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MUSICIAN
PLAYER & LISTENER

ISSUE NO. 14, SEPT. — OCT. 15, 1978

JAZZ RADIO SPECIAL

The first of its kind: where, when, what kind of jazz radio exists around the country, along with articles on the system, how it works and when it doesn't.

Jazz Radio Special

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Cover Photo by Veryl Oakland

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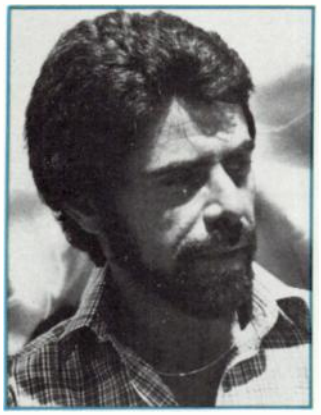


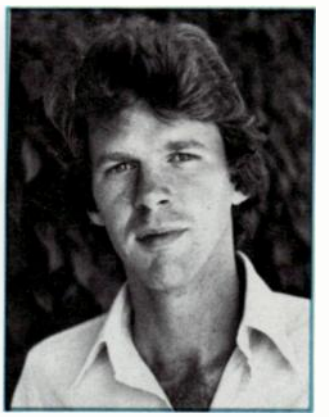

Staff: Olin, Baird, Cosman, Holdsworth

This issue of Musician is, in a sense, a triumph. A victory of perseverence over sometimes improbable odds. A triumph over misinformation, frustration, and, lastly, the U. S. Postal Service.

It began as a list of some twenty stations, and was thought of initially as a promotional vehicle for the magazine. Send these stations copies of the magazine, and hope for the best. Out of that mimeographed, dog-eared list has come this "Jazz Radio Special". No one has done this kind of thing before, and, in retrospect, I can see why. Owing in part to the shifting sands of radio station formats, and in part to the fact that radio station programming is not nearly as closely audited as TV broadcasts, most of the published information on radio station formats was either wrong or out of date. Many times I called stations and asked them why they hadn't returned my questionaire. "We stopped programming jazz two years ago," was often the reply. That radio programming is not nearly as closely followed as TV broadcasting turns out, in the end, to be due to the obvious: everyone knows what's on the air, fully 95% of all radio is either Top 40, MOR, Beautiful Music, News, Country, or Soul. This programming desert is only furthered by each station falling all over themselves to program exactly like their competitors. Nevertheless there were some surprises.

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And the Post Office. As often as I got the 'stopped programming' answer calling stations, I got, "sure we sent that thing off three weeks ago." Maybe there's a special place where they're hiding them . . . Davenport, Iowa?

But in spite of all these difficulties, it grew. Areas of the country fleshed out. Cities reported in. And, at last, it was done. Hours of phone time hundreds of envelopes stuffed and stamped, the information compiled and the articles in. Book closed.

I'd like to thank the many people around the country who have given their time in helping me with this massive project. Certain people deserve special mention: Harry Abraham (a beautiful cat), Dick Cook at Orcas Productions (Jazz Album Countdown), Steve Rathe, Richard Spring and Tim Owens at National Public Radio (Jazz Alive!), P. Norman Grant at WBBY, Willis Conover, China Valles, Bob Wilkinson here in Boulder, all the folks who contributed the field reports (thanks a million) and finally, Musician for giving me the opportunity to do this slightly insane, but much needed endeavor. I hope you find it useful. Many, many thanks . . . & . . . keep 'em flying,

Hugh Cosman

Hugh Cosman

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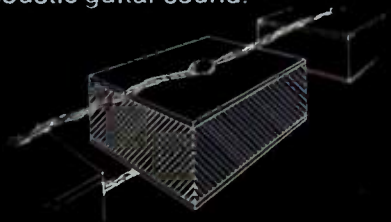

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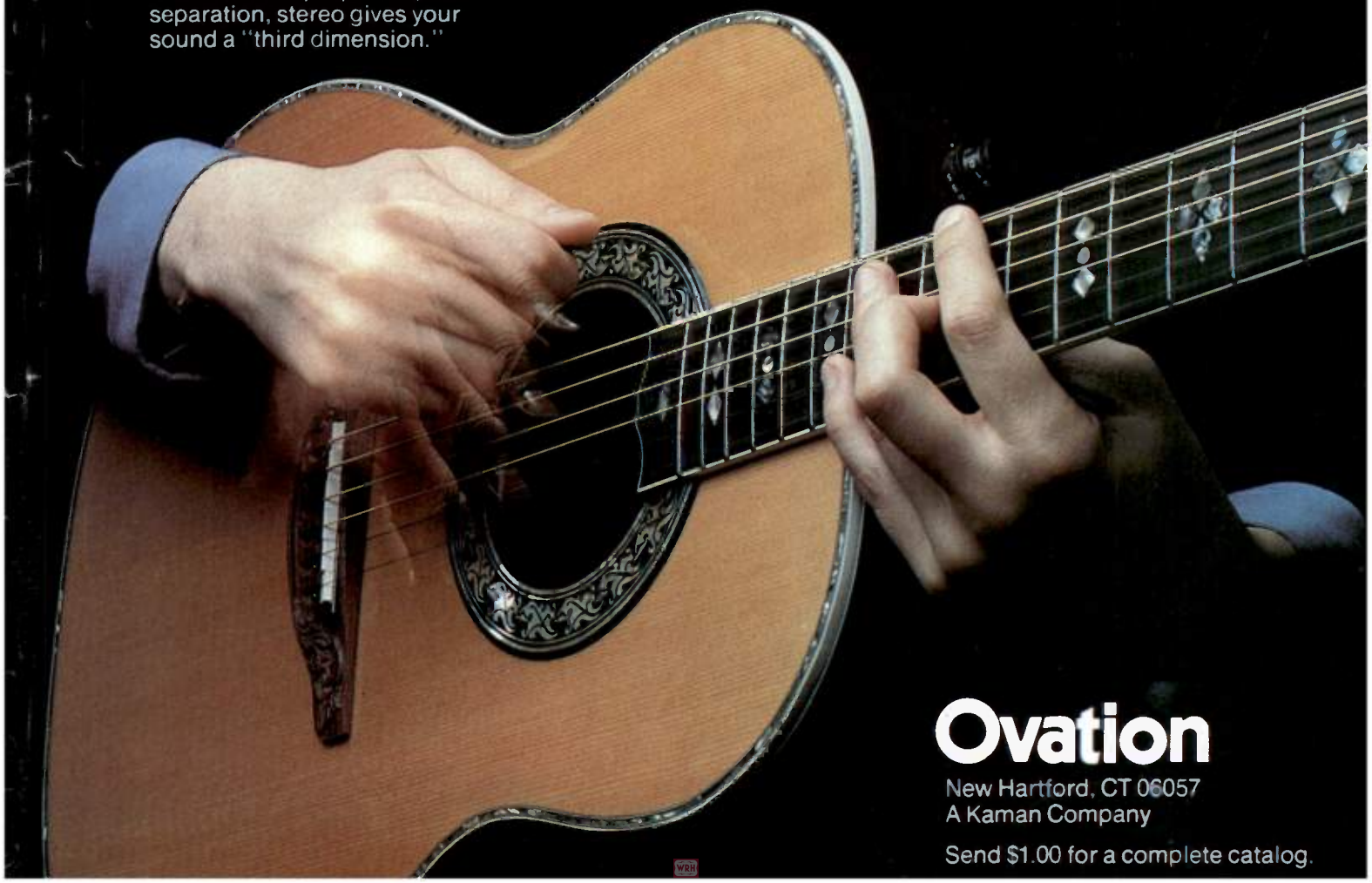

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RECORD NEWS

NEW YORK — **Arista ecords** is about to intro- ce yet another jazz label. e new label, to be called P Records, will be head- up by composer, arran- r, keyboardist David usin and engineer and TV oducer Larry Rosen. No tists have been signed to e label as of this writing.

e first Harlem Jazz Fes- al will take place at rious locations around arlem during the last two eeks in August. The festi- l will feature the likes of zzy Gillespie, Cedar Wal- n, Dexter Gordon, Roy ynes, Max Roach, Lionel ampton, Helen Humes, El- Larkins, Al Hibbler and e Thad Jones/Mel Lewis g Band. Festival pro- cers are trying to lure reign jazz buffs to the ople for the event and pan Air Lines, Alitalia, and nnair are running special urs.

The American Federation Musicians announced at its members made 3,931,557 from studio ssions in the year ending arch 31. This is a record nount as it marks an 18% crease over last year. Now nen you look on the backs record jackets and notice e same names turning up almost every record you alize that an awful lot of oney is being divided up a very few people. The M also noted that Los geles was the top city for cord sessions with New rk and Nashville following se behind . . .

A recently released Gal- pole claims that there e 50 million amateur mu- ians in America. This is a % increase over 1976, nen the last poll was ken. The poll, which was mmissioned by the Na- nal Association of Music erchants, also notes that most of these musicians are pianists, followed by guitar players and organists.

Out of the ashes of NATRA (the now defunct black disc jockey association) has risen the **Black Music Association**, a new organization that will promote black music, black musicians and black radio. The Black Music Association will be based in Philadelphia as it was founded by producer Kenny Gamble and Philly P.R. man Eugene Wright. Among other projects the group plans to establish a black music hall of fame. As with other groups of this type, the Black Music Association is already embroiled in controversy. The group has appointed Jules Malamud, former director of the National Association of Record Merchandisers, as managing director. Malamud is white and many blacks in the business feel that a qualifed black could have been found to fill the post.

There has been a lot of money invested recently in big budget music oriented movies and the return on the investment has been mixed. Three of these movies, "FM," "American Hot Wax," and "I Wanna Hold Your Hand," have been unqualified box office flops despite heavy promotion. But three others, "Saturday Night Fever," "Thank God It's Friday," and "The Last Waltz," are doing well. Two other projects, "Grease," and "The Buddy Holly Story," are, as of this writing, getting off to good starts at the box office.

More and more record companies are beginning to put **Beats Per Minute** on their disco oriented product. This is a service to disco djs who use B.P.M. to help them put together compatible records for dancers. This accommodation to disco jocks is replacing the 12 inch single, which is slowly being phased out.

One of the most influential figures of pop music in the late sixties and early seventies, **Sly Stone**, has been cut loose by Epic Records and is currently shopping for a label. Sly has fallen on hard times in recent years due to his rather erratic work habits. Sly had a history of not showing up for things such as concerts. Sly was one of the greatest live performers of all time and it is hard to listen to a contemporary r&b act without hearing the influence of Sly and The Family Stone. Hopefully Sly will get his act together again.

RCA has announced distribution deals with two new labels, **Rocket Records** and **Salsoul.** Rocket is the label formed a few years ago by Elton John, but Elton is not coming to RCA. While Elton remains with MCA, Rocket will release John discoveries Kiki Dee and Blue under the new arrangement. The Salsoul deal includes all of the labels disco lines plus Bethlehem, which has reissued some excellent jazz in the last few years. Salsoul's parent company, latin music giant Caytronics, is currently negotiating with CBS about a takeover by the communications conglomerate. CBS is also reportedly looking into the possibility of taking over TK Records.

The soundtrack album of **Saturday Night Fever** tied an all-time Billboard record for most consecutive weeks at the number one position on the album chart with 24 weeks. The Bee Gee's soundtrack could not break the record as it was knocked out of the top slot by "City To City," a first time album by Gerry Rafferty. The first record to stay at the top 24 weeks was the soundtrack album of "South Pacific."

Irakere, an 11 man group from Cuba, has been brought to this country by CBS for a national tour. The group plays everything from salsa to fusion with a little r&b and rock thrown in. Irakere pianist Chucho Valdes has a style that is reminiscent of Keith Jarret, and trumpeter Arturo Sandoval can hold his own with this country's best.

The city of New York is establishing a **Walk Of Fame** on 52nd Street similar to Hollywood Blvd. Set in the sidewalk will be the names of jazz men who have made the Apple jazz capitol of the world. First inductees are Charlie Parker, Billie Holiday, Lester Young, Dizzy Gillespie, Art Tatum, Miles Davis, Thelonious Monk, Coleman Hawkins, Roy Eldridge, Sarah Vaughan, Stuff Smith and Kenny Clarke.

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JAZZ-ROCKS

Bob Henschen and Jim Muhlstein

TOM COPI

Good-bye Flora Purim?

Busted seven years ago for cocaine, Flora now faces deportation by the Feds.

"Music has been a part of my life for 18 years. Nothing, not even the worst time of my life when I was starving, could affect my music. Not even jail could stop me . . . my spiritual dedication, and my dedication to what I do best, is bigger than any extra things that could happen."

After a hard-earned rise to prominence an THE international jazz singer, Flora Purim is suddenly beset with yet another dilemma . . . possible deportation. Busted in 1971 for possession of cocaine, Flora was convicted of dealing the substance and served at California's Terminal Island Federal Prison during 1974-75. Although her three year term was shortened by parole authorities (she performed benefits for inmates and carried a 3.8 grade point average at Cal State Long Beach), Flora can still be deported for the same crime she has already paid for.

"I feel they're using me as an example," Flora surmises. "On my probation release it's written down 'released early for excellent behavior.' And I know the federal judges have nothing else against me." Since gaining her freedom almost three years ago, Purim has talked candidly to her audiences about her experiences, emphasizing spiritual values as an alternative to drug use. But despite her continuing positive influence on impressionable American jazz fans, technicalities in federal law classify Flora as an undesirable alien. "I feel they should re-evaluate all the laws and . . . if they really wanted to deport me they should have done so before I spent two years in jail and three years probation."

Attorney Leon Wilds has been enlisted as Flora's legal counsel, and Wilds' associate David Grunblatt discussed this kind of double punishment: "The rationale for it is somewhat strange, but it *is* a very common practice, in fact it's happening all the time. It's based upon the fact that they have written into the immigration statute a series of exclusions by the United States. And this is a determination made by Congress over the years regarding people who they consider to be undesirables. So technically they are saying 'we are removing an undesirable from the country.' Of course, it is absurd, in a sense, and many Supreme Courts have stated that deporting somebody, which in essence is the same thing as banishing them from the country, is as serious a punishment as you can possibly give. But since technically this comes under the frameword of the *civil* decision . . . they've been able to get away with this kind of thing."

Originally scheduled to appear before an Immigration Service judge on July 18, Wilds and Grunblatt have managed to gain Flora an indefinite delay while authorities consider their formal request for an end to proceedings against her. "We are hoping," says Grunblatt, "that if our application prevails they will not institute deportation proceedings at all."

Realistically weighing Purim's chances, Grunblatt admits this "is a very tough case." He is "fairly confident" that Immigration will grant the application, and he maintains an attitude of "guarded optimism" regarding Flora's future. Ultimately, the hope would be that Flora could attain the status to apply for permanent residence. But that process could take as long as ten years, and in the meantime Purim ". . . is still a deportable alien here in the United States without a visa. If she should depart from the United States she would not be able to come back in." A personal and political limbo.

Leon Wilds, many will recall, was John Lennon's lawyer in a similar case not long ago. The ex-Beatle's drug charge, however, originated in another country where the law said a person was guilty of possession whether he knew or didn't know if he was in possession of that particular substance. "I might say," adds Grunblatt, "that there are probably more equities in Flora's case."

For one thing, Flora is married to Airto Moreira, a permanent resident who has been here more than five years . . . her deportation would force him to choose between career and family. Further, the couple has a 5½-year old child who was born shortly before Flora was sent to the cooler (Airto raised her from infancy). The child is a U.S. citizen, has gone to school here, and has already suffered as a result of Flora's imprisonment. And if that's not enough to move the American nay-sayers, there are financial reasons for keeping this highly successful musician in the country . . . Flora's career provides work for many people and her tax contributions are generous. "It would be foolish," says Grunblatt, "for the American government to have her deported for that reason alone. And we feel strongly about Flora herself. She's a model of a rehabilitated first offender. To deport someone who has learned so much from her misfortune and come out preaching a positive new philosophy" . . . Grunblatt envisions a ". . . kind of backlash (on) fans and the public in general . . ."

There has, in fact, already been considerable public outcry over the Purim

continued on page 83

RHYTHM & BLUES

Joe Scherzer

R&B Radio and The Arthur Avenue Boys

Our reporter found it very rough on both sides of the R&B radio waves

"Oldies but goodies" shows first hit New York radio around 1960, not long after Alan Freed was forced off the air. It was through programs like "The Slim and Jenny Show," "Night Train" and "Time Capsule" that I became addicted to the sounds of the Channels, Orioles, Crickets, Five Keys and thousands of other rhythm 'n blues ensembles.

Such shows flourished over the years, and it seemed that every oldies shop bought air time and sponsored late-night R&B. Major stations began programming oldies features, and many East Coast dee-jays (Bob Lewis, Jerry Blavat, the late Gus Gossert) built their reputations spinning "solid gold."

These days, New Yorkers can occasionally tune in vintage R&B by exploring the upper reaches of the AM dial. Popular WCBS-FM boasts the most elaborate R&B programming, however. The station plays old records 24 hours a day, sandwiching rhythm 'n blues between the likes of Brenda Lee and Dino, Desi and Billy. On Sunday night from 7 to midnight, WCBS broadcasts the "Doo-Wop Shop" with Don K. Reed — a pure blast of R&B and R&R vocal groups.

Yet I miss the charm of the pioneer shows. "Slim and Jenny," featuring Slim Rose of Times Square Records and his teenage associate, catered mostly to R&B collectors; it was deliciously unwholesome. "Night Train," hosted by Alan Fredericks, played well-known 50s favorites like "Deserie" by the Charts and the Penguins' "Earth Angel."

The best of these early programs was "Time Capsule." Presented once a week on WFUV-FM (Fordham University's Voice), "Time Capsule" offered only the smoothest and rarest rhythm 'n blues records. Dee-jays Joe Marchesani and Tom Luciana had an intelligent, almost scholarly approach to the music. They recently called it quits after an incredible 17 years on the air.

I won't forget my introduction to the "Time Capsule." A small horseshoe-shaped scar on my upper lip reminds me every time I look in the mirror.

One evening in 1962 I was walking in Poe Park, at that time a sort of demilitarized zone between the West Bronx and the East. (A destitute and drugged-out Edgar Allen Poe actually lived on the grounds in the 1840s). I had just bought an R&B forty-five, and my left thumb was wedged securely through the center hole.

A stranger saw the record, pegged me as an R&B freak, and proceeded to tell me all about a program that two Fordham University pals were doing every Thursday night — "The Time Capsule Show." I promised to try and locate an FM radio (who had one in those days?) and tune in. I thanked him and walked deeper into the park.

Moments later I encountered something more terrifying than my Poe creation. My path was blocked by the dreaded Arthur Avenue Boys, one of the toughest East Bronx gangs.

"Where ya from" one of them demanded.

"Riverdale," I blurted with instant regret. Riverdale overlooks the Hudson River in the extreme West Bronx.

"Oh, yeah? Well, here ya go, Riverdale." The next thing I saw was a melon-sized, initial-ringed fist moving rapidly toward my mouth.

After the impact, which was substantial, the Arthur Avenue Boys came back into focus. Another bruiser, whose sleeves were cut off at the shoulders, stepped forward and asked with considerably irony, "You hit my friend?"

Dazed, I put my free hand to my bleeding lips — I was still clutching the record — and replied dully, "Your friend just hit me."

"You hit my friend?" the bruiser repeated, moving a little closer.

At that point someone rushed between us, placed a reassuring arm around my shoulder, and asked, "Who hit ya, kid?" It was the fellow who'd told me about "Time Capsule."

I pointed and said: "He hit me."

My new friend turned toward the Arthur Avenue Boys and snarled: "You hit this guy?"

His answer came in the form of a terrific blow to the face. His knees crumbled, and before he hit the Poe Park pavement he received a loud kick in the left temple. Chaos erupted all around, and I staggered toward the Grand Concourse, record in hand.

I never saw that would-be savior again, but the next day I went out and bought an FM radio and caught "Time Capsule" from then on.

R & B

In an ambitious new book about rhythm 'n blues, Etta James is asked what it was like to record for Chicago's famed Chess label.

"The Chess Brothers didn't know A from Z in a beat," Etta says. "Leonard Chess would get in the booth with me while I was recording, and when I would get to a part where he thought I should squawl or scream 'wheeawow!' he'd punch me in the side. I mean literally punch me. Or he'd pinch me real hard, so I'd go 'yeeeeow.'

"And whatever tune had the most 'oooooch' or 'eeech' or whatever, that's the tune he thought was going to be the hit."

This is one of many behind-the-scenes accounts contained in Macmillan's *Honkers and Shouters: The Golden Years of Rhythm and Blues.* Picture vagabond bluesman Lightnin' Hopkins demanding cash payment after each song in a recording session. Or the Chess Brothers making their first recordings in the back room of a Chicago storefront, their tiny toilet equipped with an open mike for added echo effect. Or white executives of Atlantic Records providing impromptu vocals at a Joe Turner session.

Much of author Arnold Shaw's material comes from interviews with recording artists (B.B. King, Jackie Wilson, Johnny Otis and others) and with the colorful — and sometimes off-color — individuals that produced R&B disks in the 1940s and 50s.

As the title suggests, the 555-page volume concentrates on musicians and solo vocalists. Unfortunately, the sections on R&B singing groups are superficial and sometimes inaccurate (on page 135, for example, the label of the Four Tunes' hit of "I Understand" is given as Manor, instead of Jubilee). And some of Shaw's critical observations about vocal groups miss the mark. He describes as "amateurish" and "off-key" the legendary Orioles, who virtually invented R&B harmony in 1948 and later shook up the industry with their cross-over hit of "Crying in the Chapel."

These points aside, I found *Honkers and Shouters* to be a powerful study of black music. The text is enhancd by a thorough discography and a number of provocative photos. The book sells for $9.95 paperbound and $19.95 hardback.

At times it seems that the British understand American music better than we do. It is entirely fitting, therefore, that one of the biggest records on British pop charts in the last several months is a remake of an R&B classic, "Come Back My Love." The group is called the Darts (not to be confused with punkdom's Tuff Darts), and their recording does justice to 50's versions by the Wrens, Cardinals and Heartbreakers.

Street-corner acapella singing has returned to the Big Apple. A new quartet known as the Fabulous Bondinis (even the members can't agree on the spelling — phonetically it's BON-DEENIES) are harmonizing for spare change at well-traveled Manhattan intersections. Consisting of one male and three females, the group recently delighted a large crowd at 72nd Street and Columbus Avenue with renditions of "In the Still of the Night," "Will You Love Me Tomorrow" and other rhythm 'n blues standards. But there's one major difference between this new aggregation and street groups of the past — each Bondini earns about $40 a day.

NEWPORT 78

It was a jazz festival this year, however safe and mainstream, and it grew into a memorable one with the expected pinnacles from Rollins, Vaughan, Carter and Rivers and surprises from Michael Brecker, Chick Corea, and Dee Bridgewater.

By Gary Giddins

You will remember that Chapter 24 of *Jazz, by George* concluded with the entrepreneur's reluctant adieu to the big city. Next year it would be on to Saratoga Springs, the end of bad sound systems, schedule conflicts, and nervous-nellie programming, and a return to the concentrated, outdoor festival of old. On the last two days of the 25th Newport Jazz Festival, George Wein accomplished just that; the primary differences between the presentations at the Saratoga Performing Arts Center (SPAC to the natives) and Newport, Rhode Island, were longer lines at the food counters and the unlamented absence of rain. But the newly funded NJF was back in the Apple as well, from June 23 to July 2, for what turned out to be the most profitable festival since Newport's 1972 New York arrival.

Aside from Saratoga, the schedule held few surprises—certainly nothing to compare with the preview concert held at the White House on June 18. The prevailing stodginess about things modern was symbolized by the absence of the David Murray big band, which included the likes of Jaki Byard, John Carter, and Julius Hemphill, and which aroused more anticipation with two nights at the Public Theater than most of the NJF concerts. The so-called avant-garde was represented by its usual calling cards, Cecil Taylor, Ornette Coleman, and Sam Rivers, plus George Russell, whose recent splash at the Village Vanguard could hardly be ignored. The '80s are almost upon us and if the jazz past is still a reliable barometer of the jazz future, a new wave should also be in store; yet Newport's juggernaut has rumbled through the '70s with hardly a nod at players like Murray, Hemphill, Lake, Mitchell, the members of Air, Abrams, Jenkins, and others who have been at the music's forefront. The energy and imagination required to make the festival a cross-roads of the proven and the experimental has been sorely lacking, and with it much of the excitement and unpredictability that would make it a genuine summit. Consequently there is something arid about Newport, which is perhaps best suggested in one priority-revealing incident: the last movement of Hannibal Marvin Peterson's symphony was jettisoned at Saratoga so that the David Chesky band could start on time.

Still, it was a jazz festival this year, however safe and mainstream, and measure by measure it grew into a fairly memorable one. There were the expected pinnacles by Rollins, Vaughan, Carter, and Rivers; the usual sound-system sabotage, this time of Taylor and Coleman; and a couple of opportunities for reevaluation: to wit, Michael Brecker is a more accomplished tenor soloist than his records suggest, Chick Corea might be our best chewing-gum composer, Larry Coryell can get past his congenital bad taste to play appealing melody, Dee Dee Bridgewater can still sing, and the annual pop song concert is something of a fraud.

The three finest living jazz vocalists were heard during the first three days of concerts. The only problem with Sarah Vaughan's jubilant performance was that it was confined to one set. Opening for her was the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra, which invariably forfeits its mischievous, jamlike vigor when mounting the concert stage. Intermittent interest was spurred by the solos of Pepper Adams, Dick Oates, and Jerry Dodgion; the trombone ensemble; Dodgion's workmanlike tribute to Ellington entitled "Thank You"; and "Fingers," the pulsing curtain closer. La Vaughan wiped it from memory with two fast and playful choruses of "I'll Remember April." Newly wed (number five, I believe), eager to show off her ring, and clearly energized, she sighed, burbled, scatted, and fugued her way through "I Fall in Love Too Easily," milking applause with a middle register trumpet tremolo that rocketed

Ornette Coleman's Prime Time employed two drummers and two bassists creating a mesmerizing whirlpool of dense and glutinous colors.

PHOTOS BY CAROL FRIEDMAN

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from one crazy interval to another; "Like Someone in Love," where she phrased in imitation of Walter Booker's bass walk and almost threw him off; "I Got It Bad," finished on one of Miles Davis's Harmon-mute low notes; a Gershwin medley in which she turned "Fascinatin' Rhythm" into a Goldberg variation; "Send In the Clowns," patterned with a cappella arpeggios that started in Harry Carneyville and wandered off to where only fools and Cat Anderson dare to go; and her patented readings of "East of the Sun" (with just bass accompaniment) and "If You Could See Me Now."

Vaughan's voice has lost nothing, but in recent years she has seemed more determined to perform in a forthright, straight-ahead jazz context. Last week, there were relatively few self-conscious flourishes, and none of her operatic show stoppers. The kinetic energy of her set was abetted by the most punishing trio—Carl Schroeder, Walter Booker, Jimmy Cobb—any singer of her stature has ever employed. Cobb is as unsparing with her as he was with Miles Davis. Ella Fitzgerald's trio is smoother, better integrated, and, with Tommy Flanagan at the helm, eminently capable of standing on its own—as it did during the first set of the Fitzgerald concert. Bassist Keeter Betts and drummer Jimmie Smith (who is as soft and dapper as Cobb is lean and roughshod) were interlocking links. Flanagan played "Body and Soul," Parker, Gillespie, Monk's rarely heard "Friday the 13th," and a swashbuckling bossa after a catcall from an impatient Fitzgerald fan.

Fitzgerald's set was never less than absorbing and pleasant, although her voice has become somewhat scratchy over the years. She is most satisfactory on ballads ("Angel Eyes" and "Dream Dancing" were outstanding), but the audience clamored for the admittedly engaging '40s swingfests, "Stompin' at the Savoy" and "How High the Moon." I noticed that she changed "blues eyes" to brown on "I Cried for You," and that a rhythmically sophisticated reading of "Nobody Does It Better" was more damaging than helpful to that sorry excuse for a love song. She and the audience had a wonderful time together, right through a final encore of "Mack the Knife."

