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JULY 23, 1970

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THE BIWEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

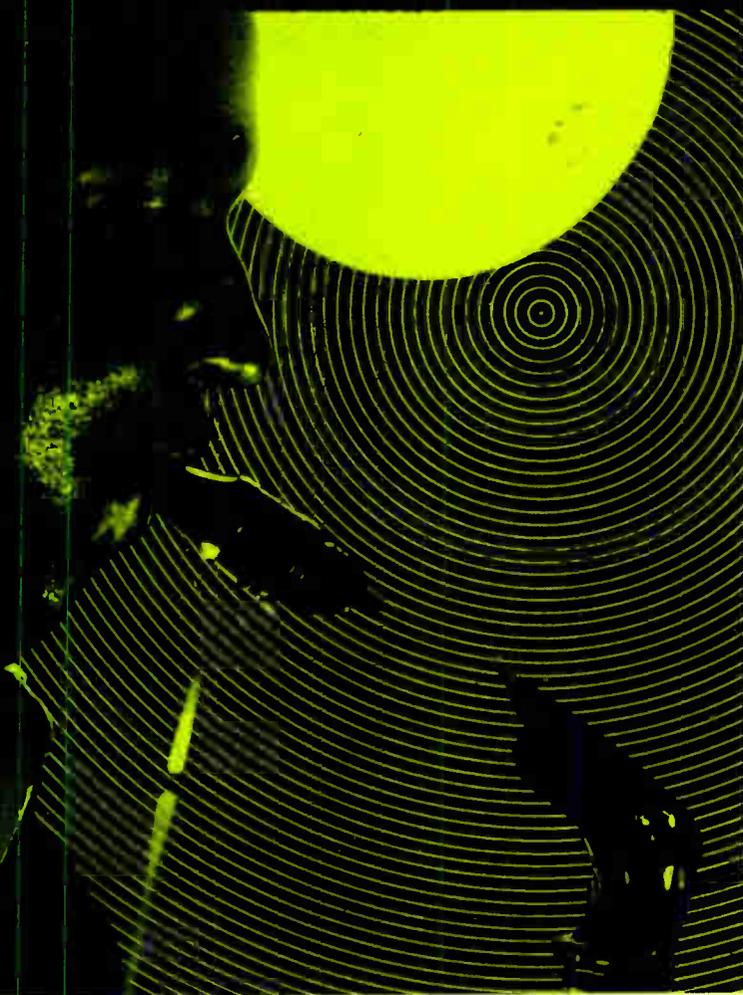
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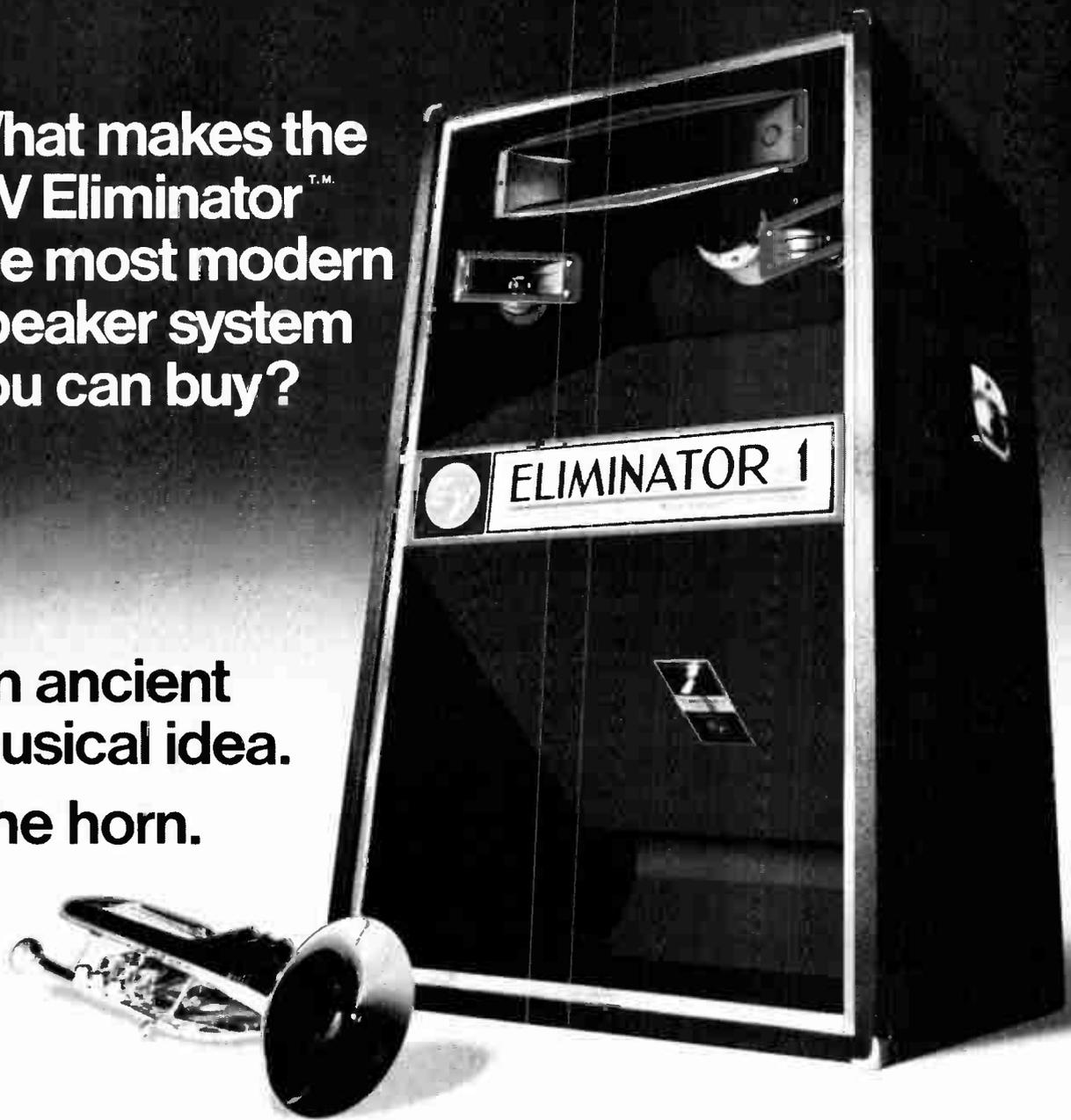
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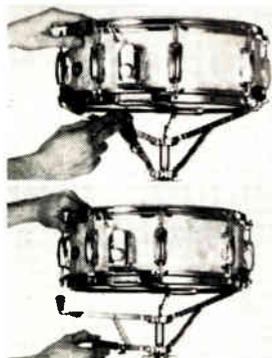
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4 DOWN BEAT

THE FIRST CHORUS

By CHARLES SUBER

RECENTLY SEVERAL NATIONAL "lay" magazines and large-circulation newspapers have been moved to write about jazz as a living and growing music in contrast to their jazz obituaries of the past few years. Albert Goldman in *Life* (May 29) devoted a full page to the *Great Jazz Revival*; Whitney Balliett in *The New Yorker* (May 15) went for 15 columns on the implications of the Mobile College Jazz Festival and its student practitioners; *Ebony* (May 1) featured *The Jazz Professor*, (Dave Baker) in four pages of prose and photos; and the *Washington Post* (May 17) allowed Allan Scott two full feature pages on *Jazz Is Alive & Well*. We commend them for their attention to jazz. It's a boon to all concerned.

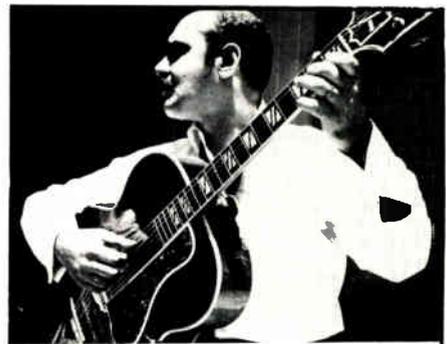
We also accept their present recognition of jazz as an implied compliment to the continuing editorial policies of *down beat*. And since this is our 36th anniversary (Vol. 1, No. 1 was published in July, 1934) we would like to restate some of these policies from the *First Chorus* of July 10, 1969. They are, to us, consistently relevant.

down beat is a jazz music magazine. *down beat* will remain a jazz music magazine as long as the word jazz stands for a continual source of creativity, musical excitement, and a strong sense of personal involvement. There are other ways and means to define jazz but the important thing to us is that jazz is so alive and responsive to the needs of people that we peg our editorial attention to it.

down beat will continue to use the word jazz principally in its musical sense. Its social and economic relevance will be commented on when clarification is necessary. Passing and transitory musical terms like rock/pop/soul will be used in *down beat* to communicate with its readers on the basis of what those terms mean to musicians at any given time. *down beat* must be sensitively aware of the nuances of musical communication.

We are preparing for only one certainty: that music will continue to be a mirror of our times. If we are now in the midst of revolution (or sharply accelerated evolution) then so too will our music be relevant to our aspirations and our actions. If today, or tomorrow, we see evidence of anarchy or nihilism, we will recognize it to be an angry, frustrated striking out against what some consider a repressive and non-responsive system. When a form or style of music mirrors that negation we will call it what it is. When some new (never really all new) music takes over the fancy of the mass public (fanned feverishly by Top 40 pitchmen), we will call that what it is. We want above all to remain good, responsible reporters.

It is obvious that technology will exert increasingly strong influence on the form and substance of future music. We don't mean just the increased use of electronic instruments and synthesizers. We also mean that new musical forms will inevitably match up with new cultural institutions. Our new technology is forcing a redefinition of what "work" is, and who is to be paid for "working" and how. As we change the classic definitions of "work" so will we change our understanding of what is "art".



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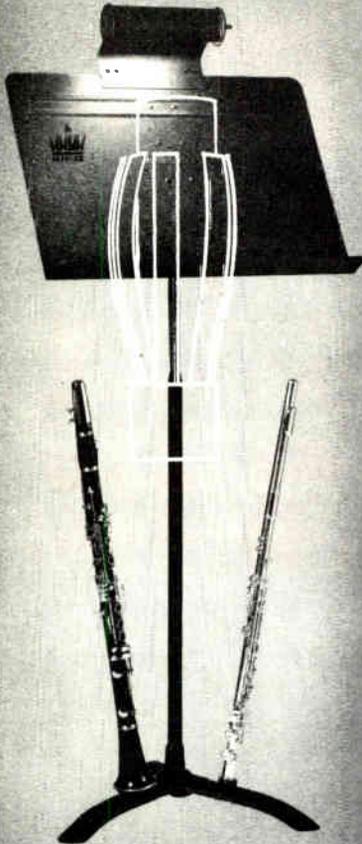


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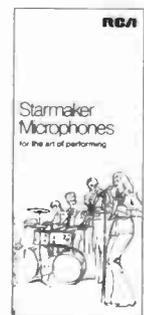
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A Forum For Readers

Short Count

I'm happy that Sonny Sharrock (db, June 11) plays better than he counts. He again and again refers to the eleven (11) notes of our tone system. My piano has twelve (12). Where is the lost tone?

John Rider

Fayetteville, N.C.

It Don't Mean a Thing . . .

Your reviewer of Duke Ellington's concerts in Sidney and Melbourne, Australia (db, April 16) seems to have been so overwhelmed that such a band should come to the jazz-starved continent that he was unable to write about it objectively.

While I admire his colorful tense-juggling and the facility with which he switches from first person singular to second person singular to first person plural (yet always remaining undeniably in the first person singular), I think it is a pity that he failed to notice, in Melbourne at least, that a hard core of genuine Ellington enthusiasts and local musicians were pretty disenchanted by it all. The funny hat routines, the inclusion of ridiculous material such as *Birth of the Blues* and the Basie *April in Paris*, valuable time given to a dreadful, hip-shaking vocalist—all these things irritated people who had waited a

long time for this band. Of course, the majority of the crowd at Melbourne cheered every note, especially Cat Anderson's out-of-the-register ones, and would have continued cheering if Ellington had announced a banjo solo. But the great moments were too few and a fair reviewer would have reported this.

As well as attending the Melbourne concerts, I was also one of the interrogators at the press conference there, at which—according to your reviewer—the great man almost lost his "monumental cool." This was not a happy affair, mainly because of Ellington's desire to read allusions to his age into every question, but it was not as terrible as Mr. Hughes' brief but not entirely accurate reference to it would indicate.

Grant Lockhart

United Kingdom

Statuary Reap

I usually enjoy Valerie Wilmer's writings, but in her open letter to Benny Carter, Leonard Feather, Floyd Levin, and Clark Terry in *Chords & Discords* (db, May 28), I feel that she cut up my hometown unfairly in the interest of getting off a good line.

Miss Wilmer admits that she has never been to New Orleans but states that if an Armstrong statue is erected, "future Orleanians will be able to point to it proudly for the edification of tourists, to bask in its shade, to let their dogs pee against it, and to marvel that a man who rose from such humble beginnings should

have merited a lump of stone in what db described as 'a proper site for the statue.'" This statement has considerable rhetorical swagger, but it is presumptuous, arrogant, and insulting. Take it back, Miss Wilmer.

I'm not saying that New Orleans has the grooviest racial climate ever or the best recreational program going, but I do believe that Miss Wilmer's letter, besides being unfair, is short-sighted. We could use a Louis Armstrong Adventure Playground. Very practical, very helpful. But a society's choice of symbols is pretty important, too, because its values are reflected, one way or another, in the individuals who are singled out for the special reverence of a monument.

Miss Wilmer says that "You sure as hell can't learn much from looking at a statue." Well, the statue of General Lee which has towered over a major traffic circle for decades has taught a lot—too much, in fact—to generations of black children about who carries the stick in New Orleans. Suppose Lee Circle were Armstrong Circle. Suppose Beauregard Square were officially re-named Congo Square, and a statue of Louis were placed there. Suppose an Armstrong monument were placed at the foot of Canal Street, visible from the river and from the city.

Compared to a monument that permanently symbolizes black and/or civic pride in New Orleans, an Armstrong playground would be a seat in the back of the bus.

Charles Suhor

New Orleans, La.



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Lonnie Johnson, the great veteran guitarist and singer, died of a stroke in Toronto, Canada, June 16. He had been ailing since suffering serious injuries when struck by a car on a Toronto street in March 1969.

Johnson's date of birth is uncertain; it was given by some sources as Feb. 8, 1889, others as 1894, and by himself as 1900. It is likely that he was at least in his late 70s.

Though he was best known as a blues man, Johnson's work, both as a singer and instrumentalist, was strongly rooted in jazz. Born in New Orleans, where he studied violin and guitar as a child, he formed an act with his brother James during World War I and later toured in vaudeville, playing London in 1919. He worked on the Mississippi riverboats with Charlie Creath's band, playing violin and guitar, settled in St. Louis, where he won a blues contest which led to a recording contract, and from 1925 to 1932 was one of the most prolific and popular artists on the OKeh label.

It was during this period that Johnson recorded with Louis Armstrong's Hot Five, Duke Ellington, and the Chocolate Dandies (McKinney's Cotton Pickers), and made a series of brilliant guitar duets with Eddie Lang.

From 1932 to '37, Johnson lived in Cleveland, working with pianist-singer Putney Dandridge and also doing radio work. He resumed recording in '37 (for Decca), switching to Bluebird two years later, and played with Johnny Dodds in Chicago. In 1940, he recorded with Dodds and Jimmie Noone.

In the mid-'40s, Johnson took up electric guitar and was active in the rhythm & blues field. He recorded for the King label, scoring one of the biggest hits of his career with *Tomorrow Night* in the late '40s. He toured England in 1952, his last good year until he was rediscovered doing menial work in Philadelphia in 1960 and began to record again. A series of albums for Prestige's Bluesville label led to steady engagements at Gerdes Folk City in New York (where he was reunited with old partner Victoria Spivey) and other clubs, and concert tours with the American Folk Blues Festival in Europe.

Several years ago, Johnson settled in Toronto, where he became a popular figure with the local blues and jazz crowd. After the accident in March '69, it was not believed he would be able to perform again. He was hospitalized with a broken hip for many months, and then transferred to a rest home. However, even though he was unable to play his guitar, he began to make guest appearances in local clubs, and on Feb. 23 received a standing ovation after singing two numbers at a Massey Hall blues concert. He was scheduled to appear at the Ann Arbor Blues Festival in August, and just prior to his death had

checked out of the rest home and rented a small apartment. It was there that a friend found him dead.

