

JANUARY 31, 1974

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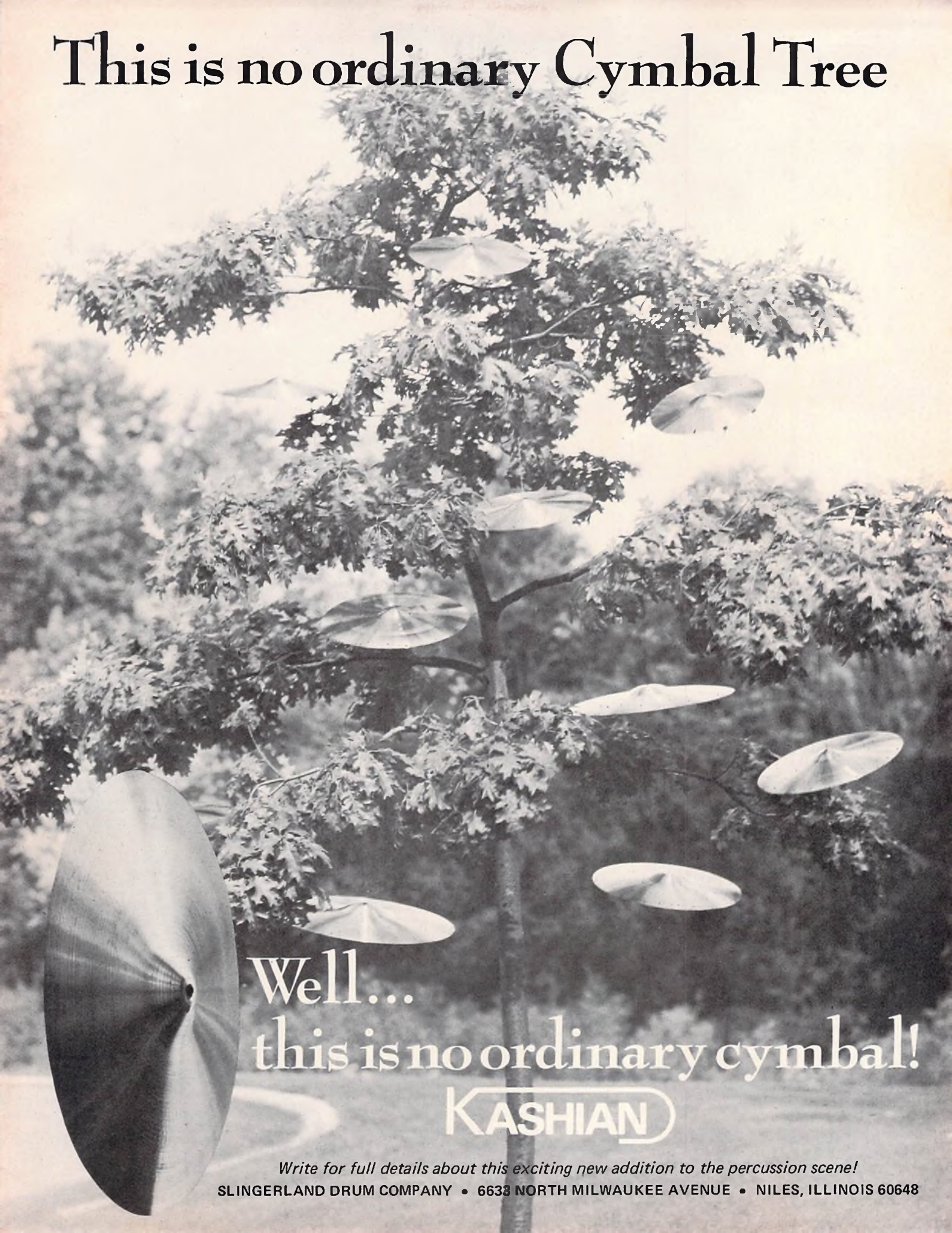
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CONTENTS

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By Charles Suber

Ever since we hinted that *A Guide to College Jazz Studies* was in preparation, we have been (pleasantly) showered with information from the colleges and requests from one and all for that information. Students, parents, and considerable numbers of concerned educators have been writing—and calling. Where can I learn arranging near my home state? Where can I study commercial music at night, I work during the day? Can I get a music education degree and still get into jazz? And so on.

So to you all, let it be known that the Guide will be available in mid-January published in *Music Handbook '74*, the 19th annual down beat yearbook—along with many other useful things, such as: the 1974 School Jazz Festival Calendar (listing more than 100 events); the 1974 db Jazz Clinicians Directory (225 musicians/educators); list of jazz record companies, jazz talent managers, new musical products, several jazz combo charts, round-up of 1973 and predictions for '74, and "lots more" for \$1.50. But back to the Guide.

In order to make a presentation at the mid-December convention of the National Association of Jazz Educators, I made an analysis of the first 170 questionnaires returned by the colleges. The final tabulation of the first edition of the Guide will exceed 250 colleges and I doubt if the final analysis would differ much from what follows. All courses mentioned are currently offered for credit.

There are twelve 4-year colleges that offer the equivalent of a jazz major. They are (alphabetically arranged): U. of Arizona*, Berkeley C. of Music*, Indiana U., U. of Miami*, Morehead State U.* (Ky.), N.Y. State U.-Old Westbury, North Texas State U., Oberlin C., Southern U.* (Baton Rouge), U. of Southern Mississippi, U. of Utah, and Westminster C. (Salt Lake City). *An asterisk indicates that these schools require at least one jazz course for majors in music education, applied music, or composition. Other schools also making this important requirement are U. of Alabama, Drury C., Governors State U. (Ill.), Ill. State U., Manhattan School of Music (NYC), Missouri State U.-Kansas City, U. of Pittsburgh, Stephen F. Austin State U. (Tex.), Western Ill. U.

Forty-seven (47%) per cent of the 4-year schools offer three of the four courses we consider the "core" of a jazz curriculum—(1) ensembles, (2) improvisation, (3) arranging-composing, (4) survey (history and development of jazz styles, etc.). Twenty-three (23%) per cent offer all four courses.

Virtually all 170 colleges have at least one jazz ensemble for credit. The overall average per school is 2.2 ensembles—mostly bands.

Improvisation courses are offered by 44% of all responding schools; 43% offer arranging-composing (this category includes commercial writing, film scoring, orchestration, etc). More than half of the colleges, 54%, offer at least one jazz survey course, usually for three credit hours as opposed to a "non-book," performing ensemble with one or two credit hours.

Only 10% of the schools offer jazz theory and harmony other than what is taught in the arranging courses. Jazz piano, or some other jazz performance instrument, is offered by 12% of the responding schools. A surprisingly high percentage, 10%, mostly teacher training universities—offer jazz pedagogy.

There is no doubt that jazz education is improving by the numbers. We will attempt some value judgments in future columns. db

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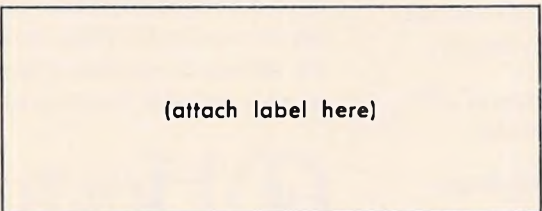
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Seeing Red

You have been overlooking (unaware of) a cat who has laid down some of the loosest sides of our times with a variety of musicians in his band. Let us get into an article on Robert Fripp and the King Crimson bands he has put together for something like five years now.

Prince Scarlet

Bloomington, Ind.

I am rather curious in that in the three years I have been reading *down beat*, I have not seen any articles or record reviews regarding King Crimson. This is surprising, as so much space has been devoted to the Mahavishnu Orchestra, Frank Zappa, Focus and other "unique" artists. Surely *db* must realize that what King Crimson was doing five years ago is essentially the same thing Focus is being applauded for now.

I realize that an article can't be written on every artist in the world, but I think it appropriate that your magazine give some recognition to these artists, who have been trying very hard for years to get the recognition they deserve.

James H. Grady, Jr.

Colorado Springs, Colo.

An article on Mr. Fripp and company is in the works—Ed.

Most Underrated

I would like to say two things. First, concerning a letter in the Nov. 22 issue, Roland Botelho says Jeremy Steig is "the most underrated flutist ever." I disagree. Sam Most deserves as much recognition as Steig and gets not half of what Steig does. Most shows his prowess on several of the older Buddy Rich

records on Verve. I'd like to see his name on the polls!

Second congratulations on your new addition—*On The Road*. It can be a great help. I see a few things missing, but otherwise its great!

Marianna Pontoppidan

Cliff Island, Maine

Well Read

Have just read the interview with Hubert Laws (Oct. 11 *db*) and Freddie Hubbard's Blindfold Test (Oct. 25). These two outstanding musicians are my favorite, though there are lots of cats I admire. Thanks for printing them!

Though I have been subscribed to *down beat* only since January, 1973, I got invaluable information of JAZZ—my "bag" since 1953.

I'm really encouraged about your amazing magazine, which is extremely interesting, informative and valuable one in my land. Many stars for it!

May I take the opportunity to publish my address in *db*, to link a contact with jazz fans in your country?

Vsevolod Dubovik

Box #429
Leningrad 191011
USSR

Power to the Tower

I was really pleased with the article on Tower of Power (*db* Nov. 8); they really deserve the exposure. I just caught them in concert and they are no less than incredible! A special star to Dave Garibaldi for such soulful drumming. Being a drummer, I know what it is like having to "push" a large group. He really showed me that a drummer doesn't have to be flashy to be GOOD! I hope to read

more about them in your fantastic magazine.

