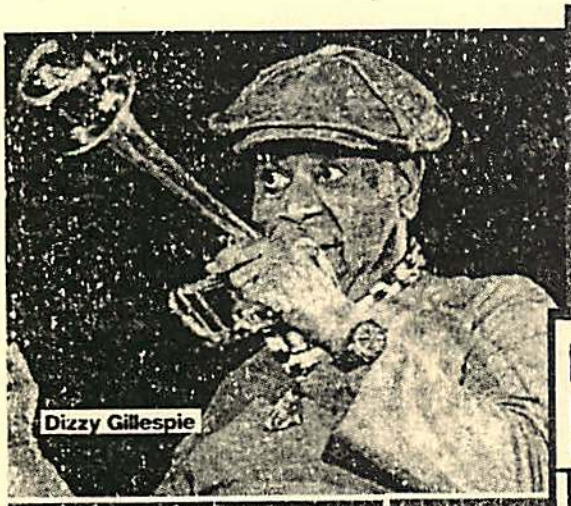
Jon, Judith and Michele Hendricks and Bob Garland sang at the Jazz Gallery Wednesday night


Dizzy Gillespie


Betty Carver

MILWAUKEE jazz gallery

The Jazz Gallery was one of the nation's premier jazz clubs from its opening in September of 1978 until its close in the fall of 1984. This book is a collection of many reviews and articles about the club's performances compiled by the owner, Chuck LaPaglia. Also included are numerous monthly schedules donated by various customers of The Jazz Gallery.

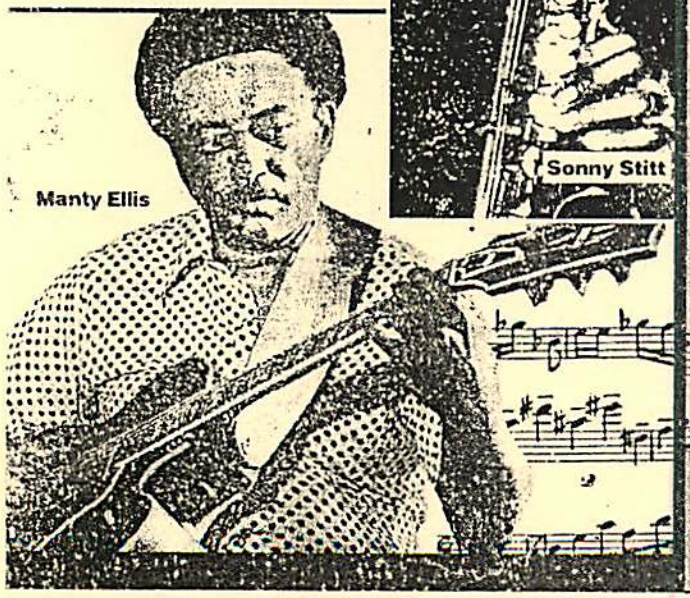

Chet Baker at the Jazz Gallery


Dakota Staton


Sonny Stitt


Chuck LaPaglia


Dexter Gordon


Manty Ellis


Brother Jazzmen Branford (left) and Wynton Marsalis

"If you wish to understand anything, observe its beginning and its development."
– Aristotle

How the Milwaukee Jazz Gallery Began
– Chuck LaPaglia

Introduction

In 1978 I was living in Milwaukee's Riverwest neighborhood and teaching at the University of Wisconsin–Milwaukee (UWM) when I heard that a local tavern and adjoining wedding hall were being sold. I thought that the space would be perfect for a Chicago-style jazz club, but I had a long debate with myself before deciding to open one. (An interesting dream of mine finally decided the issue.) My main qualifications to open the club were my experience from the years I had hung around in Chicago jazz bars and the close association I had formed with musicians. The only business experience I had was managing an Officer's Club bar in the army.

Two close carpenter friends, George Basta and Leo Barton, renovated the room. The three main construction projects were:

1. designing and building the stage.
2. tearing down the wall between the bar and the hall to give the bar and the bar room a good view and sound. (This was a major project because the wall was a retaining wall holding up the upstairs apartment. We had to put in a massive steel beam.)
3. designing the logo and constructing the sign.

Thinking the room should be as acoustic as possible, I bought two Klipsch speakers and a small sound mixer. It was the beginning of my long struggle with sound.

My next big project was to search for a club piano. I found my piano in the Milwaukee Journal's want ads – an old 85-key Steinway grand, built in the late 1880's, making it roughly the same age as the club. It had been a concert musician's personal piano.The piano became well known and loved by musicians. Because the piano had only 85 keys, instead of the usual 88, one musician's favorite joke was to pantomime running arpeggios up the keyboard and falling off the end. I learned that an old piano has a difficult time staying together with the kind of playing it gets in a jazz club. Through the piano, I met Shari Malofsky, an expert piano restorer and tuner, who cared for the piano for the entire time I ran the Jazz Gallery (from September 1978 through Fall 1984).

I met Kathleen Connelly through one of the classes I taught at UWM. Kathleen had a major influence on my decision to open the club. With extensive experience waitressing and managing clubs, she was able to organize the

business end. She found the staff, ordered the booze, set up the procedures, and managed the club at the beginning. The Milwaukee Jazz Gallery would not have happened without her.

The Music Program

From the very beginning, I decided to provide music six nights a week. My strategy was to hire musicians from Milwaukee along with some of the fine musicians I knew in Chicago. I put together a house band that played every weekend. It included Hattush Alexander (Milwaukee) on tenor, my good friend Carl Leukaufe (Chicago) on vibes, Eddie Baker (Chicago) on piano, Skip Crumby-Bey (Milwaukee) on bass, and Dick Smith (Milwaukee) on drums.

Mitch Covic, who taught some of the combos at the Wisconsin Conservatory, had a grant to run jazz jam sessions at Century Hall. When I opened the Gallery he decided to move the weekly sessions there. The regular jam sessions lasted for the life of the club and were an important part of the Gallery's educational mission.

The rest of the week I booked local and Chicago musicians, comedy, and benefits. I tried opening on Friday afternoons in order to develop an after-work scene, but it didn't work. I thought that the only way the club would survive would be to draw a much larger and broader audience. I believed that bringing in national acts would bring in the money, fame, and audience that was needed to sustain the club.

How the National Acts Evolved – Reflections on 1979

1979 was the first year the Gallery booked national acts. It was also a year of record snowstorms and severe cold. It was an intense period of learning for me, being the first time I ever negotiated with national musicians, who were my idols. I was afraid I would not be able to say no, so I enlisted the help of Frank Pazzullo, from the UWM jazz studies program, who had some experience hiring famous jazz musicians for clinics and for playing with student bands. Our initial plan was to develop a list of national musicians who would be available to play at the Gallery with a house rhythm section. Frank helped recruit the musicians and, in return, he organized the house band and accompanied world famous artists. The first house rhythm section consisted of Frank Pazzullo on piano, Skip Crumby-Bey on bass, and Vic Soward on drums.

One of the first national acts that I booked into the Gallery was the famous trombone player, Curtis Fuller (February 15, 1979). I was particularly excited by Curtis Fuller because of his work with John Coltrane on the "Blue Train" album. I thought that since everyone knew John Coltrane, everyone would surely know Curtis Fuller. The local musicians were also excited. It was my first lesson in the

fact that being a great musician was not necessarily the same as being a household name.

The Curtis Fuller show was nearly empty for the first couple of sets. About mid-show, faculty and students from the Milwaukee Conservatory of Music came in after their performance at the Milwaukee Art Center. The last set turned out to be a fantastic jam session, including Curtis Fuller with the Conservatory faculty and students. Even the newly arrived Jessie Hauck sang, with Curtis Fuller's accompaniment. Everyone was excited by the music that night. I was depressed by the financial failure, and at the same I was thrilled by the music and the effect it had on the local musicians.

The next act that I booked was the great jazz bassist Ray Brown (March 7, 1979). Brown in turn brought in singer Ernestine Anderson. We were able to get Ray Brown because Frank Pazzullo had also booked him at UWM, where Brown gave a clinic and played with the UWM Jazz Ensemble. Besides being a great bass player, Brown was also a great showman. With Brown's playing combined with Ernestine Anderson's singing, the show was a great success. The Gallery was filled with standing room only.

Besides being known as the "world's greatest jazz bass player," Ray Brown had a number of other musical sidelines, including producing jazz concerts at the Hollywood Bowl, managing Quincy Jones, and, most important to me, running a booking agency that included Milt Jackson, Sonny Stitt, Blue Mitchell, and others. He liked the Gallery and offered to book some of his acts into the club, starting with Sonny Stitt the following August and Milt Jackson the following September. The relationship with Ray Brown put the Gallery on a whole new level. By booking Sonny Stitt and Milt Jackson, we were booking jazz royalty.

The first of Ray Brown's bookings, a three-night gig with Sonny Stitt, beginning August 9, 1979, was billed as a birthday tribute to Charlie Parker. The birthday tribute to Charlie Parker became a Gallery tradition.

Sonny Stitt came in with Red Holloway, another sax player. They played with our regular house rhythm section, with the exception of Chicago drummer Danny Martin. Red Holloway was included in the gig because Sonny Stitt was going through an alcoholic phase in his life. Red's job was to supervise Sonny on and off the bandstand. There were times during the gig when Sonny seemed like he would not be able to function, but as soon as he got on the bandstand and began playing, everything changed. He was able to play complicated solos at fast tempos, and also play slow sensitive ballads. The gig was a success both financially and musically. The next time Sonny Stitt played the Gallery he came by himself and was completely straight.

That appearance was on August 29, 1980, for the annual Charlie Parker tribute. I decided to use David Hazeltine as house pianist, Skip Crumby-Bey on bass, and

Joel Spencer from Chicago on drums. The rhythm section was exceptionally hot. It was clear that Sonny Stitt was enjoying himself. David and Sonny really hit it off. Sonny went through one of his educator routines with David, which was a huge learning experience for David.

As David Hazeltine recalls: *I remember the first gig I ever did with one of these guys. It was with Sonny Stitt and I was very young and it was our first meeting of course and we were sitting upstairs from the Jazz Gallery. We had no rehearsal or anything, he just came in and we had to do it. Well, Sonny took out a cigarette and I pulled out a lighter to light it for him and my hand was shaking so bad. Sonny was so cool. He just kept his head down, then his eyes came up over his glasses and he just kind of looked at me, like "Wow! This could be interesting." But, you know, after just one set he was like my Dad. We went back upstairs and he was showing me tunes on the saxophone and he said, "Do you know this tune," and "Do you know that tune?" and I would say, "No" and he'd say, "Listen, I think you're going to like it." Then he'd play it for me and he'd improvise a chorus to show me how the changes went and we built a great relationship that way and went on to play a lot more gigs in the next few years before he passed away. I learned a lot from Sonny. Not just the obvious things, like tunes, and tricky changes, but on a more subtle level I learned the importance of being so much in command of the idiom that you can relax, groove and swing hard. You can have higher musical values than just playing the correct notes, or playing properly, or playing the hippest new thing. Probably the biggest lesson I learned in those years was the importance of musical maturity. What set those guys apart from the normal guys that I was playing with was not only their mastery, but also their maturity, their choices, and the conviction with which they made these musical choices.*

Beginning September 26, 1979, Milt Jackson played the Gallery for three nights. Milt was one of the jazz heroes from my youth. His early collaboration with Thelonious Monk (1951) was one of my jazz touchstones. I was being particularly careful not to offend. The Gallery was packed for the three nights he played. I felt a little uncomfortable putting him with our house rhythm section. But even with a house rhythm section, Milt's playing was magical.

After leaving the Gallery, Milt Jackson played a one-night gig in Madison; after Madison he was scheduled to go to Minneapolis. But instead of going directly to Minneapolis, he came back to Milwaukee and confronted me in the bar's backroom. He explained that Ray Brown had convinced him to play the Gallery for very little money. It was clear that we had made a lot of money on his performance, and out of respect, we should have given him some sort of bonus. At that point he was not willing to accept any money, but wanted me to know that in the future he expected be treated with due respect.

The Ray Brown, Sonny Stitt, and Milt Jackson gigs made me aware of the fact that using a convenient house rhythm section limited the artistry of the musicians we were booking. I began thinking about the possibility of bringing in full bands.

As the music program at the Gallery continued to evolve, I became more and more interested in presenting some of the great jazz bands traveling throughout the country. The trouble with booking full bands was the cost of airfare, housing, etc. The Jazz Showcase in Chicago had been presenting the best of those bands for years. Joe Segal, who owns the Jazz Showcase, was an old friend, and one of the oldest and best jazz impresarios in the country. When he saw what I was doing, he agreed to help route some of the acts he was presenting in Chicago, through Milwaukee to the Gallery. What developed was a Midwest tour that started in Chicago on a weekend, traveled to the Gallery during the week, sometimes played in Madison during the week, and then went on to Minneapolis the following weekend. That Midwest touring route became popular with the jazz bookers, and the Gallery became a regular destination for important jazz groups.

The Heath Brothers band, an important jazz group, played at the Gallery on September 17, 1979, led by Jimmy Heath on sax and Percy Heath on bass. The band's musicianship was superb. They were a great success, playing to a standing room only crowd, and they became yearly regulars at the club. The band loved hanging out in the Gallery's upstairs kitchen. They loved telling funny stories about other clubs that they played on their tours, and I'm sure they loved telling other clubs funny stories about us. We were part of the myth.

The next full band to play the club was the Bobby Hutcherson Quartet on October 29, 1979. For me, it was a particularly happy occasion to be able to hear Bobby one month after hearing Milt Jackson. I was especially sensitive to the vibes, having grown up with another great vibes player, Carl Leukaufe. The band drove from Chicago and arrived the afternoon before the gig. I was in the bar room when they showed up. When they came into the club they seemed to have some sort of attitude. I wasn't sure what their problem was, but they seemed stiff and formal. The first night they got such a warm reception and such close attention from the audience that it completely turned them around. They suddenly were the nicest jazz musicians you'd ever want to meet. They left on Halloween. As they were outside the club packing up the car, a Halloween parade of little kids from the local grammar school came marching down the street. Bobby ran half a block to meet them, and then proceeded to lead the parade, twirling an imaginary baton. When he got back to the corner, he got down on his knees and blew kisses to all the kids as they passed by.

In the summer of 1979, I went to Summerfest to hear Art Blakey and to find out who I needed to contact to book him into the Gallery. At the concert, I spoke with Art Blakey's bass player, Dennis Irwin, about booking the band, and invited Dennis and a few of the other band members down to the club the following night. All of the young Turks from the Wisconsin Conservatory were also invited.

They all ended up having a big session, which David Hazeltine recorded. Dennis was so impressed with the scene that he gave me the contact information for Blakey's agent, Jack Whittemore. Dennis then went back to Jack Whittemore in New York and raved about the Gallery. The following summer we booked Art Blakey.

Jack Whittemore is one of the great jazz legends. He was the long-time agent for Thelonius Monk, Miles Davis, John Coltrane, Stan Getz, Betty Carter, and many others. Jack was known for his fairness to both musicians and club owners. Through Jack we booked Art Blakey, Stan Getz, Dizzy Gillespie, and Betty Carter. It was a great honor to work with Jack. Even after he died, on January 22, 1983, Jack's acts continued to play at the Gallery.

Maxine Gordon was the main architect of Dexter Gordon, Woody Shaw, and Johnny Griffin's return to the United States from their self imposed European exile. Dexter's return to the States was a huge event in the jazz world. He recorded and successfully toured major American concert halls. Later, word was out that he planned to make a limited jazz club tour. I arranged to meet with Maxine in her New York office to convince her to book Dexter into the Jazz Gallery.

My problem in booking Dexter was that the amount of money he required was much much higher than the amount I was able to guarantee. At the end of a warm meeting, Maxine told me that she had heard about the club and was convinced of its sincerity. She made a radical proposal to book Dexter into the club for the union's minimum, an unbelievably small amount, plus a major percentage of the money from the door. The concert (February 16, 1981) turned out to be a huge artistic success. I ended up paying Dexter more than his usual fee and the club also made money. Maxine later booked Woody Shaw and Johnny Griffin into the Jazz Gallery.

The Chicago Connection

Part of my original plan for the Jazz Gallery was to enrich the Milwaukee music scene by bringing in some of the great musical talent from Chicago.

My first act at the Gallery was to bring in my childhood friend and legendary Chicago vibest, Carl Leukaufe, to be part of the house band. Hattush Alexander, whom I knew from Milwaukee, was the first local person I enlisted for the band. He had strong opinions about his music and insisted that there was no need to bring a musician from Chicago for the house band. But he agreed to meet Carl and rehearse with him and the rhythm section. During the rehearsal it was clear that they were really knocked out by each other's playing. After the rehearsal they all took off and went to a local soul food restaurant together. When they came back, they were thick as thieves. We had a house band. Some of the local musicians became close friends with Carl and even went down to Chicago to sit in with him at some of the Chicago clubs.

On occasion, Carl brought Chicago treasures, such as Tommy Ponce, Lynn Halliday, Joe Iaco, and others to the Gallery.

Ira Sullivan was a multi-instrument player who was a long-time Chicago legend. He had recently moved to Florida, but came to Chicago often to play at the Jazz Showcase. The first time he played at the Gallery was October 19, 1979. He came with a rhythm section of young players from Chicago who had just graduated from nearby universities and were dominating the Chicago jazz scene. Playing with Ira were: John Campbell on piano; Steve Rodby on bass; and Joel Spencer on drums. Joel eventually became the Gallery's house drummer. Ira wowed everyone with his mastery of the saxophone, flute, trumpet, and flugelhorn. Ira's young rhythm section bonded with the Milwaukee Conservatory musicians. The Chicago players came to Milwaukee often, and eventually the two groups combined for gigs in Chicago, Milwaukee, and Minneapolis. Ira came back to the Gallery three or four more times, with new and creative formats each time.

Bunky Green, another Milwaukee legend, had left Milwaukee to play with Charles Mingus, ending up living in Chicago and teaching at Chicago State College. He came to the Gallery on November 18, 1979, with some of the same young rhythm section musicians who had played with Ira Sullivan. Bunky had a huge crowd of hometown friends and fans, and a lot of favorable press.

Another great Chicago musical resource was the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians (AACM), a non-profit, primarily black avant-garde music organization. AACM was founded in Chicago by pianist/composer Muhal Richard Abrams, pianist Jodie Christian, drummer Steve McCall, and composer Phil Cohran. On October 26, 1979, Muhal Richard Abrams brought a quartet of AACM musicians to the Gallery. It was the first of what turned out to be a long-lasting "new music series" that included Anthony Braxton, Leroy Jenkins, The Chicago Art Ensemble, Sun Ra, and many others. In collaboration with avant-garde publisher Woodland Pattern, we were able to get a grant to subsidize this new music series. Woodland Pattern brought in experimental new music while the Jazz Gallery brought in jazz-based new music.

The Kitchen

My apartment was located directly above the bar room. The door of the music room, near the stage, led up to my kitchen. Out-of-town musicians used the kitchen as a dressing room and a hangout after the night's show was over. Some musicians would use the apartment to rest or meditate. More often, the musicians used it to unwind after the gig. Often, young local musicians were included as part of the activities, which served as a kind of informal educational center for them. The playing and listening in the club, coupled with the activity in the kitchen, provided the jazz equivalent of a PhD in music. The teachers were musicians like Sonny Stitt, McCoy Tyner, Art Blakey, Bobby Hutcherson, Jon

Hendricks, and more. The sessions were about the music, history, myths, methods, and business of jazz.

Life changing decisions were made in the kitchen. For example, at Art Blakey's urging, the Johnson Brothers moved to New York and played with Abbey Lincoln. Chet Baker persuaded David Hazeltine to go to New York. Jon Hendricks convinced Skip Crumby-Bey to join him on the road. All kitchen decisions.

I had a number of memorable conversations with people like Dexter Gordon, Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Rouse, and Nat Adderley. One of the most memorable conversation was with Eddie Jefferson, early in the morning after the last night of his gig, on May 2, 1979. He seemed tired and depressed and talked about how long he had been on the road. He was hoping to get off the road and go back home. He went from Milwaukee to Chicago's Jazz Showcase and then to Baker's Lounge in Detroit. On the first night of his Detroit gig, the news reported that: *"Eddie Jefferson, aged 60, was shot and killed at Baker's Keyboard Lounge on May 8, 1979. He had left the club with fellow bandleader Richie Cole around 1:35 am and was shot while walking out of the building. The driver was later picked up by Detroit police and identified as a disgruntled dancer with whom Jefferson once worked and had fired from a gig."* Jefferson seemed to have had a premonition at the Gallery.

Jazz Gallery's Community and Political Programs

<u>Cuba and Irakere</u>

Irakere, one of the best known jazz groups in Cuba, was composed of some of Cuba's best jazz musicians and percussionists, including Chucho Valdes and Arturo Sandoval (voted Cuba's Best Instrumentalist from 1982 to 1990). Irakere won the Grammy Award for Best Latin Recording in 1978 and 1980. Due to restrictive United States policies, the band was not allowed to play in the States. The National Lawyers Guild was able to get Irakere into the country as a part of the research they were doing on Cuban culture. While they were in Chicago, a leftist Cuban friend of mine called and offered to bring the group to Milwaukee to play an exclusive United States engagement at the Jazz Gallery on August 20, 1983. The only legal restriction was that we were not allowed to pay the band directly. So we gave the money to the National Lawyers Guild, who turned it over to the band.

The band drew a full house, mostly of jazz fans and local activists. Great "theater" occurred when the Chicago activists showed up at the Gallery in a caravan of cars carrying the band members. Because we advertised the group, a bunch of local teens learned of the gig and showed up to throw eggs at a couple of the musicians during intermission. Tom, our large door man, was able to disperse the teens.

Community Benefits

The Jazz Gallery contributed significantly to the welfare of the community by making our space available in support of community programs, providing volunteer musicians, and helping to organize musical events.

Shortly after the Gallery's opening, drummer Dick Smith suffered a stroke. Dick was famous among Milwaukee musicians, and nearly every jazz musician in town participated in his benefit concert at the Gallery. Other benefits for musicians in need became a regular feature of the Gallery's programs.

The Gallery sponsored many benefits for local community groups, including:

- Highland Community School
- Amnesty International
- Central American Solidarity Committee
- Milwaukee community radio
- Women's Clerical Union
- Midwest Black Theater Alliance
- West of The River Health Clinic
- Milwaukee Women's Center Crisis Line
- Refugee Relief Fund

Musicians Education

The Jazz Gallery promoted education for jazz musicians through activities such as:

- Jam sessions to give local musicians an opportunity to interact with one another
- Master classes with top national musicians at the Conservatory and Gallery
- Informal discussions among musicians in the Gallery kitchen
- Apprenticeships – opportunities for local musicians to play with national musicians, e.g., David Hazeltine with Sonny Stitt
- Formal jazz classes with David Hazeltine and Scott Black at the Gallery

Below is a list of traveling jazz musicians who performed at the Milwaukee Jazz Gallery from 1979 through1983. Stories and reports of their performances follow.

John Abercrombie
Muhal Richard Abrams
Pepper Adams
Nat Adderley
Mose Allison
Ernestine Anderson
Chet Baker
Kenny Barron
Ed Blackwell
Art Blakey
Arthur Blythe
Lester Bowie
Joanne Brackeen
Anthony Braxton
Ray Brown
Kenny Burrell
George Cables
Wilbur Campbell
Betty Carter
Don Cherry
Richie Cole
George Coleman
Chris Connor
Stanley Cowell
Ted Curson
Eddie Lockjaw Davis
Richard Davis
Jack DeJohnette
Joe Diorio
Lou Donaldson
Sweets Edison
Steve Ellington
Dave Eubanks
Art Farmer
Malachi Favors
Bud Freeman
Curtis Fuller
Rafael Garrett
Stan Getz
Dizzy Gillespie
Eddie Gladden
Dexter Gordon
Bunky Green
Johnny Griffin
Charlie Haden
Slide Hampton
Barry Harris
Eddie Harris
Roy Haynes
Jimmy Heath
Percy Heath
Jon Hendricks
Dave Holland
Red Holloway
Freddie Hubbard
Bobby Hutcherson
Milt Jackson
Eddie Jefferson
Leroy Jenkins
Philly Joe Jones
Clifford Jordan
Stanley Jordan
Barney Kessel
Lee Konitz
Branford Marsalis
Wynton Marsalis
Jack McDuff
Charles McPherson
Mulgrew Miller
Roscoe Mitchell
Buddy Montgomery
James Moody
Eddie Moore
Don Moye
Sal Nistico
Joe Pass
Art Pepper
Sun Ra
Dewey Redman
Ben Riley
Sam Rivers
Max Roach
Red Rodney
Charlie Rouse
Arturo Sandoval
Woody Shaw
Horace Silver
Jimmy Smith
Dakota Staton
Sonny Stitt
Ira Sullivan
Steve Turre
McCoy Tyner
Mal Waldron
Bennie Wallace
Cedar Walton
Buster Williams
Teddy Wilson
Phil Woods

MILW. JOURNAL
FEB. 15, 1979

2 Jazz Groups Liven the Scene

By Bill Milkowski
Special to The Journal

critique

Jazz was alive and kicking in Milwaukee Wednesday night.

At the Art Center it was strictly straight ahead, with the Wisconsin Conservatory of Music's faculty jazz ensemble, featuring pianist Eddie Baker, guitarist Manty Ellis, saxists Hattush Alexander and Berkeley Fudge, bassist Harold Miller, drummer Scott Napoli and vocalist Jesse Hauck.

Over at the Jazz Gallery it was blazing, uptempo bop and gritty blues, with New York trombonist Curtis Fuller as the main attraction.

Fuller's show was a particular treat. After two sets of jazz gems, including Dizzy Gillespie's "Blue and Boogie," John Coltrane's "Sagittarius" and Sonny Rollins' "St. Thomas," the atmosphere became unusually loose.

Things settled into a soulful, thick-as-molasses-blues tempo in the final set, and it was open jamming for the rest of the night by Fuller and a backup band consisting of pianist Frank Pazzullo, bassist Skip Crumby-Bey, drummer Vic Soward and saxist Tony Pagano.

Sitting in were trumpeter Brian Lynch and members of the Conservatory ensemble who dropped in at the Jazz Gallery after their gig at the Art Center.

Ms. Hauck, a former St. Louis resident who recently joined the Conservatory group, was superb in this loose, bluesy environment. Her brief contribution of vocals inspired by Morgana King was a big hit with the crowd, and with Fuller as well.

Although Curtis Fuller is hardly a household word, he has an impressive reputation in jazz circles. He has played with all the heavies since moving to New York City in 1957, including Count Basie, Lester Young, Miles Davis, Bud Powell and Art Blakey.

His stellar trombone soloing was evident, but never overindulgent, Wednesday night. He allowed plenty of solo space for his fine backup musicians to stretch out as well, which was a real treat for the audience.

Brown billed as 'Greatest Bassist'

"The World's Greatest Bassist!" That's what Snookum Russell, bandleader now residing in and playing on Bourbon Street in New Orleans, billed Ray Brown in by-gone days. He may not have been then, but he certainly grew into the title. He may not, by appearance, seem to be the world's greatest bassist. In fact, by his appearance, he could be a professional businessman (which he is). But when he respectfully holds his bass, the businessman steps aside for the world's greatest bassist.

On March 7, Ray Brown will be at UWM to present a clinic at 2:30 p.m. in the Fine Arts Theatre. He will appear in concert with the UWM Jazz Ensemble under the direction of Frank Puzzullo at 7 p.m. Following the activities at UWM, Brown will appear along with Ernestine Anderson at the Milwaukee Jazz Gallery with Puzzullo and other local musicians backing.

Brown always knew he wanted to be a musician. He studied piano before taking up the bass, because he discovered in his youth there was a shortage of bass players, and an even greater shortage of good ones. He listened to Fats Waller and Art Tatum, emulating every sound he heard.

Leaving his hometown of Pittsburgh, he started his career on the road with Russell playing in clubs below the Mason-Dixon Line in days when conditions were less than pleasant for a black musician.

Moving to New York City on his own, at a time when jazz was

everywhere, he landed a job with Dizzy Gillespie, Bud Powell, Max Roach and Charlie Parker—not bad for someone new in town.

For more than 15 years, he teamed with Oscar Peterson at first as a duo, later as a trio adding guitarist (Barney Kessel, Herble Ellis) or drummer (Ed Thigpen, Louis Hayes). The rehearsal schedule was rigorous and the road tours endless.

In 1966, Brown decided to move to California hoping he could find enough work to support his family in their accustomed fashion. Since the move to California, his professional ventures have been limitless. Aside from being one of the most sought after free-lance musicians for movies, TV and commercials, he is responsible for producing jazz concerts at the Hollywood Bowl, managing Quincy Jones, operating a booking agency for Milt Jackson, Sonny Stitt, Blue Mitchell, Ernestine Anderson, etc., still finding time to write educational material and conduct clinics in colleges and universities across the country.

He still records with Peterson and others, as well as with the L.A. Four, his new group. Amidst all this diversity, the bright and curious Brown has a regular weekday job as bassist with the Merv Griffin Show Orchestra.

Brown's playing is memorable because, as he states himself, he tells a story in each solo. He can tell the entire history of the jazz bass in one solo, from the slap style that replaced the tuba in the Dixieland bands to the very melodic and lyrical sounds performed on the bass today.

His meticulous care of his instrument includes wiping it after each performance so that resin does not clog the breathing of the pores in the wood. He has more than one bass now, of course, for emergencies. But he has his favorite, the one he can always count on. Ray Brown, a gifted, influential gentleman bassist, gives excellent care to that which has given him so much of the good life.

--O. Parrish

WFMR

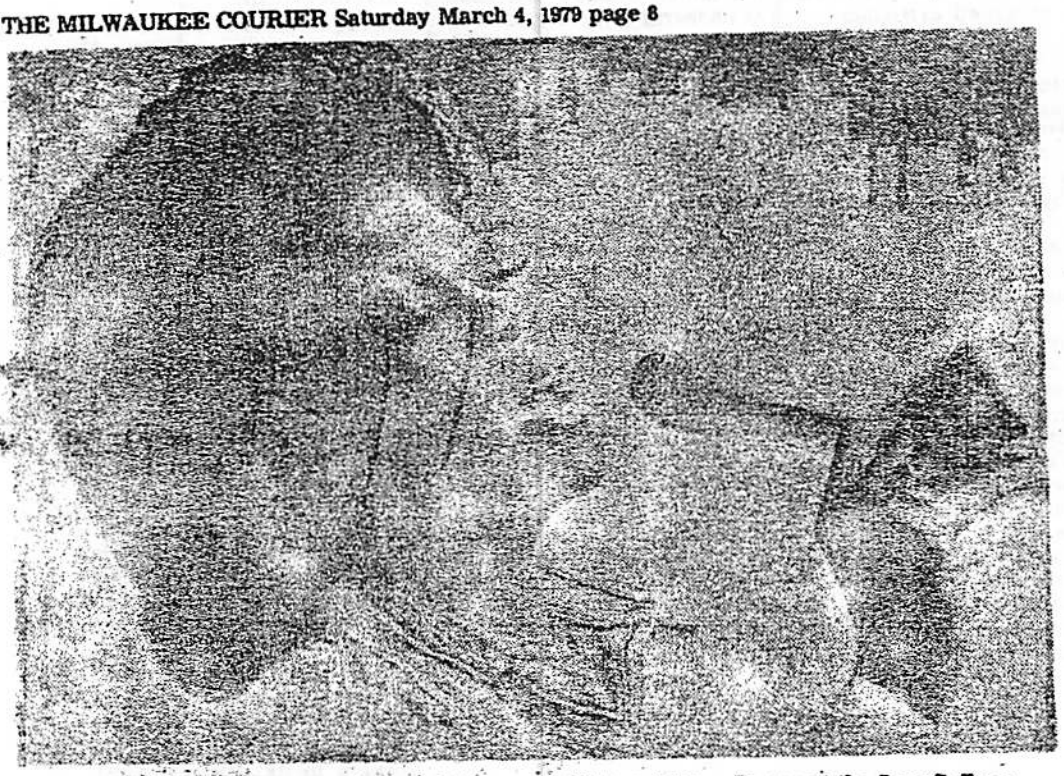
WFMR Welcomes
A Jazz Gallery and
Ron Cuzner Presentation

RAY BROWN

Featuring Vocalist Ernestine Anderson

Wednesday, March 7th 9 p.m.-1 a.m.
$5 General Admission $4 Students

Jazz Gallery 932 E. Center • 283-5718



VOCALIST ERNESTINE ANDERSON will appear with bassist Ray Brown at the Jazz Gallery at 932 E. Center st. at 9 p.m. on Wednesday, March 7. Anderson is best known for her 1956 album "Hot Cargo" and subsequent critical and popular acclaim at the Monterey Jazz Festival and elsewhere. Although she's been compared with Billie Holiday, Sarah Vaughn and Ella Fitzgerald, the DownBeat poll winner's talents have received broader acceptance in Europe where's she's lived than in this country. Milwaukee audiences can help remedy that next week.

OPINION

CETA arts cuts reflect 'downtown'

"Lowered expectations" and "priorities" seem to be buzz words for aiding the poor and minorities to get used to the short end of the stick.

Doubters need only refer to the second-year Milwaukee County CETA arts grants disclosed last week. Several projects that have received criticism from reviewers, auditors, civil rights groups and reporters were renewed. Continuation of programs for minority pre-school art instruction and a free jazz education afforded minority teens by an area workshop were axed.

A total of $1.6million in CETA arts projects, about half of the jobs and programs granted the first year, received the approval of the Arts Development Council which administers the county effort.

The cutback will be felt at the OIC day care center on N. Third st. For the past year, preschoolers and kindergarteners there have had the benefit of an art teacher. The rejected request for salary and supplies was for $12,904. "A lot of minority kids just don't get that kind of exposure at an early age," an OIC spokesperson commented.

Also dropped was the East Side Performers' Workshop whose free instruction for teenagers by professional jazz musicians resulted in formation of an ensemble which has performed Sunday afternoons at its learning facility, the Jazz Gallery on E. Center st. The project's founder and director Mitch Covic said he had hoped to make the JG a musical community center this summer with workshops held daily. Covic said he intends to seek another funding source to conduct a similiar project.

Major projects given second round approval include the Musicale Channels 10-36, a band which was the target of complaints last year from a group of veteran Black musicians and supporters, the NAACP and others who charged discriminatory hiring practices. The band was originally all-white but received token integration after the EEOC began an investigation of its hiring policies. This year the musicale 10-36 has been awarded $116,887 in CETA funds.

Another target of criticism from participants and the press is the Visual Artists Project, involving 17 video, sculpture and studio artists. The project's workers have voiced complaints of both lack of direction and blatant political involvement in the aggrandizement of County Executive William O'Donnell and former ADC director John Zinos, his longtime acquaintance. The Visual Arts Project was refunded for $101,871.

The only CETA arts program that received criticism and found itself without second year funding was the predominately Black Peoples' Theatre. CETA reviewers had charged that the group failed to meet performance commitments made in its initial proposal.

Another ADC-sponsored project, Tony King's Jazz Arts Ensemble, allocated $47,922, was refunded but placed under the direct sponsorship of the Wisconsin Conservatory of Music where King directs jazz studies. Unlike the East Side Performers' Workshop, however, the WCC group has no instruction component.

Other approved allocations include the Inner City Arts Council -- 11 employees and $59,617 (ICAC assigns these workers to its delegate agencies); Ko-Thi Dance Company -- three positions at $11,335; Friends Mime Troupe -- two positions at $11,497 and the Puerto Rican Organization of Wisconsin -- $22,907 for four

Hard Bop Jazz Alive and Well

By Bill Milkowski
Special to The Journal

Musicians who play the Jazz Gallery are noted for their uncompromising standards and adherence to tradition.

The hard bop style of saxophonist Charlie Parker is one such tradition, and Tuesday night Sonny Stitt, one of its greatest practitioners, proved that the art is alive and well.

Stitt and Red Holloway, saxophonists of the Parker school, performed three blazing sets of adventurous uptempo tunes and lyrical ballads. They were accompanied by the house rhythm section of bassist Skip Crumby-Bey, pianist Frank Pazzullo and drummer Danny Martin.

Critique

From a cooking rendition of Gershwin's "Strike Up the Band" to the Parker specialty "Cherokee," Stitt and Holloway proved to be an unbeatable team on their return engagement at the Gallery.

Stitt has been quoted as saying that he was playing like Charlie (Bird) Parker before he ever had heard of him. In the early days of bop, he was referred to constantly as "the new Bird," a title that annoyed him then and still haunts him today. Like Parker, he is a strong and passionate blues-based player with a penchant for taking risks.

To understand why these risks always have been a strong part of hard bop, it is necessary to look at social conditions that existed when the bop revolution reached public consciousness in 1945.

Bop was a black art form, created in response to the white-dominated swing-band era. It was a movement steeped in philosophical concerns, begun by black musicians who grew bitter, resentful and scornful of white society.

For the black jazz player, who in the late 1930s could not work with a white band, was not allowed to eat in the same restaurants or stay in the same hotels as white musicians, and not even allowed to invite friends and family to watch him perform in white-owned nightclubs, bop music was a declaration of independence.

It was a new, exciting, anti-Establishment reaction, spawned by a handful of tragic heroes, most notably Parker. It was heavily involved with drugs, risk and adventure, and most young players of ambition wanted to be in on it.

Parker and trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie were teachers of this new music, and there was a list of new players who "went to school" to learn the rudiments of the new style — Miles Davis, Gene Ammons, Dexter Gordon and Stitt, to name a few.

The hard bop revolution peaked in the 1950s and died out in 1959 as social conditions changed. But like all the schools of jazz that have gone before, hard bop is still played, still admired and still recorded. Players such as Stitt and Holloway will continue to spread the word in widening circles to aspiring jazz musicians.

The two saxophonists will perform again tonight and Thursday night at the Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center St.

MILW. JOURNAL

Hot Jazz Pierces Dense City Fog

By Bill Milkowski
Special to The Journal

Four heavyweight bands provided some stellar sounds for area jazz fans who dared venture into Monday night's fog.

At the Performing Arts Center, three big bands — Matrix, an all-star high school jazz ensemble and Woody Herman's Thundering Herd — thrilled about 1,800 persons at the fifth annual Sister Fabian benefit concert.

More fine jazz was on tap at the Jazz Gallery with the Heath Brothers Band. Led by saxist Jimmy Heath and string bassist Percy Heath, and featuring pianist Stanley Cowell, the band delighted its listeners with such tunes as Charlie Parker's "Confirmation," Dexter Gordon's "Gingerbread Boy" and material from a recent album, "Passing Thru."

The atmosphere at the intimate Jazz Gallery was less formal than at the PAC's Uihlein Hall, and it helped provide some of the most musically satisfying moments of the evening. The Heath group will play there again at 9 tonight.

Big Band Champion

At the PAC it was definitely a Woody Herman crowd. Many must have remembered Herman, 65, from his heyday in the big band era. Recalling "Woodchopper's Ball," "Caledonia" and other long ago hits, they probably weren't prepared for the explosiveness of Matrix.

This nine piece group born out of Lawrence University in Appleton, is one of the most exciting and imaginative of today's big bands. It shows the poise and polish of a Thad Jones / Mel Lewis aggregation and the electronic potential of a fusion band such as Weather Report — a combination of power, beauty and gentleness.

Matrix opened the show dynamically with "The Fly," a firecracker tune from a forthcoming album. That was enough to scare off some of the old big band enthusiasts, but some skeptics may have been won back with "Come September," a sensitive ballad duo between pianist John Harmon and trombonist Kurt Dietrich.

critique

Inspired by Tolkien

Perhaps the greatest asset of this talented young band is the creative input of composer-performer Harmon. His tone poems use silence, dynamics and color, many of them drawing from literary inspirations.

The group performed Harmon's "Galadriel" and "Wizard," both inspired by J. R. R. Tolkien's "Lord of the Rings."

As usual, Herman blew with youthful enthusiasm on clarinet and alto and soprano saxes. His 17 piece Herd ran through such jazz classics as Sonny Rollins' "St. Thomas," Duke Ellington's "I Got It Bad" and John Coltrane's "Giant Steps" before unveiling some of its more contemporary material.

The performances of Chick Corea's "Suite For Hot Band" and Steely Dan's "FM" may not have pleased the old big band fans, but they showed Herman's interest in constantly updating his sound.

Memory Lane

Herman did revive some memories when he sat in with the all-star high school jazz ensemble on "Woodchopper's Ball." During this set he also presented the $1,000 scholarship award for outstanding musicianship to trumpeter David Bilger of Brookfield East High School.

Herman created the scholarship fund in honor of Sister Fabian Reilly, a teacher at St. John Cathedral High School who encouraged and inspired him early in his musical career.

...Jefferson Enchants 'Em

May 1979

By Bill Milkowski
Special to The Journal

What's his secret? Where does a veteran like Eddie Jefferson get all that energy to carry on the way he did Tuesday night at the Jazz Gallery, and why does he continue to do it after all these years?

After enchanting a full house of jazz lovers with an evening of outrageous scatting and unique singing, Jefferson explained:

"This is all I know. I just turned 61. I feel strong, take vitamins all the time, get plenty of rest ... and no funny stuff."

The amazing, animated Jefferson likes to think of himself as a town crier for the art of jazz. All night long at the Jazz Gallery he sang

Critique

the praises of Charlie Parker, Kenny Clarke, Dizzy Gillespie and others who pioneered a new music at a time when swing was growing cold.

"This is pure American music and these are the great representatives," he said backstage. "I want to do my part to keep them alive, like a court jester or a town crier ringing out a message."

Tap Dancer

Jefferson came up with Lester Young in the 1930s and also spent some 20 years as a tap dancer in vaudeville. Around 1939 he hit on the idea of setting words to the notes of instrumental jazz solos. He explained that he studied a piece — a Charlie Parker sax solo, for instance — for perhaps as long as six months, learning it note for note. Then he wrote poignant stories about the men who played and suffered with this music and the ideas they represented.

On stage the lively scat singer became immersed in his music, yet never lost contact with his audience. He pumped life into the crowd by strutting, mugging, constantly pulling on the brim of his funky hat and shaking his tambourine as he sang. He personified the gritty pulse of jazz — a feeling more easily experienced than explained.

Brilliant Sax Player

Featured soloist behind Jefferson was Richie Cole, a brilliant young alto sax player from New Jersey who lived in Milwaukee briefly about eight years ago.

During that time Cole made friends with local guitar wiz George Pritchett, and the two were reunited on stage Tuesday night for some wild exchanges.

The music swung intensely, backed by the always steady rhythmic sense of Jazz Gallery regulars Frank Pazzullo on piano, Skip Crumby-Bey on bass and Vic Soward on drums.

"Eddie Jefferson Enchants 'Em"

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL AUG. 10, 1979

Saxophonist Plagued by Comparisons

By Bill Milkowski
Special to The Journal

When Edward (Sonny) Stitt first met Charlie (Bird) Parker in 1943, the two saxophonists played together for an hour. After the session Bird told Sonny, "You sure sound like me."

Ever since that eventful jam in a Kansas City nightclub, Stitt has been plagued by comparisons to Charlie Parker, the key figure in the bebop revolution and one of the greatest jazz musicians of all time.

Stitt begins a three night engagement at the Jazz Gallery Tuesday, accompanied by saxophone partner James (Red) Holloway and backed by a house rhythm section of local players.

The gig is being billed as a tribute to Charlie Parker, who was born Aug. 29, 1920, and died in 1955 of a heart attack. Drug addiction and alcoholism plagued him throughout his life.

In a recent phone interview, Stitt summed up his association with Bird in a few words:

"We were friends. I was his pallbearer. God made only one Charlie Parker."

Holloway, 52, spoke about his musical relationship with Stitt:

"We grew up playing the same time, around 1940. We listened to a lot of the same people — Bird, Lester Young, Coleman Hawkins, Don Byas, Ben Webster — and worked together out of Chicago back in the '50s.

"We've been traveling as a duo fairly steady since 1976. As for Sonny, he's the closest thing to Bird that I know of."

Stitt has an unusual background for a jazz musi-

Turn to Stitt, page 14, col. 5

Stitt

From Page 1

cian. His father was a professor of music, his mother taught piano and organ, his sister is a concert singer and his brother a concert pianist.

He began playing piano at an early age, but his musical direction changed when he was 14, after he heard two great alto players of the '30s, Johnny Hodges and Benny Carter.

Today Stitt, 54, is perhaps the most frequently recorded contemporary jazz instrumentalist. He has no need to walk in the shadow of Charlie Parker

Tickets for performances are $5. The Jazz Gallery is at 932 E. Center St. For more information, call 263-5718.

MILW. JOURNAL SEPT. 18, 1979

Heath Brothers Dazzle and Jazz It Up

By Kevin Lynch
Special to The Journal

Take heart, during these troubled times, in strong spirits such as the Heath Brothers. To hear their music is to believe that things just might work out after all.

Veteran jazz saxophonist Jimmy Heath and his bass-player brother, Percy, gave an infusion of the positive spirit to a capacity crowd Monday night when they opened a two-night stand at the Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center St.

Their remedy is two ebullient personalities projected through the superb musicianship of their quintet.

Percy's story is that of a coming-out at age 57. After 25 years of performing the Modern Jazz Quartet's jewel-like ministrations of chamber jazz, he now revels in joyful pursuit of unabashed, swinging music. This band has a drive that bandleader John Lewis never dreamed of. Percy Heath obviously did, though.

Musical Remnants

Still, remnants of that classic quartet are here, slightly transformed. Uniform tuxedos have been replaced by matching vests and checked shirts.

And an impeccable precision, grace and clarity of execution — even at blistering tempos — remains. The brothers have surrounded themselves with younger men who approach mastery on their instruments.

Guitarist Tony Purrone time and again elicited exclamations with a flow of dazzling single-note lines countered by long sequences of chords — a dynamic, almost intimidating technique that must have had guitarists in the audience mumbling to themselves.

critique

Pianist Stanley Cowell, an often-recorded leader himself, showcased his rambling virtuosity on "You Took Advantage of Me," an old Fats Waller song. Drummer Keith Copeland propelled them all with fire and taste.

Original Heath tunes such as "Feelin' Dealin'" and "Mellow Drama" pointed to a distinctly developed compositional style: tricky harmonic shifts released to bass accompaniment for soloing and back again.

Percy Heath exemplified the nature of the group when he coaxed a stomping blues song out of his cello. In his skilled hands the graceful instrument got blues-dirty with no loss of dignity.

Good Spirit

But it was the spirit of these men that conquered all. At one point a boisterous fan yelled out, "I like rock 'n' roll!"

Percy Heath turned, wide-eyed for a moment, then smiled and purred, "That's all right," and launched into Charlie Parker's "Yardbird Suite."

Everything is all right with the Heath Brothers. They don't worry about a thing; their unfailing musicianship affords them that luxury. Their music looks always on the bright side.

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL THURS. SEPT. 27, 1979

Vibe Artist Milt Jackson Swings Out at Gallery

By Kevin Lynch
Special to The Journal

That thing called swing has been obvious in the playing of the finest jazzmen since the earliest New Orleans days. Not so obvious is a clear definition of it. An easy answer has eluded jazz scholars for years.

Thursday night, the first of three at the Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center St., swing was its old enigmatic self in the person of Milt Jackson. The man who personally escorted the vibraphone into modern jazz no doubt swings when he snores.

In fact, short of slumber, utter relaxation is one of Jackson's secrets of swing. Whether he is playing floating ballads or up-tempo chases, he rides the vibes with uncanny ease and adroitness.

Silvery Sound

A second secret evident this night was the games he played with drummer Victor Soward's generally straight tempos. Jackson typically started a line just behind the beat, then spilled ahead with a jackpot of tumbling notes — notes that invariably would resound like true silver.

That is one more facet of Jackson's skills — the vibes' innate reverberating voice. He will let it sound for a long moment, then clip it off to twist a phrase or, finally, let its full echo make the most emphatic of punctuations sing.

Jackson's demeanor reflects an off-handed confi-

critique

dence in his complete control of matters after a long career as both a free-lancer and a mainstay of the Modern Jazz Quartet.

Enthusiastic Response

Often, upon delivering a perfect phrase, he will cast a laconic glance at the audience as if to say, "You heard that?" From the enthusiastic response of the Gallery patrons Thursday night, they unquestionably did.

Jackson is comfortable in his milieu. His program was an unsurprising mixture of bop-era standards and blues. The suprises offered — small musical jokes and pithy quotes — were all contained within the scope of his trademark style.

He did acknowledge more modern jazz modes: a crisply urgent reading of John Coltrane's "Impressions," for instance.

Assured Support

Redoubtable bassist Skip Crumby-Bey and pianist Frank Pazullo provided assured support for the man they call "Bags." Even Pazullo's solos seemed to defer to Jackson's total command of phrase and nuance.

Ballads displayed this most clearly. Jackson plays three telling notes where others might play 15. He knows, as do all masters, that economy of expression produces the most memorable of statements.

The simple blues number that is Jackson's theme, "Bags' Groove," closed the book Thursday night on a masterfully wordless definition of swing.

Jackson will perform at the Gallery again at 9 p.m. Friday and Saturday.

'Alive' to Play Jazz Gallery Sunday

By Bill Milkowski
Special to The Journal

Sunday nights at the Milwaukee Jazz Gallery usually are reserved for the mainstream sounds of local musicians such as sax players Berkeley Fudge or Hattush Alexander, guitarist Manty Ellis or vocalist Jessie Hauca.

But this Sunday night the standards will give way to something different: Alive, an all-woman jazz ensemble from San Francisco.

The five musicians of Alive perform original material that has elements of bop, pop, gospel, blues, swing and Afro-Cuban. Their show, forthright and spontaneous, is often highly political, because much of their music deals with oppression and mistreatment — of women, of minorities and of the Earth.

As percussionist Caroyln Brady said in a phone interview, "I think we feel an obligation to be part of dealing with oppressed peoples and getting people to change things around. It's so deep in the music. All you have to do is play the songs and realize that this music comes from people who have been slaves."

The percussionist / vocalist of the group, known as Rhiannon, added: "It makes me feel good to be a part of the group of people in the world who are seeking to change things, that push against the oppressive forces and try to get something else happening."

Other members of Alive are bassist Susanne Vincenza, pianist Janet Small and drummer Barbara Borden. Together they deliver a show that has built a reputation for being personally expressive and technically sound.

"When we play, it's us and it's from our hearts," Brady said. "It's not going to come off truthfully unless we're really expressing ourselves, and the more we express ourselves, the more emotional it becomes and the more we connect with those feelings that people in the audience have."

Alive is one of a growing number of feminist bands across the country that are writing and performing songs about women for women. And these songs are being recorded, produced and distributed by companies owned and operated by women. Alive records for Urana Records and is produced by Wise Women Enterprises, Inc.

Tickets for the 9 p.m. Sunday concert are $3.50. The Jazz Gallery is at 932 E. Center St.

Star vibist still reaching to achieve

By Kevin Lynch
Special to The Journal

Vibist Bobby Hutcherson has commingled with most of the significant jazz entities of the 1960s, from Eric Dolphy to Andrew Hill to Herbie Hancock.

The talented jazzman, who comes to Milwaukee's Jazz Gallery at 9 p.m. Monday and Tuesday, was interviewed by telephone in his New York hotel room between performances the other day.

"I still enjoy playing music I feel good about," he said. "Now I want to play some tunes that people can hum, you know, just as long as I can still make a living being true to myself and giving something to people.

"They can respect you for digging into the music. Like there's still some hope in this or it lasts because it's for real. It helps to destroy some of the plasticity of this world."

Although he's an innovator on his instrument, Hutcherson still holds his inspiration, Milt Jackson (who performed here recently), in high regard. Said Hutcherson:

"He's the greatest vibist probably to ever play. At first I wanted to play every note like him, but I realized I couldn't because I wasn't Milt Jackson. Now I play me, but now I'm still just as thrilled to hear him at any moment. He makes me feel like I got a lot of money in my pocket."

Hutcherson started to play Hutcherson when he signed with Bluenote records. This was during the ferment of the early 1960s, when the avant garde was sending out fireworks of new music in all directions. Bluenote leaned toward an intelligent, more pragmatic music, yet was every bit as uncompromising as the more radical flag-wavers on other labels.

Many jazz connoisseurs still savor those fine numbers, such as Hutcherson's "Dialogue" and "Components," which are still fresh to the ear.

Hutcherson recalled those days of compulsive creativity with affection:

"It was like music 24 hours a day. Go to a rehearsal for a record date; go work a club that night; leave there and go to an after-hours session til morning, get some sleep, Get back up and rehearse again or even do the recording."

One of the most brilliant musicians of this period was instrumentalist Eric Dolphy. Hutcherson described his times with this man so fired with creative energy:

"Eric used to call me up, maybe 4 o'clock in the morning, and tell me his dreams. He'd say, 'Bobby, write this down.' Things like. '1, 6, 8, 17.' You know, numbers and letters. He dreamt these things as if they might mean something like intervals or scales or chords.

"The next morning he'd be at my house and we would try to figure out what it meant, then try to play something from that dream."

Other large figures loomed in these rehearsal scenarios.

"We'd be at Eric's house and Trane (John Coltrane) would come in. A lot of times rehearsal would be with Richard Davis and Tony Williams," Hutcherson continued. "It was really exciting — so many great people and so much explosive music happening all over New York."

MILW. JOURNAL FRI. OCT. 12, 1979

It's unusual, but it's hometown talent

By Bill Milkowski
Special to The Journal

Where can one go these days to see a good fire eater?

Or how about a topnotch juggler or a snake charmer?

How many places are left in Milwaukee where a standup comic can try out new material or where a magician can experiment with the impossible?

There is only one outlet. It's a loosely structured vehicle known as Hometown Talent. It's improvisational and it has been available to local performers since last November, when a core of comedians and actors in town decided that it was time to challenge the lure of television with some good old-fashioned live entertainment.

The catalyst is a woman known as Therese, who combined her background as a mime in the Friends Mime Theatre with her talent for organizing and motivating to build this unusual troupe. Her efforts over the past year will culminate next Thursday, Oct. 18, at the Oriental Landmark Theatre as Hometown Talent presents its first Gala Extravaganza.

The 2½ hour show beginning at 8:30 p.m. will feature 30 unusual and eccentric Milwaukee entertainers.

As Therese explained: "We have developed a real nice format for people who are new and trying to break in, as well as for old pros who use Hometown Talent to try out experimental material on our audiences.

"Our shows are a lot more spontaneous than most productions, with a lot of risk-taking involved. There are singers who change their minds at the last minute and decide to do a happy song instead of a sad song, and then there are those who don't tell me what they are going to do [illegible] they go on.

"It's a constantly changing thing until the moment it actually happens."

Some of the more seasoned performers include comics Will Durst and Rip Tenor, improvisational comedians John Banck and Chris Kee[illegible] and magician Dixad (David See[illegible]). They are the backbone of this troupe, having appeared in the fledgling Hometown Talent shows last year at the Skylight Theatre and more re-

Turn to Talent, page 9

Homegrown acts take to the stage

From Page 1

cently in the monthly performances held at the Milwaukee Jazz Gallery.

Snake charmer included

Also on hand will be such unconventional acts as Geoffrey Grygny, a renaissance wizard who recites Shakespearean passages and other philosophical ditties; Paul Cebar, a guitar playing songster who specializes in 1940s jive and blues tunes; Desirea-Isis, a snake charmer who dances with a few of her favorite boa constrictors, and The Early Sisters, four sisters who do a swinging 1940s a capella singing act reminiscent of the Andrews Sisters.

Others will include Butch Lohmiller, Milwaukee's biggest comedian; Duane Pickering, Milwaukee juggler; Lynn Robbins, a tingling torch singer who leans heavily on gospel, and dancers Jenny Johnston and Melanie Panush.

The show will represent the most ambitious setting yet for these hometown performers, who have hopes of drawing their largest audience to date.

'It became infectious'

In fact, the project has grown beyond Therese's expectations. Said she:

"At first it involved close friends who got together just to have fun. We used to have rehearsals every week or two and reassure each other that we were going to do a show, not really knowing how to accomplish that. We never intended to do more than one show, but the success of that first one was so overwhelming that it became infectious.

"As we got more exposure from doing more shows we attracted more talent and a larger following. Our audiences have been very supportive and understanding of our spontaneous nature, and we in turn have given them a lot of entertainment that they have never been exposed to and couldn't get anywhere else in this town."

Tickets are $3 in advance or $3.50 at the door.

The next Hometown Talent show will be Halloween (Oct. 31) at the Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center St. An audition for that performance will be held at the Gallery on Oct. 19 at 8:30 p.m. For more information about becoming a part of Hometown Talent, call 276-1443.

Sullivan, Group Make Great Jazz

By Bill Milkowski
Special to The Journal

It is not considered outlandish for a saxophone player to double on flute or clarinet. Similar techniques are used for all three instruments, and the switch from one to another is fairly easy.

To go from saxes and flute to trumpet is another matter

critique

entirely. Most experts say it is highly difficult because of the different facial muscles required to master the woodwinds and the brasses. But for an immensely talented, Chicago born musician named Ira Sullivan, it comes naturally.

Sullivan played all these instruments with great authority Wednesday night at the Jazz Gallery. He will give another performance there Thursday from 9 p.m. to 1 a.m.

In addition to the spirited playing of Sullivan, patrons were treated to some fabulous accompaniment and soloing by Sullivan's longtime partner, guitarist Joe Diorio, and by the young Chicago pianist John Campbell.

With a local rhythm section of Skip Crumby-Bey on string bass and Scott Napoli on drums, the quintet ran through standard jazz fare by such composers as Thelonious Monk, Freddie Hubbard, Sonny Rollins, Chick Corea and Antonio Carlos Jobim.

In the two long sets, interest was kept high by focusing occasionally on smaller groups within the ensemble. After opening with the full quintet, Sullivan and Diorio sat out for a couple of tunes to highlight a trio led by Campbell. Then the two returned for some enchanting, fragile duets on guitar and alto flute.

Diorio was featured in an extremely tasty solo spot in the second set, playing softly and sensitively in the vein of Joe Pass or Jimmy Raney. Yet when the quintet went back into action he swung intensely with the rest.

This was Sullivan's first Milwaukee appearance since 1952. He is based in Miami now and returns only occasionally to his hometown for performances at the Jazz Showcase. His gig in Milwaukee was long overdue and ecstatically received.

JOURNAL SAT. OCT. 20, 1979

A true jazz legend

By Kevin Lynch

Special to The Journal

He doesn't look like a legend.

He has a tall, striking profile, but Ira Sullivan is too affable and effacing to play the part of a legend. So why all the talk?

The word is that he is a rarely heard man who plays more instruments better than a complete all-star jazz quintet.

This is a legend to believe. A small group of people who have heard the talk witnessed Sullivan this week at the Jazz Gallery and were believers by night's end.

critique

Sullivan, a Chicagoan who sequesters himself in Florida, jokingly says he has five mouths when asked to explain the amazing span of his virtuosity. He would rather talk about his sidemen.

But about that span. It's best to sit and watch the parade of instruments vie for the spotlight:

He leans into his tenor sax and flashes rippling lines that emerge as "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes."

He picks up the flute. Its sound on "Naima" is expressive and heartfelt while retaining classic tonal purity.

In contrast, the trumpet shocks the listener. Sullivan's notes fairly explode from it, shaking the air with a staccato buckshot of brass.

The flugelhorn's round tone coddles the form of a ballad lovingly.

But this night it was the alto sax that made believers. Sullivan's playing on the tune generically titled "Bebop" was simply the finest example of that style I have heard at the Gallery.

In his time, Charlie Parker was unmistakable, because nobody else could really do what he did with his horn. But here, for several minutes, Sullivan did as much.

Sullivan's cohorts were equal to his heights. Pianist John Campbell was deft and imaginative in all styles. Bassist Steve Rodby and drummer Joel Spencer reacted especially well. With Sullivan offstage, this trio asserted itself on "Circle Waltz" — a searching, Bill Evans-style piece.

Ira Sullivan doesn't try to be original. But he has mastered all of modern jazz as it is spoken. This is a legend to hear.

He will perform again at 9 p.m. Saturday. The Jazz Gallery is at 932 E. Center St.

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL TUES. OCT. 30, 1979

Jazz storm has serene center

By Kevin Lynch
Special to The Journal

Bobby Hutcherson swooped into Milwaukee like the hurricane you thought would never happen here, like the tornado you thought just might. Monday night, at the Jazz Gallery, he and his colleagues took the town by storm.

The wind has many voices: You can hear it in the hands of pianist George Cables, in the playing of bassist Hashima Williams, who emits sounds that fill the room from the feet on up. You can feel it as drummer Lawrence Marabel punches in one direction while you sway in the other.

Then there's one more — Bobby Hutcherson, who plays only a vibraphone. Funny thing is, he's the loudest wind, even though he's also the eye of the hurricane. Cables drops a sheet of open piano sounds, and the torrent of notes and fragmented melody charges up the backdrop, crests in an aching turmoil of vibe calls and cascades into Williams' bass notes waiting far below.

The effect is precisely that rare sense of drama that can be found these days in the group of McCoy Tyner, but with no saxophone for easy ascent. Hutcherson struggles and thrashes, reaching, reaching. But he never quite gets to the note, even if you heard it.

The Jazz Gallery audience braces itself for the onslaught. But what happens instead is a demure ballad, a lesson in how to fit melodic forms into just enough space to bring a smile.

Hutcherson's "Highway 1" follows — the Los Angeles native's memories of the road that stretches all the way up the California coast to Montara and beyond.

The pace picks up a bit. 'A Cedar Walton tune, "Clockwise," brings the storm again, this time majestic and powerful. Walton appears to be one of Cables' voices. The interplay between the pianist and Hutcherson is fraternal: They began together, many years ago. Now they volley with blistering shots. The Gallery crowd knows a good match. It is cheering, then hollering as Hutcherson misses several returns.

But it is late. He was a real hurricane, and the fans waited this long because they enjoy what Bobby does. "With the vibes, you have the pleasure of seeing every note played," he says.

Another chance to see and hear Hutcherson and his group is offered at 9 tonight. The Jazz Gallery is at 932 E. Center St.

THE MILWAUKEE JOURNAL

Thursday, November 8, 1979 Part 2

Edison, Davis give flavor to blues

By Kevin Lynch
Special to The Journal

The blues can be languid and they can be boisterous. They are rarely both at the same time. The fact that Harry Edison and Eddie Davis are a team, however, makes the combination not only possible but inevitable. That this seamless duo also is known as "Sweets" and "Jaws" gives the game away.

Trumpeter Edison and tenor saxophonist Davis wound up a two-night stand at the Jazz Gallery Wednesday night with their pared-down Basie blues show. The riff-riding ensemble style of the Count Basie big band, of which both are former members, combined admirably with the free-wheeling flexibility of a small group.

Individually, "Lockjaw" Davis sails along with a tenor sound that is just above gutbucket, sometimes deftly dipping that low. He works off the rhythm section with a tight, forward swing and ever-present blues feel.

Edison is a debonair, finger-snapping cad who tosses kisses at the audience to acknowledge its applause. His trumpet playing is as assured as that — tumbling triple-dips, coy jokes and a few splattered notes that blend into light blues lines.

Together they displayed a style that was full of broad strokes with little mystery, but plenty of heart. But their feeling for blues — that venerable but still resourceful form — was revitalizing in its freshness. That freshness showed in ballads like "Georgia On My Mind," beautifully muted by Edison; in a bossa nova, "Quiet Nights," featuring Davis, and in an upbeat "S'Wonderful."

These blues would synthesize into pure style only if these musicians had no soul. But soul was there in Davis' effortlessly garrulous sax voice, in Edison's muted notes, lyrical but always strong in character. Neither slick nor funky, it's a blues style they've worn with panache for years. They are not weighted down by it, but buoyed by it.

The Frank Pazzullo Trio backed the duo, with Skip-Crumbey Bey on bass and Victor Soward on drums. Pianist Pazzullo seemed well-adapted to the loose feel of the swing style. He bounced along the keyboard adroitly, to the approval of both the audience and Edison.

Critique

Bunky Green takes new direction

By Bill Milkowski
Special to The Journal

Bunky's back in town, and that's good news for jazz fans.

Bunky Green, the former Milwaukeean who left home to join the Charles Mingus band in 1960 and went on to gain national acclaim as an alto saxophone giant, will perform his special brand of music for three nights next weekend at the Jazz Gallery.

In a recent telephone interview from his home in Chicago, Green talked about a bold new direction he is taking with his music, one he calls "totally uncompromising."

"I've tried to bring to fruition a certain style I've been developing for the past six years," he said. "It's original, it's me. I'd been hearing this sound for years, but I never had the conviction to play it.

Some hints of it

"There had been hints of this style in my last two albums, but now it's developed into a total framework based on tensions and releases. I hope people like it, but if they don't, that's not the point. The most important thing is to get the documentation of these sounds I've been hearing in my head. And now I can afford to do that."

Since Green also teaches in the jazz department at Chicago State University and conducts clinics around the country, which he says are quite lucrative, he does not rely solely on performing to survive. So he can afford to experiment, whereas less diversified musicians are constantly harnessed by commerciality.

Although Green does have a need to express his inner feelings, he does not get wrapped up in self-indulgence. He will often take requests for some of his more commercial numbers such as "Europa" or "Feelings" and a few funk tunes as well.

He thinks and analyzes

"I enjoy playing these tunes," he said, "but that's not what Bunky Green is really about. Bunky Green is a cat who sits alone a lot and thinks and analyzes the sounds he hears in his head. And if I can't document and manifest those sounds that I hear I would go absolutely nuts."

In his youth at Lincoln High School in Milwaukee he dreamed of playing music around the world, "like Dexter Gordon and all those cats." Since then he has played stints with Mingus, Freddie Hubbard, Cannonball Adderly, Sonny Stitt and countless others.

Green said he has always had dreams and set goals for himself, but "the secret is not arriving at your goals so much as the things that you go through to get there — it's the striving that keeps you fresh."

Music vs. money

He knows that his attitude will never make him a rich man, Green said.

"I gave up on that a long time ago. I always went against the grain and didn't do the things that are necessary to be a popular musician in this country and make a half million a year, like some are doing today. I had an opportunity to make money on that level and play the game, but I'd prefer to play my music on an intimate, expressive level."

If that's the case, Bunky Green should feel comfortable in the intimate atmosphere of the Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center St. Accompanying the alto saxman for this gig next Friday, Saturday and Sunday will be pianist John Campbell, bassist Steve Rodby and drummer Joel Spencer. Tickets are $5.

Jazzman has inspired show

By Kevin Lynch

Special to The Journal

Lying beneath alto saxophonist Bunky Green's superlative performance Friday at the Jazz Gallery was the dynamic balance that allows a jazz band to sail unimpeded by considerations of four different individuals.

This music of the moment was etched in the listeners' memory if for no other reason than the shared spirit and talent of the band. After listening to his rhythm section tear through one fiery tune without him, Green got up and cried, "I'm enjoying this so much I ought to pay!"

Green, a Milwaukee native, always seems inspired when he returns to his home town. But his backup of stellar Chicago jazzers would have been inspiration in Siberia.

Drummer Wilbur Campbell and pianist Stu Katz topped off their featured segment with a sequence of blistering four-bar trade-offs.

Katz is a powerful pianist whose notes break off like bits of granite, the sharp motion marking a loping, muscular swing.

With Campbell stoking an explosive cauldron of rumbling accents and tom-tom bombs, the tension between the two ebbed and surged dramatically.

Poised underneath them was bass player Kelly Sill, weaving a bubbling, up-tempo swing that

critique

openly defied the limitations of his cumbersome instrument. From this rippling backdrop Green sprang to startling expressive heights.

The lean, athletic-looking saxophonist took a hot, bluesy warm-up through "Long Tall Dex." Then he took off like a jackrabbit through the classic bop vehicle "Cherokee." It neatly delineated his special niche in modern jazz.

His blazing runs spilled all over the bars a la Charlie Parker, then built to a stunning density, recalling John Coltrane's celebrated "sheets of sound." After Katz bit off a snarling solo, Sill raced darkly past, and Campbell shut the lid with thunderous drum climax. By the end, unabashed virtuosity had fenced stylistic expressiveness to a dazzling draw.

More typical were tunes like "Billie's Bounce" and "All the Things You Are," with Green's wit and soul clearly out front.

He took sly detours through the familiar heads and slashed headlong across the changes with hard, searing lines that often peaked at the very edge of a riveting scream.

It's music that commands your attention, pressing into the body and mind with emotional immediacy and rhythmic tension. Yet it never intimidates, thanks to Green's good-natured spirits.

He actually sat at table and played a silky ballad for a certain female listener Friday.

Propelled by one of the most potent rhythm trios the Gallery has heard recently, hometown hero Green can leap right inside a listener's throbbing heart.

The Bunky Green Quartet will perform again at 9:30 tonight and 9 Sunday night at the Jazz Gal-

THE MILWAUKEE JOURNAL

Friday, November 23, 1979

TV Listings on Page 12 —Classified Ads Start on Page 14

Accent ON THE WEEKEND

Fund formed to help jazz

By Kevin Lynch
of The Journal Staff

Though it is often called America's greatest contribution to world culture, jazz is not supported by the American masses that keep popular music going even in blighted financial times. Nor has it benefited significantly by organized tapping of corporate and private sectors, as the symphony orchestra and ballet, for instance, benefit from the United Performing Arts Fund.

People committed to jazz have come to realize that the times demand new strategies.

"It's clear that jazz has to be subsidized just like any other art form," says Chuck LaPaglia, owner of the Jazz Gallery.

To that end, the Jazz Artists Fund has been formed. The new organization's purposes are to continue to bring national jazz artists into the market while developing and supporting local talent and raising community awareness of jazz, says David Cobb, a leading board member of the organization.

The Jazz Artists Fund already is working with

Turn to Jazz, Page 6

Jazz fund to the rescue

Jazz, From Page 1

the Jazz Gallery, but Cobb emphasized that the group was unaffiliated and dedicated to all local jazz endeavors, from musicians to promoters and local club owners.

LaPaglia, for one, is enthusiastic about it.

"This helps guarantee that if anything ever happens to this facility, there still will be someone booking jazz acts here, in the appropriate performance locales," the club owner said.

Heretofore, private donations have saved the Jazz Gallery in its most precarious moments. After five years of struggling on a fiscal treadmill bringing in national acts, LaPaglia is effecting major structural changes.

Despite rumors to the contrary, he will retain ownership of the Jazz Gallery. But he will no longer produce acts, he says, which was the largest expense burden.

The Jazz Gallery will be rented to local arts groups on weekends, and the Jazz Artists Fund will produce shows there. The first national booking under the new structure will be tenor sax great Al Cohn Feb. 3 and 4.

Mondays will remain open jam-session nights, but during the week the Jazz School will be the primary occupant of the club. Begun last September by musicians and educators David Hazeltine and Scott Black, the school has had good initial success and has expanded its curriculum for this year and added a top-flight faculty member in New York saxophonist and arranger Richard Oppenheim.

Of broader significance is the school's newly accredited affiliation with the University Without Walls — the successful product of the Union for Experimenting Colleges and Universities, a nationwide organization based in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Founded by 10 college presidents in 1964, the Union is credited with successfully designing individualized study programs for self-motivated adults. The programs combine flexibility of educational requirements with high academic standards.