At midnight the same evening, Cecil Taylor and Ornette Coleman led their bands at Carnegie Hall. Taylor's exceptional new band was devastated by the inept sound system. It began well with Taylor intoning his imposingly romantic melodies, deftly extended by Jimmy Lyons. But as the band coalesced everything turned to mud, washed over by the oceanic piano. Ramsey Ameen's violin was inaudible, and Sirone's bass only slightly better amplified. Trumpeter Raphe Malik had no trouble being heard, and when he began spraying two-, three-, and four-note phrases over the rhythm, the spaces in between seemed to give some shape to the overall sound; yet several minutes later the fogginess of the band made it impossible to tell how the phrases he played related to what the rest of the band was doing. The sound problem apparently stemmed from a mike pointlessly wedged in among Steve McCall's drums. From where I was sitting, it sounded like McCall's orchestra, and his alternation of crisp cymbal fusillades and gallumphing, funny snare work provided an amusing focal point for an otherwise catastrophic presentation of what an as yet unreleased record will prove is one of Taylor's best ensembles.

The sound was somewhat better for Coleman's Prime Time, an obsessively symmetrical band with two drummers (Ornette Denardo Coleman and Ron Shannon, who has also been billed as Shannon Jackson and Ronald Shannon Jackson), two bassists (Charlie Haden, wearing protective earphones, and Jamaaladeen Tacuma, on bass guitar), and two guitarists (Bern Nix and Charlie Ellerbee). The cascading sound, moiling over Shannon's earthy thumping, seemed hopelessly cluttered until about midway through when I suddenly found myself mesmerized by the density alone. I think Coleman wants that whirlpool of sound, and although I don't know how he gets those glutinous colors, there is clearly a method: how else to explain those miraculous unison themes, coming when you least expect them and all the musicians are staring in different directions. The most memorable solo was a rippling, melodious passage by Tacuma, employing double and triple stops, and extended by Haden, who used to echo David Izenson in an earlier Coleman band. Coleman played alto, trumpet, and violin, and though he played well, I'm no longer certain how to listen to him. Where once you could follow his solos through themes and variations, now they appear to be energetic excerpts without beginnings or ends, laid across the rhythm at arbitrary moments. Coleman has a powerful band and concept here, but it needs to work more than once a year.

There have been five seminal tenor saxophonists: Coleman Hawkins, Lester Young, Ben Webster, John Coltrane, and

Saratoga provided the only jam; here Sonny Rollins, George Benson, the Breckers, Dexter Gordon and Dizzy go round on "Night In Tunisia"

Sonny Rollins, and only Rollins is still alive. Hearing him play as he did during this festival was a pleasure of the highest order, a reason for living. The richness of his sonority, the unflagging invention, the unmatched authority were in evidence from the first note to the last, excepting an episode where he fingered what looked like a clarinet body plugged into a synthesizer. Accompanied by bass, drums, congas, and the mercurial drummer Al Foster, he romped through blues, standards, and originals. Perhaps the Everest was "Moon over Miami," raised and set with a pair of breathtaking cadenzas. On a calypso, he wielded the tenor like an ax, scattering accents, chortling and moaning through the horn, levitating the blues with martial quotations. It was glorious, it was enthralling, and I wish he played like this on record.

McCoy Tyner and voices were on deck for the second set, but I left for Avery Fisher to hear Dexter Gordon, Betty Carter, and Max Roach. Gordon played three numbers with his quartet, the best of which was his blues, "Backstairs." He displayed a lovely, stovepipe vibrato on "Easy Living," but although his embellishments on the head were engaging, he just marked time in the improvisation, deferring to pianist George Cable's acapello and slightly bombastic reflections.

Betty Carter triumphed as she did last year, but this time the sound was truer and she was more integrated with her trio—John Hicks, Roscoe Harris, Clifford Barbaro. She sang several

intriguing originals and unfamiliar items, the most effective of them a witty, quasi-feminist anthem called "Most Gentlemen Don't Love," but her feline slyness was better applied to things like "Everytime We Say Good-bye," which she has owned since the Ray Charles duets, and "The Trolley Song," where she sang the verse very fast and the chorus very slow. It was a kick to hear her buckle down with lyrics like, "plop, plop, plop go the wheels," but she pulled it off with the elan of a consummate jazz vocalist—which is precisely what she is.

Max Roach led his quartet—Billy Harper, Cecil Bridgewater, Calvin Hill—through an hour-long Bridgewater opus called "Scot Free." It was introduced as "an extended work," but it sounded more like several takes of a lesser piece. No matter. Roach is still the most captivating of drummers, and in addition to the pleasingly burnished Coltranisms of Harper, there was surprising assurance and bite from Bridgewater. They played "Confirmation" as a wrapup, and the changes were approached with fidelity and ingenuity.

Dee Dee Bridgewater could be the great jazz singer of her generation — I guess she just don't wanna. Here she scats with Al Jarreau.

For several Newports now, there has been a concert called "Schlitz Salutes the American Song," a worthy enterprise designed to explore the complex relationship between jazz and the great songsmiths. These concerts almost always go awry. Most song writers consider their ditties sacrosanct, although a few —Johnny Green and Vernon Duke among them—have been known to praise creative variations. For the Schlitz salute, jazz musicians obligingly forget everything they've ever known about jazz, determined to prove that they can play as straight as anyone.

I went to the "Brubeck / Mulligan Stew" out of curiosity about Brubeck's quartet. It never occured to me that he was still using his three jokey sons who bounce and chuckle so much while playing they seem plugged into some other band. The more they plod, the harder they bounce, and the more simplistic pater's boxy riffs, the more he gurgles with pleasure. Remembering Brubeck's fine tribute, "The Duke," I had high hopes for "Mr. Fats," but they were dashed by the boogiewoogie opening—Waller despised boogie woogie—and the patronizing synthesizer close. They played "Blue Rondo," "Take Five," and "Unsquare Dance" (egregiously mistitled) as well. For what it's worth, this may be the hairiest band in jazz history. Gerry Mulligan, who helped out with "Take Five," did have a surprise in store for his set: a 12-piece band instead of the quartet for which he'd been contracted—a silver anniversary present for George Wein, he said. He conducted several of the Concert Jazz Band arrangements, among them Bill Holman's mysterioso version of "Out of This World" (a more meaningful tribute to Harold Arlen than anything heard at the American song concert), Al Cohn's eupeptic "Lady Chatterley's Mother," a couple of selections from Johnny Mandel's bright, breezy, and distinctly '50s-ish score from *I Want To Live*, Mulligan's charts on "Walkin' Shoes" and "Come Rain or Come Shine," and Bobby Brookmeyer's "Django's Castle." The solos, however, carried the evening, especially those by the swaggering Mulligan, the elusive valve-trombonist Brookmeyer, and trumpeter Tom Harrell, a crackling, increasingly masterful descendant of the Clifford Brown school who made his every measure count. The sound balance, not so incidentally, was just fine.

Chick Corea and Sam Rivers were each given concerts to themselves. Corea's 7:30 performance sold out so quickly that a second show was programmed; Rivers, scheduled for midnight the same evening, played to a half-empty house. The important thing is that each handled his responsibilities well. I've new respect for the chances Corea's able and willing to take within the pop context. He marshaled a string quartet, a brass section including trombonist Jim Pugh, and reedman Joe Farrell to play several of his recorded pieces; and the colors, melodies, rhythms, general good cheer, and Corea's improvisations were infectious, if not especially nutrient. The program began with a too-short set by Woody Herman's orchestra playing Corea's "Suite for a Jazz Band" (allowing Herman to growl the blues) and ended with a rather unwieldy exchange between Corea and Herbie Hancock (whose Yamaha Electra Grand was occasionally overpowered by Corea's battery of keyboards) that served as a rocking addenda to the acoustic concerts they did earlier this year. Along the way, Corea played three duets with Gary Burton, the best of which, "La Fiesta," opened with volleying cadenzas. The bad news was a torpid appearance by singer Gayle Moran, who introduced herself with the usual prattle: "Oh, wow, yeah, I love you, I gotta say it." (See Muhal Richard Abrams's "Lifea Blinec" for the appropriate satire.) Her song, misintroduced as "Romantic," was vapid and interminable.

Sam Rivers is an amusingly unpredictable perfectionist who has never made the same record twice. His program was occasionally startling, and never less than congenial. For the first half, he presented a quintet (Mike Nock, Ted Dunbar, Dave Holland, Bobby Battle) for four originals ("Joy," "Sophistication," "Serenity," "Fun") that employed cool backbeats, standard chord progressions, and a verdant melodicism that made even his *Sizzle* album seem tempestuous by comparison. Leaning on an 8/4 pulse, sometimes with a Latin accent, he played tenor, soprano, and flute. The tenor solos were best—on "Sophistication," where he lined each eight bars with a seamless and sinuous phrase, and "Joy," a politely boppish groove suggesting a highly personal reference to Lester Young. The more energetic and rewarding second set was given to a 14-piece band, positioned by sections in a semicircle. The writing expertly meshed reeds, brass, and rhythm in numberless combinations, sometimes setting them in chatty opposition. There was a march, a funky flute and bass episode, an inspirational theme, several levels of polyphony, and a wondrously uncloying piano romance superbly executed by Rivers. Solo honors went to Chico Freeman, Hamiet Bluiett, Ricky Ford, and Dave Holland, as well as the indefatigable leader, who improvised, conducted, and assumed section parts; noteworthy too were the bruising trombone riffs by Ray Anderson, and Warren Smith's sensitive drumming.

Saratoga got off to a troublesome start for me. A group called Junket Travel bought a large block of the available hotel

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space way in advance, hiked the prices, and asked its customers (myself among them, alas) to be at the appointed bus stop by 7 a.m. The bus arrived at 8 and left about 40 minutes later, just in time for the traffic jam which slowed a three-and-a-half-hour trip to more than six hours. On arriving, I discovered that the event I had most anticipated was long over. Why in the world would they *begin* a 12-hour program with the American debut of Hannibal Marvin Peterson's new symphony? Having heard a tape of a performance by the Hanover Symphony last December, I can tell you that *The Flames of South Africa* is a lush, emotive, brilliantly conceived work, and that Peterson's trumpet playing has matured and mellowed far beyond the pyrotechnics of which he is still a master. I also missed the Dave Chesky band with John Lewis sitting in, and most of Flora Purim's set. Still, as the day progressed, the various inconveniences began to fade before the music, and the exhausting, irresistible pleasures of a real festival. I'm told 35,000 people were present on Saturday, but the conviviality of a fair-sized picnic obtained, nonetheless. And almost all of the music was good.

George Russell alone was victimized by the inept sound balance—the orchestra was overwhelmed by the ampitheatre, its sound apparently receding to stage rear. He began typically with "Listen to the Silence" and "Ezz-thetics," and everything was fine if dimly heard until a singer (Lee Genesis, I believe) theatrically dispelled the flavor of Russell's music. Charles Mingus's music was rousingly replicated by an oddly stacked 24-piece all-star orchestra under the direction of Paul Jeffrey: three bassists, four guitarists, two drummers, in addition to the usual brass and reeds. "Something Like a Bird" appeared to be variations on "Idaho," with solos patterned in trios according to sections—for example, each of three trumpeters soloed, then traded fours, then played simultaneously. There was a reed chorus in the Benny Carter manner, and exuberant improvisations by everyone, including the Brecker Brothers, Slide Hampton, Jimmy Knepper, Nathan Davis, Cecil Payne, Ronnie Cuber, Jack Wilkens, John Scofield, Philip Catherine, Larry Coryell, Frank Strozier, and on and on. The nature of the tribute was less evident in the caliber of the assembled musicians than in the zest and skill with which they played—thanks in no small part to Jeffrey. "Two or Three Words of Promise" began as a feature for drummers Danny Richmond and Joe Chambers, and soon divagated down various Mingus byways, intimating Parker, a worksong, rhythm and blues, and the far East. I'll wait for the record before commenting further.

Chick Corea played variously with a string quartet, a brass section, Herbie Hancock, Gary Burton, and Woody Herman's orchestra.

This and last year's festival were small on jam sessions, and it was inevitable that Saratoga would provide the climactic grab bag. But first there was a repeat of the previous evening's Corea concert, minus Woody Herman. I don't know what to make of an audience that cheers every keyboard glissando, but I was caught up in the hokum with Hancock, and especially a well-orchestrated and performed "Spanish Fantasy." This was what the audience craved, and only the jam could follow: "A Night in Tunisia" made room for Dexter Gordon, Sonny Rollins, George Benson, Dizzy Gillespie, Herbie Hancock, Larry Coryell, Jean Luc Ponty, Bob Cranshaw, Tony Williams, Roy Haynes, the Breckers, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Al Jarreau. Gordon took the four-bar break and followed with his best work of the festival; Rollins instigated riffing behind him, but bided his time; Williams buoyed everyone; Jarreau scatted efficiently but without much imagination, while Bridgewater was at her vivacious best, ping-ponging high sighs with low rumbles; Coryell offered unexpectedly appropriate rock and roll. It was all pretty thrilling. For the remainder of the evening—till about 2 a.m.—the musicians broke off into smaller groups: the Brecker Brothers played a respectable "Nefertiti," highlighted by a Roy Haynes fantasia on drums and woodblocks. Bridgewater sang a coy lullaby from her last album, but was infinitely more satisfying on "My Funny Valentine," for which Gillespie provided obbligato and halfvalved groans that she imitated. I have no doubt that Bridgewater could be the great jazz singer of her generation—I guess she just don't wanna. She also participated in a shouting match with George Benson and Andy Bey on "Misty," of all things, and while Bey emerged cavernous and authentic, Benson came up with a Johnny Mathis impersonation. The untoppable climax of the evening was Rollins, dispensing the notes of "Sonnymoon for Two" in garrulous benediction, reinventing the blues, challenging Tony Williams with exchanges of arbitrary length. He may or may not be the greatest living improvisor, but seeing him play like this chills my blood the way seeing Louis Armstrong chilled my blood.

Sunday was all big bands. Mercer Ellington's gave sterling performances of "Three Black Kings," and an excerpt from "The River," as well as some less-distinguished new material; Count Basie and Harry James each offered invigorating sets concentrated on the blues. Stan Kenton, who looked and sounded too ill to be on a bandstand, nonetheless played poignant introductions on "Body and Soul," "All the Things You Are," and "Chelsea Bridge"; his set closed with endless, clinical tenor saxophone hyperbole by Roy Reynolds but the curiously moody certitude of the ballads lingered on. Buddy Rich was overmiked, but played a better arrangement of "Birdland" than the ineffable Maynard Ferguson. The New York Jazz Repertory Company had to go on twice without its book, so Dick Hyman wrote charts backstage while the other bands played; one of these, called "Spur of the Moment" and reminiscent of "Topsy," was a smoker with good solos by Budd Johnson, Lennie Hambro, Pepper Adams, George Wein, and especially Cat Anderson, who articulates what Ferguson shrieks. Thad and Mel and Woody Herman were also heard, though not by me.

As no emergency press conferences were called during the last few days, I assume the festival will return to New York and Saratoga for Chapter 26. There is reason to be grateful. But in the meantime—Rollins, Vaughan, Carter, Rivers, the superjam, and the Mingus contingent notwithstanding—I'm cooling my heels until David Murray's band and Hannibal's symphony get another hearing.

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IC 1031	Ernie Krivda	"Satanic"
IC 1033	Eddie Jefferson	"The Main Man"
IC 1036	Michal Urbaniak	"Urbaniak"
IC 1037	Elmo Hope	"Last Sessions Vol. 2"
IC 1038	Lew Tabackin	"Tabackin"
IC 1042	Joe Lee Wilson	"Secrets From The Sun"
IC 1044	Teddi King	"This Is New"
IC 1048	Zbigniew Namyslovski	"Namyslovski"
IC 1049	Steve Wolfe/Nancy King	"First Date"
IC 2046	Duke Jordan	"Duke's Delight"
IC 2059	Nat Adderley	"Don't Look Back"
IC 2060	Dexter Gordon	"Bouncin' With Dex"
IC 2065	Ken McIntyre	"Vibrations"
IC 2066	Frank Strozier	"Remember Me"
IC 2067	Hal Galper	"Reach Out"
IC 3013	Double Image	"Double Image"
IC 3015	Jeremy Steig/Eddie Gomez	"Outlaws"
IC 3016	The Revolutionary Ensemble	"Revolutionary Ensemble"
IC 3021	Cecil Taylor	"Air Above Mountains"
CJ 6	Jim Chapin	"The Jim Chapin Sextet"
CJ 7	Bob Wilber/Jim Chapin	"Skin Tight"
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Searching for the common denominator, jazz–pop fusion treads the danger zone in that it often finds the *lowest* common denominator.

By Len Lyons

BENSON

We can no longer doubt that Fusion music (also known as "crossover") has altered the aesthetic assumptions of jazz and has drastically revised its economic profile for the better. First it was Miles Davis' Bitches Brew, announcing the start of something new; then the Mahavishnu Orchestra's super-decibel concerts which sold out rock 'n roll sized arenas; finally Herbie Hancock's Headhunters proved it could even be done with a funky, danceable album. George Benson is the man who has topped them all — commercially speaking. His synthesis of mellow Mainstream guitar with pop vocal styling blew the lid off the low-ceiling sales to which jazz musicians felt doomed. Breezin' (1976) passed the three million mark in worldwide sales. In Flight (1977) is approaching two million, and this year's Weekend in L.A. has already gone platinum with "On Broadway" in the Top Ten Singles Charts.

It's also "old news" by now that the fusion of jazz with more commercial American forms (rock, soul, pop) raised a storm of protest on the grounds that jazz has challenged its commercial foe, and occasionally beats him, only by joining (hence the name "crossover"). But it is time to dismiss that reaction as oversimplified. Fusion is a new genre of jazz on the same order as ragtime, swing, bebop, and mainstream. The musicians did not sell out to the enemy; they simply started using some of his weapons. Benson epitomizes the common adage that "it's not what

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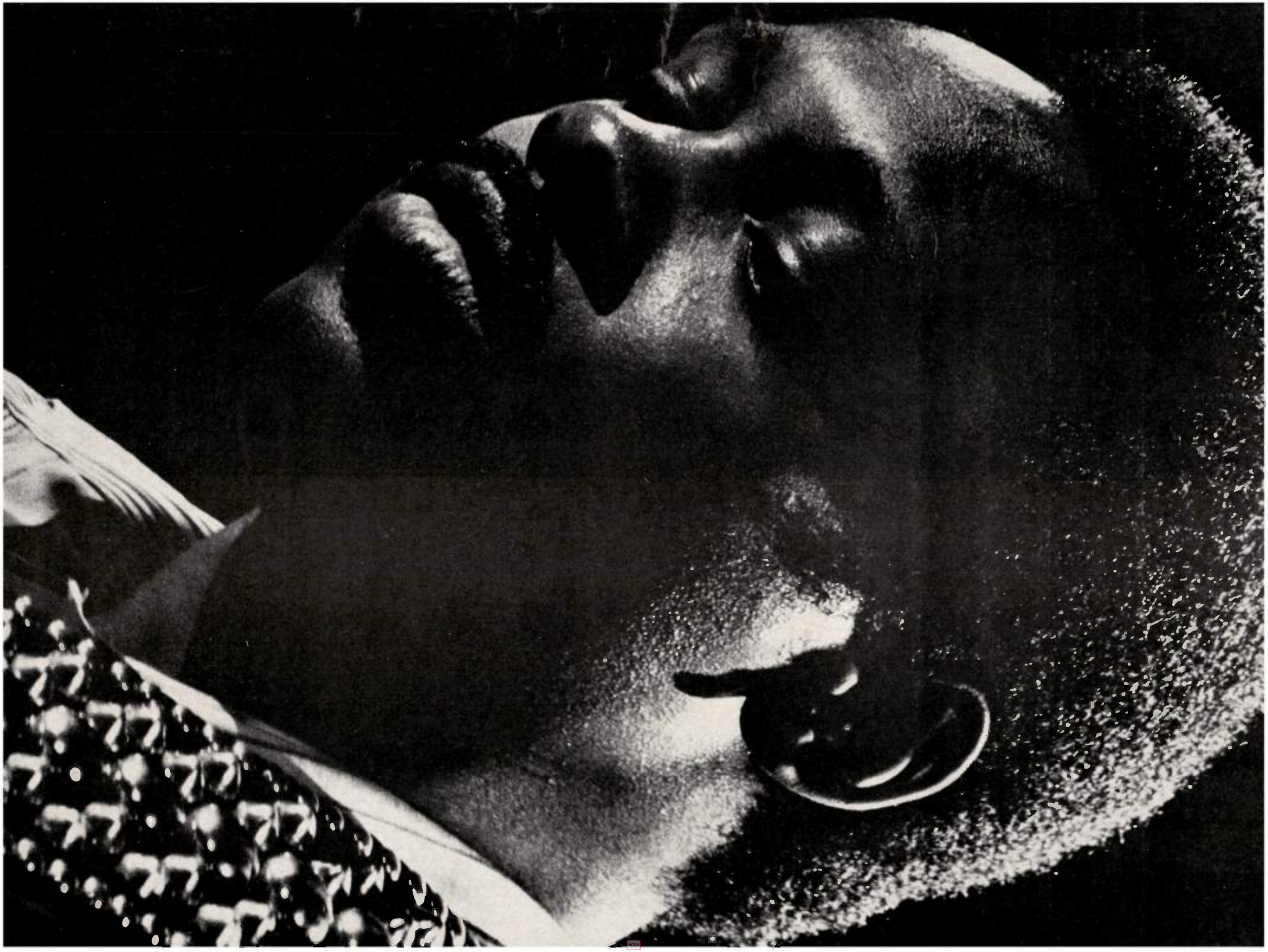

you say but how you say it," and that makes the crucial difference. "Presentation is it!" he told me emphatically between concerts at the University of California's outdoor amphitheater. (His sextet, preceded by the R & B group Tower of Power, filled the 9000 seat venue on two successive days.) "That's what was always missing in jazz. The world had suddenly modernized and everyone had a million strings on their albums, but our (jazz) records didn't. We sounded strange to someone who's been listening to all that background. Here's this dry jazz record, rhythm falling apart - oh, it swings, and the musicianship is great. But the modern elements are missing.

"I don't think people even knew what they didn't like about those records; they just knew something wasn't right. You and I can listen to jazz, solo playing — I listen to classical guitar — but not everyone likes that. The common people can't hear it. Take a guitarist like Earl Klugh, playing a classical instrument. Put a bass in back of it, a funky rhythm on the bottom, and strings on top. People flock to buy that record. Same guy playing the same thing. It's the presentation that's different." Benson seems neither to delight in this situation nor to deplore it. As a musician, though, he lives by it.

According to him, it was Creed Taylor who first elevated jazz out of its habitual doldrums. "Creed could take jazz people and produce them in such a way that they would maintain their artistry and still sell records. Now that was a feat." Taylor happened to be the second producer in Benson's life (between Columbia's John Hammond and Warner Brothers' Tommy LiPuma), and since he had already worked miracles with Wes Montgomery's career, it was natural for him to try to cast Benson in the same mold. Whether it worked musically or not, Benson does not say. What Creed Taylor did for him was to make him attractive to other companies. "I began to sell 100,000 records, which the companies regard as a good figure, a good (sales) base to work from. They know that if a small company like CTI can sell one hundred thousand copies of an album, a Warners can sell three, four, or five hundred thousand." In fact Benson said his actual figures were unknown to him. "*White Rabbit?* I don't think I'll even know what that sold. One problem with smaller companies is that it's very hard to find out something like that."

Prior to CTI, Benson says he was just plain unenlightened. Influenced by Charlie Christian, Grant Green, and a fast-picking country player, Hank Garland, he had spent three years on the road with organist Jack McDuff. (Their work has been released on *George Benson/Jack McDuff*, PR-24072). Then, while building a career on his own in New York, he was visited in a Harlem nightclub by John Hammond. There followed a taped interview so successful that Hammond released it as his first Columbia album (*Cookbook*, JCS-9413). "Hammond liked swing, and I did too," Benson recalled. "It seemed like the right thing to do at the time. If you were known as a jazz player, you couldn't get a song out unless it had that jazz stamp on it. If you did anything out of your category, all you got was a lot of bad publicity and no airplay. But we stuck to it. I enjoyed that type of playing, knowing full well we wouldn't have any album sales."

That attitude seems no longer possible for Benson, not only musically but philosophically. His approach is more than a jazz/pop fusion. It is a fusion of aesthetics and an indefatigable business sense which does not justify any music (for himself) which does *not* lead to album sales. His speech is peppered with phrases like "universal appeal," "marketing trends," and "AM airplay," more the jargon of record company executives than their artists. But he seeks optimum sales without apology: "I don't know of a single musician who does not have that goal," he insisted. Perhaps the most striking example of this occurred during the Saturday night concert when he introduced Ronnie Foster (a Stevie Wonder alumnus). The young electronic keyboardist, Benson informed the audience, would soon "be coming out with his own *product* on Columbia." Ingenuously referring to musicians as creating (manufacturing?) products rather than music was demeaning beyond Benson's intentions. Nevertheless, it revealed his own perspective and emphasis rather clearly.

George Benson's most formidable commercial weapon is not the guitar, but his voice. It is even more vital than Claus Ogerman's graceful, overdubbed orchestrations. The proof of this is simply that *Weekend in L.A.* has fared just as well as *Breezin'* and *In Flight* even though it is a live album without the benefit of strings (save for Ronnie Foster's String Ensemble which does a fair job of simulating the effect). The first Top Ten success was "This Masquerade" from *Breezin'*. His warm, informal version of the Leon Russell ballad demonstrated his ability to interpret a sophisticated lyric with originality. The final *coup* was scatting along with his guitar solos which enhanced the track's unique quality.

For Benson, his scatting is an old package in a new wrapper. First, he does not scat to chords alone, but generally along with his melody line — much as Flora Purim does with the horns in her band. Secondly, the context has been altered. "Scatting has always been associated with the swing jazz, and since my band doesn't play like that, the singing sounds even more unusual. But it's not that different. Frankly, a lot of guitarists hum along with their solos; it's just that there's no (voice) mike in front of them to pick it up. I don't know if they hum in tune, but I know they do it."

The singing itself is another story. It has always been a specialty of his (in his own mind) and played a role in his life before he ever learned guitar. "As a kid I used to win all sorts of singing contests. I even had a radio show when I was 9 and 10. I just happened to strum a guitar — more like Elvis Presley did. I couldn't play it, but it was fashionable to have one in your hands. I got into guitar playing because very few people owned one. I became one of the most sought after musicians in Pittsburgh just because I could play a few chords and owned my instrument."

It was Benson's soft spot for his voice that drew him to producer Tommy LiPuma once he signed with Warners. "They took me around to meet everyone in the company," he explained. "When I shook hands with Tommy, he told me he'd heard me sing for five years and couldn't understand why I hadn't also been recorded as a vocalist. It was on the strength of that alone that I selected him as my producer. He was really the first one to give me credit for my voice. I always thought I had a decent voice, but I couldn't get any of the producers to admit it. One of them actually said he disliked my voice, so I just played on those albums. It's terrible to be handcuffed like that, not to be able to let it all out or be all you can be."

Benson is volatile, if not angry, at the suggestion that his singing will eclipse his guitar playing or cause him to abandon it. At the suggestion of one of his entourage, he actually put his guitar down to sing "The Greatest Love of All" from the sound track to the Muhammed Ali film. Simply mentioning the incident ignited a blaze of anxiety over the controversy he feared would be generated.

"See how fast they pick up on that," he told the perpetrator of this idea (who was standing nearby). The idea had been suggested as a gesture "that might look nice" on stage, but Benson was sure it would be misinterpreted. "You watch," he said, "as soon as the article comes out, I'll have to answer for this. Why did I put down the guitar? I don't want to convey the impression I'm coming out as just a singer. I'd lose a lot of fans if people thought that. People have known me to play guitar for twenty years now."

"To me, it meant you weren't *afraid* to be a singer," I tried to assure him. "I never assumed you were putting down the guitar for good."

"Fine. Some people will think like that. But there are cyn-

ics who come to concerts for . . ."

"To find something to write about."

"That's it! I don't want to give them any fuel for the fire. I don't need any more controversy right now."

