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the first chorus

By Charles Suber

Want to start an argument? Ask two, or ten, musicians for a once-and-for-all definition of "arranger" and "composer." If you wish to direct the argument into an analysis and appreciation of jazz, then ask why improvisation is a sometime synonym for composition. The arrangers-composers-improvisers assembled in this issue offer differing answers to these questions.

For example, take Ornette Coleman and the Supersax players. Coleman is a kind of co-leader—with Cecil Taylor, George Russell, and the late Eric Dolphy—of an abstract (or free) school of jazz that emerged after the bop period of Gillespie, Monk, and Parker. Charlie Parker was then—and remains—one of the greatest examples of instantaneous composition by a jazz soloist. He composed with almost endless variation by placing melodic lines across chord progressions—playing the changes. These inventions have been carefully transcribed and orchestrated for the Supersax group who perform them with loving fidelity. Idle questions: Is Supersax playing jazz? Are the Parker improvisations *real* compositions?

Ornette Coleman approaches improvisation and composition much differently. His approach to melody is based on endless variations of phrasing which in turn are based on his feeling-of-the-moment about pitch, intervals, octave choice, bar lines, etc. Coleman improvises a total composition (rather than just a chorus) and its parts while allowing (encouraging) the players to add what they will of themselves. Is this composition? Does it work? Ask the 85 members of the London Symphony who recorded Coleman's *Skies of America* and the nine jazz players on his *Science Fiction* album.

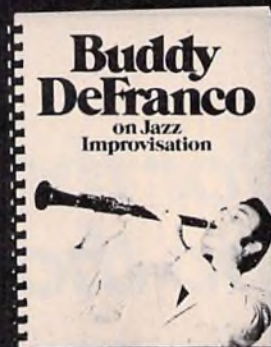
Quincy Jones is something else. But what? He is not an original instrumental soloist, nor is he an avant-garde composer. He is a brilliantly talented arranger-composer who creates within the mainstreams of jazz. His principal "teachers" were Basie and the Kansas City "arranging" tradition (from which Parker emerged) of taking the melody and passing it around the band in a series of individual riffs. (Ornette Coleman's "non-arranging" pre-dates Basie and goes back to the every-man-on-his-own bands of King Oliver.)

Pat Williams comes to jazz from another side of the tracks. (Where is Bonne Terre, Mo.?) Williams is one of the best of the "new" crop of studio composers whose creativity is constantly challenged by the demands of the medium. He gets paid to write music-for-a-quasi-swingers (Mary Tyler Moore) and music-for-backbone-America (Andy Griffith). He is also prepared to write, on immediate demand, a 12-second pratfall, and a two hour documentary. Is it jazz? Listen to it.

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Next issue—an interesting mix featuring Gene Krupa, McCoy Tyner, John Mayall, Tim Wiesberg and several others.

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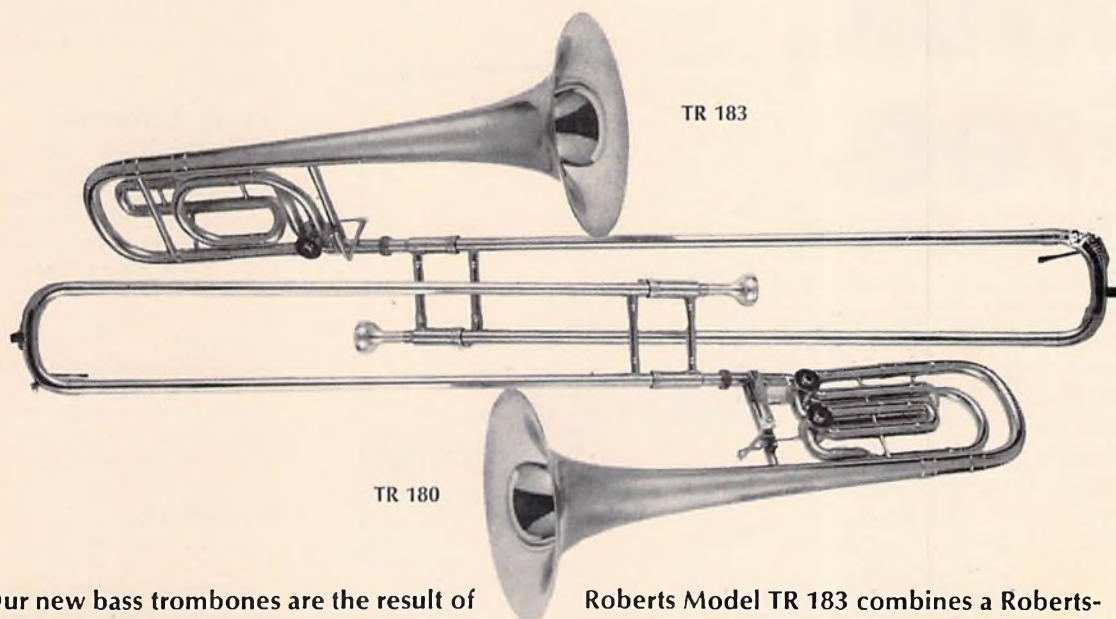
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Open Letter

Alas, I must write to protest against a five-star **down beat** review—the enthusiastic but badly misleading notice (October 11) under the heading “Milestone Twofers.”

The problem is that this two-record, 20-selection set is strictly a sampler (intended basically for disc-jockey use) indicating the contents of the newly re-available albums by Monk, Cannonball, Wes Montgomery, Bill Evans, Rollins, Lateef, Mann, Blakey, Milt Jackson and Charlie Byrd. The reviewer fails to mention that this material is from the old Riverside catalogue; the ten albums inaugurate a major reissue series on the Milestone label.

To further the confusion, your reviewer describes this material as “some of the sounds Trane, Shepp and Richard Abrams, to name a

few, launched.” The trouble with that remark is that it is backwards. This is all mid-50s to very early ‘60s music; it obviously precedes Shepp, Abrams, the revolutionary Coltrane et al. Worst of all is the review’s advice to “get this album.” You *can’t* get it—the sampler is not for sale. Fortunately, you can buy all ten “normal” albums. Berkeley, Cal.

Orrin Keepnews
Vice President
Director of Jazz A&R

I must admit to our error. The individual two-fers are now in the hands and ears of our reviewers—Ed.

Expanded View

This letter is in regards to your Oct. 11 edition of **db** and pertains to the First Chorus section and the Record Review Section.

First, there was a comment in the First

Chorus concerning the different categories of music that **db** has expanded into, i.e. jazz or progressive music, blues, jazz-rock, etc., and various artists in these fields.

The expansion of the music and the Record Reviews is very beautiful and, most of all, very informative . . . This candid extension into other levels of music helps to give needed exposure to unknown artists and enable the creative change in music to be understood by **db** readers. Smyra, Del.

Steve Roulhac

Trane Biographer

I am writing a biography of John Coltrane to be published by Doubleday in 1974. I would like to hear from musicians who knew Trane and fans who dug his music. The more the merrier. Also, I would like to contact Naima (Juanita) Coltrane, his first wife; any information about her will be gratefully appreciated.

122 W. 81st St.
New York 10024

J. C. Thomas

Accolades

Congratulations on your story “Relaxin’ at 69th Street” (**db**, Oct. 11, 1973.) It was rewarding in two ways: It provided the exposure that Zoot so rightfully deserves; but above all, Charles Marra points out that jazzmen are people just like everybody else. They’re warm, life-loving people with families, mortgages, and bills, and they face life day-by-day as we all do.

Again, my sincere thanks in proving that the great majority do not end up in asylums or sanitariums. Strafford, Pa.

Bernie Cunningham

Steig Booster

How about an interview with Jeremy Steig, grand master of wind, god of breath, wild man of the flute, triple tongue tyrant, etc.

Yes, he’s the most underrated flutist ever in this world! Give the guy a break! He’s a great talent who is being wasted by lack of exposure. His music is so passionate, and on so many levels! He is like a John Coltrane or Sonny Rollins or Dizzy Gillespie of the flute...Take that Hubert Laws! Please, in the name of jazz, before it’s too late. Of course, he’s young, at 31 plus, and will go a long way if he gets the break. He is superior to any flutist around. And I play flute well enough to know. New Bedford, Mass.

Roland Botelho

Feedback

You wanted feedback on the new review format, so here it is:

When I first started getting **down beat** I was just getting friendly with jazz, but knew nothing about it. There’s a lot of music out there. The more record reviews you printed, the better I liked it, to help me find what I like.

Well, mucho records later I’m not as dependent on **db** in the same way, but I keep picking up new things from the whole magazine. I wouldn’t be sitting here tonight—if not for **db**—falling in love with Betty Carter or Jim Hall or . . . I’ve got a lot of thank you’s.

Champaign, Ill.

Mandel Goudkin

Rich & Jones

Super drummer Buddy Rich has already cut many good albums with other greats such as Max Roach, Gene Krupa, and Louis Bellson.

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Raymond Szymarek

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Gato Barbieri On Tour

Gato Barbieri is in the midst of a rare concert tour of the United States, under the auspices of Impulse Records.

The touring package is as unique as it is ambitious, filled with musicians not generally heard on the concert circuit. These include Keith Jarrett, Sam Rivers, Marion Brown, John Klemmer, Mike White, Alice Coltrane and Pharoah Sanders. The tour kicked off with a Carnegie Hall concert in New York City Oct. 21, at which Gato, Jarrett and Coltrane played to standing ovations.

The remaining concerts on the nine-date tour, put together by Impulse National Promotion Director Steve Backer, include sets at: Bowdoin College in Brunswick, Maine, Nov. 8 (featuring Jarrett and Brown); Symphony Hall in Boston, Nov. 9; Yale University in New Haven, Conn., Nov. 10; Amherst College in Amherst, Mass., Nov. 11; and John F. Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C., Nov. 16. The latter four will feature Jarrett and Rivers.

Jon Hendricks' Evolution

Jon Hendricks, who is often described as "the poet laureate of jazz," has gotten himself thoroughly involved in the San Francisco music scene since his return to the United States at the beginning of 1973.

The 52-year-old singer and lyricist had been living in England for the past five years. "I just couldn't stay away too long; the U.S. is still home to me even after five years," he said.



Les E. Tanner

Since coming back to this country and settling in San Francisco with his family, Hendricks has been performing in many of the city's nightclubs; he is teaching classes in American music at several Bay area colleges; he has taken a job as music critic for the *San Francisco Chronicle*; and he is also a new contributing editor to *down beat*. His first column will appear in the Dec. 6 issue of the magazine.

In September, Hendricks presented his highly acclaimed musical *Evolution of the Blues* at the Paul Masson Winery special concert series.

"We're so excited about the response the musical is getting," he said, "that we are planning to prepare it for a full-dress production to be performed on a regular basis in a small theater in San Francisco. Hopefully, we will eventually be able to take it on tour back to New York City."

Jon says he doesn't worry about his many activities separating him from his family. "After Lambert, Hendricks & Ross split up, I vowed I'd never join another singing group because I just know there would never be another like it. Well, I looked around and found another singing group right in my family. My wife Judith and my daughter Michelle perform wherever I do." —*todd barkan*

J. L. Vartoogian



Gene Krupa

Gene Krupa was buried Oct. 20 at Holy Cross Cemetery near Chicago, the city where he was born and grew up. He came into jazz during the late 1920s with a group of young musicians, known as the Austin High Gang, that became identified with the Chicago style of jazz.

The 64-year-old musician, who was responsible for turning the jazz drummer into a soloist and a showman, died Oct. 16 at his home in Yonkers, N.Y. Although the cause of death was not determined immediately, Krupa had been undergoing treatment for leukemia since March, and also had been treated recently for a heart problem.

Because of his health, Krupa had been playing infrequently in recent years. Among his last appearances was a reunion of the original Benny Goodman Quartet during a July 14 concert at Ravinia Park near Chicago. On that occasion he was formally inducted into the *down beat* Hall of Fame by Goodman. Krupa was voted into the Hall of Fame in the 1972 *down beat* Readers' Poll.

"Gene was the daddy of us all and a true pace setter," Buddy Rich said recently, "but beyond that he was a gentle human being whom everybody loved."

down beat is preparing a special tribute to Gene Krupa that will appear in the next edition of the magazine. It will include rare photographs and eulogies from musicians throughout the world.

Jazz Vespers In 8th Year

John G. Genesal, pastor of St. Peter's Lutheran Church and minister to the jazz community, celebrated the eighth anniversary of Jazz Vespers, Sunday, Oct. 7, with an All-Night Soul Session. It began at 4:30 PM with a set by the Anthony Coleman Quintet (David Krakauer on clarinet, Norman MacWilliams on trombone, John Shea on bass, Tony Moreno on drums and composer Coleman at the piano.) The set was climaxed by his new composition *Any Sea*, a multi-tempo blues-based composition that made fine use of Coleman's ability as a two-handed

pianist. More than 14 hours later Frank Hermann played the benediction on piano.

Among the many performers who participated were Roswell Rudd and Sheila Jordan with Enrico Rava on trumpet; Jimmy Guiffre's excellent trio; the Art Blakey Jr. Quintet, featuring Harry Hall on trumpet and Marv Blackman on tenor saxophone; and pianist Jill McManus. There were other performers going all the way from Joe Newman's mainstream music to the far out Rashid Ali.

—*klee*

Keystone Turns The Korner

Keystone Korner, the jazz club which sprang to life shortly after the demise of the Jazz Workshop in San Francisco's North Beach area, celebrated its first anniversary the last week in September with a double bill featuring the quartets of McCoy Tyner and Stanley Turrentine. The club, which only seats 175 people, enjoyed SRO crowds for every set of the six-night engagement.

Business has not always been so good. "When I bought the place, I really had no idea of how to run any kind of business," explains Todd Barkan, the 27-year old pianist and proprietor of Keystone Korner. "I had just decided that instead of always complaining about the lack of decent places to play and hear jazz, I should at least try and do something about the situation by starting the kind of club that I, as a musician, would be most comfortable playing in. I soon found out that I didn't even have 25 per cent of the capital I would need to get the club off the ground. Before I really knew what had happened, I was more than \$20,000 in debt and more than another day older, with a struggling jazz club located next door to a police station."

Then Barkan did the only "logical" thing: he borrowed even more money, from his father (who is an attorney in Ohio), from a finance

company, and from a prominent San Francisco lawyer who used to manage the Village Gate.

The club that Todd Barkan bought, in full ignorance of what it takes to run a business in modern-day America, was a rock 'n' roll saloon with black walls, pinball machines, and a ceiling that occasionally dripped water from an overflowing sink in the Chinese boarding house upstairs.

In less than a year the club, which sells wine, beer, coffee and soft drinks and is decorated with murals painted in bright oranges, reds and royal purples, has presented a roster of artists which includes Cecil Taylor, Gene Ammons, George Benson, Ornette Coleman, Michael White, Yusef Lateef, Donald Byrd, Weather Report, Larry Coryell, Jimmy Witherspoon, James Moody, Woody Shaw, Pharoah Sanders, Esther Phillips, John Handy and others.

At 10 months of age, Keystone Korner was the sight of a live recording session of Rahsaan Roland Kirk and the Vibration society. In mid-November, Atlantic Records will release the resulting two-record set called *Bright Moments*.

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Great Dane Exchange

A Danish group has established a jazz exchange program that is committed to arranging overseas concerts for "lesser known" American jazz musicians.

Founded earlier this year, the non-profit society, which calls itself "Jazz Exchange," plans to bring at least one American musician to Denmark each year, and, if possible, several musicians. Expenses connected with the artist's stay in Europe are paid by Exchange members' annual subscription (\$20.)

Each year, according to the society, a list of 40 musicians is compiled from members' suggestions and a jazz musician is selected by vote. There's a new list and a new vote every year.

The first poll of Jazz Exchange membership resulted in the selection of Duke Jordan from a list that included Ronnie Ball, Walter Bishop, Bill Dixon, Benny Golson, Barry Harris, Al Haig, Joe Henderson, Louis Jordan, Bud Shank, Lennie Tristano, Randy Weston, Dodo Marmarosa, Steve Lacy, Taft Jordan, and others.

The Exchange reports that Jordan accepted its invitation and was expected to do a series of concerts in southern and middle Europe, as well as Scandinavia, through October and November.

"Since we are very dependent on the number of members to support our program," said the Danish society, "we welcome foreign interest of any kind. In time we would like to have intensive international cooperation with similar organizations." People who are interested in the Jazz Exchange can contact Lars Johansen, Jazz Exchange, Roarsvej 11, DK-2000 Frederiksberg, Denmark.

Evans Slated With NJE

The National Jazz Ensemble, under the direction of Chuck Israels, will open its new Tully Hall series in New York City on Nov. 21. Bill Evans will be the guest soloist, playing his own compositions, including *Nardis*, *Very Early* and *Turn Out the Stars*.

The National Jazz Ensemble was created as a repertory company to preserve and enrich the jazz tradition, performing older jazz compositions as well as new works created especially for the ensemble.

Ensemble personnel are: Randy Brecker and Charlie Sullivan, trumpets; Wayne Andre, Garnett Brown and Dave Taylor, trombones; Dave Tofani, Lew Delgatto and George Barrow, reeds; Pat Martino, guitar; Benny Arnov, piano; Buster Williams, bass; and Bill Goodwyn, drums.

Weston's Back

Randy Weston is making up for lost time since returning from Tangiers, Africa, after a long absence from New York.

Weston's recent week's stay at the Jazzboat in New York City featured Roland Alexander on tenor and soprano saxophones and flute, with Amad Abdul Malik on bass and drummer Clarence "Scobey" Stroman.

Before that, Weston and a big band under the direction of Melba Liston participated in a major benefit at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine.

Weston will play various engagements throughout the U.S. while he is working on his second Polydor recording, after which he'll return to Tangiers, about the first of the year.

Other music on the program includes compositions by Louis Armstrong, Thelonious Monk, Duke Ellington, Miles Davis, Harry Carney, John Carisi, Benny Goodman and others.

New Disc By Perla's Label

Bassist Gene Perla, who is now very much involved in running his own record company, P.M. Records, reports the label is producing its second album. The new offering from the fledgling record company will feature Steve Grossman, Jan Hammer, Don Alias and Perla.

P.M.'s first record, *Open Sky*, with Dave Liebman, Frank Tusa and Bob Moses was released in October.

Perla, who joins a growing number of musicians who have struck out on their own in the record business, had been a member of various Elvin Jones groups for the past few years, including those that featured Grossman and Liebman. However, he left Elvin in August to devote his time and energies to P.M. Records, and is presently attending the Institute of Audio Research in New York City.

potpourri

Tenor saxophonist Joe Henderson has begun recording an album featuring Alice Coltrane at the Village Recorders in Los Angeles. Fantasy vice-president Orrin Keepnews will be producing the sessions. Fantasy says a notable supporting cast of musicians has been selected to be on the date, including bassist Charlie Haden.

STAN KENTON
Nov. 8, West Hartford, Conn.
10, Grand Rapids, Mich.
12, Bethany, W. Va.
15, Bucks County, Pa.
16, Reading, Pa.
17, Camp Hill, Pa.
19, Atlantic City
20, Brockton, Mass.
21, Worcester, Mass.
22, Montreal
23, Lawrence, Mass.
24, Franklin, Mass.
25, Canton, Mass.
28, Rochester, N.Y.
30, Preston, Ont.
Dec. 1, Grosse Point, Mich.
3, Livonia, Mich.
5, Willowdale, Ont.
8, Vincennes, Ind.
12, Omaha, Neb.
15, St. Joseph, Mo.
16, Tulsa, Okla.

RIPPLE
Nov. 8, Washington, D.C.
9-15, New York City
18, Baltimore
Dec. 1, Dayton, O.

COUNTS
Nov. 9, Philadelphia

B. J. THOMAS
Dec. 10, Galaxy, N.C.
18, Augusta, Ga.

MORGANA KING
Nov. 8-11, Los Angeles
Dec. 10-16, Chicago

FOCUS
Nov. 8, Monroe, La.
10, Toronto
11, Washington, D.C.
15, College Park, Md.
22, New York City
23, Hempstead, N.Y.
24, Greenwich, Conn.
Dec. 1, Ithaca, N.Y.

CLIMAX BLUES BAND
Nov. 9, Oshkosh, Wis.
11, Minneapolis
13, Cleveland, O.
14, Columbus, O.
15, Cincinnati, O.
17, San Luis Obispo, Cal.
18, Palladium, L.A.
21-25, Los Angeles

COMMANDER CODY
Nov. 23-24, New York City
28-
Dec. 1, Austin, Tex.
11-16, Los Angeles
22, Orinda, Cal.

FREDDIE HUBBARD
Nov. 8-10, San Francisco
21-
Dec. 2, Houston

WOODY HERMAN
Nov. 12-17, New York City
Jan. 17-
Feb. 3, England Tour

CHARLES LLOYD
Nov. 13-18, Houston

GARY BARTZ
Nov. 13-18, New York City

STANLEY TURRENTINE
Nov. 8-11, Portland, Ore.
18, Frankfort, Ky.

MILT JACKSON
Nov. 10, San Francisco
11, Oakland, Cal.
16, 17, Duluth, Minn.
19-25, Philadelphia
29, 30, Indianapolis

GROVER WASHINGTON
Nov. 8-11, Flint, Mich.
13-17, Cincinnati, O.

BOLA SETE
Nov. 13, San Diego, Cal.

ERROL GARNER
Nov. 21, Detroit
Dec. 9, Chicago
11, Indianapolis

BUDDY RICH
Nov. 8, England Tour
21, Australia Tour

CHUCK MANGIONE
Nov. 10, London, Eng.
11, Springfield, Mass.
14-19, New York City
30, St. Bonaventure, N.Y.
Dec. 1, Rochester, N.Y.
6, Canandaigua, N.Y.
7, Fredonia, N.Y.

BOBBY HUTCHERSON
Nov. 8-11, Boston
21-24, Philadelphia
Dec. 2, El Granda, Cal.
7-8, San Diego

EDDIE HARRIS
Nov. 8, Cleveland
12, Dayton, O.

MOODY BLUES
Nov. 8, Ann Arbor, Mich.

GATO BARBIERI
Nov. 8, Brunswick, Me.
w/Keith Jarrett, Marion Brown
9, Boston
w/Keith Jarrett, Sam Rivers
10, New Haven, Conn.
w/Keith Jarrett, Sam Rivers
11, Amherst, Mass.
w/Keith Jarrett, Sam Rivers
16, Washington, D.C.
w/Sam Rivers, Keith Jarrett

CHARLIE BYRD
Nov. 8, Raleigh, N.C.
9, Rock Moutain, N.C.
10, Suffolk, Va.
13-29, Annapolis, Md.
30, Columbus, O.
Dec. 1, Dayton, O.
2, Muncie, Ind.
4, Kings Point, N.Y.
5, Sellsburg, N.Y.
6, 7, Elmira, Ill.
8, Cumberland, Md.
12-30, Annapolis, Md.