Jazz School students now have the option of applying their work toward a bachelor's degree program. This has facilitated the Jazz Gallery's application to the state for non-profit status, which LaPaglia says should be finalized within the month. He then expects a federal tax-exempt status.

In addition, the Jazz Gallery membership program has been restructured into the Jazz Artists Fund.

"The response to our 1984 membership campaign was tremendous," LaPaglia said. "That's why I'm definitely optimistic."

Indeed, though the economy has been difficult and jazz has had some continuity trouble in the Milwaukee market, there are still certain signs of health.

Clubs like the Jazz Oasis, the Bombay Bicycle Club and the Red Mill are still carrying on by their own means, consistently featuring local jazz talent.

Like hardy desert cacti, new jazz-oriented spots still crop up. In 1983, Devon's, Brief Reflections, The Cotton Club and the Cafe Manhattan all surfaced with sophisticated nightclub settings.

Unlimited Jazz Ltd., a coalition of more than 550 local jazz enthusiasts, has continued sponsoring jazz activities by self-contained financing,

Time is ripe for jazz in Milwaukee

By Kevin Lynch

Special to The Journal

The instruments fill the air with instantaneous sounds that merge into musical forms when the players of jazz create some. To really see and hear it happen, a trip to that bastion of improvisation, the jazz club, is in order.

If you're looking for a jam session, Monday is your night. For players with the glint of national repute, visit E. Center St. Similarly, the funky, soulful side of jazz holds forth on N. Holton Ave.

Neither street can rival New York's 52nd St. or New Orlean's Storyville. But chances are there's more bop, swing and even fusion in these parts than you suspect.

Several factors make this a ripe time for jazz in Milwaukee.

Chicago helps

One is the proximity to Chicago, which is being exploited more as a source. The music has always thrived in that jungle of culture.

Secondly, the bountiful fountain of youthful jazzmen from the Wisconsin Conservatory of Music flows on — a vital factor in what has always been a young man's art.

Finally, a new, enthusiastic audience has evolved from the last decade's generation of music lovers weaned on what some regard as rock's most creative period — the Grateful Dead primed many for the depths and wonders of jazz.

Jazz clubs survive

Jazz clubs have come and gone. But just as the music has survived by hook or swing through the Depression, spawned battalions of bopsters during World World II and weathered the rock explosion of the '60s, so have jazz clubs survived.

Because it is an art of improvising, made more alive for every inspired moment, the best way to hear jazz as a living artform is in person.

Here then are some Milwaukee jazz spots, listed alphabetically. There is no cover or minimum charge, unless so noted.

Dr. Feelgood's Blue Note, 1339 E. Brady St. — The irrepressible, indomitable doctor (Ken Gerlat) presides over a much more unassuming dig here than in his last venture, the Riverboat. In this smallish, tasteful setting, music is performed nightly with local musicians, a few folkies, spiced by some Chicago players passing through and combining variously under the footloose guise of the Cream City Blue Blowers. Open jam sessions are featured on Monday nights with a bent for the blues. The juke box offers '40s through '60s jazz and vintage '60s rock.

Blue River Cafe, 550 N. Water St. — Although mainly a folkster's forum, Tuesday nights are given over to the Summit Jazz Quartet, a group styled after the famous Quintet of the Hot Club of France which boasted Django Reinhardt and Stephane Grappelli. Elegant swinging is the style in pleasant surroundings with little of the boozing and smoky atmosphere of most jazz digs. Cover charge is $1.

Bombay Bicycle Club, Marc Plaza Hotel, 509 W. Wisconsin Ave. — Here is the most cosmopolitan spot in town for Milwaukeans with a taste for jazz and snazz. Pianist Buddy Montgomery is stylish and swinging with his trio. Beverly Pitts offers her fiery brand of piano irregularly.

Boobie's Place , 502 W. Garfield Ave. — This bar / restaurant has music every Thursday, recently featuring the Billy Johnson Quartet with Brian Lynch, as well as saxophonist Berkley Fudge providing bop and modern jazz. You can dine, drink and dig here with a tasty array of food, particularly the chicken dinner.

Brother's Lounge , 2379 N. Holton Ave. — This club has lasted longer than any other in town. Entertainment nightly

Turn to Jazz, page 3

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL

Fri. Nov. 23, 1979

Looking for jazz? It can be found here

From Page 1

here means comedians as well as music. It's a mixture of organs, guitars and saxophones with plenty of jazz-funk.

Giorgi's, 6869 W. Forest Home Ave. — The accent here is on fusion, the electric jazz with rock rhythms. Groups that hold forth include Nexus and Sweetbottom, the most notable local entry in the big record label sweepstakes; they now rock more than they jazz. On Dec. 31 the year will end with Sweetbottom.

Jazz Den, 3967 N. Teutonia Ave. — This club, just off Capitol Dr., featured recorded jazz until recently when the quartet called Spiral, among a few others, staked out space. They play straight-ahead jazz and a bit of funk with saxophonist Rolla Armstead and drummer Ken Baldwin featured. There's music Thursday through Sunday with a $1 cover on Thursday and Friday.

Kenwood Inn, UWM Union, 3230 E. Kenwood Blvd. — This on-campus club is sequestered up on the third floor of the Union building. It has clean-cut decor and serves food. You can hear jazz and fusion sporadically mixed with folk. But every Monday night, there are jam sessions with the Bill Sargent Trio backing up brass, reed and guitar sitters-in. Cover charge is $1 on weekends.

Milwaukee Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center St. — This fairly spacious club boasts quality jazz Tuesday through Sunday showcasing the best of local musicians and an intriguing blend of Chicago players (including vibist Carl Leukaufe) who swing northward every week. The Gallery is the place to hear, several times a month, nationally known jazzmen in the flesh. Recent visitors here included Milt Jackson, Lee Konitz, Bobby Hutcherson, the Heath Brothers, "Lockjaw" Davis and "Sweets" Edison.

A mixed crowd makes a relaxed but stimulating atmosphere for digging unadulterated acoustic jazz ranging from swing to bebop to the modernist tradition of Davis and Coltrane and sometimes beyond. Jam sessions are back on Sunday afternoons. Cover charge is $1.50 on the weekends and between $4 and $5.50 for a full evening of big-name jazz.

Sardine's Bullring LTD, 1532 E. Belleview Pl. — This is a hotbed for fusion. Regularly you can plug into such unusally named outfits as Montage, Opus, Magenta and Rainbow's End. The style in general is rocky but streamlined and sometimes lyrical.

Space Lounge, 2433 N. Holton Ave. — Here is a throwback to the organ-sax trio clubs that flourished in the early '60s. Vernon Yancey or John Elam plays the organ with equal amounts of muscle, blues and obbligato riffs. Throw in sax and drums to cook up a rather thick stew of soul-funk jazz. Music nightly with a $2 cover on Friday and Saturday.

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL

Fri. Nov. 23, 1979

THE MILWAUKEE JOURNAL Friday, November 16, 1979

Jazz benefit for refugees

A number of jazz musicians will perform at a benefit Nov. 25 at the Jazz Gallery, 929 E. Center St., to raise funds for Indochinese refugees.

The benefit will run from 2 p.m. to 2 a.m. and will feature music by Hattush Alexander, Frank Noviello, Jessie Hauck with the Manty Ellis Quartet, Rolla Armstead, Brian Lynch and others. It is being sponsored by Wisconsin Indo-China Refugee Relief.

Tickets are $5 and may be purchased at the Jazz Gallery (263-5718) or through the Department of Preventive Medicine at the Medical College of Wisconsin, 8701 Watertown Plank Rd., Wauwatosa 53226 (257-8347).

JAZZ GALLERY CAMBODIA BENEFIT

Milwaukee
Sentinel
Nov. 26. 1979

Benefit raises $1,500 to aid refugee relief

At least $1,500 was raised Sunday at the Jazz Gallery during the first eight hours of a benefit fund raiser for Wisconsin Indo-China Refugee Relief Sunday, program organizers said.

The marathon effort ended at 2 a.m. Monday.

With additions from the benefit and a $2,000 fund-raising effort by Brills men's clothing stores, the group has now raised more than $55,000.

The relief organization is a coalition of individuals and private voluntary agencies seeking to raise funds to send medical and other aid to refugees in Southeast Asia. The group previously raised $1,500 in a musical benefit held Nov. 4.

Milwaukee
Journal
Nov. 26, 1979

Benefit adds $1,500 to refugee relief fund

Sunday's benefit fund raiser at the Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center St., brought in at least $1,500 for Wisconsin Indo-China Refugee Relief, Inc., a spokeswoman said Monday.

Toranj Marphetia, the spokeswoman, said proceeds from the benefit, which ran from 2 p.m. Sunday to 1 a.m. Monday, brought to more than $55,000 the amount raised here for the relief effort.

WICRR, a statewide coalition of individuals and organizations, is trying to raise $100,000 to send a medical team, 100 tons of nonperishable food, medical supplies and blankets to Thailand.

Saxophonist Cole is keeper of flame

By Bill Milkowski
Special to The Journal

It was after hours outside Baker's Keyboard lounge, a popular nightspot on the northern fringe of Detroit. Another swinging night for jazz singer Eddie Jefferson and saxophonist Richie Cole, his gifted protege who was burning up the jazz world with an exciting brand of alto madness.

To look at them, it seemed an unusual pairing — this 60-year-old black bebop innovator from New York and this young white sax player from New Jersey so full of verve and raw enthusiasm. The two had met by chance four years earlier at St. James Infirmary in New York City, and their mutual penchant for hard-driving bebop had kept them playing together exclusively since then.

It was May 9, only eight days after they had finished an engagement in Milwaukee at the Jazz Gallery. The same magic was there this night at Baker's place, as the sprightly old godfather of bebop scatted and danced over Cole's torrid alto blowing, and the two wove lines and spurred each other on like two children at play. As usual, their enthusiasm and honesty were contagious, and the crowd reacted with the same fervor that filled the Jazz Gallery in Milwaukee.

After the gig, Jefferson was leaving Baker's Keyboard with a road manager and a female friend. Suddenly, four shotgun blasts rang out from a car, and Jefferson was struck in the chest. Cole, who was standing nearby outside the club, saw his mentor stagger a few feet, collapse and die as the mysterious car sped off into the Detroit night.

Today Richie Cole doesn't like to talk about what happened that night.

"It was an act of a crazy person," Cole said in a recent telephone interview from his parents' home in Trenton. "There's nothing more to say. I'm just continuing in the same direction we were going in."

If Jefferson represented the past, Cole is the future of jazz. He is a keeper of the flame, carrying on a tradition and ready to extend the heritage of the idiom known as bebop.

The brilliant young altoist will make a return appearance to the Jazz Gallery Monday and Tuesday, backed by the John Campbell trio from Chicago. Besides the standard Charlie Parker and John Coltrane fare and the usual lush jazz ballads, the group will also perform original material from Cole's latest album, titled, appropriately enough, "Keeper of the Flame."

Chances are that Milwaukee guitarist George Pritchett will be on the bandstand at some point during Cole's engagement at the Jazz Gallery. The two are good friends from their days of traveling with Buddy Rich. When Pritchett left the Rich band in 1971 and returned to his Milwaukee, Cole came with him to spend a few months living here and playing gigs with Pritchett at such unlikely spots as the El Matador restaurant.

Remembering his last gig at the Jazz Gallery, Cole said, "I'm glad to see some jazz finally happening in Milwaukee, because for a while there was really nothing in this town. When you grow up in Trenton, you hear a lot of jazz because you're between Philadelphia and New York. And now young players here are able to grow up with jazz between Milwaukee and Chicago."

Cole will perform at the Gallery for three sets each night, beginning at 9 p.m. Admission is $5.

THE MILWAUKEE JOURNAL Friday, November 16, 1979

Jazz benefit for refugees

A number of jazz musicians will perform at a benefit Nov. 25 at the Jazz Gallery, 929 E. Center St., to raise funds for Indochinese refugees.

The benefit will run from 2 p.m. to 2 a.m. and will feature music by Hattush Alexander, Frank Noviello, Jessie Hauck with the Manty Ellis Quartet, Rolla Armstead, Brian Lynch and others. It is being sponsored by Wisconsin Indo-China Refugee Relief.

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THE MILWAUKEE JOURNAL. Tuesday, December 4 1979

Cole, Pritchett know how to play

By Bill Milkowski
Special to The Journal

Some jazz musicians project such an aloof attitude while playing that they create a dreadfully solemn atmosphere. Not so sax player Richie Cole, who opened a two-night engagement Monday at the Jazz Gallery.

Although he is one of the most important new exponents of the alto saxophone, Cole still knows how to play it loose and have fun on stage. His wry sense of humor often creeps into his playing, especially when he's toying around with an old friend like Milwaukee guitarist George Pritchett.

critique

The two got together Monday for some impromptu high jinks and inspired playing, with solid accompaniment from the John Campbell Trio. At times it was if Cole and Pritchett were trying to make each other laugh out loud with the witty phrasings and satirical cliches they would throw in while trading solos.

Their friendship goes back to around 1969, when both toured with Buddy Rich. After they left the group, Cole worked for a while in Milwaukee. Now, whenever the New Jersey native returns here, he usually gives Pritchett a call to sit in on the gig.

With virtually no rehearsal time and no prior notice of the charts for the night, Pritchett jumped right in and fit comfortably with Cole's blues-based style. An uptempo warmup exercise, which Cole dubbed "The Jazz Gallery Blues," was followed by a slow blues tune that allowed each soloist enough room to stretch out and show some real feeling. Pritchett was at his note-bending best here, while Cole glided over his instrument at an awesome pace, jumping octaves with ease.

Rather than take the traditional route to end Randy Weston's "High Fly," Cole and Pritchett extended it three or four minutes with playful exchanges, providing a smooth transition into a blazing version of "Cherokee."

The second set opened with another witty twist, as Cole and company performed a version of the "I Love Lucy" theme that swung wildly.

Cole's playing has a raucous quality on these all-out bebop and blues jams, but a highly refined style on the ballads. As a disciple of the great Phil Woods, this young alto sax player has truly become a keeper of the flame, in the tradition of Charlie Parker. But to this heritage he has added his own freshness.

The supporting rhythm section, a driving trio of Chicago musicians, was consistently tight, featuring the exceptional soloing talents of Kelly Sill on bass, Joel Spencer on drums and pianist John Campbell.

Cole, Pritchett and the trio will perform again at 9 p.m. Tuesday. Admission to the Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center St., is $4.

Jazz heritage: ever new, old

By Kevin Lynch
Special to The Journal

It was a surprise it happened here, this chilly night in Milwaukee. It was a surprise it happened anywhere, the young saxophonist from Tennessee playing with the veteran bassist from Madison, just the two of them. According to Bennie Wallace, he had never met Richard Davis face to face until Wednesday night.

A smallish group of listeners at the Jazz Gallery heard one performer, Davis, who has played with many of the masters of the tradition, and another who has clearly assimilated it.

Davis can list Benny Goodman, Eric Dolphy, Coleman Hawkins and the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra as collaborators. The University of Wisconsin — Madison music professor's virtuoso flexibility, too rarely heard in town, served him admirably once again. But few, obviously, were prepared for the range and skills of a gangly, bearded fellow with a Southern drawl.

critique

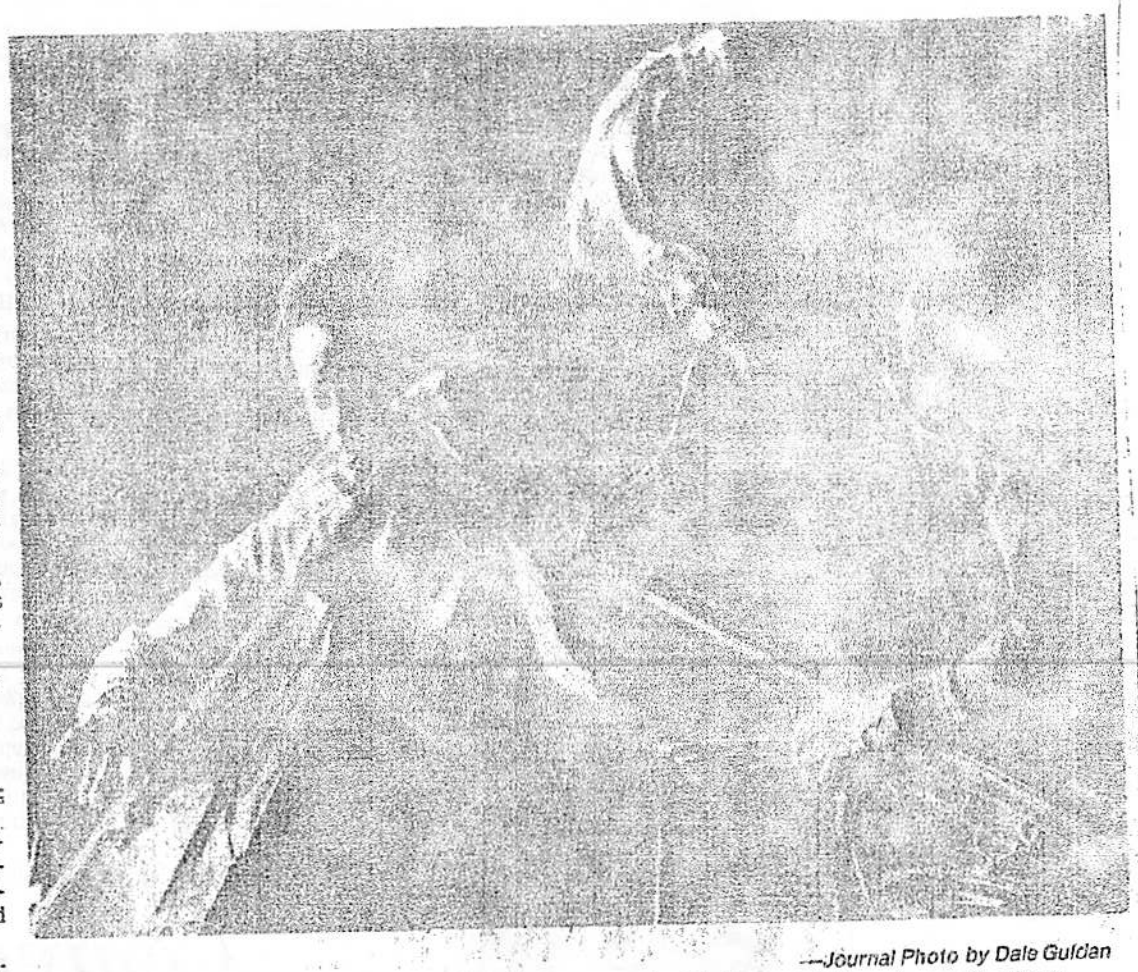
The late Coleman Hawkins, virtually the inventor of the tenor sax, was always a forward thinker. If alive today and 34, he might sound like Bennie Wallace.

The flow of ideas, particularly at uptempo, had a rushing urgency similar to Hawkins'. But the benefit of an accepted tradition allowed Wallace's talent so much more than that. He ingeniously imbued the headlong harmonic ride of Charlie Parker's "Donna Lee" with a swirl of modern implications. Thelonious Monk's played-to-death " 'Round Midnight" was morning-fresh, with both spaces and forms beautifully realized. Ornette Coleman's "Ramblin' " and "Blues Connotation" sounded even more waggishly swinging in Wallace's hands, while retaining the grit and smell of that Texan's blues roots.

In truth, Wallace's improvisational inventiveness was, at times, staggering. He would often ambush his own line with witty, unexpected twists, held in bold relief by dynamic or textural changes. It is the sort of truly creative jazz that can draw from an amazing range of sources and open the listener's ears to echoes of the music's past and future.

Davis was the mystifying musical delight he has been for so long. With outrageous leaps and improbably double-stopped constructions, his solos complemented and spurred the saxophonist. And there are few bassists anywhere who could have followed Wallace's flights with such adept sense and style.

This was music richly grounded in the best of jazz, and Davis and Wallace blew a fresh wind through it all. They perform again at 9 tonight at the Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center St.



—Journal Photo by Dale Guldan

Musicians Richard Davis (left) and Bennie Wallace at the Jazz Gallery

Pianist makes things happen at Gallery

By Bill Milkowski
Special to The Journal

Patrons of the Milwaukee Jazz Gallery have seen his nimble fingers dance across the piano keys more than once, providing solid accompaniment for Sonny Stitt and Red Holloway, Milt Jackson, Ray Brown and a host of other artists who have passed through this intimate nightclub in the last year and a half.

Yet he has remained somewhat anonymous, a quiet man in the shadows of Milwaukee's growing jazz scene.

Actually, Frank Puzzullo has been a catalyst in bringing top-name jazz artists to the Gallery. Since coming to town last fall from New Orleans, he has worked silently behind the scenes to make jazz more visible in Milwaukee.

And now Puzzullo is working to develop an accredited, four-year program in jazz studies at the University of Wisconsin — Milwaukee, where he is an assistant professor of music.

Interviewed the other morning while having breakfast at a neighborhood diner, he said:

"There's been a growing interest in jazz since the Gallery opened. It was an outlet to get people out of their homes and see these jazz giants who they had listened to for years. And it's been inspiring for the novice musician as well as entertaining for the experienced listener."

Puzzullo was instrumental in making the initial contacts between the Jazz Gallery and several jazz greats. Because he had played with some of them back home in Syracuse, N.Y., and had met others through university workshops, it was easier for him to attract the big names to Milwaukee.

"It was simply a case of renewing acquaintances," he said. "And when you do contact one of these artists, you find out immediately where their priorities are. Before they even ask for money they want to know who's there and who's going to play."

So far Puzzullo has relied regularly on the talents of Milwaukee bassist Skip Crumby-Bey, but he often goes to Chicago for a drummer to round out his house rhythm section. Said he:

"It's a borderline situation with local drummers. It's not that local drummers aren't technically capable; there are some very fine drummers in town. But it goes deeper than that.

"I look for a drummer who has a whole storehouse of experience and the kind of temperament that plays into it. It takes a tremendous amount of concentration, an ability to change hats and become another person when the situation calls for it.

Frank Puzzullo

"That's the key, that rhythm section. It has to be flowing beautifully before the creative things can start to happen."

Puzzullo said his plans to expand the jazz department at UWM into an accredited program depended on the budget. He noted that such an expansion could be seen as competition with the current jazz program at the Wisconsin Conservatory of Music.

"They could see me as being kind of a detriment to the conservatory in taking some attention to the university. There could be some resentment there. But on the other hand, it could prove to be a more healthy situation for those students seriously interested in getting a jazz education."

Puzzullo will direct the six-piece UWM jazz combo at 8 tonight in the Wisconsin Room of the UWM Union. Admission is $2 for adults and $1 for students.

THE MILWAUKEE JOURNAL Friday, December 21, 1979

Pianist Abrams lends talent to innovative brand of jazz

Muhal Richard Abrams

By Kevin Lynch

Special to The Journal

One of Chicago's newest and most distinguished jazz attractions was created when pianist / composer / bandleader Muhal Richard Abrams sat down with saxophonist Fred Anderson in 1965 and decided an organization to promote and develop creative music in the jazz tradition was needed.

Thus was born the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians. The group has spawned a musical movement the influence of which is worldwide.

Milwaukee will get a chance to see Abrams when he brings his quartet to the Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center St., Wednesday and Thursday nights.

This musical sire of such new jazz luminaries as Anthony Braxton, Leroy Jenkins, the Art Ensemble of Chicago and Air was the best of teachers. Through his piano alone he can transmit his knowledge, as he did in a recent solo performance recorded live at the Montreux Jazz Festival. It is an exemplary lesson in the synthesis of all jazz: Scott Joplin, Art Tatum, Bud Powell, Charlie Parker, John Coltrane and Muhal Richard Abrams all in one.

Free jazz harnessed

The Chicago musicians prefer to call it "Great Black Music," and that rather portentous title has borne itself out in the 1970s. The players drew deeply from tradition, harnessing the free jazz of the '60s, and facing unhesitatingly the esthetic challenges of contemporary European classical music.

But the AACM's story always comes back to Abrams.

Although the music is innovative, Abrams sees it primarily as an extension of the commanding shadow that

Turn to Abrams, page 2

Abrams' jazz deeply rooted

By Kevin Lynch

Special to The Journal

Music grows like people and trees — upward and out. Like people, it can move almost anywhere, but, like trees, it is held fast by its roots. Muhal Richard Abrams' music at the Jazz Gallery Wednesday night swirled in many directions but held fast to its sources, verifying his position as a nourisher of jazz as a growing form.

The founder of Chicago's renowned Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians brought to Milwaukee a mature charter member and two young products, both tellingly ripe improvisers. With pianist Abrams, veteran percussionist Thurman Barker abetted tenor saxophonist Edwin Daugherty and bassist Tom Palmer. The quartet held a large Jazz Gallery audience rapt till after 1 a.m. with two sets that swayed between the polar extremes of modern jazz.

The Chicagoans exposed their immediate source in the opening set, with Daugherty delving into John Coltrane's stylistic reservoir. The young reed

critique

player held up bop standards, "The Song Is You" and especially a race-horse "Night in Tunisia," as exercises in the late saxophonist's "sheets of sound" technique — a dazzling mass of cascading notes. "Tunisia" also featured a rambunctious bow to bopster Bud Powell by Abrams and drummer Barker, who managed a solo that thundered and danced at the same time.

The second set consisted of two long, original pieces; this was the truly new, growing music many had come to hear.

Abrams and Daugherty hitched tersely faceted phrases through bowed bass in the compelling opener. The tenor saxophonist followed with a long, encyclopedic solo, an assertion of that horn as the quintessential modern-jazz instrument. Daugherty indefatigably explored its tonal possibilities, some pleasingly familiar, others disturbingly alien.

Abrams' continuously twining piano emerged then, covering equal ground, but more concisely. Ringing chromatic lines momentarily slipped into old stride-piano phrases, then rakishly took off again.

Bassist Palmer shone particularly in several solos where his long, powerful fingers wrenched meaty phrases from his instrument.

Barker's penchant for knowing grins during choice moments of his own playing culminated in a surprise display of his skills on marimba. A scurrying duet with Abrams maintained the creative energy but transformed the previously rough-hewn textures into pure pointillism.

Abrams' reputation promised stimulation and challenge, and they were delivered generously, with masterful strokes making even the challenging moments a pleasure. His quartet will again perform at the Jazz Gallery at 9 tonight.

THE MILWAUKEE JOURNAL

Thursday, December 27, 1979

Chicago jazzmen touch off sparks at gallery her

By [illegible]
Special to The Journal

THE MILWAUKEE JOURNAL Friday, February 15, 1980

The story of Chicago jazz is as deep and vivid as the blues. Its free-swinging high-living style is still strong today with the jazzmen who play the blues.

In the last year a colorful and talented array of Chicagoans has begun courting their once spinsterly sister city to the north. And Milwaukee Jazz Gallery owner Chuck Lapaglia has [illegible]ed matchmaker for the suprising romance.

The parade of famous Chicagoans has included Bunky Green, Sonny Stitt, Ira Sullivan and Muhal Richard Abrams.

But Lapaglia also has booked performers less renowned but every bit as convincing. This week marks the second in a row featuring Chicago quartets.

Last weekend the John Campbell / Eddie Peterson Quartet provided a range of music that included tenor saxist Peterson's original ballad, written with modern underpinnings but executed by Peterson in the classic feather-wisp style of Lester Young. The group also included fine but rarely played tunes by Wayne Shorter and John Coltrane.

Uncanny skill

Campbell plays any style with uncanny skill. But his climactic solo on a McCoy Tyner tune so powerfully evoked Tyner's style that the small, last-set crowd gasped in amazement, then demanded an encore.

The quartet itself is as excited about its playing as those who hear it.

"This is the best band I've ever played in," says drummer Joel Spencer.

Says bassist Kelly Sill: "It's important that we please ourselves because we're rather severe about what we do but sensitive to each others split-second moves."

Young as they are, their collective credentials include working with, variously, Tommy Flanagan, Eddie Jefferson, Richie Cole, Anita O'Day, Eddie Harris and Barry Harris, among others.

University training

Although still cutting their teeth on the Chicago scene, these players have not grown up there. They all hail from Southern Illinois and studied jazz together at the University of Illinois in Urbana-Champaign.

The quartet that will be playing Friday and Saturday at the Gallery is the Chicago experience personified Vibist Carl Leukaufe has held the spotlight here more than any other Chicagoan since the Gallery opened. He has enriched his 47 years of playing through stints with Sullivan, Daley, Wilbur Campbell and, most memorably, the late Eric Dolphy.

"We worked for a while in a band including Donald Garrett and Wilbur Ware," Leukaufe recalled.

The period culminated in a performance with Gunther Schuller and the Chicago Symphony.

"Eric was a hell of a guy," Leukaufe said. "We were doing a Charles Ives piece, and I was lost on my part for two weeks until Eric pulled me aside and explained it all in terms of a 4/4 jazz time."

Long bout with drugs

Leukaufe's experience includes a long bout with drugs, which permeated the scene through the '50s and '60s.

"I went through that for 20 years," he admits. "Sandy Mosse (a tenor saxophonist) dragged me and a lot of others out of that and into the Illinois Drug Abuse Program. All the guys my age have either licked it — or they're dead," he said.

Drummer Robert Barry, 44, is best-known in recent years for playing in the Solar-Myth Arkestra led by the unique, cosmic philosopher / bandleader Sun Ra. While Ra currently turns his visions to film making, Barry bides time with groups such as Leukaufe's. Previously he rode the skins with two Chicago greats-turned-tragedies — guitarist George Estridge, a 39 year old victim of diabetes, and saxophonist Nicky Hill.

"Nicky just ran around, carrying on all the time and never checking out his health," Barry said.

The quartet also includes pianist Warren Dennis, recently with James Moody, and another scarred example of the wages of jazz life, bassist Nevin Wilson.

"I'm an alkie," Wilson says matter-of-factly "But my life is an open book. I've got nothing to hide. I have a lot less trouble now, though, knowing what I am.

"I have to thank Chuck and Carl, because they know me and trust me," he said over the phone recently.

But Wilson retains a remarkable optimism and even a vision He is finally learning to read music at Kennedy-King School in Chicago.

"What I need now are gigs," he said.

But he dreams far beyond that: "I want learn to read scores and conduct someday — classical music, Aaron Copland. He's an inspiration to me."

THE MILWAUKEE JOURNAL Wednesday, February 27, 1980

Vibist 'Bags' brings own band this time

By Bill Milkowski

Special to The Journal

In his third visit to the Milwaukee Jazz Gallery Tuesday night, vibist Milt Jackson showed the same kind of determination and bluesy flair that has made him a legendary spokesman for the instrument over the last 30 years.

But this time around there was something extra for the 100 or so who came to see the man they call "Bags." Rather than coming into town alone and working with a local rhythm section, as in his previous Gallery gigs, Jackson brought his own group of superb sidemen.

critique

Perhaps the most pleasant surprise was pianist Johnny O'Neill, 24, who stunned the crowd with his versatility and depth, including some brilliant unaccompanied pieces that drew heavily from the stride stylings of Art Tatum.

Jackson introduced the gifted musician from Detroit as "one of the newer, younger jazz stars on the horizon." He later commented that so many young players today seem more attracted to the volumes of fusion and rock than to the subtleties of straight-ahead jazz. But with the likes of O'Neill and other up-and-coming stars, such as saxist Scott Hamilton or cornetist Warren Vache, the future of this music seems secure.

Rounding out the rhythm section in Jackson's band were acoustic bassist Milton Suggs and drummer Wilbur Campbell, a ubiquitous figure in the Chicago sessions scene.

Although the four had no rehearsal time, they instinctively fell into the same groove, based on sizzling uptempo swingers and laid-back ballads. Particularly tasty were "Here's That Rainy Day" and an unaccompanied vibes version of "Nature Boy."

Jackson, who played a key role in the Modern Jazz Quartet from 1952 to 1974, was typically animated and delightful to watch. You could see the conviction in his eyes as he hammered his mallets up and down the length of the vibraphone. Sometimes he would hesitate ever so slightly over one note like a hawk hovering over its prey, then with lightning quickness would make his move at just the right time to exactly the right note, done with just the right touch of arrogance to captivate a crowd.

The point being, Bags is truly a great artist — and he knows it.

The Milt Jackson Quartet will perform again at 9:30 p.m. Wednesday and Thursday at the Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center St.

Wandering jazz pianist to pass through

By Kevin Lynch
Special to The Journal

Jazz pianist Billy Wallace's wanderlust got the better of him in 1971, so he set his sights on the nirvana that seduced many musicians, artists and restless youth of the '60s — San Francisco.

But the Rocky Mountains got in his way, and he never quite made it.

The self-described "migrator" is coming back to his hometown to perform at the Milwaukee Jazz Gallery next Thursday through Saturday.

His trek nine years ago turned out for the best, he said in a telephone interview from Denver the other day, adding:

"I was just wandering at the time, and I had San Francisco on my mind, but I stopped here and never left."

What kept him in the lofty altitudes was a sense of the good life, mountain-style, that he found there.

"I started a gig, and one thing led to another, but it's such a great place for skiing and tennis — just all kinds of recreation," he said.

Wallace is a second-degree black belt in karate, which may bode ill for the Gallery's trusty house piano. But his talented hands have made swinging music, not kindling wood of Denver's pianos. He has worked steadily in a city that has probably as many jazz musicians as scuba divers.

"My biggest problem in Denver is not getting the work but finding people who can do it with me," he explained.

The educational system there doesn't help, according to Wallace, failing to train young players in the fundamentals of jazz.

"It's a case of the blind leading the blind. They get wrapped up in a lot of other things that have nothing to do with actual working and playing," Wallace said.

If Denver playing conditions get too tough for even an established performer like Wallace, he said he'd wander away from the mountains. Cities that have seen him ride off into their sunsets include Milwaukee in 1951, Chicago in 1965 and Minneapolis in 1971.

His years in Chicago, though, were fruitful. He worked with a variety of fine musicians, including a year playing and recording with the great bop drummer Max Roach.

But the 1947 graduate of Boy's Technical High School is returning to the starting point of his career-long journey and bringing along a favorite among the musical friends made along the way.

"Tommy Tipton is one of the greatest singers in the world. He's a very dynamic, powerful performer with style of his own," Wallace said.

That fact seems much more of a secret than it should be because Tipton lives in Minneapolis and operates an advertising firm for a living.

"But," insists Wallace, "You've got to see Tommy to know what I mean."

Twenty-eight years ago Wallace left behind some memory-taxing local jazz names like Leroy Hawkins and Bobby Ray. Also some who are still going strong — like Scat Johnson and Manty Ellis.

Whether this wandering minstrel ever really comes home again remains to be seen.

Just passing through for now, though, he means to be seen — and heard.

Saxophonist asserts new-found freedom

By Kevin Lynch
Special to The Journal

It looks like Phil Woods has everything a jazz musician ever wanted. He works whenever he wants and has a strong, enthusiastic following. Critics have elevated him to a lofty position from which he peers down at all the rest of the world's alto saxophonists. Even the music establishment loves him enough to have bestowed two Grammy awards — and on a guy who neither sings nor plugs in, and doesn't boogie.

But good fortune's ways have held a curious twist for Woods, who will play at the Milwaukee Jazz Gallery next Wednesday and Thursday.

Imagine winning a Grammy for an album and then having your record company take it off the market a couple weeks later. It actually happened to "Phil Woods Live From the Showboat."

"It was just the stupidity of the people in these companies who look at jazz as a loss leader," said Woods by telephone recently from his mountain home in the Pennsylvania Poconos. "They tell me jazz doesn't sell. Well, I'm out there. I see the audiences. It sells."

Not long after RCA pulled that move in 1977, Phil tried a move of his own — to a different label. RCA cried "breach" and locked him in a legal stranglehold that ever since has prevented Woods from recording. It was only three weeks ago, he said, that he was able to break free.

Starts own company

"I felt owned, like a baseball player, with no control of my destiny," Woods said.

Now he's asserting his newfound freedom by starting his own record and production companies. And he's more active than ever. Oddly enough, amid all the acclaim, he was also talking about retiring from performing in a couple of years, a notion he now dispels.

"I'm traveling all over, and now to interesting places — South America, Australia, Holland — and I'm doing more writing for small groups and orchestra," Woods said. "And the quartet (Mike Melillo, piano; Steve Gilmore, bass, Bill Goodwin, drums) is going into its seventh year as a unit. It's by far the most important thing to me."

Hardly the words of a retiring sort.

Woods is just now doing all the things he wants to, but session work is not one of them. His very visible alto solo on the Billy Joel hit "Just the Way You Are" reflects no desire for "crossing over." It was mainly a favor, he said, for his good friend Phil Ramone, who produced the record.

Large new audience

Woods is an incurable bebopper, but that's far from an ailment on his part. He may be the finest living exponent of the Charlie Parker way. It's something he and his constituents take for granted by now, but Woods can't take for granted where he or the rest of contemporary music might be if Parker hadn't happened.

"I'm afraid even to think about that," he said, "even though I was determined to be an alto player before Bird came along — because of Johnny Hodges. But you hear Charlie Parker on every TV show you see, as well as commercials. The licks are everywhere in the air."

That may be a positive byproduct of television's influence, because the first TV-weaned generation — its members now in their 20s — is the large new audience Woods has discovered clamoring for the real source of those ubiquitous snatches of bop.

"I don't see the guys I saw 20 years ago at Birdland: I think they're home watching 'Mork and Mindy'," Woods quipped. "It's an intelligent, young audience we meet all the time. They believe in the music."

Players meld into some superb jazz

By Kevin Lynch
Special to The Journal

Phil Woods' alto sax curves from his mouth with an odd, sideways tilt — as if leaning against a lamppost, waiting to be noticed. It never shouts out, never begs for attention. When you're this good you just don't have to.

At the Jazz Gallery Wednesday night, Woods and the members of his quartet proved within moments that they're that good. When this quartet talks, you simply stop and listen. Or miss the message, which is slightly tempered bebop.

An extraordinary cohesion is immediately apparent as they start playing. It's an instinctive leaning together of minds, senses and improvising conceptions that forms a wholeness f: . four individual voices. The effect was heightened last night as the band played without amplification before a standing-room-only crowd.

One must take a step into their intimate web of sound to hear that cool alto singing under the lamppost. But the detour from the straight street of passive listening is rewarded.

"Cool Blues" was the essence of the Phil Woods Quartet. It is an effortlessly loping Charlie Parker line that ends on a fey little twist of phrase. It combines total relaxation with just enough chances

critique

for wit and surprise. The group took an extended excursion with it — accompaniment that almost coddled, solos that burst with gentle surprises. The line then echoed throughout several of Woods' subsequent solos as if a resonating thread for his thoughts.

The classic jazz ballad, "My Old Flame," followed. It was not a rest from heated blowing, as it often is, but a musical focal point — made all the fuller by its patient elaboration. Woods slipped into it with a disarming, Ben Webster-like purr. Singing long notes lulled the ear for quick, descending flourishes.

Bassist Steve Gilmore and drummer Bill Goodwin make a remarkably rhythmic and melodic pair. What the drummer may lack in swing is compensated by fluid responsiveness to his fellows' every nuance.

The contained web of dynamics within which this group works is its strength, but also sometimes a weakness. Inside the web small wonders occur, but one longs occasionally for a bold thrust beyond it for life-giving contrast. Woods sometimes managed that with short caterwauling punctuations. Pianist Mike Melillo, a remarkable technician, flowed sparklingly in the rhythm section's fluent current, but never stepped out far enough to be compelling.

Although head-turning explosions here may be rare, groups of four musicians residing all in the same heartbeat and shadow — as this one does — are at least as rare.

The Phil Woods Quartet performs again tonight at 9:30. The Milwaukee Jazz Gallery is at 932 E Center St.

Cramer Street a jazz bridge

By Kevin Lynch

Special to The Journal

As Cramer Street tells the story, jazz in the late '50s and '60s was far more than a historical footnote to the cultural explosion that became rock.

The music jumped out of its bebop pants into a funky pot of soul / hard bop, then floated into open modal skies. The first brought bop to the crowd; the second forged a groundwork for jazz and rock to come.

Friday night at the Jazz Gallery, the quartet Cramer Street celebrated the post-Charlie-Parker

critique

blend as a vital, variegated form that makes beautiful sense to many people in 1980.

The group reached back to bop's source with a Parker anthem, "Anthropology." Trumpeter Brian Lynch dived fearlessly into that rolling harmonic gauntlet with controlled abandon. His notes spurted, tumbled and pulled back behind the beat for an instant, then scurried past like a squirrel on hot coals. All those burning bop footprints harden into roots underneath.

Down there, the basic emotion always simmers in Skip Crumbey-Bey's quivering bass. His notes are sepia globules of fluid soul. And David Hazeltine felt soul / bop inside as quick as the buzzing gallery crowd did. This young man seems to feel Horace Silver at least as much as Bud Powell. His solos really form themselves when the eight notes slide into doubled fists of chords shaking up the piano and his dank mop of hair.

Several medium-tempo swingers show that he and Crumby-Bey are what used to be called soulmates. The bassist's solos become dialogs, with the pianist sticking pithy punctuations into the bass line. Bey and his bass grin and bounce back.

Wayne Shorter's "Deluge" moved them into the '60s with a tenacious surge of Coltrane-derived modal lines layered with hidden chordal detours. Crumbey-Bey and drummer Scott Napoli propelled a sinewy swing behind Lynch's scalar cascades.

The story leads also to Miles Davis. Lynch's muted trumpet on "Someday My Prince Will Come" might sound like a direct Davis steal, but this man is a considerably harder bopper, even muted, than Miles ever was.

But this group's "My Funny Valentine" tells ever more. It's a poignant ballad that the group gradually arcs to a bluesy release and finally, a long, exquisitely probing restatement by Lynch. Miles would have smiled to hear it.

Lynch's own "Tune No. 2" glides further to a '70s synthesis, and his gently rolling flugelhorn tenders it. Hazeltine lifts his solo to swelling plateaus that, in their fervor, border on the romantic.

In the end this whole journey through personal favorites and influences showed Cramer Street solidly entrenched in a great modernist tradition.

Even '60s rockers, from the Byrds to Jefferson Airplane, heard Coltrane. Funky blues are too strong to ever die. "Bird" continues to live. Cramer is a two-way Street, expertly covering the waterfront of the '60s for both yesterday's sake and today's.

Cramer Street will perform again at 9 tonight at the Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center St.

THE MILWAUKEE JOURNAL Friday, March 28, 1980

—Journal Photo

James Moody at the Jazz Gallery

Saxman Moody one of the best

By Kevin Lynch

Special to The Journal

This fellow blows into town, dressed to a T in vested suitcoat, carrying three dark cases and spouting anecdotes. Stand back for the traveling salesman. What's he selling in the Milwaukee Jazz Gallery?

Well, that might be the first impression, but James Moody proved Thursday night that he's as

critique

real and honest a jazz musician as anyone. And as good.

The three cases do contain his wares: a tenor sax, an alto sax and a flute But Moody's not selling them — or his soul. He's giving you both.

The tenor came out first on "Blue Bossa." Moody jumped off the theme into a crackling solo that had to hustle to keep up with drummer Wilbur Campbell.. In doing so, the vaunted Chicago veteran proved quickly what underpublicized jazz legends are made of. And that's what Moody himself is. Despite having worked with Dizzy Gillespie in the heyday of bebop and and throughout the '60s, Moody's visibility level remains far below that of his considerable talent.

The immediate source of his inspiration was unmistakable: bassist Skip Crumby-Bey, locking in powerfully with Campbell, forming an irresistible rhythmic juggernaut. The pull swept Moody and pianist Frank Puzzullo into peak after peak of energized improvising. A bassist and drummer who never worked together before had instantly produced a rippling, impassioned swing. Song after song, Moody would shout out their names in appreciative glee.

But he kept his own pleasant surprises coming, too. Grabbing the mike and warbling in falsetto, then in a soulfully grainy baritone, he provided bittersweet humor with an a cappella ode to his former wife and an accompanied version of "Pennies From Heaven." By now, heads in the audience were bobbing in laughter as much as to the beat.

Moody and colleagues perform again tonight and Saturday, 9 p.m., at the Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center St.

MUSIC RULES THE NIGHT AT JAZZ GALLERY

By John Barron

They say you can tell much about a person by his possessions. That little bit of wisdom seems especially applicable to Chuck LaPagolia and his prize possession, the Jazz Gallery. The two mirror each other very well.

The Gallery, 932 E. Center St., sits unobtrusively in its old neighborhood, without the flashing lights and hoopla usually associated with music emporiums. Something similar could be said of LaPagolia. He saunters casually about his establishment, pipe in hand, enjoying the music rather than a falsely created atmosphere. His charm, like his place, comes from within. Both are intimate, sincere and humble.

For lovers of Jazz, the Gallery is *the* venue in Milwaukee. It boasts live music six days of the week from people very serious about their art. The music found is always of the highest caliber. At the same time, however, the G. lery offers one of the most relaxing settings for listeners. The music is the main message so it follows that the setting is a function of that purpose.

"The music is why we're here," LaPagolia said. "Otherwise, we just want to provide people with a nice place to meet."

LaPagolia started the Gallery 17 months ago after he spent a few months refurbishing what was once a community bar and meeting center. From the outside, the place looks just like one of the large houses on the street. A wall or two were torn down, a small stage was erected with lights, a new bar was put in along with a few dozen tables and presto, the Jazz Gallery was born.

LaPagolia had retired from teaching at UWM and being a saxaphonist and jazz enthusiast made a gamble on the new enterprise.

"I wanted to provide a showcase for jazz in Milwaukee," he said. "We planned on highlighting some national acts as well as offering a setting for local talent. The response has been great. There's been no trouble booking people."

The Gallery has the feel of a neighborhood bar/nightclub with its intimate setting, friendly talkative people, and inexpensive drinks. Curtains cover what probably once were picture windows, and the walls are covered with pictures of sta who have performed there.

What makes the Gallery special, however, is the music. In fact, it's the first thing you experience about the place. It can be heard even before you reach the door. A fine sound system was installed during the renovation.

LaPagolia consciously tries to balance the jazz he provides. About twice a month a nationally known act will appear. Thus far, such stars a s Milt Jackson, Bunky Green, Sonny Stitt, Nat Adderly, Phil Woods, Roy Brown, Muhal Richard Abrams and the Heath Brothers have added to the reputation of the club.

"It's not hard to book national acts," he said. "I've got a good rapport going with some of them. Our name has gotten out as a place to play. The Jazz business is a very strange one. Some people you can get very cheaply, and others see us as a struggling venture and try to help us out. The national musicians have been knocked out by Milwaukee audiences. Milwaukee has a reputation as a good jazz city."

The audience at the Gallery is very appreciative of the music. A diverse, select crowd patronizes it. A real cross section of people turn out especially for the national acts, whites, blacks and latins as well as both young and old people can be found enjoying a drink, conversation and the rare pleasure of live music.

the Gallery also features local musicians and quite a few Chicago jazzmen.

LaPagolia loves what he's doing and seems to be more concerned with providing music to the community than in piling up big profits.

"The intent was never to make money out of it," he said. "It's hard to support entertainment. We're doing O.K. "We're progressing along the lines of a normal business. We lost some money the first year, but that's changing. It's hard, but happy—harder than I expected, but it works often enough.

Part of the charm of the place is its size. At peak it can only seat 150, but that's only reached occasionally, which really puts the audience in touch with the musicians. By providing this sort of environment, LaPagolia hopes to increase jazz interest in Milwaukee.

"We want to build up enough of an audience to maintain this showcase," he said. "If that happens, a real jazz audience in Milwaukee will be created and some other clubs might look to our success and decide to start providing more jazz. That would be competition for us, but I think it would be great to have more jazz in the city. I think we've had a positive effect in uplifting this community and the same could be done elsewhere."

If you're interested in hearing some of the best music in an increasingly popular field, played in unpretentious surroundings, sponsored by a man more concerned with his community and the music than with exploitation of his audience, the Jazz Gallery is the setting.

THE MILWAUKEE JOURNAL Friday, April 11, 1980

Jazz drumming is no routine beat

By Kevin Lynch
Special to The Journal

An inimitable combination of percussive elements has always distinguished the work of Philly Joe Jones: resounding power, ear-hooking rhythmic accents, irresistible propulsion.

He is a dynamic stylist who recalls such pioneers of jazz drumming as Kenny Clark and Max Roach and the rhythmic liberators of the '60s like Elvin Jones.

Yet the drummer-bandleader, whose quartet will perform next Wednesday and Thursday at the Jazz Gallery, has always sounded like nobody except Philly Joe.

"I never wanted to sound like anybody but me. I always wanted to be slick like the greats are, but I always wanted to be better," said Jones recently by telephone from Los Angeles.

Worked with Miles

His distinctive stick and brushwork emerged forcefully in the late '50s as the rhythmic force behind that period's dream group — the Miles Davis Quintet, which included Jones, Davis, saxophone great John Coltrane, pianist Red Garland and bassist Paul Chambers.

Aside from its extraordinary talent, Jones was asked, what made that quintet so special?

"That was a real musical telepathy, something you can't find very often anywhere," said Jones. "It was like, almost automatically, you know just what the other person is going to do. It was just one of those things."

That unity somehow transcended the extreme contrasts of instrumental style between Davis and Coltrane and the push by all the players to expand the vocabulary of their instruments. The phenomenom was epitomized in many ways in the albums "Milestones" and "Kind of Blue," the latter recorded with virtually no rehearsal.

Nothing like it

"You had some good bands after that, but never any that just jelled like that one did," he said.

Philly Joe migrated to Europe in the '60s. Like many other American jazzmen, he went "in search of different people, different situations and to get a new outlook."

There he worked free lance, performing with a myriad of American and European players.

"It definitely broadens your scope," he said, "drawing from different cultural situations and seeing music and life through the eyes of a person no longer entrapped by the American cultural climate. But it's always nice to wind up back home."

Philadelphia is home. After his return from Europe in 1971, Jones taught for a while there. Now he's slowed the teaching pace to monthly private lessons.

He will perform here, as he does extensively, with three outstanding young proteges, saxophonist Charles Bowen, pianist Andy McKee and bassist Sid Simmons.

No shortcuts home

But for all the young drummers he has taught and heard, he sees none today to equal the Catletts, Roaches and Blakeys.

"So many aren't even using their hands properly," he said. "Most of these fusion drummers don't even have a set of brushes on the bandstand or mallets. They just use the biggest stick they can find and then beat on those poor drums. You're not supposed to beat the drums. You're supposed to play them."

True mastery involves much more than most young players (or listeners) realize, Jones said.

"There are some young ones coming along, but it takes time. Even if you've been playing 10 to 15 years, you're just brushing the surface," he said.

Jazz drumming, he indicated, is a never ending pursuit.

"Even Max and Kenny and Roy Haynes — and they've been doing it for 35 to 40 years. And they're *still* trying to play. They don't get on the bandstand unless they're going to play their hearts out."

Like another master, Philly Joe Jones.

THE MILWAUKEE JOURNAL Thursday, April 17, 1980

Philly Joe swings out

By Kevin Lynch
Special to The Journal

Watching Philly Joe Jones is like watching a man on a trapeze. At one end of the arc he lets go, does a crazy three-step with drumsticks in midair, then latches onto the swing, pulling back with a powerfully pumping mastery over the void below.

As a medium-sized opening night crowd at the Jazz Gallery looked on Wednesday night, Jones demonstrated the unique balance he maintains between rhythmic lunacy and inevitable musical sanity.

Jones, most remembered as a prime cog of the famous late-'50s Miles Davis Quintet, leads his

critique

own quartet of fellow Philadelphians these days as a paragon of the musical modern drummer.

Before the danger games begins he leads his men through the melody with his drumsticks. His own "Neptunis" and Horace Silver's "Strollin'" flow from the instruments of saxophonist Charles Bowen and pianist Sid Simmons, but Philly Joe injects rhythmic form to the melody with snare-tom arabesques tucked right in the curve of the line. Melodic indeed, yet the simultaneous accents resound as sharp as a snapped whip.

Sets well paced

As the tunes open up, Jones moves to a time-honored formal device — trading four-bar measures with his fellow players. In a place where cliches too often reside, the drama begins with Jones.

On Jones' adopted theme tune, "Killer Joe," Bowen releases the line. Jones pounces on the beat, bashing away. Suddenly he lets it fall out completely with a thud. Just before the tempo disintegrates he pops the tom-toms with quirky double hitches that induce audience smirks but somehow snatch the whole line together.

The lively sets were well paced with drumless ballads, exposed primarily by Bowen's tenor sax "In a Sentimetal Mood" developed into a fervid outlay of expression. The saxophonist unveiled an uncanny mastery of circular breathing technique. Like a human bellows, his cheeks palpitating slowly, Bowen's solo stretched bar after interminable bar to a protracted climax. Mal Waldron's "Soul Eyes" was distinguished by his gratifying sensitivity to its flower petal contours.

Crowd surprised

Pianist Sid Simmons complements the leader's delightful unpredictability. A clear-sighted improviser, his ideas were laid out like so many imported tapestries. Bassist Andy McKee proved especially responsive to Simmons' movements in lyrical duet phrases with the pianist.

Neanderthal hijinks put to music suprised the crowd again as Jones trotted out a popular television theme song, retitled "Fred Flintstoned." The soloists turned in their most blistering uptempo playing of the night in a high-charged jazz arrangement.

The only way to top such inspired madness was to close with a classic Thelonious Monk riddle-ditty. "Bemsha Swing" lurched its way amiably to the end of the night.

Jones' quartet performs again at 9 p.m. Thursday at the Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center St.

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL

Wed. April 30, 1980

Heaths offer playful jazz

By Bill Milkowski

Special to The Journal

One of the tightest, swingingest, most popular groups ever to visit the Milwaukee Jazz Gallery was back in town this week.

The Heath Brothers Quintet, led by two purveyors of the bebop tradition, entertained Monday and Tuesday nights in typically unpretentious fashion.

There is a playful quality to the Heaths' music. You can hear it in Percy's tongue-in-cheek tribute to governmental corruption, "The Watergate Blues," or in Jimmy's uptempo romp, "Gingerbread Boy."

This good-natured spirit, plus the obvious instrumental brilliance, makes this band so appealing. You can tell by their wide grins and onstage communication that these musicians have fun playing together, and their enthusiasm rubs off on the audience.

Jimmy and Percy Heath have been at it for more than 30 distinguished years, maintaining a standard of musical excellence since their early days in Philadelphia. There is a wealth of experience between them, with Percy having been a founding member of the legendary Modern Jazz Quartet and Jimmy having put in time with nearly every major name in jazz.

This experience, shared by the group's pianist, Stanley Cowell, is balanced by the youthful vitality of guitarist Tony Purrone. The members of the group seem to feed off each other and spur each other on, emphasizing creative solo excursions within a tightly knit format.

Some of those formats were provided on opening night by Duke Ellington ("Warm Ballet") and Charlie Parker ("Confirmation"), but they went largely with material written by Jimmy Heath, the group's prolific composer.

Jimmy's sly-sounding composition, "A New Blue," was smooth and simple, his warm soprano sax moving in unison with Purrone's muted, single-note picking. This tune also featured Cowell plunking out some blues on an African kalimba, or thumb piano.

Purrone pulled off some impressive Wes Montgomery-styled octave playing on another Jimmy composition, "Mellow Drama." Other examples of Jimmy Heath's writing skills included "Sassy Samba," dedicated to Sarah Vaughan; "Cloak and Dagger" and the group's earthy theme song, "Artherdoc Blues."

Besides his consistently flawless accompaniment and brilliant soloing, pianist Cowell also contributed a few compositions of his own. Most notable was "Equipoise," a sensitive duo with guitarist Purrone.

Bassist Percy Heath was sensational on Parker's "Yardbird Suite," plucking a cello and making it talk like some strange, deep-toned guitar. Holding down the rhythm was a recent addition to the group, drummer Akira Tana.

THE MILWAUKEE JOURNAL Friday, May 9, 1980

Jazz-singer Carter an artistic purist

By Bill Milkowski
Special to The Journal

Betty Carter may be one of jazz's best kept secrets. By common consent of her peers, she is one of the best pure jazz singers alive, yet her name does not appear in many books about jazz, and her records have been as hard to find as popcorn at the opera.

Although she is well-known to a growing cult on the East Coast and in Europe, Carter has not had much exposure to the general public, with the exception of an appearance on NBC's "Saturday Night Live" in 1976.

Though not widely known, she is legendary to jazz aficionados.

Local jazz fans will get a chance to sample her unique, bop-based style

Betty Carter

next Friday and Saturday nights as she closes out a Spring Festival Week at the Milwaukee Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center St.

Booking risk

Also on the bill for this special week of big name entertainment at the Gallery is trumpeter Art Farmer in his first Milwaukee appearance on Tuesday and Wednesday and Wisconsin's own versatile vocalist / composer / pianist, Ben Sidran, on Thursday.

Gallery clubowner Chuck LaPaglia knows he is taking a risk in booking Betty Carter. For one thing, her price is relatively high — about as much as LaPaglia paid last January for the entire 16-piece Thad Jones-Mel Lewis big band.

He also knows that even if Carter packs the house for the scheduled two shows nightly at $6.50 a ticket, he still might not break even. But the way LaPaglia sees it, booking an artist of her stature into the Gallery will bring immeasurable prestige to the club he is trying to establish as a true haven for straight-ahead jazz.

Throughout her career, Carter, 50, has shown a fierce refusal to compromise her art. The title of her opening number, "Music for the Sake of Music," might well be her motto.

Grew up with bebop

In a recent phone interview from her home in New York City, the outspoken jazz singer expressed some strong opinions about the state of the art.

"I came up in the bebop era," she says — Miles Davis, Thelonious Monk, Max Roach, Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie (Bird) Parker.

"In those days nobody was thinking about money, they just wanted to play, learn and create — that's all," she said. "Money was secondary then, but now it's money first and the music comes second.

"Today it's all about sales. Instant money. It's getting so a lot of musicians don't want to wait anymore, they want the money yesterday. The greed is doing it to everybody. Today it's like 'Give me some money and I'll do anything you want.' Nobody does anything for the love of it anymore. In the '50s we didn't make any money, but we sure loved the music."

As a teen-ager in Detroit, Carter used a forged birth certificate to sing bebop in bars. She jammed with the likes of Roach, Parker and Davis, acquiring a reputation for her scatting. She joined the Lionel Hampton band in 1948 and three years later settled in New York on her own. She has been working steadily as a jazz singer ever since.

Began own record label

To assure creative control and affirm her independence, Carter began her own record label, Bet-Car Productions, in 1971. Like the many idealistic jazz entrepreneurs who start up their own record companies, she has a sincere love for the music and a deep concern for its heritage.

"The major labels only deal with hit records," she said. "They just want to make a lot of money off an artist. And now they're being very choosy, very picky about who they will record because they want to be assured of that instant success.

"I want to open a few doors and let some integrity get back into the game so a musician can do what he or she feels. There's no way to win when people are doing each other in for a dollar. I realize we have to get money to eat, but some people will do anything to get it.

"Ramsey Lewis, Donald Byrd and Herbie Hancock have gone that way. And the record companies are controlling Freddie Hubbard to the point that he hates some of the music he's recording now. It really pains him."

Some live comfortably

She also cited performers from the bebop era who are still true to their art and making a comfortable living at it — such lasting names as Art Blakey, Sarah Vaughan, Ella Fitzgerald, Ray Brown and herself.

"Everybody who created something and became an individual in that era is making money today because you can't duplicate them," she said.

"I'm in a six-figure income bracket each year. So is Art, so is Dizzy, so is Sarah. It is possible for jazz musicians to make money without resorting to crass commercialism."

She credits the Beatles boom of the early '60s as the Pandora's Box that led to this preoccupation with profit at the major record labels.

"They didn't realize how much money they could make until 1964," she said. "Now they've gone mad, and money has become the most important thing."

THE MILWAUKEE JOURNAL Wednesday, May 14, 1980

Farmer jazz low-key, classy

By Bill Milkowski
Special to The Journal

Jazz fans who appreciate the art of understatement will enjoy Art Farmer, a tasty flugelhorn player who opened a two-night engagement Tuesday at the Milwaukee Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center St.

Farmer doesn't try to overpower or impress you with a flurry of high Cs. Instead, he takes a more economical approach, choosing each note carefully and wasting none. His mellow style does not blow you away, it whisks you away. "Just like going on a magic carpet ride," as one patron in the audience of about 150 observed Tuesday night.

There's nothing flamboyant or flashy about Farmer. He doesn't sport the theatrical grimace of a Maynard Ferguson, doesn't go in for the extroverted antics of a Dizzy Gillespie. He makes no attempt at presenting the street-wise toughness of a Freddie Hubbard or the untouchable aloofness of a Miles Davis.

Farmer is a likable but serious-minded musician. You'll seldom see a smile beneath his thick walrus mustache, and he is not given to chatting openly with the audience. Instead, he lets the music speak for him, delivering a warm, lush-sounding message with straightforward simplicity.

On ballads such as Duke Ellington's "In a Sentimental Mood" he was a gentle, lyrical soloist with sensitive accompaniment from pianist Fred Hersch and bassist Bob Brodley. On blazing, uptempo tunes such as Charlie Parker's "Red Cross," the three exchanged fluid improvisations that were cooking yet consistently melodic.

critique

Hersch, a young pianist from Cincinnati, is definitely a musician to watch in the future. He took some adventurous turns at the keyboard throughout the night, with cascading chord patterns eccentric rhythms. He also had a cha to show off another side of his artistry his own composition, "II B.C."

Chicago drummer Wilbur Campbell an admirable job filling in for Farm regular drummer, Akira Tana, who i tour with the Heath Brothers band. not only held the rhythm together wi steady hand, but he also offered some zling brushwork on "Afternoon in Pa

After three sets of adjusting to a drummer and striving, for a tight-sound, Farmer and company closed dynamic style with the most com number of the evening, "Chero Sketches," a tune written by Vie composer Fritz Power and dedicate jazz greats John Coltrane and Thelon Monk.

Farmer will perform again tonight p.m. Yet to come in this Spring Fes Week at the Jazz Gallery are compos pianist Ben Sidran on Thursday and bop vocalist Betty Carter on Friday Saturday.

THE MILWAUKEE JOURNAL Friday, May 16, 1980

Sidran slipping into sameness

By Kevin Lynch

Special to The Journal

Milwaukee's Jazz Gallery was mysteriously lifted from its comfortable front and deposited smack in the middle of Madison's State St. Thursday night.

Nobody saw it disappear, but the alleged culprit was Ben Sidran, Ph.D., singer and piano player, of sorts.

Sure enough, this crowd was sucking up beer, milling about and whooping it up, with or without provocation — just like any Friday night in "Mad City," Sidran's home turf.

On stage, the provoker eyed them and said, "You look like a good bunch of rowdies," and launched into "Gimme Some Seafood, Mama." Ron McClure's thumping electric bass laid down an unavoidable beat and Sidran shuffle-funked his way into their spiked bloodstreams.

That song and such other originals as "Song for a Sucker Like You" are tunes Sidran might have come up with in the shower. But his high regard for the jazz tradition compels him to pay homage in his own way: Take a standard like Gigi Gryce's "Minority" or Thelonious Monk's "Ask Me Now," strip it down, pad it with a funky beat and add some hip-but-earnest lyrics.

Sidran's piano-playing sounds like grab-a-handful-of-keys-and-shake, but he knows where he's going. He spent his postgraduate time studying

Critique

black music forms. And he carries his considerable intelligence like an old rabbit's foot in his pocket.

But as the years have rolled by, Sidran's music has acquired a decided sameness, possibly the result of his not quite challenging his abilities to the fullest.

His chosen sidemen seemed content to follow his carefree trail. Tenor saxist Bob Rockwell has the technique, but trots along with a pedestrian array of blues licks and fashionable modern phrasing. After hearing several such choruses, his solo's climax of momentary intense blowing sounded grafted on, not attained.

McClure's playing was a vague facsimile of the fine acoustic bass he once played with Charles Lloyd and Jack DeJohnette. Jimmy Madison sounded more like countless jazz-rock drummers than the player he really is.

Sidran won't knock you out with his playing, songwriting or singing. He shows up for a good time, which he and his listeners usually have. His distinct skill is for assimilating rhythm and blues, bebop and blues, and serving them up along with the beer — for easy consumption with a little bite.

Ben Sidran knows as much as any musician around. He knows he isn't an innovator and doesn't have to be.

One only hopes he knows when he's giving all he's got, and when he isn't.

THE MILWAUKEE JOURNAL Friday, May 30, 1980

Jazz trio simply superlative

By Kevin Lynch

Special to The Journal

It was music whose currents of energy sounded as if sprung from elemental sources — subterranean streams flowing from glacial crevasses. Roaring thunderstorms suddenly dwindling to dancing pitter-patter. Finally, newly formed streams rushing to unknown destinations.

Thursday night, in its first local appearance, the Sam Rivers Trio created music unlike any heard before at the Milwaukee Jazz Gallery. From the first moment to the last, it was the musicians' inner-moving forces that created the music.

critique

Rivers seemed to be the initial musical focus, moving from tenor sax to flute to piano to soprano sax. But bassist Dave Holland or drummer Steve Ellington could force the flow at any moment. When that happened, they all moved together, uncannily.

Rivers' tenor plays a blues groove with an unusually understated approach — felt from his shoes up, but moving like Texas tumbleweed. Alongside, Ellington skims his cymbals in loping surges. A Rivers phrase suddenly flashes into a new gear and Holland is bowing a leaping snake of dark bass lines. One could follow this ongoing creative motion endlessly.

But a dominant tributary this night was Rivers' extraordinary flute playing. The flow of ideas was relentless, yet the music itself moved in swinging rushes and lyrical eddies.

Dave Holland. Virtually no bass player could conceive of doing what he does on his instrument. His uptempo second-set solo laid the case out unequivocally. Ideas were executed with mind-boggling speed, yet with riveting power.

But he's no mere razzle-dazzle technician, this intense, blond Briton. Infectious lines ripple forth, then gut-twisting booms and outlandish interval-leaps leave the listener hanging on each delightful new instant. To hear it happen — this accumulation of moments, each more improbably creative than the next — is to believe that there is no better bassist anywhere. One must simply see and hear him.

Ellington's drumsticks consistently tickled like brushes, then pumped rocky backbeats when Rivers took another of his myriad turns of mood and tempo.

Total improvisation can't really hold up, you say? The Sam Rivers Trio remains fresh as any cloudburst because interacting moments are always happening, never prefabricated. Says Rivers: "I'm as amazed as anyone when it happens, but it does and I'm really happy for that."

The trio will perform again at 9 tonight at the Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center St.

THE MILWAUKEE JOURNAL Friday, June 6, 1980

Braxton bringing sounds to town

By Kevin Lynch
Special to The Journal

He was a young black musician from Chicago's tough South Side. But he had a vision that grew and grew.

Yes, it would be feasible for him to simultaneously grasp contemporary classical music concepts and traditional American black music and not only synthesize but, inspired by a vision of a brave new world, create a whole new musical system.

It would be designated by mysterious configurations like:

104 -KELVIN

M-18

This fellow, who might be snatched from the plot of an Arthur Clarke novel, actually exists.

He's multi-instrumentalist and composer Anthony Braxton, and he

Anthony Braxton

will present a portion of his creations next Wednesday and Thursday at the Milwaukee Jazz Gallery, playing the alto sax.

A huge impression

Braxton, 35, is completely serious about the potential of creative endeavor for future cultural transformation While stirring a huge controversy, he has made a huge impression on the jazz / new music scene over the last decade

"I don't make my music looking to be a hero outside of what the music gives me or what my life is about," Braxton said recently in a telephone interview from his home in Woodstock, N.Y. "I would like to feel that my work, when completed, will be a positive asset to help shape the nature of those zones of transformation that we can shape."

Braxton's work has been staggering in its range and depth. Braxton, originally a product of Chicago's Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians, has worked with numerous American and European jazz musicians as well as contemporary classical artists like Frederic Rzewski and Ursula Oppens, who will perform the premier of Braxton's new work for two pianos this month in Pisa, Italy.

Probing the limits

Braxton's unique imagination as an unconventional composer has led to music for 100 tubas, symphony orchestra and string quartet works, among countless others, attempting to probe the limits of instrumentality.

"I just finished a work for orchestra and puppet theater which I'm excited about," Braxton said.

The music for that ought to be delightful; much of Braxton's work contains great humor. The puppets will probably bandy about such Braxtonisms as "time-zone vibrations" and "conceptual grafting." The latter term is a key to his way of approaching music — reassembling musical elements by his own systems.

"Conceptual grafting is an attempt to deal with what I call primary material. I no longer found that extended harmonic approaches or modal music, or total freedom would serve my needs."

Part of larger system

Braxton's grafting is only one part of a larger system which, according to him, is evolving to a new way of viewing the fundamental nature of all phenomena in the world.

"We're talking about a viewpoint that transcends western procedure. Hopefully my life's work will be part of forming a v -cultural viewpoint. Ultimat leads to transformation to another economic and political order having to do with unification rather than separation."

All this cannot obscure the abilities of a musician who plays virtually the woodwind spectrum from soprano saxophone and clarinet to a 6½-foot contrabass saxophone. He is consistently found at the top of critics' polls on several of them

Braxton takes command

By Kevin Lynch
Special to The Journal

One might expect Anthony Braxton to bring a convenient trapdoor along with him in case the bottom of his performance falls out.

After all, he stood there on the empty stage of the Milwaukee Jazz Gallery Wednesday night with only his alto saxophone keeping him from the

critique

hellhounds that haunt the solo improviser. Don't let up. Gotta stay on top. Gotta make a raft so all these people can stay afloat.

The vicarious sorts who wait for the suicidal to jump would have found Braxton doing a ballet on the ledge. Though he improvised for most of two remarkable sets of music, every step of the way found him in total command.

For 12 years, solo alto has been a favorite discipline of the man who has made a large name as a composer of imaginative instrumental unorthodoxies and a master of a trunkload of woodwinds.

The first piece dispelled any possible doubts about his ability to blow with the best of them. Leaning and hopping into a blazing solo, he shook out whatever knots his extensive musical researching may have left in his brain recently. From then on, non-stop creativity flowed from this endlessly searching man.

He shifted to classically pure tones descending in long sweeps, finally peeling out to fat, plaintive messages. This, like most of his originals, was an example of his self-termed "conceptual grafting," which often makes for startlingly original music.

Braxton's inner rhythmic pulse kept the attentive crowd and himself moving even on several pieces composed of glimmering little gems of pianissimo subtleties. Braxton won't allow himself anything just for show or even banter with the crowd when he's performing.

Instead he gives them something better — classic standards. Nearly half his concert consisted of superb performances of "The Song Is You," "'Round Midnight," "Impressions," "Just Friends" and a delicious version of "Passion Flower" that dripped with almost as much languid bluesiness as the great Johnny Hodges used to provide. The economy and care of Lee Konitz also came to mind on these.

But make no mistake: Braxton is a true original. Wonder and surprise turn to pleasure when one hears such originality so completely in hand. He will perform again at 9 p.m. Thursday at the Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center St.

THE MILWAUKEE JOURNAL Saturday, June 14, 1980

Trumpeter Stamm lets jazz rip

By Bill Milkowski
Special to The Journal

Trumpeter Marvin Stamm is a free-lancer, bound to the studios of New York City for his source of income. The work is steady for someone as accomplished as Stamm, and the pay is good.

