

# down beat

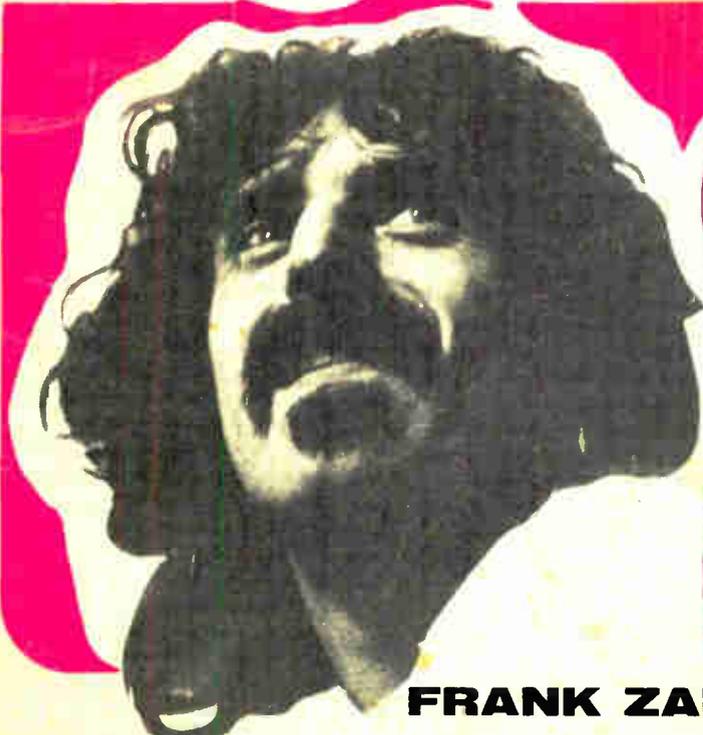
jazz-blues-rock

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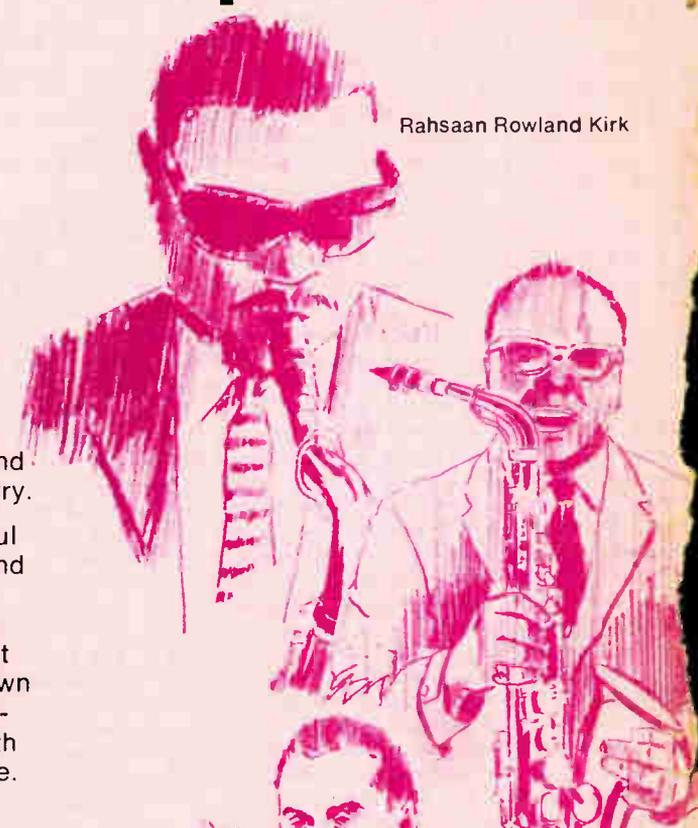
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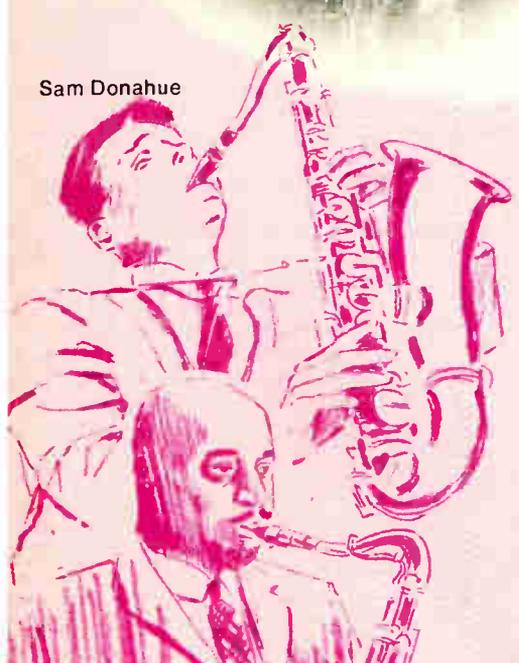
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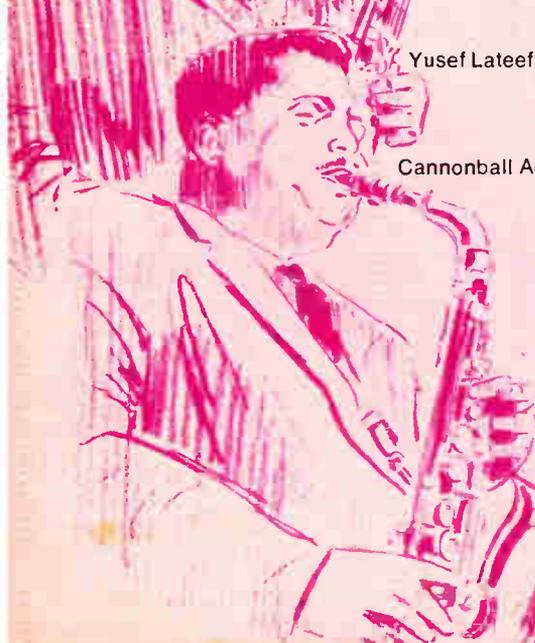
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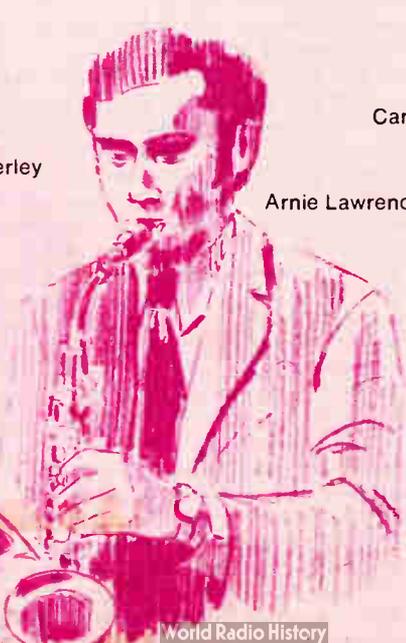
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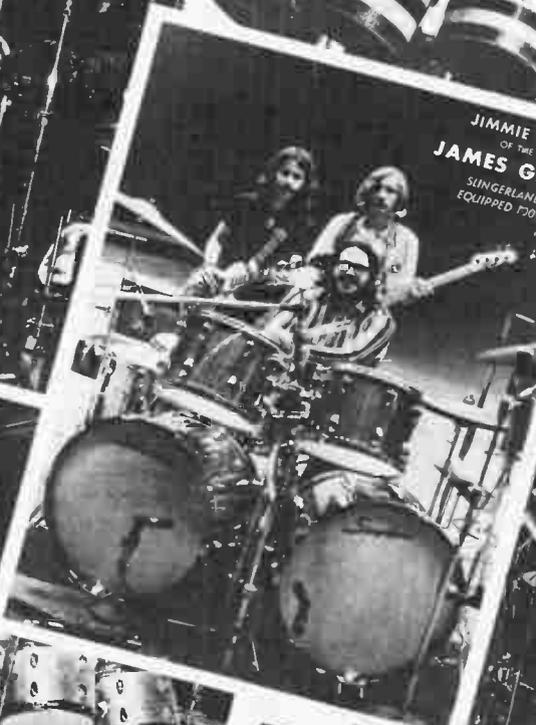
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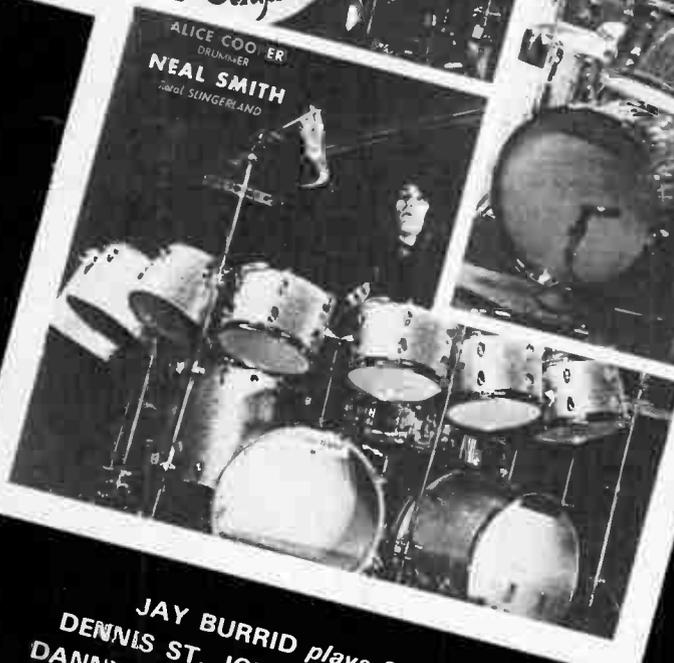
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By Charles Suber

In down beat's reportage and commentary on the recent "Chicago Crisis"—the attempt of the Board of Education to quietly eliminate music from the Chicago public schools—several references were made to its significance to other communities; yours, for instance.

Is everything okay in your area? Really? Whatever shape you are in, we suggest the following diagnostic examination, equally suitable for students and parents, teachers and administrators, and just plain folks.

Does our community (school board, administration, or body politic) consider music as a frill and a frippery? Why? What have I done to disabuse "them" of this peculiar notion?

Is my (our) music program a good one? What constitutes a good music program? (Score 10 extra points if you can answer without using the words "viable" "relevant" or "meaningful"). When was the last time our music program was evaluated? By whom? Why don't I have a say in what I want to learn (or teach)?

Does our school music program offer involvement to all or just to a (comparative) handful of band/chorus/orchestra members? Does it allow for individual creativity?

Do the music teachers in our program keep up with the students? Do the teachers have an unconscionable teaching load? Can they inspire? Encourage self development?

Am I getting what I deserve? Isn't there another school where I could get what I need? Why can't I get what I pay taxes/tuition for?

And so on. You can formulate additional questions from your own experience. A word of caution about the answers, though. Don't look for the cure-all. There isn't any. And please, please, don't settle for the usual placebo. "Why bother?" We do recommend varying dosages of the following specifics ("remedies for a particular disorder") for what might ail you.

**Teachers.** Request that your educator organization—state and national—schedule a Crisis Workshop in its next convention/conference/meeting. Organize your local group to explore the questions and the answers. Be prepared to carry on when the tired souls shrug their narrow shoulders. Talk it up. (It isn't just your jobs that are on the line, it has everything to do with that commitment you made when you chose teaching as a career.)

**Students, college.** If you are enrolled in music education, insist—with propriety if possible, without it, if necessary—that you learn how to cope in the real world before you get there. Have Phi Mu Alpha or your own group invite anti-music people into your warm nest. Attend budget meetings of a local grade or high school board. And this above all, take your advanced degree work at a university willing to deal with reality. Don't blow your chance of making teaching and music education a better opportunity for yourself and those who will follow.

**Students, high school.** Organize and determinedly ask questions. Tug at sleeves, pull at coats. Someone will listen if you remind "them" that you do indeed intend to have a hand in your own future.

**Parents.** Get involved. Education is too important to leave to educators. Don't gripe at "them" in the privacy of your family room without leaving your mark on the formation of curriculum, policies, and goals.

**Professionals.** Like forever, there are more dues to pay. Next time you gig at a school make a courteous call to the superintendent. He/she will love to see you and will "point with pride" at your accomplishments. Use your glamor/position/professionalism to score some points for (y)our side. And when you go home, and the home folks want to do something for "our boy," tell "them" what they can do. They'll do it and they'll like it. ♣

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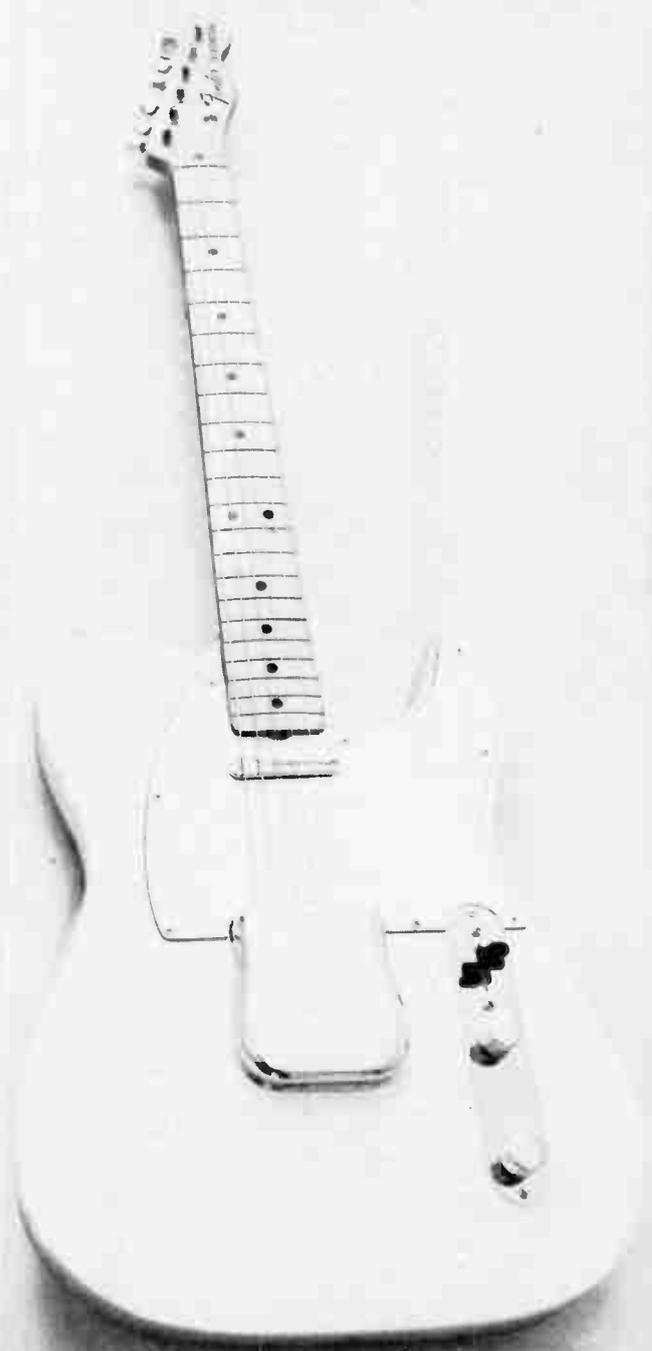
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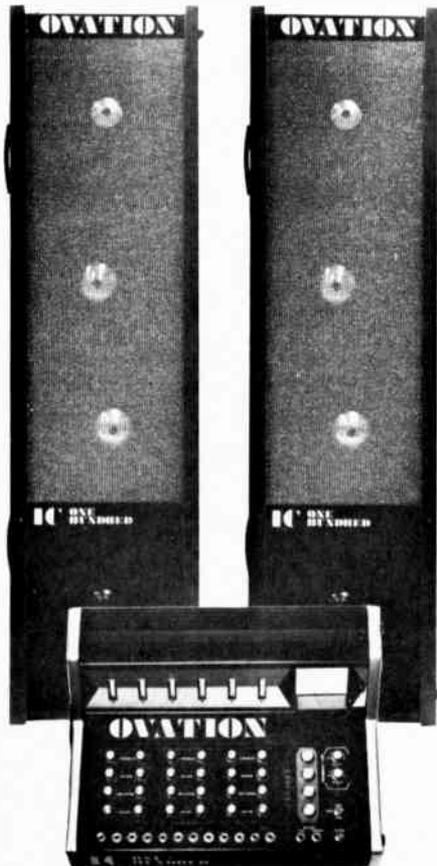
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# down beat

jazz-blues-rock

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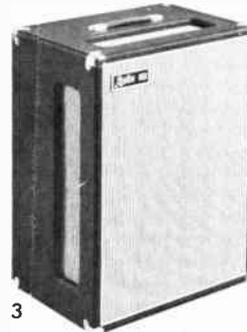
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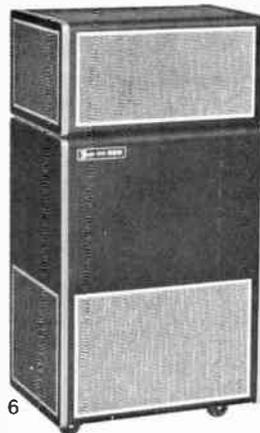
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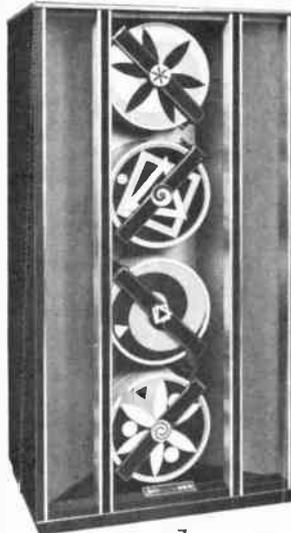
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# chords and discords

## Poetic Justice

I am Robert Ruff.  
A new Black Music Poet.  
Not a Last Poet as assumed by you in your article (Sept. 14) concerning the July 7 Newport Jazz Fest./Archie Shepp Group.  
Robert Ruff  
Boston, Mass.

## Neglected Artists?

It was a great pleasure for me to see and hear that marvelous trombonist, Bennie Green, at the Newport in New York Festival. Sadly, he seems to have joined that ever-growing group of jazz musicians that are not being recorded. One thinks of trumpeters such as Buck Clayton, Ray Copeland, Ernie Royal and Joe Wilder, saxophonists like Al Cohn, Buddy Tate and Lucky Thompson.  
The list seems endless. There seems no reason to believe that the situation will be rectified by the record companies.  
C. J. Whitlock  
Dorchester, Mass.

Reader Whitlock may take encouragement from the fact that a new Lucky Thompson album has just been released on Groove Merchant, while Buddy Tate's latest is on the new

(to this country) BASF/MPS label. And a date featuring Al Cohn with James Moody should be forthcoming on BASF before too long. Still, the point is well taken. —ed.

## ACJF Rejoinder

Allen Scott's review of the ACJF (Aug. 17) stated that the Utah State Experimental En-



semble and Rock Garden "put it all together" under the direction of Ladd McIntosh.

As a participant-observer at the festival, I disagree. What Utah put together was a combination of "monster charts" and an over-sized ensemble (the festival program listed 31 members). Perhaps if the group added another ten musicians they could sound even more chaotic and bombastic.

Elements of jazz, such as taste, subtlety and swing, were generally lacking. The individual improvisations attempted were obscured by

the massive ensemble more often than not. Some members of the audience actually walked out during the performance of Merrill Clark's *Creatures*.

While the Utah State Ensemble includes some very talented musicians (Albert Wing, for example) I was disappointed by their performance. I question whether the experimental music of this highly acclaimed group can be considered jazz.

Bruce Babcock  
Santa Barbara, Calif.

## For Fred McDowell

It was with deep regret that I read of Fred McDowell's death in your Sept. 14th issue. The blues world will not recover from the loss of this great man.

In the summer of 1970, I had the privilege of meeting Mr. McDowell and hearing his music. He was a friendly, warm-hearted person, eager to please others, and his blues were the best I have ever heard . . .

Peter M. Stenshoel  
Minnetonka, Minn.

## Clarification Dept.

Re Mike Bourne's review of Carmen McRae's *In Person* (July 20):

For whatever this information may be worth, I have the same album, titled *Carmen McRae Live at Sugar Hill*, on Time Records (S/2104). The trio backing her is comprised of Norman Simmons, piano; Victor Sproles bass, and Stewart Martin, drums.

Thomas M. Schmoeger  
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# down beat NEWS

## AT LAST! CHICAGO HAS NEW ALL-JAZZ SPOT

He's not listed in any of the city's promotional literature I'm quite sure but in the minds and hearts of Chicago area jazz lovers promoter Joe Segal surely must tower over the Hancock Building.

And more so now than ever as in October he marked his 25th year as promoter of Modern Jazz Showcase concerts by taking a five-month lease on the Jazz Showcase (formerly the Flower Pot) to give the city its first seven-day-per-week jazz operation in many moons.

The months preceding his anniversary had



HERB NOLAN

### Debut attraction Bill Evans

not been particularly bright ones. Last February, his MJS site of nearly five years, the concert room of the North Park Hotel, became a bicycle shop. After several months of weekend concerts at the Brown Shoe (a new club now booking jazz on its own), Segal found himself again without a room he could call his own for more than a weekend. (He had booked Sun Ra into the Happy Medium Sept. 9-10.) And throughout the years Segal has been repeatedly haunted by the wrecker's ball, the whims of various landlords and other sundry obstacles.

But now the cloud that has hovered over his anniversary year has lifted. The first attraction to work the Jazz Showcase was Bill Evans, Oct. 12-15 (Art Farmer's group added on Oct. 14-15) and Dizzy Gillespie's Quintet did a one-nighter Oct. 16. Joe Henderson's Black On Black comes in Oct. 27-30 and Charles Earland plays Nov. 3-5. While name groups or soloists will dominate the weekend bookings, midweek action is currently devoted to Eddie Harris, who began a string of 10 Wednesday-Thursday gigs on Oct. 18.

Monday nights will usually be jam nights with London House attractions (Junior Mance and Zoot Sims the first) to often join regulars Wilbur Campbell, drums, and tenorist Hank Mobley, now a Chicago resident. Tuesdays will feature more traditional music (Segal calls it *Music to Dance By*) with

trumpeter Bobby Lewis, bass trumpeter Cy Touff, reedman Franz Jackson and pianist Art Hodes working with a fluctuating bass-drums team.

Segal, who began presenting jazz concerts in 1947 while a student at Roosevelt University, is optimistic about his venture (now simply called Jazz Showcase). The location is good (on Chicago's once-teeming but still lively Rush Street) and his quarter-century track record of providing good jazz with plenty of variety in a relaxed atmosphere can only continue to serve him well. The Bee Hive, the Gate of Horn and several other MJS sites may be gone but it appears as if Segal's new scene augurs well for a future Pot-pourri of excellent music. —szantor

## GIBSONS' JAZZ PARTY MARKS 10TH BIRTHDAY

Dick and Maddie Gibson's 10th annual Jazz Party, which took place Labor Day Weekend in Colorado Springs, was of a scope and quality befitting the celebration of an important birthday.

Between Saturday afternoon at 3 and Monday evening at 6, some 500 persons heard 42 outstanding instrumentalists perform 54 sets in combinations that, in the course of the event, enabled every musician to play at least once with each of his colleagues.

The roster of participating artists speaks for itself: Ruby Braff, Pee Wee Erwin, Bobby Hackett, Joe Newman, Clark Terry, Joe Wilder, trumpets; Buster Cooper, Carl Fontana, Urbie Green Benny Morton, Frank Rosolino, Trummy Young, trombones; Barney Bigard, Peanuts Hucko, Johnny Mince, clarinets; Kenny Davern, clarinet, soprano sax; Benny Carter, alto sax; Budd Johnson, soprano&tenor saxes; James Moody, tenor sax, flute; Al Cohn, Zoot Sims, Flip Phillips, tenor saxes; Howard Johnson, baritone sax, tuba; Dick Hyman, Hank Jones, Roger Kellaway, Jimmy Rowles, Ross Tompkins, Teddy Wilson, pianos; Les Paul, Bucky Pizzarelli, guitars; Lyn Christie, George Duvivier, Milt Hinton, Larry Ridley, Slam Stewart, basses; Alan Dawson, Bert Dahlander, Oliver Jackson, Cliff Leeman, Bobby Rosengarden, Grady Tate, drums. How about them apples?

The keynote was musical and spiritual compatibility, and with not a slouch in the lineup, the batting average was remarkably high. The opportunity to hear so many musicians mainly under wraps in recording and TV studios, east and west, was enlightening, as was the rare chance to hear Trummy Young, resident of Hawaii; Flip Phillips, resident of Ft. Lauderdale, Fla., and Slam Stewart, resident of Binghamton, N.Y.