Though he was a masterful blues guitarist, Johnson was never quite comfortable with the label "blues artist." To the dis-



truss of blues purists, he insisted on performing ballads and pop tunes as well as blues, and his rather high, smooth tenor voice was indeed more suited for this kind of material than for authentic blues, even though he could be very convincing as an urban blues singer.

It was as an instrumentalist, however, that Johnson made his mark. His recordings with Armstrong (*Savoy Blues*, *Hotter Than That*, *I'm Not Rough*, *Mahogany Hall Stomp*) and Ellington (*The Mooche*, *Hot and Bothered*, *Misty Morning*), and the duets with Lang (*Bull Frog Moan*, *Have to Change Keys to Play These Blues*, etc.) are among the first truly swinging and solidly constructed jazz guitar solos on record. His rich sound, strong beat, melodic inventiveness, and alternation between single-line and chorded playing set the style for the future, along with Lang's pioneering work. He was also a brilliant accompanist to blues singers, as shown particularly in his work with Texas Alexander.

There are several fine guitar solos among his Decca recordings of the '30s, and a good one on Jimmie Noone's *Keystone Blues*. Of his LP recordings, *Blues and Ballads* (Prestige, with Elmer Snowden) is a charming example of his later playing and singing at its best. His violin can be heard on *Won't Don't Blues* with Charlie Creath.

Organist Earl Grant, 39, was killed June 11 when his Rolls Royce went out of control on a New Mexico highway. Grant was born in Idabel, Okla., became locally popular while a serviceman stationed at Fort Bliss, had several million-selling records to his credit, and was often seen on TV and in films.

D.C. JAZZ CONFERENCE DRAWS MUSIC NOTABLES

A "National Conference on Jazz," sponsored by the Left Bank Jazz Society of Washington, D.C., was held in the nation's capital June 5-7.

The conference included panel discussions, lectures, film showings, and concerts. Donald Byrd, Willie (The Lion) Smith, Julian Euell, Jimmy McPhail, Willis Conover, Rev. John Gensel and George London, program director of the Kennedy Center, were among the panelists.

The Elvin Jones Trio with guest Frank Foster, the Freddie Hubbard Quartet, and an all-star group led by Hank Mobley performed. A detailed report will follow in our next issue.

JAZZ SPARKS MIAMI MUSIC TRADE SHOW

The National Association of Music Merchants' annual convention and trade show, held in Miami Beach June 5-9, featured an array of well-known jazz artists in various contexts throughout the show.

Each day, CBS Musical Instruments presented two afternoon sessions at their exhibit area in the Miami Beach Convention Hall featuring Eddie Higgins, piano; Tommy Vig, malletron; Phil Upchurch, guitar; Carol Kaye, Fender bass, and Roy Burns, drums.

Also on hand at the show was organist Shirley Scott, who played for the Hammond Organ Co. at the Plaza Hotel June 7. But the biggest attraction in terms of attendance was the Buddy Rich big band, which performed to a huge crowd at the Slingerland Spectacular at the Hotel Fontainebleau's East Ballroom. The Rich crew, with the maestro's 16-year-old protege Donnie Osborne Jr. sitting in on drums, did a scintillating one-hour set.

POTPOURRI

Erroll Garner began his first South American tour July 7. It will include appearances in Caracas, Rio de Janeiro, Sao Paulo, Buenos Aires, Montevideo, and Santiago. The pianist goes directly from Rio to France, where he will be featured July 23 and 24 at Antibes and St. Tropez. Then it's on to Copenhagen, where Garner will headline at the Tivoli Gardens Aug. 1 through 15.

William Russo's *Three Pieces for Blues Band and Orchestra* will be performed at Tanglewood July 12 by Corky Siegel's Happy Year Band and the Boston Symphony. Siegel has previously done the work with the Chicago Symphony and the New York Philharmonic.

Dates for the Monterey Jazz Festival have been set for Sept. 18-20. Season tickets are on sale now, single tickets will

be available from Aug. 1. Program details will be announced later. For ticket info, write Monterey Jazz Festival, PO Box "Jazz", Monterey, CA 93940. For accommodations, contact the Monterey Peninsula Chamber of Commerce, PO Box 1770, as above.

The Second Annual Concord Summer Festival in the San Francisco Bay area will feature a jazz night on Aug. 23, highlighted by a reunion of Paul Desmond with old boss Dave Brubeck. Gerry Mulligan will also be hand, with Jack Six, bass, and Alan Dawson, drums in the backfield. Also on the program: Cal Tjader's quintet and the new John Handy group. For details, contact the festival at PO Box 845, Concord, CA 94520.

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: A beautiful concert was held in June at Carnegie Recital Hall featuring the Clifford Thornton New Art Ensemble (Thornton, cornet, valve trombone, shenai, percussion; Carlos Ward, alto, flute and percussion; Andy Gonzales, elec-

tric bass; Jerry Gonzales and Rashied Ali, double congas) with poet Jayne Cortez and the Rashied Ali Quartet (Ward, alto sax and flute; Fred Simmons, piano; and Stafford James, bass) . . . The Who gave the rock opera, *Tommy*, in the hallowed halls of the Metropolitan . . . Johnny Robinson and Patty Wicks continue at the Limelight Sunday nights in Greenwich Village . . . Charles Mingus played the Vanguard the week of June 2 and the Elvin Jones group came in June 9 . . . Miles Davis spent two weeks at the Village Gate. Then he shifted gears, went east in his Ferrari and did a guest stint with Laura Nyro June 17-20 at Fillmore East . . . Fillmore East's attractions have been varied. The extremely successful Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young did a whole sellout week June 2-7; Traffic with Stevie Winwood, Jim Capaldi and Chris Wood along with Fairport Convention did June 10-11; and Procul Harum went in June 12-13 . . . Nina Simone and Mongo Santamaria did a weekend at Fillmore East . . . Charles McPherson did a weekend at Diggs Den . . . Sun Ra is back at the Red Garter on Sundays for June . . . McCoy Tyner and Yusef Lateef gave

a concert at Town Hall. Reports say it was a great night for jazz . . . Hank Mobley is at Pee Wee's . . . The World's Greatest Jazz Band returned to the Roosevelt Grill June 2 . . . Billy Taylor, musical director of the *David Frost Show*, received an honorary Doctor of Music degree from Virginia State College . . . Dakota Staton continues at the Downbeat with the Norman Simmons Trio . . . Gene Krupa opened for two weeks at Plaza 9 in the Hotel Plaza—his first gig in New York in years . . . Sy Oliver's Lunceford and Dorsey sounds are steaming up the Riverboat through the 4th of July. It's a nine-man aggregation . . . Wild Bill Davison and his Jazz Giants did Uncle John's Straw Hat May 24 . . . Tyree Glenn's Quartet was at Trude Heller's through June 12 . . . Slug's presented the McCoy Tyner Quintet the week of June 2 followed by Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers on June 9 . . . B.B. King opened at the Royal Box of the Hotel Americana June 1. With B.B. was Carla Thomas, "Queen of Memphis Soul" . . . Tom Paxton did a two-week engagement at the Bitter End . . . James Spaulding and

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HIS LEGACY IS BEAUTY Feather's Nest

By LEONARD FEATHER

beauty, n. (fr. L. bellus, pretty + -ty). *A characteristic or combination of characteristics affording great sensory pleasure; extreme attractiveness and loveliness.*

As Santayana said, beauty, as we feel it, is something indescribable; what it is or what it means can never be said.

In music, though we can define beauty in dictionary terms, there may be endless arguments concerning its presence or absence in this or that performance. One man's beauty may be another's chaos. Only when the discussion turns to a Johnny Hodges can there be unanimity.

In retrospect, one thinks of Johnny Hodges as part of an indivisible team. The brief years he spent with other bands before joining Duke Ellington, even the four years he spent away from home during the early '50s, have been swallowed up by time.

During the early days, Hodges was one of the incomparable team of soloists for whom Ellington provided brief but elegant settings. Blues and stomps were his terrain; rarely, at least rarely on records, would he have more than 12, 16, or 32 bars in which to make a statement.

The transition that was to identify him as a messenger of beauty began in '38, when he had spent almost a full decade with the band. *I Let a Song Go out of My Heart* was the perfect medium for

Johnny's expression of his inner tenderness.

Written for that season's Cotton Club revue, the tune was, as Ellington ruefully recalled later, taken out of the show and replaced by a Hawaiian number. But the record established a new Hodges image. The long, gently held notes, the incredibly subtle glissandos, applied most often to melodies that were harmonically rich but melodically uncomplicated, became more and more closely identified with the Ellington-Hodges partnership. The team became a triumvirate when Billy Strayhorn began supplying the band and Hodges with mood pieces like *Passion Flower* and *Day Dream*, which provided perfect settings for his lyrical, tender caressing of a theme.

During these same years, the late '30s and the early '40s, Hodges began an unforgettable series of small combo sides, generally using the band's rhythm section (including Duke) and three other horns—Cootie Williams (later Ray Nance) Lawrence Brown, and Harry Carney.

Many of these were simple 32-bar riff themes or 12-bar blues put together informally by Duke or Johnny. *Jeep's Blues* became the forerunner in what was to become a long series of frameworks that displayed Johnny's unmatched mastery of melody-beauty-blues.

He was not a man to brag about his accomplishments, to hog the spotlight, or even display outwardly any of the emotion that must have welled up when the long-overdue honors were accorded him—the magazine poll victories, and the celebratory concerts and all-star records. Even when he finally embarked on the bandleading career that could have easily been his at any time in the preceding decade, I suspect he wore the robes of a leader less than comfortably and was a little surprised when *Castle Rock* turned out to be a hit in the rhythm-and-blues market.

It was my good fortune to work with him on a number of sessions in which he took part as leader or sideman. Not once did he come on like a star or exercise prerogatives that were surely his in terms of seniority and talent. On at least one occasion he voluntarily abstained from taking a solo on the ground that he was not familiar enough with the tune. A less humble man might well have said, "Let's junk this and do something else."

I remember once seeing him during that brief period in 1955, after his band had dissolved, when he spent a summer playing on a daily local television show in New York City. The situation was unnatural, the setting unworthy of him, yet I heard in him the same warmth and restrained power and grace that had marked every performance through the decades. His ship-without-a-sail status ended soon after when he went back to his alma mater.

Much was made of his unexpected sortie into the Lawrence Welk ranks in '66. But the venture meant more than was implied by those two names so oddly juxtaposed in the album; in effect it was Benny Carter and Dick Hazard and Marty Paich and nine other fine arrangers, affectionately providing him with arrangements, all superbly tailor-made.

Rumors flew, soon after, that Welk had offered him a fabulous salary to come off the road and settle down in Hollywood as a regular on the TV show. Whatever the terms, Hodges could not accept them. He had left the band once and by now knew too well what it was like to be away from his natural home.

Duke Ellington said: "Johnny Hodges has complete independence of expression. He says what he wants to say on the horn, and that is *it*. He says it in *his* language, from *his* perspective, which is specific, and you could say that his is pure artistry."

And pure beauty.



MOOG MODULATIONS: A SYMPOSIUM

by tam fiofiori

Though several different types of electronic synthesizers are currently in use, the most famous is certainly the one invented and manufactured by Robert A. Moog.

In the following composite interview, Tam Fiofiori talks with Moog himself and with Moog users Chris Swansen, Paul Bley and Annette Peacock, and Sun Ra.

Fiofiori: How do you define electronic music in terms of its sound qualities?

Moog: Right now, with the equipment that is available, you can make just about any sound that you can imagine. But in order to make music of them, you have to be able to manipulate the sounds, to control them, and assemble them one after the other. The most important thing that an instrument manufacturer can do is to supply instruments to musicians that enable them to as conveniently as possible to shape these sounds and produce them rapidly . . . and to assemble them. I hesitate to use the word "play" because that has traditional connotations, but for most musicians who are basically performers, play is more appropriate. Others—musicians who work in the studio with tape recorders—don't really play the music, but for them it is still important to be able to do everything as rapidly and conveniently as possible so that the instruments don't get in the way of their making music.

F: Do the musicians have to catch up with the new instruments in terms of technological advances?

M: Traditionally, they go along together. There has never been an abrupt breakthrough in musical instruments. Before there was a piano, there was the Mozart piano, Beethoven piano, the harpsichord, and before that, the clavichord . . . before there was such a thing as the violin, there was the viola and a whole series of instruments before that. The economic factor is that if someone comes along and introduces a musical instrument that nobody is familiar with at all—that has no continuity in its development—and that nobody is going to know what to do with, then it won't be sold and there would be no profit in making it. So electronic instruments have been developed in the same way. The Moog Synthesizer is a natural outgrowth of electronic music techniques that have preceded it for 20 years and even longer than that, and all we did is really pull a lot of things together that have been known for a long time. Future instruments that we may introduce will be direct descendants of the present line of synthesizers. We don't see ourselves as being that far ahead of the musicians.

F: Is it possible to define electronic music as being different, and if so, in what ways do the sound-qualities of the instrument differ from acoustical instruments?

M: We can look at electronic instruments as being another class of musical instruments, just as different from other traditional instruments, say, as wind instruments are different from string instruments. I don't think there is anything basically different in the sound of electronic instruments, so basically different that there is no common ground between them and traditional instruments. Theoretically, it is possible for electronic instruments as a group to make all of the sounds that traditional instruments now make. I say theoretically, because in practice that can be very difficult and there is no reason to

force the issue and use electronics to do everything. If you use electronic instruments, use them for what they are best suited for. Right now, we use traditional instruments to do what they are suited for, and divide a performing group into wind instruments, string instruments, percussion instruments.

F: What special advantage does the instrument put at the disposal of the musician in terms of how he actually creates new sounds and shapes these sounds?



Inventor Robert Moog (front) and composer Jonathan Weiss (seated).

M: One thing the traditional instruments have in common is that you have to put energy into them. You either have to blow them or pluck them or bow them, and part of the work you do is actually making the sound. In electronic equipment, it's the electronic circuits that make the sound and you can assume the role of shaper. You can devote all your energy to shaping sounds. The sounds can be as long as you want; they can be as short as you want. Not only can you shape things directly with your hands, say on a keyboard or ribbon controller, but you can also use electronic circuits to mechanically shape things in very precise and repeating patterns. Say, a well defined sequential pattern that you can set up on phone knobs. It's the ability to shape the sounds that really distinguishes electronic instruments. It's not the sounds' shapes themselves but the ability to shape them, the ability to work with them just like a sculptor works with clay. You can get any shape you want into any of the musical properties of the sound, the pitch, the loudness and the tone color.

F: By eliminating most of the physical burdens of playing an instrument, do you see the synthesizer as opening up a need to develop a more cerebral approach to music?

M: Yes, it might bring about a new approach. It hasn't been possible before this to regard sound as something to be shaped. Sound is something to be produced note by note. If you can start off with a block of sound and shape it, then you can regard sound as a sort of sculptural activity, as a mass, and put contours and shapes into it.

Up to now, sound has always been sort of architectural. The musician has had to construct the piece of music note by note; he's had to play one note, then another, and so on.

F: Would this allow for a wider scope in improvisation?

M: Definitely. I've heard pieces of music, some of which are improvisations in which there is no traditional rhythm or melody at all, where it's just a body of sound that's very rich and constantly changing. This is one of the most exciting areas of musical development. But we can't lose sight of the traditional values of music either. There is a great deal of importance in the idea that music reflects the inherent rhythms of the body, the pulse, the breathing; and in the most basic form as we know it now the music is song and dance, and song is simply an extension of the voice. We are born and go through life with the ability to respond to voice and voice-like sounds, to respond to rhythms which approach our natural heartbeat and breathing rhythms. If you listen to music, most of the rhythmic meters that you hear are about that rate, or centered about that rate. Very slow music is a little bit slower than our heartbeat and very fast music is a little bit faster than our heartbeat. When we go away from the idea of there having to be rhythm and there having to be a melody which is an extension of the voice, we need a lot of experimentation and real care for listening to make sure that we are doing the right thing.

F: Would you say there is any real correlation between brain and electrocardiograph patterns and the patterns musicians can produce on electronic instruments?

M: The parts of your body that you can most easily control are your voice and your hands. You can't control your ECG, the brain patterns you can only control in a gross sort of way . . . you can make it bigger or smaller but you can't begin to approach the control that you can exert with your hands, and as far as I'm concerned the fascination that some musicians have with brain waves is a freak and a trick thing and has nothing to do with really controlling music.