So he plays — whatever a client tells him to play. And that could mean anything from a bouncy, happy-time radio jingle to ballet music. He's been the anonymous trumpet or flugelhorn in the background for countless recording dates.

But about once a month, something builds up inside him. All the frustration of having to play precisely what he is told to play in the studio comes out. And that is when Stamm must release the tension by going out to nightclubs and playing the music he really cares about — jazz.

The free-lancer from New York bared his bebop soul Friday night at the Jazz Gallery. His crisp, rapid-fire delivery and inventive solo ideas on the instrument made the concert a treat for any jazz fan, especially at the reduced Gallery cover charge of $3.50.

Accompanied by bassist Skip Crumby-Bey, pianist Frank Pazzullo and drummer Scott Napoli, the 41-year-old Stamm stuck strictly to the mainstream — "On Green Dolphin Street," "Blue Monk," "All Blues" and "Stella by Starlight."

As Stamm mentioned during a break Friday night, "I can't make a living and support my family by playing jazz, so I don't get to play much at all. It's fun in the studio, but there's no way you can compare the response you get from a microphone to the response you get from a crowd."

In spite of a relatively weak turnout for this opening evening of a two-night engagement, the crowd did respond with the kind of enthusiasm that keeps Stamm coming back for more.

FRI. JUNE 20, 1980 MILWAUKEE JOURNAL

Jazz artists join to boost their music

A jazz musician tells you who he is every time he blows a solo. And the best of them can tell you in one short burst.

But the dynamic ricochet of ideas, the blues harmonies and the excitement of the chase all are efforts of collaboration. That's the philosophy on which the Milwaukee Jazz Alliance recently has been formed.

To help the alliance get started, almost 60 local and national performers will join this weekend for a series of benefit concerts at five Milwaukee locations.

The climax will occur at 7 p.m. Sunday, when a local all-star band and four national talents, including singer Marlena Shaw, give an all-star jazz concert in the Grand Ballroom of the Pfister Hotel.

Milwaukee's nationally known pianist, Buddy Montgomery, is president of the alliance. Inspired by his brother Monk's success with the Las Vegas Jazz Society, Montgomery felt that jazz musicians needed to come together and take some control of their destiny.

"It's seldom that there's an organization that includes the musicians in creating what playing situations might happen," said Montgomery. "It's primarily been the nightclub owners."

The alliance enlisted civic leaders, promoters, media representatives, and the Milwaukee Musicians Union, as well as musicians, in their cause. Objectives include educational programs and clinics. The alliance will provide grants for jazz projects and research, and assist charitable and educational groups in the promotion of jazz.

"Now we have a togetherness we never had before," Montgomery said. "The support of the community is crucial, but it will benefit. It will help club owners by giving them contact with more entertainers. When club owners see jazz musicians making things happen, it will create more jazz by creating more excitement throughout the city. It will inspire both the club owners and the musicians."

Examples are a proposed jazz month, statewide jazz tours and the sponsorship of top-flight concerts to help finance free concerts and other community jazz activities.

Performances this weekend include:

FRIDAY NIGHT: Beverly Pitts Trio, La Chazz, Jack Grassel Quintet and vocalist Jae Miles at The Main Event, 3418 N. Green Bay Ave.; Four of a Kind, Bob Budny's Exit, Berkely Fudge Quartet and vocalist Mary White at Rich Man, Poor Man, 5202 W. Capitol Dr.; Melvin Rhyne Trio, Hattush Alexander Quintet and comedian Carl Strong at the Space Lounge, 2433 N. Holton, and the Buddy Montgomery Trio at Billy Clyde's, 4861 N. Teutonia Ave.

SATURDAY NIGHT: Buddy Montgomery Sextet, Chuck Howard Big Band, Ko-Thi Dancers and comedian Benny Reno at Milwaukee Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center St.; Rich Crabtree, Frank Puzzullo Trio, vocalist Pam Duronio and comedian Benny Reno at La Boheme, 319 E. Mason St.; and Manty Ellis Trio, vocalist Jessie Hauck, Brian Lynch Sextet and comedian Carl Strong at the Bombay Bicycle Club (Marc Plaza Hotel), 509 E. Wisconsin Ave.

The donation for the concerts is $3, except for La Boheme, where it is $2, and the Bombay Bicycle Club, where it is free.

Sunday's all-star jazz concert in the Pfister Grand Ballroom will run from 7 p.m. to midnight with a $6 donation. Performers include vocalist Pam Duronio; a nine-piece all-star band of local musicians; Rich Crabtree Trio; Buddy Montgomery Trio featuring Rufus Reid and trombonist Slide Hampton; flugelhornist Art Farmer; saxist Harold Land, and vocalist Marlena Shaw.

THE MILWAUKEE JOURNAL WED. JULY 16, 1980

Jazz fans hear some good vibes

By Bill Milkowski

Special to The Journal

I had to laugh over a record review that appeared in Down Beat magazine, that prestigious bible of the jazz world, in which the author accused vibist Bobby Hutcherson of sounding "merely pleasant."

The critic was suggesting that Hutcherson suffered from the same stigma as guitarist Earl Klugh — pleasant, melodic, technically proficient, yet missing a certain bite, an emotional abandonment that marks the true sense of a jazz artist. In a word, conviction.

Too bad this same critic wasn't around Tuesday night at the Jazz Gallery to eat those words. I

critique

would like to have seen the expression on his face as Hutcherson worked those mallets over his instrument with lightning speed and relentless fervor, leaving his shirt soaked with perspiration.

You want conviction? Check out this vibist in the heat of a nightclub gig, not a studio session.

While Hutcherson is given to these occasional outbursts of swinging energy, as he displayed on the aggressive, uptempo burner, "Un Poco Loco," his sensitive nature inevitably carries him to lusher spaces.

In these moods, his phrases are graceful and airy, the sound is rich and ringing with vibrato. There's almost an organic feeling to it.

This calm, delicate side of Hutcherson was evident from the opening number, a lovely rendition of Dave Brubeck's "In Your Own Sweet Way."

Hutcherson had able support from pianist William Henderson and acoustic bassist Hashima Williams. Both, however, had problems coping with the high humidity in the Jazz Gallery Tuesday night, which constantly threw their instruments out of tune.

Drummer Eddie Moore also was a strong force, tattooing the cymbals with an incessant right hand while driving the rhythm with a powerful left hand on the snare. In softer moments, he played lightly and politely with the brushes.

Hutcherson and his band will perform again Wednesday night at the Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center St.

THE MILWAUKEE JOURNAL Friday, July 25, 19[illegible]

Pianist Barry Harris carries the bebop banner

By Kevin Lynch
Special to The Journal

Sentences unravel languidly from Barry Harris' mouth, his phrases ending in a curling, downward cadence. With a knowing pace, the ideas come deliberately but effortlessly.

I had almost anticipated it from his playing, which is the essence of relaxed swing, albeit in the most frenetic of jazz styles, bebop. I have long enjoyed and wondered about his thoroughly concise piano playing, apparently evolved from the convoluted styles of Bud Powell and Charlie Parker.

"My greatest influence was Charlie Parker," Harris conceded in a recent telephone conversation from the West Coast.

Those might be the words of almost any bop player. Yet Harris, who performs Monday and Tuesday with Clifford Jordan at the Jazz Gallery, is a player of other dimensions. Although he is an experienced musician of 50, Harris studies with a man who broadens the pianist's musical awareness.

The space is key

"Joseph Prostakoff would be considered a rebel in classical music teaching," Harris said. "He's a cat who knows about space and time, and knows you don't play the piano with your fingers.

"It's probably more important when one doesn't play than when one hits a note. The space in between is more important. Just as with great orators, like Adlai Stevenson, it's the pauses that really matter.

"I heard a [Thelonious] Monk [illegible] on the radio one day, which was like the sun breaking out of the clouds. And that's him — space and time."

Harris has branched into arranging Monk tunes and other classic bop material for strings, voices and big band. Promoting orchestral concerts on his own, Harris has built up a strong following, if not recording opportunities.

"For our last concert in New York, we had people lined up from 95th and Broadway to around the corner on 94th. And this was during the transit strike," he said.

Views on recording

Harris had some comments on today's recording scene:

"Musicians have to record their own tunes so they can get some money by royalties. You let the companies tell you, you never sell any records. Yet everywhere you go people have your records, wanting autographs. To write your own songs is the only way to get a little coming in.

"But not everybody is a composer. What we've done is divorced ourselves from some of our great composers. So what Clifford and I are concerned with is keeping alive the music of Monk, Bird [Charlie Parker] and Tadd Dameron."

Harris daily visits the apartment of the legendary jazz patron Baroness Pannonica de Koenigswarter, where Monk lives. He denied rumors that Monk, who hasn't performed in seven years, is catatonic.

"That's not true at all," he said. "I think Monk has a different sense of time than we have, where an hour might be five minutes. Laid up all those years may not be all those years to him."

Meanwhile, we have the considerable talents of Barry Harris and Clifford Jordan carrying on the bebop flag.

Different Drummer
7-27-80

"D.D." ON THE TOWN

"THE SOUND OF SURPRISE" ... (Ballet)

by: HOWARD AUSTIN

When we left you last week we were promising to define numerous ways in which we could seperate you from your money while simultaneously exercising the best taste in jazz. We covered the "no cover" sets on the Milwaukee scene.

Now for the pay as you go approach we offer: Monday and Tuesday, July 28th and 29th, **Barry Harris**, mentor to many of Detroit's finest jazz musicians in the fifties and pianist supreme. Barry will be appearing with Chicago born Tenor Saxophonist, **Clifford Jordan.** These masters of their craft will be appearing at **Milwaukee's Jazz Gallery**, 932 East Center Street (admission: $5.50) . . . before the walls cool down and recover. **Nick Brignola** will bring to the Gallery his heavy hardware, a baritone sax. Nick wails and caresses with taste, jazz standards from bop's "Groovin' High" to oldies such as "Getting Sentimental Over You". Brignola also blows soprano sax. $3.50 places you close to where it all happens, Saturday, August 2nd. All but those who are terminally "out of it" find that jazz takes on a new dimension when the audience is "right".

One way to insure that the audience is right is to attend performances with dedicated jazz fans. You can pack the audience and squelch loud talkers, those who insist on clapping out of time and those who commit other "crimes" against humanity. Where are dedicated jazz fans found? When they're not numbing their fingers on FM tuning knobs and TV channel selectors trying to catch that minute or two a month that a favorite artist might receive, they can be found within some very interesting jazz organizations:

The Milwaukee Jazz Alliance: 3329 North 45th Street, Milwaukee, WI 53216. An infant but growing, started out with a spectacular lineup: **Art Farmer, Slide Hampton, Rufus Reid** and **Harold Land.** Individual memberships: $25.00; Students: $10.00; Family (spouse and children under 18): $40.00 yearly.

The Milwaukee Jazz Gallery: 932 East Center Street, Milwaukee, WI 53212. Without peer in the Midwest for presenting the finest in jazz: **Milt Jackson, Lee Konitz, Art Blakely, The Heath Brothers** and **Betty Carter** have appeared to name a very few. Membership to cover what amounts to an endless source of excellent music: $10.00 per year.

Unlimited Jazz, Ltd.: P.O. Box 92012—Milwaukee, WI 53203. Milwaukee's premiere jazz organization is live and well presenting unique outings during the year such as: A jazz bus that tours local jazz clubs and several Milwaukee harbor cruises with live jazz sets aboard ship. $10.00 a year lines you up with some fine folks.

MR. HOWARD AUSTIN

Memberships in organizations listed entitle you t newsletters and discounts at events.

Jazz drummer Art Blakey will play in Milwaukee next week

Blakey's band a training spot

By Kevin Lynch
Special to The Journal

The story of Art Blakey is the story of the Depression era orphan who had nothing, but with will power, wits and talent made himself into one of the world's greatest jazz drummers.

Now he wants to give his kids everything he didn't have.

His "kids" have included Wayne Shorter, Freddie Hubbard, Lee Morgan, Keith Jarrett and Chuck Mangione.

In Blakey's longstanding group, the Jazz Messengers, these and many others got the training and experience that Blakey had to pick up the hard way.

"I had nobody. I'm self-taught," Blakey, a 60-year-old drummer, said in a recent telephone interview. "I did what I had to do to survive. I was told to play the drums and that's what I did because I had to eat. In those days we just learned by jam sessions."

Blakey, who will appear at the Milwaukee Jazz Gallery next Thursday and Friday, has always had a special relationship with upcoming players.

They work for him and he gives them the fruits of his experience, not to mention a propulsive rhythmic style designed to spur a soloist to his limits. As Blakey knows, the younger they are the farther they can stretch to heights yet unforseen. Most of the above mentioned were teen-agers with Blakey.

"Young people are the most important commodity this

Turn to Blakey, page 3

Blakey

Jazz band still a training ground

From Page 1

country has," he said. "You must respect them, too. I think kids are encouraged when they're around me. And it knocks me out that what I get back is genuine respect. It's so important because that's the only thing that follows you to the cemetery."

Blakey figures he'll have a long parade of respect following him. His latest group is his largest ever — 10 pieces. Two pairs of brothers have been added to his more familiar sextet. Although they're young and unknown, Blakey thinks they'll join the ranks of the Messengers' stellar alumni before long.

He had planned to disband the group after this summer's European jazz festivals (he had returned from Holland the day of the interview). But he's having a hard time resisting the feeling that, in this case, more *is* more.

"It was so successful in Europe that I think I'm going to try to keep it together," he said. "It'll be a financial disaster 'til we get a record going but I think I just might take that chance. We're halfway through a record date now. These kids work beautifully together and I believe in them."

That means that young musicians have shown Blakey they're a special breed.

"You can't put any kind of musician in there," he said. "I look at deportment and spiritual attitude. If the ability's there, that's it.

"But I don't pick musicians just because they can play. I want to see how they think. If they can grow into it and put money instead of their hands into the cash register, they'll work. They can really play when they come out of the band and they're good leaders."

In talking to Blakey, you sense that his familial attitude extends to his relationships with his contemporaries. Unprompted, he voiced affection for Billie Holiday, Charlie Parker, Clifford Brown, Thelonious Monk, Sarah Vaughan and Mary Lou Williams, among others.

"Great friends all. It's like one big family," he said.

The notion was raised that jazz is a sort of international fraternity.

"I felt that same thing in Europe." Blakey said. "The younger musicians had never met the guys in my band. Yet as soon as they met, it was like brothers."

Blakey's "family" is always transforming. He keeps a player in the fold long enough for him to find his own turf.

"We record them first. If the record begins to move and it's good timing, they go. Some don't want to leave, but they have to move and let some other kids come. When they can make a record with their name at the top, that's their own foothold."

MILWAUKEE SENTINEL FRI. AUG. 8, 1980

Jazz is an art with Art

By CHESTER SHEARD

IT'S NOT ENOUGH to say he's one of the world's greatest drummers. It's not doing him justice to say he's been one of the great innovators in the jazz world for more than four decades. Yet, there is something very absolute about him. He's the titular head of a group of musicians that personify his musical tastes like an imposing coat of arms insignia.

So when Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers take the bandstand Thursday for the opening of a two-night stand at Chuck LaPaglia's Jazz Gallery, the patrons will be hearing an institution — a group of musicians formed out of the mind of a man whose straight-no-chaser approach in presenting modern music has always been respected by his peers.

A native of Pittsburgh, Pa., Art, according to some of his most ardent admirers, must have been born with drumsticks in his hands. In 1939, at the age of 19, band leader Fletcher Henderson heard him and selected Blakey to become the rhythmic backbone of his highly popular orchestra.

For a youth to take on that kind of responsibility at such a young age tells you the kind of maturity

ART BLAKEY, Jazzman with a message

used the musicians that would give him the sound he wanted.

His uncanny ability to search out and find promising young musicians has been the subject of many jazz conversations. The late, great trumpeter, Clifford Brown, told of receiving a call from Blakey stating, "If you intend to make it big in the jazz world, you've got to come through the Jazz Messengers."

Although that isn't necessarily so, and time has proven it, when one goes over the list of who's who in modern jazz, it would certainly appear to be true. Today's jazz musicians of stature who have come up through the ranks of the Jazz Messengers are Freddie Hubbard, Chuck Mangione, Keith Jarrett, Sonny Rollins, Cedar Walton, Clifford Brown and Lee Morgan, to name a few.

Whether they have maintained the integrity Art tried to instill in them is another story.

LISTENING TO HIS RECORDS, it is easy to hear that Art has refused to cocoon himself in mediocrity. All of his sidemen have to carry their own weight. This weight is cushioned by a foundation laid down by Blakey's drumming which surpasses that of an accompanist.

His playing has been described as sheets of sounds. It's more than that, for Art is a total drum-
er. His rhythmic patterns are so varied, one has
listen closely to detect the cross rhythms
shed with his symbolic rim shots and bass drum
centuations. At times, one wonders if there is a
ltipede playing the drums, so many different
rthms are going on at the same time.

A highly personable and deeply religious person
's affectionately called "Bu," short for Buhaina,
Muslim name), Art is one of the most vocal
ponents of jazz.

f there is a single disappointment in Art Blak-
s involvement in music these past 40 years, it
been the lack of respect Americans have
wn for jazz music.

t's true, there has been a relative resurrgence in
interest of this "only true American art form,"
Blakey would call it. Yet, when Art takes his
lic to Europe, Japan or South America, the en-
siasm shown by the people is "something to
old." According to Art, the knowledge foreign-
display, the questions they ask about the mu-
is just overwhelming.

rt Blakey and the Jazz Messengers, at this
ing, are touring Europe, spreading the mes-
that jazz is still the most creative, sponta-
us art expression being disseminated in the
ic world today.

hen the doors open on Thursday at the Jazz
ery and this perennially youthful, 60-year-
g man walks in, sets up his drums and plays
drum roll call, whether you're a jazz lover or just want to find a good vehicle to get up your interest in jazz, you couldn't be in a better place, at a better time to hear it played by one of the better salesmen.

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL AUG. 18, 1980

License rules hard to follow, nightclub owners complain

By Bill Milkowski
Special to The Journal

They say that rules are made to be broken. One set of rules in particular, an ordinance pertaining to the licensing of entertainment in the City of Milwaukee, is being broken practically every day by nightclub owners around town.

Some offenders claim the ordinance is arbitrary, archaic and confusing, perhaps even discriminatory to certain types of entertainers. Those who have been caught maintain that it is selectively enforced and, therefore, unfair. Others complain that the issue is tainted with favoritism and politics.

The wording of the law on tavern amusement regulations leaves it open for various interpretations, which is where all the confusion comes in. This is how the law reads:

Regulation 90-26 — "No dancing shall be permitted under a license issued solely for instrumental music. Said license shall be construed to permit singing on the part of and only by one or more of the persons then and there regularly and actually engaged in playing a musical instrument. ... The fee for such instrumental music license is hereby fixed at $67."

Regulation 90-29 — "A tavern amusement license, also known as a nightclub license, shall entitle the holder thereof to give, permit, produce, present, conduct and offer entertainment or exhibitions consisting of music, singing, floor shows and cabaret shows. ... The fee for such tavern amusement license is hereby fixed at $700."

What does it mean?

Simply put, there is a vast difference in how the Common Council views a piano player and a singer, for instance. Or a drummer and a comedian. It's the difference between paying $67 a year or $700 a year for a license, the respective costs club owners must pay to book the different performers.

Consequently, the cabaret license fee restricts the availability of places for non-instrumental entertainers to perform, which inhibits their ability to find work.

"We're not going to keep these kinds of artists in town if we're going to make it so rough for them to make a living," said Therese Phillips, who runs the Hometown Talent theatrical company.

She submitted a case in point:

"What if some nightclub wanted to have only one or two nights a month devoted to comedy or juggling acts. The club owner would have to go out of his way to buy a special license and fork out $700 just to accommodate the performers on these two nights. That's ridiculous."

Strong opposition

Comedian Rip Tenor strongly opposes the city's amusement regulations.

"If you're really serious about your work," he said, "you've got to perform a lot before an audience to constantly upgrade the quality of your act. But this kind of legislation keeps you from getting better. It hurts the performers and it hurts the audiences, too, by limiting their choices. Some people like to go out and be entertained by something other than a band."

Several Milwaukee club owners expressed strong criticism when asked about the city's amusement regulations. Few, however, were willing to be quoted since they are continuing to operate in violation of their current licenses. The majority hold an instrumental music license though they ocassionally book singers or comedians into their nightclubs. Few ever get caught in these violations.

One East Side club owner recently took out a cabaret license after going through "tons of hassles from the tavern squad" while operating without one.

"They're expensive," he said, "but it's best just to fire up the bucks and live with it ... because what can you do when you're up against the Common Council?"

Chuck LaPaglia, who operates the Milwaukee Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center St., encountered a major problem last month. Acting on an anonymous call, two undercover policemen from the 5th District tavern squad arrived at the nightclub and found there was a license violation because of the kind of entertainment featured that night. They stopped the show.

That same week, the Jazz Gallery was scheduled to have a benefit for the Children's Discovery Center, a community day-care center that had been burned out in a fire two weeks earlier. The children's show was to have included clowns, puppets, 12-year-old dancers and a storyteller.

"They made us cancel that because they said it was also in violation of our license," LaPaglia said.

In an attempt to help raise the necessary $700 to cover the cost of operating under a cabaret license, the Jazz Gallery sponsored a license benefit recently. Many of the entertainers who were considered taboo under the previous license performed at the show.

About 200 people attended the benefit, which produced enough money for management to pay the $700 cabaret license fee the next day.

The reasoning behind the great difference in costs between an instrumental music license and a cabaret license is not easily explained. The law was approved in 1933.

Some club owners and entertainers contend that the law originally was drafted to restrict the number of large-scale cabarets and strip houses that popped up around town after Prohibition ended in 1933.

LaPaglia added:

"This law seriously discriminates against those artists who are being denied an opportunity to perform and make a living. And it's selectively enforced ... somebody has it in for you, the law will be enforced."

THE MILWAUKEE JOURNAL Friday, September 5, 1980

Ira Sullivan's jazz delivers surprises

By Kevin Lynch
Special to The Journal

When Ira Sullivan blows, you can count on the quality of whatever comes out. The virtuoso of many horns consistently solidifies his reputation with those who have heard him before and surprises those who haven't.

There were surprises for everyone at the Jazz Gallery Thursday night. First, a surprisingly tentative ensemble, and then — seemingly out of the blue — players of real distinction.

Sullivan's recent partner, trumpeter Red Rodney, had to cancel his appearance because of illness. Sullivan then whipped together an impromptu band, including two old Chicago friends he hadn't played with for years.

The two looked as if they'd simply walked in off the street. Tenor saxophonist Lin Halliday has worked with Maynard Ferguson, Philly Joe Jones and did extensive recording session work in Nashville during the early '60s. Pianist Ken Fredrickson performed with Charlie Parker's famous "with strings" sessions and Sonny Rollins, among others. Both have played sporadically in recent years.

The quintet's seams were evident, but the musical fabric was imbued with individual character and even derring-do.

Halliday started solos as if waiting for the pianist's harmonic suggestion, then

critique

loped into the rhythmic flow. He hooked supple phrases that soon became more assertive and simultaneously more lyrical.

On "Tune Up," that surprising blend prompted hearty applause and the unassuming tenorist almost winced in bemusement. Later, in a turgid yet effective blues, Halliday twitched and drawled like a man who'd swallowed life's ironies in odd lumps.

Fredrickson swung lithely, playing aggressively when the spirit moved him — an unforced expression of personality. Bassist Dan Shapiro and drummer Roland Rutkowski jelled admirably as the evening unfolded.

Yet it was Sullivan who shone with brilliance throughout. He lighted the way for each tune with his unfailing taste and inventiveness on trumpet, flugelhorn, alto sax and flute.

The band's maiden voyage was destined for adventure with Sullivan at the helm. Time and again he prompted Halliday into intrigues of collective improvisation. Particularly, on "Straight, No Chaser" their lines intertwined like frolicking birds.

Sullivan moved wisely from such swirling sorties to pacific delicacies such as "Darn That Dream," a duet for alto flute and piano. As Sullivan glowed plaintively, Fredrickson underlaid voicings that sparkled in a deep, translucent weave.

The Ira Sullivan Quintet will perform at the Jazz Gallery again tonight and at 9 Saturday night.

Jazz magic makes old tunes new

By Kevin Lynch
Special to The Journal

A musical pairing so far unique to Milwaukee occurred for the second time Friday.

The tunes you've probably heard before, but not like this. Bassist Richard Davis and tenor saxist Bennie Wallace made new music at the Jazz Gallery by turning the familiar inside out. The product sounded strangely familiar and, at times, strangely beautiful.

The musicians first played together eight months ago. Since then Davis has gone back to teaching at the University of Wisconsin — Madison, and he recently took a trio for a stint in New York. Wallace has worked record dates and jazz festivals in Europe, where he is becoming a star.

Then Jazz Gallery owner Chuck Lapaglia arranged a second rendezvous, and "On Green Dolphin Street" may never be the same.

Wallace has a penchant for so working into a tune that unsuspecting ears may not recognize it for several minutes. But getting there is Wallace's game. He pulls the listener in with a low flame of breathy notes and tiptoes across the chord changes. Finally, the melody comes clear, though its tails have been slyly exposed bars earlier.

critique

Davis has proved for years that he can make music with even the most iconoclastic horn players, particularly in duet. The average bassist might have shrunk behind his instrument on hearing the elliptical bits of "Body and Soul" that Wallace doled out. But Davis fit the tune's underpinnings perfectly into the most deserted spaces.

Left to his own means, Davis usually produced walking bass solos, each unique. Several years in academia have left Davis' maverick imagination intact.

Richard Davis and Bennie Wallace will perform again at 9 tonight at the Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center St.

FRIDAY, AUG. 22, 1980
MILWAUKEE JOURNAL

Local jazz tribute set for Charlie Parker

By Kevin Lynch
Special to The Journal

He was the greatest alto saxophonist when he died pitifully one evening watching "The Tommy Dorsey Show" on TV — a sick man choking to death on his own laughter.

He had finally lost the roulette game he'd been playing for years with heroin.

Since his death, Charlie Parker has been generally regarded as the greatest jazz instrumentalist who ever lived, with the possible exception of Louis Armstrong.

This year, 25 years after his death, has been designated the Year of Charlie Parker. Throughout the year, areas all across the country have conducted memorial concerts and festivals. The tributes included one at the Newport Jazz Festival in July. All of August is Charlie Parker Month in Chicago, with festivities centered at Joe Segal's Jazz Showcase.

Milwaukee will join the tribute next week with Charlie Parker's Birthday Memorial Celebration at the Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center St. Parker would have been 60 on Aug. 29. The featured artist will be saxophonist Sonny Stitt.

In his book "Bird: The Legend of Charlie Parker," author Robert Reisner relates:

"A week before he died, Bird ran into his friend Sonny Stitt. Stitt says that Bird looked very beat. They

Turn to Parker, page 3

Parker

Saxist Sonny Stitt to play in tribute

From Page 1

exchanged a few pleasantries, and Charlie said in parting, 'Man, I'm not long for this life. You carry on. I'm handing you the keys to the kingdom.' "

Parker's keys were probably too big for anyone to claim alone. But Stitt, who performs next Tuesday through Thursday, has since gone on to be as celebrated in the Parker style as any other jazzman.

Although Bird told Stitt "you sure sound like me" upon first hearing him, Stitt's playing is not a direct copy. A more straightforward player rhythmically, Stitt asserts his style especially when confronted by the challenge of another saxophonist.

The 57-year-old saxophonist has never appreciated the label often bestowed on him, "the new Bird." It even drove Stitt to switch from alto — Parker's horn — to tenor saxophone and hook up with the electronic Varitone device in the 1960s.

Stitt always knew, for all the strutting and crowing done by countless saxophonists, nobody was Bird but Charlie Parker.

FRI.
AUG. 15, 1980

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL

Jazz Gallery swings to bop

By Kevin Lynch

Special to The Journal

Next to making music, Art Blakey loves to do two things: talk up his "new stars on the horizon" and proselytize for America's original art form.

One of his choicest moments at the Jazz Gallery Thursday night came with the words, "Music washes away the dust of everyday life."

The choice musical moments came in waves that washed the cobwebs from 200 listeners' heads and left them drenched with Blakey's bop, a sure-fire tonic.

With a potent three-horn front line and Blakey's famous explosive drumming, the music grabs and lifts you by the collar as if to shout, "Live a little!"

Patented drumming

Blakey's patented snare roll and bass drum lift so powerfully that they almost overwhelm the music at times. But the young Jazz Messengers, whom he employs, are such rock-solid players that they could swing in front of Hurricane Allen. That's the way it's been since the mid-1950s, when Blakey, now 60, unveiled his firsu battery of future stars.

These days the star is alto saxophonist Bobby Watson, who doubles as arranger and composer.

critique

He opened with a solo that posed an inquiring phrase, and he answered himself with an emphatic surge of bluesy affirmation.

Watson's trademark is devilishly sustained notes that snap rapid-fire phrases across Blakey's beat. Several times he whipped so much enthusiasm into his playing that he laughed aloud as the horn fell from his lips.

Saxophonist stars

By contrast, tenor saxophonist Billy Pierce probed assiduously on uptempo tunes, building involved harmonic constructions. As trumpeter Winton Marcellus underlaid his bright staccato notes with well-placed growls, the point became clear: The Messengers' music can accommodate a stylistic range as large as their young players' future.

Pianist James Williams contributed a witty solo. Spunky stride, modal flurries and splayed-hand style all grew out of "Crepescule With Nellie" by Thelonious Monk, one of Blakey's favorite pre-Messenger collaborators. Improbable as it sounds, it worked faultlessly.

The first show was very brief, leaving some customers muttering. Club owner Chuck Lapaglia conceded that a communications mixup was responsible.

Those who stuck around for the second show found that Blakey obviously was here to play — for two hours. The show's peak was a long Gershwin medley imaginatively arranged by Watson.

The band will perform at 9 and 11 p.m. Friday at the Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center St.

THE MILWAUKEE JOURNAL Friday, September 26, 1980

Konitz follows some other cues

By Kevin Lynch
Special to The Journal

Lee Konitz always has been a model of concentration and inner probing onstage — standing stock still, eyes closed, fashioning one of his distinctive, to-the-musical-point solos.

He is an original on the alto saxophone, one of the few jazz musicians of the '40s and '50s who managed to forge a style *not* influenced by Charlie Parker.

Konitz, who opens a five-day engagement at the Jazz Gallery Tuesday, still follows his unique muse faithfully. But after all these years his eyes are finally open.

"I've always listened to the sound I'm making immediately and tried to match it to the sounds being made around me." Konitz explained in a recent phone interview from New York. "That takes almost more than full attention.

"But a few months ago I started playing with my eyes open. I began including the fact of people sitting there viewing and listening in my attention span. I've always thought of that in terms of more direct communication."

"When I see someone playing with their eyes closed I

Turn to Konitz, page 11

horn and fingering it. I consider then the amazing fact that I can get paid to do that," he laughed.

For Konitz that means delving into new possibilities of experience and, ultimately, expression.

"I'd like to be a Scientology auditor," Konitz quipped. "Seriously, I feel more concerned with another area of functioning rather than my immediate needs and desires. It's an opportunity to look out a bit and embrace another area. My wife came to hear me play last night and was really very impressed. She felt I had grown quite a lot in this sense."

Musician now taking some cues from others

From Page 1

ave the feeling of almost voyeur-:m," he continued. "Looking out, eing part of the whole scene puts it little more in present time.

"I remember looking out and eeing someone in front of me yawn-ng. That was the last straw. I looked :way instinctively then looked right back and confronted the yawn. It was just a yawn, and I didn't have to get paranoid."

Konitz also is taking a cue from vocalists in connecting with his audience.

"It's well known that great singers like Frank Sinatra often pick out one pretty face, or whatever, and kind of sing to that. It gives a very direct line to the mass of people."

This may sound surprising, coming from a player who has always bucked the popular trend. At age 15, Konitz fell under the sway of the iconaclastic Lennie Tristano, a blind jazz pianist and composer.

"I was very much involved in Lennie's universe," Konitz said. "It got to the point where everybody else was sounding like Bird. I thought maybe I should avoid listening to him so I wouldn't be affected because you can't listen to him without being affected.

"It's funny to me that after three generations or so I have been clumped into bebop. I still don't feel like a bebopper to this day. It's just foreign to my blood pressure," said the bespectacled 53-year-old. "Yet I still play those same great tunes — 'Just Friends,' 'Star Eyes,' 'Cherokee.'"

Although a highly evolved musician, Konitz remains refreshingly ingenuous about his calling.

"I pick up my horn every day with almost the same point of view as I did when I was 11 — I noodle around and enjoy blowing air through the

Ira Sullivan's jazz delivers surprises

By Kevin Lynch
Special to The Journal

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The Ira Sullivan Quintet will perform at the Jazz Gallery again tonight and at 9 Saturday night.

THE MILWAUKEE JOURNAL Friday, September 12, 1980

Ponce will display his many talents

By Kevin Lynch
Special to The Journal

On stage, Tommy Ponce slides from piano to tenor sax to trumpet seemingly oblivious to the challenge of juggling three completely different instrumental techniques.

His style on each is unmistakable.

That's only part of a personal arsenal that also includes alto sax, saxello and trombone.

Ponce will be carrying some of his arsenal when he performs with vibist Carl Leukaufe Friday and Saturday at the Jazz Gallery.

The Chicagoan says his uncommon dexterity is primarily a matter of the mind.

"It's a mental state," Ponce explained in a recent interview. "They tell you there's a certain embouchure [positioning for the mouth] for this and that instrument.

"That's true, but Chet Baker sings, and it is just an extension of his trumpet. I mean, if you hear the voice you can take the time to learn the mechanics of an instrument."

"Pick the attitude"

Easy for him to say, one thinks. But his point is one of approach.

"A facility means that you pick the attitude that moves the trumpet," Ponce says.

Although an adept and distinctive piano player, Ponce especially enjoys the freedom of moving to one of his horns and away from the directives implicit by an accompanying piano.

"I learned from Ira [Sullivan] how to think about more than one instrument," Ponce says with an obvious glow of admiration.

Seeing Ponce's strong dark features in a smoky club spotlight, the first-time listener may think him Indian one moment, black the next.

Neither is correct. Ponce is one of the few Hawaiian jazz musicians to be heard anywhere. Not much swings out on the islands besides palms and hula dancers.

Ponce grew up in Chicago's classic jazz environment, where he met and played with Sullivan, Al Cohn, Zoot Sims and Sonny Stitt.

He attended Waupun High School, which began his Wisconsin connections — including the late trumpeter Dick Ruedebusch.

Sonny Rollins influence

Ponce became a close personal friend while performing with Ruedebusch's small and large bands.

"Dick was my mentor," the 40-year-old musician says. "He influenced me to stay in the business. I was exposed to so much; he taught me all the earlier styles."

As the influence of every style from Dixieland to free jazz floats through this improviser's many instruments, one horn and influence is strongest: the tenor saxophone and Sonny Rollins.

He even moves like Rollins, continually weaving circles in the air with the big horn. Ponce's tenor is full-throated, with an elliptical flow of ideas, surprising as they pop and jell.

But Ponce is not a mere stylistic plagarist. That's because, like Sonny, Ponce allows, at any given moment, his personal attitude to determine the note and feeling.

With Ponce, that happens just as easily and remarkably as his attitude "moves" yet another instrument.

THE MILWAUKEE JOURNAL Wednesday, October 1, 1980

Konitz combo sets right pace

By Bill Milkowski
Special to The Journal

For the next four evenings, jazz fans will have an opportunity to witness "walking history" in action. That's how trumpeter Ted Curson referred to his musical colleague, alto saxophonist Lee Konitz, between sets at the Jazz Gallery Tuesday night.

The two are performing there with a local rhythm section. It's a compelling collaboration that should not be missed.

The 53-year-old Konitz possesses a flair for experimentation that has made him an admired fig-

critique

ure in jazz for 30 years. During his last visit here he performed with Hal Galper in the gentle setting of a piano-sax duet, which seemed well suited to his diamond-cool tones and introspective solos.

This time around the context is a quintet. It swings with more power, driven by bass and drums, yet all the subtleties of Konitz's thoughtful improvisations can still be clearly heard.

The addition of Curson to this gig came as a surprise to all — including Curson himself. A last-minute schedule change placed him in the area, and when the idea of adding a trumpet was presented to Konitz, he eagerly accepted.

Curson's bright-sounding trumpet and warm flugelhorn playing was a welcome addition. The two displayed an immediate rapport on stage, spinning off each other's solo ideas, exchanging and mingling harmony lines. Their affinity was no accident, the two having recently completed some concert and recording dates in Europe.

However, arriving at a completely satisfying mix with three other unacquainted musicians is a far more difficult task. Konitz and Curson were supported Tuesday night by drummer Scott Napoli and bassist Skip Crumby-Bey, both of Milwaukee, and vibist Carl Leukaufe of Chicago.

With virtually no rehearsal time, the quintet was forced to wing it from the outset, relying mostly on such standards as "Body and Soul" and "Cherokee."

It was only through a bit of magic that they happened to jell nicely on the opening number, "Straight, No Chaser," but some problems did arise later in the evening.

After the third and final set Tuesday night, Konitz admitted that he had agreed to experiment with vibes at the suggestion of club owner Chuck LaPaglia, but said he would replace that instrument with piano for the remainder of the gig.

THE MILWAUKEE JOURNAL Friday, October 3, 1980

Eddie Harris

Harris, electronic sax at Jazz Gallery here

By Kevin Lynch
Special to The Journal

Eddie Harris took an electric-circuit detour from jazz years before many of today's fusion players ever thought of it.

In 1968 he hooked up his saxophone to a device called the Varitone, thus giving birth to an original style.

Harris will display this style with the Buddy Montgomery Trio Wednesday through Sunday at the Jazz Gallery in a program sponsored by the Milwaukee Jazz Alliance.

Harris sees electronics as an open door to the future.

"I thinks it's an end without a period," he said in a recent phone interview. "A lot of people don't understand the physical circumstances behind playing an electronic saxophone. They failed to realize that without Charlie Christian using a pickup, guitar soloists still wouldn't be heard. Drummers playing with looser heads go back to Jo Jones and Buddy Rich. Most bass players in so-called acoustic groups are playing with quality pickups."

"I play the soft sound because I tend to play skips, out of the written range of the saxophone. You cannot play over the intensity of these surrounding sounds without raising the blood pressure, pressing heavily on the lungs."

But it is the creative possibilities that led Harris to become a master of the Varitone.

"We're in the age of sounds," he said. "I was a stylist before the electronics. It just enhanced what I was doing. A lot of avant-garde guys bring four or five instruments onstage. They're trying to make new sounds."

At the press of a button, Harris can sound like a bassoon, tuba, oboe or virtually any other woodwind. And he is living proof that electronics do

Turn to Harris, page 5

Harris

Saxman big on electronics

From Page 1

not necessarily harm a player's individuality.

Harris, 44, has endured a lot of criticism about his non-acoustic experimentations.

"I just stopped giving interviews. I got fed up with all these people on my case," he said. "I started a lot of trends but don't get credit for anything. I don't try to be different for the sake of difference. I'm just cursed or blessed — I'm not sure which — with my musical nature. I play intervals and different sounds naturally. I can't tell you why. I just want to play, even if it's the corner pub."

Harris has a new label, Angelico, and a soon-to-be-released album. But that's been a long time coming.

"It's the first label I've encountered that didn't want anything phony," he said.

THE MILWAUKEE JOURNAL Thursday, October 9, 1980

Harris steals show

By Kevin Lynch
Special to The Journal

Charlie Parker used to play borrowed saxophones all the time. Eddie Harris played one Wednesday night. But the saxophone, owned by Milwaukee's Hattush Alexander, was in familiar company in the Buddy Montgomery Trio, and an apparently star-crossed rendezvous resulted in perfect harmony at the Milwaukee Jazz Gallery.

Harris' tenor sax was stolen from an Indianapolis club Tuesday night. Fortunately, Harris' electronic Varitone system survived the heist. A quick hookup was all that was necessary, once Harris finally arrived here, an hour after the trio had begun.

critique

Eschewing his various commercial styles, Harris followed his primary musical instincts and found them fully matched by his three collaborators.

The oft-maligned Harris played some of the most inventive saxophone heard in quite a while. For their part, pianist Montgomery, bassist Jeff Chambers and drummer Ray Appleton took the first big step away from their long-standing gig at the Marc Plaza Bombay Bicycle Club.

Appleton sparked the music superbly, his high-hat chattering over explosive accents that massaged the band's internal motion.

Montgomery laid out his case as a brilliant, underexposed master whose breathtaking right-hand blitzkriegs can challenge those of virtually any pianist in the land. When inspired by his mates, his surge on up-tempo numbers is overpowering. Just as quickly Montgomery can shift to fluidly staggered blues phrases tumbling off Chambers' fat pedal notes.

A new Harris original, "3/4 Miles," is actually a rickety hiccup of a line over Miles Davis' classic "All Blues" progression. The resulting blues solos hollered where the Davis band's moaned, but the contrast was totally refreshing. "Love for Sale" was the cue for the Varitone turn-on.

The quartet will perform through Sunday at the Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center St.

THE MILWAUKEE JOURNAL Friday, October 10, 198

Montgomery back on vibes. with a new quartet at Jazz Gallery

By Kevin Lynch
Special to The Journal

Milwaukeeans have known him for the last decade as a superb jazz pianist, but Buddy Montgomery has now returned to the vibraphone, the instrument that gained him fame virtually overnight.

This weekend his new quartet is featured Thursday through Sunday at the Jazz Gallery. It's complete with a new piano player and new tunes and arrangements by Montgomery.

There may be those in town who don't know Buddy as a vibist but, strangely enough, there aren't very many outside of Milwaukee who know him as a pianist. His story runs like that of most jazz vibists:

"I heard Lionel Hampton and then Milt Jackson. I had to get some vibes," Montgomery said in an interview in his West Side home. "The sound of the instrument was different from any other I'd heard.

"After the original Mastersounds broke up [including brothers Monk

(continue

—Journal Photo

Buddy Montgomery with (from left) Ray Appleton, Jeff Chambers and Jerry Weltzer

on bass and Wes on guitar] I formed a quartet to learn to play the vibes."

In 1957 a gig at the Jazz Workshop was the first key. "We followed Paul Bley and Dave Pike, a great group. But we came in and drew more people than anybody ever had."

Word traveled fast

Word of Montgomery the vibist traveled so fast that the new Mastersounds won such prestigious Downbeat polls as best new group of the year, and Buddy was named best arranger and best new vibes player.

"What was so weird was that I had only been playing vibes for one year. I had a hard time accepting all this. I wasn't happy with my vibes playing," Montgomery said.

At that point Montgomery attempted a move of remarkable integrity — to stop performing on vibes. But destiny and Miles Davis wouldn't let him do it. The famous trumpeter asked him to join his group — as a pianist, Montgomery presumed.

Airplane was the end

"Miles said, 'No, I want you as a vibist.'" Montgomery wasn't about to turn down one of the biggest opportunities in jazz at the time (this was Davis' famous group with John Coltrane and Paul Chambers) — until what he calls the Infamous Airplane Affair of 1960.

Simply put, Montgomery suffers acutely from fear of flying. This posed no problems as Davis' group toured the country; Montgomery caught up to the gigs on trains. But when it came time for a European tour it seemed that Montgomery, then 30, would finally face the music and fly.

But as the plane taxied down the runway, the phobia reared its head with a vengeance, with no help from bassist Chambers.

"He was behind me, talking crazy, like, 'If the plane's gonna drop, what the hell, we all gotta go.'"

"I told the stewardess I'm really getting sick, I gotta get off. Isn't there any way I can get off?" The band members were choking with laughter except for the ever-somber Coltrane, who said, "Be cool you guys, give him a break."

And he gets off

The stewardess reported to the pilot that a jazz musician was completely losing his cool. Within moments the plane was backing up all the way to the start of the runway, where it deposited the shaken Montgomery. The Miles Davis Quintet then took off for Europe with its vibist behind, kissing Mother Earth.

In the ensuing years Montgomery largely remained faithful to his first instrument, the piano. By the time he moved to Milwaukee in 1969 the vibes had virtually disappeared from his act — until now. Why the change?

"I've been using the Latin sound for a long time and with congas and bongos it sounds Latin no matter what you play," Montgomery said. "I felt stagnant. I like arranging and creating new sounds of my own. It's more of a challenge because I never considered myself a technical vibes player. I try to play notes meaning-

Turn to Montgomery, page 4

Montgomery

Pianist returns to vibes for stint at Jazz Gallery

From Page 1

fully and create an atmosphere around me, an arrangement."

Montgomery retains the redoubtable rhythm section he's used for years — bassist Jeff Chambers and drummer Ray Appleton. The new player is pianist Jerry Weitzer, a choice that reflects Montgomery's search for new musical possibilities.

"Jerry's fresh and young. He's creative and has good technique. He's also capable of memorizing an arrangement overnight."

With his involvement in the local scene as the president of the recently formed Milwaukee Jazz Alliance, Montgomery appears happy in a city that doesn't particularly aid a musician's national exposure.

"I'm a relaxed sort of guy. I've never felt dependent on a city to make my music. I work regularly and eat regularly," he said, patting his ample midriff.

By renewing his musical output, Montgomery figures to maintain those regularities, to the local jazz scene's benefit as well as his own.

THE MILWAUKEE JOURNAL Friday, October 17, 1980

Retreat to Europe gave jazzman new life

By Kevin Lynch
Special to The Journal

Johnny Griffin discovered that a stranger in a strange land can find more for himself than his homeland ever offered. The jazz saxophonist went from America to Europe to find a new and better life. He's back now, but it's only a visit.

The Chicago native, who will perform Tuesday at the Jazz Gallery, made his first big impression on the jazz scene in the '50s, when he worked with Art Blakey, Thelonious Monk and Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis. The tumult and stylistic revolutions of the '60s created harder times for a straight-ahead blower like Griffin.

"I felt helpless, trapped in a cul de sac," Griffin said over the telephone from New York this week. "The powers that be decided, 'Johnny Griffin, this is your position. You can go no further.' "

Indeed, in May 1963 Griffin almost reached the end of the line.

"I actually feel I would have been dead in six months," he said. "I would have drunk myself to death. I was really feeling very bad, and I've always been an optimist.

"My career was at a dead end. My family was breaking up. I was living in a hotel on Broadway, out of my skull all the time."

He fled to Europe in desperation. But after a period of adjustment, he prospered. It was the typical story of an American jazzman finding greener pastures in Europe. But besides monetary return for Griffin's musical offerings, the Europeans taught him how to live.

"I learned to relax in Paris," Griffin said. "I'd been used to running on the New York treadmill, thinking I was doing something, which I really wasn't. They taught me how to enjoy life.

"Europeans look for the quality of life rather than the quantity. Even the people in big, fast cities like Paris live more like small-town Americans. Everbody takes a month vacation. The average American on the daily merry-go-round doesn't have a chance.

"But I'm just happy to be invited back to play for American audiences."

Griffin first returned in 1978 for a phenomenally successful tour. His audiences responded to his music as only Americans can, a fact not lost on Griffin.

"They're the greatest in the world, because the American people can relate to their own music better than anybody," he said.

"Japanese and Europeans can get excited about it, but only Americans know what it means. Because the music is all about the streets of America."

Griffin's "real" jazz education came in New York. Most important was the influence of Thelonious Monk.

"He's the musician I've admired most of those I've been around," Griffin said. "He's such an individual. To know the man behind the facade is something else. He has so much humor in him. I really learned subconsciously from Monk. Reflecting in later years really brought it out — the way he could treat harmony and the way he could express himself rhythmically."

After his American tour, Griffin will return to his home in Holland. But, he said, "I'm an American. I always will be."

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL WEDNESDAY, OCT. 22, 1980

Griffin shows sax expertise

By Kevin Lynch

Special to The Journal

As Johnny Griffin dips his knees, clutching his tenor sax, that muscular arc of brass appears to be taking his diminutive frame down for the count.

That's only a passing illusion, though. Griffin bested the sax years ago, and former foes often make the strongest soulmates. Not that anyone at the Jazz Gallery Tuesday night could have imagined Griffin ever having struggled with his horn. As Griffin says, "People always talk about the technique. It's just the way I express myself."

A listen to "Baseball Blues" made that clear immediately. At its end only Griffin had the temerity to ask, "Who won the World Series game?"

It was pure jazz. Blow an earthshaking solo, then blow the awe and rhapsodies away with a deprecating puff of cigaret smoke. The profuse scurries were all tucked right into the changes. They formed ideas, not empty garlands. Griffin appears simply to exhale 16th notes.

He has a quicksilver band to keep up with him. Yet, despite the quartet's speed, the little surges and instantaneous episodes of imagination are there, close to the rarified area in which Charlie Parker once moved.

Drummer Kenny Washington accompanied Griffin like a furnace stoked with buckshot. His lightning explosions at times overpowered the rest of the band, even big, rock-solid bassist Ray Drummond. But Washington redeemed the overkill in solos filled with witty moments of fey wrist sags and softshoe rhythms.

Griffin is even luckier to have pianist Ronnie Matthews. His playing molds the group into a cohesive whole as it swings continuously. With the subtle touch of the arranger, Matthews' solos were fluid yet inevitable in their form.

Griffin displayed similar depth in a remarkable performance of "All the Things You Are" — remarkable initially for being possibly the fastest version I've ever heard. Then the saxophonist took an a cappella solo with nowhere to go but slower. The shapely contours of Jerome Kern's tune suddenly appeared. Griffin completed each phrase with a concise flourish, both contrasting and integrating the interpretation's initial intent.

Griffin's saxophone holds his secret. Somewhere deep in the darkness of its bell, riding a torrent of notes, is the man's heartbeat.

critique

THE MILWAUKEE JOURNAL Friday, October 24, 1980

Art Ensemble of Chicago setting the pace in jazz

By Kevin Lynch
Special to The Journal

If the confusing winds that swirled jazz styles throughout the '70s ever settle, the pattern left on the ground in the '80s may well form the silhouette of the Art Ensemble of Chicago.

From that configuration emerges sounds older than jazz, many of that genre and others that go far beyond it.

The fact that these five men could possibly encompass an art form that sprawls into the new decade may appear improbable. But the consensus on that notion is mounting.

Consider their acclaim: No. 1 jazz group in the 1980 Down Beat critics poll; No. 1 jazz artist influencing the '80s in Musician magazine musicians' poll; best jazz artists in 1979 Rolling Stone critics poll; No. 2 jazz group in 1979 Down Beat readers poll.

Milwaukee gets its first opportunity to hear and see the Art Ensemble of Chicago at the Metropole Theater, 2844 N. Oakland, for two shows Thursday.

The who and what of this phenomenon begins to explain the why. It begins in Chicago in 1961 with the formation of pianist Muhal Richard Abrams' Experimental Band, which evolved into the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians.

"It grew out of a trend of thought that musicians were leaning towards in the early '60s," saxophonist Roscoe Mitchell said recently in a telephone interview from his farm home in Hollandale, Wis. "It was a place where musicians thinking alike could get together and try out some things that hadn't been thought about in music."

What had been the Roscoe Mitchell Quartet soon became the Art Ensemble of Chicago.

"As time went along, we saw the necessity to make the group a cooperative," Mitchell said, "and that's how its survived. You get more extended thought that way."

The "extended thought" is a clue to AEC's music making and also the result of the remarkable versatility of the players. Mitchell and Joseph Jarman juggle myriad reed instruments, from miniature African flutes to giant contrabass saxes. Bassist Malachi Favors and percussionist Don Moye expand the coloristic range of the group with unorthodox "little instruments." Lester Bowie fabricates an unprecedented range of sounds on the trumpet alone.

The effect onstage is enhanced by the group's visual impact. Typically, three will dress in lavish African regalia, complete with face paint. Bowie will wear a baker's or doctor's frock. Mitchell will be the innocent bystander. The ensemble's theatrical elements are integral to their musical content, which also may take new forms at any time.

"We may add a large ensemble or choir to the Art Ensemble," Mitchell said. "Our thing is to extend into the music to the best of our ability and take the music out there."

Clearly, this is a musical group whose conceptual and expressive range exceeds the norm. Adept at virtually every style of jazz and neighboring musical styles, the Art Ensemble combines them by means not dependent on conventional jazz structures, including an uncanny sense of group dynamics.

"To play the loudest music, you have to be able to play the softest," Mitchell said. "Apply it to any even and odd situation. We've always worked with music of several different dynamics and many different styles. We don't want to be limited by anything."

Tickets are available at Metropole Theater, the Jazz Gallery, Jack's Record Rack, Peaches and Radio Doctors.

Roscoe Mitchell

year, Coleman left, carrying his large frame and horn to several substantial gigs in the ensuing years, from Lionel Hampton to Lee Morgan and Elvin Jones.

Today, despite considerable peer respect, Coleman, at 45, retains a low public profile. He had he never even recorded as a leader until the duet album with Montoliu.

Does he feel injustice in this?

"No, I don't think about it." Coleman said. "I've worked with so many great people. I have the respect of my fellow musicians and the jazz fans. I really haven't felt deprived."

Not a band leader

Despite being a self-described aggressive player, Coleman has not pursued the power wielding that accompanies leading a band.

"I was reluctant to lead for a long time because I could see what other band leaders had to do." Coleman said. "You become an outlaw in relation to the musicians. The leader has got to give the word and assert the discipline when necessary. I've had some of that with the octet, but it's straightened out."

Coleman, a diverse musician, decided to combine his arranging and composing skills with his love of collective horn power when he formed an octet in the mid-'70s. The medium-sized reed group, heretofore rare, is an idea coming to fruition recently in groups such as Supersax and Lee Konitz' Nonet.

"My idea came from Slide Hampton's octet, with which I worked. Where he had brass, I employ reeds and blend in a flugelhorn. There's a lot of unexplored areas in this format. The arrangements and idea involved a lot of quick moving. I didn't want instruments that might hold us back like trombone or euphomium. It's based on a solo concept; everybody is really playing in it."

Original work recorded

The octet still performs occasionally and recorded Coleman's suite, "Revival of the Fittest," the product of a grant Coleman received from the National Endowmwent for the Arts. Unfortunately, the Japanese recording is presently unavailable in the US.

As an experienced freelancer, Coleman knows well the give and take involved in working with musicians of varying experience and skills.

"You have to know the limitations of the rhythm section and work with in them," he said. "Tete, for example, is blind. I couldn't write out any of the charts. I just said, 'Do you know this? Do you know that?' He knew it all. He's amazing."

In Milwaukee, Coleman will collaborate with the Buddy Montgomery Trio.

"I've worked with Buddy in a few sit-in situations and I toured Europe with [drummer] Ray Appleton a while back," he said. "They're class players."

George Coleman

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL FRI. OCT. 31, 1980

Saxophone player Coleman soars to heights of harmony

By Kevin Lynch
Special to The Journal

Saxophonist George Coleman, a hulking former football player, is a fearless musical prober who finds adventure within the avenues of conventional harmony.

Documented evidence of this is his remarkable recent duet album with Spanish pianist Tete Montoliu. It's a marvelous example of unfettered creativity guided by fecund musical knowledge and virtuosic skills.

Milwaukee music lovers can hear Coleman Thursday at the Jazz Gallery, the opening of a four-night engagement.

Coleman developed his intrepid approach during his 1964 tenure with the renowned Miles Davis Quintet, which he says influenced him more than anything else.

"There was a lot of spontaneous playing in a creative sense and great dedication to that," Coleman said in a recent telephone conversation. "The band never rehearsed at all. We'd get everything — uptempos, harmonic situations, taking chances. Miles might give some directions from night to night but left plenty open for other things to happen.

"Yet I've always been involved in the piano and the harmonic side of things. I can go as far as I want to go and still maintain a harmonic base.

"But then Miles started getting ill — a bad hip — and often he wouldn't make the gigs, which was frustrating. I would be standing out front and a lot of people thought I was Miles Davis, if you can believe that. It was a beautiful experience except for financial aspects."

After one musically rewarding

continued...

THE MILWAUKEE JOURNAL Friday, November 7, 1980

Saxophonist Coleman steps out to shine

By Kevin Lynch
Special to The Journal

George Coleman has labored for so long in the shadows of jazz that when he steps out, the first impression is almost larger than life.

Here is a saxophone giant. That was unmistakable when he came on stage Thursday night at the Jazz Gallery.

Actually, he appeared merely human for the first set.

Unveiled immmediately was his wide facility in the modern tenor sax tradition, but with enough moderation for the Buddy Montgomery Trio to search out the gist of Coleman's personal style. It was almost a setup, as if to say, "I really ain't nothin' special but listen to this anyway ..."

Then he knocked his audience over in the second set. It was then that his power and expressive range exploded and the full impact of his remarkable circular breathing technique came to the fore.

His non-stop breathing technique can engulf the song and listener as completely as a flood tide. Or it can turn a single phrase into an eerie echo cut free from the limits of the human breath. It is also the logical extension of Coleman's purely musical and expressive probing. He seems to burn brightly long after the gas should have run out.

A superb handling of "Body and Soul" gave Coleman a chance to rhapsodize slowly, then, in a quick shift of gears, sprint magnificently. Montgomery's solo changed the tune to a stylish lope before the saxophonist closed it as a languid lullaby.

Veterans Montgomery and drummer Ray Appleton kept pace with the streaking Coleman into the third set. Bassist Jeff Chambers' relative inexperience left him groping for the changes to several called tunes, which might have been less unfortunate if one, "Meditation," weren't the title tune of Coleman's latest album.

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By Kevin Lynch
Special to The Journal

As surely as the rivers will flow tomorrow, ancient sounds echo inside bodies born long in the future; sticks and hollow logs commune with today's gleaming drum sets. The Art Ensemble of Chicago links the continuum of rhythm and song that modern man recollects by inheritance yet realizes only through a long labor of talents and will. The rituals they enacted Thursday night at the Metropole Theater are direct cultural artifacts moving in organic investigation of a musical history. This occured not as an arcane seminar but a teeming celebration.

A shining jungle of brass and wood musicmakers spread to the edges of the stage: saxophones, xylophones, wood flutes, gongs and drums, of every imaginable sort. From this emerged five men in painted faces and African regalia, calling softly at first with tiny chimes and bass strings. Layers of atmospheric sounds swelled until Lester Bowie lifted his trumpet and squeezed elastic notes over the percussive thicket only to be met high above by a streaking siren.

From this transpired a music as natural as life, moving and connecting as do mere occurences, yet laid out as masterfully as life's string of cheap trinkets and priceless emeralds. It was music by turns mysterious and banal, loquacious and terse, finally a hearty chortle of celebratory glee. In listening, one felt one's life magnified, abstracted and returned anew.

Time and again the Art Ensemble communicated vividly through expressive textures and sounds: a duet between Joseph Jarman and Don Moye blowing conch shells over a floating percussive weave; Jarman on bass flute, Roscoe Mitchell on ponderous bass sax and Bowie on trumpet conjuring sounds only a child could expect. Moye roamed constantly, charging new rhythms and expanding the ensemble texture. He is a master of transmitting full body rhythms into his drums with poised, elongated strokes. The bespectacled, white-frocked Bowie was a constant focus of attention, swaying and reveling quietly when not playing outrageously — one solo a half mime, his body English delivering all of it while his horn emitted half as much in mirthful silence.

Extended moments of declamatory percussion by all five melted to an ethereal hush. Suddenly a long-legged melody went bounding from three horns over a choice smattering of honks, clinks, wows and bleeps.

The beauties and the beats extended over a very short hour. The Art Ensemble tranforms its music as continually as it connects. As the first show began pastorally, the second exploded with a clamorous rocking beat, Malachi Favors drubbing out a funky vamp on electric bass. This show traveled as far as the first but deflected to wholly new directions and ended with a rollicking reggae anthem. This infectious propellant lifted the late show crowd of 275 to a boisterous encore call in the transported darkness of 1:30 a.m.

For 15 years the Art Ensemble has created music assiduously, obscured from wide audiences yet secure in their rites of passage, from the most earthbound African chant to nether avant-garde. Today the blend is as accessible as ever. A sprawling musical and cultural lineage remains richly intact, now finding the many peoples it contains within.

The Berkeley Fudge Trio opened both shows.

THE MILWAUKEE JOURNAL Saturday, November 15, 1980

Pair take jazz back to a simpler age

By Kevin Lynch
Special to The Journal

The Jazz Gallery scene shifted this weekend from hard bop to soft swing, from wailing tenor saxophones to smoky bistro baritone.

Through it all, a funky undertow kept the smoke swirling and the blood circulating: Billy Wallace and Tommy Tipton rely on an infectious act that stays slick as it loosens the collar.

Wallace, a pianist from Denver, and Tipton, a singer from Minneapolis, have found Milwaukee fine for their good-feeling formula. After all, Wallace is a prodigal son whom Milwaukee apparently will never disown, if his successful returns of the last two years are any indication.

He recalls a style popular in the late '50s and early '60s — the broad, funky strokes of Ramsey Lewis and the urbane sophistication of Ahmad Jamal. With the help of Tipton's smoothly tailored voice, the club was transported to those seemingly simpler times.

Enclosed trimly in a three-piece outfit, Wallace funneled a soulful style through the well-cut collar and cuffs. Inside is a body that prowls with limber dips over the keyboard as it administers rhapsodic double octaves and muscular flourishes.

The mind finds little to ponder over this. The feet dig deep into the earthy beat and come up twitching happily. Tunes such as "Slipping into Darkness" and "Poinciana" held funk and romance in a tidy balance.

Tommy Tipton with the Billy Wallace Trio will perform again at 9:30 tonight at the Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center St.

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL DECEMBER 5, 1980

Betty Carter, jazz vocalist, talks of her art

By Kevin Lynch
Special to The Journal

Betty Carter is a pure jazz vocalist.

Milwaukeeans who missed her performance here last May can discover her style tonight and Saturday night at the Jazz Gallery, where she'll perform shows at 9 and 11.

"I'm still not a household word, nor is jazz," Carter said in a recent telephone interview. "Kids have been raised on electronic music. So it's difficult for someone like me to become a household word. That means Las Vegas and TV all the time. But TV means taping and sync-ing, which is hard for someone as spontaneous as me, unless it's a song with nothing to it.

"And Las Vegas? Well, I don't want to be choreographed or told what to do.

"But I've had great fun turning on to audiences who have no idea what real jazz singing is about. Nor do they hear the real horn players doing my kind of music. There's not that many of us these days."

Inspired by bop

When they do hear Carter they hear a bop-inspired singer who creates instant adventures in vocal expression that can both bemuse and move.

How did her style evolve?

"It just started happening as I performed and started creating arrangements for myself," Carter said. "I wanted to be an entertainer but also to learn about music. I didn't have conventional voice training, and didn't want it. I have a sound rather than a voice. Billie Holiday had her own sound, not just a so-called singer's voice. I've learned from the musicians."

Those musicians include Charlie Parker and Miles Davis, with whom she sat in, and Lionel Hampton, whose band she joined in 1948. It was a world where individuality was paramount.

Distinct styles nurtured

"When I started out, the music provided us with something to work for," Carter said. "But also there was a very strong code, especially in black show business. You could not imitate another person. You couldn't do Sarah Vaughan and ever really be successful.

"So to be something you had to be yourself. I never wanted it to be said, 'She sounds like. . . .' In the commercial music world today, you can sound and even look like somebody else. But this was my way."

Carter worked steadily but without much fanfare through the '60s, solidifying her reputation among musicians and aficionados. Then, in the '70s, she formed her own record label, Bet-Car, and slowly but surely the wheel of fortune began to roll her way. She tours more frequently now and recently performed in the

Turn to Jazz, page 8

Jazz vocalist Betty Carter

Continued

THE MILWAUKEE JOURNAL Friday, December 5, 1980

Jazz

Betty Carter talks of jazz

From Page 1

Hollywood Bowl as part of a Charlie Parker tribute.

Purist that she is, Carter is also intensely interested in communicating, which was unmistakable to anyone who heard her here last May.

"I care about my audience, and they can see that," Carter said. "I know what to do on stage, how to perform. My musicianship has grown over the years. I'm able to use it in a way that makes people understand what I'm doing yet make my musicians love it. Plus, I'm the only one doing what I'm doing."

Carter speaks so matter of factly that her words ring of self-knowledge not conceit.

"Word of mouth is the way I've achieved everything," Carter said. "I've never had the middleman to promote me. When that audience is pleased, that's better than anything that any publicist can write."

Of her audiences, she said:

"People don't come out to carry the weight of the world on their shoulders. It's not their job to like me. I'm supposed to be able to affect them, take them somewhere beyond their troubles.

"You may be a step or two ahead of some audiences. But you can't blame them. They've been brought up with a certain programing. Some people have told me they didn't believe they heard what they just heard.

"But they come back and find out it's true."

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 198

Betty Carter sculpts a musical statement

By Kevin Lynch
Special to The Journal

With a fluid sweep of her hand, Betty Carter released her magic Friday night at the Jazz Gallery. In that one deft motion her youthful accompanying trio opened like a flower to take in the sunshine of the singer who has nurtured it with her experience, superb arrangements and a vocal style quite unlike any other. Amid the trio's poised empathy hovered over a woman who doesn't so much sing songs as transform them.

The bittersweet comic sentiments expressed in standards like "Social Call" and "What's New?" are personal statements in Carter's hands just as much as her originals. As pianist Khalid Moss, bassist Curtis Lundy and drummer Greg Bandy laid gently low, Carter sculpted phrases that hung over the harmonic base like marvelously twisted tree branches. Her face, hands and body executed each note as surely as her voice did — a total projection of her musical spirit.

critique

A spontaneous creator who never sings a song the same way twice, Carter is the product of her immediate existence and environment. This night her tone was generally muted and her energy slightly withdrawn, as befitted the day's gray pallor. When the wind blows hard or the sun shines she may be two other singers, each superb. The last thing she'll ever be is predictable.

As the audience nestled closer to catch her nuances, Carter would pull a new lever and send her trio off on a propulsive chase. She then would bellow long, strange notes of joy and pain. By contrast, "Surrey With the Fringe On Top" bristled brightly, its lyrics packed so tight they seemed to burst in all directions.

What's new? Whatever song Betty Carter sings, no matter how old.

She performs again tonight at 9 and 11 p.m. at the Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center St.

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL SUNDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1980

Local jazz promoter changing keys

Chuck LaPaglia hasn't given up the dream that prompted him to leave a university teaching job in 1978 and open the Milwaukee Jazz Gallery, but he has decided on a new strategy.

Early next year the gallery, at 932 E. Center St., will be incorporated as a non-profit organization in the hope of qualifying for public and private grants while attracting more donations from local jazz enthusiasts.

The gallery already has submitted a grant application to the Wisconsin Arts Board for a new music series.

And, as an initial step in building more public support for jazz, the gallery has just organized a subscription concert series that opens Friday with a performance by Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers.

From an aesthetic point of view, LaPaglia, 47, has been successful. In addition to local musicians, he has brought in two or three nationally known groups each month.

However, from a monetary standpoint, the venture has hit a few sour notes. Although about 350 people have purchased annual $10 memberships in the gallery, ticket and bar sales haven't been strong enough to pay expenses for about 75% of the performances.

Citing rapid increases in air fares as a major problem, LaPaglia said the cost of bringing national jazz artists to Milwaukee was becoming prohibitive, even though most of them have agreed to work for minimal pay.

By making the Jazz Gallery nonprofit, LaPaglia hopes to open up new sources of financing and make it easier to publicize the gallery.

The subscription series that the gallery recently announced also includes performances by Sonny Stitt Jan. 9, Joanne Brackeen Jan. 27, Air Feb. 6, the Heath Brothers Feb. 17 and Woody Shaw March 6.

Series tickets cost $30 for the public or $25 for gallery members. Subscription tickets for half of the series cost $17 for the public and $15 for members

Tickets are available at the Jazz Gallery and at Radio Doctors and Jack's Record Rack stores. Call 263-5718 for information.

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1980

When Blakey jazzes it up, he does it with spirit

By Kevin Lynch
Special to The Journal

Few groups in jazz today epitomize the spirit of the music that exists simultaneously as an art and an entertainment better than Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers.

The group's music is sophisticated, yet it is unabashed in its exuberance. Its soloists assert their virtuosity in complete service of a group conception.

The sextet is tightly arranged, never overindulgent, yet passionately effusive in its expression. It unrolls in boistrous waves that move one's body from the hips yet curls in the moment's swerve of a masterful composition by Wayne Shorter — singing lines that echo in your memory for hours afterward.

Blakey, 60, returned to the Jazz Gallery Friday night with a band of young talent that may rank among the finest of his superb aggregations of the past 30 years.

critique

Pianist James Williams was in total command of a sythesis of modern piano styles, from Thelonious Monk and Bud Powell to McCoy Tyner. Bobby Watson brimmed with a fire and swing that few altoists in the music could match.

In Winton Marcelus, Blakey found a remarkably assertive 20-year-old trumpeter who recalled the dazzling trumpet lines of the late Clifford Brown, with a bite to his song that blended ex-Messengers Freddie Hubbard and Lee Morgan.

In tenorist Billy Pierce, Blakey found a soloist who combined equal parts of intellect and fervor. Bassist Charles Fambrough was steel-fingered and supple.

As the group loped joyously through a song like "One by One," the considerable artistry was striding with youthful swagger. "Free for All" moved forward with alternating choruses of undulating bop lines and insistent modal stretches.

Yet it was drummer Blakey who remained at the source of the group's blend of art and ardor. His drums were laced into each arrangement, bursting an arching line with whirlwind polyrhythmic attacks, signaling a deft dynamic shift with a rounded rim shot.

The three-horn front line proved continually gratifying, but Blakey mixed and contrasted through the evening, with each player getting a solo and quartet spotlight.

It was pianist Williams' encyclopedic essaying of Monk's "Crepescule for Nellie," segueing into a trio version of "On Green Dolphin Street" that stood in highest solo relief. Williams filled the Gallery with rolling filigrees, Monkish asides and bubbling stride rides, all seamlessly woven in a small tour de force.

Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers will perform two shows at 9:30 and 11 tonight. The Jazz Gallery is at 932 E. Center St.

Artists, organizations made it a big jazz year

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL

FRIDAY, JAN. 9, 1981

By Kevin Lynch

Special to The Journal

The year 1980 was an exciting one for jazz in Milwaukee.

A host of big names in jazz performed here for the first time. And a particularly significant breakthrough came in the booking of leading jazz avant-garde artists.

Several local groups maintained their high standards and several promising performers made impressions.

The Milwaukee County Park Commission continued its fine "Jazz in the Park" summer series. This program of free performances employed scores of local musicians and provided relaxation for balmy summer afternoons.

Unfortunately, the performance situation for local talent didn't seem to get any better. So Milwaukee musicians tried to control their destiny by forming the Milwaukee Jazz Alliance headed by Buddy Montgomery.

The Alliance started auspiciously with a weekend jazz extravaganza in June with five simultaneous fund-raising events Friday and Saturday and a Sunday All-Star concert and jam session at the Pfister Hotel ballroom. The event proved an outstanding artistic triumph and a reasonable financial success.

Quality acoustic jazz

At the Milwaukee Jazz Gallery, club owner Chuck Lapaglia remained doggedly committed to presenting quality acoustic jazz six nights a week. He booked vanguard "new music" acts beginning with pianist-composer Muhal Richard Abrams, followed by Fred Anderson, Sam Rivers, Anthony Braxton and finally, in October, with a triumphant performance at the Metropole Theater by the Art Ensemble of Chicago, an important innovative jazz group.

