album, but Young passed away before the recording date. Craig pays tribute to him (and Lawrence Brown) on the ballads, which feature the prettiest Harris on record. But Craig's reputation largely rests on his amply displayed gutbucket playing, full of greasy smears, highwire falsetto passages, and loopy glissandi that somehow always avert disaster.

Harris doubles on Australia's snarling, droning didjeridoo. Unlike some, in adopting an ethnic instrument as his own he's brought along its cultural baggage; didjeridoo, Gregorian cello, and African trumpet make the closing *Underground Journey* a mystery ritual. Like tailgate slides and pretty ballads, it's a reminder that clever structures are fine as long as you don't lose the spirit. —Kevin Whitehead

LOREN SCHOENBERG

THAT'S THE WAY IT GOES—Aviva 6005: *It Don't Mean A Thing; Keepin' Myself For You; Johnny Come Lately; Blue And Sentimental; Down For The Double; Royal Garden Blues; That's The Way It Goes; Wrappin' It Up; Ghost Of A Chance; Three Little Words; I've Got It Bad.*

Personnel: Paul Cohen, Laurie Frink, John Eckert; Dick Sudhalter, trumpet; Matt Finders, Sean Mahoney, Eddie Mahoney, trombone; Schoenberg, Chuck Wilson, Jack Stuckey, Ken Peplowski, Doug Lawrence, Danny Bank, saxophones; Dick Katz, piano; Howard Alden, guitar; Phil Flanigan, bass; Mel Lewis, drums; Barbara Lea, vocals.

★ ★ ★ ★

CLASSIC JAZZ QUARTET

THE CLASSIC JAZZ QUARTET—Jazzology 139: *Freeze And Melt; Sugarfoot Stomp; Doin' The Gotham Gude; Cabin In The Pines; Dollar Dance; It's The Girl; Dr. Heckle And Mr. Jibe; Medusa; Sherman's Folly; Mississippi Mud; Empty Penthouse Blues; Happy Feet.*

Personnel: Dick Sudhalter, cornet; Joe Muranyi, clarinet; Dick Wellstood, piano; Marty Grosz, guitar, vocals; Loren Schoenberg, vocals.

★ ★ ★ ★

DICK MELDONIAN

THE DICK MELDONIAN TRIO—Statoras 8076: *It's A Wonderful World; Crazy 'Bout My Baby; Truckin'; All God's Chillun; I Never Knew; I Know That You Know; Changes; The Lady's In Love; This Can't Be Love; I Want A Little Girl; Ah Sweet Mystery Of Life.*

Personnel: Meldonian, soprano saxophone; Marty Grosz, guitar; Pete Compo, bass.

★ ★ ★

CRITICS' CHOICE

Art Lange

NEW RELEASE: Various Artists, *A Winter's Solstice* (Windham Hill). Normally I prefer music with a bit more punch to it, but there's no denying the sheer beauty of the 10 pieces on this compilation. Sure it's sentimental; so sue me.

OLD FAVORITE: Stanley Turrentine & The Three Sounds, *Blue Hour* (Blue Note). The atmosphere fairly drips off this album; moody tenor sax stylings and sympathetic, subtle accompaniment.

RARA AVIS: Eddie Palmieri, *Solito* (Latina Musica). The latin groove is infectious, the percussionists percolate, and the horns sizzle, but it's Palmieri's "play-anything-and-pull-it-off" piano eccentricities that put this one over the top. (Good luck finding a playable pressing, though.)

SCENE: WTTW's (Chicago's channel 11) *Soundstage* coverage of highlights from this year's Chicago Jazz Festival caught the reunited Count Basie Sextet (inc. Buddy DeFranco, Clark Terry, and Charlie Rouse) in a majestic set, surrounded by the dazzling Windy City skyline—thrillingly photographed. Let's hope for Vol. 2 soon.

John Diliberto

NEW RELEASE: Present, *Le Poison Qui Rend Fou* (Cuneiform). Dark Bartok-like arrangements driven by Gothic rock percussion and the tortured guitar of Roger Triguax. This is classical rock with an industrial vengeance, from Belgium.

OLD FAVORITE: Art Ensemble of Chicago, *People In Sorrow* (Nessa). Sixteen years old, this album communicates like an ancient ritual; a tone poem of contemplation, meditation, and exaltation.

RARA AVIS: Bill Nelson, *Trials By Intimacy (Book Of Splendors)* (Cocteau). A four-record set of personal explorations by a rock veteran (Bebop Deluxe) unfettered by commercial restraints or time. A private diary in sound.

SCENE: Willem Breuker's Kollektief at Haverford College in Philadelphia presented a free jazz carnival of vaudeville, bebop, schmaltz, schtick, the tightest ensemble work this side of Ellington, and the wildest soloing the other side of Ornette.

Peter Kostakis

NEW RELEASE: Art Ensemble of Chicago, *Live In Japan* (DIW). Focusing on material from the early BYG albums onward, this live '84 date picks up where *Urban Bushmen* (ECM) left off.

OLD FAVORITE: Larry Young, *Unity* (Blue Note). "Contemporary" organ never sounded so good, due in no small part to Woody Shaw, Joe Henderson, Elvin Jones, and the spirit of Larry Young and Olivier Messiaen.

RARA AVIS: Chuck Willis, *The King Of The Stroll* (Japanese Atlantic). Known best for *It's Too Late*, the turbaned '50s r&b idol specialized in mellow, precise, so-right arrangements, heavy on the ballad side, colored by celeste and slide guitar.

SCENE: Willem Breuker, wielding his saxophone as a conductor's baton, led his theatrical 10-piece Kollektief through Ellington, belly bumping, Ruby and the Romantics, air raid drills, elfin folk dances, and several of my finest hours at the Jazz Showcase, courtesy of the Jazz Institute of Chicago and the Inter-Arts Ministry.

By now we all know that the New York jazz scene is alive with a couple of generations of neo-mainstreamers. They are a community onto themselves and these three LPs illustrate a few of the directions currently under investigation.

If you haven't met Loren Schoenberg, age 26, this record will serve to introduce him to a national audience, and beyond. This remarkable young musician is driven by two gods: Lester Young and Benny Goodman. If this seems a peculiar mix of cool and hot, it's easily explained. Schoenberg is both tenor saxophonist and bandleader. Since he apparently hasn't decided which pursuit to emphasize, he's simplified matters for himself by doing both extremely well.

His tenor saxophone is a flouncy, loose-limbed incarnation of Young. His sound has Lester's dryness, but with more muscle than mist. Yet, he can bounce a note off the beat for two or three bars and evoke gliding images of Prez. He's a swinging thesaurus of Young's phrases and devices, and he uses the vocabulary with insight and imagination, as the five quartet tracks on his debut album nicely demonstrate.

Even more remarkable, though, has been Schoenberg's big band, which has survived and developed over five bumpy years in rehearsal halls and irregular club dates. What is it about this band that has attracted and held such top players as Mel Lewis, Spanky Davis, Dick Sudhalter, Joe Muranyi, Eddie Bert, and Dick Katz? In a word, the book. Virtually no other band in New York could feast as royally on transcriptions of prime Basie and Ellington works, early Fletcher Henderson (*Queer Notions*), Benny Carter and more. And as musicologist for Benny Goodman, Schoenberg has had access to classic (and unpublished) charts by Eddie Sauter, Jimmy Mundy, and above all the complete Henderson/Goodman library itself.

The band jumps at the chance to play a book like this, and the enthusiasm shows. This LP offers a broad sampling, including one of the best ensemble performances of Henderson's *Wrappin' It Up* in years. The reeds especially have a feathery lift about them, a lyricism rarely heard today. Henderson charts are deceptive. They are easy to play, devilish to play right. Schoenberg had the unique opportunity to study them at Goodman's right hand. It's little wonder that when the picky Mr. Goodman finally heard this record, he adopted the Schoenberg band for several recent appearances. One only regrets that this album doesn't contain more full band tracks. But then Goodman plans to record with it himself soon, so more will be heard. And more will be heard certainly from Schoenberg.

While Schoenberg was working at his band, two of his associates—Sudhalter and Muranyi—were moonlighting on their own pet project, which eventually became The Classic Jazz Quartet. This tight little group, which suggests the Bechet-Spanier Big Four sides of 1940 but goes its own way, throws light into some of the dark corners of '20s and '30s repertoire and adds five originals. It's a brittle and very orderly ensemble, capable of some pulsing swing (*It's The Girl, Freeze And Melt, Happy Feet*) driven by Marty Grosz' whipping acoustic guitar and Dick Wellstood's mighty left hand. But the orderliness and fragile precision, not to mention the faithful-to-the-period staccato articulation, hold the soloists on a short leash. It's an ensemble in the best sense of the term—and classic jazz was ensemble jazz.

But these are not recreations by rote. There's a snappy and informed balance of wit and whimsy here, almost to the threshold of satire. *Dr. Heckle And Mr. Jibe*, with some inside vocal references injected by Grosz and an un-billed Loren Schoenberg, and *Mississippi Mud*, sung in German by the "Bourgeois Scum," are echoes of the fun players once had with *The Sheik Of Araby* and *Shirt Tail Stomp* 50-odd years ago. Even where the music is played straight, it's played for fun—never actually reverent, but never condescending either.

Dick Meldonian is a journeyman East Coast reed player with a fine sound, a smooth, wrinkle-free swing, but not an especially bold personal signature—or even a strong passion for another's signature, which seems to be considered a fairly honorable musical path these days.

Unlike the Schoenberg and Classic Jazz LPs, Meldonian seems to have no period or stylistic axe to grind with his trio, except to practice the simple pleasures of playing music, which is fine. Yet a flash of fire on something like *Crazy 'Bout My Baby* might have helped send a welcome ripple through the wave form of this relaxed, pleasant, albeit rather flat, session.

The dominant attitude and personality of the trio is provided by guitarist Grosz, whose guitar anchors the rhythm section and whose sly, good-natured vocals invigorate nearly half the well-aged titles. It's really his record.

—john mcdonough

OLD WINE, NEW BOTTLES

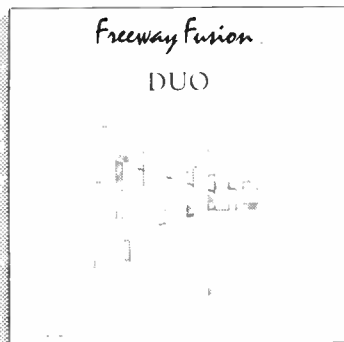
A Bonanza Of Blue Notes

The Blue Note reissue program has hit the half-century mark, and of the first 50 albums to be recycled there are a number of indisputable classics, some magical moments, and some near-misses.

Not much need be said of the classics, except to point out the varied availability of some of the albums. For example, the **Thelonious Monk** LPs *Genius Of Modern Music* Vol. 1 and Vol. 2 (BN 81510 and 81511) were combined for years on *The Complete Genius* (LA 579-H2)—which, like the other two-fers, are now apparently out-of-print—and

are still available in the massed four-LP Mosaic set *The Complete Blue Note Recordings Of Thelonious Monk*. Likewise, *The Fabulous Fats Navarro* Vol. 1 and Vol. 2 (BN 81531 and 81532) were on *Prime Source* (LA 507-H2); the **Miles Davis** Vol. 1 and Vol. 2 (BN 81501 and 81502) were on United Artist 9952 a few years back; the complete sets from **Art Blakey's A Night At Birdland** (variously spread over BN 81521 and 81522 plus LA473-J2) are in *The Complete Blue Note And Pacific Jazz Recordings Of Clifford Brown* (Mosaic 5-104)—as are the reissued **Clifford Brown Memorial Album** (BN 81526) and *Alternate Takes* (BN 84428). The *Amazing Bud Powell* Vol. 1 and Vol. 2 have cuts that pop up on each of the aforementioned Fats Navarro albums.

And so on. The point being that each of the LPs in the preceding paragraph is an undeniable classic, among the joys of modern music, and should be in even the most meager of jazz



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RECORD REVIEWS

record collections, in one way, shape, or form. Now on to highlight some of the rest of the catalog.