F: Why did you conceive the synthesizer as a keyboard instrument?

M: The keyboard is only one part of the instrument. There are other parts that can be used to control the instrument. Most musicians find the instrument very convenient because you can quickly and accurately pick out a certain pitch of tone color with the keyboard. Most of the commercial musicians are involved in playing some sort of pitch-pattern. Commercial music is conservative, by and large, so they find the keyboard useful for that, because they are familiar with it. Other musicians find the keyboard useful because it provides an ordered set of changes and they know how big the change is going to be before they actually play it. The keyboard is like a ruler . . . if you want to go one foot you use a one-foot ruler and if you want to go one octave you use the one octave part of the keyboard.

F: What are the changes in the instrument's performance when it is set up without a keyboard?

M: For certain types of music, especially the sculptural sort of music where there may not be any pitch or rhythm structure

the keyboard won't be necessary. The knobs can be used to get the slower types of variations just as well. I'm thinking in particular of Jonathan Weiss, one of the composers working in the studio now who rarely uses the keyboard. His music is a very slowly varying contoured sound, and for him, just the turning of a knob very slowly is easier than playing on the keyboard.

F: Is the instrument programmed for memory?

M: Some of the new ones are. That's the next step, to incorporate a memory into the instrument so that if the musician wants to pull out a pattern that he's played before or a set-up that gives a certain color, he can.

F: How will this relate to the sound permutations possible on the instrument?

M: In live performance, it should enable the musician to pull out a certain tone color immediately instead of having to take five or 10 or 30 minutes or one hour to set up in the studio. Of course, that is what you have to have in live performance.

F: Do you see the synthesizer at this stage of its development as a studio instrument?

M: As the synthesizer exists now, it should be a studio instrument because of all the changes you have to go through with the patch cords and the control knobs to get a different tone color . . . you can't do it conveniently on stage. There have been lots of live performances where the synthesizer has been used, but the performances have been built around the limitations of the instrument and this is a case now where the musicians are ahead of the instrument. Right now it's the instrument designers job to catch up and that is exactly what we are doing.

F: How do you see the role of the instrument within what might be called the new music?

M: I see the synthesizer and electronic music as performing a central and vital role in new music. It's already been done. In the last 20 years, musicians have been working away from pure pitch and more toward working with tone color as a musical value. It is much easier to work with tone color in an electronic instrument than it is within an acoustic instrument. In acoustic instruments, each instrument has its own characteristic tone color that you can shape a little bit. With the synthesizer or other electronic instruments, you can change a tone color continually from pure pitch to pure noise, from very bright to very mellow, from completely traditional to completely strange, and that's up to the musician.

F: Are there any special requisites a musician has to have to approach the instrument?

M: In a sense, no. He just has to have a basic understanding of how a synthesizer works, or, have a basic understanding of how sounds are put together. And in the new performance instruments that we are designing he will have to know a little about playing technique.

F: What sort of playing technique?

M: He'll use his hands to shape the sounds. A certain hand motion would correspond to sound changes. For instance, the keyboard would be touch-sensitive so that in addition to playing a given note you can also determine how loud a sound is going to be by the way you press the key and

you can even bend or change the note's pitch slightly by pushing the key from side to side. All these things he'll have to practice.

F: Does he have to be aware of the total capabilities of the instrument?

M: Well, the more he is aware, the more he'll be able to get out of it. I wouldn't say that the instrument is an open book from the first time you approach it. You do have to study it the same way you have to study the piano or any other valid musical instrument. It may take a couple of years to really get into it.

F: Is it difficult to keep up the instrument?

M: There's no periodical maintenance, like oiling a trumpet or putting on a new string on a violin. The instrument has to be tuned up once in a while, once every few months. There are certain electrical adjustments made inside to bring the instrument back to tune, just the same as a piano.

F: What's the relationship between the synthesizer, tape recorders and speakers?

M: The synthesizers produce the same sounds and if you connect the speakers directly to the synthesizer you can hear the sounds. The tape recorders are just used to record the sounds and a multitrack recorder is used to record many lines of sound, one at a time. They go together and you can't have one without the other in a tape studio . . . the synthesizer makes the sounds and the tape recorder puts them all together.

F: On a purely conventional level, can the synthesizer or electronic instruments make musicians obsolete?

M: No. I cannot see any musical instrument or any way of producing music making musicians obsolete because from any medium or any instrument you only get as much music out as a musician puts in on the musical instrument or the medium is just that . . . it is what has to go in between the musicians and the music, and if you don't have any musician on one end there is no way for music to come out of the other end.

F: So it's not like having a machine that could take the place of 10 people?

M: No, not when you stop to look at it. Take *Switched-On Bach*, because that's what got a lot of people upset. Here's Walter Carlos, one musician, and he did the work of 10 musicians. That's what people say, but when you look at it you see that he worked a year to do something that 10 musicians might have done in a week. So the total amount of work that was put into it was a lot more with electronic instruments than it is with traditional instruments, and I don't see that it could ever be less. What Carlos did was play each part, one at a time, and it can't take any less time than it would take a regular musician to play each part. In the long run it didn't save any time. It is just a different way of putting music together.

F: As someone who conceived the instrument, can you identify what you feel are successful realizations of the instrument?

M: Our idea of the instrument is not to do one particular type of music but to do as many as possible, and we see a lot of successful realizations in that way. You can't argue with the record sales and it is more than anyone else has ever done; that's in the classical field. In the country field, there is *Country Moog*, which I con-

sider as very very good for the sort of music it is. They've taken the synthesizer and worked with it so that they have the techniques down to make all the gestures and shapings that are typical of the country sound. I consider Chris Swansen's work as well . . . he doesn't like it to be called jazz but it's in the jazz-pop orientation . . . to be a good realization for the same reason. You can understand what the musician is after and you can acknowledge that he is a good musician and you can listen to what he has done and see that he has achieved what he is after. And Jonathan Weiss, who is a serious composer, has done some fine things which bear no relationship at all to traditional musical columns or dividing lines. I guess he is in the avant garde now, as he's done the sort of work that no one has ever done before. So here are four composers, and they are certainly not the only four. I consider them as having used the instrument properly because first of all they took the time to master the instrument, secondly they used the instrument in a way that is appropriate for the sort of music they were doing, and thirdly, they used discretion. If something didn't sound right instead of running it out and pushing it anyhow they threw it out and started all over again. To me these are the three most important things.

F: Is there a built-in device to prevent musicians from getting frustrated with the instrument?

M: No, but lots have. Some musicians have just junked it and gone to something else. The instrument requires involvement and a willingness to put in work. One of the most outstanding failures we've had was of a very successful pianist who had reached a point in his life where he figured he didn't have to work anymore at learning something new. He bought a synthesizer from us and he said in print a couple of times that it is a rich man's toy, because that's the way he looks at it.

F: Is there a guide book or method book to the Moog Synthesizer?

M: We have a very general and simple guide book now and every day we are working toward producing more detailed information . . . a sort of cookbook approach.

F: What will be the added features of the new synthesizer in terms of adaptability and performance capabilities?

M: There will be two lines of synthesizers, one designed for studio use with tape recorders and the other for live performance. The live performance instruments will have three very important features. One is a set of preset combinations, each of which corresponds to a tonal area that you can shape for variety in tone colors with your hands. The second thing is the ability to shape not only with the keyboard but with other touch sensitive areas on the instrument; to shape a tone color and its pitch and to shape the entire sound with hand motion and shape it continuously . . . you know, just to make hand gestures and have them result in something. And thirdly the instrument should be precise enough so that when you plug it in, turn it on and put your hands down, you know exactly what's going to come out. That's very important for a performance instrument. With a studio instrument, if you don't get it right the first

time you can rewind the tape and start all over again.

Chris Swansen, composer-arranger, trombonist.

Fiofori: How do you see the new areas of music the synthesizer has opened up?

Swansen: The possibilities are infinite, in the sense that it is a tool to harness the mind of the musician in realizing in sound—whether it be numerical sound or noise sound—whatever sound his mind likes, whatever forms he likes. And so each composer or each electronic music creator, who is in reality a composer and a performer and an electronic technician, can focus all these things into his music. The Moog Synthesizer is the immediate tool and is therefore capable of expressing an infinite number of new musics, each one representing the personality of the creator.

F: Would you say that musicians with a background of playing improvisational music are better equipped to approach the instrument and would be more sympathetic to its capabilities?

S: I think so, but up to this point I don't think that's been the fact. I think there is a tendency for people to think of electronic music as something that is a cerebral business or a matter of academia. Among the reasons for that is the fact that only the schools have the money to put in the equipment, either that or the jingle cats, who are about the only people who have been working with it. But I agree with the principle that the improvising musician is the guy whose mind is equipped to make use of all the things he's going to run into. I think it is our medium.

F: At this stage do you think that the musician is abreast, behind or ahead of the instrument?

S: It goes both ways. The instrument is ahead of the people in many ways because the people still haven't explored all the possibilities of the instrument. On the other hand, the things that a human mind can do are so infinitely more god-like and creative that the machine will never approach them. So that therefore the machine is in many many ways still unresponsive to certain expressions that a musician may want. On the other hand, every instrument is like that . . .

F: How do you see the relations between working in the studio and performing live with the instrument?

S: The reason I went into electronic music was to be able to create the music totally in the studio so I wouldn't have to depend on other people, and in doing that I got very lonesome because it's nice to get together with your friends and make music, which is what's happening when the best jazz is happening. I don't have nightmares about trying to get people to get the time conception that I want because the gap is gone . . . And I save all that phone-booth time and I can put it into my music. In that sense it is very satisfying, but it's still lonesome. Also, once the other musicians show up it's still nice to see them, it's nice to hear what they've got to say and react to it. So in that sense, the performance instrument thing is nicer than the studio instrument because you can get a bunch of people

together and really interact. But then again, you can interact with yourself. Every time you go into the studio you are a different person.

Paul Bley, composer-pianist, and his wife, **Annette Peacock**, composer and singer.

Bley: The business of the musician is sound. Acoustical instruments have reached, to a large extent, the end of their ability to produce new areas for an improvising musician. Now there is a direct link between the end of acoustic music from an aural point of view and the beginning of electronic music. We can make electronic music sound like acoustic music and we can make electronic music sound like far-out acoustic music or avant garde jazz acoustic music, but we can do some things now, or begin to do some things in a modest way, that acoustic instruments cannot do . . . What we've tried to do with the Bley-Peacock Synthesizer Show is work with musicians and with a written conception that flows directly out of our past recordings.

Peacock: We do have a new sound, whether we try for it or not. It is inherent in the instrument itself, so that's not a



Annette Peacock

concern anymore. What we are trying to do is give it shape and make music, as the medium is no good unless you have a conception and an approach to music. I think this is very important, and the instrument is an evolution for the group.

B: If you go to electronics to ask it for your conception you are going to be in trouble, because there are so many possibilities that you won't know what to do first. But if you are already trying to do something, then the one thing electronics will do is exaggerate what you want, and so in that sense make it ultra clear. We can now play for tremendous audiences, and what we want to do can be made clear to them. With acoustical instruments you are really into a chamber music situation. As to making changes in the music because of all the things that are available to us, all the modules on the Moog Synthesizer, we make the changes gradually so that we can absorb them as musicians. We don't just plunge in, throw all the buttons on and all the switches on and freak out. That's easy to do. As a singer, Annette now has another dimension open

to her. We like the musicians to be in control of what's happening, and each of the musicians to be in control of his thing so that when we play together we don't have somebody else controlling.

P: Well, that's not true to a certain extent, in that the charts are written and the arrangements . . . The musician is controlled to a certain extent because each person does not have a Moog synthesizer, so that's part of the arrangement and that's left up to the composer and the musician is completely controlled by relating to other people in the context of making music with other members of the band.

Aesthetically, to start with, the idea of putting instruments in the Moog Synthesizer is different from Moog's own conception. I think it is the more musical one. As a composer, I write basically the same way as arrangers and composers have done in the past and put it all together so that it blends and makes a beautiful composition. It's like a painting, in a sense, of sounds and personalities. . . .

B: There is no reason to make the synthesizer sound like an oboe player, because an oboe player sounds a lot better. The synthesizer has new sound possibilities. If we were using an oboe player we would let him sound like an oboe player, plus we would put a contact microphone on him and give him a whole lot of other things that he could choose if he liked them.

P: Basically, we use the synthesizer as a way to treat the instruments so that we can change their sounds essentially.

B: You have now on this instrument the ability for a keyboard player to play a single line, and Moog also has a polyphonic keyboard out now on which you can play more than one line and chords. That's for keyboard players. We are in a transition stage, since as a keyboard player I have in the past worked with other instruments—a drummer, bassist, singer, and a saxophonist. We are still retaining these various players, those who are willing to use contact microphones, and we are offering them the ability to extend the palette of sounds that they have naturally. They can use their natural sounds plus other things, so that they meet the Moog synthesizer on its own musical terrain. Eventually, the various instruments, like the trumpet and saxophone, will change because as the players grow to enjoy the electronic part of their instrument, the instruments will be rebuilt. It is a question of the players themselves having their ears expanded. The one thing about electronics is that anything you can dream up will happen.

P: But you have to invent your own instrument, like I do with my voice. It wasn't set up to be programmed for anything else to go in and I had to invent it and the foot pedals I have plugged into the synthesizer act like my keyboard.

B: From an aural point of view, we found that mixing acoustic and electric wasn't satisfactory. Everybody should at least have contact microphone amplification from a volume point of view. In acoustic music, the drummer was the loudest player. We can get very very loud if we want to, and

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OLIVER'S NEW TWIST by Harvey Siders

THERE ARE CATS in this business who are content to remain in the same comfortable groove. Then there's Oliver Nelson—always inquisitive, forever experimenting and pushing himself (taking his followers with him) towards challenging horizons that require new thinking, new values and even a new vocabulary.

The vocabulary in which Nelson is currently steeped consists of swinging phrases such as sequential tone control, sine waves, Hertzian waves, triangular waves, modules, oscillator bank, and various other household expressions that serve notice on future generations of musicians to plug in, switch on, or ship out.

The reason for the warning stems from the fact that Oliver Nelson was the first on his block to get a Moog Synthesizer. (I say *block*, not *neighborhood*, because nearby Benny Golson has also joined the costly cathode club.) The catalyst for the new venture was Quincy Jones, who had a film-for-TV scoring assignment two years ago. Nelson accompanied Jones to Paul Beaver's home, where they received their first awesome insight to the electronic wonderland devised by Robert Moog.

Beaver—an electronic wizard who gives concerts and teaches electronic music—is Moog's western representative. Nelson, completely entranced by the new technology, knew he'd have to have a synthesizer of his own.

It was not the kind of "impulse buying" that one indulges in at the checkout counter of a supermarket. Impulse doesn't usually enter into a \$9,000 decision! Behind Nelson's resolve was a philosophy firmly rooted in innovation and dedicated to a thrust away from the orbit of tonality. The thrust carried him to the small town of Trumansburg, N.Y., about 10 miles north of Ithaca—home of Cornell University. Moog has his factory in Trumansburg, and it was there, this past March, that Nelson consummated the deal.

Three console complements were shipped to Los Angeles and along with them a schematic that would scare Greg Morris of *Mission: Impossible*. Nelson called Trumansburg, and received the necessary instructions for installation, and before you could say "Moog rhymes with vogue," the monster was synthesizing all over the second floor studio of the rambling Nelson home.

I asked if View Park (the hillside community in Los Angeles where Oliver's neighbors include Ike and Tina Turner, Ray Charles and Nancy Wilson) had experienced any power failures since Oliver plugged in his Moog. "No, I took care of that right away. I hooked up a separate power system just for the synthesizer."

Fortunately, Nelson is self-sufficient—not only to psyche schematics, but to repair his blinking behemoth. "It's a good thing, too, 'cause Beaver gets \$75 an hour. That's his fee. I called him when I first got the Moog, but I couldn't help feeling he was reluctant to assist. I get the impression he considers anyone with a Moog in direct competition with him."

Nelson shrugged it off as a minor irritant. Nothing can dampen the enthusiasm with which he approaches the Moog and its infinite varieties. "I have an assignment coming up shortly to score a 30-minute

film that will be used for a video cassette demo. That means I'll have to learn as much as possible about the sounds I can create. But there are always interruptions (the kind of interruptions that help pay for a Moog): since I got the Moog, I've scored three segments of *Ironsides* and I arranged a record date for Louis Armstrong—plus what turned out to be Johnny Hodges' last session.