All these concerts, except Anderson's, were money-returning if not profit-making. You can chalk them up as victories for a pure jazz club. Considering the challenging nature of such music it spoke well for an increasing sophistication in Milwaukee jazz listeners.

This, combined with the successful bookings of such popular mainstream artists as the Heath Brothers, Lockjaw Davis and Sweets Edison, Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers and Johnny Griffin saw the Gallery through its third year. Moreover, it provided a consistently rewarding array of music, unprecedented in its scope and quality.

New moves underway

Lapaglia is trying to further expand new concert possibilities and attain a stronger financial position by two moves: A pending application to the Wisconsin Arts Board to subsidize a new music series in collaboration with the Woodland Pattern Arts center and an application in February to the state for non-profit status.

Many fans will recall the following events as stimulating memories of the changing music.

If any event stood out above the pack, in my opinion, it would be that of the remarkable jazz vocalist **Betty Carter**. Her performance on May 17 at the Jazz Gallery was full of inspired energy. She swallows jazz standards whole and then out they come, new creations, nurtured by a unique melodic imagination and a transfixing performing style.

Art Ensemble of Chicago — Metropole Theater, Oct. 30. Musical rites of passage — from earthbound African chants to the nether avant garde — by five compelling musicians who echo the music's Afro-American past as they play mysterious melodies for the future.

Lee Konitz-Ted Curson — Jazz Gallery, Oct. 3 and 4. A fascinating study in contrasts. Konitz's epigrammic, tersely fresh solos and Curson's fiery trumpet emissions provided improvisational approaches. Local pianist Leigh Cowen complemented each with singular empathy.

Art Blakey and Jazz Messengers — Jazz Gallery, Aug. 14. This 61-year-old wunderkind stoked the fires for his young disciples with dynamic, arresting hard bop arrangements and a drumming style that spurred a wildly contagious spirit from his players' horns.

Sam Rivers Trio — Jazz Gallery, May 30. A vanguard saxist, flutist and pianist who plays, moves and sings with a totally unencumbered naturalness. Dave Holland's bass playing, seemingly unhuman in skill yet deeply human in expression, provided the individual instrumental performance of the year. Drummer Steve Ellington painted vibrating water colors and earthy impasto textures on drums.

Freddie Hubbard — UWM Union Ballroom, Feb. 8. A trumpet master who's taken many dubious detours from his true heart and talent in recent years. This night the wit, imagination and peerless delivery were on the right path, enough to carry the concert far beyond itself.

Sun Ra's Omniverse Arkestra — Starship, Oct. 18. The most intensely unadulterated experience of the year. From visionary leader Ra's peripatetic exhortations to Marshall Allen's flowing-river kora playing to a woodwind ensemble that blew their odyssey from Bourbon St. to Saturn — a trip inconceivable from any other aggregation.

Eddie Harris/ Buddy Montgomery — Jazz Gallery, Oct 8. Harris, an originator of electronic jazz, showed how to keep the creative self intact through the currents. Montgomery played piano as if atomically energized, riding a rhythm section that moved like a brush fire in a hurricane.

John Campbell/Eddie Peterson Quartet — Jazz Gallery, Feb 9. Surprise of the year. These young Chicagoans unwrapped an impressively realized group conception, blending Peterson's Lester Young-meets-the-moderns sax style with Campbell's startlingly powerful, myriadic pianistics.

Finally we come to unforgettable moments by the musicians who make Milwaukee jazz what it is:

Berkeley Fudge opening for the Art Ensemble with a fascinating display of free sax playing wrought with restraint and an unusual sense of time and innate form. ... The **Buddy Montgomery Quintet's** modern swinging with a Latin fever at a Jazz Gallery benefit. ... **What On Earth?** at John Hawk's Pub, placing their personal stamp on standards and a repertoire of original creations unparalleled on this latitude. ... **Cramer Street**, before Brian Lynch's untimely departure, setting a local standard at the Jazz Gallery for neo-bop-made-for-today by the force of their skill and youthful commitment. ... **Jessie Hauck** releasing her unearthly beauty of a voice high above Manty Ellis and Steve Ellington, playing her like men with a magic kite ... and for the future, two memorable graduating recitals at the Wisconsin Conservatory of Music: **Ken Kosut Ensemble**, a resourceful, personally evolved realization of jazz as the arranger's art. ... **Rolla Armstead**, who offered, with room-filling passion, an expressionistic tenor style drawn from the best of the moderns' best, John Coltrane and Wayne Shorter.

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1981

Easygoing Sonny Stitt works up a jazz storm

By Kevin Lynch
Special to The Journal

A fine glint of perspiration appeared below Sonny Stitt's hairline five minutes into his racing, set opening blues. The man was here for serious play Friday night at the Jazz Gallery, and the sounds rippling from his tenor sax made this immediately clear.

Yet for a man working so hard, one had to wonder where the labor was in the playing? The notes move up, down, forward and even backward behind the beat.

Drummer Joel Spencer was driving him hard, but the convolution of sounds from Stitt's horn was unfolding as if deemed by a greater force. Each note was part of a perfectly realized idea, no matter how fast it hurtled by.

critique

The tone really throws you. It sings out deep and rich, buoying these lightning vignettes and sudden blues twists of phrase as if they are floating on a propeller's slipstream, effortlessly free of earthly concerns.

Impossible is easy

Such is the nature of this master saxophonist. There's this apparent contradiction of his playing something remarkable on his sax while you're struck with the thought, "He did that as easily as I blink my eye."

It's almost disconcerting to hear such mastery on a blues that should be getting down to a nitty-gritty statement. Yet he does just that virtually every time. The blues essence is there even in a song like "Shadow of Your Smile," which Stitt actually turned into a gut-bucket swinger.

This offhand transformation of tunes carried to Jerome Kern's classic ballad, "Yesterdays," which became, midway, "It Ain't Necessarily So." Yet Stitt's mastery strides right past any preconceived notions of proper interpretation. When he plays it that way, it might as well have been written that way.

The 56-year-old contemporary of Charlie Parker has handled countless unfamiliar rhythm sections in his day. Friday, though, he didn't really need to handle anything.

Chicagoan Spencer is a razor-sharp drummer, the tempo hooked flawlessly on the tip of his drumstick. Skip Crumbey-Bey's bass can invariably be found quivering inside any given beat.

A pianist appreciated

Young Milwaukee pianist David Hazeltine grows more assertive and imaginative every time I hear him. With no need to be concerned over execution, he can now throw out lines that take you by surprise with their unbridled audacity.

He caught the eye and ear of the veteran Stitt, who might think he's heard everything. Stitt frequently grinned and nodded through his cigaret smoke as he listened to the pianist.

Cigaret smoke? Yes, Stitt can drag down half a long thin one during a couple of sidemen's solos and come back charging with that sumptuous sound on tenor or alto — just as easily as you blink your eyes. You see and hear him baring the soul of jazz.

Sonny Stitt will perform again at 9:30 tonight and 9 Sunday night.

The Jazz Gallery is at 932 E. Center St.

—Journal Photo

Sonny Stitt at the Jazz Gallery Friday

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL FRIDAY, JANUARY 23, 1981

Joanne Brackeen

Jazz pianist talks of coming of age at 42

Words come from Joanne Brackeen at a forthright, politely measured pace. To speak to her, one would never imagine the power and intensity with which notes come from her piano.

Many observers are calling Brackeen — who will perform solo Tuesday and Wednesday at the Jazz Gallery — one of the most important new pianists of the '80s. To hear her recent albums, including "Ancient Dynasty," a stunning collection of original compositions with such heavyweights as Joe Henderson, Eddie Gomez and Jack DeJohnette, is to begin to understand why.

Too, in hearing it, one wouldn't imagine that she interrupted her career for 10 years to raise a family of four. She consequently holds no resentment over finally receiving opportunities and widespread acclaim at age 42.

Not so old, after all

"I would have had the chance if I hadn't had a family," she said matter-of-factly in a phone conversation this week. "I'd be 32 instead of 42. So that's not so old. I just wasn't out there: I was at home."

Brackeen feels only joy over the opportunities she now has. In 1968 her first real chance for the musical big leagues occurred in storybook fashion.

"Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers were playing down in the East Village in a little club that no longer exists," Brackeen said. "He had a quintet. His piano player was a really young guy, about 19. Somehow he couldn't keep up with what was going on. So he was just sitting there at the piano not playing — really lost. I just thought the music felt so good. So I walked up on the stand and started playing."

What was Blakey's reaction to this impromptu performance?

Blakey was pleased

"He was just very happy afterward," she replied. "I guess that's probably how I got the job. I never asked."

This self-confident, unassuming woman went on to become the only female Jazz Messenger of any significant tenure in the band's 25 years. Three years later she joined Joe Henderson, a masterful, forward-minded saxophonist, who allowed her to develop her personal style on piano. She then worked with Stan Getz for two years before forming her own group.

She claims to have encountered no

Turn to Brackeen, page 4

continued

Brackeen

Jazz pianist took 10 years off

From Page 1

male chauvinism in making her way to the top ranks of jazz, a field still dominated by men.

"I don't know why," she said. "Maybe it's because I started out with someone the caliber of Blakey. Being a woman hasn't had anything more against it than for it. You do stand out, but usually it's been taken in a good way."

The break that thrust her to to wide exposure in her own right occurred again in a cozy New York club.

"I have to pay tribute to the Village Vanguard and Joe Henderson," Brackeen said. "We were working there in '78. Bob James [Columbia records producer and musician] came down to hear Joe, thinking of signing him. He saw me and asked me on the spot. Of course, I already knew exactly what I wanted to do for my next album.

"So we had lunch one day, and that was it. They offered me studio time, wanting to hear beforehand what I wanted to do. I said, 'I don't need studio time; I've got the music ready. We did the first album ['Keyed In'] in one night."

Brackeen will be conducting a piano workshop at the Jazz Gallery at 5 p.m. Wednesday for students, musicians and anyone else interested in the process of improvised musicmaking. Admission to the workshop is $4.

"I hope to just talk about students' questions, try to clarify different ways students can expand from the point they're at," the pianist said. "There are probably things I've gone through that they want to know how to arrive at. It'll just be me, the piano and them."

That combination, of course, would be a very special one even if Joanne Brackeen never spoke a word.

—KEVIN LYNCH

..LWAUKEE JOURNAL FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1981

Innovative jazz group is a delicately blended breath of fresh 'Air'

By Kevin Lynch
Special to The Journal

Air is an elusive concept as much as it is a jazz group.

The 9-year-old group, which will make its first Milwaukee appearances tonight and Saturday at the Jazz Gallery, corralled impressive victories in the 1980 Downbeat International Critics Poll. Its album, "Air Lore," was voted jazz album of the year. Air placed second in the jazz-group category. Each of its members — Henry Threadgill, reeds and hubkaphone (made out of hubcaps); Fred Hopkins, bass; and Steve McCall, percussion — placed high in their respective categories.

The group's music is by turns humorous, ruminative, spirited and austere, constructed with bold sounds and subtly drawn spaces. It often sounds like a delicately hanging mobile of musical thoughts — which, in fact, it is.

"It's simply the way we play together. You can't plan anything like that," McCall said in a recent telephone interview. "The way we improvise together, the way we approach material — that determined the style.

"The way Fred and I accompany people are very certain ways and it just happened to work musically. It's not something we planned."

The three individuals' styles were fully developed when the group began. Each grew from the new jazz of the '60s, which stressed intra-group dependency and empathy rather than imposed musical forms.

Air represents that concept refined to a new level. It is a "new music" group that embraces the past rather than rejecting it.

Swing, bebop, gospel

"Air Lore" consists primarily of the trio's personalized versions of Scott Joplin and Jelly Roll Morton tunes. Yet this is no sudden stylistic affectation. Air's very first gig was a performance of Scott Joplin for a long-running play in Chicago called "Hotel." Various segments of Joplin's classic "Maple Leaf Rag" were combined with incidental music written by Threadgill.

Air is comfortable in virtually all jazz styles.

"When we formed we had been doing all types of things. I was doing doing swing and bebop, Henry everything from gospel to avant-garde," McCall said. "Our repertoire is quite varied. As we all started contributing ideas, the concept developed, influenced by contemporary things, bop and swing, and very old things. We let them in rather than putting ourselves in a particular bag.

"We decided not to be a stylistic group as such, but rather to be a well-rounded one."

This attitude can be traced to Air's inception in Chicago's Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians. McCall, 47, was a founding member of that highly influential group.

"After the AACM organized, everybody had to get down and write some music representative of our new stance. All the guys helped each other to develop," McCall said.

Dexter Gordon:

Jazz's prodigal son returns

By Kevin Lynch
Special to The Journal

By now the Dexter Gordon fever that swept the jazz world in 1977 has stabilized. In its place is a fuller appreciation of the real man and the real artist beyond the symbolic value of a favorite prodigal son returned.

At the same time the tenor-sax giant retains a long view of his life as expatriate and his present place as a person, better for his experiences.

"Europe was very good for me," said Gordon, who just turned 58, in a recent telephone interview from his new home in New York. "I stayed very busy there. And it was great experiencing the different cultures, the folk musics, all very basic yet very different. And classical music is always present. It broadened me very much."

His phenomenally successful return is well-documented. It is reflected in the critical consensus of 1980 that earned him Down Beat's Jazzman of the Year and Top Tenor Sax labels and made him one of the few jazzmen voted by international critics to the Jazz Hall of Fame while still living.

Gordon now is touring select clubs, including the Milwaukee Jazz Gallery next Monday and Tuesday.

The saxophonist didn't really expect the response he received after returning from Denmark after 17 years.

"It wasn't a conscious thing," he said. "You can't really force something like that. You can only work on your music and be ready for it. This turned out to be spontaneous combustion. It has to do with many things, including timing.

"People came to Copenhagen and were telling me, 'We need you back there.' When I came back I realized what they meant. The guys had all gotten away from swinging."

Now Gordon knows full well who he is and where he wants to go, which is straight ahead.

"If you ever think you're doing

Turn to Gordon, page 3

Gordon

His return gives jazz a big boost

From Page 1

everything, you're finished," he says. "One's music should continue to grow and expand. I always want to draw from new elements."

Gordon also is attuned to the new possibilities of electronic communication, particularly TV and video recording.

"That's the next step," he said. "We've done a few things but nothing on a permanent basis. This music is so entertaining, varied and rich; there's a great potential market.

"There's so little real entertainment on TV today. I'm talking about something fresh, something hip. The time is ripe to put real quality on. People will know the real thing, just like they know it when they see Reggie or Ali or Bjorn Borg."

To this day he sees the interaction with fellow musicians on the bandstand as a key to growth.

"When I grew up you had to fight to get on the bandstand with all the guys around, the tenor (sax) battles and all. Beyond the competitive aspect, it was the greatest chance to get new ideas from each other. To have a place to go to jam is so important. There you get a chance to develop your individuality.

"It's amazing in the last few years how things have changed. I compare it to 30 or 40 years ago. People here are beginning to realize the music's importance. The attitude is much better. The jazzman was once the low man on the totem pole just because he never had the Cadillac. I can come back to live because people stand the music's value."

Dexter Gordon

That demand has prompte don to tour places he never di of playing years ago. He's disc America in the process and h music can break language and al barriers.

Like Albuquerque, Fort L dale, Chihuahua City in Mexic latter city was Pancho Villa's town, he said. "The people didn't even know what we we nations have their own music ture not related to our music. I still communicated; we had sta room only.

"It made me feel like p reaching new vistas for my and my world. I'm not out to mystify anyone — I want to straight to the people."

What keeps Dexter Gordon after having conquered th world?

"Love," he answered.

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL TUES. FEBRUARY 17, 1981

Gordon looms large

By Kevin Lynch
Special to The Journal

The Jazz Gallery almost seemed too small Monday night for all of Dexter Gordon, 6 foot 5 and considered by many the reigning tenor saxophonist in modern jazz.

Yet he made his huge sound and presence fit because of his adaptability. Something like a huge canopy settles over every musical circumstance

critique

Gordon is in. The original contours remain intact, but a new expressive character is added.

Before a vocally appreciative audience, Gordon lent his unmistakable gauzy tone to a variety of selections, unfolding deep notes and crawling behind the beat of an activated rhythm section in a maddeningly tantalizing manner.

Lustrous sounds stretched through this flow, somehow floating in the rhythmic surge with the assuredness of a watersnake through currents.

"Green Dolphin Street," visited by many a jazzman, seemed to have undiscovered alleyways as Gordon explored it. He displays an essential caring for the great jazz tunes. That is obvious in his spoken introduction for each classic, his intonation of key song lyrics and his playing ability

And after Gordon would plumb a tune, pianist Kirk Lightsey would steal in with penetrating abandon, blistering a fiery path on the keyboard in several solos

But it was Gordon's tone that permeated each tune, from the sumptuous strains of "Skylark" to the sassy bite of "Jumping the Blues," where the saxophonist overlaid long dark strips of tone and bluesy wails.

When not playing, Gordon's large hands wave mysterious configurations throughout his sidemen's improvisations. Young Dave Eubanks shrinks a bit in the creative shadow of Gordon's last bassist, Rufus Reid, but most bassists would. Yet Eubanks' solos hummed with a clarity and buoyant grace.

Drummer Eddie Gladden's solo spotlight thundered and thundered.

Gordon performs two shows at 8 and 10:30 tonight at the Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center St.

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1981

Jazz perennial Freeman: This Bud's for you

By Kevin Lynch
Special to The Journal

Sax great Bud Freeman has a gentleness about him, a certain glow reflecting his accumulation of the jazz life's good things — including a healthy respect among his contemporaries and the perspective of being a central figure through much of jazz history.

He is a storehouse of confidence built by awareness of self-worth and a career that, in its 58th year, is on an upswing.

Freeman was one of the first major stylists on the tenor saxophone, a contemporary of the late greats Coleman Hawkins and Lester Young.

Sponsored by Unlimited Jazz Ltd., Freeman appears at the Jazz Gallery tonight and Saturday and at the PAC's Bradley Pavilion at 1:30 p.m. Sunday. One Freeman appreciator, Mayor Maier, has accordingly declared this as "Bud Freeman Weekend."

After being reviled in the 1920s by critics and musicians for developing a style apart from traditional jazz, Freeman has pursued a career dedicated to that style. And he's had the final laugh. In a recent telephone coversation Freeman told the story that symbolized his redemption as an artist.

A critic converted

"A critic who had put me down in the old days came to me at a party once and said, 'I owe you an apology and a compliment. At one time I wouldn't have a Bud Freeman record in my house. I hated your music. Lester Young was my idol. One day I invited him over for dinner. I took him in the music den and said, "Lester, what would you like to hear?" He said, "Have you got any Bud Freeman?" ' "

Freeman starred with the Tommy Dorsey and Benny Goodman bands of the 1930s, and through the bebop revolution (mid-1940s and 1950s), remained one of the outstanding proponents of the "Chicago style" of swing. He moved to London and found new respect.

Freeman acknowledges the greatness of the bop originators — Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie and Bud Powell. But he feels that the legions who followed them lost their individuality in the process.

"From my childhood I always wanted to be something creative. There's no stopping to change if you're committed to an idiom of music. But it takes a strong man to believe in the little thing he does."

Hawkins an inspiration

It was Coleman Hawkins who first inspired Freeman belief in an instrument that was then only beginning to taken seriously.

"I started playing C-melody sax. I got a tenor at 19 a was playing a sort of accompanimental tenor in ban When I heard Hawkins play I was amazed somebody cou be so powerful, so authoritative on the tenor. I realiz what the instrument could be."

Then came a good-natured self-characterization that t loquacious Freeman seems never at a loss to offer.

"I like to feel all my diverse influences — Lester Your Bessie Smith, jazz dancers, Fats Waller, James P. Johns and others — all roiled up make a big Freemanistic ball, you will."

Freeman is 75 now and says he is "getting more wo than I want."

Freeman also thinks that his raconteur stage manner sa tains his popularity.

"Gregarious ham"

"I'm sort of a gregarious ham," he said. "I've found if y want an audience to love you, you've got to love them fir There's a barrier you've got to break down. Once tha done, they feel like they're playing the music, in a Freudi sense."

"It's very interesting, the therapeutic power of jaz Freeman mused. "If a player is ill and gets on the bar stand, before the night's over, the music does something him. If people are despondent or not feeling well, after hour or two of listening to it they are changed. There's doubt it's the most healing music ever. Although spawn from oppression, it is in finality a happy music."

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1981

Freeman is still in the swing

By Kevin Lynch
Special to The Journal

George Gershwin would have remembered him. So would Fats Waller and Coleman Hawkins. They'd have remembered the dapper bundle of ebullient charm named Bud Freeman.

But it is Freeman who survived. So it's left for him to do the remembering, from his place in the middle of swing-era history. This he did in word and song Friday night at the Jazz Gallery. A highly polished remnant of that era, Freeman, at 75, makes like it's just begun.

For the opening night of a three-day "Bud Freeman Weekend," the tenor sax legend chose especially to invoke the spirit of Gershwin. He even recalled playing at a wedding party at which Gershwin was present.

Said Freeman, "I got up and played 10 choruses of 'The Man I Love,' and he never forgave me."

Freeman played the tune again Friday, and Gershwin probably would have forgiven him for his jaunty, medium tempo ride through it.

On "I Got Rhythm" and "Lady Be Good," Freeman showcased his salient characteristics at that tempo.

Over a comfortable 4/4 rhythm, he strings a dancing, repeated phrase over several bars like a garland of jewels. Then his line tumbles gracefully into the contour of the melody, paraphrasing it in songful arcs.

"Lady" was subjected to some swaggering, throaty phrasing, a slight abberation of his usual tone, yet still stylish and impeccably executed.

He remembered Waller as "a great composer and a dear friend" and played a sprightly version of "Ain't Misbehavin'."

With one solo, Coleman Hawkins once made "Body and Soul" his permanent calling card. Freeman played it, substituting his own trademark phrases with due respects.

But what patrons will remember most from this night is Freeman's distinctively personal tone massaging their ears. It moves in a loose, romantic sway, like bedroom slippers shuffling through a moonlight waltz. On ballads it became positively beguiling.

Freeman caressed the melody of "Dinah" tenderly, filling its crescents with a warm glow and closing several lines with a delicate vibrato.

That all is set against Freeman's ongoing banter with the audience between tunes. The whole act makes for effectively gentle persuasion, personalized by a pencil-mustached smile over a brass-buttoned, double-breasted suit.

Firmly supportive but unobtrusive was the local rhythm section of pianist Ron Martinson, bassist Harold Miller and drummer Rick Krause. All proved lively and capable on several rounds of four-bar trade-offs.

Freeman will perform again at 9 tonight at the Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center St., and at 1:30 p.m. Sunday in the Bradley Pavilion of the Performing Arts Center.

critique

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL WED. MAR. 4, 1981

Blythe quartet a rare and exciting animal

By Kevin Lynch
Special to The Journal

Arthur Blythe's form is that of a man with a very deep center. Slightly Buddha-like with large dark eyes, he touches a saxophone to his lips and reaches far into the deepest recesses of his vortex for the sound of himself being turned inside out.

It makes for one of the most distinctive and acclaimed sounds to hit the jazz scene in years.

That distinctiveness extends through his quartet, which performed Tuesday for the first time in Milwaukee at the Jazz Gallery.

The four huddled closely. On Blythe's right was guitarist Calvin Bell, his hair a rasta straggle of strands. On his left was an improbable six-foot brass creature with human arms and legs — Bob Stewart, tuba. Wide-eyed and burning with bright energy was drummer Bobby Battle.

The group's feel is all loose elbows and knees, locking and churning over the deep soundwaves splashing from Stewart's massive bell on "Caresping With Mamie." (Caresping, Blythe said, is a word he made up for hanging out in a romantic mood.)

"Bush Baby" sounded both ominous and strangely whimsical, mostly because of Blythe. His alto bares his soul in impassioned glimpses, chortling darkly, then stretching a note to a bloodpounding wail. The tune closed with a sudden surge of rolling voodoo music.

A duet version of "Misty" with Blythe and Bell turned the saxophonist's burning tone to a new shade — no less vivid than before, but conforming to the comforting lyricism of the standard.

"Hip Dripper" was blues that swung outrageously and slightly off-center, Blythe whipping out phrases like a card shark dealing in an earthquake. But the man's heart carried through it all.

Guitarist Bell often played a mischievous tugging game with Battle's rhythms. Notes spurt from his guitar in odd bursts, sometimes in obsessive little patterns, other times terse slashing angles.

The evening traveled quickly with deft shifts of mood, from the exotic rolling waves of "Odessa" to a stomp 'n' hustle urban anthem, "Lenox Avenue Breakdown."

This group is a rare animal — one that rocks and swings at the same time. Although fired with a spirit of vanguardism Blythe's music communicates with directness. It grabs out and dances joyously with your corpuscles. The crowd Monday was meager but fortunate. For what they heard and felt, each is a bit more alive today.

Arthur Blythe performs again tonight at 9 p.m. The Jazz Gallery is at 932 E. Center St.

Mingus

Group guards Mingus' legacy

From Page 1

know what his ideas on music were. Even if they read the music perfectly it would be difficult for those who never played with him to interpret properly, because Mingus never put down everything he wanted.

"He put down the notes necessary for the competent musician to use as a guide to improvise on. The only time it was all exact was for large group orchestration. Even then it had to be reworked to get a full understanding of his meaning."

Charles Mingus

Mingus in fact purposely taught much of his music orally, partly in respect for the folk traditions that influenced him — the blues, gospel, slave-holler songs and also the music of Duke Ellington, whose composing process was similarly organic.

This method also served to maintain the special personal presence created for anyone around him.

"The key to Mingus' music is energy," said Hanna, who played with the bandleader in the late 1950s. "He was a man full of tremendous energy. His music usually stayed 10 decibels above that of other people. To play in his band you had to be prepared to be very tired at the end of the night.

"It took a certain strength, even in one's physical makeup. He didn't want any players who were cringing from the music. He didn't tolerate people getting tired or sleepy; they had to stay with him."

Mingus' demanding and volatile nature, combined with his musical gifts, created an often complex, disturbing music that nevertheless brimmed with life and vigor. It also was a direct extension of his view of the world's ills.

"Mingus was a man of many sides, with a personality as vast as human life," Hanna said. "The easiest way I could explain Mingus is to say that he hated oppression of any kinds — oppression of people of any race, and musical oppression. He hated bigotry no matter what shape it took. A lot of his music aims at this."

After leaving Mingus, Hanna realized a distinguished career, working with Benny Goodman in 1958 and enjoying an extended stint as pianist with the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra during its prime. He formed the New York Jazz Quartet in the mid-1970s and has performed and recorded extensively as a solo pianist.

After conducting a benefit tour in Africa for young African students, Hanna was knighted in 1969 by Liberian President William Tubman.

But neither he nor anyone else is the leader of the Mingus Dynasty. The impressive, ongoing lineup of Dynasty members is, according to Hanna, a reflection of Mingus' perspicacity:

"It shows how vast Mingus' musical purposes were, the fact he had so many musicians who today have names. He chose them before anyone had heard of them. It showed how deep his insight was into music and musicians. He died prematurely. If he hadn't, he'd still be making music and leading musicians with his unique zeal and verve."

Advance tickets cost $6.50 and are available at the Metropole Theater, Milwaukee Jazz Gallery, Jack's Record Rack and Radio Doctors.

Mingus gone, but dynasty lives on

By Kevin Lynch
Special to The Journal

When Charles Mingus died in January 1979 at age 56, a tremendous source of creative energy was prematurely stilled.

His energy activated a body of music, which fascinated and infuriated, cried with pain and shouted with jubilance. A virtuoso bass player, Mingus forged the modus operandi for modern jazz bassists.

As a composer he created work songs, light songs and love songs. And in long works like "Meditations on Integration," he created intense, major statements of personal expression about a world of misunderstanding and bigotry.

As a leader of men he was responsible for molding the highest grade of musician, exhorting the greatest efforts from many who went on to be jazz greats.

These musicians know better than than any the value of his legacy. A large group of them, organized by Mingus' widow, Susan, formed Mingus Dynasty in 1979. The personnel rotates as the men — most of them respected leaders themselves — offer a portion of their lives to keep the music of Mingus alive.

Monday, the Mingus Dynasty will perform at 8 and 10:30 p.m. at the Metropole Theater, 2844 N. Oakland Ave. The event will be co-sponsored by the Milwaukee Jazz Gallery.

The present Mingus Dynasty includes Sir Roland Hanna on piano, Clifford Jordan on tenor sax, Randy Brecker on trumpet, Mike Richmond on bass and Billy Hart on drums. In a recent telephone conversation, Hanna reflected on Mingus and the group that is perpetuating his music.

"Of necessity the group is made up of those who worked with him, who know how to interpret his music from the direct line of Mingus," he said. "I knew Mingus well enough to

Turn to Mingus, page 3

(continued)

THE MILWAUKEE JOURNAL TUESDAY, MARCH 17, 1981

Mingus Dynasty continues the legacy

By Kevin Lynch
Special to The Journal

As the Mingus Dynasty roared through "Haitian Fight Song," drums blazing and horns braying, one could almost hear the voice of the late Mingus shouting out.

That his voice and presence weren't really at the Metropole Theater Monday night underlined the great loss in his passing. But his spirit and his distinct passion for life seemed uncannily present on the stage as the night went on.

The current Mingus Dynasty started its show just a notch below the extraordinary level of emotion and mental intensity that Mingus consistently stirred from his bands. The first set thus eased the audience's uninitiated into the unadulterated experience.

Mingus' array of expressive moods was evidenced in the masterful compositions themselves — from the witty dipsy-stride of "Jelly Roll To My Soul" to the perfect mournful beauty of "Goodbye Pork-Pie Hat."

The graceful intervals that inform this classic melody easily place a good saxophonist one step away from a memorable solo. Clifford Jordan's lines draped the tune's contours so artfully they invoked a singing memory of the song's inspiration, Lester Young.

But once the dust settled from "Haitian Fight Song," the second-set audience was on a direct course to Mingus' hot musical bloodline as represented by these former Mingus men.

Pieces like "Boogie Stop Shuffle" and "Better Git It in Your Soul" marked stomping, rollicking rhythms hustling over lines that convey unbridled passion but with fluid motion and provocative voicings worthy of Duke Ellington. In the midst of this an unsettling dirge crept in like a fog billowing with atonal amorphous shapes emanating from all instruments.

Each player proved worthy of Dynasty membership.

Band evokes flashes of Mingus' fiery jazz

By RICH MANGELSDORFF

Mingus Dynasty is a band with a highly demanding purpose — to carry on the legacy of perhaps the most volatile, dynamic band leader jazz has ever known.

Charles Mingus did not merrily play concerts and club dates: he orchestrated musical happenings where the emotional currents could boil over and leave audiences stunned and shaken.

The Mingus alumni and admirers who appeared before a good-sized first-show crowd at the Metropole Theatre Monday night were Randy Brecker, trumpet; Clifford Jordan, tenor sax; Sir Roland Hanna, piano; Mike Richmond, bass and Billy Hart, drums.

The band settled into a medium-tempo, modal groove on its first presentation, and Brecker and Jordan broke the ice with some strong playing.

The second tune was a rag-timey shuffle, the sort of historical re-creation Mingus often liked to try on for size. The format seemed to draw even more from the soloists.

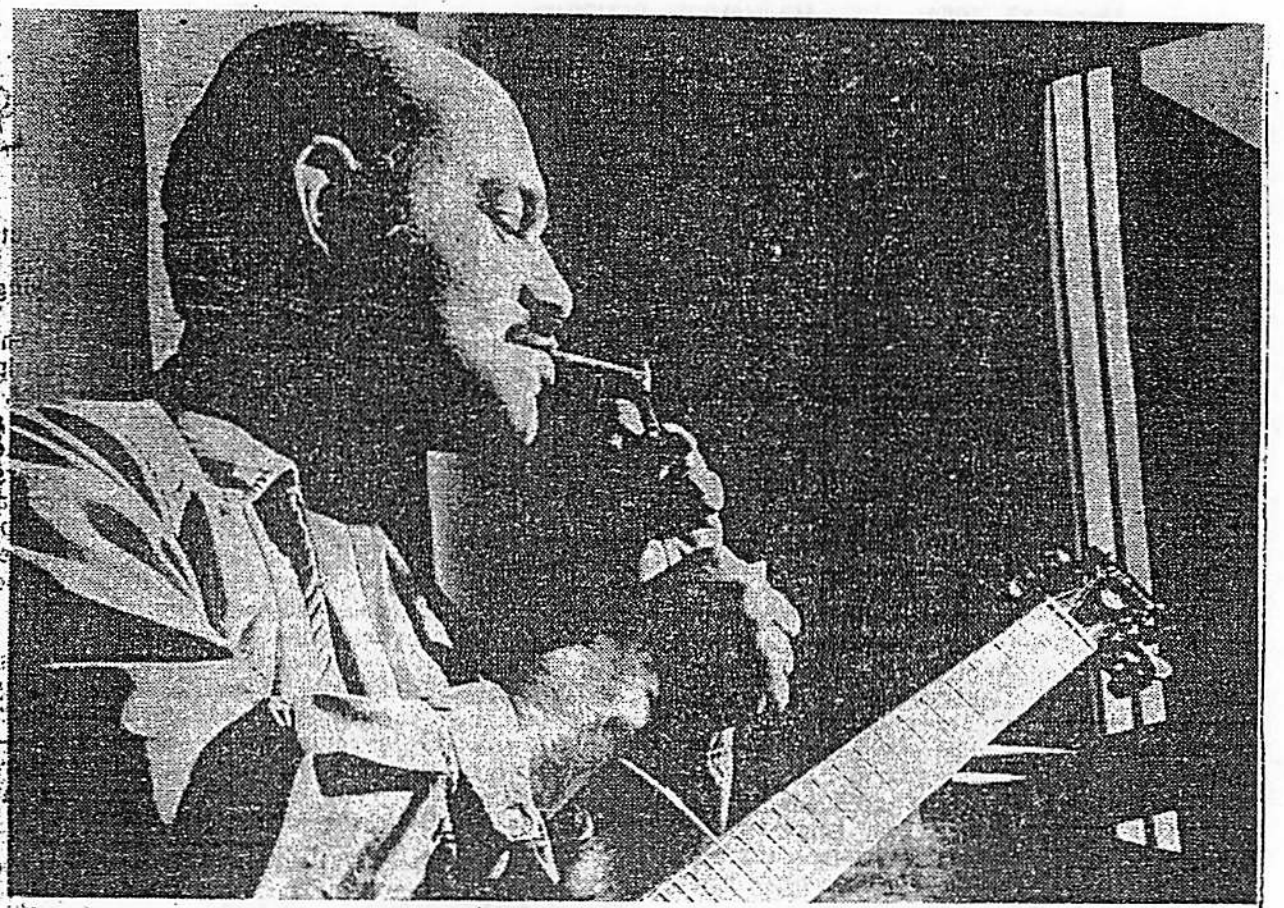
Brecker flashed some of the controlled fury that has enabled him to play with hard-bop giants like Horace Silver. Hanna delivered a two-handed romp spiced with relevant quotes along the way.

Mingus' presence was most forcefully evoked by his signature tune, the Lester Young tribute, "Goodby, Porkpie Hat." Following a sensitive introduction by Hanna, Jordan took the lead on what is essentially a saxophonist's tune and turned in the most lyrical performance of the set.

In closing, a hopping, antic version of "Fables of Faubus" captured the complex mix of anger and irony that Mingus intended.

Although one could have hoped for more of Mingus' fire in the ensembles, the soloists gave a pretty stimulating run of mainstream jazz. Mingus probably would have prodded these musicians a little bit further had he been there.

(see article) SUN. MAR. 22, 1981 MILWAUKEE JOURNAL



Jazz guitarist Joe Pass will perform at the Jazz Gallery Tuesday and Wednesday.

Sunday, March 22, 1981

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL SUN. MAR.22,. 1981

Joe Pass: no help needed

By KEVIN LYNCH
Special to The Journal

A JAZZ musician onstage all by himself? 'Other' than pianists, few have ventured such solo concerts.

Joe Pass is hardly a wild-eyed revolutionary. At 52, he is a balding, soft-spoken man who plays timeless standards on a fat old Gibson guitar. But he plays them with perhaps more skill and artistry than anyone. According to Pass, it simply came to pass, if you will, that he start perform unaccompanied.

"Actually I always played some solo," said Pass in a recent phone interview. "I played around the house. People would come and say 'Hey, play something.' Well you're by yourself, so you gotta play something besides scales. I started playing solo pieces in clubs — you know, waiting for the band to come back up from the bar. Finally Norman Granz suggested I record an album of solos."

That album, "Virtuoso," on Granz's Pablo label, is one of the classic recordings of the last decade. Pass compellingly defined his solo style on it, playing graceful yet remarkably fecund renditions of jazz evergreens.

An implicit challenge

But there remained an implicit challenge — to perform solo before a live audience. Milwaukeeans get a chance to see how he meets it Tuesday and Wednesday at the Jazz Gallery, where Pass will play two shows each night.

"Norman Granz also suggested that I go out and play solo concerts. I thought they'd be tough, and they are," said Pass.

"The first thing I thought was, how do I play solo for 50 minutes or an hour? What do I do after two ballads? I sort of developed the style by going on stage and actually doing it."

Listening to Pass, one discovers songs reborn in virtual orchestrations that he manages with a mere two hands and six strings.

"I found that I just had to play bass lines, chords, melodies," he said. "It's not everything always going on at the same time; it's an illusion, you know. But you just keep a lot of things moving and hope that your head is clear. I like to think in terms of a stride piano ... It's actually a matter of feeling it and hearing it and letting it play."

Born in New Brunswick, N.J., Joseph Anthony Passalaqua asked for a guitar when he was 9 — not to be a musician, but "like a kid asks for a bike. I lived in this Italian neighborhood where all the boys strummed something or another.

"I picked up all the stuff from the guys in the neighborhood fairly quickly — uh, that is, with a lot of practice that I never had planned on. A friend of the family had a group called the Gentlemen of Jazz that played Django Reinhardt swing style. They introduced me to jazz. I started playing with them.

"After I heard Charlie Parker and Bud Powell I really got hooked. It was mainly horn players and pianists who got to me, more than guitarists."

With Peterson in Japan

Pass spent years working with top jazz singers and West Coast players and doing time in TV and Los Angeles recording studios. Although he was a minor legend among musicians, it took Granz to finally "discover" Pass in the mid-'70s and team him for recordings and concerts with the likes of Oscar Peterson and Ella Fitzgerald.

At the time of our conversation Pass had just finished a whirlwind tour of Japan and Australia with Peterson. Whirlwind aptly describes playing with the compulsively virtuosic pianist.

"It's really exciting. He likes to play hard," said Pass. "You use a lot of steam. It's the kind of playing that, when it rises to certain levels it really gets out there; when it doesn't come off the ground it's really hard."

Listening to Pass one finds it difficult to imagine anything being hard for him. But as he says, "Each time you go up there, immediately everything is different — the audience, the sound, the place. The only way is to stay with it, using whatever faculties you have going at the time."

Jazz guitarist passes as the master he is

By Kevin Lynch
Special to The Journal

He might as well have been sitting out on the old stump, picking some tunes with a few buddies on a lazy afternoon.

"Hmmm, lessee, what do I know?"

As disarming as Joe Pass' manner was, that scene counts only as a distant childhood memory. Sitting there was a consummate master still curious about the things possible in an old standard and an old guitar.

In place of the old buddies was a packed house Tuesday night at the Milwaukee Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center St. As Pass sidled his way into some delicate runs and deft little turns, "How Deep Is the Ocean" suddenly appeared in the air. And the evening's tone was set — as relaxed as the South Pacific and, indeed, as deep.

"I don't know why I played that. There's no ocean around here."

"Ain't Misbehavin'." was full of soft fillips of whimsy, bright harmonic voices. Pass' poetic vibrations are contained in the minute space between a string and fretboard, keyed by a right hand that works all of its fingers at once to sing the melody, thrum the harmony, plunk the bass line.

On "All the Things You Are" Pass' sleight of hand kept you hearing that bass line long after he'd run off to chase down a speeding notion on the other end of the fretboard. Yet in that daring leap, Pass hoisted the drumbeat rolling through his body and kept it swinging without a hitch.

At times like these you realize why the guy on the stump occupies the tallest pedestal in the jazz guitarists' pantheon. That place was well earned in the night's first performance.

Hey, I'm working hard.

The marvelous mental gymnastics became more obviously physical for a blues tune that chugged downhill, swallowing notes and chords in huge gulps.

"That was kind of a blues in G."

Hey, Joe, it's your guitar. Play what you want.

After murmuring several zephyr-like ballads with his bare fingers, Pass now felt an odd inspiration, visible in the glint of his dark eyes. As sure as Pass will play your favorite standard, he'll goose it just enough to keep you surprised.

"Cherokee" was even a delightful shock. Pass, playing with a pick now, fashioned a helter-skelter of popping lines hanging precariously on the tempo.

That's it. I played all the notes I know.

But as easily as he grins and shrugs his shoulders, he makes another master stroke. Then the mood shifts dramatically. All the notes he knows are beautifully recast as "500 Miles High."

Pass performs again at 8 and 10:30 tonight.

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL APRIL 10, 1981

Drummer adds spice to a great jazz recipe

By Kevin Lynch
Special to The Journal

It was an intriguing and, at first glance, unlikely combination of players who performed at the Jazz Gallery Thursday night.

But then, unlikely intrigue is the stuff that jazz is made of: the intrigue of sensing something new happening even in the most unlikely of places — a tune you've played a thousand times.

The talent and experience were there four times over with alto saxophonist Arnie Lawrence, tenor sax player Sal Nistico, trumpeter Willie Thomas and, most remarkably, drummer Roy Haynes. Add two reliable locals, pianist Frank Puzzullo and bassist Skip Crumby-Bey, and the unique recipe results in another of the successful combinations that have nourished jazz for years.

critiques

Classic beginning

It all began to happen in a familiar place, the classic ballad, "Softly, as in a Morning Sunrise." Nistico, Lawrence and Thomas, ambled into the theme with different strides, weaving a loose polyphonic blend that would characterize the ensemble work for the evening.

But as the tune rose into an improvisational flow, an unmistakable fountainhead appeared, brimming with energy and imagination: Roy Haynes.

Anyone who thinks of a drummer as a mere custodian of the rhythm should have been here to be swept up in the tide of a percussive revelation. In fact, Haynes was the band's source — a great whirlpool of musicality.

He is a remarkably active percussionist. He continually moves the music, tipping it sideways with an unexpected accent, so as to see it suddenly anew. So it was with the unassuming beauty of "Softly." Each soloist reaped rewards from the contribution of Haynes' dancing wire brushes.

Often throughout the night, Haynes would play a phrase so melodic in touch and motion that the horn soloist would snatch it up and sing out an improvised line from it.

Lawrence especially appeared tuned in to this source. Not coincidentally, he provided the most provocative front-line soloing of the night. Nistico and Thomas, two top-shelf bop-style players, on several occasions almost seemed to rise over the crest of Haynes' waves.

The drummer was challenging the players, posing direct rhythmic counters to their purely melodic or harmonic thoughts. Although one of the original be-boppers, he always was and remains today one of the most modern of drummers.

Intrigue arrives

Nistico, normally a powerful straight-ahead sax player, found himself thinking plenty; spaces of a moment's reflection grew in his solos. The intrigue had appeared.

Lawrence, thusly inspired, brought it to a solo spotlight with Haynes laying out. On "It Might as Well Be Spring," his phrases sang by turns lyrical and oblique, reflective yet probing with thoughtful adjuncts.

Things still sounded like they were on the verge of happening even as the night ended. It's a good bet they'll continue to. The sextet plays through Saturday at the Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center St.

FOR MAINSTREAM jazz fans, trumpet great Woody Shaw and his band will do a four-show stint Monday and Tuesday night at the Milwaukee Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center St. The Shaw band includes Steve Turre on trombone, Mulgrew Miller on piano, Stafford James on bass and Tony Reedus on drums. The quintet will perform both nights at 8 and 10:30. Tickets cost $6.50.

Milw Journal April 14, 1981

With hype behind him, Shaw puts out good jazz

By Rich Mangelsdorff

A couple of seasons back, the Woody Shaw Quintet was hailed by jazz purists as the band most likely to scare fusion jazz into an early retirement.

Now that the hype is gone, audiences like the rather sparse one during the quintet's first set at the Jazz Gallery Monday night had the pleasure of enjoying a very good post-bop band without having the expectation of hearing a world-beater.

The band started off sedately with a muted variant on "Green Dolphin Street" a new minor-mode tune Shaw designated as "Green Street Caper."

The pace quickened as the group shed its mutes and dug into "Ginseng" and began flashing some of its power, with the rhythm section springing everyone loose for a good round of solos.

The solos were even more interesting on "Bye Bye, Blackbird" as once again, mutes were attached to the horns and Steve Turre's trombone gave a thoughtful essay in the ranges of subdued sound.

Pianist Mulgrew Miller continued to serve as a model of chordal resourcefulness and bassist Stafford James rose out of the rhythmic flow for a smooth solo that sped by too quickly.

For his part, Shaw kept bobbing up and down on top of whatever moods or tempos the band laid down — playing it close to the vest when the mutes were on, opening up when the fast lane presented itself.

Although Shaw has the technique to blow people away, he seems to enjoy playing the fox rather than the elephant these days.

In all, a pleasing and persuasive set from a band that doesn't have to shout in order to proclaim its presence.

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL APRIL 24, 1981

Sullivan paints portrait in sound

By Divina Infusino
Special to The Journal

As one patron of the Jazz Gallery pointed out Thursday night: "No horn player is blowing like this tonight. Not anywhere on Earth."

That might have seemed an overstatement if it hadn't been Ira Sullivan on stage. In view of Sullivan's multi-instrumental talents and what he does with them, the speaker was probably right.

On trumpet, flugelhorn and flute and soprano and alto saxophones, Sullivan slowly evolved a

critiques

varicolored emotional sphere before the full house. He knows his instruments' secrets and how to make them express his soul.

For brash bursts of fire he used the trumpet, spilling out a New Orleans carnival of sensual experience on such feverish numbers as "Crescent City."

With flute in hand, however, Sullivan was a different man, giving Herbie Hancock's "Speak Like a Child" the shimmering quality of moonlight on water.

During "Monday's Dance," he evoked deeper, more somber timbres and timing with the flugelhorn.

On soprano sax he expressed something both more vulnerable and more reassuring as he molded the curves of a slow number. But on alto sax, he flared again. On Dizzy Gillespie's "Bebop," for instance, the emotional drive built steadily through the fine ensemble playing between Sullivan and a four-piece band.

Sullivan worked particularly well in tandem with the biting trumpet and flugelhorn of veteran Red Rodney, the man who replaced Miles Davis in the Charlie Parker quintet of 1949. At times, the two acted as each other's alter ego, their horns in communion.

Beneath Sullivan's and Rodney's leads was a shifting rhythmic ground furnished by drummer Jeff Hershfield, bassist Barry Smith and pianist Garry Dial. Many of the songs of the evening's three sets were compositions by Dial, who early in the evening demonstrated his instrumental virtuosity in providing a backdrop for Sullivan and Rodney on horns.

But it was Sullivan's instinctive, natural approach to his instruments that gave the music its powerful emotional completeness. As the customer said, no one was blowing horn quite like Sullivan Thursday night — no one anywhere.

(continued)

Jazz violinist Leroy Jenkins

tive Musicians was a group of Chicago musicians exploring and promoting new forms of jazz. Its influence spread throughout the jazz world, fostering such innovators as the Art Ensemble of Chicago and Anthony Braxton and, in a short time, the small, bespectacled man who came to play violin like no one else.

Jenkins' talents quickly made an impact. He was soon in an unusual trio with saxophonist Braxton and trumpeter Leo Smith, but without bass and drums, which normally are essential to a jazz group.

The trio was a precursor of the various groups now quite prevalent in new jazz — unorthodox instrumental combinations creating new ensemble blends, using silence and wide dynamic ranges, breaking away from the mainstream.

A prime example is his duo with Lake, formed two years ago.

"For a while, because of transportation cost, we couldn't take our respective groups out," Jenkins said. "So we decided to try a duet. We both wrote music for it, then did a few tours. It turned out really successful. You'd be very surprised how big the sound is, how interesting. You put us together and a lot of sparks can fly." — KEVIN LYNCH

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL FRI. MAY 1, 1981

THE MILWAUKEE JOURNAL Friday, May 1, 1981

Fiddler on the roof of jazz

The sounds that arc from Leroy Jenkins' violin usually are a far cry from Bach and Beethoven. The cry is a lot closer to the blues.

Yet you may not hear the typical sounds of the blues. What you hear is a man stretching the instrument into a new form without really breaking the old one. The sounds and context may be new, but the feelings being expressed are familiar and true.

The duet concert that Jenkins will perform with saxophonist Oliver Lake at the Milwaukee Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center St., Monday night will provide ample opportunity for his violin to describe this unique balance.

The concert is the first one to be financed by a "new music" performance grant the gallery recently received from the Wisconsin Arts Board in conjunction with Woodland Pattern, a local literary and performance center.

"I'm seeking new ideas, adding new sounds to old things," Jenkins said in a recent phone conversation. "Basically, I like to think of myself as a blues player. But I like what's ultramodern. There's a lot of other things you can do to bring out blues feeling other than a flatted fifth or minor third, like little voices, animal cryings, hollers and shouts, screams and grunts. All these little sounds one uses to denote certain feelings.

"To crystallize these things, the full technology of the instrument has to be used. In most cases the violin can match every emotion. There's so many things you can do — double stops, harmonics, things with the bow — to make different sounds. But to do this you must, of course, practice a lot."

Jenkins creates his own music, both written and spontaneous, in the exposed contexts of solos and duets. This is more demanding than other kinds of music, he says.

A musical scuffle

"As an improviser I have to keep it interesting. I create some kind of problem and try to work it out," he said. "I practice it and also perform it."

The process of problem-solving is not merely a formal exercise, but a means to new expression.

"Sometimes the work gets easier and more alive, more crystallized to what you wanted," Jenkins said. "But in the meantime it's a scuffle. But improvisation is that — extemporaneous life. The scuffle has to be part of it. Which is sometimes better than the polished stuff. You get a mixture of both of these elements."

Years ago Jenkins had designs on a classical career. He started on violin at age 8, then detoured to the saxophone in high school. After receiving a violin scholarship, he earned a degree from Florida A&M.

"I had thoughts of a classical career when I was young and naive," he recalls. "But not after finding the facts of life.

"I found there wasn't any real interest anyway. I did a classical concert for the black community. They liked seeing this black boy play classical music. But then I played a second concert and nobody showed up.

"They had already heard me once. They wanted to see a black boy play once, then they could talk about that for years. But the black people really weren't interested in hearing classical music. [But that] is the audience I always envisioned playing for. So I stopped doing that. I didn't realize that it would get where it is now, where I'm playing jazz for mainly a white audience."

Inspired in Chicago

After college, Jenkins turned to American music and applied the improvisational skills he'd learned on saxophone to his violin playing. He taught strings and played jazz in Mobile, Ala., for 10 years, then returned to his hometown, Chicago, in the mid-1960s. There he encountered the musical revelation of his life.

The Association for the Advancement of Crea-

(continued)

Chuck LaPaglia

By Rich Mangelsdorff

Milwaukee
Sent
5/1/81

THEY SAY YOU CAN'T MAKE IT running a jazz club in Milwaukee, especially if you want to deal in bringing in nationally famous acts.

Still Chuck LaPaglia has been running the Jazz Gallery at 932 E. Center St. for 2½ years, booking nationally famous names as singles within months after he opened and equally well-known groups for more than a year. That's a track record one has to go back two decades and more to match.

LaPaglia finds himself in reluctant agreement, however, with the "you can't make money booking national jazz acts into Milwaukee" folks, but the difference between him and everyone else is that he continues to do it anyway — and will as long as he's able to keep his doors open.

What kind of maverick bucks these odds?

On the surface Chuck LaPaglia seems kindly and professorial, his myopia lending a perpetually concerned and sympathetic cast to his face, but there's more than just Mr. Nice Guy under that exterior.

SCRATCH THE SURFACE and the first thing you find is a lifelong jazz buff. His alto saxophone lies beside him on the sofa as he reminisces about his native Chicago in the '50s. He was studying music at the Chicago Conservatory by day and catching the likes of Charlie Parker, Bud Powell, Thelonious Monk and the classic Miles Davis band with John Coltrane by night.

After a hitch in the Army, LaPaglia attended more schools around Chicago, then got into community organizing, working with kids on the streets and in settlement houses — all the while drifting away from music.

By 1969 he found himself in Milwaukee at the behest of Richard Davis, a former Chicago colleague then on the UWM School of Education faculty and since 1975 an adminstrator in graduate education in San Francisco.

LaPaglia had a fruitful career at UWM, setting up a community education program which now has departmental status in the School of Education. But around 1979 he began growing restive.

"I was getting too far removed from the streets — I needed more action," he confessed.

HE ALSO HAD TAKEN UP his alto saxophone again. So, when in 1978 the old Machos Meeting Hall went on the block, his mind already was made up.

The next phase could be subtitled "How I Spent My $10,000 UWM Retirement Pay." It involved six months of hard work in getting the hall ready to open in September, 1978, but it was the kind of action LaPaglia wanted.

"I was finally pulling the two parts of myself — music and organizing activities — together into a harmonious whole and I knew I was on the right track," he recalled.

Fulfilling it might have been blissful. It wasn't.

"My first mistake," LaPaglia admitted with a self-effacing grin, "was to spend every cent I had just to get the place open. There was nothing left over for operating expenses."

"I'm not sure how it could've been different," LaPaglia added. "I needed all that money just to get things going. But I'd never run a small business before and I didn't understand that that's *not* the way to proceed."

THEN AS NOW LaPaglia tended to spotlight local bands for two- or three-day weekend stints and, a couple of months after opening, brought in Bunky Green, a Chicago acquaintance and former Milwaukeean, for a weekend.

That opened the gates for names like Sonny Stitt and Milt Jackson to come in as singles shortly thereafter. By 1979, the whole Heath Brothers band had paid a visit, and by spring of 1980, people like Jackson, Art Farmer, Philly Joe Jones and Phil Woods were coming in with their regular working units.

Money problems set in immediately.

"The $6.50 door cover charge appears to be about the highest the traffic will bear around here," he explained, "especially since the Jazz Gallery is supported by a wide cross section of clientele, a fair number of whom are just not that financially well-off."

"Still," he lamented, "I lose about $300 on each national act. The musicians, for their part, can't give me much of a break on prices. What with inflation and significant rises in airplane fares, most of them are just about breaking even themselves."

LAPAGLIA ELECTED TO COPE with this dilemma by going non-profit, a dramatic move which has focused national as well as local attention upon his plight.

Non-profit status, or at least the kind of non-profit status that LaPaglia envisions, is rather unprecedented among jazz clubs, although it's not an unusual route for other performance networks like theater or dance companies to go.

It should be explained that the Jazz Gallery would not become an entirely non-profit organization.

"No need for that," LaPaglia disclaimed. "We can support ourselves most of the way and require less subsidy than most art forms."

As the breakdown runs, the Jazz Gallery supplies the physical plant and assumes responsibility for bar operations, a highly serviceable house piano (by going club standards) and the lighting and sound systems. This end of the operation would continue to run at whatever profit ensues.

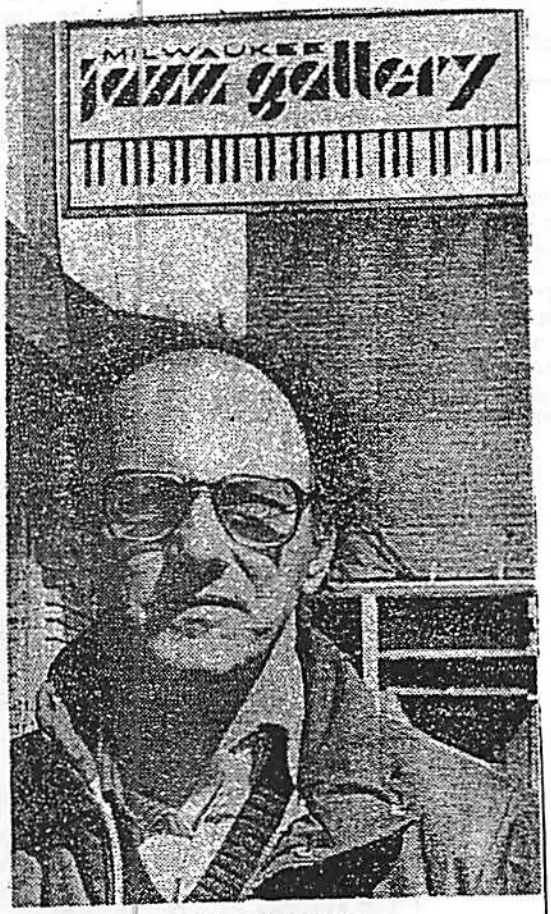
Meanwhile, a corporation to be named as things progress will shoulder the cost of entertainment and promotion via membership drives, personal donations and state and federal grants.

LAPAGLIA VERY MUCH VIEWS the setup as an idea whose time has come. He cites as firm evidence the speech by Max Roach when he received the 1980 Down Beat magazine's Man of the Year Award.

"Roach singled out the clubs as performing a continual educational service," he pointed out. "They are the only places where the mainstream of jazz can truly continue to unfold and flourish on its own terms. As such, they merit government subsidy.

"And there's one point I want understood above any other. Jazz is an art form which needs to be subsidized to survive, just as surely as do any of the other fine arts."

His tone implied clearly enough that maybe it's about time more people accepted America's only indigenous art music as "fine art" on the same terms they unquestioningly accept — and subsidize — classical music or ballet as such.



Chuck LaPaglia

"Jazz is an art form which needs to be subsidized to survive." — Sentinel photo

Then LaPaglia laid the essence of his current situation on the table: "If I can keep going for another three months, I should be in pretty good shape by fall. If I can't, it looks as if the Jazz Gallery will have to close its doors."

It's crossroads and crisis time in earnest.

Moody keeps his jazz on the upbeat

By Kevin Lynch
Special to The Journal

If Duke Ellington was right and a woman is a drum, James Moody proved Wednesday night that a man is a horn. And that a horn is a man.

The Jazz Gallery's featured performer immediately buoyed "I'll Remember April" with a rush of ideas — direct, elusive and fey — laid over an irrepressible wit that spilled out onto his loud tie at the drop of a downbeat.

His tenor sax is hearty and bubbling, the personality perfectly transmuted. Small gulps of passion

critiques

crop up intermittently. This seems to have become his favorite horn in recent years, possibly to summon the darker spirits that experience brings to the fore. But the spirit that still dominates is high and fancy-free.

In fact, it overflows his horn and flute playing. Moody's wont is toward impromptu stories that unravel into horrendous jokes, doggerel Shakespeare and perfectly timed vaudeville gags:

"We have a distinguished guest here tonight, former heavyweight champion Joe Frazier. Take a bow, Joe." The crowd whirled around to look and Moody deferred sheepishly, "Oh, sorry Ma'am."

Moody offered his own classic "Moody's Mood for Love," sung in a voice that stretched and buckled the melodic line, raising hilariously to what he calls his baby's falsetto in this verbal joust of lovebirds.

But when the man goes back through his horns, his quality is not lost — the alto for plaintive ballads, the flute for a spritelike glide through "Cherokee." A long rumination over "I Can't Get Started" found his tenor marking thoughtful pauses, then sounding in a blend of rhetoric and romance.

Nor was his spirit lost on the rhythm section. Drummer Carl Allen was a pleasant surprise with his loose-wristed feel for the tasteful accent. Skip Crumby-Bey wrested voices from his bass that belied its inanimation and gave undertow to the flow. Frank Puzzullo lifted his fingers to spidery jaunts through medium-tempo swingers.

James Moody, in all his guises and horns, offers simply himself. As one Gallery-goer aptly put it, "A real nice variety show by a man who loves to play."

Moody plays again at 9 Thursday at the Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center St.

A top-flight jazz star for more than three decades — the last in Europe — singer Dakota Staton has been booked into the Milwaukee Jazz Gallery for a one-night stand Thursday, beginning at 8 p.m.

Sentinel
5-22-81

5-21-81

Smith, friend thrill Gallery crowd

By Kevin Lynch
Special to The Journal

The blues is the common ground on which all jazzmen tread, with an emotional range far beyond just sadness. It can make you cry, shout and laugh. All those responses echoed through the Jazz Gallery Wednesday as organist Jimmy Smith, a master of the blues, opened a two-night gig.

The laughter came from a surprise guest drummer who's more famous for quips from the hip than rimshots.

Smith was just winding down a set of greasy, down-home blues, leavened by a mindless ballad or two, when a familiar figure appeared in the smoky haze behind the bar. He sported a fat stogie, a cup of Jell-O and an unmistakable impish smirk.

Bill Cosby, a friend and patron of jazzmen for years, sauntered forward and drummer Kenny Dixon vacated his seat. The comic, who had just done two performances at the Performing Arts Center, promptly proved he's no joke on the skins. He's no Kenny Dixon, but for one last blues number he bashed and rolled right in the groove. The packed house whooped at every cymbal crash and simply fell out when he pulled off a hip-cornball solo with shuffle rhythms and a shout on a stop-time.

Then, after 10 minutes of ad-libbing Cosby said, "Well, my friend James Oscar has one more set for you. . . ." When informed the night was over at that time, Cosby's eyes widened incredulously and he said, "This *must* be Milwaukee!"

The crowd ate it up. But still, it was Smith who primed them beautifully all night. His patented whirling dervish runs on uptempos had them rolling and stomping. It's been years since Smith played here, but the multitude still obviously keeps the faith. They sang along to the classic blues contours of "After Hours" and clutched their hats for Smith's jet-ride solo on "Walk on the Wild Side." They caught up with him at the climax — a stops-out, roaring wash of sound over the restated theme riff.

In general the grooves were well-filled by his sidemen: drummer Dixon, guitarist Phil Upchurch and, especially, reed player Herman Riley. His garrulous, bottoms-up tenor sax shook up "Red Top" and his alto flute warmly caressed the innate lyricism of "A Child Is Born."

Jimmy Smith performs again tonight at 8 and 10:30 at the Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center St.

MILWAUKEE
JOURNAL

FRIDAY,
MAY 15, 1981

Long time no Smith

By Kevin Lynch
Special to The Journal

Historically, jazz musicians have practiced their art against daunting odds and circumstances. Playing the blues has provided a release of frustations as well as an ideal vehicle for improvisation.

In this era of synthesizers, there remains jazz organist Jimmy Smith, who is proudly stuck with his vision despite the objection of those who should be his natural allies — record companies and organ manufacturers.

After being locked out of the US touring circuit for too long, Smith is back on the road. The man who is commonly called the world's greatest jazz organist will stop in Milwaukee for a rare visit Wednesday and Thursday at the Jazz Gallery. His quartet includes the prominent jazz guitarist Phil Upchurch, tenor saxophonist Herman Riley and drummer Kenny Dixon.

At home with the B-3

He'll be playing music the way his fans remember, on the organ he made famous in jazz.

"I'm back on the Hammond B-3 and happy," Smith said in a recent telephone interview.

That instrument's distinctive sound was heard on his many hit tunes, including "Walk on the Wild Side," "Midnight Special" and "Slaughter On Tenth Avenue."

In recent years, Smith has been playing an organ manufactured by a German company. The contract forbade him to play any other organ, and thus did away with his touring in the US, since the German brand was not readily available in American cities.

It did offer some new technical possibilities. But when negotiations on a new contract fell through, Smith returned to the Hammond B-3, and general circulation.

"That's home to me, my baby," Smith says.

A word on synthesizers

But when you come home after a long leave it's never quite the same. Smith's return to Hammond finds the company no longer producing such organs. He blames Hammond's decision on fusion music and synthesizers, neither of which he has much use for.

"They couldn't compete with it," he said. "All this fusion discourages people from jazz. It throws them off. It's easy to listen to. The beat is same, and it's got that repetitious bass line. I don't really knock it. They do what they want to do. But I'm going to play jazz till I die.

"I don't fool with synthesizers. Let the kids have it. It's a toy. I play jazz, pure jazz. If they want me to record some of that junk, forget it. I don't care what they pay me."

Smith takes to the road with renewed hope for another revival of the music that has survived repeated pronouncements of death.

"This year we are going back to jazz," he said. "All the clubs in Los Angeles are going back to it. They got tired of all that disco.

"Sometimes we have to play down to the kids. But when I'm on the bandstand, if you don't know anything about jazz, I'm sorry. That means getting some records to sit down and listen to. There's no excuse for people these days. I'll excuse the youngsters 'cause they came up too late, but not the people in their 30s or 40s."

A different approach

Smith is doing his part to raise the quality of the music and, typically, is doing it his own way. He's about to release a jazz-organ instruction album.

"My approach to chords and progressions is altogether different from the average player," he says. "It's just a different way of thinking. I try to embellish to the hilt, to milk a chord for all it's worth."

In 1974, Smith started his own label, Mojo Records, to corral the money he thought was trickling through his fingers into the fast-moving calculators of record company accountants.

"You don't want anybody messing with your money," he said. "The record companies send you royalties and they've got three different books. You never know whether you get the right amount. But then, when you go independent, the other record companies sort of blackball you. They tell the distributors to throw your stuff up on the shelf."

Smith sells his records through mail orders. This includes his latest, "The Second Coming," with guitarist Kenny Burrell and drummer Grady Tate.

After his US tour, Smith moves on to Europe, and then back to the scene of a very special triumph for a black performer — playing to an integrated concert audience in Johannesburg, South Africa.

"The first night it looked kind of funny to some people," Smith recalls. "But I didn't pay any mind. It was just so beautiful to see blacks and whites sitting together. They had a ball the whole week. No problems at all."

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL
FRIDAY, MAY 15, 1981

Jazz organist Jimmy Smith is back in US

THURSDAY, MAY 21, 1981

Smith, friend thrill Gallery crowd

By Kevin Lynch
Special to The Journal

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Jimmy Smith performs again tonight at 8 and 10:30 at the Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center St.

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL SUNDAY, MAY 24, 1981

Rosewood: designated hitters

By KEVIN LYNCH
Special to The Journal

LIKE A tuxedoed scarecrow, the percussionist stands stoically in the orchestra's back 40. The adagio rolls like a lazy wind toward a distant allegro. Only 157 measures to go. He finally spies a small black dot coming closer and closer . . . zaps an eighth note with a cymbal crash. Then it's back to shoo-flies.

The symphonic scene is all too common. Few listeners realize the brains and creative energy lurking inside these frustrated figures of token percussion.

Visions of Rosewood dance in the heads of five percussionists who perform in the Milwaukee Symphony Orchestra. Rosewood is their chance to grab the spotlight and sail on a flight of improvised melody and rhythmic color. The pop-jazz group was formed last year.

Logically named

"It's fulfilling a personal need," says Mike Lorenz, amid a maze of xylophones, marimbas, steel drums and glockenspiels that serves as Rosewood's rehearsal room. "So we get a chance to play. It's real nice to play in treble clef, real notes. Subconsciously, at least, there's the motivation of showing other musicians that, hey, I'm not just a drummer. I can play real notes too."

The group's name comes from the wood of which marimbas are made. "We wanted to put together a jazz group with percussion instruments," Lorenz explains.

"The idea was to get away from your basic high school-college percussion ensemble. Most pieces they play are kind of like a narrator saying here's a cow bell and here's a ratchet and here's a whip — you know, sound effects.

"We wanted to play some real music on percussion. But to keep the thing commercial, too. Not to make it so esoteric that people have no idea what we're playing."

The band is rehearsing for a gig at the Jazz Gallery Monday and Tuesday. The liquid echo of the vibes, a marimba bubbling darkly, the tangy jangle of steel drums and the melody of "Chase the Clouds Away" settle into a gently rolling flow. The group moves from Latin-tinged jazz to ragtime to a few classical pieces played in new instrumental contexts.

Rosewood's players have a widely varying experience playing jazz. Lorenz, who does the group's arranging, grew up playing jazz in clubs. He drummed his way through a Who's Who of local progressive rock and fusion groups: Bertram Grimm (the forerunner of Sweetbottom), Bloomsbury People, Sigmund Snopek Group, Integrated Light and Sound and more recently with Nexus. He's also subbed for the symphony for two years. Rosewood's players freely interchange on instruments, but Lorenz handles most of the soloing on steel drums.

Though his first love remains the timpani, MSO principal percussionist Tele Lesbines has worked a variety of jazz and dance gigs over the years as a traps drummer.

Bassist Mike Britz worked as a drummer in clubs when he was 14 and later took up bass. He recently worked with the Old Town Table Strollers performing jazzed-up Serbian music. Britz also plays principal bass with the Milwaukee Civic Orchestra. He, Lorenz and Patrick McGinn free-lance with the Milwaukee Symphony.

Traps drummer Joe Conti has worked in the various dance bands and the Coast Guard band aside from his classical training. Then there's Linda Raymond and McGinn, who are just delving into the world of jazz and the peculiar challenges of playing in clubs.

"It's very different playing onstage with lots of glaring lights and no notes," says McGinn. "It's kinda scary. I'm basically experimenting and hoping something good comes out of it. I feel very comfortable playing something written out, but when it's not, it makes me nervous."

"I've done improvising on small percussion instruments" says Raymond. 'Now I'm starting to listen to how players construct melody lines. I'm going to try to play lines like a reed player."

A 'saturation point'

The group deals gamely with the percussionist's facts of life. The players' wares consume a lot of space, and seem to multiply like rabbits.

"We must own 50 timpani between us," said Lorenz. "You reach a saturation point, trying to carry them around . . . You can always add little instruments, But four timpani fill a whole truck." (The group eschews timpani for this reason.)

Rosewood may be the only group of its kind in the US. As far as the members know, a nine-piece Canadian group called Concept Neuf is the closest.

The Milwaukeeans will soon pack up their timbales and vibraslaps for a jaunt to Madison. There, Lesbines will conduct a clinic and the group will perform for a percussion symposium sponsored by Ludwig, a leading percussion manufacturer. Rosewood's members hope this will be a step to greater exposure. They'll also be preparing for the Alewives Jazz Festival and hope to perform school clinics in the future.

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL FRIDAY, MAY 29, 1981

Singer grabs and shakes her audience

By Kevin Lynch
Special to The Journal


Dakota Staton

From the tips of her spike heels to the lofty mount of her bouffant hairdo, Dakota Staton stood high and heroic, her potent voice a threat to the walls of Jericho. But it was in the Milwaukee Jazz Gallery that she stood Thursday night, invoking tremblings in a capacity crowd.

Staton's brand of blues, gospel and jazz singing grabs listeners by the lapels and shakes them. Although the lyrics often imply a few teardrops of self-pity, Staton is far too strong to break down and muss her style. Yet she transmits at least as much emotion as any crying jag.

Her visual style is the first taste of her act. Three costume changes ranged from slashes and gold lame to

critique

black boa and sheer lounge pajamas to pendulous rhinestoné earrings. But the dazzle never outshone her voice.

She wails over the man that got away, but rarely begs him to come back, even if her heart does. And her heart comes through in all shades of misery and glee. A lyric like the ironic title phrase of "I Wonder" was layered with a dusky tinge while the upbeat roll of "Heartbreak" carried a clarion gospel voice.