CAN'BALL ADDERLEY
Nov. 19-25, San Francisco

GEORGE SHEARING
Dec. 2, Chicago

ROCK & ROLL REVIVAL
Nov. 9, Lincoln, Neb.
10, Minneapolis
11, Milwaukee
16, Washington, D.C.
8, Long Island, N.Y.
9, Detroit

JOE WILLIAMS
Nov. 8, Peoria, Ill.
16, Las Vegas

MAYNARD FERGUSON
Nov. 8, Kenosha, Wisc.
9, Elmhurst, Ill.
10, 11, Livonia, Mich.
12, Norton, O.
16, Reading, Pa.
18, Baltimore
19, Slippery Rock, Pa.
22, Montreal
23, Ottawa, Can.
25, Moira, N.Y.
26, Benington, Vt.
27, Wallham, Mass.
28, W. Peabody, Mass.
30, Chadds Ford, Pa.
Dec. 1, Trenton, N.J.

SARAH VAUGHAN
Nov. 8, Bologna, Italy
9, Venice
10, Lisbon
11, Palma, Majorca
12, Barcelona, Spain

DAVE BRUBECK & DARIUS BRUBECK ENSEMBLE
Nov. 8, Jackson, Mich.
10, Toronto

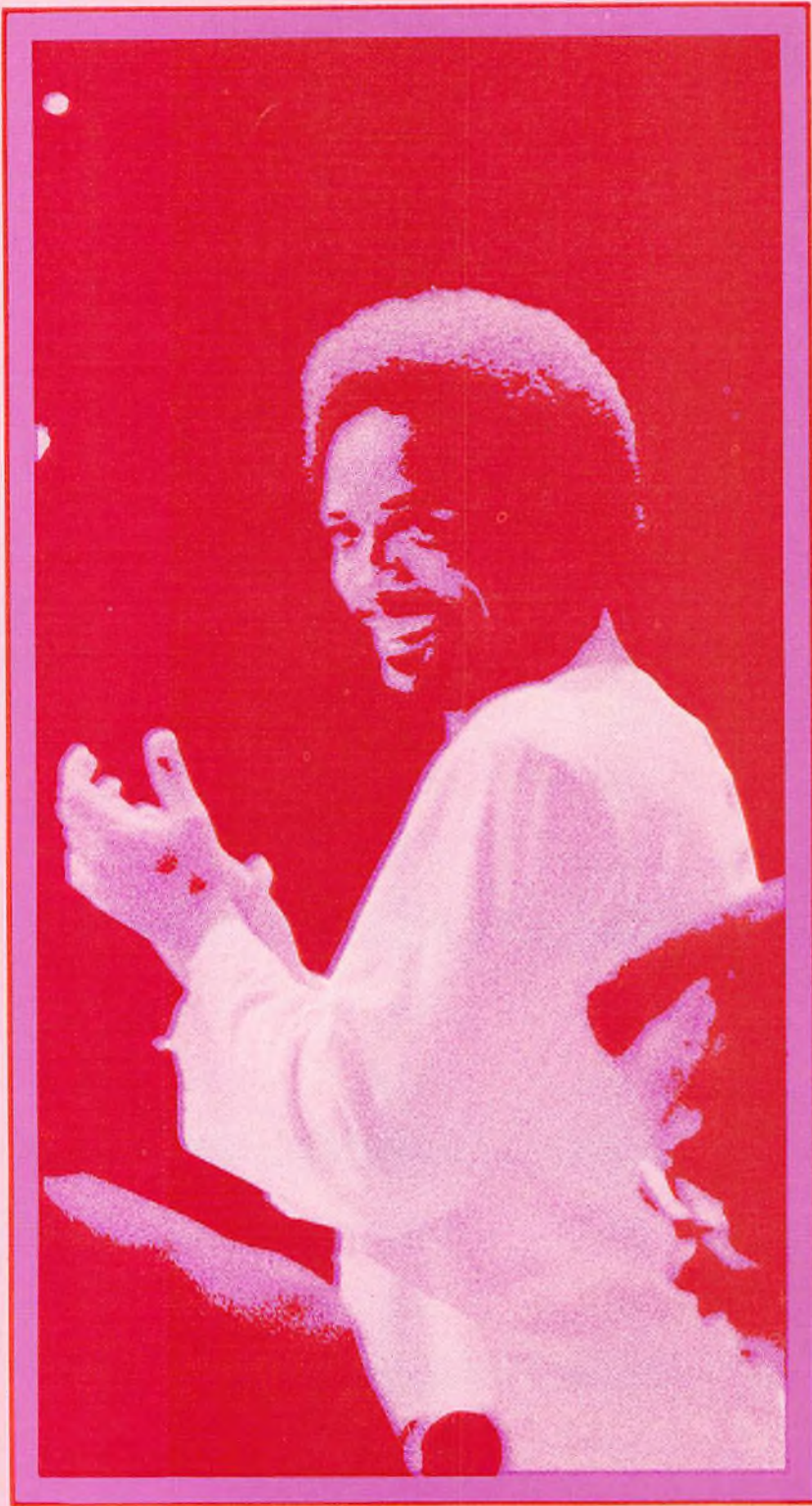
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Nov. 23, 24, Winterland, S.F.

pop NEWS

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Why is this man smiling?



VERYL C. OAKLAND

“.... I’ve dropped all pictures and television indefinitely”

QUINCY JONES

BY HERB NOLAN

It was almost 7:30 p.m., half an hour before show time, and Quincy Jones was still working with the orchestra and testing the sound in the cavernous Chicago Amphitheater, site of rodeos, sporting events, rock concerts, the 1968 Democratic Convention, and at this moment a big-name concert sponsored by PUSH Black Expo '73, a Black business exposition.

He wasn't having any unusual problems; it was just that everything had to be as correct as possible for this multi-act show that would climax with Quincy Jones, the orchestra and Roberta Flack.

"I've been doing Expo for the past four years," Quincy said later while describing its preparation, "and it's something I think about all year around. We keep in touch with Jesse Jackson (head of PUSH—People United to Save Humanity), and it's a kind of family affair. Like with Roberta this year, we'll talk about different ideas, how to present things, whether to add strings, and what kind of band to use. Everybody is very emotionally hung up in it and involved in the show ... The preparation never really stops."

Putting the finishing touches on his rehearsal, Quincy Jones moved off the stage and into a growing backstage crowd that churned past him wanting to shake hands, ask questions, wish him well, take his picture. Although his part of the Expo show was less than two hours away—and he still had to get back to the hotel to pick up the suit he'd wear on stage, then return and work out some final details with Roberta Flack—Quincy stopped for everybody.

In the time it took Quincy to get to his downtown hotel and return to the Amphitheater, the backstage tempo had hyped itself considerably: Jesse Jackson had arrived, the show was in progress, more pictures were being taken. The musicians for Quincy Jones' full orchestra (including strings) were coming in, and personalities of varying importance were mingling. Sitting almost unnoticed in the corner of the roomful of people was Isaac Hayes.

Quincy's arrival pushed the activity up another notch as more people sought a small piece of his time.

Reaching the questionable privacy of a makeshift dressing room (an arrangement of curtains with his name on a piece of paper pinned to the outside), Quincy stopped long enough to answer questions and try to explain why he and his music have become so successful.

"I live in present time, always present time," said Quincy without hesitation. "That way you're not involved with things you've already gone through; your experiences still count, but you are not hung up with getting stuck in any particular bag—I really don't like to be stuck in any bag."

"The music we're involved in reflects every social, political and lifestyle shift and it changes from minute to minute. So if you worry more about living rather than trying to keep up with everything that is happening musically, the music will take itself right there. You don't have to sit around and think about it, it just happens if you leave your soul and mind open."

Quincy Jones is not just a highly successful composer and arranger whose music has cracked the movies, television and the Top 40 charts; he is a personality. He is as well known by the public as anybody in the music business, and his status has made heavy demands on his time, demands that in 1973 he finally put aside to work on a project of his own.

"During the last three months I've dropped all pictures and television indefinitely, and I'm working on an 80-minute piece that traces the whole evolution of Black music from 1510 to today, which I am going to record. It's for gospel choir and symphony orchestra and includes a lot of soloists. That's all I want to think about now. It's a great feeling because it is tapping everything that I know or have felt about music. It is the first time that I have

really been challenged to deliver something. For me, this is a big obligation to really dig into the project and do it right. I plan to take three or five months—whatever it takes—to write it. After that, I have two more projects of similar scope in mind.

"I just had to say, 'Stop everything else!' because this work can't be done between things; I found that out. Everybody has something inside of them they want to do and they say, one of these days I'll do it. Well, for me, one of these days is here, right now."

In the period it took for "right now" to arrive, Quincy Jones covered a great deal of ground as a musician, bandleader, record company executive, student of classical composition, and arranger and composer of television and movie scores.

"I did *The Pawnbroker* in 1963, but not too much happened after that so far as movies were concerned. It was like not having been in the business at all. However, after *Mirage*, *Slender Thread*, *Walk, Don't Run*, *In The Heat of the Night* and *In Cold Blood*, it developed a kind of momentum," said Quincy, from his home in Los Angeles a couple of weeks after Black Expo, explaining the film aspect of his career.

"Hollywood and movies are a great workshop and a proving ground that permits you to experiment with all sorts of ideas that you might never come across working in records. Just the idea of dramatic scenes: they force you into musical situations that one might never get into otherwise. It opens your head up.

"If you are writing something for a record, be it three minutes or 10 minutes, it has an organic unity that takes care of itself because it exists for the sake of the music. But in film, when you are playing outside of a scene, in a third dimension to create an atmosphere, you are dealing with a wholly different abstract form. The film dictates all the form to you. If you play music behind a murder, for example, and the film cuts to the next morning and total tranquility in a different locality, you can get hung up on the sprockets and timing key: in a minute and thirty seconds you have to get through with that murder and into neutral no matter how vicious you are."

There are frustrations: "You have to deal with directors who don't know how to tell you what they want musically, or what they need. In movies you come in after there's dialogue, photography, interpretation, direction and lighting, so you are coming in with pre-established, preconceived dramatic direction. You can't fight it. The music is just one of the elements and it's not the most important thing, which is hard to live with over a period of time. Now I'd rather deal with areas where I am thinking dramatically and musically, but the music is carrying the ball."

Although Quincy Jones became a sought-after talent in the special musical twilight of film scoring, where the music can be forgotten three times faster than the death scene it supported, he was already a highly respected band leader and arranger.

"I think of arranging as being very much like creating a water color painting. There are so many things that can be obtained from an orchestra in terms of color. Adding color to a composition is a trip I enjoy very much, and I am constantly exploring that orchestra. It's like a painting or tapestry, and with all the things available, it is a pretty large canvas. But as you explore it, you find different ways to make the elements work. Take the soprano sax, for example: if you have one of the top players like Jerome Richardson, who I think is better than anybody, you get more and more daring, constantly trying to bend that instrument into another orchestral context—another focus.

"There are, also, a lot of subliminal things that I think are very useful in creating color, like doubling woodwinds on top or using lows to add reinforcement, bringing about synthetic mixtures. The Fender Rhodes piano, played in the low register in octaves with the Fender bass, is an interesting color. These are things you discover all the time because the combinations are endless."

What about the use of electronics?

"I hear pros and cons: some people say that electronics is going to replace sex and the purists say that the idea of electronic sounds bothers them. Of course, I don't agree with the purists at all. For me, electronics is just another instrument in the orchestra, like an extra clarinet player. It's another tone or color. Naturally, you have to use it like garlic salt, you just can't slam it all around the place."

What separates a good arranger from a bad one?

"Mainly it's sensitivity, perception and taste. After that you get into more specific things, like flexible harmonic sense. For exam-

ple, if a guy falls in love with clusters or 12-tone music, that doesn't mean he has to use it behind a blues singer all the time."

Despite his reputation in films, in television and as an arranger for other talents, Quincy Jones has always been involved with making records. But it is only recently that his records have been hitting the Top 40 charts with any kind of regularity. "I had 28 records that didn't do well—all the five star **down beat** records," he observed with a hint of a laugh waiting in the wings.

By cracking the charts and becoming commercially successful, Quincy Jones became (to those people who apply labels) a pop artist, rather than simply a musician who mixed musical forms together to create a sound that appealed to a cross-section of the record-buying public. Since he could be described as a pioneer among those musicians who came out of jazz and made records with heavy commercial appeal, Quincy Jones spoke confidently about the present music scene.

"I am all for decategorizing the different musical pigeonholes. I don't think any of us can live with it any more, because there are too many things that are good in all forms of music. Basically they are all related anyway—blues, jazz and gospel music, it's all the same thing. I can't imagine people detached from one or the other. It would be like someone in gospel music hating jazz or vice versa."

In talking about decategorization, Quincy was also talking about freeing jazz from the stigma that has made it difficult for many musicians to make a living playing jazz in the country that created it.

"It's the word that struggles. The music isn't struggling, it's omnipresent—it's all over the place. It is just that word. I think the growth potential for jazz is endless, which is probably a reflection on the players involved. Most of the good jazz players I know keep their minds and ears open all the time for everything from Schoenberg to Delta Mississippi blues.

"The media has created a terrible negligence in terms of supporting different musical forms. The problem is that because of economics, or whatever is the basis for the motivation, they neglect the responsibility of tying together all the roots of the music they make their money on. It is a very strange animal because early American musical influences like the blues are still prevalent, and they are the main influence on everything on the charts today. It isn't some obsolete music, it is more alive today than ever. The blues travel right from the beginning straight through Billie Holiday, Pres, Charlie Parker, Coltrane, whatever. Until the pop field catches up with all that, which I think will take a long time, you can't go any further.

"You know, because of the media imbalance, there are an awful lot of Black kids who don't know about their own music, and it is very important that they understand it. It's tragic; I am very concerned, and I'll do everything possible to correct it."

Another thing that bothers Quincy, although not quite as much, is music criticism.

"The music menu is so varied today—jazz, blues, rock, gospel—it takes a tall dude to sit there and deal with all that music toe to toe and be objective—it's damn near impossible. Even within a given category like blues guitar players or saxophone players, there are very few people who can go through the whole scope of that music, because it is something that is deeply emotional and freely expressed. It is a tall order for a critic to dig inside of a music to say what it is not, when it is what it is.

"I think the last album I did, a review said it sounds very Hollywood. What's Hollywood, man, when J.J. (Johnson) and Oliver Nelson and all those cats are writing in Hollywood. With Hollywood you are talking about the widest musical tapestry in the world, from Johnny Mandel to Alfred Newman; 200 personalities writing music of all types, some totally tonal and some always ethereal. The cat says Hollywood; so what happens if Charlie Parker or Stravinsky did a movie—are they then 'Hollywood?'"

"Some critics come down very hard on people if the music doesn't happen to hit their ears right. How, for example, can you use an intellectual approach to emotional music?'"

Quincy Jones, as much as anyone whose music has been financially successful, hears additional criticism from the "purist wing" of the record-buying population, criticism like "he's selling out to make a buck," etc.

"I can't handle purists. I can't help what they say. Besides, you can't get hung up in that anyway—it's after the fact. I just have to go with the hum—whatever hums to you and feels good. I listen to what is going on but I really don't care what choices I have. If something moves me emotionally and I feel like recording it, then I do it. The only thing you can trust is that little voice that hums inside, and when it hums loud you have to respond. That's what it's all about."

"WAR"

BY
RAY
TOWNLEY

PHOTOS—LINDA WING



This is my dedication—
A son to a father,
From one to another,
One to another.

Cast your mind back
to black Africa
Little wooden ships crossing
the ocean,
Little wooden ships landing
on the shoreline.
The name of the place,
Lord, is New Orleans, yeah.

Remember Jelly Roll Morton?
Later Charlie Bird Parker?
Travelling to the North, yes,
Travelling to the North.
People going insane, yes,
John Coltrane, Lord.

But can you dig on his
name now,
I say it's Roland Kirk now.
Make 'em work, make 'em work,
Make 'em work, Roland Kirk,
yeah.

WAR, *The Vision of Rahsaan Dedication*.
From *Eric Burdon Declares War*
(MGM SE-4863)



Last Fourth of July, WAR turned the Newport/New York "Jazz at Shea Stadium" concert on its head. Following the soft prismatic beauty of Roberta Flack, WAR commanded the stage like a gang of ill-begotten street punks, and dove immediately into a long-winded jam of *Gypsy Man*. The electricity that charged through the air could literally be sliced with a knife.

They were originally scheduled to close the show, but due to Rahsaan Roland Kirk's late arrival, they were forced to go on before him. The mesmerized crowd didn't seem to mind a bit, for most had come specifically to hear this intriguing, not quite definable band of musical gypsies. But it definitely worked against Rahsaan—his set proved a magnificently brooding and pridelful one, but for more than half the audience it sounded anti-climactic as they headed for the gates.

Kirk played his heart out and the members of WAR, almost more than anyone else there, could appreciate what he was laying down. For, you see, Kirk has had a major influence on their music, even to the point of inciting them to poetic heights in his honor.

It's ironic that the people who had come to dig on WAR couldn't also appreciate one of WAR's major musical influences. But, in a way, this dilemma dramatizes the very reason why WAR has gained such a phenomenal following in the last year and a half.

They've been able to synthesize in a highly concrete, earthy manner—a manner comprehensible to the general public—the best elements of Black music. Some would call it popularization of jazz, or more disparagingly, eclecticism for commercial gain. But these people, like typical armchair philosophers, never have been able to comprehend what's gone down in the land. They're too busy reducing music to mathematical equations. The real scene, as Jimmy Cliff has

so vividly expressed in *The Harder They Come*, is kept alive by the dude with the transistor up to his ear weaving a path through the garbage-filled streets of the ghetto.

WAR can as easily burst forth with boogie blues (*Baby Brother*) as they can drift off into an Afro-tinged ballad full of impeccable harmonies (*The World Is A Ghetto*). But always there's a jazz looseness, an emphasis on instrumental virtuosity and long, free-wheeling solos, that keeps them above the bathetic excesses of most current soul groups.

WAR is a gestalt of seven individuals: Harold Brown, drums; Howard Scott, guitar; B. B. Dickerson, bass guitar; Lonnie Jordan, organ, piano, synthesizer; "Papa" Dee Allen, conga, bongos; Charles Miller, flute, alto, tenor & baritone saxes, clarinet; Lee Oskar, harmonica; and, very importantly, *everyone* on miscellaneous percussion and vocals.

They are in the midst of charting new musical frontiers. From the funky domain of Johnny Otis and Memphis Slim, they're heading toward a unique synthesis of Black music styles. From a jazz base, The Crusaders are also moving in that direction. From somewhere up in the cosmos, the current Miles contingent dovetails the experiments of these two. But though each retains its particular emphasis, the tonal keynote is that of the asphalt wail of urban existence, sung in a gritty, torturous but eminently beautiful—and positive—fashion.

Recently I rapped with Harold Brown, Lee Oskar, and B. B. Dickerson. The resulting exchange was both warm and frank. The members of WAR, just as their music indicates, are very interested in communicating with the world around them—whether what they have to say is pleasant, not-so-pleasant, or just plain indifferent.

Townley: Within the present group there is a nucleus that goes back to the '50s. Who are they?

Brown: Myself, Dickerson, Miller, Lonnie Jordan and Howard Scott. We were called The Creators for a long time. Then, Charles Miller was "Senor Soul." Finally, when we all had jobs, we called ourselves The Night Shift because we had to work at night a lot.

Townley: You all grew up in L.A. In what area?

Brown: Compton, Harvest City, San Pedro, South Los Angeles area.

Townley: What kind of music did you play in the very beginning?

Brown: Down on the waterfront (where we were) there wasn't any music around called hard rock. That wasn't in existence yet. At the time we started playing there were a lot of small rhythm-and-blues clubs. Johnny Otis had the Harlem Hot Spot around the corner

from where we were gigging. Everybody was into R&B at that time and then there was a big bolero craze going on; B.B. King was singing a lot of bolero tunes. He used to sing in Latin, did you know that? Da-da-da-da-da-da (works out the beat vocally). We listened to Bobby Blue Bland, lots of Johnny Taylor and a lot of blues. I guess you could say we were into a lot of Black artists at the time.

Townley: There was a whole school of R&B cats down in the Southwest area of the country that was different from the rest—a cross between blues and jazz. Cats like Lowell Fulson, Joe Turner.

Brown: Hey, man, we used to go over to Lowell Fulson's house and listen to him play guitar. He lived down the street from Howard Scott's parents. And then, Wayne Henderson of the Jazz Crusaders lived around the corner, too.

Townley: How did your group, The Night Shift, get together with Eric Burdon?

Brown: A more accurate way of stating it would be that Eric wanted to get together with us. We were already an entity and he was searching for something to get into. He and Lee (Oskar) came down to the Rag Doll in North Hollywood where we were playing, about four and a half years ago. I still remember the night. He said he had been working with guys whom he felt constituted a family and that they had split up on him all of a sudden. So he was looking for some place to belong. I'd say he's like the man without a country. He's still bouncing back and forth.

Townley: Haven't you guys been together for an awfully long time, considering the quick changeover most pop groups go through?

Brown: About six months after we got together with Eric and Lee, Lee voiced con-

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Sirone

"By now if you're not aware of yourself you're dead."



Leroy Jenkins

"The media has always defined the music so that they can sell it."



Jerome Cooper

"You have to live this music."

Music is a language, a method of communication through sound, which documents a certain moment or period in life. There have been attempts to make music something other than this (such as attempts to produce "historical portraits" of a past period, e.g. classical interpretations, dixie, bebop, etc.) It is not so much a question of tradition in a style of music—although music that has form involves historical knowledge—but, a question of how one uses those traditional aspects of form to make a more contemporary statement that adheres to the demands of the present musical situation.

Perhaps when everybody gets to the point where they understand that true art is not created in a "stopped time" (historical portrait) situation, they will realize the best results of true art come from "immediate interpretation" (improvisation), a characteristic which has been at the core of all great art.

Example: Was there ever a question about Coleman Hawkins being anything but contemporary when he created the classic *Body and Soul*?

Today differs from the past in one essential way: there is reason to believe that the record industry is now trying to influence the musicians' thoughts on improvisation.

But, there are players who refuse to succumb to the wishes of the present marketplace and who continue to produce the true music of our time. One such group is The Revolutionary Ensemble in New York, comprising violinist Leroy Jenkins, bassist Sirone and percussionist Jerome Cooper, who have dedicated their lives to the music of the present. They are masters at transforming the present environment into intense and complex music. I feel they are creating one of the only new "sounds" since the arrival of Ornette.

Violinist Jenkins has been heard on records with many people, including Roland Kirk and Alice Coltrane. I came to know him when he was a member of a wonderful aggregation called The Creative Construction Company (other members of this group included Anthony Braxton, Leo Smith, Muhal Richard Abrams, Richard Davis and Steve McCall). They produced a music that was awesome in its precision and gratifying in its looseness. They attempted to bridge the gap, between music and the moment it documents, in terms of form.

Leroy recalls the period:

"Well, that group was really a prelude to the formation of the Ensemble. We had disbanded and when I tried to get it back together it didn't work. The Ensemble is a further extension of that group."