Kenny Davern and Howard Johnson, two relative youngsters, were among the revelations of the party, a unique and inspiring event—inspiring both to listeners and musicians and totally unlike any other gathering in the world of jazz today. Though by its very nature not accessible to the general public, it is of greater significance than many a public

musical undertaking—if only for the renewed faith in themselves and their art (and their togetherness) it imbues in the participating artists.

—dan morgenstern

(Note: To give the Jazz Party the coverage—in words and pictures—that it merits, it will be featured in *Music '73*, the next down beat annual.)

## ALL-STAR PACKAGE IN FALL TOUR OF EUROPE

The annual Newport in Europe tour kicked off Oct. 19 in Warsaw with a concert by Cannonball Adderley's quintet and the Jimmy Smith Jam Session (Clark Terry, Art Farmer, James Moody, Illinois Jacquet, Kenny Burrell, Roy Haynes).

In addition, the tour features the groups of Charles Mingus and Elvin Jones, the Giants of Jazz, and Dave Brubeck with Paul Desmond and Gerry Mulligan.

Concerts are scheduled in Poland, England, France, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Hungary, Roumania, Yugoslavia, Germany, Austria, Italy, Spain and Portugal, but not every group will play in every country.

The tour concludes Nov. 16 with a concert by the Giants in Barcelona.

## DIZZY BOWS OUT OF PRESIDENTIAL RACE

For the first time in the modern era John Birks Gillespie will not campaign for the presidency of the United States. The one-time constant candidate, speaking at a private press conference at Indiana University, offered his resignation with resignation:

"Upon reflection, I've decided to withdraw my nomination for the presidency of the United States."

The perennial dark horse, known to the world as Dizzy, resigned for undisclosed reasons. He had been a candidate, he said, "ever since I knew about it," but had never been elected. However, political success or failure had neither motivated his campaigns nor ter-



SKRETZ

Dizzy on the campaign trail in 1964

minated his candidacy, though he seemed to regret the decision.

"My candidacy was not prompted by my desire to further my political ambitions, but merely to point out the dire necessity of the idea of the unification of mankind," he explained.

The once-permanent presidential possibility, describing himself as "the modern Norman Thomas", concluded that he had never sought the office "to criticize anyone who holds or aspires to this high position." And with that, the political career of John Birks Gillespie, the only candidate ever to promise to appoint Lena Horne Secretary of Defense, finally ended.

Someone suggested his decision might have been prompted by his near-fatal illness earlier this year, but the stellar statesman is in the best of health and so proclaimed.

"My heart stopped beating and I was in a coma. I saw Yardbird, St. Peter, all of them. But now I know what it is to live and how to protect it. It really straightened my ass out!"

Gillespie later told his youthful audience that he is "55 going on 22" and danced the boogaloo to prove the vitality of his "straightened" nether person.

Asked about the future, Gillespie replied that he'd recently filmed a documentary on the history of black American music with Willie Ruff, and that he will teach music at Yale this year.

In response to the question if the increase in his concertizing for the college audience was an indication that jazz is coming back, the onetime "Hope of Hip" for the White House laughed and observed: "It ain't never left! I've been here all the time!" —*mike bourne*

## FINAL BAR

Bassist **John Monaghan**, 34, a key member of the award-winning North Texas State and University of Illinois Jazz Bands from the mid-to-late 1960s, died Sept. 7 in Dallas of a cerebral hemorrhage.

Upon graduation from NTS, he transferred to Illinois where he obtained a master's degree in music education. He also worked with Woody Herman, Joe Morello, and the King Family and at the time of his death was working mainly in Dallas. An exceptional player in both section and solo roles, Monaghan can be heard to advantage on *Swag's Groove* and *Pork Pie* on the NTS Lab Band's *Lab 67* LP.

One of the Dallas clubs he frequently played at, the Villager, was the site of an Oct. 8 benefit for his widow and two children. Among the artists slated to perform were Don Jacoby, Juvy Gomez, Tim Bell's rehearsal band, the Jac Murphy Trio, Paul Guerrero, and vibist Fred Ralston's group, The Joint Effort.

## potpourri

Miles Davis introduced his new group (Carlos Garnett, tenor&soprano saxes; Reggie Lucas, guitar; Bala Krishna, electric sitar; Cedric Lawson, keyboards; Michael Henderson, bass; Al Foster, drums; Roy Bedal, tabla) to New York audiences at Philharmonica Hall Sept. 29. The concert started on time and consisted of two sets separated by a 15-minute intermission.

**Kenny Dorham** needs your help. The great trumpeter, ailing for some time, presently requires 15 hours of treatment per week on a kidney machine. A benefit was held Oct. 1 at the Id Club in Brooklyn, organized by musicians **Charles Davis** and **Bill Hardman**, who also performed. Other participants included trumpeters **Tommy Turrentine**, **Charles Tolliver**, and **Eddie Preston**; saxophonists **Jimmy Heath**, **Pat Patrick**, **Sonny Red** and **Zane Massey**; pianists **Kenny Barron**, **Barry Harris**, **Ronnie Mathews**, **Harold Mabern**, and **Cedar Walton**; bassists **Bill Lee**, **Ahmad Abdul Malik**, **Wilbur Ware**, **Roland Wilson**, and **Hakim Jami**; drummers **Billy Higgins**, **Al Heath**, **Al**



Kenny Dorham

**Harewood**, and **Al Dreaars** and singers **Etta Jones**, **Stella Marrs**, and **Waheeda Massey**. Kenny himself was on the scene and the turnout was nice but it is only a beginning. Checks made out to Kenny Dorham may be sent c/o **down beat's** New York office. Kenny is permitted to play a little and currently appears each Monday at the Playhouse (formerly Minton's) on West 118th Street in Harlem.

The Newport Jazz Festival presented a check for \$5,924.28 to the New York and National Urban League, representing 50% of proceeds after expenses of Newport in New York. Producer **George Weir** pointed out that "Without the help of Schlitz, American Airlines, our program book advertisers and other subsidies, we never would have made it," much less been able to show even a modest profit. Over 100,000 persons paid approximately \$516,000 for tickets. The festival and the Tea Council of the USA, Inc., have combined forced to launch a nationwide talent search. "Young Discoveries: In Tea & Jazz," for a youthful jazz group, rock combo, and pop vocalist to perform at the '73 Festival. In a press release, Wein is quoted as stating that "The union of jazz music and tea is a very natural one." **Mezz Mezzrow** would have agreed.

A benefit for the widow of singer **Jimmy Rushing** will be held Oct. 29 at Your Father's Mustache, 7th Ave. S. at 10th St. in New York City. Among the many musicians scheduled to appear: **Ruby Braff**, **Al Casey**, **Buck Clayton**, **Doc Cheatham**, **Al Cohn**, **Eddie Condon**, **Kenny Davern**, **Wild Bill Davison**, **Vic Dickenson**, **Roy Eldridge**, **Milt Hinton**, **Gene Krupa**, **Jo Jones**, **Jimmy McPartland**, **Zoot**

**Sims**, **Buddy Tate**, **Dick Wellstood**, **Bob Wilbur**, **Sol Yaged's Quartet**, the **Saints and Sinners**, and **Balaban&Cats**, led by benefit organizer **Red Balaban**. The action starts at 4 p.m.

Creative Music Studio New York, a branch of the recently formed Creative Music Foundation Inc. is offering classes, group workshops, and single lessons in improvisation at New York City and Woodstock, N. Y. Teaching staff includes **Barry Altschul**, **Karl Berger**, **Don Cherry**, **Andrew Hill**, **Dave Holland**, and **Lee Konitz**.

The New York Musicians Organization and The Black Artists For Community Action offered free music classes at Studio We, 193 Eldridge St. in New York City during October. Instructors included **Dave Burrell**, **Frank Foster**, **Archie Shepp**, **Jimmy Garrison**, **Sonny Donaldson**, **Cal Massey**, and **Juma Sultan**. The lessons for students from low income families will hopefully continue, pending further support. For information call (212) 260-1211.

**Billy Taylor** is one of eight representatives of the art, entertainment, and television fields recently named by President Nixon to six-year terms on the 26-member National Council of the Arts.

The Reduta, Prague's main jazz spot, was recently closed without explanation or forewarning by Czech authorities. On the other hand, an unprecedented concert series, "The Road to the World of Jazz", took place in Moscow's largest movie theater, the 2,000-seat **Udarnik**. All kinds of jazz, from blues and dixieland to electronic and avant garde was performed.

The new concert season set a mark that will be hard to beat with the Sept. 22 appearance at Alice Tully Hall of singer **Cleo Laine** with husband **Johnny Dankworth's Quartet** (**John Taylor**, piano; **George Duvivier**, bass; **Bobby Rosengarden**, drums). In her New York concert debut, the British singer proved what local admirers of her recorded work had long suspected—that she is one of the few great popular singers of the present era—and additionally revealed a remarkable dramatic talent.

The 36-piece orchestra used by **Henry Mancini** in his syndicated TV series, *Mancini Generation*, includes such jazz notables as trumpeter **Bud Brisbois**, trombonist **Graham Young**, reedman **Don Menza**, pianist **Jimmy Rowles**, drummer **Shelly Manne**, and percussionist **Tommy Vig**.

**Ahmad Jamal** (with bassist **Jamil Nasser** and drummer **Frank Gant**) recently wound up a U.S. tour in Chicago and stayed on to work on the recording of a major Jamal composition, *Independent Of All Mankind*, with co-producer **Richard Evans** (who, incidentally, played bass with Jamal a decade ago). The trio is set for a fall European tour.

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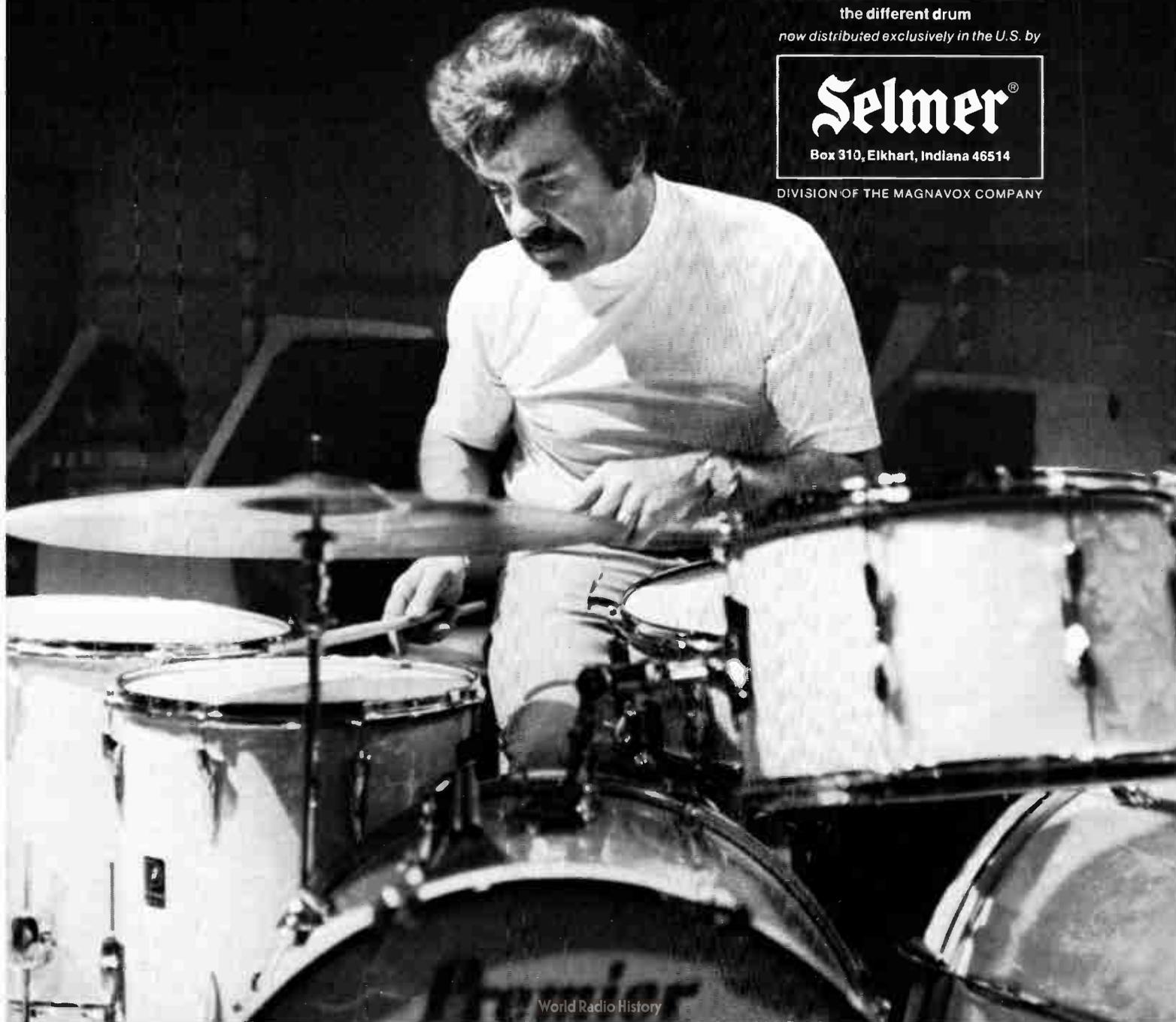
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We all know that necessity is the mother of invention. I'd always maintained that Pat Pending is the father—until I discovered that the real father is a mother: Frank Zappa.

Just how inventive Zappa can be was tested on an unsuspecting public on two continents as this word picture was being drawn. Just how unpredictable Zappa can be will become clear when I report that the prime mover behind the Mothers of Invention has gone

are plenty of respected, paid-up members of Local 47's jazz community to be found Wazoo-ing it: among the trumpets, Malcolm McNabb and Sal Marquez; in the trombone section, Kenny Shroyer, Glen Ferris, Bruce Fowler; in the reeds, Jay Migliori, Charles Owens, Ray Reed, Mike Atschul; Dave Parlato is on electric bass, and Jim Gordon is on the equally electric drums.

For the most part, they're serious and dedi-

With all respect to Dumler and his struggles against natural forces, I must agree with Owens' observation. As for the rest of the band, I had a chance to hear the whole Wazoo during a rehearsal at the Glendale Civic Auditorium.

The rehearsal was called for 1 p.m. It was nearly two when Zappa hobbled in. His left leg is still in a brace from an incident last year in London when an overzealous fan knocked

## meet the grand wazoo

legit. Now don't get the wrong impression: His hair is just as long, just as unkempt; his mustache is just as droopingly evil, and his bottom half just as tentative; his thoughts are just as outrageous, and his disdain for convention just as intense.

How then, you ask, has Frank Zappa become house-broken? Well it's his music. A respectable, big band jazz sound has suddenly asserted itself. Try to imagine *200 Motels* infested with *Hot Rats* that can swing. The result runs a gamut that duplicates the two record labels owned by Zappa: Bizarre and Straight!

The vehicle for Zappa's latest sonic experiment reflects an evolution that embraces both extremes: from the bizarre Mothers of Invention to the current straight creation. The Grand Wazoo. Now if the name tells you nothing about the make-up or philosophy of the new group, that was Frank's intention. It's a typical "Zappellation," made up of one part gibberish, one part satire, and the rest—just plain old put-on.

For reasons known only to him, Frank decided to call his new ensemble The Grand Wazoo. For equally mysterious reasons, he revealed the following about Wazoo:

"Since the earliest days of the Mothers of Invention, from about 1964, roughly, I have been interested in assembling some kind of electric orchestra, capable of performing intricate compositions at the same sound-intensity levels normally associated with other forms of pop music."

There's an air of formality about the whole project—and formality is as foreign to Zappa as it is to Southern California, but these are unusual times. The search for newness is taking musicians out of their accustomed molds and casting them in unfamiliar settings. Jazzmen are discovering the financially rewarding world of rock; and, conversely, some rockers are latching onto the creatively stimulating milieu of jazz.

Zappa is one of the latter, and to many of his startled fans, shifting into reverse—in other words, going from bizarre to straight—is the ultimate in put-on. As Frank explained it: "To begin with, The Wazoo bears little resemblance to any previous form of rock 'n' roll band. There are 20 musicians in it who mostly sit down and read music from an array of charming little fiber-board stands. Nobody sings. Nobody dances. They just play music."

That may be anathema to his fanatical rock followers. It may even turn his groupies into novitiates. But for the jazz-oriented, it signals a certain sense of orderliness. For a change they're getting down to the music. And there

cated and Zappa is the first to admit it: "Very few of the Wazoo's members exhibit the normal pop musician's ability to function efficiently while garbed in fringes, feathers or festoons. The concert presentation will be informal, reasonably straightforward and non-theatrical.

"Those in the audience who make a fetish of close-range seats in order to scrutinize a group's *soul-squint-grimace* potential, to see if they're really *getting into it* (italics Zappa's), may be disappointed to discover the Wazoo eyeball heavily oriented to the printed page and conductor's baton." Incidentally, in the formal listing of sidemen, Zappa's instruments are: 1) guitar; 2) white stick with cork handle.

One can also find a contrabass sarrusophone among the amplified goodies in the Grand Wazoo, and that's something no jazz-rock band should be without. Earl Dumler has the dubious distinction of making love to its double reed. (In case you have forgotten what a sarrusophone is, it's a brass wind instrument about the size of a baritone sax that can be found in some obscure symphonic scores doing the work usually assigned to the contrabassoon.)

Zappa regards Dumler and his oddity as his "one concession to overt showmanship." As Frank put it, with a face as straight as his baton, "It's possible for the first time to view a grown man with a mod hair cut, struggling against the forces of nature to extract accurate intonation from an amplified Eb contrabass sarrusophone." Charles Owens put it in more down-to-earth terms when talking about the tone it produces "Sounds like an elephant playing soprano sax."

Zappa off the stage of the Rainbow Theater into the orchestra pit 15 feet below.

Zappa dispassionately greeted his retinue of friends, assistants, hangers-on, photographers, and—since no one manned the doors—curiosity-seekers lured by the bedlam of 20 pieces warming up.

Apparently Frank thrives on such chaos. He limped over to the centrally located stand that contained all his scores, tapped on it with a Benson and Hedges-length baton, called a tune, *For Calvin And His Next Two Hitch-Hikers* (you were expecting maybe *Stardust*?) and the Grand Wazoo was making music.

It was kind of ragged around the edges. But much of the blame belonged to Zappa. Not only are his charts awkward, but his conducting technique is jerky, usually unclear and always timid—which comes as a surprise from a cat that looks so evil. But the fact remains: he seldom kicked off the tempo before giving the downbeat. And when The Wazoo was in motion, Zappa failed to indicate precisely where "one" could be found in the midst of unmotivated tempo changes.

The fact also remains that Zappa is on to something with his new charts. Despite their clumsy melodic intervals and unsophisticated harmonic gropings, there is about them a refreshing fusion of jazz and rock. Take *Calvin*: Zappa has worked in some fine hard-edged brass attacks against a relentless rock pulse. That chart (all arrangements for the Wazoo are by Zappa) is one of the most successful weddings of jazz and rock in the book.

*Big Swifty* is a succession of time changes,

Continued on page 36

Frank Zappa and part of The Grand Wazoo



HARVEY SIDERS

Long before he wrote the scores for "Hair" and "Two Gentlemen of Verona," Galt MacDermot had made his mark in popular music. His "African Waltz" had been a big hit in Europe when first recorded by the English bandleader, Johnny Dankworth, and became even bigger when Cannonball Adderley turned his attention to it here. Yet this brought more fame to the performers than to the composer, and between that time and the international success of "Hair" MacDermot worked with steady determination but scant recognition.

When he moved to New York in 1964, a dozen or more of his compositions had been recorded by Denis Preston, a London producer for whom I had made a series of albums by American jazz musicians. Then as now, there was profound discontent in Europe with the kind of jazz American companies preferred to record and, more especially, promote. MacDermot and I soon found that we shared a common interest—Duke Ellington. He came to Ellington's record dates with me, and I made some very inadequate attempts to assist him in what is so accurately described as "the music business".

Success has not changed him in the least. He still dresses with careless infor-

difficulty is to get it into a form they can accept. They don't really like jazz as jazz any more, because it has too many overtones of time and style. But *African Waltz* had a certain thing, a black feel, and I figured maybe that was it.

"I had been in South Africa four years, and I really soaked up African music. That's what *Hair* is—African music. I wrote a lot of pseudo-African tunes while I was down there, some of which, like *Chaka* and *Ma Africa*, were later recorded in London. It sometimes seems as though everything I learned about music I learned either from Ellington or from the Africans, the way they do music. When *Hair* went to Broadway, I didn't think the people were going to be able to stand all that relentless rhythm. And I don't know what made the show a success, but I think Gerry Ragni's and Jim Rado's approach—to the flag, dope, sex—was really extraordinary. If you saw the show early, when it was really fresh, everything seemed crazy, odd, and different from what you'd run into before."

MacDermot was born and raised in Canada, but when his father was appointed High Commissioner to South Africa, he had enrolled at the University of Capetown, where he majored and got his degree in music. When he returned to Canada, after

It was rather like meeting Catholics who have dropped their religion. They never really lose it, but always have the idea that Satan is looking over their shoulder, and it affects their freedom. They're not as free. And, again, I think that was what was so fantastic about jazz: the freedom of it."

Wasn't Aretha Franklin, perhaps, the exception that proved the rule, the artist who could escape the confines?

"Aretha escaped them somehow, managed to free herself from the inhibition. She sings nice songs, not really—or not only—Gospel songs. You can always hear the Gospel background, and there's nothing wrong with that in itself. What's wrong is the limitation of sentiment."

The transitions from jazz to rhythm and blues, and then to rock, had seemed to result in a far less sensitive rhythmic motivation. What about swing, that emphasis, or that impulse?

"During the '50s, in Montreal, I heard black groups that came from the U.S. and were practicing early forms of rock 'n' roll. They didn't swing in the way we know, but occasionally they would. They'd get high as kites, and every once in a while they'd start to swing. They were in their 20s, and I thought I heard the beginning of a new jazz in what they were doing. I'd go down to the Newport jazz festival and wonder why they didn't get some of the groups I heard in Montreal. Then the whole thing died. In the best of those groups, their trumpet players weren't really soloing. They were concentrating on the beat all the time, and maybe that's why it didn't get creative."

"But for a while I found more of the feeling that had been in jazz in rock 'n' roll. Today—and I've been listening to the radio a bit—there's nothing, I mean, I can't hear anything. It just isn't as inventive as it was. In any case, there's a basic difference between its aim and that of jazz. Jazz tries to create a tension, a dramatic tension, like Cootie Williams does. Rock 'n' roll is trying to hit it right on, the way Africans do. It's all right on in African music, where everybody's doing a different rhythm around a fundamental rhythm, and the conflict makes the kind of tension you've got in jazz. But it's not like the way Erroll Garner puts the tension between his hands, nor the way a jazzman will do it against a rhythm section. That isn't African. I don't know where that came from. It's more American."

"When you hear rock 'n' roll groups nowadays playing what is called a fusion between jazz and rock, all you are getting is people playing the changes, and there's no tension, none of that drama, and none of the complexity of African music. There's not even the enthusiasm of rock groups when they used to get on one little note and milk it for all it was worth. I loved that!"

After "African Waltz" and a couple of years in London, MacDermot decided to try New York, where music publishers and recording company executives were baffled by him.

"There was," his friend Nat Shapiro has said, "no pre-existing slot in which they could conceivably deposit this musical maverick. Undeterred, but with his sense of humor intact and his imagination as free as ever, Galt continued to try to interest anyone—anyone at all—in his music, while earning his living playing rock 'n' roll piano at recording sessions."

Shapiro's office was one of the places he had developed a habit of dropping into, "looking for things to do" and the opportunity for intelligent conversation. How had that come about?

"Most of the people you ran into around New York, you just couldn't talk to 'em. I discovered Nat had written that book with Nat Hentoff (*Hear Me Talkin' to Ya*), and

# Galt MacDermot: Heir to Hair

by Stanley Dance

mality and, although he claims to own one, he is rarely seen behind a tie. He still lives with his family on Staten Island in the same house he originally moved into, the only difference being that he now owns another next door and uses it as a studio. Calm, good-looking, humorous, unassertive, modest in speech and manner, but firm in his musical beliefs, he is totally unlike the kind of character one expects to encounter on Broadway. Seven years after I first met him, I learned indirectly that not only had his father been Canadian High Commissioner to South Africa, but also Ambassador to both Greece and Israel.