"I've got to devote more time to it. It will take me a few more months to really get it under control. There are unlimited possibilities—all waiting to be realized. The real challenge is to free my thinking from tonality. Western musicians are prisoners of the tempered scale. Conventional instruments are so limiting because of the natural harmonic series. But the Moog has really opened my eyes and my ears."

If tonality was one of his past hangups, pure electronic sound could prove to be a different kind of headache in the future. As Nelson phrased it, "we're being thrown into deep waters. First of all there's the union problem: not only the musicians' union, but other unions. For example, I can score a *complete* movie with my Moog. I don't need any conventional instruments at all. This *could* put musicians out of work. Secondly, I can simulate any conceivable sound—like a door opening or a pen dropping, or footsteps. Now how will the union that protects the sound effects men react to that?"

"And another problem is the copyright law, which is desperately in need of updating. How can I copyright anything I create with the Moog? The Copyright Office will not register anything unless it is notated. Now how can you notate electronic sounds?"

For his own purposes of research, Oliver has come up with a quasi-notation that he puts down on what looks like blank schematic diagrams. By jotting down various combinations of patches and dial twisting, he has accumulated a reference file so that he can duplicate any procedure without resorting to trial and error. He showed me one Rube Goldberg sketch entitled "Meow", which may sound ludicrous, but it serves to point out the scientific seriousness with which Nelson is mastering the Moog.

"I've learned so much about my own writing from this. I had always thought I was a high fidelity composer, but thanks to these sensitive meters, I found I seldom went above 6,000 cycles. It was quite a

revelation. Now I intend to be a 'full-frequency' writer, and explore those areas above and below the comfortable middle register."

Whatever he creates will also steer clear of the comfortable Moog novelties now flooding the record racks. "You know, I'll bet Robert Moog is disappointed. He didn't create his masterpiece for things like *Switched-On Bach*. It's like people saying to me; 'can you give me a flute sound?' Well if that's what they want, then why don't they go hire a flutist? The Moog is for new sounds, new thinking, and a totally new vocabulary. And it all seems so natural to me, pushing ahead.

"It may not be superior to the human element, but if you want a consistent, mechanically perfect sound, then the Moog is superior. It's just *too* accurate to be emotional." But, one wonders, how can the Moog then be applied to jazz—especially in terms of spontaneity?

"Well, to sit down and improvise at the Moog—I don't know," Nelson said. "Perhaps it could be done, but you'd need an oscillator bank assistant (tantamount to a space-age page-turner). Jazz players could master it, once they master the vocabulary. But for 'real time' (Nelson's favorite synonym for 'doin' it right there . . . spontaneity') you need a great deal of flexibility. For example, you could sort of 'program' something, then play against that for real time. You could start off with an envelope (a rhythmic series akin to an *ostinato*, but known in Moogland as an 'attack') then play one of the two keyboards. But of course, that locks you into tonality.

"I could lay down rhythmic and harmonic tracks and put them on three tracks of a four-track tape. Then I could overdub my soprano. There's really no limit. Creativity will be determined by talent."

Music-minus-three aside, and all the weird science fiction *portamento* sounds aside, the Moog has pushed musical horizons completely out of sight. It's not a toy. Oliver's seven-year old son would agree to that. He refuses to venture into the studio since his initial encounter with the blinking lights and eerie reverberations.

Surely Nelson will tell you it's not a toy. Not for *that* price. He'll master its technology and produce works in an atonal limbo that will reflect the same craftsmanship that secured his well-tempered reputation. 

CHARLES STEWART



Plugged-In Bill Smith

by Alan Surpin

WHO'S AFRAID of big, bad electronics?

The answer, among jazz musicians, ranges from coolness from the veterans to guarded fascination from many a contemporary innovator.

One reed player, renowned among jazz fans and the popular music herd, was asked what an amplifier would have done to Lester Young's sound. "Heresy," he retorted.

Bill Smith—clarinetist, composer, teacher (he directs a workshop and teaches a course in the history of jazz at the Univ. of Washington in Seattle) and member of the original Dave Brubeck Octet—doesn't see the evil in the circuitry.

"Whether we like it or not, we're faced with electronics," he said. "I happen to like it myself. I feel that whatever new comes up in the electronics field that could be useful to broaden my musical possibilities is something I want to look into and explore. I want to see what I can do with it."

Smith's introduction to the world of oscillators, resistors, transistors, and—according to one jazz buff who goes back to the days of the Edison cylinder—"all those damn tiny tubes that are going to replace us all," was in the early '60s when Otto Luening invited him to work at the Columbia-Princeton Electronic Music Center in New York City.

"I did a piece called *Duo for Clarinet and Recorded Clarinet* in which I experimented with all the possibilities the engineer could show me for transforming clarinet sounds into other kinds of sounds," Smith explained. Most of the tape recording doesn't sound like the clarinet. I used various techniques to transform the original sound. Among them were playing notes and then editing them so the attack and release were cut out; all you have remaining is the middle of the tone, so it's disguised. Then we experimented with putting those sounds up or down an octave and also using an echo chamber or filters to produce a wide variety of tonal colors."

At about the same time, Smith heard a composition for flute in which the player used double stops. This is a technique for sounding two notes simultaneously on a wind instrument. It is an extremely difficult feat, but Smith had been using it, as well as techniques to extend the range of the clarinet.

"When I heard the flute player doing double stops," said Smith, "I was astonished and thought that if you could do it on the flute, why not on the clarinet. So I began working on it. So the two things (electronics, double stops) both happened at about the same time. And in both instances I began to see that there were many other possibilities other than the traditional clarinet sound. These could be either the result of the way one performed the instrument or the way electronics was used to manipulate the sound."

In 1963, Smith was directing the electronics laboratory at the American Academy of Music in Rome, Italy. Supervising the installation of electronic equipment was a Russian-born sound engineer named

Paul Ketoff. Out of discussions with Smith and other members of the staff came a synthesizer from Ketoff that was dubbed Synket.

"It was originally designed," said Smith, "to produce electronic sounds for the production of tape recordings. But it was so compact and easy to manipulate (the Synket is about the size of an alto saxophone case) that we decided to use it in live performances. It opened up a whole new avenue to explore."

The Synket can be preset to produce its own compositions or transform the sounds of a traditional instrument—such as a clarinet—into new rhythms and tonal colors that are quite different from those that have been fed into it. Used with a live player, the Synket offers a new set of performing experiences for the musician and audience. The Synket can play itself or be played—on three keyboards—by a musician who, by setting the proper dials,



GEORGE AVAKIAN

can produce a variety of sounds anywhere within the range of human hearing.

"The Synket is close to an organ in some respects," Smith said. "But if you can imagine an organ with an infinite number of tonal colorings, this probably comes closest to describing the essence of the instrument. In addition, it has the various coloristic effects, as in rhythmic variation and changing of tonal colors during the course of a melody. This way a composition may start out sounding like it was being played by an oboe, then in the middle like a flute, a clarinet, maybe a trumpet, and so on."

The limits of the Synket, according to some composers who have used it, are defined only by the user's imagination. In range and effects it goes far beyond what traditional instruments are capable of producing.

The use of the tape recorder in live

performances has become standard procedure for Smith. He has used such techniques as recording at one speed and playing back at another, playing recorded portions backwards, creating "layer cakes" of sound by superimposing line after line of improvisation—the limit is usually eight to nine lines before distortion becomes a major problem.

Another device in Smith's electronics grab bag is the Dynachord Mini.

"It's a superecho device," he said, "that consists of a loop of tape with adjustable recording and playback heads. I can play chords by playing three short single notes, which will be sustained by the echo device for as long as I want. The adjustable heads make it possible to do such things as play duets with myself."

The use of electronic aids has a number of implications for the traditional makeup of jazz groups and their player interaction.

"Instead of working committee style, as a normal jazz group does, there's only one person doing all the improvising," said Smith. "It's like a painter building his own characteristic stroke and ideas into the whole endeavor. Instead of responding and interacting with what other musicians are doing, you can plan ahead and know what is going to happen."

Smith is also using a wind-instrument amplifier that has divider circuits and tonal variation filters that can be used with it. The dividers enable him to play a line with an accompaniment one octave higher, one or two octaves lower, or all three simultaneously.

"The unit," he said, "has a good filter device so the clarinet sound can be made to sound like an oboe or have a velvet quality. There's also a foot switch that allows me to go from one tonal color to another. This is especially interesting. I can set the control unit to produce a deep sound and use the foot pedal to produce a high, reedy sound. This, coming out of two speakers, can permit me to carry on a musical conversation with myself using two completely different tonal colors."

Smith explained that he uses the amplifier "as a means of getting the same sound as I do on recordings. This is the sound I want, and the only way I can get it is with some system of amplification. Also, when playing with a group—for my own comfort and that of the rhythm section—I prefer to play with an amplified clarinet."

Smith continues to enjoy just getting out and blowing and has no intention of completely abandoning the use of other musicians in his voyages into the electronic world.

"I think that it's pretty commonly agreed that to go to a concert and look at a loudspeaker is not particularly enjoyable," he said. "It would be better if purely electronic music compositions were listened to in the comfort of one's living room. There's no need to go out to a concert hall to listen to a recording. Electronic music is more interesting when there's a live element."

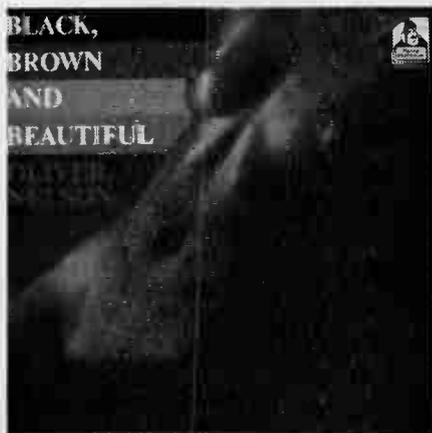
Oliver Nelson's Black, Brown and Beautiful is Beautiful!



From Duke Ellington's *Black, Brown and Beige* and *Harlem Air-Shaft* to Archie Shepp's *Malcolm, Malcolm — Semper Malcolm*, the art music of Afro-America—"jazz," to you —has been in the forefront of the liberation struggle. So it is with composer/saxophonist/leader Oliver Nelson. His earlier *Afro-American Sketches* marked him as a man concerned with distilling the heritage of Black Americans in musical form. Here, he expands and continues that thrust, his art honed to razor sharpness by the events

of the past decade (not least the exchange of shots between pigs and ghetto insurrectionaries that open the

album). "*Black, Brown and Beautiful* is the way I feel about my people. All of them," Oliver Nelson writes. It tells.



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record REVIEWS

BOOKER T. & THE M.G.'S

McLemore Avenue—Stax STS-2027: (Medley): *Golden Slumbers; Carry That Weight; The End; Here Comes the Sun, Come Together; Something* (Medley): *Because; You Never Give Me Your Money; (Medley): Sun King; Mean Mr. Mustard; Polythene Pam; She Came in Through the Bathroom Window; I Want You; She's So Heavy.*

Personnel: Booker T., piano, organ; Steve Cropper, guitar; Duck Dunn, bass; Al Jackson, drums.

Rating: ★★★

I recall I once adored *Sunny* and *Look of Love* and even *Shadow of Your Smile*, but that was before the agony of commercial butchery happened, before those fine songs met the fate of all hit records: to be sterilized at the throat of jive squawlers like Jerry Vale or Aliza Kashi or (the Muse protect us!) Wayne Newton. And if any composers have suffered such aesthetic homicides, the Beatles must surely have suffered most of all—because when Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme copacabanize Lennon-McCartney love ballads, the result is as violent to the music as it is embarrassing, with a ditto for all degradation by the 1001 Strings and similar Muzak ilk, not to forget the lovely Andy Williams.

And yet I cannot wholly anathemize popular reinterpretation, because now and then a special artist does evoke new spirit from even the most worn material, even at times eclipsing the original (as witness Isaac Hayes' *Something* or Joe Cocker's *With a Little Help from My Friends* or George Benson's entire *The Other Side of Abbey Road*). And though the M.G.'s current *Abbey Road* adventure cannot compete as the ultimate revitalized Beatles, the date is nonetheless pleasantly engaging and certainly more musical than the inevitable horde of Moog and/or sitar and/or country & western versions no doubt on the way.

As always, the quartet's unity is remarkable, and surprisingly the arrangements are much less funky than one might expect from such champion r&b cooks. Expertly urged by the rhythmic precision of Dunn and Jackson (the latter easily the master time keeper), the tasty keyboard and guitar excursions of Booker and Cropper well glorify the eccentric rhapsodies which mark *Abbey Road*, especially moving on a romantic-cum-swinging *Something*, a sensuous *Because* and *Sun King*, and an ultra-down home *Come Together*.

By far the most charming instrumental pop album lately, *McLemore Avenue* should be caught as soon as possible . . . while the tunes are still enjoyable.

—Bourne

CHICAGO

CHICAGO—Columbia KGP 24: *Moving In; The Road; Poem for the People; In the Country; Wake Up Sunshine* (1. *Make Me Smile* 2.

Records are reviewed by Chris Albertson, Mike Bourne, Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Alan Heineman, Wayne Jones, John Litweiler, John McDonough, Dan Morgenstern, Don Nelsen, Harvey Pekar, Harvey Siders, Carol Sloane, and Jim Szantor.

Reviews are signed by the writers.

Ratings are: ★★★★★ excellent, ★★★★ very good, ★★★ good, ★★ fair, ★ poor.

Recordings marked db/RC are available for purchase through the down beat/RECORD CLUB.

(For membership information see details elsewhere in this issue or write to down beat/RECORD CLUB, 222 W. Adams, Chicago, IL 60606)

So Much to Say; So Much to Give 3. *Anxiety's Moment* 4. *West Virginia Fantasies* 5. *Colour My World* 6. *To Be Free* 7. *Now More Than Ever*; *Fancy Colours*; 25 or 6 to 4; *Prelude* (1. AM Mourning 2. PM Mourning); *Memories of Love; It Better End Soon; Where Do We Go From Here?*

Personnel: Lee Loughnane, trumpet, vocals; Jim Pankow, trombone; Walter Parazaider, woodwinds, vocals; Terry Kath, guitar, lead vocals; Robert Lamm, piano, organ, lead vocals; Peter Cetera, electric bass, lead vocals; Daniel Seraphine, drums.

Rating: ★★★½

This double album by Chicago (*ne* Chicago Transit Authority) is every bit as good as the first, down to the last detail. Which is the problem with it: too many similar details. Same sorts of tempo and accent shifts, same horn voicings, same delivery. (Compare the vocal on *Make Me Smile*, and the song, for that matter, to *August 28, 1968*, as an example.)

But in fact, there is one major difference between the two releases which works against the second: the burden has shifted even more toward the horns; guitar and rhythm have less prominence, which vitiates some of the rock qualities that made the first album such an impressive new sound. You have to wait until the fourth cut on side one even to realize there's a guitar around.

All that having been said, it should be added that there is some brilliant music here. *Poem* is a beautiful number, leading off with a wistful piano interlude, followed by a poignantly charted dirge by the horns. A ritard, then into double time, then back to the slow rhythm for the vocal, followed by instrumental passages alternating between meters of 4, 5 and 6. Vocal reprise, and Pankow's trombone takes the ensemble out. (Pankow continues to show signs of becoming one of the major horn players of this branch of the new music.)

Not too much happens during the rest of the seven-part sequence until *World*, a compelling horn chart by Pankow replete with many shadings and textures and voicings, and sharply, crisply performed by the band. This section gives way to an effective unison statement by guitar and organ, which are then joined by horns in a fugue of sorts. The next part, *Free*, is a pretty ballad rendered convincingly by Parazaider on flute, followed by *Ever*, which begins in a tough 6/8 and ends by reprising *Smile*.

Side 3 begins with *Colours*: a vocal in 4/4 preceded by tinkling wind chimes, then a bouncy instrumental passage in 3/4 climaxed with a new vocal in that meter. The cut ends, unfortunately, with a suspended chord played by all, punctuated sporadically by cymbal and bass drum explosions. One gets the idea after the first few moments, but the chord is held and held and held. . . .