The Jazz Messengers, one of the longest-lived and best loved of Blue Note groups, wasn't always under the aegis of Art Blakey. The quintet's first stirrings, *At The Cafe Bohemia* (BN 81507 and 81508), were listed as a leaderless co-op, though it's definitely **Horace Silver** *And The Jazz Messengers* on BN 81518. These performances defined "hard-bop" for future disciples. Bright, brash, exuberant, and swinging at all costs, Kenny Dorham and Hank Mobley's biting unisons, and the strong solos (including Silver and Blakey) set the standard for forthcoming Messenger units. Policy decisions ultimately led to a partial breakup, but of Silver's own subsequent albums, *Blowin' The Blues Away* (BN 84017) is a benchmark. Containing such standards as *Sister Sadie*, *The St. Vitus Dance*, and *Baghdad Blues*, the music sampled herein is among jazz' sturdiest, most direct and communicative. The horns (Blue Mitchell and Junior Cook) are capable, but it's Silver's quicksilver piano that invigorates and inspires.

Blakey's heading of the **Jazz Messengers** carried (to this day) through a number of personnel changes of varying efficacy, but no combination created a more powerful torrent of sound than on *Indestructible* (BN 84193). The album commences with a crash, and continues on that course throughout. With Lee Morgan, Curtis Fuller, and the youthful Wayne Shorter as an anything-but-subtle front line, and Blakey bashing behind, *The Egyptian* riffs ferociously—and contains the single most strident Shorter solo I've ever heard, climaxing with prolonged blares that throw the music into your face. The quintet consorts at full blast on this one.

Another of Blue Note's ablest sons, **Jimmy Smith**, supported any number of recorded jams on his organ. Noteworthy among them are *Jimmy Smith's House Party* (BN 84002), where the leader's consistent groove and mouse-scurrying solos contend with a parade of soloists (including familiar faces like Lou Donaldson, Morgan, Fuller, George Coleman, Kenny Burrell, and not-so-familiar Tina Brooks) in a bop setting, and *Back At The Chicken Shack* (BN 84117), where the stripped-down crew of Stanley Turrentine, Burrell, Smith, and drummer Donald Bailey provide a funkier ambience with muscular sincerity.

Stanley Turrentine was one of the label's MVPs during this period. With leader **Kenny Burrell** on *Midnight Blue* (BN 84123), Turrentine's tenor glows, alternating suave bluesy musing with more meaty moments, complementing the guitarist's sleek and seductive nature nicely. For warmth and atmosphere, this is a tough album to top—but *Blue Hour* (BN 84057), by Turrentine with **The 3 Sounds**, comes awfully close. This is a relaxed, intimate outing, which the tenorman, with a gruff-with-a-heart demeanor reminiscent of Hawkins and Webster, just eats up. Pianist Gene Harris supports with a Basie-like insouciance and simplicity. Turrentine has some marvelous stories to tell here. Too bad that his own LP *Joyride* (BN 84201) is cluttered by Oliver Nelson's big band arrangements. Stanley resorts to a fuller

cry and pushes hard, but the results are still pretty bland. Fortunately he's redeemed on **Art Taylor's** delightful *A.T.'s Delight* (BN 84047), where the choice material (cuts by Coltrane, Monk, a West Indian calypso, and *Move*) forces him to modernize his thinking a tad, thinning his tone for added speed and flexibility. Though rarely heard trumpeter Dave Burns is casual and conservative, drummer Taylor wails and carries the day.

Lou Donaldson's been unjustly labeled a Parker clone, but his soulful sensibility seldom stumbles, and *Blues Walk* (BN 81593) is a satisfying set of heart-on-sleeve ballads and speedy swingers, assisted by longtime collaborator Herman Foster's two-listed piano. Even more so is *Introducing Johnny Griffin* (BN 81533)—the notes explode like a hot wind out of the tenor. This quartet date (with Wynton Kelly's piano and Max Roach driving the drums) is quite simply the most electrifying, exciting album I've heard in a long time. I missed it the first time around—thank heaven for reissues!

On to trumpeters. **Kenny Dorham** was a durable and dependable instrumentalist—and something more in certain situations. His *Trompeta Toccata* (BN 84181) is not the most challenging of his LPs, though, and as a result tenorman **Joe Henderson** is the more impressive presence, with an authority and highly-strung heft whether playing high or low, inside or out. Tommy Flanagan's surprisingly self-effacing playing doesn't help this one. Andrew Hill is the pianist on Henderson's *Our Thing* (BN 84152), and the difference is bracing, with complex, knotty harmonic knucklings comping behind Henderson's excellent conception, inventive phrasing, and sheer personality. Dorham, like Freddie Hubbard, Donald Byrd, and Lee Morgan on other of the label's freer concerns, sounds slightly uncomfortable, though his clarity lends another angle to the thrilling textural varieties. Speaking of **Lee Morgan**, his *The Sidewinder* (BN 84157) spawned a surprise juke-box hit in the title tune, a relatively simple bluesy lope, causing countless subsequent albums to contain similarly soulful vamps hoping lightning might strike twice. Morgan's crisp, occasionally audacious attack works to better advantage on *The Gigolo* (BN 84212), trading spirited fours with Wayne Shorter. Most of the spirit on **Donald Byrd's** *Byrd In Hand* (BN 84019) comes from beefy front line-mates Charlie Rouse and Pepper Adams, as Rouse is rousing on *Here Am I* and Adams is everywhere agitated. Byrd's trumpet is less excitable, to put it mildly, and by the time of *Free Form* (BN 84118), positively snoozy. Though the ensemble telepathy between frequent collaborators Shorter, Herbie Hancock, and Billy Higgins is evident, the album remains staid and lackluster.

Of course, Blue Note began as a purveyor of hot music, but by the mid- to late-'60s it was basically divided into hardbop (Silver, Blakey, Donaldson, etc.) and a homegrown experimental wing (Andrew Hill, Joe Henderson, and others) with much overlapping of ideas and personnel. **Wayne Shorter's** *Adam's Apple* (BN 84232) contains one of his most haunting pieces—*Footprints*—and the rhythm section of Hancock, Reggie Workman, and Joe Cham-

bers was breaking up the beat in resourceful ways, but not even so consummate a composer as Shorter was able to escape the dread *Sidewinder* pressure, as the title tune indicates. **Herbie Hancock**, meanwhile, was making a name as the "thinking man's jazz musician." *Empyrean Isles* (BN 84175) finds the pianist in an impressionistic mode even up-tempo, while Freddie Hubbard rips off chromatic lines with abandon in a manner reminiscent of what Wynton Marsalis is building on today. Tony Williams' heroic abandonment of the beat helps enliven the proceedings. However, Hancock's *Speak Like A Child* (BN 84279) is even more lushly impressionistic. Though filled with marvelous Gil Evans-ish brass colors that frame Hancock's careful, lyrical soloing, Herbie must have felt this a dead-end; he soon abandoned this sophisticated writing for a funkier outlook.

Funky isn't quite the word for **Eric Dolphy's** *Out To Lunch* (BN 84163), though it's anything but an ethereal experience, either. The compositions are full of conundrums which the soloists (Dolphy's reeds, Hubbard, Bobby Hutcherson's quizzical vibes) confront with a remarkable sense of clarity. Though not the heaven-storming context Dolphy appeared in with Coltrane and others, his expressionistic playing became crucially influential off of this date. Equally influential—though never acknowledged as such—was **Anthony (Tony) Williams' Spring** (BN 84216). The textures and harmonic freedom are echoes of later combinations: the two-tenor tandem of *Extras* appeared again on Dave Holland's *Conference Of The Birds* (ECM) (with the same Sam Rivers in attendance); *From Before* resculpts time and melodic contours in novel, cut-glass fashion—the trio of Hancock, Gary Peacock, and Williams setting the precedent for the Corea/Vitoux/Haynes trio; the digressive four-way discussion of Tee anticipating intuitive quartets throughout the '70s. *Spring* remains a marvel more than 20 years after its birth, with Peacock and the 19-year-old Williams setting down rhythmic concepts that would hold "free" rhythm sections in good stead for over two decades, Shorter and Rivers' solos full of future directions.

Equally enjoyable, if not as lastingly influential, **Grachan Moncur's** *Evolution* (BN 84153) is, in a sense, a modernist's response to the Jazz Messengers. With Hutcherson's vibes comping with airy resolve replacing the repressive piano, Williams floating above the Blakey-implied beat, and Lee Morgan and Jackie McLean surveying and surpassing their Messenger roles, the music sounds anything but avant garde today, while retaining its striking qualities. Moncur wrote *dramatic* scores (hear the title tune's dirged horn chords behind the declarative soloists), fleshed out in thrilling detail by individual statements—especially McLean's tonally ambiguous note-bending and Hutcherson's fresh, nervy, often atonal lines. But there's tradition here too: *Air Raid's* two tempos come directly from Monk's *Brilliant Corners*, and the Chaplinesque gait of *Monk In Wonderland* is an obvious homage, while even Hutcherson's broken chord comping and elliptical solos owe fealty to Thelonious—bringing this survey, in a sense, full circle. —art lange

WAXING ON

The State Of The Mainstream

BILLY WILLIAMS QUARTET: *THE BILLY SYNDROME* (Sison 0001) ★ ★

BILL SAXTON: *BENEATH THE SURFACE* (Nilva 3408) ★ ★ ★

JOHN RICHMOND: *ROUND ONCE*

(Consolidated Artists 101) ★ ★ ½

GARY LEFEBVRE: *ANOTHER TIME, ANOTHER*

PLACE (Figueroa 33) ★ ★ ★ ★

DON LANPHERE QUINTET: *INTO SOMEWHERE*

(Hep 2022) ★ ★ ★ ½

ERNIE KRIVDA/KENNY DAVIS QUINTET:

FIRESIDE SESSIONS (North Coast Jazz 4)

★ ★ ★ ½

ANDY JAFFE SEXTET: *MANHATTAN PROJECTIONS*

(Stash 247) ★ ★ ★

JOY SPRING QUINTET: *RETRY* (Njoy 184-PH)

★ ★ ★

RAY DRUMMOND: *SUSANITA* (Nilva 3409)

★ ★ ★ ★

JERRY COKER: *A RE-EMERGENCE* (Revelation 45)

★ ★ ★ ½

NICK BRIGNOLA QUARTET: *NORTHERN LIGHTS*

(Discovery 917) ★ ★ ★

O.T.B.: OUT OF THE BLUE (Blue Note 85118)

★ ★ ★ ★

Whither mainstream? Or should we say "wither mainstream?" Is jazz since bebop drying out at the roots? Is it being lopped off for firewood by the buzzsaws of fusion? Or is it as healthy as ever, sneaky as a weed, spreading like kudzu in the urban wastelands?

From the sound of these dozen sides—half of them middle-aged tenor player/leaders on tiny labels—M.O.R. jazz is neither here nor there, neither gone nor forgotten, neither flourishing nor sickly. Mainstream, having reached middle-age, has lost much of whatever fervor it may have once had, and it's mostly business as usual. "After 40," as the saying goes, "it's all maintenance."

That's bad news, and good. Bad, when you get too comfortable and lazy and lose the cut of improvisation, the reason for jazz. Good, when traditional observations of quality melodies (that is, generally not one's own), played in loose, swinging fashion, and good, relaxed vibes are cherished. An 11th-hour entry from Blue Note, that long-time purveyor of bop, puts together O.T.B. (*Out Of The Blue*), a pick-up band of youths unknown but ready and rarin' to blow—much like some Double A baseball squad—that keeps the flame of mainstream burning bright in the Silver/Blakey tradition. But let's leave the kids till last.

Billy Williams has a big, lazy, overstuffed style on tenor sax, with a gruff, wheezy sound that's a composite of lots of the old masters heard on better days. The rhythm section chugs along behind on standards (*Lady Be Good*, *Yesterdays*) and doesn't prod very hard. Recorded in St. Louis and released in Sweden, this date is well-recorded but, despite a few

inspired moments from Williams and pianist Ray Kennedy, seems sluggish and shopworn.

Bill Saxton is one of the young stalwarts of the tenor who has not earned sufficient recognition. This clean-cut, swinging album from Nilva—owned and operated by Alvin Queen, a dapper and daring drummer/entrepreneur expatriate living in Paris—shows off Saxton with a marvellously buoyant rhythm section with Ray Drummond and John Hicks. Saxton knows his roots and plays tenor with humor and warmth, if not overwhelming chops. His originals are well-constructed and relevant, and he keeps an open ear for neglected classics, taking his best solo on Wilbur Ware's (check out that great Chicago bassist!) *Riff Raff*. Sad to say, Saxton's soprano is pinched, blaring, and inept. And the record needs a ballad to cool the rhythm's giddy exuberance.

