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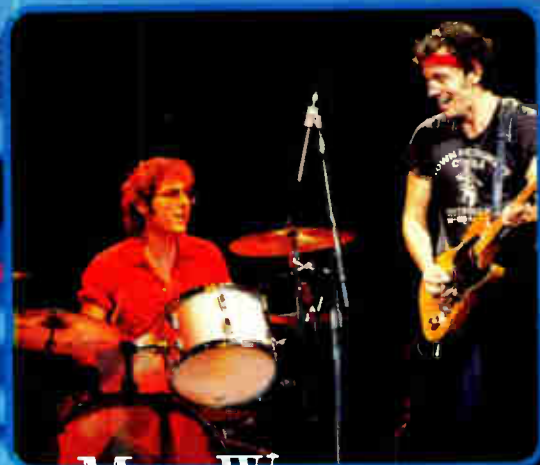
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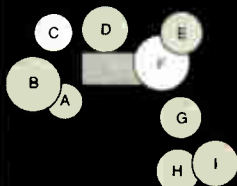
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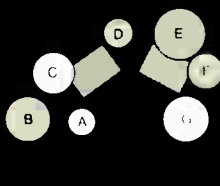
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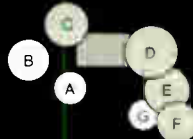
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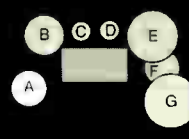
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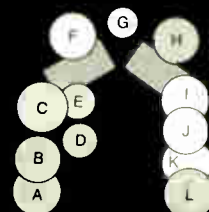
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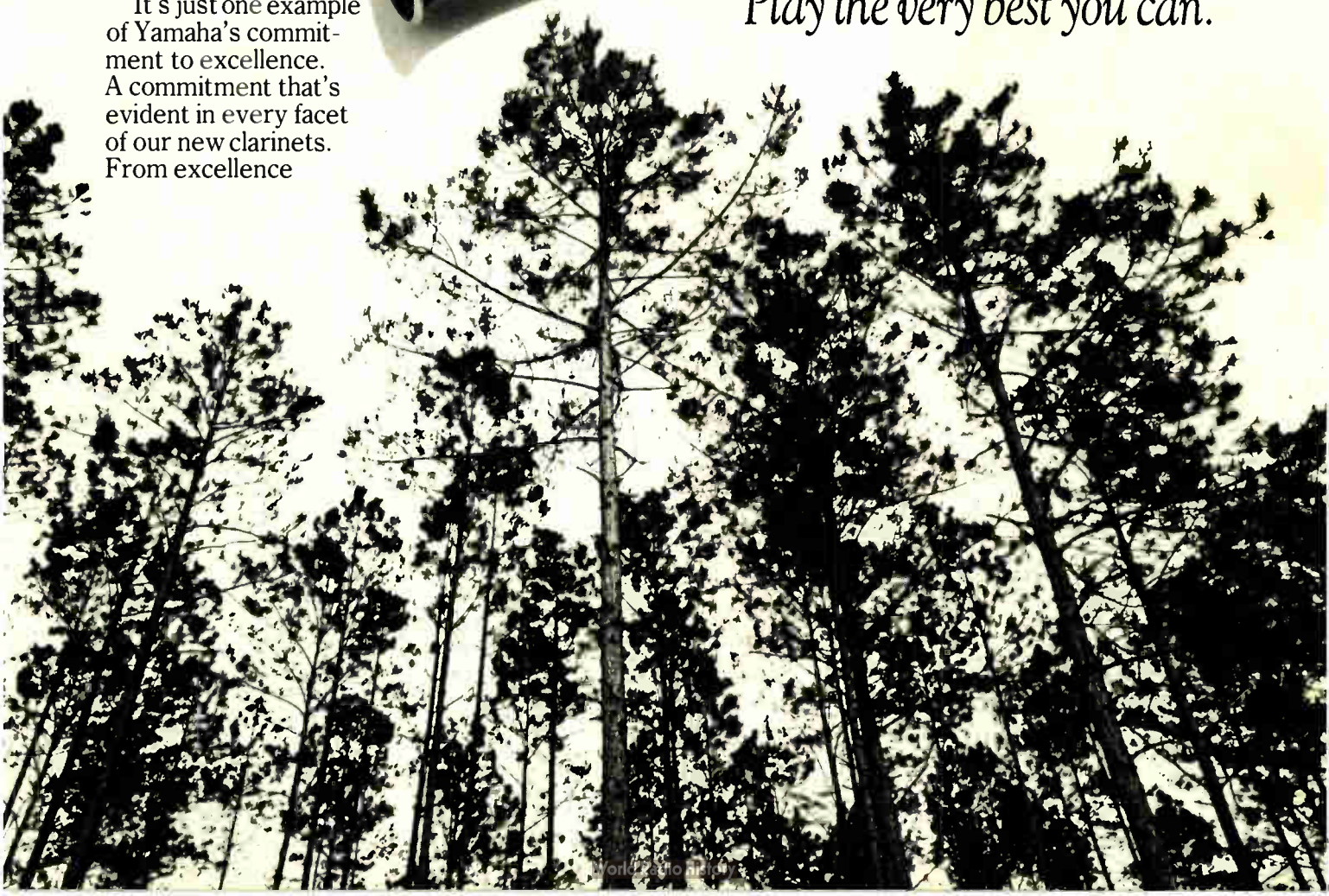
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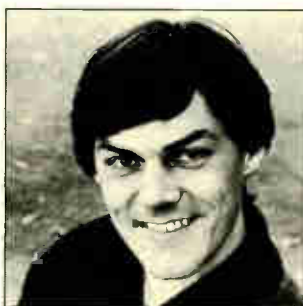
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Herbie Hancock



Kenny Burrell



Jan Garbarek



David Murray

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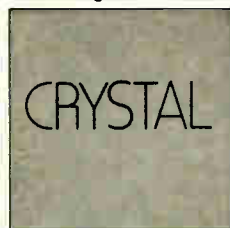
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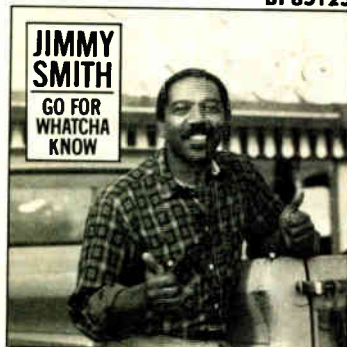
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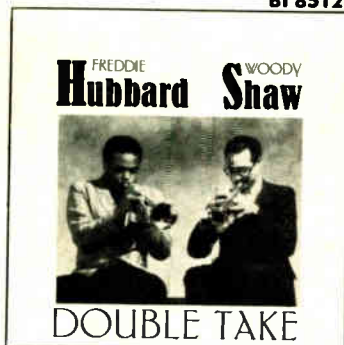
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The fourth annual New Music Chicago Festival recently took place here—a weeklong series of events at a variety of sites—and brought a few subjects to mind, for better or worse.

For one thing, "new music" can mean almost anything and everything from fastidiously controlled dodecaphonic dogma to self-indulgent performance antics. Credit (or blame) John Cage, of course, but the freedom inherited by the term not only allows for a breathtakingly fresh and open consideration of sound creation and manipulation, it also takes the onus of success or failure off of the programmers and places it on the audience. If anything and everything goes, then—so it seems—they're obligated to present *everything*, making critical decision-making the *full* responsibility of not the presenter, but the one who experiences it. Fine.

NMC was programmed for quality first; stylistic variety was of only secondary concern, according to president Steve Elkins. With well over 100 proposals, scores, and tapes to consider—and just 30-odd slots to fill—they had their work cut out for them. I attended about half of the performances, and it seemed to me that most of the music was mundane and decidedly un-new. According to my dictionary, "new" can mean "of a kind appearing for the first time," or "unfamiliar and strange," or "different and better." Most of what I heard—from Glass clones to beeping electronics—was dull and derivative. Contemporary, no doubt, but also conservative. Not new.

For this I blame not the programming committee, but the composers and performers themselves. Not having previously heard of many of them, I assumed that the majority were imported from out of town, but Elkins assured me that nearly 80 percent were from the Chicago area—as it should be, if this is to be called New Music Chicago. Unfortunately, if this is a representative sampling of the best we have to offer, we're further than ever behind New York as regards innovative, surprising, truly creative *new* music.

For example, I heard precious little music that made use of the astounding recent developments in electronic technology; in fact, I don't believe I heard a piece that could not have been performed, with the then-available technology, a decade ago. And I'm not speaking of Synclavier or expensive computer hookups—where were the phenomenal-sounding but ridiculously inexpensive Casios and other portable machines? Where are the composers/performers who are exploring *these* new sounds?

Improvisation, whether in a recognizable "jazz" or non-jazz setting, was a large part of the fest, and that's good; improvisation, by its very essence, is newer music than anything read off of a score. But in this context it seemed that the classical world needs improvisation more than the jazz world needs a classical sense of structure. Obviously, there are qualitative levels of improvisation too, but despite the occasional meandering and aimless noodling, these performances at least exhibited a welcome sense of spontaneity and immediacy. There was a healthy emphasis on ethnic material as well, which can only strengthen musical identification with the audience's roots.

A small caveat: not being familiar with most of the performers or composers, I felt the lack of more extensive program notes than were provided, giving some concrete information about the composers themselves and some background on the performers. An educated audience is a more open, more accessible audience. Without such information it all seems too cliquish, too in-house.

Finally, my strongest reservation was: where's the fun? It all seemed so self-conscious and serious, stiff and "important"—even those performers dealing with improvisation. By far the most impressive performances I heard—by the Brandis/Melford (flute/piano/percussion) Duo, (multi-percussionist) Steve Hunt, and composer Chinary Ung, whose music communicated the pleasure and melancholy he felt in reworking songs of his Cambodian childhood—provided the listener with a thrilling, exhilarating sense of risktaking, spontaneity, and the sheer joy of creation that was infectious. These are feelings that need to be spread throughout the classical *and* jazz worlds, if we are to continue to grow musically, and in the process cultivate an audience that will grow with the music.

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Winter wonderland

Your article on Paul Winter [May '86] was great. I'm a real fan and supporter and especially proud to be from the same hometown, Chicago, as Paul. Paul has found, I think, Peace in the "Music Business," and a true blend of Art/Earth/Humanity. I give him all my encouragement, support, and heartfelt gratitude for his lovely and moving creations.

John Klemmer Studio City, CA
Winter attended Northwestern University in the Chicago suburb of Evanston, but his hometown, as mentioned in the article, is Altoona, PA. —Ed.

I've been privileged to experience Paul Winter's teaching twice in recent years, and I want to thank you and Michael Bourne for the most comprehensive, perceptive, and intelligent piece on Winter's work yet to see print. Winter walks quietly around on the earth, looking bemused and mild, but he's one of the most profound, and profoundly positive, revolutionaries of our time.

There is at least one unfortunate omission from Bourne's list of Consort members. The unique and glorious voice of Susan Osborne has been a vital part of the Consort's work for quite a few years.

Thanks again for a profile which will increase awareness of Paul Winter's work and, additionally, counterbalance some of the foolish labeling we so delight in in this country.

Malcolm Stiles McCollum

Colorado Springs, CO

Woods on fire

Can't you get anything right [Potpourri, Mar. '86]? My father was Fire Commissioner of Springfield, MA for over 16 years. Anything over two alarms and he'd wake me! My brother is a retired fireman. I have *always* supported our local volunteer Fire Department, and your implication that I now play benefits since my house burned down is a damned insult! The irony of our tragedy is my recent participation in organizing two benefits for our Volunteers prior to the fire.

How about a word about the loss of our record collection? Any dupes would be most appreciated. At least give me the same coverage you gave Kareem. Maybe you should start a basketball magazine.

My wife is fine and is out of the hospital. Love a musician—give him a smoke alarm. Yours angrily,
Phil Woods Delaware Water Gap, PA

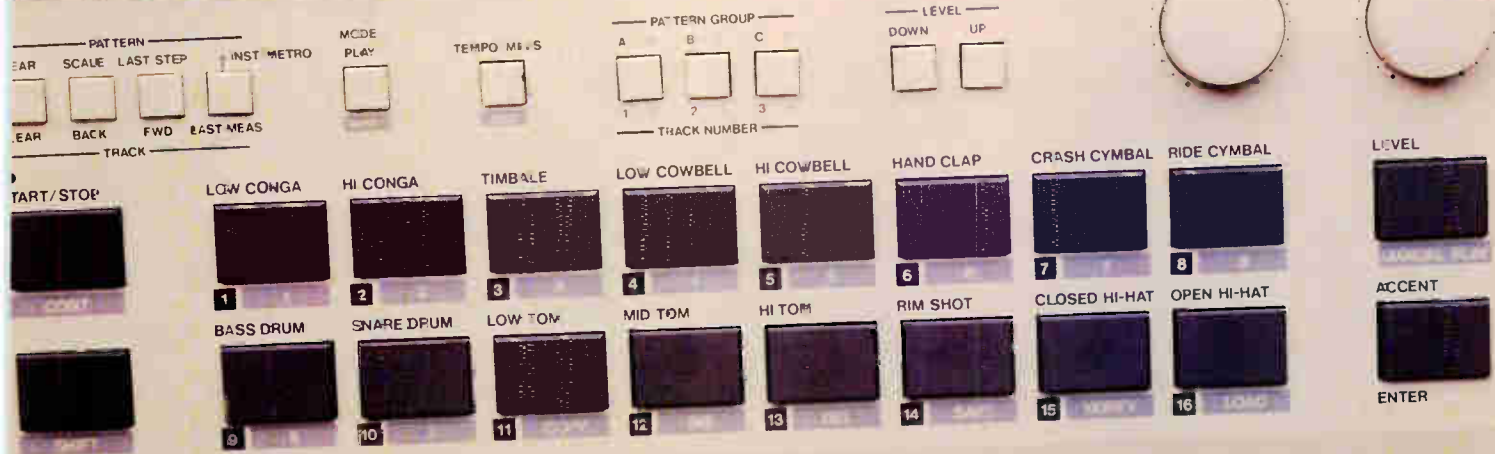
Just kidding

In my review of Paquito D'Rivera's *Explo-*

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BARBADOS—Forget the endless white sunny beaches. Forget the luxuriant, multi-colored tropical vegetation. Forget the warm, soothing breezes. Forget the romantic, starlit evenings. Even forget the rum punch. There's another, lesser-known reason to visit Barbados, the easternmost island in the Caribbean: music.

Calypso is king throughout the Caribbean, of course, but with the second annual Caribbean Jazz Festival (co-sponsored by British West Indies Airlines, Royal Bank, and the National Cultural Foundation, with assistance from the Barbados Board of Tourism and the Divi Resort chain), they have the makings of a world-class event.

Much of contemporary jazz—with its high-speed invention, hi-tech attitudes, and gritty realism—seems to reflect the urban experience. So it's quite a pleasant shock to encounter first-class jazz not, for example, on the grass of Chicago's Grant Park, surrounded by skyscrapers, or in the walled-in community of New York's concert halls and nightclubs, but in a relaxed, atmospheric setting just

this side of paradise. Just as the island is remarkable for its extreme variety of landscape—from coral-sea beaches to lush tropical hills to aggressive waves on rocky coastlines—so there's a similar range of musical timbres and temperaments to draw from. With this variety comes a certain amount of controversy, however.

The jazz scene in Barbados is small—compared to the calypso audience—but fanatic; the islanders are knowledgeable, vociferously opinionated, and somewhat conservative in their taste, which leads to a split between those who prefer traditional (mostly mainstream) music in the manner of Ellington, early Miles Davis, and Charlie Parker, for example, and those who would like to see a new, locally spawned fusion of jazz and island-oriented sounds.

According to Elton Mottley, director of the National Cultural Foundation (and a longtime jazz aficionado who for 12 years hosted the only jazz radio program on the island), "We are trying to create an eventual forum for experimentation that will allow musicians from



WILLIE ALLEYNE ASSOCIATES

ARTURO TAPPIN QUINTET: From left, Jackie Terrasson, Norbert Marius, Arturo Tappin, Tony Thewet, (not pictured, Boo Rudder).

all over the Caribbean to incorporate aspects of each individual land—St. Lucia, Trinidad, Martinique, Venezuela, and so on—into their jazz, creating something truly unique, to be found no place else.

"We've included Venezuela, Florida, and New Orleans into the Caribbean circle for obvious reasons—the music's highly influential. For example, there are slow pieces played in Martinique that relate exactly to the slow dirges played in New Orleans funeral music. And the number of important

jazz artists who have come out of the Caribbean—and who now want to return to create a Caribbean style of jazz—is truly impressive."

Among those to whom Mottley refers are such notable players as pianist Monty Alexander, steel drummer Othello Molineaux (who has toured with both Alexander and Jaco Pastorius), drummer Al Harewood, trumpeter Harry Beckett (living in Britain), ex-Elvin Jones guitarist Roland Prince, and many

CONTINUED ON PAGE 13

POTPOURRI

And now a word from our . . . George Wein finally secured a sponsor for this summer's **New York Jazz Festival** (6/20-29); JVC, the Japanese audio equipment manufacturer, has taken over the fest's sponsorship from Kool Cigarettes. This year's lineup will include such headliners as Miles Davis, Herbie Hancock, Lester Bowie's Brass Fantasy, Milton Nascimento, Ella Fitzgerald, and Sarah Vaughan, among many others, and will offer special tributes to Nat King Cole, Jelly Roll Morton, and a sax salute to Ben Webster, Johnny Hodges, and Harry Carney . . . Reed riffs: **Lou Reed** made a surprise appearance at New York's Ritz recently for WLIR's annual "Non-Conformal Ball;" Reed previewed tunes from his new album, *Mistrial*, during a mini-set leading up to the night's scheduled headline band, the Hoodoo Gurus . . . Daniels' jam: the **Charlie Daniels Band's** Volunteer Jam is slated for 7/12 in Nashville, having been moved back from its original 2/1 date; as in past years, this year's guests are known only to Daniels in advance of the show (last year's volunteers included Alabama, Kris Kristofferson, Ted

Nugent, Emmylou Harris, Little Richard, Dickey Betts, Papa John Creach, among others) . . . golden trumpet: **Rolf Ericson**, noted Swedish trumpeter, has won the 1985 Golden Record Award from *Orkester Journalen*; a member of the Duke Ellington, Stan Kenton, and other orchestras in the '50s, Ericson was honored for his *Stockholm Sweetnin'* LP on the Dragon label . . . Clapton cohort: **Phil Collins** was back in the studio with **Eric Clapton** recently; Collins plays percussion on Clapton's new album, which Collins is co-producing with engineer Tom Dowd . . . KC distinction: **Joe Thomas**, tenor saxophonist with the Jimmie Lunceford band in the '30s, recently received the first Award of Distinction to be given by the Kansas City Jazz Commission; coincidentally, Thomas' most recent recording, *Pretty Eyes*, with sidemen Joe Wilder, Don Sickler, Frank Wess, Dick Katie, and Ben Riley, is due out any day now from Uptown Records . . . jazz papers: the **Django Reinhardt Society**, formed to promote the music of the legendary guitarist, has issued its premier edition of the newsletter *Djangol-*

ogy; society membership and a year's subscription are available for \$14 by writing PO Box 6610, FDR Station, NYC 10150 . . . other publications now available include the **Jazz Lovers' Catalog Of Rare Records**, which lists over 900 records and can be obtained by sending a 22-cent stamp to Musical Memories, 253 W. 72nd St., #211A, NYC 10023; and the latest discographies on a wide variety of artists (Chet Baker, Charlie Parker, Duke Ellington, Bud Powell, Sonny Rollins, Coleman Hawkins, Sun Ra, Steve Lacy, et al) are available through Mr. Stu, 1716 Ocean Ave., Suite 9-L, San Francisco, CA 94112 . . . ARTS deadline: 17- and 18-year-olds interested in participating in the 1986-87 **Arts Recognition and Talent Search** have until 10/1 to sign up; info and applications are available at 28,000 high schools across the U.S. or can be obtained by writing ARTS directly at 300 NE Second Ave., Miami, FL 33132 . . . comp contest: the U. of Colorado is looking for original unpublished music for its **Media/Studio Orchestra Composition Contest**, which will award \$1,000, \$500, and \$250 to first-through-third-place finishers, respectively, and have the winners' music performed by the Denver Symphony Orchestra next March; entries should be mailed by 11/1 to

the College of Music, U. of Colorado/Denver, 1100 14th St., Denver, CO 80202 . . . face the music: **Face the Music Productions** has expanded its services to include a new booking agency "to represent, support, and promote creative musicians/performers who are at the leading edge of 'new' music;" those signed up so far include Ray Anderson, Tim Berne, David Torn, Mitchel Forman, Didier Lockwood, Randy Brecker/Elaine Elias, Steve Coleman, and others (write 41 N. Moore St., NYC 10013, 212/226-7889 for more info) . . . Manne honored: the late drum great **Shelly Manne** was remembered with a commemorative "Manne Hole" recently as part of Hollywood II, a week of events celebrating the renaissance of Tinseltown; the unveiling took place at the former site of Shelly's Manne Hole, a jazz club that flourished in the '60s . . . summer happenings: the **Vermont Music and Arts Center** is celebrating its 34th anniversary 7/6-27 with mostly chamber music concerts (Lyndon State College, Lyndonville, VT 05851, 802/626-9371); **Cotton Patch Gospel**, a bluegrass musical by the late **Harry Chapin**, will run 7/18-8/24 at the Woodstock Opera House (121 Van Buren St., Woodstock, IL 60098, 815/338-4212) . . .



IMPROV PROF: Jazz guitar great Joe Pass lays down a chord in a classroom at LA's Musicians Institute of Technology, where he was recently named resident jazz improvisation specialist. Pass' advice to young musicians: "Learn a lot of melodies and tunes. After you learn them, forget all the scales and everything and learn even more songs, any kind of tunes you can think of. If you like it, you should learn it. Get out and play, play, play." Pass' MIT faculty-mate Scott Henderson, meanwhile, has just wrapped up a two-month world tour as the guitarist in Chick Corea's band.



BARI ART: Gerry Mulligan, who'd been down the coast in LA for the Grammy Awards, brought a West Coast-style big band up to San Francisco for a two-night gig at the Palace of Fine Arts auditorium.

TOM COPI

FEST SCENE

Chicago's primarily classical **Ravinia Festival** offers a Windham Hill night (7/3) featuring Michael Hedges, William Ackerman, and Shadowfax. Rounding out this summer's performances will be the Preservation Hall Jazz Band and Oregon (both 7/7), Pete Seeger and Arlo Guthrie (7/10), Jon Hassell (7/14), Ella Fitzgerald and the Milt Jackson/Ray Brown Quartet (7/23), Jean-Luc Ponty (7/25), the Wynton Marsalis Quartet and the David Murray Octet (7/29), Chuck Mangione (8/1), Spyro Gyra and the Mark Isham Group (8/12), the Count Basie Orchestra and Joe Williams, and the Toshiko Akiyoshi Orchestra (8/13), Steve Reich (9/4), and the Dave Holland Quintet and Jack DeJohnette's Special Edition (8/8). To learn more, contact the festival at 1575 Oakwood Ave., Highland Park, IL 60035; (312) 433-8800.

The **JVC North Sea Jazz Festival 1986**, 7/11-13 in The Hague-Holland, will feature more than 750 musicians on 12 stages, among them Wynton Marsalis, Herbie Hancock (with Branford Marsalis), Weather Update (with John Scofield), Buddy Rich, Lionel Hampton, Bob Wilber's 16-piece band (performing Benny Goodman's repertory), Art Blakey, James Moody/Johnny Griffin,

Larry Coryell/Al Di Meola, Carla Bley, James Newton, Buddy Guy/Junior Wells, Albert King, Johnny Copeland, and many others. For details, write PO Box 87840, 2508 The Hague-The Netherlands.

The 21st annual **Pori Jazz Festival**, 7/5-13, will present Oscar Peterson, Wayne Shorter, Wynton Marsalis, the Neville Brothers, Manhattan Transfer, Chet Baker, Upi Sorvali, John Mayall, the Olympia Brass Band, and a host of Scandinavian stars. For further info, write Pori Jazz, Eteläranta 6, 28100 Pori, Finland, or phone 358-39-411 565.

Buddy Rich, Lionel Hampton, Miles Davis, Herbie Hancock, Art Blakey, Gerry Mulligan, and Buddy Tate have been booked for the **Nice Jazz Festival**, 7/10-20 on the French Riviera. Write the Nice Board of Tourism for more info.

The **Montreux Jazz Festival** celebrates its 20th anniversary 7/3-19 with a lineup featuring Pat Metheny, Wynton Marsalis, Al Jarreau, Manhattan Transfer, Spyro Gyra, George Benson, Albert King, and Eric Clapton. Other attractions include an exclusive 7/18 appearance of the 90-piece Orchestre National de Lille with several jazz soloists, a "Montreux Memories" presentation featuring film highlights of previous fests, and an '86

fest poster co-created by artists Andy Warhol and Keith Haring. For more info, write the fest at Case 97, CH-1820, Montreux, Switzerland, or phone (021) 63-12-12.

The **San Sebastian Jazz Festival**, 7/22-27, will feature Miles Davis, George Benson, Don Cherry, Ed Blackwell, Nana Vasconcelos, Billy Harper, Sonny Fortune, Billy Hart, Reggie Workman, Stanley Jordan, James Newton, George Lewis, and others. For more info, write Festival de Jazz de San Sebastian, Reina Regente S/N, 20003 San Sebastian, Spain.

Eastern Massachusetts' answer to Tanglewood is the **Great Woods Center for the Performing Arts**; conductor Michael Tilson Thomas will be leading the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra in various concerts, while 7/18-20 will feature jazz artists like Ella Fitzgerald & Toots Thielemans, the Illinois Jacquet Big Band, and Makoto Ozone. Gunther Schuller's New England Conservatory Ragtime Ensemble will also perform 7/12. Information from (617) 339-2331.

Clarinetist Buddy DeFranco and vibraphonist Terry Gibbs will be spotlight guest artists at the 1986 **Fairbanks Summer Arts Festival**, 7/27-8/9, at the University of Alaska campus. The festival fea-

tures master classes, lessons, workshops, rehearsals, and performances in jazz, orchestra and chorus, chamber music, classical and modern dance, etc. Further information is available through Jo Scott, PO Box 80845, Fairbanks, AK 99708.

Lewiston, NY will once again present a variety of jazz as part of the town's **Artpark Summer Theater** season, including the Herbie Hancock Quartet (6/25), Oscar Peterson (7/1), Nancy Wilson and the Ahmad Jamal Trio (7/5), Mel Tormé (7/16), the Preservation Hall Jazz Band (7/20), Spyro Gyra (7/24), Ella Fitzgerald (7/26), the Great Swing Reunion, with Teddy Wilson, Benny Carter, Red Norvo, Dave McKenna, J.C. Heard, Remo Palmieri, Milt Hinton, and Billy Butterfield (8/2), and Pete Fountain and Al Hirt (8/17). Write Box 371, Lewiston, NY 14092 for more.

The 10th annual **Telluride Jazz Festival**, 7/18-20, boasts a lineup including the Crusaders, Al Di Meola, Ramsey Lewis, the Neville Brothers, Lee Ritenour, Dianne Reeves, Gospel Renaissance, and others to be announced. For more info contact the festival at PO Box 25, Telluride, CO 81435, (303) 728-3171, or phone Telluride Central Reservations at (800) 525-3455. □

Bowie meets Evans

LONDON—A new film featuring both David Bowie and Gil Evans may seem too much of a good thing. But there are a lot more good things in *Absolute Beginners*—*The Musical*, a British movie premiered recently during London's Camden Jazz Festival.

Directed by Julien Temple (of *Great Rock 'n Roll Swindle* fame), it's a flimsy love story set in 1958, the year of Britain's first anti-black riots and of the rock explosion which heralded the "Swinging '60s." Besides singing the title song, Bowie has a straight acting role as a property developer eagerly benefitting from the unrest

driving blacks out of embryonic London ghettos, while James Fox plays a trendy fashion designer with stock in Bowie's company.

But interrupting the storyline are featured performers including singer/songwriter Ray Davies (the Kinks), black dance-troupe (the Jazz Defektors, and recent London resident Slim Gaillard. In addition to a music score arranged by Gil Evans, one of the film's strongest moments is a blues vocal by Sade with backing by Evans. Whether or not the plot proves to be exportable, the music mix is certainly hot enough for the Eclectic '80s. —brian priestley



MORE MARSALISES: Trombonist and Berklee College of Music senior Delfeayo Marsalis fronts an ensemble consisting of students, faculty, and alumni in a concert at the Berklee Performance Center. The set featured Delfeayo's eight-year-old brother, Jason, on drums, the youngest member of jazz' hottest family, which also includes elder brothers Wynton and Branford and their father, pianist Ellis Marsalis.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

more. But there are also any number of excellent musicians who haven't yet left the area, and the opportunity to make their acquaintance was one of the festival's highpoints.

The standard of musicianship throughout the three-day fest was quite high, and each of the six groups—two-a-night, so they got a chance to stretch out—portrayed a different sensibility. Wisely, the only American group invited was the Ellis Marsalis Quartet (with two guest vocalists); the spotlight was on up-and-coming and established local musicians.

Among the former was a quintet led by altoist Arturo Tappin. Except for island stalwart, drummer "Boo" Rudder, the quintet was all under 30, each from a different home locale, and happened to meet at the Berklee College of Music, where they all study. Tappin, an expressive and flexible reedman with considerable promise, is from Barbados; tough trumpeter Tony Thewet is from St. Martins; pianist Jackie Terrason hails from France, and bassist Norbert Marius is from Hungary. Together, their message was definitely in the Art Blakey mode. The opener, Herbie Hancock's *One Finger Snap*, displayed all their talents, with especially virile trumpet and fluid McLeanish alto. The rest of their outing, including homages to Miles (*If I Were A Bell*), Coltrane (*Big Nick*), Monk (an original by pianist Terrason dripping with quotes), and Diz (Wee, with a corker of a solo by Thewet—an other young cat to keep an eye on in the future), was well-done and entertaining, though hardly original. Closing the first evening was Mauricio Smith's New York (via Panama) salsa group. The ex-

Mongo Santamaria sideman's fleet flute was extensively featured, but the band's popping basslines and over-dynamic drums occasionally distracted from the groove.

Night two began with saxist Luther Francois (from St. Lucia), an imposing presence who favors laconic, liquid phrasing. His spirited solo prologue echoed Rollins, so it wasn't really a surprise to hear his *Bop Calypso* segue into *Oleo*. (By the way, his affinity and affection for island rhythms would make Sonny Rollins a natural down here.) Backed by members of the Guadeloupean band Archipel, Francois offered the furthest "out" playing of the fest on his composition *Mandela* (with exciting ensemble turmoil calling to mind Coltrane's most expressionistic groups, and a calypso section with dark overtones, unlike the form's usual cheer). Elsewhere, they calmed the stormy skies with some bright and danceable riff-and-pop-flavored material by pianist Christian Amour and bassist Eric Vincenot.

Ellis Marsalis' band was easily the crowd favorite. The canny *paterfamilias* has surrounded himself with talented young artists—saxist Victor Goines, Reginald Veal on bass (electric of course; there wasn't an acoustic bass to be seen anytime during the fest), and drummer Noel Kendrick—who found favor with energized Monk tunes and Ellis originals. Singers Lady BJ (whose theatrical vocals brought Dinah Washington to mind) and Germaine Bazzle (scat and ballads) brought down the house. As for Ellis, his pianistic authority and stylistic flexibility retains a personal stamp and an offhand demeanor that belies the intensity with which he negotiates his inventive, always apt

solos.

If the young band from Berklee which opened the fest seemed a tad too reticent and reverent in concert, they blew away the classroom cobwebs at the midnight jam on the Bajan Queen party/cruise. Sitting in with the Marsalis band, Tappin stuck to soprano sax and sizzled: trumpeter Thewet, like Nolan Ryan, blew high, hard ones; and Francois' tenor was exploratory and mid-period Traneish.

The fest's most overtly Caribbean sounds came courtesy of the Trinidad & Tobago Calypso Jazz Workshop. As their name suggests, the music was a hybrid of jazzy solos in a very melodic island-pop context. With the addition of Thelonious Shaw's biting Wes-like guitar and steel drummer Sydney Joseph (a replacement for local legend Boogie Sharpe, this guy *smoked!*), this group had a refreshingly cool sound and vitality. The highlight was an infectious 5/4 piece with Wayne Bonaparte's boogie bass and an insistent, stomping solo by pianist (and Berklee grad) Ovid Alexis, plus guest Francois' peppercorn soprano spot and leader Toby

Tobas' drums.