Her words are sculpted into strong, soulful contours, yet she offers surprises that deftly expose the truth. While torching her way through "The Thrill Is Gone," she came to the lyric, "Now that it's over, all I can do is wish you well."

Staton seems to call all the shots for the men in her life, including the three playing behind her. She exhorted them to precisely roaring crescendos and whisked them into dramatic silences with a freeze of a hand.

Her personal pianist, Bross Townsend, lent all the drama and fireworks necessary with his ebullient personality and percussive handfuls of piano, a bit of rhapsody and a lot of blues. Skip Crumby-Bey's singing bass hugged Staton's voice closely, complementing her like a softly lighted mirror. Chicago drummer Joel Spencer was backing Staton cold — his name was a mystery to her in band introductions — but his mind proved as quick and incisive as his hands.

Her encore was a riveting rendition of "You've Changed." Staton hasn't changed much over the years. You always know where she stands: in a world where bittersweet never tasted so good.

(continued) McCoy Tyner MILWAUKEE JOURNAL, FRI. JUNE 5, 1981

"He was able to deal with the odds against him at the time, the criticism. People who do things differently very often are criticized. But if they really believe in what they're doing and follow through, something of value comes out of it.

"Also I learned how you can shape music the way you want to. Music can be very flexible; you shouldn't be afraid to try something. Don't be afraid to be adventurous. It's a world unto itself. It's like the world of medicine or anything, you see what you can do to make something happen."

After the hard times, Tyner emerged stronger spiritually, musically and, it seems, physically. The new Tyner has been known to overpower even horn players with his huge, swarming piano sound.

Disarmingly docile

"You go through a tough period of your life, and if it doesn't kill you it can't help but make you stronger," he said. "I had to flex a few muscles."

Like many expressionistic jazz performers, Tyner is a disarmingly docile person to talk to. His voice is deep but softly toned.

"I try to maintain a certain discipline in my life," said Tyner, a member of the Islam religion. "I more or less keep myself in tune with the Almighty. I feel like that's where everything comes from. It helps to have a format in life. Now I'm not out to try to convert people. It's just for myself, my life. I recognize there's someone controlling the whole scene."

Tyner's present quintet includes Joe Ford on reeds, John Blake on violin, Avery Sharpe on bass and Ronnie Burrage on drums. Tickets are available at Radio Doctors, Jack's Record Rack, William Tell Overture and the Jazz Gallery.

19VI

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL, JUNE 5, 1981

The real McCoy in jazz greats

By Kevin Lynch

Special to The Journal

In any discussion of the pre-eminent pianists in modern jazz, the name of McCoy Tyner invariably comes to the fore.

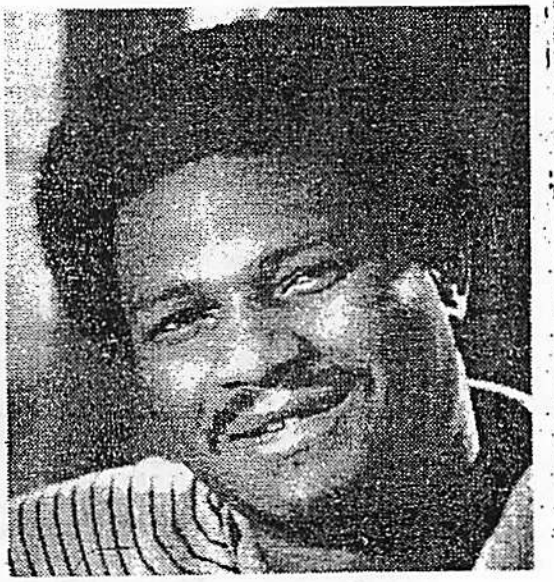
As Art Tatum passed on to Oscar Peterson and Bud Powell, so the last two fruitful decades gave rise to Keith Jarrett, Cecil Taylor, Chick Corea, Herbie Hancock and Tyner.

He will perform his first Milwaukee club date since the 1960s June 12 to 14 at the Milwaukee Jazz Gallery, with two performances each night.

I have walked away from several Olympian performances by Tyner convinced that there was no greater pianist today — at least until the next time I heard Taylor.

This aside, Tyner's place in history would be secure if only for the six years he spent as pianist for the era-forging John Coltrane Quartet.

"I felt that it was a great group when I was in it," Tyner said of the quartet in a recent telephone interview. "I didn't know, but I sensed the impact it was having on people. People were always waiting for us to come to town. I never realized how much history was being made until after it was over. But I knew on stage that it was wonderful.



Pianist McCoy Tyner

A good feeling

"It's a good feeling to know you contributed something to the world. I've had guys back from Vietnam come up to me and say, 'You helped me through the war.' Others say, 'You helped me make it through college.'

"When music has played an important part in people's lives, you feel good about that."

Almost as much as great saxophonist Coltrane engendered innovations and then a new modern mainstream, Tyner, through his distinctive piano style, has entranced a majority of young pianists.

His deftly swinging attack provided a freedom of expression based on modal playing and new harmonic intervals unleashed as quicksilver lines provocative new inlets along the routes of Tatum and Powell.

"I don't want to draw a line between Coltrane's music and my music because what we had were four individuals," Tyner said. "He picked us for what we were doing. We just happened to be very compatible people.

"He didn't say, 'Elvin play this; Jimmy play that.' He picked guys for their style. He wasn't that kind of a leader. We played according to what was around him. He never dictated, and we never felt any pressure of being told.

"I want you to know that we played just like it was our own band. Sometimes that happens and it works."

Tyner's style became a standard for modern piano. But Tyner didn't sit pat. He took his methods to a new plateau of expressive possibility. This emerged in 1972 with "Sahara," voted Album of the Year in the Downbeat International Critics Poll. Here his playing exploded with cathedral-bell detonations from the bass and weaving, dense rhythmic counterpoint with a iron-fingered right hand — a style both heroic and spiritually inspired.

Hard times

After Coltrane died, Tyner went through a period of economic strife as the late '60s exploded into a rock era. But persevering as an acoustic jazz purist, Tyner resurfaced as a renewed force and a jazz giant in his own right.

What exactly happened?

"Well, it's hard to explain the growth process," Tyner said. "It's an organic thing. I went through a difficult period. But life has to be lived. I didn't even really practice that much. My mind was on survival. It was an outgrowth of what I went through in that period. Sort of a new peak right after a slump period.

"Sometimes when you're in a valley, you reach to climb a hill and you're in a whole new place. You can see and do new things. Then you level off and you look for another peak. That's how life is.

"Two things I learned from John [Coltrane] were the value of perseverance and integrity. This guy felt the direction he was going in was right; he pursued that direction very honestly.

continued

June 5, 1981

A FANFARE FOR a solvent future, featuring a dedicated past from its past, can be heard at the Milwaukee Jazz Gallery's "License Benefit" starting at 3 p.m. Sunday.

Such regular gallery performers as La Chazz, the Ray Rideout Quartet, the Mel Rhyne Trio, Jessie Hauck, Manty Ellis and the Hattush Alexander Quartet will be featured in the jazz marathon, scheduled to continue into the wee hours of Monday.

The gallery, which seldom turns a profit despite all the fine jazz acts it brings to Milwaukee, has planned the benefit to help fatten its till for the $1,300 it will need to renew its liquor and cabaret licenses. Admission will be $2. The gallery is at 932 E. Center St.

June 13, 1981

THE MILWAUKEE JOURNAL

Tyner's piano erupts in a grand show

By Kevin Lynch
Special to The Journal

A grand piano is an instrument worthy of its name when one hears the depth of its lows and the brilliance of its highs. McCoy Tyner gave new meaning to the term grand when he sat down at the Jazz Gallery's Steinway piano Friday night before a capacity crowd.

Between its lowest A and its highest C, Tyner wrought craggy mountains of sound, turbulently flowing rivers of song and an experience quite unlike any yet heard or seen at the Gallery.

To see Tyner in action is definitely part of the experience. As he unleashes a solo, his left hand rears high above the keyboard to deliver lightning bolts of bass. His right wrist appears to be pouring fingers all over the keyboard.

What you hear is music that swings, soars and erupts, often at once. In the intimacy of the Gallery Friday, you could feel it as well, such is the power of Tyner's quintet. Many Tyner compositions strongly etch their lines in the air, with ascending plateaus and sweeping arcs. They perfectly launch ecstatically expansive solos from the soloists.

Violinist John Blake grew more authoritative as the night progressed, reaching searing, bow-blurring climaxes on "High-

critique

way One," a Bobby Hutcherson song that sounds as if it's Tyner's. Blake's solo prompted saxophonist Joe Ford to his most intrepid solo, reaching into the nether areas of the late saxophonist John Coltrane, Tyner's most famous employer.

But it is Tyner who really gets them there. More than just power and technique, the pianist has a masterful sense of drama. Deftly riding his sustain pedal, he builds to seemingly unsurmountable crescendos. Then, like a man breaking into an uncharted stratosphere, he attains yet a higher one. His heroic reach can take a listener's breath along with it.

Tyner's style demands a courageou rhythm section, and his latest is one of hi finest. Ignacio Berroa's long arms inter jected flashes of Latin rhythms into hi slashing, crashing drumming. Bassis Avery Sharpe expanded on former Col trane bassist Jimmy Garrison's chords strumming style with percussive surpris es of his own.

The second-performance crowd emp tied out onto a surprisingly rain-soake Center St. Somewhere along the wa McCoy Tyner probably had shook open dark cloud high overhead.

Tyner performs Saturday and Sunda at 8 and 10 p.m. each night. Don't mi him.

Express

June 12, 1981

McCoy Tyner

by Kevin Lynch

During the last two decades the growth of McCoy Tyner has been like the naturally dynamic and even awe-inspiring awakening of a living volcano. This remarkable pianist was set on an inevitable course to the jazz pantheon when at a mere 21 he joined the history-forging John Coltrane Quartet.

Like the great saxophonist Coltrane, Tyner is a basically gentle person who found in the new jazz language a means of releasing the musically-transmuted emotions necessary to deal with, and even to transcend everyday life. Drawing from Coltrane's deep wellspring of spirituality and musical conception, Tyner was liberated by a modal expansiveness. He developed a fluid and bejewelled piano style that remained powerfully swinging. Tyner quickly influenced a whole generation of pianists; then he went a step beyond them all.

After a period of lean years and dormancy Tyner resurfaced in 1972 with the album "Sahara." It marked a stunning breakthrough into a sweepingly expressionistic style of piano that combined thunderous bass registers with chromatic cascades of iron-cast notes. Underlying this was a lyricism that flowed ecstatically with affirmative refrains of both will and belief.

These qualities have garnered Tyner critical acclaim as possibly the premier pianist of this era and a steady popularity as he has faithfully followed the ideals of acoustic jazz.

Tyner makes his first Milwaukee club appearance in years when he brings his quintet to the Milwaukee Jazz Gallery for three nights on June 12-14. There will be two performances each night at 8 and 10:30pm. Advance tickets are available at Radio Doctors, Jack's Record Rack, William Tell Overture, and the Jazz Gallery for $7.50 each ($6.50 for Gallery members).

McCoy Tyner's current group includes Joe Ford on saxes and flute, John Blake on violin, Avery Sharp on bass and Ronnie Burrage on drums.

NEL Saturday, June 13, 1981

Tyner still champ on piano

By Rich Mangelsdorff

If there were such a designation as heavyweight champ of the jazz piano, McCoy Tyner would be the titleholder.

And, Friday night at the Jazz Gallery, he handily defended this imaginary crown before a good-sized crowd.

He led off with a composition from his upcoming album, a long composition — the type Tyner always has savored because it gives his soloists plenty of time to stretch out.

Music

Alto saxophonist Joe Ford and violinist John Blake, they stretched out quite effectively. But a lull of anticipation followed their expositions because it was the leader whom people had come to hear.

They were waiting to see whether he could blow them away with his legendary strength.

And he did. That expansive sound came crashing from his keyboard in chords big enough to be rooted in the earth yet transcendent enough to billow like the copper- and salmon-colored clouds in a Grand Canyon sunset.

Tyner finished off his first set with a boldly rolling composition called "Lost and Tossed," which gave everyone another ample round of solo time, including a percussively resonant bass statement by Avery Sharp.

Tyner will be at the Gallery for 8 and 10 p.m. shows Saturday and Sunday. He and his powerful, dedicated sidemen should prove one of the more bracing live jazz listening experiences of recent months.

MILWAUKEE jazz gallery

JULY

MUSIC AT 9:00 P.M.
9:30 P.M. SATURDAYS

932 E. CENTER STREET
263-5718

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
			1 TOMMY BISHOP WITH DAVE HAZELTINE $1.50	2 BERKLEY FUDGE TRIO $1.50	3 JESSIE HAUCK WITH MANTY ELLIS TRIO $2.00	4
5 DAVE HAZELTINE	6 JAZZ JAM	7 PAUL CEBAR $1.50	8 TOMMY BISHOP WITH DAVE HAZELTINE $1.50	9 JESSIE HAUCK SINGER'S WORKSHOP $1.50	10 FROM CHICAGO VIBRIST CARL LEUKAUFE TRIO $2.00	RICHARD DAVIS/ MANTY ELLIS WISCONSIN CONNECTION $3.00 FEATURING JESSIE HAUCK & BERKLEY FUDGE
12 DAVE HAZELTINE	13 JAZZ JAM	14 PAUL CEBAR	15 TOMMY BISHOP WITH DAVE HAZELTINE $1.50	16 FREDDY HUBBARD QUARTET TWO SHOWS 8 P.M. & 10:30 P.M. $7.50 $6.50 MEMBERS	17 JESSIE HAUCK WITH MANTY ELLIS TRIO $2.00	18
19 DAVE HAZELTINE	20 JAZZ JAM	21 BARRY VELLEMAN	22 TOMMY BISHOP WITH DAVE HAZELTINE $1.50	23 JESSIE HAUCK SINGER'S WORKSHOP $1.50	24 GUITARIST KENNY BURRELL TWO SHOWS 8 P.M. & 10:30 P.M. $6.50 $5.50 MEMBERS	25
26 DAVE HAZELTINE	27 JAZZ JAM	28 NAT ADDERLEY QUINTET 8 P.M. $6.50 $5.50 MEMBERS	29 TOMMY BISHOP WITH DAVE HAZELTINE $1.50	30 BERKLEY FUDGE TRIO $1.50	31 BETTY CARTER TWO SHOWS 8 P.M. & 10:30 P.M. $6.50 $5.50 MEMBERS	AUG. 1

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL JULY 24, 1981

Guitar wasn't his first pick

By Kevin Lynch

Special to The Journal

In the early 1940s the guitar was still unaccepted as a soloing jazz instrument. And a young Detroit jazz enthusiast, Kenny Burrell, wanted to be a saxophonist.

"It was a family circumstance. My brother was a very good guitarist back then," the acclaimed guitarist recalled recently in a telephone conversation from New York. He opens a two-night stand tonight at the Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center St.

"But I didn't want to play the guitar. As a kid you're a little rebellious. I wanted to do something different — play the saxophone. But our family was pretty poor, and during the war, due to scarcity of metals, saxophones were too expensive. So I finally settled for a $10 guitar.

"The more I played it, the more I got sucked in. Then Charlie Christian came along, and the guitar began to coincide with the role of the saxophone, becoming a solo instrument."

After guitarist Christian's early demise, Burrell became one of the prominent guitarists in the bop idiom, working with Dizzy Gillespie for some time.

Degree in composition

In earning a degree in theory and composition from Wayne State University, Burrell began exploring a diversity of musical styles, which he has actively pursued. His playing easily traverses the boundaries of folk styles, bossa nova, Spanish flamenco and classical guitar.

One of the best representations of that was the classic album "Guitar Forms" with noted jazz arranger Gil Evans.

How does Burrell deal with the diverse styles of playing?

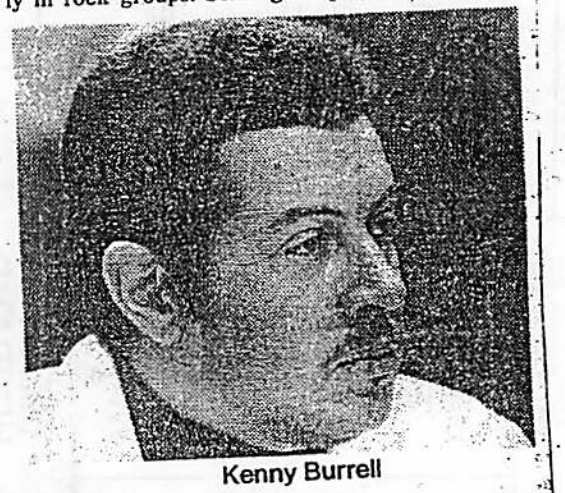
"Well, I see them as different moods, more or less," he said. "I don't see the techniques as all that different aside from the obvious fingering difference.

"I like different kinds of music. In college I discovered the many kinds of musics of the world. Basically there are two kinds of music, good and bad. I see the diversity as not a difficulty to be overcome but new opportunities to express myself."

For all his diversity, Burrell has maintained a definite aesthetic stance throughout the years: thoughtful, understated playing with a high regard for melody and harmonic richness.

On one instrument he reflects the orchestral ideals of the late Duke Ellington, whom Burrell considers the consummate musician. Not surprisingly, this places Burrell once removed from much of the guitar's phenomenal popularity and radical stylistic changes since he first made his mark.

"I didn't realize at the time how popular the instrument would get," he said. "But that proliferation does not necessarily mean a lot of quality. The guitar has just become a main ingredient, especially in rock groups. Some good players are finally emerging by virtue of the sheer numbers of guitars sold and people getting into it."



Kenny Burrell

Yet Burrell refuses to meddle in things foreign to his artistic nature. A man who inspired Burrell to maintain his personal integrity was John Coltrane. Burrell recorded several times with the late saxophonist in the late 1950s.

"Serious and dedicated"

"Coltrane was very serious and dedicated to his music," Burrell said. "He was a man compelled to go deeper and deeper into his art, an artist in the truest sense. He demonstrated how important it is to hold to what you believe in, and he was living proof that it does pay to be that dedicated to your music."

Burrell himself remains living proof that such a philosophy can pay off.

"I feel very fortunate that people have supported me over the years," he said. "They never left me. Each year I pick up a few more fans.

"I can't be anything other than myself. To try to make a self-conscious change to get over to the people is hard to do and still be yourself. I've made a pretty good living over the years, and I still play what I feel, what I am."

July 25, 1981

Kenny Burrell provides lesson on jazz guitar

Music

By Rich Mangelsdorff

Lest we forget, Kenny Burrell provided us with a basic lesson in the uses of the jazz guitar during his first set Friday night at the Jazz Gallery.

One could expend a whole pocketful of homely adjectives on Burrell's accomplished style: steady, economical, unpretentious, assured and a guitarist's guitarist, for example.

There's something downright reassuring about his loping well-balanced lines, bristling with accented highlights, yet one-pointed in their overall effect.

Even Burrell's material, tunes like "Speak Low" and "Old Folks" as well as low-keyed blues and bright, gliding, up-tempo vehicles, bears witness to unassuming serenity and poise.

Before this portrait starts getting painted too laid-back, however, realize that Burrell performs with only bass and drum backup (Chicagoan Joel Spencer on drums and Milwaukee's own version of an all-star sideman, Skip Crumbey-Bey on bass) and had to rely on his own impeccability and imagination to carry him all the way, and if he hardly worked up a sweat doing it, the tribute is to his being a pro's pro as well as a guitarist's guitarist.

And for dessert, Burrell obliged with a stretch of some acoustic guitar work. Not just the kind of atmospherics one generally associates with the jazz guitarist going acoustic, although his own "Moon and Sand" could pass for that, but full-fledged intricate jazz run-throughs as well, like Kenny Dorham's "Blue Bossa."

Dessert? No, not quite. Burrell always carries at least one more surprise up his sleeve, in this case a smoking up-tempo romp that might stand the laid-back image even further back on its ear and a compelling version of one of the 1950s' most striking jazz compositions, Miles Davis' "All Blues."

Rather than add more citations to Burrell's credit, though, one could just sum it up by calling him the master. A number of guitarists in Milwaukee and elsewhere already have. We can do no worse than follow their lead.

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL JULY 25, 1981

Guitarist Kenny Burrell a skilled craftsman

By Kevin Lynch
Special to The Journal

Guitarist Kenny Burrell's onstage figure and musical style are unassuming and relaxed. Yet the fine beads of sweat that grew over his forehead Friday night at the Jazz Gallery betrayed a focused concentration that sustained music fully cured with craftsmanship, artistry and interpretive skill.

His chords surge and glow at once; they both intimate and express. His short a cappella intro to "Old Folks" encapsuled the delicate balance he walks. Deftly adjusting the volume control, he unfolded lines that, in the space of an instant, glinted with purely acoustic resonances, then swelled to thick pillows of amplified sound.

The result is a guitar artfully brought to life, breathing richly textured air, extending Burrell's body and mind.

Joel Spencer, a talented but forceful drummer, fully met the challenge of encroaching Burrell's refined territory. Trading four-bar solos on the same tune

critiques

Burrell fully splits the acoustic and electric vibrations when he forgoes his big Gibson ax for a classical guitar. On a tune like "Blue Bossa," the small guitar's notes sprinkled brightly from rich chords like droplets of salt water while Spencer's brushes briskly escorted the sprite-like tempo. Burrell's whisper in the alley blues phrasing perfectly suited the stealthy Miles Davis classic "All Blues."

Yet Burrell does many things with the blues. As refined as his skills are, the veteran guitarist is a full-blooded jazzman. Blues phrases will burst from his sleek lines and hang momentarily like little jokes. And they often announce an impending release — he suddenly lashes out gear-shifting minor chords and lifts a jaunty solo straight up from his boot heels. Accordingly, he laced a sing-song swinger like "Love For Sale" with spiky accents that nicely underscored the song's inherent piquancy.

Completing a highly successful trio was bassist Skip "Crumby Bey," whose dark lines finely complemented Burrell's with fleshy handfuls of swinging harmony and solos that rang gospel-like chords out into the well-filled Gallery.

Kenny Burrell performs again tonight at 8 and 10:30 at the Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center St.

Sentinel 7-28-81

No false starts for Adderley quintet

By Rich Mangelsdorff

Music

The Nate Adderley quintet gave a valuable lesson in mainstream jazz cookery to a relatively sparse first-set crowd at the Jazz Gallery Monday night.

With an all-star cast making it one of the strongest bands to hit the area in some time, the group wasted little time getting out of the starting gate.

The leader out of the block was alto saxophonist Sonny Fortune. Subbing for the scheduled Ricky Ford, Fortune is a bandleader in his own right. He unleashed some torrential choruses almost before the audience had a chance to get its bearings.

Following suit with hardly a pause, was trumpeter Adderley.

That pretty well set the tone for the rest of the set. Adderley and Fortune are clearly able to trade forceful and well-conceived horn statements all night long.

Pianist Larry Willis spent some time with the rock group Blood, Sweat and Tears and even more time with such jazz greats as Jackie McLean.

Drummer Jimmie Cobb is still the epitome of steady, tasteful timekeeping, while bassist Walter Booker, a veteran of the Cannonball Adderley band, utilized his familiarity with the Adderley style to obvious advantage.

The band will play at the Jazz Gallery again at 8 and 10 p.m. Tuesday.

Milw Journal Thes. July 28, 1981

Adderley wows jazz lovers

By Kevin Lynch
Special to The Journal

critique

Tucked away inauspiciously on Center St. just west of Humboldt is the Jazz Gallery. Month after month it offers Milwaukeeans jazz that's special and sometimes extraordinary, as if it had a secret connection to some bottomless well of musical talent.

It happened again Monday night in the form of the Nat Adderley Quintet.

Even the knowledgeable jazz fan might think: Nat Adderley? Oh, Cannonball's younger brother. How good can he be without Cannon?

It turns out that Nat's act is just as strong as his late brother's, especially with the band he's brandishing these days. It's a five-way slice of modern jazz history.

Sonny Fortune, one of the finest alto players anywhere, is a recent replacement for tenor saxophonist Ricky Ford. And Sonny is sounding better than he did in the early '70s when he helped McCoy Tyner make some of the more memorable music of that decade.

He still blows hot and fast, bending notes in all directions. But he's a more complete, knowing player now.

"Sunshower," a melody that cascades gently over splashing cymbals, provided one example. On Adderley's "Nat-urally," Fortune pranced sassily with a fluid ebullience. And on his own "For Duke and Cannon," the saxophonist captured the swells,

Turn to Jazz, Page 3

Adderley wows Gallery

From Page 1

curls and elegance of Ellington's patented language, then slid effortlessly into jagged bop phrases adorned with mellifluous runs, a la Cannonball.

Nat Adderley, apparently inspired by Fortune's resource and fire, followed the altoist each time with cornet solos that shouted, crackled and mourned movingly. The last occurred on a fine duet, "Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child," shared with pianist Larry Willis.

Willis was another pleasant surprise for the unsuspecting in a crowd whose size indicated an unsuspecting city. Formerly with Stan Getz and Blood, Sweat and Tears, the pianist sustained imaginative turns of phrase throughout his highly swinging playing. His right hand figures burst off the left's powerful chords with an impetuous dynamism.

Circulating through the band, that dynamism germinated from drum- his stellar days with Miles Davis and Sarah Vaughn.

In the midst of this was Walter Booker, holding strong like the deep, dark jazz roots in his bass. This veteran has shared Cobb's rhythm chores behind the divine Sarah and has held together the Adderley brothers' band for years as well as listing such employers as Monk, Getz, Byrd and so forth.

This band is at least as good as its imposing collective credentials.

Whether it has a right to, Milwaukee can expect something special — and maybe extraordinary — tonight again. Adderley and company play at 8 p.m. at the Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center.

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL JULY 31, 1981

Catch the Carter fever

THERE ARE JAZZ singers, and then there's Betty Carter — an electrifying, innovative song stylist who mesmerized local jazz fans a year ago in May when she made her Milwaukee debut at the Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center St.

Carter was back again at Christmastime for another highly touted gig, and she's returning to the Gallery this weekend for four shows — at 8 and 10:30 tonight and Saturday. Tickets cost $6.50 a show.

If you haven't heard her yet, catch her this time. She's terrific!

— KATHY NAAB

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL AUG. 1, 1981

Betty Carter makes every song special

By Kevin Lynch
Special to The Journal

Characteristically, Betty Carter opened her Jazz Gallery performance Friday night with the song "Be Yourself." It sums up her music.

With Carter, it's a matter of ultimate necessity. Her dealings with the world all reflect her abiding commitment to the validity of her own per-

critique

sonality, intellect and soul — for better or worse. When she's onstage, that's usually for the better.

Yet the strength of her art lies in its exposure of the binds that her self-commitment puts her in as it liberates her. For instance, she pricks the ironies of real romance. She sang of chance and forced encounters with old lovers in songs like "Social Call" and "What's New?" and the longing for rekindled flames glowed in her tensely quavering lines. Yet she turned and sang, "Let my dreams of happiness come true," and the last words tailed off into tones of blue resignation.

Carter moves the listener who takes her to heart. But she's also great fun for all those things that happen for the better. She takes chances, but with the skill of a master acrobat. One might never imagine the ingenuous Rodgers and Hammerstein waltz "My Favorite Things" as the creature Carter makes it. She shook and whipped it into dynamically slashing edges — deeply seesawing verses and furious uptempo refrains. "Open the Door" had the mood one might have expected in the previous song. Her trio pushed Carter out onto an infectiously rolling tempo, and her voice mirrored her mile-wide smile.

—Journal Photo by Jack Orton

Jazz singer Betty Carter at the Jazz Gallery Friday night.

But it's the ballads that captivate the listener, each of them an unusual little masterpiece. On songs like "Every Time We Say Goodbye," she twists the lyrics into thin tendrils of sound, creating a tenuous balance of tone and emotion.

Her band (pianist Khalid Moss, bassist Curtis Lundy and drummer Louis Nash) is well tuned to her dramatic ebb and flow. When she dips into the dark corner of a song, they disappear with her. Yet, on the high end of Carter's dynamic scale, new drummer Nash occasionally kicked too much into the balance. But then Carter's music is, by necessity, less than perfect. That makes it just as real and true as her life — a unique beauty in reflection.

Betty Carter performs again tonight at 8 and 10:30 at the Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center.

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL SEPTEMBER 24, 1981

—Journal Photo

Jon, Judith and Michele Hendricks and Bob Gurland sang at the Jazz Gallery Wednesday night

Chet Baker is back in there

A question was posed.

The telephone receiver remained silent for long, pregnant moments. Then Chet Baker's voice emerged, time-worn yet soft.

The voice carried weariness and animosity, suggesting his seemingly endless climb with the combined weights of drug addiction and society's consequent impositions.

"Listen, I don't think anybody knows from one day to the next what's going to happen," Baker said from his home in New York. "You can be taken out for any reason at any time. We're all here for too short a time."

The jazz trumpeter, who performs at the Jazz Gallery Tuesday and Wednesday nights, now seems to be on level ground. Far too experienced to dream idealistically, nevertheless, Baker hopes his only remaining climbing is purely musical.

After a long pause, he continued.

"Yeah, I've had a lot of drug problems. That was over a long time ago, but people still ask me the same stupid questions after all these years. I'm 51 years old, and I'm still here, so I must have had some good sense somewhere."

Those years included glorious ones as the leading trumpeter in the '50s cool-jazz style. He is best remembered for the famous pianoless quartet he led with saxophonist Gerry Mulligan.

The years also include jail sentences for drug convictions in the United States and Europe. Unlike many similarly afflicted jazz musicians of his generation, Baker survived. And overlaying the vestiges of his scarred life is a new skin in which he's grown.

"I think quite a bit positive came out of the experience," Baker said. "I learned a lot. To speak fluent Italian for one thing, out of necessity.

"It doesn't hurt to have a few bad experiences in one's life. If one goes through one's whole life skipping and laughing gaily, maybe he might miss out on some feelings — those of a person who suffers, is taken away from his loved ones and locked up, given a number, treated like an animal. I don't know if that helps your music or not. I know in my case it didn't hurt."

Baker's road back was detoured by thugs who severely beat him for drug money one night in 1988. That cost him his teeth. Believing himself unable to play the trumpet, Baker retired to a life of uncertainty.

Did he ever get the feeling life had dealt him an unfair hand?

"No, not really" he said. "I dealt with my fate. I was always open with my dealings. When you behave that way, sooner or later somebody's going to take advantage of it and try to put anoth-

swinging

er stripe on his arm, one more heavy collar. I tried not to let it bury me. I wasn't happy about it, but I tried to get the best I could out of it when I was there.

"It took me a long time to get back to playing. I finally realized it was either play or pump gas. So I started to get going in the music business again."

Baker remains essentially a lyrical player, but one who would much rather look forward than backward.

"There's no drastic style change," he said. "It's changed slightly, a bit more modern, more sophisticated, for greater materials. I hardly ever play old tunes unless someone asks. If they want to hear 'My Funny Valentine' or something, I try and do it for them. But I'd rather progress to other things. I'm still singing, too. Some people say I sing better than I ever did.

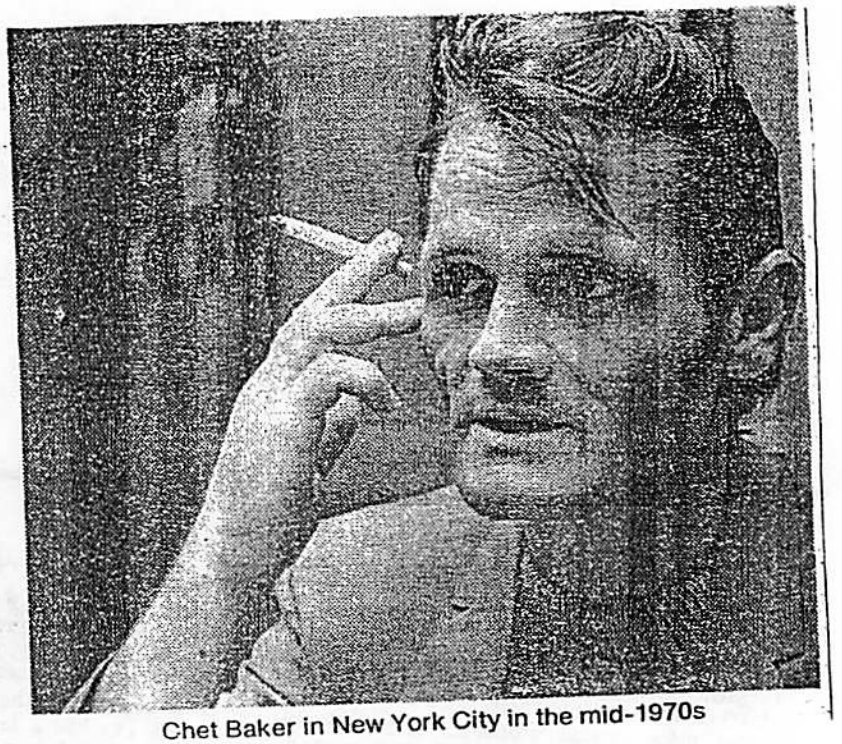
"My attitude is to try to work as much as possible, to save some money, buy myself a home. Hopefully, I can hang in there a few more years to enjoy it. Otherwise, well you know I don't have too much time left."

Baker's reincarnation recently has been documented on several albums on the Steeplechase label of Denmark.

As Chet Baker closes his eyes for another solo, images of the past may flash across his vision — darkness of distant prisons, hoodlums chasing him in the night, his body shaking with the need for a fix.

Somehow, from such an interior, notes of limpid beauty float out. At those moments, one can believe the artistic spirit is worth living for.

— KEVIN LYNCH



Chet Baker in New York City in the mid-1970s

Sat. Aug 8, 1981

Crowd wooed by gentle jazz

By Rich Mangelsdorff

Chet Baker, one of the legends of jazz, delighted a sparse first-show audience at the Jazz Gallery Tuesday night with his wispy and waiflike trumpet and vocal work.

Music

His sunken face, with its plaintive expression, suggests a man who has been through a lot since he broke into the jazz limelight about 30 years ago in Los Angeles with Gerry Mulligan.

Baker's trumpet work seemed tentative in the early going, but he swiftly rectified that. His range is limited, but his command of that range is near perfect. And his phrasing is knowing and succinct as he spins bittersweet, lightly burnished tales.

Perhaps "Round Midnight" served as the most fitting vehicle for his artistry as he played with wisps of the melody line's inflections, showing himself to be a master of lifting or stretching just a few notes out of context, like eyebrows raised for emphasis.

As he proceeded, Baker overblew some notes to add husky overtones to his gentle overall sound.

Long a staple of his act, his high flat voice — like Mose Allison without a message — generates a frailty motif.

The trumpeter will be at the Gallery again Wednesday night for 8 and 10 p.m. shows. If you like jazz that wins you over with charm rather than power, you should be there.

Baker reveals his personal side

By Kevin Lynch
Special to The Journal

His slender figure curved around his trumpet, Chet Baker gathered Jazz Gallery listeners around him Tuesday night and offered up a piece of his innermost self.

The experience transmitted through his trumpet and voice was rare in its intimacy even for the Jazz Gallery. It was like overhearing a murmured conversation between a man and his trumpet, or his lover.

Baker's music glows with a moody romanticism, which takes his trumpet into a role uncharacteristic for the normally declamatory instrument. Notes hang from the trumpet's edge like ripe plums. They vibrate from a sensibility that remains gentle at the core despite a life of many trials.

critique

But Baker's playing is more than moody wafting. The intelligence displayed on the venerable "'Round Midnight" was engineered with skill and imagination. Like a ghost slipping through the crack of a door, Baker slid into the familiar shrouded melody, stripped his second chorus to an elegant spareness, then overlayed it with several plush phrases.

Baker's singing reveals an even closer view of his personal expression — lyrics of broken love flowing from a tenor feathered with soft gray textures.

Betraying a tendency of jazz vocalists since Louis Armstrong, Baker forgot the written lyrics of "Just Friends" at one point and fell back on his scat singing. But unlike many jazz singers, Baker's vocal improvisations are free of extraneous syllabic encumbrances. Every sung note, like every trumpet note, touches the tune's melodic and harmonic essence.

His band gamely followed the trumpeter's incalculable pauses and sudden swoops. Pianist David Hazeltine's solos invariably quickened the music's pulse with incisively swinging bursts of bop phrasing.

Drummer Joel Spencer added just the right amount of sinew to Baker's lean constructions. Admirable bassist Skip Crumby-Bey seemed to measure his playing more than usual to coincide with the graceful curves of Baker's style.

Chet Baker will perform again at 8 tonight at the Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center St.

—Journal Photo by Michael Sears

Chet Baker at the Jazz Gallery

PAGE 1
of 2

MILWAUKEE
JOURNAL

FRI.
AUG.28, 1981

Bebop's his state of mind

By Kevin Lynch

Special to The Journal

Charlie (Bird) Parker would have been 61 Saturday. A generation removed, Charles McPherson, 42, is both strongly inspired by the legendary saxophonist and young enough to evolve from him.

Bird's inspiration was so strong that McPherson's musical style was set for life. Yet McPherson has grown subtly, from the inside out.

The alto saxophonist stands in a perfect position to represent Bird's music in 1981. He headlines the Milwaukee Jazz Gallery's Charlie Parker Birthday Celebration Friday through Sunday. Concerts are at 9 p.m., with $6.50 tickets available at the door (members $5.50).

As one of the leading second-generation beboppers, McPherson served an impressive apprenticeship with the late Charles Mingus, who persuasively extended bop's expressive possibilities. Today, McPherson communicates bop as purely, yet as widely, as possible.

An energetic world

"At times it seems there's indication that the people are liking it more," McPherson said recently in a telephone interview from Detroit. "But it's paradoxical. In terms of the public, a lot of times when people say, 'Oh, I like jazz,' they're talking about fusion and funk.

"But I do know when you're playing in clubs you can make people like straight-ahead bebop. But you have to be burning, because the world is into energy now.

"Actually, there's a lot of types of bebop. There's very low-key, mellow bebop, almost businessman bebop. I like hot bebop rather than cold.

"Bebop can turn into a cerebral experience anyway if you don't have the passion with it. If you've got a band that has fire and can pop, then you'll woo them. I've seen it happen playing without electronics, no buttons to push to create false energy. When everything's just right, you can have everybody in the joint just hollering."

At it for 30 years

The hottest flames of McPherson's alto are the tip of the fires that run deeply in him. He's a man consciously probing his long-accumulated resources.

"I've been playing for 30 years," he said. "There has to be a certain amount of learning time being analytical about the music. But then you depart from the empirical. I'm trying to use at least 75% of myself. Most people don't use more than 60%.

"There's another way of learning. There's the whole intuitive thing that will lead you to the same spot, but the avenue is different.

"I've found that if you don't use, you lose. It's like a muscle. There should be processes to strengthen the intuitive part [of using the mind]. That's the genius part. I'm real interested in that now.

"This is the thing they don't teach in school. There's a way to creativity, I'm sure, but we haven't learned how to verbalize it. It doesn't have to do with linear logic. There's many different kinds of logic."

When McPherson peruses Parker reflectively, he finds that non-linear logic. He spoke of having just read the new collection of Bird's letters and telegrams collected in the new book, "From Bird with Love."

"The things that he writes gave me real insight into him," McPherson said. "He's like a really tender man, a real poet and artist, very loving. And in many different ways you see the tragedy and the tenderness. You know, getting drunk when his wife is at her wit's end. Sending Christmas cards.

"I think of Bird as a genius-type guy, *and* maybe a little crazy. A little of both. There's some things he writes in there that I can't make any sense of. It's just so esoteric. He's looking at life differently, I'll tell you that. I think he was just way ahead of his time."

Parker's time extends at least to today. A third generation bebopper will be on stage at the Parker celebration — Milwaukee trumpeter Brian Lynch. Last year Lynch spent about half a year in San Diego, Calif., which happens to be McPherson's home.

Heard him, hired him

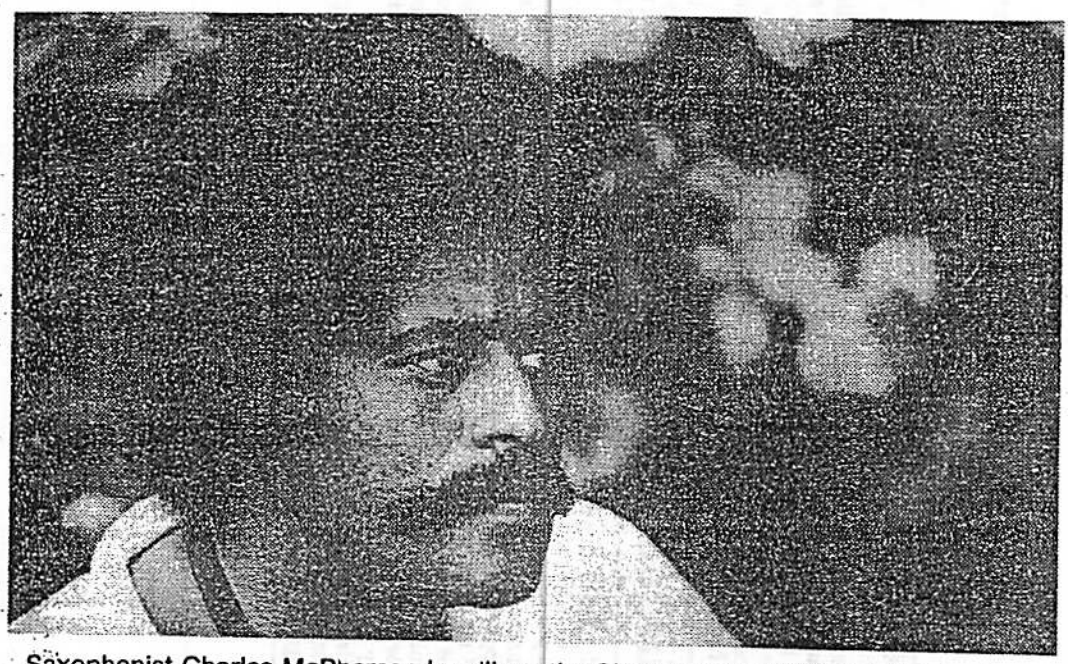
McPherson followed the local grapevine to Lynch, and upon hearing the young trumpeter he promptly hired him for several gigs. When asked to assess Lynch, he blew the trumpeter's horn loudly:

"He's an excellent trumpeter and musician. He's got some of the qualities we're talking about — the intellect, the natural talent and the education. He has the intelligence to go back and really check certain things out.

"He understands Bird and his music, unlike many players today. He's also got a sense of aesthetics. He's got the right soul for an artist. You can have all those other things, but you have to be a feeling human being, feeling the good and the bad.

"He's one of the most promising trumpeters I've heard. And I've been all around the world."

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL AUG. 28, 1981



Saxophonist Charles McPherson headlines the Charlie Parker Birthday Celebration

None could hold a candle to this jazz party

By Kevin Lynch
Special to The Journal

Two beboppers whose paths crossed in the unlikely locale of San Diego provided choice bop Friday night in the increasingly likely setting of the Milwaukee Jazz Gallery.

Indeed, as trumpeter Brian Lynch swerved and rippled through the lines of alto saxophonist Charles McPherson, one wondered why they hadn't been playing together for years. The stunning contrapuntal streamers that blazed on several songs had listeners' heads spinning.

Lynch's stay in San Diego last year resulted in his meeting with McPherson and the now occasional partnership that made Friday night's opening of the Charlie Parker Birthday Celebration an unadulterated success.

McPherson is the sort of superb — if underexposed — musician to which the Gallery often treats local jazz listeners. Lynch is the sort of local musician whom some might take for granted. Yet when he is sailing stride for stride with a master like McPherson, Lynch's remarkable talent comes into focus. The same may be

critique

said for the fine rhythm section of pianist David Hazeltine, bassist Skip Crumby-Bey and drummer Joel Spencer.

Although normally thought of as a straight-ahead bopper, McPherson offered a variety of material, all brimming with imaginative touches. Thelonious Monk's "Blue Monk" appeared in a medium uptempo guise that gave brightness to its inherently sardonic character. Lynch's solo jostled and tugged at the tempo with devil-may-care panache.

A slow, free segment by the horns led to a finely crafted "My Funny Valentine." On a funky blues called "Fun and Games," McPherson's solo tiptoed ironically into the heavy beat and built with wily stealth. Lynch spurted wagging, mocking phrases from his horn.

Inevitably, it was the 100-proof bop songs like "Billie's Bounce" and "Scrapple from the Apple" that undid the small but appreciative opening-night crowd.

Hazeltine provided the horn players with sparkling accompaniments and offered his own highly charged versions of Bud Powell's "un poco loco" style.

Born 61 years ago today, Charlie Parker was a legend. His myth and memory grow stronger every day in the hands of McPherson and such talented kindred spirits as these.

The McPherson quintet performs again at 9 p.m. Saturday and Sunday at the Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center St.

August 29, 1981 8-29-81

McPherson expands bop

By Rich Mangelsdorff

Like club owners in other cities, Chuck Lapaglia of the Jazz Gallery sets aside some time at the end of every August to pay homage to the late great Charlie Parker on the occasion of his birthday.

Music

His choice of on-stand celebrants Friday night was right on the money; San Diego-based alto saxophonist Charles McPherson has long been considered one of Parker's most faithful and creative followers and the rather sparse first set crowd found out why.

Back in the days when the classic bop recordings were being made, production schedule considerations dictated short takes of the tunes, leading a whole generation of listeners to believe that bop solos were all short and succinct.

Not necessarily. Bop can be expanded upon, too, and played as hot and expressively as the players choose.

McPherson leaped out of the starting gate on Parker's own "Ornithology" and played an energetic solo that lingered over some of the implications of the melody lines and wove whole new vignettes out of others.

McPherson was backed by local musicians, but the one he shared the front line with was Brian Lynch.

McPherson and Lynch will perform Saturday and Sunday nights as well, starting at 9 p.m. And while it helps to be into Charlie Parker in order to appreciate what they play, *any* fan of pure jazz should have little trouble getting the message.

MILWAUKEE jazz gallery

SEPTEMBER

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SUNDAY	MONDAYS	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
		1 ROSEWOOD contemporary percussion $2.00	2 PAUL CEBAR $2.00	3 JESSIE HAUCK SINGERS WORKSHOP $1.50	4 JESSIE HAUCK WITH MANTY ELLIS QUARTET $2.00	5 JOANNE BRACKEEN 9 P.M. $6.50 $5.50 MEMBERS
6 JOANNE BRACKEEN 9 P.M. $6.50 $5.50 MEMBERS	7 CHICAGO STYLE BLUES 14 PIANO C. RED & HIS 21 FLAT FOOT BOOGIE BAND $3.50	8 PAUL CEBAR $2.00	9 SONNY STITT 8 P.M. $5.50 $4.40 MEMBERS	10	11 SONNY STITT 9:00 P.M. $6.50 $5.50 MEMBERS	12
13 SONNY STITT 9 P.M. $6.50 $6.50 MEMBERS		15 PAUL CEBAR $2.00	16 JESSIE HAUCK QUARTET & MELVN RHYNE TRIO	17 JESSIE HAUCK SINGERS WORKSHOP $1.50	18 JESSIE HAUCK WITH MANTY ELLIS QUARTET $2.00	19
20 DAVE HAZELTINE		KRYSTAL SET "WILD WOMEN & LOOSE CHANGE" $2.50	23 JON HENDRICKS & COMPANY 8 P.M & 10:30 $6.50 $5.50 MEMBERS	24 BIG APPLE GOING AWAY PARTY	25 JESSIE HAUCK WITH MANTY ELLIS QUARTET AND LORI NOELLE & TRICIA ALEXANDER 8 P.M. $3.50	JOE PASS 8 P.M. & 10:30 P.M. $6.50 $5.50 MEMBERS
27 JOE PASS 8 P.M. & 10:30 P.M. $6.50 $5.50 MEMBERS		28 RAY RIDEOUT OCTET $1.50	HATTUSH ALEXANDER QT. & CARL LEUKAUFF	30		

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL SEPTEMBER 4, 1981

SHOWCASE

AFTER AN APPRENTICESHIP with Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers and a 10-year performing sabbatical to raise a family, pianist Joanne Brackeen re-emerged in the late 1970s and is now being

Joanne Brackeen

hailed as one of the most important jazz artists around.

She played solo last January at the Milwaukee Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center, and will be back again this weekend with good company — bass player Clint Houston, formerly of Woody Shaw's band.

Brackeen and Houston will perform at 9 p.m. Saturday and Sunday. Tickets cost $6.50.

9-7-81

JoAnne Brackeen: piano is her forte

By Rich Mangelsdorff

Music

JoAnne Brackeen is one of the fastest-rising pianists in jazz today. She demonstrated just why for a sparse, first-set crowd at the Jazz Gallery Sunday night.

In her eagerness to play, she slides right into a groove like a diver rolling backward off the side of a boat. The sort of two-handed strength that might seem remarkable in other pianists becomes standard operating procedure with her because she chooses to work with only a bassist for support.

Her first tune was an original with a vague "I Didn't Know What Time It Was" feel discernible in between its modes of time stops.

In it, Miss Brackeen quickly established her mastery of mainstream jazz pianistics. Not a bad way to win an audience's respect, but Miss Brackeen was just warming up.

On her next selection, she started off bouncing chords around in eccentric little patterns while steadily increasing her volume, giving the effect of moving from innocent fun to serious business without a hitch between. At full dynamic tilt she easily gave the impression of playing a concert grand piano in a concert music hall.

One of the things one most admires about Miss Brackeen is her choice of influences, from the contemporary jazz lexicon: McCoy Tyner, Herbie Hancock, Chic Corea, even a dash of Keith Jarrett. She has a good sense of who has the most to offer.

Even more admirable was the way in which she melded her influences into a seamless robe.

Whether cascading chords, playing virtuoso tricks with the rhythm or creating subtle harmonic effects underneath the cutting edge of her sound, Miss Brackeen is the complete pianist — one of the most complete in all of jazz — and still growing.

THE MILWAUKEE JOURNAL Thursday, September 10, 1981

Stitt displays masterful style

By Kevin Lynch

Special to The Journal

Sonny Stitt comes from the school of musicians who know a good tune and carry it inside a saxophone case for years, curing it for a variety of purposes. He has a penchant for ballads that does not, however, limit him to playing slow and easy.

Wednesday night, Stitt opened a five-night stand at the Jazz Gallery. A surprisingly small crowd brought to mind the fact that Milwaukee

critique

should appreciate its fortune in having one of the original masters of bebop in residence through Sunday.

He'll invariably play at least several tunes you're familiar with and he's liable to do anything with them, executing them with taste, flair and various shades of expressive ardor. The saxophonist will feed off their the strength of a strong rhythm section and deliver music several notches beyond that which one has a right to expect.

The ballads Wednesday flowed from tenor or alto, cool and hot, sometimes all in the course of one tune. His tenor sax introduced the melody with loving regard, then promptly showed how it looked in new clothes.

He twirled the line around into question-like phrases, paused for a suggested response in the rhythm section's passing harmony, then answered himself with powerful descending phrases that resolved the tune's inner tension in a slightly different place than expected.

Such transformations occurred through "My Funny Valentine," "There Will Never Be Another You" and "No Greater Love," on which the whole band took turns recasting the tune's sentiments into new views on the subject. Following a cue in Stitt's solo, pianist David Hazeltine produced a stomping worksong with octave stabs and bassist Skip Crumby-Bey found in it a humming, finger-snapping sassiness.

Drummer Joel Spencer, adept at moving with any other's change of tempo or mood, used powerful strokes and incisive accents to liven the collective brewing.

Despite the small crowd, Stitt thoroughly enjoyed himself and especially his fellow players, frequently shouting encouragement and leading applause for solos.

Stitt will perform at 8 tonight and 9 p.m. Friday through Sunday at the Jazz Gallery 932 E. Center St.

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL SEPTEMBER 18, 1981

Hendricks' career has gone full swing

By Kevin Lynch

Special to The Journal

Jon Hendricks' unusual career has gone from starvation to feeding creatively off of instrumental jazz via vocal solos.

He found fame, which then declined — until his stylishly ebullient creations were discovered by such pop performers as the Pointer Sisters, Joni Mitchell, Bette Midler and Manhattan Transfer.

He's coming back these days on his own power with the unique brand of jazz singing he made famous in the vocal trio of Lambert, Hendricks and Ross.

Jon Hendricks and Company, which will perform Wednesday at the Milwaukee Jazz Gallery, is something of a family affair. Hendricks' wife, Judith, and 27-year-old daughter, Michele, form the female half of the vocal quartet, which also includes baritone Bob Gurland. All are backed by a rhythm section.

Hendricks is now recognized as a one of our premier jazz singers and the popularizer of the jazz vocalese style — writing and singing lyrics to classic instrumental jazz solos.

Things weren't always so stable for Hendricks. Like most jazz musicians he spent his share of very lean years. In a recent telephone conversation from his home in Mill Valley, Calif., he recalled his uncertain ascent in the 1950s.

Jon Hendricks

"We never intended to have a group per se," he said. "It was a poetic thing. Dave [Lambert] and I were literally starving in a little flat in Greenwich Village. So we said, well, before we starve to death why don't we do a work of art so the world would at least know we're here.

"In order to do 'Sing a Song of Basie,' we hired 13 singers. The 13 singers didn't make it; they just

Turn to Hendricks, page 8

(CONTINUED) MILWAUKEE JOURNAL SEPT. 18, 1981

Hendricks

From Page 1

couldn't swing. But one of them could. She was Annie Ross. So we took her and decided to multi-track, which we did."

The resulting album, "Sing a Song of Basie," was a hit and a landmark album in the recording industry.

Poet and lyricist Hendricks was inspired to the vocalese style by King Pleasure's vocal rendition of a sax solo by James Moody on "I'm in the Mood For Love."

"I got the idea listening to that," Hendricks said. "It got me starting to think. I had written song lyrics before for Louis Jordan. This gave me the idea for extending the possibilities.

"I wrote lyrics to Woody Herman's 'Four Brothers' and recorded that with Dave Lambert. We poured all our artistry into that song, but ironically it was the flip side, 'Cloudburst,' which became a hit and sent us on our way."

Lambert, Hendricks and Ross rode waves of popularity across the US, England and France until Lambert died in an auto accident in 1966. Since then, Hendricks has involved himself in a variety of projects in addition to continuing lyric writing to such hits as "Birdland" and "Love Me With a Feeling" (from the film "The Rose").

He wrote a television jazz special called "Sing Me a Jazz Song" and created a unique performance program called "Evolution of the Blues Song." The two-hour tone poem traces the course of American black music in verse and song. He now incorporates segments in his touring act.

"I speak it in rhyme," Hendricks said. "Between the verse lines I have people sing things that vividly illustrate what I've been speaking about, and it flows like a stream. It's kind of a magic thing. We're going to take it to New York.

"I'll tell you a secret. It's actually the story of jazz in America. I didn't use the word jazz because sometimes that word drives people away. But when you see the show, you see it's the jazz story: the slave boats, the church spirituals, the work songs, then to the cities and up-tempo blues with Bird and Dizzy."

Hendricks' historical perspective finds him longing for the days when swinging jazz had widespread popularity.

"I miss that old spirit of swing that was all over the country at the time," he said. "To me the essence of jazz is swing, like Duke Ellington said. A lot of the so-called jazz is not swinging. This country has one of the finest native cultures in the world with jazz. And there's danger of losing that. That's one of the reasons we came out."

The response to Hendricks' new group has been gratifying enough to evoke much of the old feeling.

"You know, the most wonderful thing about it, the reception to this group is exactly the same as it was with the original group. People are jumping up and down. They're made so happy. That makes my heart full. I hadn't seen that since then, and I'm thrilled.

"It's funny though, when people come up and say you sound like the Manhattan Transfer," he added with a hearty laugh.

Hendricks' quartet conjures up the jazz greats

By Kevin Lynch
Special to The Journal

They swallow saxophones and trumpets whole, these four singers strong. Because at their finer moments Wednesday night at the Jazz Gallery, Jon Hendricks and Company had inside them the horns of Miles Davis, John Coltrane and many more.

They made the improbable become real — and amusing, startling, even exhilarating.

Hendricks casts in poetry the notes that once flew in the improvisations of great jazz instrumental soloists. Dubbed vocalese, the style creates pictures from abstractions, makes clear the jazzman's message.

critique

It doesn't make the original music better; it compliments it as it complements it. Hendricks' love of the jazz tradition flowed through every moment, from the meticulous but swingingly redone solos to his poetic rap called "The Evolution of the Blues Song."

"Evolution" unravels the jazz story in Hendricks' no uncertain terms. The tale is sustained with streetwise sagacity, ironic truth-dealing.

The segments of the tone poem that were presented Wednesday moved from America-bound slaves "moanin' and groanin' in a minor key" to big-city blues that can celebrate as well as cry.

Can a trumpet be reincarnated as a man? That's as likely an explanation as any for baritone Bob Gurland's amazing performance on that rollicking blues. He cupped his hands and emitted brassy blares and muted purrs that could only be a trumpet.

Faces in the crowd looked at each other incredulously, then laughed and ate up what they probably still didn't believe. Gurland's voice is a most

Turn to Quartet, Page 6

delicious freak of nature.

The Hendricks show sailed along on wings of variety and high spirit, superbly propelled by pianist Eric Doney, bassist Skip Crumby-Bey and drummer Marvin Smith.

Hendricks himself massaged the melody of Joao Gilberto's "In the Summer" with his warm, leathery voice. He nailed the crowd — and Crumby-Bey — with a hilarious singing mime of a bassist, complete with buzzing steel strings. He scat-sang with wicked authority, jumping on and off the rhythms like a swinging devil on hot coals.

His daughter, Michele, cut to the marrow of "Angel Eyes" with phrases both curt and quavering. The fourth member of the quartet is Hendricks' wife, Judith.

And when the vocal quartet joined forces, the harmonies invoked the fat, juicy texture of the Count Basie Band on "Jumpin' at the Woodside" and its tiptoe delicacy on "I'll Darling."

By the time Hendricks and Company had spun their last web of dazzling lines, the audience was fully entrapped and could only cry out for a rare Jazz Gallery encore.

Another rarity — Hendricks and Company's first set was broadcast live from the Gallery over WUWM Radio.

(continued)

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL
SEPT. 24, 1981

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL SEPT. 27, 1981

Joe Pass reveals dazzle and wonder of jazz guitar

By Kevin Lynch

Special to The Journal

Some of the most remarkable men have the most unassuming of exteriors.

Consider Einstein, Edison, or short, balding Joe Pass. The tie he wore Saturday night at the Jazz Gallery seemed a bit fancy for him. It was matched with a shirt with checks suggesting a pizza parlor tablecloth.

"Nothing untoward has occurred to me since I was here last," he said.

critique

Then the superb guitarist proceeded to play unaccompanied, showing that unexpected delights actually abound in Joe Pass.

At first, notes trickle out ruminatively, then in one motion his left leg is bouncing and the guitar is dancing along. Perky notes skitter out with loping grace, suddenly interposed by a thumping bass line and sashaying chords.

Throughout swinging grooves, Pass sat emersed, eyes closed, grimacing with effort and pleasure. One felt to be peering into his living room, eavesdropping on a man's brilliant conversation with his guitar. He would finally look at the crowd with a shy grin, and his door would be clearly open and inviting.

Most of Pass' first set revealed that he is not inclined to exploit his virtuosity. Each note spoke for itself. But Pass generally remained near the essence of a tune while sustaining dazzlingly remarkable wholes.

Ultimately, his taste and sense of the appropriate held forth.

An Ellington medley found "Sophisticated Lady" striding right alongside the high-stepping motion of "Satin Doll," both musical ladies elegantly served by cooing chords and long, suave lines.

Yet in "The Song Is You," a standard with which jazzmen have always traveled, he did just that at full speed. The flip stepping chords pranced back and forth with dense, bursting rushes of notes all woven into a galloping tempo that actually tripled for one chorus.

Pass performs solo guitar again at 8 and 10:30 tonight at the Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center St.

Sharp playing brought to pass by jazz guitarist

9-27-81

Music

By Rich Mangelsdorff

For the second time in about half a year, Joe Pass graced the stage of the Jazz Gallery before a medium-size crowd Sunday night.

"Graced" seemed just the word, too, given the mastery over the guitar strings that Pass has cultivated. His choice of opening tunes seemed as inspired by the moment as his playing itself: "'Tis Autumn" certainly fit the mood of the day.

The good ones make it sound easy, it is said, and few could make it sound as easy as Pass does, as he continued with such tunes as "Wonderful World," "Green Dolphin Street" and "When Sunny Gets Blue."

Mellow as a glass of wine, I thought, but then recalled that Pass generally likes to start more laid-back than he ends.

As his set passed the halfway mark, his fingers began snapping the strings a little harder; he started trying for and attaining extra notes.

Then came a long improvisational piece, a rare Pass original called "Blues in G," so long that perhaps even Pass, as well as the rest of the audience, forgot where he started. But no, he ended it right where he was supposed to — didn't he?

Not even jocularity eludes Pass as he takes time to banter with the audience, reminding them of how they sound when they confront him with questions like "What kind of strings do you use?" or "How's Barney Kessel doing these days?" assuming that all the guitarists, like all truck drivers, know each other.

He ended by telling the audience their relative quietude made him feel so scrutinized that "I wonder if I'm playing the right chords."

Perhaps the main reason Pass can make it look so easy is he never plays the wrong chords.

Bassist Richard Davis

—Layout design by Journal artist Ricarda Haack

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL FRI. OCT. 9, 1981

European jazz pianist must escape a classical dilemma

By Kevin Lynch
Special to The Journal

Adam Makowicz inhabits a slightly different world than the average jazz musician.

For one thing, he comes from Poland, where in his early life a pursuit of jazz was clandestine and piecemeal at best. The music was condemned by Stalinists as Western subversion.

For another, he composes music that sounds almost classical at times, and usually he performs by himself.

But this remarkable piano virtuoso is finding his place in America. Venturing to its heartland, he

Jazzman Adam Makowicz

performs at the Milwaukee Jazz Gallery Oct. 16 and 17.

And now he's even playing with other players, like the outstanding bassist Richard Davis, his collaborator in Milwaukee.

Today, thoughts of Stalinist Poland have largely receded, as has his involvement with classical music, in which he was originally trained.

"We had no jazz teacher in Poland; no one could play jazz at the time," Makowicz recounted in a recent phone interview from his New York home.

"Stalin had a strong dictatorship. He didn't allow any music to be played connected with the West. Finally, in 1956 when he died, some jazz musicians could play swing music for dancing in restaurants. Then I had the fortune to hear [Voice of America] jazz broadcasts of 'Willis Conover's Jazz Hour.' That was my education. When I heard Art Tatum and Erroll Garner, I said, 'Oh, that's beautiful music. I have to start playing jazz.'

"I quit my school because it had no jazz. I started to learn by myself."

During his classical training at a Krakow conservatory, Makowicz developed a formidable technique, which he freed into the improvisatory realms of jazz. Since establishing himself on the continent, he has collected a handful of awards in recent years as Europe's top jazz pianist and jazzman.

Brought to America

Columbia Records' legendary talent scout, John Hammond, brought Makowicz to America and signed him to a recording contract. His first gig at The Cookery in New York involved the new challenge of playing over the clatter and buzz of an American club. Nevertheless, Makowicz made his impression, playing primarily jazz standards, as suited the American audience.

"European audiences, especially the young, like to hear something new," he noted. "You are good if you play something never heard before. Free jazz — intuition music — is very popular. American audiences like to hear more familiar things. I like to play those, too."

Performing the likes of Gershwin, Porter, et al. — with hurtling arpeggios and kaleidoscopic chordal alterations — brought the comparisons to Tatum, which Makowicz considers unfair to both pianists.

Makowicz is trying hard to put his own personal music across to American audiences, particularly his own original compositions, which inevitably betray his early classical orientation. His structures are very defined, frequently weaving involved contrapuntal lines and, at times, Chopinlike harmonic textures.

Thinks in jazz

"I had done improvising even in my classical studies. But jazz is a different kind of melody than classical. I like classical music, but I would like to *create* music," Makowicz said.

"Yet my compositions are very close to classical. At first audiences didn't understand, but now they seem to better. My composing is inside my mind. I think directly from jazz, but when I finish it sounds very close to classical. I don't know why. But I don't think I have a classical mind; it's jazz-oriented. For more than 20 years I am practicing and thinking about jazz."

After performing primarily as a solo pianist, Makowicz has begun exploring the possibilities of interaction with other high-caliber improvisers like Davis. He realizes this is a different game, one of give and take.

"I always try to give the player room for his ideas," he said. "And with some bass players, I expect for them to give me something of which way we should go. It's all good experience for me.

"An American musician called jazz a collective music you play with other musicians. It may be true, too. You feel it makes sense when you speak with other men in the same kind of language but with slightly different ways. But you know what he's talking about and he knows what you're talking about, and that is nice."

MILW_AUKEE JOURNAL OCTOBER 21, 1981

2 jazzmen peak at midcareer

By Kevin Lynch

Special to The Journal

The musicians called Red and Ira form a curious visual complement and a perfect musical one.

Red is short, stout and a trumpeting flamethrower. Ira is tall, angular and a magical juggler of many horns.

Red Rodney and Ira Sullivan raised a harmony at the Jazz Gallery Tuesday night that spoke of men who, at midcareer, collaborate and rediscover their potential and redefine their musical purpose.

The music brimmed with the vigor and resolve of youthful creativity sprung from veteran experience. A third element — the talented young rhythm section — made this one of the most vital jazz groups to play Milwaukee.

Cutting across a variety of styles, the band played mostly original material made for the present:

"The King of France" — post-bop modal jazz with the leaders' paired flugelhorns turning warm

critique

phrases elegantly against each other, then spreading declamatory tones over the rhythm section's expansive backdrop.

"Monday's Dance" — perfect swells of lyrical expression over a swaying underlay. Each ensuing chorus deepens the blue wistfulness, extending the sweet bitters of a true jazz melody.

"Muck 'n' Mire" — pianist Gary Dial's one-note stomp beat sidles the group into elliptical phrases that swing one moment and step through tough, dissonant chords the next. Sullivan's soprano sax carves a spontaneous composition within a written one.

"Island Song" — a Neo-Latin excursion with tug-and-slip rhythms. Rodney and Sullivan reach into uncharted slurs and sassy bleats.

Rodney also revisited his days of blowing beside bop's immortal flame, Charlie Parker. In "Cherokee" he emitted strings of fireballs while Sullivan's alto poured mellifluous lines.

Dial possesses a relaxed swing that most young players don't understand enough to dare. Jay Anderson pulled pure melody from his bass when the music requested it and spitted skittering bullets when the music demanded it. Drummer Jeff Fitzpatrick constantly provided deftly fleeting cymbals and powerful drum fusillades.

The Red Rodney-Ira Sullivan Quintet proved Tuesday that bebop can fuel the future when generations and imaginations merge and regenerate.

10-24-81

Hendricks weaves electrifying vocals

By Rich Mangelsdorff

Music

I remember someone telling me how the late Mama Cass of the Mamas and Papas rock group could tie a knot in a cherry stem with her tongue.

Jon Hendricks of the late Lambert, Hendricks and Ross jazz vocal group could tie such a knot even faster.

Hendricks demonstrated vocal dexterity to burn before a respectable crowd during his first show at the Jazz Gallery Wednesday night.

He was buttressed in his current vocal quartet by a couple of daughters and a baritone he dubs "my lead trombone" because of the way this fellow cups his hands to the microphone to solo like a real trombone. Hendricks breezed through vintage jazz material with the sort of grasp and flair that Manhattan Transfer strives considerably harder to achieve and rarely attains.

Treating the tunes of Basie, Ellington, Wardell Gray and Joe Turner and others like syncopated baroque chorales, Hendricks sets up complementary and contrasting melodic and harmonic lines and allows them to weave with electrifying results.

Sliding up and down scales like yo-yos, playing stop-and-go tricks that turn on a dime with a tune's rhythm, the group rarely lets a second pass without somehow surprising the listener.

And on top of it all is Hendricks, whose tenor races faster than a sports car. He is the scatting champion who derives more significance from melodic lines and vocal nuances than an encyclopedia of footnotes.

Then Hendricks sheds his supporting cast and shows off another facet of his personality — the seeker — as he sings his famed "Tell Me the Truth."

Suddenly he is the storyteller, unraveling his narrative "Evolution of the Blues," insightful and brilliant with rhyme, chronicling the universal significance of music in general and Afro-American forms in particular, proving himself to be a poet and philosopher of no small significance.

Another important element of Hendricks and company's first show Wednesday was that it was broadcast live by WUWM, a possible trend-setting experiment sponsored by the Friends of FM-90.

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL OCT. 24, 1981

Bassist, vocalist lead way

By Kevin Lynch
Special to The Journal

Jazz instruments have tried for years to sing, and jazz vocalists to emulate the voices of instruments. The Wisconsin Connection achieved a synthesis of these aims Friday while making remarkable music at the Jazz Gallery.

Ostensibly a "connection" between Milwaukee and Madison musicians, the Wisconsin Connection also celebrates that vocal-instrumental connection, most strikingly in the bass of Richard Davis and the voice of Jessie Hauck. Davis, who has accompanied Sarah Vaughan, Barbra Streisand and Helen Merrill, says Hauck is as good as the best of them.

Davis long ago established himself as a genius of the bass. Together, these two musicians liberate creative forces of a rare quality.

Davis is the rare jazz bassist who is probably better with bow in hand than pizzicato. In fact, with bow in hand he is virtually without peer.

As the band warmed to its task, guitarist Manty Ellis and saxophonist Berkley Fudge were soon providing authoritative solos. Then Hauck took the stage, and Davis and Hauck began firing sparks between their "instruments," zooming together for several octaves, Davis then rumbling deeply and Hauck flashing around him with snakelike scatting.

For "On a Clear Day You Can See Forever," the singer traveled as far with her voice as anyone could in air, offering warm melodic modulations, strong lusty tones and gleaming notes streaking high. A deftly etched "In a Sentimental Mood" evoked a moodiness that prepared the audience for an journey it probably had not expected.

A provocative "Afro Blue" let the darkest and strongest spirits loose. As the band broke into its solos, the tune grew freer with each beat, Davis wailing distant banshee cries and Hauck evoking chants, bird cries and monkey chatter in several bars of wordless vocalizing. Ellis and drummer Robert Hobbs surged all about, and the free music reached a point of such intense focus as suddenly to distill the jungle into pure expressive essence.

The Connection's next performance is tonight at 9 p.m. at the Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center St.