John Richmond's tenor sax is somewhat spirited and sinewy, but it can also sound sour and awkward in an early Rollins style. His material moves across the ages of jazz, from Duke and Jerome Kern to Monk and Cedar Walton. Lively but erratic rhythm support from three good individuals (Mike Longo, Al Harewood, Buster Williams) never quite jells. Still, not a bad debut.

Gary LeFebvre plays fine upper reeds in a strong quintet setting with good bop original charts well-spiced with a flexible complement of latin percussionists, who add much.

LeFebvre is not afraid to sound pretty, with a straight rendition of Mexican pop tune *Yesterday I Heard The Rain*. Exceptional piano from Kei Akagi underscores the blithe, easy lines, and the date comes over as smooth and professional, yet also exciting at times.

Don Lanphere—a veteran of the post WW II years with Fats Navarro, Artie Shaw, and Woody Herman—reappears after a long absence sounding fairly sprightly and even a bit modernized. He makes a cogent front line with young trumpeter Jon Pugh, and has a sound a backing as any on these albums—Don Friedman, Jeff Fuller, Ignacio Berroa. The five balance unusual variants on *Cherokee*, rocking *Georgia Brown*, and "A" *Train* in 3/4, with ballad cameos for tenor. Welcome back!

Ernie Krivda came out as a blazer out of Cleveland and cut it up on tenor in New York for a couple of years, then headed home. This hometown date—co-led with trumpeter Kenny Davis—sports unusually fine original charts that weave keys and textures, garner select solos from a good bunch of players. The vinyl is poor and the recording sub-standard, but the rating is, as it should be, for the well-paced, confident music.

Andy Jaffe is a Berklee College of Music keyboard product and teacher; what we get is the expected hodge-podge of stylistic tastes. Jaffe does his Horace Silver thing, and his Oliver Nelson small band thing, and a little

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RECORD REVIEWS

Wayne Shorter and Mingus and others here and there. Not bad bags, mind you, and well-copied. Some would say that copying the masters is the role of the educator. These things are even well-played, Lord knows, with Branford Marsalis (reeds) and Wallace Roney (trumpet) and Ed Jackson (alto) fleshing out the band. I love *So You Say* in a bouncy 5/4. But can Jaffe do his own thing? Maybe next time out he'll try.

Joy Spring is a nice little band from down Maine (Portland) who here puts forth its third album. By now you'd think they might have got over rushing the beat and sounding a little too tight and nervous, but—not yet. There are some nice tunes in the book, especially pianist Terry Eisen's *Dreamsnake*, to which all hands contribute. Reedman Wil Bartlett has a pleasant, airy tone, and sound ideas, while trumpeter Mark Bechard has a tart sound and an annoying turn figure on which his fingers rely too often. (Bechard has been replaced in Joy Spring's recent Boston gigs by saxophonist Charles Kohlase.)

Ray Drummond, bass behemoth on the Saxton date, here becomes leader with the same trio, different sax(es). The whole date is as bouncy and bright as Drummond's playing and persona. The bass features (*Nardis* and *I Can't Get Started*) are as strong as horns and the overdub duo on *Manha De Carnaval* stands with the best of modern bass. Two exuberant originals pit a pair of saxes neatly (Branford Marsalis—how he gets around!—and Manny Boyd). This is a good times band, expansive personalities shine through.

Jerry Coker makes an impressive alto sax comeback to the scene, not having been heard by these ears since a couple of Clare Fischer dates from the '60s. After a shaky start on *Un Poco Loco*, the set gains strength and direction. There's a noble Legrand ballad and a superior reading of the overworked *Lush Life*. Coker plays spidery, linear, Pepperish things on the uptempo numbers and rather a more lyric legato on the ballads. The trio supports sympathetically, and plays from the boot-tops. This rather delicate outing hails from Gainesville, FL, where Coker teaches at U. of Miami, Coral Gables.

Nick Brignola—the Trojan Horse—turns in a yeoman's date with a trio of regulars from his Northeast kingdom: drummer Dave Calarco, bassist John Lockwood, and pianist Jim McNeely. Brig is a big, burly guy and his playing—wall-to-wall bari here—gallops along powerfully, yet not strictly Italian stallion, either, as he shows his sensitive side readily on *Lush Life*. His occasional appearances in Boston (The Willow in Somerville) are welcomed among the sax contingent resident in this town, and no wonder: few can get around as many horns with as much facility and grace.

Last but not least, the kids rear up again: winged-footed Mercuries (Messengers) without Zeus (Blakey). **O.T.B.** (not Boston's Orange Then Blue) was auditioned by co-producer Joanne Jimenez and selected from hundreds of young players nationwide to be touring examples of how mainstream is alive and kicking practically ab ovo. Members are 21-25, mainly from Rutgers University (though bassist Bob Hurst, now with Wynton Marsalis, is from Chi-

cago and saxophonist Ralph Bowen hails from Acton, Ontario) and they have been honing a group sound that to these ears already sounds authentic and individual. I particularly like the slow bolero by altoist Kenny Garrett, whippersnapper fours on Bowen's *Reunited*, and the heads-up tune by trumpeter Michael Philip

Mossman. O.T.B. can't capture the freshness and fervor of the ur-bop era of Blakey, Silver, Monk, Jazztet et al. any more than Blakey himself can today. But they can strut with sass nonetheless.

Back to the head: is mainstream dead? Not on your life.
—fred bouchard

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.)

GRAMAVISION

John Blake, former McCoy Tyner violinist steps out with his second leader outing of varying moods, *TWINKLING OF AN EYE*. **Kazumi Watanabe**, electric, eclectic guitarist in high-energy, high-tech romp, *MOBO CLUB*. **Yas-Kaz**, new wavish/ethnic instrumental sounds from Japan, *EGG OF PURANA*.

STASH

Various Artists, some of the Big Apple's best, inc. Doc Cheatham, Major Holley, and Butch Miles jam at the HIGHLIGHTS IN JAZZ ANNIVERSARY CONCERT. **Marle Wilson**, vocalist from Down Under romances a batch of standards, *I THOUGHT ABOUT YOU*. **Anita Gravine**, second LP of vocals in the "verismo-jazz" tradition, *I ALWAYS KNEW*.

MUSE

Red Garland, live '78 Keystone Korner gig with guest Leo Wright finds the late pianist playing the blues, *I LEFT MY HEART . . .* **Kenny Burrell**, '83 Village West club date has the guitarist dueting with bassist Rufus Reid, *A LA CARTE*. **Bruce Forman**, West Coast guitarist travels east for an '82 session w/ NYC rhythm, *THE BASH*.

CONCORD JAZZ

Bruce Forman/George Cables, guitar/piano duet of particular sensitivity and dynamics. **Rosemary Clooney**, sterling accompaniment and straightforward lyricism as the songstress SINGS BALLADS. **Various Artists**, collection of Concord artists doing what they do best, *THE CONCORD SOUND VOL. 1*

INDEPENDENTS

Kitaro, popular Japanese synthesist reissues rare imported LP, from Geffen Records, *ASIA*. **Paul Winter**, New Age patriarch plays organic music in the Grand Canyon, from Living Music Records, *CANYON*. **Mike Gerber**, solo pianist sensitizes jazz stan-

dards, from Sonet Records, *PASSION FLOWER*. **Douglas Trowbridge**, piano improvisations and arrangements with classical influences, from Meadow Lark Records, *SONGS UNSPOKEN*. **Richard Souther**, multiple-synthesizer compositions conveying religious sentiment sans lyrics, from Meadow Lark, *HEIRBORNE*. **Kitt Moran**, vocalist backed by arrangements from Don Sebesky, Charlie Calello, and Joel Kaye, offers, via Wildcat Records, *THE PLANETARY ANTHEM*. **Nicolas Collins**, electronics, tapes, and sound-modification create a socio-political statement, from Lovely Music, *LET THE STATE MAKE THE SELECTION*. **Ray Lynch**, pianist/synthesist sounds tone poems of sweetness and light, from Ray Lynch Productions, *DEEP BREAKFAST*. **Marc Allen**, second LP of quiet moments translated to piano, from Rising Sun Records, *SOLO FLIGHT*. **Larkin & Friends**, flutist/synthesist and cohorts join in pastoral program, *EARTH LIGHT*. **Ananda**, jazz, jungle, and New Age elements comingle from this Boston quintet, from Sonica Atmospheres Records, *AMAZONIA*.

Alphonse Mouzon/Larry Coryell, former fusion friends get together for an electric workout, from Pausa Records, *THE 11TH HOUSE*. **Charlie Shoemaker/Bill Holman**, vibes from the former and arrangements from the latter, and vocals from the former's wife Sandi, from Pausa, *COLLABORATION*. **John Holmquist/Daniel Estrem**, duo guitarists transcribe pieces by one of America's greatest composers, from Pro Arte Records, *GERSHWIN BY GUITAR*. **Laurindo Almeida/Sharon Isbin/Larry Coryell**, Brazilian/Spanish-tinged repertoire from three plectrists, from Pro Arte, *3 GUITARS 3*. **Ron McCroby**, whistler goes legit, with pieces from Mozart to Joplin, from Pro Arte, *BREEZIN' THE CLASSICS*.

Seventh Avenue, quintet of young L.A. burners in straightahead originals, from ITI Records, *HEADS UP*. **Slider/Glenn**, Dan Slider's keyboards and Dann Glenn's bass anchor this new quintet, from ITI, *A WHISPERED WARNING*. **Reverie**, galvanic Philly quartet features Gerald Veasley's virtuoso bass, from Encounter Audiophile Records, *IN CONCERT*. **David Roach**, reedman/keyboarder and guests like vocalist Ali Thompson form a new fusion, from Passport Records, *THE TALKING CITY*. **The Warmers**, reissue of Windy City's energetic quintet plus guests like Jeff Lorber, from Passport, *NEVER GONNA GIVE YOU UP*. **Skywalk**, Canadian sextet's synthesis of styles is climbing the charts, from Zebra Rec-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 44

Record Reviews

ords, SILENT WITNESS. **Dan Moretti**, saxist and pals produce their premiere outing, from Celebration Music, SOME TIME INSIDE.

Dennis Gonzalez/John Purcell, and their 8tet from Dallas does original music, from Daagnim Records, LITTLE TOOT. **Marlon Brown**, solo alto outing of ballads and blues, from Creative Works Records, RECOLLECTIONS. **Joe Locke/Phil Markowitz**, vibes and piano, assisted by Eddie Gomez and Keith Copeland, from Little Records, LOCKE/MARKOWITZ QUARTET. **Gonz**, trio of Jerry Bergonzi's reeds, Bruce Gertz' bass, and Bob Gullotti's drums improvise, from Plug Records, URAINIAN UNDERTOW. **Frank Darmiento**, double trombonist (tenor and alto) blows in a varied program, from Sackbut Records, NIGHT WATCH. **David Lahm**, pianist fronts familiar quintet (David Friedman, Bob Moses, etc.) in mostly standards, from Plug, THE HIGHEST STANDARDS. **Judy Kreston/David Lahm**, vocalist presents surprising song choices arranged by the pianist, from Plug, HERE IN LOVE LIES THE ANSWER. **Bill King**, standards and originals from the keyboarder and special guest saxist Pat LaBarbera, from Night Pas-

sage Music, CITY OF DREAMS.

Klaus Ignatzek, German pianist's quartet includes sax wiz Dave Liebman, from Nabel Records, THE SPELL. **Jonathan Scully/David Searcy/Tiziano Tononi**, three percussionists create unusual sounds and echoes of nature, from Buscemi Records, MOON ON THE WATER. **Edward Vesala**, Finnish percussionist and large ensemble (inc. Tomasz Stanko's trumpet) reflect their muse, from Leo Records, BAD LUCK, GOOD LUCK. **Pekky Pöyry**, late Finnish altoist in various settings, from Leo, HAPPY PETER. **Kullervo**, Finnish folk tale set to music by Edward Vesala, from Leo, KULLERVO. **Ippe Kätkä**, drummer's sextet create up-to-date Finnish jazz, from Leo, IPPE KATKA BAND.