Art Galvan

Honolulu, Hawaii

On Krupa

Just a quick note to thank you for the excellent article and coverage of Gene Krupa in the Dec. 6 issue. It is by far the best I have read since Gene has passed. I particularly enjoyed Bobby Scott's article giving the inside in-depth of a true human being.

Again, I thank you.

Gary E. Beckner
Sales Manager.

Niles, Ill.

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A man stood in front of rows of people who had come to say farewell. His words paid tribute to the greatness of the one they had come to see. The man had lived three houses up and across the street.

It began in a Polish neighborhood on the south side of Chicago. The man was born there. Little did he know that someday all of his friends would be here with him now.

I met him one day at Town Hall. My father and he played together. It was a thrill, and he made me alive with desire to be a likeness.

Years passed and our lives crossed. Then one day I brought him something I had made. He played it like only he could and thanked me.

Now he is gone and I am sitting here with rows of people listening to the man in front telling me about the man I called Gene. We will all miss him.

Bob Grauso
Vice-President Fibes Drums
Division of C.F. Martin

Nazareth, Pa.

1973 *down beat* Readers' Poll.

Rock, Pop, Blues Group: Mahavishnu Orchestra

Jazz Album of the Year: "Birds of Fire"

Pop Album of the Year: "Birds of Fire"

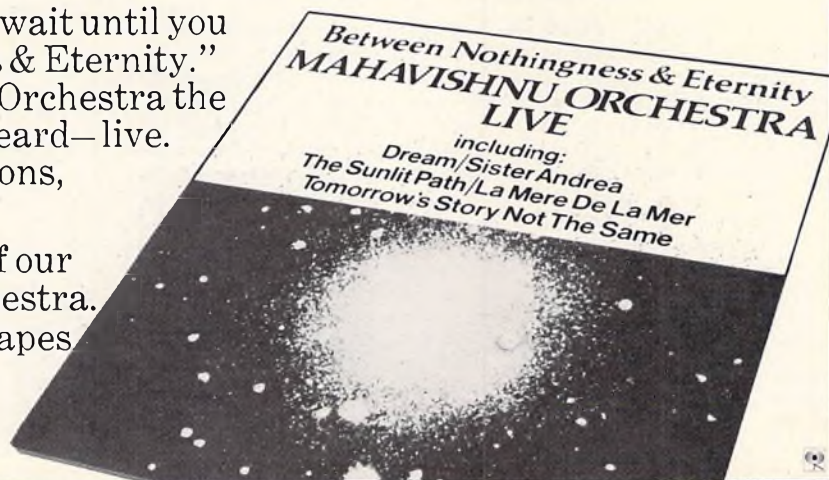
Guitarist of the Year: John McLaughlin

Drummer of the Year: Billy Cobham

The Toughest Act to Follow

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JAN PERSSON

VALERIE WILMER

COMMISSIONED (from left): Rivers, Bridgewater, Heath

Two jazz organizations, the National Jazz Ensemble (NJE) and the Jazz-mobile, have figured prominently in a \$400,000 New York State program that will be one of the largest music commissioning programs in U.S. History.

The matching funds program has been started with \$200,000 in funding from the New York State Council, which has commissioned 69 U.S. composers to create pieces in all idioms that will be per-

McCall Waxes Two New Discs; Reports Sextet A Hit in Berlin

Chicago percussionist Steve McCall recently stopped in at **db's** offices after returning to America, by way of Paris, from the Ninth Berlin Jazz Festival. McCall made a month-long stopover in the French capital to complete a solo album on Futura Records which he is "really satisfied with." The album was scheduled for release in January. While in France, McCall also recorded an album for PALM Records, featuring reedman Byard Lancaster and Madagascar bassist Sylvain Marc, which was set for release around Christmas.

McCall played at the Berlin Festival as part of the Muhal Richard Abrams Sextet, with Abrams on piano, Reggie Willis on bass, and saxophonists Wallace McMillan, Henry

Threadgill and Kalaparusha. On the second and final day of the festival, the sextet played an afternoon set in a program that included a group led by drummer Roy Haynes (Cedar Walton, piano; Jimmy Owens, trumpet and fluegelhorn; Gary Burton, vibes; Joe Henderson, saxophone; Larry Ridley, bass), and Rahsaan Roland Kirk and the Vibration Society.

"Some parts of the festival were very beautiful, although that boo-ing of Duke Ellington... you know, that was kind of strange," he said, referring to the German fans' unkind reaction to a trio led by the Duke. According to the English weekly, *Melody Maker*, the Muhal Sextet fared much better—in fact, they were the surprise hit of the festival.

Different Strokes

A Percussion Composition Contest has been established by the Percussive Arts Society (PAS), offering a first prize of \$500 and a performance at the PAS National Conference. Second and third prizes of \$200 and \$100, respectively, are also being offered.

The competition is designed to "stimulate, encourage, and reward the best musically creative minds to select the percussion instruments as a medium of composition," and to obtain high quality literature to "raise the level of musical percussion performance." Deadline date is June 1, 1974.

Entries, which should run 8-15 minutes in performance time, are to be scored for large percussion ensemble of eight or more players. Instrumentation is limited to percussion instruments, but composers are urged to include all branches of the percussion family, including bar percussion instruments, piano and celesta. The only restriction is that previously published or commissioned pieces are ineligible. All entries will be returned after the judging.

For more information, write to:

Percussion Composition Contest
Percussive Arts Society
130 Carol Drive
Terre Haute, Indiana 47805

formed by 61 sponsoring New York State arts organizations. The other \$200,000 must be matched by non-state sources.

The difference between the number of arts organizations (61) and the number of composers (69), resulted because the Jazzmobile and NJE each commissioned five composers. Among those commissioned were sometime-ragtimer William Bolcom, jazz authority Gunther Schuller, songwriter Alec Wilder, trumpeters Thad Jones, Dizzy Gillespie, Cecil Bridgewater, Herb Pomeroy and John Carisi, pianists Gil Evans, Herbie Hancock and Bob James, reedmen Frank Wess, Jimmy Heath and Sam Rivers, and bassist-NJE director Chuck Israels.

"The purpose of the commissioning program was to maintain New York State's leadership in music, both nationally and internationally," said Eric Larrabee, executive director of the New York State Council on the Arts. "But one of the important by-products is a demonstration that support for new music from sources other than government is there, and needs only to be encouraged. The program was intended to dramatize to these non-state sources how important their participation can be."

A Major Triad Production

If you are within the Chicago area on the evening of Jan 24, be sure to tune in on TRIAD Radio, WXFM, 106 on your dial. From 9 PM till 1 AM, they will program nothing but the music of the '73 down beat Readers Poll Winners. Top LPs will get full air-

play. Included will be taped interviews with Weather Report, Mahavishnu, and others. On a clear night TRIAD can be picked up in Racine, Wis. on the north; Aurora, Ill. on the west; Hammond, Ind. on the south; and South Haven, Mich. on the east.

Record Roundup

Vinyl To Ashes..

Bob Dylan has formed his own record label, Ashes and Sand Records, and has finished the new company's first album, on which he was backed by The Band. The 10-song disc was recorded in Los Angeles and will be available this month. Dylan and The Band are currently on a 22-city national tour that sold out all 651,000 available seats before it began.

The formation of the new label was announced by David Geffen, chairman of the board of Elektra-Asylum Records, which will distribute Ashes and Sand. Sources say Dylan will also record other artists on the label.

All of Dylan's previous albums were on Columbia, which recently issued *Dylan*, an album of formerly unreleased songs recorded several years ago.

An Olympic Event

Everest Records has reissued a highly comprehensive series of blues, jazz and folk on the Gold Medal Collection of their Olympic Records division. Consisting of 15 LPs in all, the artist roster ranges from the country-blues of Leadbelly, Big Joe Williams and Sonny Terry-Brownie McGee through the folk of Woodie Guthrie, Pete Seeger and Eric Weissberg on up to the early urban sounds of Bessie Smith, Louis Armstrong, King Oliver, Kid Ory and Sidney Bechet. Everest has also issued *Yankee*

Doodle Dandy and *The Early Years*, by George M. Cohan and Al Jolson, respectively. Quite a potpourri of American music, and at a list price of only \$2.98 per platter. It should be noted that the recording quality varies according to the quality of each master.

Dutchman's Signature

Bob Thiele of Flying Dutchman Records has expanded his separate Bob Thiele Music operation. His original intention of reissuing all his old Signature masters, recorded between 1941 and 1948, will be augmented by the reactivation of the Signature label as a non-jazz company. RCA will handle distribution, as they now do with Flying Dutchman. Soon to be reissued are LPs from Erroll Garner, Coleman Hawkins, Ben Webster, Anita O'Day and Will Bradley. Bob Thiele Music also will release albums by newly contracted jazz artists, including trumpeter Jimmy Owens and guitarist Elek Bacsik.

Want To Start A Label?

If you've ever thought of buying out a record company so you could start your own business, now's your chance. Starday-King intends to sell off its entire catalog of masters, which originally appeared on the King, Federal, DeLuxe, Bethlehem and Starday labels. The man to contact is Freddie Bienstock, majority Starday stockholder.

Drummer Ed Blackwell III



JAN PERSSON

Reports from New York say that drummer Eddie Blackwell is dying of kidney failure and is in need of an estimated \$50,000 for a kidney transplant operation. Blackwell is perhaps best-known for his work with Ornette Coleman from the early

'60s to the present. **down beat** has only scant information on Blackwell's condition at this time, but calls on readers to come to Blackwell's aid. Address inquiries to Jazz Interactions, 527 Madison Ave., New York City, New York.