"African Waltz" was originally part of an operatic score MacDermot composed, more or less as an exercise, on the foundation of Joyce Cary's African novel, "Mister Johnson". The success of this instrumental was so encouraging that he decided to devote more time to composing and less to performing. What was, for him, a significant breakthrough, nevertheless remained puzzling.

"I'd been trying to peddle my music for years," he said, "and I didn't know why this worked. It seemed like a fluke. 'Are they kidding me?' I asked myself. 'Why do they buy the record?' I honestly believe that people like what I call a jazz feeling, but the

marrying a Dutch-born music student, he had a living to earn. One of his first jobs was in a church, the income from which he characteristically supplemented by playing in a dancehall. How did he feel about the impact of Gospel music on contemporary American music?

"I played organ for seven years in that Baptist church in Montreal, so I know all about their tunes. Of course, we played them pretty straight up there! They're so sweet, and the sentiment is always the same—optimistic, clean, and humorless. Even black Gospel music doesn't have all the elements, unlike jazz which had the soul, and the fervor—and wasn't without humor."

"Quite a lot of jazz came from the practices of the Gospel groups—that sense of soloing against the beat, of pulling back and getting ahead. Sometimes on the radio, in switching around, I'd hear what sounded like a fantastic trumpet note, and it would turn out to be Aretha Franklin or somebody. I like Gospel music, but the trouble is that it gets boring. It has that religious overtone, and it never gets away from that because of the songs they're doing. It's not that the performers can't do anything else. We had a couple of singers in *Hair* who had come out from the church.

when we began to talk about Ellington, he turned out to be a real jazz fan. Then we got into it, and I played him a few things I'd written, and he was interested."

Early in 1967, Shapiro gave him the script of "Hair" to read and introduced him to its authors, Gerry Ragni and Jim Rado. Enthusiastic, MacDermot set off for his Staten Island home, to return 48 hours later with eight completed songs!

"They wanted a rock 'n' roll score. They knew the Rolling Stones, whom I didn't like at all, and the Beatles, whom I did like. They didn't like country music, which I love, and they weren't too familiar with rhythm&blues. I tried to get more of what I liked into the score, even if it didn't always apply to city life. Then a lot of the songs in Hair were imitations of what pop groups were doing. The parodying of some of the popular styles was one of its humorous aspects. But at the same time, I wanted to get a genuine feeling—a jazz feeling actually—because the freedom of the show was what I have always considered jazz to be about. Exuberance, that is, and tension, and a kind of suffering. But I didn't want it to be a swing thing. I wanted to make it with the kind of rhythms you hear now.

"It came off better than I'd hoped. Nobody was keener than I to do it, but nobody could convince me it would work. It was really wacky. Oddly enough the only tune I rewrote was *Aquarius*. They handed me the lyrics, and I had just a day to write it, so I came up with a very pretentious, Rodgers-and-Hammerstein-type song. We all knew it wasn't right, but we managed to get over the audition, and by then I was already thinking of a different kind of feeling for it. The approach to the words had been wrong. The words were what the kids were saying then, and since they had to sing them, you couldn't laugh at the words. I think the reason the record hit was in the tail end of it—*Let the sunshine in*."

MacDermot still loves to play. He played piano in the "Hair" band for a time, and he occasionally does concerts with three of its members, mainly for kicks. These musicians are Idris Muhammad, a brilliant modern drummer from New Orleans who has been extensively recorded; Jimmy Lewis, a bassist who was with Count Basie in the early '50s; and Charlie Brown, a relative youngster, who plays "beautiful country guitar". Because all four knew it, and because it is what their audiences want, their repertoire mostly consists of the "Hair" music. MacDermot does not consider himself a jazz musician but he enjoys those times when the four of them, with their differences of conception, achieve what is primarily a jazz blend.

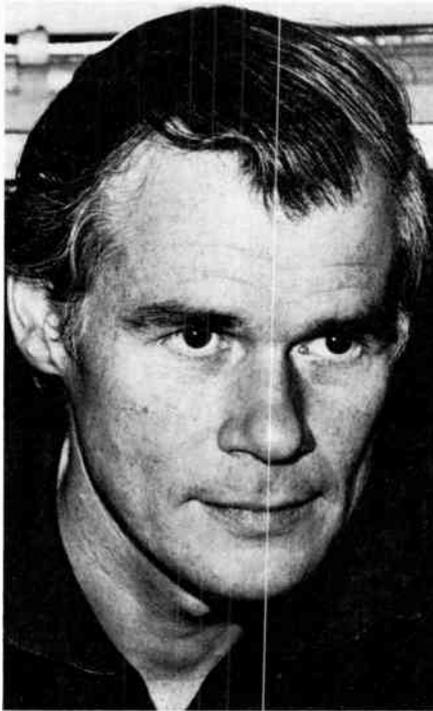
For his other great success, "Two Gentlemen of Verona," he also played piano at first in the pit, and he remains very enthusiastic about the 14-piece band assembled for the show. It included such well-known musicians as Thad Jones, Dicky Harris, Everett Barksdale, Billy Nichols and Pretty Purdie, and their potential can be heard throughout the original cast album (ABC BCSY-1001), not least in the two instrumental tracks on the final side, "Dragon's Music" and "Where's North?" Playing, however, tends to affect MacDermot's ability to write.

"One reason is because I like a lot of sleep. I normally go to bed around 9:30 and get up about 7:30. Duke Ellington seems to be able to play and write. I suppose if I established a real, life-long habit of doing it, but I put all the music into the playing, and then after a time I find I get a little stale on the tunes. I have to find some kind of happy medium between playing and writing.

"I go to hear Ellington whenever I can, and the last time he was at the Rainbow

Grill I really heard some music coming from him and his guys. The Chinese piece from *The Afro-Eurasian Eclipse* was very interesting, but what impressed me most was Ellington's own playing, because he was finding things that night. Then they did a number with just the three tenor saxophones, and they all got into a mish-mash at the end. The rhythm section cut out, and there were those three guys blowing away, and Duke egging them on. They didn't take it seriously, but it was an example of how an idea evolves from a situation. I know of no one other than Duke who presents jazz in such a successful way. He has been doing it for years, and his personality carries it. He's simply the best. Although there's no question about that, it wouldn't necessarily insure that he would always be able to sell his music. Yet he has managed to do so. I've read all the books about him, and watched the way he's done it, the way he keeps it going, keeps those guys . . . He's truly extraordinary.

"It's more of a problem than most people



DAGMAR

realize for a musician to make a living in music. You can do it the way he does, using your personality, or you can use a show like *Hair*. The show covers up the music. If there's music there, the people who want music like it, but meanwhile there's something for them to watch. People don't understand pure music. They can understand dance music, but that's really a cop-out if you go to a dancehall and just play dance music. When Ellington plays a dance, he always takes time out to present something artistic.

"Some nights that I've been to hear him, he wouldn't play much, but there were always guys who sounded nice, although maybe nothing special actually happened. Other nights, I've seen him when he never left the piano, never even bothered to talk much. It was all happening at the piano. Those were the really good nights, but you can't rely on them always. He has to have something else, a routine, that is part of the business of working every night. It probably isn't necessary for him to work all the time, but I know he likes to, because it is his way of keeping in touch with music. That's hard to do. I know, because for recording

sessions I have to keep digging up things, just to keep going, to play, to make music."

Despite their obvious differences, did he feel that both "Hair" and "Two Gentlemen of Verona" had the same basic jazz intent?

"Although it has that fine band, *Two Gentlemen of Verona* is not so much of a jazz show. It's not after freedom, but humor. John Guare, who did the lyrics, is a very funny and clever guy, so the music tried to be, too! And it's very ethnic, what I'd call a ghetto show. Because it falls into divisions, I wrote Puerto Rican, Afro-Cuban and West Indian music, as well as parodies of old-fashioned Broadway songs."

The two New York successes were only a part of this prolific composer's output. What had happened when he went to London in 1969?

"I teamed up with an underground poet named Bill Dumeresque for a musical called *Who The Murderer Was*. It was rather a weird situation—murder with songs. We had four singers, like a Greek chorus. Dumeresque does beautiful lyrics that are somewhat depressing, but to me they're humorous, too. All the songs were written specially for the show, but it didn't click.

"The following year we tried another play with songs, *Isabel's a Jezabel*. It was partly successful at the Mercury Theatre, but not when it was moved to the West End. It was very strong and far-out, almost like *Becket*, but without *Becket*'s appeal. It was just like a soap opera—about abortion and the relationship between a man and a woman—and the songs, about life and love, possibly seemed irrelevant. The critics hated it and were offended by our doing it. I think they were probably justified. Although it was interesting in a psychological way, it was not entertaining, the theater critics will say you are not doing what you should. You are supposed to make people think, but it's hard to know how far you can go in commercial theater. People read the newspapers to find out whether they should go to a play or not, and in this case the critics honestly didn't think they should."

During 1971, MacDermot wrote "Ghetto Suite," which consisted of songs and poems by Harlem and Bronx schoolchildren set to his music. He also wrote a mass.

"It was no big theatrical event—just a setting of the Anglican service. I would like people to do it. In my daughter's school, in fact, the kids all know and sing it. It's like a hymn, one long hymn, and that was the idea of it. In addition, I've been writing a wind quartet for my wife, who used to play clarinet in an orchestra. It's a nice thing for a composer to do, and it's fun. I wrote a few such things when I was going to school, and I do the arrangements for the shows I write, but doing this is altogether different from writing for a 14-piece band where you have a rhythm section to carry it and you use the brass to fill. This is completely carried by itself. It's fanciful composing, but it has a little of that African feeling. The rhythms are West Indian, and every time I play piano it tends to have that West Indian lobe. The very heavily African beat is much more in West Indian music than it ever was in jazz. The guys in the quintet are classical, however, very Juilliard-type guys!

Alongside all these activities, he has for a considerable time been making records as Fergus McRoy, a pseudonym for a Nova Scotian folksinger.

"I have a record company of my own, and I've made several albums. A guy in Canada has been trying to sell them, without much success, and arrangements are being made for their distribution here on the Kilmarnock label. The first batch will include *Ghetto Suite*, a couple of film soundtracks, the original cast recording of *Isabel's a Jezabel*, two of McRoy's sets, a rock album,

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4

This is the second and final portion of the roundtable discussion with Herbie Hancock, Roger Kellaway, Joe Sample and Toshiko (Aki-yoshi). Part one appeared in the Oct. 26 issue.

**db:** Who is still exerting an influence on you today?

**R.K.:** My influence doesn't come from jazz today. It comes from Stravinsky, Messiaen, Varese and composers like that.

**H.H.:** He named exactly the same people I would have named, and in almost the same order. I would have added Stockhausen and Cage.

**R.K.:** Yes, Cage. He came into my life about 1964, when Varese did. I was just knocked out by the things they were doing that were so different. It took me a long time to accept Cage not as a musician, but as a philosopher.

**J.S.:** I just don't have a favorite. Like people ask me "Who's your favorite piano player?" And I say: "I'm at the stage where I love everyone... even Floyd Cramer."

**R.K.:** Well, you can't really say one person, and we can't either. Stravinsky doesn't exert more of an influence than Varese because their personalities are so different. You get something from one, and something else from the other.

**H.H.:** In other words you become a disciple of one person.

**R.K.:** When did Varese come into your life?

**H.H.:** When I was in college, I think—'56 or '57.

**R.K.:** How did you relate to his music when you first heard it?

**H.H.:** It sounded . . . together. I didn't know what was going on, but it sounded together.

**R.K.:** That's the strongest thing you can relate to. You don't know quite what you've listened to, but you know you've listened to something.

**H.H.:** Right . . . right. He wasn't jiving.

**db:** Like my first reaction to Bird. I didn't know what he was doing, but it sure was together.

**H.H.:** Right . . . right. That's what I tell people about contemporary music. People will say "I don't understand your music," or "I don't understand Coltrane," and I'll tell them neither do I really. The important thing is to leave yourself open so you can experience the thing without any knowledge whatsoever. If you can do that, you'll be in better shape than the musician who can name all the changes you can play and hasn't heard anything.

**J.S.:** Well, as I said before, I have no favorite. I like everyone.

**db:** What about you, Tosh?

**T.A.:** (To Herbie) You said it precisely. I like anything that is together, as you put it. Most of

the time when I listen to musicians I'm bored. I don't know why, but everything sounds like a Latin *montuna*. You know, I heard Herbie before I came over here, and he sounded so very, much together. It really knocked me out . . .

**H.H.:** Why thank you . . .

**T.A.:** All the people you mentioned, like Varese . . . I don't know them, but I probably would like them.

**R.K.:** Oh, you would like Messiaen.

**T.A.:** Well, I don't know Varese. But I like Stravinsky. And I like Hindemith because I like his acoustical knowledge.

**R.K.:** I know you'd like Messiaen—particularly the piece *Oiseaux Exotiques*. There's so much jazz in that piece I can't believe it. I just know you'd like it.

**T.A.:** Yeah, how do you know?

**R.K.:** Because anyone who has an affinity with jazz . . . well, there's a thing about Messiaen's music that, despite the fact that there's no improvisation, it's all worked out.

**J.S.:** A thought just hit me. Herbie, back in '63 or '64 you did *Inventions and Dimensions*, right?

**H.H.:** Yeah, I did that album just before or just after I joined Miles.

**J.S.:** Well, when you did that album, it knocked me out. But I had my fingers crossed that you would leave that there and move on. And you did. Now, there's one thing in jazz piano playing that bugs me to the utmost. That is, to hear a soloist constantly playing *Inventions and Dimensions*. I just get bored. It's just as bad as sitting down and playing a C scale all day long.

**R.K.:** That must be related to something you expect from yourself. In other words, your concept of life is growth and change, and you like to hear that in a pianist, or from anybody in music. If they don't give that to you, you turn off. I feel the same way.

**J.S.:** Even now, I'll hear young piano players playing an entire solo of five or six of the scales that you had on that album.

**H.H.:** You're saying you actually hear piano players do some of the things that are on the album?

**J.S.:** Yeah, that's what I hear—the actual scales.

**H.H.:** That's weird. After I recorded that album, I dismissed it. I don't ever think of it.

**J.S.:** I know, but that's what I'm saying. I even hear, you know, really professional musicians constructing solos on scales. I want to hear

some emotion, some creativeness . . . a melody every now and then. I mean a melodic phrase other than just moving a finger across the fourth finger into the next pattern.

**H.H.:** I understand what you mean, Joe. But what makes melody is the degree of tension. What you call melody somebody 200 years ago would have called chaos. You know, "What is that, a flat 9?" What I'm getting at is that melody can be awfully far out.

**J.S.:** I'm not speaking of the sweet . . . like violins playing a very diatonic melody. You can pick any scale you want to and it could be the far-outest scale you can think of.

**T.A.:** He means like a pre-meditated way—certain things for sad music; certain things for happy music.

**J.S.:** Yeah, a pre-meditated conception of playing. Herbie, I have seen this, but I'm not going to name names. I have seen professional musicians get on a stand with a book of scales and patterns and throughout their solos I hear this: *Doo-dee-da-da-doo-dee-dee-doo* . . .

**R.K.:** Was it by Nicolas Slonimsky? *The Treasury of Scales and Melodic Patterns*? Somebody said that John Coltrane used that book and everybody started buying it. That's quite a book.

**H.H.:** Oh yeah, I've got that book.

**J.S.:** Well, it seems like piano players have this great love, man.

**R.K.:** (Hunched over imaginary keyboard.) I can fit this in . . . watch. (Loud guffaws.)

**J.S.:** Yeah, right. That's exactly what I'm saying. It turns me off.

**H.H.:** I know people that do it and I don't think it's a good idea. George Coleman did it. At least he did it when he working with Miles. Consciously.

**J.S.:** It shouldn't be that way because it's contrived.

**R.K.:** Do you ever listen to a particular point of view before you go to a gig—like put on a Messiaen record to get yourself in a particular frame of mind?

**R.K.:** I did that when I was working out at the Lighthouse for a series of eight Sundays. I happen to love that piano, and it would do anything I wanted it to.

**T.A.:** The piano likes you.

**R.K.:** Anyway, I listened to Messiaen before I went down there. A couple of times it didn't work, but there were other times when it really



From left: Siders, Kellaway, Sample and Toshiko

conducted by  
harvey siders

did work—especially on those long tunes where it is only one chord, and you start getting into his particular form of music and how he felt and that kind of thing. It took my head to a different place.

**H.H.:** I sometimes put on a series of different records. But you can get caught, you know, on one trip, if you put a certain record on before you go to work. That's okay, but it can get out of hand, so you have to be careful. But I usually put on a series of contemporary things just to open my head up: John Coltrane's *Live in Seattle* . . . then some Stockhausen . . . maybe Debussy.

**db:** Well, nothing wrong with opening your mind up, but on a more down-to-earth level, do you do any warm-up exercises for your hands before a gig?

**T.A.:** I don't know one horn player who doesn't warm up, but I know plenty of piano players who never warm up.

**H.H.:** Yeah, you're right.

**R.K.:** I never warm up. Depends on where the rhythm section is at.

**J.S.:** When I was in Harold Land's group with

together with so many different kinds of people playing jazz that all that mattered was whether they got it on or they didn't get it on. This whole racial thing came upon me as such a surprise, and I began to think, oh God, all these people are going through all this shit all over the country, all over the world. It makes me think that when I was a teenager it didn't matter what anybody was. It was whether he could play or not.

**T.A.:** They talk about black and white musicians more now than, let's say, when I first came to this country. I think the reason is because it's part of the revolution. Music is part of the cultural revolution, so it's more talked about today. But, I don't know how to put it—jazz is a very personal thing. Like any other form. Say European music: Does that mean only Europeans can play it? Any art, I think is a very personal thing.

**H.H.:** It's very personal, but on the other hand, we're talking about a music that is definitely ethnic. So the roots are all black. And now here we are in the '70s, and so many things have been influenced by jazz that it's very hard to say the music is black in the same way you could say it in the beginning.

**T.A.:** Exactly my point. You can talk about history, but the important thing is what the state of jazz is today.

**db:** Groovy. Now let's turn to under-rated or neglected pianists. Who comes to mind?

**H.H.:** You mean publicity-wise . . . economically . . . or what?

**db:** I mean in terms of esteem. Like the first one who comes to my mind is Phineas Newborn. The public awareness is not there.

**H.H.:** Well, there were quite a few years where I didn't see the same of McCoy Tyner mentioned in the Critics Poll.

**R.K.:** I'm afraid they (jazz dolls) are strictly commercial.

**H.H.:** McCoy's name came to mind right away because only musicians realize the influence that McCoy has had on all piano players.

**T.A.:** It involves so many factors: You have to be talented, but you also have to know the right people. In the old days you had to have a patron or something.

**J.S.:** I don't think I could name anyone. I feel everyone deserves more publicity.

**T.A.:** Well, some people are not . . . aggressive.

**R.K.:** Really, they just want to play.

**J.S.:** Like Herbie said, he couldn't understand how McCoy's name wasn't even mentioned. Well, I couldn't understand why I wasn't even mentioned as a jazz piano player. Not even a vote for me. I don't know who chooses the names.

**H.H.:** That happens. I wonder if your name has to be on an elite list to be considered for the poll? (Ed. note: There is no elite list, nor is there a list of any kind. The critics, in the Critics Poll, and the readers, in the Readers Poll, have an open ballot. The only restriction is that the musician must be living, except for the Hall of Fame category. Incidentally, Hancock has won the Readers Poll four times (1968 through 1971) and the Critics Poll twice (as composer in 1967, 1971). Kellaway won the Critics Poll piano award in the TDWR division in 1968.) I mean you see peoples' names on the poll and you know they haven't done anything in two years. It might be better if they gave recognition for distinguished service to culture, rather than a competitive thing. Miles Davis should be recognized. John Coltrane should be recognized in a special way. Tony Williams, too.

**R.K.:** And then that would take them off the major polls and give room for younger people, or for different musicians.

**J.S.:** I think it's silly to say who's number one. I mean, that's not valid. Because like I would say Art Tatum was unbelievable, but I recently heard Horace Silver and he just knocked me out. How can I equate them?

**db:** Turning to the art of accompaniment, do any of you like to accompany?

**R.K.:** Ummmm, I always have.

**H.H.:** Me too. That's why I have a sextet rather than a trio.

**db:** Well I don't mean just comping; I mean accompanying a singer, too. When I hear some of the things that Ellis Larkins or Tommy Flanagan do behind a singer, I find myself shutting out the voice and listening to the piano.

**R.K.:** Accompanying is definitely a whole bag of its own.

**db:** Can you get as much satisfaction from it as from being out front?

**R.K.:** Absolutely.

**H.H.:** Oh yeah, man.

**R.K.:** Especially if your ego doesn't mind, and if you like somebody to take the lead and you get off by doing all the things that you do behind that lead.

**H.H.:** I personally would rather play behind an instrumentalist than a singer. But it's only because an instrumentalist is accustomed to moving notes in a more varied way than a singer.

**J.S.:** That's because of the limitations of the voice.

**H.H.:** Well, listen to Middle Eastern music sometimes. There's no limitations to the voice. It's just that we Westerners have certain limitations.

**R.K.:** In Western music the singer is generally bound by lyrics and melody and that's it. How far can you move that?

**db:** Also by a diatonic scale.

**H.H.:** Mucho diatonic.

**db:** Mucho diatonic? I've never heard that scale.

**R.K.:** I've accompanied many singers, and I really dig it—depending on the singer of course. With a groovy singer it's really exciting.

**J.S.:** I have found that I love to play for a gospel singer. I just love that.

**R.K.:** That's an entirely different style. That's an experience I've never had.

**J.S.:** It's a very simple, but a very full sound. For the past couple of years now I've been sort of making a study of playing gospel piano. This is something I always had in my background as a little kid. But I sort of frowned on it because it was like being in the south. It was too black for me and I wanted to be hip then.

**H.H.:** That was the generation we came from.

**J.S.:** I sort of frowned on this music, but now I have found that I have gone back to this music and it completely floors me now.

**H.H.:** I never really involved myself that much. I didn't go to church that much. That may be one of the reasons why I haven't gotten involved with gospel piano as such.

**db:** Let's end on a light note if we can. What's the funniest, or most embarrassing, thing that has ever happened to you in a musical situation?

**R.K.:** I remember an experience I had when I was 18 years old in Boston. It was a mixed band of union and non-union members. We were playing a political convention in Boston and the band was half on the stage and half behind the curtain. In other words, they wanted to hide the mixed band from the television

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Herbie Hancock

ANNETTE PARKS

Bobby Hutcherson, they had two or three opening songs that were extremely fast, and if I didn't warm up my fingers, I just couldn't make it.

**db:** I saw Bobby Bryant at the Parisian Room, and his idea of warming up—that is, first number, first set—was *Oleo* way up.

**R.K.:** I played a gig with Donald Byrd that was like that.

**db:** All right, now try this on for size. Can you tell a black pianist from a white pianist when you're listening to a record?

**All:** No . . . not any more . . . Oh no . . . I don't think so.

**J.S.:** No, not any more.

**H.H.:** That's a funny question, Harvey. It depends on how they play. Some black guy may love a particular style that has been associated with black. You never really know.

**J.S.:** I think there's a certain sort of music played by black pianists a certain way. Then I think you can tell.

**H.H.:** Right. There are black styles and white styles.

**db:** Well, let me expand it a bit. If it's difficult to tell a black pianist from a white pianist, can you tell a black musician from a white musician?

**R.K.:** I don't know about anybody else's experience, but in my experience I was brought

Often, people of little or no musical ability receive wide public acclaim. This, in fact, may apply to the majority of pop musicians today: The status they have attained is largely due to slick public relations hype. Of course, this victimizes musicians who are truly talented and consistently produce music of the highest caliber.