MILWAUKEE jazz gallery

NOVEMBER

263-5718
932 E. CENTER

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
1 GEOF MORGAN 8:30 P.M. $4.50 $3.50 ADVANCE	2 LEROY AIRMASTER 9 BLUES JAM 16 SESSION DANCING 9 P.M. 23 $1.50 BROADCAST LIVE ON 30 WYMS FM89	3 PAUL CEBAR $2.00 17	4 ROSEWOOD 9 P.M. $2.00	5	6 TED CURSON $4.50 $3.50 MEMBERS 9:30 P.M.	7
8 JAZZ JAM			11 NAIMA	12 WISCONSIN CONSERVATORY JAZZ DEPT. STUDENT ENSEMBLES 8 P.M. $1.50	13 JESSIE HAUCK WITH MANTY ELLIS QUARTET $2.00 9:30 P.M.	14
15 JAZZ JAM			18 HURRICANE PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS: WOODY SIMMONS 9 P.M. $5.00	19	20 LEE KONITZ $6.50 $5.50 MEMBERS 9:30 P.M.	21
22 LEE KONITZ $6.50 9 P.M. $5.50 MEMBERS		24 TOP BANANA REVIEW 9 P.M. $1.50	25 ROSEWOOD $2.00 9 P.M.	26	27 BUNKY GREEN $6.50 $5.50 MEMBERS 9:30 P.M.	28
29 BUNKY GREEN 9 P.M. $6.50 $5.50 MEMBERS						

MUSIC AT 9:00 P.M.
9:30 P.M. SATURDAYS
UNLESS OTHERWISE DESIGNATED

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL FRI., NOV. 6, 1981

Ted Curson takes career by the horn

Trumpeter Ted Curson

By Kevin Lynch
Special to The Journal

Trumpeter Ted Curson came of age in one of the most exciting times of jazz: the early '60s. Innovators like Ornette Coleman, John Coltrane and Cecil Taylor were transforming the prevalent sounds of hard bop and cool jazz into a music that went to unprecedented lengths to find new expressive meaning.

Some unforgettable music resulted, bursting open conventional forms, unveiling startlingly original instrumental voices. Yet the anything-goes attitude also allowed charlatans to romp in the unfettered air of "new thing" jazz.

The truly gifted, like Curson, have survived into the present and the recent ascendancy of neo-bop. In recent years, Curson has made adjustments as his sensibility has seen fit. But he remains a person who instinctively pushes his playing to nether reachs.

Performs at Jazz Gallery

The trumpeter, who performs Friday and Saturday at the Milwaukee Jazz Gallery, explained his aesthetic-shaping experiences in a recent telephone interview from Chicago.

"It was [pianist] Cecil Taylor who did it to me," Curson said. "Before, I had tried to copy everything from Miles Davis — the process, the tie-sash around the waist, even copying his mistakes. But this was something new, something of my own to say."

After working in one of Taylor's first ground-breaking groups, Curson moved to the Charles Mingus band in 1960, where he shared front-line duties with the late and celebrated multi-instrumentalist Eric Dolphy. The group epitomized Mingus' inimitable synthesizing of gospel, Ellington and avant-garde.

"Mingus opened the doors to myself," Curson said. "It was thinking about music to constantly top yourself, to play cliche-free, something different and exciting every time we got on the stand."

These playing experiences have molded a strong musical personality that remains unmistakable to this day.

"I appreciate the revival of bop," Curson said. "It gets you deeper into your instrument. But I'm no longer worried about the rhetoric of the latest thing happening. I play what's me and that's it. Whether I feel like playing Cecil Taylor's music or 'Watermelon Man,' that's what I do."

Elektra's new jazz label recently made overtures to sign Curson, but the trumpeter is playing a wait-and-see game, even though Elektra's president, Bruce Lundvall, has a record of standing behind unadulterated jazz from his days at Columbia Records.

Curson indicates that his experience with the jazz label Inner City left a sour taste in his embouchure.

Performed in Europe

While America plugged into the rock revolution of the mid-1960s, Curson spent his time in Europe, where his music was more readily appreciated. In 1976 he returned and formed a high-powered septet whose blend of tradition and adventure recalled Mingus' greatest groups.

The band recorded one superb album for the Inner City label, "Jubilant Power," and was the talk of the live jazz scene. Yet Curson ended up with little to show for the venture.

"Inner City had promised me the moon on a platter, but they never delivered," he said. "I lost $50,000 of my own money in the process. They left me standing at the altar."

The group disbanded and Curson understandably has been gun-shy on recording proposals since.

The 46-year-old musician now envisions forming a big band that plays the spectrum of his true interests.

"I'd want to play everything, the more arty things and the really popping music, maybe even something funky, and that way keep it all moving. I've got this big, avant-garde heart, you see. I like to go inside and outside. I've a bunch of big-band charts together already, but I'd want the original work of other contributors, too."

Does jazz booking

Prospective members include many respected players with whom Curson has closely associated over his long career.

Curson also finds himself positioned at a major jazz crossroads to aid in recruiting talent for a 20- to 30-piece band. Curson has become heavily involved with jazz booking and handles American musicians for four major European festivals.

"There are so many great players who wait around for gigs a large part of the year," Curson said. "This would give them a chance to do something new."

One can visualize some influence from Mingus' orchestral concepts. But in the end you get the feeling the band would be strictly Ted Curson's baby, no matter how big it gets.

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL NOV. 8, 1981

Curson's jazz evokes the spirit of Mingus

By Kevin Lynch
Special to The Journal

The spirit of Charles Mingus was reincarnated this weekend at the Jazz Gallery.

When trumpeter Ted Curson played his own composition, "Reava's Waltz," the late bassist-composer's influence on jazz and on Ted Curson came clearly to life. The tune, a spirit-stirrer in the distinct Mingus style, had the rhythm section hustling almost before the players knew it. Pianist Melvin Rhyne unrolled a fine rambling solo, and a fierce temper seemed set for the evening.

Curson's intensity Friday night then gave a sharp edge to his arresting "Graft and Corruption." Pulling out a piccolo trumpet, he turned the tiny horn into a fearless David unleashing a battle cry against a monstrous social-political Goliath. Throughout a first set of original tunes, the small man with commanding presence — large penetrating eyes, shaved head and Fu Manchu mustache — easily showed why he is a jazz force.

"Snake Johnson" gave evidence of Curson's dramatic style of composition; long, hard notes penetrating the air like lances; then terse, scrambling phrases that seemed to shout questions and answers at once.

critique

That the Mingus inspiration did not reign throughout the evening testified only to the mundane realities of time, economy and other non-musical contingencies. The band settled into a mixture of admirable standards, apparently the victim of its limited rehearsal time. Yet the settling was not total. Bassist James Benton and drummer Scott Napoli, particularly, enjoyed moments of individual redemption. Napoli injected wit and savvy into a variety of tempos.

But the rhythm section often found itself tugging against itself, a kind of taffy pull creating holes and weak places. The falloff in tension and buoyancy never really deterred Curson or Rhyne. But it did not inspire them.

Still, several tunes held up well, particularly the ballad, "I Didn't Know What Time It Was," thanks to Curson's warm flugelhorn and Rhyne's fine blend of sweet and sour phrases.

The pitfalls of using local rhythm sections with a touring soloist are a reality of the jazz world, where touring bands seldom can make it financially.

THE MILWAUKEE JOURNAL Wednesday, December 23, 1981

Pianist wants listeners, not debaters

By Kevin Lynch
Special to The Journal

A smog of rhetoric hangs over the world carved in the last decade by the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians (AACM). So much so that the group's founder, Muhal Richard Abrams, has taken stock and, like most concerned fathers, is dissatisfied with some things he has spawned.

Although he won't name names or even types, one suspects that the hangers-on, armchair theorists, reactionaries and those threatened by new music have caused such consternation in this peaceful but principled man that he refrains from interviews.

But he granted one in advance of his performance Saturday at the Jazz Gallery.

Abrams appears to feel that his art can be obscured by the latest debates over the AACM's role in affecting modern music.

Rewrites jazz story

AACM's music lends a terse soulful amid the war between the classical 12-tone serialists and the new minimalists. It takes major chapters of the jazz story — from ragtime to '60s free jazz — and writes a whole new scenario with them.

Like another enlightened innovator of his generation, John Coltrane, Abrams would most likely prefer no liner notes to his albums. He'd let the music speak to each person for itself, regardless of musical orientation or bias.

Born in Chicago in 1930, Abrams formed the highly-influential AACM organization in 1965. That its musicians have decisively extended the jazz tradition is well-documented history.

Now a resident of New York, Abrams granted his rare telephone interview while home for the holidays. A question about the expanding definition of jazz drew a response of diplomatic adamancy.

"I'd just rather be heard as a musician," Abrams said. "Rather than making statements. When you hear music, either you like it or you don't like it, or somewhere in between. And usually people are quite intelligent enough to learn what it is for themselves — and really it answers some of the questions you speak of for themselves. I'd rather like that in this period — just to be exposed to the people.

Prefers pure response

"A pure response is worth all the debate. I think I'm expanding the audience this way. I prefer the one-on-one response. Then you find how they really feel because they're quite honest. My present attitude is based on that feeling."

The pianist and composer is happy to discuss his music, or at least his musical personnel. He reports his latest quartet includes Ari Brown on saxophones and flute, Raphael Garrett on bass, Reggie Nichols on percussion. He frequently rotates personnel to fit his particular compositional needs.

Abrams the composer wisely exploits the ever-widening number of like-minded musicians who will play for him.

Like most jazz-derived composers, Abrams expects much of his players' musical skills and resources. What does he look for?

"Firstly, musicians capable of handling the music I write, so I can expect them to perform the music for the occasion," he said. "The music is different each time; the musicians are, too.

Leans on imagination

"I also look for their concept of what the situation is to them, because I trust them as musicians, so I feel right about the things that they create during the playing of the compostion. I like their imaginations. I want the best within them according to their concept and imagination."

Does he see himself as a composer first or an improvisor? Is there any emphasis either way?

"No, it's all the same as a musician. It's all maintained from the same practice basis, so it remains equal. In all professions there's a period of development. But I've never felt a real difference because I've always composed and played."

Abrams recently led a big band concert in Chicago of his compositions, featuring some stellar members of AACM. His recent recording, "Mama and Daddy," for a medium-sized chamber ensemble, reveals finely-conceived moments of expressive texture turning into feel-good gospel. Jaunty blues refrains dance in the shadow of broad orchestral sweeps of sound.

Yet he will not play any music from either of these sources at the Jazz Gallery, he said.

"The music will be strictly for the occasion each time I compose new music," he said.

"But usually I write new music for each occasion. And for each individual player — that's a big part of it."

The concept of tailoring to individual players is something Duke Ellington excelled at. Abrams, however, has a rotating repertory company of musicians, whereas Duke had members in his group for several decades. Ellington might have envied Abrams' flexibility. Abrams will never play "Satin Doll" the same way 5,000 times.

Each Abrams composition is particularly demanding. But Abrams doesn't feel that his freedom is hampered by size of group, whether trio or big band.

"It all depends on the compositions," he says. "You can have rigid compositions in the quartet and vice versa in big band. Some things allow for a looser expression. In the club setting as opposed to a concert setting, there's a lot of room for individual expression, especially in a place like the Jazz Gallery. The momentum of a club is different without taking away what I want to do."

Picture accompanying

MILWAUKEE
JOURNAL

FRIDAY
JANUARY 8,
1982

—Journal Photo by Jack Orton

Count Basie at the Melody Top: slippers of the finest leather.

It was a good jazz year

By Kevin Lynch
Special to The Journal

In music's own terms, 1981 proved an impressive segue from 1980's stimulating array of live jazz, a crescendo that, we hope, still hasn't peaked.

The Milwaukee Jazz Gallery continued aggressive booking of national acts, and the quality remained at a remarkably high level. We appear finally to be in a new period of genuine innovators, and Milwaukee got a fair sampling of the cutting edge of jazz. We also got several pleasurable lessons in how the music has carved a historic place for itself in the ever-enriching native culture of America.

Lists always seem a ready means for perspective of some sort. Accordingly, here is a handy 10-rung ladder to an overview of the year's best in jazz. Indeed, from this vantage point it makes the scene look very impressive. I won't split critical hairs among the 10 but, as last year, one event vibrates strongest in the memory:

McCoy Tyner Quintet, Jazz Gallery, June 12. When Tyner plays the piano, you are compelled to respond emotionally, so spiritual and physical is his music. The quintet shakes and sings like Apollos atop a gale-swept mountain. Tyner's thunderbolt fingers and John Blake's searing violin were so gripping that this writer lost hold of his notebook and simply experienced. Highest expectations easily surpassed.

Arthur Blythe Quartet, Jazz Gallery, March 3. This alto sax Buddha emits such an unearthly, soulful sound you think he's swallowed a humpback whale. With the hot harrumphing of tuba player Bob Stewart and the rolling guitar of Kelvyn Bell, this was a spicy slice of new wave, new funk jazz. Unfortunately, the year's best-kept concert secret.

Toshiko Akiyoshi-Lew Tabackin Big Band, Lakefront Festival of Arts, June 20. With 16 superb players at her fingertips, the brilliant Japanese composer-pianist-bandleader Akiyoshi painted vivid tone-pictures that shone with the exquisite, exotic textures of the Orient and swung with the fire of a big-band bebopper's heart. Tabackin crammed almost as much into his remarkable flute on "Autumn Seed."

Betty Carter, Jazz Gallery, July 31. This dazzling word-and-melody manipulator again transfixed listeners with sounds that recall nobody but Betty Carter. Her ear-bending personal utterance is as unpredictable and unmistakable as any female jazz vocalist still singing.

JoAnne Brackeen, Jazz Gallery, Jan. 27. This intense woman's solo piano performance nearly equaled Tyner in firepower, conviction and energy. Plus, she is taking modern jazz into intriguing corners of compositional surprise and evocation. Her Sept. 7 duet performance with bassist Clint Houston was the jazz dialog of the year.

Joe Pass, Jazz Gallery, March 24. With his sad eyes and unassuming demeanor, you want to buy this guy a beer. But then those eyes quickly grow dark and fiery as he ripples out quietly astonishing standards on his unaccompanied guitar. They might even recall three classic melodies at once, as well as whatever the unforgettable tune always meant to you.

Count Basie Orchestra, Melody Top Theater, Aug 17. Basie has the comforting effect of slippers of the finest leather. He keeps shuffling along with effortless style and swing, yet there was still enough vital blood here — young and old — to keep the feet jumpin' at the Woodside.

Air, Jazz Gallery, Feb. 6. Take a deep gulp of Air and hold it. This sax-bass-drums trio wove long threads of delicately balanced improvisation that whispered ragtime, blues and swing under its modernist breath. The trio's second set, however, was blood-boiling combustion of a rare three-part formula, somehow flowing in all directions together.

continued

continued

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL FRIDAY, JANUARY 8, 1982

Milwaukee jazz highlights in 1981 included the appearances of (from left) Toshiko Akiyoshi, McCoy Tyner and JoAnn Brackeen.

Nat Adderley Quintet, Jazz Gallery, July 27. Cornetist Adderley zapped an unsuspecting audience with a delicious blend of modern jazz styles. With players like saxophonist Sonny Fortune, drummer Jimmy Cobb and pianist Larry Willis, Adderley reaffirmed his expertise for picking prime bunches of diverse concords that make for high-class musical champagne — bright and breezy with a hidden blues power. To hear Sonny was to experience the best of fortunes and maybe the best of alto saxophonists.

Jon Hendricks and Company, Jazz Gallery, Sept 23. Singer-poet Hendricks convincingly proved that jazz can be at once zany fun, amazing and thought-provoking, even when it's sung more than played. These four singers sounded just like Basie's troops in full regalia, baritone Bob Gurland was born with a silver trumpet in his throat and hidden in the harmonies was Hendricks' daughter Michele, who could grow into the best singer to celebrate since Billie's last holiday.

The 1981 lineup was all the more imposing in light of the aggregation of other superb performers: Tenor-sax giant Dexter Gordon; guitarist Pat Metheny; the Mingus Dynasty; Red Rodney-Ira Sullivan Quintet; Flora Purim and Airto Moreira; violin legend Stephane Grappelli; Al Jarreau; trumpeter-singer Chet Baker; percussion genius Roy Haynes; and the startlingly creative chemistry between singer Jessie Hauck and bassist Richard Davis of the Wisconsin Connection.

And wait a minute. Wasn't that crazy Bill Cosby with a fat stogie and a cup of Jell-O coming onto the Jazz Gallery stage? He dropped hip quips left and right, and then the dude jammed on drums with organist Jimmy Smith. Hey, he wasn't half bad.

Though he was no Elvin Jones, Cosby once upstaged John Coltrane with his potent musical wit, so we were in pretty good company.

It all happened in Milwaukee jazz this year.

Fri, Jan 15, 1982

Sonny Stitt has jazzy homecoming

By Kevin Lynch
of The Journal Staff

More than three years ago, Sonny Stitt stepped on stage as the first nationally renowned artist to play the Jazz Gallery. Not long before, a tall young Milwaukeean named David Hazeltine was one of the first pianists to warm up the new club's Steinway during after-hours jam sessions.

Those halcyon days were harkened to Thursday night in a homecoming concert that proved special for more than sentimental reasons. There playing for Stitt was Hazeltine, "direct from New York," as the show-biz cliche goes.

What Stitt had, in effect, was the rhythm section for jazz vocalist Jon Hendricks, formed when Hendricks played Milwaukee this fall and made off with Hazeltine and bassist Skip Crumby-Bey, who was here at the beginning as well.

Stitt, however, had his finger in Milwaukee's pie before Hendricks. So when the great saxophonist returned to Milwaukee, he was using our prodigal sons. Along with drummer Marvin Smith, they form a burning rhythm section.

critique

Hazeltine plays with great authority and confidence, bristling with fire and clearly articulated ideas. Although gentle in demeanor, he is a strong pianist whose bebop lines, though often very complex, rarely lose their hard-chiseled rhythmic muscle.

That strength locks in naturally with Crumby-Bey's fat, crooning bass lines and Smith's crackling drums.

None of this was lost on the crafty old sage playing saxophone. Stitt rode his feisty rhythm section like a veteran roughrider. But when he's kicked hard enough, he can play as hot and hard as the latest young turk who just bowled you over. And though he plays songs so dusty and familiar you forgot the titles years ago, Stitt makes them newly memorable.

It's a flick-of-the-wrist ease that turns the gentle melodic curls of "I Can't Get Started" into a gaily fluttering flag, flashing with new shadows and light. On "Cherokee" his alto chases notes so fast you do a double-take to realize the hurtling lines are striking rethreads of the old familiar harmonic weave. And with his knowing grin, Stitt swaggers into a walking blues like a hustler who just took your trousers to the cleaners and back.

In truth, you're unlikely to lose any money at the Jazz Gallery this weekend that won't be well-spent on prime, choice jazz.

The Sonny Stitt Quartet performs again tonight at 9:30 and Sunday at 9. The Jazz Gallery is at 932 E. Center St.

1-15-82

Shakey City jazz scene comes of age

By Kevin Lynch
of The Journal Staff

Milwaukee can now lay claim to being one of the top cities in the country for jazz on several levels.

In 1981, the local jazz scene was brightened by outstanding performances by many national figures. But the necessary underpinning for the parade of celebrated jazz performers was the inescapable nuts and bolts of local musicians, clubs, educators, media, promoters and audience.

America's one indigenous art form historically has existed on the economic and cultural fringes. It rarely has flourished in a capitalistic sense and has been limited by racial bias, the inherent challenges it presents to musicians and listeners, and its unique standing as a music created by a minority outside the musical establishment and the mainstream of popular music.

Milwaukee is as striking an example of those hard realities as anywhere. Much of the vital jazz in the city over the last few years has been created in the unpretentious confines of the Milwakee Jazz Gallery.

Its location, 932 E. Center St. (a block east of Humboldt Ave.), would seem geographically well-suited to serve the Milwaukee area. But a large portion of the club's potential audience remains only potential, either unaware of the club or having failed to realize that it is meant to be a relaxed, stimulating environment for authentic jazz.

First of two parts. The second will be in next Friday's Accent on the Weekend.

Owner Chuck LaPaglia has worked doggedly to realize his vision of a community-oriented forum for jazz. But in January 1982 the Jazz Gallery stands on the edge of oblivion.

It is not a situation unique to Milwaukee. In Chicago, Joe Segal's longtime promotion of jazz, primarily through his Jazz Showcase, is in a similarly precarious state.

For the Jazz Gallery, last fall was financially crippling as audiences dwindled. Even previously sure-fire acts like Joe Pass, Sonny Stitt and hometown favorite Bunky Green left deficits in the Gallery cash register.

Opened in 1978, the Jazz Gallery began breaking even in its first year. But the recession has had a devastating effect on the club, and LaPaglia says he must generate new capital within two months or close.

"It's a condition of many small creative-arts organizations around town," LaPaglia says. "There is a certain vitality which must be present for art to grow. When new things are being generated, unlike things like the 'Nutcracker' at the PAC, that's the true cultural vitality of a city.

"It's a terrible thing for the Reagan administration to take away by fund cutting. Many internationally acclaimed jazz artists have come here playing for the barest minimum of money. Yet $6.50 per head becomes a very large amount of money for a significant portion of the jazz audience.

"One thing that's important about jazz is the diversity of its audience, financially and racially, unlike many other arts."

There is hope for the Jazz Gallery. LaPaglia has been approached about cable television broadcasting of live performances. And WUWM recently installed a permanent cable for live broadcasts.

But the Jazz Gallery may not last long enough to take advantage of these audience-widening resources. An attempt to reestablish the club as a non-profit organization proved untenable last year because of the limited organizational manpower and energy available, which had to be spent in keeping the doors open, the saxophones spotlighted and the acts booked.

LaPaglia is now looking for people who are interested in doing the organizational work necessary to make the Jazz Gallery a shared corporation. And he is looking for investors.

It goes without saying that active audience support is crucial to assuring survival of the Jazz Gallery and such other clubs as the Jazz Oasis, the Space Lounge, the Red

Turn to page 5

continued

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL JAN. 15, 1982

Despite fears, the scene grows

From Page 1

Mill and the newly reopened Pritchett's. The art of improvisation thrives upon live performance probably more than any other music.

In recent years Milwaukee has been producing its share of quality young talent, a resource vital to sustaining the live scene.

But lack of work locally has forced many of these artists to move to the coasts. Pianists David Hazeltine and Marcus Robinson, drummer Mark Johnson, trumpeters Brian Lynch and Neal Chandek, saxophonists Rolla Armstead, Charles Davis Jr. and James Siegfried (now a significant force in punk jazz as James Chance) are notable examples.

As consistent as the Jazz Gallery is as a dependable forum for the fan, it remains no way for a musician to make a living.

One of the few well-paying gigs last year was the Marc Plaza's Bombay Bicycle Club. An experiment by veteran drummer Andy LoDuca there flourished impressively, as his BBC Band served as a rotating carousel for musicians.

Unfortunately, clubowners often misunderstand the nature of the jazz chemistry. This successful gig died primarily because of a disbelieving clubowner.

A far more ambitious project, the Milwaukee Jazz Alliance, has proved to be ineffective.

The Alliance began with a series of impressive fund-raising concerts. But little new work materialized, apparently because of a lack of strong leadership and a full commitment by many of the parties.

The jazz musician faces many special obstacles even if he happens to be one of the 2% of local musicians of all types who make a full-time living playing music. One jazz musician with a small family talked of some of the problems of misunderstanding:

"It's extremely difficult to get car insurance," he said. "I went to one insurance company, and they told me that as a musician I was the type who drinks on the job, takes drugs and drives home at 3 in the morning. They refused me insurance.

"I went to another and told them I was a teacher, which I am also. They gave me coverage without a hitch.

"It's just as hard for instrument insurance. Instruments are frequently ripped off when you're working late at night. And if they are stolen, you can't find new jazz instruments. All the guitars they sell are roc tars; immediately, you spend ar $100 to get a jazz fret board. drums are big rock 'n' roll sets.'

Next week's concluding a will discuss jazz education, inc the role of the Wisconsin Con tory of Music, and the media.

MILWAUKEE jazz gallery

FEBRUARY 1982

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
	1 JAZZ JAM	2 VIOLENT FEMMES $2.00	3 NAIMA	4 BARRY VELLEMAN	5 JESSIE HAUCK WITH MANTY ELLIS QUARTET $2.00	6
7 PAUL CEBAR $2.00	8 JAZZ JAM	9 CLAUDIA SCHMIDT $3.50 FEATURING LARRY LONG LARRY PENN	10 NAIMA	11 WISCONSIN CONSERVATORY JAZZ DEPT. STUDENT ENSEMBLES 8 P.M. $1.50	12 JESSIE HAUCK WITH MANTY ELLIS QUARTET $2.00	13
14 FROM LONDON MILLER & FOWLER JAZZ GUITAR DUO $2.00	15 JAZZ JAM	16 VIOLENT FEMMES $2.00	17 RECEPTION FOR HEATH BROS. HATTUSH ALEXANDER QUARTET PERFORMING	18 BARRY VELLEMAN	19 SKIP CRUMBY-BEY QUARTET $2.00	20
21 PAUL CEBAR $2.00	22 JAZZ JAM	23 VIOLENT FEMMES $2.00	24 NAIMA	25 TOP BANANA COMEDY REVIEW $2.00	26 AACM PRESENTS TRANSOURCE QUARTET FEATURING RAPHIAL GARRETT $5.50 $4.50 MEMBERS	27
28 THEATRE X DYLAN THOMAS' UNDER MILKWOOD $4.50 8 PM						

932 E. CENTER
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MUSIC AT 9 P.M.
9:30 P.M. SATURDAYS
UNLESS OTHERWISE
DESIGNATED

For Corso, words live

2- -82

By KEVIN LYNCH
of The Journal Staff

IT IS a living tradition or a tradition of living, still young at 25 or so. The beat period of American poetry remains alive in those who have taken a heady gulp of life, swallowed it whole, then came up for air and a new view.

Gregory Corso is a classic voice if any can be called classic yet, crying out each poetic yell alongside Allen Ginsberg's howl of anguish and Jack Kerouac's yelp of life. Corso sang out over things that scared all around him, like his fabled poem "Bomb," about nuclear holocaust; he sang of the things that grabbed at him in peacetime wars, in a poem like "Marriage," a maddening mind dance with a society that stands holding the ring, or the shotgun or the key to the boudoir with a smirk.

When he recites his poetry at the Milwaukee Jazz Gallery (co-sponsored by Woodland Pattern Book Center) this Thursday night, Jan. 21, those who remember may not notice a change in him. He doesn't think he's changed.

Words a 'magical thing'

In a recent phone interview from San Francisco, Corso told of the power words have for him.

"They can express feeling in poetry, interpreting feelings through language which is a very magical thing," he said. "The difference between standard vocabulary and language is the difference between knowledge and wisdom. If you have knowledge applied you come up with wisdom. I gained vocabulary very early. I absorbed the dictionary. It's worked out pretty well."

Does poetry mean the same thing it did once?

"There's no change but change itself. I remain the same. Everything is already in people's heads; you illuminate it and they say, oh, now I see. The poet interprets people doing other things, whether it's doing the laundry or digging a truck out of a ditch.

What things mean the most to you?

"The death game and God. Those are still the biggies."

Corso rolls with life's punches while still waiting out the bomb. The then 27-year-old's poem, "Marriage," is now a life absorbed and comes out as a new dedication to his children, although today he still won't deny the poem's dichotomies.

"I have three children by three different women. A 17-year-old daughter, an 11-year-old daughter and an 8-year-old son. I would never have more than one child by one woman," he said.

'Spread the genes'

"The majority of the country still believes in marriage, right? I had one liberal woman who said don't worry about the kid. But I don't want them to have any hangups. I wanted the marriage to last as long as it can. But I want to spread the genes out. I think that's the best way after all. I'm 51. I've had enough of that. Poetry acts upon life only in the sense that it's symbolic. I wasn't talking about a problem dealing with a particular woman but it was about dealing with society.

How does your poetry relate to popular culture?

"Well it goes in cycles. After a hiatus, an abeyance, I think it's starting up again for the '80s. It goes in 10-year cycles, but happens in the middle of the decade. We only started speaking American in poetry in the last 20 to 30 years.

"It's the same with American art. It first started really becoming itself in the '50s — abstract expressionism. When the country is in power the culture goes up. Like after World War II. After Vietnam it started sinking. We kinda lost that in a certain sense.

"The cycle relates to John Adams who said 'first we have the merchants and industry then we have the poetry and art.' "

Corso naturally treads a tightrope between philosophic and mundane thought. "Yes, poetry is an art, but it's an uncontrolled voice. It's still looked upon as far-fetched in this society."

MILWAUKEE
JOURNAL
FRI.
FEB. 26
1982

Where Garrett goes, jazz follows

By Kevin Lynch
of The Journal Staff

Rafael Garrett evolved from a generation of Chicago musicians who spawned the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians. Yet he remains a spirit apart from that organization, a musician of many categories, contained by none.

Garrett plays bass; transverse and inverse Oriental flutes; percussion and reed instruments, and he sings. He does none of these things quite like anyone else.

Last December Milwaukee heard his startlingly original bass playing with AACM founder Muhal Richard Abrams at the Jazz Gallery. Within this group, Garrett stood as a talent uniquely inspired yet openly interactive with his fellows.

He returns Friday and Saturday, performing at the Jazz Gallery as a featured member of Transsource, an AACM group built around vocalist Rita Warford and reed specialist/composer Mwata Bowden, and including percussionist Reggie Nicholson.

Garrett's bass playing constantly explores and extends the tonal and textural possibilities of the instrument, employing non-Western string conceptions that evolved from his longstanding involvement with Eastern and Third World musics.

Shared spiritual forces

He probes and prods his string and wind instruments for sounds and vibrations that share an organic continuity with bodily dynamics and the physical and spiritual forces of the moment.

Garrett, 49, is a contemporary of such Chicagoans as Abrams, Richard Davis, Leroy Jenkins and John Gilmore. Charlie Parker's discoveries allowed them a springboard to the untrod shores of the jazz avant-garde around 1960. Each searched for an individual extension of the musical possibilities suggested by bebop.

"The experimentations of bop prompted us to never be satisfied with stopping," Garrett said in an interview.

He studied clarinet and saxophone under a legendary Chicago music teacher, Captain Walter Dyett, who for years fostered great jazz musicians. He worked with Sonny Rollins, Gene Ammons, Sun Ra and Betty Carter while evolving into an original musician.

"We always had to have something creative, something new to show our friends, to show that you were moving," he recalled. "I was interested in not falling into categories or even establishing an easily identifiable style, because that can often be a creative trap."

Rafael Garrett

His instincts toward new expression have led Garrett on a peripheral tour through the various worlds of music, from classical to jazz to the Mid East.

In the late '50s he crossed paths with another restless searcher, John Coltrane. The two shared a fascination with musics of the Middle and Far East.

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RAPHAEL GARRETT
CONTINUED

MILWWAUKEE
JOURNAL
FRI. FEB.26, 1982

Created new tonalities

"We were brothers going way back," Garrett recalled of his relationship with the late great saxophonist. "Then we both discovered Ravi Shankar (the great classical Indian sitar player) around 1959; we began listening and talking about him. Something was happening here. We were also studying such works on Sufi philosophy, like Ineyat Kahn's 'The Mysticism of Sound.' "

Garrett opened Coltrane to the possibilities of using two bass players in high and low registers, bowing and plucking to create a skein of new tonalities and an expanded sense of musical time.

Their kinship of spiritual and musical searching lasted for 10 years and culminated in such exploratory Coltrane albums as "Kulu Se Mama," "Live in Seattle" and "Om," which remains today one of the most unearthly and arrestingly beautiful musical documents of that decade.

"People hear 'Om' today and still say, 'What is that?' " said Garrett. "It's far removed from the patterns of sound people are conditioned to."

Ever-widening influences

Garrett gradually assimilated ever-widening influences from across the world. He became a proponent of tai chi ch'uan, a martial arts-related system of bodily movement that serves to relax the body and psyche. In a mid-1960s conceptual performance group called Sound Circus, Garrett's tai-chi procedures connected his audiences in a participatory experience of music, mind and body.

He performed and taught throughout Europe and the Middle East in the 1970s. He refused to limit himself to strictly jazz or art music performance contexts, and this leads him into contact with people of all ages and persuasions — in school, seminar, library or concert situations.

"Recently Rita (Warford) and I performed in a Pete Seeger benefit," he said, "and a 70-year-old woman came up to me and said, 'Where did this music come? I never hear anything like it in all my years. Where can I find more?' "

According to Garrett, Transsource's open-ended performance format will include vocal and woodwind duets, juxtaposing traditional jazz and "new music" elements.

Added Garrett, "Somebody said to me recently, 'Rafael, you are an old man with young ideas.' "

"I said, 'No, I am a young man with very old ideas. They all come from somewhere long ago.' "

The all-star jazz life of Teddy Wilson

MILWAUKEE
JOURNAL
FRI.
FEB. 26,
1982

Jazz's Teddy Wilson

By Bob Davis
Special to The Journal

The urbane master of jazz piano elegance, Teddy Wilson, who will grace Milwaukee with his artistry next week, fondly remembers another kind of music to the ears.

"The last time I played in Milwaukee was in 1957 at the Brass Rail," he said. "I recall that so well, because I was at the game [Sept. 23] when the Braves beat the Cardinals to clinch their first pennant. Of course, that was a very exciting time to be in Milwaukee."

Wilson, 69, begins his engagement here Thursday night only a couple of home runs away from County Stadium — at the Veterans Administration Medical Center. His concert there (for patients only) is being underwritten by Milwaukee's Unlimited Jazz Ltd.

Unlimited Jazz has helped make sure the public will have ample opportunity to hear Wilson, however. Next Friday and Saturday he plays the Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center St. Set times are 9 and 11 p.m.

Wilson concludes his weekend in town with a concert at 2 p.m. next Sunday in the Bradley Pavilion of the Performing Arts Center. Advance tickets for all performances are on sale at the Jazz Gallery and at Radio Doctors, 3rd and Wells. The $6.50 tickets also will be available at the door.

Other band members

Joining Wilson will be Harold Miller on bass and Rick Krause on drums. Miller and Krause also will back their fellow Milwaukeean, guitarist Jack Grassel, who will perform a short set prior to each of Wilson's appearances.

In the interview earlier this month at Rick's Cafe in Chicago, where Wilson was enchanting remarkably hushed audiences with marvelous playing, he recalled that his first visit to Milwaukee was in early 1938. He was a member of the Benny Goodman Trio and Quartet with Gene Krupa and Lionel Hampton.

Wilson made daring social and brilliant musical history when he joined Goodman in 1936. It was the first organization in the entertainment business to be racially integrated.

Just as baseball's Branch Rickey later had complete confidence in Jackie Robinson's capacity to cope with the breakthrough in sports, so did impresario John Hammond have full faith in Wilson.

"He had the bearing, demeanor and attitude toward life which would enable him to survive in white society," Hammond writes in his autobiography.

Asked if he had any idea at the time that his musical contributions would be so greatly treasured many years later, Wilson said:

"I knew the possibility of it because I got really famous with Benny Goodman.

"Before that I had worked with Louis Armstrong in Chicago, and he was a tremendous attraction even in those days. So I knew this work could have a real future in it."

Wilson made his first records in January, 1933. On "I've Got the World on a String," with Armstrong's band, we already hear Wilson's serene delicacy of touch; the fleet, arching single-note lines and harmonic sophistication; and his subtle, evenly flowing, sense of swing.

They are the hallmarks of one of the most original and influential styles in all of jazz. A host of modern jazz pianists have based their styles directly upon Wilson's.

Although Wilson's style had reached classic maturity by the mid-1930s and has remained essentially unchanged since then, he has made it the foundation of a creative longevity that has never been surpassed in jazz.

"The style is good"

"Let's face it," Wilson said with the candor of a man who knows without egotism what he's accomplished, "the style is good. The whole approach is basically sound, and there's no end to it. It's in the future, too. As long as I improvise on songs that have been composed by others, this technique I use is good, and it works, and I enjoy doing it. I'd do it for nothing as well as get paid for it."

Wilson, also a gifted jazz teacher, had some advice for young jazz musicians.

"You can teach tools," he said. "But really, improvising is creating, and you can't teach creation. You should listen to all the masters on all the instruments, not just your own. What happens very often is someone will inspire you. You'll get a thought from what you hear that you can do, something that's original with you.

"Hopefully, that starts you on your own path. You'll add something to what you've learned. You won't be just a carbon copy. Just add something to the storehouse, and that'll make you stand out."

Throughout the years, Wilson has been in constant demand for radio, TV, movie, recording and personal appearances around the world. During the past two years he has appeared frequently with his sons, Theodore on bass and Steven on drums. Another son, Bill, is a fine pianist in Columbus, Ohio.

Asked whether he had any concern about their making it in the tough music business, the proud papa said:

"Oh, no. I think any young person should get into music if he really wants to, but not to make money. As long as you love music well enough and

MILWAUKEE jazz gallery

MARCH

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
	1 JAZZ JAM	2 PAUL CEBAR $2.00	3 MEL RHYNE TRIO $2.00	MILWAUKEE 4 JAZZ QUARTET $1.50	5 TEDDY WILSON TRIO and JACK GRASSEL TRIO 9 P.M. & 11 P.M. $6.50 $5.00/ MEMBERS	6
7 INTERN'L F. & A.M. MASON'S EVENING OF JAZZ NAIMA $3.00 8P.M.	8 JAZZ JAM	9 NAOMI WOODSPRING STORYTELLER $2.00	10 MEL RHYNE TRIO $2.00	WISCONSIN 11 CONSERVATORY JAZZ DEPT. STUDENT ENSEMBLES 9 P.M. $1.50	7 JIMMY JOHNSON BLUES BAND 9P.M. $4.50	8
14 PAUL CEBAR $2.00	15 JAZZ JAM	16 CLAUDIA SCHMIDT 9P.M. $2.50	17 ST. PATRICK'S DAY IRISH POETRY & MUSIC $1.50	18 BETTY CARTER 8P.M. & 10:30 P.M. $6.50 $5.50/ MEMBERS	WEST OF 19 THE RIVER HEALTH CLINIC BENEFIT $3.50 / DOOR 8P.M.	20 FIRE AND ICE 9P.M. $3.00
21 TRIBUTE TO THELONIUS MONK	22 JAZZ JAM	23 VIOLENT FEMMES 9PM $2.00	24 MEL RHYNE TRIO $2.00	MILWAUKEE 25 JAZZ QUARTET $1.50	26	27 JESSIE HALICK WITH MANTY ELLIS TRIO $2.00
28 MARK KLECKLEY BIG BAND 8PM $2.50	29 JAZZ JAM	30 PAUL CEBAR $2.00	31 MEL RHYNE TRIO $2.00			

932 E. CENTER
263-5718

MUSIC AT 9P.M.
9:30 P.M. SATURDAYS
UNLESS OTHERWISE
DESIGNATED

Piano legend Teddy Wilson at the Gallery

Teddy Wilson, one of the reasons jazz has become a respected American musical form, will bring his piano artistry to Milwaukee for three days this weekend.

Wilson, who achieved national prominence as a member of the famed Benny Goodman trio in the mid-1930s, will appear at the Milwaukee Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center St., Friday and Saturday, with two performances nightly, at 9 and 11 p.m.

On Sunday, Wilson will have a matinee performance at 2 p.m. at the Performing Arts Center's Bradley Pavilion, 929 N. Water St.

In the early 1940s, Wilson led what was considered by critics to be one of the best jazz combos in New York City. He has been heralded for his technique and fast playing, a combination that has kept him working for more than five decades.

Accompanying him will be Jack Grassel, guitar; Harold Miller, bass; and Rick Krause, drums. His appearance is sponsored by Unlimited Jazz Ltd.

Teddy Wilson achieved prominence as a member of the famed Benny Goodman trio.

JAZZ

For more than a decade now I've been hearing Albert Dailey with bands from Art Blakey's to Stan Getz' and back again. What I've heard is a very fine pianist and accompanist. I've always wondered what Dailey would sound like on his own.

I'd never been able to track down previous albums sporadically issued under his own name, but now we have "Textures" (Muse MR 5256).

Like a number of contemporary keyboard frontrunners such as Stanley Cowell, Kenny Barron, Kirk Lightsey, George Cables — even the emerging giant Anthony Davis — Dailey doesn't wear just one hat and, in fact, seems to have access to a whole closetful.

Come to think of it — anyone who could satisfy both Blakey and Getz as a sideman *must* have mastered more than one approach!

Like the superior talents listed above, Dailey works in terms of select situation-problems he sets out to explore and, at least in part, to solve. No mere riffing on predictable sets of changes for him.

On the title cut, for example, he alternates skeins of Keith Jarrett-ish and (acoustic) Herbie Hancock-like lines so deftly that the sparkling segues become difficult to pinpoint as they weave out of each other.

"I Didn't Know About You" is a neglected Ellington tune. It not only demonstrates Dailey at work on his roots but underlines his own gift for getting to the heart of a tune's melodic and harmonic essence without being held back by clutter.

The funky melody line of "Dailey's Bread" precipitates Dailey's most straight-ahead playing here, while the enigmatically named "Pogo" enters in full Spanish dress.

Both also call attention to the supporting members of Dailey's trio here. Far-ranging bassist Rufus Reid and tenaciously polyrhythmic drummer Eddie Gladden not only solo effectively but mesh very agreeably, and there's reason for that. Dailey, Reid and Gladden worked together in Dexter Gordon's quartet and Reid and Gladden still do, emphasizing Dailey's concern in recruiting a viable bass-drum *team* rather than merely calling upon two stellar individuals.

Dailey's solos on "If You Could See Me Now" roll out a plush red carpet for the bop classic, nodding knowingly at composer Tadd Dameron's ingenuity and even unraveling a few new implications.

Young Arthur Rhames is added on tenor sax to give a Coltrane air to "All the Dues We Have to Pay" and Dailey wisely avoids the pitfall of slavishly emulating McCoy Tyner while supporting with some bracing, large chords.

Dailey's abilities can be characterized as steady, well-grounded, intelligent and resourceful. A homely range of adjectives perhaps, but out of such building blocks do masters evolve.

And, if recognition has been slow in coming, it will be equally enduring once it arrives. Dailey may not be flashy, but he's certainly no flash in the pan.

— Rich Mangelsdorff

Let's Go, MILWAUKEE SENTINEL, Friday, February 26, 1982 11

Saturday, March 6, 1982

Wilson true to style, not dated

By Rich Mangelsdorff

A reassuringly large audience was on hand at the Jazz Gallery Friday night to welcome pianist Teddy Wilson, who demonstrated the rarest of feats — the ability to remain true to his style without sounding dated.

Music

Wilson is one of the all-time greats of jazz piano, famed for his work with Benny Goodman's small bands and for the high plateau to which his synthesis of technique and awareness brought the art of jazz piano during the 1930s and early '40s.

One is glad to report that Wilson has lost neither his technique nor his awareness. He conducted a veritable clinic on the continuing validity of his approach as he sailed through the likes of "Don't Get Around Much Anymore," "It Don't Mean a Thing," "I Can't Get Started" and a Duke Ellington medley.

His two-handed assurance almost rendered superfluous the fine support from local bassist Harold Miller and drummer Rick Krause. Wilson effortlessly kept left-handed support weaving in and out to buttress his right-hand flights.

Wilson will appear at the Gallery Saturday night for shows at 9 and 11 p.m. and at the Performing Arts Center at 2 p.m. Sunday.

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL FRIDAY, MARCH 19, 1982

Carter sings it as she's lived it

By Kevin Lynch
of The Journal Staff

You may have heard the tune before, but when Betty Carter sings it, your expectations had better be flexible. Her generous mouth opened Thursday night and "Whoooooo . . . what a liddle moonlight can dooo," came slinking out like the ghosts of the tones you thought you knew. Carter has her favorite tunes, to be sure, but those hardy old flames always bend to the elusive currents of her talented breath.

She quickly drew a capacity Jazz Gallery crowd into the ebb and flow of her reworkings. Follow

critique

closely and you might think she's trapped herself in a daring vocal turn — but she pops out grinning and riding away on a new key or dynamic transition.

The venerable contours of "Body and Soul" shift and roll, yet the blue mood and words remain true. Carter controls the music but surrenders herself to the bittersweet lament, her words dissolving into a minor gray whisper.

But Carter gives more than a virtuoso performance. As she slowly peels away the lyrics, the message of a song like "Every Time We Say Goodby" comes through with devastating effect. If she is nothing else, Carter is the most emotionally compelling singer in jazz.

Her current trio — intact for more than a year now — is fully attuned to the dynamic interaction that Carter has always demanded of her groups. Young drummer Louis Nash has adjusted himself much better since his last performance here. Pianist Khalid Moss asserts his musical personality more, particularly in some set-opening instrumentals full of provocative ideas and surging swing. Trio mainstay Curtis Lundy remains Carter's alter ego on bass.

MILWAUKEE

jazz gallery

263-5718

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MUSIC AT 9 P.M.
9:30 P.M. SATURDAYS
UNLESS OTHERWISE
DESIGNATED

APRIL

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
				1 MILWAUKEE JAZZ QUARTET $1.50	2 RITA WARFORD a tribute to female jazz vocalists $5.00	3 FROM CHICAGO CARL LEUKAUFE QUARTET $2.50
4 BERKLEY FUDGE QUARTET $1.50	5 JON HENDRICKS & CO. 8 P.M. 10:30 P.M. $6.50 $5.50/MEMBERS	6 VIOLENT FEMMES $2.00	7 MEL RHYNE TRIO $1.50	8 WISCONSIN CONSERVATORY JAZZ DEPT. STUDENT ENSEMBLES $1.50	9 SON SEALS BLUES BAND $5.50	10 DAVID MURRAY TRIO $5.00 $4.00/MEMBERS
11 PAUL CEBAR $2.00	12 RONALD SHANNON JACKSON & THE DECODING SOCIETY $5.00	13 CLAUDIA SCHMIDT $2.50	14 15 SWINGSHIFT $4.00		16 17 JESSIE HAUCK WITH MANTY ELLIS TRIO $2.00	
POETRY 18 ANGELA PECKENPAUGH & KATHLEEN DALE $2.50	19 JAZZ JAM	20 VIOLENT FEMMES $2.00	21 BARRY VELLEMAN $1.50	22 MILWAUKEE JAZZ QUARTET $1.50	23 24 JOHNNY GRIFFIN $6.50 9 P.M. $5.50/MEMBERS 9:30 P.M.	
25 MARK KLECKLY BIG BAND 8 P.M. $2.50	26 JAZZ JAM	27 PAUL CEBAR $2.00	28 MEL RHYNE TRIO $1.50	29 MILWAUKEE JAZZ QUARTET $1.50	30 JESSIE HAUCK WITH MANTY ELLIS TRIO $2.00	MAY 1 & 2 SAT. & SU ALEX DEGRASSI $5.00 $4.00 MEMBER

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL FRIDAY, APRIL 9, 1982

SHOWCASE

Singin' those blues in the night

YOU CAN give those lingering winter doldrums a fierce infusion of Chicago-style blues tonight at the Milwaukee Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center St.

Son Seals, one of the Windy City's most electrifying blues guitarists — and a most distinctive vocalist, as well — will be bringing his band to the club for three sets, starting at 9 p.m. Cover charge is $5.50.

Son Seals

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL FRIDAY, APRIL 9, 1982

It's the bebop of 1982

By Kevin Lynch
of The Journal Staff

Music sifts and jostles through an urban dweller's ear. Soothing classical strings waft over the dentist's chair. You step out of his office into the funky blast of a youth's portable tape player. Your car radio vibrates with rock, country or jazz amid the random patterns of traffic noises.

Ronald Shannon Jackson has a strong hold on the rhythm and texture of the urban musical experience — the subconscious welter and the things you stop and listen to. His music swells sensuously, takes electric leaps, then drifts away like a car radio that drives off into the distance.

"Actually, we're playing bebop of 1982," the drummer-bandleader said in a recent telephone interview. "You can go with your experience or what once was. I'm playing my experience. It's just that all American musical elements are a part of it. The music industry separates musical styles."

A major innovation?

Jackson's music is being touted in some circles as the next major innovation in jazz, a prime example of new wave-funk-jazz. He brings his group, the Decoding Society, to the Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center St., Monday.

Jackson, 42, is hardly pulling his unusual new sounds out of a vacuum. He started playing rhythm and blues as a young drummer in Texas, including drumming with his distant cousin, rhythm and blues sax great King Curtis.

Since then he's played jazz with Stanley Turrentine, Charles Mingus, McCoy Tyner and Betty Carter. In recent years he's driven the rhythms of avant-garde titans Ornette Coleman and Cecil Taylor.

Jackson's music employs Coleman's "harmolodic" theory of playing different octave levels without being tied to conventional harmony.

"And from Cecil [Taylor] I learned much about the structure of music," he said. "I began applying my own rhythmic ideas to that comprehension."

Concern for form

For all of its apparently impetuous energy, Jackson's music shows a strong concern for imaginative form. He composes drum parts for himself, and his players overlay vamps or freely improvise, creating a variety of expressive moods.

The Decoding Society consists of Jackson on drums; Zane Massey on saxophones and flute; Henry Scott on trumpet and flugelhorn; and Vernon Reid on guitar, guitar synthesizer and banjo.

Two bass players, Bruce Johnson and Melvin Gibbs, provide the band with precisely orchestrated bass range.

There also is definite ideological significance to the Decoding Society's name. The highly evolved jazz forms Jackson has assimilated remain uncomprehended by a wide segment of the music-listening public.

"In your average crowd, a small group understands musically what you're doing, another small group understands from the depths of their lives, others don't understand but it feels good," he said. "But too large a group just says, 'What is that?'

"As a musician you get to arrive at a certain ecstatic state here on Earth, without religion or drugs. How do you stay at that level and allow others the experience vicariously?

"Well, the music is *in* everybody's life. You have to stop and be aware of that. Whether it's blues, rock, folk music or African rhythms. I play everyday life music. My goal is to make it so everyone can decipher that."

Jazz Gallery gets the blues, and new energy, from Son Seals

By Kevin Lynch
of The Journal Staff

A new energy invaded the Milwaukee Jazz Gallery Friday night, a new energy sparked by a very old source — the blues. Son Seals brought his electric Chicago-style blues and an effortless mastery of the idiom that transmitted many shades of real-life passion.

His jaunty back-up quartet warmed up a capacity crowd attracted by the Gallery's new blues booking policy. Yet the moment Seals first touched a guitar string, the essence of the blues seared the crowd. Seals fell into the band's chugging groove and his mastery was immediately apparent.

The band moved in the venerable, elephantine progression of a slow blues, and there was Seals wailing above it with a blood-chilling vulture cry. The band would segue seamlessly to a fast shuffling blues, Seals would hitch himself and inject witty, caustic phrases. Then, in the moment of a key change, Seals hoisted it all to a new intensity. Yet with the mark of a solid blues band the raucous revel was propelled by a loose-limbed swing.

On "Blue Shadow Falling," Seals revealed a sensitive, yet resonant, voice. Then he choked out some sinewy guitar notes, looped through a long, bent-string cry, and charged up rhythmic accents with notes that snapped off like breaking bones. Indeed, there are few better projections of intense pain — psychic or physical — than great blues guitar. You wondered who it hurt more — Seals or the guitar.

The Son Seals Band also breathed the blues in many shades of dynamics. A roaring headlong charge quickly dissolves into a soft, nodding groove.

When the soloing shifted to rhythm guitarist Mike Gibb, the expressive projection quickly dropped off. Gill's busy fretboard work generally diffused the blues content until late in the proceedings when he picked up a slide and found some strength in that technique's sharp simplicity.

Keyboardist Pat Hall served up solos that strayed just far enough from stock blues phrases to keep true invention thriving. The rhythm section of bassist Snapper Mitchum and drummer Vince (Showtime) Chappelle proved rock solid if unspectacular. Chappelle betrayed his knickname with arms skulking and strutting that frequently danced with their drumsticks over his head.

"How Blue Can You Get" showed Seals' debt to B.B. King and brought a slightly lethargic crowd to a response befitting this powerhouse of a bluesman.

Despite a good band, this was Seals' show from beginning to end — galloping, skulking and strutting the unadulterated blues. Long ago his mama must've told him, "Wag your tongue with style son, but always tell the truth."

The hard-bitten wit and built-in climaxes

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL APRIL 13, 1982

Jackson carves out new jazz space

By Kevin Lynch
of The Journal Staff

It was a sound that might have arisen in the deepest passages of a long dream. A dream of what it might be like if African Zulus suddenly found themselves dancing on 5th Ave. with cabbies swerving and honking.

Yet it was very real — the jumping, joyous madness of Ronald Shannon Jackson and the Decoding Society shaking a surprised and delighted crowd at the Milwaukee Jazz Gallery Monday night.

The group quickly showed that it was carving out a deep new space in the jazz scene, a space with boundaries still to be marked.

Indeed, drummer Jackson seems capable of moving great masses as easily as he moves percussive air. Sitting amid huge tom-toms, Jackson thundered rhythms powerfully enough to arouse an elephant graveyard. Vernon Reid's guitar-synthesizer emitted subterranean streams of sepia sound.

The Decoding Society's two bass players set up a craggy net of lines and soprano saxophonist Zane Massey sang out fragmented cries.

The music was called "American Gypsy (Giraffe)". — a three-part suite with compelling form showing that Jackson the composer is no shaman, although he's procured some strange magic.

Visually and aurally, Jackson conveys unique authority. From his rasta-stranded hair there dangle beads and bones, steel nuts and washers. Like his music, this roped mane symbolically blends primitive and advanced technology. He rides his drum set like Tarzan atop a great beast, leading his sextet with dynamic bursts of energy.

His rhythms are strong, laced with shuffles and staggers that push the momentum in multidirections.

Guitar, sax and trumpet may improvise three disparate lines over Jackson and bassists Melvin Gibbs and Bruce Johnson.

The band is as funny as it can be scary. "Belly Button" laid tearful horns over churning, bubbly

critique

rhythms. The collective playing bounces with a jostling elasticity, yet is all part of closely composed rhythmic constructions.

As funky and rockish as the beats often are, Jackson's themes have a blend of declamatory affirmation and the wry irony that is characteristic of good modern jazz themes. Ensemble textures dazzle with exotic radiance.

His young soloists proved impassioned but uneven in inspiration. Electric guitarist Reid opened up a long blowtorch-hot solo that ran on after the fire of imagination had been snuffed.

But the band's potent youth is guided by the strong hand and daring mind of Ronald Shannon Jackson. Very soon this may be one of the most significant bands of the '80s.

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL SAT. APRIL 24, 1982

Griffin blazes away with sax artistry

By Kevin Lynch
of The Journal Staff

Johnny Griffin could be tagged the fastest draw in the West, or at least in the untamed rough-and-tumble state of Tenorsax. He bends his knees, one hand forward and another at his hip and suddenly he's firing a volley of blazing musical fire from his poised and polished Selmer Sax.

In an instant, every tough saxslinger is wiped out.

As snuggly as he fits that old jazz metaphor, it doesn't do him justice. The veteran certainly won his share of cutting contests in the '40s and '50s. But he's far more than a taut reflex or a mindless perpetrator of awesome authority.

Friday night at the Jazz Gallery it was his musicianship and artistry that came through to a healthy crowd, in both the bop blaze and the ballad's gentility.

Griffin plays fast, all right. But it's a speed that blends the scintillating energy of hot bop with the heady pursuit of musical possibilities in the mind's fastest lane. A brainstorm at hurricane intensity.

critique

In a headlong "Blues For Gonzy," Griffin builds long lines that combine mirror idea inversions, pithy quotes and paradiddle variations — lucid ideas inside a buiding arc of velocity. Suddenly he hangs three long, wailing notes over the speeding rhythm section like a sudden existential realization and dives back in, knowing and making his musical reality.

And, on Duke Ellington's "Prelude to a Kiss" or Dave Brubeck's "In Your Own Sweet Way," he takes a firm but tender approach, bolstering their beauty with a complementary strength. The same qualities reside in pianist Ronnie Matthews' perfectly realized ballad "Jean Marie." It framed poignacy and passion in a dramatic cast reminiscent of McCoy Tyner's lyrical strength.

Griffin's mastery is admirably surrounded by one of the strongest bands working today: Matthews' fleet playing and refined writing and arranging skills, and a high-charged, yet deft rhythm section of bassist Ray Drummond and drummer Kenny Washington. This gang gets the heart and brain pumping.

The Johnny Griffin Quartet performs again tonight at 9:30 at the Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center St.

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL FRI. APRIL 30, 1982

Alex deGrassi and his guitar

Artist's music echoes experiences of a lifetime

By Kevin Lynch
of The Journal Staff

Alex deGrassi began his recording career with the solo album "Turning: Turning Back," a personalized approach to the steel-string acoustic guitar.

Public response to the relative newcomer has been remarkable. In a 1980 Frets Magazine Readers Poll, deGrassi placed third in the category of folk and blues guitar behind only Doc Watson and Chet Atkins.

Listening to deGrassi you may hear reverberations of English folk guitar, jazz and exotic East tonalities, all moving in kaleidoscopically changing forms.

The 29-year-old deGrassi has since found kindred spirits to augment his growing musical conception. He will perform with pianist Scott Cossu Saturday and Sunday at the Milwaukee Jazz Gallery.

But his musical development involved personal experiences that have marked his work as distinctively different.

"I played different styles of guitar over the years but I was primarily self-taught," deGrassi explained in a recent phone conversation. After extensive traveling while in his early 20s, deGrassi worked as an apprentice carpenter before devoting himself full time to his music career.

"I guess my carpenter experience relates to my music in the sense I've always greatly appreciated those who did craftwork with their hands. I sort of hand-tailor guitar pieces into a personal style."

The many-worlds music people hear in deGrassi's playing are not the result of a conscious stylistic attempt on the guitarist's part.

"I've assimilated many thin what I play and write and that it comes out," he said. His co tional style is likewise a pe process, unconcerned with c tional means.

"I compose by ear, workin rhythm or a melodic idea I come up with while impro Sometimes I work it through quickly and it turns out as piece. Other times I take a ri turn it backwards, upside dow build on it. Then it becomes patchwork process."

DeGrassi is fascinated by that evolves through time rathe that which depends on a do theme or hook.

"I work with what you'd c tended themes that transport t tener from one place and leav off somewhere else. That's p the influence of Indian music. attempt to break away from t ditional structures of folk m jazz."

DeGrassi's latest a "Clockwork," finds him ext his ideas into a jazz ensemble tation. Yet his tunes employ 12-bar blues forms nor typica arranging devices. On the alb uses members of the David G Quintet, who are also stylisti ericks.

DeGrassi's music has been terized as impressionistic, a does not argue with.

"I've always had a visual a tion with my music," he said. ciate my themes with colors, n and landscapes. I'm lookin something different, a soun falls in the crack between di worlds."

MILWAUKEE jazz gallery

MAY

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
						1 ALEX DEGRASSI & SCOTT COSSU 9 P.M. $5.00 $4/MEMBERS
2 ALEX DEGRASSI & SCOTT COSSU 9 P.M. $5.00 $4/MEMBERS	3 JAM SESSION	4 SUN RA 9 P.M. $6.50	5 $5.50 MEMBERS	6 WISCONSIN CONSERVATORY JAZZ DEPT. STUDENT ENSEMBLES $1.50	7 8 RAINBOWS END $2.00	
9 MARK KLECKLEY BIG BAND 8 P.M. $2.50	10 JAM SESSION	11 R & B CADETS $3.00 DANCING	12 STEVE NELSON-RAINEY $1.50	13 MILWAUKEE JAZZ QUARTET $1.50	TWO SHOWS: 9 P.M. & 11:30 14 15 JIMMY SMITH $6.50 $5.50/MEMBERS	
TWO SHOWS: 9 P.M. & 11:30 16 JIMMY SMITH $6.50 $5.50/MEMBERS	17 JAM SESSION	18 CLOSED	19 CLOSED	20 MILWAUKEE JAZZ QUARTET $1.50	21 22 MAGIC SLIM BLUES BAND $4.50	
23 PAUL CEBAR $2.00	24 25 ART PEPPER $6.50 $5.50 MEMBERS		26 BARRY VELLEMAN TRIO $1.50	27 MILWAUKEE JAZZ QUARTET $1.50	28 29 LA CHAZZ $2.50	
30 PAUL CEBAR $2.00	31 JAM SESSION					

MUSIC AT 9 P.M.
9:30 P.M. SATURDAYS
UNLESS OTHERWISE
DESIGNATED

263-5718
932 E. CENTER

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL SUN., MAY 2, 1982

Musicians offer pleasant options

By Kevin Lynch
of The Journal Staff

Saturday night, two young musical poets offered a large Jazz Gallery crowd music to measure a breath or a lifetime by.

The music of Alex deGrassi and Scott Cossu was both intimate and expansive.

The buzzing crowd fell still when pianist Cossu unfurled lines of gentle rhapsody. A wistful prelude led to a passage evoking a wandering innocent. Bright tonalities intimated a mood of dreaming and wondering.

Cossu then moved to a rolling, gospel-tinged celebration. The inspiration of Keith Jarrett is clear in Cossu — uplifting and lyrical, but without

critique

the enveloping virtuosity and invention Jarrett is capable of.

Cossu then gave way to several soliloquies by guitarist deGrassi. After a spritely, dancing folk piece called "Inverness," deGrassi dived gracefully into "Causeway." Over a rippling undercurrent of notes, sparkling bursts of melody and rhythm vied playfully for prominence.

DeGrassi's finger-style vamping slowed for "Turning: Turning Back," and a melody arose with gentle, asymmetric reaches over the tempo. It built hypnotic tension, deGrassi kneading the vamp with well-spaced chording.

Cossu joined deGrassi for a Chinese song described as a "variation on an ancient mating call." Cossu picked up a recorder and began a slow, whippoorwill melody. He moved to the piano and a majestic anthem arose between keyboard and guitar. Cossu's playing, alternately fitful and lucid, gave the song thrust while sometimes jarring its flow off course.

Yet the duo have their fingers on a special stylistic pulse that offers listeners pleasant options. It is music to be swept up in, or to fill one's own thoughts with. The breathing space implicit in even deGrassi's most complex configurations is effected by a fluid craftsmanship and sense of organic motion.

If not filled with nostalgia and future hopes, this music can certainly invoke such responses.

DeGrassi and Cossu will perform again tonight at 9 at the Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center St.

Why Sun Ra is truly out of this world

By KEVIN LYNCH
of The Journal Staff

Sun Ra and his Omniverse Arkestra will perform at the Milwaukee Jazz Gallery Tuesday and Wednesday nights.

SUN RA'S music goes back at least to Fletcher Henderson, with whom he once played piano.

But according to Sun Ra, it goes back much further than that, to ancient wisdoms that only he had the eyes to perceive. And his music and philosophy reach far in other directions — into outer space and the future.

Into the "energy corridor"

"I had some experiences in outer space," Sun Ra related in a phone interview. "I went into an energy corridor. A spotlight shone on me. My body became what I call transmoleculized, where my body changed so I could see through myself, as many specks of dust.

"The beings who brought me there had wonderful robes on. They put one on me. They told me a time would come when the world would be in complete confusion. I should tell earthlings how to get out of it. But I told them I didn't want to touch it.

"But they brought me back here and I had this vision of people in a courtyard milling about in confusion over the world. They said, 'Go talk to the people.' I said I didn't want to. They looked angry to me.

"They pushed me through a veil and I finally talked to them. It was a very clear vision, not just a dream. Since then I've had the psychic feeling that I'm from outer space.

"They tell me I'm from a constellation called Zaraton, a highly developed civilization. I've only been back on this planet for 14 years. When people ask me about things earlier than 14 years I say that's before my time," he added with a chuckle.

Sun Ra is a man with a vision as improbable yet highly evolved as any creative musician.

"People who hear me do feel what I'm doing," he says. "People say I've changed their whole life, given them a new light. That's important to me because I feel I'm doing something worthwhile."

Ra's spectacular visual show includes his Omniverse Arkestra garbed in wild costumes that synthesize African and futuristic motifs. Ra conducts the band in flowing gilded robes.

Dancers and singers convey his messages in melodic chants and the band is liable to captivate the audience with a marching performance throughout the concert hall.

The visual effects of Sun Ra's performance derive from something more than show biz savvy. They relate, says Sun Ra, to his becoming a reluctant messenger from another world.

Ra says he accepted his mysteriously chosen role even though he knew it would be difficult. He has made decided inroads into human consciousness over the years. Beyond Europe and America, his group has played in Central America, Scandinavia and the Middle East.

"Millions of fans"

"Today I have millions of fans really," he said. "I am the boss of a sub-underground. I couldn't conduct things in a commerical manner because I couldn't neglect the spiritual side — I'm not talking about religion either. I could have made a lot of money but many musicians don't understand that. I am doing this for the family of man.

"It's in the music if they listen closely. The picture will come to them of the energy impressions I have painted. That's a big job but I've tried to convey some ideas to the world that were lost. I hear these and I would write them down and all

His writings were an inspiration for at least one great musician — John Coltrane, who read Sun Ra's writings in the late 50's and shortly afterward had the spiritual awakening that launched him on his epochal career. Coltrane readily admitted being influenced by tenor saxophonist John Gilmore, a Sun Ra mainstay to this day.

Ra's music certainly sounds far out at times, but it is far from the musical anarchy that nay-sayers claim. On the contrary, Ra is one of the great disciplinarians in jazz.

"Understandably it has also been a challenge to find the right musicians," he said. "A lot of musicians used me as a stepping stone. They didn't learn things like they were supposed to."

Commune type living

"His standards of discipline are on a very high order, which average people don't understand," says band member Clifford Jarvis. "If you stick with his demands you can become a good player in his band."

Many of his Arkestra members and entourage live with Ra in a commune-like setting in Philadelphia. To avoid distraction, Ra does not allow his musicians to bring women into the house. Drugs and alcohol are strictly forbidden, too.

Ra was asked his projections for tommorrow.

"We appear to be heading for doom. I'm talking about altering our destiny, a substitute destiny that is unused and pure. It's like a dream you have as a child but never realize. You might use it because the other one didn't work out. I am talking about a supreme being and mortal beings.

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Sun Ra, bandleader unclassifiable

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL WEDNESDAY, MAY 5, 1982

Out-of-this-world Sun Ra probes far reaches of jazz

By Kevin Lynch
of The Journal Staff

Somewhere up in the starry heavens Tuesday night, vibrations spun languidly out into the stratosphere. One could imagine alien voices buzzing in response. Not the usual chuckle and "Oh, those silly Earthlings." Rather they say, "Ah, yes, Sun Ra."

Strange silhouettes sit back and absorb the radiant energy emanating from the Milwaukee Jazz Gallery far, far below.

Sun Ra's cosmic jazz owes as much to the dazzling energy rings crowning Saturn as to Duke Ellington. And Ra makes that interstellar stylistic leap like a true sun-treader.

Ra's theme music, "Discipline No. 27," arises with elephantine horn cries, like the fanfare for a Pharaoh. His dark eyes glimmering with humor and obsession, Ra intones: "Some call me Mr. Ra. Some call me Mystery. You can call me Mr. Mystery."

Ra's robe-laden arms rise poised, and his Omniverse Jetset Arkestra teems and wails to his precise gyrations, carving abstracts in space.

Dancers streak onto the stage — Carla Washington sleek and whiplash quick; Greg Pratt fairly exploding from the darkness, literally dancing on his hands.

The world seems topsy-turvy, yet the Arkestra follows truly over a wide-ranging course. Marshall Allen unleashes remarkable sounds from his alto sax, the cry of a being falling endlessly through a tunnel of gleaming brass. Tenor saxophonist John Gilmore's freak solo builds with methodical intensity (is that the sound of a saxophone melting?).

The senses shudder and regain control, now assuaged by the strains of "Fate in a Pleasant Mood." Saxes glide through lyrically arcing intervals, and Ra chants his celestial verse over a gently buoyant rhythm.

The spirit lifts the 14-piece Arkestra, and it marches like a great circling centipede, the crowd swept into hip, offbeat clapping.

With Ra riding the grand piano and his space organ, the Arkestra

critique

zooms through the annals of jazz, discharging Coleman Hawkins' "Queer Notion," the cascading swing of "What's New" and making sweeping sci-fi romance with Ellington's "Prelude to a Kiss." Here Allen's alto voice sings fat and juicy.

By the time "Astral Planes of Sorrow" arises, the blues, the evergreens and the brassy dissonances have blended into indescribable new hues.

Sun Ra marches a fine line over the abysses of method and myth. And listeners of many stripes — young and punk, old and jaded — freshly encountered music that for more than 30 years has veered close to the furthest outposts of man's imagination.

Sun Ra and his Arkestra perform again at 9 tonight at the Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center St.

tion is de... level of 0.10%, of ... of alcohol per 100 milliliters of blood.

In other action:

● Chesley P. Erwin, Milwaukee County medical examiner, was chosen as president-elect to lead the society's 5,200 members. He

● Th... lution direct... write policy guide... cial insemination. Th... said nationwide atten... been focused on Wisconsin ... a Milwaukee physician artific... ly inseminated an unwed woman who then applied for welfare

Smith wastes no time impressing Jazz Gallery

Music

By Rich Mangelsdorff

Few musicians are as confident of the groove they set as Jimmy Smith is and few set it as promptly as he did during his first set at the Jazz Gallery Friday night.

Smith's first selection gradually moved the audience from square one to a bouncing medium-tempo groove that got everybody's juices flowing.

The crowd remembered when Smith and the Hammond B-3 organ were the toast of the jazz world. Smith made it seem like both he and the organ had never been away.

Smith seems able to get more music out of the organ per second than anyone else, and he was backed capably by Phil Upchurch, an eminently well-rounded guitarist, and drummer Kenny Dixon.

Duke Ellington's "Mood Indigo" and Avery Parrish's classic "After Hours" seemed to bring out the best in both Smith and Upchurch.

The ballad "Laura" showcased the thoughtful side of Smith's playing, while it sent Upchurch back into the archives of jazz guitar for some pre-bop phrasings.

But, Smith's specialty is still the blues and he played them as soulfully as ever.

He will be back at the Jazz Gallery Saturday and Sunday night.

Jimmy Smith offers a special kind of jazz

By Kevin Lynch
of The Journal Staff

Watching and hearing Jimmy Smith is like appreciating a great race car driver. He's perched behind a huge machine and in complete control, even as he's putting his body and soul on the line, surging, swerving and darting at high speed.

Beads of sweat fell from his forehead to the fine finish of his Hammond B-3 organ Friday night, the first of three nights for him at the Milwaukee Jazz Gallery, and the melding of a talented man and a resourceful instrument was vividly apparent. Propelled by a medium uptempo groove set by his bass pedal and drummer Kenny Dixon, Smith takes solo choruses that build in intensity like powerful gear shifts.

He'll let the bottom fall out for a few tantalizing seconds, squirting a few odd notes into the space. Then he'll lunge back into the flow with a long run that zigs through three octaves. Then seemingly on the edge of easing off, he suddenly pulls out all stops and releases massive chords that roar in expansive triumph. It's a familiar road, but it always gets the crowds running behind him.

critique

Yet Friday night Smith gave the crowd only smatterings of his most dynamic improvisations. He frequently stayed in easy grooves, proffering the organ's fulsome, sensuous tones in quavering tonal washes. Consequently he failed to keep pace with the best organ competition around, which is basically himself.

But if Smith wasn't always up to his own high-flying standards, he's smart enough to have a superb right-hand man to pick up the slack. Phil Upchurch presumes no more on stage than to smile occasionally for a solo's applause. Head bent down, he consistently peeled off guitar solos that lodged in my mind as strongly as the work of any guitarist in recent memory.

He often ambles into a solo, kicking notes about, as if finding a foothold, but in moments he is popping with bright, witty ideas. On a favorite blues workout, "The Midnight Special," Upchurch wrenched out keening cries that quicky melted into cooing signs Svelte chords then splintered into offbeat bursts, his fingers performing deft splits on the fretboard. When he breaks into a grin that's half shy and half sly, he's invariably snagged his audience with another fine sneak-from-behind solo.