Jazz Educators Hold First Convention in Chicago

To coincide with Chicago's hosting of the first convention of the National Association of Jazz Educators (NAJE), Mayor Richard J. Daley proclaimed the week of Dec. 17 as Jazz Education Week. The non-profit organization is dedicated to teaching the understanding, appreciation and performance of jazz and popular music in the nation's public schools.

Among the artists who blew in to the Windy City to perform with six top high school and college jazz bands were Marian McPartland, Clark Terry and Urbie Green. Stan Kenton led a panel of jazz authorities and personalities in discussing "Where Are We In Jazz Education?" and clinicians were on hand to demonstrate techniques in the teaching of jazz, including vocal improvisation, time and the rhythm section, and developing a jazz band. The program also included a continuous showing of new prize-winning educational jazz films, and a jam session each night, to which people were encouraged to bring their axes.

Encore, Encore!

New York's Arts and Business Council (ABC) has awarded one of the five 1973 corporate Encore Awards to the Calvert Extra Sunday Concerts held at the Jazz Museum. The award was accepted at ABC's annual awards luncheon by Alvin Fleischman, president of Calvert Distillers Co., which is underwriting the free 40-concert series begun last June.

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WANTED

T/sgt. Michael Namisnak of the 552nd Air Force Band has sent us this plea:

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potpourri

Climate Control Dept: Our L.A. spies say **Weather Report** has a new drummer, a 19-year old preacher from Philadelphia named **Ishmael Wilburn**. A cousin of the group's saxophonist, **Wayne Shorter**, discovered the talented young percussionist, who replaces **Greg Erico** (formerly with Sly Stone). The change in the weather found Wilburn in the drummer's chair for the group's new album, recorded in L.A. instead of New York, where the group usually records. One other storm warn-

ing: **Jan Hammer** of the **Mahayishnu Orchestra** plays keyboard-synthesizer on a few cuts for the new disc.

Thirty thousand people attended the 1973 World Popular Song Festival in Tokyo, where Grand Prix Composition Awards went to Japan's **Akiko Kosaka**, Britain's **Zack Laurence**, Italy's **Gino Mescoli** and the United States' **Shawn Phillips**. Phillips (and his group **Quatermass**), **Don Preston** and **Jim Weatherly** were the only American

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... on the road

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28, Winchester, Va
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Jan 24-25, Morehead, Ky

KENNY BURRELL

Jan 17-20, Redondo Beach, Ca
24-
Feb 2, San Francisco, Ca

WOODY HERMAN

Jan 18, Seattle, Wash
19, The Dalles, Oregon
20, Longview, Wash
22, Farnworth, England
23, Folkestone, England
24, Croydon, Eng
25, Eastbourne, Eng
26, Hempstead, Eng
27, South Port, Eng
28, Nottingham, Eng
29, Bristol, Eng
30, London, Eng
31, Chesterfield, Eng
Feb 1, Birmingham, Eng
2, Chalham, Eng
3, London, Eng
4, Manchester, Eng

ROY CLARK

Jan 17-23, Las Vegas, Nev

DIANA TRASK

Jan 17-23, Las Vegas, Nev

MELANIE

Jan 27, New York, N.Y.

DESCENDANTS OF MIKE AND PHOEBE

Jan 17, Jackson, Miss
Feb 8, Crawfordsville, Ind
10, New Orleans, La
17, Atlanta, Ga
19, Houston, Texas

BOB DYLAN/THE BAND

Jan 17, Charlotte, N.C.
19, Miami, Fla
21-22, Atlanta, Ga
23, Memphis, Tenn
24-25, Ft. Worth, Texas
26, Houston, Texas
28, Nassau, N.Y.
29, Nassau, N.Y.
30, New York, N.Y.
Feb. 1, Dayton, Ohio
2, Ann Arbor, Mich
3, Bloomington, Ind
4, St. Louis, Mo
6, Denver, Colo
9, Seattle, Wash
11, Oakland, Ca
13, Los Angeles, Ca
14, Los Angeles, Ca

WORLD'S GREATEST JAZZ BAND

Jan 31, Los Angeles, Ca

NORMAN CONNORS & THE DANCE OF MAGIC

Jan 19, Binghamton, N.Y.
Feb 4, Boston, Mass

JERRY BUTLER

Jan 18-26, St. Louis, Mo
29-
Feb 3, San Juan, Puerto Rico
18-24, Cherry Hill, N.J.

FAIRPORT CONVENTION

Jan 29-
Feb 3, Los Angeles, Ca

RED, WHITE & BLUE (GRASS)

Jan 17-26, Lafayette, Ind
March 4-10, Boston, Mass

RICK WAKEMAN

Jan 18, London, Eng

STAN KENTON

Jan 18, Buies Creek, N.C.
20, Norristown, Pa
22, Carlisle, Pa
23, Clearfield, Pa
24, Dayton, Ohio
27, Birmingham, Mich
28, Big Rapids, Mich
29, Norton, Ohio
30, Toledo, Ohio

JOE WILLIAMS

Jan 25-26, Camden, N.J.
28-
Feb 2, New York, N.Y.

AL GREEN

Feb 3, Honolulu, Ha
8, San Diego, Ca
9, Oakland, Ca
10, Los Angeles, Ca

HUGH MASEKELA/ MEDZOLEH SOUNDZ

Jan 1-5, Washington, D.C.
9-14, New York, N.Y.
15-20, Boston, Mass
21-26, Philadelphia, Pa.
Feb 5-9, Columbus, Ohio
12-17, Chicago, Ill
19-24, Denver, Colo
25-27, Houston, Texas

THE POINTER SISTERS

Jan 20, Cannes, France
23, Amsterdam, Holland
24, Paris, Fr
27, London, England
31-
Feb 13, Las Vegas, Nev

SYLVESTER

Jan 18, San Jose, Ca
Jan 19, Berkeley, Ca

IKE & TINA TURNER

Jan 17, Wellington, New Zealand
19, Auckland, New Zealand
23-25, Sydney, Australia
26-27, Melbourne, Australia
30, Adelaide, Australia
Feb 1, Perth, Australia

SHAWN PHILLIPS

Jan 30, Los Angeles, Ca
31, Oakland, Ca
Feb 1, San Diego, Ca
4, Seattle, Wash
6, Portland, Oregon
7, Vancouver, B.C.

BILLY PRESTON

Jan 18, San Jose, Ca
19, Berkeley, Ca

For many bands, to go on the road has become increasingly more difficult as the energy crisis mounts, and as more restrictions are placed on travel and fuel. We at **down beat** already have noticed a reduction in tour schedules. But we feel the "On The Road" feature, instead of losing its importance, has become even more of a service to our readers and to the musicians hopping from town to town. After all, why should a band go on the road if they're not going to avail themselves of all promotional possibilities (especially the free ones)?

So we would like to again relay to all record companies, managers and booking agents: Please submit artist itineraries, by city, state and date, six weeks in advance. Too often, such lists have reached our office after the relevant deadline. Send to: **down beat OTR**, 222 W. Adams Street, Chicago, Ill. 60606.

down beat NEWS

HELLO G. HELLO DOUBLE C.

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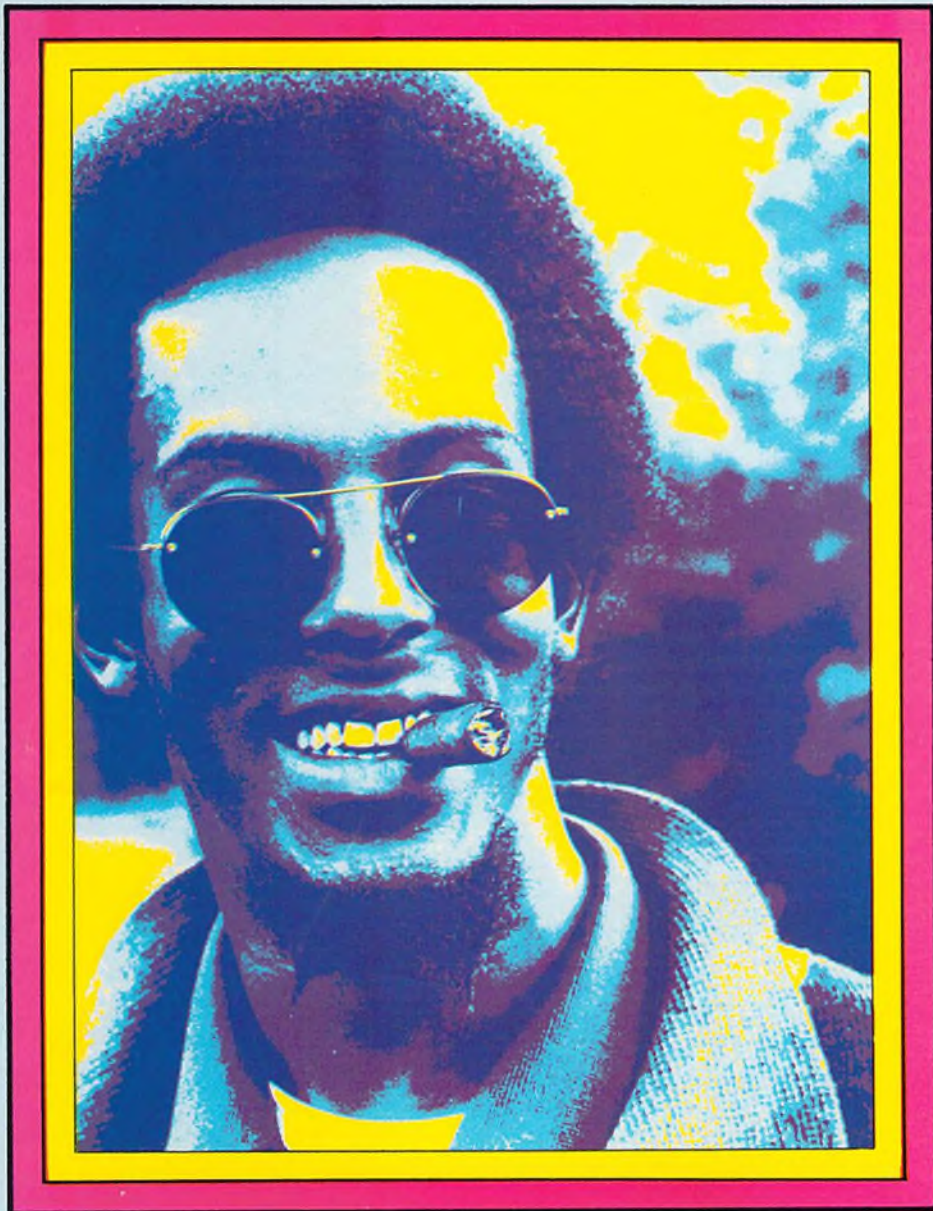
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LESTER...WHO?