I then told Leroy that I noticed The Creative Construction Company's concept seemed to be one of allowing each player total freedom to be himself, and yet still remain a "collective participant" in the music—a concept that seems further developed in The Revolutionary En-

semble.

"Yes," said Leroy, "this is one of the things that I think will be a by-product of this music ... to see how each man can be himself, yet work in a group."

Leroy Jenkins hails from Chicago where he became a member of the now well-known Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians, an organization which Leroy says made him aware of the political side of creative music.

Leroy was in Paris for several months after he left Chicago in the late 60's. In Europe he recorded with a host of players and was looking forward to a productive and financially stable period on his return to America. When he got back to The Apple, a cold reality was waiting for him with open arms.

"I didn't see why I had to go through a thing here after I had been well-received all over the world," he says. "When I came to New York I found out they still had \$25 gigs for musicians. But I took some of the jobs because, after all, this was New York." And at the time that meant playing in the jazz world's core for \$25.

Bassist Sirone comes from Atlanta, Georgia. He's been in New York since the mid-60's and has recorded and worked with a host of players, including Marion Brown and Pharoah Sanders.

As Sirone explains: "In this music we give ourselves, we give our whole selves. And if we can't make it but we still give totally—why, that's making it right there."

I remember Sirone during another period, as a member of a short-lived group known as The Untraditional Jazz Improvisational Team (under the leadership of the brilliant pianist-composer Dave Burrell). He was cooking then and he continues to burn with faster hands and a more vivid imagination, creating shifting rhythms and accents on his instrument.

He's a very strong player, and one who is extending the tradition of the bass in much the same way as Pettiford, Mingus and Richard Davis have done. He is definitely one of its major voices.

"With this group I play with the freedom of all the other instruments. The bass becomes more than a timekeeper." And indeed it does when one hears Sirone's interpretations.

While Sirone does take occasional work outside of the Ensemble's framework, he's found his niche and if things aren't exactly right, he'd rather just stay home and practice.

Percussionist Cooper hails from Chicago, and his journey to find himself has taken him to Africa as well as Europe. In Europe he worked with The Art Ensemble of Chicago, Alan Silva and Steve Lacy, among others. But it was not until he returned to the States and got in touch

ORNETTE'S INNERVIEW

BY
MICHAEL BOURNE

"I've had people come up and spit in my face and try to beat me up."

Ornette Coleman is a common man, but he isn't. He is like a common man, quiet yet passionate. His speech is off the street. But his brain, or his spirit, or whatever it is that he is, comes from somewhere else—or rather, is *toward* somewhere else, toward an America that isn't concerned about what music is or how much music is worth, but will be pleased by music whatever it is. We talked of that music and that America.

Bourne: Lets talk about your music and why it was called the "change of the century."

Coleman: I think basically that I try to stay with the traditional concept of being an improviser without having to rely upon Tin Pan Alley structure. I started out trying to be what I believe is a natural player, and so many people thought I was just picking up the horn and playing. I realized that that wasn't my purpose, trying to prove to other people that all you had to do was get an instrument and play.

I started around 1950 compiling all the things that I had taught myself about music. And I finally realized I had come up with some personal theories that involved orchestrated music. Instruments only play a certain melodic line in relationship to orchestrated music, right? About 12 instruments compile what is known as orchestrated music. Undoubtedly, those instruments were designed to play certain melodic and harmonic structures to enhance other melodic lines and structures.

Whenever I used to play the saxophone with the changes on the piano, I'd always find myself playing in a different register in the chord. Yet I'd still be playing the changes. I remember once, I was in California with Clifford Brown, Max Roach, Kenny Drew, and I think it was Sonny Rollins on tenor. I asked them to let me sit in—this was in the early 50's—and they started playing *Donna Lee* and *Back Home in Indiana*. I knew the changes and I started playing along, and finally I couldn't play, because I didn't want to stay on that same pattern. So I started playing the way I'm playing today. And they walked off the bandstand on me.

It appeared as if I was the one who didn't know the changes... to the music, to the Tin Pan Alley songs, where most be-bop lines were taken from. If you're an American and you're playing music for people to dance, you gotta know Tin Pan Alley songs.

I found out that the concert key of the saxophone is the same as the relative minor of the E-flat. If you're playing the piano in concert C, that's the saxophone unison A. But the A on the piano is the relative minor of C. So you have the unison, you have the relative minor as a free tonic.

Now this would work on any E-flat instrument. So I realized I could play in several keys at once, and at the same time spell out the keys that I was in by simply changing the range of the idea. I realized I was playing non-transposed lines on a transposed instrument by playing an orchestrated concept.

I would play a note that was supposed to be on the viola in alto clef. Then I would play a note that was supposed to be on the bassoon. If you play 4 intervals that represent the bass, the alto, the treble, and the tenor—if you play 4 different notes that represent those 4 different voices on one instrument—it's gonna come out like a melodic phrase. Basically, if you're doing that in the sense of a musical concept, you're playing music in an orchestrated sense on a single melodic instrument.

So having to think that I could perfect that kind of writing and playing so that others might understand it, I decided to start writing a theory book.

I grew up playing *Stardust*. When I started playing the way I'm playing and so many people got disturbed by it being different than Tin Pan Alley improvising, or what they call jazz, I took it upon myself to try to make some order of their relationship to my-

self. Everyone was figuring: "He doesn't know what he's doing."

Bourne: That was that main criticism of Eric Dolphy, thinking he didn't know the changes.

Coleman: Most people think changes come from the concert instrument, where other instruments have to transpose what those changes are doing. But actually, any instrument can be used to play the changes, singly, melodically. You don't have to have a cluster of chords. The bass only plays a single line, and it plays what are called changes. But people don't get their harmonic structure from the bass; they only get their direction from the bass.

It's very healthy to know how the change structure is put together in order to make musical logic. But I don't think that is the criteria of an individual. For example, Henry Mancini, Burt Bacharach: their music definitely has a logical change to it. It has the melodic sense, where you can take the melody they've written and improvise upon it, whereas what I've tried to do is write compositions that have that same order but aren't put together with the same kind of ingredients. I try to write it where the melody can be dissected or played in any tempo or style or be totally disfigured, and yet the structure of the melody will maintain its own interests.

Bourne: In a sense, you innovated another kind of improvisation.

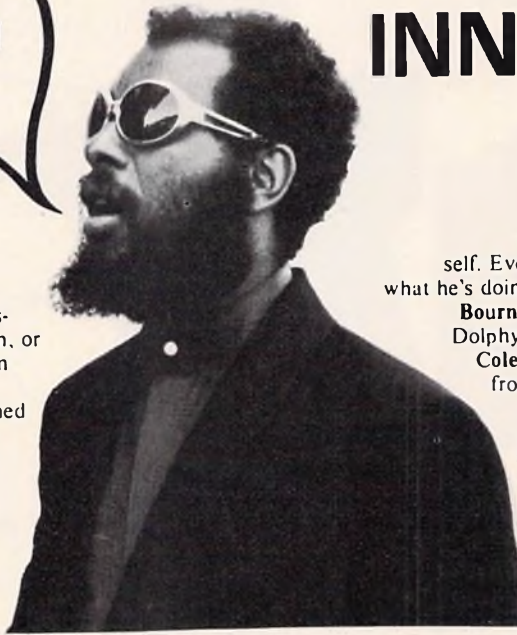
Coleman: I think it was a concept of improvisation in a compositional quality. I think that Bird was the master of the European harmony standards, of taking that material and totally creating another level. But I believe freedom is being totally unmagnetized by harmony or melodic line, where you could go into a place where they're playing music and they don't have to tell you what they're playing. You take out your instrument and play with them and never make a mistake and never ask them what they're playing. That's free, that kind of compositional ability.

To me, free is not a style. It's a personal ability. Playing free is not having to have a style. This always bothered me, when I used to play for people to dance. I've always said that even if I'm playing this funny music, even if they've been dancing, it's supposed to make whatever is inside your existence freer, a little happier.

And when a person takes a special position in doing that, in making his existence freer, it's always about a tragedy. Like singers: most of the songs that enable a singer to do that are about tragedy. They're not about life and how beautiful it is. If the song in America wasn't always about losing your woman and that kind of situation, maybe the quality of whatever culture could be in this country would be more realistic in the sense that all levels of creative entertainment would be connected for the same purpose.

It's a tragedy that everyone has to be in competition for the same purpose. It's not a cultural purpose, only a financial purpose. I have yet to write music only for the reason that I know how to write music. I've always written music to pay the light bill. Beethoven, Bach, those composers never were in competition. The country allowed them to have a position and to make their position a part of the country. Those composers made a European culture exist, whereas American white people have taken their culture and placed their own selves as being related to that.

Yet that's not what's happening in this country. The culture in this country is so multi-racial that it would be an even greater culture, because a person with certain ancestors could draw on so many different forms of expression and still be an individual, instead of trying to make everyone French or English or German or Jewish. Most white people assume that if you're black, you weren't playing waltzes and polkas, so you must have been playing the blues. To me, that's a way of describing a person without saying what he is. If you like me as a person, whether you're communist, capitalist, white, black, and we're sitting here talking, then your mind is gonna tell whether I'm



full of shit in relationship to who you are.

If there's something that I'm involved in that you relate to on a different level than I do, yet you can understand it is as valid for me as it is for you, then you don't have to say, "Where can I use what this person is doing to better myself?" You can say, "How can I use what this person is doing to see what *should* be better?" It might sound religious, but the concept of humanity . . . well, I don't think there is anything wrong with any person receiving any kind of reward for doing something that he thinks is going to preserve or conserve humanity.

If there is a purpose in humanity that is beyond finance, politics, religion, it's gotta boil down to what happens between the man and the woman. One thing I really believe, in American music, is the song form plays a very important role in the sexual life of young people. There is a music that satisfies the physical and sexual instincts . . . and they'll ask the performer: "Let's see you go out there and move the people like that." I've had record people tell me: "You see, we make our money from rock-and-roll, rhythm-and-blues, that's why we can't afford to lose money on you."

There must be some music that doesn't have the problem of sex. It's true that the American music, the real million-sellers, is a sex music. I didn't have in my mind, "I'm gonna write *Skies of America* and everybody gonna start screwing."

Bourne: How do you feel about your recent recordings?

Coleman: I'm so pissed-off with Columbia. I was put in the situation where they're supposed to be humanitarians, aware of everything that's going on. But I didn't get the same interest in my music as Boulez did recording someone else's music. I didn't even get all of it on the record, only 40 minutes. The budget that Boulez could get for recording a Bartok piece—the rehearsal money—would have allowed me to finish my whole piece. I could've done my record exactly as I wanted to do it, and if it didn't sell, I still would have the privilege of knowing they were *with* me.

Instead of the concept of music for the purpose of people, it has become a judgment stick for people's politics. Why is Lawrence Welk more important to white people than Aretha Franklin? Why is Aretha Franklin more important to black people than Frank Sinatra? It's obvious: because the white people have created values, and they've created categories to identify their own class structure in the way they want, or to decide what is good enough to be in their presence. Just like the record man says, "We don't have nowhere to classify you—we know you're black." Like on *Skies of America*: "Now if you put in titles, that'll give you lots of air play—you'll be really cool."

To me, there should be a human politics. It shouldn't be political just for class structure. Why do you think politics came about anyway? Would you need someone to tell you what to believe? I wouldn't think so.

Bourne: Maybe it's anthropological or something, the urge to dominate and be dominated.

Coleman: It's possible. Like when I got composition awards. Awards mean a certain honor and a certain respect for what you do. For most black artists, receiving an award doesn't mean you can ask for money. I never think about how much I am worth. But most white performers, that's the very thing that makes them what they are, because their value is accepted. I've always had to justify the money I've asked for.

It's kind of paranoia, because people think you're rich. It's terrible that in one country there are so many pressures to do everything everybody else is doing.

Bourne: How did you reconcile yourself to the ridicule toward your music?

Coleman: I've had people come up and spit in my face and try to beat me up. But I've had them come back and hug me and say: "I didn't like your music, but now I understand. It's really gotten close to me." But the thing I always realized is that people have got to be egotistical to think that you're supposed to clear up all their problems by judging what *your* value is to *them*. If they're gonna come up and say "I don't like your music," and they don't know what I'm trying to do, it seems to me that it's not *me* they dislike, it's the total concept of what they think I *should* be doing. That person isn't persecuting only me. That's why I don't take it personal.

Bourne: How did you first learn music?

Coleman: I got the horn when I was 14 and I really had a good ear. I could imitate Johnny Hodges or Jimmy Dorsey, anybody on the records or the radio. When I applied for my Guggenheim grant, I told them that one day I realized music is something that you play; but someone either has to make it up or write it down in order for it to be heard. I hadn't realized that music had a structure that preserves it by writing it down. I thought it just came out of your head. I just played naturally.

Bourne: You weren't taught. Does that mean you didn't learn any bad habits?

Coleman: I didn't because I never affiliated with that music. I always

thought when someone tried to teach you something, he was teaching you the way he wanted you to do it. He wasn't teaching you *it*. I'm not uptight about people being richer than me or having better talent. What bothers me is when they think they're better than me and they won't let me *be* me.

Bourne: Why have you gone into seclusion at times?

Coleman: I think that's because of a certain kind of fear of offending just to get ahead. It's a fear that just tears me up. It must have something to do with being black, or it's something instinctively in me that I can't explain. There's always the tragedy of your not being totally understood because someone suspects some other motive outside of you expressing yourself.

Bourne: How do you compare what you've contributed with what Cecil Taylor, Eric Dolphy and John Coltrane contributed?

Coleman: They were all innovators. But the problem that musicians have in America is that America is a country where you can only have one champion. That is the tragedy that artists have to live under. I think John Coltrane was the most successful instrumentalist, more successful than Charlie Parker on all levels, financially and artistically, because all of a sudden the black population related to him. But again, you gotta realize that John Coltrane made 110 albums and most of them were filled with Tin Pan Alley songs. As for his own music, like *Giant Steps*, you seldom hear those pieces on the radio. But I heard *My Favorite Things* a thousand times a day.

Cecil, Eric and John were different than me. Some of the things that I've let happen to me, they wouldn't ever let happen to them. I don't think they would stand the same kind of criticism about their playing. Eric had conservatory training and all that stuff. He wouldn't ever talk to a person about something that wasn't related to that.

I've never tried to be a "musician." I started playing my saxophone first to make a living. I started playing my own music because no one else would play it. I have never taken any time to learn instruments. All I know is where every sound you can write for the trumpet, or the violin, or the saxophone, is written on the paper. And I know where to put my hand and how to make that note.

Bourne: How do you assess your influence?

Coleman: To tell you the truth, when you say influence, the only thing I hear is the concept of multiple lines. Even on the TV, I hear music having more than one line against the rhythm. That started in America, like the late 50's and early 60's, when everybody was trying to play like that. That's the only thing I hear. But I don't hear the musical concept of *why* it's like that. I hear the influence on the forms.

I really believe there is an American music which outdates any type of racialism or any type of value that has to be placed on European culture. And I think that when the day comes when the American people outgrow their sexual satisfaction through song-form music; when the real music that has to do with the goodness of the people becomes the collaboration between the composers and the performers; then it's gonna be really beautiful music. It's here already, but the composers and the performers are so divided.

Diz is a very good trumpet player. I'd like to write a piece of music and use him, but I can't afford to do that. He can't afford to come in here. I'm a leader. But if I was a composer and didn't play, he'd probably come in. So that particular image in America, that's what's stopping what I believe should exist. The door is always under pressure from being in competition. The composers suffer from not being able to use the doers. Imagine when Beethoven taught the performers how to play his music. Then when someone else would write those things, the training was all there. And I think that's what's important: the writers and the performers have an obligation to create a culture out of the music.

Bourne: What next?

Coleman: I went to see a guy at City Center in New York about writing an opera, and he told me if I'd bring him a draft he would see some people to ask if he could raise the money to do it. But what always cracks me up is that those particular institutions are already set up to do that. I'm not making a complaint. I'm just saying that when I'm asked "What do you want to do?" I always say I don't *want* to do anything. I'm doing it. It's just can I get the *chance* to perform it.

I've never written a piece of music simply because I could. I've always written because of a reason to survive. And I'm so tired of that, because it makes you so screwed up inside. That's why I want to get my book out, so I can have some revenue to do more musical things.

I just feel like an outsider. I mean, if there was a culture in America, I wouldn't have any problem, because there would be more people that know about it besides myself.

I know I'm in competition with James Brown or Frank Sinatra, when I make a record and they put it on the radio. And people say: "I don't want to hear that. I want to hear this." I know I have all that competition, but most everybody that's in instrumental music and doesn't sing has got that problem. So I'm not by myself. I would like to be able to live a musical existence without having to be classified in a musical sense. That's all.

RECORD REVIEWS

Ratings are:

★★★★ excellent, ★★★ very good,
★★ good, ★ fair, ★ poor

ATLANTIC: 25TH ANNIVERSARY

THE JAZZ YEARS—Atlantic SD 2-316: *Martians Go Home; Requiem; Doodlin'; The Train and The River; The Spirit-Feel; The Golden Striker; Blue Monk; Hard Times; Wednesday Night Prayer Meeting; Giant Steps; Una Muy Bonita; The Catbird Seat; Your Mind is on Vacation; Preservation Blues; Whispering Grass; Sombrero Sam; Backlash; The Inflated Tear; Memphis Underground; Eastern Market; Compared to What.*

Personnel: Shorty Rogers and His Giants; Lennie Tristano; Ray Charles Septet; The Jimmy Giuffrè 3; Milt Jackson Sextet; The Modern Jazz Quartet; Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers with Thelonious Monk; David Newman; Charles Mingus Ensemble; John Collrane Quartet; Ornette Coleman Quartet; The Mitchell-Ruff Trio; Mose Allison; Punch Miller's Bunch & George Lewis; Hank Crawford accomp. by the Marty Paich Orchestra; The Charles Lloyd Quartet; Freddie Hubbard Sextet; Rahsaan Roland Kirk; Herbie Mann Octet; Yusef Lateef Ensemble; Les McCann & Eddie Harris.

Rating: ★★★★★

THE SOUL YEARS—Atlantic SD 2-504: *Drinkin' Wine Spo-Dee-O-Dee; One Mint Julep; Mama He Treats Your Daughter Mean; Money Honey; Shake, Rattle & Roll; Sh-Boom; Tweedlee Dee; I Got A Woman; Since I Met You Baby; C. C. Rider; Mr. Lee; Yakety Yak; What'd I Say; There Goes My Baby; Just Out of Reach; Green Onions; In The Midnight Hour; Hold On, I'm Comin'; When A Man Loves A Woman; Respect; A Natural Woman; Skinny Legs and All; (Sittin' On) The Dock of the Bay; Rainy Night in Georgia; Groove Me; Patches; Clean Up Woman; I'll Be Around.*

Personnel: "Stick" McGhee & His Buddies; The Clovers; Ruth Brown; The Drifters; Joe Turner; The Chords; La Vern Baker; Ray Charles; Ivory Joe Hunter; Chuck Willis; The Bobbettes; The Coasters; Solomon Burke; Booker T & the MGs; Wilson Pickett; Sam & Dave; Percy Sledge; Aretha Franklin; Joe Tex; Otis Redding; Brook Benton; King Floyd; Clarence Carter; Betty Wright; The Spinners.

Rating: ★★★★★

It's only natural for a record company to want to exploit its 25th Anniversary for commercial gain. What's not so natural, or common, is for a company to be very conscientious about the final product foisted upon the consumer. Happily, Atlantic Records on its silver anniversary has proven the exception rather than the rule. Besides other commemorative reissues and a few heady parties, Atlantic has assembled two magnificent anthologies on the birth and growth of their R&B and jazz departments. (A third on pop & rock is planned for later in the year.)

One really can't knock the musical quality of the anthologies. Atlantic has chosen to document their biggest and most durable hits without alteration (no editing of tunes or reprocessing of original monaural tunes into stereo). How can anyone criticize Ray Charles doing *I've Got A Woman*, Blakey and Monk collaborating on *Blue Monk*, and Trane's legendary *Giant Steps*?

If any quibbling is in order at all, it can only be with the particular selection of tunes. With so much good, and fairly rare material in their vaults, Atlantic has opted for cuts that are available on a number of different LPs. *Giant Steps*, Charles Lloyd's *Sombrero Sam*, Cole-

man's *Una Muy Bonita*, the Coasters' *Yakety Yak*. But in a real sense the anthologies would be incomplete without them, and a number of more obscure things are included to give the albums variety: Punch Miller's Bunch and George Lewis doing *Preservation Blues*, and a seven minute version of *The Catbird Seat* featuring the highly expressive and melodic piano playing of Dwiki Mitchell.

The packaging is superb. All recording dates are listed, and on the jazz anthology, all sidemen. *The Soul Years* contains personal, informative, no-bullshit liner notes from Jerry Wexler, while *The Jazz Years* has notes of equal quality from Nesuhi Ertegun. (Did you know that La Vern Baker's smash R&B hit, *Tweedlee Dee*, originally was just a novelty B side for *Tomorrow Night*? Or that the Coasters' hit of '58, *Yakety Yak*, saved Atlantic from bankruptcy?)

To listen consecutively to all four sides of *The Soul Years* is to hear (and literally see and feel) the passing of a monumental era. The sense of stylistic development is abundantly clear from the singles since these, not albums, shaped future R&B sounds. The jazz cuts, on the other hand, portray that feeling to a lesser degree. You can sense the development of different schools (cool, blues, avant-garde, contemporary soul-jazz fusion), but you also feel the need for more from individual artists. The singles do not satisfy in all cases.

I would recommend *The Soul Years* even to those who already own all the material in other albums. To listen to such influential R&B hits in this developmental setting is worth the extra bread. I'd recommend *The Jazz Years* only to those who don't already own most of the cuts and have no intention of obtaining the original releases. . . . And after all this long-windedness, I'd like to recommend another equally successful 25 years to Atlantic Records. They certainly deserve 'em. —townley

CEDAR WALTON

A NIGHT AT BOOMER'S, VOL. 1—Muse 5010: *Holy Land; This Guy's In Love With You; Cheryl; The Highest Mountain; Down In Brazil; St. Thomas; Bleecker Street Theme.*

Personnel: Walton, piano; Clifford Jordan, tenor sax; Sam Jones, bass; Louis Hayes, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

It was a good night at Boomer's, the Greenwich Village restaurant with the consistent good music policy. Walton, Jones and Hayes comprise one of New York's most sought-after and solid rhythm sections. Jordan, who can go about as far out as it's possible to go, meets the bop mainstream requirements of the occasion with aplomb and, obviously, pleasure. It may have escaped me in his past work, but I think I hear for the first time a lot of Lucky Thompson in Jordan's solos here, and it's a most attractive component of his style. His playing has never been less than interesting, but, perhaps because of the lack of pressure in working with old comrades in a club setting, Jordan seems newly relaxed and reflective.