Closing the fest was an ad hoc band co-led by Barbadian-born/English expatriate trumpeter Beckett and Big Apple tenorist Ricky Ford (whose paternal grandparents came from Barbados), backed by Jamaaladeen Tacuma-styled bassist John Linus Yaw and Boo Rudder's more aggressive drumming. Beckett writes thorny tunes that kick into distinctive themes; his solos were tart and hearty, while Ford's throaty attack, agility, and intensity brought the energy level several notches higher.

If able to present music of this quality in future years, the Caribbean Jazz Festival should have no problem obtaining a strong critical reputation. And the ambitious attempt by the musicians and programmers to create a style of music unique to the area should give the fest a singular identity worth traveling for. It would be a shame, though, if next year they didn't take advantage of Barbados' natural beauty and schedule additional outdoor concerts. Meanwhile, they're on the right track.

—art lange



LUTHER FRANCOIS & ARCHPEL: From left, Eric Vincenot, Serge Bourgeois, Francois, Robert Jean, Eric Darquin, (not pictured, Christian Amour).

WILLIE ALLEYNE ASSOCIATES

Jane Ira Bloom

NEW YORK—"This is the first time I've ever heard of a whole front line being wired," said soprano saxist Jane Ira Bloom after she and vocalist Ursula Dudziak joined Seattle-based singer Jay Clayton and percussionist Jerry Granelli for an evening of live electronic improvisation at the Universal Jazz Coalition in Manhattan. While Miles and Mahavishnu, Chick and Herbie and Weather (Report) Update are all heavy watt users, none of them go for the warmly intimate mix, virtually collective format, and enveloping, swinging sound this odd quartet achieved plugging into harmonizers, digital delays, and pitch followers.

But the layered phonemes, faintly buzzing sax decay, and atmospheric rhythms were in line with Clayton's work for composer Steve Reich (hear especially *Tehillim*, ECM 1-1215) and her interpretations of standards, Dudziak's fusion duo with Michal Urbaniak, and Bloom's concentration on "live electronics, movement, improvisation, and new jazz"—directions she's explored lately in duet with pianist Fred Hirsch (their most recent album is *As One*, JMT 850003), with her quartet (caught during Sweet Basil's daylong Music Is An Open Sky extravaganza and at the West Bank Cafe), and in some of her rather unusual gigs.

"I was in Houston for the New Music America



LONA FOOTIE

festival, and did a solo concert at the Astrodome," Bloom mentions. "The piece was called *Doppler's Revenge*, and I was just back of second base, with a circular mic setup and a circular speaker setup, too. There's a swirling you can sense as the horn passes through carefully placed mics, which gives the sensation of movement to the listener's ear.

"This is a transitional time for me," explains the saxophonist, who looks lively onstage, her shoulders, hips, and legs shadowdancing the

syncopations of her phrases. "I'm getting a little more control over the presentational aspects of my performances, and trying to teach my musicians what my movement concept's all about."

To that end, she concertized "Music For Amazing Space" at Symphony Space in May, with her regular band—Hirsch, bassist Ratso Harris, and drummer Tom Rainey—expanded to include synthesist Richard Narting, vibes and marimba specialist David Friedman, bass clarinetist Scott Robinson, trumpeter Ron Horton, and dancer Peentz Dubble (Dana McCurdy is her sound engineer). Says Bloom, who's scheduled to perform at the Canadian jazz fests in Edmonton, Vancouver, and Montreal this summer, "I've been using my electronics—a Super Timeline Delta Lab digital delay, and MXR pitch shifter, and a Roland Vocoder, all triggered by foot pedals—for three years now, playing with it every night, making it part of my instrument. I had to learn to become spontaneous and friendly with the equipment—and that's hard, it takes time. So often you lose physicality when you put out sounds electronically. I don't want to do that, so over the past couple of years I've been consciously working with dancers and choreographers to incorporate movement in my pieces—not just to look pretty, but make sound do interesting things." She's getting closer all the time.

—howard mandel

Dino Saluzzi

NEW YORK—After a triumph on Broadway, the revue *Tango Argentino* is touring the U.S., having just released a double-record of highlights from the show (Atlantic 81636), featuring some of the world's most fiercely romantic music. Nonesuch, meanwhile, has released three volumes of their own *Tango Project*. And some fashion experts speculate that the dangerous-looking (and very sexy) styles of tango dress might become trendy. Will 1986 be the Year of the Tango?

Dino Saluzzi, a master of the bandoneon, the essential instrument of the tango orchestra, hopes so. Saluzzi's new album, *Once Upon A Time—Far Away In The South* (ECM 25042), is his first to be released in the U.S. "The new interest in the tango," says Saluzzi, "is a very good chance to show not just tango music, but all the cultural aspects of Argentina which go far beyond fashions or trends."

Saluzzi was born in Campo Tanta, Argentina, and first played the bandoneon (something of a cross between an accordion and a concertina) at age seven. "I grew up in a family that was musically oriented," he says. "It's folk music, not scholastic music. It's very emotional." By age 14 he was playing professionally, first with Trio Carnaval, later with Orquesta Estable, Sinfonica de Tango, and more recently with Musica Creativa, playing jazz, folk, and chamber music.

Unlike the typically exuberant dance-oriented tango, Saluzzi's own music is more

impressionistic. Along with the bandoneon, he chants and plays flutes and percussion on an earlier European ECM recording, *Kultrum* (ECM 1251). It's all solo pieces, gentle (and haunting) impressions of Argentinian folk music. He's also been featured as soloist and composer with the George Gruntz Concert Jazz Band. Saluzzi's *El Chancha*, on the Gruntz recording *Theatre* (ECM 1265), opens with Saluzzi playing and chanting beautifully alone, then moves into an easy-going tango/funk.

"I love to play in the band with George Gruntz," he says, "because of all the international people." Saluzzi's own Argentinian band features acoustic guitar, electric bass, drums, and percussion, but for the new recording he's gathered an intentionally international quartet: Danish trumpeter Palle Mikkelborg (also from the Gruntz band), American bassist Charlie Haden, and French percussionist Pierre Favre. "I wanted different things from different people from different countries."

Haden is someone Saluzzi especially enjoys working with: "I feel very fortunate to have met Charlie. We're very good companions, but he's also somebody who understands the political situation in Argentina. It's such a strong reality. It's hard to avoid because it's always inside of us. Charlie understands that part of us, not just the music."

Because the Argentinian political situation is better now (and freer), Saluzzi hopes music will be a way to introduce more of his country's culture to the world. "Because of different factors, the

distance, the social and political feelings," he explains, "Argentines are very far away from the Occidental world and are very conscious of that."

We spoke soon after Saluzzi performed with Haden at the Los Angeles Theatre Center. "I tour more in Europe, but I would love to tour around the U.S. I'm not pretentious about my career. I just do what's got to be done. I hope this new record will open all kinds of possibilities."

—michael bourne



Sweet Honey in the Rock

NORTHAMPTON, MA—"There's an incredible kind of healing that comes from having sound [you create] run through your own body," says Bernice Johnson Reagon, founder of Sweet Honey in the Rock. "And in our culture, that activity is on the downswing."

That may be true, but Sweet Honey is not about to let the American vocal tradition die without a struggle. The group was formed in Washington, D.C., in 1973 as an extension of Reagon's vocal workshops with the D.C. Black Repertory Theatre Company. Over the past 13 years, there have been more than 20 members. "People would change," says Reagon, "but there was a sound that would stay the same. It says something about the tradition of black women singing."

Like a neighborhood gospel group, Sweet Honey draws on the community for its members. They sing primarily on weekends and have other responsibilities during the week. Members sometimes get new jobs and move, leaving Reagon with the task of finding and training another singer. "At first it was hard," she says, "but I found that each new member would bring in a new style of singing or a new strength that would expand the group." Aside from Reagon, the current members are Evelyn Maria Harris, Ysaye Marie Barnwell, Aisha Kahlil, and Nitangju Bolade. A sixth member, Shirley Childress Johnson, provides sign language interpretation at the group's concerts.

Bernice Reagon is a historian at the Smithsonian Institution, and her understanding of



ROLAND L. FREEMAN

the black musical tradition was evident at a recent Sweet Honey concert held at Smith College. The group came on stage dressed in simple, colorful robes. They sang unaccompanied except for a little percussion, beginning with an African funeral chant. The first set built through hymns and gospel songs into material that was more complex and harmonically intricate. The second set was more dramatic: many of the songs had strong political messages and the audience was encouraged to join in. "We experience a concert as being a conversation with the audience," says Reagon. "We always ask people to sing with us."

Their music addresses the universal themes of love and liberation, but can also zero in on specific issues: *More Than A Paycheck* is about the hazards of the workplace, and *We Who Believe In Freedom* is a challenge to apartheid. "During the civil rights movement," explains Reagon, "I became acquainted with what it felt like to be

singing from a particular position, a particular point of view. I've tried to hold onto that as a singer."

Sweet Honey has recorded six albums. The most recent two were released simultaneously by Flying Fish late in 1985: *The Other Side* and *Feel Something Drawing On Me*, a collection of sacred songs. Radio airplay has been sparse. "We think we produce a real good radio sound," insists Reagon, "but we don't have a lot of agreement from the d.j.s." Resistance has only stiffened Sweet Honey's determination. The members are trying to find more time for touring, and they are getting ready to record another album. More than ever, Bernice Reagon wants to express her message: "People ought to keep in mind that music is for healing, for sanity, for keeping balance. It is a requirement, not a luxury. A society that does not create music is a society headed for a very, very depressed stage."

—jim roberts

Earwax Control

CHICAGO—"We're a serious band, but we don't take ourselves too seriously." So says drummer Paul Wertico, best known for his work with Pat Metheny, whose jam sessions with bassist/guitarist Jeff Czech and keyboardist Gordon James, begun in the Chicago suburb of Elgin 13 years ago, resulted in the formation of the ultra-improvisatory trio Earwax Control. Like Wertico, the others boast relatively traditional music backgrounds (Czech has backed Woody Herman, Mose Allison, Bobby Hutcherson, and top Chicago mainstreamers; James is a leading Chicago-area sessionist), but it's with Earwax Control—with its totally improvised blend of music and bizarre humor—that the trio's imaginations are given freest play.

James, the father of a three-year-old, compares the band's approach to music with that of a child's, and those childlike qualities aren't lost on Wertico and Czech. "Housewives," says Wertico, "will come up and say, 'It makes us want to play with our kids' toys again.'" Says Czech, "When people start learning music they start to learn things that are 'right' and 'wrong' about it, and that's sort of



BARBARA UNGER

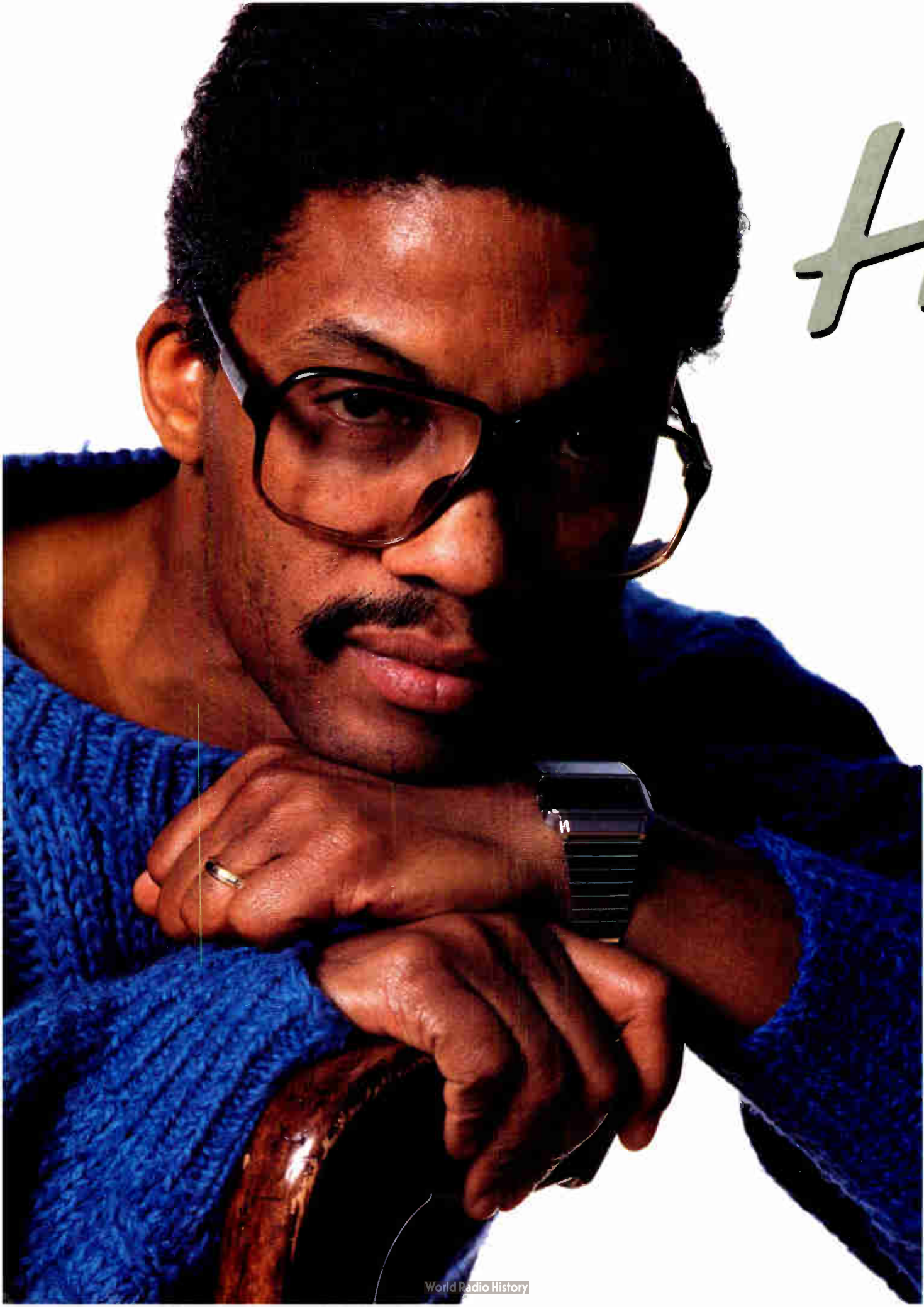
elitist and repressive." By downplaying these traditional rights and wrongs in favor of their own instincts, the band seeks to jolt listeners into an awareness of the greater possibilities of sound.

Earwax Control's eponymously titled debut album (Depot 005) received only qualified praise in these pages (Feb. '85), but this is truly a band that needs to be *seen* to be believed. Given their improvisational nature, no two Earwax Control dates are alike; still, here's a sampling of notebook jottings regarding the goings-on at a recent Chicago gig: synth playing space-age noises . . . frenetic free-jazz drumming . . . Czech switches to electric bass, starts funk groove . . .

Wertico playing military march beat, Czech accompanies on bugle . . . Wertico on percussion, James playing lyrical, ECM-ish piano . . . Czech picks up violin, starts mumbling, pauses and asks, "Where was I?," resumes unintelligible mumbling . . . feedback screech, Czech comments, "Audio horseradish" . . . music resumed, Czech starts weird, out-of-rhythm handclapping, calls out, "Everybody!," some in audience clap along . . . free-form, legit-sounding fusion jam . . . hard-rock guitar chords . . .

So what's it all add up to—are these guys a group of childish charlatans or the best ear-openers since the Q-Tip? Though they're not about to recommend a steady diet of this sort of thing, an Earwax Control gig can be worthwhile fun for those willing to suspend their disbelief for a couple of hours. "People have to trust musicians again," says Wertico. "If they look at us and think we're just putting them on, then they're going to close off to us; but if they can believe that what we're doing is an honest effort to explore the immediate moment, and they can take the trip along with us—that's when the experience is really happening, because the whole room *becomes* Earwax Control."

—bill beuttler



A

Herbie Hancock

BY HOWARD MANDEL

Of Films, Fairlights, Funk . . . And All That Other Jazz

Atlantic City's skyline is high and proud; the casino hotels, such as the Claridge, are grandiose and lit to be seen for miles. Green gambling tables and late-night action beckon visitors from up and down the East Coast, but for one weekend recently the Claridge's most elegant attraction was in its 300-seat theater, where Herbie Hancock was taking a few chances at the piano, warming up with bassist Ron Carter and drummer Al Foster for the tour they'll make across the States and into Europe and Japan this summer, joined by saxophonist Branford Marsalis.

"It's not the *Rockit* band?" a New Jersey woman asked her date. Hancock's *Rockit* publicity photo hung blownup alongside shots of Laura Branigan, Lainie Kazan, Al Martino, and the Osmonds, but the suavely suited musician onstage at a Steinway grand started straightahead into Wayne Shorter's wistful *Footsteps*.

"No? I'm disappointed," she said. That was before the trio's performance, which was received with unfailing attentiveness, as though this were a concert crowd rather than folks who wanted a break from winning and, mostly, losing. Some jazz fans were in attendance by the late show, possibly up from Philadelphia, which was so astounded by the booking that Herbie was featured giving a press conference to tv reporters for the late night news. Or maybe that's how much of a celebrity he's become, the quiet man with impeccable jazz credentials, who, better than just about anyone, has out-flanked any classification other than "musician," and whose recent achievements include *Rockit*, the biggest instrumental dance single and video clip hit of the '80s; *Village Life*, his unexpectedly popular electronic ethnic duets with Gambian kora master Jali Foday Musa Suso; *Rock School*, the instructional program he hosts in which young musicians share their trade tips; the soundtracks for *Jo Jo Dancer*, *Your Life Is Calling*, produced, directed, and starring Richard Pryor, and *'Round Midnight*, the eagerly awaited Bernard Tavernier film based loosely on the life of Bud Powell, for which Hancock wrote music, created an album, and co-starred (as Eddie Wayne, fictional house pianist at the Blue Note in Paris) along with Powell's longtime bassist Pierre Michelot, guitarist John McLaughlin, drummer Billy Higgins, and tenorist Dexter Gordon.

"This booking didn't come from my agents, it came from the Claridge's management—I think. I'm not sure. I'm just told where and what; I just knew I was supposed to be here," Hancock says between sets, sipping white wine in the

suite the hotel had provided him, eyeing an overflowing hospitality fruit basket. "It's not a conscious attempt on my part to bring a classic jazz group to Atlantic City; I just let my manager Tony Meilandt make suggestions about what's next."

Playing *Oleo*, *Autumn Leaves*, his own *Maiden Voyage* and *Cantaloupe Island*, *My Funny Valentine*, and *Freddie The Freeloader* from Miles Davis' classic *Kind Of Blue* LP looks easy for Hancock. His parallel finger runs, sublime internal voicings, feeling for silence and space must be second nature by now, one imagines, though somehow he finds something new in the tunes every time he approaches them.

"Easier, and more fun than my electric stuff?" he considers. "The electric repertoire is definitely stiffer. With the *Rockit* band I've got other kinds of onstage responsibilities, and the *purpose* of the music is different. In many ways—for me—playing acoustic jazz is more personal," he allows. "But I like all kinds of music—here's an often repeated explanation—and they all have their place. If I did only one, at the exclusion of all the other styles, I don't think I'd be satisfied."

"Most people who come from a jazz background and do anything in an area of electric or pop music still maintain a lot of the character of jazz in their pop stuff," he elaborates. "So it's a true fusion kind of thing. I did that for a while, but I've been trying to take the pop stuff more into the pop area, and leave out the jazz. I think I've pretty much succeeded at that, because the last few records I don't consider jazz records at all. Oh, there's a jazz solo here or there—but there are jazz solos on *Earth, Wind & Fire* albums, too. Lots of musicians have instrumental solos and aren't associated with jazz; because my name is associated with jazz, if I play two bars in the clear it's thought of as a jazz record. *Rockit* has nothing to do with jazz at all, except that in general they both come from the same roots."

Those roots, if you don't know by now, go back to Chicago, circa 1940, where Herbie was born into a middle-class family, and grew up encouraged to listen to opera on the radio, while being himself drawn to the ubiquitous sound of rhythm & blues. He took piano lessons from age seven on, working with a teenage jazz band during high school, and entered Grinnell College in Iowa intending to study electrical engineering. In his second year, he switched to music. After graduating, Hancock moved to New York, where he roomed with trumpeter Donald Byrd.



LONA FOOTE

Hancock with the Rokit Band (left):
“... the last few records I don’t consider jazz records at all.”

Byrd brought the young pianist to Blue Note Records, and introduced him to Mongo Santamaria, for whom he wrote *Watermelon Man*, a crossover hit well before that phenomenon was so named. In 1985, at the revival of Blue Note concert Capitol/EMI staged at Town Hall in Manhattan, Hancock served as emcee and sat in with former labelmates including Freddie Hubbard, Joe Henderson, and Tony Williams. Of course, in the mid-’60s Hancock joined Miles Davis on electric piano, and modified the shape of jazz to come. Though he’d already experimented with compositions for extended orchestrations—in liner notes to his first Blue Note release as a leader, *Takin’ Off*, Herbie speaks of a woodwind sextet he’d written—Miles pointed him in yet another direction. He got another kick out of listening to James Brown and Aretha Franklin, then really turned on to Sly Stone’s *Thank You Fallettinme Be Mice Elf Agin*.

“That song elated me,” Hancock has said. “It was so raw and primitive I didn’t know *how* it could be created. It touched my soul and heart, and immediately got me to create some funky music myself.”

Hancock’s first self-led electric funk efforts—*Fat Albert Rotunda* (the soundtrack for a Bill Cosby television special), *Mwandishi*, and *Sextant* led to *Headhunters*, a jazz-rock-r&b critical and commercial success on the order of Miles’ *Bitches Brew* and John McLaughlin’s *Mahavishnu Orchestra*.

“That was the first time I played synthesizer, on *Headhunters*,” the keyboardist notes. “Until then, my sextet was primarily acoustic—we even used an acoustic bass—and I played a Rhodes electric piano. Pat Gleason was on the later stuff of that band; he played synthesizer. I’d asked him to do an intro for one of the songs on my album: *Crossings*, at the suggestion of David Robinson, who was my manager at that time. He did an intro to the title tune; I couldn’t give him any instructions, because I didn’t know anything about the synthesizer then, but I loved what he did, so I said, ‘Look—fill up the album with that stuff, ’cause that is great.’ And I hired him to go on tour with us. But I used to ask him questions all the time, and around ’73 I bought myself a synthesizer—I think the first one I had was an Arp String Ensemble, then I got an Arp 2600 and an Arp Odyssey, and later a four-voice Oberheim, a polyphonic instrument.

When I decided to do *Headhunters*, that’s when I decided I wanted to try the synth myself. I got the manuals, I started doing some programming. My electrical engineering background didn’t hurt me; I wasn’t afraid of the instruments, and I was familiar with the terminology. I knew the words frequency and amplitude, meaning pitch, basically, and volume. I understood the concept of

modulation. I’d always been fascinated with science and electronics.”

Throughout the ’70s Hancock led electronic ensembles (besides contributing to sessions headed by Stevie Wonder, George Benson, the Pointer Sisters, and Wes Montgomery, among many others). Can the repertoire he developed for his albums *Feets Don’t Fail Me Now*, *Monster*, *Mr. Hands*, *Magic Windows*, and *Lite Me Up* remain viable and fresh?

“Well, the electric repertoire is not an improvised kind of music, not to the extent *Maiden Voyage* and *Dolphin Dance* and some of those others are. Those songs are very open to me; I always find something new somewhere when I play them. But the electric things—they don’t stay fresh in those terms. Their freshness has more to do with making something that I’ve played over and over again fresh, ’cause it’s inspired by the environment, the band, the audience, the hall—actually, a combination of all of those things. It also has to do with your life, and a real search to make something fresh no matter how often you play it. It has nothing to do with playing different notes all the time—that’s only one way. There’s nothing wrong with playing the same notes, as long as you *feel* fresh. If you mean it. You’ve got to mean it.

Future Shock, which *Rokit*’s on, was such a big album it brought in a lot of people who weren’t familiar with me at all. So I felt that to promote that album, it made more sense to concentrate on its tunes and that direction when we played concerts, because that’s what that band was about, it wasn’t about the other stuff. Now, Bill Laswell, who produced *Future Shock*, will probably produce my next electric album. We’ve been talking about working with Sly Stone, and maybe Bootsy Collins, but no firm decisions have been made. Laswell and I work in a way that I’d never really worked before. I’m used to being in on the creative process from the beginning, but on that album and *Sound System*, Bill prepared some things in advance—with Michael Beinhorn on *Future Shock*. They brought tapes out to Los Angeles—they live in New York—and we shaped the melodies, put synthesizers on them, and so forth. I think on this next album I’m going to get the ball rolling with basic ideas, then Bill and I are going to work together to shape those things.

“The way *Village Life* came together was that I was one of several writers who were commissioned to do pieces for the Olympics in Los Angeles. I called Bill about that, and he had just met Suso, and he said, ‘This might be interesting to you.’ I said, ‘Yes, sounds great’—because I wanted

something that sounded international, but had that American rhythmic base to it. The piece we came out with really satisfied the concept I had in mind—and I had only a concept in mind, no melody or anything else.

"We taped *Village Life* in Japan, at the end of a tour with the *Rockit* band that Suso made with us. It was a very loose session; the whole idea was to see what would happen. I didn't know his native songs, but we wanted to try the material he's used to with my expansions, and find a way to make it work without my having to study his music, but just by using my ears. Originally we wanted to use acoustic piano, but the kora is a real ethnic folk instrument, and it's not tuned exactly like a piano, so the piano made the whole thing sound out-of-tune. But the DX-1, which was the main instrument I used, has a very good acoustic piano sound, and you can detune it—I think that changes the scaling of an octave, so it's either stretched out or contracted. Just detuning it a little bit made it enough out-of-tune so that it seemed as much out-of-tune—by our standards—as the kora is. So it made them fit.

"I used the factory programs for *Village Life*; I've done a little programming, but it's getting to the point where there are so many instruments, I don't have the time to practice making my own sounds. Really learning something like a Fairlight is a 24-hour-a-day job; you'd have no time to make music if you're going to spend all your time programming it. So there's a guy named Will Alexander who knows the Fairlight well, and I try to get his services when I have some special project to do, or I can do a lot of stuff in-house, because I have a tech person, a recording engineer named Larry Duhart, who comes over to work in my studio—I converted my garage—every day. There's always some stuff to work on."

How does Hancock deal with his stuff, structure his time, order his commitments? "Right now I'm looking more at movie scores, and if I get something that would mean my involvement as an actor [*big grin*] I'm not going to ignore that. I've got the bug," Hancock admits; he's appeared in one episode of a video series called *Concrete Cowboy* and had a spot on *Mike Hammer* besides his major roles in *Rock School* and *'Round Midnight*. Remember, his involvement in film scoring dates back to Michaelangelo Antonioni's *Blow Up*. "That was '66," Hancock recalls. "The next film I did was *The Spook Who Sat By The Door*, which was directed by Ivan Dixon—the distribution company didn't understand it, and the film kind of got squashed. Then *Death Wish*, that was '75. Then *A Soldier's Story*, that was '84. So the word's starting to get around that I'm doing soundtracks.

"All my projects are challenging," Herbie acknowledges. "It's hard for me to write. I hate writing and love writing at the same time. I love it when those ideas start to flow, but to get those ideas to flow, that's hard. I don't have any tricks; usually it's when the pressure builds up enough, when it's too late to get the stuff happening, when I have to sit down and say, 'Okay, now I've got to use every idea that comes up 'cause there's no time to pick and choose anymore'—that's when the stuff starts to flow. Deadlines really help."

But he appears to have so much discipline. "I look like it, huh? Wrong. Or, maybe I've got just enough to skate by."

Yet discipline isn't like luck—very occasionally conferred—and having "just enough to skate by" is still a feat of will, intelligence, and ability Hancock can count on when those deadlines unmercifully arrive. You can't make luck the way you can make the most of opportunities. Hancock's high level performance at the casino's theater was heartily applauded and dispelled any disappointment that any of his scratch-single fans might have had, as Claridge staffers assured their star in his dressing room at the end of his night. Still, Herbie Hancock wanted to know: "Do you think there's real interest in bringing my *Rockit* band here? It could be done . . ."

db



MITCHELL SEIDEL

HERBIE HANCOCK'S EQUIPMENT

"I've got a great piano, a Hamburg Steinway, at home," Herbie Hancock says. "When I was finally going to buy a piano, I was originally going to get a seven-foot Yamaha, but I got a really good deal on this piano, which used to be a rental piano in San Francisco—it was my favorite up there. But you know what? I can't play at home, for fun, for myself; I hardly ever feel the urge. Oh, it happens once in a while, but more often I want to rest my ears, have silence, do a crossword puzzle, or run record and tour budgets on my computer.

"Of my synthesizers, I use the Fairlight a lot. I like the feel of the Yamaha DX-1, so I use it a lot as a controller. I've got a MIDI interface between the keyboards so they'll talk to each other, and I can play them from one keyboard—the DX-1 feels best. Then I've got a Yamaha TX 816, that's the eight DX-7 modules. And an Oberheim Expander, which is a great instrument; you can program each output with a different voice, as though there were six—or is it eight?—different synthesizers. So the TX 816 has eight voices, yeah, and there are six in the Oberheim, two in the DX-1, one in the DX-7. And the new Fairlight has 16 voices. Now the Fairlight company has something called a voice tracker, like a pitch follower, which you can use with any instrument: it translates the pitch into voltage and runs a synth. You can sing into it and have a cello sound come out of the synth, triggered by your voice, or trumpet, or sax—and you can hear the trumpet or sax, if you mix that sound in, or you can turn it off completely.

"One thing that interests me very much is the sampling capabilities of instruments like the Fairlight, and how sophisticated that's getting. The new

Fairlight is unbelievable, because you can sample with fidelity that's at least as good as a compact disc—even better, because it samples at up to twice the rate of a CD. It eats up a lot of memory, but it makes the Fairlight a whole different ball game from the previous model, the Series Two; this is the Series Three. The Series Three has a hard disc with RAM—that's Random Access Memory—where you put everything in order to play different sounds. There's more of it, because the instrument's so much more sophisticated, and there are a lot more parameters to it. You can sample in stereo, which you never could do before. You can mix two different voices, called subvoices, into a third voice—so you play one note, and you hear two voices. Say you want an acoustic bass sound—you want a little bit of the pluck, the snap, then you want that long singing sound that tapers off. It could take two samples to get that right, and now you can stack those on top of each other. And since the instrument is also touch sensitive, you can have the touch determine how the balance between the two sounds is reached. It functions much more like an acoustic bass under your fingers, even though you're playing a keyboard. All those things make the new technology really interesting.

"Of course, a lot of people start out with the less expensive but good instruments like the Casios, the less expensive Roland or Yamaha or Korg keyboards. Start out with one of those, learn about them, and find a way to use them in a musical context. It's not like when I came up, when there was nothing but acoustic pianos—you had to learn that first, then get into synthesizers later."

HERBIE HANCOCK SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

as a leader

SOUND-SYSTEM—Columbia 39478
FUTURE SHOCK—Columbia 38814
QUARTET—Columbia 38275
LITE ME UP—Columbia 37928
MAGIC WINDOWS—Columbia 37387
MR. HANDS—Columbia 36574
MONSTER—Columbia 36415
FEETS DON'T FAIL ME NOW—Columbia 35764
DEATH WISH—Columbia 36825
MAN-CHILD—Columbia 338'2
THRUST—Columbia 32965
HEAD HUNTERS—Columbia 32731
SECRETS—Columbia 34280
CROSSINGS—Warner Bros. 2617
MWANDISHI—Warner Bros. 1898
SPEAK LIKE A CHILD—Blue Note 84279
MAIDEN VOYAGE—Blue Note 84195
EMPHYREAN ISLES—Blue Note 84175
TAKIN' OFF—Blue Note 84109

with Foday Musa Suso

VILLAGE LIFE—Columbia 39870

with VSOP

LIVE UNDER THE SKY—Columbia 36770
THE QUINTET—Columbia 34976

with Miles Davis

DIRECTIONS—Columbia 36422
CIRCLE IN THE ROUND—Columbia 36278
WATER BABIES—Columbia 34396
IN A SILENT WAY—Columbia 9875
FILLES DE KILIMANJARO—Columbia 9750
MILES IN THE SKY—Columbia 9628
NEFERITI—Columbia 9594
SORCERER—Columbia 9532
MILES SMILES—Columbia 9401
ESP—Columbia 9150
HEARD 'ROUND THE WORLD—Columbia 38566
LIVE AT THE PLUGGED NICKEL—Columbia 38206
FOUR & MORE—Columbia 9253
MY FUNNY VALENTINE—Columbia 9106
IN EUROPE—Columbia 8983
SEVEN STEPS TO HEAVEN—Columbia 8851

with Wynton Marsalis

WYNTON MARSALIS—Columbia 37574

with Chick Corea

IN CONCERT, 1978—Columbia 2-35663
COREA/HANCOCK—Polydor 2-6238

Kenny Burrell

Boppin' the Blues

By Zan Stewart



One of the reasons that Charlie Parker swung so hard is that he injected a salubrious blues feeling into everything he played. That same natural affection for the blues, and for swinging with good time, permeates the jazz artistry of guitarist Kenny Burrell.