By Ray Townley



JAN PERSSON

The trumpet—among the oldest and most virile of brass instruments. Employed in the ancient societies of Egypt, China, and Rome to summon warriors to battle, and to herald official religious and governmental ceremonies. Later, found at the head of marching bands, as they paraded through the dusty backstreets of Paris and New Orleans.

The present-day *valve* trumpet is grandchild of the *natural* trumpet, the *slide* trumpet, the *key* trumpet, and the bugle. With the invention of piston valves in 1815 by two Germans (working separately), the trumpet became a fully operable melody instrument for orchestra scoring. Since then, it has far outdistanced its rivals from France and Belgium.

All trumpeters, at one time or another in their lives, have aspired to master the art of the highest of high notes, that elusive pitch just beyond high G. And the not altogether savory stereotype that has grown up around this romantic quest is well known. But, let's face it, there's something indefinable in the

nature of this saucy, brilliantly timbred horn that propels its practitioners into flamboyant, aggressive stances. In his youth, Dizzy was an imposing, recalcitrant figure with dark-shades, tipped beret, and a horn that stuck its nose up at the audience. There was Chet Baker, before his physical deterioration. Brooding, misunderstood, sensually gripping. And how about Freddie Hubbard, today's giant, standing tall and muscular—blowing notes like they were right jabs. Then there's Miles. No one needs, or possibly can, describe his many controversial personae. Then, too, there's Lester Bowie ...

Who?

Well, it's true he's not your normal image of a bravura trumpeter. He doesn't wear tailored skin-tight pants like Maynard Ferguson, or his protege, Lin Biviano. In fact, of late he's been in wearing bib overalls and a soiled railroad man's cap. But he has been known to occasionally chomp on a fetid cigar.

The problem with Bowie—the reason why he's not as personally famous as other, perhaps less creative, trumpeters—is that he doesn't conform to the role traditionally demanded of his instrument. Like the other members of the communal Art Ensemble of Chicago, Bowie is a maverick. Instead of fitting into the accepted role, he has taken the trumpet and molded it into a new sonoric vehicle, one of his own choosing. In the process, he has donned masks and postures that have yet to be fully understood.

"In a big-band, I always play in the so-called jazz chair, you know, the guy who takes the solos," Bowie told me one brisk Sunday morning over chrysanthemum tea and Wonton soup. "That is, rather than in the lead chair or one of the section chairs that just play their charts. Lead playing is very specialized. There are very few lead players who can play. I mean who can really improvise. Guys with real good technique who can play those high notes usually don't have too much flexibility. They can't play any low notes. I can't play the highest note, but I can get higher and lower at the same times than just about anyone else. I try to have a flexible thing, rather than take one area and just deal with that."

Bowie's presence across from me at the table—with tall, furry Swedish officer's hat and forked goatee—bespoke more that of a Ukrainian gypsy than an acclaimed modern musician. He was in Chicago for a brief visit with his colleagues in the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians (AACM), and about to split to University City, Mo., his present home.

"Let's see, I was developing my style a long time before I joined up with the AACM. The first time I remember doing something outside of the normal realm of trumpet playing was in college. I was at Lincoln University and had read about someone playing quarter-tones. So I figured if I could get a half-step, a quarter-tone was half of that. I tried to lip it, lip the quarter tone, to play three notes there instead of just the two. The piano player cracked up. I did it and did a little vibrato, too, and it just cracked him up. Just that note.

"I started from there. The rest just came easily, actually—if you don't limit yourself. One thing wrong with a lot of people is that they limit themselves to a certain style of playing or they limit themselves to wanting only a certain type of sound. I like all the styles and all the sounds, so I'm completely free. I can do whatever I want to."

At this point, the second pot of tea, sweetened with rock sugar, arrived. I tried to pour myself a cup, and as I tipped the pot, the chrysanthemum petals jammed the spout, causing the hot tea to spill onto the table and over the sides. I flashed back to a wild, dissonant trumpet that spurt forth florid passages only in the end to spill off into the silent grooves of the disc, or like Halley's Comet, to leave behind a vertiginous tail. It was *Numbers 1 & 2* (Nessa N-1), Lester's first and last solo album, and the year was 1967. While others were discovering Haight-Ashbury and the Jefferson Airplane, I was being mesmerized by the off-key harmonics of three urban soothsayers.

continued on page 12

Within the context of the Art Ensemble, you use a lot of space, much like an abstract painter. Trumpet players have a tendency to play too much, not too little.

"In the Art Ensemble, the music is loose enough so that you've got time to develop it into whatever you want to. There's no limit. I might play a lot or I might not play a lot. Maybe I'll play a note every few minutes. I may only play one note or it'll be a sound of some sort. The thing about the Art Ensemble is that it was the first group in which I felt free enough to play whatever I wanted to play. I had played with other 'free' groups before, but with these same people if I played something that sounded boppish, that would like 'be old, man.' Or if I happened to be with a bebop group and played some sort of free thing, well, that wouldn't have been cool. But with the Art Ensemble, if you feel a certain thing, you just play it. You might say we don't play just free-form material, but that we're a group that's free to play anything and everything, and we usually do."

Every time I read something about you, it talks about your rhythm & blues background. How your playing combines the river boat, ah

"Riverboat antics? Hah, hah, hah! I think they just say that because I'm from St. Louis and they think it's a riverboat town, and that I use the plunger sometimes. So maybe that's why... A lot of people read humor into my playing, too. Sometimes that's the case. But, then again, every time I play a note that's not a regular note, doesn't mean I'm being humorous, or every time I pick up the plunger doesn't mean it's humor. It may be deadly serious."

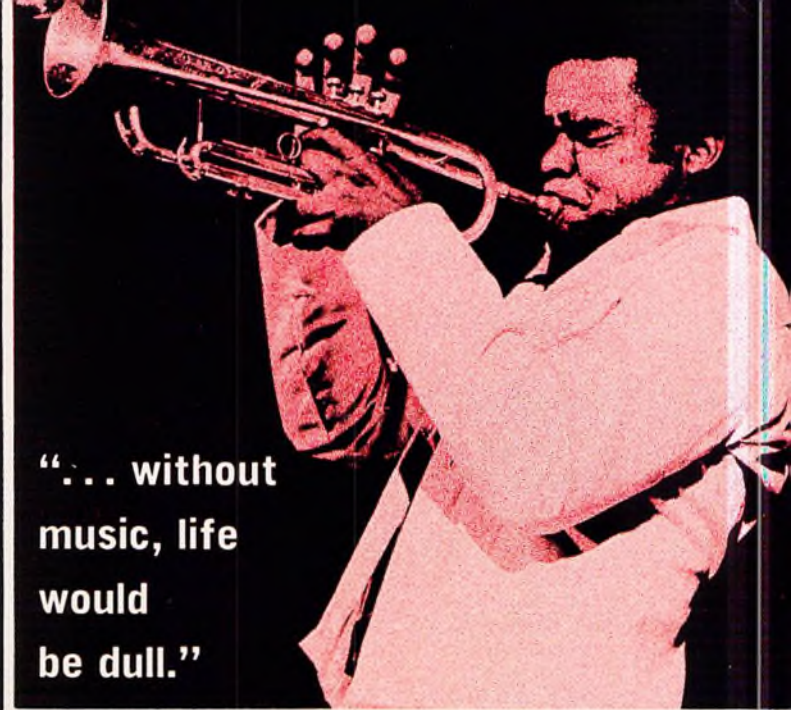
The first AACM LP ever released, *Sound* (Delmark DS-408), featured the then Roscoe Mitchell Sextet, (the early rumblings of the Art Ensemble). The tune *Ornette* exposed the world to a new realm of sound, texture and coloration. A recent listening of that tune made me realize that some trumpeters can only be heard when they blow, and the harder they blow, the more they're heard. Quite conventional, when you think about it. But Bowie can be heard more the less he blows. The more silence, the more sonority. On *Sound's* long title cut, Bowie slices up the notes into micro-tones and then attacks them angularly. The result is something resembling a squeaky door to the inner-sanctum as it slowly creaks open. Then it transforms into a human voice—a man desperately trying to speak, but who has lost his tongue so all he's capable of are plangent, guttural utterances. It reaches you.