One such victim is the great guitarist and composer Larry Coryell. For some time now, Coryell has been releasing jazz-rock albums that in my opinion outclass everybody else's attempts in the field. His music is compositionally intricate and complex and technically flawless. He can play demanding material so fast and with such finesse that it sounds (and looks) deceptively easy. All his notes are crystal clear and are not marred by the overdone electronics that have recently become fashionable among guitarists. Coupled with

# Larry Coryell: more to come

by  
Harry Stamatakis

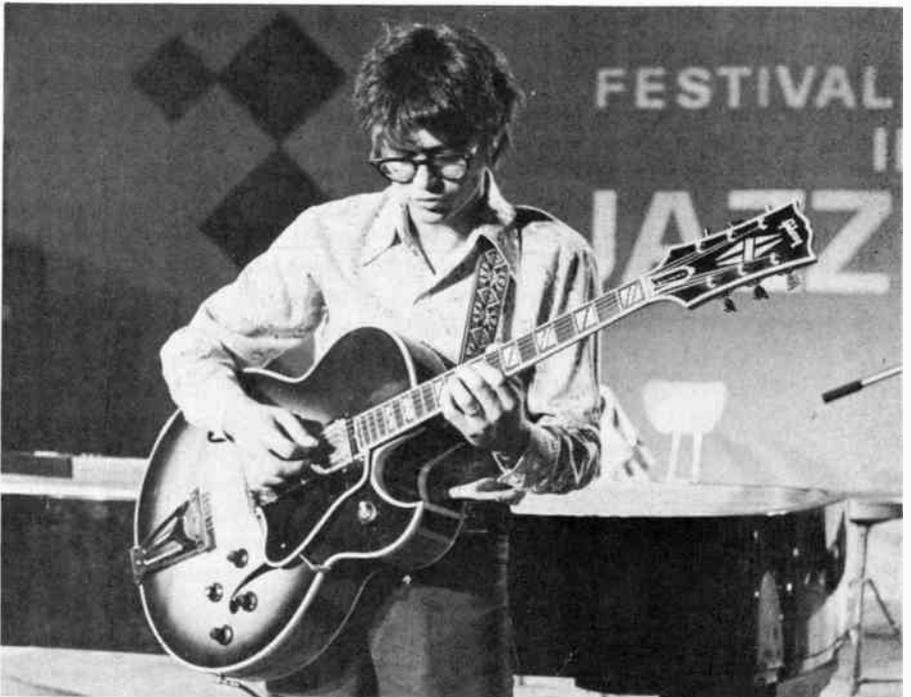
this, Coryell has what might best be described as natural musical feeling.

During this year, Coryell has frequently played in New York City jazz clubs. It was at the Gaslight Au Go Go that I saw him for the first time, and I was practically knocked off my feet. Larry was playing with his current group, made up of long-time musical friends: Steve Marcus on soprano saxophone; Mike Mandel on electric piano; Harry Wilkinson on drums, and, in place of bassist Mervin Bronson, who had temporarily left the group, John Miller, who fit into the group surprisingly well despite a completely different style from Bronson.

Two days later, when I entered the very cluttered office of the Gaslight, Larry, his wife Julie, and some friends were already engaged in conversation. The topic soon turned to John McLaughlin, Larry's friend (and possibly rival). A few years ago, Larry and Julie Coryell started practicing yoga with McLaughlin and his wife, Eve, under the tutelage of Sri Chinmoy, who is still McLaughlin's yogi.

"My wife had just had a baby. She was depressed and we were both unhappy. When we were trying to be disciples, John, myself, Eve, and Julie were all very close. We saw each other almost every day. We meditated together; we made music together; we ate together; and we played Scrabble together. We had a great time and were the best of friends," Coryell said.

This relationship lasted about a year, but the Coryells found that the yoga teachings were in direct conflict with certain basic prin-



ALAIN BETEX

ciples and ideas they did not wish to change.

"I spent a year and a half trying to conform to the kind of person John McLaughlin's guru wanted me to be, and I couldn't. First of all, I found that I couldn't love my wife the way I wanted to."

Musically speaking, Coryell does not consider this brief sojourn into mysticism fruitless. He wrote many songs during the period and is still happy with them.

"The last time I saw Sri Chinmoy, I wrote what I consider to be my greatest piece. It's called *The Meditation Of November 8th*, and it's on *Offering* (Vanguard VSD 79319). The entire composition is nothing but peace and solitude and quiet. It's the best thing I ever wrote."

Though McLaughlin continues to practice Yoga, he and Coryell remain friends. Concerning McLaughlin's current playing, Coryell has both positive and negative opinions.

"Let me first say that John McLaughlin is the only guitar player in the world beside myself who can play music that nobody else can play. He is one of the most gifted musicians on earth. The real positive virtues of *The Inner Mounting Flame* are its compositional aspects. All it really shows is what a good writer John is. It does *not* show what kind of player he is. I'm disappointed in that record because I know how great he can play. I feel that my album, *Spaces*, (Vanguard VSD 6558) captured the true John McLaughlin. Listen to his solo on *Wrong Is Right* or *Spaces* or *Rene's Theme*, and you'll hear one

of the greatest guitar players in the world."

With Coryell and McLaughlin on guitars on *Spaces* are Miroslav Vitous, Chick Corea, and Billy Cobham—all musicians to conjure with.

"The best I ever heard Billy Cobham was when he played on *Spaces*. Listen to *Spaces*. That's true, honest, artistic music. My wife wrote the music for that album, and it is to me one of the greatest records of our generation. People will be waking up to that years from now. We sat down, looked at the music, turned on the tapes, and we played it."

Coryell has high esteem for Vitous' associates in Weather Report. "Let me say that the musicians in Weather Report had a profound influence on my music. I respect those musicians about as much as anybody."

I asked Coryell about Jimi Hendrix. "Jimi Hendrix is the greatest musician who ever lived, as far as I'm concerned. The stuff I saw him do in person in jam sessions was some of the heaviest jazz music I ever heard. He is the greatest musician I've ever met." Hendrix and Coryell were going in the same musical direction in the '60s but Hendrix, it seems, was a split second ahead. "I hate him because he took everything away from me that was mine. I wanted to play just like that at the time. I knew that would be *the* sound. He took my stuff, man. I've never been so jealous of a cat in my life."

How does Coryell view his relatively obscure status in rock music circles?

"I want to be a star and make a lot of money," he said. "I have a large family and a lot of debts to pay off. I would like to be recognized, not as the greatest, but as one of the greatest guitar players in the world. My time will come. I'm not worried about it." He is, however, very pleased with being his own musician, not indebted to hype.

"When I get up there, either in a recording studio or on stage, I play my guitar the best I can. If you like it, that's fine, and if you don't, that's fine too, because I receive the full benefits of complete artistic integrity and free-

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# RECORD REVIEWS

## SPOTLIGHT REVIEW

### SONNY ROLLINS

NEXT ALBUM—Milestone MSP 9042: *Playin' In The Yard; Poinciana; The Everywhere Calypso; Keep Hold of Yourself; Skylark.*

Personnel: Rollins, tenor&soprano saxes; George Cables, acoustic&electric piano; Bob Cranshaw, acoustic&electric bass; Jack De Johnette or David Lee, drums; Arthur Jenkins, conga drums, percussion, tracks 1&3 only.

Rating: ★★★★★

Sonny Rollins plays tenor exactly like I play tenor when I'm dreaming of how I'd play it if I could play. If there is a Platonic perfection to which all tenorists aspire that resides in our collective unconscious, then Sonny must be the cat with the goods. Martin Williams implied something like that in an essay about Rollins' thematic playing in which he suggested that it was the kind of playing you could use to turn on an unhipped uncle. Having read that essay at an impressionable age, I set about springing Newk on an unaware uncle who became aware long enough to comment that it sounded like musicians tuning up. Older but no wiser, I dropped the record at hand on my classically-oriented wife's lap before departing for an appointment and returned to find her entranced with the second side and gushing about the "lilting variations and fugue-like unity of the calypso" and "the magnificent arrangement" of *Skylark*. I concur.

Which leads us to one of two possible conclusions: *Wives* are hipper than uncles or Sonny Rollins is now in tune.

Which leads us to this album, here after six years during which Rollins shunned the recording studios. It is as inconsistent as most of his albums but boasts two masterpieces.

Paradoxically, when Rollins is not playing well, he plays less well than many of his inferiors. I suspect the reason is that his approach is a confluence of melodic variations and rhythmic surprises. This requires much concentration and an intellectual suppleness that is not needed for the facile running-through of chords that many pass off as improvisation. At the top of his form, though, he is unmatched. And that was the occasion for *Calypso* and *Skylark*.

The former is an irresistible original that I much prefer to his earlier calypsos, *Hold 'Em Joe* and *St. Thomas*. With its lyrical chords and rhythmic drive, it is a perfect vehicle for Rollins to prance through with chorus after chorus of wit-laced variations, bouncing triplets around like ju-ju beads and, toward the end of his second solo, tripping the wanga fantastic with some awesome double timing. Cables' solo continues the feeling but hints more overtly at the blues; Lee and Cranshaw are of a piece.

*Skylark* is one of the best things Rollins has put on record. Beginning with an unaccompanied introduction, he moves into a beautiful theme statement, followed by a fragile and wistful Cables outing. Rollins returns with extraordinary inventiveness, letting lines out

Records are reviewed by Mike Bourne, Bill Cole, Gary Giddins, Alan Heineman, Wayne Jones, Larry Kart, Joe H. Klee, Michael Levin, John Litweiler, Terry Martin, John McDonough, Dan Morgenstern, Bobby Nelsen, Don Nelsen, Bob Porter, Doug Ramsey, Larry Ridley, Robert Rusch, Joe Shulman, Harvey Siders, Will Smith, Jim Szantor, Eric Vogel, and Pete Welding.

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

Most recordings reviewed 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)

that threaten to outrun his lungs. A few snatches of *Stella by Starlight* and *It Might As Well Be Spring* are hinted at along the way. He closes with a lengthy cadenza at the end of which you may realize you have been holding your breath. A notable aspect of this solo is that his tone is softer, warmer, than usual; during the cadenza his sound even gets a bit of fuzz.

*Keep Hold* is a straight-ahead blues that has hard tenor but is almost stolen by some aggressive piano. *Poinciana* marks Sonny's debut on soprano and has him playing in a more conventional manner with, not surprisingly, less authority. There are some fine ideas, but the total impact is lessened by the shrill tone and apparent uneasiness at getting out of the higher register.

*Yard* is the only cut that is really a drag. It is a 16-bar blues with a rock backbeat and, as usual, the rock rhythm gets tedious after a short while. After the theme, Rollins gets off three fine, gritty choruses and the piece should have ended there. What follows is a long, flat Cables solo on electric piano. If this album is a fair indication, he is a much better player on the acoustic instrument.

But that's all right. There's enough here to confirm that Sonny Rollins is the best saxophonist alive. —giddins

### BIG BLACK

BIG BLACK & THE BLUES—UNI 73134: *Shu-Be-Du; I Care; Mm Baby; Blues, Blues, Blues; Blues of Love; People Are Talkin'; I Sit and Moan; I Don't Know Why But I Love You; Coal Black Eyes; Long Black Sally.*

Personnel: Marcos Habif, harmonica; Sargent Sonny, Albert Ingrum, guitars; William Henderson, electric piano; Larry Taylor, bass; Yoakov Ben Israel, drums; Gary Alexander, timbales; Black vocal.

Rating: ★★

As a blues singer, Big Black is a great conga player.

Like countless other instrumentalists, Black has been unable to restrain the impulse to sing. He has also chosen to debut with eight original songs. The results are designed to produce a gaping yawn.

His approach has something in common with that of Big Miller, but there is no intensity here. Black sounds as though he's just going through the motions.

The accompaniment is good if a little tame. Habif sounds nice in his spots, but the best thing on the LP is a rolling piano solo by Henderson on *Mm*, which says more about the blues than anything else on the album. —porter

### DAVE BRUBECK

TRUTH IS FALLEN—Atlantic SD 1606: *Prelude; Merciful Men are Taken Away; Truth is Fallen; Oh, That My Head Were Waters; Speak Out; I Called And No One Answered; Yea Truth Filleth; Truth (Planets Are Spinning); Is The Lord's Hand Shortened?; Arise!*

Personnel: New Heavenly Blue: Chris Brubeck,

trombone, keyboards, vocal; Steve Dudash, vocal soloist, violin, guitar; Jim Cathcart, organ, trumpet, vocal; Dave Mason, lead guitar, viola, vocal; Peter Ruth, harmonica, flute, vocal; Brubeck, piano; Chris Brown, electric bass, string bass, vocal; Peter Bonistelli, percussion; St. John's Assembly Choir; Charlene Peterson, soprano; Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, Erich Kunzel, conductor.

Rating: ★★★½

Brubeck's writing in the prelude sets a standard of freshness and vigor the main body of the work never meets. It is pointed, witty and skeptical. There are Ivesian allusions and snatches of melody, and a masterful mixture of dixieland, rock and folk elements with straight-ahead jazz. The voicings for the orchestra are particularly effective. New Heavenly Blue handles its assignment admirably, with excellent work from Chris Brubeck on trombone and Peter Ruth on harmonica.

After the prelude, the message becomes explicit both musically and in the text, which, as in Brubeck's previous large-scale works, is mostly biblical. The message is that our conscience has been buried beneath war, greed and racism and that the way out is through God and love.

The work occasionally moves the emotions, as during *Is The Lord's Hand Shortened?*, when the small, lovely soprano voice of Charlene Peterson is contrasted with almost overpowering orchestral interjections. And there are moments of embarrassment, as when an amateurish rock vocalist is presented in duet with the coolly professional Miss Peterson. There is impressive writing in the fugue of the section called *Truth Is Fallen* and for the chorus in *Arise!*

Brubeck's oratorios are, like his piano solos, fascinating mixtures of influences, shot through with his brilliance, bombast and naivete. All the ingredients are present in *Truth Is Fallen*, but this is his most successful major work so far. He is learning to economize and unify his musical statements. Here, there's more brilliance than bombast. As for naivete, it's entirely possible our times cry out for a good deal more of Brubeck's artless advocacy of simple solutions to overwhelmingly complex problems. —ramsey

### JIMMY HEATH

THE GAP SEALER—Cobblestone 9012: *Heritage Hum; Invitation; A Sound for Sore Ears; Gap Sealer; Angel Man; Alkebu-Lan.*

Personnel: Heath, flute, soprano&tenor saxes; Kenny Barron, acoustic&electric piano; Bob Cranshaw, electric bass; Al (Tootie) Heath, drums, tambourine; Mtume, congas, misc. percussion.

Rating: ★★★★★

Don't let this LP get lost in the influx of records by bigger names. I've listened to it dozens of times now—straight, stoned, in rapt silence, during conversation, making love, making a hamburger—and regardless of the circumstance (sorry, baby) it's managed to draw my attention and keep it.

It isn't just the refreshing tunes, the super-  
November 9 □ 19

or playing, or the sublime rhythm section. It's the feeling—a swinging, good-time, together feeling.

Jimmy Heath has, of course, been around since almost the beginning of bop. (Listen to his 1948 *Maggie's Draw* solo to see why he was once called "Little Bird.") But he has often been overlooked as just another second-string hard-bop tenor. True, he may have been more of an influence-ee than an influence—he's learned from Bird, Dexter, and Trane most conspicuously. He remains his own man nonetheless.

When discussing any jazz improviser of importance, one must confront an essential level of the artist's playing that is not covered by any attempt to link him historically or to the cats he listened to. Even a transcription of

his solos, which will give us the how and the what of his playing, will leave us in the cold on this point. (Especially in jazz, where notation can convey only a fraction of the true meaning of a note or a phrase.) The level I'm referring to is the one of pure individuality, the alchemical process by which an artist translates his feelings or soul into notes.

Only a tiny minority of jazzmen might be considered innovators. The vocabulary of jazz was written by a few people—Louis, Hawk, Prez, Bird, Ornette, a handful of others. But the possibilities for using this vocabulary are infinite. The test of the best of the non-innovators is how well they apply a given framework to articulate themselves. (The reason I'm going on like this is that I'm tired of hearing so many superb artists and records

dismissed—as has been done to the record under review—by facile, meaningless comparisons.)

One can easily recognize influences throughout the *Gap Scaler* and they are convenient for trying to place the record stylistically. The average jazz enthusiast will know what I mean if I write that Heath has taken on a Coltrane influence. But the danger is in making too much of comparative criticism while neglecting to say that Jimmy Heath is a consummate reedman with his own individual and unique way of thinking music; that although he has incorporated many influences he uses them with wit and inventiveness to get deeper into himself—not for cheap imitation.

Three cuts on this collection deserve special mention. *Invitation* is a standard by Bronislau Kaper, better known for *Green Dolphin Street*. As played by Heath—and I guess this is the way Kaper wrote it—it has an AABBA or near pyramidal structure. After the theme, Heath glides through two choruses (the final A parts of the 2nd marking a return to the theme) for a masterful improvisation. The repetitiveness of the changes, particularly when there are four A parts, give his solo a kind of incantatory effect. The careful use of space and the unified feeling of the solo—and of the track, since no one else solos—combines with a gracefulness of attack to create a memorable story. He uses the soprano with great effectiveness, cascading over the octaves and grabbing backcrawling cries from the upper limits. Listen to the way he alters frenetic jumbles with evenly paced lines. And influence watchers, don't miss the Eric Dolphy-like descending run at the 15th



and 16th measures of the second improvised chorus.

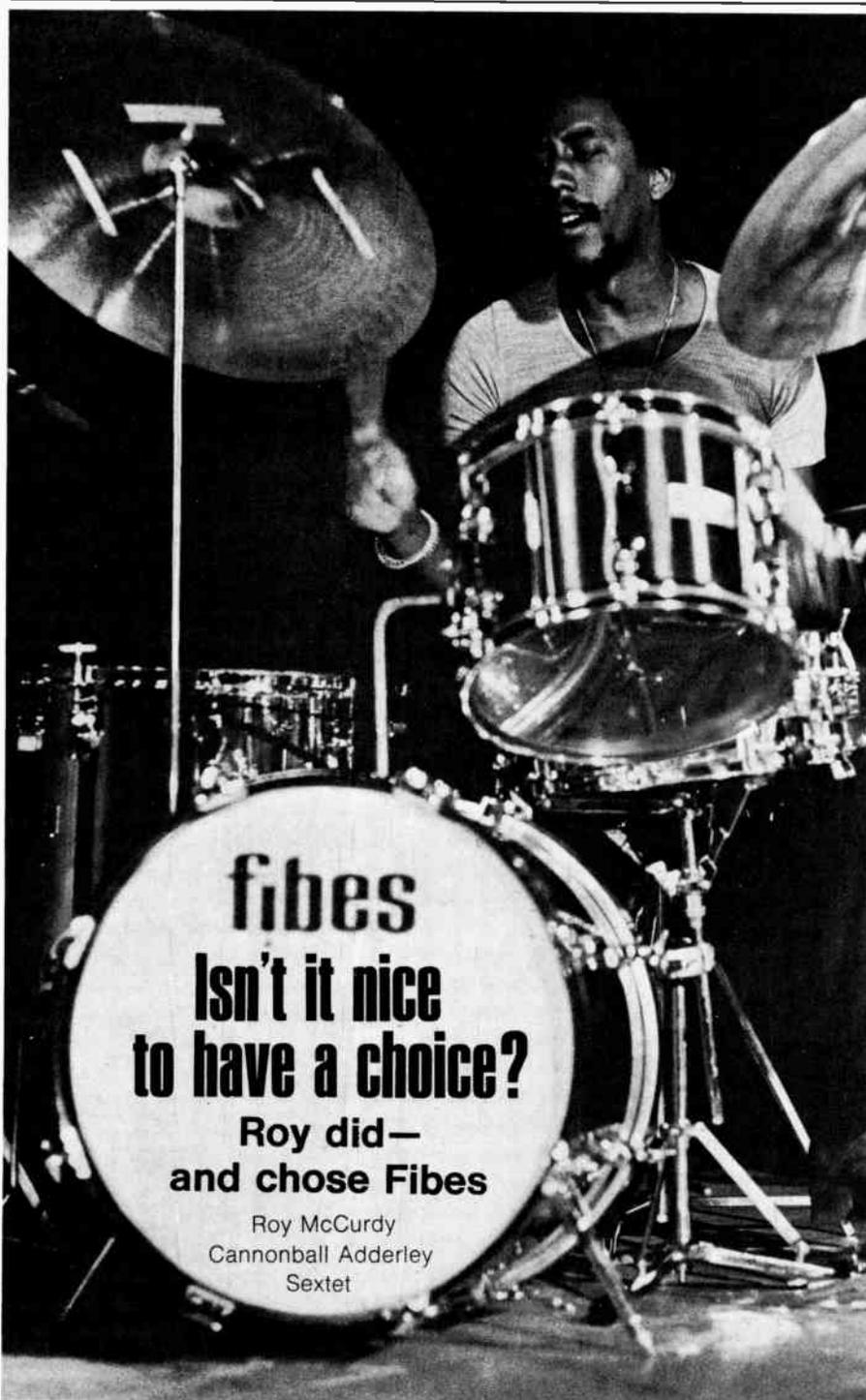
In some ways, the title tune, a marvelous Heath original, is even better. A call-to-spring intro on soprano leads to a catchy theme that is one of his best to date. The space between the intro and the theme is about one count longer than you expect it to be—just one of those small joys that make all the difference: A brilliant solo by Barron follows, funny, delicate, soulful. Then the tenor enters like a wise man, evenly dispatching fat notes over brother Al's sparkling cymbals. It's a warm, almost lilting performance.

*Alkebu-Lan* is by Mtume, Heath's son, and it has everybody playing hard. Dig Barron's incredible comping, particularly during the theme. His prancing solo is splendid. Heath's tenor bristles over the hidden register and then lands with agility for a swinging tap-dance.

None of the other three tracks—all fine Heath originals—are less than very good. *Angel Man* accurately portrays Yusef Lateef with its sinuous theme and funky, backbeat bridge. It features Heath's cool flute enlivened by a soft growl.

The rhythm section is flawless. Barron sounds a bit under-recorded but his playing, as usual, enhances the proceedings. Bob Cranshaw is so damn good that, like Milt Hinton or George Duvivier, he will probably never win a poll but always be in great demand. He's done more to make the Fender bass a legitimate jazz instrument than anyone. Tootie is his usual tasteful self—crisp, pulsating, energetic. Mtume provides a fine undercurrent, filling out the bottom without overwhelming it.

—giddins



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## BOBBI HUMPHREY

FLUTE-IN—Blue Note BST 84379: *Ain't No Sunshine*; *It's Too Late*; *Sidewinder*; *Sad Bag*; *Spanish Harlem*; *Don't Knock My Funk*; *Journey To Morocco*; *Set Us Free*.

Personnel: Lee Morgan, trumpet; Billy Harper, tenor sax; Hank Jones or Frank Owens, keyboards; Gene Bertocini, guitar; George Duvivier or Gordon Edwards, bass; Idris Muhammad or Jimmy Johnson, drums; Ray Armando, conga drums; George Devens, percussion; Wade Marcus, arranger.

Rating: ★★★

Bobbi Humphrey has an attractive flute sound, though at this point her improvisational abilities are not fully developed. Since she is only 19 or 20, however, and this is her first I.P., there is much to look forward to.

Her album combines the commercial and the artistic in an attractive fashion: The rhythmically stimulating pop material is short and tasteful while there is plenty of room to stretch on the jazz.

Morgan has three solos, all very good, while Harper takes an especially well constructed turn on *Set*.

There is a premature fade-out to *Journey* and another odd fade on *Set*, a fine track, which mars the album's effectiveness. Still, it is good to hear young talent displaying basic musical values without resorting to "outside" baloney and it makes one anxious to hear further developments.

—porter

## DR. JOHN

GUMBO—Atco SK 7006: *Iko Iko*; *Blow Wind Blow*; *Big Chief*; *Somebody Changed the Lock*; *Mess Around*; *Let the Good Times Roll*; *Junko*

*Partner*; *Stack-a-Lee*; *Tipitina*; *Those Lonely Lonely Nights*; *Huey Smith Medley (High' Blood Pressure)*; *Don't You Just Know it: Well I'll Be John Brown*; *Little Liza Jane*.

Personnel: Melvin Lastie, cornet; Streamline, trombone; Sidney George, Lee Allen, David Lastie, Moe Bechamin, Harold Battiste, winds; Dr. John, piano, guitar, vocal; Ken Klimak, Alvin Robinson, guitar; Ronnie Barron, keyboards; Sidney George, harmonica; Jimmy Calhoun, bass; Freddie Staehle, drums; Richard (Didimus) Washington, percussion.

Rating: ★★★

This is not the usual Dr. John music—at least not his more peculiar Cajun mystery/rock. Instead, *Gumbo* is root music, with delectable tastes of New Orleans rhythm&blues. Virtually every song is out of the '50s, recorded by then-popular performers like Huey Smith and Ray Charles, many of whom Dr. John (a.k.a. Mac Rebennack) played with in the studios.