Jürgen Sturm, guitarist and his German "Ballstars" perform curious originals, from Nabel Records, TANGO SUBVERSIVO. **Gilbert Isblin**, acoustic guitarist from Belgium teams up with others in original pieces, from Tern Records, PURE. **Larry Porter/Allan Praskin**, American pianist and altoist travel to Spain and team up with local rhythm team, from Jazz Stop Records, FIRST DATE. **Pekka Poh-**

jola, electric bassist/keyboarder and Finnish friends find fusion tangents, from Breakthru' Records, SPACE WALTZ. **Jean Pierre Liabador**, guitarist and acoustic quartet play self-penned pieces, from Breakthru', COINCIDENCES. **Wondeur Brass**, Canadian female sextet on acoustic and electric instruments play "free fast & clean," from Wondeur Brass Records, RAVIR. **Various Artists**, Linda Sharrock's voice and Fritz Novotny's reeds/piano plus other member of Viennese scene, from Kovarik's Musikothek Records, JAZZ FOR THINKERS. **Paul Fields/Fritz Novotny**, alto sax, keyboards, and other combinations of instruments in homage, from Jazzfields Records, TO JAMES JOYCE. **db**

MAIL ORDER SOURCES

If your local record store doesn't carry these records, try writing NMDS, 500 Broadway, NYC 10012; Daybreak Express Records, POB 250 Van Brunt Station, Brooklyn, NY 11215; Roundup Records, POB 154, N. Cambridge, MA 02140; or North Country Records, Cadence Bldg., Redwood, NY 13679.

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CC: I've dabbled with it ever since I had an Arp Odyssey, since '72 or '73, I think. But not until this electric band have I gone past dabbling into serious learning.

HM: Do you create new voices on stage, in performance?

CC: Very occasionally I do. But fortunately, I'd say, my instruments are not built so I can much change the parameters of the voice while I'm playing. I might be tempted to do that if they were, you see, and I'm happy that they're not.

HM: Your music is operating on a very high technical level, it's very detailed, and you've been working with electronics since '73. I wonder if these instruments can be approached by novice musicians. It seems they require more attention, different kinds of attention, than mastering an acoustic instrument. Do you agree?

CC: At this point, yes, because of the overwhelming uncertainties concerning these instruments. When I sit down behind a Bösendorfer things have been refined, set, agreed upon, used, heard, evaluated, and reevaluated for years, and all I have to do is plug myself into that stream of things, get my discipline and practice routine going, and add my own aesthetic. But these instruments have not been so refined, not set, and that's part of what makes for the incredible adventure about them.

HM: Do you think the parameters of electronic instruments will become more fixed?

CC: Yes, and the artist, mainly, will be the one that fixes them, in combination with the audience that accepts and rejects and the instrument manufacturers who heed the demands of the musicians. As a matter of fact, this has been happening. Over the past five years new instruments have appeared weekly—and disappeared weekly. Now that's not so much the case. Several real statements have been made that are setting the trend. Yamaha and Synclavier have made incredible keyboard statements, and these instruments are not going away, they're being refined. Also, when you deal with a computer, it's possible to refine an instrument without changing its hardware—just add some more memory, rewrite the program, and you've got a new instrument.

HM: Do you compose on these instruments?

CC: It's hard to say just what composing is now. It's so different from sitting at a Bösendorfer writing a score. The sequencers, the instruments that remember the notes you play, become composing tools. It's like composing with a tape recorder, you know.

In performance, I've been using the Rhodes as a basic instrument to get the structure of a piece rolling, then using the Yamaha instruments to bring in orchestral effects that outline the pieces and open them up. On a couple of pieces, I use a third layer from the programmed sequencer. I don't mind if people know some sounds are sequenced, but what I'm striving for in utilizing sequencers is a seamlessness. I want to make a piece of music, something that all goes together and doesn't feel like we're simply overdubbing to some basic track.

HM: I posed this to John McLaughlin last year. You guys are in a privileged position of being able to use the newest, most elaborate equipment, and you've got the experience to know how to cope with some of its complexities. But how does the teenage player, who wants to get your sounds or create his own orchestral potentials, begin to get into these?

CC: I addressed this at a Berklee College workshop, and I think it's a valid question. I'm usually asked on another level; do I study classical music first or do I start with the synthesizer? Really, art is so free, and your choice of what you want to create is so free, that you can do away with the usual thinking of development of history, of first there was this, then there was that, so you have to go back to *that* in order to develop *this*. It's not true. You can start where you want to start and go in whatever direction you want to go. And if it's music to your ears, it's music to your ears. There are no rules.

db

1 SONNY STITT. *SWEET GEORGIA BROWN* (from *THE LAST STITT SESSIONS*, VOL. 1, Muse). Stitt, alto saxophone; Junior Mance, piano; George Duvivier, bass; Jimmy Cobb, drums. Rec. 1982.

Was it Richie Powell on piano? I have no idea; I have a few guesses. It could be Ernie Henry, Lou Donaldson, Leo Wright, or Sonny Criss. I'll soon find out, I guess. But it's a sure enough bebop—he understands the blues. Great traditional post-Parker type of playing, well done with the nuances and subtleties I like.

There's a tradition of alto playing, post-Parker; all the guys I mentioned took Parker and sort of distilled him into their own voice. Some of the young alto players now are coming from a different thing; they don't even listen to Cannonball [Adderley] or [Benny] Carter, and they haven't done their Bird lessons. I wouldn't say they all sound like anybody in particular, but this was a case of guys copying their idol and yet retaining their individuality. You can spot the bebop licks, the Bird licks, but it's where you put them, how you play them, and whether you understand the blues, and this guy obviously knew all about that stuff. So I'd give it four stars.

2 ARTHUR BLYTHE. *LIGHT BLUE* (from *LIGHT BLUE*, Columbia). Blythe, alto saxophone; Bob Stewart, tuba; Thelonious Monk, composer.

I liked that. I don't think it should be judged on whether they played Monk's changes or not. I think it was Arthur Blythe, with his tuba player.

One of the things that intrigues me about jazz—and it's much more interesting than what the contemporary composers, Philip Glass and these minimalists, are doing—is the textures, the different sounds. I love how jazz, and especially Monk, lends itself to that. These guys were developing the theme in a contemporary, almost a legit compositional way, and paying attention to the textures, which we're very concerned with in my quintet.

I'd give this four-and-a-half. I've always liked what Arthur's doing. My friend.

3 ORNETTE COLEMAN. *OPEN TO THE PUBLIC* (from *LOVE CALL*, Blue Note). Coleman, alto saxophone; Dewey Redman, tenor saxophone; Jimmy Garrison, bass; Elvin Jones, drums.

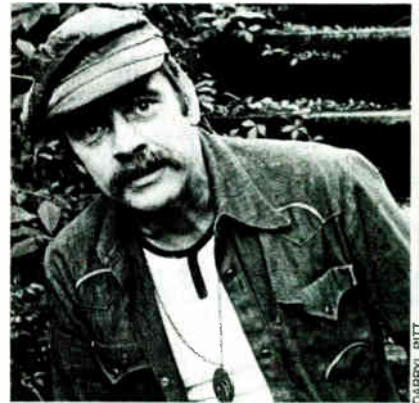
Yeah, yeah, yeah. Another case of the limitless possibilities with texture.

Phil Woods

By LEONARD FEATHER

Phil Woods deserves unlimited credit for keeping the faith, as alto saxophonist, clarinetist, composer, and band leader.

During the past decade, when few new groups of any size were able to organize and stay together on a year-round basis, Woods has managed to maintain what has been consistently one of the best-integrated combos in jazz. When he organized it in early 1974, it included Steve Gilmore on bass and Bill Goodwin on drums, both of whom are still with him. For a couple of years he added a guitarist, Harry Leahey; in 1981 Hal Galper replaced Mike Melillo at the piano, and for the past two years the group has been greatly strengthened by the trumpet/flugelhorn of Tom Harrell. The band can be heard on recent LPs on Palo Alto and Red



Records.

Woods also has been devoting more time to practicing the clarinet, which he now uses on at least one number in every set.

This was Phil's first Blindfold Test since Feb. '84. He was given no information about the records played.

Sounds like two of the great masters: Ornette, and Dewey Redman on tenor. Sounded like Ed Blackwell and Charlie Haden—the classic Ornette band. If that's who it was—I know it wasn't Rudy Wiedoft or Freddie Gardner! And it was a pianoless group, but it wasn't Gerry Mulligan.

Ornette's a definite master, a man who's taken a tradition and moved the music along with quality and class all the time. I like Ornette's work very much, I always liked the way he played the saxophone, and he freed the music up; that's his contribution. I'm not hung up about stylistic adventures, as long as you can play the instrument—and Ornette had that amazing sound. Five stars for that.

4 BUDDY DeFRANCO/OSCAR PETERSON. *JOY SPRING* (from *HARK*, Pablo). DeFranco, clarinet; Peterson, piano; Niels-Henning Ørsted Pedersen, bass; Joe Pass, guitar.

This is the guy that makes me feel like putting the clarinet away, Mr. Buddy DeFranco. Sounded like Niels-Henning Ørsted Pedersen on bass, the master, one of my good friends. Sounded like Roger Kellaway on piano, but I'm not sure. Good bluesy chops. Good guitar player. I just couldn't hone in on who it was. But Mr. DeFranco is one of the greatest clarinet players to come down the pike. Just staying out there, being true to the music, and setting a hell of a standard for all of us guys that tried to fool around on

the clarinet. I asked Buddy once, "Why do you think there are no young clarinet players coming up?" and he said, "It squeaks." Five stars for that, and I'm curious about the guitar player, was it Joe?

5 WORLD'S GREATEST JAZZ BAND. *LOVERS* (from *WORLD'S GREATEST JAZZ BAND*, World Jazz). Bob Wilber, soprano saxophone; Leonard Feather, composer. Rec. 1975.

Boy, that's a real soprano player—sounded like Johnny Hodges! It reminded me of Rabbit's approach. I'm not sure about that, could have been a number of Sidney Bechet's cats. I lament that there's no one coming along that can do Rab; everyone can do Bird and forgive my immodesty, but a lot of people are trying to do Phil Woods. I suggest that there's a lot better guys to steal from, and Rab is one. That passion, that pitch, that control, that way with a melody, that effortless use of space.

It sounded like a Duke tune; I don't know the song at all, but a very intriguing tune. If it wasn't Ellington, it was Sweet Pea or somebody who obviously did their Edward Kennedy lessons. Five stars for Johnny Hodges.

(Later): Bob Wilber, that's wild! He does Hodges well! Beautiful. I was leaning that way when I said "or some Sidney Bechet cats," I was thinking of Kenny Davern or Bob, but then I was so convinced by the performance. I think Bob will be pleased. Nice song, Leonard. **db**

Clyde Criner

Multi-talented and open-minded, Criner finds his keyboard influences in unlikely but thought-provoking places.

BY JIM ROBERTS

The contemporary music scene—as readers of this magazine are well aware—is probably more diverse than it has ever been, with ideas flowing freely back and forth between musicians who refuse to be typecast as “jazz” or “rock” or “classical.” But are today’s musicians really as open to new ideas as they could be? Or do they insist on limiting themselves within unnecessarily narrow boundaries?

One musician who thinks that may be so is Clyde Criner, a gifted pianist and composer who holds a doctorate in education and is one of the rising stars on the current jazz scene. Born and raised in Albany, N.Y., the 31-year-old Criner is personable and articulate, but his ready smile and engaging manner do not conceal his seriousness when it’s time to play. His dedication and talent have been recognized by his fellow musicians, and his resume is already impressive: he has played with Dizzy Gillespie, Max Roach, Art Blakey, and Wynton Marsalis; recorded with Archie Shepp, Alphonso Johnson, and Chico Freeman (on the excellent *Tradition In Transition* album); and is currently a member of both the Woody Shaw Quintet and the Dewey Redman Quartet.