The Jimmy Smith Trio performs again at 9 and 11 tonight at the Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center St.

—Journal Photo

ST. JOAN ANTIDA — Charles Bruno, 18, and Mary Grace Zingale, 16, reigned as king and queen of the St. Joan Antida High School prom. Bruno is a student at the University of Wisconsin — Milwaukee.

THE MILWAUKEE JOURNAL Sunday, May 16, 1982

After life of lows, Pepper hitting jazz heights again

By William Janz

Art Pepper used to get high on heroin, cocaine, cough syrup, alcohol and anything else he could beg, borrow, buy or steal that'd get him an inch off the ground.

Even nutmeg. He spent nearly 10 years in jail and for months when he was locked up one time, he got high daily by drinking watered nutmeg.

Surprisingly, his own life didn't kill him. He was *then* and still *is* one of the best jazz alto saxophone players since death took the crown away from another user, Charlie Parker, 27 years ago.

Review and picture on Page 7.

Dressed in a green nightshirt that ran out of material when it got to his legs, Pepper sat on a bed in a motel here Monday, his bare legs crossed, a glass of water in his hand.

"My hands cramp," Pepper, 57, said. "My elbow hurts. My shoulder's killing me. Look at this."

He pulled up the shirt and showed a large protrusion above his abdomen, a piece of his messed up insides that one of his operations couldn't fix.

"I think of all the things I've done to my body, the using and all the rest. The rickets and jaundice. Spleen taken out. Cirrhosis of the liver. Emphysema. Arthritis. I can't believe I'm still here."

His wife, Laurie, 41, was on the other bed. They had just gotten here from California and her eyes were looking for sleep. She was in night clothes, about to turn everything off for a few hours before Art played the first of two nights at the Jazz Gallery.

"When he's playing, it makes everything worthwhile and it makes everything else . . . turns them into nothing," she said.

Some people on pedestals keep falling off them. Pepper has spent a lifetime falling ... concrete and climbing back up again.

His arms are tattooed black in places and his hair is cut short, much different from the days in the '50s when he could have out-handsomed Tyrone Power, who had his own pedestal, but no horn.

Drugs have done the same thing to Pepper that a fight with a speeding 10-ton truck would have. The imprint of his life is on his face. To make it through each day, Pepper takes methadone, a legal substitute for heroin.

"For people who used for 20, 30, 40 years — for me, it's been 40 — for people who used that long, you get on the methadone program, you stay on," he said.

He started playing with the Stan Kenton band nearly 40 years ago and he's still touring eight months of the year, mostly in Japan and Europe, where he is considered a

Pepper Turn to Page 8

CONTINUED..

Pepper hitting jazzy highs

Pepper From Page 1

premier artist. In prison once, he got so starved for music that he played a tin cup. He hummed into it while another prisoner drummed on the top of a trash can.

"The only time I'm happy is when I'm playing," he said.

And when he's with Laurie, who saved him 13 years ago when he was trying for the thousandth time to bury himself.

"When I play, no matter what's happening, I feel good about myself," Pepper said. "Feel like I'm worthwhile. If only a few people know that when they hear me. If only five, it's worth it."

The Peppers never try to whitewash an answer before they give it to you. In 1979, they gave us "Straight Life," Art's story, which punches you with its honesty.

A page from that book tells a lot about the artist Art. The page came from a jam session years ago when Sonny Stitt, another alto saxophonist, challenged him.

Referring to Sonny, Pepper said in his book, "He took the first solo. He did everything that could be done on a saxophone, everything you could play, as much as Charlie Parker could have played if he'd been there. Then he stopped. And he looked at me. Gave me one of those looks, 'All right, suckah, your turn.'

"I was strung out. I was hooked. I was drunk. I was having a hassle with my (second) wife, Diane, who'd threatened to kill herself in our hotel room next door. I had marks on my arm. I thought there were narcs in the club.

"Sonny'd done all those things, and now I had to put up or shut up or get off or forget it or quit, or kill myself or do something.

"I forgot everything, and everything came out. I played way over my head. . . . I played myself, and I knew I was right, and the people loved it, and they felt it.

"I blew and I blew, and when I finally finished I was shaking all over; my heart was pounding; I was soaked in sweat, and the people were screaming; the people were clapping, and I looked at Sonny, but I just kind of nodded, and he went, 'All *right*.' And that was it. That's what it's all about."

The tattooed man in the nightshirt, who always seems to be sick or bleeding or bandaged, who has put his life through a threshing machine, this nervous man named Art stood up and smiled and shook hands a few hours before he made the climb again.

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL MAY 26, 1982

Jazz saxophonist's effort peppered with inspiration

By Kevin Lynch
of The Journal Staff

The madness and absurdity, the glory and wonder of living all came zooming into dazzling focus when a saxophone phenomenon named Art Pepper gave an overflow Jazz Gallery crowd a slice of his life's best stuff.

If some went Monday and Tuesday nights as curiosity seekers — to see a man whose life has been ravaged by drugs — they found that the real meaning of Art Pepper is something that magically passes through his alto sax.

Pepper, perpetually jittery for performances, hit the stage like Woody

critique

Allen, bedeviled by recalcitrant objects. He nervously fiddled with an ill-fitting sax strap and a crooked music stand, then dropped his clarinet. You began to wonder whether he'd make it through one solo.

Yet, just as time and again he's conquered far worse devils, Pepper put his sax to his mouth and became, seemingly, master of circumstance — the circumstance of what's possible in the fire of inspired improvisation.

"Road Game" began with Pepper teasing the momentum with pithy melodic bits; his mastery was immediately evident. He sneaked into the rhythm, tiptoed over it with delicate asides, peppered it with curt accents, then unleashed a torrent of notes, slashing across and finally landing right on top of the beat like a mischievous sprite.

His body leaned and rocked ever more intensely through each up tempo song until his quartet fairly exploded with soaring energy. That carried over to the second set's opener, a scorching, funky Latin song, "Mambo Koyama."

As pianist Roger Kellaway and drummer Carl Burnett built a powerful ricochet rhythm, Pepper lifted off like an impassioned phoenix, filling the air with amazing arabesques, roaring and lilting in split seconds of improbable imaginings. Backstage after the set Pepper himself shook his head and said simply, "Gee, that was one of my best solos."

Indeed.

He can still play with the tender beauty his earliest admirers always cherished, as the ballad "Patricia" showed. He played his clarinet and turned "When You're Smiling" into a warm, bright gift.

Yet over the years Pepper has absorbed the full panoply of saxophone expression and he can today speak in tongues that most other saxophonists only dream about.

Although pianist Kellaway sometimes erred to excess with his percussive effects, he proved a witty, fiery player, especially on blues. Bassist David Williams accompanied and soloed superbly, and drummer Burnett lent a deftness and power that helped make this one of the most exciting and rewarding jazz concerts in recent memory.

Pepper's listeners were as fortunate as he is, a man who's lived, lost and won.

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL SUNDAY, MAY 30, 1982

They dream of jazz freedom

By KEVIN LYNCH
of The Journal Staff

"I BELIEVE that there's no such word as 'artist.' That sets up an elitist kind of feeling," said jazz bassist Charlie Haden in a recent telephone interview.

"I believe everyone has creative qualities inside them. Some of us have been lucky enough to connect with these qualities before other people. It's up to us to communicate what we've connected with — so other people can connect with theirs."

The desire to weave a truly connected world is the stuff of a band called Old and New Dreams, which will perform in Milwaukee for the first time at the Milwaukee Jazz Gallery June 3 and 4.

An innovative group

The group is a direct touchstone to the important innovations of new jazz. Its members, along with saxophonist Ornette Coleman, comprised the most innovative jazz group of the '60s.

Trumpeter Don Cherry, saxophonist Dewey Redman, drummer Ed Blackwell and Haden formed Old and New Dreams several years ago to keep alive the striking music of the Coleman group.

Rather than the prescribed methods of harmonic structure, their music flows from an open-minded empathy with any musical implication of a composition and the other players' inherent reactions. It is music that demands a strong ensemble sensitivity, something these players have cultivated over their 20-plus years together.

Coleman himself has gone on to a different group concept, where he is the principal activist.

Although Old and New Dreams plays many Coleman compositions, Haden refused to categorize it as an Ornette Coleman repertory band. "It's basically four individual musicians who feel a certain way about playing music and are very close together," he said.

In the original Coleman quartet, Haden said, "We all learned from each other. Even before that I had encounters where I wanted to improvise on the inspiration of a composition rather than a chord structure. When I met Ornette he was doing this. It was a very close feeling right away."

The freedom allows the individual characters of the musicians breathing room, creating a totally distinctive experience.

"We are musicians from different parts of the country," Haden said. "Blackwell is from New Orleans, Dewey [Redman] is from Texas and that Texas blues tradition and I'm from the Ozarks, which is hillbilly country. And Don Cherry has traveled all over the world absorbing ethnic musics. So there's a lot of different forces actively at work."

Politically conscious

Haden has always been a politically conscious musician. His own Liberation Music Orchestra of the early '70s promoted leftist causes and political transformation.

"I think a lot about getting the music to as many people as possible to communicate to them true human values," he said. "It's so that we can turn the value system around from the values you are taught as a child and then conditioned to as an adult — profit-oriented, racist, sexist values, which are the opposite of human creative values.

"It's important that people who have dedicated themselves to an art form communicate these values as much as they can whether they're painters, dancers, filmmakers, whatever."

MILWAUKEE jazz gallery

263-5718
932 E. CENTER

JUNE

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
		HOMETOWN TALENT BENEFIT FOR AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL $3.00 1	SPIRIT WITH MEL RHYNE CARL ALLEN SKIP CRUMBY-BEY $1.50 2	OLD & NEW DREAMS DON CHERRY CHARLIE HADEN DEWEY REDMAN ED BLACKWELL $7.50 $6.50/MEMBERS 3	4	VIBIST CARL LEUKAUFE $2.00 5
CENTRAL AMERICAN SOLIDARITY CTTE. BENEFIT 4:30 - 1 AM $3.00 DINNER 5:30 - 7:00 6	JAM SESSION 7	CLAUDIA SCHMIDT $3.00 8	SCOTT NAPOLI TRIO $1.50 9	MILWAUKEE JAZZ QUARTET $1.50 10	JIMMY DAWKINS BLUES BAND $4.50 11	12
A MUSICAL REVUE — "LYRICS THAT RUINED OUR LIVES" $2.50 8 P.M. 13	JAM SESSION 14	CLOSED 15	BARRY VELLEMAN $1.50 16	EV GLASPY BENEFIT FOR BARBARA NOTESTEIN 7:30 $6.50 17	SUNNYLAND SLIM BLUES BAND $4.50 18	19
LICENSE BENEFIT $2.00 ENTERTAINMENT 3 PM - MIDNIGHT 20	JAM SESSION 21	MARK KLECKLEY BIG BAND 8 P.M. $2.50 22	JOAN WILDMAN TRIO $2.00 23	MILWAUKEE JAZZ QUARTET $1.50 24	JESSIE HAUCK WITH MANTY ELLIS TRIO $2.00 25	26
INTERN'L F & AM MASON'S EVENING OF JAZZ NAIMA $3.00 8 P.M. 27	JAM SESSION 28	NOT OPEN 29	NAIMA $1.50 30			

MUSIC AT 9 P.M.
9:30 P.M. SATURDAYS
UNLESS OTHERWISE
DESIGNATED

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL FRIDAY, JUNE 5, 1982

Jazz group creates its own dream world

critiques

By Kevin Lynch
of The Journal Staff

Old and New Dreams is a band that has created its own musical world, distinctly apart from other jazz, yet closely connected with the real world. The band enveloped Jazz Gallery listeners Thursday night with music whose only limits were that of human experience.

Created in the days when saxophonist Ornette Coleman startled the jazz world with these players at his side, this music remains so fresh and witty that one wonders over the furor it created in the early '60s. Although free in the strictest harmonic sense, the quartet creates captivating music constructed from pure melody, rhythm and its own creativity.

Staring ever downward beneath his shades, Ed Blackwell might be playing poker, but his hands and feet dance as infectiously as those of any drummer alive. His tantalizing patterns bounce and skitter among the other players, transmitting a relaxed exuberance. Where other drummers drive their message home with aggressive force, Blackwell's spritely invention brings a smile to your face.

Similarly, Don Cherry eschews the macho bravado of most trumpeters. His tiny pocket trumpet almost disappears in his grasp, and he might as well be playing his hands, so natural and organic is his expression.

Tenor saxophonist Dewey Redman projects a disarming, understated style that turns melodic motifs around with a flowing clarity and droll wit.

When soloing, bassist Charlie Haden creates virtual sound sculptures with deliberate constructions of a dark, mysterious beauty.

The music took on many faces. The solemn brooding of "Chairman Mao," the insouciant swing and shuffle of "Humpty Dumpty," the quavering sadness of "Lonely Woman." This classic Coleman dirge invariably summons moving solos from the quartet, and the emotional weight Thursday night testified to its timeless power. "Mopti" showed one slice of Cherry's remarkable pan-cultural versatility. Playing piano, he chanted the plaintive-pretty African-style melody, then turned the song to the band and it became a rollicking, limb-lifting celebration for all peoples.

That is Old and New Dreams' recurring vision: old and new music from worlds distant and near. Its universal language speaks through the most fundamental process — from heart to instrument to heart.

Old and New Dreams will perform again at 9 p.m. Friday at the Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center.

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL FRIDAY, JUNE 11, 1982

How the blues in the night have sparked the Jazz Gallery

Sunnyland Slim

By Kevin Lynch
of The Journal Staff

Three years ago Chuck LaPaglia had a dream that spurred him to open the Milwaukee Jazz Gallery. The club has since become a bastion of quality, uncompromising jazz in Milwaukee.

Yet LaPaglia's vision had a distinct blues tinge.

"When I lived in Chicago I visited Sunnyland Slim's place once," he recalled recently. "It was an old storefront. Here was this great bluesman doing TV repair, selling candy and operating game machines. I went into a room in the back and he was just sitting there, listening to the blues. It really impressed me, the way he had chosen his life as a bluesman and, as great as he was, putting up with this humble type of existence.

"Later I had a dream where I walked into this room and all these old men were sitting on this floor with pegboards making these scientific, artistic designs. Right then I remembered Slim kind of trapped in his room. That's when I decided to open the Jazz Gallery."

Since then LaPaglia has booked m jazz performers rich in talent if not ways money. But it wasn't until R Rosenbaum arrived that the imp commitment to great blues players realized. Now the Jazz Gallery is boo quality blues acts at least once a mont

"I really wasn't all that knowledge about the blues so I never booked it much," LaPaglia said.

But when Rosenbaum, a lifelong buff, became a Jazz Gallery partne February he also brought a great kn edge and enthusiasm for the blues. Paglia welcomed the possibility of cessfully booking blues acts. Since Metropole Theater closed last year waukee has seen very little national ity blues performers.

"I always felt the roots of jazz blues are much the same. They are expressions of the urban black ex ence," LaPaglia said in explaining apparent diversion form a jazz policy

"Blues is a great, passionate music of emotion," said Rosenbaum. "The things get to you about the blues and

even though jazz is a more sophisticated form. Theyire both about keeping your head and heart up through the struggle."

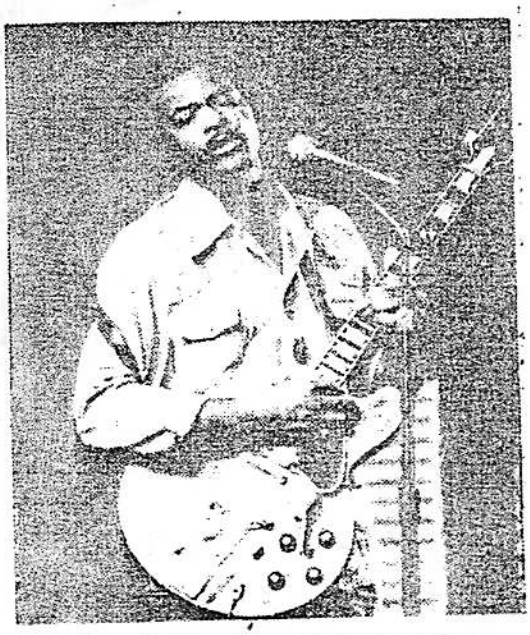
"Like our jazz acts, we're looking for acts at the cutting edge of the music rather than the acts that will make the most money," said LaPaglia. Yet the new blues policy does reflect more pragmatic thinking.

"I saw it as a particular way to stimulate the club's economy," said Rosenbaum. "There's a limit to how much jazz you can book and get support. The blues audience is largely an audience that doesn't come for jazz. But there's a strong, loyal blues following in this town. They come out for the real thing."

That's borne out by the early track record. Since March the Gallery has had two sellout blues gigs, Jimmy Johnson and Son Seals. A third, Magic Slim, drew very well.

Friday night marks the beginning of two consecutive weekends of national blues acts.

Jimmy (Fastfingers) Dawkins per-



Jimmy (Fastfingers) Dawkins

The Jazz Gallery and the blues

From Page 1

forms Friday and Saturday. Dawkins is one of the most celebrated Chicago blues guitarists, having worked with Koko Taylor, Johnny Young and Luther Allison

will bring to the stage the man whose memory inspired him to become a musical entrepreneur: Sunnyland Slim.

Slim is one of the founding fathers of the blues piano. Born in Mississippi 74

been synonymous with the blues, along with other legends he has performed with including Big Bill Broonzy, Sonny Boy Williamson and Howlin' Wolf.

Booked for July 23-25 is guitarist-

The Jazz Gallery and the blues

From Page 1

forms Friday and Saturday. Dawkins is one of the most celebrated Chicago blues guitarists, having worked with Koko Taylor, Johnny Young and Luther Allison before forming his own quartet.

Next weekend, June 18-19, LaPaglia will bring to the stage the man whose memory inspired him to become a musical entrepreneur: Sunnyland Slim.

Slim is one of the founding fathers of the blues piano. Born in Mississippi 74 years ago, he migrated to Chicago before World War II. Since then his name has been synonymous with the blues, along with other legends he has performed with including Big Bill Broonzy, Sonny Boy Williamson and Howlin' Wolf.

Booked for July 23-25 is guitarist-singer Albert Collins, one of the hottest blues acts in the country today.

'Hero' leaves fans longing for encore

Pepper From Page 5

said. "I always feel like it's the last time I'm doing something."

It nearly was that night.

He made some great recordings in the '50s, but I was afraid to listen to him play in the '80s because of what he had done to himself in the years between. You know, you go out expecting to meet John Wayne and you find a little guy with frayed cuffs who can't ride a horse and has holes in his socks.

Almost reluctantly — because I was afraid of what I'd find — I went to hear a musician I had loved as a kid, who was idolized in Japan and in parts of Europe, where his playing was part saxophone, part legend.

In his last hours at the Jazz Gallery in Milwaukee, Pepper knocked the microphone off the stand three times. It didn't bother him.

"It's alive," he said, the first time he did it.

The second time he did it, he jumped back and said, "I told you, it's alive."

Once he couldn't find the music he wanted. For several minutes he looked through a stack of paper. Finally, someone in the audience picked the correct sheet off the floor and handed it to Pepper. That didn't bother Pepper either.

After all he had gone through, it was amazing that he still could play. Knocking microphones off the stand, losing his music and walking into walls his previous life had built was tolerated because he could still play so well.

He also was so honest that sometimes he made listeners squirm when he mentioned in detail what he had done to himself. When I was young, the imprisonment of a hero was hard to accept. But Pepper never made any excuses. It takes guts to plead guilty to your own life.

In Pepper's powerful biography, "Straight Life," Marty Paich, who arranged some of Pepper's best recordings, said, "When Art plays, it's all, all the time."

"When I play I try to really reach and I want everyone to love me," Pepper said here. "I don't want to prostitute myself. ... I want people to feel what I'm playing. That's when it's so wonderful."

While he played alto saxophone and clarinet here with a quartet, Laurie, 41, was in the audience, keeping time with her hands, her head, her feet, her voice. She had gotten him off drugs and protected him, even from telephones, which he never answered.

"She shields me from all the things I'm terrified of," he said.

Two weeks later, with Laurie there, he had a stroke and went into a coma. He died Tuesday at the age of 56.

His life had been such a disaster, but God, he could play. For the last number of the last set of his last night here, Pepper did a tune that differed from the more lyrical, swinging pieces he had done that night. It was a shout at the world. He laid down thick sheets of sound that got the audience up and cheering.

Then it was over. It was 1:45 a.m. and it was over and people applauded wildly, wanting him back. He smiled and loved it, but he waved his arm, which meant no, he wasn't coming back. He looked exhausted.

Some of those who were there that night heard that sound this week when they learned that Art had died: It was his people, wanting him back.

Estimate on repairs for interstate hiked

MILWAUKEE jazz gallery

JULY

MUSIC AT 9 P.M.
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UNLESS OTHERWISE
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932 E. CENTER

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
				1 MILWAUKEE JAZZ QUARTET $1.50	2 JESSIE HAUCK WITH MANTY ELLIS TRIO $2.00	3
4 CLOSED	5 JAZZ JAM	6 CLAUDIA SCHMIDT $3.00 BENEFIT FOR FRIENDS MIME	7 BARRY VELLEMAN TRIO $1.50	8 MILWAUKEE JAZZ QUARTET $1.50	9 FROM CHICAGO CARL LEUKAUFE TRIO $2.00	10
11 PAUL CEBAR $2.00	12 MAX ROACH TWO SHOWS 8 P.M. & 10:30 P.M. $6.50 $5.50/MEMBERS	13	14 REACHING FORTH WITH SCOTT NAPOLI BILL KRUMBERGER JAMES BENTON $1.50	15 MARCIE CUNNINGHAM & THE LYNN BERNSTEIN TRIO $1.50	16 JESSIE HAUCK WITH MANTY ELLIS TRIO $2.00	17
18 WARREN BRAUN FOR CONGRESS FUNDRAISER 4 PM-8 PM MARK KLECKLEY BIG BAND 9 P.M. $2.50	19 JAZZ JAM	20 VIOLENT FEMMES $2.00	21 BARRY VELLEMAN $1.50	22 TOP BANANA COMEDY REVUE $2.00	23 ALBERT COLLINS & THE ICEBREAKERS BLUES BAND FRI. 9 P.M. $6.00	24 SAT. 9:30 P.M.
25 ALBERT COLLINS BLUES BAND $6.00 9 P.M.	26 JAZZ JAM	27 PAUL CEBAR $2.00	28 LYNN BERNSTEIN TRIO $1.50	29 SINGERS WORKSHOP $1.50	30 PEPPER ADAMS FRI. 9 P.M. $6.50 $5.50 MEMBERS	31 SAT. 9:30

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL JULY 13, 1982

Max Roach, group create new standards of excellence

By Kevin Lynch
of The Journal Staff

Taut energy filled the air Monday night at the Jazz Gallery, an energy born of intelligence, artistry and a commitment to uniquely American rhythms and songs.

Max Roach, the great jazz drummer, began his concert alone. A "medley of odd meters" danced out, and the Jazz Gallery crowd immediately was put on notice of invention arising from unpredictable corners of resource. Roach's uneven rhythms cocked the mind, and his singing, swinging touch gave new meaning to pure textural sound.

The drummer's abstractions cued his band for the challenges of "Cherokee," and the standard of thoughtful expression set by Roach held.

Trumpeter Cecil Bridgewater's interjections in the piece pierced a bone-bare arrangement, while Roach's ride cymbal percolated over deft snips of snare and tom-tom. Saxophonist Odean Pope inverted the mood with Coltrane-esque "sheets of sound," and by tune's end the bloodlines of "Cherokee" had flowed into a new breed.

Throughout the evening, Roach displayed a great talent for instilling standard jazz numbers with new significance and offering originals of purely contemporary jazz.

"The Call" proved that 9/4 time can be evocative and mysterious, as drums and bass did a dance around a distant African cry in the sax-trumpet melody.

Modern jazz classics like "Giant Steps" and "'Round Midnight" fostered new interpretive children in this quartet's hands.

The night's largest statement, Bridgewater's "Scott-Free," sprawled forth in extended solos. Saxophonist Pope tapped a previously unspoken creative wellspring, filled with gospel fervor and probing quiet. Bassist Calvin Hill created a high-register solo whose tones ticked and chimed magically, like a clockmaker's shop at midnight. Trumpeter Bridgewater refrained from extensive interpretation of his own piece, while Roach used his brushes to create a muffled chatter in the wind.

The Max Roach Quartet offers subtlety, understatement and sudden, bracing power. A poised ear is likely to be rewarded when the group performs again tonight at 8 and 10:30 at the Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center St.

Fine Arts Quartet's offspring grows up

critiques

By Roxane Orgill
Journal Music Critic

If all parents and their grown children could ommunicate as well as the Fine Arts Quartet and s offspring, the Da Vinci Quartet, did Monday ht, the world would be a better place in which e.

e two quartets shared the stage in the fourth ner Evening of Music at the University of onsin — Milwaukee and despite the differ- n age and experience, four plus four clearly ied eight The younger players not only fit in also made substantial contributions to the delssohn Octet, Opus 20

Under the direction of the Fine Arts Quartet, the Da Vinci was formed in 1980 by four UWM graduate students. Despite one change in membership (the violist, which, coincidentally, is the same position in which the Fine Arts has had most of its changes), the quartet progressed and prospered and last year was awarded a fellowship to participate in the Aspen Music Festival in Colorado.

This fall, violinists Jerilyn Jorgensen and Renee Tegel, violist Matthew Michelic and cellist Katharine Knight will fully depart their Milwaukee nest and take positions as artists-in-residence at the University of Colorado.

The concert, which will be repeated at 8 tonight in UWM's Fine Arts Theater, was not without problems. Bad intonation from Fine Arts violinists Leonard Sorkin and Laurence Shapiro muddied both the Mendelssohn Octet and Brahms' Sextet in B-flat. It set me on edge, but not so much that I couldn't appreciate the sparks flying from the interaction between the musicians and these masters of chamber music, Mendelssohn and Brahms.

They wrote so differently for strings, separated as they were by 24 years of age and musical tradition.

Mendelssohn was part of the end of the Classical era and its light textures; Brahms was planted firmly in the Romantic period and its denser, more obviously emotive music. Mendelssohn's Octet is full of air, and the individual voices stand out. Brahms took away two instruments, but even so, the writing is thick, with little room for the similar-sounding instruments to breathe.

Interplay among the eight voices in the Mendelssohn is intricate and lively, which is how the Fine Arts and Da Vinci made it sound. The Scherzo, a whimsical, skittering affair, barely touched the ground it was so fast, so light. And if we thought that movement was breezy, the final Presto positively flew. In tune or out, differences of age and experience, all such matters were forgotten as the musicians simply joined minds and made music.

The Fine Arts deserves a hand for fathering and nurturing such a capable quartet.

Max Roach, group create new standards of excellence

By Kevin Lynch
of The Journal Staff

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Drummer Max Roach snaring work aplenty

By KEVIN LYNCH
of The Journal Staff

MEET a 57-year-old whirlwind spinning his creative powers through the jazz-happy days of summer.

Before catching his breath for a phone interview, Max Roach had completed four impressive projects at

Max Roach

last week's Kool Jazz Festival in New York. He presented a double-quartet concert of original music with his jazz quartet and a string quartet. He gave a solo drum concert.

He led his innovative all-percussion ensemble, M'Boom, in an outdoor performance in Central Park. He hosted the Musicians' Benefit Fund Concert.

Performs here

"And I finished the music for a new off-Broadway play. It's hectic but I enjoy it," Roach said with a sigh, a few days before arriving in Milwaukee to perform with his quartet at the Jazz Gallery on Monday and Tuesday (two shows each night, 8 and 10:30 p.m.).

Roach's latest album, "Chattahoochee Red," reflects his sense of form, resourcefulness and social commitment as typified in "The Dream / It's Time." The work dramatically juxtaposes Roach's provocative drumming with the powerful, musical voice of the late Rev. Martin Luther King.

Do this and such works as "Freedom Now Suite" reflect a belief that music can change lives and ideals?

"Well, basically music is part of the larger culture that shapes our lives, for sure," Roach said. "But more than anything else, that came from the idea of the spoken word with musical accompaniment. I chose King because his voice sings. And his message was clear. It dealt with the entirety of humanity in its ideals. This was an artistic thing, but also about his ideas, for which I feel very strongly. He was a poet who sings."

And Roach is a musician who speaks.

Large perspective

A pivotal bebop figure as Charlie Parker's drummer, now a professor of jazz studies at the University of Massachusetts in Amherst, Roach sees music in perspectives far larger than the arc of his drum stroke.

"Culture is the ultimate weapon," he said. "You take position and territory by force. But then the final leveler in conquering the territory is to impose your way of thinking, your lifestyle. Then you can withdraw your army.

"It's true throughout history; the place then governs itself. Then the high culture not only benefits the people but also helps them police it. You take that culture and inculcate

continued...

(continued)

the minds, the religions and so on. You can control so much with just a few; that's why culture is so important."

On purely musical terms, Roach's recent recorded work has a remarkable expressive range and variety for a piano-less quartet (It consists of Roach, percussion; Calvin Hill, bass; Odean Pope, reeds; Cecil Bridgewater, brass), utilizing the components with a fascinating flexibility.

Many gifts to jazz

"They're all fine composers," Roach said of his group. "That way their personalities come through more than through just a solo. You find out how they think compositionally as well as improvisationally. It offers a broader dimension of the artist to the public. We recorded 15 short pieces for the album and those came together as a family in a sense."

Roach's talent in cultivating musicians has given jazz many new lights. His former sidemen include Clifford Brown, Sonny Rollins, Freddie Hubbard and Stanley Turrentine, to name a few. Yet ever since Roach left Parker he has continually moved toward far horizons rather than becoming a bebop archivist.

It's the result of an open, insatiable mind.

"I learned to teach myself," he said. "I can go to a Rolling Stones concert and appreciate it for what it is. Not say the Stones should swing like the Mills Brothers. Or hear the Guarneri Quartet and expect them to sound like John Coltrane.

"It opens me up to so much. Like the double quartet. It came from my hearing a possibility — that maybe something beautiful could happen with that combination. Here in the States we tend to be a bit too sectarian. You miss things that way. Plus a great deal of my development has to do with musicians I work with. You're constantly educating yourself."

Innovative duet albums

One such encounter resulted in two highly acclaimed duet albums with saxophonist Anthony Braxton, a growing experience for both the bop master and the new-music turk.

"It's a matter of fully investigating your instrument," Roach said of such projects. "With Braxton I had to do something else than if I played with Charlie Parker. You try to do things that will stretch your own imagination. The same thing happened with my duo concert with Cecil Taylor."

That already-legendary confrontation with the innovative pianist on Dec. 15, 1979, is recorded. But Roach and Taylor are waiting for the record distributor who will do more than stockpile it on dusty warehouse shelves.

Roach was at least a symbolic figurehead of the '60s Black Nationalist movement in jazz. Yet he fully defends black experimenters like Braxton who, critics complain, draw from sources too far removed from bop and the blues.

Fluidity of culture

"The beauty of the United States is the fluidity of our culture," he said. "You're really not locked in. We have a license in the States, a fluidity that allows each generation to make a cultural contribution.

"African culture has specific tribal customs for certain occasions; in Europe, to break through monolithic giants like Beethoven is frustrating for young composers. Here we allow the artist to go.

"I look at Braxton's generation that way. What do roots mean? That everybody sound like Charlie Parker? No. That's not what the creative process is about. Sometimes it works and sometimes it doesn't, but at least people are trying."

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL JULY 31 ,1982

Some unfamiliar faces don't hurt Adams' music

By Kevin Lynch
of The Journal Staff

Pepper Adams' music at the Jazz Gallery Friday night was a blend of instruction, a bit of research and plenty of pure jazz expression.

With a telltale pen peeking from his shirt pocket, the baritone saxophonist frequently raised eyebrows over his horn-rim glasses. Possibly the move signaled inspiration, possibly over the rhythm section playing

critique

some of his creations for the first time. Adams aired musical theories that germinated in tunes as romantic as "Claudette's Way" or as poetic as "Ephemera."

The night challenged professional skills with the pitfalls of no rehearsal. It's common for a touring jazz soloist to work with a rhythm section for the first time. Even veteran bassist Skip-Crumby-Bey walked some musical tightropes, but he generally provided a warm, steadying force.

Interspersed with Adams' own numbers were some familiar offerings like "Cherokee." Here Milwaukeean David Hazeltine (now working in New York) displayed a pure bop fleetness, a la early Bud Powell, with sparkling dexterity and lilt of line. Adams sprinted along with muscular rhythmic invention.

Then the leader offered something new — his own still-untitled ballad. Adams' saxophone led the way like a big bear singing a lullaby while the rhythm section stayed cuddled close without venturing far on their own. Adams' ballads admirably offer considerable form sketched in seemingly small strokes. They engage and intrigue without being standards.

By the second set the readings of originals had improved a notch and solos began flowing with more natural authority. "Claudette's Way," written for Adams' spouse, was a song with subtle waves of tension and release.

On "Bossallegrom," Adams' musical ideas seemed to dance off the Latin rhythm. Pianist Hazeltine asserted his usual rhythmic incisiveness. Former Milwaukeean Mark Johnson's striking drum solo — with powerful, double-fisted strokes — seemed to blend vintage Art Blakey and recent Tony Williams.

Pepper Adams performs again tonight at the Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center St.

MILWAUKEE jazz gallery

AUGUST

932 E. CENTER ST. 263-5718

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
1 CLOSED	2 JAZZ JAM	3 CLOSED	4 DAVID HAZELTINE TRIO $1.50	5 MILWAUKEE JAZZ QUARTET $1.50	6 BUNKY GREEN QUARTET $6.50 / $5.50 mem.	7
8 PAUL CEBAR $2.00	9 JAZZ JAM	10 MANDALA $1.50	11 LYNN BERNSTEIN TRIO $1.50	12 RICHARD DAVIS MANTY ELLIS 13 WISCONSIN CONNECTION FEATURING ALAN DAWSON $4.50		14 FROM CHICAGO VIBIST CARL LEUKAUFE $2.50
15 MARK KLECKLEY BIG BAND $2.50 9 P.M. - MIDNIGHT	16 JAZZ JAM	17 VIOLENT FEMMES $2.00	18 BARRY VELLEMAN TRIO $1.50	19 HURRICANE PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS DEIDRE McCALLA AND LLENA DE LA MADRUGADA	20 MILWAUKEE JAZZ QUARTET $2.00	21
22 MARSHALL VENTE AND PROJECT NINE $3.00	23 JAZZ JAM	24 NAIMA $1.50	25 REACHING FORTH $1.50	26 SINGERS' WORKSHOP $1.50	27 EDDIE SHAW AND THE WOLF GANG $4.50	28
29 CHARLIE PARKER BIRTHDAY PARTY FEATURING JAMES MOODY QUARTET $6.50 / $5.50 mem.	30	31 CLAUDIA SCHMIDT $3.00	MUSIC AT 9:00 P.M. 9:30 P.M. SATURDAYS UNLESS OTHERWISE DESIGNATED			

MILWAUKEE jazz gallery

SEPTEMBER

932 E. CENTER ST. 263-5718

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
			1	2	3	4
			MAL WALDRON & STEVE LACY $6.50 $5.50/MEMBERS		JESSIE HAUCK WITH MANTY ELLIS TRIO $2.00	
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
JESSIE HAUCK WITH MANTY ELLIS TRIO $2.00	JAZZ JAM	PAUL CEBAR $2.00	REACHING FORTH $1.50	BERKELEY FUDGE TRIO $1.50	MOJO BUFORD & THE HOOCHIE-COOCHIE BOYS (MUDDY WATERS' CURRENT BAND) $5.00	
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
VIOLENT FEMMES $2.50	JAZZ JAM	CLAUDIA SCHMIDT $3.00	LYNN BERNSTEIN TRIO $1.50	DON LERMAN QUARTET $1.50	BRIAN LYNCH QUARTET $2.50	
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
STAN GETZ QUARTET TWO SHOWS 8 P.M. & 10:30 P.M. $7.50 $6.50 MEMBERS		MARCIA TAYLOR $4.00	BARRY VELLEMAN TRIO $1.50	BRIAN LYNCH & FRIENDS $1.50	JESSIE HAUCK WITH MANTY ELLIS TRIO $2.00	
26	27	28	29	30		
VIOLENT FEMMES $2.50	JAZZ JAM	PAUL CEBAR $2.00	NAIMA $1.50	TOP BANANA COMEDY REVUE $3.00		

MUSIC AT 9 P.M.
9:30 P.M. SATURDAYS
UNLESS OTHERWISE DESIGNATED

MILWAUKEE SENTINEL SEPTEMBER 17, 1982

Sax wizard headlines at Gallery

JAZZ

By Jim Higgins

Stan Getz

'Getz has an intimate skill with ballads that seems to drain every drop of emotion from a melody.'

"All I know how to do is go into the studio and make the most beautiful music I can," Stan Getz once said. Milwaukee jazz fans will have several chances to hear that beautiful music this weekend.

The tenor saxophonist will play at Milwaukee's Jazz Gallery on both Sunday and Monday at 8 p.m. and 10:30 p.m. (Admission is $7.50, or a discounted $6.50 for members of the non-profit Gallery.)

In nearly four decades of performing, Getz has enjoyed great success in a variety of styles. He first attracted attention with the tender "Early Autumn" in Woody Herman's post-World War II big band. He inaugurated a trend of samba and bossa nova records in the '60s with a string of Brazilian-flavored smashes including "Desafinado" and the Grammy-winning "The Girl from Ipanema."

Getz, in more recent years, has collaborated with Chick Corea and Tony Williams on the outstanding "Captain Marvel," an album that demonstrates joyful song and spirited communication can occur between sympathetic musicians of different generations.

At the heart of his many brews is one secret ingredient: an intimate skill with ballads that seems to drain every drop of emotion from a melody. Throughout the years his sublime sound has charmed not only audiences but also other musicians. John Coltrane described Getz as one of his favorite tenor players. A touch of Getz can be found in Wayne Shorter's serene ballads "Penelope" and "Vanessa."

But Getz can also play tough, as he demonstrated in Milwaukee several times with his finest band, a mid-'60s touring unit of virtuoso vibraphonist Gary Burton, bassist Steve Swallow and drummer Roy Haynes.

His current quartet features James McNeely on piano and Marc Johnson on bass. Both performed on the veteran's recent release from Concord Jazz, "Pure Getz," a hot disc on college and jazz radio stations. Drummer Adam Nusbaum rounds out the band.

On "Pure Getz" the saxophonist once again demonstrates his caginess in selecting little-known tunes for fresh and memorable interpretation. These include the melancholy "Blood Count," one of Billy Strayhorn's last compositions; "Very Early," an early line by the late Bill Evans; and "Sipping at Bell's," a selection from Miles Davis' first recording session as a leader, featuring Charlie Parker on tenor saxophone.

Jazzman Getz plays the sax with appeal

By KEVIN LYNCH
of The Journal Staff

IN THE crowd of countless tenor-sax players, Stan Getz stands out not simply for being one of the very best. It's also because of a certain integrity that leads him to music that abides by his own values yet easily seduces even casual jazz listeners.

His saxophone sound, tender and sensual, is strikingly personal. When he charges into a hard-swinging groove or occasionally lets out a hoot, it is authentic for being only him and not a gratuitous borrowing or effect.

After nearly 40 years of his playing, many observers say he is now sailing through a period of inspiration equal to any he's ever reached.

Milwaukee listeners get an opportunity to judge for themselves when Getz performs at 8 and 10:30 tonight and Monday night at the Milwaukee Jazz Gallery.

"Stan has matured into the jazz scene," says his longtime manager, Bob Graham. "A lot of people play scales upon scales and with very little lyricism. Stan always respects the music first and foremost."

What to leave out

Said Getz himself in an interview: "The most important thing to learn in art is what to leave out. Not to play too much, not to play too little, but never to do things that are simply to show off."

Getz has obviously instilled the lesson in his fellow players. He recalls when Chick Corea played with Getz's group in 1971 after Corea had established himself as a top jazz pianist.

"When Chick left the group he said to me, 'Thank you for teaching me to play the form, the logic and the content of the music'," Getz related.

Getz, 55, prefers to play with younger players. He says they keep him stimulated. His latest quartet includes pianist Jim McNeely, drummer Adam Nussbaum and Marc Johnson, the young virtuoso bassist who was performing with Bill Evans until the great pianist died in 1980.

"Stan trains these young players loaded with talent and they go away far better players," says Graham.

Getz's sense of order suggests a certain classicism. Yet at the same time, he is always looking for new musical possibilities. He helped break ground for the "cool jazz" movement of the 1950s. And he is best known, of course, for his 1962 landmark "Jazz Samba," which keynoted the birth of bossa nova.

Synthesizer experiment

In recent years Getz has even experimented with synthesizer hookups on his saxophone. Yet the effect was always tasteful and appropriate to his lyrical sensibility.

A recently released album, "Forest Eyes," is the soundtrack for a Dutch film and finds Getz surrounded by electronic music and orchestra. Getz said the single album he is most proud of is "Focus," a third-streamish album on which Getz played over the Bartok-like string writing of the late arranger Eddie Sauter.

The saxophonist's recent projects also include work with the eclectic guitarist-pianist Ralph Towner of the group Oregon, which uniquely blends Eastern music, folk music and jazz.

Yet Getz said he really hasn't changed much over the years. "I'm trying to get closer and closer to perfection," he says with a touch of resolution in his voice. "I think the longer I work, the nearer I get."

"But," he added, "that's something you never achieve."

With that attitude Stan Getz will undoubtedly be playing for a long time yet. And some day he may give us some improvisations worthy of being etched in stone. For now, records and the man himself will certainly do.

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL
SUN., SEPT. 19, 1982

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL SEPTEMBER 20, 1982

Getz creates a serene jazz

By Kevin Lynch
of The Journal Staff

Can the stroke of a dove's feather instantly soothe the raging lion?

That at least was the uncanny effect achieved by Stan Getz several times Sunday night at the Jazz Gallery before a capacity audience, as he made his re-entry after furious solos by drummer Adam Nussbaum. The effect was of the gentle bird dipping down from a gentle current of air to bring peace.

It was the tension between Nussbaum and Getz that made this evening a success. Getz's deceptively cool playing is best set off against a strong rhythmic agitator. And Nussbaum is just the sort

critique

of powerful but deftly active drummer to follow in the steps of former Getz sidemen Billy Hart and Tony Williams.

Getz, of course, can be both lion and dove, his saxophone offering grace with power. He stands several steps from the microphone, yet his sound carries rich and true over the rhythm section with the assurance of a man who knows the value of his lyric voice. When he occasionally does heat to boiling and overflow — as with each succeeding chorus of Bud Powell's "Tempus Fugit" — the effect is never of a scream.

Nussbaum's taut, modern drum patterns consistently threw sparkles around Getz's saxophone. In bassist Marc Johnson, Getz has a finely muted counterpoint to his own playing. Johnson is of a new generation of bassists whose notes ripple, the fingers dancing magically over the instrument. Jim McNeely proved a fleet, dynamic pianist on uptempo tunes. But on mid-tempo ballads he tended toward configurations that impeded the flow.

One could almost focus solely on Getz, however, and be rewarded. His handling of "Lush Life" would have made a beautiful performance unaccompanied. Indeed, one wished for utter silence as he crept to the precipitous edge of the song's bridge and dropped to the lowest, lushest of tones.

—Journal Photo

Stan Getz at the Jazz Gallery

Listening to Getz make melody remains one of the most luxurious of jazz experiences.

The Brian Lynch Quartet opened for Getz. The Milwaukee-bred trumpeter, now based in New York, demonstrated his developing interpretive maturity on several ballads without scanting the agile derring-do he has long possessed. Pianist Barry Velleman added his delightful twist-of-lime touches to each song.

The Stan Getz Quartet will perform again at 8 10:30 tonight at the Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center St.

Getz chisels gem of performance

Music

By Jim Higgins

Like Miles Davis, Stan Getz could be called a "miraculously tough and tender man."

The tenor saxophonist brought two sets of stellar music to the Milwaukee Jazz Gallery Sunday night.

Getz first attracted attention with "Early Autumn" in the Woody Herman big band sound of the '40s. But for a veteran of so many years, his music remains startlingly fresh.

Most notably on ballads, his style is so refined and emotionally charged that each note seems to spill from his horn a freshly cut diamond.

Opening the first set with Benny Golson's "Stablemates," Getz spun a vigorous twisting line backed only by bassist Marc Johnson and drummer Adam Nussbaum. The pianoless selection gave the audience a chance to hear sublime interplay between Getz and the prodigious young bassist.

On Billy Strayhorn's haunting "Blood Count," a tune written prior to the composer's death from cancer, Getz exploited the dark melody for a succinct statement of melancholy. From such a morbid starting point, he created a ballad that was romantic enough for an urban love story.

Partial credit for the quartet's contemporary sound can be assigned to pianist Jim McNeely, whose bright touch and subtle choice of notes deftly supported Getz.

"Tempus Fugit," Bud Powell's obstacle for bop saxophonists, found Getz roaring through the changes like a charging firemen. When he wants to do so, Getz can turn up the warm glow of his ballads to a five-alarm blaze.

The Getz quartet will perform again at 8 and 10:30 p.m. Monday.

The Brian Lynch Quartet preceded Getz with a brief set featuring an effervescent original, "In Process."

Nature continues smiling on Dancecircus' hallmark

Dance

By Jay Joslyn

Mother Nature smiled on Dancecircus' 1,000th performance Sunday afternoon as the modern dance company performed its "A Sand County Almanac" in Brown Deer Park.

The gentle salute was appropriate because it is unlikely that any dance troupe does more for ecology than Betty Salamun, David Drake and company.

Salamun's choreographic interpretation of Aldo Leopold's beautiful essay on ecological ethics has become something of a signature piece for the 7-year-old ensemble.

Another Dancecircus' hallmark is its penchant for performing wherever it can, indoors or out.

Sunday's site in the grove of [illegible] shagbark hickories within Picnic Area No. 1 [illegible]

the Leopold essay to introduce each of the 12 dances.

Salamun's choreography attempts to touch the essence of the reading abstractly but with a recognizable suggestion of the piece's subject.

For instance, in the "Smoky Gold" segment, Salamun's solo emphasizes the stately reach and pliant bending of a tamarack while Drake captures something of the strutting woodcock in his "Skydance" solo.

The dances, whether solo or with all of the group's five members, usually are ethereal in tone.

The more humorous exceptions are the "Covey Chorus" in which the quintet mimic the movements of a covey of quail and "Geese Return" in which the five play a light courtship comedy as might be seen among feeding geese.

The effectively selected accompanying music is on tape with Drake singing, live, the folksy introductory and finale songs.

$20,000 raised by ride

About $20,000 was raised from pledges during the March of Dimes' Bike-A-Thon Saturday and Sunday, said Thomas Riopelle, executive director of the Southeastern Wisconsin Chapter of the organization.

The same amount was raised last year, he said.

WHAT'S GOING ON

NEXT WEEKEND

Dizzy Gillespie: To the fore

MILWAUKEE BALLET

Season-opener with guest dancer Patrick Bissell, Oct. 1-3 at Performing Arts Center.

"BEAU PERE"

Milwaukee premiere of acclaimed French comedy, Oct. 3 at UWM Union Cinema.

DIZZY GILLESPIE

Dynamic jazz trumpeter, Oct. 4-5 at Milwaukee Jazz Gallery.

LESLIE MARMON SILKO

Storyteller and poet, Oct. 3 at Woodland Pattern Book Center.

CATS

Lots of them, in Milwaukee Cat Club show Oct. 2-3 at Milwaukee Auditorium.

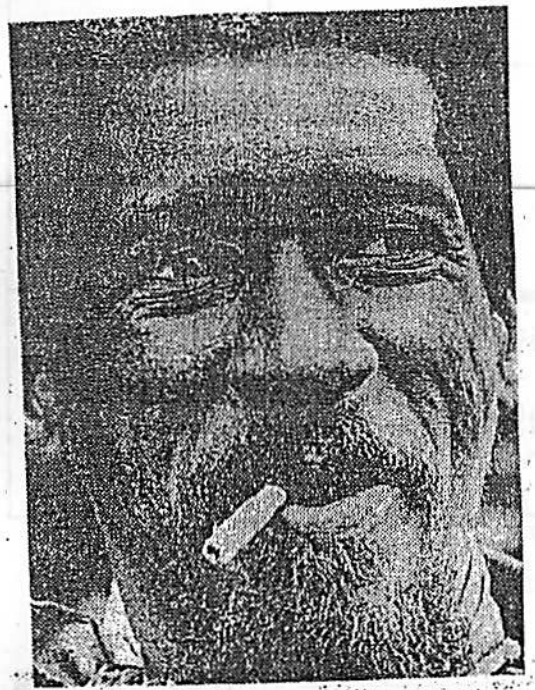
MILWAUKEE JOURNAL SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1982

Making jazz at least 2 spaces off center

By KEVIN LYNCH of The Journal Staff

MAL Waldron and Steve Lacy are two musicians who occupy spaces off the jazz mainstream, spaces of the "less is more" type initially carved out by Thelonious Monk.

Indeed, saxophonist Lacy worked with Monk for a short time and in the early '60s formed a group devoted exclusively to performing Monk's compositions. Yet, with his characteristic straying from the common, his group performed a pianist's music without a pianist.



Jazzman Mal Waldron

Lacy now performs with a pianist: Waldron. But that doesn't necessarily make his music any more ordinary. Their interaction creates a tension between the nature of Waldron's instrument and Lacy's microtonalities.

"We compromise in the sense I'm coming from the inside and Steve's coming from the outside," said Waldron in a recent phone interview from New York. "We meet somewhere between, which makes for a new musical experience."

Lacy and Waldron, who will perform as a duo at the Jazz Gallery Wednesday and Thursday, both became significant figures in the '60s avant garde. Their approaches extended the radical ideas implicit in the work of Monk, who would insert single notes and chords into the compositional whole as pivots for larger development, rather than as bustling centers of energy.

"It's the nature of my personality, being economical," said Waldron. "That was partially instilled in me from my parents and a life of relative poverty. I even save old, old shoes."

Waldron will take hold of a striking harmonic or rhythmic idea and spin insistent cycles that improvisors cut across or roll with.

Lacy would be a certified jazz iconoclast if for no other reason than being one of the few jazz musicians to devote his career to the soprano saxophone exclusively.

Upon hearing Lacy in the late '50s, John Coltrane began doubling on the soprano, turning it into the fashionable second horn it now is for many alto and tenor players. Consequently, Lacy's soprano is one of few that doesn't sound like Coltrane. In fact, he's been the most original voice on the instrument for years.

Like Waldron, Lacy will improvise from the barest of components, combining odd humor and a remarkable array of textures into a unique, extremely focused sense of form. He was a natural collaborator with Waldron from the start.

They met in New York's famous Five Spot in the he early '50s. After each moved to Europe (where both still reside) they hooked up again and found their real wavelength.

"Steve has a very similar personality to mine," said Waldron, noting also that they share the astrological sign of Leo.

"The first time we played together in Europe we went onstage in Italy without having discussed anything. We fell right into something very good. It was spontaneous. It was like a conversation — which is what it should be like — rather than being premeditated. If two people have enough in common to talk about, it should work."

Waldron and Lacy have been working strictly as a duo for two years now after having worked extensively in a quintet format. They will release a duo album in fall on the Hat Hut label.

Waldron has a wide range of experiences, all of which have influenced him, he says. A member of one of Charles Mingus' earliest groups, he was also Billie Holiday's last pianist, accompanying her until her death.

"Working with Billie made me aware of the value of a song's lyric," Waldron said. "I learned to always learn the lyrics to a ballad. That way the word inside a particuar note gives it more meaning in my interpretation."

After Holiday died, Waldron worked with Abbey Lincoln, a singer deeply influenced by Lady Day. Waldron composed several memorable songs for Lincoln's classic album, "Straight Ahead," which included one of the all-time great singer backup bands.

But Waldron claims his most influential gig was with the famous but short-lived Eric Dolphy-Booker Little quintet of 1961. "They were really breaking into a new area, freeeing things, opening up all sorts of possibilities. Those two horn players really opened up my ears."

MILWAUKEE jazz gallery

OCTOBER 1982

MUSIC AT 9 P.M.
9:30 P.M. SATURDAYS
UNLESS OTHERWISE DESIGNATED

932 E. CENTER
263-5718

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
					1 V.S.O.P. $2.00	2 CENTRAL AMERICAN SOLIDARITY COMMITTEE BENEFIT WITH SOTEVEN & LEROY AIRMASTER $4.00 $2.00 CONFERENCE MEMBERS
3 LYNN BERNSTEIN TRIO $1.50	4 DIZZY GILLESPIE 2 SHOWS 8 P.M. & 10:30 P.M. $7.50 $6.50 MEMBERS	5	WISCONSIN CONSERVATORY JAZZ ENSEMBLE WITH BERKELEY 8 P.M. FUDGE $4.00 $3.00 STUDENTS 6	7 WISCONSIN CONSERVATORY STUDENT ENSEMBLES 8 P.M. $1.50	8 ADEKOLA WITH MEL RHYNE TRIO $2.50	9 MIDWEST BLACK THEATER ALLIANCE NIGHT WITH ADEKOLA & MEL RHYNE TRIO $2.50
10 STEVE NELSON RAINEY $1.50	11 JAZZ JAM	12 NAIMA $1.50	13 REACHING FORTH $1.50	14 MILWAUKEE JAZZ QUARTET $1.50	15 JESSIE HAUCK WITH MANTY ELLIS TRIO $2.00	16
17 PAUL CEBAR $1.50	18 JAZZ JAM	19 CLOSED	20 JOAN WILDMAN TRIO $1.50	21 SCOTT COSSU AND ALEX DEGRASSI $5.00	22 KOKO TAYLOR AND HER BLUES MACHINE $5.50	23
24 TRIBUTE TO TONY KING	25 JAZZ JAM	26 JACK DEJOHNETTE JOHN ABERCROMBIE DAVE HOLLAND $6.50 $5.50/MEMBERS	27	28 KAY BERRIGAN BOB BUDNY LEE COWEN HAROLD MILLER $1.50	29  THEATRE X PRESENTS 8 P.M. SWEET DREAMS ADMISSION - CALL GALLERY OR TH. X 278-0555	30
31 TOP BANANA COMEDY REVUE $3.00					MUSIC 10:30 P.M. TO CLOSING NO COVER	

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL SUN., OCT. 24, 1982

Abercrombie paints with his guitar

By KEVIN LYNCH
of The Journal Staff

WHILE attending the Museum of Modern Art's retrospective of the great French painter Paul Cezanne in New York in 1978, I spied a familiar but surprising face in the crowd. Guitarist John Abercrombie stood there with a woman friend perusing Cezanne's probing late-period landscapes and still lifes.

I wondered what this jazz musician was doing looking at turn-of-the-century French paintings. But on reflection it began to make some sense. Abercrombie could easily be described as a painterly guitarist, sensitive to unusual tonalities and textures.

And like "the father of modern art," Abercrombie's playing has always reflected a certain searching, a continual reshaping of ideas, eschewing cliches and facility for new possibilities of form and expression.

Sees distinct parallels

In a recent phone conversation from his San Francisco home Abercrombie conceded distinct parallels in the strokes of both painter and guitarist.

"I was involved with a woman at the time who was a painter and she introduced me to a lot of artists." Abercrombie explained. "What always impressed me about Cezanne was the ways he was always dealing with and organizing form.

"You see it as he was getting freer with his form in his later paintings. As I get older I'm always trying take form in a free sense and reorganize it and, like Cezanne did, try to make my own sense out of it."

Abercrombie will have expert help achieving that when he performs with drummer Jack DeJohnette and bassist Dave Holland at the Milwaukee Jazz Gallery Tuesday and Wednesday. It is an all-star collaboration of sorts, with Abercrombie's cohorts being commonly considered among the two or three leading modernists on their respective instruments.

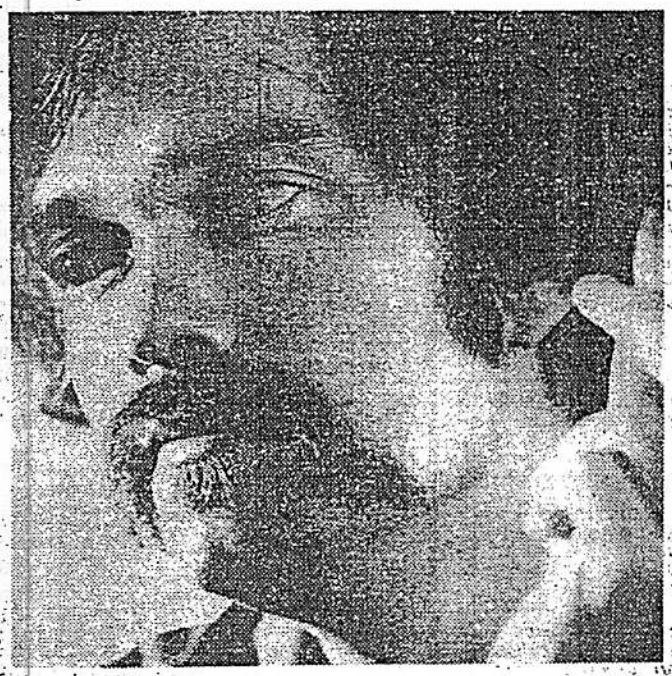
The trio recorded two well-received albums ("Gateway I" and "Gateway II") for ECM records several years ago and, according to Abercrombie, did extensive European touring at the time. But their current tour is the first time American audiences have had a chance to hear the group in concert.

Abercrombie speaks modestly in describing his collaboration with DeJohnette and Holland.

A 'high musical level'

"When I first played with them, they were both at such a high musical level and I was coming from this vague jazz-rock context and still forming myself," he said. "Now I feel very comfortable playing with them. In a sense it's probably my greatest challenge."

Previously Abercrombie has played with such diverse jazz performers as Gato Barbieri, Gil Evans, Chico Hamilton and Billy Cobham. In recent years he has divided time between DeJohnette's New Directions group and his own quartet. He says the varied work helped him realize form and beauty in his own terms via the more spontaneous creativity of the "Gateway" trio.



Jazz guitarist John Abercrombie

"I think this group has the ability to make sense out of chaos. We play very freely, yet sound totally organized."

The group's music can bristle with a high-charged energy. But with Abercrombie playing mandolin and DeJohnette on piano the group can achieve a pastoral lyricism. Like other artists associated with the ECM label this group will take to extended adagio-like modes that develop very gradually, an uncommon style in most non-classical music formats.

"Well, I've always liked to play certain things that have a sense of no time," Abercrombie said, "Even though I don't think its necessarily my forte. It's something producer Manfred Eicher has encouraged us to do. I like that, because it's something different and it opens up new perspectives."

Hard to pin down

Indeed, Abercrombie has always been a musician who is hard to pin down, playing a guitar style that is neither mainstream jazz nor characteristic jazz-rock fusion.

"I'm always willing to do something a little off-the-wall and then go back to doing something more traditional," he said. "I suppose unpredictabilty is my handle, if anything."

Abercrombie plans a shift in direction soon for his own regular quartet, adding a new pianist and bassist and veering toward a more electric style.

"I think I've learned how to work with and respond to music in very diffferent contexts and still be myself," he said.

MILWAUKEE
JOURNAL

WED.
OCT. 27, 1982

JOHN ABERCROMBIE
JACK DEJONETTE
DAVE HOLLAND

Jazz trio builds castles of sound

By Kevin Lynch
of The Journal Staff

With drum rhythms bounding every which way, the musical meaning of the Gateway Trio came into focus Tuesday night at the Jazz Gallery. These high-level conversationalists create from the force of each other's quicksilver inspiration.

Yet the music's essence emanated from phenomenal percussionist Jack DeJohnette, who wields his power with a precision and incision that coheres as it energizes.

These state-of-the-art modernists provided an intriguing recast of the usual jazz trio. The ostensible lead instrument, the guitar, frequently acted as a foil for the surging creativity of bass and drums. John Abercrombie, resourceful and imaginative as he is, plays guitar in an understated manner — something of a vanguard Jim Hall. His tone sings in rounded, softly electronic quavers that flow like a glistening stream through the rhythmic and contrapuntal landscape surrounding him.

critique

Here and there notes will squirm from his guitar in neat, lyrical configurations. On "May Dance" that was contrasted by DeJohnette's thrust, which led the guitarist tottering into odd intervals while the drummer kicked a funky beat. Bassist Dave Holland spiraled notes around every moment, fueling a swinging momentum that found Abercrombie finally spitting out some churlish, bitonal chords.

Just in this single heady onslaught DeJohnette carved himself the profile of an artful titan before the appreciative capacity crowd. Yet as dramatically as the trio's power accumulated, so it transformed into pacific respite.

DeJohnette moved to keyboards, Holland to cello and Abercrombie to electric mandolin. They sifted through some gentle ideas, holding the best of them up for appraisal and refinement, an empathetic rumination that grew into "Blue." Its deceptively simple components cast a subtle dramatic tension in its flow and pause. Toward its end something like crying human voices came from Abercrombie's instrument, yet the whole was frozen in a cool aura that conveyed the ironic intensity of an Ingmar Bergman scene.

The brilliant Holland showed no effects of last year's long illness. His playing presses ever further into realms untrod by other bassists. His remarkably dexterous fingers turn on the dime of a colleague's best suggestion. In soloing he will fluidly venture intervallic stabs that a violinist would envy, cutting across the bass' long neck in patterns that may be uncharted in the long tradition of string playing.

Yet for all their liberties the three rarely convey a sense of randomness. They soar and dovetail in unorthodox but effective ways. More than merely hanging together, their free improvisations build castles out of the most windswept clouds.

The Gateway Trio will perform again at 9 p.m. Wednesday at the Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center St.

MILWAUKEE jazz gallery

NOVEMBER 1982

263-5718
932 E. CENTER

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
				4 STANLEY JORDAN $2.50	5 VOCALIST CHRIS CONNOR $6.50 $5.50/MEMBERS	6
7 F & AM MASONS PRESENT V.S.O.P. 8P.M. $3.00	THEATRE X PRESENTS A NEW INTEREST IN STRANGERS Nov. 1,2,3 8,9,10 15,16,17 8 P.M. $5.00			11 MALACHI THOMPSON'S FREE-BOP BAND $4.50	12 EDDY CLEARWATER BLUES BAND $5.00	13
14 BENEFIT FOR MILWAUKEE COMMUNITY RADIO 7:30 P.M. MUSIC BY NAIMA AND COLOUR RADIO $3.00	MUSIC - 9:30 P.M. TO CLOSING (NO COVER) MONDAYS JAZZ JAM	TUES. WED. OCT. 2,3,9,10,16,17 SCOTT BLACK QUARTET		18 WHAT ON EARTH $1.50	19 JESSIE HAUCK WITH MANTY ELLIS TRIO $2.00	20
21 2 P.M. LYRICS THAT RUINED OUR LIVES $3.00 EVENING - TO BE ANNOUNCED	22 JAZZ JAM	23 ALEXANDER & NOELLE $2.00	24 SLIDE HAMPTON AND HIS TROMBONE CHOIR 2 SHOWS 8 P.M. & 10:30 P.M. $6.50 $5.50/MEMBERS	25 CLOSED (THANKSGIVING DAY)	26	27 MAGEWIND $2.50
28 CANNON - BENTON QUARTET $2.00	29 JAZZ JAM	30 VIOLENT FEMMES $2.50			MUSIC AT 9 P.M. 9:30 P.M. SATURDAYS UNLESS OTHERWISE DESIGNATED	

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL NOV. 6, 1982

Jazz singer Chris Connor growing better with age

By Kevin Lynch
of The Journal Staff

After an up-and-down career, Chris Connor demonstrated Friday night that she knows well how to ride the ebb-and-flow life that exists metaphorically in the world of jazz song.

The veteran chanteuse would wrap the Jazz Gallery crowd in a moody memory, then, with just enough English, spin them loose on a bubbly uptempo swinger.

That natural balance is something she appears to attain with greater ease than she did several decades ago, when she was at the peak of her popularity. If she's now forging a new audience while reawakening the old, it's with a talent that is broader and deeper than ever.

She kicked off with an impetuous "Strike Up The Band" and went fast and bright until a mid-set pause at "Willow Weep for Me." She floated over her bustling trio gracefully, inserting overtly swinging phrases just frequently enough to extend her own momentum.

She made imaginative use of two tunes, as the morose "Ill Wind" folded over its first verse and came up "Black Coffee," a wallowing blues tune that was all the more striking coming from this rather glittery platinum blonde. Yet even here, you sensed the warm benevolence of a voice that is easy on the ear.

The tension-release pattern of her set was deftly contained in most of the arrangements, the finely crafted work of her regular collaborator, composer Richard Rodney Bennett. Most points of transition were heralded with a dynamic stride by drummer Rick Krause, bassist Jack Dryden or pianist Bob Kaye. Some shifts were inserted to otherwise self-contained lines, extending the structure and expression in a way that gave the tune a realigned character. Yet Connor herself always made sure the song's inherent intentions came across with clear-eyed veracity.

Each of the first two sets had a highlight — one old and familiar, another new and familiar. Connors has worn one of Billie Holiday's favorite designs for years now and it fits her vocal contours perfectly. The surprise was the way she enhanced "God Bless the Child." Although not a conventionally virtuoso singer, Connor unraveled a range of expressive tones and fine blue turns that found new aches everywhere along the song's trail of prideful resolve.

Chris Connor and her trio will perform at 9 p.m Saturday at the Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center St..

6, 1982

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL NOV. 5, 1982

MISCELLANEOUS CLIPS

COMING ATTRACTIONS

WHO'LL BE THE NEXT hot thing in jazz? It could be Malachi Thompson. Thursday at the Jazz Gallery Milwaukeeans will get a chance to hear this up-and-coming talent before he gains widespread recognition. Trumpeter Thompson is being called the next important voice to come from the Chicago's internationally influential Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians.

Thompson blows in the brassy, declamatory tradition of jazz trumpet which goes back to Louis Armstrong yet he is "among the next wave of jazz innovators" says Robert Palmer of the New York Times. The versatile trumpeter has worked with everyone from Quincy Jones and Gil-Scott Heron to Cecil Taylor and Archie Shepp. His FreeBop Band features saxophonist-pianist Ari Brown and drummer Don Moye from the celebrated Art Ensemble of Chicago.

ON THE SCENE

THE THREE WOMEN raised their voices in gospel harmonies.

"Extra Extra Extra. Read all about it. White men out of work!"

Once again, Rip Tenor's satire comedy group Top Bananas took jabs at society, culture, and the funny bone during its recent Jazz Gallery performance.

"White Men Out Of Work," and "Stop Me If You've Heard This," a spoof on Laurie Anderson, which the band also performed live, will comprise the two songs on Top Banana's single record scheduled to be released by mid December.

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL NOV. 5, 1982

Chris Connor: She lives quietly

Connor climbed back up after battle with alcohol

By Kevin Lynch
of The Journal Staff

Jazz singer Chris Connor considers herself a prudent person. It shows in her choice of material and the way she handles a song, respecting it and enhancing it only with the subtlest of alterations. She's lived quietly in a sleepy Long Island hamlet for 22 years.

Yet the singer who first made her mark with the Stan Kenton orchestra in 1953 knows that prudence can easily be subverted in the entertain-
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he fresh-faced
stylish in front
of an orchestra and on album covers. Booze and time have etched her life's history in her features. But, she says, "I never felt better. I have peace of mind, and I never had that before."

Connor was hard hit by the '60s rock explosion, but continued to work, if intermittently.

"Trends will come and go, but good music will always last," she said. "I'm very selective about what I sing, and I want it to have an interesting arrangement played by quality musicians. I played a couple of huge discos in New York recently, the Red Parrot and Magique. I figured, oh, they're just here to dance. But the crowd sat and listened. And afterward I was really surprised. These young people were coming up and complimenting me."

She never thought that she'd lost her place on the jazz scene.

"It's really something. The fans just keep sticking with me. They still ask for 'All About Ronnie.'" Connor cringed at the thought of the countless times she's sung her signatu song. "But I'm very lucky because them."

She's a lucky woman in oth ways.

"I feel I'm a better person and better singer now. You have to through a rough spot to find wh your life is. Now my voice quality much greater, and I have contro never had."

She feels, too, that her music h been aided immeasurably by Richa Rodney Bennett, the versatile co poser who has written everythi from symphonies to the score f "Murder on the Orient Expres among scores for many other filn He also happens to be a lifelong Ch Connor fan who now arranges f her.

"I will call him up and tell h what tune I want to sing and immediately knows what key sing it in. He whips up a perfect a rangement. The man's a music-ah ic. We have a marvelous rapport."

Connor is happy now, but she fe her star could have risen high when she was younger. Her bigge mistake may have been staying wi the Claude Thornhill Orchestra f five years of grueling road life.

A call from Kenton

"I had just had it with bus strange hotels and the loneliness being the only girl. I was going stop doing that. Then Stan Kent called me, and that had always be my dream, to sing with him. So went, but by that point I could on last for about nine months. I had quit and, I think, missed out on chance to be something *really* b back then."

Connor will be 55 Monday, a she's trucking off to places as dista as Milwaukee. For that she can thar her new philosophy.

"I don't worry about all the thin I have no control over. It's enough have control of your life. If you that, you're doing pretty good."

She said it with a big, toothy gr that showed that Chris Connor doing pretty good.

MILWAUKEE jazz gallery

DECEMBER

1982

MUSIC AT 9 P.M.
9:30 P.M. SATURDAYS
UNLESS OTHERWISE DESIGNATED

263-5718
932 E. CENTER

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
			1 NAIMA $1.50	2 BERKELEY FUDGE $1.50	3 JACK MC DUFF 2 SHOWS 9 P.M. & 11:30 P.M. $6.50 $5.50 MEMBERS	4
5 BENEFIT FOR 9-5 (WOMEN'S CLERICAL UNION) MUSIC BY: PATSY TIGHE, NAIMA & HATTUSH ALEXANDER 2 P.M. DONATION	6 JAZZ JAM	7 PANUSH & BENISH 8 P.M. $3.50	8 JERRY WEITZER $1.50	9 JAZZ FROM THE CONSERVATORY STEVE NELSON RANEY BOB BUDNY TOM PIEPER 8 P.M. MARQUETTE & CONSERVATORY STUDENTS FREE $4.00	10 SON SEALS BLUES BAND $5.50	11
12 MC COY TYNER SEXTET 2 SHOWS 8 P.M. & 10:30 P.M. $7.50 $6.50-MEMBERS	13	14 CLAUDIA SCHMIDT $3.00	15 BARRY VELLEMAN TRIO $1.50	16 BERKELEY FUDGE $1.50	17 MAGEWIND $2.50	18
19 JAZZ GALLERY CHRISTMAS PARTY $1.50	20 JAZZ JAM	21 VIOLENT FEMMES $2.50	22 JOAN WILDMAN TRIO $1.50	23 JAMES LAGRONE QUARTET $1.50	24 CLOSED	25
26 TO BE ANNOUNCED	27 JAZZ JAM	28 BREW COUNTY ROUNDERS BLUEGRASS BAND $2.00	29 BARRY VELLEMAN TRIO $1.50	30 SCOTT BLACK QUARTET $1.50	31 NEW YEAR'S EVE WITH $3.00 JESSIE HAUCK & MANTY ELLIS TRIO ALL NIGHT JAZZ JAM 1 A.M. UNTIL ? NO COVER	

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL SUN. DEC. 5, 1982

Organist still knows his jazz

By Kevin Lynch
of The Journal Staff

Brother Jack McDuff returned to town after many years and, though Milwaukee seemed to have forgotten him, he obviously hasn't forgotten how to play the organ. And play the organ he did at the Jazz Gallery, with swing, savvy and wit.