I asked him about the Art Ensemble's whereabouts in the near future. "We're going to Europe in January for an extensive tour. That's the next thing on our list. After that, we're off to Africa. That'll be sometime in April. I'm going to find out what's happening over there. Because of a benefit I did in Washington for the draught that's plaguing a lot of African countries, I'm now an honorary Senegalese citizen. We'll probably be guests of the government while we're over there."

Soon my tape machine snapped off and the clock showed it was time to call it a day. So Lester—the r&b cat from a Midwestern riverboat town who somehow, thank God, discovered Richard Abrams' Experimental Band in '65—put on his coat and headed out to his mud-splatched bus, *Ujibkum Chariot*, the same hulk that carries the Art Ensemble and their hundreds of instruments from gig to gig. We spoke farewells, and then along with his diffident companion and informal trumpet pupil, Rahman Ali, he turned over the grinding motor and sped away. The informal trumpet pupil was Miles' son. **db**

Freddie

"... without music, life would be dull."



I recently caught the Freddie Hubbard Quintet at Chicago's spot for big names, the Jazz Showcase. I hadn't seen Freddie since last year, before present affiliations, and I went backstage to tell him what I was up to and also to inform him that an interview was in the offing.

"down beat," he asked, with a playfully suspicious glint in his eye, "that rock-and-roll magazine?" And before we could get into much more on that subject, his old lady was through the door and in his arms, and Freddie was quite incommunicado until the next set began. When it did, it filled the room with solid stuff that set the audience rocking and the Showcase walls shaking—and saw Freddie's strong and supple horn leading his band just as he has been at the lead of the new mainstream for the last few years.

When we got together a couple of days later, I pointed out that Freddie's description of *down beat* was a little unexpected, since he has successfully blended many rock elements into his music. At 35, Freddie has already been through many styles and phases—from Sonny Rollins to Ornette Coleman to Art Blakey—and he is one of the prominent jazz artists pushing a workable jazz-rock fusion to the point where it will all be just music.

As evidence of the fusion, I cited Freddie's *Red Clay* (CTI 6001) and *Straight Life* (CTI 6007). "*Red Clay* is not rock, man," Freddie countered. "It's got a rock beat. We've been doing that for years; and I'm going to keep doing it—like you say, include some of the rock beats. But I wouldn't say it's out-and-out rock."

Some people *have* said that, though; some have accused Freddie of selling out. But he doesn't think that's a fair criticism.

"I've had some of my best buddies come to me now and say, 'Man, you playing that rock shit now. No good.' And I say, 'Look man, I'm playing what I want to play. I mean, you weren't playing with me when I was playing the so-called avant-garde.' Like Don Cherry told me, 'Man, I'm gonna play what I want to play.' I said 'Great!' That's why he went to Europe: there are people

there who want to listen to his kind of music."

Freddie got to what *he* wants to play by playing a lot of things along the way. In fact, for a while he was moving along lines not that far removed from Don Cherry and other members of the "avant-garde" of the early '60s. He relates a story about his first gig as a bandleader, shortly after leaving Art Blakey in 1964:

"I decided that I was just going to play the kind of music that I like. My first engagement as a bandleader was in Cincinnati, and I had just recorded the album called *The Breaking Point* (Blue Note 84172), which was very similar to what Ornette was doing.

"So I opened up and this place was packed. My first date as a bandleader! I was very excited. I said, 'Wow! Look, it's no trouble at all! So I started into my free-form stuff, you know, and the place got empty. I swear. I had my eyes closed, I was playing, we had rehearsed about six months, I had tightened up these cats. And the place emptied out.

"It was because the people just heard there was a jazz group coming; they didn't know anything about Freddie Hubbard. But that taught me something. You have to get your promotional part of it together; it's not only music, there's more business involved in it."

Freddie says he came out of that experience realizing that certain concessions have to be made to keep a group together and to continue to work. But selling out? Does he write and play things just to get listeners, or because it is musically right for him?

"Both," he says, adding, "but it has to be musically satisfying to me. I see my music reaching people. I think that listening to other music has helped me out. Now I can appreciate a tune by some rock group like The Stylistics, so that in turn lets people know that I'm in tune with everything that's happening, rather than just all the hard-core jazz things. I'm listening to all kinds of music.

"But I'm not writing things just to say, 'Well, I know everybody's gonna like this.' Even when I wrote this new song, *Keep Your Soul Together*, on my next album, I didn't write it just for it to be a hit. It just stuck in



By Neil Tesser

MALCOLM G. MOORE

Hubbard

my mind, and it happened to have a rock beat."

But having people like it—at least enough to listen to it and find out what kind of music it is—is part of reaching people, part of communication. There are many musicians content to play their music and ignore the public's response, allowing the twin glues of Art and Posterity to make it stick through time. If the audience catches on, that's cool—if not, that's cool, too.

"Some people can get away with that and some people can't. Like Miles is beginning to get away with that. And I sure don't know what shit he's playing now. *He* may not even know. The people still come to see him. That means they must like it—or like him. They know how beautiful he *can* play; now they might get one minute of it in a whole concert."

(Freddie used to "cut school to listen to Miles." In the 1973 Readers Poll, Miles finished second to Freddie, in the trumpet category, by almost 600 votes.)

Freddie is no m-Art-yr. He feels it important to at least make the effort to communicate with the audience, although he admits that it can be a wasted effort in noisy nightclubs when the drunk at the bar has numbed himself, through alcohol, to the beauty of the ballad on the stand.

"I'm reaching out further than I have in the past. I mean I'm dancing on the stage, I'm beating on tambourines, I'm smiling—which is a bit different for me, because I used to just get up there and it was a very serious thing all the time. Then I found out people aren't always serious. You just go with the tide.

"Now the audiences all over are getting cooler. Maybe it's just that I'm playing something that they can better understand. But the people are coming around. I may have included some things, but I don't think I've changed to the degree where you could say it's leaning more to the rock. Anyway, let's talk about the band I have now."

OK. Freddie's current quintet includes pianist George Cables (28 years old), drummer Ralph Penland and bassist Kent

Brinkley (both in their early 20s), and Junior Cook, who first gained notice as the tenor man with Horace Silver in the late '50s. None of Freddie's recent quintet recordings includes these musicians, a situation Freddie feels it's time to change.

"I think that for the first time in a while I've got a pretty good band, guys who I think can play my music," he says. "I'm not the only guy who travels with a group other than the musicians I record with. But now I've got a band I can possibly record with and travel with too."

"Take Junior Cook. He wasn't ready. But now I think he's opening up, he's playing the style that I like. I've recorded with Joe Henderson, because he had more fire. Junior wasn't *into* it the way that I wanted because he was very relaxed sometimes; that's not what I wanted. But now he's playing a lot of fire, and he's more interested in the music.

"I like the style that the whole band is playing. In other words, they're playing my music the way I like to hear it; it's as simple as that. Before, when I did a record date, the guys that I would get—or that Creed Taylor would get—were guys who could do it like *that*. There didn't have to be a lot of headache. But I'm finding out that even though the caliber of Herbie (Hancock) and Ron (Carter) may be somewhat higher, it still doesn't take the place of playing with each other, like playing in clubs, where you get a better feel.

"But still, if they can't really play the music, then I still can't use them on a record date. It's like a record date I once did with Coltrane. He said, 'Look, I dig the way you play, but I'm going to use Don Cherry on this.' At that time, I'd been doing a few things with him, but he changed because he felt Don played that type of music better than me. So I didn't get angry about it, because I figured he knew what he wanted."

Freddie admits that the financial end of it also came into play. "Although they knew the record would sell, that's Creed's thing, which has worked for him—to use guys that are more or less in his stable, because he

knows that by them playing together and them being great, and all that, it's gonna sound good."

Freddie believes that the difference between musicians who can just sit down and play without any headaches, and those who can't, isn't so much a matter of professionalism as tolerance. "Now Junior, for instance, has been the kind of guy who in the past has had to play something for a long time before he digs it. Like he didn't want to play any rock. *He* thinks it's rock," Freddie hurriedly added.

Like any small-group leader, Freddie recognizes the necessity of "people orchestration"—the selection not only of the instruments to be used in a performance, but of the instrumentalists as well. Since each player is creating, spontaneously composing a portion of the complete piece, the leader must especially take into account *who*, as well as what, will be playing. That's why Freddie is so happy to have a band he is satisfied with.

And the band is very important to Freddie right now, because it is through the band that he can bring his message to the people. "the cats out on the street," as he often says. Now his voice loses any of the various laid-back shadings that have occasionally marked it during our conversation, and his eyes gleam a little.

"The one thing that's going to save America is its music," he tells me, the truth set out for all to hear. "It's like groups coming out with songs with a message, and they're not just playing the music—they're talking about it. And I think that by us verbally expressing ourselves, besides through the music, is helping too. Like the title of that song I mentioned—*Keep Your Soul Together*. That's very important to me, because I've had trouble as a black American in being able to exist and go forth without going crazy. I think the music's going to save this country.

"And I really think we're going to have to start looking outside ourselves for things to solve the problems of life in general. We're taking a look, seeing how other people are doing things. That's happening to the music too.

"You see, without music, this would be a very dull thing, life would be dull. Usually when I get sad, or get the weird blues, I turn on a piece of music. It kind of breaks up the monotony—it always has brought things together.