"It's said that the great jazz players, like Bird and Bud [Powell] and Dizzy [Gillespie], play the blues every tune," Burrell remarked in his suite at Los Angeles' Hyatt on Sunset Hotel, where he concluded a monthlong engagement recently. "In my case, jazz and blues are inseparable, so why try to separate them? The blues are a central ingredient of jazz."

The blues played a major role in Burrell's development as a musician. "My older brother Billy, who also played guitar, had a lot of records around the house by Basie, Ellington, and the other bands," the tall, handsome Burrell recalled, "and I certainly listened to those. But in my neighborhood, a regular black neighborhood in Detroit, you'd always hear records by bluesmen like Muddy Waters and T-Bone Walker. It was an integral part of the culture."

By mixing that blues undercurrent with a first-rate knowledge of jazz and its harmonies, Burrell has been responsible for many a memorable blues opus in his

lengthy career. These include the newly reissued *Midnight Blue*, spotlighting the very funky *Chitlins Con Carne*; *Togethering*, co-led with Grover Washington Jr.; classic dates with organist Jimmy Smith like *The Sermon* and the brand new *Go For Whatcha Know*; and all-star jam sessions like *After Hours*, with Thad Jones, Paul Chambers, and Mal Waldron.

But Burrell is not just an excellent blues player. Rather, he is a consummate jazz guitarist, an artist whose flowing, loping lines have been applied with equal aplomb to subtle, moody works and fiery, fleet uptempos. Anything from the achingly slow *Lotus Land*—on the splendid

Guitar Forms LP with Gil Evans—to bop tunes like *Groovin' High* on a Muse trio date, will reveal Burrell's ability to put his mellifluous ideas right where they should be.

Burrell has received substantial acclaim for his ways with his hands. He's in demand, frequently airing his succulent sonorities in clubs around his Manhattan home. He also spends four-to-five months on the road, traveling through the U.S., Europe, and Japan. "The road life is tough," he said. "You often don't get enough sleep, your equipment might break down, the food isn't always what you'd want it to be. But I love the music, and if that's working, I can put up with the rest."

The guitarist appears in all types of musical combinations. He may play solo, with a duo, trio, or quintet, or perhaps leading a septet playing material by Duke Ellington (this latter ensemble stems from his 1975 dates for Fantasy, *Ellington Is Forever*). It's Burrell's feeling that the musicians themselves, and not their respective instruments, make or break a gig. "Success depends on the concept at that moment. If you can hear it and bring it alive, it will work. Any instruments in any combination can work. Depending on the players and what they have in mind, they can make music."

Occasionally, Burrell will join an all-star aggregation, as he did last year as part of the Philip Morris Superband, when he and bassist Niels-Henning Ørsted Pedersen, pianist Monty Alexander, drummer Ed Thigpen, vibist Milt Jackson, singer Ernestine Anderson, reedman Frank Foster, trumpeter Jon Faddis, drummer Grady Tate, and organist Smith toured Europe for five weeks. This fall the same bunch embarks on a junket to Australia and Japan.

While he doesn't necessarily favor the guitar/bass/drums trio, it's the format that Burrell most often ends up working in. He began playing trios in the early '50s at the Wal Ha Room in Detroit, and was one of the first leaders, if not the first, to use that particular ensemble size. "The club was so small," Burrell said, "there wasn't even a bandstand. The owner just took out a table and four chairs and said, 'Okay, go to it.' It was with my brother Billy on Fender bass, and a guy on cocktail drums—you know, just snare and cymbals. At first we did it because we needed a gig. But then I started to hear the possibilities, and it became a fun thing and a challenge."

It wasn't until 1969 that Burrell was able to record with a trio, when he, bassist Richard Davis, and drummer Roy Haynes made *Live At The Village Vanguard* for Argo. "I convinced [Vanguard owner] Max Gordon to give us a chance, and he ended up liking the group," the guitarist said. Since then, the plectrist has returned with a trio to the fabled New York club many times.



JAMES LEE SOFFER

In 1968, circumstances once again found Burrell creating yet another working opportunity. "A couple of friends opened a restaurant in Manhattan, and they asked me to come in with them, make an investment, and be the musical director. I said 'Okay,' but in New York, in order to have drums, you had to have a cabaret license. So we opened The Guitar without using drummers. But Jo Jones used to come in all the time, pull his brushes out of his pocket and sit in the corner and play. The first duo was Larry Ridley and I. Later, I started booking other friends. That's where Jim [Hall] and Ron [Carter] first got together. And speaking of duos, my latest LP is a duo date with Rufus Reid.

"If you're a musician, every problem is an opportunity. As a result of The Guitar, a lot of clubs use duos. Originally, the idea came from Slim [Gaillard] and Slam [Stewart]. They were doing everything in the '40s—jazz, comedy, vocals—but it worked."

Each fall since 1979, Burrell ceases touring and becomes Kenny Burrell, professor of Afro-American Studies at U.C.L.A. At the Westwood campus, the guitarist teaches "Ellingtonia," a course devoted to the music and philosophy of Duke Ellington.

Since he was in college at Wayne State University, where he graduated in 1955 with a degree in Theory and Composition, Burrell had wanted to teach a jazz class on the undergraduate level. "I felt we as students weren't getting enough information about American culture, and I was particularly upset there wasn't much about jazz. I knew about it, because I was making my living from it, but I realized the students around me didn't know, and they weren't getting any information, so I wanted to break that down.

"The Ellington course started out as an experimental class," Burrell, who had moved to California in 1971, noted. "I thought that a class in Ellington might be ideal, because he was much more than just a musician. He was an Afro-Ameri-

can social commentator, an American artist whose cultural contribution of approximately 3,000 compositions was enormous. He was one of the most significant men of the 20th century."

One of the core elements of the course is Ellington's artistic philosophy. "It's very large," Burrell said, "but one of the basic ideas is to be yourself. Everyone has a unique artistic personality that can be developed, nurtured, and cultivated. It can be important to you and to others. He demonstrated this concept himself, and helped members of his band to express it as well. He's a lesson in how to survive as an individual in a society that doesn't care too much for art, while developing your thing. The key is to be consistent, and again he demonstrated that."

Burrell, whose class features lectures, some live performances, and many, many Ellington records, pointed out that his subject was one of the first composers to present the "Afro-American sound of blues and jazz to a worldwide audience. He developed jazz into a high art. He did more in the way of composition than any other jazz musician. And more than a classical musician, too, because he used the sound that came out of America and presented that sound in symphonic sketches, ballets, and extended works. He forged the fusion of jazz and classical musics way back in the '40s."

While "Ellingtonia" naturally focuses on Ellington himself, Burrell includes people close to Duke, like Billy Strayhorn, as well as the art form's other major figures. "I relate the history of jazz, telling the students about Louis Armstrong, Bird, Lester Young, Dizzy—all these people are involved."

The instructor was fortunate to have known Ellington. "Our relationship was not so heavy," he said matter-of-factly. "I knew him. We were friendly. Naturally, I respected him, and I found out that he respected me as well. He said on a couple of occasions that I was his favorite guitarist. He called me to do a couple of things, including *My People*, which he did



KENNY BURRELL'S EQUIPMENT

"I mainly play Gibson guitars," says Kenny Burrell, "though there's a D'Angelico that I play that's one of my favorites. Coming on the market soon will be a new Kenny Burrell model that I helped design. The color will be 'midnight blue.' But for the last 10-15 years, I have been using a Gibson Super 400, with D'Angelico strings. I use different amps, but pretty much stick to the Fender Twin; for years that's been my main amp. I kind of got used to the sound. Newer amps don't have as warm or full a sound."

KENNY BURRELL SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

as a leader

A LA CARTE—Muse 5317
GROOVIN' HIGH—Muse 5281
LISTEN TO THE DAWN—Muse 5264
IN NY AT THE VILLAGE VANGUARD—Muse 5241
LIVE AT THE VILLAGE VANGUARD—Muse 5216
HANDCRAFTED—Muse 5144
ELLINGTON IS FOREVER VOL. 1—Fantasy 79005
ELLINGTON IS FOREVER VOL. 2—Fantasy 79008
OUT OF THIS WORLD—Prestige 7578
THE BEST OF...—Prestige 7443
SOUL CALL—Prestige 7315
ALL NIGHT LONG—Prestige 7211
STORMY MONDAY—Fantasy 9558
SKY STREET—Fantasy 9514
ROUND MIDNIGHT—Fantasy 9417
KENNY BURRELL—Original Jazz Classics 019
MOON AND SAND—Concord Jazz 121
WHEN LIGHTS ARE LOW—Concord Jazz 83
TIN TIN DEO—Concord Jazz 45
MIDNIGHT BLUE—Blue Note 84123
ON VIEW AT THE FIVE SPOT—Blue Note 84021
KENNY BURRELL—Blue Note 85143
INTRODUCING—Blue Note 81523
RECAPITULATION—Chess 2-9215

with Grover Washington Jr.

TOGETHERING—Blue Note 85106

with Gil Evans

GUITAR FORMS—Verve V6-8612
THE INDIVIDUALITY OF...—Verve V6-8555
ORCHESTRA—Verve V6-8838

with John Coltrane

KENNY BURRELL/JOHN COLTRANE—Prestige 24059

THE CATS—Original Jazz Classics 079

with Coleman Hawkins

MOONGLOW—Prestige 24106

with Jimmy Smith

GO FOR WATCHA KNOW—Blue Note 85125
KEEP ON COMIN'—Elektra Musician 60301-1
BACK AT THE CHICKEN SHACK—Blue Note 84117
THE SERMON—Blue Note 84011
HOUSE PARTY—Blue Note 84002

with Stanley Turrentine

JOYRIDE—Blue Note 84201

with Sonny Rollins

ALFIE—Impulse 9111

with Dizzy Gillespie

DEE GEE DAYS—Savoy 2209

with Billie Holiday

LADY IN SATIN—Columbia 1157
THE ESSENTIAL...—Verve V6-8410

with Mercer Ellington

HOT AND BOTHERED—Doctor Jazz 40029

with Jimmy Raney

TWO GUITARS—Original Jazz Classics 216

with Various Artists

AFTER HOURS—Prestige 24107
ONE NIGHT WITH BLUE NOTE: PRESERVED—Blue Note 85117

in Chicago. I couldn't make it, so he used no guitar.

"I never had a chance to play with him, though recently I did work with Mercer, here in Los Angeles and in San Diego. We did an album which just came out called *Hot And Bothered*."

Born in 1931, Burrell started playing guitar at 12, getting his first basic lessons from Billy Burrell. "I really wanted a saxophone, especially after hearing my brother's records of Herschel Evans, Lester, and Coleman Hawkins. But we didn't have a lot of money and a guitar only cost a few dollars, so that's what I got. I didn't really like it too much until I heard Charlie Christian. He sounded like a horn, and he was playing up-front with the saxes and trumpets, and that made me think, 'Well, I guess this will be cool after all.'"

Detroit in the late '40s and early '50s was a grand town for an up-and-coming jazzman. There were many active clubs and a large corps of players. "There'd be workshops and jam sessions four-five nights a week," Burrell said. "I had one band with [pianist] Tommy Flanagan, [baritone saxophonist] Pepper Adams, and my brother, then later [reedman] Yusef Lateef. But [cornetist] Thad [Jones] was there, and [trombonist] Curtis Fuller, a whole bunch of guys. It was a great kind of school because there was a lot of interaction, a lot of playing, and an exchanging of ideas."

In the Motor City, Burrell sat in with Charlie Parker, the man who seems to have influenced everyone alive. It was an experience he'll never forget. "Tommy [Flanagan] and I weren't old enough to get into this club," he recalled, "and so one day we painted moustaches on our faces and snuck in. Bird was wonderful to me, and so gracious."

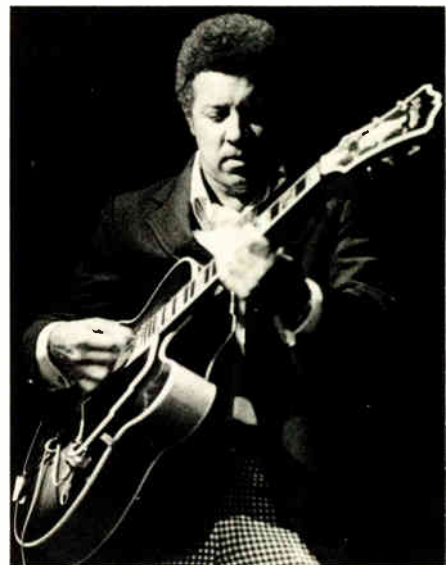
In 1956, Burrell and Flanagan drove to New York City, and within the year the guitarist had made his first LP for Blue Note. Apparently he had what people wanted, for record dates for Prestige and Savoy followed, as did engagements with Oscar Peterson, Dizzy Gillespie, and others. Eventually, Burrell turned into one of Manhattan's most successful studio musicians. He's appeared on dates with everyone from Ella Fitzgerald to the Shirelles.

With such a long and rewarding career, Burrell didn't have much trouble picking out a few highlights. "One certainly was working with Billie Holiday," he said fondly. "I made her last record, *Lady In Satin*, with Ray Ellis' Orchestra. It was a moving, spiritual experience, like being in church. I did several albums with her. I started working with her when she came to Detroit, then when I moved to New York City I worked with her at Carnegie Hall. [Burrell was part of Holiday's 'Lady Sings the Blues' concert in June 1956.] She was wonderful, a 'No

B.S.' lady, just beautiful. In all the time I heard her live or on record, I never heard her sing one note she didn't mean. That was a lesson in itself. Being around her, talking to her, enriched me.

"Working with Gil Evans, that was both fun and important. *Guitar Forms* was interesting and a challenge; a demonstration for a variety of guitar styles and moods, from classical to bossa nova and blues—all kinds of guitar forms. And there was *Las Vegas Tango* on *The Individualism Of Gil Evans*. That was cooking. I always liked Gil's spirit. I recently saw him on the way back from Japan, and we talked about doing something else.

"And, of course, there was my first big-time LP with Dizzy in 1951 on [Gillespie's] Dee Gee label. I never will forget that.



TOM COPI

That was, like, really happening, with Coltrane, Milt Jackson, Percy Heath. Later I made other records with Coltrane and Coleman Hawkins, too.

"Hawkins was amazing. It was like magic. This cat was so adaptable. He was such a musician. Anything you wanted to do he'd say, 'Yeah, okay.' He could hear anything. You just had to have your stuff together. And I can't leave out Jimmy Smith. It always seems like something special happens everytime we get together."

After 35 years, how does Burrell keep his interest in jazz alive? "It's easy for me, first of all because I love the music. It's always a challenge to play well, and be consistent, month after month. But the thing with jazz is that you never know what's going to happen—that's what's nice about it. Most jazz musicians won't allow themselves to know what's going to happen. If they do that, they're in a rut. They have to look for new things, new sounds. Otherwise, they'll get bored, the audience'll get bored—and that's not cool at all."

db

MAX WEINBERG

By Gene Santoro



PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE

THE BOSS' BACKBEAT

It's been over a decade since he first sat down behind his compact drum set and nailed down the intense rock & roll backbeat that powered Bruce Springsteen while the not-yet Boss prowled the cramped stages of bars and small clubs and gyms. When Max Weinberg signed on with the E Street Band in 1974, they were touring incessantly—out of a station wagon—to play the mix of cover tunes and songs from Springsteen's first two LPs so beloved by a small but intense cult.

Twelve years later, things have changed dramatically on almost all fronts. *Born In The U.S.A.*—which has sold over 20 million copies—and its follow-up 16-month tour to packed arenas, involving a 120-member support crew, 35 trucks, 12 buses, and two stages that took two days each to set up—moved the band into the rarified ranks of the platinum-sellers. But with the sole exception of Miami Steve Van Zandt, who exited the band for a solo career and was replaced by guitarist Nils Lofgren, the personnel, as well as the music and the attitude, of the E Street Band have remained constant through the years and the change in venues.

As constant, in fact, as Max Weinberg's backbeat; although, like the success that eventually rewarded the lean years of hard effort and endless polishing by Bruce and the E Streeters, Max's now-impeccable time and r&b-style concentration on functional minimalism resulted from self-criticism, re-evaluation, and heavy woodshedding. Here is Max Weinberg, from the very beginning.

Gene Santoro: When did you start playing drums?

Max Weinberg: The first time that the drums made an impression on me was when I was about five years old. I remember sitting around with my two teenaged sisters, waiting for Elvis Presley to come on *The Ed Sullivan Show*. I didn't really know much about Elvis or rock & roll, but the fact that my sisters were going so crazy made me nuts. But when Elvis came on, what got me most was D.J. Fontana doing that drum roll in *Hound Dog*; it was like a call to arms. I wanted to do that. I remember picking that beat up and banging it out on the floor. Later on a cousin of mine gave me an old marching drum. When I was in the third grade I wanted to play saxophone in the school band, but I had braces, so I couldn't, and the only thing left in the band was the drums. I went out and found a teacher, a local instructor, Gene Thaler, and what he did was transfer his love of the drums to me—that beyond everything else, this was fun. The drums were more than just a way to express myself, they were a way to have fun that I could control. I studied with him for a few years, even though I still didn't have my own drum set.

Then in '63, the Beatles happened—they got their real big fame in '64, but in November of '63 you started hearing about them. By the time they hit *The Ed Sullivan Show*, I was 12 years old, I'd been playing drums, I had a little combo—me, a clarinetist, and a trumpeter playing things like *Midnight In Moscow*—and a makeshift drum set. When I saw Ringo play, that was it: immediately he became my hero, because it was obvious, again, that here was a guy who was having fun, and all I knew was when I sat down at the drums it felt great and I felt like somebody. You see, I come from a long line of lawyers—my late father was a lawyer—so I always had professionalism drummed into my head—literally [laughs]: "Whatever you do, you have to be professional, responsible, dedicated, all those things you're supposed to be to be successful!" So it was an interesting combination. From the moment I saw the Beatles I wanted to be Ringo Starr, I wanted to be in the biggest band in the world [laughs].

GS: You've come pretty close.

MW: I'd say I got it.

GS: What were your first steps toward it?

MW: I finally got a real drum set after the Beatles happened, and I worked at every kind of job imaginable: weddings, bar mitzvahs, cruise ships. I was contracting out my own jobs in seventh, eighth, and ninth grades. I never turned down an opportunity to play—never. Everything went onto the asset side of the learning ledger. When I was 14 I played behind strippers. All those experiences helped me get extremely versatile. It's one of the reasons I got into the E Street Band, because they were looking for a guy who could play everything reasonably well, and rock & roll real well. And my first love was

always rock & roll, just getting on a backbeat and playing it. I guess my models for that were Ringo and Charlie Watts. I mean, you hear people putting Ringo down, but he was so important in the development of the rock & roll drumming idiom that exists today: he was the first guy to do those staggered tom-tom fills, he was the first guy to open the hi-hat and leave it open when engineers told him to close it—because that's where his sound was, that real splashy hi-hat. D.J. Fontana, who's played with Ringo, has a great line about him: "His backbeat was so solid you couldn't move him with a crane."

GS: How did you eventually hook up with the E Street Band?

"From the moment I saw the Beatles I wanted to be Ringo Starr, I wanted to be in the biggest band in the world."

MW: In 1974 I was going to Seton Hall University during the day—I was planning to go to law school—and I was playing in *Godspell* on Broadway. So every night I was out by 9:15, and two or three nights a week I'd play a club date in Jersey or Long Island. I'd been doing that for about a-year-and-a-half. Then I saw an ad in the *Village Voice*. It said: "Wanted, Drummer, No Junior Ginger Bakers." Immediately I took that to mean these people wanted an accompanist, and I'd had a lot of commercial experience doing that. I didn't know Bruce Springsteen and the E Street Band, but I figured if they were on Columbia Records they were doing better than I was [laughs]. So I went down. Because I was playing *Godspell* at the time I didn't want to bring my whole drum set down, so I just brought a bass drum, a snare drum, a hi-hat, and a cymbal. By that point they'd been through about 55 drummers, and the guy immediately preceding me had about 18 drums; so when I walked in with this little set immediately I was way ahead of the game. All I could do was play a backbeat, which is exactly what they wanted. I met Bruce and there was no talk—right to playing. First we did a shuffle—*Let The Four Winds Blow* by Fats Domino. As soon as we hit it, it felt great. Bruce is such a great bandleader he shows you *exactly* where he wants it, so it was really easy. And they'd been playing together for years, since 1968, so they were a great band already—no egos here, everybody plays for the music. Next we played a straightahead rocker, and in the middle Bruce cut the band to see what I'd do. They were ready for it, and I stopped too. Then he threw his arm out and I hit a snare drum shot—like I said, I was used to playing behind strippers and dancers *and* bad comedians [laughs], so that was no big deal to me: if a guy does a kick, you hit it. But that really got him. Looking back, I think that was the moment I passed the audition. So it pays to read the want ads [laughs]. They offered me \$75 a week and all the fun I could take. We went on the road 10 days later.

GS: It's come a long way since then.

MW: Yeah, it's up to \$115 a week now [laughs]. Duke Ellington had a great line: "A musical profit always puts you ahead of a financial loss." You see, when they offered me \$75 a week I was making Broadway scale, which at the time was almost \$400 a week for a couple hours a night. But it was *no* decision at all. I'd wanted all my life to get into a band that played like this; it was the real thing that first night, and it's gotten better over the last 12 years.

GS: How has the band's method of developing arrangements for Bruce's tunes evolved or changed over those 12 years?

MW: It's changed quite a bit. When I first joined the band and we did the *Born To Run* album—that was a very highly arranged, rehearsed album. It was all cut in basic tracks—bass, drums, piano. It was so stripped-down; it was a style that I'd always liked as a kid but never had the self-imposed discipline to play. The model for the drumming on that record was Al Jackson from the Stax band, that kind of impeccable playing. Listen to a song like *Tenth Avenue Freeze-Out*—my job was to keep the beat, keep it simple and steady. After that album, though, because we were prevented from recording for a long time due to a legal battle, Bruce had been writing a lot of songs; so when we went in to record *Darkness On The Edge Of Town* he had about 40 songs and a lot of ideas. We just started banging 'em out in the studio one after another, which left very little time for reflection. We went from long rehearsals on complicated arrangements to a very spontaneous type of playing in the studio, which has basically become our style. Today, we do an album a night when we record; it goes very, very quickly. The reason our records take so long from beginning to release date is that Bruce writes so many songs. I think we recorded close to 70 songs for *Born In The U.S.A.* So it's the writing that takes the time; recording, we do two or three takes, that's it. We did two takes on *Born In The U.S.A.*, and we played *Pink Cadillac* once. Basically, we set up live and just play. There's very little overdubbing: occasionally a vocal's patched or a guitar part is overdubbed, but the rhythm stuff is all as it goes down. Bruce likes to say we make *music*, not records. That's the real beauty of being able to play in a band for so long. Levon Helm once said, "The beauty of The Band was that we all became musical neighbors." With us it's a very similar thing. The E Street Band's been together off and on since '68—Roy Bittan and I have been with them since '74—and so you *know* where your place is. And one thing we know how to do is play Bruce's music, so it makes it a lot easier.

GS: It sounds like there isn't much difference for you between studio sessions and live gigging.

MW: No, there isn't, to tell you the truth. The key difference is that when we play a concert we play for four hours straight, so I have to maintain the energy to be able to play as perfectly as I can all night *and* come up with an inspired performance. Take *Jungleland*; I've played that song hundreds of times, but when I play it today I play it as inspired as I can. What I'm saying is, for me rehearsal doesn't kill the feeling. A musician is supposed to imbue the performance with the proper feeling; to me *Jungleland* is a classic part, so I know the feeling I'm supposed to get behind that. The big difference between live playing and recording is that in the studio you play for three or four or eight minutes and stop. If you were sitting in the middle of our stage at Giant Stadium you'd feel like you were in the middle of a recording studio, because the precision is there, the consistency is there. The energy and excitement are there, but they're controlled, they don't control us.

GS: How do you combine the concentration *and* stamina for those performances? It must be exhausting.

MW: It's a lot more exhausting to play five sets in a club where people don't care what you're doing—you're playing music and they're drinking. That's much more tiring than going out on a stage with 100,000 people who've been waiting for six months for you to come and play their town. If you can't get up for *that*, and *stay* up, you're dead [laughs]. But people do ask me that a lot. Remember, we used to play six nights a week, two shows a night; now we play three shows a week, so it's a lot

easier. But there's something Bruce said to me the very first show I ever played with him, at the Main Point in Philadelphia. We did the first show, and I went over to Bruce afterwards and said, "Wow, that was the most exhausting thing I've ever had to go through." I didn't know that we had *another* show to do [laughs]. When he told me that, I said, "Bruce, how do you pace yourself?" And he said, "Max, it's very important that you learn this: *never* pace yourself. Go out there and give 1,000 percent from the first beat to the last, and *that's* what gets you through." What he meant was that the momentum you generate builds; keep that momentum going, keep your concentration and your focus and your discipline going, and *that's* what gets you through those four hours. They *fly* by, because I stay so involved in it that I really don't get tired. I see my job as the guy who ultimately has to hold the line taut, and if I don't want any sags in that line, it's up to me to stay intense and involved every single second of that show, so that Bruce can go out and do his thing.

GS: There seems to be a lot of musical interplay in the band, where you'll cue off what different people are doing, for instance.

MW: It's a very musical gig. A little bit less in stadiums, because extreme subtleties get lost, but still, I'll play off everything—a line Nils plays on the guitar, for example. I play off of Roy Bittan a lot: I personally think he's the best piano player in rock & roll, and he can play in any style—jazz, classical, Professor Longhair. I've never heard anybody who can do what he does with the force that he does. And [bassist] Garry Tallent and I have locked-up right from the beginning, although we don't consciously play with each other or try to play every note together. I don't think *anybody* in the band consciously plays *with* each other. It's just there, it's something that happens, that real breathing sense that our band has together. This is a dream band that can play anything. You should hear our rehearsal tapes: we play *great* heavy metal, we play *great* swing, we can play some pretty wild cocktail music [laughs]. I mean, I don't think there are a lot of bands that've been playing together for 20 years—they call me and Roy the new guys [laughs]. See, the E Street Band is like a stew: we've been simmering for years and years and years. Even if we haven't played in a year, when we all sit down it's *there*. It's been a real pleasure to be able to grow up musically in one situation, because you can really find yourself that way. How long was Jo Jones with Count Basie? That rhythm section went for *30 years*. That's gotta be the ultimate. But basically I'm playing straight-ahead rock & roll, *our* kind of rock & roll. Y'know, I caught the end of big band swing, so I try to make that little pendulum thing happen with where I put my backbeat; it's not like straightahead 4/4 hard-rock.

GS: You do often keep the two and four pretty far away from the one and three.

MW: When I did an album with [engineer/producer] Tom Dowd, I used to bug him like crazy about Al Jackson, who he recorded a lot. And he said, "If you talked to Al about his backbeat, the secret to him was where he hit the one and three with the bass drum. *That's* what got him that power; he just let his left hand fall naturally, but he really concentrated on getting the bass drum on one and three in exactly the right spot." That changed my whole perception of what to do: concentrate on that downbeat. My backbeat is about as laid-back as you can get it on some things, although obviously not on every song. You've got to make the decision about where to put it, and working with Bruce there's very little time to make it, because we don't rehearse in the usual way; we *record*. So we have to be ready to go, right there, and it makes you really sharp to record like that. He's going for *his* performance, *his* vocal, and it's *his* record, so we're expected to complement that and support it. It helps to be musical neighbors, as I said. But



PAUL NATAKIN/PHOTO RESERVE

what I try to do is get the drums to sail through everything. [Muscle Shoals drummer] Roger Hawkins had a great line, something I try to adhere to every time I sit down to play. I asked him, for my book [*The Big Beat*], "Roger, if you were going to tell someone how to get the groove you hit on *Respect* by Aretha Franklin, what would you say?" He thought about it for a second and said, "I'd tell them to lay back and burn." On a song like *Born In The U.S.A.*, I think that's what I'm doing. When I'm playing at the top of my form I'm like a metronome: you can count on it to be there. I worked really hard for a number of years—recently—to get that, 'cause I didn't always have it. Like many rock drummers I had a lot of style, but I didn't have a lot of finesse, and so from '79-82 I worked hard to develop that.

GS: What prompted you to go back into training like that?

MW: Basically, what I call "the night that changed my life." If you listen to our early records, there was a lot of style, but the drumming was sloppy, and after a certain period that became unacceptable, because it was too far away from what had *become* acceptable in the meantime on rock & roll records. In a way it's funny, because I never really played like the drummers I most admired all my life. I got caught in the wild rock & roll sense, and the fact that I didn't have the finesse caught up with me. It became apparent in '79, while we were recording *The River*, that I wasn't doing justice to Bruce's songs. In fact, in my lecture series I use *Out In The Street* as the example, the song where I realized I had to get my drumming together. The tempos were really up and down; as a drummer, I was not in control. There's a big difference, obviously, between your drumming controlling you and you controlling your drumming. Bruce made it obvious to me that I had to find out what that difference was. Naturally I took it very seriously and responded to that challenge. One thing I know about Bruce is that when he hands you a rope you can either hang by it or you can pull yourself in with it—and he was handing me that rope. That meant I should really start getting back into the study of the drums, to find out about myself as a drummer. I call it "reinventing myself as a drummer," because what I did was go back to the beginning. I got a drum teacher, Sonny Iggoe, who'd played in the Benny Goodman band in the '50s, and asked him, "What am I doing wrong?" It turned out I had a lot of bad habits, and one of them was really screwing me up in the studio. In those days, during *The River* sessions, we'd do 15, 20 takes of something, but then I'd start to lose the concentration. I had to find a way to regain it, and once I did we started doing fewer takes because the drums were there from the beginning.

One of the things I'd been doing was at the end of a chorus or a phrase I'd do a fill of some sort, and I'd speed it up. Then

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JAN GARBAREK'S SCANDINAVIAN DESIGN

B y M i c h a e l B o u r n e

"One of the great aspects of jazz," said Norwegian saxophonist Jan Garbarek, "is that it's very open. It invites all sorts of people of any kind of background to take part. You can apply any personal input, coming from whatever part of the world, and it's possible to find a way that will work in the jazz idiom. You might stretch the idiom. People might say this is not really jazz—and you hear this about ethnic music and combinations of jazz and classical music—but there's still the element of spontaneity and improvisation, especially the rhythmic vitality of jazz. That's what I see as the major force of this music. It's been more and more evident the last 10 years. We have players from any part of the world now doing their own, shall we say, native version. They find their own direction, influenced by their own culture, but still using the very strong basic elements of jazz."