Like many of his contemporaries, Criner is thoroughly grounded in instrumental technique. He holds a Master of Music from the New England Conservatory and has studied with Jaki Byard, Stanley Cowell, and JoAnne Brackeen, among others. He has great respect for the jazz tradition, but he deplores what he considers to be the narrow musical vision of many other young jazz musicians. “I’m surprised,” he says, “that so many young musicians are so narrowly focused on the bebop tradition, and are not really listening to, or trying to integrate, other performing arts into their music. I think the so-called ‘young lions’ better get it together and free their thinking. It’s great to be recognized and be able to record, but it’s another thing to be locked-in and say, ‘Well, I just play bebop,’ or, ‘I just play free music.’ Is that going to bring any innovations in Afro-



American music? I don’t think so.”

Criner’s musical vision encompasses not only jazz but a wide variety of classical and rock influences. As he explains it, “Obviously, growing up in the ‘60s, I was influenced by the Beatles, Jimi Hendrix, and Led Zeppelin, and those are important influences in my music, as well as the fact that in our family, there always existed jazz music. I met Horace Silver when I was eight years old. I already had his albums as part of our family collection, and my mother had quite a number of Nat Cole 78s, George Shearing, Hank Jones, Ahmad Jamal. She had all the pianists that had that elegant touch, so I grew up hearing that.”

Beginning at the age of four, Criner was exposed to the European classical tradition through formal piano study, and he continues to incorporate that into his playing. “What I do on programs, which is a surprise to people, is actually play excerpts of, let’s say, Holst’s *Planets*; I play pieces by Scriabin and Maurice Ravel.”

This approach makes perfect sense to Criner, since it is a natural synthesis of his influences, but it has not always met with the approval of his fellow musicians. “I’ve been getting a lot of flak in New York as to my particular influences,” Criner notes ruefully. “The musicians would get very upset and say, ‘Well, you’re playing that classical music. You should be playing a more root-oriented thing.’ But audiences love it. I received a big standing ovation at Lush Life one night with Chico Freeman because I played one of my classical solos. People went crazy.”

Criner is reaching out for an audience that is as diverse as his own influences. “I look more towards not so much a hard-core jazz audience,” he says, “but towards the kind of audience that Keith Jarrett was able to capture—the folk audience, classical listeners. Listeners who are more open and accessible to new music coming out.”

Although he has only had a few chances to present his own concerts so far, Criner has definite ideas about the best way to unify his diverse influences. He prefers what he calls “a thematic approach to programming music,” and he cites English art-rock groups as a specific source of inspiration: “I think that American groups have a lot to learn from European groups in terms of presentation. One of the things that impressed me the most about Peter Gabriel and similar English groups was that they could revolve a whole tour or an album around a single musical concept, and then tie the visuals in with that concept.”

Criner presented one such concert entitled *Clouds* at the University of Massachusetts in Amherst, Mass., in late 1982. The band included the Weather Report rhythm section—bassist Victor Bailey and drummer Omar Hakim—along with saxophonist Joe Ford, violinist John Blake (both, at the time, members of McCoy Tyner’s group), and two classically trained string players—violinist Gail Dixon and cellist Akua Dixon—who had worked with Max Roach. The music, all composed by Criner, was divided into two long suites and was accompanied by a slide show that complemented the musical images.

About a year ago, Criner took the *Clouds* group into the studio at his own expense and recorded what he calls “a first-class record project.” They were augmented by other musicians, including such fine players as bassist Marcus Miller and drummer Jack DeJohnette. Despite the high quality of the finished product, Criner has been unable to sell it to a major record label. He notes, ironically, that all the record companies have praised his work but they find it *too* original: “No one knows what to do with it.”

Criner found it especially frustrating to sit in the offices of Columbia Records beneath posters of Wynton Marsalis (with whom he has worked) and be turned away. “Why do they put hundreds of thousands of dollars,” he wonders, “behind Wynton Marsalis—who’s recreating the style of Miles Davis in the ‘60s—yet there are people like myself and Omar Hakim and countless other innovators—Anthony Davis, David Murray,

all these people—and we're out here and we can't get things out?"

Undaunted, Criner is planning to release the album himself; in the meantime, Terra Records (a "New Age" subsidiary of Vanguard Records) has released Criner's solo LP *New England* (Terra 4), on which the expansive keyboarder was able to express his more symphonic ideas thanks to the Fairlight synthesizer, an instrument he finds perfectly suited to his style. "It's absolutely fantastic," he says enthusiastically. "They digitally record natural acoustic sounds as a base, and from those acoustic sounds you create the more synthesized, exotic sounds." (The Fairlight is also fantastically expensive—about \$30,000—but the company made one available to Criner when they heard what he could do with it.)

To give an idea of his work with the Fairlight, here is Criner's description of one piece that is based on a recording of the ensemble chanting of Tibetan monks: "I'll start with this particular ensemble, this chant, but played *six octaves down*, with the sound of seagulls, and then I bring in a vocal choir with, perhaps, improvisation of a Bach prelude on top of that. That to me is a composition, it's one piece of music, and that automatically segues into the next piece of music." Criner prefers to work with a percussionist—"You might say that the drummer represents, for me, that Afro-American influence"—and he has performed with Omar Hakim, Jack DeJohnette, and Brubbi Taylor.

In the meantime, he is busy as a member of the Woody Shaw and Dewey Redman groups. Playing with Shaw's group, Criner says, has been particularly rewarding because Shaw shares some of his ideas and influences. "If we say," he remarks, "that Woody Shaw is a prime innovator of Afro-American music, then where is he drawing his influences from? And Woody would be the first to admit that it's not only from Clifford Brown and Dizzy, but it's coming from Erik Satie, from Ravel. Woody likes the way I play because I actually integrate some of the classical things into his pieces."

For now, these concerts represent Clyde Criner's primary creative outlet, but he is always alert for new and better ways to get his message across. Like Duke Ellington, he feels that there are really only two kinds of music—good music and bad music—and he urges his fellow musicians to keep their ears open for all the good music they can find: "It's all music, be it black or white, Scriabin or Satie, Led Zeppelin or Woody Shaw. It's all Music." **db**

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RAHSAAN ROLAND KIRK TRIBUTE

BAJONE'S

SAN FRANCISCO—"We have three people up here doing the work of one man," says trombonist Steve Turre as the Bright Moments Music Lovers Club band launches into *Three For The Festival*, a tune on which Rahsaan had played three saxes at once. It's been eight years since the irrepressible Kirk passed on—the circular breathing has stopped, but the man's spirit was alive and well in the audience and performers that assembled to celebrate his music and present scholarships to three young Bay Area artists.

The two-day event, held at what must now be considered one of this town's elder jazz clubs, a very intimate space, drew a crowd of many ages and tints. Enthusiastic, many nonetheless sat spell-bound during performances by Turre, George Coleman, Billy Higgins, David Friesen, George Cables, Bishop Norman Williams, and a host of other jazz stars of local-to-international eminence.

Pianist Ed Kelly showed power and grace lurking over the keys, shading a Diane Witherspoon gospel lament or a Larry Douglas flugelhorn solo, kicking from mellow into supercharged. Kelly peered up over his specs to see if anybody was noticing, and Rahsaan's widow, Dorthaan, jokingly announced that she was taking him back to New York with her. Bassist Herbie Lewis and his group, Reality, played a short and interesting set, highlighted by the smooth, melodic bowing of cellist Cash Killion. The Pete Escovedo band got the place jumping with its salsa-funk. Pete was out of town recording, so the 10-piece ensemble was fronted by timbale-playing son Peto, himself just off the Lionel Richie tour. They smoked through guitarist Ray Obiedo's *True Or False*, with trombonist Wayne Wallace and saxman Norbert Stachel offering up particularly fierce solos.

Steve Turre, sporting a short-cropped goatee and a long ponytail, took particular interest in the closing jam set. The trombonist, so impressive in work with Woody Shaw, met Rahsaan at the Both/And in New York as a teenager and performed with him live in his last years and on records like *Kirkatron*. Turre swung through Kirk's *Dorthaan's Walk* with another Rahsaan alumnus, drummer Richie Goldberg. As the band kicked off Miles Davis' *All Blues*, Turre reached into his suitcase to grab a couple of conch shells. In the spirit of Rahsaan,

who used to play practically anything that made sound—often two or more such instruments simultaneously—Turre walked through the crowd blowing notes piercing and sweet, pausing at a point to play both shells at once.

George Coleman wanted to make sure he felt just right before he got onstage, and as the big man leaned into the mic for the first time at about 1:15 a.m. it appeared he'd achieved a good balance. It was frightening, his articulation and power. With Billy Higgins behind him ping-ponging from tom to tom, dancing up a swift current of cymbals, and Coleman's tenor sax pouring it out, a ferocious reading was given Kirk's *My Delight* (from *We Three Kings*).

As the club manager frantically waved his arms to stop the music, fearing for his lease, the band played on until close to 2 a.m., Coleman refusing to drop his horn until he'd said all he needed to say and lifted the crowd skyward many times. After some closing thank-yous by the radiant Dorthaan, cast and crowd joined in a final chorus, "Bright moments!"

—robin tolleson

MUSIC IS AN OPEN SKY

SWEET BASIL

NEW YORK—The 1985 Dewar's Village Jazz Festival came to a blazing conclusion as altoist Vincent Herring and tenorist Charles Davis—two young players frequently heard on the busiest street corners of the Apple—roared through Coltrane's *Impressions* as the front line of Beaver Harris' 360° Music Experience. Drummer Harris' septet with steel drummer Francis Haynes, pianist Bob Neloms, french horn faithful Vincent Chancey, and bassist Leon Dorsey, was the final act of a 12-hour mini-fest, itself the climax of special programming—including a free kick-off concert with Stan Getz and Kenny Burrell in Washington Square Park, a series of intimate performances at Greenwich House, film, video, and panel presentations—and admission discounts at 13 downtown clubs, lasting for two solid weeks. And did Harris' band burn!

They had to, to top the four groups preceding them. Starting in early afternoon, the Steve Turre/John Blake quintet (with pianist Mulgrew Miller, bassist Ray Drummond, and drummer Carl Allen) offered a strong, well-paced, and



Sonny Murray

LOVA FOOTE

varied set, featuring trombonist Turre's conch shell version of *All Blues* and violinist Blake's pan-stylistic skills. Polyrhythms cohered as clavés, South Indian-influenced lines accompanied by didjeridoo, *Into The Light* by Rahsaan Roland Kirk, and originals reminiscent of McCoy Tyner and Woody Shaw compositions all sounded credible coming from this ensemble, with its unique brass and fiddle blend.

In mid-afternoon, Philadelphia vibist Khan Jamal took the stage with baritone and tenor saxist Charles Tyler, bassist Wilber Morris, and drummer Sonny Murray. Jamal is a compact man who gives an impression of strength restrained, and his music built on his mallets' constant motion, which set up a broad harmonic field that became more insistent with each repetition. Morris lent a thick, sturdy pulse, and Tyler tried to rise through the sound, but drummer Murray was the focal point from go, bashing and battering in free time with an amazing sense of continuity and intuition of the tunes' overall shapes. While Jamal dug the groove, Murray exploded land mines.

Sam Rivers' Rivbea Orchestra (Stanton Davis, Wallace Roney, trumpets; Joe Dailey, tuba; Chancey, french horn; Robin Eubanks, trombone; Chico Freeman, Kenny Garrett, reeds; Ed Cherry, guitar; Freddie Waits, drums) hit at supertime. There were tasty solos by all; Rivers' own saxophonics were flavorful as wild turkey—but his recipes for the group all seemed the same, without dynamic contrasts, notable melodies, or changeable voicings. A shame, considering the talent involved—this was a con-

ceptual flaw rather than a performance failure.

The prime time of the evening was given to tenor saxist Keshavan Maslak in trio with young bass ace Charnett Moffett and his dad, drummer Charles Moffett. For exuberance in play, the father/son team's hard to beat. Maslak, however, proved grating after one tune, hollering monotonously whether essaying a ballad or Duke's *It Don't Mean A Thing*. He promotes himself as "loved by millions," but who are they? Where? Coming on all a-swagger, he seemed neither grounded nor flush with ideas.

In Harris' septet, which followed, Herring especially showed what speedy fingers, leather lungs, and iron jaws can do with a sax: scare the blues away, light fires that might be remembered for months. At least until February, when programmer Horst Liepolt will again present an all-day mini-fest at Sweet Basil.