Prelude has a pastoral intro. Parazaider

solos on flute over arco strings (celli and violins, probably—uncredited), after which the chart becomes lush and the strings dominate, until the horns and percussion enter and end the section suddenly. Pankow's trombone is featured in the next section with the other horns providing a light cushion. What sounds like French horns take over, with staccato strings underneath. A new section begins, a lively, syncopated jazz-rock amalgam which builds but is concluded too suddenly. The flute returns, snaking over diminishing ensemble support, and this segues into *Memories*, a vocal with a backdrop of pizzicato strings.

This three-part composition and the six-part on side 2 are genuinely excellent. Sides 1 and 4 are only mediocre, though there are some individual bright spots. (Lamm is a fine pianist, albeit occasionally self-indulgent.) *It Better*, for example, is incredibly cliched and wildly too long. The song's concept cries for a dramatic build, but none is forthcoming. And *Go From Here* sounds like what Chicago usually sounds like.

This band plays supremely well together, and has some first-rate talent and no hacks in it. There seems to be nothing Chicago might not do, if the guiding intelligence remains and grows. If there's a weak link at all, it is the vocals, which are adequate but nothing special.

It isn't enough, however, simply to have a new and exciting sound. That sound has to grow and develop, and on too many places in these cuts, it seems, rather, to be atrophying.

—Heineman

DICK HYMAN

CONCERTO ELECTRO—Command 951-S: *The Dick Hyman Piano Concerto* (Three movements plus two alternative cadenzas).

Personnel includes Mel Davis, trumpet; David Nadien, George Ockner, violin (concert masters); Hyman, Baldwin electronic piano; Tony Motola, guitar; Bob Haggart, electric bass; Bobby Rosengarden, drums; Nick Perito, conductor.

No Rating

Dick Hyman began his career as a promising jazz pianist, then increasingly turned to studio work, at which he has been extremely successful. In this ambitious composition, there is more of the latter aspect of Hyman than of the former.

From a technical standpoint, Hyman is most proficient. His playing is clean, exceptionally well articulated, and always sure. He makes the Baldwin electronic sound like a real piano, which is what it's supposed to do. Don't look for electronic effects here. The recording is superb; the finale of the first movement will bring out all the juice your stereo has to offer. The playing of the crack studio orchestra is polished and proficient.

Entrance. Edgar Winter.



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Now Edgar has done his first album for Epic Records. In it he wails and moans

and scats and floats and screams and croons. On sax, organ, piano. And vocals. With "Entrance," Edgar's writing explores areas of music that others are just now picking up on. It's a symphonette plus songs that fuse jazz/rock as much influenced by Miles and Trane as by Blood Sweat & Co. But it's all Edgar Winter. And it's just a part of Edgar Winter. Entrance. Like nobody you've ever heard.

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Remember those Hollywood movies where the hero had to play in a jazz (swing?) band for a living, but always worked on his "concerto" during the breaks and after the gig when the other cats in the band were out balling? He always got the girl, of course, and in the end his magnum opus was performed at Carnegie Hall and his old mother would cry while thousands cheered.

Well, that's exactly the kind of concerto this is, except there's more of it (the movies didn't have 27:42 to spare on the music, which was usually by Leith Stevens anyway).

I'm a very eclectic listener. I love all kinds of jazz from New Orleans to New Music; I love all kinds of blues; I love all kinds of classical music from Vivaldi to Berg. I love Gershwin, too, and good rock and good popular songs. The only music I truly dislike is a certain kind in a category all by itself. Call it Muzak music, if you will; manufactured, pretentious, and intrinsically void of originality or feeling.

I don't want to heap abuse on this piece: it's better than most of the kind. If you like second-hand Gershwin, frequent and predictable climaxes, themes that sound vaguely familiar, grand-gesture flourishes (pianistic and orchestral) borrowed from the late romantics, and a few blues licks and rock rhythms thrown in to make it contemporary, you'll love this. If you cried along with the hero's mom in those old movies, this is for you.

To each his own. I've got the Dick Hyman I want on some side he made with Roy Eldridge and Zoot Sims almost 20 years ago, and I'll always remember him on a strange set out in the New York mountains one night with Tony Scott in the mid-'60s, when he played his toches off. This Dick Hyman I'd rather forget.

The very impressed liner notes say that the composer was a bit miffed after the session. "After all the time and effort I spent getting the rest of the concerto down on paper," he is quoted, "I received the most congratulations from the other musicians for those three cadenzas—which I just played off the top of my head." There's a message there. Take it from the top, Dick. —*Morgenstern*

ERIC KLOSS

TO HEAR IS TO SEE—Prestige 7689: *To Hear Is To See; The Kingdom Within; Stone Groove; Children of the Morning; Cynara*.

Personnel: Kloss; alto, tenor saxophone; Chick Corea, electric piano; Dave Holland, bass; Jack DeJohnette, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

Kloss is a remarkable musician to whom the phrase "young veteran" can be aptly applied. Backed by Miles Davis' rhythm section in a set of often unusually-structured originals, he comes off as a vigorous, inventive, and most facile performer on both alto and tenor.

One of the primary characteristics of his playing here is a sort of relaxed yet tense and often humorous approach to improvisation with the outside door left ajar. Many of his best moments result from the catalytic contributions of Corea and DeJohnette. But then, who could fail to be spurred by the electricity they generate?

Children finds Kloss' alto sounding re-

markably like Bunky Green. His multinode solo, though, is strictly his own invention, and though complex, hangs together beautifully. Corea plays a provocative electric piano solo and Kloss returns with a feverish postscript.

Kloss overdubs his original tenor line one third below for an interesting touch on *Cynara*—one that perhaps should be considered more often on one-hornman dates—but only if the harmonic potential of the material is enhanced. I'm partial to Corea's acoustic piano work—he seems more melodically oriented. But the electric piano has enormous potential in the new music and Corea is perhaps its best exponent. Though he holds my interest on whichever instrument he's using, all factors considered, his *Cynara* solo is his best of the LP.

DeJohnette has exceptional ears and is able to engender much excitement while negotiating the odd meters (7/4, 5/4) on several of the tracks. Holland is brilliant throughout, through perhaps a bit under-recorded.

In the final analysis, this is a probing, high-intensity session with remarkable group empathy and a fair share of good solos. —*Szantor*

JOHN MURTAUGH

BLUES CURRENT—Polydor 24-4016: *Blues Current; Blues for Dreaming; The Sine Wave's Connected to the Pulse Wave; Good Old Fashioned Electronic Synthesizer Blues; Travelin' Man; Ramblin'; The Floater; Slinky; All Day Saturday; Moon Rock*.

Personnel: Murtaugh, Moog synthesizer; Herbie Hancock, piano; Gerry Jemmott, electric bass; Bernard Purdie, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

The Moog, like any technological invention, is per se neither good nor evil. So far, it has largely been utilized in a noncreative manner—as a sort of musical jest or torture machine, depending on your point of view. (*Switched-On Bach*, its biggest success to date, for example, is humorous in small doses but excruciating to the ear for more than a few minutes; in neither instance can it be taken seriously as music. Other examples of this genre are even worse. If, for instance, you hate a Mozart lover [or any person of musical sensitivity], expose him to the Moog version of *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik*—an item that would truly be an outrage were it not so idiotic-sounding.)

I have not heard all the experiments using the Moog conducted up to now—only most of what's been put on record. From this limited perspective, I can say without hesitation that this album is the first application of the device that I have found enjoyable to hear—other than some tapes of Moog with jazz orchestra by the gifted Chicago pianist-arranger Keith Droste.

Murtaugh, once a very capable jazz tenor saxophonist (older readers may recall a Bethlehem LP, *Bobby Scott and Two Horns*, on which he was prominently featured), has for some time been a successful composer of TV music of all sorts, from jingles to documentary scores. His work in these areas has been first-rate, though by its very nature transitory and often uncredited.

Here—as composer, programmer and performer—he applies considerable skill and imagination to the Moog problem.

HOT!

GIVE PEACE A CHANCE
THE JAZZ CRUSADERS



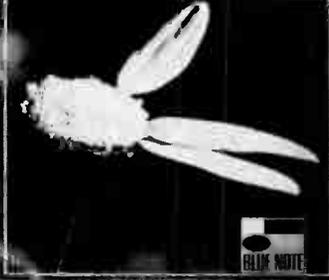
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THE THREE SOUNDS



With good judgment, he has backed up his inventions for the synthesizer with an all-human rhythm section of high caliber. This somehow makes the Moog sound less depersonalized. Furthermore, except for occasional special effects, Murtaugh uses his new medium with consistent good taste. Humor, an almost irresistible temptation, appears in places, but it is never grotesque. And he plays with a lot of other moods, never overdoing the effects.

Most interestingly, he achieves a great deal of variety, both in sounds and textures, without distorting or caricaturing aural norms. Murtaugh will use the Moog as a single-line horn, as an organ-like instrument, in simulation of human voices (eerie but quite attractive—remember the Theremin?), orchestrally, rhythmically, melodically. Others, to be sure, have done this, but the synthesizer has nearly incalculable possibilities, and Murtaugh's ways sound different.

There is something unique on every track. Some of the music has a genuine jazz-r&b feeling (Murtaugh can improvise, and he can write lines and think up voicings), some of it is more in a mood-music vein (*All Day Saturday* reminds me of Les Baxter's *Music from the Moon*, a big item in its day, which even got play from the hippest jazz disc jockeys . . . so it's not a putdown).

I particularly liked *Good Old*, etc., which features Hancock in a funky Peterson-cum-Garner blues groove I didn't know he had in him, and those eerie-pretty "choral" sounds; the swinging guitar-like Moog work on *Moon Rock*; the "ensemble" sounds and sustained mood on *Dreaming*; the sometimes Wes Montgomery-like lines on *Ramblin'*, and the fine drumming of Purdie throughout.

All things considered, this album is a pleasant surprise. I do not believe nor hope that the Moog and similar inventions will replace traditional instruments and/or the human voice as prime conveyors of musical sounds. In essence, these devices are to music what the computer is to thought; i.e., machines that can do amazing things when properly programmed, but machines nonetheless. Perhaps the Moog will go the way of the glass harmonica and Theremin, but perhaps the space age demands totally new sounds. If so, the Moog may just be the beginning of a new musical era—one I'll fortunately be too old to adjust to.

But as a welcome example of what can be done by an imaginative man with what is basically a machine, in a manner always musical, this album is highly recommended. —*Morgenstern*

CLIFFORD THORNTON

FREEDOM & UNITY—Third World 9636: *Free Huey*; *15th Floor*; *Miss Oula*; *Kevin (the theme)*; *Exosphere*; *Uburu*; *O' "C.T."*; *The Wake*.

Personnel: Thornton, valve trombone; Joe McPhee, trumpet (Tracks 1, 7, 8); Edward Avent, cornet (Tracks 1, 8); Sonny King, alto saxophone; Karl Berger, vibraphone; Don Moore, bass; Jimmy Garrison, bass (Tracks 1, 7, 8); Tyrone Cobb, bass (Tracks 1, 8); Harold (Nunding) Avent, percussion.

Rating: ★★★★★

KETCHAOUA—Byg 529.323: *Ketchaoua*; *Pan African Festival*; *Brotherhood*; *Speak with Your Echo (And Call This Dialog)*.

Personnel: Thornton, cornet, African drums; Grachan Moncur III, trombone, bells (Tracks 1, 2); Archie Shepp, soprano, saxophone, lyre (Tracks 1, 2); Dave Burrell, piano, metal chain (Tracks 1, 2); Bob Guerin, bass; Sunny Murray, drums (Tracks 1, 2); Earl Freeman, percussion, African flute, bass; Claude Delcloo, drums (Track 3).

Rating: ★★★★★

I was ill-equipped to write about jazz when I first started doing so, about 19 years ago. My listening experience totaled a mere four years, and most of what I had heard was either recorded or—my home then being Copenhagen—the efforts of fumbling European imitators. What I wrote then hopefully is lost forever.

Even, now, after years of extensive listening, producing a good number of albums, and committing to paper reams of my own personal thoughts and opinions on the subject, I fully realize that I never shall know it all. I also know that those jazz writers who preceded me and whose words were gospel to me knew much less than I thought they did.

For more than five decades, jazz performers have struggled for recognition of their artistic achievements. Some, who have forsaken art for commercialism, have reaped substantial monetary rewards, but few have been able to make more than an adequate living without submitting to the temptations of mercantilism.

Jazz has reached a stage of the development where it no longer is to be regarded as night-club music. Though many of us always have taken it seriously, it also has its lighter side, a side that has given it relatively broad appeal in the past.

In these days, when there is little to be happy about, jazz has become more serious than ever. Its younger players are seeking to express truth in their music, and truth often scares those who would rather dream.

To use a hackneyed phrase, they are telling it like it is and not like it was in the past, when the black man's song and dance gained him surface acceptance. Yes, let's not forget that it is essentially the black man's music.

Today's jazz, and by that I mean the so-called avant-garde, is still a vital music which must not be ignored. It is about as popular as Schubert string quartets, but, in spite of its greater relevance and the fact that it is indigenous to this country, it does not enjoy the subsidy that is keeping the music of Schubert and Beethoven alive.

The ludicrousness of our government sending string quartets overseas to play European music as part of the cultural exchange program, while exponents of contemporary U.S. music remain largely unrecognized in their own country, is obvious.

The fact that one of these Clifford Thornton albums appears on a small, private label, while the other is available only overseas further underlines this neglect.

Here is one situation that the jazz writer could help to correct. He can do his part, first of all by listening with an open mind, and secondly—and I think this will come naturally if he truly listens—by using whatever powers of persuasion he has to get the major companies to record and promote new jazz.

The current success of Miles Davis' *Bitches Brew* album might help open doors. It proves that jazz—even new jazz—is sal-

able when given the proper promotion. Jazz has not died nor is it dying. It merely has been given a back seat, not just by the public but by some of the same men who depend on it to reach their current positions—the writers, promoters, and record company executives.

To those db readers whose ears have caught up with the times, I need say no more than that Thornton has two new albums on which he has chosen his company well.

To the uninitiated, or the doubters, I recommend both albums highly. This music—black, beautiful, and full of vernal fire—blooms into an experience in *Freedom & Unity* and becomes an adventure in *Ketchaoua*. It is now music with roots in the black man's deep past.

When Sonny King leaps out of the *15th Floor* ensemble to dance in your head, it is as enjoyable an experience as any I have found surrounding a faded Gennett or Dial label. McPhee does not speak the language of Louis Armstrong or Dizzy Gillespie—and well he shouldn't—but his statements are equally valid and, at this time, more relevant.

The fragile, brooding beauty of *Miss Oula*, the shifting moods of *Free Huey*, and the various solo flights in *Exosphere* communicate as much to me as Lester Young did leaping in on that '39 Vocalion or Bix Beiderbecke soaring over his gang's ensemble.

As for *Ketchaoua*, it simply has to be one of the finest albums in the last year. Words are inadequate to describe its high merits in detail, and I shall not attempt to do so. At this writing it is not available in this country, but I hope that it comes to the attention of a local label and that it eventually will be given proper distribution.

In the meantime, I suppose it can be ordered from one of those overseas dealers who specializes in mail orders. The *Freedom & Unity* album is available from Third World Records, Inc., c/o Thornton, 109 Broadway, Brooklyn, N.Y., 11211, and the price is \$4.95.

—*Albertson*

CAL TJADER

CAL TJADER PLUGS IN—Skye Sk-10: *Alonzo*; *Lady Madonna*; *Nica's Dream*; *Spooky*; *St. Croix*; *Tra-la-la Song*; *Morning Mist*; *Get Out of My Way*.