McDuff was at the Jazz Gallery both Friday and Saturday nights.

Having once led a big band, McDuff hasn't forgotten how to arrange, either, as he guided his Heatin' System band through tunes filled with fine little surprises — solo sequences broken with staggered rhythmic interludes, tasty organ-sax-guitar voicings, and "Pennies from Heaven" that just kept on falling. On this tune, he left many in the lurch with a string of false endings that grew more outrageous as his irrepressible grin grew broader and broader.

critique

Under a naval skipper's hat, McDuff's cheeky, impish visage recalls a younger Count Basie.

McDuff's most recent recorded efforts have waded deeply into the pop-funk vein, yet, as he admitted between sets, that's mainly a record exec's idea of what McDuff can do best. He'd much prefer what he did Friday night: a blend of originals, slow, therapeutic blues and pure jazz beacons like Woody Herman's "Four Brothers" and Duke Ellington's "In a Sentimental Mood."

On the latter tune, alto saxophonist Jim Snidero showed his ballad skills with judiciously flatted notes that conveyed romantic pathos without getting sentimental.

Though not a funk band, the Heatin' System transmitted an earthiness sprouting with grit and swagger. On tunes like "Killer Joe," Snidero stretched his sax voice into expressive contortions that justified the band's name. Guitarist Mitch Stein provided a more lithe sound but swung as lustily as his leader. Drummer Bill Elder is a new addition and it showed. But what he lacked in precision and cohesiveness he made up for in fire and rhythmic invention.

McDuff proved again that, despite an exploitative recording industry and seemingly interminable economic malaise, established jazz veterans can be counted on to deliver quality music in person. That is too easily taken for granted, as Friday night's sparse turnout seemed to indicate.

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL
DEC. 10, 1982

McCoy Tyner changes to expand his sound

By Kevin Lynch
of The Journal Staff

When some jazz enthusiasts got an earful of McCoy Tyner's latest album, "Looking Out," they shook their heads. But not neccesarily along with the album's beat.

Tyner's Columbia album was replete with fusion helpers — bass star Stanley Clarke, rock guitarist Carlos Santana, pop-soul stylist Phyllis Hyman and even Tyner playing a bit of synthesizer.

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McCoy Tyner will bring his artistry here

A special project

"I called him and he said he'd love to do it. I wanted to get Al Jarreau to sing, but he was too deeply involved in his own projects so I got Phyllis. I sure didn't prostitute myself or anything. The concept was an experiment, a special project. It's not a new direction I'm taking.

"It was very interesting to do. I learned a lot from it about the technology of recording. I'm interested in doing production work in the future. Not for my own music, though. I know what I love to play. But you can close yourself off from investigating other possibilities when you get deeply into your own music. I wanted to do an album with variety that would be accessible to a lot of people and do it well."

Did he think it was a good album?

"Well yes, for what it was," he said. "It was fun. I got a chance to write lyrics, and I was very happy the way they turned out. I never want to be pigeon-holed. I have my identity as an artist. It's like that concert I did with the Milwaukee Symphony Orchestra several years ago. That was very enjoyable.

"Once I told Columbia about the project they said they could do a lot of things with that."

Nevertheless, Tyner expressed perplexity over large record companies and said he was dissatisfied with the way Columbia handled promotion of "Looking Out," an apparent tailor-made big seller.

Hanging loose

"They [record companies] are really a puzzle trying to understand their mentality and what direction they want," Tyner said. "Right now Columbia is in an economic slump. They are in a very conservative situation, thinking that jazz has a limited market appeal. When they say something to me I have to sit back and reflect on it. I'm not a person who is easily led.

"But at Columbia it's hard to find the person who can really do something for you. You don't get the kind of support you can get with a smaller company."

Which sounds like Tyner might like to return to a more musically focused jazz label.

"I don't know," he said. "Maybe. I'm kind of hanging loose right now.

"I think it's good to keep your audience off-balance so they don't know what you're up to next. That way you keep their interest and you can keep speaking to them."

Tyner's latest group includes veteran saxophonist Gary Bartz, violinist John Blake, bassist John Lee, drummer Wilby Fletcher and vocalist Sheyvonne Wright.

Tyner plans a straight-ahead jazz album next and a solo piano album of Thelonious Monk's music.

"Don't worry," he said with a laugh. "I haven't left the fold."

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL DEC. 13, 1982

THE MILWAUKEE JOURNAL Monday, December 13, 1982

McCoy Tyner offers music in transition

By Kevin Lynch
of The Journal Staff

The primary thrust of McCoy Tyner's music took new directions Sunday night at the Jazz Gallery.

It reached for bright-light right turns and detours to more-peopled roads, even the one marked "Have Singer, Will Travel Far."

For some years, the jazz pianist's powerful fingers have flown like a phoenix ascending to stirring musical challenges. Tyner smiles now and proffers "Island Birdie."

But the calypso-style song from his latest album represented no essential weakening in the man's music. The tune crackled along with a rhythmic joyousness that needed only Sonny Rollins, the jazz master of calypso, to be an indelibly memorable performance. As it was, Tyner presented his strongest saxophonist in quite some time, alto player Gary Bartz, who has favorably checkered himself through Tyner's recording career.

Bartz, a leader himself, was possibly symbolic of Tyner in transition, reaching for many things in one night as he's done more manageably in a succession of album projects.

Tyner began with a typically elegant "The Seeker." Then the night zigzagged through a Carlos Santana rock tune, a Coltranesque ballad, the aforementioned calypso, a solo piano catch-all, Thelonious Monk's "Ryhthm-A-Ning" and such original vocal songs as "I'll Be Around" and "Love Surrounds Us Everywhere" delivered by Sheyvonne Wright.

Tyner is no less sincere today. He seems more content, however. But not complacent. He can still galvanize a listener with his phenomenally dancing dervish hands. The lyrical arc of his writing remains.

Violinist John Blake is becoming what Jean-Luc Ponty once wished he were — a Coltrane-inspired virtuoso who soars but also swings in the blues-solid tradition of a Stuff Smith. New vocalist Wright outsings the recorded Phyllis Hyman with an incisive, broad, dynamic power, and she convincingly flashed her jazz-standard credentials on "Lover Man." Tyner offered plenty in two long shows to large, appreciative crowds.

So while he reshuffles his talents, let us consider: Tyner has carried on John Coltrane's arduous, unprecedented legacy of playing-for-the-mountaintop 15 years beyond Coltrane's death. One suspects that even Coltrane, if alive, might have come to rest on one of those peaks by now.

The McCoy Tyner Sextet will perform again at 8 and 10:30 tonight at the Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center St.

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL MARCH 6, 1983

Trumpeter leaps to top at 21

Brother jazzmen Branford (left) and Wynton Marsalis

By KEVIN LYNCH
of The Journal Staff

WYNTON Marsalis, though still a young sprout, has already cast a large shadow across the contemporary music scene. It's because his musical presence carries a breadth and depth that makes his mere 21 years seem improbable. Marsalis' talents are still being realized as he is hailed the finest young jazz trumpeter in years.

Last year his hot-selling debut album as a leader placed third in the album-of-the-year category of Down Beat's International Critics Poll. And remarkably, he placed second in the best trumpeter category, ahead of some very big names. Marsalis has long-toothed critics like Leonard Feather pronouncing, "as a jazz soloist he is a symbol of a new decade."

Tuesday and Wednesday his quintet makes its Milwaukee debut at the Jazz Gallery with performances at 8 and 10:30 each night. Joining Marsalis in the front line will be his brother Branford, a heralded sax player in his own right.

Who is this man who's suddenly swooped down, harkening hope and brilliance like some swinging Gabriel? He's thoughtful, self-assured yet humble, with a sharp perspective on music and his relation to it.

Classical concertos, too

In his mid-teens Marsalis was performing classical trumpet concertos with the New Orleans Philharmonic. He was accepted to the Berkshire Music Center at Tanglewood at 17, a year under the normal age limit. There he won the Harvey Shapiro Award for Outstanding Brass Player.

At 18 he was simultaneously studying classical music at Juilliard, playing in the pit band of the Broadway show "Sweeney Todd" and performing with the Brooklyn Philharmonia.

Shortly afterward he was snatched up by the great tender of flegling jazz turks, Art Blakey. Marsalis quickly became the latest in a storied line of Jazz Messenger trumpeters that includes Clifford Brown, Lee Morgan, Freddie Hubbard and Woody Shaw.

In a recent phone interview from New York, Marsalis all but shrugged off the question of how he gained such knowledge and skills so early. "My father (Ellis Marsalis) was a jazz pianist and I always heard a lot of great music at home. I was performing early but just trying to learn to play the trumpet, not necessarily jazz per se.

"I was just lucky that Art hired me. Otherwise how would I have a gig today?"

Marsalis was in the intriguing position of choosing to pursue either a promising classical or jazz career.

"Some people say you need to play classical music to learn how to play jazz," he said. "Well, I think trying to learn how to play jazz has aided me in playing classical music.

"I think a lot of people have it backwards. I have studied classical music and I respect it and its creators like I

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respect the creators of jazz. But I realize the greatest jazz is not on a lower level than the greatest classical music."

How does he respond to classical people who say jazz players are fine for a few moments but lacking in sense of larger form? Such a question trips a switch in Marsalis.

"Our forms are shorter because ours is the music of the 20th century. We all know that 20th century life is more conducive to more happening in a smaller space than the the era of classical music.

"On the other hand, if you don't think Duke Ellington's sense of form is as advanced as anybody who ever created music then you're in a lot of trouble ... American experience is not the European experience. So the processes are different too.

"Do you think there's any example of a composer thinking as concentrated and quickly as Charlie Parker thought? Jazz is not greater than classical music. But the greatest jazz is equal to any music that ever existed."

Such statements are not uttered by a black man who's been cultivated and sanitized by a white middle-class education. His youthful diction is laced with " n' stuff," his points punctuated with the colorful expletives that seem natural in black expression. Marsalis' resentments stem from his first-hand experience of classical music's cultural esteem, something still lacking for jazz, at least in America.

"In playing classical music you get the opportunity to observe the way stuff is dealt with the way its supposed to be." Marsalis said. "Not being in the jazz world you wouldn't know that jazz musicians are treated like dirt. You would think that every accomplished musician's situation is like the classical musician's. But that's not how it is.

"Playing classical music gives you a chance to be treated like a human being and like an artist ... I'm just as much an artist as a classical musician. There's no need to compare myself to them. Some classical music is great, some is trash — the same thing with jazz.

"Yet I don't think we should be treated like them. I don't really want to play jazz in concert halls. I don't want to wear tuxedos when I play. I don't want to be asked a bunch of pseudo-intellectual questions, to give some bull— synopsis of somebody's style. I don't mind playing in clubs. But I want our environment upgraded and I'd like to see our image changed. Not to where we seem like classical musicians. But to be respected for what we do."

What Marsalis does is play trumpet brilliantly; his music glints with an array of styles from Louis Armstrong and Clifford Brown to Miles Davis and Don Cherry. During moments of his first album (and a recent two-record set under Herbie Hancock's leadership) you hear hints of what the real Wynton Marsalis might be.

Developing group concept

He also is developing a group concept. That, he says, is at least as important as his own solo prowess.

"Wait till you hear our next album, which will be out in May." he said. "You'll hear a real group thing then. I've had time to work things out."

Marsalis was posed with the point that some say he and other young musicians represent a new conservatism in jazz that does not offer a dramatically new direction for the music. He's ready for that one too.

"Who do you consider completely revolutionary? Who has done something revolutionary that wasn't done in the tradition of the music?

"Name any artist. Maybe Debussy, but you can even trace him. Ornette Coleman sounds like Bird to me. Monk sounds like Duke Ellington. Coltrane sounds like a combination of Bird, Lester Young and Sonny Rollins. Beethoven dug Haydn.

"Who has done anything worthwhile that you couldn't recognize as relating to something else? That's not a test of a style's validity. The good musicians take what's already there but add their own thing.

"Everybody makes it sound like we're some chumps from a university studying cats' music with a microscope. That's not what were doing. We listen to records just like everybody else."

So what does wunderkind Wynton project as his long term goals?

"Jus' tryin' to add something to the music."

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL MARCH 8, 1983

Tracing high and low paths of jazz's fusion movement

By Kevin Lynch
of The Journal Staff

In 1970 Miles Davis catalyzed the jazz world with a two-record set of original music called "Bitches Brew." The album joined jazz and rock elements together into works that projected mysterious moods and startling musical possibilities. It remains one of the most compelling records of so-called fusion.

"Bitches Brew" proved a gateway to a decade of electronic jazz, though few groups really addressed the full implications of the record. However, virtually all the musicians on the album went on to make major marks in jazz, including pianist Chick Corea, guitarist John McLaughlin, bassist David Holland and three musicians Milwaukee will soon have the chance to hear within a two-week period.

Jack DeJohnette

In the wake of "Bitches Brew," keyboardist-composer Joe Zawinul and saxophonist-composer Wayne Shorter formed Weather Report and have carried on to date with a personalized extension of Davis' innovative group concept. They will perform at Uihlein Hall April 7.

Drummer key to album

Drummer Jack DeJohnette was crucial in "Bitches Brew," with his dynamic blend of advanced jazz and funk rhythms. He brings one of his several group projects, Special Edition, to the Jazz Gallery for a three-night gig, March 25 through 27.

It is enlightening to trace how both DeJohnette and Weather Report have dealt with fusion's highest promise and lowest temptations.

Weather Report hit the scene with dazzling impact. Highly influential Down Beat magazine made the group its critical pet, and there was much to be excited about. Shorter already had established himself as a fine saxophonist and composer. His soprano sax work was now heralded as the best since John Coltrane in the early '60s.

But, most significantly, Weather Report provided fertile ground for Zawinul's blossoming as a composer and orchestrator. Zawinul quickly proved strikingly creative in exploiting synthesizers, then still a comparative novelty. He produced evocative tonal starbursts, vocalized effects and captivating melodies.

Consistent success

This combined perfectly with a strong, colorful rhythm section and Shorter's probing saxophone to make Weather Report an original to be reckoned with. The group has gone on to consistent success, garnering two Grammy awards and numerous jazz honors. Zawinul's "Birdland" has become a new jazz-pop standard.

Meanwhile, DeJohnette became one of the most versatile and in-demand drummers in jazz. He founded an intriguing but short-lived fusion group called Compost. Then he diversified, recording with many of jazz's leading musicians.

The multiplicity of his style and interests led him to continually experiment as one of a handful of drummers to head important groups. In recent years he has led the Gateway Trio with bassist Holland and guitarist John Abercrombie. He's led a band called Directions, whose last incarnation featured trumpeter Lester Bowie, famous as a member of the Art Ensemble of Chicago.

DeJohnette formed his Special Edition several years ago. It is a saxophone-oriented group with a rotating front line that has variously included such important new jazz names as Arthur Blythe, David Murray and Chico Freeman. The first Special Edition record on the ECM label was possibly the most acclaimed jazz record of 1971. All DeJohnette's groups have applied elements of rock and funk to sophisticated jazz contexts, though none sounds like the prevalent fusion styles of the '70s.

Weather Report's latest album, "Procession," shows that Zawinul's concept has grown familiar, but can still delight and surprise. "Where the Moon Goes" imaginatively employs the jazz vocal group Manhattan Transfer. The record evokes the energy and panorama of Latin America as charmingly pictured on its cover painting.

The group now includes bassist Victor Bailey, drummer Omar Hakim and percussionist Jose Rossy. Yet Wayne Shorter's full talents, revealed in his own superb albums in the '60s, still seem repressed by Zawinul's dominant personality. His orchestral approach keeps Weather Report a soundtrack of jazz on an international tour, certainly an appealing idea.

Variety of horns

Yet, by comparison, DeJohnette's music is jazz that stands on its own feet. It doesn't need orchestrated backdrops and obvious melodic hooks to be successful. Special Edition plays what has been termed "freedom swing," a music that employs the liberties of '60s free jazz while always relating to a pulse, something DeJohnette considers indispensible to quality jazz.

Today DeJohnette's playing consistently grabs the mind *and* body like virtually no other drummer can. The band's range is helped by DeJohnette's talents as a pianist and his players' ability to handle many different horns, usually including a low horn for wide textures and funky bottoms.

The latest Special Edition includes John Purcell, who can play clarinet, alto, tenor and baritone saxes. It also features Howard Johnson, a baritone saxist and the leading proponent of jazz tuba. The versatile Johnson has played with many jazz greats as well as rock stars like Paul Butterfield and Taj Mahal, and he is musical director of television's "Saturday Night Live" band. DeJohnette's group is now completed by master bassist Rufus Reid.

Reserved tickets to Weather Report are $12.50 and $10 and are available at the PAC Box Office and Ticketron outlets. Admission to DeJohnette's Special Edition at the Jazz Gallery is $6.50 per performance, $5.50 for Jazz Gallery members.

Jazzman Marsalis lives up to reputation

By Kevin Lynch
of The Journal Staff

critique

A certain tension hung throughout the Jazz Gallery Tuesday night, the anticipation of a heralded young musician's debut here as a leader. And with Wynton Marsalis' opening notes the tension heightened.

"Knozz-moe-king," a newly recorded piece, began with terse drama and odd momentary pauses. Then suddenly the Wynton Marsalis Quintet was charged, sprinting out like 800-meter finalists. But both the solo and ensemble courses were far more complex than a straight line.

The first of two capacity crowds soon discovered reasons for Marsalis being possibly the most acclaimed new jazzman in the last decade. He picks up where many trumpeters have stopped. Not only because he has seemingly assimilated the whole jazz-trumpet tradition, but in playing a striking phrase or note that many others would climax with, Marsalis prods it on to a fresh possibility. His mind penetrates unknowns, sees danger and often laughs at it.

His group dismantled and reassembled Thelonious Monk's "Well, You Needn't," with their own oblique wit. Marsalis' solo then streamed through hiccuping intervals as fluidly as if it were a lullaby. His playing grew tight and tough-minded and then suddenly one note came oozing out like a long bubble of Turkish taffy.

His playing abounds with rhythmic witticisms. They make his intensely serious musicmaking urbane yet unpretentious, passionate, then pragmatic.

Wynton's brother, Branford, is in the minority of young tenor saxophone players essentially influenced by Wayne Shorter rather than John Coltrane. So his solos inhale as much as they exhale, they glance and imply. Then he'll release a long, sensuous phrase followed by several pithy counters.

The brothers' musical personalities contrast visibly as they play. Wynton shines little grins and tender expressions like a wooing suitor. Branford looks up at the ceiling, figuratively scratching his head as if working his way out of a puzzle.

In the second set the tension of maintaining swing and such daunting compositional demands finally eased, charged by an energized rhythm section of pianist Kenny Kirkland, bassist Phil Bowler and drummer Jeff Watts.

Kirkland built an extended solo to a ferocious pitch with his steel-fingered attack. The Marsalis brothers then let loose licks of a new-found flame.

From then on, the set was bathed in the blues, particularly on another Monk curio, "Think of One." Late in the night, Branford blew hot and long on soprano sax and Wynton punched out braying bell tones that reached all the way back to Louis Armstrong.

A quirky group coda returned the sly grin to the music and, with a comic's timing, the Marsalis brothers walked off stage in mid-phrase.

Afterward, this reporter was standing near the doorway when a very special listener walked up. Woody Herman nodded to the stand where the 21-year-old trumpeter had just stood.

"We were all enlightened tonight," said the venerable jazz great. "This young man deserves all the praises he'll get."

Herman then said goodnight. A very good night it was.

The Wynton Marsalis Quintet will perform again tonight at 8 and 10:30 at the Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center St.

THE MILWAUKEE JOURNAL Wednesday, March 9, 1983

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL MARCH 9, 1983

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL MARCH 26, 1983

This jazz experiment is a success

By Kevin Lynch
of The Journal Staff

critique

They call Jack DeJohnette "The Wizard" for his phenomenal drumming. But Friday night at the Jazz Gallery he showed there's more to that name.

DeJohnette unveiled one of his latest experiments. It's a fabulous four-headed creature that plays guttural roar jazz, an assemblage of human and mechanical parts that swings low its massive horns.

No, it's not a sci-fi musical. It's DeJohnette's marvelously conceived project band, Special Edition. The accent was big and deep — between Rufus Reid's bass, John Purcell's baritone sax and Howard Johnson's baritone sax, contrabass clarinet and tuba. But this performance never got ponderous.

Purcell also plays alto and tenor sax and DeJohnette adds fine piano. But the leader never feared to throw the big bulls in the ring together, like the opening double baritone sax arrangement of "Tin Can Alley."

As expected, DeJohnette drummed rhythms as advanced as they are infectious. His finely flashing accents jump off and slice inside the saxophonist's line. His polyrhythms roll not together like Elvin Jones; they kick emphatically out like a rock beat. When he suddenly boots up the dynamic level, the band sometimes approaches tonal and rhythmic combustion.

Johnson proved a revelation on tuba. On DeJohnette's "Pastel Rhapsody," he turned tender phrases and indeed glowed with pastel tones. The surprise had the effect of a great wind that reaches you just in time to ebb and caress. On "Tenor Madness" he played what could only be called tubop. Surely no reasonable person ever expected brilliant bebop to exist in the cumbersome confines of this horn. Nor was it a passing hat trick. Johnson rolled chorus after chorus of darting invention. Yet an extended segment of eight- and four-bar trade-offs found DeJohnette stealing the show with boundless rhythmic quips and masterful tension and release.

Where does this group go wrong? Hmmm. Its tunes regularly stretch from 30 to 45 minutes, but chances are your attention will simply rekindle in short cycles. DeJohnette pushes his charges to the limit, but the show's down pat, Jack. Wise dynamics throughout, instrumental variety, plenty of toe tappin' stuff.

Amid all this it's easy to forget the bass player, right?

Wrong. Reid, one of the true giants, probably could've carried a show all by himself if Jack DeJohnette didn't insist that his Editions be so very special.

DeJohnette's Special Edition will perform again tonight and Sunday at the Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center St.

MILWAUKEE **jazz gallery**

APRIL

1983

MUSIC AT 9:00 p.m.
9:30 p.m. SATURDAYS
UNLESS OTHERWISE DESIGNATED

932 E. CENTER ST. 263-5718

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
					1 TOP BANANA COMEDY REVUE $3.00	2 FROM CHICAGO: CARL LEUKAFE QUARTET $2.50
3 Closed	4 JAZZ JAM	5 PATTY LARKIN $2.50	6 THIRD STONE TRIO TIM HOYE DON LINKE HAROLD MILLER $1.50	7 KAYE BERRIGAN BOB BUDNEY LEIGH COWEN HAROLD MILLER $1.50	8 MANTY ELLIS WISCONSIN CONNECTION FEATURING: FRANK GORDON $3.50	9
10 VIOLENT FEMMES $3.00	11 BOBBY SHEW QUARTET $4.00	12 TO BE ANNOUNCED	13 TO BE ANNOUNCED	14 FOLK SOCEITY PRESENTS LEO KRETZNER $4.00	15 SONNY LAND SLIM BLUES BAND $5.00	16 WOODLAND PATTERN PRESENTS: ROVA SAX QUARTET 9:00 p.m. $4.00
17 BENEFIT FOR MILWAUKEE COMMUNITY RADIO 2-6:00pm $3.50 / AACA POETIC ENSEMBLE 7:00pm. $5.00 per couple $3.50 per person	18 JAZZ JAM	19 20 DEXTER GORDON QUARTET 2 SHOWS 8:00 & 10:30 P.M. $7.50 $6.50 MEMBERS	21 WISCONSIN CONSERVATORY ENSEMBLE #1 $1.50	22 DAVE HAZELTINE QUARTET $2.50	23	
24 DICK & MARION BUSH AND FRIENDS $2.00	25 JAZZ JAM	26 27 JOHNNY GRIFFIN QUARTET 8:00 P.M. $7.50	28 LEVY LINKE BUDNEY KITZKE $1.50	HURRICANE PRODUCTIONS PRESENT: 29 GAYLE MARIE with JAN MARTINELLI $6.00 at door	30 DON MOYE QUARTET $5.00	

It's a fine state of jazz

Guitarist Manty Ellis

By Kevin Lynch

Special to The Journal

As most everyone knows, the nether aches of Wisconsin make for great arming, camping, hiking and fishing. omething as urbane as jazz might seem oreign.

Nevertheless, several Wisconsin-based usicians have united to weave a web of izz over the wooded and watery corners f the state.

The group is the Wisconsin Connection. The hookup is initally between Milwaukee and Madison. Here guitarist Manny Ellis, saxophonist Berkeley Fudge and vocalist Jessie Hauck are the primary components, along with drummer Carl Allen. Madison's greatest single jazz talent, bassist Richard Davis, completes the crucial connection. When the group plays Saturday at the Jazz Gallery they will

Davis, of course, is widely regarded as one of the world's finest bassists. He gained fame in the '60s, adding his personal bass voice to such important groups as Benny Goodman's, the tragically short-lived Eric Dolphy-Booker Little Quintet, and the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra, as well as recording on numerous forward-looking discs for Bluenote.

With his remarkable talent, Davis was also in demand as a top-flight classical bassist, counting Igor Stravinsky as an admirer when Davis played under the great composer's baton.

Moreover, such enlightened pop performers as Van Morrison and Bruce Springsteen have employed his talents on some of their most memorable recordings. Interestingly, one noted rock critic mislabeled Davis' improvising on Morrison's classic "Astral Weeks" as "the greatest rock bass playing ever record-

In Madison, Wis.? He was lured in 1977 by an offer of a tenured professorship in the University of Wisconsin's Music Department and the prospective opportunity to avidly pursue his recreational passion, horseback riding. He now rides every morning near his rural home in Barneveld, southwest of Madison.

Caught fresh off the mount recently, Davis explained via telephone the germination of the Wisconsin Connection.

"For me there are advantages and disadvantages of living in Wisconsin," he said. "One disadvantage was I didn't see enough high-quality musicians to play with. I'd became spoiled living in New York for years. But there are some here, as I found, like Manty and Jessie."

Ellis and Davis went out to New York together last fall and played a highly successful stand at Sweet Basil's with pianist Jaki Byard and drummer Billy Hart. The New Yorkers' pleasant surprise over Ellis

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL APRIL 27, 1983

Griffin and his sax still hot headliners

By Kevin Lynch
of The Journal Staff

Johnny Griffin, best known for his blazing gun of a tenor saxophone, showed Tuesday night at the Jazz Gallery that he can cool his iron without losing his fire.

One of the best tenor saxophonists today, Griffin opened the first set of a two-night stand with high and mighty acrobatics over uptempo blues.

His young group took to the fast lane with alacrity, particularly new pianist Bernard Wright, whose ideas would burst afresh before the previous ones had finished, a tension-producing device he carried through convincingly.

But it was in two delicate creations that Griffin proved hard bop has a heart inside its tough exterior.

Dave Brubeck's "In Your Own Sweet Way" is a hum-along tune in mid-tempo. Gentle slurs thickened Griffin's flow of notes into a slightly intoxicated sway, giving way to garrulous songfulness. Wright proved even more delightful at this pace, his skipping-down-the-street phrasing effected by strongly accented first notes that released into airy arpeggios or short, twirling phrases.

Then Griffin stepped down to the somber shadows of "Lover Man," a tune associated closely with Billie Holiday. Like many jazz players, he took the ballad beyond its conventional realm.

His fiery playing found delicate phrases ending with a note of choking intensity, then a burst of raging energy, like a man who refuses to cry. With the best, like Griffin, that heat singes away the sentimentality while expanding the ballad's romantic character. And he always takes a tune like "Lover Man" back home.

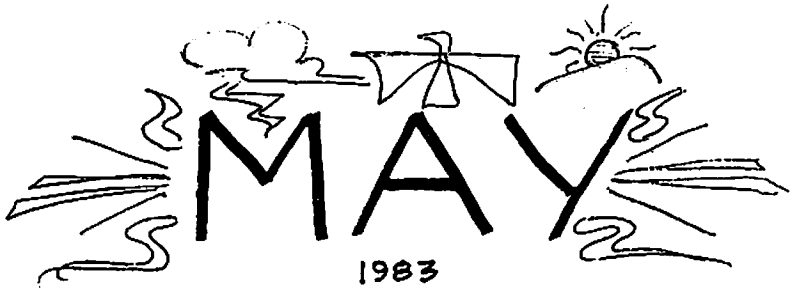
critique

With pianist-arranger Ronnie Mathews absent, the more sophisticated modernist pieces in Griffin's repertoire were missed. But pianist Wright added a refreshing character to the group.

Bassist Curtis Lundy, formerly with Betty Carter, knows how to make his bass sing without betraying its richest textures. And drummer Kenny Washington remains a master of supple but incisive attack and a cymbal player who can split time into several shimmering segments at once.

MILWAUKEE jazz gallery

932 E. CENTER ST. 263-5718



MUSIC AT 9:00 P.M.
9:30 P.M. SATURDAYS
UNLESS OTHERWISE
DESIGNATED.

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
1 GAYLE MARIE WITH ~ ~ JAN MARTINELLI $6 at door $5 advance 7:00pm	2 JAZZ JAM	3 UWM JAZZ BAND $1.50	4 FLESHTONES A play by Dean Reganos 7:30 p.m. $4.00	5	6 JIMMY SMITH 2 SHOWS → 9:00 & 11:30 p.m. $6.50 / $5.50 members	7
8 JIMMY SMITH 2 SHOWS → 9:00 & 11:30 P.M. $6.50 $5.50 members	9 JAZZ JAM	10 CLAUDIA SCHMIDT 8:00 p.m. $3.00	11 THIRD STONE TRIO $1.50	12 ALEXANDER & NOELLE 8:00 p.m. $3.00	13 R & B CADETS $3.00	14 LYNN BERNSTEIN —FEATURING— MARCIE CUNNINGHAM $2.00
15 THEATRE X —PRESENTS— "A NEW INTEREST IN STRANGERS" 8:00pm. $5.00	16 JAZZ JAM	17 PRESTON REED high energy guitar $3.00	18 WHAT ON EARTH $1.50	19 BERKELEY FUDGE QUARTET $1.50	20 BETTY CARTER 2 SHOWS → 9 & 11:30 $6.50 / $5.50 members	21 HORACE SILVER 2 SHOWS → 9 & 11:30 $7.50 / $6.50 members
22 FOLK SOCIETY PRESENTS: JOEL MABUS $4.00	23 JAZZ JAM	24 BARRY VELLEMAN QUARTET $1.50	25 BARRY VELLEMAN TRIO $1.50	26 MANDALA $1.50	27 NAT ADDERLEY 2 SHOWS → 9:00 & 11:30 p.m. $6.50 / $5.50 members	28
29 THEATRE X —PRESENTS— "A NEW INTEREST IN STRANGERS" 8:00pm. $5.00	30 JAZZ JAM	31 BARRY VELLEMAN QUARTET $1.50				

— CALENDAR INFORMATION AVAILABLE —
24 HOURS AT → # 263-5718

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL MAY 15, 1983

Silver's music a gift from dad

HORACE Silver, who performs Saturday, May 21, at the Jazz Gallery, has stamped his distinctive musical personality on the jazz scene since the early '50s.

Horace Silver

The pianist-composer comes from a hereditary mix that includes white, black, Portuguese and American Indian. His music brims with the influence of African and South American folk music. One of the deepest influences is his father, who came to America from the Cape Verde Islands off the coast of Senegal in western Africa.

Says Silver, "He loved to play music, he plays guitar, a little violin, all by ear and all Cape Verdean-Portuguese folk music, mostly in the minor key, very simple — not too many chord changes."

Silver's father inspired one of his best compositions, "Song for My Father." A directness and simplicity underlines Silver's own music. It is funky and swinging, but carefully arranged and rehearsed.

Silver first made his mark in 1954 with one of Art Blakey's first Jazz Messenger bands, which included the great trumpeter Clifford Brown. Over the years Silver has performed with such greats as Lester Young, Coleman Hawkins, Miles Davis and Stan Getz. His style, blending simplifed bop forms and ethnic folk music, helped define the hard bop style.

Silver's present quintet features the trumpet of Milwaukeean Brian Lynch, who joined the group last year. The Horace Silver Quintet will perform at 9 and 11:30 p.m. Saturday. Admission is $7.50, $6.50 for Jazz Gallery members.

KEVIN LYNCH

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL MAY 28, 1983

Jazz quintet works as one

By Kevin Lynch
of The Journal Staff

Sometimes you encounter a jazz band that breathes as one — not only in the sense of delicate balances, but also as a boisterous expulsion of air that is part crying and part laughing, and all part of a thriving collective spirit.

The Nat Adderley Quintet did that Friday night at the Jazz Gallery in a performance that, in many ways, exemplified combo jazz. These great veterans transmitted a powerful empathy with an almost palpable swing. This joyously released tension suggested brothers meeting after many years apart.

The energy seemed to pivot from bassist Walter Booker, who has one of the most eloquent physical presences I've seen in a musician. He engages in a close dance with his bass while plucking darkly resonant tones. His face is a strongly sculptured mask of absorption that glints with sudden furtive smiles. By contrast, roly-poly Adderley bounces about like a panda bear. Larry Willis virtually wrings phrases out of the grand piano, so powerful is his rhythmic incision.

Willis' "Malandro" is an expansive, Spanish-sounding creation that had the pianist unleashing lines that writhed, darted and receded into shadowy sonorities. Each soloist stretched the tune into exotic reaches, Adderley's cornet carving abstract shapes in its high register, Sonny Fortune's alto sax building insistent circles of power.

Willis' "Blue Autumn" is an impressionistic bass-cornet-piano trio that is as touching as it is texturally delicate — Adderley's cornet emitted notes like emotional words caught in your throat. Booker bowed his bass like moaning heartstrings.

As fine as any of these moments was Fortune's very personal statement "For Duke and Cannon." Here the superb altoist lent tribute to Duke Ellington and Nat's late brother, Cannonball Adderley, with a luscious, full-bodied tone that he bent into niches of tender reverie.

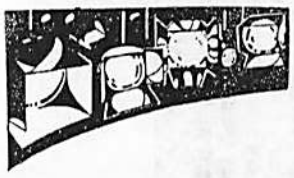
Drummer Jimmy Cobb, who spent years playing behind such gentle stylists as Miles Davis and Sarah Vaughan, proved sensitive when required but kicked the band's momentum expertly.

The Nat Adderley Quintet will perform again at 9 and 11:30 tonight at the Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center St.

MILWAUKEE jazz gallery

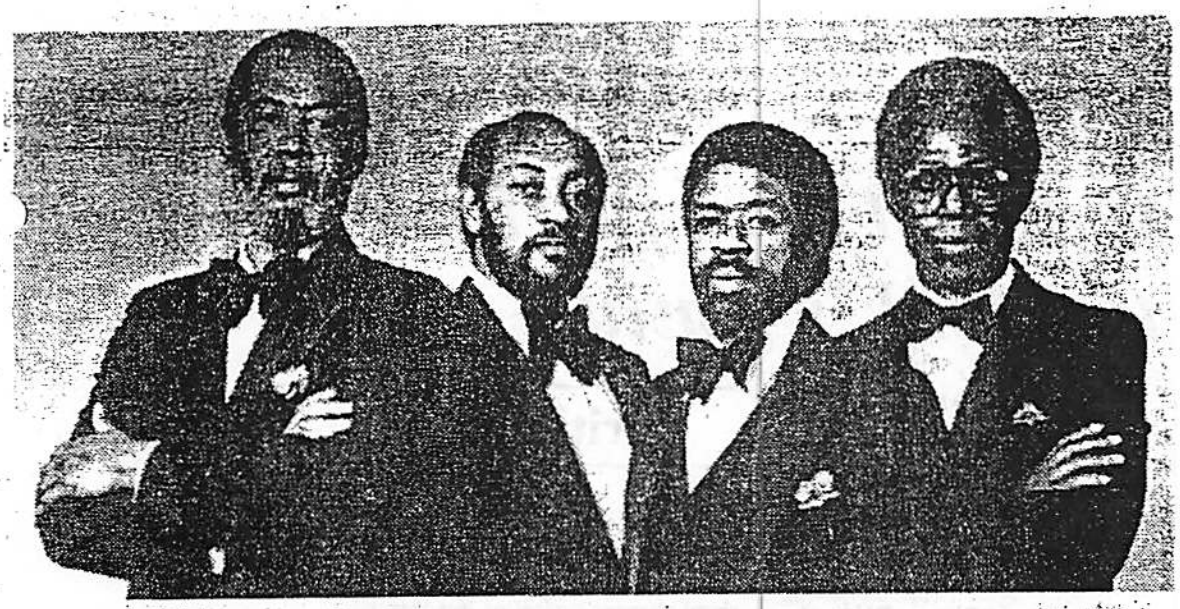
JUNE 1983

932 E. CENTER
263-5718

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
			1 TOM KNOTEK QUARTET $1.50	TO BE ANNOUNCED 2	3 TOP BANANAS COMEDY REVIEW $3.00	4
(SEE ADDITIONAL INFORMATION BELOW) 5 7:30 P.M. THEATER X	6 FREDDIE WAITS 8-9 P.M. (NO COVER) 9PM-JAZZ JAM — — — JUNE 6 13 20 27 JAZZ JAM	7 PAUL CEBAR & THE MILWAUKEEANS $2.50	8 B. BUDNY S. NELSON-RANEY M.J. ROSENBLUM $1.50	TO BE ANNOUNCED	10	11 MIGHTY JOE YOUNG BLUES BAND $5.50
9:30 P.M. NORTH WIND $3.00						
 "RENOVATIONS" THEATRE X 7:30 P.M. $5.00 JUNE 5, 12, 19 7:00 P.M. JUNE 26		14 JIM POST $3.00	15 TWO SHOWS 8PM & 10:30 SPHERE CHARLIE ROUSE BEN RILEY BUSTER WILLIAMS KENNY BARRON $6.50 $5.50 MEMBERS	16	17 SCOTT BLACK ENSEMBLE $2.00	18
		21 PAUL CEBAR FEATURING HOT CANARY $2.50	22 THIRD STONE TRIO $1.50	23 LINKE LEVY BUDNY KITZKE $1.50	24 FROM CHICAGO MARSHALL VENTE PROJECT NO. 9	25 CARL LEUKAUFE QUARTET $2.50
26 7 P.M. THEATER X — — — — — 9 P.M. CLAUDIA SCHMIDT $4.00 FEATURING THE STORYTELLERS		28 29 INTRODUCING STANLEY JORDAN $2.50			30	

MUSIC AT 9 P.M.
9:30 P.M. SATURDAYS
UNLESS OTHERWISE
DESIGNATED

MILWAKEE
JOURNAL
JUNE 12, 1983



Sphere members include (from left) Ben Riley, drums; Kenny Barron, piano; Buster Williams, bass, and Charlie Rouse, sax.

Jazz group a tribute to Monk

By KEVIN LYNCH of The Journal Staff

ON Feb. 17, 1982, a newly formed quartet of jazz musicians walked into a studio to record their first album of Thelonious Monk compositions. They saw it as an act of personal regard for Monk and his music. They had even named their group Sphere, after Monk's middle name.

Monk never heard the fruits of their gesture. His heart had played its last beat two hours before they began recording.

"We had no way of knowing," said saxophonist Charlie Rouse in a phone conversation from his New York home recently. "We knew he had been sick, but then it happened. If we had known we wouldn't have done it that day."

Sphere will perform at the Jazz Gallery Wednesday and Thursday with shows at 8 and 10:30 each night.

The unburdened session produced music that effortlessly conveys the bright and tender sides of Monk. That's a sign of great skill because the LP, "Four in One," contains some of Monk's most challenging compositions. It's something Rouse, in particular, wanted to do. "They are tunes that most people don't play because they're too difficult." he said.

Rouse ought to know. The tenor saxophonist joined Monk's band in 1959 and stayed until Monk stopped performing publicly in 1974, the longest tenure anyone ever spent with the legendary musician. Despite Monk's often-caricatured reputation as a jazz eccentric Rouse knew him as something different.

"My first impression of him was that he was a great musician and nothing else," Rouse said. "He taught me more than anyone about music, how to really approach a composition. He explained his compositions like anyone else, with the music and the piano."

The mysterious, forbidding persona many people perceived in Monk was actually that of a taciturn man. Like many of his strikingly succinct piano solos he usually made his point with the fewest possible words.

"If he didn't like what somebody was doing he'd let them know," Rouse said. "But he wouldn't lecture. He spoke in short verses. Like, he'd say to me 'two is one,' which meant that when two musicians are really in harmony together they become one musician. To strangers he was this big, tall man, maybe a bit intimidating. But in many ways he was no different from anyone else. He was dedicated to his family and a very moral man."

Yet Monk's tunes were different and he demanded that they always be played precisely, down to the innermost voicings and rhythms. Rouse said that was because their utterly personal character. Though Monk's music sounded radical to many at first, he was never trying to be avant-garde Rouse said.

"He *was* the music he played. Whatever came out of him was what he felt like at the time." Yet those feelings were chiseled ed musicians had a difficult time with.

"His compositions, if you really listen to them, are not the regular slow or medium or fast tempos," Rouse said. "He usually set tempos in between."

Rouse makes sure Monk's melodies are played correctly with Sphere, which includes pianist Kenny Barron, bassist Buster Williams and drummer Ben Riley, who also played with Monk. "A Monk tune is so unique that to interpret the melody differently, as many players do with standards — well, that only turns it into just another tune," Rouse said.

Yet Rouse admitted he does some things today that he never did when playing with Monk.

"When soloing we handle the rhythms in different ways. We sat down and figured that out beforehand. That keeps it fresh. Besides our pianist Kenny Barron doesn't really play like Monk at all so he would sound silly to imitate him."

Quartet does justice to Monk's genius

By Kevin Lynch
of The Journal Staff

critique

Musicians traveling through the compositions of Thelonious Monk encounter traps around every corner — sudden holes beneath their stride, strange rhythms appearing like jack-in-the-boxes.

At the Jazz Gallery Wednesday night, the quartet Sphere dwelt in the great jazz composer's space and time as if born in Monk's dream. Yet it takes great musicians to make Monk music on both his *and* the quartet's own terms. Sphere accomplished that.

By playing non-Monk standards and their own originals, the four asserted that they were their own men rather than mere Monk acolytes. The group managed an interaction on "If I Should Lose You" that was as creative as it was perfectly conjoined.

Here, with saxophonist Charlie Rouse, the trio proved one of the finer small ensembles I've heard in a while. Kenny Barron's velvety piano chords couched fascinating group textures and tones that connected like strands of a spider web, building a delicate but unmistakably strong form. Yet each solo quietly carried blues elements that kept the delicacy from ever being effete.

Bassist Buster Williams grows ever more resourceful in his distinctive style. By sliding fingers over his strings, he emits songful cow moos that slyly cohere with his melodic and harmonic intentions. Virtuoso Barron, too, seems to have evolved by working within a Monk conception. That places a premium on building with compositional elements rather than the footloose romps over chord changes typical of less inquiring jazz musicians.

The styles of Rouse and drummer Ben Riley cohere naturally from having worked with the late Monk for long stretches. Rouse's dry but jocular tone is ideal for the sardonic wit permeating much of this music.

Sphere found an intriguing interpretive balance for several Monk tunes. On "Played Twice" and "Well You Needn't," they offered intros that were free fantasias on Monk's general concept. Then they executed the tunes themselves with rigorous accuracy. With the latter tune the pianist and drummer set out long and tight rhythms respectively.

This effect formed a seesaw for the animated tune and solos to frolic upon. It was easy to imagine the Monk portrait behind the piano raising an eyebrow, then grinning devilishly over this imaginative gambit.

The only disappointment was that not enough Monk gems were fit into two rather short sets. Nevertheless, Sphere — a group both forward-looking and historically resonant — should not be missed.

It will perform again at 8 and 10:30 tonight at the Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center St.

MILWAUKEE jazz gallery

JULY 1983

MUSIC AT 9 P.M.
9:30 P.M. SATURDAYS
UNLESS OTHERWISE
DESIGNATED

932 E. CENTER ST.
263-5718

SUN.	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
CLOSED SUNDAYS	4 JAZZ JAM NO COVER	5 TO BE ANNOUNCED	6 JOHN HAZARD & FRIENDS $1.50	7 BARRY VELLEMAN NO COVER	8 ROBIN FLOWER BAND $4.00	9 JESSIE HAUCK WITH MANTY ELLIS TRIO $2.50
	11 JAZZ JAM NO COVER	12 PAUL CEBAR $2.50	13 SCOTT COSSU $5.00	14 BARRY VELLEMAN NO COVER	15 ALEXANDER & NOELLE and LITTLE BIG BAND $3.00	16 8-9 P.M. SUMMER STREET STUDIO JAZZ ENSEMBL $2.00 9 P.M. BERKELEY FUDGE QUARTET
	18 MILT JACKSON RAY BROWN featuring CEDAR WALTON MICKEY ROKER 2 SHOWS 8 P.M. & 10:30 P.M. $7.50 $6.50 MEMBERS	19	20 DAVE HAZELTINE NO COVER	21 BARRY VELLEMAN NO COVER	22 SCOTT NAPOLI QUARTET $2.00	23 CENTRAL AMERICAN SOLIDARITY COMMITTEE BENEFIT 8 P.M. $4.00
	25 JAZZ JAM NO COVER	26 HOT CANARY $2.00	27 DAVE HAZELTINE NO COVER	28 BARRY VELLEMAN NO COVER	29 MILWAUKEE JAZZ GALLERY LICENSE BENEFIT $3.00 (SEE REVERSE SIDE OF CALENDAR)	30

Jazz show is low-key, high-caliber

By Kevin Lynch
of The Journal Staff

An aura of consummate mastery pervaded the heavy air at the Jazz Gallery Monday night. The Milt Jackson-Ray Brown Quartet conducted affairs matter-of-factly in revealing musical nuances and refined creativity.

Jackson and Brown carried decades of historic music-making between them with a relaxed pride that assumed a measure of greatness in every endeavor.

Jackson presided over the vibraphone like a priest — drawing long, sumptuous tones with an equally long and somber face. He looked up at solo's end, brows raised, with a quiet expectancy of approval that was invariably returned by the large audience.

Brown held his bass with a blend of grace and offhand power. When he took an unaccompanied solo, the whole band left the stand to him alone. Brown proceeded with a superb statement that built contrasts with guttural ascending lines and vocal-sounding chords, topped neatly by soft notes ringing with hushed harmonics.

Jackson, nodding to his careerlong compatriot, said, "He's already asking for another raise."

"I'll be up to scale soon," Brown shot back.

critique

Whether through humor or friendly standard tunes, the performance commanded attention yet never imposed upon it. Throughout the evening the music fell easily upon the ears while always engaging the mind. A tune like "Bye, Bye Blackbird" retained its affable charm as it conveyed new meaning in the group's collective musical logic.

Logic also informed every solo of pianist Cedar Walton, along with an honesty of expression. He never indulged in pianistic tricks, but played only notes that directed his progress and activated the swing against drummer Mickey Roker's seamless flow of time and accent.

Yet it was Jackson who kept the crowd rapt. He teased the rhythms with flurries of notes and sleepy vibratos. On ballads he laid rich notes out like pearls on a velvet bed.

On several uptempo numbers, however, this group of greats seemed to be transporting itself on minimum power. The sense of urgency and surprise that activates jazz was diminished. Whether due to the heat, the tolls of time or the road, this group's inspiration fell just short of its mastery. They will doubtless have many great days to come.

The quartet will perform again tonight at 8 and 10:30 p.m. at the Jazz Gallery, 932 E. Center St.

MILWAUKEE jazz gallery

AUGUST 1983

932 E. CENTER

TEL: 263-5718

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
		1982 SAN FRANCISCO LAUGH OFF FINALISTS WILL DURST WITH COMEDY FREEFALL by N.G. NASH & JOHN BANCK $2.50		BARRY VELLEMAN (NO COVER)	JESSIE HAUCK WITH MANTY ELLIS TRIO $2.50	ART BLAKEY AND THE JAZZ MESSENGERS 2 SHOWS 8 P.M. & 10:30 $7.50 $6.50 MEMBERS
ART BLAKEY AND THE JAZZ MESSENGERS 2 SHOWS 8 P.M. & 10:30 P.M. $7.50 $6.50 MEMBERS	JAZZ JAM	PAUL CEBAR AND THE MILWAUKEEANS $2.50	EVERY WEDNESDAY  7:30 P.M. THEATER X "FIREBREAKS" $3.00 ----- 9:30 P.M. DAVE HAZELTINE (NO COVER)	SCOTT BLACK ENSEMBLE (NO COVER)	PHIL WOODS QUARTET 8 P.M. & 10:30 P.M. $7.50 $6.50 MEMBERS 2 SHOWS	
THEATRE X "RENOVATIONS" AUG. 14, 21, 28 7:30 P.M. $5.00 ----- 2 P.M.-5 P.M. ELIZABETH MATZ "LYRICS THAT RUINED OUR LIVES"	EVERY MONDAY EVENING NO COVER	AN EVENING OF JAZZ RAMI ESPINOSA, guitar LINDA CANTOR, Sax TIM VANASSEL, guitar $2.00		TOP BANANA COMEDY REVUE $3.00	From Havana, Cuba ARTURO SANDOVAL QUARTET $5.00	
		JIM HAZARD SALUTE TO KEROUAC $1.50		SCOTT BLACK ENSEMBLE (NO COVER)	BRIAN LYNCH QUARTET $2.50	
		HOT CANARY $2.00				

MUSIC AT 9 P.M. UNLESS OTHERWISE

EVERY WEDNESDAY

SEPTEMBER '83
CALENDER OF EVENTS

932 E. CENTER
TEL: 263-5718

MILWAUKEE'S jazz gallery

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
	JAZZ JAM ↓ NO COVER			JOHN FAHEY $5.00 1	2 STANLEY JORDAN $3.50	3
STANLEY JORDAN $3.50 4	5	6 OPEN·BAR JAZZ TAPES	7 50¢ TAPS	SANDRA PHINESEE QUINTET $2.00 8	9 JESSE HAUCK $3.00	10
Bill Camplin MULTICULTURAL BENEFIT $3.00 11	12	JIM POST $3.00 13	OPEN BAR 50¢ TAPS 14	THE NEW WORLD GRIOTS POETRY READING 15	16 MOSE ALLISON $6.50, $5.50 MEMBERS	17
PRIVATE PARTY 18	19	20	50¢ TAPS 21	22	23 MARY WATKINS & GAYLE MARIE $6.00 / $7.00 at door	24
OPEN BAR 50¢ TAPS 25	26	27	50¢ TAPS 28	29	30	Oct 1

OPEN·BAR
MILWAUKEE'S FINEST COLLECTION OF JAZZ TAPES

OPEN·BAR
MILWAUKEE'S FINEST COLLECTION OF JAZZ TAPES

BARNEY KESSEL
$6.50, $5.50 MEMBERS

MILWAUKEE jazz gallery

JANUARY

MUSIC AT 9 P.M.
9:30 P.M. SATURDAYS
UNLESS OTHERWISE DESIGNATED

263-5718
932 E. CENTER

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
						1 JESSIE HAUCK WITH MANTY ELLIS $2.00
2 Closed	3 Jazz Jam	4 VIOLENT FEMMES $2.50	5 MILWAUKEE JAZZ QUARTET $1.50	6 PAUL MUENCH $1.50	7 BERKLEY FUDGE QUARTET $2.00	8
9 A NIGHT WITH DICK & MARION BUSH $1.00	10 Jazz Jam	11 PATSY TICHE & JACK GRASSEL $2.00	12 BERKLEY FUDGE DUO $1.50	13 BILL MOLENHAUF WORDS & MUSIC 8 PM $3.50	14 FROM CHICAGO CARL LEUKAUFE $2.00	15 JIMMY JOHNSON BLUES BAND $5.50
16 PAUL CEBAR & THE MILWAUKEEN'S $2.50	17 Heath Bros. $6.50 $5.50 members	18 2 SHOWS 8 P.M. & 10:30 PM	19 SCOTT BLACK QUARTET $1.50	20 KAYE BERIGAN BOB BUDNEY LEIGH COWEN HARROLD MILLER	21 CARL LEUKAUFE $2.00	22 CENTRAL AMERICAN SOLIDARITY COMM. BENEFIT WITH SOTOVENTO & ANDANDO SOLO
23 PATCHWORK $3.50	24 Jazz Jam	25 WOMEN'S CRISIS LINE BENEFIT WITH CLAUDIA SCHMIDT	26 NAIMA $1.50	27 MANDELLA $1.50	28 JOHN	29 MCNEIL $4.50
30 TOP BANANA COMEDY REVUE $2.50						

MILWAUKEE jazz gallery

FEBRUARY 1983

932 E. CENTER
263-5718

MUSIC AT 9 P.M.
9:30 P.M. SATURDAYS
UNLESS OTHERWISE
DESIGNATED

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
		1 TODD COOLMAN FEATURING LYNN BERNSTEIN $2.00	2 STEVE NELSON-RAINEY TRIO $1.50	3 WHAT ON EARTH $1.50	4 AT THE PERFORMING ARTS CENTER GEORGE WINSTON TWO SHOWS 7:30 P.M. & 10:30 P.M.	5 BERKELEY FUDGE QUARTET (AT THE JAZZ GALLERY) $2.00
6 PAUL CEBAR AND THE MILWAUKEEANS $2.50	7 JAZZ JAM	8 TO BE ANNOUNCED	9 NAIMA $1.50	10 STANLEY JORDAN $2.00	11 OCEANS $3.00	12 CHICAGO BLUES BAND LONNIE BROOKS $5.50
13 TO BE ANNOUNCED	14 JAZZ JAM	15 TO BE ANNOUNCED	16 JOAN WILDMAN $1.50	17 JACK GRASSEL LEIGH COWEN QUARTET $1.50	18 HURRICANE PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS ALEXANDER $3.00 & $4.00 AT DOOR NOELLE FEATURING LINDA KANTER	19 FROM CHICAGO CARL LEUKAUFE QUARTET $2.00
20 DICK & MARION BUSH $2.00 A TRIBUTE TO WOODY HERMAN	21 JAZZ JAM	22 PAUL CEBAR & THE MILWAUKEEANS $2.50	$2.00 23 SUPER AXE SEXTET JACK GRASSEL ROGER BROTHERHOOD GARY WILLIAMS	24 BERKELEY FUDGE $1.50	25 JESSE HAUCK WITH MANTY ELLIS TRIO $2.50	26 MARSHALL VENTE PROJECT 9 RECORDED LIVE FOR NATIONAL PUBLIC RADIO
27 2-7 PM HIGHLAND COMMUNITY SCHOOL BENEFIT CLAUDIA SCHMIDT BENEFIT PREVIEW OF B.L.T. (BAG LADY TENDENCIES) 8 P.M. $4.00	28 JAZZ JAM					

THURS. FEBRUARY 17 8 P.M.
STARDATE PRESENTS
MILES DAVIS IN CONCERT
CALL PAC BOX OFFICE

MILWAUKEE **jazz gallery**

MARCH

1983

MUSIC AT 9 P.M.
9:30 P.M. SATURDAYS
UNLESS OTHERWISE
DESIGNATED

932 E. CENTER
263-5718

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
		1 VIOLENT FEMMES $2.50	2 NAIMA $1.50	3 TRAPEZOID $4.00 ($3.00 MEMBERS)	4 JESSIE HAUCK WITH MANTY ELLIS TRIO $2.00	5
6 LYNN BERNSTEIN TRIO FEATURING MARCIE CUNNINGHAM $2.00	7 U UTAH PHILLIPS $4.00	8 WYNTON MARSALIS QUINTET TWO SHOWS · 8 P.M. & 10:30 $6.50 ($5.50 MEMBERS)	9	10 SCOTT BLACK QUARTET $1.50	11 HURRICANE PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS JASMINE $6.00 AT DOOR $5.00 ADVANCE	12 BERKELEY FUDGE QUARTET $2.00
13 SOTOVENTO TRADITIONAL CENTRAL AMERICAN MUSIC $2.00 8 P.M.	14 JAZZ JAM	15 LARRY PENN $2.00	16 WHAT ON EARTH $1.50	ST. PATRICK'S DAY CELEBRATION FEATURING FAOIN MBORD TRADITIONAL IRISH MUSIC 8 P.M. $2.00	18 KOKO TAYLOR AND HER BLUES MACHINE $5.50	19 FROM CHICAGO CARL LEUKAUFE QUARTET $2.50
20 DICK & MARION BUSH & FRIENDS $2.00	21 JAZZ JAM	22 CLAUDIA SCHMIDT $3.00	23 THIRD STONE TRIO $1.50	24 WISCONSIN CONSERVATORY FACULTY ENSEMBLE 8PM	25 HATTUSH ALEXANDER QUARTET $2.00	26 JACK DEJONETTE SPECIAL EDITION TWO SHOWS 9 PM & 11:30 $6.50 ($5.50 MEMBERS)
27 JACK DEJONETTE SPECIAL EDITION TWO SHOWS: 8PM & 10:30 PM $6.50 ($5.50 MEMBERS)	28 JAZZ JAM	29 $2.50 PAUL CEBAR & THE MILWAUKEEANS	30 JOAN WILDMAN $1.50	31 TOP BANANA COMEDY REVIEW $3.00	APRIL 1	

OCTOBER 1983

CALENDER OF EVENTS

932 E. CENTER
TEL: 263-5718

MILWAUKEE jazz gallery

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
					Sept. 30 — Oct 1 BARNEY KESSEL -- CANCELLED XXXX CARL LEUKAUFE QUARTET $2.50	
Preston Reed 2 $3.00	Chicago Art Ensemble 3 2 SHOWS 8/10:30 $7.50	Highland Community School Benefit 4 8:00 $3.00	5 OPEN BAR 50¢ TAPS	6 OPEN BAR 50¢ TAPS	CLAUDIA SCHMIDT & FRIENDS 7 9:00 $5.00 MONDAY ↓ HATTUSH ALEXANDER QUARTET/NO COVER ARTISTS WALKING TOUR 12:00/5:00 pm	8
MCCOY TYNER 9 $7.50 MCCOY TYNER CLINIC 3:30 MONDAY $10.00	2 SHOWS 10 8/10:30	11 OPEN BAR 50¢ TAPS	12 OPEN BAR 50¢ TAPS	13 EXPRESS AVANT GARDE New Bands Performance Art Film Poetry	14 Jazz School Benefit FOR MIL. Jazz Gallery ARTISTS Fund $3.00	15
TOP BANANAS 16 COMEDY REVUE 23 $3.00 HALLOWEEN PARTY 30 NO COVER	JAZZ JAM 17 NO COVER 24 31	18 OPEN BAR 50¢ TAPS 25 OPEN BAR 50¢ TAPS	19 OPEN BAR 50¢ TAPS 26 OPEN BAR 50¢ TAPS	20 27 Coffee House CALL FOR MORE INFO: 562-7795	Express Coffee House Special 21 CALL FOR DETAILS 562-7795 28 BOBBY HUTCHERSON 2 SHOWS 9:00/11:30 $6.50	Linda Tillery WITH ADRIENNE TORF 22 HURRICANE PRODUCTIONS 7:30/10:00. 29

NOTES...

PLEASE NOTE BARNEY KESSEL REGRETTABLY CANCELLED HIS PERFORMANCE FOR THE 30th of September-Oct. 1. We hope to reschedule him at a later date.

THANKS TO ALL THE NEW & RENEWED MEMBERS FOR 1984: AS OF THIS DATE:

GLENN & LAURIE ASCH
BRIAN BAILLIE
RICK BERQUIST
JIM BREY
JOHN BROAN
WILSON BROWN
SAM BUDIONO
RON BUEGE
KEVIN CANNON
MR. & MRS. STEVE COHEN
BOB COOK
JOEL ENTRINGER
DAVID FORD
JIM FREY
NANCY & GLENN FROWIRTH
MRS. ELAINE FRUTH
DR. RODNEY FRUTH
TOM GEILFUSS
KIM GREHN
KAREN & NICK HERRIDER
LARRY & JANE HOOTKIN
LARRY JENKINS
WALTER JENKINS
TONY JENSEN
JOHN KELLEY
RICHARD KNOEDLER
SEYMOUR LEFCO
DR. VICTORIA LEWIN-FETTER
KEVIN LYNCH
MURIAL MCLEMORE
JIM MICHALSKI
GARY MOORE
DANIEL MOREY
LYNN MORGAN
RIP PRETAT
LINDA RAYMOND
CHARLES RICHARDSON
JANE ST. CLAIR
MARK SCHULTZ
JAN SELBY
JIM SIEVERT
MELVIN SOMMER
MICHAEL TURANY
DEJA VISHNY
WALTER WILSON

Special thanks to members who have offered additional support and services: SEYMOUR LEFCO, JIM GLYNN, STEVE TILTON, SCOTT & SHARON BLACK, BRIAN BAILLIE, JACK ROSENBURG AND BEN BARKIN.

November 1983

CALENDER OF EVENTS

932 c. CENTER 263-5718

MILWAUKEE JAZZ gallery
932 E. Center St. - Milwaukee, WI 53212

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
OCT. 30 Halloween Party NO COVER	OCT. 31 Jazz Jam NO COVER	1 Gallery	2 Id-door Sport 50¢ TAPS	'Wild One' 3 w/ Marlon Brando and Music	Jack Grassel 4 QUARTET 9:00 $2.00	EXPRESS 5 PRESENTS: BRANDO THE WILD ONE & FOLK ROCK MUSIC 9:00
Josh White 6 2 shows 7 & 10 pm $5.00 adv. $6.00 door	7 Jam NO COVER	8	9 Great Tapes!	XPRESS Music Film Art Poetry	11 JOHNNY GRIFFIN & EDDIE "LOCKJAW" DAVIS 9:00 $7.50	12
Liz Story 13 WYNDHAM HILL 8:00 $4.00	PAQUITO D'RIVERA 14 2 SHOWS 8:00 and 10:00 $7.50	15 Nights	16 EVERY TUESDAY/WEDNESDAY IN NOVEMBER	17 AVANT GARDE COFFEE HOUSE call 562-7795 for details	18 STANLEY JORDAN 9:00 $3.50	19
Paul Jeremiah 20 9:00 $3.50	21 Jazz Jam	22 CHESS, SCRABBLE, UNO, TIDDLY WINKS, CHECKERS AND INNUMERABLE MANUALLY OPERATED MARVELS FOR THE MIND MANQUÉ	23	24	25 LOU DONALDSON 9:00 $6.50	LOU DONALDSON CLINIC 26 3:30 $10
POETS: 27 Filmyr, Gallas, Meyers, Dale 9:00 $1.50	28 Jam NO COVER	29 hot apple cider $1.00 rails 50¢ taps 9:00 NO COVER	30		Happy Thanksgiving!	

notes...

NOTES: T-Shirts & Membership cards are in, and may be picked up at the JAZZ GALLERY on or after the Bobby Hutcherson show Oct. 28/29. If you are unable to stop in, please call 264-6250 and we'll make other arrangements.

LAST MONTH, both the Chicago Art Ensemble and McCoy Tyner were booked based on membership request. We are presently tabulating responses, and future booking policies will incorporate your suggestions, much appreciated.

If you are currently not a member, or wish to renew, please call 264-6250 and an application will be mailed to you. We need your support, very critically, to keep JAZZ ALIVE in Milwaukee!

THE JAZZ GALLERY WOULD LIKE TO WELCOME AND THANK NEW AND RENEWED MEMBERSHIPS OF OCTOBER:

ALIOTOS DISTRIBUTING INC.
EVA BERNSTEIN
KITTY BOHANNON
CATHY BRUSS
EDITH CARYL
HENERY CANNON
GARY CROISATIERE
SCOTT FLEISCHMANN
PETER GARDNER
JIM GERBER
JIM GOTZLER
GILBERT GUETZLAFF
CARL HEDMAN
SCOTT JACKSON
STANLEY JOHNSON
JULILLY KOHLER
RON LANG
SAM LEWIS
ANNE McCABE
HIROSHI NAKANISHI
JOHN PETRANYI
TIM REICHARDT
JOHN REISS
WILLIAM ROMBERG
DON REIGELMAN
JOHN STOLTZ
DON WALLACE

DANA ATKINS
ROBERT BLONDIS
BRUCE BOSTRO
TYRONE CART
JOYA CARYL
NATE CLARK
PATRICIA CZARNECKI
GEORGE GABRIEL
TOM GAWLE
WADE GILLON
KATHRYN GREEN
LARRY HAMLIN
FREDRIC & ANN HORWITZ
EUGENE JOHNSON
HUBERT KIMMEL
EDWIN KUCZYNSKI
RUSSELL LEEDY
PAUL LYNTS
ROBERT MITCHELL
PAMELA PATLA
RICHARD RADBIL
NORMA REID
LARRY ROBIN
KATHRYN ROUSE
JACK SNAVELY
A. WALLACE

PAT PETRY
PETER MARTIN
CHARLES DAVIS SR.

AL OBST
LINDA LUTZKE

AND A WELCOME TO A SPECIAL HONORARY MEMBER, McCOY TYNER.

tickets for all national jazz events now available at: Radio Doctors and Mainstream Records

DECEMBER 1983

CALENDER OF EVENTS

932 e. Center 263-5718

Milwaukee jazz gallery

912 E. Center St. Milwaukee, WI 53212

MONDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
JAZZ JAM 5	EXPRESS AVANT GARDE COFFEE HOUSE dark facade cabaret with scott drake 9:00 7	jack grasell quartet 9:00 2	$2.00 3	jazz school concert performance Concert performance featuring faculty & students. $1.50 9:00 pm 4
	james lee stanley 9:00 8	channel 10 presents: MILWAUKEE FOLK NIGHT to be videotaped: Larry Penn, David/Penny Fox, Will/Ann Schmid, Mike Wells, Alive and Pickin' & more. $2.00 9:00 p.m. 9	wisconsin connection RICHARD DAVIS with MANTE ELLIS BERKELY FUDGE JESSE HAUCK $6.00 9:00 pm 10	lyrics that ruined our lives 2:5 pm $3.00 mil. classic gituar soc. Holiday Party featuring performances by a variety of guitarists $3.00 7:30 pm 11
No Cover. Features HATTUSH ALEXANDER & DAVID RAZELTINE TRIO 9:00 pm. 12	TO BE SCHEDULED For information, call 562-7795 15	pan y poesia BREAD & POETRY BENEFIT FOR JANES by Feminist Writers Guild & CASC. A plethora of prominent poets & potent pleasures. Donations accepted. 7:00 pm 16	closed private party 17	ginny clemens BENEFIT FOR WOMAN'S PEACE ACTION. 7:00 pm $6.00/$6.50 in advance 18
JAZZ GALLERY CHRISTMAS PARTY & JAM Arrangements by Scott Black Ensemble. 9:00 pm. No cover. 19	22	christmas paranda 23 Christmas Party. Latin style featuring Latin ensemble CHARANDA dancing, latin food. $3.00 9:00pm	CLOSED THE JAZZ GALLERY STAFF WISHES ALL OUR MEMBERS & FRIENDS A EUPEPTIC & EUPHORIANT NEW YEAR! 24	CLOSED 25
JAZZ JAM 26	EXPRESS PRESENTS new rock music, performance art, poetry. each THURSDAY EVENING. 29	ben sidran trio The internationally recognized pianist accompanied by BILLY PETERSON & JOEL SPENCER $5.00 9:00 pm 30	a new year's eve all nite jam STEVE HALICK & MANTE ELLIS TRIO 9:3 pm $5.00 ALL NITE JAM 4 am and NO COVER! JAZZ 31	NEW YEAR

****

JAZZ SCHOOL

For the professional musician interested in advancing his/her improvisional skills.

JAZZ SCHOOL

Recognizes the jazz tradition as distinct from classical; employs key jazz principles and teaches you how to apply them in a condensed, efficient manner based upon the methods of such master player/educators as Barry Harris and David Baker.

Emphasis is upon practical application of techniques rather than a textbook approach consisting of academic theories and concepts.

****

All classes will be conducted in a participatory workshop setting, with rhythm section provided. Participants will bring their instruments and perform, and will be critiqued in accordance with each topic covered, to ensure ongoing comprehension and progress.

A number of recordings will be made during the course of the workshop. Each student will be given a tape of his/her preformance at the conclusion of the workshop. Cassettes will also be provided for relevant course material.

****

JAZZ SCHOOL

PRESENTS

In a unique, workshop setting, a pragmatic system to improve your playing through the following three classes:

■ APPLICATION OF THEORY IN JAZZ IMPROVISATION.

A systematic approach for understanding and incorporating the essential aspects of jazz theory in one's own playing and practice methods. Classes will feature hand-outs and specific practice techniques.

■ AURAL COMPREHENSION OF JAZZ SOLOS AND HARMONIC PROGRESSIONS

Focus on harmonic formulae, and aurally recognizing these in standards and jazz classics. In-class transcribing and performing of solos. Demonstration tapes provided to participants.

■ ENSEMBLE TECHNIQUE

Emphasis on ensemble playing; the interaction between the thythm section and soloist; time, phrasing, sound and performance of jazz classics and standards.

JAZZ SCHOOL also plans to bring in national jazz artists to conduct extra-curricular workshops. These will be open to the public, but offered on a priority basis to JAZZ SCHOOL participants at reduced rates.

PROFESSIONAL MUSICIANS workshop commence on Tuesday, Sept. 6, at the Mi Jazz Gallery, 932 East Center Street.

Classes will be offered on Mondays and day from 2:00 to 4:00 p.m. or Tues Thursday from 6:00 to 8:00 p.m. E Technique will be offered on Sunday 1:00 to 3:30 p.m. or 4:00 to 6:30 p.m.

Fee is $125 for the 12 week, 3 clas week session. Registration will take at the Milwaukee Jazz Gallery, 932 E. on Thursday through Sunday, August from 10:30 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. Late re tions will be accepted during the fi weeks of classes and a late fee of assessed.

Enrollment closes September 16th. For information or payment arrangements, call: 264-6250 or 961-1876.

INSTRUCTORS

SCOTT BLACK, acoustic bassist and t player. Visiting Asst. Professor of Studies, UWM, Spring 1983. Six years fessional playing experience in Ne City, where he assisted in the Barry Workshop on bass and performed wit Jefferies on Trumpet. Born in St. Scott attended Indiana State Unive where he formed close associations with Baker and Jamey Aebersold.

DAVID HAZELTINE, pianist, recently r ed from New York City, where he tour recorded with Jon Hendricks & Co., and with Curtis Fuller and the Junior Cook/ White Quintet, performing nightly in hattan with a variety of jazz artist cluding Frank Strozier and Gary A native Milwaukeean, David attende Wisconsin Conservatory of Music.

A BEGINNERS WORKSHOP will also be offered. For information on this or the PROFESSIONAL MUSICIANS WORKSHOP, please call or write:

Jazz School

932 East Center Street
Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53212

Phone: 264-6250
961-1876

Jazz Sch

presents

PROFESSIONAL MUSICIA WORKSHOP

A participatory curriculum conduct and directed toward working mus: focused upon mastering the improvis: skills of the classic jazz artists.