All of it is funky and true to the spirit, and yet it isn't altogether nostalgic—the rippling stride piano, the honking tenor sax, the sizzling syncopation, all somehow tastes new. Of course, the principal energy of the music is the foot-stomping joy of Dr. John and his very Louisiana band. As such, the album creates the very good-time impression Dr. John intended, and for that *Gumbo* is tasty indeed.

And yet I hesitate, because my passion for this music is minimal. First off, I admit my affinity for that era and genre is almost non-existent. But worse, despite the overall fine playing and singing, *Gumbo* is monotonous—or at least isn't as interesting after two or three listens.

Then again, this is personal because I prefer the weird sound and imagery of that voodoo soul on his other I.P.s. Perhaps it is

enough that *Gumbo* is an entertaining diversion from the more typical top-40 turd soup.

—bourne

## ELVIN JONES

MERRY GO ROUND—Blue Note BST 84414: *'Round Town*; *Brite Piece*; *Lungs*; *A Time For Love*; *Tergiversation*; *La Fiesta*; *The Children's Merry-Go-Round March*; *Who's Afraid*...

Personnel: Steve Grossman, tenor sax; David Liebman, tenor&soprano saxes; Joe Farrell, tenor&soprano saxes, flute; Pepper Adams, baritone sax; Frank Foster, clarinet (track 8); Chick Corea, Jan Hammer, piano, electric piano; Yoshiaki Masuo, guitar; Gene Perla, bass, Fender bass; Jones, drums; Don Alias, conga drum.

Rating: ★★★★★½

I can't think of a record in recent months that better demonstrates what is good about contemporary jazz.

This I.P. is rhythmically stimulating (as one might expect), full of challenging harmonic material, and played in a most inspired fashion by an ensemble with a complete palette of tone colors.

The best tracks are *Terg. Fiesta* and *Who's*. Corea and Farrell stand out among the soloists, and while the others lack any special distinction, there is not a dull solo on the album.

Elvin himself is a marvel. His music and his drumming are funky and soulful without having a single damn thing to do with rock or soul music. Rhythmically, he is the only answer to rock—everyone else lacks vitality. Still, there are spots—briefly in *Brite*—where the rhythm gets turned around. He doesn't monopolize solo space either. As he ably demonstrated at Newport and reaffirms here, he can sound



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The album is recommended to those who generally avoid contemporary jazz because of bad experiences with plastic altos, pocket trumpets or electric pianos. This music is too good to sleep on. —porter

### HERBIE MANN

MISSISSIPPI GAMBLER—Atlantic SD 1610: *Swing Low Sweet Chariot; Mississippi Gambler; Dippermouth; Respect Yourself; I've Been Loving You Too Long; (I Can't Get No) Satisfaction.*

Personnel: Mann, flute; David Newman, tenor sax, flute; Bobby Emmons, organ; Bobby Wood, electric piano; Reggie Young (soloist), John Christopher, guitars; Mike Leach, Fender bass; Gene Chrisman, drums; Carlos (Patato) Valdes, conga drum.

Rating: ★★★★★

I like funky music, and Mann has emphasized the funky side of his music for quite a while. Of course he is not an originator in this context, but though some might consider his immense popularity undeserved he gives a lot to the music.

For example, he has showcased plenty of fine young talent. Here he allows Newman the kind of exposure he never got with Ray Charles.

Mann is also a rhythm section freak. There has been talk of rhythm sections since Freddie Green joined Basie and the entire subject would be worthy of extended study. Rhythm, today, is at once more simple and more complex than it was for Haig, Potter and Haynes or Silver, Watkins and Blakey.

This Memphis-based crew (with ringer Valdes) is as good a band as you will find. It is better than the Muscle Shoals or Motown sections, much better than anything in California and not far from The Kingpins or Willie Mitchell's bunch. Mann allows the rhythm section to do its thing and he adapts to it. Intelligent, meaningful synthesis. —porter

### JOHN MAYALL

JAZZ BLUES FUSION—Polydor PD 5027: *Country Road; Mess Around; Good Time Boogie; Change Your Ways; Dry Throat; Exercise in C Major for Harmonica, Bass & Shufflers; Got To Be This Way.*

Personnel: Blue Mitchell, trumpet; Clifford Solomon, saxes; Mayall, harmonica, guitar, piano, vocals; Freddy Robinson, guitar; Larry Taylor, bass electric; Ron Selico, drums.

Rating: ★★½

John Mayall is a curious artist. His music is personal, very true to the blues, and always somehow new. The "Fusion" in his title is for once actual, not just another pop hybrid. It is natural and high-spirited concert energy, with Mayall directing it all.

Side one is in Boston. *Country Road* is straight-ahead blues, never at all far-out. This is as throughout the LP: simple and expressive, with the Mayall voice as adenoidal and funky as ever. *Good Time Boogie* is all-out with everyone soloing well, especially Mitchell with some of his better playing of the album.

Then again, this is not extraordinary music, even if it is tangibly energetic. But it is at least created—not simply re-played familiar. Mayall even cusses out the audience for their vehement request of "an old record" (*Room to Move*). *Change Your Ways* is an encore of rather pithy moment.

Side two is in New York. *Dry Throat* is

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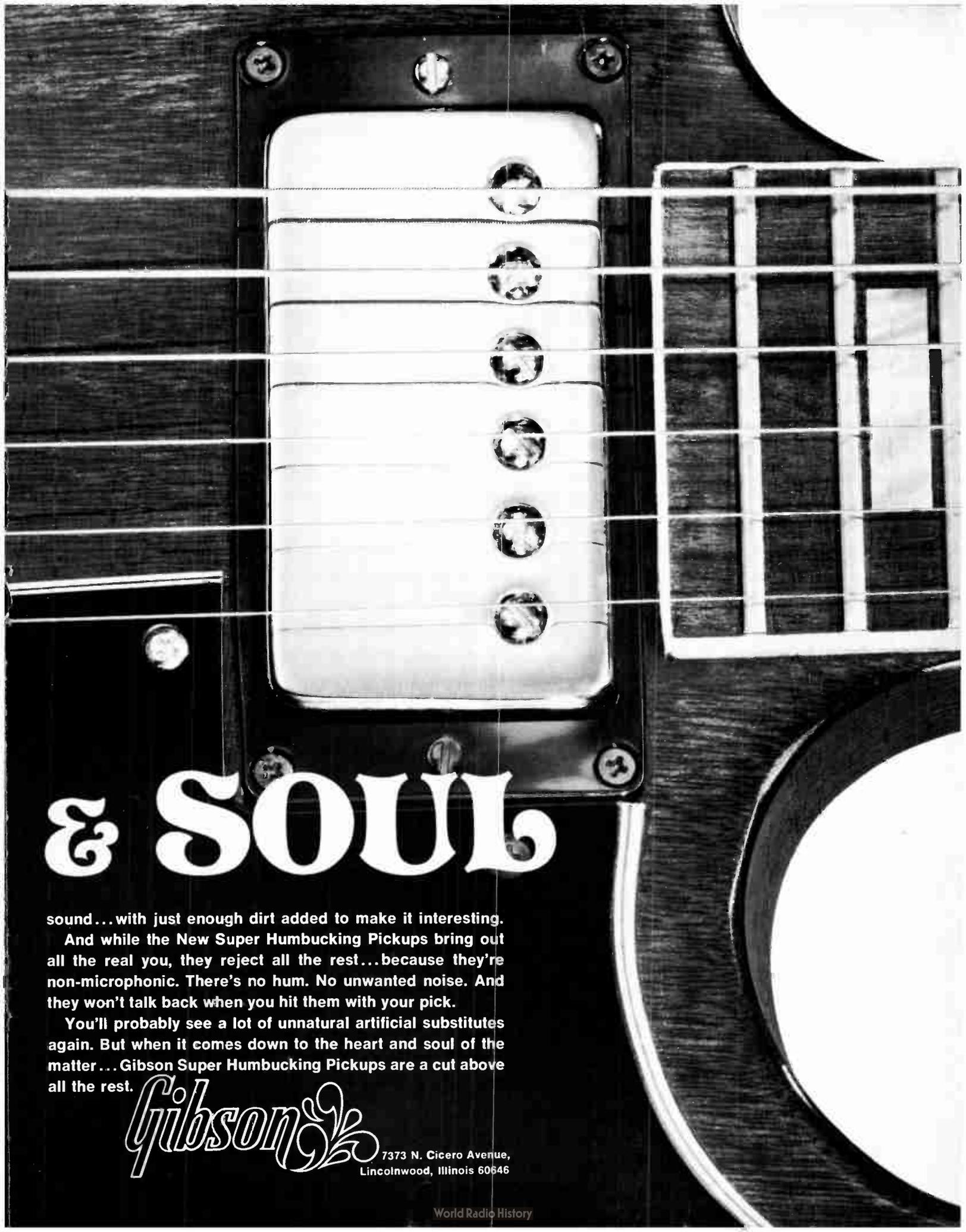


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another steady groove with soloing. Solomon is interesting, but too often resembles the squealing of Jr. Walker (albeit without the spunk). Robinson is also okay, if not especially illuminating. *Exercise* is the highlight of the LP with Mayall and Taylor featured free and the band rocking with Robinson. *Got To Be* is another encore with Mitchell open and very brassy indeed.

Altogether *Jazz Blues Fusion* is an interesting recreation of the Mayall style of blues cookery and another good indication of why he is such an impressive figure in British (and now American) blues/rock. —bourne

## OSIBISA

WOYAYA—Decca 5327: *Beautiful Seven*; *Y Sharp*; *Spirits Up Above*; *Survival*; *Move On*; *Rabiatu*; *Woyaya*.

Personnel: Mac Tontoh, trumpet, fluegelhorn, cowhorn, kabasa; Teddy Osei, tenor sax, flute, African drums, vocal; Loughty Lasisi Amao tenor & baritone sax, flute, congas, fontonfrom; Wendell Richardson, guitar, vocal; Robert Bailey, piano, organ, timbales; Spartacus R. bass, percussion; Sol Amarfio, drums, percussion.

Rating: ★★

It's not that I'm equivocal about this album, the group's second—my opinion is that it's not terribly successful nor the songs very interesting—but that I recognize in the group strong potential for growth and much deeper expression than is evident here. Much of the instrumental work is first-rate, representing a potentially exciting cross-breeding of new

jazz and rock that could develop into something truly invigorating.

Osibisa's forte is powerful rhythmic music and, in fact, the impression here is of a much more accomplished, interesting, tasteful and imaginative version of Santana, the chief difference being in the greater pan-African flavor of Osibisa's handling of rhythm. (The group is composed of four Africans and three West Indians.)

Osibisa is not nearly so fortunate in its choice of material, and this works against its music's maximum effectiveness. The pieces are generally good vehicles for the spirited blowing of guitarist Richardson, reed players Osei and Amao, and keyboard player Bailey with which the record is liberally sprinkled but as *songs*—vehicles for singing—the lyrics are very, very lame. The sentiments they voice—universal love, brotherhood, equality, etc.—are as unexceptionable as their handling is worse than unexceptional.

Producer Tony Visconti did a superlative recording job; the sound is crisp and clear. Had he lavished as much attention on selecting song materials, he would have produced a topnotch LP by this interesting group. I can recommend it to Santana fans and other followers of African-Latin rhythmic music. But, God, those lyrics! —welding

## BUDDY TERRY

PURE DYNAMITE—Mainstream M356: *Quiet Afternoon*; *Paranoia*; *Baba Hengates*.

Personnel: Woody Shaw, trumpet; Eddie Hen-

erson, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Terry, tenor & soprano saxes, flute; Kenny Barron, Joanne Brakeen, piano; Stanley Clarke, Mchezazi, bass; Billy Hart, Lenny White, drums; Airtio Moreira, Mtume, percussion.

Rating: ★★★★★

This is mood music—not Muzak but *mood* music, the music of mood, of sound-mood, of image-mood. *Quiet Afternoon* is an echoing vista of color, reverberating, inspired by rhythmic currents throughout. This is also music that radiates the vigor of youth; virtually every player is an up-and-comer, though some are already recognized among the most vital new artists.

Shaw is featured on *Paranoia* with some of the best muted trumpet since Miles in the head, then open as the swing pulse accelerates. The rhythm is compulsive, at time straight ahead and tasty, then freer and smoking, especially with Airtio dancing through the ensemble.

*Baba Hengates* takes up the second side with an almost orchestral suspension of time and sound, moving from moment to moment as directed by Terry and/or the other soloists. Terry himself is an ultimate impetus, not simply as the principal player, but more so as the ever-present beacon of energy throughout the band; in fact, I am much more impressed by this latter facet of his artistry than by his playing itself.

Ironically, the title *Pure Dynamite* summons up to me the expectation of greasy funk-bunk. And the music of Buddy Terry is not that at all—rather, it is exciting mainstream jazz—as the label, in this case so aptly, implies. —bourne

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## LEON THOMAS

GOLD SUNRISE ON MAGIC MOUNTAIN—Mega M51-5003: *The Honey Man; Chains of Love; Cousin Mary; Na-Na; Umbo Weti*.  
 Personnel: Oliver Nelson, alto sax; Neal Creque, piano; Cornell Dupree, guitar; Victor Gaskin, bass; David Lee Jr., drums; Sonny Morgan, congas; Na-Na, berimbau, percussion; Thomas, vocal, percussion.

Rating: ★★★★★

Like a lot of vocalists, Leon Thomas is inconsistent—able to create greatness as well as being humdrum. The fact that he's one of the best male jazz singers around doesn't make him any less flawed.

But Thomas takes chances. Any somehow he brings things all together. Blessed with a fine conception, he's commercial without the sellout connotations and is capable of ex-

cellent improvisatory singing. However, he also occasionally sings off-key and his "blues" work here isn't too bluesy.

After Leon gets past *Honey and Chains*, things pick up considerably. The rest of the set is full of variety, power and occasional excitement. Leon's second vocal on *Mary* gets almost into split notes (such is the speed of the scatting and yodeling). *Na-Na* is light-weight percussion stuff but Thomas is tasty. The singer is on top for his theme. *Umbo*. Though it's mostly just "introduction time." Leon often wails out, soaring with pure, exquisite grace.

Nelson's solo on *Chains* is generally good, while he's rather static on *Mary*. Guitarist Dupree is fun on the two blues numbers. Badly underrecorded, pianist Creque is unimpressive in a fragmented McCoy Tyner style.

Drummer Lee is a grand young cooker. Na-Na is also pleasurable, as is Gaskin.

The album from the '71 Montreux Jazz Festival is well worth getting into. —smith

## TOWER OF POWER

BUMP CITY—Warner Bros. BS 2616: *You Got to Funkitize; What Happened to the World That Day?; Flash in the Pan; Gone; You Strike My Main Nerve; Down to the Nightclub; You're Still a Young Man; Skating on Thin Ice; Of the Earth*.

Personnel: Greg Adams, trumpet, fluegelhorn, French horn, piano, vocal; Mic Gillette, trumpet, trombone, French horn, vocal; Skip Mesquite, tenor sax, flute, vocal; Emilio Castillo, tenor sax, vocal; Steven Kupka, baritone sax, vocal; Willie James Fulton, guitar, vocal; Francis Rocco Prestia, bass; David Garabaldi, drums; Brent Byers, conga drums, vocal; Rick Stevens, lead vocal. (Jay Spell, piano, organ on tracks 2, 7, 9; Memphis Strings on tracks 2, 7, 9.)

Rating: ★★½

The hype sheet that came with my copy of *Bump City* proclaims not only that it is "totally composed of original Tower of Power material and arrangements" but that it represents the "best in the state of their art." If this is indeed so, I would be reluctant to admit it, let alone publicize it.

This is not because the album is a bad one (it isn't) or because the members of the group are inept (they aren't) but because they could make the "state of their art" considerably better.

Rock groups of this type, complete with assorted reeds and brass, often tend to be long on musicianship and short on material, and Tower of Power fits this description perfectly. Neither the lyrics nor the arrangements do justice to the technical prowess the group shows on some tracks.

Of no help is the vocal setup of the band. Lead vocalist Stevens is acceptable enough, but the group exhibits some of the worst background vocal arranging I have ever heard. It ranges from merely inadequate and superfluous to overly offensive, as it is on *Gone*, where it obscures and detracts from some good fluegelhorn work by Greg Adams.

Instrumentally, the arrangements are at times bland (*What Happened*), at times overdone (*Funkitize*).

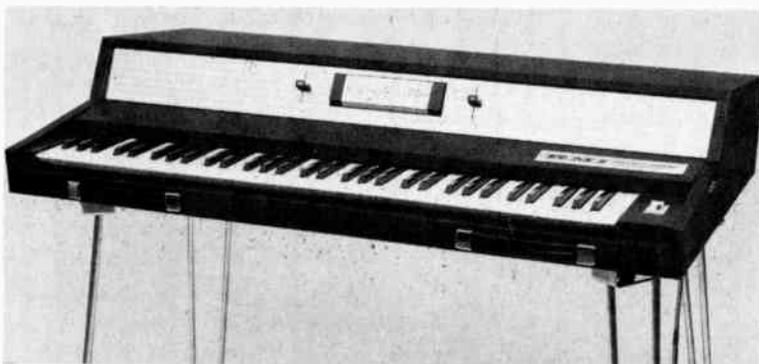
For a band that handles notes better than it does words, it offers no long instrumental excursions. There is only one track on the album as long as five minutes. There isn't much solo work, either, and what little there is brief and cluttered by the background.

There are exceptions which point to the band's potential, however. The most successful cut, *Nightclub*, works well because the arranging, both vocal and instrumental, is tight and to the point. *Main Nerve* has a good, smooth intro, and *Skating* has some fine backup.

Willie James Fulton does excellent guitar work in the latter two, and although the remix leaves him a bit low in volume in some spots, his is the best performance on the album.

Tower of Power would sound better if it simply concentrated on its strong points. More use should be made of guitarist Fulton, who plays well both in his own right and within the framework of the band. The songs should be spread out more to allow the players enough space to work musically, instead of attempting to cram everything into three or four minutes. And, as a final concession to progress, and, indeed, good taste, those background vocals must go. —bobby nelsen

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# blindfold test

by Leonard Feather

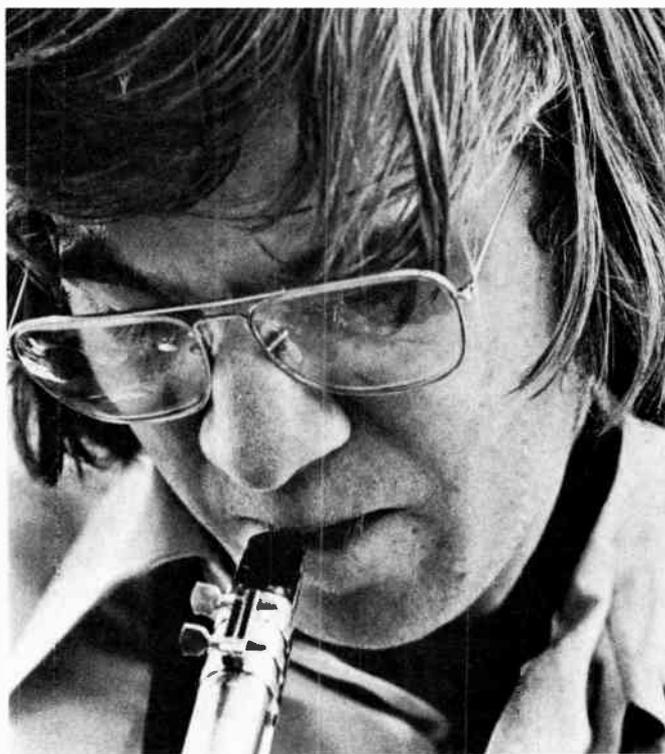
John Klemmer is one of the comparatively few musicians who can claim to have bridged the gap between jazz and rock with a substantial measure of success.

Born in Chicago July 3, 1946, he had his musical baptism six years later when his parents bought him a guitar. In 1957 he began studying alto sax, switching to tenor during his freshman year in high school.

During summer vacations and for some time after the high school years he paid name band dues with Les Elgart, Billy May, Ralph Marterie and others.

Beginning in 1967, John gained a measure of national recognition through a series of albums for Cadet. Moving to the west coast, he worked with the Don Ellis orchestra off and on in 1968-9, including a European tour, and was with Oliver Nelson in a small group specially assembled for a State Department-sponsored tour of several African countries. Since then he has led various small combos in and around Los Angeles.

This was Klemmer's first Blindfold Test. He was given no information about the records played.



## john klemmer

**1. CLARKE-BOLAND BIG BAND.** *Sweet & Lovely* (from *All Smiles*, MPS). Johnny Griffin, tenor sax.

My first reaction to that was sitting here remembering my old days on the road with a dance band. I thought that was a good dance band arrangement. Other than that it didn't esthetically move me in any way . . . my foot was tapping. The band was tight. I had been trying to think what you would play for me, and I thought Count Basie . . . and especially when I started to hear the tenor solo. I was trying to figure if that was Jaws, but I don't think it was.

But I really have no idea who it was. As I said, it was good for what it was. I would rate that, for a dance band arrangement, four stars; but approaching it from an esthetic point of view, I'd probably say no stars.

**2. JOHN COLTRANE.** *Welcome* (from *Kulu Se Mama*, Impulse). Coltrane, tenor sax, composer; McCoy Tyner, piano; Jimmy Garrison, bass; Elvin Jones, drums.

It's very interesting that you would follow with that particular style that John played in, since we were talking about dance music. One of the things I really loved about John's music was his ballad sense. Even though they're playing out of tempo, there's still a feeling of jazz.

Somebody told me that years and years ago John played a lot of club work where he played mostly standards and dance music. So that's one of the things I loved so much about John.

He's recorded so much material that at first I thought it might be *Alabama* I was listening to . . . but now I'm not sure any more. But I'm sure it was McCoy and Elvin. As for the bass player, I really don't know; I suspect it was Jimmy Garrison.

What more can you say about John that hasn't been said—or that he hasn't said himself? All the stars in the world.

**3. EDDIE HARRIS.** *Samba De Orfeu* (from *For Bird & Bags*, Exodus). Recorded 1962.

For a second I thought it was a very, very old Stan Getz . . . it's an old recording; that's

obvious by the recording quality. I should know the name of the tune . . . I've heard it a million times, and I've probably played it one time or another.

I thought it was a good performance; I thought it swung. But I really don't know who it is. Apart from Stan, I was thinking of Paul Gonsalves, Zoot for just a second . . . but you've really got me. Who is it?

Oh, I have to rate it first . . . Well, like I said, it swung and it was fun, and even though the recording quality was poor, I really don't think that interfered with the performance . . . four stars.

**4. GATO BARBIERI.** *Tupac Amaru* (from *Fenix*, Flying Dutchman). Barbieri, tenor sax.

Gato Barbieri. I've heard this album before. I really enjoyed the overall texture of the group. But I really did, after a while, find it fairly monotonous. I was waiting for it to reach a peak of statement, and it didn't for me. Of course, that's only personal feelings.

As far as rating it, two stars. The concept of modality, I think, has to be treated with more care than the approach to changes, to harmonic movement. Since the harmonic structure is limited to one change, I think to be a success it must reach an emotional climax, or even more so a rhythmic climax.

I've had to deal with problems myself, and modality is a very difficult thing. Getting back to what you played before, the Coltrane record, there were a few more changes in there, but John was dealing with modality, but somehow to me it just seemed to be more successful. But this record started off at a medium level and stayed there. But like I said, the texture was interesting, pleasing to me. But to me it didn't make an emotional statement or climax. I keep expecting, when I listen to music, for the music to take me on a trip: an emotional trip or an intellectual trip.

**5. HAROLD LAND.** *Our Home* (from *Choma*, Mainstream). Land, tenor sax; Bill Henderson, piano, composer; Bobby Hutcherson, vibes.

Well, if I'm not too far wrong I'd say that was probably Harold Land and Bobby Hutcherson. It's a very recent recording. One of the first things that struck me was the record-

ing quality. I suppose that's one of my first thoughts because I just finished four days of editing.

I really like Harold Land's playing; he's one of my favorite players, but I didn't care for his playing on this particular track. I think it was an attempt to get a more commercial track. But I somehow don't think it totally succeeded in that either. Of course, this is just personal taste. The head, or the melody, or the tune didn't do much for me. Maybe I would have appreciated the music better if it was recorded better.

I really felt kind of indifferent to it; it didn't offend me musically. I'd say . . . ah . . . one apple! All right? But I've heard so many other things that Harold and Bobby have done that I've really liked.