Walton's playing gets better all the time, and the way he, Jones and Hayes empathize on *This Guy's* is something approaching a working definition of jazz. And listen to them cook behind Jordan's light, almost soprano-like choruses on the blues *Cheryl*. Things go Latin for much of the second side. Walton is one of the premier exponents of authentic Latin feeling in jazz; it's a matter of phrasing and touch as much as rhythmic thrust. Jones provides rhythmic thrust up a hacienda in *Brazil* and *St. Thomas* to the enthusiastic accompaniment of Hayes' cymbals and traps. In *St. Thomas*, the leap from broken time into flat-out 4/4 is ex-

hilarating, and Jordan is inspired to his best solo of the album, ending it with a triumphant whoop. Walton follows with a lunging, dancing performance.

To cut this love letter short before it gets embarrassing, a simple observation: this is a happy record, full of the good feeling that became all too rare in jazz for awhile there during a general and frantic search for "freedom." The feeling was alive and well the night of January 4, 1973 at Boomer's. —ramsey

McCOY TYNER

SONG OF THE NEW WORLD—Milestone 9049: *Afro Blue; Little Brother; The Divine Love; Some Day; Song of the New World.*

Personnel: Tyner, piano; Juney Booth, bass; Alphonze Mouzon, drums. Tracks 1, 2, 4—Virgil Jones, Cecil Bridgewater, Jon Faddis, trumpets; Garnett Brown, Dick Griffin, trombones; Kiani Zawadi, euphonium; Julius Watkins, Willie Ruff, William Warnick, French horns; Bob Stewart, tuba; Hubert Laws, flute, piccolo; Sonny Fortune, flute, soprano and alto saxophones; Sonny Morgan, conga. Tracks 3 and 5—Laws; Fortune; Harry Smyles, oboe; Selwart Clarke, John Blair, Sanford Allen, Winston Collymore, Noel DaCosta, Marie Hence, violins; Julian Barber, Alfred Brown, violas; Ronald Lipscomb, Kermit Moore, cellos; William Fischer, conductor.

Rating: ★★★★★

A good idea, this. Tyner has taken a number of his most attractive themes, as well as Mongo Santamaria's *Afro Blue*, and provided them large orchestral settings using two groups, one a bank of strings and woodwinds, the other brass and reeds. His ensemble writing is rich and assured, not particularly adventurous but quite attractive and, insofar as it achieves its intent, effective. Certainly it's led to no lessening of the power of McCoy's music or of his playing (which is vigorous and imaginative on most of the cuts), and in fact the added instrumentation lends a real dimension of excitement as well as broadening the music's colors and textures.

The orchestral writing on *The Divine Love* reminds me of both Ralph Burns (the opening segment) and Gil Evans (the double-time segment that follows) but McCoy himself burns throughout, his bristling solo occupying most of the piece's length. His playing on all of the cuts on which he is featured is in his usual strong, surging, knotlike manner and the orchestral settings tend to frame his lengthy statements fore and aft, only occasionally being used behind the solos to increase excitement and momentum. Bassist Booth is featured to good advantage on *Some Day*; flutist Fortune has a spot on this lyrical ballad, which casually suggests *Here's That Rainy Day*.

If the album expands Tyner's audience it will have served its purpose nicely. Certainly it's an attractive enough endeavor, neatly fusing commercialism and unalloyed artistry, and handsomely produced and recorded in the bargain. —welding

TINY GRIMES

PROFOUNDLY BLUE—Muse 5012: *Blue Midnight; Backslider; Tiny's Exercise; Profoundly Blue; Matilda; Cookin' At The Cookery.*

Personnel: Houston Person, tenor saxophone; Harold Mabern, piano; Tiny Grimes, guitar and vocal; Jimmy Lewis, Fender bass; Gene Golden, conga; Freddie Waits, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

It takes a lot of nerve for a guitar player to tackle a showpiece as associated with *pater noster* Charlie Christian, and even more nerve to call attention to it by so titling the album. That Tiny Grimes had the courage to do it is only surpassed in amazement by the fact that he pulls it off. The title track is a profound dedication by young Grimes to Chris-

CHIAROSCURO

RECORDS



Our first eight records reviewed by Down Beat magazine received 38½ out of forty possible stars. We think that is a good performance for a small record company.

Quintessential Recording Session
Earl Hines, Solo Piano CR101

From The Heart
Mary Lou Williams CR103

Willie the Lion Smith Live at
Blues Alley CR104

Bobby Hackett Quintet
Live At The Roosevelt Grill CR105



A Jazz Portrait Of The Artist
Don Ewell CR106

Earl Hines & Maxine Sullivan
Live At The Overseas Press Club CR107

From Ragtime On
Dick Wellstood CR109

Jazz At The New School
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tian's science of guitar playing. It comes out as a heartfelt tribute and an extension of the original, not in time, because Tiny's not that modern a player, but in the alternatives. There's nothing in Tiny's work on this track that couldn't have been played by Charlie. Of course, Charlie played acoustic on the original, but only because Alfred Lion wouldn't allow him to bring his amp into the studio. Tiny plays a lot of Charlie's licks on the tune but plays them in his own way.

Other cuts hark back to Tiny's sessions as sideman with the late Ike Quebec (*Tiny's Exercise*). Throughout are evidences of the wry humor that marked his work with Art Tatum, though he doesn't go the famous quotations route the way he did back then.

Other good things about this record include the drum work of Freddie Waits and the fact that for a change Harold Mabern gets a chance to blow a little. This fine pianist is too frequently restricted to comping. Some day people will realize that he is as good as any on the scene and better than most. Tenor saxist Houston Person is a bit into the soul jazz bag but not obnoxiously so. Jimmy Lewis is a fine bass man within the limitations of the Fender electric. Gene Golden's congas hold things together, usually the job of a rhythm guitar. Everybody cooks. —kle

GRANT GREEN

GREEN BLUES—Muse 5014: *One For Elena; Our Miss Brooks; A Flick Of A Trick; Falling In Love With Love; Baby You Should Know It; Reaching Out.*

Personnel: Green, guitar; Frank Haynes, tenor sax; Billy Gardner, piano; Ben Tucker, bass; Dave Bailey, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

The folks at Muse-Onyx have big ears for what's good in the near past of jazz, and this issue of an excellent but nearly forgotten session by four superior players is one of the labels' most gratifying rescue operations. The album was released under Bailey's name in 1961 on the Jazztime label. The company and the album quickly disappeared.

Now that listener appreciation for this kind of unpretentious modern mainstream music is growing, the tasteful playing of Green, Tucker, Bailey and the underappreciated Haynes should find a welcome audience. Gardner's piano work is a notch below the general level; his automated comping would be an irritant if there weren't such interesting things going on around him: Bailey's marvelously loose, relaxed and propulsive drumming, for an example; Green's simple but thoughtful and swinging guitar lines, for another. Tucker's big sound and easy drive. Hayne's round tone and architectural sense of what a solo should be. The saxophonist was a victim of cancer at the age of 34, and this record is one of very few on which he appeared.

Bailey and Green made several albums together in the early sixties, most of them still available on Blue Note. This collection, for all practical purposes a new release, is a welcome addition to their discography. —ramsey

JOHNNY WINTER

AUSTIN, TEXAS—United Artists 139F: *Rollin' and Tumblin'; Tribute to Muddy; I Got Love If You Want It; Bad Luck and Trouble; Mean Town Blues; Broke Down Engine; Black Cat Bone; It's My Own Fault; Forty-Four.*

Personnel: Winter, vocal, guitar, mandolin, harmonica; Tommy Shannon, bass guitar; Red Turner, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Winter's first album (though not his first recordings), made in Austin in 1968, displays the diverse blues sources of his music—Muddy Waters, John Lee Hooker, Robert Johnson, Howlin' Wolf, Willie McTell,

B. B. King, etc. He's a strong, imaginative, resourceful guitarist whose playing evidences a solid understanding of the essential nature of the music of his mentors. That is, he attempts to work from within their stylistic bases to generate forceful, elaborated instrumental statements that are true extensions of the *spirit* of the originals, rather than produce slavish copies (the route most often followed by white blues musicians). His handling of the musical style of Muddy Waters is the most interesting and effective of those offered here.

The trio format, I think, works in his favor, forcing him to play his butt off, which he does on most of the cuts. It's unfortunate that his singing is not nearly so effective as his playing, though it's certainly not from want of trying. This remains my favorite Winter album; the selection of material is good and some of the instrumental work is truly phenomenal. If you missed this album in its two earlier versions (first on Sonobeat, then on Imperial), pick it up. Winter will amaze you. —welding

MONTY ALEXANDER

HERE COMES THE SUN—BASF MPS MB 20913: *Montevideo; Where Is Love?; Here Comes The Sun; Love Walked In; Brown Skin Girl; This Dream Is Mine; So What.*

Personnel: Alexander, piano; Eugene Wright, bass; Duffy Jackson, drums; Montego Joe, conga drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

The Monty Alexander revealed here is a versatile, exciting pianist who commands a wide range of mainstream piano idioms. His work, though, offers more than a clever codification of the styles of Tatum, Peterson, Garner, Kelly, *et. al.* A native-born Jamaican, much of Alexander's playing is trademarked by driving, percussive Calypso rhythms. *Montevideo, Sun, Girl, and So What* are all given fiery Latin treatments. My vote, though, for the album's most exciting performance goes to *Love Walked In*, which features some masterful two-handed piano in the best tradition of classically-trained pianists like Oscar Peterson or Martial Solal. Especially impressive throughout is the group's sense of dynamics and pacing: crashing, high-tension passages are balanced against lightly-textured, flowing interludes. The intriguing ballads, *Where Is Love?* and *This Dream*, affirm that Alexander knows well the virtues of understatement and restraint. Probably a little *too* restrained, though, is Eugene Wright, whose playing is hardly done complete justice by this record: he tends to stay in the background and impartially survey the goings on. In contrast, young Duffy Jackson, son of Chubby Jackson, drives for all he's worth and yet astutely holds back when the mood so dictates. All in all, some exciting, empathetic performances. —balleras

CURTIS COUNCE

VOL. 2: COUNCEL TATION—Contemporary S7539: *Complete; How Deep Is The Ocean; Too Close For Comfort; Mean To Me; Counciltation; Stranger In Paradise; Big Foot.*

Personnel: Jack Sheldon, trumpet; Harold Land, tenor sax; Carl Perkins, piano; Curtis Counce, bass; Frank Butler, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

This second volume of the three recorded by the Counce quintet in 1956, '57 and early '58 is showing up as a reissue, although the packaging is different from that of the original release, which was known as *You Get More Bounce With Curtis Counce*. It's a welcome reminder of what a tight and joyous group it was, and what losses to the music were the early deaths of Counce and the excellent pianist Perkins.

Land, already a veteran in the mid-fifties, and the intense, unorthodox young trumpeter Sheldon made a hand-in-glove front line.

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Perkins' development would have been interesting to hear. He was a stomping, blues-based pianist whose style was at the heart of the Counce group and did much to give the band its character. His rhythmic approach was unique, off center but always swinging, delightful to experience. Butler has no solos to equal his famous tour de force on *A Fifth For Frank* in volume 1 of the Counce Group (S7526). But he is in sympathetic attendance throughout, a great drummer who, like Sheldon, is heard from far too seldom these days.

As for Counce, he was a dependable, swinging bassist, a good composer (*Counciltation*), and a splendid judge of talent. This album is further evidence that he put together one of the best small bands of his time. —ramsey

CLIFFORD THORNTON

THE PANTHER AND THE LASH—America Records, 30AM6113: *Huey is Free*; *El Fath*; *Tout Le Pouvoir Au Peuple (All Power to the People)*; *Paysage Desole*; *Right On*; *Shango/Aba L'Ogun*; *Mahiya Ila Zalab*.

Personnel: Thornton, valve trombone, cornet, shenai, maracas, piano; Noel McGhie, percussion; Beb Guerin, bass; Francois Tusques, piano, celeste, balafon, maracas.

Rating: ★★★

Despite the propagandistic connotations of the album title (which loses all claims to subtlety or symbol after you read the song titles) there is some very good and occasionally excellent and challenging music in the "free" genre here.

For comparison's sake, I would say this is music kindred to the creations of musicians like Muhal Richard Abrams and Lee Konitz, two musicians of the avant garde, but independent branches which do not leech off of John Coltrane, Ornette Coleman or anyone else.

Thornton's music is certainly "emotional" but unlike many allegedly avant-garde sounds, there is breathing, thinking, and yes, feeling space in his compositions and playing. His music, emphatically, is heated music, but it is heat which seems to be released at Thornton's tasteful discretion, not indiscriminately, nor on the other hand, programmatically.

His trombone playing is thoughtful and distinctive, his tone is generally good and he can also wrest some twisted notes from the horn when he wants to. His cornet playing is effective but not trend-setting: it "fits" with the music and that's really the issue anyway. On the Indian shenai, however, he can be almost amazing. Of the few Westerners I've heard (e.g., Dewey Redman) on this difficult reed instrument, he's the best technically, although his ideas on the one tune where he uses it are clearly unoriginal. The shenai, incidentally, is the horn Coltrane was emulating in much of his soprano sax music, especially the "Eastern" things, like *India*.

The "rhythm section" is excellent and is a rhythm section in the new tradition, not in the time-keeping one. They contribute space, thematic interpolations, rhythmic punctuations, etc. in concord with the particular composition and eschew formulaic notions of what percussion instruments are "supposed" to do.

The weakness of this album is its lack of textural variety, especially in the solos. Nevertheless, it's worth having and it's also one of the most accessible introductions to "free" jazz.

—kopulos

JIMMY CLIFF

UNLIMITED—Warner Bros. MS 2147: *Under The Sun, Moon And Stars*; *Fundamental Reggae*; *World Of Peace*; *Black Queen*; *Be True*; *Oh Jamaica*; *Commercialization*; *The Price Of Peace*; *On My Life*; *I See The Light*; *Rip-Off*; *Poor Slave*; *Born To Win*.

Personnel: Cliff, vocals; Bobby Ellis, trumpet; Ron Wilson, trombone, alto sax; Tommy McCook, tenor sax, flute; Leslie Butler, mellotron, flute, strings, cello; Gladstone Anderson, piano; Winston Wright, organ; Hux Brown, Rad Bryan, guitar; Jackie Jackson, bass; Winston Grennan, drums; Denzil Laing, Bongo Herman, Bingi Bunny, Sticky, percussion; The Heptones, Rita Marley, Judy Mowatt, Glenton Taylor, Tesfa McDonald, Nora Dean, Jean Watt, Ralston Webb, Zoot Sims, Bob Taylor, backing vocals; Bobby Ellis, brass arranger; Leslie Butler, strings, synthesizer arranger; Karl Pitterson, brass arranger on *Commercialization*.

Rating: ★★½

In the event that the name is unfamiliar to you, Jimmy Cliff, 25, has for the past 10 years been the most commercially celebrated artist performing the highly stylized Jamaican pop musical idiom known as reggae. The form, primarily dance music, is a hybrid of the African rhythmic root source, the rolling "second line" beat of New Orleans rockers such as Fats Domino and the blues-gospel based melodies and black pride sensibility of James Brown's soul music.

Reggae is characterized by its palpitating, bottom-heavy feeling, incessant chicken scratch guitar (*chika-chika* played before each quarter-note) and seductive, ironically sunny melodies that stand in stark contrast to the street poetry chronicling the tribulations of black people. Its most salient feature, however, is the almost salacious "back-to-front" loping cadence; i.e., the bass drum rather than the snare heavily accents every second and fourth beat. This metrical innovation from Jamaica is perhaps the ultimate "body music" and, with the possible exception of Bob Marley and The Wailers, nobody has it covered more completely than Jimmy Cliff.

Recently Cliff starred in and composed four soundtrack numbers for the first all-Jamaican feature film, *The Harder They Come*, which has played to packed houses over the last five months in my home city, Cambridge, Mass., but has received no such response in any other U.S. market. Aware of the movie's overwhelming Boston-area success, Warner has signed Cliff with hopes of his becoming the first *bonafide* international superstar of reggae.

While his initial effort for his new label has several redeeming qualities, notably the first-rate musicianship of the session players from Kingston's Dynamic Sounds, some of Cliff's engaging melodies (*Born To Win*, *On My Life*, *Rip-Off*) and his characteristically acute vocals, especially on *I See The Light*, the album is a far cry from his galvanic 1969 set, *Wonderful World, Beautiful People* (A&M SP 4251), which stands as a cornerstone of reggae.

Unlimited is a "concept album" whose theme is the oppression of black people, Jamaicans and the artist himself. Unfortunately Jimmy tends to wax a bit didactic, whereas his message was more universal and subtly rendered on *Wonderful World*. The earlier recording was musically distinguished by its sharp cutting edge, but *Unlimited*'s occasionally flaccid melodies are frequently exacerbated by busy arrangements and overly slick productions. And Cliff's intonation is on the whole rather shrill when compared to his ability to create a sense of heightening tension on *Won-*

derful World's masterpiece, *Viet Nam*, and *The Harder They Come*.

Unlimited strives for righteous outrage but too often leaves us with self-righteous platitudes.

—isaacs

JIMMY DAWKINS

ALL FOR BUSINESS—Delmark DS-634: *All For Business*; *Moon Man*; *Down So Long*; *Cotton Country*; *Welfare Blues*; *Having Such A Hard Time*; *Contro*; *Born In Poverty*.

Personnel: Jimmy Dawkins, guitar, vocals; Big Voice Odom, vocals; Otis Rush, guitar; Jim Conley, tenor sax; Sonny Thompson, piano, organ; Ernest Gatewood, bass; Robert Crowder, drums; Charles Hicks, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Blues guitarist, producer, and promoter Jimmy Dawkins was awarded the Grand Prix by the Hot Club of France for his first Delmark L.P., *Fast Fingers*. Since then, he's recorded a number of discs for Excello, to whom he's contracted at the moment, and one for the French label, Vogue. But it's taken another session with Delmark (that Chicago label) to surpass his previous heights.

Except for the keyboard work of Sonny Thompson (and two cuts featuring drummer Robert Crowder), the rhythm section consists of the Otis Rush band of 1970-71. This aggregation—tenor standout Jim Conley, rock-steady bassist Ernest Gatewood, jazz-accented drummer Charles Hicks—was the best Rush band in many years, possibly since the '50s.

All For Business opens soulfully with Conley's R&B-styled sax leading the rhythm section, and Dawkin's mean guitar driving a metallic spike into your consciousness. Rush stays off to the side chording rhythmically. Then Big Voice Odom booms out in a gospel-tinged wail, and the album's tone of noble, righteous blues is established.

The arrangements are uncommonly rich for a Chicago blues album and the production employs the studio fully without sliding into gimmickry or even overdubbing. *Cotton Country* is an incredible conversation between the lead guitars of Dawkins and Rush. The only limits to their inventiveness is that they trade off licks in sequential order rather than concomitantly like the Allman Brothers used to.

If there is any imperfection at all, it is the occasional repetition of phrasing and lyrics by Odom. He will start a tune out like a bat out of hell, but lose steam quickly and then be unable to improvise new ideas to regain momentum. At his best, he combines the vocal projection of Jimmy Witherspoon with the gospel vibrancy of B. B. King.

—townley

LEE KONITZ, PONY POINDEXTER, PHIL WOODS, LEO WRIGHT

ALTO SUMMIT—MPS MB 20675: *Native Land*; *Ballad Medley*; *Prompt*; *The Perils Of Poda*; *Good Booty*; *Lee-o's Blues*; *Lee's Tribute To Bach And Bird*.

Personnel: Konitz, Poindexter, Woods, Wright, alto saxes; Steve Kuhn, piano; Palle Danielsson, bass; Jon Christenson, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

To call this album a micro-statement of the last thirty years of jazz history would seem an exaggeration. But the work of these men is, in fact, a kind of summit, or summation, of the recent decades of jazz music. This, in brief, is far from a casual studio date: it is a finely-crafted, lovingly-made recording. And how can one knock an album that contains a piece called *Lee's Tribute To Bach And Bird*, a composition which interpolates Bach's four-part vocal choral, *Ach Gott von Himmel Sieh Parein*, with Parker's famous *Honeysuckle Rose* solo!

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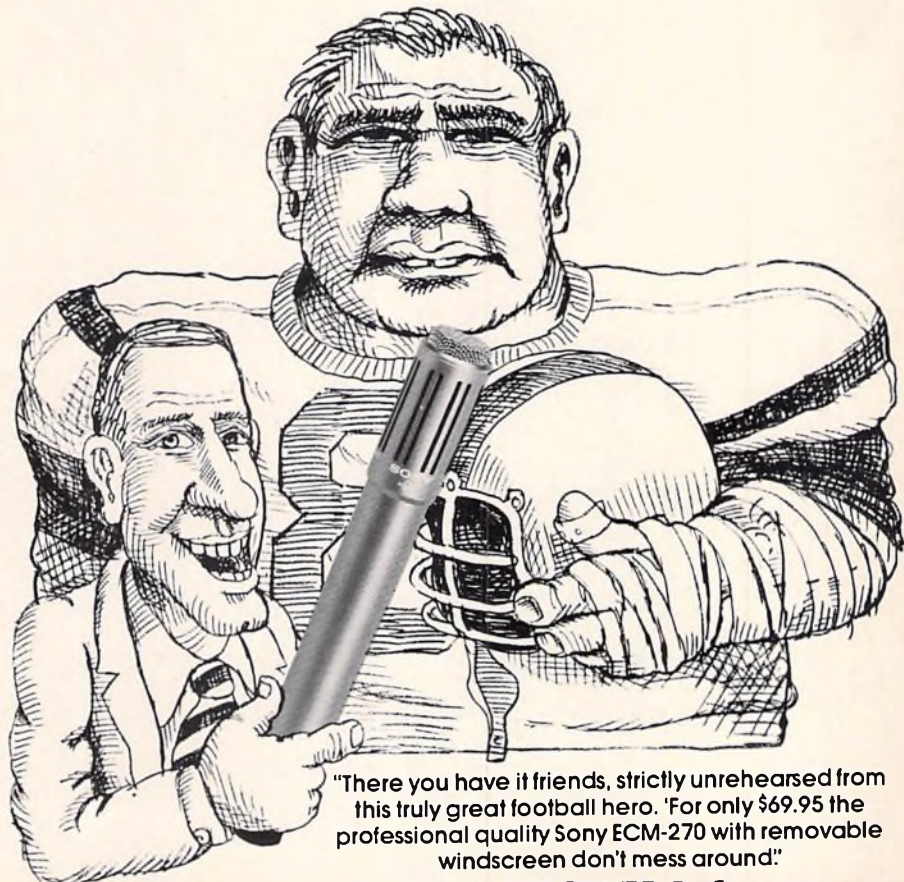
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It is readily evident that this record moves in style from some classic jazz to some avant garde work. Listen to Lee Konitz, playing on *Body And Soul* (part four of *Ballad Medley*) for a review of mainstream jazz circa 1930. On this tune pianist Steve Kuhn performs a simple yet inventive feat—he comps four-solid-beats-to-the-bar, and this brings back fond memories of those classic Armstrong and Beiderbeck 78s. *Ballad Medley* also deserves mention for Leo Wright's Parkeresque solo on *Skylark*, which like *Baby Ain't I Good To You* is a too-little played standard. However, the high point—or summit—of *Ballad Medley* comes in its final tutti section. Here everything swells into a Mingus-like montage of the composition's four separate pieces. And everything fits.