This theory was put into practice recently as Garbarek was featured with German bassist Eberhard Weber's group at Jazz Yatra '86, the festival of jazz and Indian music in Bombay. *Yatra* in Hindi means "journey"—and musicians journeyed to the festival from all around the world. I emceed the festival's five nights, and even at the

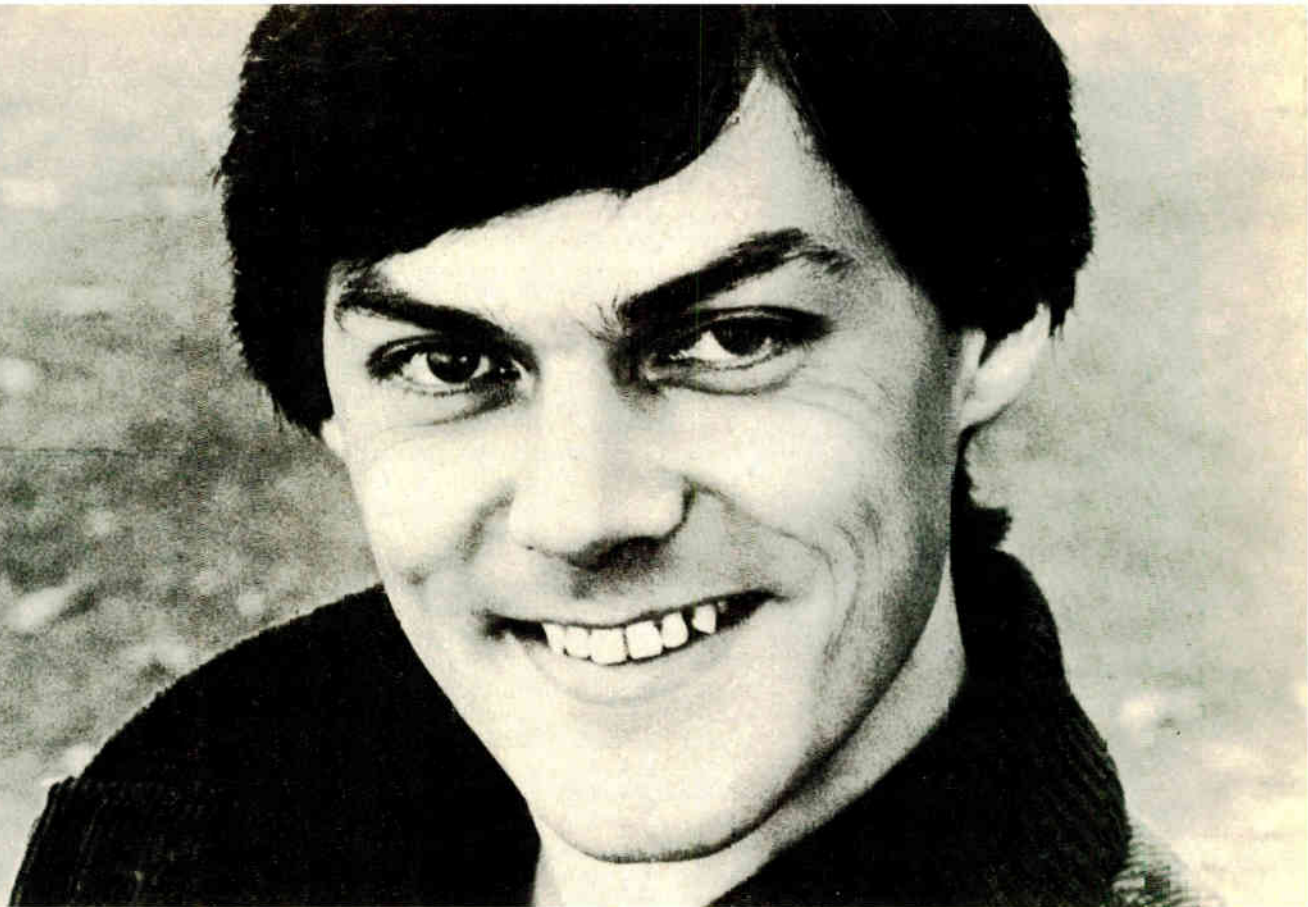
first concert, when Weber and Garbarek played, it was obvious that there is music in the world that can be called, indeed *is*, jazz—but is *not* American. Yatra '86 offered Indian musicians playing jazz that was totally Americanized (the generically swinging Sextet India), totally Indian (the flabbergasting rhythm trio J. G. Laya), and musically betwixt East and West (violinist L. Subramaniam's band with Larry Coryell). Max Roach and Freddie Hubbard represented the best of the American mainstream. Other musicians offered jazz with elements uniquely Russian (the wonderfully weird Ganelin Trio) or Indonesian (violinist Luluk Purwanto with Rene van Helsdingen's Dutch-meets-Detroit trio). Holland, France, Switzerland, Bulgaria, Britain, Australia, and Sri Lanka were all represented. Jazz was, without question, the international language.

Eberhard Weber calls his lyrical fusion "European improvisational music, which is based on jazz, but following our European roots." Jan Garbarek feels the music now is beyond questions of national origin. "In the end," he said, "it's not so much a question of where on the globe you come from. I think, for myself, it boils down to the individual person. I can find people I relate to from India, the States, Brazil, Japan, Russia—people I

can relate to much more than the majority of the Norwegian people I know."

Some critics have sensed from (or projected onto) Garbarek's atmospheric music the feeling of Norwegian vistas. "The country is very special," he said. "There are very dramatic changes of the seasons, and the landscape is also dramatic. I can't say to what extent growing up in Norway would influence you, but I imagine deep down it must have some influence." Not that Garbarek's music is identifiably Norse. "I've played with [Indian violinist] L. Shankar and feel very close to his spirit. I can hear mountains and landscapes in *his* playing too. That's not something particularly Scandinavian. It's just a certain feeling which some people have that speaks to you, wherever they come from. You might say that I live in a spiritual neighborhood which is scattered geographically all over the world. These are the people I belong to."

Garbarek was born in Mysen, outside of Oslo, on March 4, 1947. His family wasn't musical in the sense of being musicians, but was musical nevertheless. "None of them," he explained, "are in any way connected to music, but yes, they're musical. People



everywhere are musical.”

Garbarek became a musician after an epiphanal moment, at age 14, when listening to the radio: “I heard this music. I didn’t know what it was. After the music was over, they said, ‘This is the *Jazz Hour*,’ and I said, ‘This is jazz! I have to get some jazz albums!’ I went downtown to buy a jazz record and they gave me one. I went home and I was disappointed. What they had given me was a record with Gene Krupa. It was great too, but it wasn’t what I was looking for at all. Then I found out what I had heard was John Coltrane, *Countdown* from *Giant Steps*. It wouldn’t seem to be that much of an inviting piece for someone who’d never heard jazz before. It’s very esoteric. But there was something about that music, some very strong spiritual feeling that comes through no matter what he played or what style. When I found out it was Coltrane I begged my parents for a saxophone—which I didn’t get. We were living in a condominium and saxophones make a lot of noise. We had neighbors. But I was very persistent, and I got one and started playing.”

Until that moment, listening to Coltrane on the radio, he’d never been interested in music. “I never touched an instrument until I heard Coltrane,” he said, but quickly, unbelievable as it might seem, he taught himself to play. “I was very, very motivated. Even

before I got my saxophone, I bought a book on saxophone playing with a fingering chart and so on. I was trying to learn even without an instrument—so when I got the saxophone I was really prepared for it. I was very, very eager.”

This eagerness evolved into a style all his own as he listened to more and more jazz. “In the beginning, the really important person was Coltrane. And after Coltrane I got very interested in the branches that came from him, Pharoah Sanders, Archie Shepp, and especially Albert Ayler. After them I became interested in the older players. I started looking back through the history of the saxophone. I wanted to hear as many saxophone players as possible, and I found out that most things had been done. There were so many varieties of saxophone playing, and all these guys had a personal sound. All of these things together somehow made up my own way.”

Garbarek plays the tenor because of Trane, but he wasn’t inspired to play the soprano, not at first, not until “I found a little curved soprano. The straight one felt to me like a clarinet and I didn’t have that affinity to it, but the small one felt like it was another saxophone.” Garbarek’s sound is so distinctive that sometimes it isn’t obvious which saxophone he’s playing. It’s his *voice*, not his instrumental style,

that’s unique—a sound that’s sometimes dark and robust, or high and shimmering (not unlike the Northern Lights).

It’s a voice Garbarek evolved almost at once. Just two years after first touching a saxophone, he won an amateur contest, playing original music—something he’s continued to do throughout his career. He’s never played the standard jazz repertoire. “It’s really not in my tradition,” he said. “I came in with Coltrane when he wasn’t playing standards, when he was playing his own music. The so-called standards are not *my* standards. I don’t feel a close attachment to that music, music that’s made for Broadway shows. They’re great compositions, but I’ve never had the urge to use that music as the basis for my playing. The main thing about all these great artists like Coltrane was that they had a wish to create something from the ground up, something of their own. It’s certainly something to strive for. I wouldn’t exclude the possibility that I might make an album of what you might call “classical” jazz compositions, but so far I haven’t wanted to.”

Though he never studied formally, Garbarek learned much from (and was encouraged to learn more by) George Russell. “His sextet was playing



TOM COPI

JAN GARBAREK'S EQUIPMENT

"I'm always looking for different things," Jan Garbarek says. "I have a variety of mouthpieces I use. I have several saxophones that I change around. At the moment I'm using a Yamaha tenor and an Italian soprano. I usually use Rico reeds." Garbarek also plays a small Norwegian wood-flute, called a *seljeflöte*.

JAN GARBAREK SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

as a leader

IT'S OK TO LISTEN TO THE GRAY VOICE—ECM 25033-1
WAYFARER—ECM 23798-1
PATHS, PRINTS—ECM 1-1223
EVENTYR—ECM 1-1200
PHOTO WITH BLUE SKY, WHITE CLOUD, WIRES, WINDOWS, AND A RED ROOF—ECM 1-1135
PLACES—ECM 1-1118
DIS—ECM 1-1093
DANSERE—ECM 1-1075
WITCHI-TAI-TO—ECM 1-1041
TRIPTYCON—ECM 1029
AFRIC PEPPERBIRD—ECM 1007
THE ESOTERIC CIRCLE—Arista-Freedom 1031

with Keith Jarrett

NUDE ANTS—ECM 2-1171
MY SONG—ECM 1-1115
ARBOUR ZENA—ECM 1-1070
BELONGING—ECM 1-1050
LUMINESSENCE—ECM 1-1049

with George Russell

LISTEN TO THE SILENCE—Soul Note 1024
OTHELLO BALLET SUITE—Soul Note 1014
TRIP TO PRILLARGURI—Soul Note 1029
ELECTROMIC SONATA FOR SOULS LOVED BY NATURE—Soul Note 1034
THE ESSENCE OF . . .—Soul Note 1044/5

with Eberhard Weber

CHORUS—ECM 1-1288

with L. Shankar

SONG FOR EVERYONE—ECM 1296
VISION—ECM 1261

with Ralph Towner

SOUNDS AND SHADOWS—ECM 1-1095
SOLSTICE—ECM 1-1060

with Egberto Gismonti

SOL DO MEIO DIA—ECM 1-1116

with Egberto Gismonti & Charlie Haden

FOLK SONGS—ECM 1-1170
MAGICO—ECM 1-1151

with Kenny Wheeler

DEER WAN—ECM 1-1102

with Bill Connors

OF MIST AND MELTING—ECM 1-1120

with Art Lande

RED LANTA—ECM 1-1038

with Kjell Johnsen

AFTENLAND—ECM 1-1169

at Molde, the Norwegian jazz festival," Garbarek remembered. "It was a great experience for me, one of the first times I heard a group playing original material in a concert. They did not play standards. These tunes made lots of sense to me. They all had a different character, a different expression. I remember a very simple piece called *In A Lonely Place*, and I thought it was such an appropriate name. The image of a lonely place really came through. I was very inspired by that. That concert was a revelation to me."

Later on, Garbarek was jamming at a club. "I was playing with my eyes closed, some straightahead swinging stuff, and I suddenly felt this tremendous energy coming behind me. The whole music changed character. It was bursting with energy and vitality. It turned out, when I looked around, that George was playing the piano. He has a very percussive, rhythmic approach, and he's very much into bringing out energy in the true sense. I just felt that power very strongly."

Russell invited the young (17-year-old) Garbarek to record in Stockholm. "I was really not proficient in reading music," he admitted, "and George gave me all this music, *kilos* of music. It was very difficult to play, technically. I really didn't know too much, but I was convinced that I should play. I wasn't worrying about what I didn't know. In fact, the things that I *didn't* know made me more confident in my playing. I didn't know what I didn't know. There was nothing stopping me."

Garbarek became a sensation when he backed singer Karin Krog at the Montreux festival in 1968, and soon after he formed a quartet with other young musicians who'd also be better known in short order: bassist Arild Andersen, drummer Jon Christensen, and guitarist Terje Rypdal. "Terje wasn't playing improvisational music at that time. He was playing in rock groups. We asked him to join us. We wanted him to do electronic sounds and things like that, and he got into improvisation and started listening to jazz." George Russell introduced the quartet to America on a then-Flying Dutchman release called *The Esoteric Circle*.

His fruitful relationship with ECM began in 1970 after a serendipitous encounter with producer Manfred Eicher. "I was playing with George Russell at an Italian festival in Bologna. We had this tape we did with the quartet in Norway, and I was asking around in Germany, Switzerland, Italy, whether anyone knew some independent label that might be willing to release this music. This German drummer said, 'In that corner there, you see that guy with the mustache? He's just about to start his own label.

Why don't you ask him?' I asked him, but he said he'd rather do his own production altogether. I thought that was a nice way of turning me down, but a few months later he wrote me and asked me to set up a session in Oslo, book a studio and engineer, and have some material. That was *Afric Pepperbird*."

The saxophonist has lost count of all the LPs he's recorded since then for ECM. "I definitely feel I belong there," Garbarek said. "I've always felt I could do all the things I've wanted to do. I don't know any other label that would allow me to do what they have." He's recorded by now with most of the ECM regulars, some of his best work with Keith Jarrett, Charlie Haden, Egberto Gismonti, and Ralph Towner. (On his most unusual recording, *Dis*, Garbarek and Towner played along with the wind blowing through a wind-harp.) He's recorded as often as a sideman as he has up-front, but he's best known for his work with Jarrett. Garbarek solos on two of Jarrett's orchestral sessions, *Luminescence* and *Arbour Zena*, and on three other recordings he was featured with the pianist's European quartet.

It was Jarrett who introduced Garbarek to America 10 years ago at a "Newport in New York" concert at Carnegie Hall. "That was hysterical," Garbarek said, "just getting off the plane in the States and walking into Carnegie Hall and playing with strings!" Playing with Jarrett was always exciting: "The spirit of his music contains so many things for me. He's a fantastic musician. He has an almost endless imagination and the music just flows through him. He has no technical limitations. He plays whatever he wants to play. I have to say that during the years we played together, being on stage with Keith night after night and hearing what came out of that piano was amazing."

Nowadays Garbarek works most often with Eberhard Weber. Weber's *Chorus* features Garbarek, and Weber now plays with Garbarek's group, a quartet which also features two Americans, guitarist David Torn and drummer Michael DiPasqua.

This is the quartet displayed on *It's Ok To Listen To The Gray Voice*, Garbarek's newest ECM release, which is typical of his tunefully spacey, almost hypnotically compelling music—music as curious as the quotes from poet Tomas Tranströmer with which he's identified the pieces on the album. (One is called *It's Ok To Phone The Island That Is A Mirage*.) "The nice thing about that title," Garbarek said, "is that it's very open to interpretations and your own frame of mind and experiences. What the gray voice is, is for anyone to make his own opinion. That's the way I like it."

db



BASS DESIRES

BASS DESIRES—ECM 25040-1: *SAMURAI HEE-HAW*; *RESOLUTION*; *BLACK IS THE COLOR OF MY TRUE LOVE'S HAIR*; *BASS DESIRES*; *A WISHING WELL*; *MOJO HIGHWAY*; *THANKS AGAIN*.

Personnel: John Scofield, guitar; Bill Frisell, guitar, guitar synthesizer; Marc Johnson, bass; Peter Erskine, drums.

★★★★★

JOHN SCOFIELD

STILL WARM—Gramavision 18-8508-1: *TECHNO*; *STILL WARM*; *HIGH AND MIGHTY*; *PROTOCOL*; *RULE OF THUMB*; *PICKS AND PANS*; *GIL B643*.

Personnel: Scofield, guitar; Don Grolnick, keyboards; Darryl Jones, bass; Omar Hakim, drums, electric percussion.

★★★★★

Two looks here at one of the pre-eminent post-Mahavishnu fusion (I hate that word) guitarists around today. Scofield's debut as a leader on Gramavision (1984's *Electric Outlet*) met with generally favorable reviews, but this followup is an improvement. While *Outlet* was more a product of the studio—with John playing bass parts, overdubbing guitar parts, and manning the DMX drum machine—*Still Warm* has the organic feeling of a band playing live. For looseness, it fits somewhere between *Outlet* and *Bass Desires*, a startlingly good album that carries all the excitement and surprises of a band of one accord really stretching out.

Still Warm is Scofield's first post-Miles album, though he doesn't exactly cut the ties on this project. *Protocol*, with its blazing unison lines and strange intervals, sounds a bit like *You're Under Arrest, Part II*. And the frantic funk of *Techno* comes direct-y out of the Miles experience, a la *One Phone Call* (which harkens back to *Jack Johnson*)—what comes around does go around.

The mellow title cut is actually an extension of the guitarist's earlier trio days with drummer Adam Nussbaum and bassist Steve Swallow (who co-produced this album). This lyrical offering shows Scofield in a more subdued setting, and Grolnick underscores that gentle feel with polite accompaniment. And what better way to convey warmth on a guitar than to throw in a few Wes octaves, which Sco does sparingly before the piece builds to a crashing crescendo?

Rule Of Thumb is a showcase for the thumb-thumping prowess of Darryl Jones, Scofield's former partner in the Miles band. And *Picks*

And *Pans*, with its structured 6/8 time, gives the guitarist a chance to solo over some serious harmonic movement (a challenging proposition, which seems to be getting phased out of Miles' current plans). Scofield lays into the bluesy *High And Mighty* with passion and develops a cool chordal solo on *Gil B643*, the F-minor reggae vamp dedicated to Gil Evans.

On the more open-ended *Bass Desires*, Scofield interacts with another guitarist (as he did on the bop-ish *Solar*, recorded a couple years back with John Abercrombie for Palo Alto). But playing with Bill Frisell is not exactly like playing with another guitarist. This guy has evolved his technical mastery to such a level that he hardly sounds like a guitarist at all anymore. And he doesn't just flail away with feedback and noises; he's got it all strictly under control. He is one of the few avant axemen around using technology with taste.

Part of the difference between these two Scofield vehicles is the marked difference between Jones' urgent funk bass and Johnson's warmer-sounding upright. Each sets the tone for the respective groups. Johnson, the former (pianist) Bill Evans sideman, digs dynamics from quiet-to-crashing. He's a sonic purist on the one hand, but isn't afraid to turn Frisell loose on otherworldly excursions that at times sound like a crazed bagpiper, an insane sackbut blower, a pedal steel player on acid.

The swinging title cut has Scofield taking off on a boppish romp, emulating those sax lines he so loves. On the witty *Samurai Hee-Haw*, an infectious melody that blends country music with Oriental motifs, Scofield solos brilliantly, though his guitar is muted in the mix (proving once again that Manfred Eicher knows more about cymbals than he does about electric guitars. Check out Swallow's treatment of the guitar sound on *Still Warm* for a comparison).

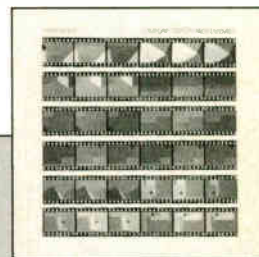
Thanks Again is Scofield's compositional contribution, reprised from *Electric Outlet*. On this slow blues, Frisell affects a moaning pedal steel on the melody line before Scofield enters with his bent-string thing. *Mojo Highway* is Johnson's reggae groove that offers Frisell a chance to do his imitation of The Fly (remember that Vincent Price movie? Where the little fly with the man's head gets caught in a spider's web at the movie's end and yelps, "Hellllp meeeeee!" in such glorious agony?). Again, Scofield squeezes out blue notes behind the screaming. On *A Wishing Well*, Frisell's eerie guitar synth cries out the melody like a violin, then a flute, never a guitar. And on the hauntingly beautiful duet with Johnson, *Black Is The Color*, Frisell caresses each note like a sensitive flamenco master.

The centerpiece of this strong album is a 10-and-a-half minute rendition of John Coltrane's *Resolution* (from *A Love Supreme*). This kind of fare is Scofield's meat, and he bites into it with gusto, stringing together blazing bop lines while Frisell comps behind him like a cathedral church organ. And when they switch roles, Frisell tackles the piece with flying feedback frenzy—a decidedly modern interpretation of this jazz classic.

Suffice it to say that Frisell complements Scofield's bop-and-blues approach well. To-

gether they make a dynamic duo. And powered by Erskine's relentless swing and Johnson's evocative bass, *Bass Desires* makes music that ranges from whimsical to sublime. A great band, a great album.

—bill milkowski



VINNY GOLIA

COMPOSITIONS FOR LARGE ENSEMBLE—

Nine Winds 0110: *IM EQUAS*; *PATHS*; *THE STANDING POSE*; *THE PALE CRESCENT*; *IKI*; *USANOTROW* (*CUTTING WATER*); *IN THE MISTS*.

Personnel: Golia, tenor, baritone, bass saxophone, bass flute, bass clarinet, bassoon; Bobby Bradford, cornet; John Fumo, trumpet; John Rapson, Michael Vlatkovich, Doug Wintz, trombone; John Carter, clarinet; Tim Berne, alto saxophone; Wynell Montgomery, alto, tenor saxophone, english horn, flute; Rickey Kelly, vibraphone, marimba; Wayne Peet, piano; Roberto Miranda, Eric Von Essen, bass; Alex Cline, drums.

★★★★★

Vinny Golia has produced one of the better jazz-orchestral recordings to be issued during the current bumper crop. His deliberate, meticulous evolution as a composer, improviser, and self-produced artist has come to fruition with *Compositions For Large Ensemble*, a three-disc package that is impressive on all counts. Golia has not only successfully pooled the mainstays of his catalog, but has reached out into various Los Angeles creative music clusters to facilitate an ennobling first meeting of the minds; in this regard, it is not surprising that Golia dedicates *The Pale Crescent*, an adventurous 30-minute-plus survey of color and texture, to Horace Tapscott. Combined with Golia's intriguing compositions and engaging improvisations on an ever-increasing battery of woodwinds, the mixture of old and new friends within the ensemble gives the program a very wide palette of voices.

Golia's recent compositional leanings have been toward elliptical, suite-like structures that flow between charted and open-ended passages, often accommodating both a contemplative lyricism and a wry sense of swing. For the most part, he has cogently upscaled this approach in his orchestrations, using "transitions" that utilize one-to-four musicians in fluid interpolations of the charted material; on *Pale Crescent*, which alternates between somber, asiatic hues and loose-limbed vamps, the bassoon/english horn/clarinet trio that seques into Bobby Bradford's spidery cornet

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

RECORD REVIEWS

Blakey & Sons

The Jazz Crusaders became simply The Crusaders, but **Art Blakey And The Jazz Messengers** have always been just that—The Jazz Messengers. In addition to remaining steadfast to the cause of undiluted post-bop jazz, drummer Blakey has at the same time fathered (figuratively speaking) dozens of first-string players and leaders, including notably, but certainly not limited to, Horace Silver, Wayne Shorter, and Wynton Marsalis. Blakey's keen ear for picking gifted sidemen is evidenced not only by these major players but also by the rank and file of musicians who have passed through his aggregation, always of a consistently high quality.

The flexibility, substance, and yes, even flash of the current generation of Jazz Messengers should come then as no surprise. On *Live At Sweet Basil* (GNP Crescendo 2182) Blakey's sextet is headed up by those formidable players from New Orleans, trumpeter Terence Blanchard and alto saxophonist Donald Harrison, plus Jean Tousseint on tenor. This front-line neatly negotiates Walter Davis' *Jodi*, a sparkling, hip sort of fanfare. And note the dynamic shadings which the ensemble applies to Benny Golson's workhorse *Blues March*. Harrison contributes a pastiche of sweet alto playing with ultra-wide vibrato, then joins in with some sly countermelodies. Blanchard modulates his tone from pure, classical utterances to raw, edgy jazz inflections. It's such careful attention to detail that makes the Jazz Messengers a living, breathing, feeling ensemble.

On **Billy Pierce's** resumé are seven albums with the Jazz Messengers. This kind of training shows on *William The Conqueror* (Sunnyside 1013), as this tenor and soprano saxophonist flies over his well-oiled quartet (which includes pianist James Williams on several tracks). Pierce, who excels at shirt-sleeves-rolled-up swinging, has a mature dramatic sense which shapes the easeful intensity of every line, a subtlety which many Blakeyites seem to acquire. Lightly swinging through Thelonious Monk's *Pannonica*, Pierce moves with control, drive, and poise, all traits which one would expect engendered in a Blakey alumnus. The effortless ebb and flow of his phrasing is striking and completely enjoyable. Also reminiscent of Blakey are the catchy rhythm section accents on the latin *Color Blind*. Pierce responds with a tautly intoned soprano saxophone, which displays a close linking of mind and instrument. Pierce knows exactly how to nudge and coax a phrase into fruition. It's fine touches like these that bear the mark of Blakey.

Billy Pierce also appears on *Progress Report* (Sunnyside 1012) by the **James Williams Sextet**. Like Pierce, Williams is a former Blakeyite, but this pianist has pursued goals strikingly diverse from Blakey. Even the sextet's instrumentation is different: flutes, clarinets, electric guitars appear in Williams'

ensembles as he opts for light, Impressionistic textures. Highpoint of the album is *Affaire d'Amour*, a piece dedicated to Duke Ellington. The mood is buoyant and lightly swinging as the soloists render lines in poised nonchalance. As pleasantly correct as the rest of the program might seem though, it lacks tensions and climaxes and becomes a modern day counterpart to *Birth Of The Cool*. Throughout, Williams' ensemble textures seem too self-consciously structured, too artificial, too pretty to be entirely convincing, as blurred notes ripple on in no certain direction. One obvious conclusion to draw from all this is that Williams' music needs a strong leader to infuse it with meaning.

There's no such uncertainty of conviction in **Robert Watson's** *Appointment In Milano* (Red 184). Backed by the Open Form Trio, a savvy Italian group, reedman Watson works his way through half-a-dozen consistently satisfying pieces. The album's title track features Watson's quintessential alto sound re-ploughing ground from Bird onward. Watson's technique is liquid and facile; all the bends, light growls, and slurred notes fall into the right places, and he can scream and wobble with the best of them. But Watson's command is even more driven home on *If Bird Could See Me Now*, a three-minute tour de force exercise in a cappella circular breathing that really must be heard to be appreciated. There's also *Ballardo*, a buoyant samba and Watson's *Blues*, some further exploration into the alto's archetypal resources. Typically, Watson is loose and inventive, his inflections subtle, his lines rigorous with a grand sweep.

It's difficult to know where to start with **Terence Blanchard's** and **Donald Harrison's** *Discernment* (Concord/George Wein Collection 30008), for each track from these still-current Jazz Messengers is filled with fresh, wonderful quintet playing, music that looks backward and forward at once, while never standing still. Indeed, this music moves with such subtlety and sophistication that words seem a more-than-usual poor substitute. The entire group—which includes pianist Mulgrew Miller (also a current Jazz Messenger), bassist Phil Bowler, and drummer Ralph Peterson Jr.—approaches these cunning compositions so as to make them breathe, to grow out of themselves. Harrison plays alto with a smooth patina under which lurks an exciting solo voice—strained, but with a purpose. Blanchard's trumpet has a raw, naked edge. When these two voices converge as in a free call-and-response ensemble section, the effect is striking. The rhythm section understands how to move in front of, beside, and behind the soloists. One might go on to discuss their expert control of density, grades of dissonance, activeness and passiveness, tension and release, but what needs to be pointed out most is the clarity and conviction of the players' vision. It's rich, warm, witty, accessible on several levels at once and repays repeated listenings. In plain English, this is a five-star record.

—jon balleras

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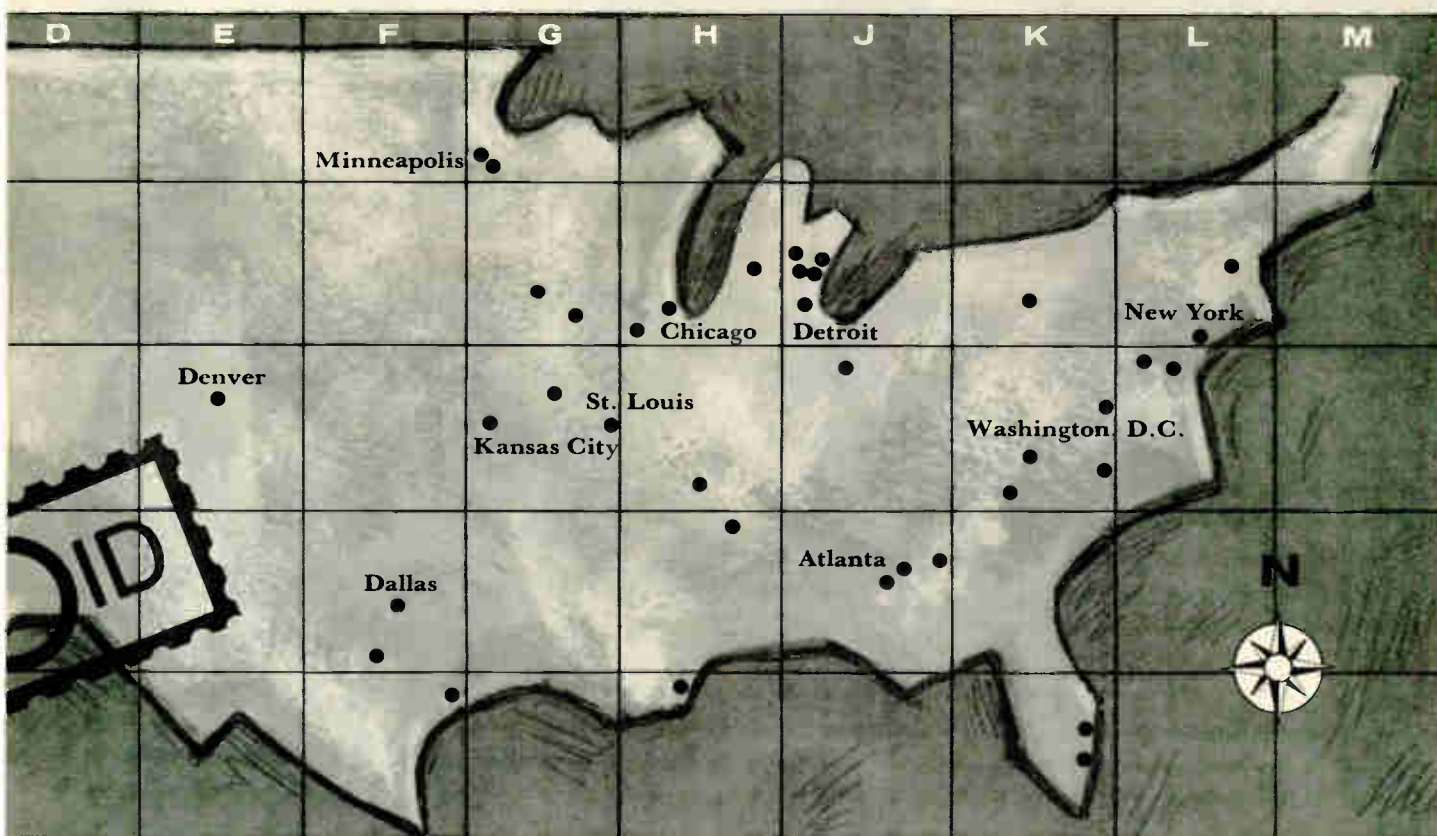
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RECORD REVIEWS

solo, and Tim Berne's quietly intense musings over twin basses and percussion, the transitions are the glue of the piece.

Golia has also given soloists ample elbow-room. Without exception, it is effectively used by all hands, but a few efforts are sterling. Though John Carter is masterful throughout the proceedings, his use of the rich, woody low- and mid-register and his piercing, almost extraterrestrial high-register and overtones on *Iki*, a poignant piece that approximates ephemeral beauty, is breathtaking. On *Paths*, which groundswells from the funeral to unleashed fury, and on *Usanotrow*, which employs the set's most conventional big band voicings for a fine blowing vehicle, Berne forwards one of the most urgent voices on alto to be heard today.

Except for a few notated ensemble passages that feel forced, attributable perhaps to conducting chores being split between John Rapson and Wayne Peet, *Compositions For Large Ensemble* is an unqualified success. Golia has convincingly made the orchestra his own instrument. —*bill shoemaker*

album

PUBLIC IMAGE LTD.

ALBUM—Elektra 60438: *FFF; RISE; FISHING; ROUND; BAGS; HOME; EASE.*

Personnel: No credits listed.

★ ★ ★

John Lydon (a.k.a. Johnny Rotten of the infamous Sex Pistols) is an acquired taste. Producer Bill Laswell calls him "the Ornette Coleman of New Wave singers." His singing is hardly singing at all in the traditional sense.