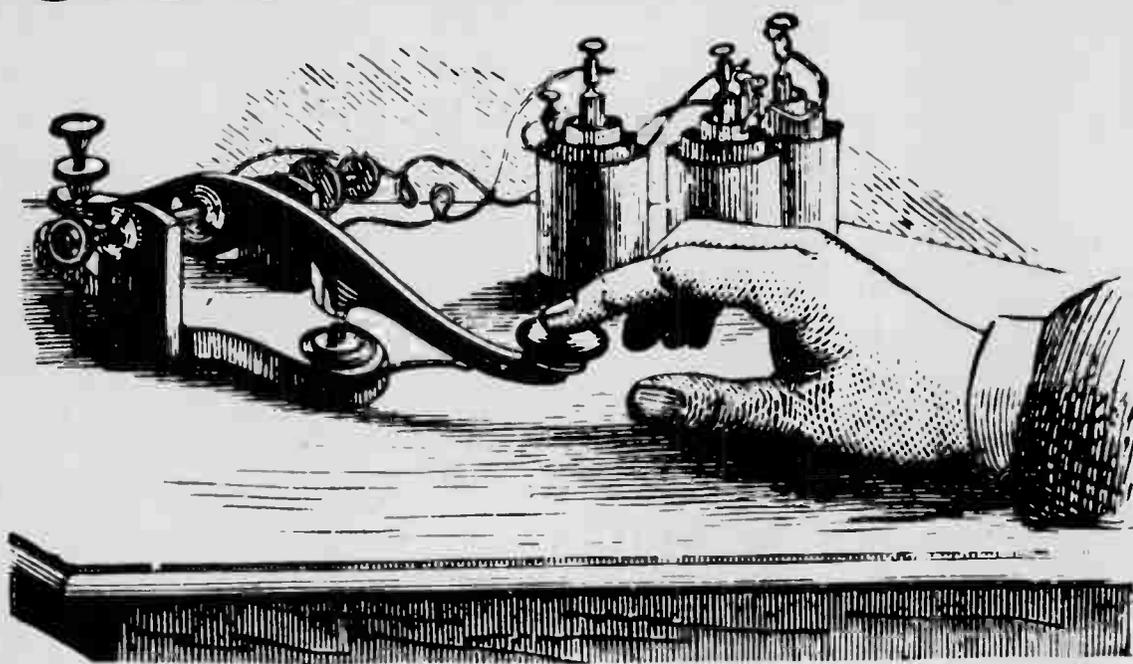
Personnel: Tjader, vibes; Al Zulaica, Fender piano; Jim McCabe, Fender bass; Armando Peraza; congas; John Rae, percussion.

Rating: ★★★★★

While styles change (usually for the worse) and musicians change (usually to keep pace with the worsening styles), Cal Tjader just keeps rolling along: a monument to consistency. So now he's plugged in, and now some of the unsubtleties of rock can be heard, but whatever he plays—on record or live—you can always depend on the following trademarks: a light touch; a polite penchant for swinging; and above all, tastefulness. These traits can be applied to Cal specifically, and to the various combos he's fronted down through the years.

Why then just four stars in the midst of so many encomiums? Well much as I love Cal and much as I dig his creations, he seems to be consistent about one other element: he never excites. He is merely very good without igniting that spark that sepa-

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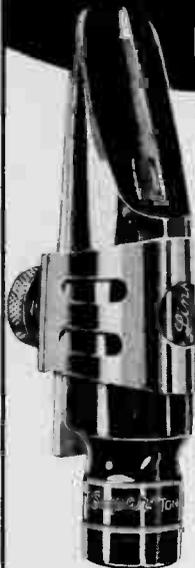
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beat **BLUES ISSUE**
dated August 6, on sale July 23

rates craftsmanship from charisma.

This album is a very good case in point, a four-star case in point: infectious rhythms (*Alonzo*, *St. Croix* and *Get Out of My Way*) in which Peraza and Rae carry on



conversations in cross rhythms; gentle melodies (*Morning Mist*) so typical of Cal's love for the long, flowing line; rock throw-aways (*Lady Madonna* and *Spooky* and the *Tra-la-la Song*) which still "make it" in a Latin bag because of Rae and McCabe's reluctance to go all the way into the rock bag; and the graceful flotations of bossa nova (*Nica's Dream*) that seems to pivot on the lighter-than-air bounce of McCabe's electric bass.

Crucial to the successful sound of the quintet is the Fender foundation of McCabe for two pairings: Peraza and Rae have a percussive thing going; Tjader and Zulaica complement each other melodically. Zulaica deserves much praise for the restraint he shows on his electric keyboard.

In fact, "restraint" is where I came in. Cal has another beautifully restrained album to his credit. May he sell a million—but may someone light his fire. —*Siders*

R&B BRIEFS

BY MIKE BOURNE

MUSICALLY, BOBBY WOMACK'S *My Prescription* (Minit LP-24027) and Johnny Robinson's *Memphis High* (Epic BN 26528) are not only undistinguished, but at moments undistinguishable (from each other). Thrusting fairly competent vocalists into tired material and mainly cliché soul band backup can hardly implore even our dancing feet. And this kind of lacking excitement is surely the one strongest urge for r&b artists to escape from the tedium of formula soul (the simplest of dance music) into far more creative expressions, as witness Isaac Hayes or Sly and the Family Stone or even the often ostentatious Temptations.

And so, just as his partner Isaac Hayes moved himself from production into performance, songwriter David Porter now likewise exposes his own major talents on *Gritty, Groovy, & Gettin' It* (Enterprise ENS-1009) with certainly as great a success. Though seldom so exotic as Hayes, but ably supported by the Bar-Kays and several evocative Hayes and Dale Warren arrangements, Porter's excursions through soul maintain not only a tight rhythmic brilliance, but also an uncommon concern

for the offering of lyrics. *Guess Who* and *Just Be True* well-design a ballad mood with sharp accents (bursts of strings or voices, spunky rhythms; like most of Hayes' decorative effects), and *I Don't Know Why I Love You* perhaps rivals even Stevie Wonder's work on that song. Further in Porter's favor, *Can't See You When I Want To* features the only r&b rapping passage I have ever really appreciated, though no doubt eased by a pithy near 8-minute Hayes production (spotting, I suspect, Hayes himself on the superfine piano), with other marvels like *I Only Have Eyes for You* and *The Way You Do the Things You Do* proving *Gritty, Groovy, & Gettin' It* a special delight amid the current r&b horde and a definitely should-be-dug.

But just as one applauds in Hayes and Porter the adventuresome spirit in new soul styles, one must likewise recognize those performers whose music may not radicalize the art, but who nonetheless affectively please us. Jerry Butler's *You & Me* (Mercury SR 61269) is among the most delicious albums of the year, pleasant in both its tasteful production and, particularly, Butler's always magical manner. On what is basically his most cohesively conceived record in some time (no sense of hit-singles-with-album-filler like his last few), Butler offers the softest ballads gently phrased, especially *Real Good Man* and *I Could Write a Book*, with even a social comment as on *Life's Unfortunate Sons*. Really, despite his belabored *Something* (my displeasure no doubt stems from already having heard the fantastic 12-minute Isaac Hayes version), *You & Me* ultimately redefines romantic soul music, and in that is innovation enough.

Still, Butler and Porter and Hayes are exceptions to the r&b mire lately, and to hear their beauty we must wade among too many wretched imitations (usually of Sly or the Tempts, no doubt soon of Hayes) and hope for a note of note. Funkadelic (*Westbound 2000*) don't make it with their psychedelic echo-chamber jive, and the Chairmen of the Board can't expect their decent title hit to carry the merely ordinary *Give Me Just a Little More Time* (Invictus ST-7300). And so we love the good musicians (not forgetting Wilson, Aretha, Joe Tex, and the rest of the Atlantic soul corps) that much more when hearing even the slightest moment of joy—which is, after all, what soul music is about.

Otherwise, the only other recent r&b album needing attention is Rufus Thomas' *Do the Funky Chicken* (Stax STS-2028), which seems to concentrate more on charm than music alone, but (being Rufus) is mellow anyway. Tongue-in-cheek throughout, Rufus rascally spoofs Sly with a slow aboriginal-cum-Dizzy scat/chant on *Sixty-Minute Man*, rascally cooks on the infectious roosterism of the title cut, and elsewhere rascally burns with pure Memphis heat through even the turkiest of standards (*Old MacDonald*, *Let the Good Times Roll*, *Preacher and the Bear*). And though such a repertoire may not be the most compelling to witness, I'd still rather catch Rufus do the Funky Chicken than catch Soupy Sales do the Mouse. . . . **CB**

BILL EVANS BLINDFOLD TEST Pt. 2

by Leonard Feather

Bill Evans is a confident believer in the value of jazz as an intellectual stimulant for both listener and performer.

"Anybody who appreciates the commitment, the experience and dedication required for the playing of top flight professional jazz," he says, "must realize the tremendous demands on the person playing it. By the same token, the music is sophisticated enough to be a challenge for the audience.

"You cannot, just for the price of a big amplifier and an electric guitar, expect to plumb the depths of music in six months, no matter what your genius. It takes years and years of experience even to scratch the surface of the most elementary kind of music that has any significance.

"I don't suppose in the history of music there has been anyone more talented than Mozart. In a letter to his father he complained that people would talk about him as having a natural gift, and he said, 'You know, father, how hard I have worked for everything.' So if even Mozart had to work that hard, I think most people have to in order to accomplish anything."

Following is the second segment of a two-part Blindfold Test. Part I appeared in the 5/28 issue.

1. OLIVER NELSON. *Requiem* (from *Black, Brown & Beautiful*, *Flying Dutchman*). Nelson, composer, piano; Pearl Kaufman, piano.

That was by far the most interesting record you've played so far. It was not only interesting, not only quite original, this multiple piano thing, it was also successful. I think it was very good, it was musical, had originality . . . got to give it five stars for all those things.

I can't help but reflect that the situation of recording this way is so attractive to me, and I think it would be to any musician with a complete conception of music—not just with a, say, one-line conception—because it affords the pianist an opportunity to set up things like he set up these ostinatos, and to play these counter melodies and counter feelings against it. It's something that you just can't do with two hands, and yet you can't find three of yourself to play with. But this was very successful and extremely interesting.

LF: *Do you think this was all one pianist?*

Well, it could have been, or it could have been more than one person. I know that a situation like this would be most attractive to me if I did it all myself. Possibly, if you find the right person, you can stimulate each other, so it could have been two people who had a similar conception, sympathy, etc.

What I like about this is that so many of the so-called "free" things, I think, are trying to be sophisticated in getting out into a weird or strange sound area, an area that was used to death at the turn of the century by classical composers, and certainly is nothing new. The sound area of dissonance or polytonality is nothing that's going to surprise anybody who's sophisticated. The important thing is to make music wherever you're at.

And so, again, what I liked about this record is that musically it was quite successful. Possibly it might have gone on a little too long, but it didn't bother me, because it was trying to say something and it was saying it musically. That's all really you can ask . . . and the idiom is not important. So many people ask me that broad question, "What do you think of

the free school?" or else "What do you think of the avant garde?" There is no such thing as far as I'm concerned. You can identify it, in quotes, but there are some things that are successful musically and are musical; and there are some things that are just a lot of hogwash and a lot of complaining and frustration and affectation. And I think that all you must ask of anything is that it's musical and it's saying something within the musical language, and that's all I want from anything that purports to be music.

2. COUNT BASIE. *Norwegian Wood* (from *Basie On The Beattles*, *Happy Tiger*). Bob Florence, arranger.

I've avoided trying to identify anybody, but it struck me at first that that might have been Oliver Nelson's writing. If not, it doesn't matter. It was certainly good spirited writing and good spirited playing and for some reason, I think because it is genuine spirit, I always enjoy listening to this type of sound. It's sort of reminiscent of the big band sound, or whatever one wants to call it . . . I just like it.

I would say at least four stars for these qualities, and reflecting on the sophistication of the previous record, you might say it's a wide gap from that to this record, and yet somehow it isn't.

People ask me what kind of music I enjoy and only two things come to mind—more or less what you'd call classical music and jazz. By jazz I mean pure, small group jazz and big band jazz.

I don't care about the era or anything. If it's good, it's good. And I think one of the qualities that's improving in audiences in this country, and one of the qualities that the European audiences have a little more, is that they can enjoy a greater historical spectrum of jazz than the American audiences. We tend to identify with one area—it's got to be the most modern, or else we like Dixieland and we don't like bop, or we like swing . . . and it seems that European audiences do like the history of jazz, as long as it's got that quality.

I find that some of the later generation jazz players experience a much more welcoming audience in Europe than in the



VERYL OAKLAND

U.S. People like Ben Webster, the great players, whom the American audiences somewhat ignored as they grew older. This is a quality that we as jazz lovers could think about a little more . . . just try to look for the genuine thing and not try to identify it with the 'most' or the 'only one' or 'the best' or whatever . . . but I always enjoy hearing good big band writing, big band jazz.

That might have been Basie . . . just in the beginning it sounded a little like Oliver's writing but later it didn't.

3. BRUTE FORCE. *Right Direction* (from *Brute Force*, *Embryo*).

I don't relate to this. It really has no meaning for me. I couldn't be less interested, and yet it may be extremely successful.

Jazz as I know it and the jazz I aspire to and love is in entirely different area from this, and if this never existed I think that jazz would have been the same.

The intent and the aspirations behind this record are not very pure. I don't want to put it down, because maybe to many people it will have meaning and it may be very successful. All I can say is for myself I couldn't be less interested.

LF: *Have you heard any unqualified rock that you have related to? Can you give me some examples?*

Yes, absolutely. I don't know how to give you an example because it might have been something on say the Andy Williams Show or something like that. But I would say that they were the gems that I've come across, and I do relate to the authentic creations within those idioms; they are, in their own way, little masterpieces. But there aren't that many special things, and to think that a hundred thousand groups can be producing *very special* music is to delude yourself. There just aren't that many talented, creative people around.

In the history of classical music there's never more than three or four a generation in the world. And in jazz it's very limited. The real truly outstanding creators . . . so you just can't think that this entire rock phenomenon has quality. A lot of it is just a lot of noise, nothing more.



CAUGHT IN THE ACT



VERYL OAKLAND

Miles' new group at Berkeley concert (l to r): Airtó Moreira, Jack DeJohnette, Miles, Dave Holland, and Steve Grossman. Chick Corea is hidden behind Grossman.

University of California Jazz Festival Greek Theater, Berkeley, Cal.

The fourth annual University of California Jazz Festival at Berkeley, sandwiched among tense student demonstrations, ongoing police attacks and, ultimately, the temporary closing down of all university functions by Governor Ronald Reagan, was nevertheless an impressive box office success. The two evening programs, called *Black and Blues* by the producers, filled the great outdoor Greek Theater and a heady concoction of eucalyptus, grass and San Francisco fog spread good will across all 12,000 (or so) of us.

Unfortunately, all that good will provided no assurance of consistently interesting performances. Had not Miles Davis been there, the whole affair might have been a bit of a drag.

Miles began the first night's concert by playing one long and beautiful montage of moods and modes. Eloquent trumpet essays were contrasted and underscored by shorter statments on soprano saxophone (Steve Grossman) and piano (Chick Corea); but it was Miles who put it together, Miles who turned the most bizarre or contrived electronic sounds into meaningful music, Miles who emerged from the relentless ensemble jangle like an angel standing tall in Times Square.

At one point Davis plunged into a basic blues that carried the impact and majesty of a Cootie Williams, a Lips Page or a Louis Armstrong, the kind of blues that seems to transcend the properties of the horn and to become the man himself in musical form.

Compared to the perfect black ribbon of sound which unfolded from Miles' trumpet, what the other instruments laid down was a kind of crazy quilt of silly electronic effects, out-of-tune buzzing on the soprano and random percussive droppings. At times, it should be noted, the entire group had

its ESP working and achieved abrupt mood changes or slightly humorous exchanges with a praiseworthy sense of collective improvisation.

Without Miles, though, I suspect it would all amount to just very intense and rhythmic novelty music, laced with pure shuck.

Joe Zawinul, with the Adderley brothers, also used the electric piano, which at least offers the benefit of predictable pitch. (Outdoor theaters in the cold fog must be death on pianists and their instrument.)

Cannonball was his usual bouncing self, playing with swing overtones even in his occasional quasi-free alto flights. His soprano was closer to being in tune than Grossman's in the previous set, suggesting that Cannon might eventually become a really good soprano player, if he cares enough to take the horn seriously.

Nat Adderley has superb command of his horn, although he still reminds me of two or three other guys a lot of the time. On this night there were several suggestions of Rex Stewart and, of course, of Miles. Still, Nat is a most engaging "hot" improviser and he swings even more than his talented brother.

The vast audience expressed its approval instantly whenever any musician turned momentarily to familiar blues licks. (Gene Ammons or Illinois Jacquet would have held this crowd in their palms.) The closest anyone came to satisfying this blues thirst was Zawinul on *Experience in E* and *Country Preacher*, except for a hearty blues vocal by Nat, delivered in the rowdy, tongue-in-cheek tradition of musician-singers like Dizzy Gillespie, Shelly Manne and Clark Terry.