Modernists will probably feel most affinity with Woods' *The Perils of Poda* (this is the only trip into atonality), for the remaining tunes are mainstream. They include Curtis Amy's *Native Land*, a twelve-eightish tune with a raw-sounding melody, similar in mood to Cannonball's *Sack o' Woe*. *Native Land* features Trane-ish solos by all four saxes and demonstrates that these men are capable of playing jazz in almost any style they wish. Also worthy of mention is Benny Bailey's *Prompt*, which I'd guess was probably in the Basic book at one time. *Good Booty* and *Lee-o's Blues* are two companion blues pieces. The latter tune's clever title is almost worthy of the best efforts of Bill Evans or George Shearing. (Do you recall *Get Off My Back!*?)

Back to Bird to Trane to even Farther. This record places everything entirely together.

—halleras

MILES DAVIS

BASIC MILES—Columbia C32035: *Budo; Stella by Starlight; Sweet Sue, Just You; Little Melonae; Miles Ahead; On Green Dolphin Street; Round Midnight; Fran-Dance; Devil May Care.*

Personnel: Davis, trumpet and fluegelhorn; Paul Chambers, bass.

On tracks 1, 3, 4, John Coltrane, tenor sax; Red Garland, piano; Philly Joe Jones, drums. On track 2, Bill Evans replaces Garland; Jimmy Cobb replaces Jones. On track 6, add Cannonball Adderley, alto sax. On track 8, Wynton Kelly replaces Evans.

On track 9, Wayne Shorter, tenor sax; Frank Rehak, trombone; William Correa, percussion.

On track 5, orchestra directed by Gil Evans. On track 7, add Coltrane, Garland, Jones.

Rating: ★★★★★

From Columbia's vaults comes this sparkling collection of well-cut gems, all finely polished and flawlessly smooth, yet never lacking an edge. Four cuts feature the classic Davis quintet of 1955-56 (resurfacing briefly in 1958), a group which made albums like *Relaxin' and Cookin'*, and which set the standard for laid-back combustion that remains unsurpassed. The 1958 quintet/sextet, responsible for *Kind of Blue*, is heard on three more tunes. As you'd expect from groups such as these, there's not a bad cut on the album. The earliest takes are undisguised bop, with Miles nimble and precise, Coltrane relaxed and lacking some of his later urgency, and Garland fleet, uncomplicated, and swinging. Two of the 1958 sessions feature a muted Miles, his tone sweet yet piercing; Coltrane is a bit more acrobatic on these, while Adderley dances all over the place on his two solos. A Davis solo on fluegelhorn with Gil Evans' orchestra and a later (1962) pianoless session featuring Wayne Shorter round out the set.

These nine performances were culled mostly from sampler collections, out-of-print albums, and outtakes of other dates; but in those years, even the leavings from Miles Davis' table were mighty succulent fare. Not "the best of Miles" by any means, but music which must be heard, appreciated, and cherished.

—metalitz

BADEN POWELL

SOLITUDE ON GUITAR—Columbia C 32441: *Introducao Ao Poema Dos Olhos Da Amada; Chora; Se Todos Fossem Iguais A Voce; Marcia; Eu Te Amo; Na Galeria Do Vidigal; Kommt Ein Vogel Geflogen; Fim Da Linha; The Shadow of Your Smile; Brasileira; Bassamba; Por Causa De Voce; Solitario.*

Personnel: Powell, guitar; Eberhard Weber, bass (tracks 4, 10); Joaquim Paes Henriques, drums (tracks 2, 4, 5, 7, 10).

Rating: ★★★★★

Baden Powell is romantic, and the record is aptly titled—much of it is musing. Separated from his love, he played his solitude on guitar. The love songs by Jobim (*Se Todos and Por Causa*) sound especially rhapsodic. *Solitario* is almost painfully lamenting. And his avowal that *Marcia, I Love You* is what passion is about.

—bourne

THE NEW HERITAGE KEYBOARD QUARTET

THE NEW HERITAGE KEYBOARD QUARTET—Blue Note LA099-F: *Zap Carniverous; Sin #86½; State of Affairs; Delphi; Monstrosity March; Child of Gemini; So You Will Know My Name.*

Personnel: Mickey Tucker, Sir Roland Hanna, piano, clavinet, harpsichord; Richard Davis, bass; Ed Gladden, drums and percussion.

Rating: ★★★★★½

It's an apt title for both the organization and the album: as the somewhat overbearing liner notes suggest, this quartet is carrying on the tradition of the chamber music ensemble (as do many jazz combos); yet in its originality of composition (both premeditated and spontaneous) and its eclecticism of execution, they may indeed be founding a new heritage.

Hanna and Tucker are two of the best underrated keyboardists around, and joining forces with Davis and Gladden has produced a tremendously solid and extremely versatile ensemble. They're all experienced professionals, but no super-groups here. The NHKQ is polished and tasteful (their spirit of correctness brings to mind the Modern Jazz Quartet), yet challenging and often exciting.

Only the side-openers were not written by Tucker or Hanna, but they are welcome additions to the group's different and distinguished repertoire. *Zap* starts out with heavy-vibrated electric piano notes that quickly shape up into a funky groove that churns along, with both pianists stepping out before Davis offers a flowing solo that slides intelligently in and around the subtle changes.

Delphi features Gladden and another bass interlude built on microtonal intervals, before ending in the swirling echo of a motif tossed back and forth between keyboards. It's an understated theme structured on subtly shifting accents.

Subtle. Subtlety is the key. It extends to tonal color: acoustic and electric piano create subtly different shadings than piano and harpsichord, for instance. And even though most of the stuff is moderate up-tempo and often hard-driving, the music seems rooted in the sensibilities of subtlety, fragility and intimacy: it is vulnerable and inviting art that you have to get very close to, maybe inside of, to really dig.

The other pieces are all strong, although they occasionally run on just a bit. There is some particularly well-constructed soloing from both keyboards on *State*, and the album ends on a note of solemnity with the simple majesty of Davis's bowed bass stating the pristine beauty of the hymnlike *Gemini*.

Hanna and Tucker are both masters, of technique, but especially of conception of their instruments. Here their concept is one of self-assurance that refuses to smugly skirt the improviser's responsibility to forge new musics.

A new heritage? perhaps ... *certainly* a fine debut album from a fine amalgamation of talent. —tesser

CHICK COREA

HYMN OF THE SEVENTH GALAXY—POLYDOR PD 5536: *Hymn Of The Seventh Galaxy; After The Cosmic Rain; Captain Señor Mouse; Theme To The Mothership; Space Circus; The Game Maker.*

Personnel: Corea, electric piano, acoustic piano, organ, harpsichord and gong; Stan Clarke, electric bass, fuzz bass and bell tree; Bill Connors, guitar; Lenny White, drums and percussion.

Rating ★★★★★

This is actually the first recording of the Return To Forever group that Chick has been leading since the departure of Airto and Flora Purim. It provides further insight into Chick's writing and the directions in which the group has been going.

It also provides a first recorded performance of the excellent guitarist Bill Connors. I am not yet completely sold on Lenny White as the best of all possible drummers for this group, at least not without the added percussion work of Mingo Lewis, who played with Corea recently at the Bitter End. Corea and bassist Clarke have become very tightly melded together: everything one plays fulfills what the other is doing. They make a most professional duo, especially in their approach to music, which is tied in to their joint beliefs in the Scientology movement. Connors furnishes a more frantic, more animalistic, edge to the music.

It is impossible to single out any piece for comment, since they tend to grow into and out of each other like a suite. If my current preference runs to *Señor Mouse*, it is perhaps because I've heard the work a few times, both by Return To Forever and by the Chick Corea-Gary Burton duo which recorded for E.C.M.

Although the titles and concept seem to come out of science fiction, this is not movie

background schmalz. It's good solid music and, while I would hesitate to label it jazz (because Chick Corea hesitates to label it anything), it certainly is music that listeners with a predisposition towards jazz can enjoy. The same could probably be said for listeners with a predisposition towards rock-and-roll as well.

But in spite of how good the music on this record is, there is something that troubles me about it. It isn't the fact that all but one of these compositions was composed by Chick Corea, but rather that the educated listener, if blindfolded, would find it difficult if not impossible to spot which of these compositions was written by Stan Clarke.

As we've seen from previous pieces, especially *Bass Folk Song* on his own Polydor album, Stan's is a prodigious talent. If he is, in fact, writing to the formula or formulae that have made Chick Corea and Return To Forever the newest thing in the mixed media field, is he not in danger of losing his individual qualities to the group's? It's nice to be able to conform to the style that the band you're in happens to be playing, but not at the sacrifice of your own individuality. It's all tied in with the concept of where does Return To Forever begin and Chick Corea end ... and where does Stanley Clarke fit into all this? —klee

THIJS VAN LEER

INTROSPECTION—Columbia KC 32346: *Pavane; Rondo; Agnus Dei; Focus I; Erbarme Dich; Focus II; Introspection.*

Personnel: Thijs Van Leer, flute; Letty De Jong, voice; Rogier Van Otterloo, arranger/conductor.

Rating: ★★★★★

Thijs Van Leer is the flutist, pianist, and main composer of the oft-brilliant European rock band Focus. But *Introspection* isn't rock—it is indeed introspective, chamber

music arranged and conducted with classical panache by Rogier Van Otterloo.

The Fauré *Pavane* is exquisite, without "adapting" or otherwise interfering with the character of the original piece—likewise the Bach (*Agnus Dei* and *Erbarme Dich*.) As Ilubert Laws and Don Sebesky proved with their "Afro-classic" music—as Emerson, Lake, & Palmer *didn't* with their execrably bastardized Moussorgsky—Thijs Van Leer has proven that classical forms and styles offer a source for music of great beauty and not simply something trendy to play. *Introspection* is beautiful and then some. —bourne

BILLY COBHAM

SPECTRUM—Atlantic SD 7268: *Quadrant 4; Searching for the Right Door; Spectrum; Anxiety; Taurian Matador; Stratus; To the Women in My Life; Le Lis; Snoop's Search; Red Baron.*

Personnel: Cobham, percussion; Jan Hammer, electric and acoustic piano.

On track 3, Joe Farrell, flute, soprano and alto sax; Jimmy Owens, trumpet and fluegelhorn; Ron Carter, bass; Ray Baretto, congas. On track 8, add John Tropea, guitar.

On all other tracks, Tommy Bolin, guitar; Lee Sklar, Fender bass.

Rating: ★★★★★½

His music has what he is: a source of inexhaustible vitality. Billy Cobham is an energy.

Much of the record is straight ahead rocking, impulsive funky zooming. Rather than excessive soloing, the ensemble playing has a bright urgency propelled by the rhythm. Jan Hammer is especially exhilarating.

As a drummer and a listener both, I dislike drum solos. They ain't easy to play, and too many percussionists play "showtime" rather than music. Chico Hamilton is a master soloist, a lyricist, a dancer on percussion. Max Roach is likewise.

Billy Cobham isn't lyrical—but his soloing



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has a thrilling intensity, fascinating, even frightening. The music on the record is indeed a spectrum from his playing, which is the ever-radiant source energizing it all. —*bourne*

JOHN KLEMMER

INTENSITY—Impulse AS-9244: *Rapture of the Deep; Love Song for Katherine; Prayer for John Coltrane; Waltz for John Coltrane; (C'mon An') Play With Me; Sea of Passion; Last Summer's Spell.*

Personnel: Klemmer, tenor saxophone (except track 3); Tom Canning (tracks 1-5) or Todd Cochran (Bayete), electric piano; Dave Parlato, electric bass (tracks 1,2,4,5) or James Leary, amplified acoustic bass (tracks 6 & 7); Bart Hall, drums (tracks 1,2,4,5) or Woody Theus, drums and percussion (tracks 6 & 7); Victor Feldon, percussion (tracks 1,2,3,5.)

Rating: ★★★★★

Klemmer is an energy player. There are times here—notably moments of *Rapture* and the completely spontaneous *Spell*—when he seems to fall back on energy as a substitute for ideas, but more often than not he knows how to use his energy in the service of his excellent musicianship. *Love Song* and the easy-on-the-ears *Play* give him a chance to display a warmth and lyricism that I find totally convincing.

Both rhythm sections are good, tight when tightness is called for and effectively loose when the context becomes free-form. Canning has a pretty, bittersweet solo spot. *Prayer*, which is actually the introduction to *Waltz*. The Cochran-Leary-Theus rhythm team, heard on the album's two live tracks, plays with a little more fire than the other, and Cochran is outstanding on the sometimes-chaotic, sometimes-melodic *Spell*.

Although he is prone to occasional excesses which don't hit my ears right, Klemmer is a player of much spirit and imagination, and *Intensity* is an exciting and pleasurable recording. —*keepnews*

MORGANA KING

NEW BEGINNINGS—Paramount PAS 6067: *You Are The Sunshine Of My Life; Jennifer Had: As Long As He Will Stay; The Sands Of Time And Changes; We Could Be Flying; Like A Seed: A Song For You; Medley: Desert Hush/I Am A Leaf; All In All.*

Personnel: Morgana King, vocals; unidentified orchestra

Rating: ★★★★★

Morgana King is a remarkable vocalist — perhaps unique. Certainly no one has her range, sensitivity and control. She released her last album four years ago and that's a long time for her sound to have been limited to night-clubs and a few television shows. In the time since that last recording, her voice seems to have become warmer (if that is possible) and fuller. She is singing and creating better than ever. In a word, *New Beginnings* is beautiful. —*nolan*

PETER BANKS

TWO SIDES OF PETER BANKS—Sovereign SMAS 11217: *Vision of The King; The White House Vale, (a) On The Hill, (b) Lord Of The Dragon; Knights, (a) Falcon, (b) Bear; Battles; Knights; Last Eclipse; Beyond The Loneliest Sea; Stop That; Get Out Of My Fridge.*

Personnel: Banks, electric and acoustic guitar, ARP, Mini Moog, and Fender Piano; On Track 3, Steve Hackett, electric guitar; John Whetton, bass; Mike Hough, drums.

On all other tracks, Jan Akkerman, electric guitar; Ray Bennett, bass; Phil Collins, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Banks' music (most of the compositions are his) is very interesting. It has a John McLaughlin feeling to it—the subtle, subliminal McLaughlin. But it is by no means imitation
28 □ down beat

Mahavishnu, or imitation anything. The music seems almost suspended and free, as if it could go on endlessly. It is brooding with a variety of textures, a rock backdrop, and Latin and classical influences. *Two Sides of Peter Banks* is good and very introspective. —*nolan*

BARRE PHILLIPS

FOR ALL IT IS—JAPO 60003: *Just 8; Whoop; Few Too; La Palette; Y En A; Dribble; Y.M.*

Personnel: Phillips, Paule Danielsson, Barry Guy, J. F. Jenny-Clarke, basses; Stu Martin, drums, percussion.

Rating: ★★★★★

Face it, a recording of four bassists and a drummer is *not* your usual album concept.

That Phillips and cohorts were able to achieve more than modest success in terms of interest to the listener is somewhat amazing (a similar attempt by four bassists on Peter Warren's ENJA album *Bass Is* is rather disastrous).

Phillips, who wrote all the material, and drummer Martin, both American expatriates for some years, are joined in this early 1971 offering (released only recently on the Munich-based JAPO label) by Britisher Guy, Frenchman Jenny-Clarke and Swede Danielsson.

There's arco and pizzicato in varying combinations. And there's inside swinging stuff and outside playing which sounds not unlike electronic music. The best tracks, *Just 8* and *Y.M.*, just happen to be the ones that cook the most.

It's an often charming and always intriguing album which won't be for all tastes. —*smith*

OPEN SKY

OPEN SKY—PMR-001: *Flute Piece; Our Life—Places; Deep; Questions; Arb om souple—Constellation; Devotion.*

Personnel: Dave Liebman, wooden flute, flute, clarinet, soprano and tenor saxes, percussion; Frank Tusa, bass, bells; Bob Moses, drums, kalimba.

Rating: ★★★★★

I hesitate to call this music "avant-garde," or even "free;" I hesitate to call it anything. It is most often "direct communication" that demands only an open mind from its listeners. Free from restraints; liberated from the conventions, habits and dialects of other musics; in that sense it is "free"—free as the celestial vault. But it is unshackled even from the clichés that have characterized parts of "Free" music.

Open Sky, recorded in concert, features Dave Liebman as the primary soloist, progressing through his various instruments as the concert continues. On *Flute Piece* he plays mystic moans and incantatory chants on both flutes; the ethereal high register and harmonics of Tusa's bass join in with a softly crying countermelody. Then Moses' drums propel everything into a tumultuous maelstrom of sounds and ideas.

Liebman switches to tenor for *Questions* and *Devotion*. The first is a jaunty theme that leads to a lucid solo, as the saxophone alternates screaming octaves, wails and jabbering runs to speak directly. But on *Devotion* you don't hear the saxophone (per se) at all; you hear the *saxophonist* speaking, above and beyond the instrument, with a mournful purity of line atop Tusa's empathetic chords.

Liebman plays soprano on the other two extended pieces (*Deep* is a short tune played on clarinet), and it is his strongest axe. His whining, cajoling but solid tone and stunning technique keep the Coltrane flame alive (eight years removed.) On *Our Life—Places*, he is in-

terrupted by a fantastic energy-solo from drummer Moses, incorporating a rapid-fire pulse as a foundation for his rhythmic outcries. *Arb* is eerily dragging, suspended out-of-time; the soprano lines move, but go nowhere, held in place by the carefully maintained stasis of bass and drums. It creates a fascinating conflict, full of below-the-surface tension, that is a highlight of the album.

Tusa is a good contributor to the trio, and Moses is a great one. But it is really Liebman's show. He is a remarkable solo performer, particularly on soprano. His extended flights (often with only Tusa's bass acting less as an accompaniment than as another line), bring to mind the *a capella* saxophone, as pioneered germinally by Rollins, and brought to the fore by Braxton.

Liebman compares favorably with both giants, and brings Braxton's out-ness and Rollins' lyricism together. The name of the trio is taken from a Rollins quote—"Music is an open sky;" Liebman and company have chosen well. Playing under an open sky means playing *outside*; they do it as well as anyone. —*lessor*

BOBBY NAUGHTON

UNDERSTANDING—Otic 1003: *Understanding; Austin Who; Ictus; Generous 1; Gloria; V.A.; Nital Rock.*

Personnel: Naughton, piano, vibes, clavinet. On tracks 3,7,8, Perry Robinson, clarinet; Mark Whitecage, basset horn, flute; Mario Pavone, bass; Laurence Cook, drums. On track 4, Randy Kaye replaces Cook.

On tracks 1,2,7,8, Kaye, drums; Richard Youngstein, bass.

Rating: ★★★★★

Naughton's album, the second on the musicians' cooperative Otic label, offers a diverse and extremely satisfying audit of his piano, vibes and writing in markedly different contexts. It also gives space to several other little-recorded East Coast musicians. Their talents deserve to find an audience. Naughton, a fine, strong, lyrical pianist who's heavily influenced by Paul Bley, shows more originality on vibes. Whitecage and Robinson (the best known of these men) are decidedly free players who improvise in jagged, curling and often harsh styles. Information about Otic is available from *down beat*, 222 W. Adams, Chicago, Ill. 60601. —*smith*

ROLLING STONES

GOATS HEAD SOUP—Rolling Stones Records COC 59101: *Dancing With Mr. D; 100 Years Ago; Coming Down Again; Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo (Heartbreaker); Angie; Silver Train; Hide Your Love; Winter; Can You Hear The Music; Star Star.*

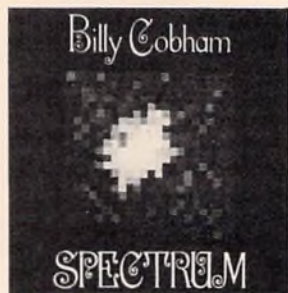
Personnel: Mick Jagger, vocals, guitar, harp, piano; Keith Richards, guitar, bass, vocals; Mick Taylor, guitar, bass, vocals; Charlie Watts, drums; Billy Wyman, bass; Nicky Hopkins, piano; Billy Preston, piano, clavinet; Ian Stewart, piano; Bobby Keys, tenor sax, baritone sax; Jim Horn, flute, alto sax; Chuck Finley, trumpet; Pascal, percussion; Rebop, percussion; Jimmy Miller, percussion.

Rating: ★★★★★

Any band that can survive a stiff like *Exile On Main Street* and still come out swinging like they're the undisputed champs deserves every star in the book. And that's just what the Stones have done on *Goats Head Soup* (entitled after a Jamaican delicacy).

Like the rest of us, the Stones have melled out. Jagger is married and celebrated his 30th birthday last year at Madison Square Garden. So now he's interspersing a few lyrical ballads between the exotic pacesetters and decadent self-parodies. But a little honest *sympatico* is just what's needed at this time of silent hopes. And Jagger pulls it off in a righteous manner that can only make a "jelly-

New JAZZ On Atlantic



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SPECTRUM



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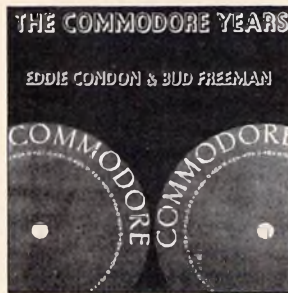


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SVENGALI

The Commodore Years



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& LAST BAND DATES



EDDIE CONDON
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beaner" like Elton John drool with envy.

The album is dynamically perfect, flowing from light, rhythmic swingers to slow ballads to kinky and quick rockers. Mick Taylor and Keith Richards trade off some engaging wah-wah riffs, and Nicky Hopkins on acoustic and electric piano just keeps on getting better (you should hear him on the latest Mark-Almond album.) Included are *Silver Train*, which first appeared on the recent Johnny Winter album, and *Can You Hear The Music*, which is reminiscent rhythmically and structurally of *Can't You Hear Me Knocking* on *Sticky Fingers*.

Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo (Heartbreaker) continues the Stones obsession with violence. But the vulnerability first revealed in *Gimme Shelter*, and visually in the film *Performance*, is here given further exposure: "Sometimes I'm dancing on air/But I get scared/I get scared." *Goats Head Soup* is both a celebration of today's muted happinesses and a black mass

offering to the darker side of Satan.

Most other pop groups still croon vacuous love ballads. But the Stones—even though they've lost the flagrant, youthful bite of their earlier days—are not afraid to admit that times are lean. Jagger sings, "Coming down again/On the ground again/Where are all my friends?" The Stones today are as relevant as they were in the days of *Satisfaction* or *Street Fighting Man*. It's just that we've all changed, you, me, and those audacious punks from *Chelsea*.

—townley

RAMSEY LEWIS

GOLDEN HITS—Columbia KC 32490: *Hang On Sloop; Blues for the Night Owl; Hi-Heel Sneakers; Carmen; Delilah; Wade in the Water; Slippin' into Darkness; Somethin' You Got; The In Crowd*.

Personnel: Lewis, piano; Cleveland Eaton, bass; Morris Jennings, percussion.