The snotty, annoying, venomous sounds that usher forth from Lydon's snarling gap are intended to scare your parents, strike fear into the hearts of Washington wives, turn off radio programmers. He succeeds grandly on this generic-styled product.

The quintessential Johnny One-Note, Lydon's limited range does not serve him very well in the context of a "song." But Laswell uses his angry rapping voice well, exploiting the energy and unique quality of Lydon's "instrument." With an all-star cast of some heavy musicians (Ginger Baker on drums, Steve Vai on guitars, L. Shankar on violin, and Ryuichi Sakamoto of the Yellow Magic Orchestra on keyboards), Laswell builds concrete-thick textures behind the vehement vocals and then shifts the ensemble in clever and subtle ways to make things interesting, if not entirely likeable.

Though Lydon is an annoying quantity, this album is perhaps more listenable than a lot of his past efforts with Public Image Ltd., an edgy punk group that once featured the bizarre

In A Mellow Tone

The slippery term "New Age" was originally applied to visionary Steven Halpern's meditative music, those quasi-modal reveries purportedly of beneficial effect on one's mental and physical health. Today, some dozen years after Halpern's record titled *Spectrum Suite* first appeared, New Age and New Acoustic Music are the marketing labels reserved for (usually) ethereal, mixed-style acoustic string music that tries its damndest to soothe our souls and cerebrums.

Darol Anger and **Mike Marshall**, two shapers of New Acoustic Music/jazzgrass while members of the old David Grisman Quintet, drape pleasing melodic tapestries, woven on various string instruments, across *Chiaroscuro* (Windham Hill 1043). Violinist Anger, an eager and able improviser, stays spry throughout the album; Marshall, primarily heard on guitars and mandolins, echoes his longtime partner with winning breeziness. The addition of tasteful synthesizers and electric bass heightens the graceful quality of the silk-textured songs. The post-Dawg jauntiness fascinates via Anger and Marshall's unaffected feeling.

Andy Statman, the reigning King Klezmer (so says critic Leslie Berman, who knows) and master of bluegrass mandolin, enlists the enterprising services of acoustic music luminaries Bela Fleck (banjo), Matt Glaser (violin), Russ Barenberg (guitar), and several others, on the glowing *Nashville Mornings, New York Nights* (Rounder 0174). Outrageously deft instrumental solos and dialogs appear here, there, everywhere, as the newgrass wise men invest Statman originals with foot-stompin' esprit (*The Old Country, Ariela's First Step*), jazzy incisiveness (*I Do Not Ride The Horse*), and passion for Eastern European Yiddish folk musics (*George And Gladys Kazatski*, etc.). An adventurous and altogether superb record.

Max Lässer's Ark, the folk/jazz/pop-fresh Swiss quintet fronted by Andreas Vollenweider's guitarist, steers a self-complacent route. Lässer, whose pertly Inquisitive lines suggest a commercial Pat Metheny, tenders six seductive songs on *Into The Rainbow* (Relativity 8058) that surely evoke serene images in the minds of sympathetic listeners. The hollow drama and luminosity of this well-crafted material are such that many will be looking to the Ark's rainbow for have-a-nice-day sublimity.

Paul Greaver's guitar playing, as evidenced by *Returning* (Global Pacific 305), is precise and refined in an unruffled classical music fashion. The Hawaii resident apparently draws inner peace from skillfully gliding his fingers over his acoustic instrument's neck; the world can do what it wants, just allow him his musical musings. The several tracks featuring guitar with strings or recorders are irritatingly private, cloying, static, while Greaver's solo guitar songs *Clarice* and *Twin Lakes* (multi-tracked parts here) betoken outreaching kindness.

On *Seadream* (Rosewood 1002) Minneapolis' **John Roth** shows us a level of guitar prowess well beyond the reach of most discerning pickers. A classically trained player with folk and blues instincts, Roth uses his impressive technical skills to couch tender feelings that strike me as being largely devoid of dreaded namby-pamby elements. Roth is taken with seascapes and the sidelong evocation of Caribbean waters (guitar plus piano, flute, bass, percussion, synthesizers) proceeds with enough melodic ingenuity and coherent expressions of wonder to stay afloat, er, interesting. High praise: Roth's affecting solo spotlights *Charisma*, *Whistle-stop*, and *Blackfoot Suite* prodded me into dusting off Leo Kottke's magnificent *Greenhouse* (Capitol 11000).

Breton political activist/folklorist/harpist **Alan Stivell** has finally recorded a follow-up to his *Renaissance Of The Celtic Harp* (Rounder 3067), the acclaimed vinyl debut of

the grand 16th century-type harp constructed by Stivell's father. On *Harpes Du Nouvel Age* (Rounder 3094) the virtuoso features a new electro-acoustic model, strumming contemporary songs and traditional tunes that hang in the air as poignant celebrations of the Celtic tradition. Indeed, delicate arpeggios and glissandi, along with incidental electronic and percussion effects from the harps (the masterwork does appear), are fraught with grandeur.

Mark O'Connor, onetime confederate of David Grisman and the Dixie Dregs, is proficient on violin and guitar and a capable player of mandolins, hammered dulcimer, bass, synthesizers, and piano. *Meanings Of* (Warner Bros. 25353-1), however, consists of instrumental pyrotechnics fueled by run-wild egotism. There are patches of inventiveness and revealed feeling, but such moments are eclipsed by the stifling I-wanna-be-a-New-Age-star histrionics. Here are some of Producer/Composer/Arranger/One Man Band O'Connor's non-ironic comments concerning pompous-rocker *The Robotic Muse*: "Who's playing? Is it me or something bordering on artificial intelligence?" Hmmm.

Finally, we have **Lingua Franca's Common Language** (Belladonna 1102), which was recorded half in the studio and half in a Hollywood club. This venturesome jazz trio—Bulgarian pianist Milcho Lelev, Yugoslav guitarist Dusan Bogdanovic, and Russian saxophonist Alexei Zoubov—draws on shared knowledge of classical and home country folk music in making the album a challenging, gripping listening experience. Bogdanovic, a world-renowned recitalist, lends unsentimental elegance to *Samba Deborah* and adds mysterious placidity to the probing *Radical Tango*.

Those worthy acoustic string musicians mentioned above shed light on Thomas Carlyle's words: "See deep enough and you see musically: the heart of nature being everywhere music, if you can only reach it."

—*frank-john hadley*

guitar work of Keith Levine. Lydon is the only surviving member of PIL, which basically exists as a concept these days rather than a band.

FFF (Farewell Fairweathered Friend) is a grinding heavy-metalesthetic rock romp in the vein of Motorhead, paced by Baker's bombastic backbeat and Vai's train-like chugging guitar work. *Home* is more Motorhead grind accented by unusual dissonant harmony vocals (a la B-52s) and orchestral textures. Suffice it to say that *Bags* is not a tribute to Milt Jackson. This one does feature some ambitious chordal shifts and polyrhythms behind Lydon's nasal vocals, and the insane solo by Vai is a killer. (Malachi Favors plays acoustic bass on this one).

Sakamoto's koto-like synth gives *Ease* an Oriental flavor on the intro before Williams' massive drum sound cues the obligatory power chords by Vai, who solos insanely, as he does on *Fishing* and *Round*, making this album of special interest to guitar freaks.

Best cut is *Rise*, which shows off Lydon's attempt at carrying a tune—not half-bad either. L. Shankar's haunting ostinato figure blends hypnotically with Laswell's sliding fretless bass lines to create a strangely appealing effect. Funny, I don't think that word "appealing" has ever been used in any reference to Lydon. Of course, Lydon has never had such strong support before—or as savvy a producer as Laswell.

—bill milkowski



BRUCE FORMAN

THE BASH—Muse 5315: *THE BASH*; *NIGHT AND DAY*; *HOME AT LAST*; *SHANGHAI*; *DARRYL*; *ROOM 102*.

Personnel: Forman, guitar; Albert Dailey, piano; Buster Williams, bass; Eddie Gladden, drums.

★ ★ ★ ½

DYNAMICS—Concord Jazz 279: *MUTT & JEFF*; *DOXY*; *BE MY LOVE*; *TOSCANA*; *I MEAN YOU*; *ANNA*; *MIMI'S SONG*; *FELICIDADE*.

Personnel: Forman, guitar; George Cables, piano.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

If these albums make anything clear, it's the great progress Forman has made as an improviser in the slightly more than two years between their recording. The quartet date on Muse, recorded in November 1982 but only recently released, shows a guitarist of great promise—adroit, fleet of finger, and harmonically knowing—whose playing has yet to be informed with real coherence of musical

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thought. He runs changes easily and swiftly but, unfortunately, rarely does anything more than this in his playing here. He's handily overshadowed by the late Albert Dailey, whose piano solos are as lucid as they're well-focused and finely wrought, and always directed by a keen musical sensibility that takes hold of the themes and shapes them into truly substantial, individualistic commentaries—nothing less than what an improviser should do, in fact.

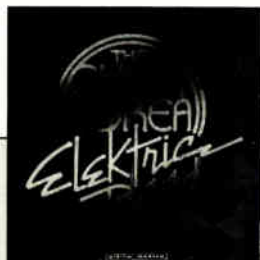
Williams and Gladden work handsomely with the principals, as might be expected of them, but the music comes truly alive only in the pianist's moments in the spotlight. The rating represents a compromise between his and Forman's respective levels of accomplishment here.

There's considerably greater musical maturity evident in Forman's collaborations with pianist George Cables, recorded 27 months later. He responds much more tellingly to the implications of the music, producing coherent, well-conceived improvisations that are firmly rooted in, and proceed logically from, the thematic materials in a way that was only intermittently evident on the Muse date.

Perhaps responding to the duet format, or as a result of the rapport the two have achieved through prior collaborations, the guitarist plays with crisp, focused power and a strong ideational flow, making each phrase connect up with those preceding and following. Forman's lucidity of conception is much more of a piece with Cables' knowing, assertive way with the song materials, making for a very attractive set

of performances, the main strengths of which derive from the responsive interplay the two achieve so consistently and the generally high levels they strike in their respective solo sorties. Individually and collectively, they make the sparks fly.

—pete welding



CHICK COREA

THE CHICK COREA ELEKTRIC BAND—GRP
1026: RUMBLE; SIDE WALK; COOL WEASEL BOOGIE; GOT A MATCH?; ELEKTRIC CITY; NO ZONE; KING COCKROACH; INDIA TOWN.

Personnel: Corea, electronic keyboards, synthesizer programming, gong; John Patitucci, electric, acoustic bass; Dave Weckl, acoustic, electronic drums, percussion; Scott Henderson (cut 7), Carlos Rios (2, 3, 5), electric guitar.

★ ★ ★ ★

Chick Corea's new Elektric Band, as heard in

concert and on this vinyl debut, injects life into the carcass of present-day fusion. They soar, often enough anyway, while the fusion multitude following in his footsteps flounders in pretense. Actually, it comes as no surprise that Corea should bring intelligence and enthusiasm to his latest wedding of jazz and rock; he's earned his niche in the miniscule fusion hall of fame for the molten lava/rock-jazz hurled forth in 1973's *Hymn Of The Seventh Galaxy* (Polydor 5536) and those three or four pleasantly buoyant Return To Forever records waxed before and after the days of RTF cross-riffing tumult. Corea, like anyone, has had bouts of blandness—refer to *Musicmagic* (Columbia 34682), etc.—but the good outweighs the bad. No question about it.

Corea, ever the mischievous one, fills one side of the new record's inner sleeve with words and poetry on an imaginary Elektric City where the swirl of urban life can lead you to the realization of your dreams, if only you steer clear of the denizens of the No Zone and whatnot. Silly, you bet, though Corea's heartfelt message isn't: "Keep your purpose clean and clear. . . ." *Elektric Band's* eight songs unite as program music appropriate to Corea's street-life scenario. His polished fusion often does evoke the alternating excitement and mystery of city dwelling, at least to the ears of this coastal suburbanite.

The album is a pageant of splay, arching synthesizers—all the Yamaha, Rhodes, Linn, Synclavier, Moog, and Fairlight hardware in the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

The Brazilian Invasion

It's been 23 years since *Desafinado* became a hit, touching off the bossa nova explosion of the early '60s. While the American public hasn't been quite as taken with any of the subsequent developments in Brazilian pop, the music has had a steady influence on the work of many American musicians, from Stan Getz and Sarah Vaughan to Lee Ritenour and Pat Metheny.

Brazilian players have been absorbing American sounds, too—especially funk—and the cross-breeding has produced a hybrid that sounds both exotic and familiar to American ears. A new wave of this Brazilian music is rolling north. The records are polished and sophisticated but infused with *chan* (life, vitality), and they're slowly but surely establishing the sensuous style as one to watch as the decade proceeds.

Take, for instance, the case of **Milton Nascimento**. Revered as a pop idol in his homeland, Nascimento is often mentioned as the one Brazilian artist most likely to break through in America. His work on Wayne Shorter's *Native Dancer* (Columbia 33418) was widely praised; he released three albums in the late '70s that were tailored for the U.S. market; he played a much-publicized "debut concert" at Carnegie Hall in 1984. Nascimento's latest album, *Encontros*

E Despedidas (Polydor 827 638-1), is being distributed and promoted in the U.S. by PolyGram Special Imports. It's beautifully produced, with a lush, orchestral sound that sometimes overwhelms the material. The simpler tunes such as *Lagrima Do Sul* and *Raça*, which remind us of Nascimento's country roots, speak more directly to the heart. The elaborate songs, with layers of synthesizers, horns, and strings over funk rhythms, are impressive but a bit less moving.

Three American players contribute strong solo work: saxist Steve Slagle on *Raça*, flutist Hubert Laws on *Encontros E Despedidas*, and Pat Metheny on the instrumental *Video E Corte*. (Metheny fans who hear this album should be struck by how much Nascimento influenced the sound of *First Circle*.) The Brazilian musicians are as accomplished as their celebrated guests, but what really counts with Nascimento is *the voice*. It's an astounding instrument, not just because of its range and flexibility, but for the emotion that Nascimento wrings from every syllable. One writer called him "the black angel of Brazil," and it's not hard to understand why: his voice has an almost unearthly intensity.

Nascimento's lyrics are highly sensual, extolling nature, friendship, and justice through impressionistic images. Unfortunately (for the American market), they are in Portuguese, and Nascimento's previous attempts to sing in English didn't work too well. (The album does come with a bilingual lyric

sheet, which helps.) But even if you can't understand a word he says, Nascimento's message is transmitted to you through his music. This album should open some ears.

Nascimento's rhythm section—Nico Assumpção on bass and Robertinho Silva on drums—plays on *Dreams So Real* (Milestone 9141), the latest solo album by **José Roberto Bertrami**, the keyboardist from Azymuth. Bertrami's album is much less ambitious than Nascimento's but almost as appealing. The eight tunes give a brief tour of the Brazilian pop landscape, from light funk to (yes) bossa nova. Assumpção and Silva have a lighter, jazzier feel than the Azymuth rhythm section, and Bertrami plays both acoustic and electric keyboards with a delicate touch. (On *Novo Leblon*, he skips lightly over the keys of a Hammond B3 organ, keeping it beautifully balanced with the delicate acoustic guitar of Otávio Bonfá—not an easy trick.) The total sound of the album is a bit frothy, perhaps, but it's a lot more varied and substantial than the typical American funk/jazz release.

Flora Purim is the vocalist for a pair of tunes on Bertrami's album, and she also sings on the latest record by her husband, percussionist extraordinaire **Airto Moreira**. *Latino! Aqui Se Pode* (Sobocode 001, distributed by N.M.D.S.) was also produced by Purim, who opted for the jam-session approach. The album is supposed to represent (according to the liner notes) a fusion of Moreira's Brazilian and jazz experience with latin music, but it's even more polyglot than that. Keyboardist Kei Akagi and bassist Alphonso

Johnson are major contributors, and trumpeter Jeff Elliot is a featured soloist. Evidently, this was a pretty loose session. The spontaneity is fun, especially on the all-out percussion break in *Tombo*, but the album isn't very focused.

To be sure, Moreira's album was probably made on a shoestring compared to the budget for Nascimento's album or for **Ivan Lins'** *Juntos* (Philips 822 672-1, also distributed by PolyGram and including a bilingual lyric sheet). Lins is a popular singer and songwriter in Brazil, and his songs have been recorded by Sarah Vaughan, George Benson, Quincy Jones, and other major American artists. On the recent Dave Grusin/Lee Ritenour album *Harlequin*, Lins' vocals injected some passion into an excessively

mellow project.

Juntos is an elaborate greatest-hits collection. New versions of Lins' best-known songs were recorded, each featuring a special guest artist, Brazilian or American. (Sitting in on records is something of a national institution in Brazil.) Lins is not as powerful a singer as Nascimento, but he writes strong melodies and his music has a hard, urban edge. Nascimento celebrates life, but Lins is more interested in chronicling its disappointments. The lyrics written by Lins' longtime collaborator Vitor Martins are often jaded: *Começar De Novo*, for instance, speaks of a lover's relief to be rid of a "grasping" partner.

Lins favors thick textures and uses multiple keyboards rather than violins to achieve them. The effect becomes oppressive after a

while, and it's a relief to break free from the thicket of DX7s and OBXs into *Saindo De Mim*, with its refreshing arrangement for mandolin, guitars, and fretless bass. The album's title tune features George Benson and is likely to get some airplay on American jazz stations. But *Daquilo Que Eu Sei/Believe What I Say* has the best shot at commercial acceptance. Patti Austin begins the song in English, then Lins answers in Portuguese. The groove laid down by Marcus Miller and Steve Ferrone is standard funk but very slick, and the vocalists really take off in a scat duet at the end. Will it be the next *Desafinado*? Maybe not—but it's a good example of how Brazilian and American music are influencing and enriching each other today.

—jim roberts

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hands of a true musician, not a well-heeled dilettante. This writer normally prefers his keyboard tones courtesy of felt-covered hammers striking metal strings, thank you, but there's enough synthesizer magic here to start a proselytism. The delicacy of the electronic keyboards in *No Zone*, where a union of clavichord and harpsichord is suggested, strikes me as especially interesting; it's fascinating, too, to catch his classical and latin references. Corea's sensible keyboard gam-

bols, the lines unraveling with aplomb, are buttressed by capable drumming and bass work. This is a *band*. Oh yes, the two guest guitarists play within the boundaries of taste; Carlos Rios takes top honors for his uncontrived excitability in *Cool Weasel Boogie*.

Melodic sublimity and harmonic subtlety are hallmarks of Corea's vast compositional talent and one needn't look far. *Elektric City*, for example, causes giddiness for its aural pleasures; *Side Walk* is the sort of solid, wise fusion

many pretenders wish they could come up with. *King Cockroach's* closing is pure pomposity, but why grumble when a rock-jazz record delivers most of the goods?

—frank-john hadley

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ROLLING STONES

DIRTY WORK—Columbia 40250: ONE HIT (TO THE BODY); FIGHT; HARLEM SHUFFLE; HOLD BACK; TOO RUDE; WINNING UGLY; BACK TO ZERO; DIRTY WORK; HAD IT WITH YOU; SLEEP TONIGHT.

Personnel: Mick Jagger, Keith Richards, Ron Wood, Bobby Womack, vocals, guitar; Jimmy Page, guitar; Chuck Leavell, Jimmy Cliff, Ivan Neville, keyboards, vocals; Bill Wyman, bass; Charlie Watts, Anton Fig, Steve Jordan, drums, drum programming; Tom Waits, Janis Pendarvis, Dolette McDonald, Kirsty MacColl, Dori Covay, vocals.

★ ★ ★ ★

Never count the Glimmer Twins out. Just when you're ready to write Mick and Keith off as hopeless geriatrics, they turn around and kick ass with an album like this.

There's real feeling in these grooves, which is more than can be said for some of the processed cheese that managed to sneak onto Stones records in recent years. *Dirty Work* rocks hard and delivers a direct kick, recalling such revved-up albums of yore as 1972's *Exile On Main Street* (Rolling Stones 2-2900). This is a real Stones album, at last.

The re-teaming of Mick and Keith, after Jagger's solo fling with last year's *She's The Boss* (Columbia 39940), only proves once again that the sum is stronger than the parts. Together, their special qualities blend into one strong mix that works (equally true of the prolific Lennon/McCartney team). Jagger on his own is only so-so. Richards has yet to test the solo waters, but for some reason I'm willing to bet he'd belly-flop. In the context of the Stones, they seem to put their talents to best use.

While the big hype is on for *Harlem Shuffle* (what with the special premiere screening of Ralph Bakshi's mega-buck video at this year's Grammy ceremonies), the real killer tune here is *Had It With You*. Stripped to the bare essentials—Charlie Watts' basic backbeat, Mick's harp and harsh vocals, Keith's classic Chuck Berry licks, and Ronnie Wood honking a bit on tenor sax . . . and note, no bass at all!—this simple Chicago blues-styled rocker has an edge that I haven't heard from Mick and the boys in years—not since *Start Me Up*.

Winning Ugly is the most infectious, hook-laden cut, while Jagger's gritty lyrics and

raucous vocals on the title tune reach out and grab ears. Ronnie and Keith lock into their two-guitar tandem thing on *One Hit To The Body*, while *Fight* has a direct connection to such Stones anthems as *Street Fighting Man*, *Brown Sugar*, and *Jumpin' Jack Flash*.

I've always been ambivalent about the Stones' forays into the reggae heartland, but *Too Rude* is one of their more successful attempts. And for relief from the hard-driving pace of most tunes herein, there's *Sleep*, showcasing Keith's gentle ballad side.

All the ingredients coalesce—the deliberately ragged, live garage band feel, Jagger's urgent vocals, the interlocking guitars, the hooks, the honesty behind it all. It's a quality they had from the beginning, then lost, then retrieved for a minute at the outset of the '80s, then lost again. It's back with *Dirty Work*.

—bill milkowski

WAXING ON

Tenors Again

PHAROAH SANDERS: *SHUKURU* (Theresa 121) ★ ★

NISSE SANDSTROM/HORACE PARLAN/RED MITCHELL: *YOUNG FOREVER* (Phontastic 7562) ★ ★ ★ ½

BUDD JOHNSON QUARTET: *IN MEMORY OF A VERY DEAR FRIEND* (Dragon 94) ★ ★ ★ ½

TOTTI BERGH: *I HEAR A RHAPSODY* (Gemini 48) ★ ★ ★

GEORGE KELLY & PANAMA FRANCIS' SAVOY SULTANS: *IN CIMIEZ* (Black & Blue 33.161) ★ ★ ★

SPIKE ROBINSON: *LONDON REPRISE* (Capri 8984) ★ ★ ★

SPIKE ROBINSON QUINTET: *IT'S A WONDERFUL WORLD* (Capri 72185) ★ ★ ★ ½

LENNY POPKIN/LIZ GORRILL/EDDIE GOMEZ: *TRUE FUN* (Jazz 7) ★ ★ ★ ½

JOE HENDERSON: *THE STATE OF THE TENOR: LIVE AT THE VILLAGE VANGUARD, VOLUME 1* (Blue Note 85123) ★ ★ ★ ½

ALVIN "RED" TYLER: *HERITAGE* (Rounder 2047) ★ ★ ★ ★

GATO BARBIERI: *APASIONADO* (Doctor Jazz 40183) ★

HOUSTON PERSON: *ALWAYS ON MY MIND* (Muse 5289) ★ ★

RICH HALLEY: *SONG OF THE BACKLANDS* (Avocet 103) ★ ★ ★ ★

BIG NICK NICHOLAS: *BIG NICK* (India Navigation 1066) ★ ★ ★

HERMAN RILEY: *HERMAN* (Jam 017) ★ ★

JIMMY HEATH: *NEW PICTURE* (Landmark 1506) ★ ★ ★ ★

DON LANPHERE QUINTET: *DON LOVES MIDGE* (Hep 2027) ★ ★ ★ ½

GEORGE COLEMAN: *MANHATTAN PANORAMA* (Theresa 120) ★ ★ ★ ★

The deep, resonant sound of the tenor saxophone is more than a function of reed, metal,

and vibrating air column; it's a function of 60 years of fruitful tradition. Next to the trumpet, no jazz horn has been used so profitably for so long, nor with such diversity. (Think: whenever writers discuss polar approaches to the same axe, whom do they cite? Hawk and Prez, nearly every time.) To ignore the instrument's intrinsic heft would be naive, of course. But any tenorist who steps up to a mic is mindful, consciously or no, of aesthetic choices made by predecessors. Even to ignore tradition—to reinvent the

instrument, a la Ayler or Evan Parker—is a tradition at this point; the tenor's rich history is inescapable.

That long arm of tradition can be a liability as well as an asset. Though it's apt to enrich a player's musical sensibilities, tradition makes it tough to find territory on which no one has a prior claim. A player may be hard-pressed to escape the orbit of some stronger tenor personality. Case in point is **Pharoah Sanders**. Twenty years down the pike, he's still transfixed

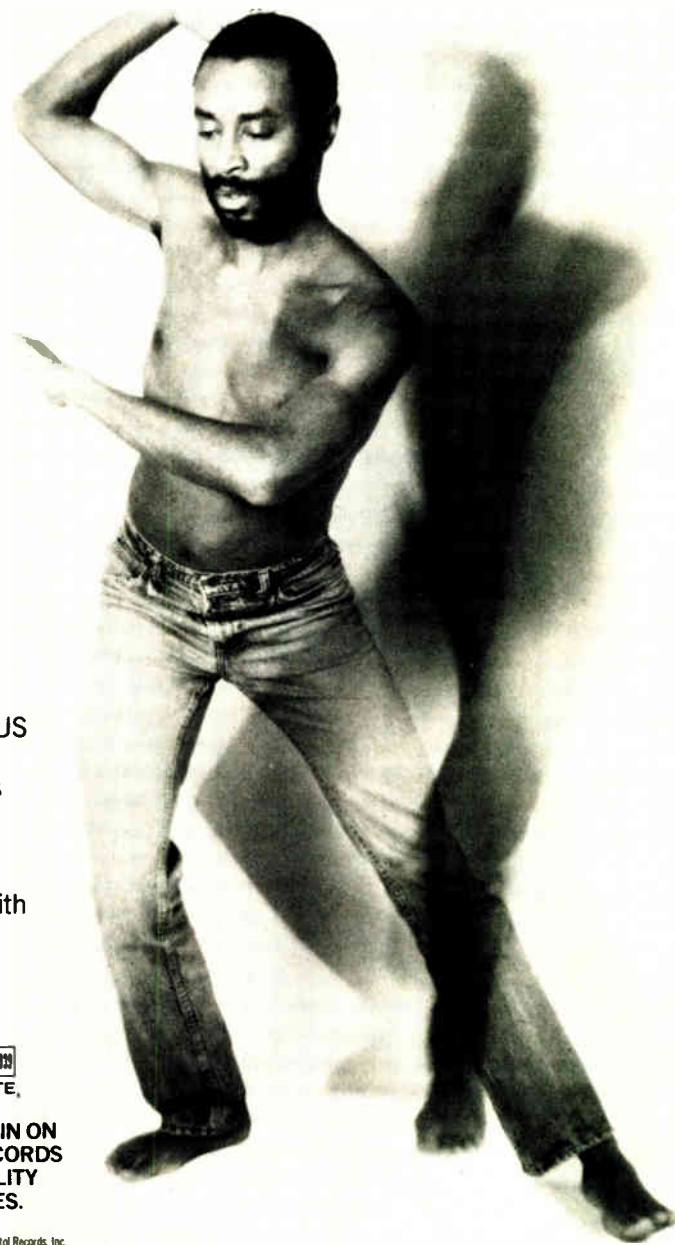
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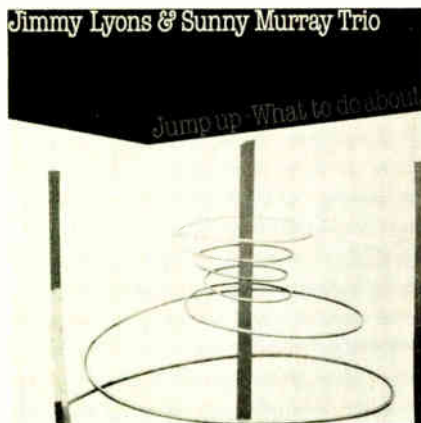
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by Coltrane's sound. On *Shukuru*, the context is vastly different from Trane's, sweetened as it is by William Henderson's synthesized voices and strings. (His synthetic grand piano ain't completely convincing, either.) But cloying backgrounds aside, *Body And Soul* and *Too Young To Go Steady* would slip comfortably onto Coltrane's *Ballads*: Sanders' tone is almost that gorgeous. On *Mas In Brooklyn*, where the high-stepping calypso beat is clearly Rollins', Pharoah sidesteps choosing between tenor masters by singing instead of playing. He brings back yodeling Leon Thomas to reprise *Sun Song*—but then they add nothing new except more of that soupy sweetening, which too often obscures the tasteful support of bassist Ray Drummond and

drummer Idris Muhammad.

Nisse Sandstrom makes no bones about his idol's identity: on *Young Forever*, he, Horace Parlan, and Red Mitchell play Prez-associated tunes, from *Lady Be Good* to *Lester Leaps In*. But this is no simple repertory project. How could it be, with a drum-less rhythm section and Red double-stopping and sliding all over his tuned-in-fifths bass? Even where Sandstrom zeroes in on the emotional tone of Young's readings (a lulling *These Foolish Things*), he doesn't steal Lester's lines, and Nisse's tone may betray a trace more of either Hawk's robustness or Webster's breath than Prez's did. Like any intelligent pupil, he learns from his master—about poise and lazy laggin'—then moves on. This is a true cooperative effort; solo

CRITICS' CHOICE

Art Lange

NEW RELEASE: Bill Hardman Quintet, *Saying Something* (Savoy/Muse). Not startlingly innovative or shockingly modern, this program of bop and ballads by the trumpeter and altoist Sonny Red is noteworthy for its quality and taste. Recorded 25 years ago and previously available only for a moment, it's back in circulation.

OLD FAVORITE: Joe Henderson, *In Japan* (Milestone). Proving that fire and fastidiousness can co-exist in a single improviser, this '71 live date finds the underrated tenorman doing what he does best—and is still doing.

RARA AVIS: Ned Rothenberg/Elliott Sharp/Samm Bennett, *Semantics* (Rift). Curious but palpable melodies, frictional harmonies, and occasional industrial-strength musical gestures grafted onto a variety of ethnic, repetitive, and hi-tech rhythms. A fun disc.

SCENE: A guerrilla improviser of pointed noise and political commentary, pop-music parodist and c&w troubador, Eugene Chadbourne joined with Australian Jon Rose's alternately demonic and ironic violin and cello escapades for a wiz-bang evening at Link's Hall in Chicago.

John Diliberto

NEW RELEASE: Software, *Electronic Universe* (Innovative Communications). These second-generation German synthesists, who also record as Peter Mergener and Michael Weisser, carry on the tradition of Tangerine Dream and Klaus Schulze with amazing clarity and individuality. Disembodied electronic flutes course through meticulously detailed synthesizer landscapes.

OLD FAVORITE: Gong, *You* (Virgin). The last part of the "Radio Gnome Invisible" trilogy is a mesmerizing trip powered by fusion rhythms (Pierre Moerlin), scintillating guitars (Steve Hillage), synthesized environments (Tim Blake), free jazz (Didier Malherbe), and cosmic whimsy from the last truly lunatic incarnation of Daavid Allen's gypsy carnival, Gong.

RARA AVIS: Tamia, *Senza Tempo* (T Records). No tricks, no flashy reverb, weird editing, or digital sampling! Just French singer Tamia's extraordinary voice multi-tracked into earthy, sensual choirs and inner conversations.

SCENE: Peter Gordon's 12-piece Love Of Life Orchestra, with the cream of New York's fringe downtown musicians, swung viciously through shifting juggernaut rhythms coupled with unbridled solos. Butch Morris directed a 13-piece all-star group whose disconnected improvisations could've benefited from Gordon's relentless kinetic energy; all at the Annenberg Theatre, Philadelphia.

Peter Kostakis

NEW RELEASE: MAX (featuring Henry Scott III), *Personal Note* (Moers Music). Sizzling solos and giddy compositional turns from a Decoder with credentials in order. Harmolodics and cunning funk that works.

OLD FAVORITE: Olivier Messiaen, *Et Exspecto Resurrectionem Mortuorum* (Columbia Masterworks). "And I await the Resurrection of the Dead." Pierre Boulez conducts scarily enchanting brass, woodwinds, and percussion into the mystic; exclamations guaranteed to make even a couch potato spiritually anxious.