Roberta Flack, a lady with a very good voice, wasted her set on supper club or coffee house topical stuff like *Tryin' Times* and most listeners appeared as bored as I was. It was like hearing Nina Simone sans charisma.

Charles Mingus concluded the evening with as perfunctory and unimaginative a set as I have ever heard him offer. He let Danny Richmond begin with a long solo, *Percussion Discussion*, which turned out to be the high point of the set. Richmond can handle a high hat cymbal almost as cleverly as did the late Sid Catlett, if a bit more heavily.

There was some rapid-fire Mingus poetry and the predictable Ellington medley (*In a Sentimental Mood*, *Sophisticated Lady*, *Mood Indigo* and *'A' Train*), then suddenly an agitated theme and it was over. It seemed the band had just warmed up.

Cannonball and his fellows conducted a couple of afternoon seminars in jazz history which were fun, fairly accurate and good for young fans, some of whom don't even go as far back as Charlie Parker.

Saturday's evening program continued the general downhill trend which began after Miles' brilliant opener on Friday. Freddie Hubbard began the official concert. (Before starting time, a fine Berkeley group led by saxophonist Burt Wilson played, but I was not there in time to hear what it offered.) The trumpeter sounded sharp (more likely: a flat piano) and was, as usual, full of confidence and technical assurance. Hubbard, unlike Miles, seems to be more trumpet player than artist, obviously relishing every bravura run he can throw in, whether appropriate to the music or not.

He was at his best on fluegelhorn in *The Black Angel*, delivered with warm sound and winning lyricism. Junior Cook contributed a thoughtful turn on soprano (everybody's doin' it!), then pianist Cedar Walton went off into some strange George Gershwin-Don Shirley bag of corny "classical" effects.

Hubbard's rhythm section was generally impressive, with Wayne Dockery's bass solos among the very best moments of the

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concert. His in-time improvisations were not unlike those of Wilbur Ware at his best.

Pharoah Sanders took up most of his set with bell ringing, some setting-up exercises, much pacing about and a compendium of guttural screeches, from dying sow to overwrought banshee. Lonnie Smith worked with arms spread wide, striking the ends of the keyboard with ostentatious fervor. Sanders relaxed for a moment or two on tenor, achieving a kind of Freddie Martin-like sound, then switched to a shophar or something, more bells, shells and assorted ganglia of rhythm devices.

There was one segment reminiscent of *Deep River*, which might have been "sacred" jazz, I suppose. Sanders did some humming and wound up the piece on tenor. His second number was more like a conventional ballad, with tenor featured against a sort of old-timey, pseudo-Latin rhythm. There was a harmonica sequence in this one. The Sanders set, though studied here and there with good tenor solos, seemed unreasonably long and restlessness rippled through the acre of audience.

Ray Brown and Laurindo Almeida, in their first concert appearance as a going partnership, couldn't have picked a worse time to walk on. Their delicate and slightly esoteric repertoire, some of which they read from scores, hardly reached the crowd at all. Some even booed the two master instrumentalists. It became even more embarrassing when Brown had to plead with the audience to hear them out, for he had, after all, worked long and hard to perfect his art.

Brown was in top form, however. So full and resonant was his pizzicato playing that the ringing overtones made each note sound as if a bow had been drawn over the strings. Next to Miles, Brown reached the highest musical point in the weekend, though few bothered to listen. Fragile chamber music such as this should not be wasted on outdoor jazz "festivals."

The concerts concluded with a showbiz act called Martha Reeves and the Vandellas—three girls with too much glitter, makeup and hairpieces and not much jazz content. The weather turned penetratingly cold about this time and the group failed to catch fire, even within their pop context. They were still trying as hundreds of frustrated blues lovers and jazz fans filed out, this listener among them.

Something called "An Afternoon of Gospel Music" took place at the University on Sunday afternoon but as my faith had expired by this time, I didn't make it.

—Dick Hadlock

Black Solidarity Festival

Higgins Hall, Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N.Y.

The Black Solidarity Festival, sponsored by the Pratt Institute Black Student Union and the Collective Black Artists, demonstrated several interesting trends affecting the music—and, as important, what black solidarity is all about.

The three-day marathon event began on a Friday at 6 p.m. and continued nonstop through Sunday evening. In addition to presenting some of New York's most creative musicians in live performances, the festival

also included a bazaar, exhibit of fine art, workshops in black cultural expression, speakers, food, and soft drinks. Such celebrations of life can take on some of the characteristics of religious experience at a certain level of intensity and also can offer, by extension, a healthy lesson in practical politics.

Higgins Hall is an old, worn-out little building probably designed as a lecture hall for students in the last century. But it has good acoustics. The hall was packed, the balconies and lobbies overflowing, at times, with more than 500 people. The people, mostly black, some brown and some various shades of yellow and red and mixed, were mainly of African descent and knew it. This was a black community event. There were Puerto Rican brothers and sisters, Orientals, and some white people. These were young, hip people from high schools, colleges, and universities and just plain "soul folks" from the block who had come to hear what the musicians were saying.

The Collective Black Artists, a group made up primarily of musicians but including others in the creative arts, openly states its involvement in the black cultural movement. The Collective says it is working to restore contemporary black music to its rightful place and, in conjunction with the African/American Students' As-



sociation, is making regular music presentations at the East (Cultural and Educational Center), in Brooklyn on Fridays and Saturdays. In addition, once-a-month concerts are also being given at Long Island University. This series is sponsored by the African/American Teacher's Association and the collective.

It takes a considerable degree of organization and co-operation among students, artists, teachers, and the community to bring off a festival such as this. The program included Jimmy Heath and Curtis Fuller; James Spaulding, Herbie Hancock, Monte Waters, Freddie Hubbard, Jimmy Owens, Howard Johnson, Eddie Gale, Hamiett Blueitt, an Afro-Cuban group called the Third World Ensemble, and the Odyssey Troupe, an Afro group of singers, dancers, and musicians.

An impressive number of participating musicians were members of the Collective, and of those many are influential players. It was one of the festival's accomplishments that here was co-operation between so-called friends of jazz and the musicians themselves. And in connection with that could be seen another irresistible trend—the level of sophistication of today's young people, which helps the music stay alive and in the hands of its creators in spite of the exclusion of jazz from the media.

Finally, the music could be seen re-establishing itself in the communities, depending on and drawing nourishment from within.

It was good also to see the empathy between musicians and listeners, faces hanging on each note, wondering where it's going, wanting to know.

Bill Barron's stout-hearted swing wove the first magic on Friday evening. Barron, like Jimmy Heath, is one of the few remaining tenor saxophonists who, inspired by Dexter Gordon, play in an individual manner that parallels rather than stems from John Coltrane's style and influence—an important and often overlooked school. Playing with a big robust sound and swinging like a heavyweight, Barron delighted the audience.

McCoy Tyner was next to stir souls and bodies and in the company of his regular duo—bassist Herbie Lewis, and drummer Freddie Waits—he demonstrated what piano power is. Tyner is often one of the most stimulating rhythm players and can also be one of the most melodically inventive. His structuring and voicing of chords in clusters brings a new dimension to the harmonic function of the piano. He also has been a great influence on other pianists, and is perhaps the last major influence on his instrument to base his style on improvising from predetermined chord changes.

Alice Coltrane took honors on Saturday with a set so strong it might have been the set of the festival. Her band included Archie Shepp, tenor saxophone; Stafford James, bass; and Rashied Ali, drums. This was the second time in recent weeks that Shepp had joined the Monastic Trio.

The trio, benefiting from the long association of Rashied and Alice (both of whom are also familiar with Shepp's playing) and supported by the good but poorly amplified James, brought a vision of extension and growth to the proceedings. Alice Coltrane played the piano with the same ease and grace with which she plays harp, strewing long, fluid lines of finely contoured shapes, the cascades of notes punctuated by daring, open, and highly syncopated chords in the bass. The left-hand figures tend to remind me of Tyner—but she is free! Ali was masterly. He listens, and his touch is always right for the moment.

After warming up, Shepp reached several peaks of excitement, proving himself to be the perfect addition to the group and demonstrating that great strength and a fertile imagination are still his chief assets. The bite and shout of his tenor lent the proper edge to the trio.

The Roland Alexander-Kiane Zawadi group also drew sustained applause on Saturday. The bandsmen were Alexander, tenor saxophone; Zawadi, euphonium, trombone; Donald Jordan, piano; Hakim Jami, bass, and Art Lewis, drums. Alexander's tenor sang with a warm, full-throated sound, and his group epitomized sensitivity and intelligence.

Successful despite efforts to prevent it from taking place, the festival revealed a people's determination to keep their music and culture alive.

—Clifford Thornton

Ralph.

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db music workshop

Two Electronic Solos Transcribed and Annotated by David Baker 1. Jean-Luc Ponty's "Sunday Walk"

PONTY SOLOS HERE on a blues composition by drummer Daniel Humair, and as usual manages to make a very complex and difficult solo sound easy. (The two choruses transcribed do not comprise the entire solo.) A double-time feeling pervades the solo despite the bright tempo. The solo's continuing interest centers around Ponty's unusual placement of rhythmic figures within phrases. Time and again, an old figure receives new life through his skillful rhythmic manipulations. *Sunday Walk* is on *Critic's Choice*, Prestige 7676.

♩ = 132

Sunday Walk

2. Monk Montgomery's "Big Boy"

THIS COMPOSITION IS a blues written by W. Henderson and A. Adams, and the four choruses transcribed are extracted from a longer solo. Monk's solo is very tightly constructed. He handles his instrument as though it were a guitar, with complete ease and marvelous fluency. He was the first jazz bassist (and probably the first bassist) to use the electric bass, and it seems only fitting that he should stand as the premier electric bass player in jazz today. *Big Boy* was recorded on *It's Never Too Late* (Chisa C008015).

♩ = 138

Big Boy

/Continued on page 38



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MOOG

(Continued from page 16)

very very soft, much softer than any acoustic instrument. We have control of several things that would be of interest to any player. For instance, in terms of pitch the instrument itself doesn't have the usual range. All instruments can be capable now of going from the lowest to the highest note audible.

P: This is a new music. It's not free jazz, it's not rock and it is its own new music, and the validity of that will be that it has now opened up a new area for players like ourselves to pioneer. We can add to music and give musicians inspiration to continue, to keep growing, to keep evolving in music and it will serve to keep people turned on. It's exciting.

B: There is a hunger for electricity. There are maybe 500,000 guitar players now in the country and whenever you have a large body of young people owning instruments you invariably produce some virtuosos, so I wouldn't sit back complacently as a jazz musician, saying well you know we've been improvising for all this time and we've got the whole thing to ourselves. Young rock players are looking to jazz musicians to learn techniques of advanced solo capabilities and I'm sure that in five or 10 years many of them will absorb some of the techniques that so far have been used by the very best of jazz soloists.

The problem for the musician now is that he is 20 steps behind the instrument manufacturers. He doesn't have to worry about the tenor player 'round the corner blowing him away. What happens now is that the musician thinks he's got something together in electronics and he's spent some time on and has a vested interest in what he is doing, now and then he reads somewhere that somebody's got a way of doing it a lot easier, plus three other things that he hasn't even thought about yet. So he is in competition to keep up with all the new devices, if he wants to. He may just decide to stay where he is. There are some very good players now in all idioms, and they are not all new idioms. What we do is adapt instruments that are already built for our own particular purposes, and to a degree we work with the manufacturer. There is always a feedback.

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(Continued on page 39)

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JAZZ ON CAMPUS

Campus Ad Lib: Assisted by a last-minute fund-raising campaign by the citizens of Kent, Ohio, the Kent State University Lab Band was off to Montreux, Switzerland for the fourth annual International Jazz Festival . . . The Millikin University Jazz Lab Band began a six-week State Department tour of seven South American countries June 24. Under the direction of Roger E. Schueler, the 20-piece band will perform in Brazil, Uruguay, Argentina, Paraguay, Bolivia, Peru, and Ecuador. Last year, the Millikin band did a State Department tour of the Mid East that included concerts in Lebanon, Turkey, Greece, Iran, Portugal and Cyprus . . . Berklee College of Music vice-president Lee Berk, also a lawyer, is conducting a new course, *Legal Protection*

of Music Materials, for Berklee juniors and seniors. The course is the only known organized presentation of its type ever given by a music school. Berk's book on the subject will be published in the early fall . . . The Pico Rivera (Cal.) Stage Band, led by Stan Seckler, returned to the Hollywood Bowl June 26 for its sixth consecutive year at the annual Battle of the Bands competition. The band, which recently performed at Disneyland, has taken top honors at the contest every year except 1966 . . . The Black Music Committee at Indiana University organized its second annual seminar, conducted June 10-13 on the Bloomington campus. Dedicated to providing subject information for secondary and college teachers involved in Black music instruction, the sessions were led by School of Music faculty members and other specialists, and directed attention to the history of Black music (including jazz and soul).

MOOG

(Continued from page 34)

together at last to achieve ensemble presence and worth according to the greater standards of the universe . . .

Some musicians may fear the synthesizer. It is awesome even in its primary development; but this is a bold, aggressive age, pioneering in a sense beyond known frontiers. Music is now a language of extensive language (a Pan-Universe intercessor), a language of impression vibrations, and as such it is a magnified reiteration dimension of permutates sound. No doubt a suitable basis for a sound world . . .

Survival is the watchword more than ever for the planet earth. Music has its place in history as an inspiration for survival. It will retain that place now and demonstrate more than ever before its priceless value to humanity, other beings and the Universe. People are in a fluctuation of change, because of the vibrations in the universe which are demanding of the earth and its peoples an adjustment to and recognition of its presence in all spheres of their lives, life and being potential . . .

Some musicians continue to feel that electronic instruments are gimmicks and toys but actually it's NICE WORK IF YOU CAN GET IT. Just as in all other fields of music, the the electronic instrument will have its naturals, those who are adept in every way for the electronic natural approach. As for me, I never consider any instrument in the category of no value in the composer's world of creation; it is all according to the time, the place, the performer, the particular need of the composition, and the circumstances involved. Accordingly, electronic instruments are no exception to that code.

The main point concerning the synthesizer is the same as in all other instruments, that is, its capacity for the projection of feeling. This will be determined in a large degree not just by the instrument itself, but as always in music, by the musician who plays the instrument.

AD LIB

(Continued from page 13)

Associates gave a jazz concert at Brooklyn MUSE . . . Former Buddy Rich sideman **Johnny Morris** assembled an all-star group for a concert at the Horace Greeley high school, Chappaqua, N.Y. Personal included **Danny Stiles**, trumpet; **Kai Winding**, trombone; **Zoot Sims**, **Richie Kamuca**, tenor sax; **Morris**, piano; **Jack Six**, bass, and **Jake Hanna**, drums.