By the way, I don't know the piano player's name but I heard him get into the wah-wah thing a little bit on the piano, and the wah-wah pedal I think can be lots of fun . . . I thought he didn't make a full commitment toward getting into the pedal, into the sound. Maybe he just wanted it to be a slight feel.

**6. ART TATUM-BEN WEBSTER.** *Have You Met Miss Jones* (Verve). Webster, tenor sax; Art Tatum, piano.

I can't recognize the tenor player, and I don't quite know why. I recognize the sound, but I can't put the name to it. I don't think it was Prez. In the opening statements of the piano I started thinking Fats Waller, etc. etc. . . then further on I started thinking it was Erroll Garner. First of all I was thinking piano technique, and again got that feeling of dance music . . . that feeling is so beautiful.

I'm not going to say anything else; I'm just going to ask you who was it? I'm really dying to know. However, I really enjoyed it and I really liked the sound of the tenor . . . very warm sound.

Like I said when I heard the opening statements of the piano, I was thinking piano techniques, but I would have liked to have heard a little more. I'm sure on the record there must be other tracks that show him off a little bit more. But I did enjoy it, so five stars for making me feel good, making me smile.

## Ann Arbor Blues and Jazz Festival

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Both the music and the weather were beautiful at the revived Ann Arbor festival this year. All of the nearly two dozen jazz and blues groups scheduled to appear—including Miles Davis—not only showed up but generally played well. The shows usually ran on schedule—sometimes too much so—and except for some light drizzle on the final night, it never rained.

The performers ranged from 74-year-old blues-gospel singer Sippi Wallace through Luther Allison and Dr. John to Miles Davis and the Art Ensemble of Chicago. The crowd, ranging up to 5,000, enjoyed it all, and so did the musicians, even if the audience was more of a blues than a jazz crowd, never tiring of umpteen performances of such staples as *Stormy Monday*, *Got My Mojo Working*, *Wang Wang Doodle*, *Sweet Home Chicago*, and *Big Legged Woman*.

On Saturday afternoon, for example, Hound Dog Taylor and his House Rockers started things off and soon had the crowd standing and clapping along with the blues. Next came the Art Ensemble, with one long 40-minute work that received a standing ovation. Then another blues group—this time Mighty Joe Young—had the crowd rocking on its feet.

Backstage during the Art Ensemble performance, Taylor and Young were digging the avant-garde Chicagoans just as the five Chicagoans before and after their set were digging the bluesmen.

"They're music just like us," commented reedman Joseph Jarman.

"And the blues cats dig us," added trumpeter Lester Bowie.

"That's what makes me happy," Jarman said.

The purpose of the festival was to open people's ears and minds, according to organizers John Sinclair and Peter Andrews.

"Blues and jazz is all lumped together in most people's minds as some kind of exotic music," Sinclair commented. "We want to get blues fans into jazz, jazz fans into blues and rock fans into both musics."

"We wanted to get some mainstream jazz musicians here but we were told they wouldn't draw," he continued. "But now that we've opened people's ears maybe we can do that next year."

Just as the jazz was heavy with avant-garde names, the blues was heavy with amplified city bands.

"We thought the blues festivals in 1969 and 1970 were too heavy with country bluesmen no one has heard of," Sinclair explained.

But two years ago a country artist such as Son House, on stage alone, had the crowd as enthused as did a five-piece amplified blues band.

It must be noted, however, that this year's festival was not a continuation of the previous blues festivals held here, which had been laid to rest by the University of Michigan after the 1970 event finished nearly \$30,000 in the red. The 1972 festival was a new ballgame, put together by people connected with Ann Arbor's Rainbow People's Party with the help of a loan.

This listener found the amount of city  
30 □ down beat



Miles Davis: Sitar added

blues, especially on Saturday, a bit too much. The five-hour afternoon concert was all blues bands except for the Art Ensemble, and the evening concert started less than an hour later with Detroit bluesman Little Sonny. Still, that afternoon concert was a good one.

Muddy Waters, who often coasts along on his fame, letting the band carry the load while he only sings a few numbers, was in fine form. The songs included such classics as *Mojo*, *Hoochie Coochie Man* and *Honey Bee* but Muddy sang them with an enthusiasm and joy that made them fresh. However it was his guitar playing, especially his slide guitar on *Bee*, that had everyone smiling and shaking their heads in amazement.

Muddy joked with the audience and the band toward the end of his set, clearly enjoying himself.

Other bluesmen also obviously were feeding off the enthusiasm in the air. That same afternoon, both Hound Dog Taylor and Mighty Joe Young—neither startling musicians

and both with a tendency to water down the blues in the search for a wider audience—gave exciting performances.

While Muddy's band by itself was pleasant but undistinguished and lacking in power, Taylor and Young gave power-packed performances with Taylor's small band of only three pieces presenting a tightly knit group sound. His guitar sang out by itself but was always a part of the whole band which featured Ted Harvey on drums and Brew Phillips on bass.

Young presented a far larger band with himself on guitar; Charles Beachum on trumpet; Walter Hambrick, tenor sax; Sylvester Boins, bass; Rick Wright, piano, and Alvino Benson, drums. The group started off on a bad footing with a commercially swinging, bluesy performance of *Watermelon Man* but finally settled down into some fine blues. Young didn't play down to his audience again.

He was joined by Koko Taylor, a soft-spoken lady whose voice becomes big and powerful when she sings. Her set ended with a driving performance of *Wang Wang Doodle* that made Howlin' Wolf's Friday night version appear tame. Joined by composer Willie Dixon for the last few choruses, she had the whole crowd on its feet.

Lucille Spann, who followed as vocalist with Young, kept the crowd on its feet, beginning her set with *Turn on Your Love Light* and ending with *Mojo*. Unfortunately, although she is an energetic performer—moving across the stage, waving her arms, shouting out—her singing lacks in phrasing, a blues edge and vocal equipment. But for the crowd, her enthusiasm sufficed.

The evening concert was opened by Little Sonny, the only Detroit bluesman on the weekend's program. He was on for a full hour, longer than his allotted time, but his harmonica playing, lacking in any individual style, never led anywhere. His material and style was heavily indebted to others whose tunes he played—Jimmy Reed, Little Walter, Sonny Boy Williamson, etc.

The Sunday afternoon concert was also heavy on blues with Luther Allison, Freddie King, Sippi Wallace and the Mojo Boogie Band, a white Ann Arbor group.

The four-member Mojo Boogie Band instrumentally played some pleasant blues. Vocally, the group did better with numbers that weren't straight blues. They played best when backing Robert Junior Lockwood, who made an unscheduled festival appearance, doing some half a dozen numbers, including *Every Day* and the frequently heard *Sweet Home Chicago*.

Lockwood's voice is loud and rough when he begins a line but turns soft as he slows the tempo and almost recites the words at the end of each line. His guitar accompaniment complemented this style—the lines began with single notes and then ended with strummed chords. His country style was good to hear.

One of the two other white blues bands on the program, the Boogie Brothers, who appeared Sunday night, also benefited from the presence of good black artists. Boogie Woogie Red on piano joined them, and then Johnny Shines and Lightnin' Slim added their guitars and vocals to the band. Red played nice piano—but nothing outstanding—and the music, although improved, also failed to catch fire with Shines who seemed somewhat uncomfortable in this setting. He was playing

caught  
in  
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act

acoustic guitar but didn't do his Robert Johnson-styled country blues.

Things picked up with the appearance of Lightnin' Slim, whose country-rooted style fit well with or in front of the Boogie Brothers. And when Slim did *I'm Going Out Walking By Myself*, Steve Nardella let loose with a flowing, rhythmically exciting harp solo that contrasted sharply with his pale, imitative and dry work earlier. Slim ended his set with still another performance—the festival's fifth—of *Mojo*.

The Boogie Brothers name isn't quite accurate for it overlooks the fact that the bassist is a woman, Sara Brown. She didn't take any vocal solos but on group vocals she nicely filled in the overall sound.

Texan Freddie King as usual gassed the crowd as he stretched out the notes on his guitar, almost making it sound like a violin. It's an effective, lean, economical style but King, who closed the Sunday afternoon concert, wasn't able to sustain the excitement on instrumentals.

Luther Allison, who appeared earlier that afternoon, also frequently holds notes in his solos, but the sound and effect is different. He packed a lot of theatricality (perhaps too much) as well as musicianship into his performance, and despite his calculated physical moves, including dropping to his knees at one point, he never lost sight of the music.

Allison's set began on a foreboding note with the seven-piece band playing a heavily arranged, swinging soul number. The mood and feeling quickly changed with a performance of *Sittin' On Top Of The World*. The three piece horn section, comprised of Bonnie Reno, trumpet; Kent Ivy, tenor, and Fat

Richard Drake, alto, created a driving foundation for Allison's vocals and guitar solos without ever sounding slick, except in the opener. And Drake's alto sax was a welcome sound after all too many tenors in blues bands during the weekend.

Allison began his show with the question, "Do you dig the blues?" which has become almost obligatory with bluesmen appearing before white crowds. And the crowd again and again was led to shout its positive reply.

Always aware of the audience, Allison went from one number right into another—*Send Me Someone To Love*, *Sweet Home Chicago* and *Last Night*—with long solo that caught up the crowd and when Allison fell to his knees in mid-solo the audience went wild.

Each of the five concerts had a blues band that grabbed and kept the audience going, and on Sunday afternoon it was Luther Allison.

The rest of Sunday afternoon's blues was provided by Sippi Wallace and Bonnie Raitt, a Radcliffe College student who tried to do some blues.

Miss Raitt does have a pleasant voice, as her singing of some relaxed folk rock effectively showed, but it is too soft and weak for the blues. When singing blues, her voice would unaccountably rise or fall and sometimes it became a squeal.

Sippi Wallace, who has been in retirement, limiting her activities to gospel singing in Detroit churches, began her program at the piano singing *Precious Lord* and *Amazing Grace*. Her voice was strained, thin and flat at times, but the meaningful phrasing was still there. If gospel is perhaps too demanding for her aging voice, she effectively sang a brief blues set

while seated on a chair, accompanied by Miss Raitt. Here, her voice still showed power.

At the opening concert (part of which I missed), the Siegal-Schwall band led off but it was Junior Walker and the All Stars who first brought the crowd to its feet, paving the way for a good set by Howlin' Wolf who never shows any signs of tiring.

On *Sittin' On Top Of The World* his voice was weak and strained at times but it soon found its strength—the low roughness and the higher-pitched smooth howling which accents that roughness. Wolf played harp throughout most of his set, again proving that he's one of the best harp players around. His set, however, consisted of only six numbers—*Highway 49*, *Red Rooster*, *I Asked For Water*, *Wang Wang Doodle* and *Evil* were the other five—because the festival staff was trying to meet a scheduled midnight closing. They did, to the minute.

The remaining blues groups presented a more sophisticated city sound. Bobby Blue Bland and Otis Rush respectively closed the Saturday night and Sunday night shows. Rush, who gave a good, slick but not striking performance, was joined by Jimmy (Fast Fingers) Dawkins. Although Rush repeatedly introduced Dawkins, he never gave the young guitarist a chance to solo.

Bland gave a dry performance that featured such jazz standards as *St. James Infirmary* and *Georgia* rather than his better known blues numbers. (In fact, he was one of the few who didn't do *Stormy Monday*.) The horn section—tenor, trombone and two trumpets—set a nice background but the guitar of Dr. John prevented the group from ever taking off.

(continued overleaf)

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JERRY DE MUTH

### Shepp on soprano: Intense

Two years ago at Ann Arbor, a good horn section, especially a Roland Kirk-influenced flutist, provided some real excitement during Bland's show. This year it sounded like a last minute pick-up band.

Dr. John's earlier appearance with the Night Trippers, in his wild costume, had been one of the festival oddities. His playing and singing is laced with the blues—but so is the playing of many other, and better, musicians.

Dr. John (nee Malcolm Rebennack) appeared in a black tux with silver shoes, his beard covered with glitter, long feathers shooting out from his top hat, his hair gathered with a band in back, tiny earrings in his ears and a voodoo club in his left hand. Throughout his act he tossed handfuls of glitter into the audience.

If not for this hokum, Dr. John would be a drag after the first number. As it was, he still wore thin. His vocal phrasing is nice, capturing a blues feeling, and his piano playing, despite occasional wrong notes, is an enjoyable blend of boogie, blues and rock. But his guitar playing was nothing, his whistling flat, and his conga playing so stiff and devoid of technique the group's two drummers could barely keep a swinging beat going under it.

His program ranged from his pop hit *Iko Iko* to a corny rock version of *Mama Don't Allow*. The crowd, which obviously included many fans, dug it all and even made him do an encore.

Of the seven jazz groups appearing, the most disappointing was Pharoah Sanders, who no longer seems to care about his music or his audience. Sanders was backed by Joe Bonner, piano; Cecil McBee, bass, and Norman Connors and Lawrence Killian, percussion, and it was McBee who provided most of the musical interest, filling in the group sound, creating lines that wove around Sanders' work and taking the best solos.

The set began with a chanted *Love Is Everywhere* in which Sanders took a brief, disjointed tenor solo and a well-constructed soprano solo that better captured the song's joyous if sad-edged mood.

The group then turned to a short calypso number in which no one soloed. The theme was a cliché and the music went nowhere. Suddenly it was over and Sanders quickly moved to the side of the stage and proceeded to pack up his instruments. He paid no attention to the crowd and their shouts for more. He had been on stage for less than half an hour. (Sanders was a replacement for Charles Mingus, who was on a European tour.)

The New Delta Creative Ensemble—Leo Smith, trumpet; Marion Brown, alto; Lester Lashley, trombone and bass, and Kalaparusha (Maurice McIntyre), tenor—suffered from having to present its delicate intimate

music to a crowd of 12,000 to whom they were tiny figures on a distant stage. The music moved slowly, with an emphasis on percussion instruments, mainly bells, chimes, vibes and other such melodic devices. The solos were brief, quiet statements and it wasn't until the group was cut off by the emcee (they were overextending their short allotted time) that the mood was set and the music had begun to move.

The Friday night concert closed with Sun Ra's Arkestra. Sun Ra depends on the visual aspects of his performance and although the shiny, multi-colored costumes and cloaks could be seen by everyone, the band had little else to offer. Three dancers were hindered by the small stage and lack of talent. The two women's movements were awkward; the man was a little better.

Ra's piano and synthesizer playing consisted almost entirely of runs up and down the keyboard. At one point, he wiggled his rump on the keyboard and then spun around, his rear end sweeping over the keys. The musical effect was nil.

Only once did the performance catch fire—during a section when the dancers and band members addressed the audience. Many statements and questions were piled on top of another, overlapping and creating an effective group sound.

Sun Ra's band is essentially a somewhat conservative swing band onto which modern sounds, gimmicks and effects have been grafted. He does have some good soloists, but none were given much of an opportunity to express themselves at this performance.

The jazz excitement at the festival was provided by the Art Ensemble, Archie Shepp and Miles Davis. (This reviewer missed the Detroit-based Contemporary Jazz Quintet which played early Friday night.)

The Art Ensemble's performance consisted of a long work of many shifting moods, styles and tempos. Called *Ode To Ramu* it included the section *Noongouffoo* (Don Moye); *Immm* (Malachi Favors); *Unanka* (Roscoe Mitchell); *Phase One* (Joseph Jarman) and *Dewalla* (Mitchell).

It opened with percussion alone, and soon the musicians began groaning and talking into the mikes. Then the horns began to play sustained notes, shifting to a build-up of blocks of notes that led into a funeral theme. From there, it shifted into a seemingly never-ending series of solos—Bowie's lyrical trumpet and fluegelhorn, Favors' rhythmic figures on the bass, and Jarman and Mitchell's reed work, slow and wistful or a mad jumble of honks and squeals.

Each time the work came to a climax, the music would take a new direction, building upon the old. It ended with Jarman on bass

sax and Mitchell on baritone, giving a new foundation to the work and leading into a light, delicately swinging theme with drummer Moye gently riding the cymbals. Slowly everyone in the group faded away, except Jarman and Mitchell who turned the riff into a beautiful new sad theme and then ended the work. The group got a standing ovation.

Shepp's set also consisted of a shifting series of compositions, starting with some of his own works, leading into pieces by Benny Golson and John Coltrane, and ending with an Ellington encore.

The group consisted of Shepp; Charles Greenlee, trombone; Dave Burrell, piano; Jimmy Garrison, bass, and Beaver Harris, drums, with Abdul Jililu Bey of Detroit sitting in on tenor.

The set began with an uptempo Shepp tune, Greenlee taking a big-toned, swinging solo. Then the tempo slowed as Shepp played an intense solo on soprano sax. Trombone soloed again, followed by Shepp on tenor. His mellow, bluesy solo began with an emphasis on mainstream tenor—Ben Webster and others—and then gradually turned more modern until, with only Harris playing beautiful fills on drums and cymbals, Shepp ended with a series of variations using honks and squeaks.

After reciting some inaudible poetry, Shepp wove a repetitive melody on soprano as the music built up in intensity, finally fading into a romantic theme. Then Shepp played a Golson tune, emphasizing its swing and bop roots. Greenlee played with gutsy swing and sweeping phrasing. Shepp occasionally achieved a Bird-like alto sound on tenor. At other times, he sounded abstract and cool, but still with guts and swing. Coltrane's *Some Other Blues*

featured fine collective improvisation by Shepp and Greenlee.

The set ended with a lovely version of *Sophisticated Lady*, Burrell contributing beautiful backing for Shepp's tenor.

This lengthy set was a great display of Shepp's musicality and improvising skills, and his grasp of the sweep of jazz and ability to mold many styles into a unified whole. It was a shame, though, that a mainstream tenorist couldn't have preceded or followed Shepp on the program.

Miles Davis opened the final concert with his new group. There were subtle shifts within the heavy rock electric sound and even quiet moments featuring beautiful, subtle conga playing by Mtume.

Miles' playing included one solo in which his simple phrases and economy of notes (some of them pinched) echoed his style of the '50s. Using the wah-wah pedal to punctuate his phrases with flurries of notes, Davis built up his solo to longer lines.

In a blues with a heavy rocking rhythm, Davis' solo featured sudden cascades of notes, with guitarist Reggie Lucas filling in the pauses. This led to an exciting guitar solo, followed by more guitar-trumpet interplay as Lucas echoed Davis' isolated single notes. Then the whole group passed phrases around within a dense, heavy sound. When this number ended, Mtume brought the set to a quiet conclusion with his subtle, delicate rubbing of the congas.

The rest of the band consisted of Carlos Garnett, saxes; Bala Krishna, electric sitar; Cedric Lawson, keyboards; Mike Henderson, bass; Al Foster, drums. Roy Bedal, tabla.

The festival's sound system was excellent

although it often took far longer than the allotted 15 minutes (sometimes as long as 50 minutes) to set up for the next group. Since the organizers insisted on following a tight schedule without running overtime, this sometimes cut into performance time. The practice of beginning some concerts as much as 30 minutes early, apparently to make up for anticipated delays, was not appreciated by this writer.

To help people see the groups, close-ups of the performers were projected onto a large screen above and to the left of the stage, using the three video-tape units that taped the entire festival for possible telecast on public television. It was a very good idea.

The festival was broadcast live over two Detroit FM stations and tapes will be made available to other stations across the country. In addition, Atlantic Records recorded the festival and plan to release a double album of the highlights.

Profits from the festival will be divided among various community service groups and programs of the alternative community in Ann Arbor. Some of these groups were involved in the festival—the Psychedelic Rangers of the Tribal Council patrolled the grounds while the council's food committee sold edibles, including organic bread and cookies they had made themselves.

The festival was well run and patrolled despite the fact that many youths, especially on Saturday night, got freaked out on drugs and cheap wine. Still, it was better than a rock festival crowd. Most had come for the music, and it was apparent from audience comments that many were familiar with the performers and their material.

—jerry de muth

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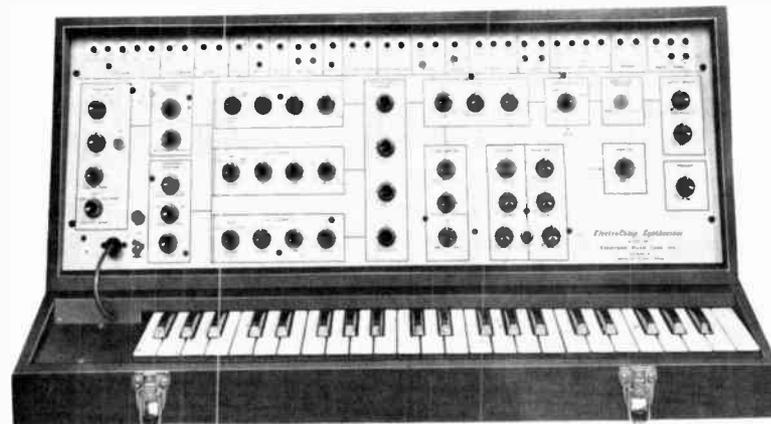
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November 9 □ 33

## HEIR TO HAIR

Continued from page 15

and so on. My name isn't really known and I haven't bothered about promotion, for that way I stay free of the business end of things. Because I write all the time, I've written hundreds of songs, and I like making records. Fergus McRoy, this character I've created, provides me with a way of using them. I suppose a few people might be interested, but the record business is very much tied up with promotion, and promotion is so boring, tiresome and demoralizing that you'd rather quit than put up with it all. Except that you don't want to quit the business of music.

"I think the record industry has had a serious effect on young people, in making them think there's only one way to write.

When I was growing up, I wanted to write symphonies and operas, and then I wanted to have a band like Duke Ellington's. There were all kinds of things I wanted to do. I lived in a dream world, and because I didn't know the realities of anything, there were all kinds of interesting possibilities. But nowadays the only thing you can hear is a hit record, or Muzak which you don't really listen to. So it's hard to say how kids' tastes are formed now. When I was young, one or two of us used to go to the store every day to find out about the new records. Our son, who's 14, listens to the radio for hours, and sometimes he tapes half a record he wants to hear again. But not jazz, nor the other kind of records I grew up with, the fantastic kind we used to call 'race' records. I don't hear anything like them any more, except

really commercial versions. Where is the counterpart of Joe Turner, the young guy like him?

"As I said earlier, I don't feel much is happening in pop music, but you tend to say this every six months, that there's nothing happening, and the next thing you know something happens that you like. But everything gets exploited so heavily. I like country music, but I can hardly take the country records I hear now. The same with rhythm&blues. You don't hear new ideas. People are afraid of ideas. They want to get that funky feeling—and I like that— but if there's no idea you can't go far

"You can identify the source of nearly everything played by the young jazz guys coming up. They're not original. An Erroll Garner can't happen anywhere but here, although for some reason it doesn't seem to have been happening recently. I think the reason may be economic, or the fact that the hit record is all anyone aims for. That used not to be so when I played in a dancehall, when we made the people dance. There was a whole different way of playing, when you worked on the rhythm, and over a period of time something would happen. Now the kids don't get work until they have a hit record, and then they don't know what it is they're trying for.

"As for jazz ever being an expression of some kind of political or ideological belief—I don't think politics is worthy of a musician's consideration at all. It's like tax-collecting. Of course, money is important to you, but it's not interesting. Music is so much more important. I'm always astonished when I hear musicians talking about politics, just like they talk about their cars."