RARA AVIS: Tiny Grimes, *Rockin' And Sockin'* (Oldie Blues). The agile four-string of guitarist Grimes leads an outrageously peppy convergence of swinging blues and r&b circa 1949-55. It's performed by The Rocking Highlanders and Tiny's other small groups that included honking tenors Red Prysock, John Hardee, and Benny Golson.

SCENE: The Tail Gators, that dance-or-die trio from Austin, Texas, used their big beat to unearth authentic rockin' American roots while ferociously alive at Fitzgerald's. Could easily take the leg off a man.

space is so fairly spread around, no player dominates. Well recorded in Mitchell's Stockholm living room, the LP has a relaxed feel true to the Prez aesthetic.

Also from Stockholm comes a postscript to **Budd Johnson's** career: a 1978 club set with pickups Palle Thomsen on piano, Roman Dylag's bass, and drummer Rune Carlsson. That it wasn't issued till a year after Budd's death raises a couple of ethical questions. Did or would he sanction its release? Do his heirs get paid? Those aside, this is a solid journeyman's romp through the standard repertoire (*Body And Soul*, *I Want To Be Happy*, a downhome blues...). Like many tenorists who came out of Hawkins, Johnson managed to stake out his own turf—in this case via slightly brawnier tone and slightly less busy solo construction. As such, he bends slightly toward the Jacquet branch of Hawk's family tree. Bud kept his ear open to modernist change (*Now's The Time*) without giving up his characteristic elegance. Which makes *In Memory* release-worthy on musical grounds.

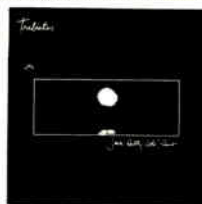
Like Sandstrom's, the playing of Norway's **Totti Bergh** is steeped in pre-bop tenor. And like a few other tenorists he demonstrates that Hawk and Prez weren't so far apart that their styles can't be amalgamated—or at least, as in this case, bounced between with ease. He quotes from Lester with Billie on *I'll Never Be The Same*, and on *Funny Valentine*, Prez-style, he tails the beat like a cautious detective. But his *Sentimental Mood* clearly has Bean on the brain, while Webster's airy stage-whispers are echoed on the ballads. This is an eminently listenable date; Bergh's a sensitive player, and sometimes he'll mix and match his sources with impressive agility. But in sound and conception he brings along little of his own.

On **George Kelly's** 1979 French session, he spearheads the Savoy Sultans, with whom he played in both incarnations. Curiously, a prime influence on this tenorist played alto. Kelly's slurs and chromatic stepping on the Strayhornish *Slightly Blue* point to Johnny Hodges—who similarly influenced Ellington's tenor and baritone men—just as George's chart hints at Duke. (Ellington gets further nods, from *Summertime's* jungle brass and silky saxes, and from Francis Williams' case of the Cooties on *C Jam Blues*.) Though he also plays in a brawny gutbucket style, Kelly's Hodges-like projection and vocalized tone are the real ear-grabbers. Not all the material's Ducal: Charlie Shavers' *Undecided* is a few-frills flagwaver; *Bad Dog's* a jive-jump blues with a bland Kelly vocal, redeemed by one woofer-popping tenor HONK! All in all, a spirited showing by Kelly and the eight-piece little big band.

American **Spike Robinson** is enamored of the '50s Cool School; his tenor's cottony, alto-light sound makes that plain on *London Reprise*, where he's joined by Britain's Martin Taylor (guitar), Dave Green (bass), and Spike Wells (drums) on familiar tunes including *Over The Rainbow*, *Embraceable You*, and *A Foggy Day In London Town*. Cool rules, regardless of tempo. On a fairly brisk *As Time Goes By*, and Horace Silver's *Opus De Funk*—where guitarist Taylor throws a few sparks—Robinson's blowing is still more hearth-warm than red-hot. Another English recording by Spike,

JACK REILLY

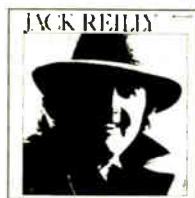
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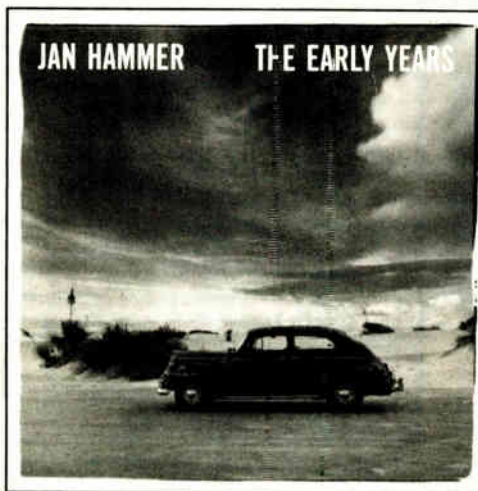
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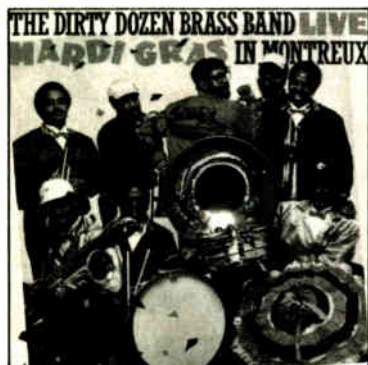
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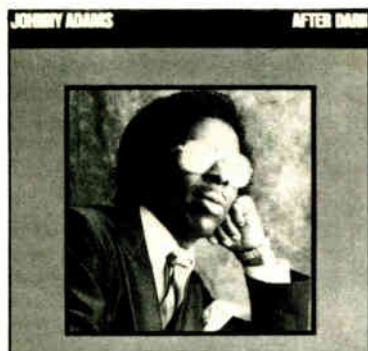
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RECORD REVIEWS

It's A Wonderful World, features a similarly chestnut-oriented program, from *Poor Butterfly* to *The Man I Love*, but here he shares the front line and some loosely contrapuntal passages with trombonist Roy Williams. Roy's reserve matches the leader's, yet his presence—along with drummer Allan Ganley's snap, and pianist Ted Beament's bright filigrees—gives this session a shade more welcome verve.

Lenny Popkin's sound is often almost as light. He studied with Lennie Tristano, so it's not surprising that on *True Fun* his lines are long and serpentine, his notes evenly placed, his tone rigorously controlled (as he instantly switches from the Marsh-mellow to the judiciously harsh). Throughout, bassist Gomez plays as Lennie would have wanted it: whether walking four to the bar or harping on chord-roots, he stays well in the background. Liz Gorrill is the zaniest of Tristianic pianists; often here, she's reckless, clobbering the keys with both hands, squashing her compatriots. (Tristano was a great jazz pianist, but his disciples haven't always captured his finesse.) Of the three, Popkin sounds by far most comfortable with Lennie's principles, and his contributions are most consistently rewarding. But then Tristano's linear intricacies have always been ideally suited to the supple saxophone.

From Max Gordon's mecca comes the Joe Henderson trio's immodestly titled *State Of The Tenor*, which has been rashly compared to Rollins' epic trio recordings from the Vanguard 29 years ago. This cohesive set doesn't top Joe's early Blue Notes, but it is one of his better showings, highlighted by an elegant translation of Monk's *Ask Me Now*. (Joe also stretches Monk's four-bar proto-minimal *Friday The Thirteenth*.) Al Foster is good and loose, and Ron Carter plays with more freedom and a more natural tone than elsewhere; love his strummy doo-wa-diddy-diddy-dum-diddy-doo underpinning *Spare Change*. Henderson's tone is brawny—but not larger than life, like Sonny's in '57. His imagination's fertile, but not inexhaustible; he has a slight weakness for filler trills. The trio format's ideal for fetter-free blowing (a Sonny-esque *Isotope*), but too often Henderson seems to be holding back, rather like latter-day Rollins. Given Joe's creative potential, one longs for greater risktaking.

New Orleans' Alvin "Red" Tyler is best known as an r&b-session baritone. But the beautifully recorded post-bop on *Heritage* features Red's lustrous tenor—the sound of which suggests an unnoted influence on NOLA's impressionable Branford Marsalis, even as the writing bears a whiff of Wynton's. (That Tyler has been playing jazz all along is evidence that mainstream improvising never suffered neglect in New Orleans, popular opinion aside. Keep an ear out for the invaluable Opus 43 box *New Orleans Heritage—Jazz: 1956-1966*, on which Tyler plays with The A.F.O. Executives.) Improvising Arts Quintet trumpeter Clyde Kerr adds complementary tang to the front line; pianist David Torkanowsky, bassist James Singleton, and drummer Johnny Vidacovich add the subtlest dash of Crescent City mambo. Most of the shapely tunes are Tyler's, though singer Johnny Adams sobs honey on the Cahn/Van Heusen *I'll Only Miss Her When I Think Of Her*, and brassy Germaine Bazzle

pays respects to *Lush Life*.

While Tyler's bill-paying gigs haven't affected his musical focus, Gato Barbieri has finally sunk to the level of his unadventurous sidemen. On *Apasionado*, the latin bumping by Eddie Martinez, Gary King, Minu Cinelu, and others is perfunctory, ditto Gato's tenor work. His patented panther-panting and snarling lack conviction; it's yawningly obvious he's merely going through the motions. Couldn't Barbieri just once more put out a record that hinted at the excitement and commitment of *Obsession*, *The Third World*, or *Chapter One: Latin America*? Wake me if he does.

Houston Person faces a task similar to Gato's on *Always On My Mind*, an unabashedly commercial set of AM radio fodder. As on Barbieri's album, the backing's insubstantial to the point of inanity: organ, electric bass, and effervescent synth bubble brainlessly under *Endlessly* and *I Can't Help Myself*. As above, the LP's degree of success hinges solely on the tenorist's sound, as improvising is minimal. But Person, veteran of decades on the chitlin' circuit, knows how to play simply and well; anybody who can bleat a few notes over *Cutie Pie*'s klutzy two-chord holding pattern and even *begin* to pull it off deserves credit. With precious little help from Wilbur Bascomb, Bernard Purdie, and company, Person plays this pop corn like he just might mean it.

Oregonian Rich Halley wears several hats on the ingratiating *Song Of The Backlands*. His Sonny-side's up as he saunters through *Streets And Alleys* and *E-flat July*, the latter featuring Rollins-calypso tenor over bright salsa horns. Elsewhere, he'll play squalling freebop, or adopt a full-bodied yet snaky sound not unlike Tony Dagradi's. He's got a beautiful, dark, ballad style too (*Northwest Nightfall*). Despite the diversity of tenor approaches and compositional tacks, the LP's tied together by Halley's arranging acumen, ably transmitted to his spirited and reliable mini-orchestra (alto, trombone, piano, bass, and a revolving cast of two trumpeters and three percussionists). A sleek and lovely harmonization of *Lush Life* exemplifies Halley's gorgeous writing for multiple horns. Engaging sounds from *Way Out West*.

When it comes to strong musical personalities, few boast more garlic than Big Nick Nicholas; on *Big Nick*, his every phrase tests your limits of tolerance for quirkily individual tone. Nicholas' note choices suggest an urbane tenor crooner; his phrasing's insouciantly nonchalant. But that tone! Flatulent is the first word that springs to mind; Nick sounds like he's way out of tune even where he manages to hit a note on the head. (His singing on *I'm Pulling Through* is analogous: supper-club phrasing and a tone of pure plegm.) The net effect—perfectly illustrated by the Coltrane-penned title track—is like observing a nattily tuxedoed gent who doesn't know his fly is open: terribly incongruous, undeniably amusing. No nonsense about the tasteful comportment of Billy Hart, bassist Dave Jackson, and pianist John Miller, however.

These days, saxophonists who play tenor exclusively are becoming increasingly rare—almost as rare as those who played only soprano a generation ago. The soprano, which sounds exactly one octave higher, remains the

most common alternate axe for tenorists; they can finger the same way without changing keys. Even so, a tenorist's style and concept on soprano is frequently very different. The straight horn's more flexible intonation is one reason—but the late-blooming soprano's less-daunting history is another.

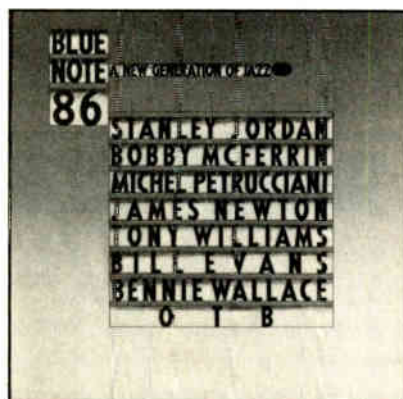
Herman Riley offers a ready example of dual playing personalities. On *Herman*, the Ron Eschete/Milcho Leviev/John B. Williams/Paul Humphrey rhythm section favors undemanding latin-funk grooves behind either horn. Yet Riley approaches the two saxes from radically different viewpoints. His fashionably hoarse, r&b-ish tenor work is generic: nothing special. But on soprano—for the reggae-tinged *Mango Jam* especially—Riley can bend notes around the block, like a tailgate trombonist. The soprano's largely untapped possibilities free him to find a strikingly individual sound, making umpteen reiterations of *Mango's* hook palatable. But numbingly repetitious backgrounds do little to spark Riley's imagination. Only the acoustic ballad *My Friend* hints at the sopranoist's storytelling abilities.

Jimmy Heath's twin saxes are more evenly matched. His sound on soprano seems inspired by the weight and depth of his tenor, and his conception on each is derived from equal parts bop and Coltrane. (For comparison purposes, he plays both on a bright *Dewey Square*.) Heath's alluring instrumental sound is *New Picture's* departure point. Throughout, it's appropriately framed by rich sonorities: Tommy Flanagan's piano, Tony Purrone's guitar, Rufus Reid's bass, and Al Foster's tubs, plus a fat brass quartet—anchored by Bob Stewart's tuba—on *Sophisticated Lady* (soprano, with an inevitable nod to Hodges), a slightly fussy chamber reading of the ever-popular *Lush Life*, and on Jimmy's samba *Keep Love Alive*. Heath writes bouncy tunes; even where he dishes up a little latin-funk—*Changes*—he never lets rhythm patterns stagnate. (He pulls off sticking Flanagan on Rhodes there, too.) This album has an instantly appealing, enameled surface. But the blowing's always more than skin-deep.

Don Lanphere plays alto and soprano as well as his main horn on the classic-ballad set *Don Loves Midge*. Yet he plays each of his saxes with tenor-sized warmth and taste. Ben Webster's rapt breathiness is an obvious inspiration (on a languorous *Easy Living*, a tender *I Remember Clifford*), and the heartfelt sound that implies lets Lanphere sustain interest even as, by avowed intention, he sticks close to the melodies—letting the equally warm trumpeter Jon Pugh weave more elaborate variations—save for his relatively far-flung excursion on the Gershwin's *Soon*. The quintet with Pugh appears on half the album; also included are several duets with pianist Marc Seales and one with harpist Camille Petersen (*And The Angels Sing*, appropriately). Lanphere's balladry is plainly pretty regardless of setting or sax.

George Coleman on *Manhattan Panorama* plays a lot of tenor and a little alto, getting the quicksilver mobility of the latter on the former and the big sound of the former on the latter (*Harlem Nocturne* only). The scene is the Village Vanguard. The tough trio at his back is Harold Mabern (piano), Jamil Nasser (bass),

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Record Reviews

and Idris Muhammad (drums). The subject is Gotham, from originals like *Subway Ride* to odes ridiculous (the *I Love New York* jingle) and sublime (*Autumn In New York*). Coleman the vocalist practically whispers his back-handed praise for the man who presides over chaos (*Mayor Koch*), but there's nothing soft-

spoken about his saxophony. He attacks even cute stuff like *New York, New York* as if he means serious business, hot-dogging and double-timing all over town. His mammoth sound, aggressive stance, and megawatt energy here confirm that this Applehound has bark and bite, both. —Kevin Whitehead

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.)

ECM

John Abercrombie, eclectic guitarist makes use of electronics in a trio with Marc Johnson and Peter Erskine, *CURRENT EVENTS*. **Azimuth**, not the Brazilian band, but the trio of English improvisers create an atmospheric environment, *AZIMUTH '85*. **Terje Rypdal**, Norwegian guitar experimenter explores his rockier roots, *CHASER*.

MUSE/SAVOY

Bill Hardman, bop trumpeter's '61 quintet session is a quality outing, *SAYING SOMETHING*. **Jack Teagarden**, rare 1940 performances from the trombonist's commercial big band, *VARSITY SIDES*. **Jonathan Schwartz**, well-known and neglected pages from the Great American Songbook, *ANYONE WOULD LOVE YOU*. **Wini Brown**, '40s songstress, veteran of Lionel Hampton and Cootie Williams' bands, waxes with Milt Jackson on some sides, *MISS BROWN FOR YOU*. **Charlie Parker**, second two-LP set of radio broadcasts of Bird flights, *BIRD AT THE ROOST, VOL. 2*.

FANTASY/LANDMARK

Duke Ellington, previously unissued small group settings from the Ducal palette, from '67 and '70, *THE INTIMACY OF THE BLUES*. **Helen Merrill**, '68 cult recording reissued finds the idiosyncratic singer backed by Elvin Jones, Gary Bartz, Thad Jones, and others, *A SHADE OF DIFFERENCE*. **Cannonball Adderley**, third in a series of Adderley reissues is this '62 live date; sextet includes Joe Zawinul and Yusef Lateef, *JAZZ WORKSHOP REVISITED*.

INDEPENDENTS

Horace Silver, two works for orchestra, vocals, and all-star soloists dedicated to Duke Ellington and W. C. Handy/Scott Joplin, from Silvestro Productions, *THE CONTINUITY OF SPIRIT*. **Ron Enyard/Paul Plummer Quartet**, the drummer/saxist's band from Cincinnati is esp. notable for the ex-George Russell tenor man's playing, from Resound Records, *DETROIT OPIUM DEN*. **Arni Egilsson**, Scan-

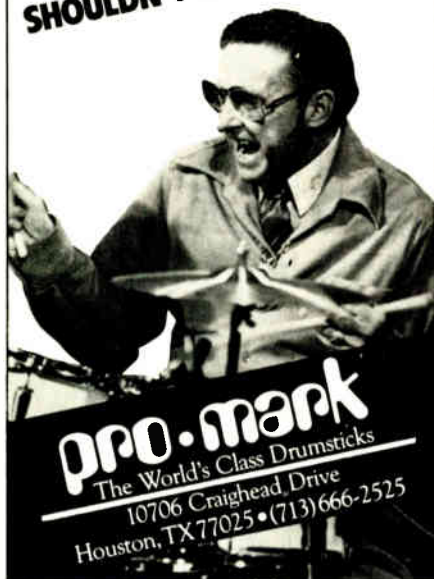
dinavian bass vet is joined by idol Ray Brown, plus Pete Jolly and (drummer) Jimmy Smith, from Utgefandi Arnaeus Music, *FASCINATING VOYAGE*. **Howland Ensemble**, reed/vibes/bass/drum quartet debuts with an all-original program, from Howland Records, *THE HOWLAND ENSEMBLE*. **Jordan Sandke**, saxist from the Widespread Depression Orchestra fronts small group inc. Jaki Byard and Milt Hinton, from Stash Records, *RHYTHM IS OUR BUSINESS*. **Leslie Drayton**, trumpeter with a following goes small group this time out, from Esoteric Records, *WHAT IT IS IS WHAT IT IS*. **Jack Teagarden**, radio airchecks from '39 and '40 capture the trombonist w/ BG and his own early orchestra, from Legend Records, *BIRTH OF A BAND*. **Nat "King" Cole**, '44-45 broadcast and V-Disc numbers from the Trio, featuring lots of piano, from Legend Records, *ANY OLD TIME*. **Dewey Erney**, West Coast "jazz-oriented" singer with the Ron Eschete Trio, from Legend, *THE SECOND SET*. **Shirley Horn**, "Miles' favorite vocalist" in a typical '61 club program, from Can-Am Records, it's *GONNA RAIN IN A MINUTE*.

Bobby Hackett, two volumes of live '69 sweet and jazzy performances with Vic Dickenson, Dave McKenna, & rhythm at the Roosevelt Grill, from Phontastic Records, *MELODY IS A MUST*. **Nils Lindberg**, Swedish composer/arranger/pianist leads three LPs of variegated styles all from Bluebell Records: with five brassmen, *BRASS GALORE*; with five saxists, *SAXES GALORE*; and with guest alto recluse Herb Geller, *HOW 'BOUT IT*. **Peter Gullin**, scandinavian bari legend Lars Gullin's son takes up his father's axe, from Phontastic, *ADVENTURES*. **Anders Bergcrantz**, young trumpeter and peers provide self-penned pieces and *Peace*, from Dragon Records, *OPINIONS*. **Thore Swanerud**, Swedish piano vet entertains classy guests inc. Putte Wickman, Bernt Rosengren, Red Mitchell, James Moody sings on one cut, from Dragon, *STAR DUST*. **Position Alpha**, reed quintet cuts a live, hot '84 concert disc of outside sounds, from Dragon, *THE GREAT SOUND OF SOUND*. **Various Artists**, hits from the Hit Parade of 1936, from Phontastic, *THESE FOOLISH THINGS*.

Judith Pinter, storyteller/harpist translates folk tales to the instrumental celtic harp, from Sona Gaia Records, *SECRETS FROM THE STONE*. **Erik Berglund**, Irish harp sounds of self-stated purpose, from Sona Gaia, *BEAUTY*. **John Adams**, reissue of early "minimal" compositions for string septet and solo piano, from New Albion Records, *SHAKER LOOPS/PHRYGIAN GATES*. **Margaret Leng Tan**,

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The first kick of videos was picking your precise pleasures. Yet there's more you can do with the 20-inch "window to the world"—organize the receivable information, maybe develop bi-sensory perspectives. Recent videos cast light on needlessly esoteric jazz artists and the music's broader cultural manifestations—from humble celebrations of nature to indulgent celebrations of the good life.

Passing It On—Barry Harris (23 minutes, directed by David Chan and Kenneth Freundlich). *Anything For Jazz*—Jaki Byard (25 minutes, directed by Dan Algrant). Bill Evans and Ron Carter ponder pianist Byard's relative obscurity, while Byard shows and tells how it is partially by his own choice. We get exceedingly close to this multi-talented man. Byard looks at the cameras almost defensively, yet he retains a pure artist's dignity in explaining his ambivalence toward fame and fortune. But he's no solipsist. His own home movies flash as he plays a florid but heartfelt solo piece for his family. He punches out a pungent *Fables Of Faubus* just as readily. He's shown leading his Apollo Stompers big band and teaching at the New England Conservatory. He's like Barry Harris who, in his video, declares, "I know there's at least one place in the world where I'm a superstar." Yet Harris is a humble, open personality. "Bebop is like a habit to me, but it's the pinnacle of American music." This deftly constructed day-in-the-life shows Harris as a dedicated teacher and lifelong student; for him both roles are inseparable. There's good musical and verbal by-play among Harris, Red Rodney, Clifford Jordan, and Pepper Adams. Harris also reminisces about playing with Lester Young and Charlie Parker, "the most gracious man I ever met."

You get a glimpse of Parker's graciousness as he accepts applause in a rare film clip of Bird and Diz playing. It's from *Jazz Hoofers* (28 minutes, directed by Bill Hancock), and the bop is very pertinent to this story of jazz tap dancing, via the feet and words of the late Baby Laurence. Taped during an educational presentation in Baltimore, Laurence shows his rhythmic inspiration from Bird and Art Tatum (a sepia buddha in a dream-like clip) with whom Baby sang at age 13. He does the historical steps of buck-dancing King "Rastus" Pearls, Jack Wiggins, Bill "Bojangles" Robinson, and John Bubbles. Laurence gradually draws his audience into the ever-shifting vortex of rhythmic complexities, buoyed and clarified by his pure dance grace. An invaluable dance document, *Jazz Hoofers* is also a superbly illustrated introduction to bop itself.

Lift The Bandstand (50 minutes, directed by Peter Bull). This Steve Lacy "portrait" eschews the "at-home-and-work" approach. Rather, it's informed by fascinating visual resources, a structure that clarifies as it engrosses, and the critical acumen of the remarkably articulate subject himself. Lacy's pivotal position in modern jazz history has never shone more clearly than it does in this brilliant film. A matrix of



Steve Lacy, from *Lift The Bandstand*.

creative relationships surfaces—Lacy the soprano sax innovator, re: Sidney Bechet, re: John Coltrane. Lacy the whole artist, re: Cecil Taylor, Gil Evans, and Thelonious Monk, who showed him the way to "lift the bandstand." Performance clips of all these artists (except Taylor) delineate the human inspirations behind Lacy's processing of sly wit, precise abstraction, and mystical method. Yet the man's benignly resolute personality surfaces. He's revealed as a sort of post-modern modernist whose present music can sing while it's laughing at itself crying. In performance, Irene Aebi's vocals and Lacy's sextet vitalize the sardonic *Gay Paree Bop* and the startlingly beautiful *Prospectus*, which sounds like Lacy's Slavic soul hung out on a wing, soaring. By eventually finding his ethnic roots after long immersion in American music, Lacy shows how jazz continually becomes world music. You sense that Lacy's ways "all-ways know," as Monk would say. That makes for a video that gives more and more, a real investment.

Playboy Jazz Festival, Vol. 1 and Vol. 2 (91 minutes each, directed by Dwight Hemion). These Bill Cosby-hosted events illustrate the middle-class American relationship with jazz for better or worse. Throughout the generally high-level performances we're shown beautiful people as jazz fans and insouciant chowhounds. Hemion succumbs to *Playboy* values: a soloing Freddie Hubbard—driven by McCoy Tyner and Elvin Jones—reaches an impassioned climax when, incredibly, the camera cuts to a wine bottle being uncorked and poured. That's the sort of metaphoric skill that always kept the *Playboy* philosophy a mere rabbit's footnote to significant liberation rhetoric in the '60s. Anyway, the sunny Hollywood Bowl keeps the music spirited. Following the Great Quartet's strong opening, Red Norvo and Tal Farlow momentarily charm, then tenor Benny Golson shines, playing with Art Farmer and later behind Nancy Wilson. Golson's ghostly serenading sounds like Albert Ayler reincarnated as a Bird lover. But the steak turns mainly to sizzle as the sun sets, with *Pieces Of A Dream*, Grover Washington Jr., Maynard Ferguson, and the Lionel

Hampton All-Stars. *Volume 2* holds up more strongly throughout. Free Flight flutters some perky Third Stream; Dave Brubeck pounds out some interesting ideas; Wild Bill Davison screws down sassy trumpet notes. Then comes an improbable programming leap to Ornette Coleman, who's allowed to play *Dancing In Your Head* for two minutes before he smiles at us and—cut, zoom to Weather Report. We can live with that because the Weather was quite hot this day. But Manhattan Transfer joins them for *Birdland*, and soon poor Wayne Shorter looks like a man displaced into a Lawrence Welk show for hepcats. Milt Jackson, Dexter Gordon, Woody Shaw, and Sarah Vaughan close the show strong, making *Volume 2* a worthwhile indulgence, *Playboy*-style.

Water's Path (60 minutes), *Western Light* (55 minutes), *Winter* (53 minutes), *Autumn Portrait* (60 minutes); all produced and directed by Dan Moss. The Windham Hill videos are very California good-life, too, but they're for hot-tub lollers who sip ginseng tea instead of martinis. Actually, these tapes are already popular across the country and have a fundamental appeal to anyone who doesn't perceive every natural landscape as undeveloped real estate. The whole blissful bunch of Windham Hill stars accompany the natural elements in harmonious interplay on virgin earthscapes. You'll hear Michael Hedges, Shadowfax, George Winston, Darol Anger, Barbara Higbie, and others. Their "image music" positively blooms in digital stereo, but the real star of these shows is H₂O. *Water's Path* is the best of the lot. You watch water moving inexorably and musically, wriggling its rivulets, bursting over red cliffs, casting shadows of liquid lemmings in mid-dive. Even in the other videos, water reminds us of its quiet dominance of the planet. The exception is *Western Light*, boldly trumpeted by Mark Isham and introducing human presence in the form of Pueblo cliff villages, seeming illusions of oblique light and shadow. Undeniably ravishing stuff, for the right mood.

Crusaders Live: Midnight Triangle (60 minutes, directed by Makoto Hasegawa). The Crusaders, too, play nature-inspired titles like *Snowflake* and *Rainbow Seeker*, but man and his electric beat remain forefront in this slick JVC recording of a hot club date by the original and still world-champ funk-jazz group. Joe Sample packs more muscle tension into a keyboard than a 400-pound piano mover; Wilton Felder and guitarist Barry Finnerty do just right. I still miss Wayne Henderson's trombone, but Paulinho Da Costa adds plenty to Stix's rhythmic kicks. *Keep That Same Old Feeling* ends it, and you do want it to keep on.

The Crusaders video (\$29.95) comes from MCA Home Video Inc., 70 Universal City Plaza, Universal City, CA 91608. The tapes of Byard, Harris, Laurence (all \$39.95) and Lacy (\$59.95) are from Rhapsody Films, 30 Charlton St., New York, NY 10014. The *Playboy Festival* tapes (\$22 each) are from RCA/Columbia Pictures Home Video, 2901 W. Alameda Ave., Burbank, CA 91505. The Windham Hill videos (\$29.95 each; also in laser disc, \$24.95 each) come from Paramount Home Video, 5555 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90038.

—Kevin Lynch

I'd come back to the groove, but the fill would adjust the time just a little bit to where it went out of the pocket for a second. And I would consistently do this, so it was obviously a flaw, something I had to correct. What I discovered then was that I hadn't developed my hands and feet evenly, and I didn't really have the solid, confident view of the space *between* the beats—I was more concerned with coming up with a great little fill than I was with keeping time. It was *not* a rhythm & blues attitude toward drumming, it was a real wild rock & roll attitude. That had to change. So I went through an intense period of rediscovery; first, trying to get back in touch with those feelings I had as a little kid, the fun, the self-respect; and second, making the step from being a talented amateur to being a real pro in the studio. I went through heavy, heavy woodshedding for those three years, doing the whole course of study again. Every day I went down into my basement with my drum set, my books, my metronome, and my attitude: "I'm gonna get this together." And it started to be fun because I could see myself progressing; the more I progressed, the more I stuck with it. So I eventually got to the point where when I sat down, the drumming was *there*. Of course, as I got better, everybody in the band got more confident in my ability to lead them, where before it was like we were riding on a skateboard [laughs]: "Hold on, we might make it through this one." The whole idea was to become consistent, solid, and confident in my ability—and I did. I used to play stage shows and recording sessions; now, I just play, and I finished off the *Born In The U.S.A.* tour feeling really good about how I'd taken the quality of my drumming on the record and extended it on stage.

GS: Let me ask you about some specific techniques and parts for tunes. You seem to kick off a lot of songs with either a little roll or a snare shot.

MW: That one or two quarter notes before we start the song is always my area, where I can do something. Bruce always likes to hear little drum pickups; what I do, I guess, goes back to watching D.J. Fontana and that Motown-type pickup, which I do on *Hungry Heart*.

GS: You don't hang out on the tom-toms for fills, but tend to come down on the snare.

MW: Yeah, they call me Mr. Two-and-Four. We're a seven-piece band and there's a lot of music going on, so I stick to the bottom. As I said before, it's one of the things I noticed about *The River*: I was doing a lot of tom-tom fills, and everytime I did a long or complicated one the groove would get diffuse for a second. So I stopped doing a lot of them for that specific reason. I just got into keeping time, just a straight groove.

GS: With that laidback pendulum thing.

MW: Well, you know what I did? To get that backbeat to lay back there, I would practice hours every day with a metronome and try to get that beat slightly *behind* the click. And then the next day I'd get it right *on* the click. So I eventually got good at putting it *right* where I wanted it. That two and four is my territory; it's such a loud statement in rock & roll.

GS: *Backstreets* has such motion to the beat, the way that roll loops over into the hit.

MW: That drum part was inspired by Roy Orbison's *Running Scared*. We were going for something that would be terrifying. That's one of my favorite drum parts: the tensions and release of rock & roll, which is so tense and intense.

GS: The first time I heard *Candy's Room* I thought it was pretty out.

MW: Yeah, that was one of the wildest drum parts I think anyone's ever played. Little things in the guitar part dictated to me that there should be a different way of playing it. It seemed so out there to do the whole thing as a single-stroke roll on the snare drum—[mimics] "Can he keep this up?" So that when it finally releases, it's like, WOW! That's one of those things you

CONTINUED ON PAGE 54

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World Radio History

BLINDFOLD TEST

1 SHADOW VIGNETTES. *HONKY TONK BUD* (Urban Legend Films). Scott Laster, director; Ed Wilkerson, composer, arranger; John Toles-Bey, narration.