Should there be even a shred of doubt, George Benson is still a guitarist.

The jazz/pop fusion treads in one danger zone. In an effort to achieve mass market appeal, producer and artist must look for a common denominator among the potential listeners. As in mathematics, this search often implies finding the *lowest* common denominator. As Benson asserted two years ago in a *Downbeat* interview *(Breezin'* had just been recorded), he had no ambition to "educate" his audience nor any desire to play "past them." Jazz/pop is by nature conservative and always at risk of becoming bland and insipid. The best way to guard against that pitfall is to maintain as much spontaniety, intensity, and excitement (the stuff jazz has always thrived on) as possible during recording. Yet strings, overdubbed solos, and a high level of production are more likely to confine the players than liberate them.

Benson skirts this obstacle by recording the sextet live, adding Ogerman's orchestrations after-the-fact. "What you need is an arranger who can enhance the music without hurting the musicians," he explained. "It's not a question of restricting us, since we've already laid down our tracks without taking his orchestration into consideration at all. It's his job to write around us. If he's an arranger, he's got to arrange his stuff and sweeten where he can. If something doesn't work, we take it out. I admit it might get soupy at times, but we watch the mix carefully. The problem is that you get tired and let a lot of things go that you shouldn't, or leave out parts that really belong. It does happen."

The orchestration components on a Benson/Ogerman album vary radically. On a track such as "Affirmation" (from *Breezin'),* the strings are so self-effacing that Benson and pianist Jorge Dalto get a chance to stretch out into some well-developed improvisation. Then there is an ironic sort of "backfire" on "Lady," where — in this writer's opinion — Ogerman's opening bars are more arresting than the song it is designed to enhance.

Another curious facet of Benson's work is that it is nearly impossible to generalize about his repertoire. Though singers customarily try to stake out "their" songs, there seems to be no such thing as "Benson material." He'll do everything from Leon Russell to "Nature Boy" (on *Weekend*) which has been around since Nat "King" Cole first made it popular. The current Top Ten hit, "On Broadway" was also popular in the mid-sixties. "Some of the songs may be old," he agreed, "but the *sound* isn't. That's the crucial thing."

Thus, the songs coming up on the scheduled September recording session are anybody's guess. "We don't sit down and map out an album," he said. "We'll do whatever we think will be interesting to the average listener — so long as it's believable. We can't do a classical piece of music because we're not known for it. And there's no place to market it. We take a realistic point of view. We think about the person who turns on the radio or buys an album. We try to do what they'll respond to, and we do it differently and better than anyone else — at least we try."

As stage-time for the second concert approached, Benson reflected on the days when "other guitarists were becoming millionaires by copying George Benson, though they couldn't play one-tenth of what I could." Why? he asked himself. "I put my brain to work and saw what they had that I didn't. I saw what it was and did the same thing. I still gave them George Benson, though, because there's no way I can change. But I put all those modern elements in my records so the people didn't have any excuse *not* to buy them. Now I can sit back with those millionaires and take my vacation, feed my family, and say 'Oh yeah, now I see!' "

VERYL OAKLAND

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ON THE AIR!

Where, when, what kind: mainstream, avant garde, fusion, contemporary or classic. Stations are mapped and listed, plus features and articles. Tune in!

There are some 8,300 AM and FM radio stations in the United States. Of these only about 370 have any kind of jazz programming. That number includes *everything*, from a two hour Sunday night Big Band show to a full time 24 hour jazz formatted station. In other words, if all these shows were to coincide, less than *four* per cent of the country's airwaves would be devoted to its great contribution to the world's music. That would be the *high* point: regularly scheduled jazz accounts for perhaps just *one* percent of America's radio broadcasting most of the time.

Seems like we might as well face it, most of what's on the air is an insult. A national disgrace. If you've been disgusted time and again when trying to tune in some worthwhile music, this first *Musician* Jazz Radio Special will provide you with a variety of insights. Harry Abraham starts things off with an eloquent introduction mourning, among other things, the death of *genuine* MOR. Associate Editor Hugh Cosman researched Arbitron's rating service and discovered some holes a bus could drive through in their surveying methods.

In Columbus, Ohio, a new full time commercial jazz station went on the air last February, and WBBY's program director, P. Norman Grant outlines how they're doing. The latest developments in the fight to save San Francisco's embattled jazz outlet, KJAZ, were reported on by Conrad Silvert. Len Lyons profiles National Public Radio's highly successful "Jazz Alive!" series. And Steve Backer, Arista Records' Director of Progressive Product, was interviewed for an additional perspective on jazz radio.

BETTMANN ARCHIVE

With the help of the centerspread map and the "Coast to Coast" listings — both *Musician* firsts prepared specially for this issue — you'll be able to tune in what is available in your area. There's that *other* end of the FM dial, for example. The FCC, in one of its brighter moments, reserved all the frequencies from 88.1 to 91.1 for educational purposes. That can mean *jazz*, there's probably something, and it might be pretty damn good. And there are shows to be found on the AM band: non-commercial, and clear channel (which means the signal can be picked up up to a thousand miles away).

But don't kid yourselves, it is a struggle to keep jazz on the air, so this issue is dedicated to those broadcasters with the courage and integrity to keep it that way.

Harry Abraham speaks

The former all-night jazz voice of WHAM AM, Rochester, NY, holds forth.

There may be no sub-species of homo-sapiens with less native intelligence than broadcast executives. These over-paid, self-proclaimed "geniuses", are all easily identifiable by their high fore-heads. Their lack of discernable IQ is noticeable even as small market/creative programmers move into larger markets, a move which finds them leaving most of their native intelligence in a file cabinet.

Thus it has come to pass that radic has become a vaster wasteland than tele-vision could ever hope to be. While broadcast executives, citing bottom lines and arbitron numbers, are largely responsible for this malaise, it is the people out there, suffering a group identity crisis with a herd of cows, that have let this situation come to pass.

At one time there was hope that public broadcasting could be the White Knight of TV and radio, but my faith in this was recently shattered when an executive at such a station told me that he didn't want to present a Jazz concert near a ghetto area since too many blacks might show up and scare away the middle and upper class whites that, surveys showed, constituted their audience. "Besides," he said, "blacks are not listening to or watching our stations so we should have the concert over here (in a respectable middle-class neighborhood) to attract a new audience to the station." It was more than a little astonishing to me that he didn't understand that if blacks were not listening, they also consisted a new audience.

I am very pleased about the survey that follows as well as being given the opportunity to write this introduction. When Musician contacted me to write this it was because my name had come up an inordinate number of times in answer to question eight (asking: *Are there any stations around the country whose jazz programming you particularly admire?*) "So," you should be asking yourself, "who is this guy?" Unfortunately the answer to that question has to be put in past tense. After eight and a half years of Jazz, midnight to five, six six nights each week on a fifty-thousand watt AM station, my program was finally done away with and replaced by more country music. "In this way," they said, "maybe we can sell more time." Considering there is one documented instance of an advertiser not being permitted to purchase time on my program, I can't be all that surprised that it wasn't sold.

Additionally the abrupt change in programming is suspect since, having grown weary of trying to live in 1978 on 1972 wages, I had approached a union, instigating an effort to organize the announcers at the station. Six weeks later I was bounced out. So, the station may be found guilty of union-busting and the union is waging a legal battle on my behalf, the outcome of which is uncertain at this time. The battle is important, not so much for me, but for people in the thousands of square miles for whom the station was the only beacon of Jazz. Many of these people have been in touch with me since then and few of them have any stations in their vicinity with any worthwhile programming.

But even assuming that nothing comes of the battle, I feel that I accomplished something over those eight years that is worthy of some discussion. The station was, when I commenced working there, a true MOR station. Then the term MOR (middle of the road) meant something other than "softer rock" as it does now. The announcers then were all classy veterans with impeccable taste in music, given free reign to select what they played and the good sense to play what people who didn't want rock might want to hear. The library door was always open so that the listener, putting up with Andy Williams, might be re-warded with Duke Ellington next. In a market containing thirteen stations, this station had about a fourth of the total ears in the metro area. There was no station, perhaps in the entire country, like it. The true geniuses that ran it then have been replaced with high-foreheaded yes-men who couldn't recognize truly good music if their lives depended on it. This station has dropped to third in the ratings and its' playlist is as tight as any station in the country. "But," say the high-foreheads, "we're hitting our target demographics." The Bee Gees and Dolly Parton now pass for the class that the station once had. More people remember how wonderful the station was than listen to it now. I am unaware of any station presently earning the kind of allegiance that the station had when I started.

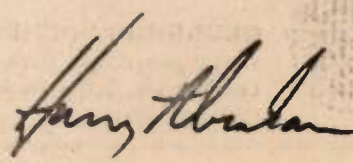
But I was fortunate to have signed on when I did. It forced me to think of my doing a Jazz show not as a separate entity but as part of the whole of the station. It wasn't just a night-time thing that the station threw in for no apparent reason; it was a six night commitment that was left in my charge. And I believed that it was important for me to blend a good Jazz program in with what the station stood for. It became more satisfying to me to discover that through my efforts, un-aware people were finding that Jazz was, at least, palatable. And these were people who previously felt that they would hate Jazz should they ever stumble on it. More than once these people would call and ask how come the Sonny Rollins record I played last week wasn't just behind the Rolling Stones records. These same people often expressed shock at having to look for records they had heard on my program among the, perish the thought, Jazz records, at their corner music store.

All the more satisfying to me was that these people represent the broad-est cross section of Americana imaginable. I ran into them at college concerts and retirement parties; at tennis courts and truck stops; at coffee houses and greasy spoons.

I have come to firmly believe that the principles I brought into play in programming my show could be em-ployed on a larger basis. That is, that a station, AM or FM, in any sized market, by playing Jazz on a twenty-four hour basis, could become the success that true MOR stations once enjoyed. It would take a lot of courage, more than people with high foreheads can imagine.

Research shows that many people are turning off their TV and listening to their radio. But it seems to me that since radio is offering them no more than TV, it is only a matter of time before these same people realize how little they've gotten in the bargain. With the variety of media available to them many people are going to turn away completely. I hear nothing on radio that appeals to me so I listen to cassettes in my car and records at home and I know I'm not alone. Once those people who have turned to radio from TV are burned off, they are lost forever. A gutsy programmer somewhere should be able to see this and be willing to experi-ment. And I see the music that we call "Jazz" as the secret to some broadcaster's salvation.

The few Jazz stations that exist now are not the success that inspires other programmers to copy them simply be-cause they choose to compete only for a limited audience. I have already proved that a station with a Jazz format requiring no major compromises to commercialism can transcend being just a Jazz station. I'd like to see these principles applied on a larger basis. Is any one with a high forehead willing to try? For that is where I believe the future of Jazz radio lies.



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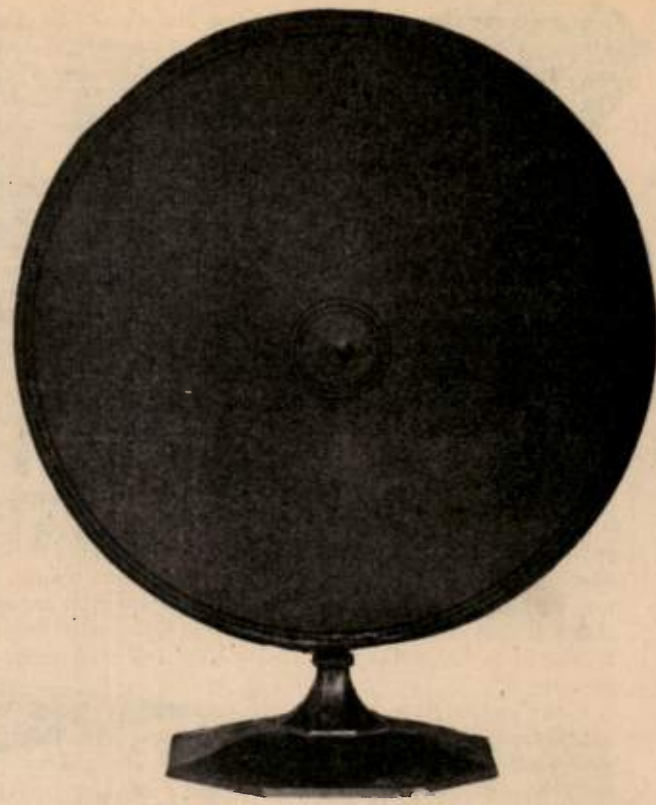


By Hugh Cosman with Mary Knox in New York

In the theater it's obvious. When a show's a bomb, the house is empty for a few nights and then it folds. In the vaudeville days, a bad act would get sent to the showers in a hale of ripe tomatoes, or the actors would get the fabled hook. But what about radio? How are advertisers to know whether the house is empty night after night? How are advertisers to know whether they're just throwing their money away on a station to which no one listens. How are broadcasters to know whether their station formula (format) is popular and reaches a greater number of people than their competition, and so can thereby charge a premium for advertising time?

Most people know about the television rating war. TV is much more tangible. People say, "did you see . . . last night?" It's rare that someone says, "did you *hear* . . . last night?" The TV war is news: Fred Silverman, heads rolling at CBS and NBC, Roone Arledge, etc. But there is a system like the Neilsen ratings quietly at work in radio. It's called Arbitron and it's designed to tell advertisers and broadcasters whether they're paying for or playing to an empty house.

Arbitron surveys cities — or 'markets' as they are jargonistically referred to — and publishes massive studies on them. The Arb's (pronounced A-R-B) report on how many people are tuning into a particular station, what sex they are, how old they are, and when they're listening. A station might, for example, have a highly popular jock between six and ten in the morning, or "AM Drive" (another bit of hideous mediaese). That show's popularity would be reflected in the survey, and perhaps an advertising premium accorded it. The station knows how its doing, the advertisers know how many people they're reaching, and the successful jock gets a bonus. Everybody's happy. Problem solved. No?

No. At the root of the trouble with Arbitron is its limited polling technique. "It's a patchwork, with the bandaids starting to peel off," said one industry source. First of all, only the eight biggest markets in the country are polled even quarterly. A city the size of St. Louis is studied only twice a year, and cities in the Harrisburg, Pennsylvania rank get their radio scrutinized just annually. Consequently, when a rating period comes up in the smaller markets there is a golden opportunity for stations to 'hypo' their ratings. A favored method of hypoing is running particularly juicy contests during a survey, which usually lasts about a month.

KUPD in Phoenix started a listener's contest last winter during an Arbitron testing period. Listeners were encouraged to write down the amount of time they listened in hopes of winning a cash prize if they clocked the most hours. Both the FCC and the company have taken steps to halt this activity. "We are not an enforcer or regulator," says Connie Anthes, Communications Manager for Arbitron, "and we have no way of threatening stations who do this." But they have announced that they will drop from the books any stations which run contests during a rating period which are not part of a station's "regular promotional activities and programs." The FCC has warned stations who engage in "activities calculated to distort or inflate" their ratings that they are jeopardizing their licenses. The upshot is that all those annoying contests and gimmicks have become a part of mass market radio's year round programming.

The basic tool of an Arbitron survey is a diary into which pollees enter their listening habits and times. These diaries are then sent to Arbitron Central in Beltsville, Maryland, where the audience breakdowns are compiled by a big computer. Questionable diaries are not tabulated, and in some cases respondents' diaries are 'weighted' in accordance to his or her ethnic background. The stastics then spew out of the computer every which way: quarter hours, cumes (weekly circulation), and market shares.

However, since the selection of respondents is made through telephone listing, the quality and ethnic makeup of this sample is highly questionable. Arbitron themselves estimate that they are unable to reach some 32% of the households in New York City by their selection process. When added to *their* figures for other major cities (LA 47%, Detroit 40%, D.C. 37%), this means a huge number of people are excluded from the sample. CBS News, for example, does not use phone listings when conducting a survey. Their technique is to have a computer matrix develop *random* phone numbers. In this manner they circumvent two major shortcomings in the Arbitron process: unlisted phones and people in transit who don't have book listing. "The problem here," this same source continued, "is that the information that Arbitron is using is often as much as two years old, and, as a result, they can't possibly generate a quality sample."

Therefore, it is clear that Arbitron's sample has two pretty

overwhelming characteristics: it's white and it's middle class. Minority representation is small, and there has been considerable agitation on the part of black broadcasting groups for improvement. A city like Minneapolis-St. Paul is adequately served by their methods, but where significant minority communities exist, the system falls flat. In fact, Denver's 50,000 black population is simply not surveyed by Arbitron. And the so-called 'up-scale' portion of the market is partially excluded by virtue of the fact that people with unlisted numbers don't get polled.

The diaries in and of themselves have been, moreover, a source of concern to Arbitron, and the cause of court indictments for some station personnel. There have been cases of diaries stolen in the mail and sold to radio stations who fill them out and send the fraudulent reports into Beltsville. In the smaller markets, again, just one or two falsified diaries will have a tremendous effect on the outcome of the survey, and just one point in the ratings can mean as much as $100,000 in annual advertising revenues. "This is much less of a problem now than it was two years ago," said Anthes, referring to a scandal of major proportions in Memphis. There was, however, a similar case of station fraud in Denver within the last four months. In any event, diaries are now sent in unmarked envelopes and many station managers are now asking their staffs to sign affadavits swearing that they will not participate in surveys in any way.

Other critics have pointed out that there is simply no guarantee that the respondents themselves are being truthful. Anthes admitted, "we depend on the veracity of the people we poll." That's putting a lot of faith in a small, highly questionable sample. In Chicago, for example, a city of over six million, diaries were returned and tabulated from just under three thousand people. In other words, a sample of approximately .0005% of the city's population. Most statisticians feel that one pollee per 150,000 population will render an adequate survey, while some argue that the ratio should be even higher, one per 100,000. For the Arbitron survey of Chicago to reach the level of accuracy demanded by these statisticians, the sample would have had to be a minimum of *four* thousand, while *six* thousand would have been safer. Either a *third* larger than the Arbitron sample or *double* its size.

But the size of the sample is not necessarily the most important consideration. It is the statistical margin for error. We have already shown how the Arbitron system is full of inadequacies from the points of view of fraud, minority representation, and sample selection. When an eminent national pollster was asked to examine the breakdown of Los Angeles' commercial jazz station, KBCA, for margin of error, he came up with the remarkable figure of plus or minus *one half* of the listenership. This is to say that if Arbitron lists KBCA's audience with men 25 - 49, Saturday 3 - 7 PM, as 50,000, according to the pollster, the *actual* audience could be as high as 75,000 or as small as 25,000.

"If people want to make important decisions on the basis of imprecise numbers such as these," he concluded, "they deserve what they get. It's garbage, statistically."

Important decisions *are* made as a result of what Arbitron passes for facts. Decisions which shape what you hear on the radio. The imprecise numbers do not really hurt the mass market stations, who will continue to jingle, contest, and gimmick us to death since the system — by extension — works in their favor. It is the smaller, specialty formatted stations which suffer, like jazz and clasical ones.

Where are these decisions made? In the media departments of advertising agencies. Advertising agencies have an entry level job known as "Media Planner". These fresh out of college kids, proud of the fact that they were selected to become the future Account Executives of America, and eager to do a bang up job, sit. Sit at desks nine to five with calculators, the LED readouts emitting a pale blue or orange light. Next to the calculators are — if the account they're working on wants radio time — the Arb's. The cumes, shares and quarter hours are added up this way and that way in hopes of figuring out the most effective way of spending a client's money. Reaching the largest number of people with the 'message' at the least cost. Numbers. Faceless groups of age, sex, AM Drive and PM Drive. The kids learn right from the start that's where it's at in the ad biz.

But it's all nonsense. These figures don't really mean what they pretend to signify. Are there *really* 600 women who tune into KBCA weekday mornings? Or 1300 men 25 - 49 tuning in on Sunday night?

The hypocrisy of it all is that many people within the ad industry know it. For them it becomes a question of self preservation. If they play it by the book, they are not to blame when sales don't go up. They can't lose their jobs or their accounts. At least not without having a statistical Catch 22. Or is it 11? 44?

Jazz Radio: National Organization Needed

By Bob Ford

The New York metropolitan area supports only one full time jazz station, WRVR, which is, according to Arbitron, the 29th most listened to station in the market. Yet there is more jazz in New York nightclubs than any other music form. Does this mean that jazz fans spend more money on going out than the rest of the population? And if jazz fans spend more on going out, wouldn't it stand to reason that they also spend more money on clothing, cosmetics, travel and liquor?

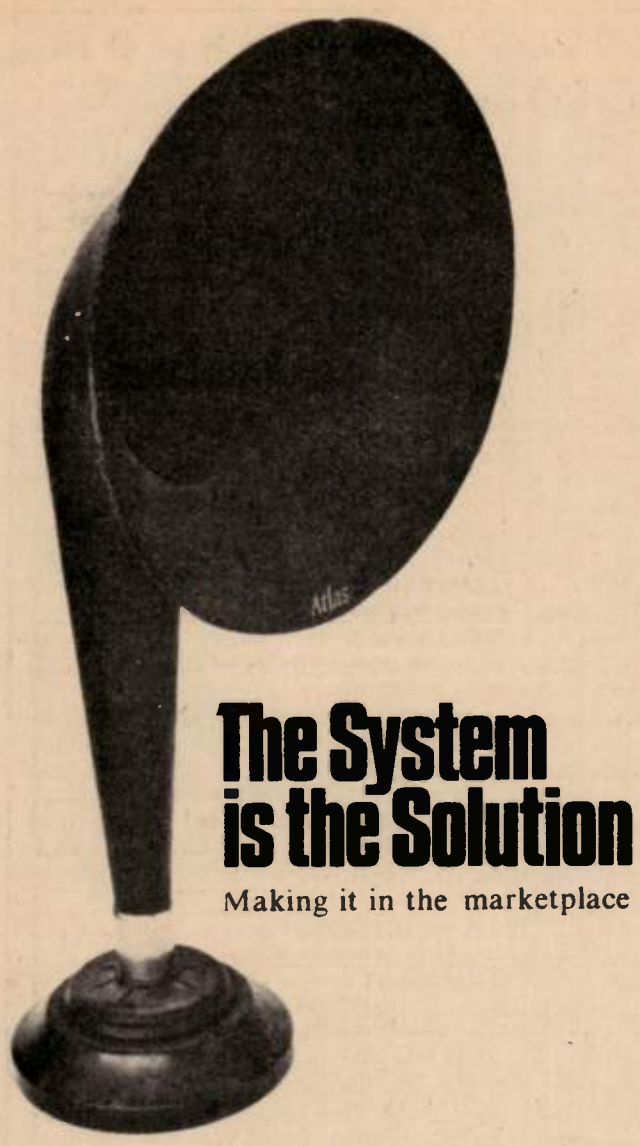
The Arb's only provide the most basic of information: how many, age, sex and hours of listening. To answer the questions above extensive and expensive research has to be undertaken. It is a fact of life that fewer people listen to jazz on the radio than listen to mass appeal top 40 stations. But twenty years ago fewer people read *Sports Illustrated* than read *Life*. *SI*, however, was able to show advertisers that its readership was a specific (and attractive) market, while *Life's* audience was diffused amongst all segments of the population.

Isolating their readership helped specialized magazines like *SI*, *Psychology Today*, and *Road & Track* prosper, while mass appeal books such as *Life*, *Look*, and *Collier's* went under. There is no reason this same tactic can't work for jazz radio. Advertisers are always talking about how important "up scale" markets are to them.

Although WRVR has undertaken its own in-house survey of its listenership, what really needs to be done is for jazz radio to band together to promote itself, the way country music stations have done, for example. And it should be done on a national level.

This is not, however, an original idea. The most recent attempt to organize jazz radio came in 1974, when some of the most respected men in jazz got together and formed the *World Jazz Association*. The *WJA* had noble intentions, but like other jazz groups that had gone before it, it failed. The mainstreamers quickly got at the throats of the avant garde folks (and vice-versa). Jazz organizations have a bad habit of self-destructing.

Jazz music cannot survive without a healthy network of stations all over the country bringing the music to the people. The rich in our world (labels, promoters and commercially successful artists) must help jazz radio get on track. And the large egos and narrow minds which have scuttled past efforts must be controlled.



The System is the Solution

Making it in the marketplace

By P. Norman Grant

It is hard to tell which way jazz is going these days, and whether public interest is growing or not. Jazz clubs are springing up in some areas and folding in others, Paul's Mall and the Jazz Workshop in Boston being the most recent casualties. The fact that full time commercial jazz radio stations are still very, very, few and far between is often pointed to as the surest indication that the public is still a long way from having a real interest in the art form.

But there is hope, not just because it springs eternal, but because of what we have done in Columbus, Ohio with WBBY. We took a Top 40 station with a .5 share of the market, changed to an all jazz format, and now have a 3.5 share. Sound interesting? Let me explain.

First of all, it is my contention that only a commercial outlet can attract the support needed to maintain a quality station that will adequately reflect the vast and wonderful body of music that we call jazz. Jazz radio can be a model of honest communication — since the music is so heartfelt — if the resources are there: a fully stocked library, professional and knowledgeable on-air personnel, and up-to-date equipment. These resources are in most cases available *only* to a commercial operation.

Most listeners who hear jazz on the radio today are tuned to a non-commercial station. These stations fall roughly into three catagories: foundation-funded (WGBH in Boston or WUHY in Philadelphia for example); listener-supported (including stations in the Pacifica group and others like WORT in Madison, Wisconsin); and, finally, university or college stations.

The first two catagories can be called 'public' stations. They are under fairly constant pressure from a number of factions and factors. Women's groups, minority rights organizations, and other activists turn to them to broadcast their programming. Other priorities are in-depth news, good classical and folk music, childrens shows, and local forums, since this kind of programming is not generally available on commercial radio and because the stations would not be fulfilling their 'public' role if they did not air these shows. For this reason jazz usually makes up only a small protion of their broadcast day.

The college or university stations are not a viable alternative either. For one thing, their formats vary so much owing to the rapid turnover of the air staff and the changing tastes of the students that they are rarely able to build an audience. In addition, enthusiasm cannot always make up for the amateurishness of the jocks, the miniscule record libraries, and the weak signals.

Let's look at the demographics for a moment. The average age of the American public is increasing. Recently it was 26, but now, as those born in the postwar boom grow older, it has moved up to 31. Top 40 stations are still shooting for the 12 - 25 year olds while progressive rock aims for those between the ages of 18 and 25. The only competition for the older, 21 - 49 year old age bracket are the MOR stations, and it is in that age group where the *majority of any station's potential listeners now lie.*

This last group is the most ignored market in the country. It is ready for a change in its listening habits, but not with the insane and insulting chatter of Top 40, the harshness of heavy metal or the somnambulance of MOR. A check of the Arbitron ratings will also reveal that progressive rock radio is in the process of dying by its own hand; the "Star Rock" formula pressed on to them by the programming consultants with their limited playlists has robbed them of the spontaneity that was the secret of their success. Bored listeners are tuning out these stations. Can't we provide them with an alternative?

Jazz has a wealth of material upon which to draw that could satisfy both the disenfranchised progressive rock listener and the more mature listener stuck with the blandness of MOR. These people may or may not have had exposure to jazz, but with the right air staff, the support of the record companies and a sophisticated sales staff, any city in the country can have a full time commercial jazz station alive, broadcasting, and pointing to the future. If this assessment seems optimistic to the point of delirium, consider that I base it on personal experience here at WBBY.

Of course, each city will offer its own distinct situation. In a city with a weak soul station, jazz programming could fill some of that gap. In a city with a weak rock station or weak MOR, the gap would be different but the strategy the same. The thing that should not be forgotten is that jazz comes from a place of complete sincerity, and concessions to strategy can only be taken so far. Mainstream and straight ahead jazz should be the banner under which the programming is presented, or the battle will be lost before it's begun. You have to do something for the listener left behind by inept rock and MOR, though; that is how you build your audience. We can't just play Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, Lester Young and Dexter Gordon and expect a dramatic increase in the ratings. The answer is to use a synthesis of the old and the new, the acoustic and the electric, bop and fusion, East Coast and West, traditional and avant garde. If you judge the market will and program wisely, you could help usher in an exciting new period in American music . . . and you might even make a decent living in the process.