Rating: ★★ ★

I'd rather he'd recorded something new. But

then, this is new: the new Ramsey Lewis trio playing the greatest hits of the old Ramsey Lewis trio. *Hang On Sloop* is transfigured, even greater funk. But too much emphasis is on electric piano. His acoustic playing is better, though his electric playing has that certain pith, as ever. It isn't as "non-stop" as proclaimed, nor all that "golden"—but the verve is the same, rocking on.

—bourne

JOHNNY HARTMAN

I'VE BEEN THERE—Perception PLP41: *Feeling Groovy; Raindrops Keep Falling On My Head; If; Rainy Days and Mondays; You Go To My Head; Meditation; The First Time Ever I Saw Your Face; Sunday Sun, For The Good Times; Easy Come, Easy Go*.

Personnel: Hartman, vocals; Jimmy Heath, tenor sax; flute; Ken Ascher, keyboards; Al Gafa, Bob Rose, guitars; Earl May, bass; Don Reid, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

One thing Johnny Hartman does *not* need at this juncture in his long career is an uninspired recording. But his long-suffering fans, who have wondered why their deep-throated idol (or is that a two-part adjective we can't use any longer?) hasn't made it to the level he deserves, will have to content themselves with another example of potential, rather than fruition.

The voice is there; so is the articulation. The intonation never falters; neither does the ability to dramatize. And yet, the overall result is disappointing. The blame is not Johnny's—although he sure as hell shouldn't have allowed this album to be released. No singer who has to carry his accompaniment should put up with them at a recording session. At a rehearsal, maybe. But not when the light flashes for a take. At least demand that the piano be tuned!

On rock-flavored tunes, such as *Rainy Days*, the backing sounds like dedicated jazzmen self-consciously trying to appeal to the bubble-gum set. (The drumming on *First Time* is atrocious.) On standards like *You Go To My Head*, the unimaginative accompaniment nearly drags Johnny down to the sidemen's level.

Much credit to whichever guitarist plays the single-string runs on *Meditation*. His backing is intelligent and sensitive. And much credit to Johnny for taking *Raindrops* slow, and almost bluesy. In my book, anyone who can improve a Bacharach tune deserves more stars.—siders

GRAND FUNK

WE'RE AN AMERICAN BAND—Capitol 11207: *We're An American Band; Lookin' Back; Creepin'; Black Licorice; The Railroad; Ain't Got Nobody; Walk Like A Man; Loneliest Rider*.

Personnel: Mark Farner, vocal, guitar, electric piano, conga; Don Brewer, vocal, drums; Mel Schacher, bass; Craig Frost, organ, clavinet, electric piano, synthesizer.

Rating: ★★ 1/2

Guided by the ubiquitous Tod Rundgren, Grand Funk have come up with a sleek, well-produced set that balances energy and discipline but, alas, not much in the way of inspiration or originality. Nothing exceptional nor exceptionable here—no wretched excess but nothing really memorable either. Like many such ventures the chief defect is in the song materials, which are very monochromatic in character and in vocal performance, though some efforts have been made to leaven this through a more interesting use of instrumental textures than G.F. have displayed in the past. It's not enough, however; the songs are too boring. Their surfaces are becoming so smooth that Grand Funk is fast emerging as the Raymond Scott Quintet of metal music. You can, in fact, play this one for your Uncle Fred and Aunt Martha.

—welding

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blindfold test

The sudden success of a combo calling itself Supersax has been one of the more remarkable events on the 1973 jazz front. Basing its entire library on improvised Charlie Parker lines, the nine-piece group has an album on Capitol that managed to make the pop as well as the jazz charts.

The concept for this unique band grew out of Med Flory's association with the late saxophonist Joe Maini. When they were working together around Los Angeles in the early 1960s, Flory wrote out the Parker solo on *Star Eyes* for a full saxophone section; then, with the help of Maini, who had memorized Bird's *Just Friends* solo note for note, he began work on that chart. But Maini's sudden death in 1964 left the idea in limbo for eight years.

One evening, reminiscing about their common respect for Bird, Med and bassist Buddy Clark decided that a whole book along those lines might make an excellent basis for a band.

With Clark writing most of the charts and Flory the rest, Supersax rehearsed painstakingly for 11 months before making its first appearance, at Donte's in late 1972. Since then their impact at the Newport-West and Monterey festivals has strengthened their reputation.

Flory, born in Logansport, Ind., enjoys a triple career as musician, TV actor (he has appeared on more than 150 major shows) and screenplay writer. During the 1950s, after playing with Claude Thornhill and Woody Herman, he settled in California and organized a band that played at the first Monterey Jazz Festival in 1958.

Walter Buddy Clark, from Kenosha, Wis., studied at Chicago Musical College in 1948-9, doubling on trombone in his early jobs. After gigs with Bud Freeman and Bill Russo, he went on the road with Tex Beneke for three years. Settling in Los Angeles in 1954, he became one of the busiest bassists on the club and studio scenes, working with Peggy Lee, Red Norvo, the above-mentioned Flory band at Monterey, and touring Europe with Jimmy Giuffrè.

This was their first Blindfold Test. Clark and Flory were given no information about the records played.

Buddy Clark

Med Flory



Supersax

by
Leonard
Feather

times does. That's why I think it really didn't have a great feel, because Mel has a tendency to be a little lethargic sometimes, and there's no way to move him. He's a great drummer ... probably one of the best big band drummers in the last 20 years. But like all of us, he does have a few imperfections. But I'd give it four stars.

Clark: My favorite record by Thad and Mel is the one on which they backed up Ruth Brown. The feeling on that record is just gorgeous.

4. BEN WEBSTER. *I Got It Bad And That Ain't Good* (from *For The Guv'nor*, Imperial; due for U.S. release on Fantasy). Webster, tenor sax; Jacques Schols, bass; Cees Slinger, piano; John Engels, drums. Recorded in Holland, 1969.

Flory: I guess it's Ben Webster. Those old-time tenor players ... I guess that's where the tenor saxophone got its sensuous identification, from the way that guys like Webster and Coleman Hawkins could really rhapsodize on the horn, and play subtone. A lot of tenor—and alto—sax players today, if they had to subtone and make sense out of it, getting down on the bottom of their horn and playing soft, a lot of people aren't equipped to do it. They've got these mouthpieces with gear shifts on them so you can play all different kinds of ways.

I didn't particularly like the set-up of the personnel. I would have much rather heard Fatha Hines or somebody like that in the middle. It seemed to me it was kind of an anachronism for him to be playing with a Bill Evans-oriented piano player. And the bass was way too loud. I don't think it was too inspired a performance. It was one of these things where they get together in Hollywood and say "We're gonna do it again," and they didn't quite hack it. Two stars.

Clark: I think it's Ben Webster, too. I could make a rough guess about the rhythm section. Jimmy Rowles on piano. Bass could be one of a dozen around town. I think that was made here; a Verve record.

The recording was weird. The drums were scraping around. I know that mixers really like to stick the drums on a record. But for me that was really a distraction from the tenor player. I'll rate it three.

1. HAROLD LAND. *Little Chris* (from *The Fox*, Contemporary). Land, tenor sax, composer; Dupree Bolton, trumpet; Elmo Hope, piano; Herbie Lewis, bass; Frank Butler, drums. Recorded 1959.

Flory: I haven't got the foggiest ... I like the line. It's kind of a re-traditionalization of the Coltrane influence, and a return to a sort of bebop style from that. I know it's not Coltrane or Sonny Rollins. I'd say somebody in that bag. I hear all those influences. Harold Land, maybe.

And the trumpet player kind of rushes, like Carmell Jones. But I thought it was pretty good. I don't really have a very definitive mind in that area, so I've got to pass. Three stars.

Clark: I'll try to explain my feeling about tenor players and alto players. In the old days I used to pride myself on being able to tell any alto and tenor player on a record. But for the last ten years I haven't seemed to be able to keep up with it, so I wouldn't know who this guy is. In the old days, when a lot of fellers played like Lester Young, I could pretty much peg them. Now it's different ... since Coltrane.

I like the way the tenor and trumpet worked together. I don't think they were really settled on what tempo they wanted to take that particular tune. But I'd give it at least three, maybe four stars.

2. RAY BROWN. *Two For The Blues* (from *Ray Brown With The All Star Big Band*, Verve). Brown, cello; Sam Jones, bass; Neal Hefli, composer; Ernie Wilkins, conductor.

Clark: I seem to have heard some of these tracks before. Is the bass player Sam Jones? Because I heard some cello things on it. It might be a bunch of the people from Basie's band possibly ... I couldn't peg the tenor polayer at all.

I loved the feeling ... I'd have to give it five stars for that alone.

Flory: You're really a generous cat, Buddy. I hated the band ... that da-da-da-da ... those triplets, that's like when Neal started writing for Basie and they threw out all the old Buster Harding charts. I *died* when that happened! I don't think you can make a big band do it on such a large scale.

They must have had nine brass in that band. I hate those heavy brass sections. I didn't really dig it too much. I'd give it maybe two stars. It wouldn't be something I'd want to listen to. It sounded kind of ersatz all the way around to me.

3. THAD JONES—MEL LEWIS ORCHESTRA. *Quietude* (from *Central Park North*, Solid State). Jones, composer, arranger; Roland Hanna, piano; Richard Davis, bass.

Clark: We've had a conference on this; we seem to think it's Mel and Thad's band. I like the voicings, it's interesting. Kind of like Gil Evans in a way, but different in its own way. The time is nice and loose and relaxed ... I wish I could write like that.

Sounded like Richard Davis on bass ... million good ones, too. If it was Mel and Thad's band I was disappointed in the feeling. Most of the records I've heard by that band had more vitality than that—although that is a down tempo. I'll say three-and-a-half to four stars.

Flory: I like the writing ... Thad's a fearless writer. He writes and, boy, it better be right when you play it, because he mixes 'em up ... it's like a plate of spaghetti sometimes, but he knows what he wants. And I thought: the shape of the chart was great. It did sound like Gil Evans at first, except that the line was a little different than Gil would have written.

And Mel, you put it in his groove, or get it close, and it'll end up where he wants it. I could tell it was Mel when it got into the last chorus and he started chopping like he some-



LOU MARINACCIO

ALVIN QUEEN

I'm originally from Mt. Vernon, N.Y., and I've been playing drums since the age of seven. The way I got into the music business is this:

I was a shoeshine boy and I met this guy in my hometown who offered me a gig shining shoes at Andy Lan Rio's Drum School. I took it. After being there for three months, Andy asked me if I would like to take lessons. He taught me the basics plus a lot of different rhythms like Greek ones, polkas, swing, etc. When I was ten years old, other musicians in Mt. Vernon told me I should start hanging out in New York City because that's where the music was. So, in addition to my shoeshine business, I started playing a few gigs to get the money to make the trip to New York—BIRDLAND.

Birdland had a section for kids called "The Peanut Gallery," and that's where I first saw Horace play. I went every Sunday to see all the heavy cats play. I also met Elvin Jones there. He sort of adopted me and would tell everyone I was his son. In 1962 at one of Birdland's many benefits I asked Elvin, who was playing with John Coltrane, if I could sit in—and I did. Imagine, a 13-year-old kid playing with Trane. After that, I was as high as I could be for a long time.

Because of my persistence and drive to be a drummer, I received offers to play gigs around the New York area but I had to turn them down because of the cabaret license law which stated you had to be 18. So, I couldn't get with any band. When I did turn 18, the city changed the law. This really turned my head around because I feel I could have been five years ahead of my time. At 14 I felt ready and needed only playing experience to get my chops together.

Rumors were going around then that Horace was auditioning drummers. I went to check the job out and from the 20 cats auditioning, I got the gig. I feel Horace dug my attitude, my playing ability, and he got into my potential. I was in Horace's band for about a year when the band broke up; but we had some very successful engagements.

Then George Benson gave me a call. I had toured with George for nine months when Charles Tolliver asked me if I wanted to tour Europe with *his* group. During that two year period, I played with some heavy cats, like Jon Hendricks and Dexter Gordon. When I returned to New York recently, I started doing session dates and playing around town with Stanley Turrentine, Wild Bill Davis, Pharoah Sanders, Ruth Brown, Mercer Ellington and Billy Taylor. I worked this way until Horace decided to put his band together again.

I feel that working with different musicians is really a learning experience. I heard different styles and ways of playing; plus I learned how to cooperate with these cats. Their particular type of music has meaning if they *live* it. Also, I realized the main purpose in living, for me, is to develop the ability to control my own energy and still be able to deal personally with the musicians and the people for whom you're playing. Music is based on an everyday living situation and the way you play is your own emotional expression.

That's the one thing I dig about Horace's band: no one is trying to be the star. We work as a group which, in turn, makes everyone a star. When someone is taking a solo, I don't try to out-bash him or down him out. I find myself laying back, building the dynamics

GERRY NIEWOOD

I've known Chuck Mangione since I was five. We went to the same grammar school. Chuck was a couple of years ahead of me, but I was in the same class as his sister. (As a matter of fact, his sister and I played music together before I ever played with Chuck—his sister was a piano player.)

Chuck was a big inspiration to me when I was a kid—especially for me to be so close to someone who was so talented, and so prodigious. He was really a good example before I even got into jazz. I heard him and his brother Gap play at our school when I was just a kid, and I enjoyed it so much that I went home and tried to emulate what I had heard. And that was probably the beginning of jazz for me.

I really didn't know for sure that I wanted to be a musician till a little while ago; my family wanted me to get a steady job, but I just couldn't pick anything that I could really get into. I tried pharmacy, but that was a bore. I tried accounting and I couldn't stand that. I finally got my bachelor's degree in industrial relations from the University of Buffalo. But I never gave up music in that time.

While I was in school, I was working with a quintet, four of whom sang, and I was the low voice of a four part harmony quartet, singing. I also played tenor and flute. It was like a show band. We worked around the upstate New York area.

But it wasn't until about five years ago that I really became a member of Chuck's group. Before that I worked with his tenor piece band, but it didn't work that frequently. Then I joined Chuck at this gig in Rochester, at the Shakespeare, which was a restaurant and bar, like a meeting place for singles and stuff. We worked there for two and a half years, six nights a week.

That's when I started at the Eastman School of Music, too. I started as a part-time student; I studied private saxophone lessons and theory. After one semester I applied to go as a full-time student, and I ultimately graduated with a bachelor of music degree in education. Chuck, who had previously graduated Eastman, came in to teach after my first year. He was director of the Eastman Jazz Ensemble. I was already playing with him then.

After the gig at the Shakespeare, we started to concertize. (Actually, during that gig we were doing concerts with the Rochester Philharmonic every once in a while.) The first two albums we did were with orchestra, so that's the only kind of exposure we got during that time. But after the Shakespeare, the quartet really started to come into its own as a jazz group. At that gig, we were playing a lot of music we *had* to play, because of requests, because we were playing background music for whatever was happening. It wasn't really conducive to being creative or even musical.

Now I'm going to be doing an album for Chuck's own label, Segoma. There's no date set for the recording sessions. So far I have a few tunes written. I'd like it to be a blowing date, but I'd like it to be compositionally together. I wouldn't want to just get together and jam on some heads. I want it to be loose, and I want everybody to be able to express themselves, but I'd like it to be organized, and I'd like the material to be worked on. So far the idea is for a sextet, where I can play the saxophones and flutes, and have Lewie Soloff on trumpet and fluegelhorn. There's this

Profile

with the soloist. This way everybody gets a chance to play. To me, this is important because you have to control your own energy level.

One thing I learned by playing in Europe, the States and South America, is that different cultures offer an experience I would not have imagined possible simply from reading about them in books: odd meter rhythms, completely new instruments, and especially meeting people on a *personal* level, trying to learn from them to make *me* more aware.

I feel I've accomplished just enough to begin making my own way towards a future. I'm checking out cats now so when I do get a record date, I can put musicians together who'll be able to create quality music.

When I was younger, I realized that even if Elvin, Max Roach and Art Blakey influenced me I've got to be me, first.

Recently I came to the point where my own style was my only objective. That didn't mean I closed my ears: style comes from living; daily influences and my traveling exposure are what have made me at ease with myself on and off the stage. I probably wouldn't have advanced as far as I have within myself if I didn't try to understand the basics of life and the basics of drums. Lessons, to me, mean hours and hours of practice. Coltrane couldn't have accomplished his musical wonders without *first* knowing the basics, which enabled him to go out musically and to get back. I see younger and older musicians that try his style but they just go out. It's all right to go out but you have to know what you're doing, which causes a lot of problems for these cats. Basics also help your ability to hear other musicians playing around you. I've gotten into Clifford Brown, Art Tatum, Gerry Mulligan, Pepper Adams and Mingus, either on records or live. But you also have the people for whom you are playing. If you lose the people, you're gonna find yourself back on the streets again.

You must have a well-balanced musical knowledge to truly create and express yourself as a complete person.



trombone player around Rochester named William Reichenbach, who plays with Buddy Rich's band. The piano player is going to be Joe Azarello from Buffalo, who was also with the Rich band at one time. I've asked Joe LaBarbera, from Chuck's quartet, to play drums, and I've asked Gene Perla to play regular acoustic bass. So far, everybody seems interested.

As for me, I would like to become as fluent on the flute and have it feel as right as it does when I play saxophone, because saxophone is really my instrument. But the sound of each instrument kind of puts me in a different head; the sounds that the instruments produce evoke different ideas from me. Like, soprano saxophone ideas sound weird on tenor, and vice-versa.

As for Chuck's quartet, I'm really proud to be a member of a band where the fellows are such good musicians. Al Johnson, the bassist, is a real inspiration to me, because of his discipline and his creativity. He never falls asleep, he's always trying to come up with something new. Joe LaBarbera is a very sensitive drummer and he's very exciting to play with. He's always listening to where your interpretation is: he plays firmly and with authority, yet never to the point where he's not listening. And Chuck, of course, is a great writer and a great player. I feel like I'm kind of serving an apprenticeship with Chuck. I'm learning all I can from him. I've been with him five years, and I'm still not done learning from him. So I'm still with the band.

But I don't think anything lasts forever. For me to think that this group would be the end of our lives, of our growing experience—well, I don't know how long this is going to last, but I'm going to enjoy it while it does. I'm kind of open to the future, I just want to let it happen. I'm going to try my best to improve myself as a musician, to learn more and more. I'd love to be an innovator, but I really don't know how to go about doing that. I'd love to be somebody that other musicians could say was the beginning of a school. But actually, my preoccupation right now is with making myself a more perfect medium for music to pass through; that's all I believe I'm here for. Music is there, it's out in nature; it's one of the absolutes, and I'm just a vehicle; and I want to be a more perfect vehicle. Music is just out there to be observed. db



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ALAIN BETTEK

caught

THE WORLD'S GREATEST JAZZ SHOW

Hollywood Bowl, California
Personnel: Ella Fitzgerald, Oscar Peterson, Count Basie and His Orchestra, Stan Kenton and his Orchestra, the Cannonball Adderley Quintet, The Stan Getz Quartet.

Superlatives usually make me skeptical. "The World's Greatest Jazz Show," scheduled by Irving Granz for the cavernous Hollywood Bowl, was no exception—until the night of the concert, when I saw 16,000 jazz buffs pour into the Bowl, and heard one of the best-balanced jazz concerts of this or any other season.

The reasons for my own superlatives: two contrasting big bands; two antipodal combos; a solo pianist capable of filling the Bowl; and a singer who actually brought it down.

The pacing was such that its festival-type length (7 pm to midnight) was barely noticed. Each act elicited cries of "more!" but in the finest tradition of show business, each act left the audience fully satisfied without being sated.

The Adderley brothers and their hyper-active rhythm section did the opening bit, cooking at the very outset with *Snaking In The Grass* by their new pianist, Hal Galper, and working their way back to his predecessor's hit, *Mercy, Mercy, Mercy*.

As satisfyingly full-bodied as their set was, following it with an unaccompanied pianist did not represent the slightest letdown. Not when those solo fingers belong to Oscar Peterson. His stride technique on *Sweet Georgia Brown*, his Tatum-like runs on *Body and Soul*, his eloquent romanticism on *A Time For Love*, his muscular tremolos and probing bass lines on *Blues Etude* would have rendered a rhythm section useless. He literally dominated the keyboard—and the Bowl. Anytime you can hear a pin drop in that amphitheater while a single artist is improvising (as was the case during the Johnny Mandel ballad), then you've got to be hearing a maestro. For maestro Peterson, it was a brilliant demonstration.

Stan Kenton followed and immediately underscored two truisms of his creative world: he has lost none of his dynamism; and his youthful band is perpetuating the artistry-in-rhythm vigor of his earlier editions. Both were demonstrated by the metronomic nightmare *Blues, Between and Betwixt*—a Hank Levy chart that alternates 7/4 with 14/8! Another highlight was the refreshingly updated chestnut, *Intermission Riff*, with bass trombone and baritone sax providing an underpinning as immovable as the Rock of Gibraltar.

Talking about refreshing updates, there's a chick in the Kenton sax section, Mary Fettig, who wears her hair as long as some of the guys, and strikes a swinging blow for "women's ad lib." Her presence created quite a stir and unfortunately overshadows an

unusual bit of nepotism: Kim Park recently joined the band. He's the 18-year old son of John Park, who gets my nomination for top soloist of the set. The elder Park is an outstanding altoist who is used intelligently by Stan.

Another Stan opened the second half with some of the most intense swinging and most lyrical rhapsodizing of the evening. It was Getz at his coolest as he launched into *Invitation*; Getz at his hottest in *Shadow Dance*; Getz at his most romantic in *Spring Is Here*; and Getz at his most solemn in *I Remember Clifford*. Of course he didn't do it alone. He was given outstanding support from Al Dailey on piano; Dave Holland, bass; and Billy Hart, drums. Dailey's comping is a model of sensitive support, while Holland's solos are remarkably free, within a solidly tonal setting.

Basie's band took a long time to get it together and even when they did, someone played them (and the audience) a dirty technical trick. Freddie Green's mike was non-functional, and let's face it, when you can't hear the reassuring *chomp chomp* of Freddie Green, you're not hearing the reassuring swing of the Basie band. Anyway the band finally caught fire while *Jumping At The Woodside* and Frank Foster contributed an excellent tenor solo.

Jimmy Ricks sang some Tin Pan Alley-vintage tunes with his usual deep-throated humor, but when he tried the blues, he reminded us how sorely we missed Joe Williams.

The Basie set ended with some crowd pleasing stick-throwing antics by drummer Sonny Payne, but that wasn't all for most of the Basie band. They stayed on to back the Ella-quent one, Miss Fitzgerald, who brought out her own flawless rhythm machine: Tommy Flanagan, piano; Joe Pass, guitar, Jim Hughart, bass. Ella was at her very best and the crowd could sense that it was witnessing one of those rare moments when all the joys of creating were falling into place. She tore into *Sometimes I'm Happy* and took chorus after chorus with all the swinging abandon of a tenor saxophonist. She kept the tempo moderately up for *Takin' A Chance On Love*; scatted her way through the *Sanford And Son* theme; wrung all the drama out of *Music Maestro Please*; and reached her spontaneous zenith during a blues tete-a-tete with Bill Basie at the keyboard. But the highlight, musically and lyrically, came in a superb Ellington/Strayhorn medley, *Prelude To A Kiss and Lush Life*. In these she was backed by Joe Pass alone. Just guitar and voice—the intonational moment of truth for any singer—the accompanying chance of a lifetime for any guitarist—and the results were unforgettable.