—howard mandel

COUNT BASIE ORCHESTRA/ JOE WILLIAMS

GIARDINI DEL FRONTONE

PERUGIA, ITALY—One of the highlights of the 1985 Umbria Jazz Festival, which in the last four years has made this unlikely medieval city the unrivaled jazz center of Italy, was the first European exposure of the "new" Count Basie orchestra under the management of Thad Jones. Helping launch the band on this auspicious occasion was longtime Basie vocalist Joe Williams. Needless to say, the package was one big happy family, despite the slightly less-than-capacity crowd that turned out. (The younger listeners came out in droves for Steps Ahead, Flora Purim, Fats Domino, and of course Miles, proving that the increasing tendency of jazz festivals to depend on the subsidizing effects of pop acts is as pronounced in Europe as in the States.)

If there was ever an orchestra in a strong position to survive the passing of its founder and resident legend, it is the Basie band. Basie himself designed it that way more than 30 years ago—not with a view toward his own mortality necessarily, but more immediately to protect the band's integrity from becoming too dependent on one or two star soloists. He had seen this happen in the

'40s and he knew where it led. When he rebuilt his band in the early '50s, it was the arrangers, not the soloists, to whom he gave the keys to the kingdom. In a few short years, the band had become an institution which no single soloist would ever overshadow.

Impervious to mortality, such an institution no longer requires the charisma of an imaginative founder, but rather the custody of a skillful manager. Basie himself fulfilled this function until 1984. (He was, after all, the "chairman of the board," and the corporate jargon was both clever merchandising and revealing commentary.) Thad Jones, who was both a player and key arranger in the '50s, now occupies the corner office, and the institution seems hardly to have missed a beat.

There have been no upheavals in personnel. Trumpeter Sonny Cohn, trombonist Dennis Wilson, saxists Eric Dixon and Kenny Hing, and other familiar faces still peer from behind the horns. One new face is brassman Johnny Coles, who was in and out of the Ellington orchestra in its last years. Some have reported hearing a new vigor in the band's performances. Perhaps. But was there any lack of vigor in recent years? I didn't hear it.

What I did hear in those final years with Basie at the helm was the same charts in concert after concert. What I heard at the Giardini del Frontone in Perugia was a welcome willingness to reach more deeply into the book and freshen up the program more than a whit. This is as it should be. There are really no Basie numbers audiences demand to hear every show and none that are likely to appear as pandering to nostalgia. This isn't the Glenn Miller band. Jones exercised his executive ca-

pacuity in calling out such dark horses as Ernie Wilkins' *Way Out Basie* and *Right On*, Quincy Jones' *Lena And Lenny* (a 1958 chart last recorded with Milt Jackson and Sarah Vaughan on a Pablo LP but rarely heard in performance), and a sparkling Frank Foster reworking of *Take The "A" Train* peppered with biting muted brass figures cutting through rich sax ensembles. Almost totally ignored, except for a perfunctory *Jumpin' At The Woodside* encore, was the Basie book of the '30s and '40s.

Eric Dixon's arrangement of *Night In Tunisia* was a fine showcase for trombonist Byron Stripling. Dennis Wilson stretched out on his own piece, *Lament*. Dixon, playing at a rapid clip on *Right On*, sounded more than a little like Paul Gonsalves. Thad Jones, meanwhile, proved himself a modest leader. He took up his cornet only once and shared a fling at *From One To Another* with trumpeter Bob Ojeda. It also put out-front pianist Nel Jernstein, apparently sitting in for Tee Carson, who didn't make the tour. The pianist's role in any Basie band must be the most rigorously circumscribed position in which any jazz musician could find himself. Standing in for a legend who is already evolving into an almost mythical figure is a no-win situation. Suffice it to say the position requires more an actor than a player.

For the last 30 minutes of the set, Joe Williams came out and went through his usual Basie reunion repertoire (*Everyday I Have The Blues*, etc.) with the verve of a new comer, proving that he is as good an actor as he is a singer. The fun seemed genuine, though, and he struck a particularly profound mood on Ellington's *Heritage* from *My People*. The Basie/Williams simpatico remains in top form.

—john mcdonough



Joe Williams

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PRO SESSION

Chick Corea's Solo on *Little Rootie Tootie*—A Piano Transcription

BY DAVID WILD

Pianist/author **David Wild** has compiled *The Recordings Of John Coltrane: A Discography and, with Michael Cuscuna, Ornette Coleman 1958-1979: A Discography (both Wildmusic, Ann Arbor MI)*. He is *down beat's* Detroit correspondent.

Chick Corea's *Trio Music* (ECM-2-1232), from which this solo on Thelonious Monk's *Little Rootie Tootie* has been transcribed, reunited the pianist with bassist Miroslav Vitous and drummer Roy Haynes. Half of the two-record set is devoted to Monk's music. Corea notes that the album was recorded in November 1981, well before Monk's death, and represented performances of classic portions of the jazz repertoire rather than a tribute to Monk. *Little Rootie Tootie* (Thelonious Music, BMI) was first recorded by Monk in a trio setting in 1952; it's a 32-measure AABA song with a fairly complex bridge.

Points of interest:

- 1) Corea's two-chorus solo is a deft blend of Monkish elements with his own individual approach. Those elements are more evocative than imitative, occurring quite naturally as part of the solo's flow. Note for example the minor phrase at measure 8, which reappears at measure 31 as part of a long Monkish passage (ending in characteristic minor seconds). The same minor second shows up at measure 57. The sparse left hand is also a hallmark of Monk's group performances.
- 2) Corea hews most closely to the original composition in the bridge, where elements of both the theme and of Monk's arrangement are used to bring coherence to the solo. The bridge occurs twice (17-24 and 49-56); both times Chick echoes the D^b triad of the melody (17 and 49) and follows with the moving 10ths of Monk's arrangement. The voicings at measures 22 and 54 are typically Monkish.
- 3) Corea makes some interesting scale substitutions elsewhere in the solo. Note the E minor sixth (measure 4) and the A major triad (measure 12). Note too the arresting double-time passage (37-41), built of repeated Major seconds a tritone apart; the last few 16th notes form a Monkish whole-tone scale. This passage is particularly effective as a contrast to the rhythmic phrase which precedes it (31-37).
- 4) Chick uses rhythmic and harmonic displacement quite effectively at several points. Note how the D major triad that appears in the last two beats of measure 13 extends into the D^b tonality of measure 14. Corea keeps things off-balance at measure 24 by playing the bridge's final E-E b turnaround a beat later than expected. The rhythmic displacement of the phrase at measures 16-18 is also inventive, with the D^b triad of the melody played a beat behind.

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WEBSTER UNIVERSITY

Pro Session

Absolute Pitch

BY DR. MAURY DEUTSCH

Maury Deutsch began his trumpet study at age 15 and was soon awarded a New York Philharmonic Symphonic Scholarship under the auspices of world-renowned trumpet teacher Max Schlossberg. Dr. Deutsch holds a doctorate in music and music education and divides his time between professional writing and the teaching of arranging/composition.

Absolute pitch is the ability to reproduce exact frequencies without the aid of any musical instrument. Absolute pitch is generally considered an inherited trait; however, it can be developed.

A prerequisite for this study is the ability to think sound. At the piano find the exact pitch of a comfortable note within your singing range. Sing this tone and at the same time concentrate carefully on the exact pitch. Now, stop the voice but do not lessen the tension of your vocal cords. The note should still be clearly felt in your consciousness. After 30 seconds sing the note once again. Check this sound at the piano. The two tones should coincide exactly. Be careful not to reproduce the tone sharp or flat, but on hearing an error correct it by sliding to the exact pitch.

The next drill is similar to the above with one important exception: the vocal cords and neck muscles should now be relaxed as much as possible. Play a tone at the piano and then mentally visualize the sound. After 30 seconds, sing the tone and check its pitch at the keyboard. A tone visualized and then sung out-of-tune and quickly corrected can never have as positive an impact on the conditioning process as a tone reproduced in exact pitch. The purpose of these exercises is to eventually condition the brain to acquire a new or undeveloped function.

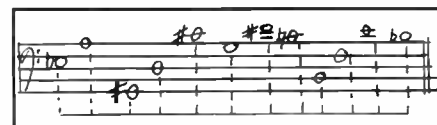
Another exercise is the mental visualization of phrases, periods, or whole tunes. Sing the first tone of a melody and then mentally concentrate on the successive measures. At a cadence, stop and sing the tone that is in your consciousness. This tone must agree exactly with the note that would have appeared if the melody was vocalized. The full benefit of these drills can only be gained when the vocal cords are completely relaxed. It is not difficult to differentiate pitches by comparing the relative changes of tension in the vocal cords. For best results the portion of the brain controlling tone perception should be exercised without the help of other appendages.

Acquiring The First Tone

Decide upon a note that can be comfortably visualized and sung, e.g., the tone E^b in the male range. The first objective is to incorporate a single tone so firmly within your consciousness that it can be recalled at will. Play the tone that you have decided to memorize (E^b or any other tone). Listen to the exact pitch attentively. Mentally visualize the sound for 30 seconds and then softly hum the pitch. If the pitch appears to be correct repeat the visualization of the tone for another 30 seconds. Once more hum the pitch. If it is still accurate then the tone should be visualized for a final 30 seconds. Now compare the note with the original pitch at the keyboard. This exercise should be practiced at least five times a day. You should work at this drill until the tone can be recalled without any conscious effort.

Extending The Range

No attempt at extending one's range should begin before the first tone is thoroughly mastered. The successive tones to be memorized must not have close melodic affinities. In this manner the new tone learned will least likely be developed from its relation to the first tone. The tones that are least related melodically are the augmented fourth (diminished fifth), Major seventh, minor ninth. The second tone to be memorized should be at the augmented fourth distance from the first tone; if a Perfect fifth were chosen, it would be a simple matter to recognize the Perfect fifth with respect to the first tone. The third tone studied should be either a Major seventh or a minor ninth from the second tone; the fourth tone should again be at the distance of an augmented fourth, etc. An example will make this succession clear:

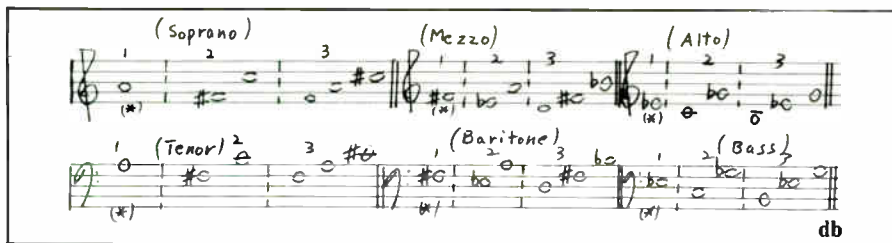


Each student should arrange a sequence of tones based on his or her starting note and vocal range. Each of the

tones memorized should be reviewed each day but in reverse order. If for example the student is working on the fourth tone of the above series (D), then the order of review should be D, G#, A, and Eb. There should be a 10-minute interval between each of the tones reviewed. This is to avoid the possibility of the student learning the series as a melody, sequential pattern, or through intervallic measuring. When the 12 tones have been consciously mastered, the pitches should then be visualized in all the orchestral octaves.

Simulated Absolute Pitch

For those musicians not desirous of obtaining 12-tone absolute pitch, there is a shorter method of approach. One, two, or three tones of the vocal range can be memorized and the remainder of the tones realized through relative pitch. If the memorization of three tones is decided upon, then two of the tones should be approximately equidistant from both extremes of the vocal range and the remaining tone at the middle; with two tones the interval should be the augmented fourth.



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BOOK REVIEWS

ALL WHAT JAZZ (A RECORD DIARY)

by Philip Larkin (New York: Farrar/Straus/Giroux, 1985, 316 pp., \$9.95, paperback).

As a writer about jazz, Philip Larkin is a curious case. Primarily a poet (widely anthologized and quite popular, especially in his native England) and occasional essayist, Larkin has been reviewing jazz albums in the *London Daily Telegraph* since 1961, and this is a collection of his columns from '61-71. Note that I didn't call him a jazz critic (he refutes the label himself), as he doesn't analyze or interpret the music, nor is he a journalist or historian who interviews musicians or places their work in any chronological or sociological context. He is merely, as he readily and with great pride acknowledges, a jazz lover who writes, with extreme brevity, how some records are worth listening to and others are not. It is the manner in which he does so that makes this book of interest.