I've touched on some of the reasons for our success at WBBY. There are 27 cities in the country larger than Columbus that do not have full time commercial jazz stations. I feel very happy that my cohorts and I are playing great music, and I'm also pleased to be out of debt for the first time in my broadcasting career. Good luck to all the others that try and do the same. The ears of America are waiting!

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		PAUL CHAMBERS
	104 G	The East/West Controversy (with Hampton Hawes)
		SONNY CLARK
	121 G	Memorial Album
		AL COHN
	110 S	Play It Now (with Barry Harris)
	138 S	America (with Barry Harris)
	136 S	True Blue (with Dexter Gordon, Sam Noto)
	137 S	Silver Blue (with Dexter Gordon, Sam Noto)
	145 S	Heavy Love (with Jimmy Rowles)
	147 S	A Song For You (with Earl Coleman)
		DOLO COKER
	139 S	Dolo! (with Blue Mitchell, Harold Land)
	142 S	California Hard (with Art Pepper, Blue Mitchell)
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	147 S	A Song For You (with Al Cohn)
	120 G	Bebop Revisited, Vol. 1 (with Dexter Gordon)
		SONNY CRISS
	105 S	Saturday Morning (with Barry Harris)
		RONNIE CUBER
	135 S	Cuber Libre (with Barry Harris)
	143 S	Sojourn (with Mickey Tucker)
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	125 G	Memorial Album (with Tommy Flanagan)
		TED DUNBAR
	*155 S	Opening Remarks (with Tommy Flanagan)
		HARRY EDISON
	123 G	Sweets, Lips & Lots of Jazz (with Roy Eldridge, Lips Page)
		TEDDY EDWARDS
	134 S	The Inimitable (with Duke Jordan)
		ROY ELDRIDGE
	106 G	At The Village Vanguard (with Earl Hines)
	123 G	Sweets, Lips & Lots of Jazz (with Harry Edison, Lips Page)
		TAL FARLOW
	109 G	Fuerst Set (with Eddie Costa)
	119 G	Second Set (with Eddie Costa)
	133 G	Mostly Flute (with Sam Most)
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	124 G	Bebop Revisited, Vol. 2 (with J.J. Johnson)
		DEXTER GORDON
	120 G	Bebop Revisited, Vol. 1 (with Fats Navarro)
	136 G	True Blue (with Al Cohn, Sam Noto)
	137 G	Silver Blue (with Al Cohn, Sam Noto)
		WARDELL GRAY
	146 G	Live in Hollywood (with Art Farmer, Hampton Hawes)
		JOE GUY
	107 G	Trumpet Battle at Minton's (with Lips Page, Charlie Christian)
	112 G	Harlem Odyssey (with Billie Holiday, Art Tatum)
		BARRY HARRIS
	113 S	Plays Tadd Dameron
	130 S	Live In Tokyo
	103 S	Entrance! (with Sam Noto)

QTY.	NO.	SELECTION
	101 S	Don't Look Back (with David Allyn)
	*154 S	Plays Barry Harris
	105 S	Saturday Morning (with Sonny Criss)
	110 S	Play It Now (with Al Cohn)
	118 S	Picture of Heath (with Jimmy Heath)
	127 S	Act One (with Sam Noto)
	129 S	Cello Again (with Sam Jones)
	132 S	Live in Tokyo (with Charles McPherson)
	135 S	Cuber Libre (with Ronnie Cuber)
	136 S	True Blue (with Dexter Gordon, Al Cohn)
	137 S	Silver Blue (with Dexter Gordon, Al Cohn)
	138 S	America (with Al Cohn)
		HAMPTON HAWES
	104 G	The East/West Controversy (with Paul Chambers)
	108 G	The Early Show (with Art Pepper)
	146 G	Live In Hollywood (with Wardell Gray)
		JIMMY HEATH
	118 S	Picture of Heath (with Barry Harris)
		EARL HINES
	106 G	At The Village Vanguard (with Roy Eldridge)
		BILLIE HOLIDAY
	112 G	Harlem Odyssey (with Art Tatum, Joe Guy)
		SAM JONES
	129 S	Cello Again (with Charles McPherson)
	*150 S	Changes & Things (with Slide Hampton, Blue Mitchell)
		CHARLES MCPHERSON
	115 S	Beautiful! (with Duke Jordan)
	131 S	Live In Tokyo (with Barry Harris)
	129 S	Cello Again (with Sam Jones)
	*149 S	New Horizons (with Mickey Tucker)
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	126 G	Straight Ahead (with Tommy Flanagan)
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	133 S	Mostly Flute (with Tal Farlow)
	141 S	Flute Flight (with Lou Levy)
		SAM NOTO
	103 S	Entrance! (with Barry Harris)
	127 S	Act One (with Joe Romano, Barry Harris)
	144 S	Notes To You (with Ronnie Cuber, Jimmy Rowles)
	136 S	True Blue (with Al Cohn, Dexter Gordon)
	137 S	Silver Blue (with Al Cohn, Dexter Gordon)
		HOT LIPS PAGE
	107 G	Trumpet Battle at Minton's (with Charlie Christian, Joe Guy)
	112 G	Sweets, Lips & Lots of Jazz (with Roy Eldridge, Harry Edison)
		CHARLIE PARKER
	122 G	International Jam Sessions (with Clifford Brown, Phil Woods)
		ART PEPPER
	108 G	The Early Show (with Hampton Hawes)
	142 S	California Hard (with Dolo Coker, Blue Mitchell)
		BUD POWELL
	102 G	Bud In Paris (with Johnny Griffin)
		JIMMY RANEY
	116 S	The Influence
	132 S	Live In Tokyo
	140 S	Solo
		JIMMY ROWLES
	145 S	Heavy Love (with Al Cohn)
	144 S	Notes To You (with Sam Noto)
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CONTROVERSY

KJAZ: The fight to save San Francisco's jazz station.

By Conrad Silvert

TOM COPI

SAN FRANCISCO — One of the nation's most venerable all-jazz radio stations, KJAZ-FM is also one of the most respected stations in the Bay Area. Its audience has grown slowly but steadily ever since owner Pat Henry began broadcasting here in 1959. The increase has been more dramatic during the past year or so — walk into a local bookstore, hair salon, law office or boutique, and you're as likely to hear KJAZ as one of the traditionally popular stations such as KSAN.

San Francisco *Chronicle* columnist John Wasserman put it succinctly last November in a series of articles concerning KJAZ. The Alameda-based station, he said, "has the lowest moronappeal quotient of any Bay Area station. No station in all of Northern California serves its audience with more class and integrity. Its ratio of music to commercials is extremely high, while its disc jockies are knowledgeable, concise and dignified."

Wasserman's five columns last November were occasioned by his outrage over the activities of a self-appointed group, the "Committee for Open Media," led by a San Jose State philosophy professor, Philip Jacklin. An inveterate crusader and activist, Jacklin was once involved in the Vietnam anti-war movement and, since 1974, has been trying to induce the FCC to rescind Pat Henry's license to operate KJAZ.

Despite Jacklin's "petition to deny," the FCC renewed KJAZ's license in June, 1976, and, following more protest by the COM, the FCC reaffirmed its decision in August, 1977. Undaunted, Jacklin pressed his case to the U.S. Court of Appeals, which remanded it to the FCC. It was then (last November), when the FCC began considering the question of opening a full hearing, that Wasserman, from his powerful position as the Bay Area's most widely read pop critic/columnist, decided to attack Jacklin's motives and integrity. (A full FCC hearing, it is conservatively estimated, would cost KJAZ upwards of $20,000.)

Jacklin's original contention, back in 1974, had been that KJAZ did not fulfill its legally required quota of public service programming hours, a charge that had some validity. Specifically, COM demanded that KJAZ give Jacklin, *et al* a weekly allotment of 36 one-minute spots, free. Pat Henry categorically refused, but over the past three years, KJAZ has increased its public service programming to a present level of 168 minutes per week of public service announcements, 35 minutes of "Community Calendar" and eight hours of public affairs programming. This improvement satisfied the FCC, but not Jacklin's COM.

Jacklin's more recent strategy has included an attempt to "buy" KJAZ from Henry — who is one of the last independent owners of a major FM station — for its fair market value, a sum of $1 million. The plan was to be predicated upon the formation of a nonprofit "KJAZ Corporation," to be headed by a nine-member board: four to be chosen by Henry, four by COM, and one either by a black women's organization or by the NAACP. Five members of the board would be black and four white; presumably, this formula excludes Asians, Latinos, Indians, et cetera. Philip Jacklin, incidentally, is white.

The catch-22 in Jacklin's purchase plan was that he offered to pay nothing down and monthly payments of just $2500, interest-free, with no guarantee that the payments would be made on time. Needless to say, Pat Henry rejected the proposal.

In the face of impending legal proceedings that could bankrupt KJAZ, John Wasserman joined forces with several others to stage a benefit for the station at the Great American Music Hall, owned by Tom and Jeannie Bradshaw. The Bradshaws, Wasserman, producer/executive Orrin Keepnews and Monterey Jazz Festival promoter Jimmy Lyons formed the San Francisco Bay Area Jazz Foundation, whose first order of business was to help save KJAZ.

The benefit, called "A Celebration of KJAZ," filled the Music Hall March 20 with more than three hundred people, most of whom paid $100 for their tickets. The show was one of the greatest club concerts ever: Sarah Vaughan, Herbie Hancock, Bill Evans, Tony Bennett, Earl Hines and several other musicians donated their services.

The S.F.B.A.J.F., through the benefit and private contributions, quickly raised more than $30,000. Approximately $10,000 has gone to defray KJAZ's legal expenses thus far (Henry promises to pay it all back eventually), while the balance will be the core of a fund to be used for various worthy jazz-related causes. For instance, KJAZ currently is helping to coordinate a "Jazz on Wheels" program similar to Billy Taylor's Jazzmobile in New York.

Ironically, perhaps, now that the station is under siege, KJAZ is the strongest it's ever been. About a year ago, Henry hired a station manager, 34-yearold David Braun, who has helped to increase ad revenues substantially. "The station's monthly billing is now nearly double its break-even point," Braun says. "The attack by the COM doesn't seem to have hurt our standing with very many potential advertizers. And for the first time, we're instituting a profit-sharing plan that could net our full-time jocks as

continued on page 38

"Nobody has learned how to play the trumpet. It's endless."

Leblanc Duet No. 3, featuring Maynard Ferguson

We're having a beer and bratwurst with Maynard Ferguson at Summerfest, an annual two-week music festival on the shore of Lake Michigan in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Last night, his overdrive band and double-high-C trumpet perfection set an attendance record at the Jazz Oasis here. Now, as he talks, he holds a slide/valve trumpet he recently designed, the M. F. Firebird. Tonight, he'll hold another multitude in awe. And soon, he'll be relaxing pool-side, at his home near Shangri-la.

Ferguson: We live ninety miles north of Los Angeles, in Ojai. It's a beautiful valley. It's where they shot the original Shangri-la, for "The Lost Horizon."

Leblanc: *It must be hard traveling away from a place like that.*

Ferguson: I don't get tired of traveling. I'll go thirteen hard weeks, but then I'll take a month off. Our agent would book us every day of the year, twice, if we'd let him. But I find your band and music becomes stale if you don't take a break.

Leblanc: *Your music is anything but stale. How do you describe it?*

Ferguson: "Today." That's how I'd describe my band. "Today." I'm a great believer in change. You have to have change in your music . . . because that's where the real artist comes out, when you take a shot, as opposed to playing it safe. Nobody has learned how to play the trumpet. It's endless. Learning to play something only opens up the challenge to learn to play something else.

Leblanc: *Is this what gave you the idea to design new instruments, too? The three that Holton's come out with?*

Ferguson: You have a hair of an idea, and from that grows another idea. Then you put it together. What I really admire about the Holton people is that, when I come up with an experimental horn, they realize that we're going to experiment with it until we get a product. And that's what happened with the Superbone. I crushed three Superbones in my bare hands before we figured out the right braces.

Leblanc: *Your Bb trumpet — the M.F. Horn — did that take trial and error?*

Ferguson: They just didn't pull one off the line and stamp it "M.F. Horn." It was a trial and error thing. I said let's try it larger, let's try a bigger bell on it. Let's try less of a flare, more of a flare. All this takes time and energy.

Leblanc: *After all you put into it, what comes out?*

Ferguson: It's a large-bore instrument. That bigness gives you a mellow sound. When I play in the upper register I want it to sound beautiful. Screeching high notes — squeaking out high notes — that's a thing of the past.

The M.F. Horn has the size, the dimension, the timbre, the taper. But in the final essence, how does it play? The final decision rests with the players. For me, it's the best horn on the market.

Leblanc: *Don't quite a few players think your M.F. Horn is different from the one they buy?*

Ferguson: Right. Kids — sometimes — they'll have an M.F. Horn and they'll come up and want to play mine. To see if there's anything special about my horn. I say, "Well, you take my horn and I'll take yours, if you like." They're astounded by that. But, you know, they always take theirs back.

You can take your music to where Maynard Ferguson always performs. The ultimate. With instruments designed by Maynard, crafted by Holton.

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HOLTON

LEN LYONS

television comes up with a one half-hour cops 'n robbers installment," Spring observed rather cynically.

Other performers in the "Jazz Alive" repertoire have been Earl Hines, Gary Burton, Anthony Braxton, the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band, Betty Carter, and Nat Adderley. It is their policy to pair the luminaries with lesser known, but deserving, talents. It is also policy to retain the "live" and unpredictable nature of a jazz performance whenever possible. The approach paid off in an Ella Fitzgerald broadcast from New Orleans. Stevie Wonder showed up in the audience and was invited on stage to sing with Ella, giving the show's image a big boost.

Behind the scenes are Tim Owens, an ex-California NPR free-lancer who supervises the technical production, and Executive Producer Steve Rathe, whose earlier "Folk Festival, U.S.A." provided a working model for the current show. But credit for putting the show's concept across to its audience probably belongs to the urbane Billy Taylor, music educator, station owner (WSOK in Savannah), and jazz pianist. He was selected as "Jazz Alive's" permanent host from a series of 8 pilot programs produced by Rathe.

It is Taylor's job to introduce the music and intersperse the concertizing with "backstage" interviews with the musicians. Articulate and informed (he received a Ph.D. in Music from the University of Massachusetts), he takes a stern view of the way musicians have represented themselves in the past. In short, he believes that musicians have usually been very serious when they played jazz, but whenever they talked about it, the public heard mostly jive. Prior to his assignment in the NPR series, Taylor told this writer: "I knew these musicians understood intellectually what they were doing, but I'd read interview after interview where they came off sounding like idiots." Taylor's commitment to the idea that jazz should be discussed responsibly has upgraded the quality of the between acts interviews.

Despite his NPR gig, and an earlier tenure as general manager of WLIB in New York City, Taylor did not come out of a broadcast background. He was a pianist coming up when Swing was at an ebb and Bebop began flowing into the clubs on 52nd Street. Tenor saxophonist Ben Webster was the first to hire him, and he eventually worked for most of the 'founding fathers': Parker, Gillespie, Davis, Milt Jackson, and Art Blakey. He has since served as the Music Director of "The David Frost Show", a member of ASCAP's Board of Directors, and a member of the National Council for the Arts from '73 - '78.

Taylor sees the success of "Jazz Alive" as part of the increasing awareness of jazz and growing national support for the music. Since his appointment to the National Council, the appropriation for funding of jazz projects has doubled. He is careful to point out, though, that the excellent music being played today is the key to the show's acceptance. "Programmers at stations around the country," he explained, "are responding to the quality of the music, not to its style. That's a subtle distinction, but a crucial one. These programmers are classically oriented, for the most part, and they have discriminating taste. They wouldn't take the show just because the style is 'in.'"

He sees much less hope for this sort of quality on the privately owned stations. "They're in competition with each other, so the focus gets diffused into jazz/rock or whatever else the programmer feels is well-received by the public. Their programming is after-the-fact, not based on personal conviction. This is self-defeating in jazz because it doesn't account for the fact that the jazz programmer is supposed to be in tune with his audience. He's supposed to expose them to new and valuable things."

In fact Taylor left radio work after 12 years with WLIB for a related reason. "Once I got involved in station management I had no artistic control. The business was primary, not the music. Along with wanting to play again, it was reason enough to get out."

One lesson Taylor took away with him from the WLIB experience demonstrated the commercial viability of jazz, if it was given a chance. He recalled the release of the Columbia album "John Handy at the Monterey Jazz Festival," which was given so little promotion that the station was not even allowed a promotional copy for airplay. Taylor took it on as a challenge to

Jazz Alive Lives

"Programmers at stations around the country are responding to the quality of the music, not to its style. That's a subtle distinction, but a crucial one."

By Len Lyons

When National Public Radio (NPR) was founded in 1970, as a subsidiary of the congressionally-established, non-profit Corporation for Public Broadcasting, little did its original 90 member stations expect to be airing a steady stream of jazz sound-waves to its listeners. Classical was the mainstay of programming, followed by rock, folk-rock, and public affairs. In fact jazz had not been big on radio since the days of live remotes when Benny Goodman's band emanated nightly from Radio City or Jimmy Lunceford's from the Cotton Club.

NPR has attempted to up-date this tradition with "Jazz Alive," a weekly series of ninety minute broadcasts originating in concert sites from San Francisco to Montreux, Switzerland. The show is carried by 177 of NPR's 211 member stations. According to Richard Spring, the network's PR Director, "Jazz Alive" received more favorable mail than any other first show in their history. The good response has snowballed since the first broadcast (October 1, 1977) of Keith Jarrett and Dexter Gordon, and NPR soon found itself budgeted for a second run on the series. "With the $400,000 it takes us to do thirty shows,

Steve Rathe, executive producer, and Tim Owens, production manager, on location for "Jazz Alive!"

TOM COPI

show that jazz would sell if it was promoted. He bought a copy of the album, played it frequently, and made it so popular that Columbia took out full page magazine ads for it. Though they admitted they were wrong in that case, the same low-budget jazz policy was followed in general.

Despite the central role he plays in "Jazz Alive," Taylor's advocacy ranges wider than jazz or even European classical music. In fact he is upset over the neglect of black American concert composers. "I'm insulted as an American," he said, "that music schools in this country don't deal with the history of real American composition. You'd think a few white composers were the only ones writing concert music. They totally ignore people like Howard Swanson, Frederick Tillis, Dave Baker, Will Marion Cook, William Grant Still, Robert Nathaniel Dett — their music is never played. Coleridge Taylor Perkinson writes some very interesting music, but I don't hear it. I do hear lesser composers. These people have something to say which is unique. It's not jazz, but it should be heard. It's as American as Ives, Copland, or Leonard Bernstein."

Jazz and "Jazz Alive" seem to have entered into a mutually beneficial pact (at least for another 30 weeks). With typical irony, the only people who may be hurt by this arrangement are the musicians themselves. Singer Betty Carter explained why, just prior to a broadcast of her music from the Great American Music Hall in San Francisco. First, musicians are paid only at the A.F. of M.'s minimum rate. For her part in the broadcast, Carter was allowed $80 as leader, while her trio received $40 each. Since the Hall charged admission to the taping session, it was obviously worth the group's while to perform for the night. However, considering the 177-station broadcast to be aired later, NPR was virtually getting their music for free. The network is embarrassed by this, says NPR director Spring, but again he points to the budget. "We have a responsibility to put the music on the air whenever we can," Carter added. "That's a priority."

The second difficulty is not so easily resolved. Perhaps it derives from man's seemingly innate tendency never to pass up the chance to make a buck. "Somehow," Carter said with a grin, "I have a bad feeling that record albums of these broadcasts are going to pop up out of nowhere in about ten years. And you know the artists aren't going to get anything for them." Compared to the circumstances in which bootleg Charlie Parker albums were taped from the back rooms of nightclubs, getting a broadcast quality recording of "Jazz Alive" shows is a piece of cake. Again, Carter, genuinely heroic, re-states her commitment to spreading this music.

Emcee Billy Taylor throws up his hands. "We ran into the same problem with our Central Park concerts in New York. The equipment is so sophisticated today, nothing can stop a dishonest person from trying to do this. What are we supposed to do — stop playing the music?"

Fortunately, no one has seriously proposed that solution. For now, "Jazz Alive" lives.

Steve Backer

Arista Records' Director of Progressive Product talks about his efforts to get airplay for the new music, and offers some insights on radio in general.

By Hugh Cosman

MUSICIAN: Radio is, undoubtedly, the most important marketing tool the record industry has at its disposal. Could you put this in some kind of perspective for us? How does radio dwarf the other media?

STEVE BACKER: I'd say radio is probably ten to twenty-five times as effective as any print media when it comes to generating large numbers of record sales.

MUS: How does a record company -- in this non-payola era — go about getting airplay?

SB: First of all, records are mailed directly to radio stations by the companies. At the same time they're mailed to distributor promotion people and local record company promotion people and from that point they swarm down on the stations.

Right now there's less difference than you might expect between most of FM radio — formerly called progressive FM and now referred to as AOR (Album Oriented Radio Rock) — and a lot of AM. The lists are very tight on both levels, and this narrow scope of what they will play makes it hard for promotion people to get airplay for a lot of new artists in any field of music.

MUS: How have you departed from this standard industry promotion practice with Impulse at ABC and now with Novus at Arista?

SB: The kind of music you're talking about now is totally alien to standard industry record promotion because not only is the music too adventurous for AOR, it is pretty much too adventurous even for jazz radio. At least a good portion of it is. Well, for one thing we have samplers: *Impulsively*, for example, at Impulse and I've done Arista samplers as well. We edit the music to make it more accessible. We get some feedback that they play these samplers, but I don't think they play them enough to give us the kind of impact that could significantly widen the audience. Of course, we'd rather have it than not. But, basically, we have to find viable alternatives to make up for the void. We do get some airplay on college stations. The kids doing the programming there are not really under the gun to make all that many concessions to commercialism and ratings.

MUS: Have some college stations captured larger audiences?

SB: There have been some, like WHUR at Howard University in D.C. and perhaps WBUR at Boston University, but they're few and very, very far between. We don't really have the outlets we need to help us break this kind of music.

MUS: *Break* the music?

SB: Yes, AOR could benefit us tremendously if it were to lean on a record to the point of moderate to heavy daily rotation, which would break the record. But that's not even happening for the majority of the crossover artists. There are only a handful of groups to be really featured on the progressive stations, token admission, and those are the stations that can break albums. Weather Report and Chick Corea and his offshoots, like Stanley Clarke and Al DiMeola, of course Chuck Mangione, and perhaps one or two bands do enjoy exposure on those stations. Transfer that to pure jazz. It gets no real acceptance, and where does that leave the New Music, the cutting edge. And I'd like to say this too: I won't blame the record companies. Because the record companies — not in unison necessarily — have put out and dealt with highly adventurous music. They've distributed it widely and even promoted it, believe it or not. They have put it in the hands of the radio stations. But, in the end, all you have as an outlet, with occasional exceptions, is college, public radio, and listener-supported stations. These are not significant enough in the market place to really create album sales. And it certainly has changed for the worse.

MUS: There are exceptions to the decline. WPFW in D.C. has gone with an all jazz format and is doing very well with it. All jazz listener-supported radio could be the answer. It's a fascinating development, at least.

SB: Occasionally you'll find a station owned by a jazz fan who's willing to experiment. WCAS in Boston is getting excellent response to a Sunday of jazz — all types. Perhaps they'll spread it wider, but it's such a slow process and I just don't see it happening on any wide scale in the Seventies. Social and economic things are affecting not only radio stations but music in general. I keep looking for alternatives. In the mid to late Sixties after the exuberance of the Alternate Media Conference in Vermont I would have thought that by the early Seventies at the latest you would be hearing a great deal more of the jazz greats on radio, but it didn't happen then and I don't see it happening now. I remain optimistic and hopeful, but realistically, in 1978, I, as a record company executive involved very heavily in jazz, must look for other means to try to get my artists across to the people.

MUS: Do you think that the ratings system forces an unimaginative format on stations? It seems they feel compelled to go for that three, four or five share of a given market.

SB: Well, I think that it's not so much that the rating system is at fault, but that people acquiesce to it in unimaginative ways. I think that listeners to AOR stations are a lot more flexible than programmers, station managers and station owners give them credit for. If they find a successful format with pop or rock or country, that's fine. These are individual businesses, and no one has the right to tell them to change things just like that. But that's not to say that a jazz format on a large station — given time — could not build a new audience and maintain it.

MUS: The ratings for jazz stations around the country are all pretty depressing. They all seem to get about a .8 share.

SB: One that's coming up is WRVR in New York, but I think that's a matter of creative and intelligent programming. If you used the same kind of dynamic people that thrust the entire rock situation upon the post-Woodstock world, if you used (or had) that kind of talent and exuberance with jazz, you wouldn't have such a conservative and archaic approach. There were other variables in the Sixties, of course, but the people who program radio today are not the same breed, and you need that as a catalyst. Here we are comparing the Sixties and the Seventies and the pendulum swings back and forth and has nothing to do with music, but does affect the music and affect what people want to hear at any given time.

MUS: Does the audience really affect the programming? You hear all these rock station promos saying 'The Music You Want to Hear.'

SB: It's ridiculous. They try to reach the lowest or widest common denominator.

MUS: The new head of the FCC, Charles Ferris, said in a *TV Guide* interview recently that commercial broadcasting is now the last refuge of the tired and timid.

SB: Well, he's right. Yes, he's dead right. I don't know what to do at this point with the music I'm involved with except to find other means of exposure for it.

MUS: What about jazz on TV? Is there going to be anything happening through PBS?

SB: So far, no. I haven't been contacted by anybody. It would be a viable medium, maybe more viable than radio, but the same mentality exists. People have been trying. Occasionally there's a token thing, and *Saturday Night Live* is doing what it can. People who are willing to take chances and have courage, Sun Ra showed up and Keith Jarrett. I'm sure their ratings don't suffer for it.

MUS: It's still in tiny doses.

SB: Yes, but you're talking about high art in a country that does not enjoy or respect high art the way Europe does, and so pop art becomes dominant. I don't want to get economic and political and all that, you know what I'm talking about. This country is run economically and the dollar is the final word. Industries are industries. Corporate structures have reflected themselves in the mentality of the people. So what you've got to change is not so much the individual programmers on radio — though that's important — you've got to change the mentality of the system that breeds this kind of thing. And radio and television are only a by-product and manifestation of the larger reality. It's no different in radio or television from Lever Brothers or IBM, their kind of thinking.

MUS: Where does it start, or end? with the public or with the corporations?

SB: The public obviously does want the things that are being doled out, at least to some extent, but that doesn't eliminate your conscience or your desire to make things better, with more than just token gestures. If you're just playing ball in a certain ballpark, then you're just going to accept whatever is happening. If you come out there as a businessman or a programmer with a conscience, then it's within your power to help elevate the consciousness of an entire group of people. And if you don't, God save you.

MUS: The opportunities are there to truly enrich people's lives.

SB: That's right. And it's all affected by this pendulum swing. We live in a very conservative, look-out-for-yourself 1978. That makes it much harder to take on the 'conscience factor', because the elements in the society around us don't support it. In the sixities, there was that "Let's change it *all*," attitude.

MUS: Now there's a profound ennui.

SB: Exactly. But it will swing back; I'm still optimistic that it will swing back on a much wider arc to a more involved state of mind.

KJAZ *continued from page 32*

much as $500 a month extra." (KJAZ's jocks have always been grossly underpaid.)

Ironically, too, Braun has viewed Philip Jacklin with more kindness than almost anyone involved in the struggle. Himself a Ph.D. who has studied public access to government, Braun terms Jacklin "a stubborn ideologist, an idealist who can be uncompromising in the worst sense of the word. In fact, by going after KJAZ, Jacklin has cut into the very heart of the community whose support he needs for his other projects." Braun noted that more than 1,000 people sent letters to the FCC in support of KJAZ, while, "up until three months ago we don't know of a single letter against."

COM's petition to wrest away KJAZ's license, Andy Stern noted in a Feb. 13 article in *New West*, is just another example of what he says has become "the newest California spectator sport. On November 1, 1977 . . . the FCC reported that it received 56 such petitions from California alone. In the fifteen months prior to that date the FCC had received only 21 petitions from the entire remainder of the country." As far as the effectiveness of free speech messages (the kind COM demanded) are concerned, Stern adds, "they have little or no effect on what people think. Audiences often view them with amusement; in fact, these messages have become staples in comedy routines."