[Comments while watching]: This courtroom scene's like the cover of my album *Lower Class Conspiracy*—that's G'Ra, the poet! The band's on the scene, now. Is that Henry Threadgill in the jurybox?

This is s'posed to be a jazz video? The rap was more New York street; with drugs and all that gangster stuff, it was like a 1970s nationalist bag turned pimp! I'd rather have a cleaner video. I don't want my kid to see that. The music was miles ahead of the video—that was jazz, that was the hippest thing about it. The music went right along with the subject matter. Some of the action was good, but my idea of a video is far more conceptual than that, and would be more exciting.

2 COLEMAN HAWKINS/PEE WEE RUSSELL. *TIN TIN DEO* (from *JAZZ REUNION*, Barnaby/Candid). Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Russell, clarinet; Emmett Berry, trumpet; Bob Brookmeyer, trombone; Jo Jones, drums. Recorded 1961.

Is that one of Trane's tunes? I've heard it before—hmm, there's some Stan Kenton stuff on the bridge. Interesting rhythm the drummer's playing. That's Coleman Hawkins, man. Late Hawkins. Is Max Roach on there? I'm scared to say who the trumpet player is; in my gut I thought Roy Eldridge, but he wouldn't tail off at the end like that. The clarinet solo is nice; whoever it is he plays tenor, too. J. J. Johnson on trombone? Maybe around '64. Whose date is it? Maybe it's Dizzy with Jimmy Hamilton; but then that was the lowest Dizzy ever.

3 GENE AMMONS. *S.P. BLUES, HIROSHIMA, BROTHER JUG'S SERMON* (from "JUG" SESSIONS, Mercury/EmArcy). Ammons, tenor saxophone; Albert Ammons, piano. Recorded 1947-49.

This must be an old recording—everything seems so far away. They should play this type of music more today—it's still exciting. Lester Young! Give me a break, you can't catch me on Lester. Wait—that ain't Lester. He played Lester in his first chorus, then he got into himself. That sounds like Gene Ammons to me. It's out of his era—he was into that gutbucket thing. No—it's Ben Webster!

[Later]: I'm glad I didn't get that; I learned something—that everybody's made up of lots of people. I heard all those cats in Ammons, but probably when I first came to New York people heard all the cats in me, and now they

David Murray

By HOWARD MANDEL

For his first Blindfold Test, tenor saxophone and bass clarinetist, soloist and bandleader, composer and improviser David Murray was allowed to keep his eyes as well as his ears open, in order to comment on an original jazz video. Before we started, Murray said, "I've had Paul Gonsalves, Ben Webster, and Lester Young up to here," bringing his hand to his throat.

He's been busy recently orchestrating the 27 blues choruses Gonsalves waited at Newport '56, and selecting classics from his other tenor heroes, for a 40-piece ensemble—in addition to recording Ellington masterpieces with the World Saxophone Quartet for future release,



MITCHELL SEIDEL

performing at festivals in Europe (with his big band in Gronigen), and in New York at Sweet Basil.

Murray's most recent recording is *Children* (Black Saint 089). He was given no information about the records played.

hear me. When he started layin' on that A, with all the lower keys down, that was beautiful.

4 JOE HENDERSON. *FRIDAY THE 13TH* (from *THE STATE OF THE TENOR*, VOL. 1, Blue Note). Henderson, tenor saxophone; Ron Carter, bass; Al Foster, drums; Thelonius Monk, composer. Recorded live at the Village Vanguard, 1985.

This is an easy one; it's about 1957, that group with Rollins, not *East Broadway Rundown*, but around that time. Definitely Rollins. He's bad, he's the best. The best. The best. He can play with a trio, a quartet, a dozen guitars—but the fewer the better. I just want to hear him. The bass player here is killer. Is this the Vanguard? It sounds like the Vanguard sounds when I play there.

[Later]: Don't tell me this is the Joe Henderson record! He sounds like Rollins for sure—I thought so when Stanley Crouch gave me the tape. Don't get me wrong—it sounded nice.

5 MILES DAVIS. *IF I WERE A BELL* (from *HEARD 'ROUND THE WORLD*, Columbia). Davis, trumpet; Sam Rivers, tenor saxophone; Herbie Hancock, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Tony Williams, drums. Recorded 1964.

Sounds like Miles Davis-in-glasses. Is that Wynton with the superband? Miles is a little more laidback, not so aggressive as this. Wynton plays differently—very beautifully, but differently, more on top of the beat. This is Wynton, definitely, but not his brother. Is this Sonny? A lot of cats are influenced by Sonny, including me. No, that's not Sonny anymore. Chico

Freeman? I'm sure it's one of my cohorts, somebody I see every day. It's very modern, it's now; a contemporary musician playing an older piece. Is that Jack DeJohnette?

6 ORNETTE COLEMAN. *SEX SPY* (from *SOAPSUDS*, SOAPSUDS, Artists House). Coleman, tenor saxophone; Charlie Haden, bass.

That's Dewey. He's got that warm tenor sound people don't have anymore. Ornette's got that sound on tenor—that's 'cause he sounds like Dewey! He sounds like that 'cause he heard Dewey, and Red Connors, and John Carter, too, play tenor. Print that.

Oh, no—that's Ornette on tenor! As soon as he broke into that run I knew it was him. I should have known, 'cause his control is not so good in the middle register as Dewey's. But put an alto in his hands, and it's all over.

7 QUATUOR DE SAXOPHONES. *RONDO* (from *QUATUOR*, Editions Françaises de Musique). Roger Calmel, composer; Jacques Desloges, Michel Trouselet, Bernard Beaufretton, Michel Lepeve, saxophones.

I've got a stack of assignments left over from school that sound like that. I can appreciate this; for someone to sit down, hear the sounds of the instruments, and decide to make an array of them, as a vignette, an event in itself. I don't know these cats, but they sound real nice. If I were doing it, I'd be improvising and they probably wouldn't know it. This is fun music, happy music, good driving music.

db



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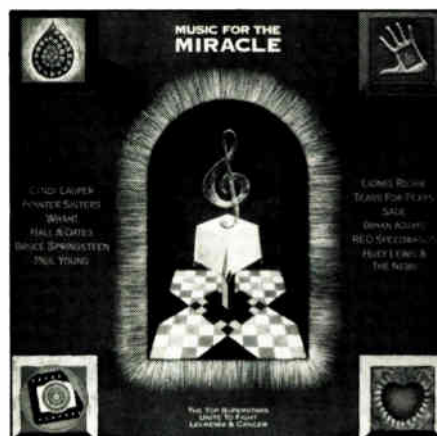
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Marty Ehrlich

Multi-reeds and multi-styles highlight the playing of this multi-talented composer/improviser.

BY JONATHAN GILL

When Marty Ehrlich named his first album *The Welcome*, he had something specific in mind. Rather than a welcome from the music world, the versatile young woodwind player meant it as his greeting to a music world that welcomed him long ago. Since first cutting his professional teeth almost 10 years ago with George Russell and Anthony Braxton, Ehrlich's greatest asset is his ability to draw from many varied sources to produce an original and exciting synthesis.

"I've found that in New York I've had to use all my skills to get by," Ehrlich says. "I feel that the culture should be broad-based, so I get impatient when I hear people perpetrate narrow definitions like 'jazz,' 'swing,' 'classical,' etc. New York is full of specialty artists, but I like the cracks between styles, which is one of the reasons I play several instruments—clarinet, saxophone, and flute. I think that you bring as much to the music as you can, though because of the business aspect, most of my gigs are single events, not long-term projects. Nevertheless, I've performed jazz, classical, folk, rock, funk, and Brazilian musics, and I like them all."

Considering his vast and varied involvement in so many kinds of music, Ehrlich's opinions carry a certain authority. In addition to his working trio with drummer Pheeroan Akla and bassist Anthony Cox, Ehrlich works with avant garde theater groups in Oregon and New York, and recently performed in the world premiere of Anthony Davis' opera, *X*, in Philadelphia. He performs with Leroy Jenkins' classically inspired Mixed Quintet, and keeps his ties to traditional jazz with Jaki Byard's Apollo Stompers and Muhal Richard Abrams' octet and orchestra. "Muhal doesn't use traditional musics just to evoke something in the past," Ehrlich explains, "but to keep it alive, as a vital form. It's not about recreating the past, because that music is still alive and still changing."

Ehrlich's own adventurous attitude toward composed music clearly derives



LINDA HARRIS

from apprenticeships served in some of the most exciting large ensembles of the late '70s and early '80s. Like Russell and Braxton, Ehrlich's music explores a balance between improvisation and composition, and *The Welcome* (Sound Aspects 002) lets him explore that relationship: "*Dark Woods*, *Bright Stars* is a through-composed piece, which means that short improvisations happen in-between written phrases. In *Hybrid* the actual composition happens at the end of the improvisation. We improvise off the melodic material, and at the end it congeals into the composition."

Born in Minnesota in 1955, Ehrlich grew up in Louisville and later St. Louis. "At a summer band program they handed me a clarinet. The first week I played it upside-down—avant garde from the beginning," he laughs. But for all the support he found at school and at home, it was Ehrlich's exposure to the fertile St. Louis artistic community that really sparked his interest—and not in music, but in poetry.

"My neighborhood was full of artists and politically progressive people," he notes. "It was one of the first racially integrated communities in the Midwest, and was going through those changes when I was growing up there. I came up just in time to catch the tail end of the tremendous creativity of BAG." BAG, or the Black Artists Group, was a St. Louis-based artists' collective modeled on Chicago's Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians. "I was writing poetry, and first began improvising music with poets in high school," he says. Through the poetry scene Ehrlich met saxophonist Jim Marshall, who produced several recordings under the umbrella of the Human Arts Ensemble. One

of Ehrlich's early inspirations was also Oliver Lake. "In my last year of high school and the following summer I played every chance I could get, often outside in the terrible St. Louis heat, sometimes just sax and drums." While still in high school Ehrlich recorded *Under The Sun* (Arista-Freedom 1022) with the Human Arts Ensemble, which included J. D. Parran, Charles Bobo Shaw, Lester Bowie, and others. That recording, with its exotic voicings and multi-instrumental spontaneity not only exemplified the reigning aesthetic attitudes of jazz in the late '60s, it also prophesied trends to come.

In 1973, Ehrlich entered the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston. "I studied with George Russell, Jaki Byard, Gunther Schuller, and Joe Allard," Ehrlich recalls "playing George's and Jaki's music, studying Duke Ellington with Gunther Schuller, Thelonious Monk with Ran Blake—it was quite an education." At first Ehrlich's background in free music was a problem. "At the time, among the students, bebop was the order of the day, and it wasn't my strong suit by any means." Ehrlich spent his first years in Boston learning standards, but by graduation he had absorbed a whole spectrum of music: "I studied non-Western music and 20th century music, which was a real ear-opener. I also took a 12-tone and quarter-tone theory class."

After graduation in 1978, Ehrlich moved to New York and jumped right into the performing and recording scene. His first job, with Chico Hamilton, led to a tour of California. Later, when his old professor, George Russell, formed his New York Big Band, Ehrlich found himself as the youngest member of an ensemble with extended stays at the Village Vanguard.

By 1980, Ehrlich began playing more with bassist John Lindberg, who became his musical kindred spirit of sorts. Ehrlich recalls, "While John was living on the Lower East Side we woodshedded together, stretching out and working on collective improvising, ultimately touring as a duo in Europe and America, recording *Unison* (Cecma 1006) in Italy in 1982." At the same time, Leroy Jenkins brought together the Mixed Quintet (Black Saint 060), with Ehrlich playing bass clarinet. Ehrlich also toured Europe in the ensembles of Anthony Braxton, Anthony Davis, and Leo Smith, with whom he recently recorded for—believe it or not—an Icelandic record label. "Creative music is being recorded internationally," Ehrlich quips.

Ehrlich's early association with his St.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 61

B.B. KING/MILES DAVIS

BEACON THEATRE

NEW YORK—On the surface, it may have seemed an odd pairing: the hip, trendsetting jazz renegade and the conservative gentleman of the blues. Though the two are only a year apart in age (B.B. being the elder), they seem generations apart in the way they present themselves before the public. B.B. takes the traditional route—band uniforms, three-piece suits, ties, shined shoes. He observes all the amenities, thanking the audience after each tune, humbling himself before public scrutiny. Miles, on the other hand, still ignores those show business customs, preferring to stalk the stage like *The Grinch Who Stole Christmas* in threads that appear jointly inspired by Sun Ra and Norma Kamali.

But despite his outer appearance, his outrageous behavior and nasty disposition, Miles is ultimately tied to the blues, which is, of course, B.B.'s meat. Many of Miles' vamps these days are blues-based and strictly 4/4. His music has perhaps more in common with B.B.'s now than it ever did.

B.B.'s band opened the bill with his usual fare—jump tunes like *Caledonia* and *Rock Me Baby*, melancholy moaners like *Darlin' You Know I Love You* and *The Thrill Is Gone*. It was a typical set, but the great gentleman of the blues was really on his game this night. Perhaps being on the same bill with Miles and playing before a more discerning audience lit the fuse. But whatever did it, B.B. sang and played Lucille with more fire and fervor than I've seen him display since 1970. And the crowd picked up on it, applauding his falsetto leaps, vocal nuances, and passionate string bends. It was a great performance, totally redeeming the man from the dreadfully slick, overproduced albums he's released in recent years.

Before departing the stage, B.B. thanked the crowd for its encouragement and support, adding, "It's really an honor to be on the same show with the maestro, because this guy has meant so much to the music and has done so much for it. . . ." At that point, some overzealous fan in the balcony screamed out, "So have you!" And the packed house at the Beacon Theatre heartily concurred, breaking into a thunderous two-minute standing ovation that brought tears to B.B.'s eyes. It was a great tribute to a class man.

This edition of the Miles Davis show is more constrained, controlled, and rock-funk oriented than previous lineups



ANDY FREEBERG

since the heralded 1981 "comeback." Guitarist Robben Ford (replacing Mike Stern who returned to briefly replace John Scofield) has sizzling chops, he can burn on a rock vamp, and he's certainly an appealing presence on stage, but he seldom wanders out of the blues scale. Ford's playing has more in common with the electrified blues of Stevie Ray Vaughan than the more oblique bop lines that Scofield and Stern favored. He's a rocker and a blues screamer, which fits in well with Miles' concept these days.

Speaking of comparisons, Vince Wilburn is hardly in the same league with Al Foster, whose versatility and subtlety previously underscored the churning rhythms. Wilburn is strictly a 4/4 groover, as is the current funk bassist in the band. Suffice it to say, much of the new material was funk-oriented and strictly on-the-one; closer in spirit and structure to the Funkadelics than to Miles' more ambitious fusion experiments of the past. These vamps were basically blowing vehicles for Miles, reedman Bob Berg, and occasionally Ford, the tunes were filled with the same cool horn pads by synthesist Robert Irving and marked by those memorable melodic hooks that worked so well for Miles on tunes like *U 'n' I* from *Star People* and *Back Seat Betty* from *Man With The Horn*.

The group came charging out of the gate with a blazing rendition of *Street Scenes* that made the studio version from *You're Under Arrest* seem tame by comparison. That jam highlighted Berg's considerable tenor chops, and neatly segued into *That's What Happened* from *Decoy*—a killer opening. The crowd was excited.

Miles laid into a slow, muted-trumpet blues, followed by more vamps for Berg

to blow on. His reading of the Michael Jackson hit, *Human Nature*, was far more interesting than the studio version on *Arrest*, but an uninspired reading of Cyndi Lauper's *Time After Time* only points out the need to drop this schlock from his set.

—bill milkowski

DEWEY REDMAN

THE PERFORMANCE SPACE

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA—The Sydney Improvised Music Association (SIMA), a small but effective contemporary jazz society formed in 1985, pulled off an impressive coup recently by bringing the tenor saxophonist Dewey Redman from New York for performances as part of the Festival of Sydney.

This visit has, one hopes, ushered in a new era for visiting American musicians. Some promoters, hard-pressed to make a profit, were in the habit of flying their artists into Australia the day before the opening performance. The result was, all too often, disappointing music played by deeply jet-lagged musicians.

In the case of Redman, SIMA—a non-profit association with government support—flew him in some days before the first concert, so he could acclimatize and rehearse solidly with the local musicians Bernie McGann (alto saxophone), Geoff Kluge (bass), and John Pochee (drums).

The group made a guest appearance at the massive, open-air Midsummer Jazz Concert in Sydney's Domain, before 60,000 people.

Redman was also the star of three of



From left, John Pochee, Dewey Redman, Geoff Kluge, and Bernie McGann.

SIMA's five contemporary music concerts, and all were sold out. The first set of the opening performance consisted of three tunes which became extended explorations: Charlie Parker's *Dewey Square* and two Redman compositions, *Daystar And Nightlight* and *Boo Boo Doop*.

It was fascinating to hear Bernie McGann and Redman alongside each other. McGann, a thrusting and passionate saxophonist with a rasping tone—he obviously has felt the influence of Ornette Coleman—has always been regarded as an unsung hero in Australian jazz. It warmed many hearts to see him playing on equal terms with a great American saxophonist who has had such a close association with Ornette. Redman was warm, thoughtful, undemonstrative, and expressive, with an undeniable authority that emerged naturally.

Bassist Kluge had been brought from Melbourne to Sydney especially to play with this group. His teaming up with John Pochee brought together, for the first time, four of the quickest ears in Australian jazz. The two men were severely tested for, in this context—that is, a quartet without piano or guitar providing a harmonic background—there is no coasting for the bassist and drummer. They have to be continually alive to the ideas expressed by the soloists, commenting and punctuating, otherwise the music can lapse.

Kluge and Pochee were able to establish a considerable empathy with Redman and McGann—of course, both were very familiar with McGann's style—and they followed the saxophonists' lines of thought with uncanny anticipation. But it was hard work physically for them both and, at the end of the concert, Pochee in particular was completely exhausted.

In the first half, Redman had concentrated on playing the tenor saxophone, other than a brief example of vocalising

through the horn. In the second, after McGann's boppish composition *Salaam*, he performed his tune *Unknown Tongue* on the musette, an unusual reed instrument with a powerful, biting sound reminiscent of a number of Eastern or African musics. He also contributed a very hip wordless vocal, suggesting some kind of incantation.

The last tune, *Turn Over Baby*, from Redman's LP *The Struggle Continues*, brought the concert to a momentous climax. It was built on a simple blues figure with a hard backbeat. Redman had the audience clapping strongly on the off-beat, while McGann played a soulful improvisation that was truly inspiring.

By the end of the performance, the musicians had traversed an unusually wide range of influences now present in contemporary jazz. Redman showed clearly that the American avant gardists are interested, not only in stretching the music forward, but also in re-examining the roots of the music, as well as taking note of African and Eastern influences.

—eric myers

INDIANA UNIVERSITY JAZZ ENSEMBLE

SYMPHONY SPACE

NEW YORK—Every spring Indiana University presents some of the School of Music's best performers in concert in New York. Usually classical artists are showcased, but for this year's concert David Baker's I.U. Jazz Ensemble played—and the young musicians all showed great promise. (One, tenor saxophonist Ralph Bowen, is already familiar

from his work with the Blue Note collective O.T.B.) Baker's program offered only Indiana composers and arrangers: Freddie Hubbard, Dominic Spera, J. J. Johnson, Wes Montgomery, guest soloist Slide Hampton, several of the players, and Baker himself.

Baker warmed up with Hubbard's *Birdlike*, followed by Spera's *Magic For Mama* and Johnson's *El Camino Real*. Loy Hetrick, soloist on the latter, showed that he's very much in the Indiana trombone lineage of Johnson, Hampton, and (at the beginning of his career) Baker. *In Search Of The Truth* featured tenor saxophonist Tom Gullion also as composer/arranger. Baker's *Bourne*, a variation on *Half Nelson*, offered the band at its brasiest, with solos from trumpeter Scott Wendholt, trombonist Jeff Wimble, and Bowen. (Since the piece is named for me, I'm not exactly dispassionate about Baker's music. I figure that if other musicians appreciate and record *Bourne*, someday I'll have a place in jazz trivia right alongside Moose the Mooche.) Slide joined the band for two of his works, *Time And Space* and *Waltz (For Antoine)*, energizing the young musicians all the more.

Throughout the concert, the sections and soloists sounded brighter and brighter—at times as dynamic as Basie and as colorful as Ellington. There were obvious echoes in some of the solos—of Hubbard, Johnson, and especially John Coltrane—but each soloist enthusiastically displayed some of his own evolving voice. *Baroque And Blue* by pianist Luke Gillespie opened the second half, followed by Montgomery's *West Coast Blues* (featuring guitarist Rick Nelson) and a real crowd-pleaser, Hubbard's *Super Blue* (featuring trumpeter Pharez Whitted). Slide returned for a trombone duet with Hetrick on his *Peace* and to swing through the second movement of his *Suite*. Whitted and Bowen again were spotlighted, both sounding as self-assured as any regular on the scene.

By the finale, Baker's *Lorob*, they'd all played up-front except trumpeter Lennie Foy—who then came forward with one of the most original solos of the night. Foy is one of several in Baker's band to look (and listen) for in the future; also Hetrick, Whitted, the already happening Bowen, and the funkily swinging drummer, Shawn Pelton.

There are those who believe that if it ain't happening in New York it ain't happening—but David Baker's I.U. Jazz Ensemble manifested that "Indiana Jazz" is no contradiction. It's an ongoing tradition. The Heartland swings!

—michael bourne

can try because this is a *band*; if you were just hired to do a session you might not want to try it because it's too wild. And you know that little hi-hat thing at the beginning? That developed because the spoken part reminded me of Barry White.

GS: *Dancing In The Dark* has that big two and four again.

MW: It was a funny thing. I'd seen the Police the night before we recorded that. You know, you always bring everything into a session with you in a way, but I remember watching them play *Every Breath You Take* live, and it was so *incessant*, the beat was so there-in-your-face, that when we recorded *Dancing* it just seemed like the right thing to do, to keep it really spare. I'd heard Bruce play the song at his house, on acoustic guitar, so I got to hear the words first—normally I don't; and since his lyrics are so important and I like the drums to be supportive of the story, that really helped. There's this one cymbal crash because he gave me an accent on a backbeat, which was the only flourish. In fact, one reviewer wrote that he was upset that Bruce Springsteen would lower himself to use a drum machine—which I took as a compliment, given the trouble I'd had with my time before.

GS: What kind of drummers are you listening to these days?

MW: All kinds. I'm very hot right now on Steve Jordan—I think he's amazing. Simon Phillips is incredible. Tony Williams on the Grammys was as great as ever. Omar Hakim does incredible stuff, and Steve Gadd's fantastic. I still listen to Buddy Rich a lot and like that kind of playing too. To me, jazz, fusion, rock & roll—the idea is to swing. Get that groove happening, however you do it. That's why I don't like to see the lines drawn between jazz and rock, say. There are things in *Born In The U.S.A.* that are influenced by Miles Davis records—where I go out, all those crazy fills at the end. It's *all* music.

GS: Your book *The Big Beat* records your interviews with drummers from across the musical spectrum. What made you want to do a book?

MW: The book reflects me as a musician. When you're young, something gives you a spark, makes you want to find out more about something. That's what happened when I saw D.J., and seeing Ringo and Charlie Watts kept me at it. Then later on, the drummers that I began to admire for their ability, like Jim Keltner and "Pretty" Purdie, the studio drummers, were such incredible musicians that I listened to learn more. So when I decided to do the book, I had to narrow my choices down to certain criteria. I decided I wanted to write a book about drummers who inspired me—my original list was about 100 people, but I had to get it down to something manageable, so there are 14 interviews. I tried to get drummers who laid the groundwork for rock drumming; unfortunately, I didn't get to talk to Al Jackson, Keith Moon, or John Bonham. So it was a musical history rather than just a technical thing; I wanted to find out not only *how* they did certain things, but *why* they did them, how they reacted when they found themselves in certain musical situations. I've always thought that the drummer of a group has a unique perspective, because generally the drummer waits around for everybody else to figure out the chords and words, and so they become great observers of the musical situations they're involved in, which become historical events. Certainly recording all of Aretha's early songs led both Purdie, with whom I studied as a teenager, and Roger Hawkins to some tremendous observations.

GS: Let's talk about how you're presenting your own observations on your current lecture tour.

MW: What started me on the idea was that somebody left a note on my car when we played Giants Stadium. The note said, "Dear Max, your drumming really inspires me; I guess you're like my Ringo Starr." And I said, "That's incredible, that this young kid looks at me this way." I mean, we're certainly not the Beatles and I'm not Ringo Starr, but I was able to touch something in him that made him want to become a drummer.

So I thought if I could do that for someone, that's great; and it's what I'm doing with this lecture series, apart from Boss-related anecdotes. I'm trying to convey that you need a dream, and that dream needs to be assisted by a goal, because, as I found out early in my career, a dream by itself doesn't take into account all the hard work that's needed to make it come alive. The sloppy drumming that I had to turn around into together drumming is one of the prime examples I use. I just tell everybody, "Never give up, keep on with the hope—and work."

db



PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE

MAX WEINBERG'S EQUIPMENT

"I use a set of Ludwig drums—just like Ringo—that I bought when I was a junior in high school," says Max Weinberg. "I haven't found anything better, and I get my sound out of it." It's a white marine pearl ("like Buddy Rich's"): 14 × 24 bass drum, 9 × 13 tom, 16 × 16 floor tom, a ca. 1967 five-and-a-half-inch × 14 snare with 40-strand snares on the bottom ("I have a collection of about 10—they have to be made before '67 because after that they changed them"), and a 15-year-old chain-drive pedal. Heads are white Ambassadors on top and clear Ambassadors on the bottom; the bass drum takes one white Ambassador, no front head. Cymbals are Zildjians: a "really old" 20-inch ride ("I use it only on records"), a 22-inch heavy ride, two crashes—on the left, a thin 16-inch, and on the right, a medium-thin 17-inch—and a 14-inch Paiste Soundedge hi-hat with a ripple bottom ("They're loud and really accentuate the high end"). Calato Regal Tip Sticks are nylon-tipped 5Bs.

For the *Born In The U.S.A.* tour, he used an unconventional setup—in at least two senses. A one-piece metal rack held all his drums, plus mics and wires, so that from right to night the set stayed in exactly the same relation to itself. And then there was the sound. "What you'd hear in the house was mostly electronic," he explains. "It was the sound of my drums in the

studio." Huh? "We made chips of all our drum sounds, and I had primitive triggers in my drums, which for the sake of consistency triggered various drum machines and outboard effects. The whole thing cost about \$30,000 and was the result of collaboration between (sound engineer) Bruce Jackson and myself; we had to invent a method of triggering things. Dynachord invented an attenuator for us, for instance, so that if I hit it soft the sound was soft. Basically it meant that I didn't have to tune my drums differently every night. See, when you heard my acoustic set on previous tours, I wouldn't tune it for what sounded good to me, I would tune it for what sounded good in the house, 'cause those are the people who are paying. So very often, what would sound great to me wouldn't sound good out there. This way, we divided the sound. What I had onstage was too live, too big, to work out in the house: my snare was as tight as—a drum [*laughs*]. So I could do *anything* on it, and the deep sound would come from the drum machine. That way it sounded the same every night, and I had so much rebound off the drums that I wouldn't get tired." Among the machines Max used were Simmons SDS-7s, a Linn, a Dynachord, and an Oberheim CMX, with Lexicon 200 digital delays on all his drums.

MAX WEINBERG SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

with Bruce Springsteen

BORN IN THE U.S.A.—Columbia 38653

THE RIVER—Columbia 36854

DARKNESS ON THE EDGE OF TOWN—Columbia 35318

BORN TO RUN—Columbia 33795

Max Weinberg is also the author of *The Big Beat: Conversations With Rock's Great Drummers* (Chicago: Contemporary Books, 1984).

Jazz Outlawed In New York?

BY BILL MILKOWSKI

The musicians are up in arms. The club-owners are confused. The city's jazzy reputation is being threatened. Just what in the world is going on in the Big Apple?

By invoking an archaic law still on the books, New York City's Department of Consumer Affairs has succeeded in closing several establishments found in violation of the city's cabaret laws. Two long-running jazz clubs, the Angry Squire and the West End Cafe, have been forced to change their music policies. Both had previously booked quartets and quintets for more than a decade. Both were fined recently for operating without cabaret licenses, after a sneak inspection by the City's Department of Consumer Affairs.

The clubowners cry foul, calling it a "crackdown." The musicians cry foul, claiming the law is putting hundreds out of work. In light of recent "busts," the Musicians' Union (Local 802) called an emergency meeting to discuss what action to take. Clubowners, reporters, and patrons were invited to attend.

In a statement issued by John Glasel, President of Local 802, the Musicians' Union laid out its complaint: "Under current law, incidental music may be performed in unlicensed establishments by up to three musicians playing only keyboard and/or stringed instruments. This unfairly discriminates against musicians playing wind and percussion instruments by denying them employment."

Salsa musician Bobby Sanabria believes, "This is the same sort of thing that happened in the late '40s and early '50s, when a lot of clubs closed on 52nd Street. That area in New York City was very influential in the development of the way the music is played today. And I see this crackdown, historically, as the same kind of thing. The fewer places there are to play, the less music you're gonna hear and, therefore, the less evolution will happen."

He added, "Musicians are looked at as hired indentured slaves. You put in time studying your instrument for years and years, and you get first-hand experience by playing in the clubs. So this law threatens the evolution of the music."

Paul Chevigny, a New York University law professor who is donating his time and energy to the fight, sees it as an open-and-shut case of discrimination. As



Max Roach: No Drummers Allowed?

he addressed the assembly at the Musicians' Union hall: "I've been studying the history of this law. Basically, in New York in the old days, in order to play music at all you had to be a hotel or have a cabaret license. And that was true since the time of the first World War. In the '50s, recognizing that there were things like strolling musicians with accordions and violins that were defined as 'incidental music,' an exemption was introduced into the law that said any restaurant can have up to three musicians, restricting it to strings and keyboards. So it wasn't originally a noise ordinance. It got to look a little like a noise ordinance in the '60s, maybe."

"This instrument restriction law has been on the books since 1950. It wasn't any jazz law. When they said 'incidental music in unlicensed cafes' they were not thinking of a band in residence. In the original bill they were thinking of the three musicians who'd stroll through an open-air restaurant. It was intended to regulate the volume level of those guys, not the level of volume a jazz band makes inside a club."

"Now, you should realize that the restriction with respect to the three instruments is something that I don't believe I can change by constitutional case. In other words, I don't think I'll be able to get the court to say it will permit a place to have an 18-piece band playing there. The only thing I think I can change is the irrational discrimination among instruments. So our job is to break down the passage in the exemption of the cabaret law which pertains to horn players and

percussionists working in unlicensed places."

There are approximately 260 licensed cabarets in the five boroughs of New York City. However, about 1,500 establishments throughout the city present some form of live music—meaning that over 80 percent of the city's musical clubs fall under this three-piece restriction!

Mike Mkam has operated the Angry Squire without complaint for 20 years. He has recently switched to a format of duos and trios (sans drums and horns) to avoid the \$100-a-day fines levied by the Department of Consumer Affairs to all establishments found in violation of the cabaret law. He figures that all the renovations required to bring his small 70-seat club up to code in order to get the coveted cabaret license would cost him in the neighborhood of \$45,000 (for sprinkling systems, a second exit, and plumbing). As he told the musicians, "My question is, do I really want to come up with the \$45,000? What are the results? What am I getting out of it? Is it the music? Is it the profit? And for me to switch to duos from quintets would mean laying off 1,200 musicians a year. Multiply that by 10 or 20 clubs and the city is going to lose musicians."

That's why the musicians are up in arms. That's why the clubowners are confused. The city is in trouble, only this time it's not bankruptcy the Apple is facing. Its very heart and soul is being drained.

As one angry musician (a drummer) put it: "You know, around the world people look at New York as the center of jazz. And when it's impossible for musicians to play here, people all around the world must wonder, 'What's going on in New York?'"

For more than two years, Local 802 has been trying to get the cabaret law changed by removing this archaic instrumental restriction. Archaic, because as anyone who has listened to a record in the last decade knows, an electric guitar or a synthesizer (when suitably amplified) can out-decibel any horn and even overpower a full-sized big band. Under the current law, a drumless power-trio of bass, guitar, and synths would be permitted while a tasty jazz trio of upright bass, muted trumpet, and drums with brushes would be strictly verboten. Go figure it!