In the book's introduction Larkin chronicles how he came to discover jazz while attending Oxford university in the 1920s, thus entering into a special kinship with the few other devourers of 78 rpm repasts, and ultimately formulating his private musical aesthetic. Now, there's no denying that the tastes and opinions of writer, musician, and jazz fan alike are for the most part based on the music one enjoyed during one's formative listening days; however, Larkin's aesthetic is so totally entrenched in that period that he is at odds with most contemporary musical opinion—he'd be branded a musical reactionary. As he almost gleefully states, "... the term 'modern,' when applied to art, has a more than chronological meaning: it denotes a quality of irresponsibility peculiar to this century." He shudders to agree with Hugues Panassie (and who wouldn't?), the Venerable Bede of French jazz criticism, "... who matter-of-factly refused to admit that bop or any of its modernist successors was jazz at all" but wholeheartedly agrees with him nonetheless. Which is more than just the usual reviewer's honesty of airing one's prejudices in advance of arguing one's thesis—it is remarkably narrow-minded and totally refreshing.

More music is being created than ever before. Therefore, the law of averages would suggest that more good music is being made than ever before—but that same law would dictate that more bad music is being made than ever before. Yet to read the musical press one wouldn't know it; we're living in the Emperor's New Clothes Age of Criticism,

where precious few writers have the ability/courage/inclination to find fault with music that doesn't live up to what our standards *should* be. Thus it is both unsettling and reassuring at the same time to read a writer who considers Coltrane and Harry James in the same paragraph using the same standards and no special pleading—even if those standards seem emotionally and intellectually limiting to some of us.

Given Larkin's premise (that approximately 95 percent of all music post-1940 is modern, and therefore "designed to evoke incomprehension, anger, boredom, or laughter") it's no surprise that he excoriates Coltrane, all-but-disembowels Miles Davis, and disdains their disciples—and yet he does so with descriptions and metaphors of great imagination and insight. For example, though ambivalent about Monk he marvelously characterizes his "hesitant chords like suitcases just too full to shut properly." Of trumpeter Henry "Red" Allen he allows "... an Allen solo was a brooding, gobbling, stretched, telegraphic thing of half-notes and quarter-tones, while an Allen vocal sounded like a man with a bad conscience talking in his sleep." Larkin understands the limitations of words in describing music too, though, as when he says of a solo by Bud Powell, "... long, painstaking, slow, it is like a confession that omits nothing and excuses nothing, that one hears in silence and can think of no reply to."

For someone so immersed in traditional jazz, Larkin has a funny fondness for Cannonball Adderley, and even gives the Beatles their due. But he is at his best relating the excitement and empathy he feels for the music he loves best: Pee Wee Russell "maneuvering his clarinet like someone driving against one-way traffic"; the "immense poignance" of Johnny Hodges; and the 1932 Rhythmakers, for whom I share his out-and-out devotion. He runs into credibility problems only when he perversely tries to acknowledge that his readers might have an opinion contrary to his own; I believe him when he thinks that Coltrane's *Meditations* is "the most astounding piece of ugliness I have ever heard," but not when, in the same sentence, he claims the same music contains "a wild audacity one can't help admiring." By attempting to placate beliefs he fails to share he does a disservice to those *and* his own.

Other problems pop up here and there as well. Given his distance from the American social and political scene it's not surprising that he is insensitive to the plight of black Americans, and though some of his statements could be con-

strued as racist, I think they're really only incompletely considered. He does come up with a few gaffes of the tin ear variety (such as saying Jack Teagarden "... always seemed to be getting in the way of other soloists"). And there's certainly danger in his thesis that jazz is meant solely to entertain, and not enlighten and occasionally mystify. Nevertheless, though it contains much one might scoff at, doubt, disagree with, or merely consider simple-minded, *All What Jazz* provides a number of simple pleasures that one doesn't mind at all.

—art lange

THE ROLLING STONE JAZZ RECORD

GUIDE edited by John Swenson (New York: Random House/Rolling Stone Press, 1985, 219 pp., \$9.95, paperback).

The Rolling Stone Jazz Record Guide falls so disappointingly short of its lofty goals that an appraisal of its usefulness requires a lowering of expectations; one must accept, from the start, that contrary to its claims, "the first comprehensive jazz record guide" never comes close. Though not completely without merit, what can be said of a "comprehensive" jazz guide that lists 37 records by Cal Tjader against one for Mel Tormé, 18 by Les McCann against one for Lou Donaldson, implies that Stan Kenton recorded but two albums in his 40-year career, and ignores, remarkably, the work of Milt Jackson, Jack Teagarden, Pee Wee Russell, Teddy Wilson, Dinah Washington, Joe Williams, and too many other crucial jazz artists?

As editor John Swenson rightfully noted in the Preface, "... no compendium can be exhaustive." And, in fairness, it should be remembered that the jazz record business *is* complicated—some might say a mess; albums issued, cut-out, "creatively" packaged, re-issued so haphazardly that an undertaking of this kind is virtually impossible to pull off. Yet the arbitrary nature of Swenson's selections—born from convenience? ignorance? laziness?—brands this book a mockery, far less valuable to new jazz fans or seasoned collectors than the publisher's hypesters urge us to believe.

Sixteen contributors (including Swenson) review the various records (categorized by artist) in a rating format (one-to-five stars) readers of *down beat* will find familiar. Oftentimes the reviewers provide biographical tidbits and overviews

of the artist's work. In the best summaries—clearly those written by Bob Blumenthal among the otherwise less-than-world-renown jazz “authorities” who acted as contributors—the records are discussed in a broad career context that minimizes the importance of the ratings; stars matter less when accompanied by a well-written narrative. Thankfully, most of the major artists, usually those with a prodigious catalog of material, are handled by Blumenthal. As a matter of course, he resolves any discographical confusion with erudition, insightful analyses, and a point-of-view almost always cogently expressed.

For instance, we learn that the five-record box of Charlie Parker's *Complete Savoy Studio Sessions* fails to include a number of existing takes of *Marmaduke*, and that Bird's *One Night In Chicago* and *Pershing Ballroom* are tapes of different sets from the same live date in 1950. Blumenthal's treatment of Duke Ellington (who first recorded in the '20s) summarizes the master's canon decade by decade, with a historical synopsis of his various bands. And for the jazz fan overwhelmed by the task of selecting the best of Duke's rare keyboard albums, the critic's choice is *Piano Reflections*.

Given the subjective nature of the ratings, it is hard to fault the reviewers for their tallies, although a book like this stimulates thought and serves as a comparative marker for readers' opinions. I still can't figure why *John Coltrane And Johnny Hartman* earned only three stars (album tracks *Lush Life* and *My One And Only Love* each deserve 10), or why *Pat Metheny Group* received a paltry two (group interplay, balanced sound, overall musicality—four stars, easy).

The judgement calls here are not really the issue (although it's hard *not* to quibble with opinions since, like noses, everyone's got one). What is troubling are the omissions, and the misinformation that passes as fact. For an example of one such oversight, when Swenson asserts that Joe Venuti's *Violin Jazz* is “all that's currently available of these classic performances” (group recordings with guitarist Eddie Lang), he is flat-out wrong. *Stringing The Blues* features Venuti and Lang together during the years 1927-32, and the double-record set is readily available.

The deficiencies of the guide should be painfully obvious to anyone concerned with or knowledgeable about jazz. At a time when the music can use formal support documenting its history, legitimizing to the world its recorded efforts over time, Swenson has opted for the low road. He has not fully utilized the sources available

to him, which is unsettling because he has within arm's reach some of the finest jazz record minds in the business. Hands-on consultants might have helped, people like Dan Morganstern from the Institute of Jazz Studies; or Phil Schaap, who flaunts an encyclopedic disposition for all things vinyl; or Jimmy Eigo, whose Daybreak Express catalog lists almost

10,000 jazz titles obtainable by mail. Compare that catalog with Rolling Stone's “comprehensive jazz guide listing over 4,000 currently available albums,” and it becomes clear that Swenson's book is not quite an indispensable addition to the jazz lover's library. It deserves one-and-one-half stars—for not taking the job seriously.
—jeff levenson

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GUITAR WORLD

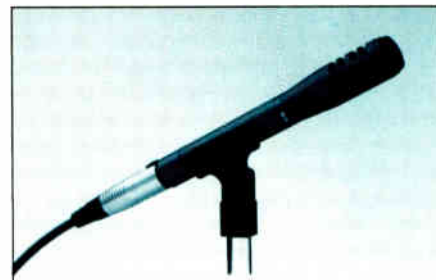


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Vibrato tailpieces from BIGSBY ACCESSORIES INC. (Kalamazoo, MI) have string bars that float on virtually friction-free needle bearings, allowing strings to come back to original pitch regardless of how long or far the user bends them. The vibrato varies pitch up to one-and-a-half

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ELECTRONIC GEAR



Audio-Technica's Condenser Mic

AUDIO-TECHNICA US INC (Stow, OH) offers the ATM33R, a unidirectional condenser microphone recommended for recording as well as broadcast and sound reinforcement uses. The mic's response covers a range of 30-20,000 Hz and is described as smooth, with a moderately rising high end. The ATM33R measures seven inches long, with a handle diameter of 1 1/8 inches, and it accepts standard three-pin receptacles.



BFE's Mixing Heads

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ity. For example, after having been quoted the unrealistically high costs of producing new jazz programs for television, the worthwhile idea of rebroadcasting now-classic jazz shows from the Golden Age of Television was brought up. This would serve both economic and historical—not to mention musical—ends. PBS has been able to do this with such non-jazz shows such as *Playhouse 90* and the old *Judy Garland Show*, so the precedents are there. As to the difficulty of obtaining the money to fund such specials, various corporate sponsors seem willing to fund live concerts and festivals; why not television? And what about getting more jazz-oriented businesses to underwrite radio and tv exposure?

Among the more constructive panels were those directed towards radio ("Keeping A Jazz Radio Station On The Air," "Jazz Radio Programming And Servicing") while the "Preservation And Celebration Of Jazz History" and "Good Old Days" reminiscences were entertaining. I was especially heartened to learn of the extent of "grassroots" support for jazz at the "Better Coordination of Jazz Organizations" panel. Over 50 groups are listed with the American Federation of Jazz Societies, and the number is growing. The "International Panel" gave a keen understanding of the state of jazz around the world; for example, given the position of London as one of the classical music capitals of the world, I was surprised to hear Anthony Wood (publisher of England's *The Wire* magazine) claim that "There's more jazz in Paris in one night than in London in a month." The discussion eventually turned to the difficulties in having European musicians tour and become known in the States, given the summer influx of American musicians into Europe. Here's a thought: how about organizing an exchange of taped concerts for radio broadcast, along the lines of the symphony orchestra broadcasts on NPR and other classical stations? Wouldn't the government be interested in helping to fund such strong publicity for American music overseas?

Despite the occasional negativity, the overriding feeling I came away with was that although problems aren't solved overnight, there are enough enthusiastic, energetic, intelligent, and concerned people involved in the jazz industry to make the future look promising. db

trait of "Trouble Man" Gaye. But perhaps he grew too close to Marvin, for his psychoanalytical excursions about Gaye's problems ("To understand Marvin Gaye is to understand human inconsistency") are a constant distraction. Considering that he didn't interview Gaye's two wives, Diana Ross, Stevie Wonder, Smokey Robinson, or Berry Gordy, it is to Ritz' credit that he's able to piece together the puzzle of Marvin Gaye's life and death so expertly.

Both this book and the album could be viewed as damaging to Marvin Pentz Gaye Jr.'s reputation. I don't think they are. Essentially, Ritz has given us the facts about Gaye, and even though I don't cherish remembering him as a paranoid, high-strung basket case, if that's what he was then so be it. And while Columbia's release of unfinished material may seem rank, the songs haven't changed my opinion of Marvin. I only wish he had the choice to release them himself. But above all we're left with Gaye's legacy—a body of brilliant pop music that will endure and continue to serve as inspiration to all. Risk-taking, rule-breaking, and love-making were what Marvin Gaye was about. That's how I prefer to remember him. db

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Marvin Gaye Redux— Rated MPG

BY STEVE BLOOM

The first time I saw Marvin Gaye in concert I was seated in the upper deck at Oakland Stadium. Gaye had yet to appear, though it was past midnight and the cool bay air had already persuaded at least half the audience to head for the exits. The year was 1976, and Gaye's steamy *I Want You* album was riding the charts. Only he, I was convinced, could heat up foggy Oakland town on this night, and sure enough, starting with the classic four-note intro to *Let's Get It On*, Gaye ignited a musical firestorm that raged into the early morning hours. We melted under Marvin's spell, leaving the stadium shaken by his quixotic powers, yet comforted by his amazing grace.