Within the last year, KJAZ has also begun special new shows, including two by jock Bud Spangler, a "What's New" program featuring new releases and a "Jazz Dimensions" hour with detailed histories of individual artists. Various jocks also do daily half-hour single-artist features; Bob Houlehan has for years had a two-hour Sunday evening show of vintage jazz; Jerry Dean plays mellow "dinner jazz" nightly from 6 - 7 o'clock; George Hughes often delves into fascinating expositions of the avant-garde during his graveyard shifts (KJAZ operates 24 hours); and the station offers countless interviews with jazz musicians, mostly during Phil Brooks's and Dick Conte's daytime shifts. Conte and Dean, incidentally, along with part-timers Houlehan and John Rogers, have been with KJAZ almost from the beginning, while Brooks arrived from Pittsburgh five years ago, and so on.

Now that the community has rallied so enthusiastically to KJAZ's side ("when your lover is about to walk ou the door," Braun says, "you finally realize how precious she is"), serious negotiations have taken place between KJAZ and COM prior to the FCC's setting a hearing date. Hopes are that a quick compromise will be reached that will be adequately face-saving for COM, and that will allow a presumably chastened KJAZ the freedom to pursue its community-aware, all-jazz format unhindered.

Then there was jazz on TV . . . whatever happened to it? Look at this line-up.

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Jazz was officially toasted, but whether it was for the music or the faltering black vote remains to be seen.

Salt Peanuts at 1600

By Bill Brower

"Well I think that this is an auspicious occasion...to say the very, very least..," began Max Roach. The occasion was a gala music fest to celebrate the 25th anniversary of the Newport Jazz Festival. The place was not Freebody Park where Newport spent its first years nor any of its current New York venues. The place was the south lawn of the big House, Jimmy's big White House. The hosts were Jimmy Carter, the former peanut farmer from Georgia with the populist smile, and his wife Rosalyn, the first lady.

Max continued, "..you know I was born in a small town in North Carolina January 10, 1924. My family moved to New York City because of the depression. We grew up in what was a very critical time throughout the whole world..and to think that we are here on this lawn, playing for the President of the United States of America. I hope it means something more than just my own personal satisfaction..."

The 800 hundred or so folks sprawled across the south lawn seemed quite satisfied. They were feasting on Jambalaya, a creole dish conjured from chicken, pork and sausage, rice, onions, mounds of salt and spiked with black pepper, garlic and Tabasco sauce, salad and pecan pie. There was both red and white wine plus beer on tap to wet the whistle and loosen the spirit. From the stage's rear the audience and paper tablecloths flapping in the wind combined into a sea of whiteness. Moving among the crowd one could find pockets of blacks dotted here and there. It was like descending on America from an aeroplane. For many of the guests, especially former campaign workers, it was their just reward. For invited prominent officers of government like Attorney General Griffin Bell who sat beside Mrs. Louie Bellson (Pearl Bailey) and particularly those directly concerned with the arts like Livingston Biddle, director of the National Endowment for the Arts, it was obligatory. There was also a sprinkling of celebs and 'pretty people' and LeRoy Nieman, mustache immaculately curled, to sketch it all to hang in God knows what room in posterity.

As we moved among them, Max Roach, who helped lead the Newport rebellion in 1960 which resulted in the rival Cliff Walk Manor Festival continued, "I hope it means something to our culture, America's great, great gift to the world, this so-called jazz.." And from the world of jazz came a reasonably broad group of musicians, critics, producers, advocates, and scholars. And everyone behaved. Dan Morgenstern was there and Albert Murray and Stanley Crouch and Ron Welburn and Gary Giddins for starters among the writers. Sam and Bea Rivers strolled across the White House lawn like newlyweds. The

continued on page 54

PHOTOS BY TOM COPI

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Remember the first time you played an electric guitar? How charged up both you and the sound were? You can experience that first time feeling all over again when you play an RD Artist guitar by Gibson.

Now there are three kinds of guitar. Acoustics. Electrics. And RDs.

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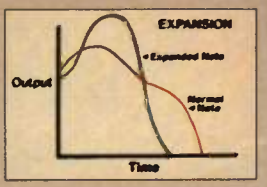

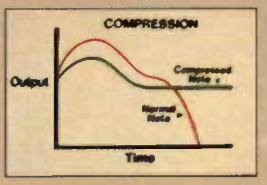

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The Artist is just one member of the RD family. There's three guitars and two basses. And each comes equipped with its own family of sounds. So, instead of looking for your next guitar, look for your last. The RD Series from Gibson.

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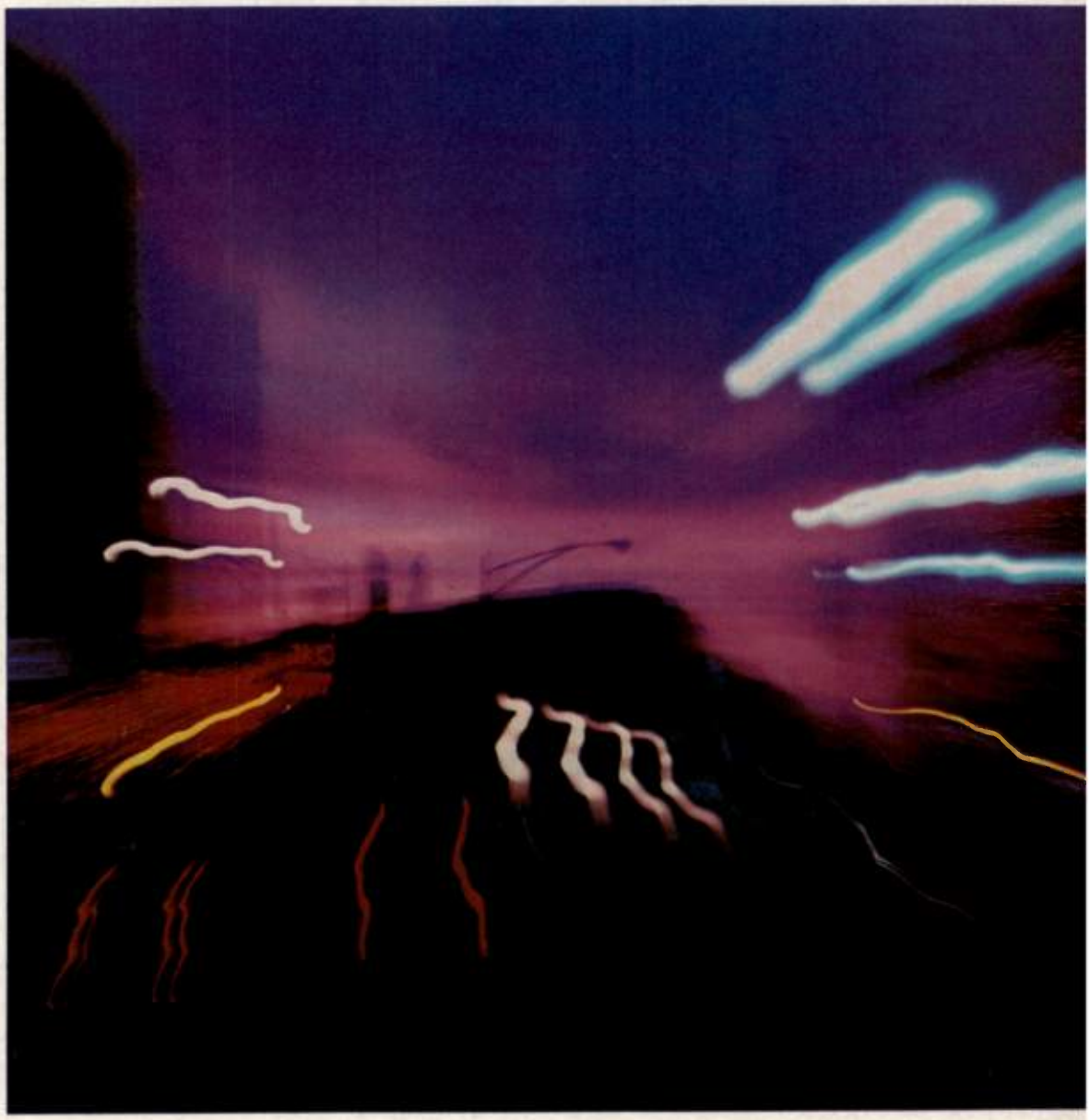


PHOTO BY BILL RANDOLPH

There is no boundry line to Art
Music is your own experience, your
thoughts, your wisdom. If you don't live it,
it won't come out of your horn.

Bird, Sweden 1950

1978 JAZZ RADIO AWARDS

In the Commercial Catagory:

The "How High the Moon" AM excellence award (so entitled because most of these stations are daytimers):
to WNOP, Newport, Ky. Second Prize: WJYZ, Pittsburgh, Pa. Honorable Mention: KNDI and KIOE, Honolulu, Hi; WYZE, Atlanta, Ga; WBEE, Chicago, Il; WHYZ, Greenville, SC.

The "Peggy's Blue Skylight" FM excellence award:
given to those stations which let the full range of jazz shine through: to KADX, Denver, Co. and WBBY, Columbus, Oh. (tie).Second Prize: WYBC, New Haven, Ct. Honorable Mention: KXTC, Phoenix Az; WYLD, New Orleans, La.

The "Dance of the Infidels" hangin' in there award:
to KJAZ, San Francisco, Ca.

The "Some Other Spring" just for being there award:
KJZZ, Anchorage, Ak. and KYME (AM), Boise, Id. Second Prize: WVIS, Frederiksted, Virgin Islands.

The "Lester Leaps In" meritorious service award:
given jointly to jocks and their stations for keeping the music alive: to Felix Grant and WMAL (AM), Washington, D.C.; Joe McClurg and WCFL (AM), Chicago, Il; China Valles and WMTI, Miami, Fl; Leo Chears and WMRY, East St. Louis, Il; Terry Smith and WDJF, Westport, Ct (oak leaf clusters); Ron Cuzner and WFMR, Milwaukee, Wi.

In the Non-Commercial Catagory:

The "I Want to Talk About You" AM excellence award:
to KUAT, Tucson, Az; WSUI, Iowa City, Ia; WEBR, Buffalo, NY. Who would have thought it possible to tune in your car's radio and hear this?

The "Satin Doll" FM excellence award:
to WKCR, New York, NY (for their championing of the avant garde in the toughest market in the country). Second Prize: WDET, Detroit, WNMU, Marquette, WCMU Mt. Pleasant, WEMU, Ypsilanti, Mi; KANU, Lawrence, Ks; KVNO, Omaha, Nb; WBFO, Buffalo, NY; WBUR, WGBH, Boston, Ma; KERA, Dallas, KUHF, Houston, KTEP, El Paso, Tx; WBJC, Baltimore, Md; WMUB, Oxford, WKSU, Kent, Oh; KUWR, Laramie, Wy; KLCC, Eugene, Or; KPLU, Tacoma, KAOS, Olympia, Wa; WYEP, Pittsburgh, WUHY, WRTI, WXPN, Philadelphia, Pa; WBKY, Lexington, Ky; WLSU, La Crosse, Wi; KDVS, Davis, KSCN, Northridge, KSDS, San Diego, KCRW, Santa Monica, Ca; KCUR, Kansas City, Mo; WPKN, Bridgeport, Ct (for the variety of their programming).

The "Groovin' High" keeping the airwaves jumpin' award:
to Mort Fega and WWUH, Hartford, Ct, and Ted O'Reilly and CJRT, Toronto, Ont. Canada.

The "I Cover the Waterfront" award:
Wisconsin Educational Radio Network (special citations to Michael Hanson and Ken Ohst), and the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation for "Jazz Radio Canada" (Dave Bird, executive producer). Honorable Mention: Maine Public Broadcasting and West Virginia Public Radio.

The "They Can't Take That Away From Me" listener-support radio award (worthy of your ears and your dough):
to WICN, Worcester, Ma; KOPN, Columbia, Mo; WORT, Madison Wi; KGNU, Boulder, Co; KPOO, San Francisco, KUSP, Santa Cruz, Ca; KBOO, Portland, Or; KRAB, Seattle, Wa; WRFG, Atlanta, Ga; WVSP, Warrenton, NC; WAIF, Cincinnati, Oh.

The "It's You or No One" award:
to the Pacifica Group (WBAI, New York; WPFW, Washington, D.C.; KPFT, Houston; KPFK, Los Angeles; KPFA, Berkeley).

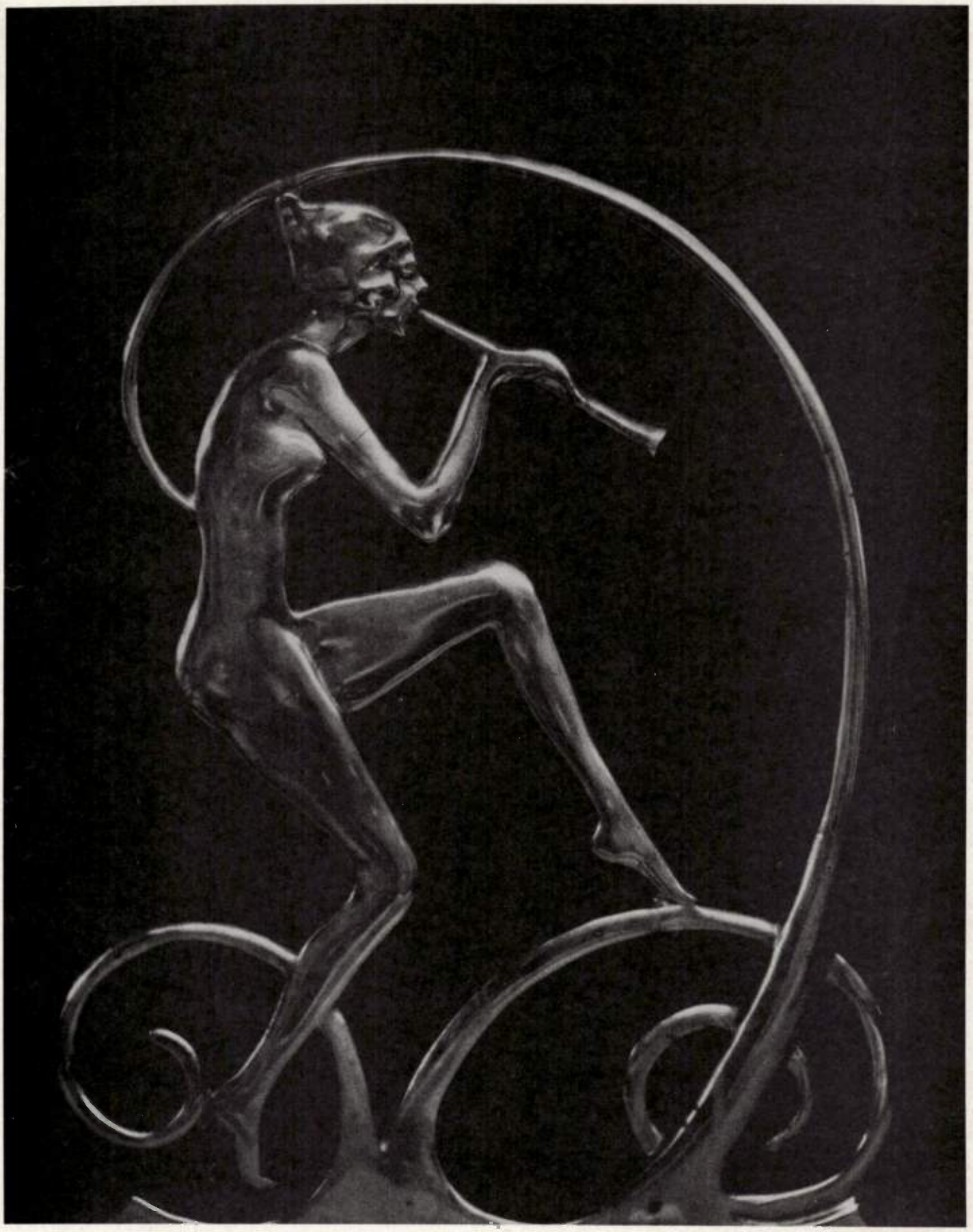
General Honors:

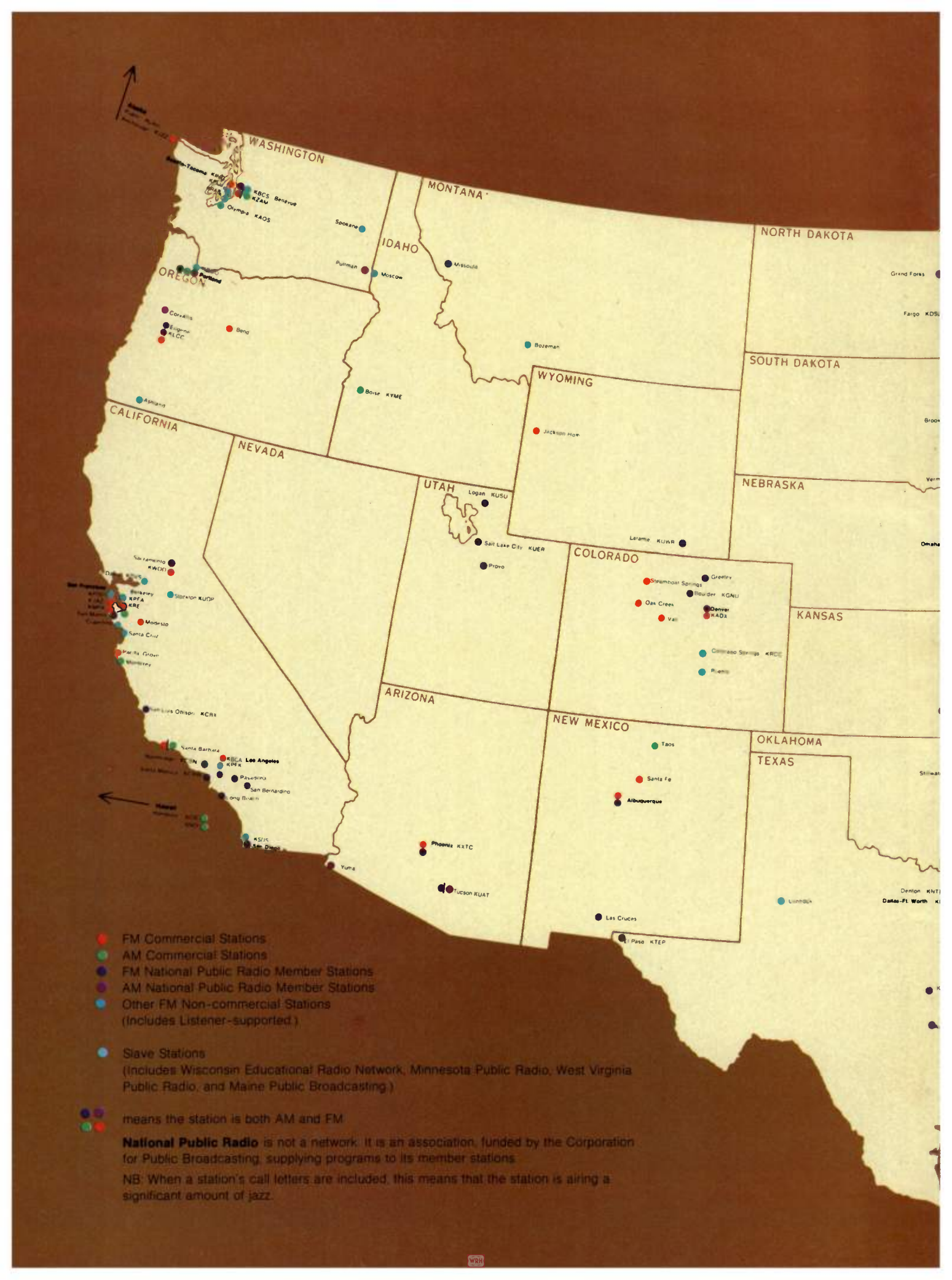
The Most Overused Jazz Radio Program Name award:
to "Just Jazz" and "All That Jazz" (tie).

The most original jazz show names:
to "I Thought I Heard Buddy Bolden Say", WGTB, Washington, D.C. and "Afro-Eurasian Eclipse", WFMU, East Orange, NJ.

The most significant development award:
to Joe McClurg and WCFL (AM) for having the courage to take on jazz in the windy city, and broadcast it over much of the midwest since 'CFL is clear channel.

The hope for the future award:
to WPFW, Washington, D.C. for having the brainstorm of jazz/public affairs listener-supported radio.




WASHINGTON
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WYOMING
UTAH
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ARIZONA
NEW MEXICO
NORTH DAKOTA
SOUTH DAKOTA
NEBRASKA
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Portland
Corvallis
Eugene KLCC
Bend
Ashland
Boise KYME
Jackson Hole
Logan KUSU
Salt Lake City KUER
Provo
Laramie KUWR
Omaha
Sacramento KWOD
Berkeley KPFA
KRE
Stockton KUOP
Modesto
Santa Cruz
Monterey
Santa Barbara
KBCA Los Angeles
KPFK
Pasadena
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Long Beach
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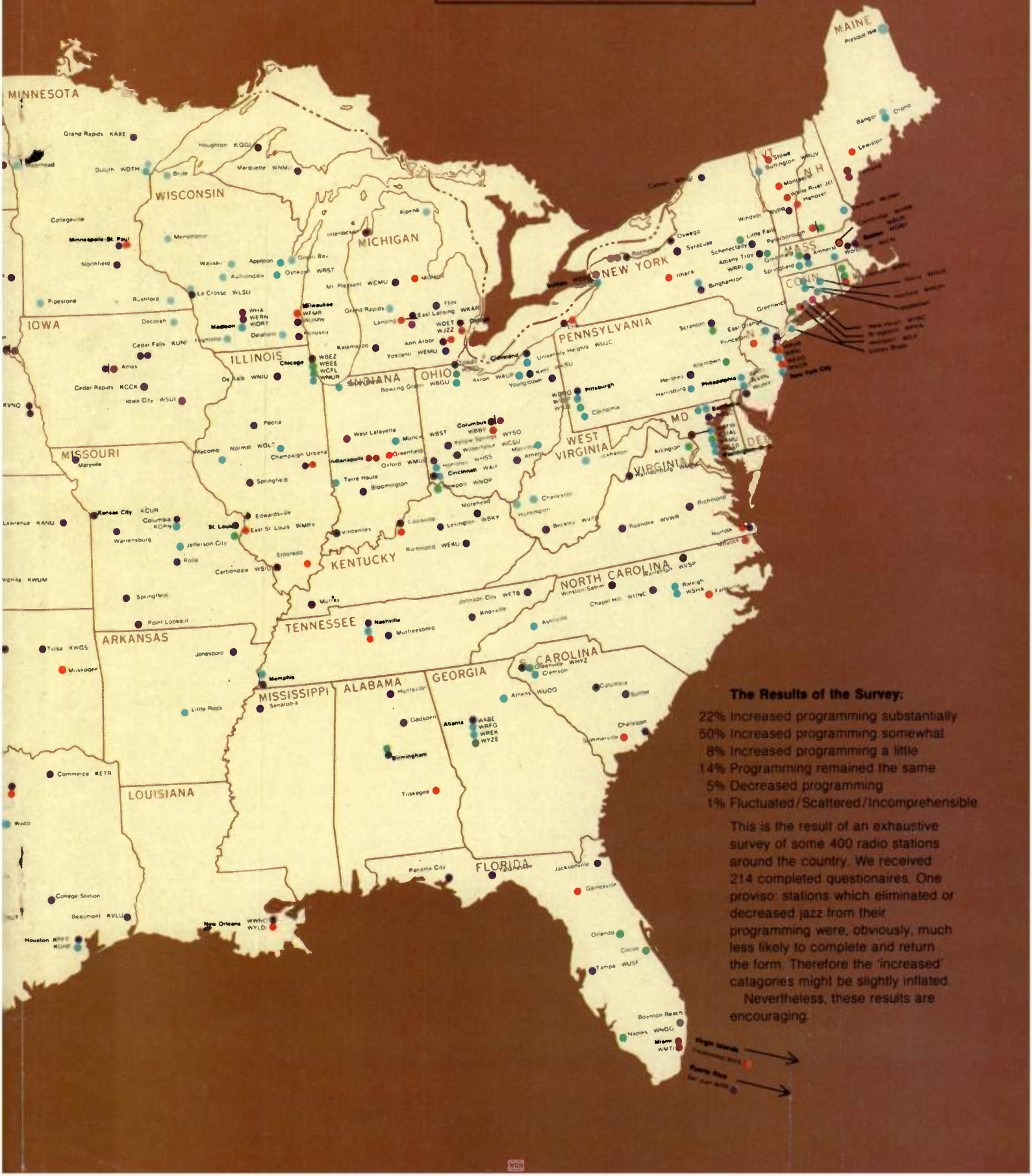
Greeley
Boulder KGNU
Oak Creek
Denver KADZ
Vail
Colorado Springs KRCC
Pueblo
Taos
Santa Fe
Albuquerque
Las Cruces
El Paso KTEP
Phoenix KXTC
Yuma
Tucson KUAT
Denton KNTU
Dallas-Ft. Worth
Lubbock
FM Commercial Stations
AM Commercial Stations
FM National Public Radio Member Stations
AM National Public Radio Member Stations
Other FM Non-commercial Stations
(Includes Listener-supported.)
Slave Stations
(Includes Wisconsin Educational Radio Network, Minnesota Public Radio, West Virginia Public Radio, and Maine Public Broadcasting.)
means the station is both AM and FM
National Public Radio is not a network. It is an association, funded by the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, supplying programs to its member stations.
NB: When a station's call letters are included, this means that the station is airing a significant amount of jazz.

MUSICIAN



The Results of the Survey:

22% Increased programming substantially
50% Increased programming somewhat
8% Increased programming a little
14% Programming remained the same
5% Decreased programming
1% Fluctuated/Scattered/Incomprehensible

This is the result of an exhaustive survey of some 400 radio stations around the country. We received 214 completed questionaires. One proviso: stations which eliminated or decreased jazz from their programming were, obviously, much less likely to complete and return the form. Therefore the 'increased' catagories might be slightly inflated.

Nevertheless, these results are encouraging.

Nights at the Cookery

By Rafi Zabor

DEBORAH FEINGOLD

What its like to work in a jazz club and try to hear music at the same time. Also: Joe Turner, a brief metaphysic of Harlem stride, and Helen Humes sings.

In the Long Green

This article is going to have more lettuce in it than anything you have read in a music magazine before. For six months last year I worked behind the salad bar at the Cookery in New York. I did this because the place had been written up many times by guys like Whitney Balliett and I needed a perspective inaccessible to the competition. Wearing a white linen jacket, white pants and *huaraches* I made a few hundred salads a night, ran up and down the stairs to and from the basement with stainless steel tubs of lettuce, lemons, tomatoes, boxes of cake, cannisters of ice cream and buckets full of little ice cubes with holes through the middle of them. I listened to as much music as I could: two Joe Turners, Helen Humes, Maxine Sullivan, Dick Katz and Adam Makowicz. (That was last year. This year I went back like a prince with a Nikon to hear Alberta Hunter.) After a night's work I would change into street clothes, pick up one or two bottles of Kronenbourg from a Greek deli up the street and ride the haunted subways uptown to a little apartment over a synagogue, where I would drink the beer, listen to WKCR if it was on and go to sleep hoping that the morning prayers wouldn't wake me up. I spent the rest of the week writing a short novel. A number of the waitresses at the Cookery were actresses. Rick and Bob Allen, the two hosts, were actors. Tom the bartender was a *cineaste*. Mo the night manager was a gambler and we were all tired. Pieces like this never turn up in the New Yorker,

The Cookery is located on the corner of University and Eighth in the Village, opposite Brentano's on the one hand and Zum Zum on the other. Barney Josephson owns it and runs it with his wife Gloria, who is my first cousin. Josephson once owned two clubs named Cafe Society, uptown and downtown, which were the first racially integrated nightclubs in America and featured musicians like Art Tatum and Billie Holiday and many of the artists who work at The Cookery now (I'm not referring to the kitchen staff.) The two Cafe Societies were popular establishments but Barney eventually ran into some problems. In the mid-Thirties his brother Leon went to Europe to assassinate Hitler, and when he didn't succeed it cost Barney the better part of his fortune to bail him back home. After the War, which cost all of us a good deal more, Barney was gradually redbaited out of business by newspaper types like Winchell and Dorothy Kilgallen. After gradually diminishing his business with innuendo (it was a great time to be alive) they and others like them saw to it that Josephson's liquor license was taken away from him. He was out of the nightclub business but after a time was able to open The Cookery in the mid-Fifties which neither served liquor nor featured music.