"You can have a funky piece that you like, and you can be a white cat, and you don't care whether the person who did it is black or green or white, you like it. Whereas if you were just sitting up talking, there's a difference. You might not like what he's saying, or his looks, but you might like his music, and that in turn draws you in to be closer.

"So now we look at the Japanese differently, the African differently, the Germans, the Italians. And we're getting closer to different people. That's one reason I enjoy traveling: meeting different people. I met the ambassador to Yugoslavia, last time I was over there. Now who would ever have thought that I would meet an ambassador to Yugoslavia that was down, you know, and into jazz?" Who indeed.

Then again, how would I know? I just write for that "rock-and-roll" magazine. **db**

A pioneer and recognized master of unorthodox time signatures and electronic jazz, Don Ellis is now preparing to become deeply involved in the music of Brazil. While he is excited about the foreign rhythms, as well as the unexplored potential of string orchestration and improvisation, he is not ready to discuss the specifics of either his upcoming Brazil trip or the music that he thinks will emerge from these two uncharted areas.

The strings have already made their mark. On his new album *Haiku*, out this month on MPS/BASF, he plays trumpet in front of his 22-piece band, which includes 18 strings. With the band laid off for the present, he recently took several hours from his writing and study of Portuguese, aimed at easing his way in Brazil, to talk about the future and hint at the directions in which he will point the band when they "re-group." At that time he plans to debut a concept which apparently is still embryonic.

"The advent of electronics is bringing string playing into its own, and I think we're

Music Enterprises, I've learned that a great many schools are beginning to utilize strings with their jazz bands, and a significant number of them are adding electric strings and even big sections.

"Hank Levy, who writes a lot for our band as well as for Stan (Kenton) and Maynard (Ferguson), just formed a studio lab orchestra with a large string section, and I understand that Stan is having many of his charts re-scored for strings.

"Jean-Luc Ponty was in Chubby's Place the other night. I didn't even know he was in the country, and he just wandered in to hear our band. He was one of my original inspirations for getting interested in violin. I love Stuff Smith and John Creach, and Jerry Goodman with Mahavishnu, too."

As with his first fascination with the music of India nine years ago when he was the student of Hari Har Rao forming with him the Hindustani Jazz Sextet, Ellis now feels an irresistible challenge in the music of Brazil. In preparation, he has engaged a Portuguese tutor. In his spacious studio/office, the

sambas in 7 and 5 and the odd time signatures. It really cooked. He was playing drums then, and he had one of the most creative and unique time conceptions I've ever heard. Now, of course, he's playing percussion with Weather Report, and he's a great percussionist but he still is one of my very favorite drummers of all time!"

Haiku is Ellis' second album for MPS/BASF. His first, *Soaring*, represents the instrumentation and full sound of the band that was laid off just before Christmas. Certainly not the traditional big band, it was the sum of an electric string quartet, woodwind quartet, brass quintet augmented by another trumpet and a bass trombone, and rhythm section of piano, bass, drums and percussion—plus the leader doubling on trumpet and drums.

Only *Image of Maria* on *Soaring* is a recognizable antecedent of what is happening on the new album. Don says that at least two tracks on his Columbia *Tears of Joy* are clear forerunners, too, and that he wanted to record *Haiku* when he was with Columbia but they turned him down. With BASF, however, he says he calls them when he has his ideas together, and both times, they have given him the instant go-ahead and "complete control down to the last dot or period on the album cover."

One then must assume that Don realized another longtime ambition with *Haiku*—on the back of the record jacket is a photograph of him *au naturel*, perched atop a boulder, gazing thoughtfully into a leafy glade. Re: the picture and the pose, he would comment only, "It was cold!"

Haiku is the ancient Japanese art of evoking the emotional content of a past moment through a tightly structured poem written in three lines and 17 syllables (5-7-5). The moment described usually takes place in nature and often works as a metaphor for a situation in human life. Ten of Don's most cherished haikus are reprinted around the photo and have spawned the ten compositions on the album.

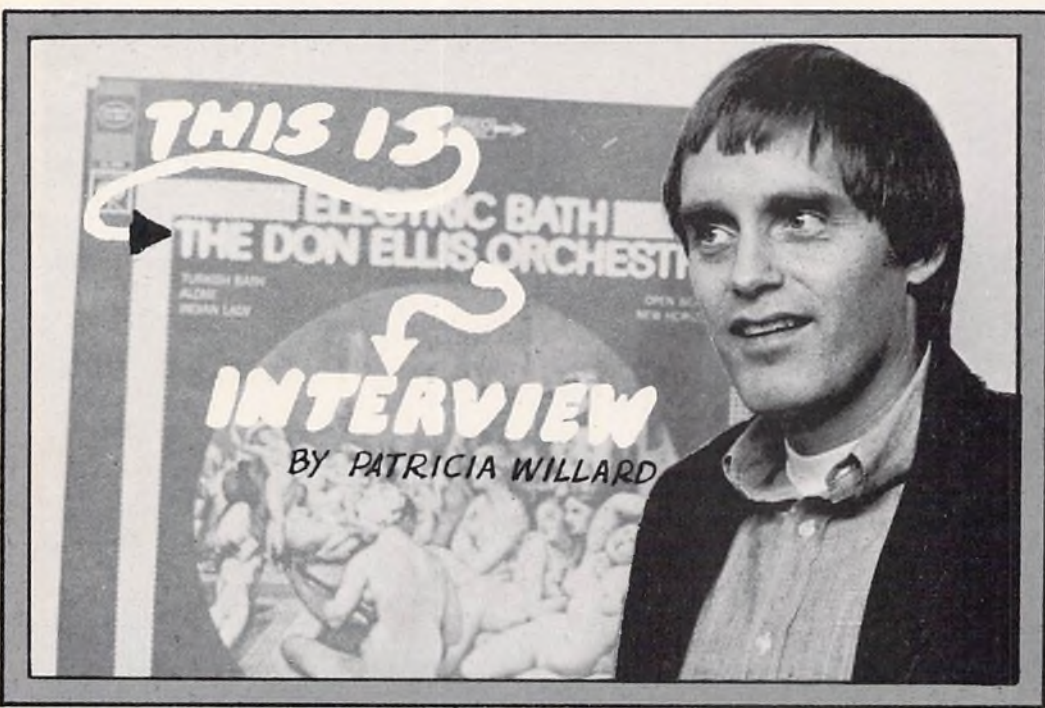
"This album is a complete departure for me in that each of these numbers is very lyrical. They don't sound like anything that anyone else has done. In one sense, they're experimental, yet they're very easily accessible."

"These are instrumental songs that musically mirror the images and values suggested by the poems. The haikus are very seasonal poetry, and the album is meant to take you on a musical experience through the Japanese word pictures. Actually, I hope that people will look at the haiku and contemplate it while they listen to the music."

Of the four cuts on the test pressing which he played during the interview, *Cherry Petals* is the most magnificent:

*Cherry petals fall
fluttering together—and
in pursuit, the storm!*

This haiku has inspired Ellis to write a contemporary classic which deserves to be performed in concert with symphony orchestras. With its virtuoso violin playing, trumpet flights and chase, it pulsates with turbulence, grows serenely reflective and displeases only in its brevity. Such perhaps is its faithfulness to the haiku. Hopefully, though, the composer will extend this piece for his next solo guesting with a symphony. In the past several years, he has appeared



going to see a lot of jazz string players," Ellis predicts, "because instruments like the violin and cello are so expressive that they must be used to great advantage. Almost simultaneously with my starting my band, the Barcus-Berry people came along with a pickup that you could use successfully and with good sound on any stringed instrument. That meant we could amplify the strings as loud as the trumpet section—or louder. The old bands, if they used strings, had tremendous balance problems. That's no longer even a question.

"I've been trying to use strings more than, like, in pop music. In most jazz with strings—like what CTI does—they are just background, like sustained chords and whole notes. I've tried to get the strings to play in their own concept but also do rhythmical things that have meaning in a jazz context. It's very difficult because they're not used to doing that, but they're getting the feeling. It's a whole new direction.

"Through the orders for arrangements coming into my publishing company, Ellis

Berlitz Portuguese Self-Teacher lies next to a stack of Louis Armstrong LPs beside a turntable. In the center of the book-lined room are his gleaming Rogers drums. Don's departure date seems pertinent to the fluency he is acquiring in the language.

"It's been in my head a long time," he admits. "I've got to go to Brazil—not just Rio and Sao Paulo, but inland, to hear the folk music and get close exposure to the rhythms and melodies. I find that my favorite musicians coming up today are either Brazilian or very Brazilian-influenced. My very favorite classical composer always has been Villa-Lobos.

"Brazilian musicians have a particular concept of time that is unlike anything in any other culture. American musicians try to imitate it but they never get the same exact feeling.

"My first contact with that was when I met Dom Um Ramao in Buffalo more than ten years ago. He had done an album in Brazil or

with the National Symphony of Washington, D.C., Gunther Schuller conducting; the New York Philharmonic under Leonard Bernstein; and the Los Angeles Philharmonic with Director Zubin Mehta.

The producer of *The French Connection*, for which Ellis wrote the score and won a Grammy, commissioned him to write the music for his latest picture, *The Seven Ups*, released in December.

"I can't describe the next music I'm working on because I have it only partly formulated in my own head. I can say that it will be a continuation of some of the paths I've followed in the past but it will be a very radical change from what I've been doing. I suppose I'll have to be playing *Indian Lady* and *Pussywiggle Stomp* till I die, but I've reached a point where I have to do some new things, too . . . work out some ideas that I've been wanting to develop.