So was the concert. Hardly an avant sound in the five hours. Barely an empty seat. The message should be fiscally clear to promoters who try to package mixed bags.

—harvey siders

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WEATHER BIRD BY GARY GIDDINS

In a sense, this column is for the novitiates. Proposed as a series of brief sketches dealing, for the most part, with my feelings about recorded jazz, it will attempt to familiarize those **down beat** readers aware only of the current music scene with the great artists and works of the past.

I begin, naturally, with the premise that any serious art exists as a continuum with its own laws, sensibilities and pedigree, and that temporal aspects are irrelevant to true value judgements. Jazz is a serious art, a classical music, although its relationship to the popular culture has seemed excessively close at times. And to know the work of, say, Herbie Hancock and John McLaughlin but not of Ben Webster and Fats Navarro is debilitating to a full appreciation of the music's fruits. Imagine knowing Bartok and not Mozart, Faulkner and not Goethe.

One would need at least a Theory of Relativity to properly assess the meaning and uses of 'great.' I make no apologies for my choices other than to say that their work has moved me deeply and that, should I be successful in prodding someone to investigate an artist they had heretofore ignored, I hope you will be equally moved.

Some of these pieces will be broad surveys with a general beginner's discography appended. Others will attempt to celebrate a particular work or a discovery gleaned from random listening. Perhaps the seasoned listener too will find his appetite whetted from time to time. For the most part, however, I shall try to create a basic listener's overview for the interested student of the musicians, famous and obscure, who have created the music we call jazz.

The most extraordinary thing about the heritage of Afro-American music is how astonishingly varied it is. Does jazz really have a meaning if it defines, at one and the same time, Armstrong, Ellington, Waller,

With this issue, **down beat** introduces a regular column aimed at sizing things up, scaling things down, and putting things across. *Perspective* will be written by our contributing editors to present their opinions on the music: past (as Gary Giddens discusses below), present, and future.

Of course, one writer's opinion is just that: one's opinion, no more, no less. And as Quincy says elsewhere in this issue, "The music menu is so varied that it takes a tall dude to sit there and deal with it all toe to toe." But we feel that our contributors bring enough knowledge and integrity to their opinions to make them worth reading, and thinking about. We hope you will be open to considering things from their perspective.

Parker, Davis and Taylor? What is the distinguishing factor that makes something jazz (other than the categorizing of record stores?) And yet, whatever the ambiguities of words like swing or improvisation, we recognize the final result as jazz.

Throughout its history, jazz has suffered forced limitations by critics and fans depending on that aspect of it they most liked and, usually, which was popular when they were young. Some of the same people who defended swing against the dismissals of the mouldy fig traditionalists were later at the frontlines attacking bop. And the defenders of the new music themselves became suddenly conservative when the music became newer in the 60's.

To be sure, there is the other side of the story where monuments erected for the idols of one year crumbled to dust soon thereafter. Still, if there is a tacit argument running through these essays it is based on the idea of a continuum: to consider oneself just a swing fan or just a modernist is to underestimate oneself as well as the music. Curiosity may have killed a cat but for human beings it tends to make life more interesting.

'Weather Bird' is taken from the classic duet by Louis Armstrong and Earl Hines (Columbia CL 853), a happy, daring encounter that sums up much of what I think is best and unique about jazz. The title also conjures up other verbal meanings, associations and allusions having nothing to do with the Armstrong recording, but let the reader muse over them.

Next issue, I'll discuss the mystique of the great Count Basie band.

BOOK REVIEW

The New Rhythm Book, by Don Ellis, with additional chapters by Milcho Leviev, Dave McDaniel, and Ralph Humphrey. Ellis Music Enterprises. 101 pp. \$29.95. Accompanying record also available, \$5.95.

That certain schools of jazz and popular music have become quite metrically and rhythmically complex should be evident to anyone even slightly familiar with the work of Max Roach, Dave Brubeck, Stan Kenton, Burt Bacharach, Lennon and McCartney, and Don Ellis. *The New Rhythm Book* is Ellis' method book on achieving improvisational facility in "odd" meters. The author leads us from playing in the simplest odd meter (5/4) through 7/4 and into several incredibly complex metrical patterns, which include what Ellis calls the "traditional" 19 (332221222).

Although Ellis in the past has experimented with even more complex

rhythmic groupings (he once wrote something in 172/8), he now advocates working with simpler meters of 5's, 7's, 9's, 11's, and 12's. And it is on such groupings that his book primarily focuses.

The most impressive aspect of this book is its pan-culturalism; to me, Ellis' musical and cultural eclecticism is awing. In addition to having had extensive training in composition and musicology, he has also studied with Hari Har Rao, Ravi Shankar's teacher, and has investigated the folk music of Bulgaria, India, Turkey, and Greece.

It is Ellis' contention that traditional Western European music is partially divorced from the mainstream of the rest of the world's rhythmic vitality. As he says, "odd" rhythms and meters are "natural to a great portion of the world's peoples." He argues—convincingly, I think—that there is no



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cern about the management company and everything. I said, "Hey, man, if you're gonna be part of this group, I'll tell you right now, we'll be around long *after* the management groups pass, the record companies go and everything." That's the way we are.

Townley: Lee, how do you as a White person feel, being in a band that is so identified as Black? Has that ever posed difficulties for you?
Oskar: There are seven of us integrated into a trip like I've never experienced before. That right there is why there are no difficulties. In a sense, I've found people I can really, really grow with, and play music with, too.

Townley: I read where "Papa" Dee has said, "California is emancipation from the oppressive trip that marked East Coast jazz. I found guys who had the Lovin' Spoonful on a shelf right next to Roland Kirk. If you did that in the East you would be executed immediately."

Brown: Doing television shows back East, I found out how high-society, how uppity a lot of jazz—no, I'm not going to label it—I'll say how uppity a lot of musicians back East were. They were very conceited. Very conceited and white-shirted and stuff-faced, talking about their Mercedes and their El Dorados. That's all I heard, that and how many licks he can play on his horn. Braggin'! And I don't have any time for a dude who wants to run around all the time and flash. I was born in Long Beach, California. I had to go a few summers without shoes and with the help of the Salvation Army. If I can share and help someone else, you know, I will.

That was one of the things that left a bitter taste in my mouth. I even find that now, even with jazz musicians who have done some of our songs. When I appear on the set with them or go over to give them a sign of gratitude for doing our song, they look at me and keep walking as if I was some little kid or something. Now Ramsey Lewis was different. He did our song (*Slippin' Into Darkness*) and he was very warm. I'll mention his name because I can say something good about him.

Townley: Why have you chosen the name WAR?

Oskar: Basically around that time, four years ago, people were hung up on what I consider bullshit, the peace-flowerchild thing. Hell, I was on the streets for a long time before I got into WAR. I would go to a club and ask if I could go in and jam—that is, if I didn't have the money. If I did, you better believe I paid. But if I asked if I could go in and jam, they'd say to me, "What do you play?" and I would end up getting the run around. I mean, there was just no way I was able to get any breaks. Later on with WAR, I learned that with all the competition that goes down between groups, you've got to have equilibrium within yourself before you're able to compete. Personally, I'm constantly at war with myself, searching within myself. And I'm not going to expect peace from someone else. So basically each member of the band is at war within himself and with each other. It's an exchange of egos. War is a word, a name that people are afraid of because they relate it to Vietnam and all that shit. But I think it's a very natural thing.

Townley: I think your band is unique in that each album has shown a gradual progression—nothing drastic, but you know it's there. I personally like your albums without Burdon a lot better. The instruments are mixed higher and you've been able to develop nice vocal harmonies within the group.

Oskar: I can appreciate what you're saying about the difference. But it wasn't all of a sudden; it didn't come down to, "What are we gonna do without Eric?" We just continued. I mean, Eric along with us was always a beautiful journey. Eric has taught us a lot, he's taught me a lot. We've all exchanged a lot of ideas and we don't put anyone down for wanting to move on to something different.

Townley: How does the group conceive an album? Each album has a nice blend of tight studio cuts along with live-styled jams.

Oskar: When we walk into the studio, we don't have it planned out in advance. We just walk into the studio and start jamming. That's the only way we can work together; it's the only way we're comfortable with our selves and with each other. About a week after it's first recorded, we listen back and pick out what we want to use for an album. There's maybe 75% more than we ever use. There must be enough on the rack for another 100 albums.

We'll wait another week or so before we listen back to the material we especially liked. Then we might say, "Wow, it would be nice to put a shaker in there," or, "Let's put in some background harmonies there." It's that kind of a looseness. If we went in there with a plan as to what we wanted to do, it never would come out the way it does.

Townley: I've noticed that all compositions are accredited to the entire band. Who does most of the writing of the lyrics?

Oskar: A lot of the lyrics are inspired by Dee Allen. The lyrics to *Cisco Kid* were inspired by Howard Scott. But, then again, they were inspired by everyone. *Gypsy Man* is another tune we just put together. It's really hard to pinpoint who did what. We're that kind of group, as incredible as it may sound, and as incredible as it may feel for us. It's amazing how disastrous it is if one person is missing.

Townley: On *Slippin' Into Darkness*, there's that looseness you talk of, but it also has a certain studio sophistication to it.

Oskar: We're very primitive in using the most recent advancements in technology; I listen to other groups using instruments that are much more technically sophisticated. So, for us, it just comes down to dynamics. Where it may sound like a phasing out electronically it's actually just a natural fade out by us.

Townley: Do you think *H₂ Overture* is more of a departure in that respect? When I first played your new album that tune threw me because it's so different from what you'd expect from WAR. It seems more involved in the technology of the studio.

Dickerson: Our music is moving. It's moving like a door, like a doorknob, you might say. We put our hand on the doorknob, and as the door slides open, we move into something different.

Oskar: We did more overdubs in *H₂ Overture* than we did in anything else. The overdubs were mainly a number of different tracks by Lonnie Jordan on the ARP synthesizer. Lonnie plays three different keyboards on that cut.

Townley: The new album sounds very different from your live sound—like the way you sounded at Shea Stadium last summer. Your earlier LPs were closer to what you would sound like in a concert. Do you think you're developing two different sounds, one for the studio and one live?

Oskar: That comes back to what I was trying to express before. We've learned more and more how to use the technology of the studio. And therefore, it's become more dominant. Studio recording has developed into an entirely different medium than gigging live. Another thing is that when we do our thing in the studio, the cut that eventually gets on the record is basically the first time we've done the tune. Every time we play on stage, it's like a format of the song, but in that format everybody contributes individually on their instruments as they feel. So tunes progress. *Gypsy Man* is progressing each time we perform it. It's getting longer and longer every time. Listening back to the original recording on the LP, I say, "Wow, it's so different!"

Townley: After seeing you live about 10 times, I've noticed that in concert you like to come across very militantly. Like at Shea, "Papa" Dee really got down on Nixon, the White House and the rest. It was very much oriented toward Black Power but never quite stated as such.

But the next day in the *New York Post*, Howard Scott talked about how the band tries to appeal to everybody. It seems a different approach is used "live" from the one that comes across on records or in interviews with the media.

Dickerson: On our records we can't really pro-

duce the effect of the truth; we can only get across the meaning and fact of our music, the honesty of it. Playing live, we can get across the relevancy of the world and what we think and feel about it.

Townley: I have come to think of it this way: when you're live, you say to yourself, "We're with our people and we have to relate directly to them." So you come out with the unadulterated truth. But when you're dealing with the media, you say, "Hey, this is the media! Lets use the media to our own advantage."

Dickerson: Man, that's heavy. That's exactly how it is!

Townley: How does the group look upon itself in terms of the spectrum of pop and soul music? Do you try to define yourself as to what type of band you are?

Oskar: I have always felt that the categorizing of music has come from merchandisers. You understand what I mean? We've never wanted to categorize or classify ourselves as being one type. A lot of people will put us in a certain bag, but we *don't!* We look at the charts. In the jazz section, they've got our tunes by other people. In pop, they've got us; in soul, they've got us. I would like to think we play music and whatever someone else gets out of it that's what he gets out of it.

Townley: Where do you think you'll go from here, musically and in terms of your heads?

Brown: I like to keep it free from all entanglements of the business. Did you ever go to a friend's house and see that he had a little HO train set up? You probably were very impressed. But if you saw the same train in a store window, you'd know it was set up to sell things. It wouldn't be as interesting. That's how we look upon our music. We take the attitude of retirement so that we don't have to get into doing things that are downers to us.

That's exactly the reason why we fight! If you don't see us doing *The Midnight Special*, it'll be because of that. If you don't see us doing things like Soul Train, it'll be because of the feeling you just related. We're in accord with your sentiments because we find that a lot of groups are merely puppets on a string. Puppets on a string! They're just out there. Someone else is doing all the manipulating. Then they lose any creative ability they may have had in the first place. They're trying to simulate someone else's creativity. It might as well be from machines.

Townley: Your music contains the improvisational looseness of jazz, but yet it's funky, often with a blues feel. Your harmonies are up there with the best soul groups and there's that rock crunch, that wall of sound.

Oskar: It's American classical music, that's what it is.

No they can't, no they can't,
 No they can't take away
 our music.
 Sing it mama, sing it Papa,
 Sing it sister.

There was a lady one day,
 I bet you don't remember
 her name.
 A long, long time ago.
 Till you remember Billy Holiday,
 Sing the blues.

She may be dead,
 but she's alive today.
 Do you remember
 Charlie Parker? Oh!
 Sing the blues, sing the blues.

Jimi Hendrix,
 Sammie Cooke,
 Elmore James,
 Sing the blues for you.
 It's alright for you, yeah!
 The music's yours, it's mine,
 It's yours.

—WAR, *They Can't Take Away
 Our Music*. From *The Black-
 Man's Burdon* (MGM SE-4710)

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Composer, arranger, recording artist—Pat Williams covers all bases. His music is heard on the *Mary Tyler Moore Show*, *Streets of San Francisco*, and the *Bob Newhart Show*, and he has scored for 25 feature films. His album credits include work with Steve Lawrence, Edie Gorme, Burt Bacharach and Diahann Carroll, and five records of his own: the latest is on Capitol, called *Pat Williams Threshold*. The brass charts from the title tune appear on page 40.

One night Patrick Williams had a dream. Not just one of those ordinary, wide-screen, technicolor dreams. No, this one was in gorgeous quadraphonic sound. From every corner of his mind, Pat heard the proven sectional sounds: full symphonic strings and woodwinds; French horns; jazz trumpets, trombones, and saxophones. The individual plangencies of harp, guitar, bells, and keyboards spiced the mixture, while jazz, rock, and Latin percussion delineated rhythmic drive. An electronic panel sometimes modified the properties of selected instruments into new voices and often created its own new sounds, all the while balancing the musical complexities. The total sound was *not* that of a jazz band glorified through addition of strings. Nor was it that of a symphony orchestra syncopating its brass and percussion. No, Pat was dreaming of the versatile instrumental organization which he would need to stretch his musical skills, knowledge, and imagination into a major concert work, unfettered by any performing or idiomatic limitations.

But then Pat woke up with a stop! He had come to the part about paying the performers, the copyists, the engineers, the managers; renting the Kennedy Center or the Hollywood Bowl; furnishing microphones, mixers, amplifiers, and speakers; transporting the outsized instruments: all the costs to be met in developing this new kind of orchestra and in producing its concerts. Transforming Pat's dream into an actual event would take a mighty financial effort, far beyond the resources of one film composer, however successful he might be. Such a venture would shake all but the firmest Foundations. So the nightmare fiscal ending of the dream would just have to be changed.

Now Pat Williams, like most of his film-composer friends, has a little au-

Take A Chorus

By William Fowler

tomatic tape deck plugged into his mind. It not only records his inner-ear workings, but edits its own tape, as well. So when he pushed the replay button for a second hearing of his dream music, he found that his subconscious had removed the wow from that unfortunate coda. A big chunk of expense had been erased: the players were now a top-flight group of collegians rather than the expensive professionals of the original dream. The orchestra could now become reality, provided it could find a permanent base and a reasonable funding source.

But let Pat himself tell what happened next:

"I'd felt for some time that a college campus might be ideal as the place to administer and rehearse the orchestra. And concerts could be held there. So during the jazz festival in Salt Lake City last May, I mentioned my ideas to Westminster College officials. Then, while I was at the college a few weeks ago doing a concert with Ladd McIntosh's band, the academic vice-president, Dr. Hofmann, and his campus planners met with me to explore the prospect of Westminster hosting the development of the orchestra and its continued residency. I found out in that meeting that this liberal arts college really meant to live its title—it felt the orchestra would be a genuine liberal art. Since we were all tuned in to the same wave-form, we made some tentative plans.

"Westminster officials are to work out a college credit formula, set up possible rehearsal facilities and equipment, and seek funding sources. I am to detail the orchestra's format; get word to the composers who have shown interest in writing for and conducting this kind of orchestra; look for an exactly-right assistant conductor, who, I feel, should also be a first class string player; and consider sectional coaches.

"As of now, I see a large orchestra of young, flexible players, comfortable in both past and current musical styles, and capable of handling the new idioms its composers might generate.

"I envision a woodwind section of some sixteen chairs, a full palette of colors, its classical specialists intermixed with jazz doublers. I see the full instrumental families represented—double reed, single reed, flute, saxophone; complete brass sections—French horns, trumpets, trombones with tuba; and all the percussion

equipment, including the mallet instruments.

"I visualize the orchestra as welcoming into its family of instruments new electronic strangers as they appear. And my plans include two players handling the various types of electric and acoustic keyboards, with guitar, electric bass, and harp to augment the harmonic resources.

"And then there must be the full strings, an indispensable ingredient of any large orchestra, and in fact, an imposing orchestra by themselves. I would view the musical situation of string players in our projected orchestra as being happy. The literature should expand their performance horizons to include at the least those techniques now being used in the recording studios. And Maurice Abravanel has, based in Salt Lake City, one of the major symphony orchestras. And right there at the college is Kenneth Kuchler's community symphony orchestra, with its attendant chamber music and private study program.

"At the campus meeting we decided that the beginning of 1975 would be a reasonable time for all concerned to activate the orchestra. The other composers and I would need the year to write a suitable starting library. Westminster would want the time to lay groundwork for the permanent residency of the orchestra and for its essential funding. And prospective members would need a while to formulate their own plans.

"Coincidentally, the Centennial of Westminster's founding will be in 1975. I would want my contribution to be actualized for that celebration. And I would hope that the orchestra and its literature could be meaningful to the whole country in its own 1976 Bicentennial year.

"But right now Westminster College and I need to gauge national interest in our project. Those who might wish to participate can help us plan effectively by sending notes indicating their names, addresses, and the instruments they play to: Patrick Williams, Musical Director, the Young American Concert Orchestra, c/o Westminster College, 1840 South 1300 East, Salt Lake City, Utah 84105. We'll keep all those who write posted on the developments."

A personal note from Bill Fowler: Writing this report has been a joy to me. I just feel that stepping to the sound of a different dreamer like Pat Williams would make winners of us all—performers, composers, conductors, listeners, and eventually the whole of music education, which stands to gain a new dimension through the orchestra and its literature.

db

"THRESHOLD"

The main thing to notice in this brass choir introduction (other than the beautiful sonority of full brass) is the melody tone versus the brass movement. The progressions give an uplifting quality and stay away from the dominant-subdominant for the purpose of avoiding a feeling of tonic and cadence.

New Products

The following new product information has been supplied by the manufacturers to whom inquiries should be addressed—with a reference to the Nov. 22 issue of **down beat**.

ACOUSTIC (400 series) guitar and bass amplifier systems. Acoustic Control Corp., 7949 Woodley, Van Nuys, Cal. 91406.

AIMS (W-2) producer bass amp, 120 watts, RMS tube head w. 2 folded horn enclosures. P.O. Box 10546, Santa Ana, Cal. 92711.

AKG (D1000TS) mike with bass roll-off switch, North American Phillips, 100 E. 42, New York, NY 10017.

ALTEC (1211) half-column speaker enclosure with one high frequency horn/driver and three 8-inch speakers. Altec Corp., attn. Jerry Hogerson, 1515 S. Manchester, Anaheim, Cal. 92803.

AMPEX (MM-1100) professional multi-track (8, 16, or 24) recorder/reproducer. Ampex, Audio/Visual System Div., 401 Broadway, Redwood City, Cal. 94063.

ARP Ensemble w. three components: 13-note pedal board standard theatre organ, polyphonic string synthesizer, and the *Pro Solist* preset synthesizer. 320 Needham, Newton, Mass. 02164.

BUCHLA *Music Easel* synthesizer. P.O. Box 5051 Berkeley, Cal. 94705.

ELECTRO-VOICE (671) "ball type" single-D cardioid mike with hologram-designed diaphragm. 600 Cecil, Buchanan, Minn. 49107.

FENDER (PA-100) public address system. P.O. Box 3410, Dept. J6, Fullerton, Cal. 92634.

JBL (5231-2) divided network; single and/or dual channel electronic dividing network with selectable crossover points. 3249 Casitas, Los Angeles, Cal. 90039.

MAGNA (2300) sound reinforcement enclosure system. Magna Products, Sunn Musical Equipment Co., Amburn Industrial Park, Tualatin, Ore. 97062.

MARANTZ (500) professional power amp. Superscope, 8150 Vineland, Sunland, Cal. 91352.

MOON *Custom* p.a. snakes and "patch-in" accessories. 1603 Ironstone, Montebello, Cal. 90640.

MOTOROLA Scalatron—polytonic frequency synthesizer capable of any scale progression with immediate comparison to equal temperament or any other scale. 3034 Malmo, Arlington Heights, Ill. 60005.

OBERHEIM (DS-2) digital sequencer (keyboard program-able). 1549 9 St., Santa Monica, Cal. 90401.

PIGNOSE (7-100) miniature guitar amp DC operated w. AC converter. 8600 Melrose, Los Angeles, Cal. 90069.

QUANTUM (QM-8) portable mixing console. 1310 Sartori, Torrance, Cal. 90501.

RANDALL (*Commander series*) self contained & piggy-back guitar & bass amps w. infinite & folded horn enclosures. 1132 Duryea, Irvine, Cal. 92705.

RHODES (88) full 88-note portable piano. CBS Musical Instruments, 1300 E. Valencia, Fullerton, Cal. 92631.

RISSON (SSG series) guitar and bass amps with early tube-type, clean and "over-driven" sound. Risson Music Instruments, 2108 S. Wright, Santa Ana, Cal. 92705.

SESCOM (MS-1) mike splitter. P.O. Box 4155, Inglewood, Cal. 90302.

SONY (MX-16) professional mixing consoles. Superscope, 8150 Vineland, Sunland, Cal. 91352.

TASCAM (100) input expander console. 5440 McConnell, Los Angeles, Cal. 90066.