Some years later he met and married Gloria Agrin, lawyer, who had moved into the building upstairs with her parents. After the marriage, Gloria gradually left the practice of law and began managing the restaurant. She had always been an excellent cook and continental fare began to make its appearance at a reasonable price. The menu was redesigned and rewritten. Barney and Gloria had two sons, raising the first to be a genius. Gloria began looking grim from overwork. To make a long and difficult story very short, times changed and Josephson was permitted a liquor license again. In retrospect, music may have been the obvious next step, but it took unusual circumstances to bring Josephson back into the nightclub business.

Unless you have followed her career closely, you might assume that Mary Lou Williams' fame has been continuous. The fact is that despite her fame in the Thirties and Forties, her obscurity in the Fifties survived an attempt at a comeback in the early Sixties, and by the end of the decade she was cleaning white folks' apartments for a living. In 1970, the Reverend Peter S.J. O'Brien, who was her spiritual advisor, persuaded Barney Josephson to buy a piano and feature her at the Cookery, as once he had at Cafe Society. A piano was selected and approved and Mary Lou Williams

DEBORAH FEINGOLD

began an eighteen week engagement that would revive her career and establish the Cookery as one of the most interesting jazz rooms in the city, where, despite the absence of percussion and horns — the City would not permit these in so residential an area — an older generation of musicians could be heard at its best. Josephson had a genius for booking and presentation: Helen Humes was an enormous success and Big Joe Turner did even better. The stride pianist Joe Turner was brought in from Paris and delighted *aficionados*. Jimmy Rowles played there, Marian MacPartland, Sammy Price and others. The place became famous with the critics, who wrote competing hymns of praise . . . Word got out that I was going to start making the salads . . . Things picked up.

Years before, I had worked the register at the Cookery for an afternoon and had found the job impossible. My cousin Gloria had told me not to feel too bad; an experienced register man had given the job a try the week before and left in tears after a couple of hours. Working any job at the Cookery gives rise to a similar impulse. There is something about the place. I've worked in other restaurants before, and have probably worked harder, but I have never worked under greater strain. It may be that the place is impossible to blow off steam in, too stylish, too confined, it is hard to tell. It's a deadly place to work in, and my first weekend there I was angry all the time. The salad bar adjoins the liquor bar and forms an L at the front of the restaurant with the cooks' counter, where two men are boxed in between the grills, the microwaves and the infrared lamps on the service counter. The cooks, the bartender and myself were at the mercy of the waitresses, who were at the mercy of the customers, who had none. There was a spindle on the counter in front of me, and the waitresses would impale their salad and dessert orders on it when they had received them from their customers. Everyone ordering dinner was entitled to a short salad — romaine lettuce on a white plate with a choice of five dressings — but there were more complicated salads for those who wanted them, horseradish and sauce setups for tempura, and a wide range of desserts including the treacherous and involved strawberry tart Romanoff. When I ran out of anything I had to run down to the basement to get it. The pace was impossible, I'm sorry. Everyone always ordered at once, and then I would run out of something and the waitresses would hassle me and I would hassle them back. No one knew that I was family, of course, and that was the way I wanted it.

I raged past the tables dreaming of revenge and revolution, knowing in my muscles and bones how meaningless were all the discussions of Art at the tables while fifty lost souls slaved their asses off providing food and drink for the disputing mouths and bellies. Trust New York to provide the counterfeit of culture, I told myself, it doesn't mean a thing. No art was possible here, nothing was. In other words my vanity was piqued and I didn't like being an invisible man in soiled white linens while the rest of the world ate well and acted vain. I ran up and down the stairs until my legs ached, I tore lettuce until I got a rash on my hands and fell down on slippery floors, was yelled at by waitresses who didn't understand that last year alone I had written five hundred pages of wonderful poetry, I tried to listen to the music and couldn't and I only worked weekends so what am I complaining about.

The Dark at the Top of the Stairs

The first musician to work the Cookery while I was there was Joe Turner, not Big Joe Turner the blues singer but plain Joe Turner the stride pianist. He was a dignified man with large eyes, a trademark cigar and a habitual smile, courteous, not tall, a tad ceremonious. His appearance at the Cookery the year before had been declared an event. He had lived in Europe since the end of the Second World War, and was therefore largely unknown here; for a major

stride pianist to have emerged all of a sudden in New York in 1976 was the most unexpected and pleasurable of events. His return engagement began on a Tuesday and I started work the next weekend. I hoped to be able to hear him at length while working but this proved impossible. Although the audience turnout for the engagement was to prove disappointing, the Cookery was packed that first weekend. The orders came thick and fast and my inexperience kept me hopelessly behind the rush. Tom the bartender bailed me out repeatedly while I ran up and down the stairs with fresh lettuce, cheesecakes and tubs of ice cream. Every time I've taken on a hard job there has always been someone on hand who went out of his way to help me out, and this time it was Tom. Whenever the orders stacked up on the spindle and the waitresses started hassling me, he stepped in and handled the overflow. I marvelled at the speed with which he could make salads, tear lettuce, cut tomatoes, spoon dressing and drop in the olives. I kept thanking him all night.

I was able to hear enough of Turner to know that he was doing more than playing Harlem stride. I heard him singing 'The Shadow of Your Smile' and in a later set some song in French. Before going up to play he would invariably ask Tom for a 'J&B, straight up on the rocks.' 'You want that straight up or on the rocks?' Tom would ask him. 'Right,' Joe Turner would reply, 'Straight up on the rocks.' Tom would turn to me, smile and shrug and serve him a J&B on the rocks. Turner's playing was always impeccable, I could hear that much while I worked. The second or third weekend business was off and everyone complained about it but me. The waitresses bitched about not getting any tips and Tom, who got no tips anyway, didn't like it either. Lazy myself, I asked him why. 'I work six nights a week,' he told me, 'and if it's busy the days go by like bam bam bam and there goes the week.' And your life with it, I thought. Mo the night manager, whose actual name is Mustafa and who came here from Iran some years ago, came up to complain about the slow business. 'It's too darn cold out, Joey, whee, no one comes.' He took it personally. So did Gloria Josephson, who was less vocal but more intense, walking the floor in tight little steps and chainsmoking Chesterfields. I took the winter personally only insofar as it was physically painful to go out in it and the heat in my apartment was getting erratic. It was fine with me if business was slow; I could listen to Joe Turner. I spent the evening at Tom's end of the bar watching Turner play, grudgingly making a salad when the situation demanded. During the course of that Friday night I grew to love stride piano for the first time. Standing there in my soiled whites I began to discover things in Turner's playing that I'd never been able to hear before: the celebration in the music, not unbounded as in Kansas City swing but held partially in check by the left hand stride, ideally proportioned, balanced, alive. It was a music, as Turner played it, that respected both convention and release, was not meant to overwhelm life but augment it. It took a certain kind of wisdom to play well and stimulated something analogous in those who listened to it thoroughly. It presented a dual vision of pleasure and justice, of freedom and limitation, of the self and the world, or so I understood while leaning on the end of the bar, drinking lime and soda water and tapping my *huaraches*. My pleasure grew throughout the evening and at the end of it I thanked Joe Turner. 'I've never really gotten into stride before but now I've begun to love it. That was wonderful, thank you.' Turner looked pleased: 'Isn't it great?' he said. 'Isn't it?' I had understood something new and was grateful. Joe Turner nodded at me and said good night, urbane, civilized and wise.

The next weekend or the one after I heard that Turner had been injured. Snow had come to the unnatural winter at last; New York had slushed it and it had turned to ice. Turner, who was nearly seventy, had slipped and fallen, tearing one of the main tendons in one of his legs. He had been in terrible pain and Barney Josephson had advised him to take a week or so off, but Turner characteristically preferred to work. After all, he had come all the way from Paris. He walked with a cane and hid his suffering pretty well. 'A double J&B, Tom, straight up on the rocks.' Then he would make his way to the piano, lower himself onto the bench wincing and smiling at the audience, and begin to play as urbanely as ever. I felt for him. 'Mo,' I said, 'I think he's really hurting.' Mo was as preoccupied with business as usual and said, 'Last year there were lines around the block. Joey, I don't know what we do . . .

Later that night I had to go downstairs for more lettuce, cake, lemons or ice cream. It was between sets and when I got to the top of the stairs I saw Joe Turner coming up them from the bottom. He didn't see me, hadn't heard me and didn't know that I was there. He was in agony at every step, hauling himself up with his cane, perspiring and gritting his teech. Because of his pain he didn't notice me until he was nearly at the top. Finally he looked me in the eye. 'You're really hurting,' I said, sorry that I had invaded the privacy of his pain. He smiled. 'It's got to stop sometime,' he said, and walked past me into the house for another set. I'm sick and tired of music criticism that views art as primarily a technical achievement. When I came to work the next weekend Tom told me that Turner had fallen on the ice again, tearing the tendons in his other leg. He was in the hospital, in terrible pain, and when he was well enough to travel he would be flying back to France. 'I'm gonna visit him in the hospital Sunday,' Tom said. 'I'll bring him some J&B, he'll like that. Straight up on the rocks . . . '

(As this article goes to press the wheel has come full circle or something like it: Joe Turner has just arrived at the Cookery for another visit. It's summer now and I hope that the heat suits him better than the cold did. I wish I could go see him. If you can't make it to University and Eighth, there is an album Turner recorded on Chiaroscuro on his visit in 76.)

In the Gap

Helen Humes, whose career had not lapsed as seriously as Mary Lou Williams', first appeared at the Cookery in 1975. It was after this engagement that she recorded anew for Columbia and came generally and justly to be regarded as one of the finest singers in the whole of jazz. After Joe Turner's hospitalization, Barney Josephson asked her if she would come into the club for awhile to help fill the gap. She agreed to work until she was due in New Orleans for Mardi Gras, at which point Maxine Sullivan would come in and work until Big Joe Turner was scheduled to arrive from California. Because the Cookery could not legally accommodate percussion or horns, Helen Humes was backed only by Dick Katz on piano and Victor Sproles on bass, and although I enjoyed her continuously throughout her stay and she tipped me five bucks on her departure as she did everyone else, I did not fully appreciate her artistry until recently, when I saw her on TV doing one number with the Count Basie Band. She *carried* that band the same as she had in '38, and it seemed to me that she needed that much orchestral energy to properly offset her own. It was as though I were hearing her as she was for the first time. In the confines of the Cookery she was almost too dazzling, artist and entertainer both, referring to Katz and Sproles as her Joy Boys, getting risque with her songs and joking with the audience between them. 'I'm a big fat mama, the meat shakin' on my bones . . .' The audiences loved her but stayed small, and Barney was paying the musicians the usual mint. Mo talked about the weather, Gloria walked the floor and lost her temper, Tom headed for terminal boredom, the host Bob Allen started juggling sharp and pointed steak knives to pass the time, and of all the waitresses only Irene kept her cool (but then Irene always kept her cool, she'd

continued on page 84

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TOM COPI

Individuality and a free expression of one's inner spirit in an almost unrestrained way; vivid, aggressive and innovative on the one hand and comprising the severest form of self-discipline on the other."

Jimmy Carter on jazz, 1978

cont. from page 43

ubiquitous Michael Cuscuna performing various services for National Public Radio(NPR). Mary Lou Williams and Cecil Taylor, who not long ago headlined a concert entitled "Embrace" that ended as a boxing match between boogie and thunderous clusters, were both there. As was Dick Hyman who has just released a record virtually mocking Taylor's approach. Besides Roach there was Papa Joe Jones and Denardo Coleman who dueted with papa Ornette. Along with Ornette in his flowered brocade sleeveless suit there was the most urbane Benny Carter. And Illinois Jacquet and Rollins and Dex. The trumpet line was there from Doc Cheatham through Roy Eldridge, renamed Big Jazz, up to the quizzical Diz, former presidential candidate replete in his Scotland Yard sky piece. Herbie, George, Chick, and Tony came to visit...and play.

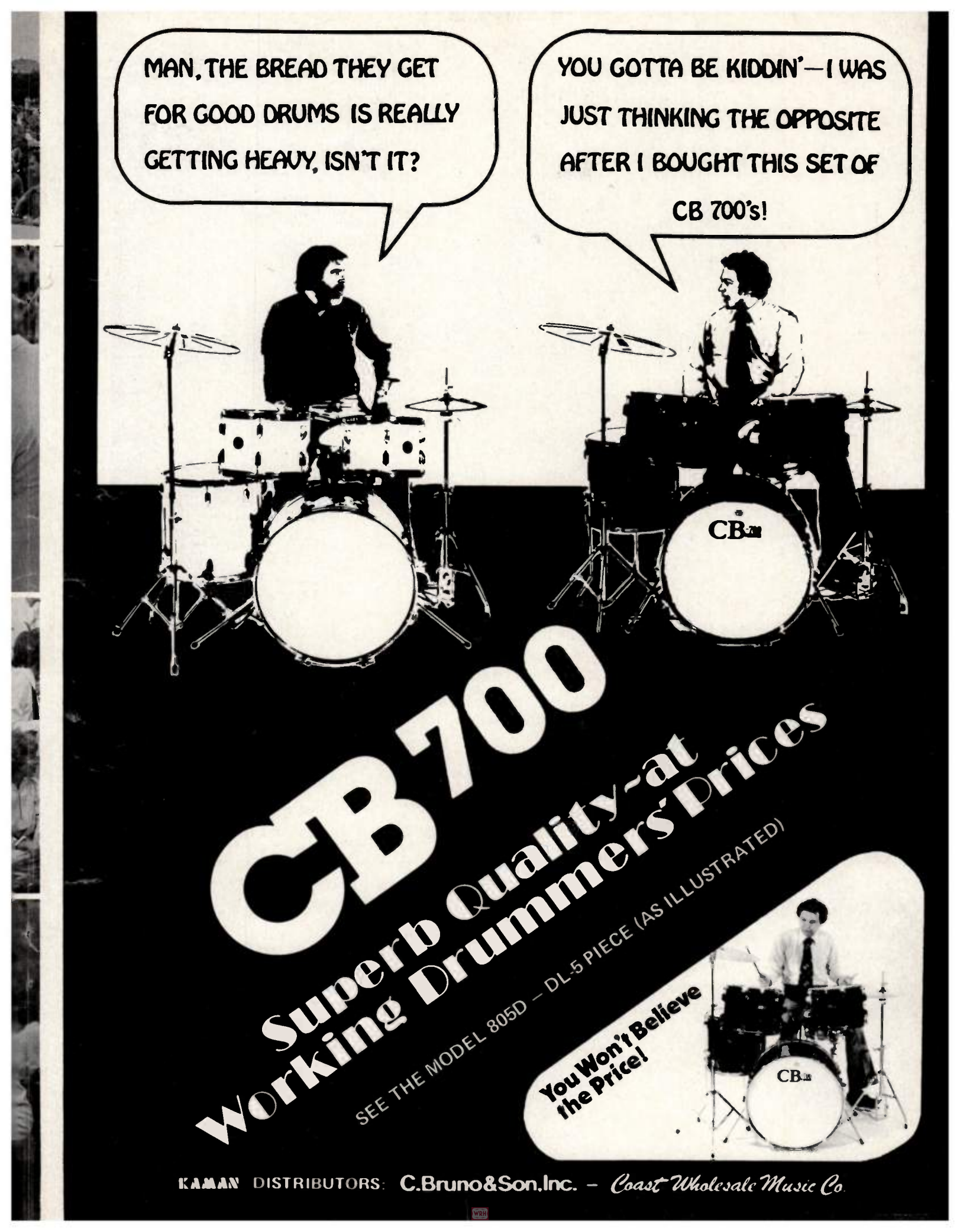
Literally the first words from the stage I heard while crossing the lawn were, "...Starting late in the last century there was a unique combination of two characteristics that have made America what it is. Individuality and a free expression of one's inner spirit in an almost unrestrained way; vivid, aggressive and innovative on the one hand and comprising the severest form of self-discipline on the other. Never compromising quality as the human spirit bursts forth in an expression of song." It was the President of the United States speaking. He continued, alluding perhaps to the famous Newport riots that precipitated its relocation to the Big Apple as much as to Storyville, "At first this jazz form was not well accepted in respectable circles." He paused and then went further than I would have thought. "I think there was an element of racism." Later in the speech he would compare jazz to the White House and to the Capitol itself as being among our national treasures.

So it was more than just a party or something merely personal. It was a profound statement endorsing the whole scope of the music. A statement beyond Nixon's birthday party for the Duke or Dizzy's earlier appearance at a Carter White House state dinner for the Shah of Iran. It was a clear signal from the White House that no one was intended to miss. Consider that not only did NPR broadcast the event live but NPR got a special appropriation from the Corporation for Public Broadcasting to promote it. Promotion included television spots on "Saturday Night Live", "Good Morning America", the "Today Show" and "CBS Morning News". About twenty-five percent of the NPR stations replayed the program within the week. For a president in trouble with his liberal constituency and the black vote that carried him into the big house, it was a singularly successful day..a high even... that produced gobs of good press. The jazz world was, or at least appeared to be happy to be there. And one certainly couldn't have expected the same result from say, a party of farmers or autoworkers.

Congressman John Conyers, a powerful advocate for jazz, read the president's unequivocal endorsement as "historic." "It means," he said, "that the rest of the government can relate meaningfully to this art form called jazz...This is the formal endorsement that is required by the lead forces in our society..symbolism still plays an important function in this culture..."

Walter Anderson, who directs the Music Division of NEA was effusive."It's just unparalleled. It's a joyous occasion. This kind of recognition will certainly help in the forward thrust for jazz. I feel that we must get much more intensely into program support. You can't tell the tide to go back when it's coming in." Anderson's boss at the endowment, Livingston Biddle, seemed to support his optimism, "Certainly we have already decided before this meeting to put additional money into jazz. I would like to see the money that we are giving to jazz-what is really a beginning program-double in the next year or so. And I see more growth after that." But then Biddle is also reacting to pressure from the Black Congressional Caucus and a heavyweight task force on African-American contributions to the arts who have been meeting with him privately. Yes, folks have been pushing from the inside, it's a good issue at the right time and a signal has been given.

Still, in the grand sweep of that evening there were moments not to be lost. A president backstage joking with a bass player of the same last name that they might be cousins...a joke only a white southerner whose childhood church has spurned blacks could make. Kennedy couldn't have said that. A president jumping from his seat and running ahead of harried secret servicemen to embrace a slightly unnerved Cecil Taylor after CT had stunned everybody. A president who gave personal get-well greetings to the most tempestous Newport Rebel of them all, Charles Mingus, who sat weeping in a wheelchair crippled by Lou Gehrig's disease. A president who didn't want the most American of all celebrations, a jazz festival, to end but took it out anyway singing "Salt Peanuts..Salt Peanuts.." I hope that a year from now I won't look at the budget books for the bottom line and find out that it was a president out for an afternoon of baby kissing.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RECORDS

Charles Mingus — Cumbia & Jazz Fusion, Atlantic SD 8801

Charles Mingus, bass; Dannie Richmond, drums; Bob Neloms, piano; Danny Mixon, piano and organ; Ricky Ford, George Adams, tenor and flute; Paul Jeffrey, Mauricio Smith, Gary Anderson, Gene Scholtes, Quarto Maltoni, Anastasio del Bono, Roberto Laneri, Pasquale Sabatelli, reeds; Jimmy Knepper, Dino Piana, trombone; Candido, Daniel Gonzalez, Ray Mantilla, Alfredo Ramirez, Bardley Cunningham, percussion.

The best Mingus record in six years contains two compositions only, both of them film scores and both essential Mingus. The title piece features Mingus' most recent band augmented by a few horns and a lot of Latin percussion, which is used particularly musically and well. It is with percussion that 'Cumbia & Jazz Fusion' begins, after which Mingus begins playing the remarkably propulsive vamp that will sustain the piece for its next ten minutes (the composition is 27 minutes long and never flags). The music has the exuberance of genius in full flight and the themes are run through Latin, bop, blues and ballad variations and an hilarious debunking of 'Shortnin Bread' with Mingus and Richmond taking the vocals. 'Mama's little baby likes *all* the finer things . . .' The energy and variety of the piece make it Mingus' finest small group composition since 'Meditations' and one of his most joyous ever. It is characteristic of him that in his use of Colombian music he has intersected that tradition at its most essential level, surpassing most of the Cumbia records coming out of Latin America today, which are superficial entertainments by comparison. 'Todo Modo', the second piece on the record, is contrastingly somber. Most often Mingus has been too much in the midst of life's energies to be genuinely reflective at length. 'Todo Modo' represents something of a change and may be regarded as the first product of Mingus' old age. It is a piece of unusual focus and power. It opens with unaccompanied horns — a recurring feature — and moves in and out of tempo a number of times before concluding with a duet between Adams on flute and Mingus on bass. The solo work, as on 'C&J Fusion', is consistently fine, and the *esprit de corps* is high. Mingus stands in relation to this period as Ellington did to an earlier one; summing a great deal of it up and influencing it less by provoking imitations than by providing it with an example of the very fullest and most developed kind of artistry. This is one of his classic recordings and if you do not buy a copy of it a gigantic loaf of bread will fall on you when you least expect it. — *Rafi Zabor*

Freddie Hubbard — Super Blue, Columbia JC 35386

Freddie Hubbard, trumpet and flugelhorn; Joe Henderson, tenor; Hubert Laws, flutes; Kenny Barron, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Jack DeJohnette, drums; George Benson, guitar; Dave Ohler, keyboards.

This fine straight-ahead album, in which Freddie Hubbard reaffirms everything that is great in himself, is some of the best jazz news to come along in a while. Everyone in the sextet (Benson and Ohler are present for one number each) plays as well as their reputations would lead you to expect, but it is Hubbard's album all the way. He shines on every number, demonstrating that no one has mastered his style as well as he has. His tone is full and the ideas flow. It is particularly noteworthy that he has refused to pad his solos with the effects he has been using to that end over the years, the high note wails, the flutter tones and the rest. Each of his solos here is logically and musically constructed and beautifully played. The album is a bit more preconceived than the Blue Note blowing dates it so resembles. Each of its six tunes, from the effectively funky title number to the assured hard bop of 'Theme for Kareem,' works a distinctly different patch of ground: bossa, ballad, flagwaver and gospel. I suspect that this was done not only to display Hubbard's versatility but to satisfy the appetite for variety in an audience accustomed to big orchestration, electronic effects and general bombast. The tunes are particularly well arranged for the sextet although no credit is given for the work. Henderson is strong and assured, Barron steals some of the thunder from Hubbard, Carter is solid and DeJohnette is powerful and precise as usual. And Freddie Hubbard shines. I only hope the album sells, justifying Hubbard's gamble and throwing a signal to Columbia. Jazz lives. — *Rafi Zabor*

Anthony Braxton — B-06 NW5-9M4 (For Trio), Arista AB 4181

Anthony Braxton, Henry Threadgill, Douglas Ewart, Roscoe Mitchel, Joseph Jarman: saxophones, clarinets, bassoons, flutes, percussion and vocals.

I've sometimes wondered what qualities in Braxton got him tagged as the leader of the avant garde and earned him awed reviews by writers who probably do not enjoy his music all that much but are too insecure to say so. Braxton is a brilliant and lucid musician, but there are improvisers as able as he, if few composers. One reason for his preeminence is the fact that he was signed early by Clive Davis, and money talks. Perhaps also he typifies what is most different in the current avant garde from the new music of the previous decade. The Sixties' avant garde was a cathartic outpouring that has probably changed the face of music forever; in Braxton the detachment and ecumenicism of the Seventies reaches its most extreme and therefore most recognizable form. Muhal Richard Abrams has also suggested that Braxton's work with white musicians like Chick Corea helped make him culturally acceptable. Abrams feels that Braxton has done a good job as front man for a movement too complex for him to really summarize and in the main I would agree. Braxton plays well and his compositional intelligence is such that he can sometimes make coherent use of the most severe discon-

tinuities, but there are also times when his music is so completely detached from the body and emotions that only seekers of the most disembodied pleasures can be fully satisfied by it. *For Trio* is his least jazzlike and most European recording for Arista. It presents us with two different realizations of a single work, one with Threadgill and Ewart and the second and more effective with Jarman and Mitchell. There is a great deal of silence in the music, isolated melodies, breathings, outbursts, whistlings, clinks and some very funny doo-wop harmonies. It is good music of its kind. How much you like it will depend on how much you like its kind. For me, what at first seems a precious and eviscerated project turns out to have its bright moments, though when I'm not in the mood it seems distinctly ho-hum. This is new music without much danger in it, unlike, say, Roscoe Mitchell's, and will much more easily enter the cultural mainstream, which it does not fundamentally threaten. Abrams and Air are on Novus, and the Art Ensemble has been signed by Warner's. Maybe now Braxton can be recognized as the creative individual he is without having to bear the rest of the AACM on his shoulders. — *Rafi Zabor*

John Coltrane — The Mastery of John Coltrane, Vol I: Feelin' Good; Vol II: To the Beat of a Different Drum, Impulse IZ 9345/2 and 9346/2.

John Coltrane, tenor and soprano sax; McCoy Tyner, piano; Jimmy Garrison, Art David, bass; Elvin Jones, Roy Haynes, drums.

These two double sets contain, for the most part, previously unissued material and are the most interesting of Impulse's last few Coltrane releases. *Feelin' Good* is made up of performances by the classic quartet recorded, mostly in the studio, in 1965. The live exception is a Newport recording of 'My Favorite Things' from the same concert that produced 'One Down, One Up.' Two of the pieces on the record, 'Living Space' and 'Joy,' were issued earlier with overdubbed and questionable string orchestrations by Alice Coltrane. The rest of the music has not been heard before. There is a version of Anthony Newley's title tune, which Coltrane elevates into a hymn of praise, an early version of 'Nature Boy' and three untitled originals that contain long solos by Coltrane, Tyner and Jimmy Garrison. Coltrane's solos on these are the core of the album. You can hear him reaching beyond the possibilities of the quartet he was shortly to abandon, playing with a bit more daring and less care than he usually allowed himself in the studio, reaching an occasional dead end and not a few moments

of illumination.

To the Beat of a Different Drum collects all the material in the Impulse vaults on which Roy Haynes substituted for Elvin Jones. The exalted 'Dear Lord' is included, as are 'After the Rain,' 'Dear Old Stockholm' and the Newport 'My Favorite Things.' I've always found Haynes' uptempo work with Coltrane overwrought and fussy, but three outstanding tracks on this album have made me drastically revise my opinion, a 1963 'Impressions,' and 'One Down, One Up' and 'After the Crescent', recorded in 1965. Haynes kicks the band along like the great drummer he undeniably is, and elicits from Coltrane a more fiercely articulate kind of playing than you hear on *'Feelin Good.* The 1965 sides, recorded when Coltrane was already impatient with his standard band, are especially valuable. Haynes' playing is inspired, and some other more original word must be found for what Coltrane does. These sides are unexpected and valuable additions to what we know of him. I suspect that in future the most important Coltrane releases will come from club and concert recordings, like those on the Swedish *Historic Masterpieces, Live in Paris* on Japanese BYG, and various bootlegs on Ozone. It is just beginning to be possible to hear this music in historical perspective. It has been eleven years and it is still hard to realize that Coltrane is gone. — *Rafi Zabor*

Keith Jarrett 'My Song' ECM-1-1115.
Jarrett, piano; Jan Garbarek, tenor and soprano saxophones; Palle Danielsson, bass; Jon Christensen, drums.

The first thing that strikes me about this music is that it is consummately appealing. Jarrett writes melodies that are so refreshing and just plain pretty that they're irresistible. And in Jan Garbarek, the sinewy Scandanavian saxophonist, Jarrett has found the perfect interpreter of his songs. And sing they do, the pianist and the saxophonist, in a rare union of fellow travellers. These men really do play as one.