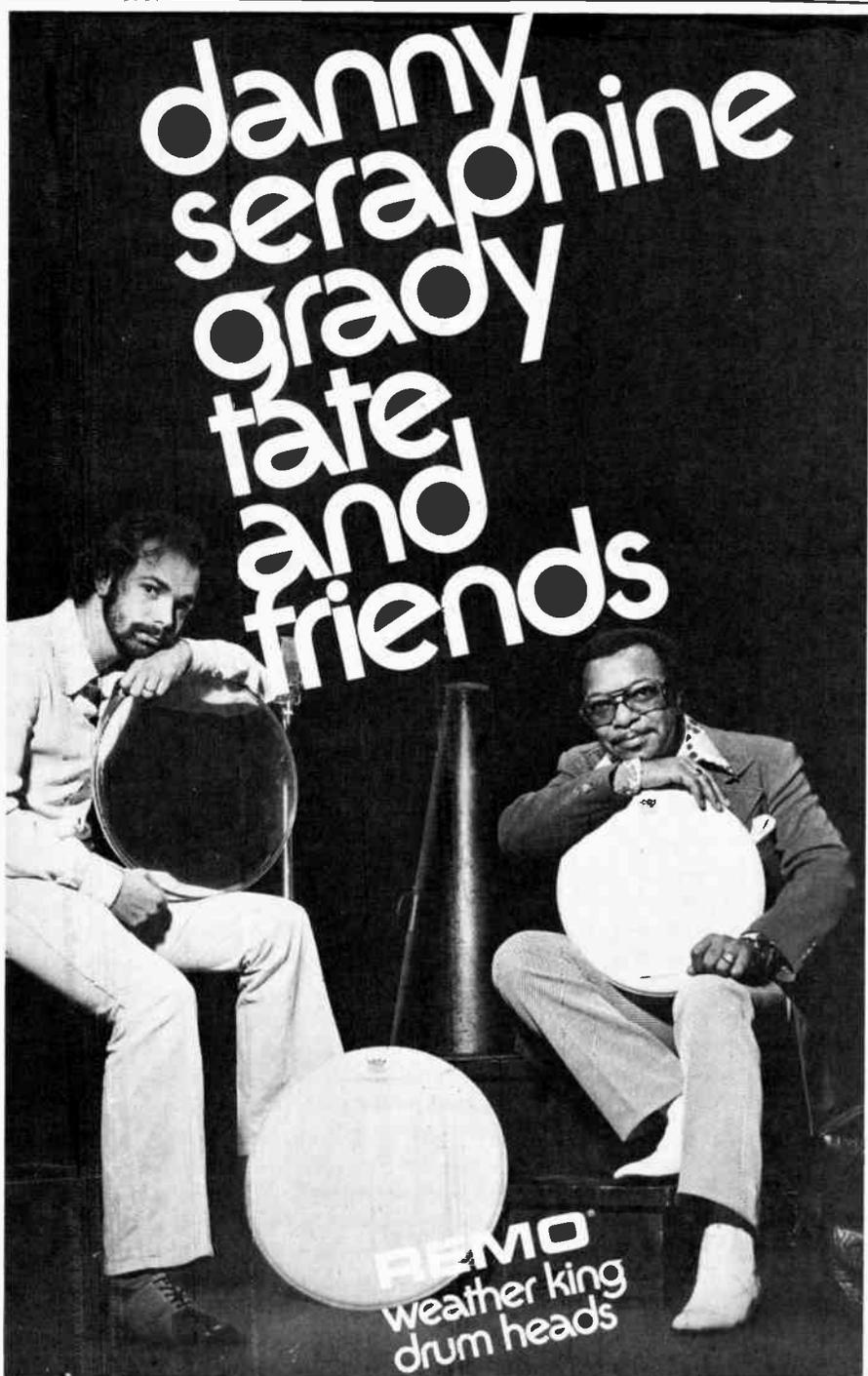
*MacDermot's career has obviously been anything but boring. To attempt to predict its future course would be decidedly foolish, but all those who were delighted by the freshness of the approach to "Two Gentlemen of Verona" will scarcely be surprised to know that more Shakespeare with his music is in the offing. After he finished "Hair," he went back to producer Joe Papp ready to write an opera. They had discussed this before, and Papp now suggested the relatively little known "Triolus and Cressida."*

"There's terrific poetry in it, and little speeches which make nice songs. When I had finished it Papp didn't know how to deal with it either, I rather wanted to drop it. But there's some music I like in it, and I'm thinking of making a record of it. One of the problems was whether it should or should not be in suits of armor. I felt it ought to be in the clothes people wear now. The fact that Shakespeare's not easy to understand was another difficulty, especially since all of it, in this case, would be sung. Tom Horgan wants to do a Broadway version of it, but I can't imagine people going to a Broadway theater and understanding it. He believes, and I partly agree, that if you keep the eye delighted and the ear amused, it will be acceptable enough. It is, after all, a simple story about a guy and a girl falling in love, but it's not a mass thing in the same sense as *Superstar!*"

*MacDermot has also written a musical about outer space called "Via Galactica," which Nat Shapiro wanted to produce.*

"I've written another show with Gerry Ragni called *Dude*. It's about American life, the same kind of thing as *Hair*. Ragni has an extraordinary view of things. He sees them differently. He is in his mid-thirties, a very interesting guy who writes in a strange way. He has a jazz mentality, and, instead of lyrics, he lists ideas. They are not in song form and you have to do the best you can. That's how *Hair* was done."

*Both shows are due on Broadway this season.*



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34 □ down beat

# ROUNDTABLE

Continued from page 17

cameras. Anyway, the soprano came in, and I had rehearsed the *Star Spangled Banner* which I had never played before. I was all set, I really had my chops together, the down beat came, suddenly out went the lights, and they turned a spot on the flag, and I couldn't see a note of the music. I played some very hip changes.

**H.H.:** Maybe I'm not supposed to say this, but the first thing that comes to my head is the first time I got high smoking. This was in Detroit, or Indianapolis. We were playing a tune and I kept repeating the bridge. This happened about three times. We'd get through the bridge and were supposed to go back to the beginning, but I kept returning to the bridge. I had no idea what I was doing. I completely jumbled up the form.

**T.A.:** I have a hard time thinking about it. It's not really funny. Embarrassing, yes. I forgot a whole radio program. I had a 20-minute jazz program in Tokyo. We had the Nat King Cole trio book, and we really worked hard. We even added the Rachmaninoff *C# Minor Prelude*, and that's a hard piece. And I forgot all about the broadcast.

**db:** You mean you didn't show up at all?

**T.A.:** The band boy came looking for me at the house, but I was far, far away at the beach. I couldn't show my face at NHK for six months after that.

**R.K.:** I missed a Tiny Tim session once, but that's a different thing altogether. Oh, I remember something else. I once blanked out in the middle of a Beethoven sonata during a scholarship audition at Newman Conservatory. I kept going and improvised till I found my way back into it again, but nobody ever said anything about it. I never found out what they thought of it.

**H.H.:** They didn't even know it, right?

**R.K.:** Well, I didn't get the scholarship.

**H.H.:** Maybe the judges thought you were using a score from a very limited edition.

**db:** Yeah, or found one of those obscure, unpublished manuscripts.

**J.S.:** The most unusual, most embarrassing, and funniest thing that ever happened to me happened at the Monterey Jazz Festival. I was playing with the house band, which that year was Bobby Bryant's big band. There had been a death in my family, and I was going through a real heavy thing and on top of that I began to drink and drink and drink. Well, when it was finally time for the band to go on stage, they almost had to carry me out there. At least they had to guide me to the piano. Unfortunately, the piano bench was all the way toward the top end—you know, way over on the right. But I just sat down and played in the top octaves. I couldn't figure out why the piano sounded so rinky-tinky. Well, that went on for the entire first number. Finally, someone came over, stood me up and moved the piano bench and me down to middle C. They told me much later that when I opened that first number with a 32-bar solo, all the guys in the band kept shouting "Go Joe, go Joe!" I thought I was cooking, but as it turned out, the band was really cracking up.

**db:** (At that point, with the rest of us cracking up, the roundtable session came to an end. But it's funny how ideas can be planted in your mind. As we adjourned for some picture-taking, I couldn't help but cast a glance over to where Joe Sample was sitting to see if he had been in the middle of the table.)

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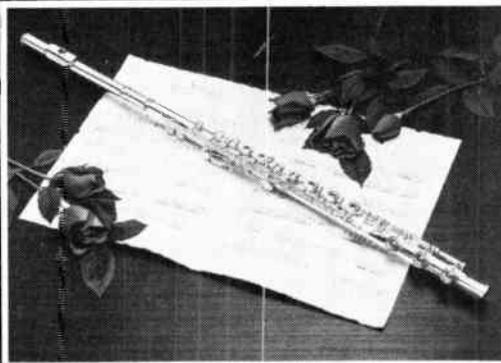
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## GRAND WAZOO

Continued from page 13

from 7/8 to 3/4 to 7/8 to 3/4, to 5/8 then 6/8. One immediate comparison was with the Don Ellis big band amalgam of rock and jazz, but one immediate difference is that when the head has been stated, and it's time for improvised choruses, Zappa switches to reliable 4/4.

A satirical waltz permeates *New Brown Clouds*, with a section that goes into double-time before returning to the slow waltz. There are a lot of gimmicky effects here, but more significantly there are a lot of awkward passages in the writing: the kind of phrasing that would allow anyone to goof without the audience knowing it.

Another lazy feel is in *Penis Dimension*, a series of muddy chords before a satirical march takes over. The march-like section is reminiscent of the tongue-in-cheek sound of Kodaly in his *Hary Janos* suite. The main difference here is that Zappa calls for a free jazz excursion by tenor sax over the march.

The march in *Low Budget Dog Meat* is not so much satirical as it is grotesque, suggesting early Prokofieff. On the other hand, some of its twisting, meandering unison passages conjure up the musical incense of the mid-East.

What I'm trying to say is that through *The Grand Wazoo*, Frank Zappa is hoping to produce a self-portrait as a man for all seasons: from the decadence of Weill to the sensuality of a belly dance. All this over a synthesized rock beat that swings, because of its integration with a jazz conception. Even those nonsensical titles are part of the total picture: umbilical cords to the underground that Frank is reluctant to sever.

Apparently those titles were not enough to insure success when *The Grand Wazoo* made its grand debut Sept. 10 at the intimate Hollywood Bowl. They were on a bill with *The Doors* and *Tim Buckley*. The crowd came in expectations of hearing the Shah of shock and his inventive mothers playing a familiar brand of rock.

Some of them laughed when the *Wazoo* began. Good old Zappa. Any moment now he'll jump up and say "Ah-one-and-ah-two-and-ah-three . . ." No way. All that Frank Zappa did was conduct! And all that his 18 men and two chicks did was respond! They sat and read and tried to follow the "white stick with cork handle." It was cerebral, antiseptic and disciplined. Maybe Zappa had the last laugh, but if he did he was laughing with tears in his eyes—plenty of his fans got turned off and headed for the exits.

Of course, a mind as sharp as Zappa's usually gets its biggest kicks by turning inward. He not only enjoys last laughs, but gives the impression that he can giggle at the whole weird world of rock—especially the necessary twin evils of promotion and public relations.

Said Zappa: "Every new group will issue some kind of proclamation explaining the fantastic potential delights resultant from exposure to their *unique material, ingenious stage-craft, and/or their groovy vibes*. This is usually accompanied by descriptions of the *wonderful freedom* shown by the group in performance, and assorted stuff about how *everybody* in the group *loves* what they're doing and what a nice wholesome bunch of lads they are. Maybe they're not wholesome. Maybe they're *tough* and *degenerate*, but of course underneath it all, each fellow is ex-

quisitely talented and in possession of a **GOLDEN HEART** with matching **SOUL**. I make none of these claims on behalf of the *Wazoo*.

"Such a merchandising proclamation would probably include a paragraph or two about how *nobody* in the group *really cares about money*, followed by a carefully worded testimonial regarding the new group's **URGENT COMMITMENT** to make the world a better place to live in through their music, which is **SENSITIVE** and unutterably **DEEP**." (Capitals also Zappa's—to be emphasized stronger than his italics.)

Two ironies come to mind instantly: First, part of Zappa's disdain for promotional proclamations came verbatim from one of Zappa's proclamations issued just prior to the unveiling of *The Grand Wazoo*; secondly, someone in the group came heretically close to showing that he really *doesn't* care about money. Or at least that he had ambivalent feelings about bread. Reedman Charles Owens told me John Mayall had called him to go on the road with his blues-rock group. "He offered me \$650 per week, plus room and board. But I had to turn it down because I'd already promised Frank I would make this tour."

The tour was a strange one—from a logistical point of view. Following the bow at the Bowl, *The Wazoo* flew to Europe for single concerts in Berlin, London, The Hague, Copenhagen; then back to the States for a concert in New York and the grand finale in Boston.

Zappa seemed to be impressed by the fact that such highly-respected studio swingers agreed to make the tour even though they all knew beforehand that the band was scheduled to "self-destruct" at a specific time: "right after the show in the dressing room of Boston's Music Hall, September 24, 1972."

I was curious how he managed to contract the musicians whose royalties matched their talents. "I called a trombone player I worked with during the recording of the *Lumpy Gravy* album. His name was—and apparently continues to be—Kenny Shroyer. With a rumpled copy of the *Local 47 Musicians' Union Directory* in one hand and a telephone in the other, Shroyer managed to fill most of the empty chairs by crooning such memorable lines as; 'Are you interested? Can you read these charts? Do you have time to rehearse?' and the perennial favorite, 'Are you free to travel?'"

Well the traveling's over. The first season is history. According to Zappa's manager, Herb Cohen, "Artistically, it was a success. Those kids in Europe just sat and listened attentively. Financially—well, we broke even, so I'd call that a success too."

Zappa's immediate plans? They call for a return to the womb—a new, 10-piece Mothers of Invention, "a completely different repertoire" with a concert tour already set up in this country and Canada. But Frank is serious about *Wazoo-ing* it again next summer. And he should. Zappa has proven he can handle large forms. He's no stranger in paradise.

He pleased the guys in the band, and let's face it, the sidemen in a big band are the severest critics of any leader. The consensus I got when I talked to them—to Jay Migliori, Mike Altschul, Charles Owens, Kenny Shroyer and Glen Ferris—was: "It's a challenge . . . it's something different . . . I thought he was crazy at the outset, but there's a method to his madness."



Willie Ornelas with Sonny and Cher



Jay Osmond with the Osmond Brothers

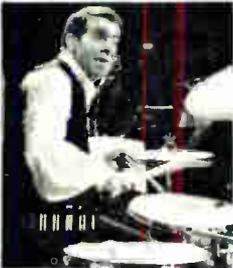


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## CORYELL

continued from page 18

dom. As long as I continue with that philosophy, I can take care of all the obligations and responsibilities that are delineated to me."

It was time for the guitarist to go on, and I continued the conversation with his wife, who plays an integral part in her husband's music. It is almost impossible to talk about one Coryell without considering the other. Julie has temporarily stopped singing with the group because she is expecting, and she said she probably won't sing for a while to come in order to spend more time with the children. Working in clubs does not appeal to her.

"I hate clubs. I feel Larry's band plays much better in a larger audience situation where the artist plays for an hour or so. In clubs, you have to play a lot of sets, and as the night progresses, the musicians get tired and the music deteriorates. The only reason for playing the clubs is survival, and keeping a band working."

The set under way now was even more explosive than the one I had witnessed a few days earlier, though I found that possibility hard to entertain. After the set, Larry was in a state of bliss. The group had sounded great, and they knew it even better than the audience. They weren't completely satisfied, though. The sound system had been too loud.

Steve Marcus explained: "It's a matter of dynamics. The loudness of the music can turn against you. On one level, it can enhance it, but a little more, and it will be ruined. You have to be aware at all times of the power of the changing volume. When you start loud, you can't get louder."

Nothing but praise for the group comes from Coryell's lips. Marcus, a remarkable saxophonist, "is, to me, the greatest living reed player . . . he took a giant step that Coltrane never took. He went into the rock bag and played from the jazz consciousness and spirit and played great rock and roll. He does for me what John Coltrane never did for me . . ."

Mike Mandel, the blind keyboard player whom Larry has known since the age of 14, he calls his inspiration. "I got the greatest piano player, man. Bill Evans once asked to sit in, but I said, 'No, man, because I've got the greatest piano player in the world.'"

Coryell said he was finishing a new album, his eighth, which will feature the current group. It will be a rock album, completely different from *Offering*, a jazz album. His first single, a vocal, will be released simultaneously with the album, probably in January.

On *Offering*, Coryell's group proves it can play high-quality jazz. The yet to be released rock album should provide an interesting basis for comparison in style and content. The group may yet successfully bridge the gap between jazz and rock.

But Coryell still faces his old nemesis: Lack of publicity. That may change soon, however. "We haven't had a manager until now," Julie said. "But we do now, and he's a very good manager. John McLaughlin got a manager a year ago, and from that time on his career has soared."

Coryell is planning a tour of colleges that should open new ears to his talents. In my opinion, this man is one of the great musicians of our time. If you don't believe me, listen to *Spaces* or *Coryell* or *Offering*. Or even better, catch Larry Coryell live. You'll see (or hear) the light.

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## The Thinking Drummer, by Ed Shaughnessy

### Jazz and Rock Drumming — An Analysis and Guide

From a cross section of young drummers heard throughout the country recently, a pattern has emerged. The jazz-influenced players are often weak in rock playing, and the rock-influenced ones come up short in the jazz department. The latter group seems the larger, bearing out the author's observation in private teaching that the "jazz feel" of 12/8 or "rolling" triplet rhythm is a bit more difficult to absorb than the even eighth and sixteenth notes; which are the basic "feel" groups of rock.

It's been written many times, but bears repeating here: The basic ride cymbal beat is built on a triplet feel.



The main thing to *not do* is play the above beat with a stronger feel (or accent) on "one" and "three" instead of "two" and "four". This is a very common error that results in a strong "on-beat" feeling that just plods along and doesn't swing for beans.

If the drummer generates an even "four" feeling, that's fine, since it is a hip-sounding device. And today it is played as a straight four-beat rhythm, often with no middle note, as below.



When playing the full ride cymbal beat, however, play either the even four feel, or an accent on "two" and "four." Both are good and I use which ever feels good at various tempos. The even four feel seems best on slower and medium swingers while the "after beat" style is good on fast tempos.

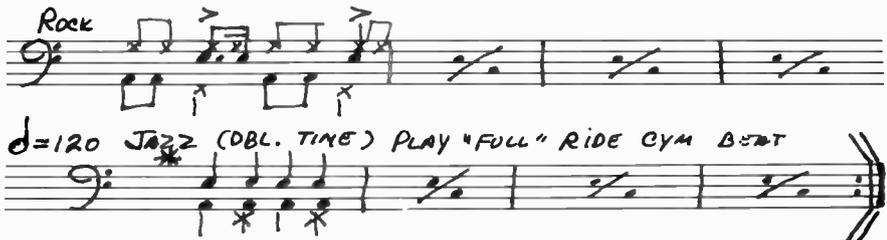
Try practicing the hi-hat (with a strong "chick" sound) on all four beats on medium tempos, and only on "two" and "four" on fast tunes. Remember, these are general suggestions only that at least will give a point of view to combining ride cymbal and hi-hat with foot. Play a light bass drum on all four beats while practicing the above rhythm exercise, not heavy and loud, which bogs the rhythm section and the entire band down. Many band directors complain that their drummers cannot play their bass drum at a moderate level. Pounding it into the floor at the expense of everyone is a very serious fault and must be corrected by practice as described.

This is a very helpful equation for getting a balanced sound on the drum set: For rock playing: snare rhythm= 50% (ride cymbal as strong)/bass drum rhythm= 50%(hi-hat with foot as strong). For jazz playing: ride cymbal rhythm= 70% (hi-hat with foot as strong)/bass drum rhythm= 30% (snare drum optional figures)

If a drummer can get the above proportions going, he's mastered the hardest part of being a dynamite jazz and rock player. Naturally there are the mechanical aspects of both styles to learn and play well, but having the right-sounding balance on the set is the first really important basic to being musical in more than one style of music. To sum up, 1) don't use a 50% rock volume bass drum when playing a jazz piece—cool the bass drum, and 2) don't use a 30% jazz-style bass drum for rock playing. It's too weak to make things happen in an authentic rock style, where the bass drum is an equal partner in producing patterns.

Above all, listen to what other good drummers are doing. When you hear something that wipes you out in feel and drive, or whatever, really get into listening and above all analyze what the drummer is doing. This is a very big part of learning. To hear and know how sounds are being made. Then you can try to emulate those sounds, get that feel, and eventually come up with your thing. That's how everyone starts.

To practice the switch from one style to the other—here's a routine. (Quarter note= 120 m.m.) Change "balances" when changing styles!



(Continued overleaf)

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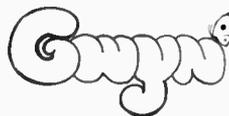
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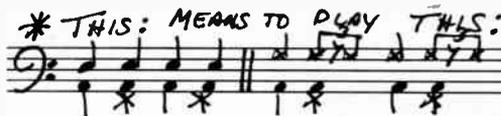
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To beginning drummers:



## jazz on campus

Dr. William Fowler, the Utah jazz padrone, has been elected chairman of the Executive Committee of the 1973 American College Jazz Festival. Fowler succeeds Jack Wheaton, who resigned this post and the presidency of the NAJE because of an intense doctoral dissertation workload. (Although no announcement had been made by NAJE, it is likely that Dr. William Lee, head of music at U. of Miami (Coral Gables), will assume the NAJE presidency, moving up from his elected post of president-elect.) The 1973 ACJF will again be produced by Jimmy Lyons and most probably again (at least) be partially bankrolled by American Airlines despite the "disinvolvement" of the ACJF from the J.F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts (Washington, D.C.). The dates of the 1973 ACJF are still tentatively set as May 18-20 with the location still in doubt. (Most likely locations seem to be either Salt Lake City or San Diego). The eight regional festivals feeding the ACJF remain the same: Northeast CJF, Quinnipiac College, Hamden, Conn.; Mid-West CJF, Elmhurst College, Ill.; Southern CJF, Mobile, Ala.; Central States CJF, Kansas State U., Manhattan; Southwest CJF, U. of Texas, Austin; Intermountain CJF, Salt Lake City; Pacific Coast CJF, California State U.-Northridge, and Northwest CJF, Olympic College, Bremerton, Wash.

The 6th annual Mid-West College Jazz festival (one of eight regional ACJF events) will be held March 16-18 at Elmhurst College, Ill. Clinicians/performers/judges will include Cannonball Adderley, David Baker, Rich Matteson, Rufus Reid, and Ed Soph.

Phil Wilson's *The Earth's Children*, a piece written for symphony orchestra and large jazz ensemble, will be performed by the Boston Symphony Orchestra and the Berklee College of Music Thursday Night Dues Band as part of the symphony's Youth Concert series Nov. 10, 11, 13, 17&18. The two principal soloists, both Berklee students, will be Jan Konopasek, baritone sax, of Czechoslovakia (he was on Oliver Nelson's *Berlin Dialogue* LP) and Tony Klatka, fluegelhorn (featured on Woody Herman's last two albums and a former arranger for Wayne Cochran). Wilson will conduct

the five performances of the symphony/jazz work.

Manny Albam has been added to the "jazz faculty" at Glassboro State College (N.J.). The 3rd annual Glassboro Jazz Festival, John Thysen, dir., will be held Feb. 10 featuring the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band plus Albam, Clark Terry, Ernie Wilkins, and John Carrioco (U. of Nevada-Reno) as judges, performers and clinicians. This festival is non-competitive (no winning ensembles are selected). Other jazz programs at Glassboro will feature: John

down beat's annual *Calendar of School Jazz Festivals* is being prepared for publication in the Jan. 18 issue (on sale Dec. 21). Festival managers are urged to send full particulars to down beat/School Jazz Festivals, 222 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill. 60606.

Directors or instructors of college-level jazz studies are urged to forward a description of any credit course in jazz education offered during the 1972-73 school year to down beat/College Guide, same address as above.

Faddis, Nov. 3; Gerry Mulligan, Manny Albam, lab band, women's chorus, Jan. 30, and Lew Soloff, March 22.

Charles Suber, down beat publisher, addressed a meeting of vocal and instrumental teachers from Ohio Music Education Associations Districts X and XI at Fairview HS, Dayton, Oct. 20. The subject of the address was "Concept of Jazz Education, K-12." The program was organized and sponsored by George Zimmerman and Ernest Flamm, supervisors of music for the Dayton public schools.

Ernest Lampkins has scored a breakthrough at Grambling College (La.) with the administration granting credit for two jazz courses: improvisation (3 hrs.) and large ensemble (1 hr.). Lampkins is using *Jazz Improvisation* by David Baker as the basic text for the improvisation course.

Muddy Waters, 1972 Grammy Award blues guitarist and singer, has become a strong favorite at college concerts. Current bookings include Oct. 26-Nov. 9 performances at the following Ohio and Pennsylvania colleges: Rio Grande (Steubenville); U. of Akron, (Ashland); Cuyahoga Comm., Wooster, Hiram, Baldwin-Wallace, Lorain County Comm., Edinboro, Robert Morris, St. Francis and Gettysburg.

# Some New Musical Electronics

This is part one of a semi-annual inventory of what's new in the field of electric and electronic musical instruments and related equipment.

The reader should visit his local music store to personally audition these and other items offered by various manufacturers. (Bring along your copy of this issue—it will help the dealer help you). If you can't find what you need, or you would rather have more information before you shop, write directly to the manufacturer. To insure prompt, accurate response, cut out the listing(s) which interest you—mark them "from Nov. 9 down beat" and mail to the Sales Manager at the address shown within the listing.