TEAC (3340-S) 4-channel tape deck. 7733 Telegraph Rd., Montebello, Cal. 90640.

YAMAHA (CR-1000) FM stereo receiver, pre-amp & amplifier system w. lowest distortion as per 0.1%. Audio Div., P.O. Box 6600, Buena Park, Cal. 90602. (E10R) professional *Electone* console organ. Keyboard Div., same address. (YC45) double manual combo organ. Musical Instrument Div., same address.

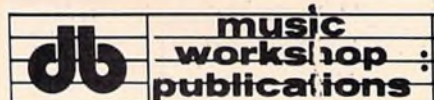
jazz on campus

Cecil Taylor has been appointed the first jazz artist-in-residence at Glassboro State C. (NJ). John Thyhsen, Dir. of Jazz Studies, says that **Manny Albam** is back as a member of the jazz faculty, and that everyone is invited to a concert on Nov. 9 to hear **Jimmy Giuffre**, cl, sax, with **Randy Kaye**, perc., vb; and **Kiyoshi Tokunaga**, b. Artists for the Jazz Lecture series are provided from a National Endowment grant. **Ted Piltzecker**, a faculty assistant at Ohio State U., has been awarded grants from the Ohio Arts Council and the Musicians Trust Fund to fund a tour of jazz performances in 12 elementary schools in the Columbus Ohio school district. The project was initiated by the Columbus Jazz Society as a follow up to an earlier success with jazz concerts in the area high schools. The Faculty and Trustees of Drury College (Springfield, MO) have voted to honor **Stan Kenton** with an honorary doctorate of humane letters sometime in the current school year. The Drury Jazz Ensemble, **Don Verne Joseph**, dir., performed two Woody Herman charts (**db Music Workshop series**)—*Bill's Blues* and *The Raven Speaks*—at a recent program featuring **Maynard Ferguson** and his band.

The New Orleans Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, **Carter Nice**, conductor, performed two jazz works at the recent Louisiana Composers Symposium held in conjunction with the N.O. Public Schools Office of Cultural

Resources. The works were *North American Idiosyncrasies for Jazz Players and Orchestra* by **Alvin Batiste** and *Cross-Currents for Jazz Ensemble and Orchestra* by **Bert Braud**—commissioned by Batiste under the auspices of the Jazz Residency Program, which is funded by the La. Council for Music and the Performing Arts and the National Endowment for the Arts. The jazz players included members of the Southern U. Jazz Ensemble, Baton Rouge.

Campus Ad Lib: **Nat Pierce**, pianist-arranger-composer—and a long-time stalwart of various Woody Herman Herds and the New York scene—is available for clinics and such. Contact c/o **db** . . . **Affinity**, a student trio in the Music Dept., U. of Penn, Phila., will perform "original compositions and improvisations" Dec. 11 at the Annenberg Center, 3680 Walnut St. **Affinity: Matthew Hopkins**, perc., vb; **Keith Mackey**, p, voice; and **Leslie Burrs**, fl . . . **The Manhattan (School of Music) Concert Jazz Band**, **Rusty Dedrick**, dir. will perform a number of public concerts this fall and winter at the school, 120 Claremont Ave., NYC. . . Trombonists wishing to Unite! should contact **Tom Streeter**, International Trombone Assoc., 1812 Truman Drive, Normal, IL 61781 . . . Clarinetists wishing to do the same should contact **Dr. Ramon J. Kireillis**, The International Clarinet Society, U. of Denver School of Music, Denver, CO 80210.



The modern jazz theory and technique books published by **down beat** are in current use by thousands of students, educators, and players throughout the world. Hundreds of schools (high schools, colleges, studios) require one or more of these books for the study and performance of jazz. Players, clinicians, and writers refer to them as "establishing a professional standard of excellence."

JAZZ STYLES & ANALYSIS: TROMBONE by David Baker. First edition 1973. 144p., 11"x8 1/2", spiral bound. 247 transcribed and annotated solos from 191 trombonists. **MW 8 . . . \$12.50/\$8.33**

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POTPOURRI

Continued from page 42

Norman Connors recorded his first album for the Buddah label during October. The sessions, with **Skip Drinkwater** producing, took place at Wally Heider's studio in San Francisco. Among the musicians joining the drummer on the recording date were **Herbie Hancock**, **Hubert Laws**, **Billy Paul**, **Gary Bartz**, **Carlos Garnette**, **Dee Dee Bridgewater** and **Eddie Henderson**.

GRIN, lead by **Nils Lofgren**, is presently making its first nationwide tour under the auspices of A&M Records. The band includes Lofgren on keyboards; **Tom Lofgren**, guitar; **Bob Berberich**, drums; and **Bob Gordon**, bass.

Focus' lead guitarist, **Jan Akkerman**, was voted top guitarist in Melody Maker's annual poll. Finishing second to Akkerman in the British weekly's voting was **Eric Clapton**, followed by **Steve Howe** of **Yes**.

Maurice "Fats" Waller Jr., son of the legendary jazz pianist, introduced his trio, and song stylist **Mary Lynne**, at the Overseas Press Club recently. Waller's program, "Dimensions in Jazz," included many of his father's jazz classics. The trio includes **Clyde Lucas** on drums and **Larry Richardson** on bass. Ms. Lynne is new to the jazz scene but a veteran of numerous theatrical productions and the St. Louis Municipal Opera.

Eddie Henderson began work on his second album for Capricorn Records at the end of October. The album, produced by **Patrick Gleason** and **Skip Drinkwater**, is being recorded at the Different Fur Trading Co. studios in San Francisco. Scheduled to record with Henderson are **Herbie Hancock**, **Eric Gravatt**, **Buster Williams**, **Benny Maupin** and **Gleason**. It is expected that **Miles Davis** and **Carlos Santana** will also appear on several of the sessions. The album is slated for release in February of 1974.

The American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers (ASCAP) will hold its general membership meeting in Nashville on Nov. 14. It marks the first time in the society's 59-year history that such a membership meeting has been held in the South, according to ASCAP president **Stanley Adams**.

"ASCAP has had many gifted Southern writers and has licensed outstanding country music for a considerable time," said Adams, "but the growth in Southern membership and ASCAP's achievements in the country field have accelerated so substantially during the past few years, that we are

proud to recognize this in the form of this general membership meeting."

Sonny Rollins recently did a television special that was aired on all 220 Public Broadcasting System (PBS) outlets in the United States. The program, produced by **Taylor Hackford** of KCET-TV in Los Angeles, was part of a series called "One of a Kind."

Rollins, who recently purchased a 10-acre farm in upstate New York, is using the privacy of his new surroundings to work on a saxophone concerto. Meanwhile, **Sonny's** newest album on Milestone, *Horn Culture*, was scheduled for release by the end of October.

Spooky Flicks Dept.: **Paul Williams**, A&M Records singer-composer, has started writing the music for *Phantom Of The Fillmore*, a rock-horror movie in which he will also star. The film's producer has yet to decide whether to film it in Dallas, San Francisco or Hollywood.

Yoko Ono's new album, *Feeling The Space*, is being rushed for release on the Apple label, according to the label's distributor, Capitol Records. Among the backup musicians on the record is tenor saxophonist **Mike Brecker**, who is currently a member of the **Horace Silver Quintet**. Brecker described his playing on the date as somewhat unusual. "I was trying to compliment what they (Lennon and Yoko) were doing," said Brecker. "I played with kind of 1930s feeling—it was different."

Mandrill, a rock group with a good deal of Latin soul, has completed composing and performing the musical score for an Eastern Airlines commercial for flights to the Caribbean.

The rock group was selected to do the spot several months ago in a search of a Latin-soul-rock type group that would compliment the airline's commercial, according to producer **Bernard Drayton**. Several groups were considered, but Drayton said that once the decision makers heard **Mandrill's** recordings, they quickly forgot the rest.

Touring with the Stones: The **Rolling Stones** concert tour of Europe became more than a tour—"It was a nationwide social event," said **Peter Rudge**, who put the tour together. "You have to realize well in advance that whatever you do with the Stones is being watched by God knows how many people. They're not the kind of group that you can just put on the road, and that's it." The Stones' European tour was reportedly the most successful ever conducted by the group, in the

amount of tickets sold, and fans attending concerts.

The **Electric Light Orchestra** is on a two-month United States tour which concludes at the end of November. Most of the dates will be replays of cities they performed in earlier this season. Meanwhile, **Electric Light's** newest single, *Showdown*, is expected to be released soon.

Chicago's jazz entrepreneur **Joe Segal** celebrated his first anniversary at the Modern Jazz Showcase Oct. 12, with a weekend engagement of **Supersax**. Segal, an admitted child of the bebop era, took over the former go-go club in the basement of Rush Street's Happy Medium Theater and turned it into the city's hottest jazz spot. Among artists who have played the Showcase since Segal began producing sessions there are **McCoy Tyner**, **Ornette Coleman**, **Clifford Jordan**, **Tony Williams**, **Gary Bartz**, **Barry Harris**, **Howard McGhee**, **Chick Corea**, **Thad Jones-Mel Lewis**, **Yusef Lateef**, **Bill Evans**, **Dizzy Gillespie**, **Chet Baker**, **Gene Ammons**, **Sonny Stitt**, **Eddie Lockjaw Davis**, **Charles Lloyd**, **Sonny Rollins**, **James Moody**, **Freddie Hubbard** and many others.

Singer-songwriter Stevie Wonder was recently awarded the key to the City of Newark during a special tribute. The program, titled "InnerVisions: A Fashion Tribute to Stevie Wonder," was climaxed by the presentation of The Humanitarian Award and the key to Newark by East Orange, N.J. mayor **William Hart**, who stood in for Newark's mayor who was out of town.

Organist Khalid Yasin (Larry Young) and his nine piece band, **Continuous Prayer**, made a New York City debut at Town Hall. Yasin, an alumnus of **Tony Williams' Lifetime**, most recently has been touring with **Carlos Santana** and **John McLaughlin**. The New York concert was produced by **Solar Sound Inc.**, a new enterprise formed by **Avrom Robin** of San Francisco and **Ginny Cerrella** of New York.

Back To School Dept.: Reportedly the first California accredited college to hold literature classes pertaining to today's rock music, **Cal State University** at San Diego this year will stress the **Rolling Stones** and **The Who** as part of English literature. Under **Dr. James L. Wheeler**, the rock course starts its first semester in the school's regular catalogue of comparative literature. "Culture of Rock," as the course is called, will include future classes on **Procol Harum**, **Pete Townshend** (of The Who) plus the lyrics of **Marc Bolan** of **T-Rex**.

...ON THE ROAD

Continued from page 11

MAHAVISHNU ORCHESTRA

Nov. 16, Berkeley, Cal.
30, New York City

TOWER OF POWER

Dec. 20-22, Winterland, S.F.

ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA

Nov. 23, 24, Winterland, S.F.

BEACH BOYS

Nov. 17, 18, Winterland, S.F.

B.B. KING

Nov. 9, Geneva, Switz
10, Bologna, Italy
11, Lisbon
13, Barcelona
14, Paris
15, Brussels
16, Rotterdam
17, London
20, Dakar, Senegal
21, Angra, Ghana
23-25, Lagos, Nigeria

CHICK COREA & RETURN TO FOREVER

Nov. 11, Canton, N.Y.
14, South Orange, N.J.
16, Washington, D.C.
18, Columbus, O.
21-26, New York City

CHEECH & CHONG

Nov. 12, Indianapolis
16, Detroit
21, Chicago
24, 25, Westbury, L.I.
30, Passaic, N.J.

ZOOT SIMS

Nov. 8-17, Toronto

RITA COOLIDGE & KRIS KRISTOFFERSON

Nov. 8, Rochester, N.Y.

KRIS KRISTOFFERSON

Nov. 9, Syracuse, N.Y.
30, St. Paul, Minn.

HUMBLE PIE

Nov. 15, Los Angeles
16, San Diego
19, Fresno, Cal.
21, Salt Lake City
23, Portland, Ore.
24, Seattle
28, Kansas City, Mo.
29, Tulsa, Okla.
30, Ft. Worth, Tex.
Dec. 1, San Antonio, Tex.
3, Houston, Tex.
7, Dayton, O.
9, Chicago

BILLY PRESTON

Nov. 15, New York City

TAJ MAHAL

Nov. 18, New York City

GORDON LIGHTFOOT

Nov. 23, New York City

HOWLIN' WOLF, SONNY TERRY & BROWNIE MCGEE, MOSE ALLISON

Dec. 2, Philharmonic Hall, N.Y.

RAMSEY LEWIS

Nov. 12-18, Denver

FIFTH DIMENSION

Nov. 8, Phoenix, Ariz.

MEL TORME

Nov. 19-25, Denver

GENE HARRIS & THE THREE SOUNDS

Nov. 26-2, Denver

CLARK TERRY

Nov. 12, Washington D.C.

JIMMY SMITH

Nov. 12-17, Philadelphia

MODERN JAZZ QUARTET

Nov. 19-24, Philadelphia

GLORIA LYNN

Nov. 26-1, Philadelphia

PETE FOUNTAIN

Nov. 15, 27, New Orleans

JOAN BAEZ

Nov. 28, Hamburg, Ger.

Dec. 30, Frankfurt

2, Vienna

4, Munich

6, Dusseldorf

9, Paris

STATUS QUO

Nov. 24, Dallas

Dec. 1, Miami

2, Tampa, Fla.

4, Florence, Ala.

6, Cleveland, O.

8, Millersville, Pa.

9, Trenton, N.J.

12-16, Los Angeles

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on WNIB (97 FM) . . . **Mark Guncheon's** "Best in Blues" is heard Saturday nights from 8 till midnight on WNUR (89.3 FM) . . . **Ray Flerlage**, Friday nights from 7 till 8 on WXFM (106 FM), devotes one show a month to "Blues International," and mixes in some blues on other programs . . . **down beat** contributing editor **Ray Townley** hosts "Mellow Down Easy," also on WXFM, Wednesday nights from midnight till 1.

Los Angeles

Shelly's new Manne-Hole opened last month and the music has been lively ever since. Presently **Bill Evans** is playing the new club. He will be followed Nov. 23 by the **Roger Kellaway Quartet** . . . At the Troubador, **Morgana King** is appearing through Nov. 11. **Loudon Wainwright** and **Wendy Waldman** are in Nov. 13-18, and **Anne Murray** is set for Thanksgiving week . . . Veteran swing bassist **Chubby Jackson** has taken over a club called the Estate, which until recently had been a rock room. The club at Victory and Lankershim in North Hollywood will feature a swinging forties jazz policy. Among the musicians who have played the Estate recently are **Sweets Edison**, **Jimmy "Night Train" Forrest**, **Herb Ellis** and **Terry Gibbs** . . . Good music can also be found at Dantes, the Baked Potato, the Lighthouse, Memory Lane and the Pilgrim-age.

Houston

One of the best spots in town for music is La Bastille. **Charles Mingus** is at the club through Nov. 10. After Mingus, **Charles Lloyd** is booked from Nov. 13-18, followed by the **Freddie Hubbard Sextet** which opens for two weeks on Nov. 21.

San Francisco

The **Jimmy Smith Trio** is at the Off-Plaza Lounge from Nov. 20 to 26 . . . Over at Keystone Korner, the **Freddie Hubbard Sextet** is appearing through Nov. 11, followed by **Les McCann** from Nov. 13 to 18, and **Canonball Adderley**, Nov. 20-25. The **Woody Shaw Concert Ensemble** plays at the club every Monday night . . . The Great American Music Hall, which features an equal amount of rock, blue grass and big band jazz, hosts the **Great American Aggregation Big Band** every Monday night. Future big band bookings include **Buddy Rich**, **Woody Herman**, **Don Ellis** and **Duke Ellington** . . . **Kenny Burrell** is at El Matador until Nov. 17, followed by **Mose Allison** on Nov. 20 . . . **Peter Yarrow** is playing and singing at the Boarding House through Nov. 11, after which the club switches from music to satire with the Original Cast of **The Committee**, Nov. 13-25.

Denver

Bill Monroe is at Ebbetts Field until Nov. 11 . . . **Little Anthony and The Imperials** finish their engagement at the Warehouse on Nov. 11, followed by **Ramsey Lewis**, Nov. 12-18 and **Mel Torme** and **George Stevens** on the 19th.

Washington, D.C.

Clark Terry opens Nov. 12 at Blues Alley . . . The John F. Kennedy Center will provide the setting for the final concert in **Gato Barbieri's** coast-to-coast tour of the United States. On program with Barbieri are **Sam Rivers** and **Keith Jarrett** . . . For nostalgia buffs, the **Rock & Roll Revival** comes to town Nov. 16 . . . Also on Nov. 16, **Chick Corea** and **Return to Forever** play a concert at Georgetown Univer-

sity. The band features **Chick** on electric piano; **Lenny White III**, drums; **Bill Connors**, guitar; and **Stanley Clarke**, bass . . . Other music spots in town include the Cellar Door, the Corsican and the Etcetera . . . **Focus** is at Constitution Hall, Nov. 11.

Boston

Gato Barbieri along with **Sam Rivers** and **Keith Jarrett** do a concert, Nov. 9, at Symphony Hall . . . Paul's Mall and Jazz Workshop regularly present fine music. Recent artists have included **Sonny Rollins** and **Herbie Hancock**.

Phoenix

The **Electric Light Orchestra** at the Celebrity Theater and the **Grateful Dead** at Feyline Fields will compete for attendance on Nov. 25. The Celebrity also has **Shawn Phillips** scheduled for Nov. 30 . . . The old Ralph Gaines, Colony Steak House has been sold to Rod Hundley (of basketball fame) and is now called Cornucopia. Unfortunately, Rod is not a jazz promoter . . . local talent can be found at Neptune's Table and the Safari Hotel.

Author's Query

"I have been researching facts for a biography of Ben Webster for a year and a half and was planning to visit him this spring to work on it. I obtained some information during three visits I made to Copenhagen in 1972, when we discussed the possibility of collaborating on the research. He didn't take me seriously, however, and recently I debated continuing my research. I tried to call him a couple of weeks ago but, as I later discovered, he was doing a concert in Amsterdam, after which he was hospitalized, and you undoubtedly know the rest.

"Ben's death has not deflated my interest. I'm very sorry, however, that this biography will not be as definitive a study as I had hoped, since my spring trip will not be realized. I'm aware of many of the friends and musicians Ben knew and I plan to contact those that are known to me before I complete my study. My problem is finding their current addresses. Another dilemma is finding those people who knew Ben that I am not aware of.

"I offer an invitation for anyone who knew Ben Webster at all to write: Vicki LaBrie, 207 O'Keefe, Menlo Park, Calif. 94025."

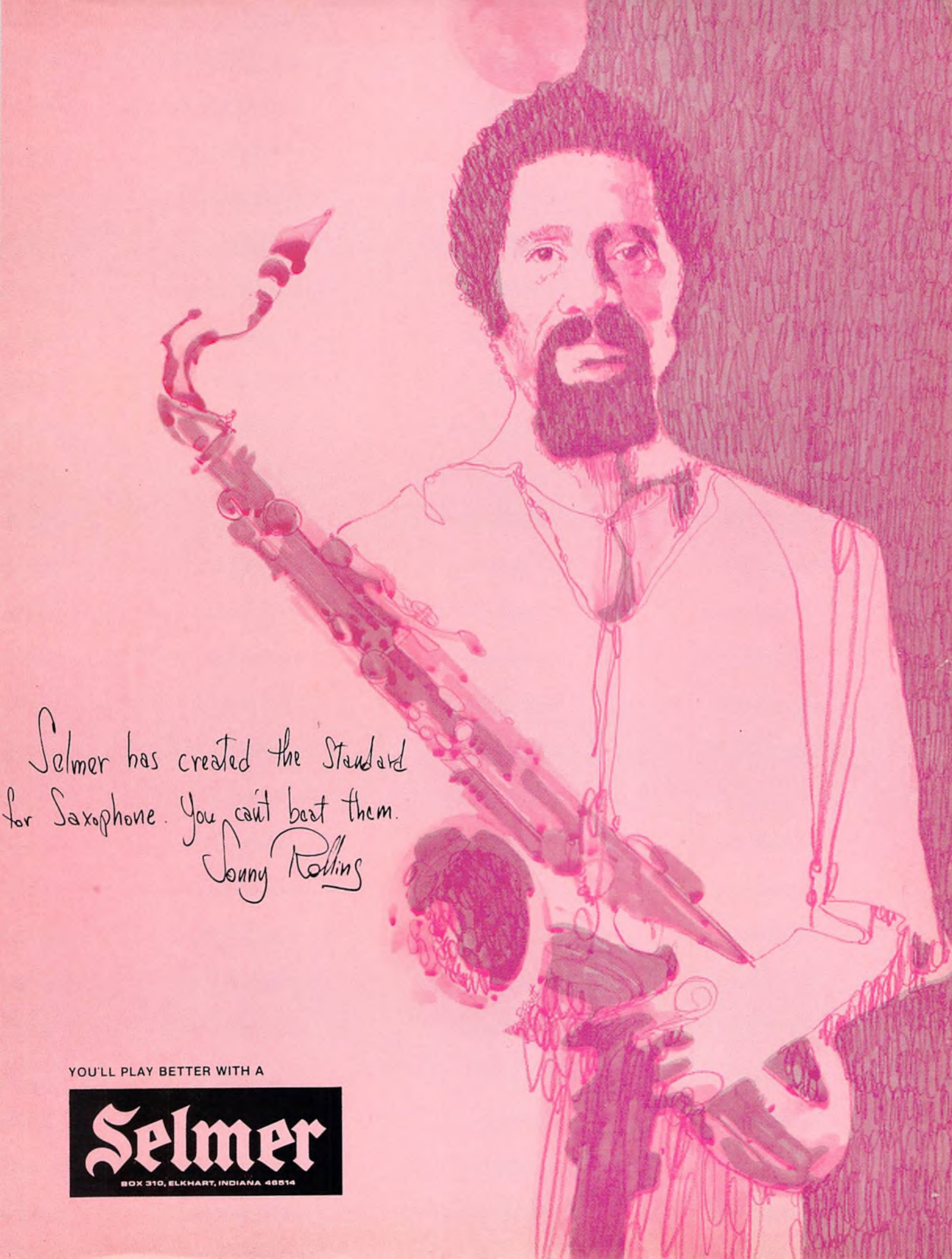
BOOK REVIEW cont. from p. 34

reason that such meters should not be fully incorporated into jazz.

The book's accompanying record, done by Ellis' rhythm section (Leviev, piano; McDaniel, bass; and Humphrey, drums) is exciting. Keyed to the book, it progresses from a simple *Take Five*-like pattern, into some rock rhythms (7/4 rock really does cook), into Indian patterns, and finally into the outer space of a fast 33/8 Bulgarian folk pattern.

While some may question the musical value of Ellis' metrical excursions, even the rhythmic purist would grant, I believe, that the more familiar a musician is with odd rhythms and meters, the more acute his sense of time will become. Even a musician who has no intention of playing in anything but a straight ahead four could benefit from the technical—and cultural—challenge which this book and accompanying record offer.

—jon balleras



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