Los Angeles: Two serious fires hit opposite ends of the Hollywood entertainment spectrum recently: the Playboy Club, and the Ash Grove, home of liberal-leaning traditionalists. With half of its 10 stories gutted by a \$400,000 blaze, the bunny hutch had to close down until late June. The Ash Grove was hit by \$10,000 worth of arson—reportedly an act of political revenge for some of their fund-raising activities. However, a determined bunch of kids cleaned up the club, scraped away the char, and the **Johnny Otis Show** managed

to play the second week of its two-week gig. With Otis were his teen-age son **Shuggie**; **T-Bone Walker**, **Joe Turner**, **Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson**, and a rhythm and blues band that covered a gamut from traditional blues to bebop . . . Good break for **Dick Berk**. The local drummer is one of the most widely used percussionists in town—especially by visiting firemen. One of the most recent visitors, **Cal Tjader**, took Berk with him permanently to replace **Johnny Rae** who prefers theater work in San Francisco to traveling. Just before joining Tjader, Berk was gigging with **Marty Harris** house combo at Hogie's in Beverly Hills. While Berk was working with Cal at Shelly's Manne-Hole weekends, drummers **Bob Thompson** and **Chuck Piscitello** subbed. Even bassist **John Heard**

required a sub (**Gene Cherico**) while he backed **Lou Rawls** at the Westside Room. Berk also worked with the **Frank Rosolino-Conte Candoli Quintet** (**Mike Wolford**, piano; **Jack Prather**, bass) at a new outlet for jazz groups, the Painted Pony, in Garden Grove. And Berk worked with **Phineas Newborn, Jr.**'s trio at Donte's and at the Surf Rider, in Santa Monica. **John Heard** subbed for **Al McKibbon** while the latter played in **George Rhodes** house band at the Now Grove. Finally, Berk fronted his own combo at the Surf Rider for a Sunday matinee, using **Jay Daversa**, trumpet; **Ray Pizzi**, tenor sax; and **John Heard**, bass . . . Donte's called on the veterans for its June headliners: **Woody Herman**, **Zoot Sims**, **June Christy** with **Bob Cooper**, **Louis Bellson**, **Howard**

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Roberts, Victor Feldman and Pete Jolly. The quartet fronted by Zoot included Roger Kellaway, piano; Chuck Berghofer, bass; Joe Porcaro, drums. Zoot was also heard with Bellson's band. Other bands that played Donte's during June included Mike Barone, Dick Grove, Don Rader, Dee Barton, and the Collegiate Neophonic, led by Jack Wheaton. Jimmy Stewart brought his new quintet into Donte's for one night: Stewart and Kenny Wolen, guitars; Lynn Blessing, vibes, Lou Kabok, bass; Bob Morin, drums. Joe Pass fronted a quintet at Donte's, using Tommy Vig on Malletron (a new type of vibes unveiled by CBS Instruments that sounds like a cross between a marimba and Red Norvo's "slap mallets"); Dave Mackay, piano; Jim Hughart, bass, and Frank Severino, drums . . . Jim Hughart and pianist Joyce Collins are doing it at Bob Burn's Club in Santa Monica . . . Guitarist Ron Anthony, bassist Gene Cherico, and pianist Dave Mackay are rehearsing quite regularly now. Asked by down beat, "Who fronts the trio?", Anthony replied, "Whoever gets the job." . . . Joe Pass will be traveling to Germany shortly to cut an album with Art Van Damme and also will gig at Ronnie Scott's Club in London . . . Pete Christlieb fronted a quartet for an afternoon session at the Surf Rider. Christlieb was heard on tenor sax; Bill Sloan on piano; Ray Neapolitan on electric bass, and Bob Thompson subbed for Stix Hooper on drums . . . The Pilgrimage Theatre offered consecutive double-headers as part of their Sunday afternoon series of free jazz concerts. Ray Brown and Craig Hundley shared the outdoor stage on one occasion; J.J. Wiggins and Don Cunningham did likewise for the next concert. In each case a teen-ager shared the billing with an adult. Hundley, a 16-year old pianist, had Lee Ritenour on guitar; Stuffy McKinney, bass, and Angelo Arvonio, drums. Ray Brown's quintet had Bobby Bryant and Teddy Edwards for a front line; Joe Sample, piano, and Maurice Miller, drums. Harvey Siders was mcece for the concert featuring 14-year old J.J. Wiggins' trio (Michael Stanton, piano and electric piano; J.J. on bass; Raymond Pounds, drums). The second half featured Don Cunningham's Quartet (Cunningham, vibes, marimba, congas, pitched percussion and vocals; Lanny Hartley, piano; Kent Brinkley, bass; Doug Sides, drums). The quartet is currently working at Whittinghill's, in Sherman Oaks . . . Las Vegas, which usually tries to discourage the hippie set, has flashed the green light for a rock festival to be held at Cashman Field July 16. Headliners includ Janis Joplin, B.B. King, Country Joe and the Fish, the Youngbloods, and Illinois Speed Press . . . King was in town recently for a three-night engagement at the Whisky A-Go-Go . . . Charles Lloyd appeared at Cal Tech, in Pasadena, for a one-nighter billed as a "New Rock Celebration." The work he premiered was called *Moon Man* . . . The Modern Jazz Quartet played three weeks at the Hong Kong Bar and were followed by Charlie Byrd, who'll keep the stage warm until Billy Daniels opens July 27 . . . Lee Morgan made one of his all-too-rare appearances on the west coast, following Willie Bobo into the Lighthouse in

Hermosa Beach . . . Eddie Harris and Cha Cha Hogan shared the mini-stage of Redd Foxx's Club for two weeks . . . Kim Richmond brought his ten-piece rock group, the Hereafter, into the People Tree in Calabasas and the Pasta House in east Los Angeles for a series of Monday and Wednesday nights respectively . . . B.B. King, the Delfonics, Jimmy Reed and Redd Foxx headlined a one-nighter at the Shrine . . . The Jackson 5, a Los Angeles-based Motown recording group consisting of five brothers aged 9-18, shared the cavernous Forum in Inglewood with Ike and Tina Turner and the Rare Earth.

Chicago: A highly caloric jazz Sunday, stretching from 3 p.m. until midnight, took place June 7 at the North Park Hotel. First up were **The Sounds of Swing** (co-leaders Norm Murphy, trumpet and Marty Grosz, rhythm guitar, vocals; Harry Graves, trombone; Jerry Fuller, clarinet, tenor sax; Billy Usselson, tenor sax; Joe Johnson, piano; Joe Levinson, bass; Bob Cousins, drums) doing a repertoire of original arrangements of swing era classics; then came Gene Ammons (sporting a becoming new beard and Indian head band) and James Moody, backed by organist Hank Marr (on a busman's holiday from accompanying George Kirby) and drummer Billy James in some smoking solo and joint sets. James was a sparkplug that never sputtered out, and both hornmen were in top shape, performing for a packed house with dozens having to be turned away . . . The following Sunday, tenorists Booker Ervin and Charlie Rouse teamed up with trumpeter Oscar Brashear, pianist Richard Abrams, bassist Rufus Reid and drummer Wilbur Campbell for another Joe Segal *Modern Jazz Showcase*. Segal will bring in tenor giants Don Byas and Dexter Gordon the week after their Newport stints. Segal's future plans also include an entire month dedicated to Charlie Parker with sessions every Sunday throughout August at the North Park and assorted Friday, Saturday and Monday dates elsewhere with some or all of the following: trumpeters Kenny Dorham, Howard McGhee, and Red Rodney; altoists Sonny Criss and Lee Konitz; reedman Yusef Lateef; pianists Barry Harris and Hampton Hawes; drummer Roy Haynes; vocalist Eddie Jefferson, and tentatively, Max Roach, Dizzy Gillespie and Sonny Rollins . . . Former down beat editor Don DeMicheal narrated a history of jazz program for the Young Presidents Club June 5 at the Chicago Arts Club. Little Brother Montgomery and the groups of Franz Jackson and bass trumpeter Cy Touff performed . . . Longtime Chicago pianist and house band leader Eddie Higgins was feted June 21 at a party at his former stomping grounds, the London House. Higgins' trio (Richard Evans, bass; Marshall Thompson, drums) also performed . . . Duke Ellington's band was in for a gig at the High Chaparral, a free Grant Park concert, and a \$250-a-plate testimonial dinner for local philanthropist W. Clement Stone . . . Tenorist Houston Person and Johnny Hammond Smith were featured June 12 at the High Chaparral . . . Ram-

sey Lewis unveiled an almost brand-new group at the London House recently, as usual to an in-crowd opening night audience. Morris Jennings has replaced Maurice White on drums, guitarist Phil Upchurch makes the group a foursome and bassist Cleveland Eaton remains . . . Guitarist Grant Green's Quartet, with guest Charlie Rouse, did a weekend at the Apartment . . . Oscar Brashear continues at the Wise Fools . . . A free concert at the Grant Park bandshell featured Albert King and Booker T and the MG's June 13 . . . The Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians did concerts at Las Brisas and Robert's while AACM member Leo Smith and his Intergral were featured in a Museum of Contemporary Art concert . . . Odell Brown and the New Organizers did a three-nighter at the Wise Fools . . . Set for the annual series of free concerts at the Old Orchard shopping center in Skokie are Woody Herman (July 13), Count Basie (July 20) and Frank Sinatra, Jr., (July 27). Stan Kenton opened the series with a July 6 concert . . . Among the performers in the summer concert series at Ravinia: Ella Fitzgerald (July 10); the Modern Jazz Quartet and Herbie Mann (July 15); Dionne Warwick (July 29). and Ramsey Lewis (July 31).

Detroit: Some surprising visitations from former Detroiters have highlighted the last couple of weeks. Pianist Kirk Lightsey was back in town with O. C. Smith's band. Tenorist Leon Henderson of the Contemporary Jazz Quintet sat in with the band during its short stay at the Metropole in Windsor . . . At the Blue Bird the John Hair Quintet (Hair, trombone; Joe Thurman, tenor sax; Boo Boo Turner, piano; Robert Allen, bass; James Youngblood, drums) continues to pack them in despite their long engagement. Altoist Sonny Red was a pleasant weekend addition . . . Young Billy McCoy returned to the local scene and debuted his fine new group. A concert at Wayne State Univ. featured Charles Hopkins, trumpet; Buzz Jones, tenor; McCoy, piano; Al Anderson, bass; Larry Bush, drums . . . Hal McKinney's band (Marcus Belgrave, trumpet; Pat Ranelin, trombone; Sam Saunders, tenor; McKinney, piano; Ed Pickens, bass; Archie Taylor, drums) has returned to handle the musical chores at the re-activated Black Horse Lounge . . . Drummer Danny Spencer, along with organist Lyman Woodard and guitarist Ron English are now holding forth at the Playboy Club . . . An unusual concert combining classical, rock and jazz elements was presented at Ford Auditorium. The Symphonic Metamorphosis (eight very talented musicians from the Detroit Symphony Orchestra) were responsible for the rare blend of rock and classics. The jazz element was in the capable hands of the Austin Moro Big Band . . . Another rarity was the almost unnoticed appearance of Duke Ellington at the Light Guard Armory. He performed both with his own band and a local symphonic aggregation . . . At the Mozambique, a Blue Note recording session was held with Lonnie Smith and George Benson as the featured art-



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ists . . . Iris Bell's Trio continues at the Rubaiyat in Ann Arbor . . . Don Gillis' group with drummer Bud Spangler continues at the Sheridan Motor Inn.

New Jersey: Organist Gene Ludwig did a week at the Key Club with guitarist Nathan Page and drummer Randy Gillespie . . . The Art Williams Trio (Barry Levitt, electric piano; Michael Shepherd, drums) played a cocktail party at the Brother's III in Newark . . . Organist Mose Davis did two weeks at the Cadillac Club in Newark with Al Langford, electric alto and baritone saxophone, and Danny Newman, drums . . . Jimmy McGriff came into the Cadillac for a week following his stint at the Sterington House in Montclair. With the organist: Raymond Greenwood, trumpet; Leo Johnson, Buddy Terry, tenor saxophone, flute; Curtis Lee, guitar, and Jessie "Cheese" Kilpatrick, drums . . . Tenorist Houston Person also worked the Sterington House, backed by organist Jimmy Watson and drummer Frankie Jones . . . Perry and the Harmonics (Perry, tenor sax; Ralph Byrd, guitar; Richard McCaare organ; O'Donnell Williams, drums) did a two-week engagement at Pitts . . . Tenorist Jessie Morrison swings on weekends at the Tropicana Lounge in Newark with organist Tommy Johnson and drummer Enice Bradley . . . The Joe Thomas Sextet was in for a week at Newark's Playbill Lounge. The group consisted of Thomas, tenor sax; Billy Phillips, baritone sax, flute; Jimmy Ponder, guitar; Jigg Chase, organ, vocals, and Kenny Pollard, drums, vocals . . . Monday nights is jam night at Pitts . . . Drummer Lloyd Porter did a recent Tuesday at the Cadillac Club with Harvey Hargrove, trumpet; Thomas Hollis, tenor sax; Calvin Coleman, guitar; Ralph Carpenter, electric bass, and Richard Smith, conga . . . Organist Johnny "Hammond" Smith did a week at the Key Club with guitarist James Clark and drummer Michael Shepherd. Organist Dayton Selby also worked the Key with alto saxist Chris Woods and drummer Arthur Edgehill . . . Charles Tolliver did a concert at the Lafayette Playhouse in Patterson. With the trumpeter were Stanley Cowell, piano; Cecil McBee, bass, and Jimmy Hopps, drums. Tolliver was followed by Lee Morgan's Quintet (Benny Maupin, tenor sax; Harold Mabern, piano; Jymie Merritt, bass, and Mickey Roker, drums) . . . Roland Hanna and Richard Davis played a return engagement at a Sunday morning service at the Unitarian Church in Ridgewood. Jaki Byard also performed there a month later . . . Chico Mendoza's group works Pitts every Tuesday with Herb Morgan, tenor sax, flute; Tom Adams, piano; Kees Van Baaren, bass, and Butch Johnson, Charlie Jones, and Donald Hovard, percussion.

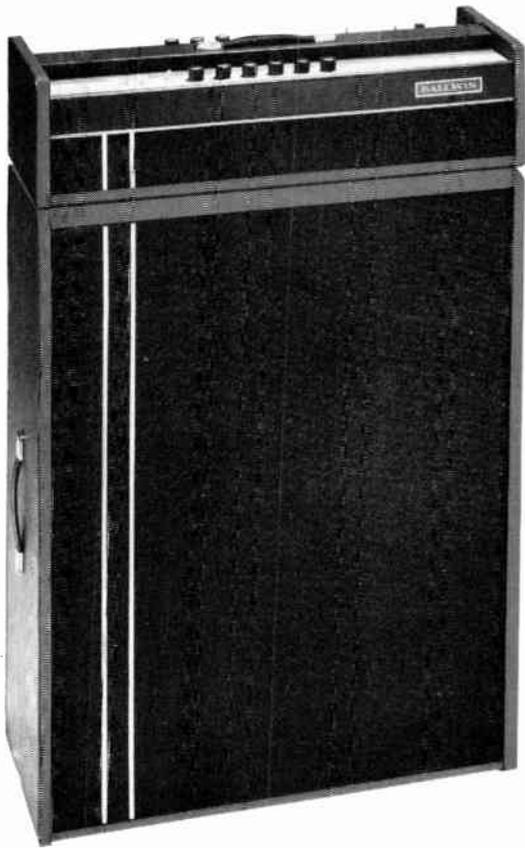
Japan: Altoist Sadao Watanabe's quartet (guitarist Yoshiki Masuo, bassist Yoshitp Suzuki, and drummer Fumio Watanabe, the younger brother of the leader) left for the U.S. and Europe in mid-June for two months abroad. Watanabe will introduce his piccolina at the Newport Jazz Festival, and will appear at festivals in

Switzerland and Yugoslavia and will do concerts, recording and club dates in Rome, Berlin, Paris and elsewhere . . . Ray Charles and his big band were booked for concerts around Japan in July . . . Guitarists Jim Hall, Attila Zoller and Kenny Burrell were the stars in a Guitar Festival that toured Japan from early June . . . Masahiko Togashi, voted top drummer in the country by readers and critics alike in the past three *Swing Journal* polls, is convalescing at his home following an accident . . . The House Rockers, a black jazz-rock-blues band of ex-U.S. Air Force vets, have scattered to the winds following busts of the bass player and the drummer for alleged possession of marijuana. Most recently, one of the Rockers' vocalists, Chet Fortune, who was not charged with possession of narcotics, was arrested by local police for "introducing" two U.S. servicemen on leave from southeast Asia to the producer and some cast members of the Japanese version of *Hair* . . . Bassist Gary Peacock has returned home after three months of record and club dates in Japan. He appeared frequently with Japanese jazz pianist Mas (Poo) Kikuchi and the latter's trio . . . Kid Sheik and a group of New Orleans Dixie musicians will present a series of concerts in Japan in June. All of the concerts have been sold out in advance . . . Paul Galloway, leader-arranger of the Ambassadors, the band of the Fifth U.S. Air Force, will retire from the service in November. The Ambassadors have performed for President Nixon, the King of Thailand, the President of the Republic of Korea, and the band has given hundreds of charity jazz concerts all over the Orient in the last two years. Standout soloists, who also contribute charts to the band's library, are tenorman Bob Marshall, trombonist-bass trumpeter Roger Denison, trumpeter Larry Ford, an alumnus of North Texas State and ex-Woody Herman and Stan Kenton sideman, and Ray Mabelot, pianist-organist . . . Pianist Bill Freeman, who teaches music during the week in the U.S. military dependent school system on the outskirts of Tokyo, moved downtown on week-ends for club dates. Freeman is currently featured at El Senor, a jazz and Mexican food club in Yotsuya, a mid-Tokyo amusement center . . . Singer Barbara McNair, booked for a series of U.S. military and Japanese club dates in May and June, cancelled her tour of Japan when her guarantee money disappeared.

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