"I realize that I most enjoy working, or setting up frameworks, within which the notes that we choose are important—that to play just any note is not where it's at. A few years back, somebody said that the notes didn't matter any more—that just the feeling is what counts. I disagree vehemently with that because what interests me in music is the notes' and choice of notes.

"Those notes that Charlie Parker or Lester Young or Louis Armstrong chose were better notes and more organized and prettier and more swinging than tens of thousands of other players! That's what made them great! It wasn't just the feeling; it was the choice of notes. There were plenty of musicians who felt just as much as Armstrong or Parker or 'Pres,' to name three—felt every bit as deeply about humanity or whatever, but they weren't able to make as great art because they didn't choose the notes that made their music more meaningful.

"For many years I have disagreed with some of the people in the jazz 'avant-garde' and in classical music in the area of time. I've noticed a very definite reaction in the pages of *down beat* recently. I had a lovely talk with Chick Corea one night, and his head was moving in that direction, as his subsequent *down beat* article indicated. Airtro's going in that direction, too.

"The so-called 'avant-garde' was never really, to my way of thinking, avant-garde. We had a group of guys experimenting with those ideas five years before any of the 'avant-garde' was heard from. In the early '60s, Don Heckman and I had a rehearsal band in New York with Ed Shaughnessy, Lalo Schiffrin, Ed Summerlin, Barre Phillips, Steve Swallow, Steve Lacy and Roswell Rudd. We did some very strange theater pieces and a TV show for the educational networks, and we stirred a lot of controversy.

"Then the 'avant-garde' came on the scene, and I've said it in print before, but it was like the old saying that you muddy the waters to make them appear deep. I know I can't speak for what's going through their minds but I had the feeling that they were saying, 'Well, you know, we want to be complex, and we want to be very arty so therefore if we play no rhythm at all and just play . . . you know . . . anything just like a jumble, it'll be very complex rhythm, and if we play melodies that don't have melodies at all but

are just a lot of notes, that'll be very complex.

"So you got this school that was producing a very complex texture. However, complexity is not a be-all and end-all in any type of art—especially if it doesn't make sense. Just to play a chaotic rhythm or rhythms does not swing. There are certain things you have to do to get a swing. Part of it is playing together, establishing a common pulse. I have never heard any example—and I'm open to suggestion—of any group swinging without a common pulse. Sometimes we've experimented with two, three or four pulses going on at once, and they can swing, depending on how they're related, but not to relate . . . well, I haven't heard it swing yet.

"It was through Indian music that I realized that jazz has far from exhausted all the possibilities of different ways of swinging and approaching rhythms. Rather, there is a whole other world out there—music that is ancient, that is incredibly complex in a totally different way than either the classical or the jazz 'avant-garde' has approached rhythm.

"So far as organizing pitches and sounds, we've just begun, and it's not—so far as tonality goes—the end of tonality, as everybody seemed to think in Schoenberg's time or in jazz about five years ago. We're only beginning to see the possibilities of grouping, developing and creating fresh sounds and new tonalities. When I discovered this, I saw this whole plain of incredibly beautiful and unlimited vistas. I am convinced that I must explore these areas."

Ellis has recently authored both *The New Rhythm Book* (reviewed in *down beat* Nov. 22), and *Quarter Tones* (Harold Branch Publishing, Inc., 42 Cornell Dr., Plainview, L.I., N.Y. 11803), which should be available by February.

The Ellis Band plays a great many schools and is much in demand for clinics. On campus tours they have encountered many stage bands they find exciting, but the expertise is principally in ensemble, according to Don.

"Some of these school bands can cook," he enthuses, "but there are not many good soloists out there. One reason, I think, is that in both rock and jazz today, there is so much emphasis on playing in only one or two chords that the young musicians lose the ability to navigate when there are fast chord changes and fast key changes—both of which are very beneficial to someone developing a musical ear. They're missing that training because of the music they are playing. Another reason is that soloists do need time to season . . . go on the road . . . play more and longer.

"Guys like Tom Scott and the late Steve Bohannon are very rare. They were still in high school when they started in my band, and they were fine players. I just worked a job with Tom the other night. He is one of the top saxophone players today but it has taken him a few years to mature and mellow into it.

"Solo opportunities are not always offered at school. Most of the band directors are just that. They're concert band directors and thus have not geared to improvisation but to ensemble performance.

"Duke Ellington's band is great because it is a band of soloists and seasoned pros who know all the little nuances and tricks. Duke's

band, to me, has always been like two schools of big band playing. One is the thing where you try to get everybody to sound the same within a section and the whole band to sound the same, to phrase the same and do everything the same . . . say, like Woody's band, for example.

"Most of my favorite young soloists today are in my band. Drummer Dave Crigger, who is 19, has been getting standing ovations with people oohing and aahing; he is a fantastic soloist who is going to do very well. Vince Denham, who's on the *Soaring* album, is brilliant on alto, tenor, and soprano sax, flute and piccolo. And Milcho Leviev, my piano player, is not as young as Dave and Vince but is definitely one of today's jazz geniuses. I rate him at the top, and I say that after having worked with Jaki Byard, Roger Kellaway, Dodd Freeman, Paul Bley and several others whom I consider to be some of the very finest jazz players ever. Any time I hear somebody I like, I try to get them in my band.

"Billy Cobham is my number one favorite drummer. I was very impressed with the Mahavishnu Orchestra's *Birds of Fire* but I liked their first album even better. Hearing them live at the Whisky made me decide that they are far and away the best small group playing the new time signatures. The only one who can compare is Airtro. They have a piece on their new album called *Tombo in Seven* that really cooks and is completely different from either John McLaughlin's or our way of approaching times. It's a Brazilian samba feeling, and it is exquisite. Airtro and John and the guys are all masters."

Ellis organized his first big band 11 years ago as a workshop to acquaint some of the studio musicians with the new time signatures. Except for the year 1964-65, which he spent as a creative associate under a Rockefeller Grant at the State University of New York at Buffalo, he has been a band-leader almost steadily since. His rehearsal band, alternating with his Hindustani Sextet, gigged at L.A.'s Club Havana, was heard by Jimmy Lyons, booked at the Monterey Jazz Festival in 1966, and took off. After two Pacific Jazz LPs, Ellis was under contract to Columbia Records for nearly five years.

Tears of Joy on Columbia was his first record utilizing the string, woodwind and brass quartets within a jazz band, and Don regards it as one of his highest achievements, although it received little critical recognition.

His most satisfying band date was a free concert at the Stern Grove outdoor arts festival in San Francisco this past summer. "We were the only attraction, and 28,000 people came to hear us. We had been playing for three months at Magic Mountain amusement park north of Los Angeles, so we were really tight and relaxed. I never saw such an enthusiastic crowd. In jazz you don't get audiences that size. They were so receptive they even applauded our sound checks before the concert started.

"I'm about to take on a new manager, and we have a great deal of planning to do. I hope to do more film scores occasionally, and I have a lot of new music I must write. When I get back from Brazil, I want to spend part of 1974 touring. Both Shelly's (Manne-Hole) and Donte's have asked us to bring in the band, but those bookings will have to wait until we are ready to unveil our new concept."

Trumpeter Randy Brecker has transcended the steps on the "musical bus" many times. Consider the fact he was one of the original members of: Blood, Sweat and Tears, Dreams, Child Of All Ages, White Elephant, and the new Horace Silver Quintet. Sounds quite impressive. Now add up all of these accomplishments, done within a five year span, and you will see why Mr. Brecker has been in such DEMAND.

Today he's playing stronger than ever with guitarist Larry Coryell's new group, The Eleventh House. Along with drummer extraordinaire Alphonse Mouzon, bassist Danny Trifan, and the keyboard-synthesizer wizard Mike Mandel.

Recently, Randy and I got together to "finish" the interview that actually started last April when Randy was still a member of the Horace Silver Quintet. "Finish" is the correct word because since April this young trumpet player has played with The Section, Deodato, and has recorded with just about everyone, including Lou Reed. And for Randy a lot has happened both in his approach to his instrument and his approach to his head. The discussion that follows is from the later rap.

Schaffer: From Horace Silver to Deodato, that was quite a jump.

Brecker: That was a hard decision and for a pretty obvious reason, I guess. It was more of a financial reason than a music reason, although I really dig some of the stuff Deodato digs. But I really didn't have too much of a chance to play.

The understanding when I joined was that I would play on only one tune. I really wanted to stay in town (N.Y.) and do concerts rather than go on the road and play clubs. But I didn't expect it to end as quickly as it did. Then Larry called and that was another hard decision. I'd known Larry for a long time, but I wasn't sure what his band was into and he was forming a whole new band. But to start out, he wasn't sure who he was going to use, so we had auditions.

Schaffer: Who were some of the people?

Brecker: I wasn't actually at very many of the auditions, so I don't even know. To start out we used Steve Gadd on drums and Tony Levin on bass, but they didn't want to leave town. It was just like a stroke of luck that Alphonse left McCoy (Tyner), you know. When I found out that he was going to play I really wanted to do it, because I've got a thing for really good drummers and he's a bitch, man.

Schaffer: Energy-wise he reminds me of Billy (Cobham), but he doesn't play like Billy.