The bill to change this irrational law (now known as City Council Intro. 357) stands a good chance for passage in the current session of the City Council. If it doesn't, there's going to be an awful lot of angry, frustrated, unemployed musicians milling about the Big Apple. Stay tuned. **db**

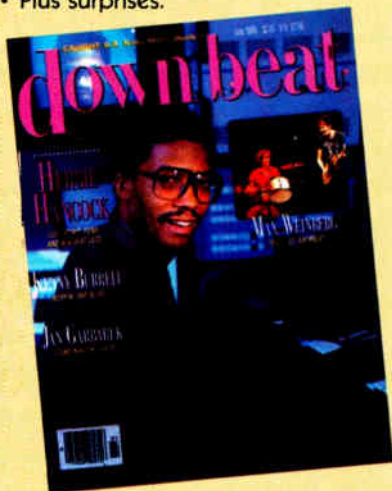
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PRO SESSION

Instructional Drum Videos

By Robin Tolleson

There's great potential for learning in how-to videos, even though the industry is obviously still in its infancy. The following videos from DCI Music Video (541 Avenue of the Americas, NYC 10011; 1-800/342-4500) fall somewhere between being teaching tools and segments from *Entertainment Tonight*. Drummers of varying ability can benefit, although that in itself is a problem—it's often unclear if individual videos are aiming at advanced students or beginners.

The business-like drummer strolls to his set on *Max Roach In Concert* and welcomes everyone to the "recital." You feel like you're back at the conservatory, but you can't ask questions. And although the disciplined artistry of the drummer holds interest, it's too bad he didn't think to explain some things in greater detail. Roach's video is a series of unaccompanied solos, the first of which begins with a rather abstract cymbal lesson. You can see the determination and concentration on his face, and hear the dynamics he's using, but the camera angles could have been thought-out better—the straight-on shots in particular seem to focus more on his facial expressions than his hands. More shots of the drummer from the hi-hat side are used on his medley of unusual time signatures. Seeing Max play the hell out of his hardware, rims, and stands in 6/8 time is a highlight, as is his awesome brushwork on *Where Is The Wind*. The drummer discusses some of his earliest musical experiences, like the fill-in gig he did with Duke Ellington's orchestra at the age of 16, and seems a generally modest guy. His final number is an unbelievable hi-hat solo, and closeup photography actually makes it possible to see how he's getting all that sound out of the one instrument. As well-filmed as this segment is, the rest of the video could have used more over-the-shoulder camera work. Included on the video is an "In Session" glimpse. Roach explains his dual roles as composer and producer. He sings and writes while his sidemen chat. He rehearses with a singer, talks about the recording process, and the job of selecting the right tunes for the record. He puts his fine sidemen through a dull chart. At the end of "In Session," Roach solos under a recording of Dr. Martin Luther King's "I have a dream" speech, an idea that works well with Bonnie

Bonnell's animation effects.

Louie Bellson's *The Musical Drummer* never runs short on closeups of the drummer's smile and all the well-dressed gentlemen in his band. But it too suffers from straight-on shots and lack of explanation—or in Louie's case, explaining the wrong things. He goes to great length detailing some of his easiest techniques, but lets his toughest licks fly by without a word. There's a book of charts accompanying the video (for an extra \$7.95) that makes this an attractive swing primer nonetheless. Bellson's quintet runs down a medium-tempo bounce tune, and the drummer explains how he sings a song's melody as he is soloing on it. Included are inserts of the drummer playing in the corner of the screen while other players are shown soloing, so you can see how Bellson accompanies solos as well as plays them. When the band plays a bossa nova, Louie uses a pair of sticks with clackers on them that obscure the beat he's playing. He later demonstrates, with better success, a combination brush/stick utensil. Bellson does a good demonstration and explanation of a blues shuffle, and gives a good, quick lesson on brushwork. He tries a rock-funk track, but it's doubtful anyone's buying Louie's tape to learn to play rock—swing's his thing. The drummer whips off his warmup jacket for a bombastic finale. It's questionable how much practical use this will be to a drum student, but seeing Louie kick up this much dust with his double-basses, roto-toms, the four-stick routine, and all might be inspirational to some. The camera unfortunately misses the underside of his hi-hat as he's soloing on the sock cymbals. I wonder why they don't use slow-motion effects on these videos; my VCR doesn't have that feature, and it would be an advantage to see some techniques slowed down, but played with the same intensity as in real time.

Bill Bruford—the eccentric and cool one—offers a video which is both eccentric and cool, perhaps a little short on beef but conceptually better than most. The British veteran of Yes, Genesis, and King Crimson talks about his training in rudiments—the drummer's "alphabet." He explains why it's important to him to know what parts the rest of the musicians in the band are playing. And he explains how he gets that "Bill Bruford snare sound." Today's drummers may be discouraged to hear there's not just something to *buy* to get that sound—it's the way he hits the drum, a sort of rim-shot. Other highlights include his explanation of soloing as a "research and development section," where he finds new ideas

for himself and the band to play off, and his theories behind the *Discipline* beat (with accompanying footage of the King Crimson band dryly jamming the tune down). Guest star Steve Howe tells how the drummer influenced the Yes band in the early days, and Robert Fripp tells why he likes Bill's African slit drums and his judicious use of cymbals. But there must be 10 minutes of Bruford in the shadows playing paradiddles and noodling around on tuned Simmons pads, slit drums, and octobans. The end of the video features a complete equipment listing, which is a nice touch.

Steve Gadd's *Up Close* is almost *too close* for comfort, especially in interview segments that seem to have Gadd fighting to stay awake. But the playing sequences are filmed well, and the producers have the right idea in using an overhead camera at times. Gadd discusses his early training, and a marching piece called *Crazy Army* which he credits as being an inspiration. He talks about his bass drum technique, a rocking motion back and forth from heel to toe, and credits that to his tap-dance background. Although Gadd sometimes looks bemused at it all, he has interesting comments about playing in an organ group ("It didn't make any sense to get in the way of the groove"), independence (making yourself wait), pacing yourself in the studio, and what to look for when you're handed a chart to read. He discusses his practice diet of altered ratamacues, six-stroke rolls, flam paradiddles, and the like. The interviewer "plays producer" at one point, and after Gadd has obliged him by laying down the simplest two-and-four groove imaginable, he fires off the silliest question of the year: "Now could you make that same groove busier?"—missing the point entirely. He does, however, goad Gadd into playing and explaining his famous beat to *50 Ways To Leave Your Lover* and the rather tricky *Late In The Evening*, with one whale of a cowbell maneuver.

At the start of Gadd's second video release, *In Session*, the drummer is playing along with a drum machine, working on his timing and four-limb independence. The camera is straight-on, but it's up high enough to be looking over the toms at his hands. All the way around, from interview segments to interplay in the studio between Gadd and ace sessionmen Richard Tee, Will Lee, Jorge Dalto, and Eddie Gomez, *In Session* is an improvement over the drummer's first video. There are interesting shots of Gadd and Tee exchanging cues, and of the drummer explaining a certain setting he'd like to keyboardist Dalto. Gadd lays out some

nice shuffle and reggae grooves, then does a thorough job of explaining them. He talks about the advantage of practicing along with a drum machine or metronome and doing slow patterns. ("It's just as hard to play slow," he says.) He plays some of his most outrageous funk beats—you know, the left-hand hi-hat stuff. Interviewer Rob Wallis gets him to elaborate on his thinking behind those beats,

and later holds up an Ampeg tape box while Gadd plays brushes on it and hums *Bye Bye Blackbird*. It's a highlight. For fun and entertainment's sake, it's enjoyable seeing Gadd solo over the wild stop-time montunos at the end of the video. This one may evaporate into flash at the end, but it's still full of solid information, and it shows that the DCI videomakers are improving with each outing. **db**

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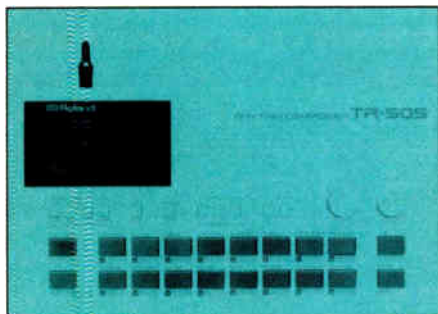
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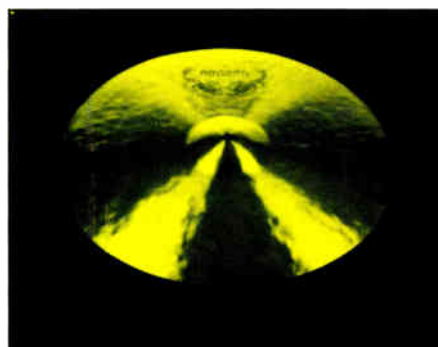
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PERCUSSION SHOP



Roland's TR-505

ROLAND CORP. US (Los Angeles, CA) is offering the TR-505 Rhythm Composer, a compact digital drum machine featuring 16 PCM drum sounds, including five latin percussion voices. Voices are organized into eight groups: bass drum, snare, low/mid/hi tom/timbale, hand clap/rim shot, closed/open hi-hat, low/hi conga, low/hi cowbell, crash/ride cymbal. The MIDI-compatible TR-505 has a 48-pattern programmable rhythm pattern memory capacity. The MIDI-compatible TR-505 has a memory capacity of 48 programmable rhythm patterns, 48 preset patterns, and six tracks, for a total of 423 bars of music. Sounds can be played by directly touching the sound keys or can be dynamically controlled with an external MIDI-controller. A liquid crystal display shows such data as scale; rhythm pattern; track, bar, and pattern number; mode; tempo; etc.



Meinl's Dragon Cymbals

OUTFRONT INC. (Lynbrook, NY), exclusive distributor of Meinl cymbals, has introduced hand-hammered Dragon series cymbals. Crafted from raw materials obtained directly from China, Dragons feature a unique design offering a playable bell and straight cymbal edge—a radical departure from the traditional pang's upturned edge. The line includes: 14- and 15-inch medium hi-hat; 14-, 15-, 16-, and 18-inch crash; 16- and 18-inch

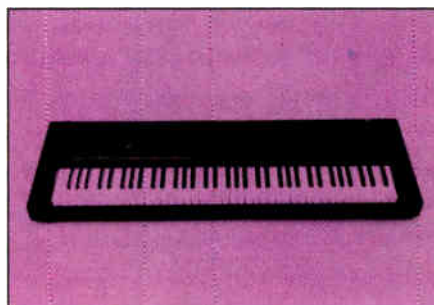
fast crash; 18-inch crash ride; 20-inch ride; 20-inch medium ride; 10-, 11-, and 12-inch splash; and 18-, 19-, and 20-inch pang.

KEYBOARD COUNTRY



Yamaha's Clavinova Keyboards

YAMAHA INTERNATIONAL CORP. (Buena Park, CA) has introduced three new Clavinova keyboards. The CLP-30 and CLP-50 feature weighted keys for a piano-like touch; the CLP-20 offers touch-sensitive keys. The 88-key CLP-50 offers three tonal renderings of acoustic piano (mellow, normal, and bright), which, combined with Yamaha Advanced Wave Memory, gives the CLP-50 expressive capabilities similar to an acoustic grand piano. The other two models feature a transposer, MIDI, and improved frequency modulation technology enhancing reproduction of eight voices; the CLP-20 has 76 keys, the CLP-30 88. All three models can be hooked up to a home stereo system, and headphone jacks allow quiet practice.

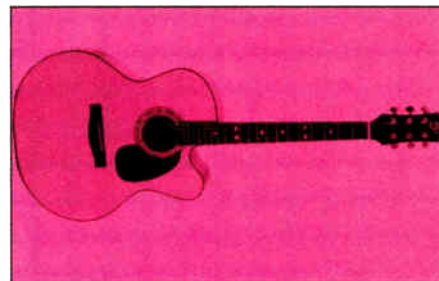


Korg's Sampling Grand

The SG-1 Sampling Grand from KORG USA INC. (Westbury, NY) is a 12-voice, six-and-a-half octave, touch-sensitive keyboard that makes four acoustic and electric sounds available at the touch of a button. These sounds are multi-sampled, and a fifth preset can be stored on easily changed ROM cards available

in a library of percussion and piano sounds. The SG-1 features a 76-note weighted keyboard, built-in digital stereo chorus, three-band equalizer and brilliance control, stereo outputs, key transpose, and MIDI transmit/receive channel capabilities. It can be used as a basic keyboard or as the master MIDI controller in a multi-keyboard setup.

GUITAR WORLD



MJ-H's Six-string Guitar

MICHAEL JACOBSON-HARDY GUITARS (Northampton, MA) has introduced a six-string guitar designed and built by luthier and company namesake Michael Jacobson-Hardy. The guitar features a European spruce soundboard, Indian rosewood back and sides, rosewood bindings, ebony fingerboard and bridge, gold-plated Schaller tuning machines, abalone soundhole inlay, and mother-of-pearl inlaid logo and fingerboard markers. The instrument comes complete with hardshell case and an optional pickup.



MVP's Five-string Bass

M. V. PEDULLA GUITARS (Rockland, MA) has added a five-string bass to its line of handmade instruments. The MVP-5's all-maple construction includes a neck-through-body design, ebony fingerboard, and Schaller hardware. Standard electronics include two PJ Bartolini pickups made exclusively for MVP, two volumes, pickup selector, and an active tone circuit featuring independent bass and treble controls. The MVP-5 has a polyester finish available in several colors, including sunburst and natural. **db**

SWING TO BOP: AN ORAL HISTORY OF THE TRANSITION IN JAZZ IN THE 1940S by Ira Gitler (New York: Oxford University Press, 1985, 331 pp., \$22.50, hardcover).

In jazz historiography perhaps no aesthetic development is both more exciting and problematical than the emergence of bebop. The bop musicians were themselves new social beings on the American cultural scene and their music was as logical a part of the pattern of Western aesthetic change as the development of Stravinsky or the automatic transmission. Jazz journalists and historians of the 1940s have reported the emergence of bebop with mixed success, relying on what musicians told them and their own logic—which is sometimes far-fetched. Hence, we have encountered variously what the musicians tell us anew in Ira Gitler's *Swing To Bop*, but seldom in the form of such a comprehensive oral history of the bebop decade.

Jazz as a subject has made remarkable contributions to the genre of oral history; this genre is a form, by the way, that WPA writers used in the Depression era and has since undergone refinements. The collection of responses Gitler uses from the 66 musicians he interviewed (over three decades, but mostly in the '70s) resembles the format found in Nat Shapiro and Nat Hentoff's *Hear Me Talkin' To Ya* (1957) and Bob Reisner's *Bird: The Legend Of Charlie Parker* (1959). The Jelly Roll Morton material for the Library of Congress (1938) was the first significant oral history in jazz and is available on a series of albums. Tulane University's Archive of New Orleans Jazz, established in 1954, contains scores of taped interviews; and in 1972 the National Endowment for the Arts established what has become the most comprehensive collection of lengthy taped interviews and transcripts (over 112)—the Jazz Oral History Project—now administered by the Institute of Jazz Studies at Rutgers University.

Choosing the oral history medium, Gitler lets his interviewees "write" this study, and his own comments too possess an oral (as opposed to journalistic) quality, becoming the glue that unifies his project with a special coherence. Oral history is history first and is a product of the recording age; its goals include the immediacy of recall, anecdotes, and the substance of memory in spite of how much the oral historian as guide may occasionally have to clarify and unravel names and circumstances. And oral history allows the interviewee to meander in search of the right thought or phrase.



Dodo Marmarosa

Oral history pursues no argument and has no axe to grind. (These emerge organically.) Students of jazz history deserve to know more than the spare comments in Shapiro/Hentoff about the sessions at Minton's, the search for a new sound and phraseology intended to scare off "the no-talent guys" and ward off cultural thieves. *Swing To Bop*, focusing on one aesthetic area, doesn't proceed as quickly as the full historical overview of the other book. It sustains a mood from the anticipations of advanced harmonies while musicians traveled the dangerous road to bop's post-war euphoria among younger musicians, so many of whom were destroyed by narcotics, and the breakup of the big bands. The passages on drug abuse by former users make poignant and unsentimental reading.

Bird and Diz are the book's centerpieces; Prez looms important to the advent of Parker, but as Billy Taylor points out: "It's easy to say that out of Lester this came, out of Hawk this came, and you can certainly document that, but it wasn't that clear-cut." Indeed, territory outfits contained forward-looking musicians like trumpeter Victor Coulson (remembered as the link to Fats Navarro), and hard-driving drummers Ike Day (Chicago) and Oscar Oldham (St. Louis). Cops beat up Howard McGhee's white wife, and sailors beat Dodo Marmarosa unconscious. Yet there was "fun:" Buddy Rich's altoist, Jerry Thirkild, lit a fire on a plane to keep warm, and bassists Oscar Pettiford and Chubby Jackson had a song-and-dance routine with Charlie Barnet's band. The California bebop scene gets a full chapter, but while Roy Porter and Gerald Wilson are mentioned (Melba Liston and Lawrence Marable aren't), neither are quoted. This weakens the chapter, but Gitler has compiled quite an impressive work despite there being no responses from Yusef Lateef on Detroit or by Sarah Vaughan, arranger George Handy, Jackie Cain/Roy Kral, and Flip Phillips, all of whom are men-

tioned.

Swing To Bop will hold its own in jazz literature as the oral history format continues to prove resilient. Ira Gitler's vision for this work is the result of a lifetime of being with jazz. Let's hope future jazz oral historians possess a similar wealth of experience that will validate their projects.

—ron welburn

MIDI FOR MUSICIANS by Craig Anderton (New York: Amsco Publications, 1986, 105 pp., \$14.95, paperback).

I would have given my right arm for a book like *MIDI For Musicians* when I first took to educating myself on the subject of MIDI (Musical Instrument Digital Interface). Now almost three years later, noted tech author Craig Anderton has finally put forth the first complete MIDI text.

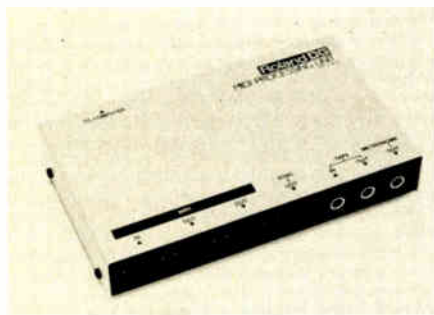
Anderton's previous magazine articles have been primers for self-education in the areas of digital delay, musical electronics, and home recording. The recent deluge of excellent periodical work on the subject of MIDI in several magazines, including the Anderton-edited *Electronic Musician*, has been the sole source of non-manufacturer-distributed information until now. As no one to date has come up with a consolidated textbook on the subject—that is, at the forefront of musical equipment technology—it seems fitting that he should be the first.

The book begins with a short forward by Howard Jones, and contains input from some of the MIDI industry's most knowledgeable technical experts, such as Jim Cooper. This type of backing assures the book's accuracy, as well as the near completeness of its content. Then Anderton digs into the subject with a historical preface to MIDI development. Early synthesis communication methods are examined, as are their limitations. This is a natural lead-in—and indeed the true historical catalyst—to the creation of MIDI.

The next section on digital transmission, binary numbering, and MIDI protocol is perhaps the most complex for the non-initiated; however, Anderton does a good job of helping the reader to understand this often-confusing area of MIDI data packeting. An example of "Note On" event transmission and bit/byte structure provides the novice with the required basics needed to fully appreciate other important MIDI documents such as the MIDI specification 1.0.

Anderton's description of the MIDI connection, mode, and "language" are

Book Reviews



MIDI: the new wave of technology.

thorough, simple, and effective. In fact, the book is surprisingly consistent in this aspect. For example, a small aside on MIDI controllers could easily have been glossed over or unnecessarily complicated. The author's insistence on thoroughness and simplicity is exemplified in this necessary mini-analysis on the implementation of controllers.

The book then moves through product examples, MIDI (product and concept) applications, and accessories. Inserted into the middle of this is a MIDI studio section, which covers the use of sequencers and sequencing software. Most notable here are the software feature descriptions and the sequencer comparison checklist. If you are going to buy sequencing software, this section alone is worth the price of the book.

Anderton ends the book with a positive look to the future. With MIDI still in its infancy, he points to commercial (non-musical) applications of MIDI and the expansion of the MIDI specification.

In reflection, some parts of the book—such as the computer/instrument section—may go a little deeper than the average reader cares to go, but it's nice to know it's there if you need it. Such depth expands the horizons of this work, as this chapter contains excellent information for those interested in computers regardless of MIDI.

There were some contradictions to the otherwise thorough coverage. Some pieces seem to have slipped by or were short-changed. Missing products may be the result of their having been released after the book's submission for printing. However, given short shrift was coverage of MIDI in education (a fitting subject) and related software, as well as in-depth coverage of computer interfaces (except the MPU-401) and how they work and differ (for example, clock sync's, sync to tape, etc.), features to look for, and discussion of software/interface compatibility issues.

It would also have been nice to see a

larger section devoted to interpreting a MIDI data sheet, as this is where the consumer can practically apply his newfound MIDI knowledge prior to purchasing equipment. These charts are the basis for equipment cross-reference on MIDI implementation, and give a potential user information as to a product's relative MIDI "power." Understanding the interpretation of a MIDI data sheet is invaluable when considering the acquisition of a new piece of MIDI equipment.

This book will definitely fill a large gap on the modern musician's bookshelf. It is the definitive work to date on the subject of MIDI.

—mark smith

EAR TRAINING by Matt Glaser (Woodstock, NY: Homespun Tapes, 1985, six hourlong audio cassettes, \$65).

THE COMPLETE SYNTHESIST: SYNTHESIZER TECHNIQUE AND THEORY by Rob Zantay (Woodstock, NY: Homespun Tapes, 1985, six hourlong audio cassettes plus 44 page booklet, \$65).

The current boom in jazz and pop videotapes for the entertainment and instructional markets shouldn't distract musicians from the sizeable library of musical instructional material available in the tried-and-true audio cassette format. Two such audio tape courses come to us from Homespun Tapes; they're both ambitious attempts to open our ears to two related spectrums of musical experience.

Ear training is the most mystical of the musical disciplines. Musical folklore has it that good ears are born, not made, while a more enlightened and optimistic view holds that only a few are tone deaf and many can successfully exercise their ear, like any muscle, to stretch their aural perception beyond the seeming limits of their innate talents. This, necessarily, is the egalitarian view of Matt Glaser, and he defends and exemplifies it well. His method, in brief, is the listen/clap/sing/sing-play/play formula. Beginning with simple diatonic call-and-response phrases, Glaser quickly moves to rhythmically complex figures, first with a touch of chromaticism and ultimately into the challenging world of such symmetrical structures as diminished chords and scales, whole tone and augmented scales, and rhythms phrased in 3/4. All this leads into this course's final project, transcribing two full choruses of Lester Young's 1936 solo on the *Lady Be Good* changes. (Not easy by any means!)

While Glaser's *Ear Training* is not as

structured and rigorous as other courses now available (especially David Baker's very effective *Ear Training Tapes For The Jazz Musician*), it is comfortably open-ended. Glaser urges students to make up their own exercises to supplement the music on the tape. (Indeed, one on descending diatonic and chromatic intervals is sorely needed.) Wisely, Glaser encourages students to replay each section of the tape until its lessons have been mastered. This is not a course to be absorbed in one listening. Throughout, Glaser is patient, good-natured, and modest about his own talents. "After I make this series of tapes," he confides, "I'm going to get a copy and take them home to work on them myself."

Rob Zantay's *The Complete Synthesist* is a large-scale electronic cookbook, creating a bountiful smorgasbord of synthesizer effects. (This culinary comparison is not as far-fetched as it might seem, for one of Zantay's most convincing sonic creation is the sound of a chicken frying. Yum!)

After dividing the synthesizer into the general groups of sound sources, controllers, and modifiers, a procedure which makes it possible to sidestep the idiosyncrasies of individual instruments and discuss synthesis in terms not particular to one specific instrument, Zantay leads the listener through a compendium of analog and digital instrumental effects. He does much more than supply the patches and pot settings necessary to produce these sounds. Instead, he delves into each acoustic instrument's properties and limitations. It's only through understanding this "psychology of imitation," Zantay maintains, that a synthesist can hope to gain real fluency. And Zantay stresses that it's only by paying attention to the small, unique details of a sound that it can achieve verisimilitude.

The quality of Zantay's explanations is clear, to the point, and easily understandable by someone who has a general background in using one particular synthesizer and is following these descriptions patch by patch. (The only glaring omission is a complete discussion of using MIDI—the Musical Instrument Digital Interface—to link synthesizers, sequencers, drum machines, and personal computers.) It's fascinating to hear step-by-step how a polyphonic brass sound can be edited into a rubbery funk bass texture and then shaped back again into a shimmering polyphonic ensemble.

Zantay's teaching personality is patient and non-pedantic. He's eager to share his expertise in this fascinating blend of electronics, acoustics, lore, and art, and there's a lot from which to learn here.

—jon balleras

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PROFILE

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Louis colleagues continues today in work with J. D. Parran, Baikida Carroll, Oliver Lake, and Julius Hemphill. "Julius has always, for me, set the standard as a composer," Ehrlich explains. "I try to emulate the directness of his writing." Recently he toured Europe with Jack DeJohnette's Special Edition. "Jack's energy level was contagious, and together with bassist Rufus Reid, the horn players felt really inspired—and I also liked improvising with Jack on piano."

What does the future hold for Ehrlich? Undoubtedly the same palette of multi-colored experiences, and in the near future, more recordings and work with his own ensembles. "One always tries to grow, to have more to say," he concludes. "I'm putting together material for my next record and more live performances with the trio. It's only in live performances, with the energy of an audience, that the pieces really come across. Fortunately audiences have been responsive to my music. For right now, I'm just trying to do the best I can—maintaining high standards." db

CHORDS

cont. from page 8

sion [May '86], I said that "Just Kidding might not be his best composition," indicating that D'Rivera wrote the tune. It was, in fact, composed by Michel Camilo, the pianist in D'Rivera's band. This fact does not alter my assertion that the tune is a "neat summary of what makes [D'Rivera's] music so effective," since it is D'Rivera's version of the tune that I am referring to. I do, however, apologize to Michel Camilo for not properly crediting him as the composer.

Jim Roberts

Northampton, MA

Interns anyone?

I would like to ask for the help of your readers. I am presently working on my masters degree in Business Administration with a specialization in Arts Administration. As part of my course work I am required to undertake an internship related to my field of study. Since my main interest is music, jazz in particular, I would like to do my internship related to the business side of jazz (festivals, recording . . .). Any help your readers can give me toward locating an internship would be greatly appreciated. Write me at Box 10320-SUNY, Binghamton, NY 13901. Timothy O'Sullivan Binghamton, NY

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AUDITIONS

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MITCHELL PRENSKY, 19-year-old drummer, has already performed with such jazz stalwarts as Jaki Byard, James Williams, Barry Harris, and Ted Curson in addition to his work in assorted rock and fusion bands (currently the rock group Trust and the fusion group Eyewitness). He's accomplished these things, according to drum teacher Joe Morello (of Dave Brubeck Quartet fame), through hard work: "Mitchell has always practiced five-10 hours a day, through [which] he has developed a fine technical facility, which he applies with musicality to all playing situations, regardless of style."

Currently a Jazz Studies/Performance major at William Patterson College in New Jersey, Prensky's other instructors include Gary Chester, Jeff Kraus (Classical), and Glenn Rubin (Composition). Prensky also plays sax and piano, and his own compositions include *Lourenco Marques*, *Mood 49*, *Love Among The Ruins* (an adaptation of the Robert Browning poem), and *Hot Mosquitos* (for symphony orchestra). Besides Morello, Prensky's influences include Art Blakey, Elvin Jones, Tony Williams, Danny Gottlieb, Sly Dunbar, Edgar Varese, and Serge Prokofiev, among others.



MARK ZAPUTIL, 30, has been playing guitar for 17 years in a dozen bands, performing all types of music. Zaputil began teaching himself guitar after coming under the influence of the Everly Brothers, Ricky Nelson, the Beatles, and Jimi Hendrix, then took a four-year break from music before re-

turning as a Music Education major at St. Ambrose College in Davenport, IA. The highlight of Zaputil's career so far was attending Robert Fripp's Crafty Guitar course in West Virginia last fall. "It was a great experience working and living with Fripp and 23 other people for a week," Zaputil writes. "I learned things about my guitar playing and the quality of my life which will last me the rest of it."

In addition to studying classical guitar and performing with his college's jazz band, Zaputil teaches guitar and bass to 35 students at McKay's Music in Davenport. His plans include a possible transfer to another college and an eventual recording career. "I'm determined to spend the rest of my life in music, hopefully as a guitarist."



THE JUNGLE, a quartet from Huntsville AL, specializing in original instrumental music, won the 1985 Blues/Pop/Rock band category in the **down beat** student music awards. The band includes (left to right) trumpeter Ken Watters, 21, a jazz studies major and member of the Two O'Clock Lab Band at North Texas State U. and a 1983 graduate of the Interlochen (MI) Arts Academy. Watters has also won an Outstanding Performance "deebee" and a Best Jazz Soloist award from the International Trumpet Guild. Mark Smith, 21-year-old student at the U. of Alabama, has 10 years of drumming experience ranging from playing in show bands to winning an Outstanding Soloist award at the 1982 Notre Dame Jazz Festival.

Guitarist Jim Cavender, 23-year-old journalism graduate from NTSU, produced a weeknight jazz program on his hometown's public radio station and has played in various jazz, rock, funk, and show bands over the past eight years. Bassist David Anderson, 18, studies commercial music at the U. of North Alabama, and he does studio work and plays guitar in a rock band, Atlantis, in addition to his work in The Jungle.



LASZLO GARDONYI, 20-year-old pianist from Budapest, Hungary, has performed with such European jazz luminaries as Jack Gregg and Zbigniew Namyslowski. Gardonyi is a graduate of Bela Bartok Conservatory in Budapest and the Berklee College of Music in Boston, where he majored in Professional Music.

While attending Berklee, Gardonyi was honored with the school's Count Basie Jazz Masters Award for his outstanding participation in the Berklee Concert Series. He also performed with the Boston-based ensemble Forward Motion, which won an Outstanding Performance award in the jazz combo category in the 1985 **down beat** student music awards.



DAVE BLACK, 27, has co-written the instructional book *Contemporary Brush Techniques* with his Southern California neighbor and teacher Louie Bellson. A graduate of California State University/Northridge, Black's drumming accomplishments include an Outstanding Musician award from the National Association of Jazz Educators, being named one of Pro-Mark's "Not Yet Famous Drummers," work as timpanist at the opening ceremonies for the 1984 Olympics in Los Angeles, and tours with Tony Bennett, Alan King, June Allyson, and Robert Merrill. He was also drummer/musical director for the Broadway-styled musical *Hollywood Follies*, which

toured Europe in 1982-83.

Black has studied privately with Bellson, the late Nick Ceroli, and Ed Shaughnessy, who writes that Black "is the epitome of an outstanding player, dedicated to high musical standards, and always seeking to improve his already considerable skills." Black's other varied music activities include composing music for the bands of Bellson, Bobby Shew, and Bill Watrous; working as producer for the group Venice; and contributing as a music journalist to *Modern Drummer*, *Jazz Educators' Journal*, and other magazines.



KELLY MICKELSON, 21, is a percussionist who recently performed at the Elmhurst Midwest Collegiate Jazz Festival, where he won an outstanding soloist award and performed on vibraphone and marimba at the awards concert with the Mary College Jazz Combo. Mickelson is completing degree requirements at that Bismarck (ND) college, where he studies with Scott Prebys. He has also studied marimba with Leigh Howard Stevens in New York.

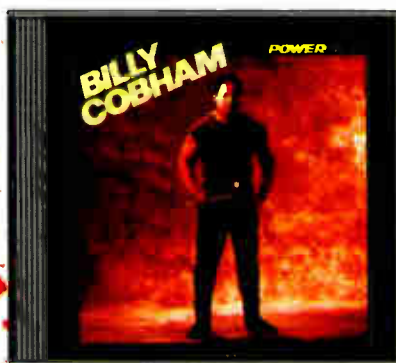
Mickelson utilizes marimba and vibes equally, and the unique sound of each instrument blends well with various horn combinations to provide harmonic and melodic interest in his group's current repertoire. Mickelson says that "for a soloist, the marimba demands a more articulative approach to improvisation than the vibraphone," and tries to contrast the instruments in his approach to jazz improvisation. While in high school, Mickelson toured Europe with the band from the International Music Camp. He plans to teach and perform professionally after graduation. **db**

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