I've long equated Marvin Gaye to basketball player Walt "Clyde" Frazier, who led the New York Knicks in the late '60s and early '70s with a fluid blend of instinct, intelligence, and cool on the court. Clyde was a guard who could shoot and steal, drive and defend; as the cliché goes, he could do it all. So could Marvin (who, by the way, was a sports fanatic). After working in the coalmines at Motown for seven years, Gaye rocketed to stardom in 1968, thanks to his remake of *I Heard It Through The Grapevine*. (Gladys Knight's version preceded Gaye's by a year.) Three years later, he abandoned the sure-thing Motown formula and stepped out on his own with *What's Going On*, a blistering indictment of America's misguided priorities combined with God-is-the-answer proselytizing—clearly the work of a preacher's son. Gaye, however, would never be as socially conscious again on record; from *Let's Get It On* in 1973 to *Midnight Love*, his comeback album nearly a decade later, he established himself as the distant lover and sexual healer for millions of listeners worldwide. So it should come as little surprise that Gaye had recorded some naughty X-rated songs shortly before his death; nor should it shock anyone that Columbia would release them—hence the first posthumous Marvin Gaye album, *Dream Of A Lifetime* (Columbia 39916).

If you haven't already heard the kinky stories associated with *Dream*, this is all you really need to know: three tracks on



side one, *Sanctified Lady*, *Savage In The Sack*, and *Masochistic Beauty*, were touched up by co-producers Gordon Banks and Harvey Fuqua after Gaye's death. Background singers and additional instrumentation were also added. The rest of the material was from Motown's vaults and date as far back as the late '60s.

Dream is not the first Marvin Gaye album to be released without the singer's permission; *In Our Lifetime*, his last Motown date, came out in 1981, even though it had never been completed by Gaye. As unfinished works go, *Dream* is the more interesting of the two, largely because it is a compilation. The songs already mentioned cut the funk with neat, synth-driven arrangements reminiscent of those on *Midnight Love*. *Masochistic Beauty* is pretty mean-spirited ("... you hate yourself/You selfish little bitch/You're in poor health"), but Gaye has to be joking when he sings about black men's sexual superiority in *Savage In The Sack*. Chants of "It's getting bigger" and "Dem niggers" and the general raucousness of the song can only provoke laughter, not indignation or even embarrassment from those who might question his intent here. As for *Sanctified Lady*, I suggest listening to the phrase before the fade; apparently, the grave-diggers who produced this record had consciences after all.

Another funky ditty, *Ain't It Funny (How Things Turn Around)*—salvaged from the 1976 sessions at which *Got To Give It Up* was cut—is a "clean break" from the above musings and might be the real find in this collection. The remaining four tracks are more reflective, especially the seven-minute *Life's Opera*—a fully-orchestrated, autobiographical tone poem that begins with "Life Story" and ends with a thoroughly entertaining rendition of "The Lord's Prayer." The album concludes with the emotional, string-laden *Dream Of A Lifetime*, in which

Marvin cries, "I thank God for my wonderful life."

How wonderful was Gaye's life? Not very. In David Ritz' revealing biography, *Divided Soul*, we learn about a child who was abused by his father, about a teenager who escaped his battered existence in Washington, D.C. and enlisted in the Air Force (he was discharged), about a young man who was swept away to Detroit and who soon become a dedicated performer on the Motown assembly line, about an immensely gifted singer who would never be able to shake the ghostly images of his past, who finally self-destructed pitifully the year following his masterful comeback. Gaye went through two marriages, countless women, and an inordinate amount of cocaine. Though he was 44 years old, Marvin spent his last days at home (in Los Angeles) with his parents. Ritz describes the scene: "With Marvin high on cocaine and his father, a few steps down the hallway, drunk on vodka, the atmosphere was poisoned by chemicals, memories, and mutual antagonism." The ultimate showdown between father and son, Ritz contends, was inevitable. Gaye Sr. pumped two bullets into Gaye Jr.'s chest on April Fool's Day, 1984—just one day short of Marvin's 45th birthday.

Divided Soul is not pleasant reading—of course, it's not intended to be—but it's not altogether painful either. While Gaye's "big four" influences were Ray Charles, Clyde McPhatter, Little Willie John, and Rudy West (of the Five Keys), he forever dreamed of being the black equivalent of Frank Sinatra. "I used to fantasize about having a life like his—carrying on in Hollywood and becoming a movie star. He was the king I longed to be." In the next sentence he tells Ritz, "This is going to surprise you, but I also dug Dean Martin and especially Perry Como... I used to sport Perry Como sweaters. I always felt that my personality and Perry's had a lot in common."

Ritz met Gaye in 1979 after having defended Marvin's divorce epic, the double-album *Here, My Dear* in a letter to the *Los Angeles Times*. That apparently was the basis for a friendship that lasted until 1983, when they parted ways over who actually penned the lyrics to *Sexual Healing*. (Ritz claims that he "named and wrote the lyrics for the song" during a visit to Belgium, where Gaye had secluded himself, in 1982.) It's obvious that Ritz spent many, many hours with Gaye as well as with numerous musicians, friends, associates, and family members (including Gaye's parents), which enabled him to paint a fairly objective por-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 59

AUDITIONS

down beat spotlights young musicians deserving wider recognition.



KAI ECKHARDT-KARPEH

24-year-old bassist from Gustavsborg, West Germany, is part of the new edition of Tiger's Baku, led by trumpeter Tiger Okoshi. Eckhardt-Karpeh had previously been featured on German guitarist Torsten de Winkel's album *Masterstroke* (EMI), which also featured saxophonists Ernie Watts and Michael Brecker and percussionists Billy Cobham, Steve Smith, and Alphonse Mouzon. The album credits Eckhardt-Karpeh for his masterful bass arrangement on its opening composition, *Pyromantic*.

A much-in-demand performer in both Boston and Germany, Eckhardt-Karpeh has also appeared on Mouzon's 1985 album *The Sky Is The Limit* (Pausa) and on Alex Merck's *Minds And Bodies* (Demon). A junior majoring in Professional Music at the Berklee College of Music, Eckhardt-Karpeh was highly praised last year for his tour of Germany and Switzerland with de Winkel and Mouzon.



JILL ALLEN now married, won a 1985 **down beat** "deebee" award for Outstanding Performance on classical flute under her maiden name (Krochok). The 22-year-old received her bachelor's degree in Flute Performance last spring from the Eastman School of Music, having performed with the school's Wind Ensemble, Philharmonia, and Jazz Lab Ensemble (where she doubled on saxophone) in addition to some small-group playing in the Rochester, NY area. Following graduation, she traveled with the Philharmonia to Germany for the six-week Heidelberg Castle Opera Festival, and she is currently pursuing graduate studies

at the University of Minnesota.

While in high school, Allen performed in the 1981 Minnesota McDonald's All-Star H.S. Jazz Ensemble, attended the Interlochen summer music camp, and was soloist from 1979-81 in the Greater Twin Cities Youth Symphonies Concerto Concerts. She has since gone on to write and arrange jazz and classical compositions, and has taught flute both privately and in public schools. Important influences have included her teachers Bonita Boyd at Eastman, Richard Sherman of the Rochester Philharmonic, and Sid Zeitlin of the Minnesota Orchestra, as well as pianist Marian McPartland. Her goal is to become recognized as both a classical and jazz flutist.



MITCH HAMPTON, 18-year-old pianist, was a 1985 honors graduate from the Interlochen (MI) Arts Academy and is a former NAJE student vice-president. Now a freshman in the Jazz Studies program at the New England Conservatory of Music, Hampton last year won a "deebee" Outstanding Performance award and a Duke Ellington Scholarship to the Berklee College of Music. This past summer, the Tampa native attended the Manhattan School of Music's Jazz Seminar.

Hampton is also an accomplished composer, having written *Duet For Flute And Piano*, *An American Fantasy*, *In Time Of Silver Rain* (from a poem by Langston Hughes), and *Elegy For Sam Stewart For Solo Double Bass*, and arranging Tadd Dameron's *Good Bait* for jazz nonet while at Interlochen. Hampton's teachers at Interlochen included Thomas Knific, Jon Peterson, and Peter Brockman, and he took part in jazz clinics there with Maynard Ferguson and Stan Getz. His major piano influences include Bud Powell, McCoy Tyner, Bill Evans, and John Lewis; composers that have inspired him include Mozart, Beethoven, Debussy, Ravel, Stravinsky, Bartok, George Gershwin, Duke Ellington, Charles Ives, and Thelonious Monk.



PHIL DWYER, 19, currently working in Vancouver, is one of many emerging Canadian musicians who are polishing their skills outside the classroom. Originally from Qualicum Beach, on Vancouver Island, the saxophonist/pianist started the 1982 and '83 Canadian Stage Band Festival with his high school trio, Triple Image, which won gold and silver medals in the 1982 intermediate and 1983 senior combo classes, respectively.

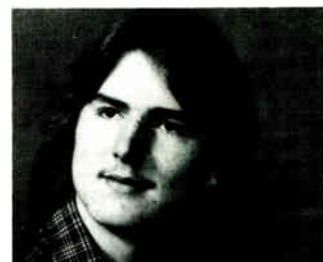
He attended the Banff (Alberta) summer jazz workshop at 16. The following year he moved from alto to tenor, from the influence of Johnny Hodges and Benny Carter to that of Sonny Rollins and John Coltrane, and from Qualicum Beach (population 2,900) to New York City. He received a Canada Council grant to support studies there with saxophonist Steve Grossman. Back in Canada for the foreseeable future as of the summer of 1985, he impressed audiences and critics alike as saxophonist or pianist in several contexts, including the Vancouver Ensemble for Jazz Improvisation, at western Canadian festivals.



TODD GREEN, 15-year-old drummer, won a 1985 **down beat** "deebee" award as best junior high school jazz soloist. A third-generation drummer, he began playing while in elementary school, where he was selected for the All-District Band and played his first solo. He recalls, "Both my father and grandfather were drummers, and there was always a lot of drum equipment around. About age 11 I started to make more

music than noise."

Green was drummer for the Rose Hill Jazz Ensemble, winner of the 1985 "deebee" award for best junior high school jazz ensemble. He has also won an Outstanding Soloist award from the Bellevue Jazz Festival and a scholarship to Pacific Lutheran University Summer Jazz Camp, where he was principal drummer for the advanced ensemble and advanced combo bands. Playing a variety of styles, he cites John Bonham, Eli Konikoff, Joe Morello, Neil Peart, and Rose Hill band director Tom Wilson as influences. Born in Pasadena, Green now resides in the Seattle area, where he plans to keep honing his jazz chops by playing with his high school band and studying privately.



REED EASTERWOOD, 19-year-old freshman scholarship student at the University of Miami majoring in Jazz Studies and Guitar Performance, was a featured soloist on the Arts Magnet High School album *Milestones*. He was Arts Magnet's Outstanding Jazz Musician for the class of '85 and received an honorable mention in last year's Arts Recognition & Talent Search. Easterwood has won two All-Region Jazz Ensemble Guitarist awards, and soloist awards from the University of Texas at Arlington, Dallas Independent School District, Mountain View College, and Dallas Music Education festivals, and the Texas Tech University Band Camp.

Easterwood's experience includes performing solo for three weeks at the Manual Life Insurance Company lunchroom, an appearance with the B.L. Lacerta Music Quartet, and stints with the El Centro Junior College Guitar Quartet, the fusion group The Magnets, and a local rock group, as well as performing on an earlier Arts Magnet album, *Impressions*. He also made a Lab Band appearance with Joe Pass. Easterwood's decision to attend the U. of Miami resulted in part because of two of the school's alumni—Arts Magnet band director Bart Marantz, and Easterwood's major guitar influence, Pat Metheny. **db**

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