The record is one of subdued brilliance. Unlike the previous *Belonging* (ECM 1050, with same personnel), this collection, save one free form piece, consists of attractive, tranquil works, with little evidence of that insistent rock beat that at times invades this composer's musical framework.

The album begins with 'Questar,' a pulsing tune with tenor and piano up front. As on all other pieces here, save one, the pianist is the first soloist and he joyfully galavants over the strict yet buoyant stick work of Christensen. Garbarek goes a little out but not too far.

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'My Song' is a loving gesture, with the soprano quietly caressing the melody. Jarrett does a nimble dance with his trio portion, providing the record's highlights. He's so relaxed that his always awesome imagination seems to be more open than previous group efforts. He's really happening here. 'Country' is sort of country-rock, the only heavily back-beaten enclosure. 'The Journey Home' is a chameleon that starts bossa and ends ballad.

Keith Jarrett is never one to rush it and so we've had to wait for years for the encore to 'Belonging.' What we hear is a more mature Garbarek, an ever-more inventive Jarrett. Worth the wait? Heavens, yes. — *Zan Stewart*

Pat Metheny — 'Pat Metheny Group' ECM-1-1114.

Metheny, 6 & 12 string guitar; Lyle Mays, piano, Oberheim synthesizer; Mark Egan, bass; Dan Gottlieb, drums.

This is the latest from the fusion band headed by guitarist Metheny, who we know from his work with Gary Burton ('Passengers,' also ECM, is excellent) and also his own solo pieces, including a trio that featured Jaco Pastorious ('Bright Size Life' ECM1-1073). Metheny along with co-director Mays are looking for new directions in contemporary music, and this date, while not wholly original, reveals some provocative directions and sounds.

'San Lorenzo' runs over ten minutes and gets an ensemble hand from Zawinul in Weather Report, utilizing the acoustic piano against the electric guitar with noticeable effect. Then add to this the synthesizer on top and the ensemble gets a luxurious, thick sound. The whole piece floats over Egan's bass lines, while Gottlieb starts with straight eighths and goes into a rock-jazz feeling as the melodies change. Metheny and Mays' solos are probing and the wooden piano against all this electricity is atypical and welcome.

'Phase Dance' is a shifting tableau, once again accenting Metheny's guitar over Mays piano. Metheny has always possessed a rich, soft sound, which can quickly become searing and wirey. Again worth noting is Mays' solo work, with shades of Jarrett, but this gentleman is young and personal styles don't develop overnight. Drummer Gottlieb kicks colorfully behind the piano choruses, here over chord changes that last four bars each.

'Lone Jack' closes the date, is brightly up tempo and has a stunning bridge. The members unite on this one.

Simply, this is good contemporary fusion music. — Zan Stewart

JAZZ BRIEFS

Don Ellis — Live at Montreux, Atlantic SD 19178. It is remarkable that a man of Ellis' intelligence can keep a crack big band together for years while bypassing the immense riches that the jazz tradition has to offer him. Anyone interested in knowing who will carry the banner of Kenton and Maynard Ferguson into the future need look no farther, Ellis is your man. He will never bang pianos with his mouthpiece again. — r.z.

Cecil Taylor — Air Above Mountains (Buildings Within), Inner City 3021. This album presents a piece fifty minutes long recorded live in Austria in August 1976. Taylor plays with characteristic brilliance, rapidity of association and formal logic, but the recorded sound is less than ideal and although this album will augment *Silent Tongues* it will not replace it. Cecil Taylor is indiscreet enough to go on being a genius, and we would be fools not to listen. — r.z.

Eric Dolphy — The Berlin Concerts, Inner City 3017. Of the four major voices of last decade's avant garde only Dolphy did not evolve a group analogue of his individual style, perhaps because he did not live long enough and worked little, perhaps also because his style did not require it and thrived on contradiction. We will never know now. On this 1961 double set he superimposes his elastic heresies on the more conventional playing of his cohorts, as he did so often — even his tenure with Coltrane seemed like a raid from another planet. His work here is unearthly and stunning, and although Benny Bailey, Pepsi Auer, Jamil Nasser and Buster Smith play well enough, after Dolphy's inspired outbursts their playing seems tame indeed, Bailey occasionally excepted. There is, relatively speaking, so little Dolphy on record that every addition to his discography is precious. Dolphy plays like a bee in a bottle, fighting to get out. He did, and all too soon. — r.z.

Mary Lou Williams/Cecil Taylor — Embraced, Pablo 2620 108. By all accounts the concert from which this double set originated was an inspired flop, but I suspect that the music is a lot easier to live with at home than in the confines of a seat in the concert hall. The embrace of the title was not ideally realised. Williams tried to draw Taylor into her history-of-jazz trip and Taylor responded with characteristic intractability by handing it back to her atonal, clustered and minced. Every once so often a true dialogue of genius emerges clearly from the melange. The rhythm section, when it appears, is irrelevant. Worth hearing. There are two great musicians here, and the sparks fly. — r.z.

Muhal Richard Abrams — Lifea Blinec, Arista Novus AM 3000. An important album. Abrams is a superb pianist whose playing is innately dignified and assured, but for the most part here the worker has hidden himself in the workshop: this is an ensemble album in which Abrams has doubly obscured himself by adding a second pianist, Amina Claudine Myers. Joseph Jarman and Douglas Ewart play reeds and Thurman Barker is at the drums, magnificently. The thickness of Abrams' writing for this ensemble has its precedents in Ellington and Mingus but his language is his own. There is a fine homage to Bud Powell and the title tune is an often funny autobiographical collage (Life Line + abc). It's a thorny album, one that will not enter easily into the public mind, there to repose calmly forever, but I suspect that Abrams is willing to let his audience come to him at its own speed. There is a lot to be heard from Abrams and I hope that this album will be the first of many he will record for Novus. One record cannot sum him up, not even a major statement like this one. More. — r.z.

Dizzy Gillespie/Roy Eldridge — Jazz Maturity . . . Where It's Coming From, Pablo 2310 816. Any recorded pairing of these two particular trumpeters ought to be worth its weight in gold, and most of the time this album pays off. The exceptions are a quasi boogaloo and some obvious playing here and there, but for the most part what Gillespie and Eldrige put out is so inspired and genuine that even Oscar Peterson is moved to play less publicly than usual. Ray Brown and Mickey Roker fill out the group. The riddle is why this superb date was kept in the can between 1975 and now. It's a treasure. — r.z.

Air — Open Air Suit, Arista Novus AN 3002. Put this album together with *Air Time*, released last month on Nessa, and you have a good document of one of the most interesting bands now working. I have never heard another band sound even remotely like it. One of the most striking features of the music is that Henry Threadgill (reeds), Fred Hopkins (bass) and Steve McCall (drums) all have huge sounds on their instruments and at the same time leave a lot of space in their work. An unusual combination of attributes, to say the least. The album is highly recommended. Ignore the mandrill's asshole on the cover. I do not understand Threadgill's compositional terminology entirely (cards, hands, tricks, suits) but I'm not bothered. The music is fine, and Air is established on American records at last. — r.z.

Herbie Hancock — Sunlight, Columbia JC 34907. I generally enjoy Herbie Hancock's funk records about as much as a split lip, but this one has to be tagged as the effective pop it is. Hancock sings, his voice transmogrified by a device called a Vocoder, and he has always been able to write an effective melody. 'I Thought it Was You' is pretty endearing stuff, in the manner of Stevie Wonder, if less radiant and inspired. Tony Williams gives Hancock a workout on the last tune on the album but the demonstration is pointless. This is a pop album and not a bad one. — r.z.

Paul Winter — Common Ground, A&M SP 4698. It's a shame that the music of so many 'new age' musicians is so placid and undemanding, reaching for greater harmonies beyond without having worked itself out in this world first. The great religious music of our time — Coltrane's, Ornette Coleman's, and others' — has been lived through more fully than anything on this album, charming though much of it is. I suspect it is less romantic being a whale, an eagle or a wolf (the songs of all of them are heard here) than Winter makes it seem. — r.z.

Johnny Hodges — At the Sportpalast, Berlin, Pablo 2620 102. This is a 1961 concert recording of a septet fronted by Hodges and including Ellingtonians Lawrence Brown, Harry Carney, Ray Nance, Sam Woodyard and Aaron Bell, and pianist Al Williams. The majesty and mystery of the Duke rubbed off on his longtime associates, and this music is ducally ineffable, charming, ironic, sublime. This is a double set and short at

that. It cannot be recommended highly enough. You might love it madly. — r.z.

Baird Hersey & The Year Of The Ear — Lookin' For That Groove, Arista Novus AN 3004. New label, new group, new sound. Fifteen blowers strong (no big names), Year of the Ear is an exciting young band not afraid to be freaky. Strong funk and jazz-rock rhythms motivate much of this album, with the leader's guitar temporarily Jeff Beckish for "Greedy." But the brass section and sax ensemble work is impressively directed . . . check the title track's Ellingtonian reeds rotating behind wild & crazy rock riffs. Fact is, Hersey's group covers an incredible mixture of styles and emotions thanks to Baird's fascinatingly multi-tiered writings. If you've got an adventuresome ear, this could be your Year. — *b.h.*

Passport — Sky Blue, Atlantic Sd 19177. The Weather Report of West Germany predicts Sky Blue, and it's a forecast to the liking of more and more Americans. Klaus Doldinger's soprano and tenor saxophones precipitate futuristic blowings, and backing atmospherics come from synthesized keyboards and guitar. Passport cruises at a pace well-suited to fusion favorers, even the slower ballads charged with a kind of latent electricity. Though not a Zawinul or Shorter, Herr Doldinger consistently latches onto melodic ideas that give this group individuality and appeal. Also recommended: *Infinity Machine* (Atco, 1976) or the one that started it all, Doldinger's *Passport* (Reprise, 1973). — *b.h.*

Al Cohn/Jimmy Rowles — Heavy Love, Xanadu 145. Wonderful album here. The absence of a rhythm section spurs both men on to their imaginative best. Rowles is a fine two-handed pianist, darting and weaving, playing tricks with the rhythm he would never attempt with bass and drums behind him, and Cohn is full-toned and completely satisfying throughout. The two men were obviously enjoying themselves in the studio. This is warm and affectionate music and it swings like mad. Highly recommended. — r.z.

Koko Taylor — The Earthshaker, Alligator AL 4711. Excellent and authentic album of Chicago blues. Taylor sings like she means it and the band behind her could not be more expert or sympathetic. Alligator is developing one of the finest urban blues catalogues around, with albums by Son Seals, Hound Dog Taylor and others. This album is not the least of their releases. Blues as fluent as a curse and as strong as a glass of good whiskey. — r.z.

Nat Adderley — Don't Look Back, Inner City 2059. This is an excellent album featuring the septet that Adderley began recording with about two years back. This is some of the best straight-ahead jazz to have come out in the last few months, the first and last tunes in particular. Adderley plays well and tastefully, and the other standouts are John Stubblefield on reeds, Onaje Allan Gimbs on piano, and Ira Buddy Williams on drums, who negotiates the killer breaks and lags of Adderley's 'Funny Funny' like a master in the making. — r.z.

Ralph MacDonald — The Path, Marlin Records 2210. Ralph MacDonald's second album as a leader is a winning effort in the pop-jazz ethnic "crossover" idiom. Side one, an eighteen-minute extrapolation of MacDonald's musical heritage from his Yoruban roots to his jazz-disco present via Trinidad, is a particularly effective piece. MacDonald's propulsive, concise percussion and production have become a much imitated commodity, and this album is ample evidence of their effectiveness. The tunes go right to the heart of their respective grooves, with clean playing and interesting solos on top. — t.l.

David Pritchard — Light-Year Inner City 1047. Pritchard is an LA-based guitarist who's written an interesting assortment of quintet tunes, played here by some able messangers. Charles Orena blows supple soprano and tenor and Ted Saunders rings out on electric piano. Pritchard plays with a light, clear style and his tunes are reminiscent of Eberhard Weber. Rock-ish yet not rock. Steady rhythmic figures yet free-feeling. A solid first effort in the fusion genre. — z.s.

Red Garland — Red Alert Galaxy GXY-5109. Ah, good news. Red Garland is back and cooking. The great pianist, who really hasn't emerged from Texas since his Miles Davis late 50's heydays, hasn't missed a lick. He's accompanied here by Brother Nat Adderly, the often-and-unfairly disregarded cornetist, and two tenor giants, Harold Land and Ira Sullivan, the latter still a living legend making be-bop happen in, of all places, Miami. The gang romps thru the title track, a steaming blues, and 'Sweet Georgia Brown,' while Garland keeps 'The Whiffenpoof Song' all to himself. Welcome back, Red, and let's keep hearing from you. — z.s.

Buddy De Franco — Buddy De Franco Classic Jazz CJ 33. This disc began as a series of ten etudes that De Franco wrote for clarinet students. Here they are rendered, with Jim Gillis playing chords and bass lines simultaneously on guitar. The pieces are pleasing enough but hearing De Franco's warm, woody exuberances makes this simple set a minor delight. — z.s.

Earl Coleman — A Song for You Xanadu 147. Earl Coleman emerged in 1947 with a stirring rendition of 'Dark Shadows,' recorded then with Charlie Parker. Then he somehow was buried as simply another Eckstine-like baritone and he almost disappeared. Well, the singer is back with a plentiful set of

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standards and pop, including Stevie's 'All in Love is Fair,' and Jobim's 'Wave.' The voice is full, rich, never hesitent, the renderings smooth and easy. Hank Jones on piano and Al Cohn on tenor assist. And if you can find it, there's a classic Sonny Rollins on Prestige from the 50's that features Earl on 'My Ideal' and 'Two Different Worlds.' On this set, Coleman was thoughtful enough to include the latter. — z.s.

Charles Mingus — The World of Charles Mingus Who's Who in Jazz Lp 21005. Judging by the cover, this date should sound strange. Mingus is assisted here by Lionel Hampton and Gerry Mulligan and, to one's surprise and delight, these two veteran mainstream performers fit right into the Mingus nest. In fact, they soar right out of it. Hampton plays a couple of incredible solos, not sounding dated whatsoever. When we remember that he broke in with Benny Goodman in the late 30's, this is indeed good news. Mulligan, too, with his tawny baritone, sparkles and overall this is an excellent recording of new and old gospel from the high priest, composer and bassist extraordinaire Charles Mingus. — z.s.

Booker Little — Out Front Barnaby/Candid Jazz BR 5019. Booker Little was on the verge of becoming 'the next trumpeter' when he died so suddenly in 1961 of tuberculosis. At that time he was 23 and a member of the Max Roach ensemble (Roach suffered a great trumpet loss some five years before when Clifford Brown died in a car crash while in Roach's band). There seemed to be nary a doubt that Booker was destined for the musical heights and this record well proves out that faith. Joined by Roach and Eric Dolphy, Little plays with a stunning attack and bubbling fluidity that characterized his best work, though what we have of him on record has never sounded less than good. The playing here is vital, powerful, ear-raising, stimulating. Another reminder of one we'll miss for a long time. — z.s.

Mike Wofford — Afterthoughts Discovery DS 784. This disc by pianist Wofford indicates that solo piano dates don't necessarily have to sound like your local cocktail scene on a Friday night. Here we have splendid renditions of material by not only Bud Powell and his friend Thelonious Monk, but also by Noel Coward and the Gershwin brothers. Actually, this is piano music for folks who simply like to listen to first-rate piano players. If that's your bag, dig in. —z.s.

Revolutionary Ensemble — Inner City 3016. There's more than enough irony in this release, the Ensemble's best in its six years of existence. The trio broke up shortly after it was recorded (live in Austria, summer of '77) partly for lack of the work that it might be enjoying now that the contemporary avant garde is being recorded and backed by major labels. Violinist Leroy Jenkins, bassist Sirone and drummer Jerome Cooper comprised a group that, like Air, was a critics' favorite but had trouble recording. It's a shame that this album has come along too late. The music is disciplined, modern and acerb. Recommended. —r.z.

Elizabeth Swados — Runaways: Original Cast Recording, Columbia JS 35410. Breakthrough. Swados evolved these songs and the show in collaboration with a dozen or so teenagers, some of them actual runaways and others not. Some of the music sounds like a more real, imaginative and exuberant update of Hair, but some of these songs come closer to articulating real experience than most music ever does: 'To boys and girls, half secret with womanhood and manhood who have to pry open too soon because mothers and fathers die too soon or kill themselves according to the laws of angry random grownup gods...To boys and girls weeping, weeping, now half-man and half-woman...I say make laws against regret, otherwise you'd have to go back to Adam and Eve...and the song is so long, and so yearning...' Good Lord. Poetry on Broadway. It's not jazz, but if you miss it, it's your loss. — r.z.

David Amram — Havana/New York Flying Fish FF-057. Amram is a multi-instrumentalist and composer who's been with folks all the way from Mingus to folk groups and here he gets on record some of the results of the US/Cuban musical exchange that took place in Havana in May, 1977. Among those travelling were Stan Getz, Dizzy and Earl Hines. We don't get those people but we have fantastic Thad Jones, revealing the leader to still have dynamite trumpet chops, some rousing baritone from Pepper Adams and a large ensemble of Cubans recorded in Havana. This whole thing really roars in a thundering Latin musical barrage. Ole! — z.s.

Al Cohn & Zoot Sims — Motoring Along Sonet SNTF 684. Ah, shades of the Half Note! That's where these two used to hang out in NYC, blowing their collective heads off for weeks on end in one of the most satisfying tenor duos ever. They're back here on a 1974 date that features Horace Parlan on piano and the gents play some up and medium blues, 'My Funny Valentine' and a portion of 'Yardbird Suite,' with Zoot tooting his soprano. Great fun and great jazz. — z.s.

Tommy Flanagan — Something Borrowed, Something Blue Galaxy GXY-51. Flanagan is a piano giant, but for the last 15 years he's been hidden in the trio that makes Ella Fitzgerald sound so good. Flanagan was a Detroit firebrand in the early and mid-50's, a resident bopper, and so he decides here to revisit some of the tales of the past. Tadd Dameron's evergreen, 'Good Bait,' gets a re-

cleaning with an electric version and Flanagan pays tribute to Horace Silver with a thoughtful reading of the latter's 'Peace.' Also included are 'Groovin' High' and Wes Montgomery's 'West Coast Blues.' — z.s.

Bruce Springsteen — Darkness on the Edge of Town, Columbia JC 35318. Sure the album is a disappointment, but I still think it's Springsteen's fate to tower over everyone else in rock. Born to Run was about freedom; the new album is about constraint and can't be as popular. Maybe a couple of slack reviews will give him the room he needs to work. Meanwhile 'Candy's Room' will do till the next time. Springsteen is the only man in rock intelligent and passionate enough to raise the form to the heights of tragedy and triumph. His best work may still be ahead of him. —r.z.

Sun Ra — Live at Montreux, Inner City 1039. This may be the best and most representative Sun Ra album around, a more than one hour long continuous performance recorded live in Montreux, 1976. The recorded sound is excellent and the Sun Ra spectacle is here in full, minus the visuals: moments of orchestral murk and power, fine solos in a number of styles, earthly and unearthly sounds. Some of it is ponderous, some of it is wonderful. This is the full portrait. If you've been thinking about buying a Sun Ra album but didn't know where to start, your worries are over. — r.z.

Bob Dylan — Street-Legal, Columbia JC 35453. It's been over two years since Dylan's last studio album *Desire*, as good an LP as he's ever made. Bob's still in his Tex-Mex Period, but a raucous touch of Southern Baptist infiltrates the soulful gal choir and hymnal simplicities of "Is Your Love In Vain?" and "Where Are You Tonight?" The music is played by a Bandlike band, complete with the old church organ sound and an almost boisterous disregard for production . . . spontaneity and emotion are rightfully valued far more than slick engineering perfection. The story-songs themselves find Dylan as enigmatic and imagistically potent as ever, expressing perplexities over the man-woman relationship that probably stem from the writer's recent divorce. "Baby Stop Crying" is an awesome ballad in the Nashville Skyline style, and "We Better Talk This Over" is accessible slow rock with meaning on both a personal and objective level . . . Dylan's characters always slightly bigger and smaller than life. The closing "Where Are You Tonight?" gets to the heart of Dylan's ongoing message: " . . . the truth was obscure, too profound and too pure . . ." He's still THE twentieth century witch doctor, no matter that his lapses and indulgences seem a little more glaring in the harsher light of the Seventies. I'm still not sure about the background vocals. — b.h.

Cookery *cont. from page 52*

been working there when Lily Tomlin was waiting the tables, and she was working there now.)

Despite the decline in business and the low spirits generally — it was so cold out that even a short walk in the street was not only chilling but agonizing — Helen Humes went on singing with undiminished enthusiasm and vigor. It was a demonstration of the idea that art may be conditioned by what goes on around it but that in itself it is necessarily independent, unconditioned and free. Mary Lou Williams stopped in one night, although not to play. She held court in a small booth along the wall nearest me, attended by a small entourage. She was dresses in expensive-looking furs, wore a lot of jewels and smiled almost continuously, but I have seldom seen a face in which was written a more detailed history of suffering. It has cut her face into a series of interrelated planes, so that she resembled an early Cubist portrait. The suffering, whatever it may have been, had not defeated her. There was a kind of triumph in her eyes that depended neither on furs nor jewels nor an entourage but was capable of enjoying them nonetheless. Her freedom had been won, (I speculated while slicing a cheesecake and aranging the slices on white plates and loilies) under the most difficult circumstances and in the most difficult places. (It's great being a philosophical salad man, you can think anything you want and no one hears you).

Cecil Taylor came by one night in slick brown leathers, looking as alert as a sparrow. 'Do you know who that guy in the leather is?' I said to Donna, the girl who was waiting on him. 'He's one of the greatest musicians in the world.'

'You mean Cecil?' Donna asked me. 'He comes in here all the time. You like the way he plays? Hey,' she said to another waitress passing by, 'he likes the way Cecil plays. You must be a real jerk,' she told me. 'Mary Lou let him play here one night and it was the worst thing I've ever heard in my life, ever. And he wouldn't stop. Mr. J blinked the house lights and turned off the P.A. but he just wouldn't stop playing. Everyone walked out, the place was empty. You like the way Cecil plays? There must be something wrong with you. You must be some kind of nut.'

'I'm an aesthete,' I told her, 'but I'm being rehabilitated.'

Highs and Lows *cont. from page 94*

Beirut, Fairuz singing anything. Pierre Monteux conducting Ravel's tears for a dead Vienna, *La Valse*. Ben Webster playing *Where Are You?* — or any other ballad.

The team of Carol Burnett, Harvey Korman, and Tom Conway.

Jack Finney's story *Time and Again*. Arthur C. Clarke's *Rendezvous with Rama*. The way words are used — if not always what they're used for — by William Raspberry, Bill Bennett, George F. Will, Lillian Hellman, Russell Baker, William Safire, Nat Hantoff, Wilfrid Sheed, S. J. Perelman, Peter De Vries, Anne Tyler, Whitney Balliett, E. B. White, Thurber, Beerbohm, Shaw, Twain.

The last few minutes of Thornton Wilder's *Our Town*. The last few minutes of Chaplin's *City Lights*. Shelley's *Ozymandias*. The juggler and the Virgin.

People standing on the other side of an airport fence, watching one leave their country when they can't.

So: one risks — and sometimes loses — money, status, and friendships, in order to say *Listen! Appreciate* this music! *Respect* this artist!

Purim *continued from page 9*

controversy. Not only is Flora's current record label, Warner Bros., actively engaged in a publicity campaign on their singer's behalf, but calls and letters from from upset jazz fans have been rolling in. Flora's plight has received exposure in *Viva*, *People*, *Newsweek*, daily papers, and on radio and television.

Despite the pressure situation she finds herself in, Purim has two fine albums out . . . *Everyday, Everynight* on Warner Bros. and *That's What She Said* on Milestone . . . and plans

another session for September. She has been actively touring the U.S., a country she now considers her musical home. "I'm a jazz singer and that's a position that I will carry with me wherever I go. I've spent the last ten years involved in the progression of jazz in this country. This is a wholly American music. For me to go anywhere else and try to do the same would be useless.

"I'm 36-years old," Flora went on, her voice breaking slightly, "I could have been singing Brazilian music. Right now I'm singing half and half. But I spent ten years dedicating myself to the development of progressive jazz, rather than to my own kind of music. Now I'm being deported from the country where jazz is the music."

Psychologically, the events of the past five years have already taken their toll. Flora's 5½-year old is now receiving psychological attention, and Flora calls this "the only real huge problem that I've had. We just noticed recently how serious it really is." Flora has been seeing a psychiatrist since her release from Terminal Island . . . to help her "readjust to a family situation, to being a real mother and woman, not having to defend my life against other women. So if we have to leave this country, me and Airto are going to have to start everything from scratch." Flora says she's not ready to handle that.

Disco Sports

By Gordon Baird

Tight pants. Disco. Stainless steel dancefloor. It's the same old story. Face the facts: the word lately has been Polyester. Disco has fully descended and sought out every nook and cranny of the American soul. And have you, John Q. Musician, worked yourself up into a Double Knit snit? Does a satin shirt make you feel queasy, or worse, unemployed? Well, relax, Beethoven, because it just so happens that this observer has come up with a plan to get the disco out of the clubs and the musicians back in.

Disco sports. Think about it for a minute. Disco baseball, disco football? With discostadiums, discospeakers and discocheerleaders . . . what could be more American? Boys and Girls and Moms and Dads driving out to the ballpark for some good, clean dancing fun. And, they get to dance right along with their favorite stars!? It's an instant money maker. Picture the quarterback or batter or pitcher out on that discofield, tapping his foot to the beat, as cool as a twenty dollar cuccumber, ready to make the play. All around him, spectators wiggle and wobble, wantonly wishing their kids might grow up to be discosport stars. The opposing pitcher goes into his wind-up: a double disco two-step fastball foxtrot, with a triple spin reverse curve Hustle. What a pitch! But wait one second! Our man at the plate goes into a Snoopy shuffle sanforized switch-hitting swatter's stance . . . and . . . it's a hit! . . . in fact: it's a bullet! The runner rounds first base . . . he slips into a mesmerizing Bump with the firstbaseman . . . what style . . . what talent . . . and WOW! he slides into a mellow discoduck out at second base. What a cool move . . . and look! He smokes Kools too!!! . . . he lights one up . . . and . . . here comes the shortstop . . . . Oh My God!! The shortstop is only Cha-cha-ing and he smokes . . . Belair!

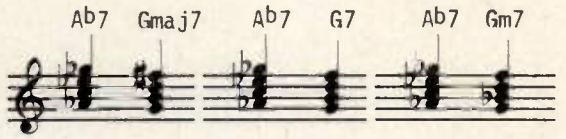
"Safe!" cries the umpire, doing his nails. "Of course," says our man, dusting off his discoslack uniform.

The crowd is on its feet. Of course. The crowd is always on its feet. It's a double in disco satisfaction for the runner. Everyone is safe. Disco sports involve arch support vendors in the crowd and include girls and womanpersons on the teams. Third basegals . . . umpires in slinky gowns and like wow! the hotdogs are sculpted to resemble John Travolta and other stars. And what about the team names? The Boston Bulge? Houston Heels . . . Seattle Stainless? No crazier than some of the team names now and as American as artificially sweetened apple pie. From Sinatra to Elvis to Dylan to Beatles to Disco sports. It's evolution in action. And what satisfaction. They won't be able to count the money fast enough. And it won't end there. Picture swimming events, track . . . the Olympics! Disco badminton . . . disco road racing . . . disco golf. And what about disco basketball? They've had disco-funk in their disco-dunk for decades. Why, in all sports there are men and women with disco desire in their hearts and legs; in short: champions.

That's when the musicians sneak back into the clubs because disco has understandably left old haunts for greener and far more provocative financial playing fields. Look, for those sports purists out there pretending to be musicians reading this magazine: what's wrong with disco baseball or any other of the disco sports? You've had a steady diet of it on TV football, basketball and the News. The funky little disconic zoink-a-doink logos that News and Sports fade into anytime they can . . . hey, I saw you tapping your foot. It's a natural. TV rights. Minor leagues . . . pony leagues . . . little leagues. It'll be the forerunner of Disco P.T.A. A whole new way of thinking to the beat. Sports and America will be transformed forever, the musicians will get their clubs back . . . and you will have read it right here.