Key to abbreviations: **amp**=amplifier; **b.**=bass; **chan.**=channel(s); **elec.**=electric; **electr.**=electronic; **enc.**=enclosure; **freq-res.**=frequency response; **g.**=guitar; **Hz**=Hertz (measurement replaces ips); **imp.**=impedance; **opt.**=optional; **p.a.**=public address system; **s-s**=solid state; **spkr.**=speaker(s); **sus.**=sustain(ing); **vol.**=volume; **syn.**=synthesizer; **w/**=with; **W-RMS**=Watts measured by root mean square.

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**AIMS, Inc.**, 2120 E. Howell, Anaheim, Cal. 92806. *VTG 105*, g. amp, 4-10" spkrs., tuned cabinet, 105 W-RMS tube amp, 2-chan., w/master vol. control.  
**AKG c/o C.M.I.**, 7373 N. Cicero Ave., Lincolnwood, Ill. 60646. D-1000M mike, cardioid, high imp, 40-16,000Hz freq-res. w/bass roll-off.  
**ALTEC**, 1515 S. Manchester, Anaheim, Cal. 92803. *7718* electr. crossover bi-amp.  
**ARP**, 320 Needham, Newton, Mass. 02164. *Odyssey* and *Soloist* Mk II syn.  
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## strictly ad lib

**New York:** Charles Mingus, who returned from a European tour sans several members of his group, introduced a new combo at the Village Vanguard Sept. 26 for a week's stay. In the group were new faces **Joe Gardner**, trumpet and **Hamiet Bluiett**, baritone sax, flute, and holdovers **John Foster**, piano, and **Roy Brooks**, drums. **Thelonious Monk** followed. Mingus was scheduled for a Philharmonic Hall concert Oct. 6... *Jazz Ramble*, a special demonstration-performance series at The New School, will present the **Eddie Condon/Gene Krupa All Stars** (Nov. 21); pianist **Jack Reilly's Trio** (Nov. 28); **Earl Hines** (Dec. 5) and **Roy Eldridge** and **Ruby Braff** (Dec. 12). Single admissions to the events, co-ordinated by **Hank O'Neal** and **John Watts**, will be available... **Gregory's**, home of **Ellis Larkins**, introduced Sunday jam sessions Oct. 1. The action starts at 4 P.M. and Larkins, vibist **Warren Chiasson**, and bassists **Al Hall** and **Jimmy Garrison** are on hand as a nucleus... **Dizzy Gillespie** was at the Club Baron through Oct. 1, following organist **Jimmy Ponder's** group... The new *Half Note* was set to open Oct. 18 with **Anita O'Day** and **Zoot Sims**. At the old place, **Buddy Tate** finished up a chapter of jazz history. On a memorable mid-September night, sitters-in **Stan Getz**, **Tommy Flanagan** and **Jo Jones** joined in with the **J.P.J. Quartet**. 'Twas like old times...

**Jim Hall** and **Mike Moore** duetted at the Guitar... **Gato Barbieri** followed **Bill Evans** at Top of the Gate for a two-week stand. The club once again seems on an even keel... **Billy Butterfield** did a Sunday with **Balaban&Cats** at Your Father's Mustache. The weekly jazz action has been cut down to the hours of 4 to 8 p.m., and **Ruby Braff** was on hand as guest Oct. 1... *Black People's Music*, a concert featuring **Max Roach's** quintet, the **J.C. White Singers**, **Leon Thomas** and others, was held at Brooklyn Academy of Music Oct. 6... Jazz Interactions presented the **Charles McPherson Quintet** (**Michael Ridley**, trumpet; **Barry Harris**, piano; **Sam Jones**, bass; **Leroy Williams**, drums) and **Roy Ayers' Ubiquity** at the Village Gate Oct. 18. McPherson and Co. also played the Hartford Jazz Society's 11th annual Boatride and were heard at Edgehill's Showcase Lounge in Jamaica. Harris recently recorded for MPS with **George Duvivier**, bass, and drummer **Williams**... **Billy Taylor** appeared at Town Hall Sept. 30 in a concert honoring his music teacher at Virginia State, **Undine Moore**. Works by Ms. Moore were performed by, among others, **Frank Wess**, flute, and **Garland Butts**, piano. Wess and trumpeter **Jimmy Owens** joined the **Taylor Trio** (**Wilbur Bascomb**, bass; **Richie Pratt**, drums) later the same evening (and on the night before at the Grasshopper Room in the Menagerie in New Hope, Bucks County, Pa., a new venue for name jazz where **Dizzy Gillespie**, **Clark Terry** and **Junior Mance** also have held forth in recent weeks... **Drummer Al Drears** heads a trio at Stryker's Pub (103

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11-9

W. 86th) while his colleague Al Foster leads the threesome at the Cellar (70 W. 95th) . . . Bobby Timmons and Sam Jones teamed up at the Duplex on Grove St., and Cedar Walton and Ray Bryant were recent incumbents at Boomer's . . . Singer Johnny Hartman did a Sept. 25-30 stint at Upstairs at the Downstairs, backed by Mike Abene's trio . . . Pianist Hal Francis was at the Steak&Brew, Broadway at 68th . . . All Night Soul, the annual marathon at St. Peter's Lutheran Church, began at 5 p.m. Oct. 8 and continued until the early daylight hours the next morning. Some 100 musicians participated. Details will follow . . . The No-Gap Generation Jazz Band, co-led by clarinetist-tenor saxophonist Art Miller and drummer Gene Borst, both in their 20s, and including Bobby Branca, cornet;

Frank Orchard, valve trombone, vocal; Gordon Grinell, baritone sax; Mabel Godwin, piano, vocal; Skeeter Best, guitar; Tommy Bryant, electric bass, performed at the Overseas Press Club Sept. 22 and gave a Cami Hall concert the next night. Ms. Godwin has been a fixture at Arthur's Tavern (57 Grove St.) for a dozen years . . . At Club 400 East (formerly the Ali Baba), pianist Jimmy Nealey's trio (Lyle Atkinson, bass; Rudy Collins, drums) alternates with Adventures of the Soul, a quartet led by bassist Tito Russo . . . Cal Massey took his revue and the ROMAS Orchestra to the Univ. of Mass. Sept. 29 and also did a Jazz Vespers Sept. 17 with his small group. The trumpeter-composer also played on and scored for Archie Shepp's forthcoming Impulse LP . . . The Midnight Opera Company

(Butch Jones, fluegelhorn; Sam Burtis, trombone; Joe Ferguson, reeds; Mike Tschudin, keyboards; Peter LaBarbera, vibes; Wayne Dockery, bass; Chip White, drums) performed at Mercer Arts Center Sept. 15-17. LaBarbera's quartet, with Dockery, White, and guitarist Jack Wilkins, also played Trinity Coffee House Sept. 25, and the vibist did a solo concert at St. James Church two days later . . . Another vibist, led a quintet Vera Auer (Bill Barron, Chris Wood, saxes; Roland Wilson, bass; Walter Perkins, drums) at foot of the Statue of Liberty on Sept. 21 . . . The original Benny Goodman Quartet was reunited for the umpteenth time for the finals of the Harvest Moon Ball in Madison Square Garden Sept. 21, with Stan Getz among the many other performers . . . Pianist Neil Wolfe's trio took a leave of absence from My House to do a college concert tour. They'll be back Nov. 2 . . . A group that calls itself Mud Man and claims to play "tribal jazz" performed Sept. 29&30 at Washington Sq. Methodist Church . . . September fare at Richard's Lounge at Lakewood, N.J. included pianist Mickey Tucker's and guitarist Ralph Towner's trios, Larry Ridley's Pro Musica Unlimited (James Spaulding, reeds; Ted Dunbar, guitar; Al Foster, drums), Compost, and Lee Konitz, with Dick Katz, Marshall Brown, Mike Moore and drummer Jimmy Davis . . . On Long Island, drummer Joe Coleman's Jazz Supreme appears Thursdays at Alfie's Living Room in Baldwin, with regulars Hank Cario, piano, and Sonny Dallas, bass, and guests such as Ray Nance, Jimmy Nottingham and Seldon Powell. On Mondays, the redoubtable Mr. Coleman holds forth at Charlie K's Lounge in Hicksville, with Charlie McLean, piano, Arvell Shaw, bass, Harry Shephard, vibes, and swinging guests including George Coleman, Jimmy Heath and Arnie Lawrence . . . Don Elliott Productions, with studios in N.Y. and Weston, Conn., are looking for self-contained and thoroughly professional groups for recording purposes. Independent producers are also invited to contact the company regarding joint recording ventures.

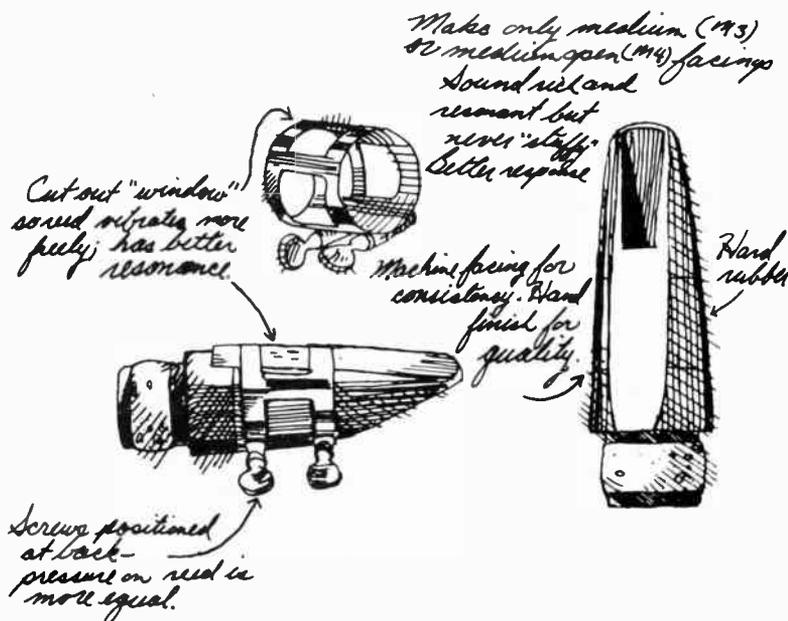
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**Los Angeles:** The accent was strictly Latin at Concerts By The Sea as Cal Tjader brought his quintet in for two weeks, followed by Willie Bobo's group for the same. Pianist Jack Wilson, who had backed Lorez Alexandria earlier at the club, is now busy rehearsing a big band, for which he's done all the charts, at the Musicians' Union in Hollywood. Carmen McRae opened at Concerts By The Sea Oct. 24 . . . At the Lighthouse, Charles Earland broke things up, literally. Owner Rudy Onderwyzer kept count during the decibel barrage and reported four dozen glasses were shattered (on the shelves) by Earland's amplification. Charles Mingus and Les McCann followed Earland for two weeks apiece. John Klemmer did a week at the Lighthouse and was followed by Gabor Szabo, for two weeks until Nov. 12. Mavis Rivers and the Red Norvo Trio (Mark Montgomery, bass, Lloyd Ellis, guitar) returned to the Playboy Club after an absence of three years . . . The Baroque Ensemble (Ira Schulman, woodwinds, Jocelyn Sarto, piano; Frank de la Rosa, bass, Nick Martinis, percussion), gave another one if its regular musical history lessons at The Egg and The Eye with a program as all embracing as Bach, Faure, Tadd Dameron and Miles

Davis. The Ensemble was the second jazz group to play in a new series of cultural programs at California State Univ. Northridge. The series, called *Any Wednesday*, had Shelly Manne and His Men as the first concert attraction . . . Donte's, which always is bursting at the seams when Louis Bellson brings his big band in, had to make room for a few thousand more customers when Redd Foxx shared one of Bellson's two nights . . . Trombonist Joe Yukl is fronting a sextet every Sunday at the Knights of Columbus in Canoga Park. Personnel: Dick Cary, cornet; Wayne Songer, clarinet, Ray Sherman, piano; Eddie Saf-ranski, bass, Gene Estes, drums . . . The October lineup of big bands for Local 47's cavalcade, held at the union's auditorium (two each Tuesday) included John Prince, Dick

wood Bowl. Zappa was the narrator in *L'Histoire du Soldat* and, characteristically, changed the libretto in places and made it rather campy. Three nights later he unveiled his 20-piece jazz-rock band, **The Grand Wazoo**. Pianist Kent Glenn's big band did a one-nighter at the Ice House in Pasadena featuring "jazz without a rock beat." Personnel: Alex Rodriguez, Jerry Rusch, Jack Coan, trumpets; Mark Levine, George Augustine, trombones; Anthony Myatt, tuba; Sam Shatin, French horn; Jay Migliori, John Gross, Ray Reed, Mike Altschul, reeds; Pat Smith, bass, and John Tirabasso, drums . . . The second half of the Fall Jazz Festival at the Pilgrimage Theatre in Hollywood heard from the following groups on successive Sundays: Clare Fis-

cher's organ quintet, Dennis Dreith's Elastic Band, Warne Marsh Quintet, and Bill Cosby's Quasar. Upcoming are the Frank Rosolino Sextet (Oct. 29) and Les Demerle's Transfusion (Nov. 5). . . Johnny Guarneri continues at Tail O' The Cock . . . Don Randi, Sweets Edison, and Tom Scott continue to round out the week at the Baked Potato.

**Chicago:** Maynard Ferguson's all-British big band did a one-nighter at Mister Kelly's near the end of their two-month U.S. tour (another is tentatively planned for February). With Ferguson on trumpet, valve trombone, and baritone horn were also Alan Downey,



Hummer, Roger James, Art DePew, Paul Lopez, Kim Richmond, Dale Franks, Rob Morris, Bob Pring and Dennis Dreith . . . A new Los Angeles jazz club, The Godfather, opened with Art Blakey and his latter-day Jazz Messengers (Woody Shaw, trumpet; Ramon Morris, Manny Boyd, reeds; George Cables, piano; Al McKibbin, bass; Ray Mantilla, congas) . . . Sherry's on Sunset Strip is putting the accent on jazz once again in hopes of luring some of the buffs who might still wander over to its now-defunct neighbor, Shelly's Manne-Hole . . . Diamonte's in North Hollywood has begun a jazz policy and first featured Frank Rosolino and Family (Frank Strazzeri, electric piano, baritone horn; Gene Cherico, bass; Chuck Piscitello, drums) . . . Frank Zappa took part in a "Stravinsky Marathon" (five hours of Stravinsky's music for \$1.50) at the Holly-

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**Philadelphia:** Things are popping again in Philly. September had the fifth annual Quaker City Jazz Festival. Featured at this two-night event were Miles Davis with his new 9-piece group, Weather Report, Maynard Ferguson's Big Band, George Benson, Stan Getz, Carmen McRae and Ahmad Jamal. But the highlight of the festival was the performance of the Giants of Jazz with a slightly different lineup: Dizzy Gillespie, Curtis Fuller, Sonny Stitt, Thelonious Monk, Larry Ridley, and Art Blakey . . . Some new clubs are opening up in the Philadelphia area. Bobby Thomas (formerly Billy Taylor's drummer) has opened a club in Bucks County, The Grasshopper. Taylor's trio came in for the opening, followed by Junior Mance's group. The old Showboat is also returning, under the name of Bijou. The policy will provide a mixed bag of music; opening act was Dan Hicks and His Hot Licks . . . WWDB-FM (formerly WHAT-FM) returned in October as an all-jazz station. The format doesn't promise to be particularly venturesome but the sounds are warmly welcome.

**Cincinnati:** Nashy Enterprises, a group of jazz enthusiasts, brought the Woody Herman Orchestra into the Miami Boat Club for an evening concert. The Maynard Ferguson Band also appeared for the group. . . A new jazz club, the Viking Lounge, has been bringing in much good music. Among those who have recently gigged at the club are Groove Holmes, Rusty Bryant, guitarist Wilbert Longmire, and Rahsaan Roland Kirk. Singers Etta Jones and Albert Washington have also worked the Viking. . . The Lookout House recently featured Lou Rawls and Billy Eckstine. . . Dave Brubeck, Gerry Mulligan, and Darius Brubeck and the New Heavenly Blue did a concert at Taft Auditorium. . . Dee Felice and The Mixed Feelings recently moved into the Playboy Club for an indefinite stay. . . Chuck Mangione appeared in concert at Walnut Hills High School. . . The Roy Merriweather Trio appeared at the Buccaneer Lounge for several weeks. . . The Bill Evans Trio opened a new club in Dayton, Jillys, which promises to present a lot of good jazz in the future. Evans was followed by Dee Felice and The Mixed Feelings and then Ahmad Jamal . . . Organist Jimmi Jamal recently opened at the Bull Pen. . . Radio station WNOP in Newport, Ky., recently celebrated its 11th anniversary as a jazz AM station.

**Detroit:** One of the most celebrated big bands of the '20s, McKinney's Cotton Pickers, has been revived here with a lineup including, on vocals, Dave Wilborn, banjoist-vocalist with the original band. Reedman Dave Hutson is musical director. Others are Johnny Trudell, Tom Saunders, Paul Klinger, Al Winters, brasses; Ted Buckner, George Benson, Tate Houston, reeds; Al Mayworm, piano; Orin Foslein, banjo; J. K. Smith, tuba; Mel and Bill Fudge, drums. The band will be included in the fall-winter program at the Hotel Ponchartraine, *Top Jazz 25*, presented by Chuck Muer (in cooperation with Jim Taylor's Detroit Hot Jazz Society) and featuring the best in local jazz groups. The hotel enjoyed a very successful summer season of big band offerings every Wednesday, alternating Austin-Moro and the Brookside Jazz Ensemble . . . Baker's Keyboard Lounge was a hotbed of talent during the past two months. Guitarist George Benson was followed by the MJQ, Ahmad Jamal, Leon Thomas, Chick Corea and Groove Holmes . . . Another successful Meadow Brook jazz series has concluded. Participating this season were Doc Severinsen, Mel Torme with Woody Herman, Ray Charles, the Preservation Hall Jazz Band, Count Basie, Pete Fountain, and Nancy Wilson, filling in for ailing Ella Fitzgerald . . . Oakland Univ. presented a sellout affair in Baldwin Pavillion starring Herbie Hancock, Rahsaan Roland Kirk and Leon Thomas . . . Clarinetist Andy Mormile has moved to the Thunderbird Inn in Northville where his trio, with Frank Isola on drums, is making pretty sounds for dancing and listening . . . The new Troy Hilton Hotel has initiated a jazz policy, starting with drummer J. C. Heard's combo . . . The Contemporary Jazz Quartet presented a late summer concert at the Strata Gallery . . . Bob Seely is dispensing his great ragtime and boogie woogie at Charlie's Crab nightly . . . Maynard Ferguson helped the Clarenceville Entertainment Series kick off its fall program with a two-nighter . . . The big band sound of The Coachmen emanates every Monday from Green's Supper Club.

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**Pittsburgh:** Drummer Tom Soisson is the leader of Trilogy, a combo which specializes in youthful sounds and has been responsible for increasing business at the Red Door and the Harmar House, which share its services. Stephen Boyd handles vocals and electric piano and bassist Ron Fudoli completes the trio, which recently did a benefit for prisoners at Western Penitentiary. . . . Clarinetist Jack Mahony is a frequent guest at the Red Raven and recently sat in with pianist Freddie Cole, Nat's brother. . . . Pianist Linton Garner leads the nifty house band at Cosmo II near Butler, Pa. . . . Duquesne University's Jazz Band was a hit at Big Band night at the Pittsburgh Press Club. . . . Pianist-leader Walt Harper says his next album will be recorded in the Smithsonian Institute in Washington. Walt recently was narrator of a fine TV special on WIIC-TV which included footage from the 1972 Pittsburgh Jazz Festival. . . . Drummer Roger Humphries' combo, The RH Factor, in demand for summer gigs, had its longest run at Hinton and McGee's Clubhouse. . . . Pianist Frank Cunimondo, who won new fans at the jazz festival here, drew summer action at the Top Shelf. . . . Big spenders at Pittsburgh's harness and thoroughbred track, the Meadows, have become accustomed to the face and jazz vocals of Gail Sonders at the Monte Leone across the track. . . . Vocalist Timmy Stevens has recorded an album that will appeal to jazz fans, with orchestral accompaniment led by Nathan Davis.

**Denmark:** Highly acclaimed trumpeter John Faddis (18) and tenorist Bobby Jones left Charles Mingus in Europe before his visit to

Denmark at the end of August. Mingus played two nights at the Montmartre in Copenhagen and one night at Tagskaegget in Aarhus with Dexter Gordon on tenor—a real happy collaboration with Dex undoing himself under the magic spell of Mingus. Altoist Charles McPherson left the Mingus unit after its last Danish gig. . . . Tagskaegget has moved into new surroundings at the distinguished *fin de siecle* Hotel Royal in Aarhus, maintaining the old location as a dixieland club. . . . Among the participants in a nine-day municipally supported jazz festival in Aarhus in September were guitarist Barney Kessel, tenorists Dexter Gordon and Hal Singer, violinists Stephane Grapelli and Jean-Luc Ponty (the latter accompanied by bassist Jean Francois Jenny-Clarke and drummer Aldo Romano), the New Orleans Joy Makers with Percy Humphrey on trumpet and Louis Nelson on trombone, and Phil Woods and his European Rhythm Machine. . . . Trumpeter Don Cherry and pianist Dollar Band co-led a quartet, Universal Silence, at jazz club Montmartre this summer. . . . Pianist Ole Matthiessen has become a member of the European Jazz Federation's board as its first musicians' representative. . . . Among American musicians expected in Denmark in the near future are tenorist Gene Ammons and trumpeter Harry Edison. . . . After hours at this year's hardworking jazz clinic at the Vallekilde high school, teachers and pupils gathered in informal groups which included Jackie McLean on alto, Chick Corea, piano; Red Mitchell, bass, and Lee Schipper on vibes. . . . Pianists Keith Jarrett and Chick Corea were among the American guests at jazz club Montmartre in September; Corea with bassist Stanley Clarke and drummer Airtio Moreira.

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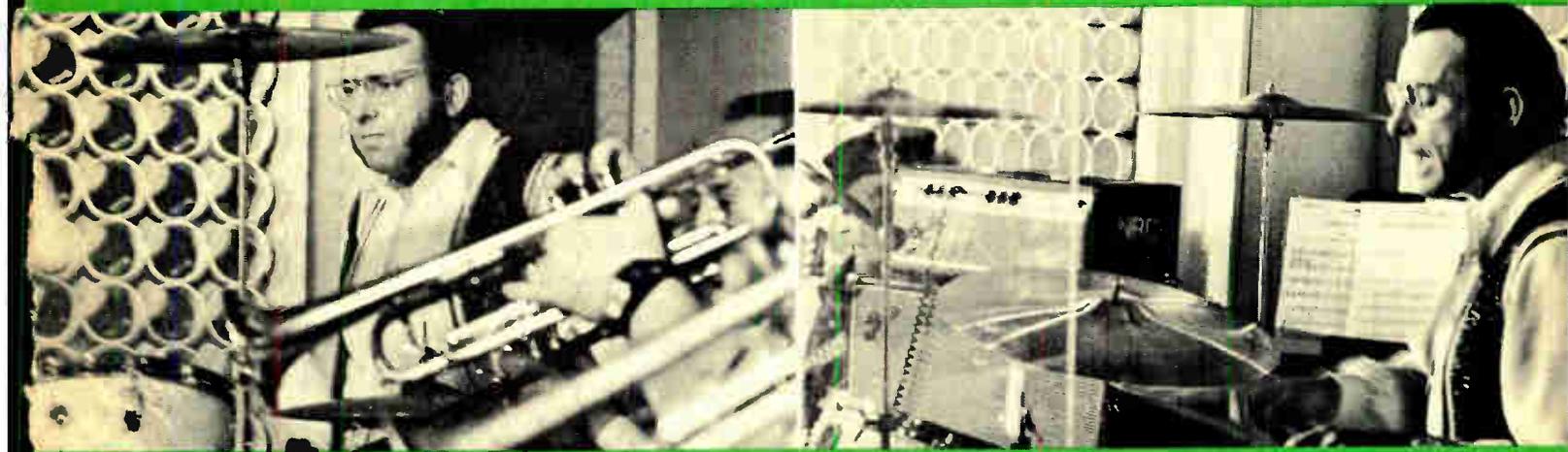
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