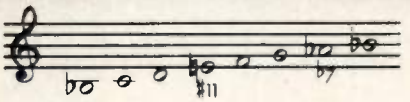
Most dominant 7th chords function as V chords — in other words, they progress to a chord built on the note a perfect 5th below, like G7 to C, F7 to Bb, A7 to D, etc. Due to the overtone series, plus a few hundred years of use, this is the way the ear wants to hear a dom7th chord move . . . down a 5th.

In the last issue I discussed the "subV" chord, which is a dom7th chord moving down a m2nd. For instance, Db7 to C, B7 to Bb, Eb7 to D, and so on. A subV chord can move to any *type* of chord, but the roots are always a m2nd apart:



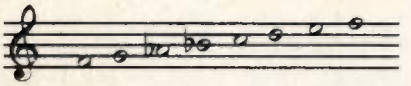
The subV chord is a substitute for the 'real' V chord in that they both contain the same tritone (3rd and 7th of the chord).

The chord scale (for improvisation) most closely associated with the subV chord is called *lydian (b7)*. The *lydian (b7)* scale is a major scale with a sharped 4th degree and flatted 7th degree. For example, Bb7 functioning as subV of an A chord would use the Bb major scale with #4 (E nat.) and b7 (Ab):



Or you can think of the scale as being mixolydian with a #4th. If you are used to thinking the mixolydian scale on dom7th chords (see Vol. 1, #8), just sharp the 4th degree and the result is the lydian (b7) scale.

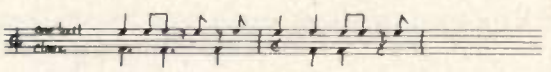
Still another way of deriving the lydian b7 chord scale is to play the real melodic minor scale built on the 5th of the chord. For example, the scale on a Bb7 chord would be F melodic minor (F is the 5th of Bb);



Notice that the scale above uses the same pitches as the scale in the previous example. Guitarists are most likely to derive the scale by thinking melodic minor as they usually learn that scale fingering as a 'form' and not note-by-note. In other words, it is easier for a guitarist to play F melodic minor, than it is to play Bb major with a #4th and b7th. For horn and keyboard players, do whatever seems easiest and quickest. The important thing is to have the pitches for any chord/scale under your control . . . HOW you derive the pitches (which scale) is theoretical. Choose the method which best suits you.

Let me first say that I am happy to be a contributing member in this fine magazine that dedicates itself to presenting interesting and informative material dealing with all aspects of the music world. I would like to discuss more fully a point brought out in my interview with Tom Lackner (Musician #12), namely, the development of a composite rhythm pattern stimulated by the basic pattern played with one hand. This idea is not new by any means. Many Latin-oriented rhythms, for example, have a basic pattern which gives the music its distinctive quality. A typical Mambo cow-bell pattern based on the forward clave follows:

Example 1

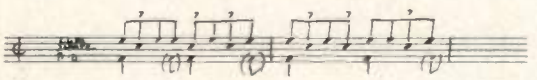


If, instead of playing the clave pattern with the left hand, you play off the in-between beats of the right-hand pattern, the result is this:

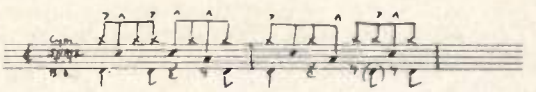
Notice that the sticking pattern resembles something you might see in Stone's "Stick Control." However, the manner in which you choose to express the above pattern has a lot to do with its impact in a musical situation. A rudimental approach would require an accent on the first note of each group:

To stylize the pattern in a Mambo fashion would require the accentuation of all the right-hands:

The versatility of the pattern becomes more apparent when you consider the possibility of left-hand accentuation to bring out an opposite, yet complementary pattern:

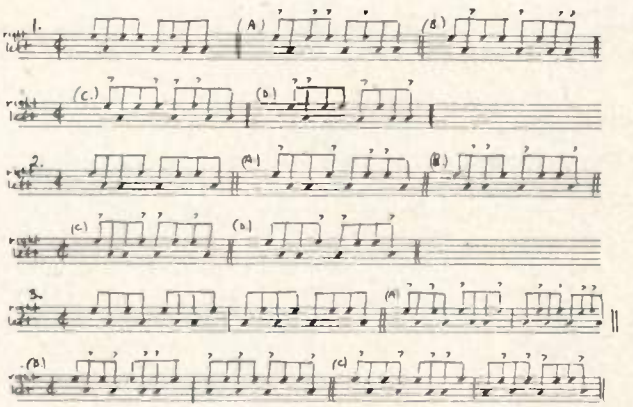


A further development might be to choose certain right and left hand beats to accent to create a different "feel". Add to that a supportive bass-drum line and you might get the following:

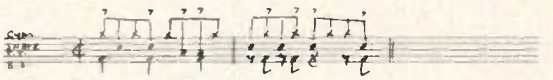


All of the above examples have one thing in common, namely the sticking. The initial stimulus, however, was a one-handed rhythmic pattern. You can create basic ideas like the ones here to help in the development of full drum-set patterns. Once you establish a starting point, your ultimate goal should be to remain fully aware of the parts that make up the composite rhythm, which will enable you to express the rhythm in any way you desire.

Apply the following composite patterns on the full drum set being sure to explore the numerous accent variations. The use of the various parts of the set takes into consideration the kind of sound that you're looking for. For a start, separate the hands by putting them on individual drums or cymbals, or apply the accents of each hand separately on different drums or cymbals. The bass-drum should be added to support the groove of the hands and/or to provide additional rhythmic interest.



A suggested application of 3c on the full set follows:



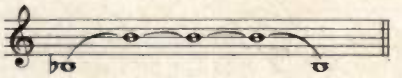
Watch for future articles dealing with more complex rhythmic forms, including odd rhythms and meters.

DAILY REQUIRED EXERCISES

This article deals with the very technical side of saxophone artistry. These exercises are purely for technique and are in essence a warmup to be done every day, before going into the other aspects of playing (improvisation, ear training, sightreading, dictation, transcription of solos, memorization of tunes). In one way or another, all saxophonists (in fact all instrumentalists) have spent years on this type of practice, great virtuosos in all styles of music do similar exercises all their lives. The object is to get command of your instrument. Each exercise has its own objectives. Don't practice one with your mind on other goals. For example, in the overtone exercise, don't consider breathing dynamics. That belongs to another exercise.

Overtones

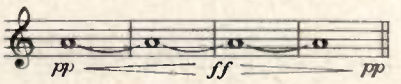
Ex. #1



Points: a) Diaphragm breathing; even flow of air. b) Evenness of sound; no spit or shaking. c) Intonation should stay as dynamics change. d) Beginning of note shouldn't be explosive (especially on lows); ends of notes shouldn't be cut off. Begin and end with air (pre and post tones). This should be done as slowly as possible, depending on your own breathing rate; to be done chromatically from low B to high F.

Long tones

Ex. #2

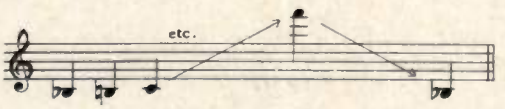


Points: a) Evenness and familiarity of finger movements; the high side keys and low B , B, C, C are bound to be slower than the rest; do the chromatics at that speed. b) Evenness of tone throughout the range of the horn. This is an extension of the overtone principles: the throat is adjusting itself as you move up and down.

Method: Should become all legato and all staccato; increase the speed gradually, but always evenly throughout the horn. Use a metronome from time to time.

Chromatics

Ex. #3



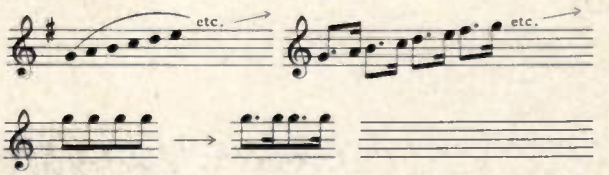
Points: a) Ability to hear the overtone and produce it by holding the fundamental's fingering. Do it by slurring, not breaking of air. b) Matching the intonation of real fingering to overtone pitch. c) Matching the timbre of real fingering to overtone sound. Method: To be done for 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, etc. overtones on B , B , C, C , D.

Scales

Points: a) Familiarity with scales and modes (major, minor, diminished, augmented, diatonic modes, whole tone, Hungarian, Gypsy, any foreign scales, etc..) b) Speed, evennes of fingers, articulation.

Method: a) There are many books that have this material written out, but I advise scheduling a few different scales each day or week, writing them down in your scale book. Writing them and figuring them out helps you to memorize them. b) Do them from the root to the top note (below F) on the scale and down to the bottommost note and back up to the root. This way you are covering the whole horn. c) As with the chromatics, do them at your slowest pace on the horn. Increase it slowly, as you are able. d) Do the scales in two articulations: all legato, for speed; and tongue-slur, for dotted jazz feel; use the metronome as the 2nd and 4th beats, like a drummer's hi-hat.

Legato: The idea is to swing the tongue-slur. Get a feel for the dotted eighth-sixteenth articulation which is the mainstay of jazz phrasing. Eighth notes are always interpreted as dotted in jazz, even if written as eighth notes. (see below)



Intervals

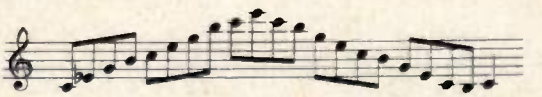
Ex. #5

Points: a) Familiarity with intervals in all scales and modes; a form of ear training. b) Evenness of fingerings.

Method: As in scale exercises, set up a schedule so that you cover all the intervals in all scale combinations at all speeds, using various articulations, not only tongue-slur but others. Be able to sing them too.

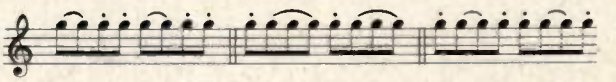
Arpeggios

Ex. #6



Points: a) Familiarity with all arpeggios. b) evenness of fingerings.

Notes: All scale, interval and arpeggio exercises must obviously be done in all 12 keys. Some possible articulations:



Make up your own articulations, your own rhythmic displacements, etc..

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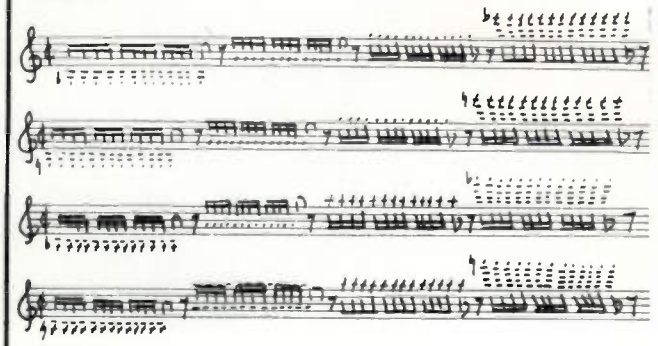
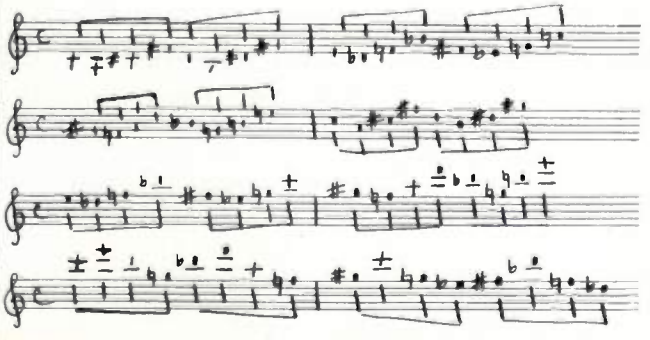
The aim of interval study is, of course, to learn to move gracefully from one point to another, regardless of the accidentals you may encounter in the music. Also, this work builds a fine relative pitch. I prefer a good relative pitch over a perfect pitch. I have met a few musicians in my time who had perfect pitch and were less than extraordinary players. Perfect pitch can be a great asset, used properly, but for some people it becomes such a crutch they don't work as hard at what they're doing and, consequently, they make a lot of mistakes. The few people I've known with perfect pitch had a tendency to play the wrong chords in songs because they played them from what they heard and not from what they really were.

I would like to start off the work with intervals by giving you a single-tongue exercise. It should be practiced very slowly and precisely. Exercise #1 will take you from the bottom to the top of your horn. I want to stress the fact that tonguing is an important valve in playing — just as important as the other three valves. You can tell various trumpet players by their distinctive tonguing. This kind of practice will help you build a *strong embouchure* and a more *personal sound.*



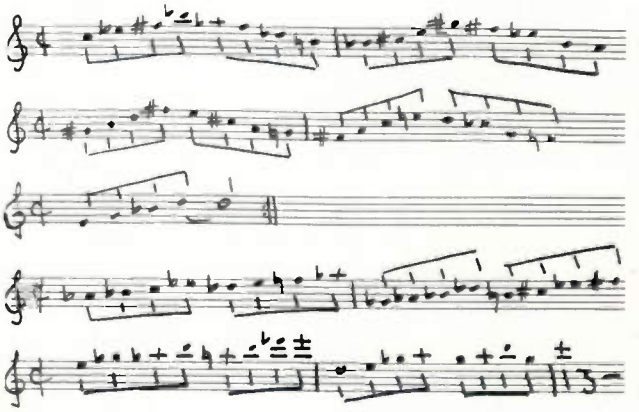
Fill-Ins for Solos

Now let's move into the intervals. Exercise #2 consists of whole tones and progressions. Originally, it came out of a book of scales by Slonimsky and was given to me by Bill Barron quite a few years ago. These intervals make great fill-ins. On your records you can hear Coltrane or Freddie Hubbard or McCoy Tyner playing these things in their solos. Bill Barron and I wrote a tune together after exploring this exercise. It's called *Nublu,* and it's on my Atlantic album, *The New Thing & the Blue Thing* (Atlantic SD 1441).



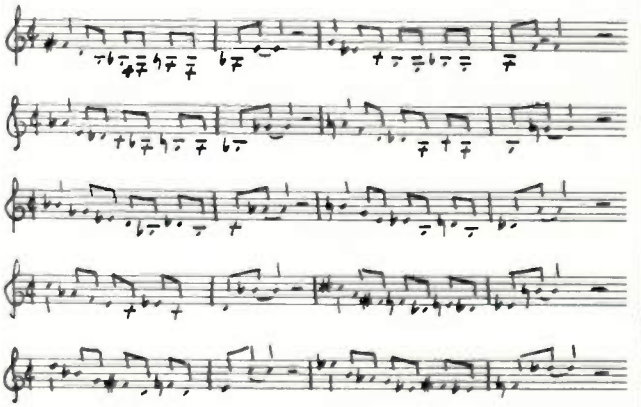
Building Your Ear

Exercise #3, called *7th in Fourth,* is one you'll find invaluable in your solo playing and, in general, in building your ear. (Remember, all of these exercises are part of a daily program aimed at building your embouchure and your ear at the same time). This exercise was passed along to me by my first jazz teacher, Jimmy Heath. If you listen to your records, you'll hear everybody and their brother playing these intervals!



Minor 7ths

The last exercise for this month is also very good for you and very interesting to play. It deals with minor 7ths that start on the 5th of the chord. Once again, these are great fill-ins. All these inversions, made famous by men like Charlie Parker and Sonny Stitt, are guaranteed to give your work a modern sound.



Watch Your Mouth!

When you are using the bulldog embouchure that was illustrated in my first article, the only time your lips should stretch tightly across your front teeth is when you are taking in cool air from the corners of your mouth. You must play with your lips in a pucker, almost like kissing a hot iron! In other words, this is NOT like the old system wherein the higher you go the more you stretch your lip over your teeth in a tight smile. Instead of a smile, it's a pout.

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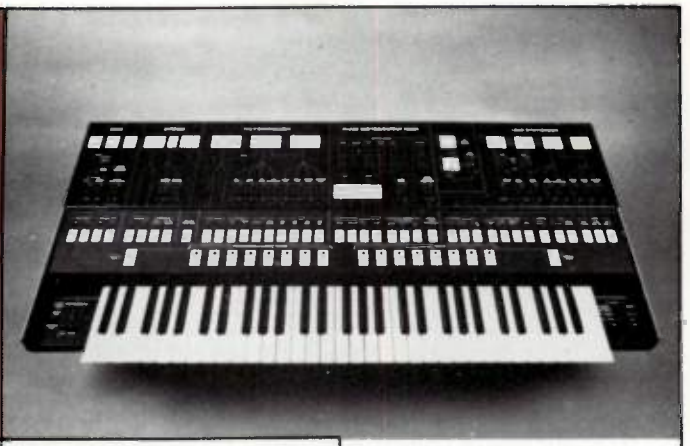

LP has announced that they have taken on a fine new pair of Slit Drums. Each has a most unusual configuration of tone bars. The sound is mellow and records beautifully. More importantly, LP has survived a complete rebuilding of its tooling equipment for conga shells. The surface finishes are superior to what they were and because of new molding techniques, the structural integrity of the product has been improved. Production problems of 1977 are in the past and LP is now producing twice the number of congas as their maximum prior to the '77 difficulties. LP, 454 Commercial Ave., Palisades Park, NJ 07650.

Ross Electronics has brought out a Distortion effects unit for the working professional musician. Designed to stand up to rugged usage, the box is engineered to drive a high-impedance load. It operates off a 9-volt battery or external AC/DC adapter. Keas Electronics, 210 Main St., Chanute, Ks. 66720.

Rhodes has premiered Janus I, a modular keyboard amplification system to provide auxiliary amplification, reinforce sound and effects and provide existing Stage and Suitcase models with access to state-of-the-art Rhodes technology. The basic set-up includes one speaker enclosure and a pre-amp/nameboard assembly. New control, more presence, more effects and effects capabilities and heavy duty enough to make it through the perils of road use. Quite an innovation. Rhodes, 1300 E. Valencia Dr., Fullerton, Cal. 92634.

ARP Instruments unveils its impressive Quadra for synthesists who think they can take it. A 4-in-one instrument, it offers a stand-alone, computer programmable keyboard employing microprocessor technology and state-of-the-art, lite-touch switching. ARP feels the Quadra will be the fastest user-presettable polyphonic synthesizer available off-the-rack. Quadra's four sections: bass, strings, poly/synth, and 2 voice lead synthesizer. Ask Bob Hoffman, ARP, 45 Hartwell Ave., Lexington, MA. 02173.

Revox announces the addition of the B77 high-end open-reel tape recorder to their line (joining the A77 and A700 series). The new machine offers such features as full electronic logic control of tape motion without levers or relays, a very wide overload margin, 24 db headroom for both record and play, large VU meters and LED overload indicators and a built-in precision tape cutter and splicing block. Studer/Revox, 1819 Broadway, Nashville, TN 37203.

Bucky Barrett,
Nashville, Tenn.
Studio Musician & Teacher

"YOU CAN'T MAKE THE SCENE UNLESS YOU CAN MAKE THE SOUND."

Bucky Barrett has been a professional guitar player for 17 years, playing road dates and concerts. Two years ago he decided to settle in Nashville to make it as a studio musician.

"It sure is hard for young professionals to get started on the road," says Bucky. "A lot of young people don't have the kind of cash you need. But a young player can't really make the music scene unless he can make the sound. That's why you need a first-class instrument."

Bucky, who owns a Hohner HG-360, thinks that Hohner's Limited Edition guitars meet the young professionals' needs. He purchased his Limited Edition instrument when he discovered it had a slightly "different," unique sound. "I really discovered 'my sound' with that instrument," he says. He uses the Hohner whenever he has the opportunity to add something personal and creative to his work. "I was also surprised by its low price!"

"I do lots of commercials, jingles and records and TV appearances. A lot of times, they want the standard sound from any guitar. But sometimes, I'm asked to do things a little different—make something stand out. That's when I use my Hohner." He used the instrument on the rhythm track of "The King Is Gone," a record that has already sold several million copies.

"It's a good instrument," says Bucky. "For me, it's my 'signature' sound now. And that's really what you need to make it in this business."

WHEN YOU'RE LOOKING FOR THAT BIG BREAK, HOHNER CAN BE INSTRUMENTAL.

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Highs and Lows

By Willis Conover

Louis Armstrong said yes, he would tell the story of his life. I suggested taping five hours. He agreed.

Let's make each hour different, I said: first the early days in New Orleans, next the revolutionary Hot Fives and Sevens, then the performers *you* enjoy hearing, then how you live offstage, and last your most popular recordings.

"In that fourth program," said Armstrong, "I want to talk about all my wives. Because every one of them gave me something that helped me."

"Excuse me, Louis," I said, "but if your ex-wives were so helpful, why didn't you stay married to any of them?"

His answer was quiet but firm.

"They forgot . . . about . . . the *horn*."

The horn. The music. The foundation. Damage that, and the superstructure falls. Every musician knows.

So does everyone else the music has captured. George Avakian, Nesuhi Ertegun, George Wein, John Hammond, Norman Granz, Dan Morgenstern — whatever he did with it later, what he did first was done (and may still be done) not for money but for love and need of the music.

The conductor of a *music* program never thinks first of money — or of politicking more than will keep politics out. Programming music isn't just a way of life, it's an ordering of chaos. It's the foundation.

There are highs and there are lows. Sometimes only lows. Seldom only highs.

A few of the lows:

(1) Opening a record-mailer, hoping for the record so temptingly reviewed in a music journal. Seeing instead the posturing photo on the cover, the group's arch title, the "lead vocals by" and the 'group vocals by,' the gimmickry "courtesy of," the disco-beat components itemized, the gophers thanked. All of it, a gaudy clue to the sounds one would hear if one would listen.

(2) Finding unbearable most of what issues from a radio. In a taxi: "Would mind turning your radio off, or down, please?" In an elevator, on an airline telephone, in an airline terminal, and in flight: canned goo.

(3) Facing the Anxiously With It new executive — in his Emperor's Now suit, hairdo this month's prescription, Scott Joplin his most recent discovery — who ominously asks why you aren't playing records by some underanonymous androgyne.

(4) Hearing secondhand some Jazz Expert's opinion of you as "old-hat" or "moldy fig" because you broadcast a record by Bessie Smith — or Charlie Parker. Or as "too far-out" or "crazy" because you broadcast a record by Cecil Taylor — or Charlie Parker.

A few dialogues:

(1) "Why don't you play the kind of music that people can whistle, or hum, or dance to?" "Tell you what. I'll whistle you *Ornithology* if you can whistle me *Night and Day* or *Begin the Beguine* or *Blues in the Night* from start to finish." Glare.

(2) "I want to hear more chatter between your records." "I *never* chatter. Teeth chatter. Monkeys chatter." Glower.

(3) "You *can't sell* that stuff!" "So you can't sell your mother, either, but that doesn't mean she's without value." Scowl.

(4) "Listen, this is a business and nothing but a business, and don't you forget it!" "What about those plaques in the hallway, and 'public interest, convenience, and necessity'?" Sputter.

A few one-liners, and anyone who can read them and not immediately think of a half-dozen faces has never broadcast jazz:

"I guess all the record-companies send you all their records, free, huh?"

"Look. *You* don't like it, *I* like it, but the *public* likes it, so play it."

"Duke Ellington? Oh. Yeah. Isn't he that 'Hi-de-Ho' guy?"

"Look. You're in this business to make money, right? So—"

"Hey, uh . . . you ever have any records you want to get rid of?"

"Nobody gives a damn who played what solo when. Just give the goddamn title and play the record."

"Hey there, hep-cat, how's all the jumpin' jive?"

"Any records sent to anybody at this radio station are radio-station property!"

"What the hell was all that stuff you was broadcastin' yesterday?"

"I don't ever want to hear that record played on this station again!"

"Say, uh, what do you do with your old records when you're through with them?"

"You're *tired?* Why? All you do is sit and listen to music all day."

A few highs:

Despite the presumption that if you like jazz you like nothing else, you may also enjoy a good book, a good show, a good meal, a good conversation, and other good music.

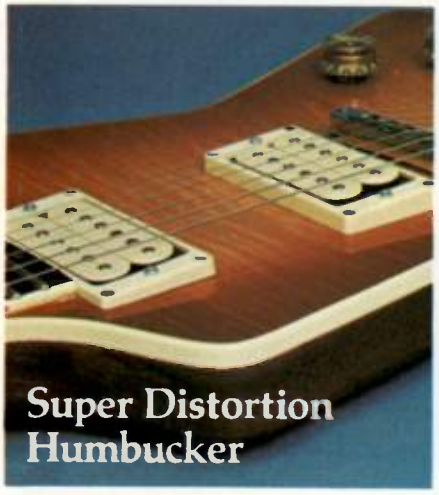
One may be moved by Frank Sinatra singing Harold Arlen's *Last Night When We Were Young*, and by Judy Garland — in movie soundtrack, not on concert disc — singing Arlen's *Man That Got Away*. By Judy Holliday singing Berlin's *How About Me?*, and Billie Holiday singing Gershwin's *Porgy* (not the song, but Billie singing it). Certain songs by Alec Wilder: *I See It Now, Where Do You Go?, Goodbye John, Did You Ever Cross Over to Sneden's?* Almost anything sung (in person) by Mabel Mercer. Mahalia Jackson singing *Silent Night*. Willard Robison singing his *Guess I'll Go Back Home This Summer* and *A Cottage for Sale*. Peggy Lee singing Robison's *Don't Smoke in Bed*. Mary Ann McCall singing Johnny Mercer's *P.S. I Love You*. Louis Armstrong singing *Black and Blue*, or *Home*. Django Reinhardt, a month before he dies, playing his *Manoir de mes reves*. In old

continued on page 84

Willis Conover has been broadcasting jazz to every part of the globe over the shortwave radio network of the Voice of America since 1955. Unquestionably his "Music America" program heard six days a week has been the major catalyst for jazz movements springing up the world over.

This essay from Mr. Conover also inaugerates a new section of the magazine. Look to this back page in future issues for articles written on various topics by major figures in the jazz world.

Don't choose one of these for our sound. Choose one for yours.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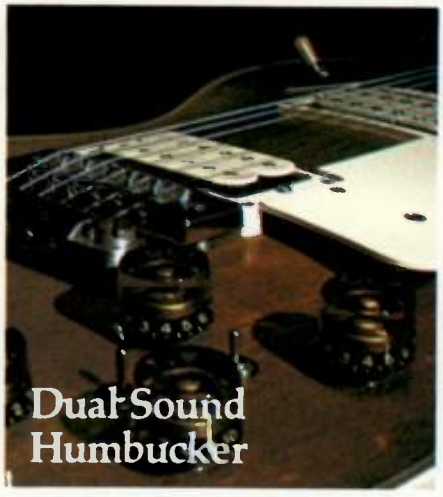
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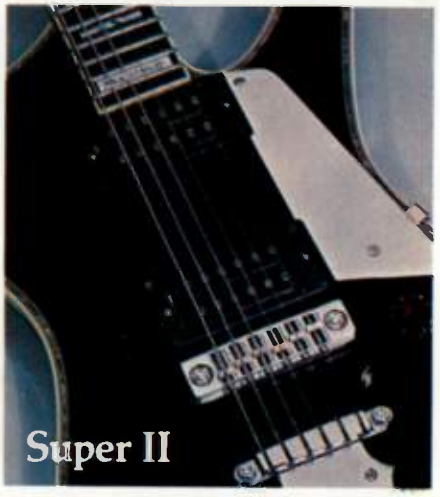
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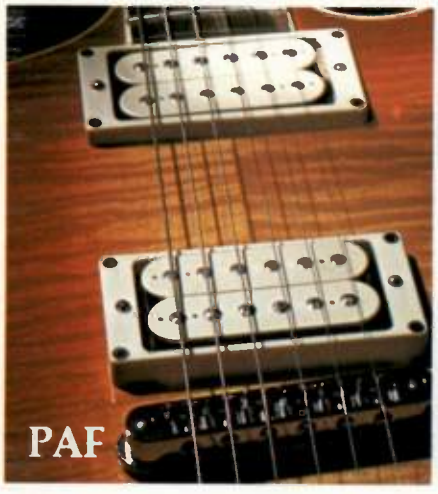
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