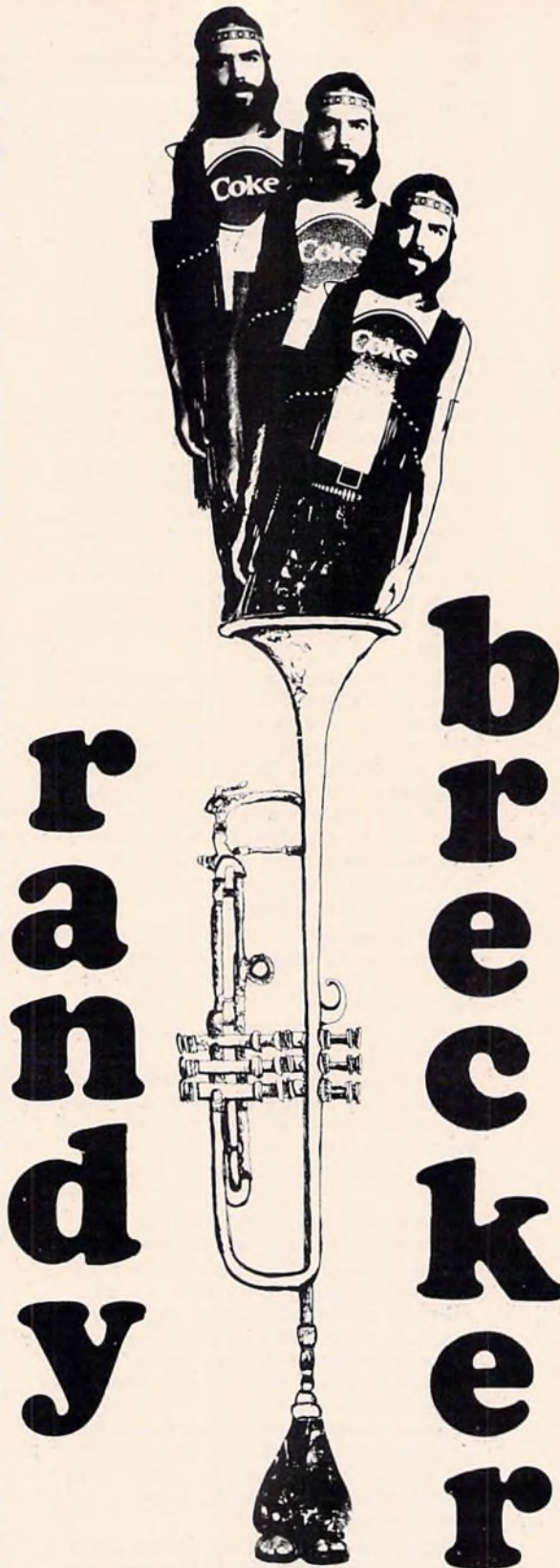
Brecker: He's really fun to play with ... everybody is. I mean, musically it's really been working out. The bass player, Danny, is really good and Mike really does original shit on the synthesizer. And Larry's playing great, he's been real cool, taking care of business. Things definitely are looking good.

Schaffer: What kind of electronic equipment do you use?

Brecker: What I was using on the concerts was a Condor, and an echoplex and a wah-wah peddle. Condor, it's made by Hammond—it's like a multivider. I'm also going to start using a Mu-tron. It's just incorporating it into the music, because you can always have the effects. You can't let it get the best of you because sometimes the shit can just go out of control. It's hard, though, because you've got so many things to think of at once. You have to really use your feet and both hands at the same time. It's a challenge to get it together.

Schaffer: Last April you said you were listening to a lot of bebop ...

Brecker: I'm still into it, but I am also into listening to electronic music and guitar players. I learn a lot from just listening to the guitar players. Mike Mandel offers a lot for your ears. He's using the ARP Odyssey syn-



By Jim Schaffer

thesizer now and Larry wants to get one, too.

Schaffer: Do you think schools should offer courses in this kind of sound equipment?

Brecker: Yes, it's definitely important as far as the music world and music business in the mid-20th century is concerned. It's really a large part of today's musical life. When you go into a studio, you just have to know about the board and the technique of recording. Audio Research in New York and the Free School have some courses on studio techniques which encompass all sounds. I don't really know too much about

what is going on in music education but I'm sure sooner or later they'll get around to that, if they haven't already.

Schaffer: Have you noticed any difference in audience response? What seems to be your impression of their musical taste?

Brecker: I haven't been doing the college concert circuit that much in the last couple of years. But I notice now a big difference as far as what people are diggin'. They seem to be a lot more open as far as their taste. It probably has a lot to do with Mahavishnu. I think they opened a lot of doors to really good music. People want to hear guys that can really play. We were in Europe for three weeks and the response was great. We haven't really done that many big concerts yet, but judging just from the response we've been getting, there's a lot of open doors as far as the public is concerned. I just hope it keeps going in that direction. It seems that in all these little college towns there's always a club; there's a lot of new clubs and shit opening around the country. They're always packed, man, it's unbelievable. We played a place in Ann Arbor recently, it was packed.

Schaffer: Do you find yourself playing for more of a rock audience?

Brecker: It's really hard to define what the audiences are these days, I mean, it's just like I was saying with the music, musicians hate to put boundaries on their music. It's the same with the audiences, now. People are diggin' the music, and I'm glad they're there. Basically, it's a younger audience, I guess it's always been like that, younger people come out to hear the music. I was talking to Alphonse about his stint with McCoy. He said that it was a young audience most of the time. Young people are really picking up on bebop and jazz, now.

Schaffer: Do you feel you're writing more because the other cats in the band are also expanding their energy in writing?

Brecker: Yeah, Larry's wide open to everyone else's capabilities, although he is the leader and has the last word. He's anxious for everyone to contribute, and it's also just a matter of luck, I guess. It happens that what everybody writes fits into what the band is all about. So it's working out very well. We have a new album due out in December (on Vanguard), and I think it came out pretty good. We did it right after the band was formed. We just rehearsed, did a gig, and did the album.

Our music seems to grow everyday, so I hope we eventually can do a live album with this band. In person we stretch out a lot more than on record, because of recording time limitations and such. But we did capture a good cross section of what the band is about. The other good thing about the band is that everybody's writing for it and it really works out well. We've got unlimited material now. Each person's tunes are so different from the next guy's, but somehow it all comes together when we play—it still sounds like the same band. Alphonse has been writing a lot, he's got a whole bunch of new things. Creatively, it's a great thing for me, I really get a chance to do a lot of the things I have been wanting to do for a while. I really dig being, like, the only horn—trumpet and guitar. There are some drawbacks to using just electric trumpet, but the drawbacks are made up by other good points, although ideally I'd like to be able to hear my natural sound and the electric sound, which doesn't happen too often. It all depends on the PA.

The only problem I foresee is that I still want to do my own record; now I've got to figure something else to do (laughing). Because this, basically, is the instrumentation I wanted to use and the same basic players. You can't ask for much more. Right now I just want to keep playing, writing and experimenting with this shit—because it has unlimited capabilities.

RECORD REVIEWS

Ratings are:

***** excellent, **** very good,
*** good, ** fair, * poor

THELONIOUS MONK

SOMETHING IN BLUE—Black Lion BL 30119
*Blue Sphere, Hackensack, Nice Work If You Can
Get It, Criss Cross, Something in Blue, Evidence,
Jackie-ing, Nutty.*

Personnel: Monk, piano; Al McKibbon, bass; Art
Blakey, drums.

Have you heard the one about the sixth Marx Brother? Thelonio. He taught Chico how to play piano. The brothers wanted him to come out to Hollywood with them but Thelonio refused because they wouldn't let him dance in their movies. So Thelonio journeyed to the Land of OO BLA DEE where he was told, "You'll be one of us!" "In that case," the young man replied, "I'll call myself ThelonioUS!" He then changed his last name to Monk because he was beginning to feel like a High Priest. It's all true folks, and you won't read about it in Feather.

If I think of Monk as a great comedian it's not because his music is merely crafty or amusing or parodic or joocular, though it is all of that, but because he is genuinely funny, a great wit like Wilde or Dorothy Parker or Groucho. There aren't many like that in music; Haydn, Ives, Fats Waller, Rollins—how many others?

This is not to say that Monk isn't also deadily serious, melancholy, romantic, nostalgic and soulful. He is all of that and more. He is—as a Blue Note cover once pointed out—a genius. And those of you have been mouthing Monk's obit, just because of a few bizarre records he made for Columbia, should dig this session, made in '71, when he was in splendid, bemused form, virtually chuckling over his cleverness.

McKibbon is dependably steady and discrete and Blakey plays well, though not always as sharp as usual. This record is less the long awaited Monk-Blakey reunion than an excellent affirmation of unique, untarnished Monk.

There are so many delights, every listening reveals new touches and new ways to hear them. *Sphere* is a mini-masterpiece, a distillation of Monkishness: 2 choruses over suspended time, 5 stompers, then two more suspended. *Hackensack* is not as mathematically perfect as on the Columbia *Criss-Cross* LP, but this is a superb performance, the theme beautifully orchestrated with Blakey. The third bridge is itself a marvel of simple perfection. Monk is in a Gershwin mood, maybe because of McKibbon's hints, and he jabs at *Lady Be Good*, intimating phrases and then running away from them. Similarly on *Evidence*, he goes back to *Just You*.

The Gershwin feeling is pursued with the record's one standard, *Nice Work*. (A second record from this session also has one Gershwin among all Monk originals.) Dig the poetic way he opens his second chorus and the way it is entirely contradicted by the abnormal coda. *Nutty* is straight, swinging Monk. *Jackie-ing* begins in a somber, noble cast of mind but a curious "p-link" at the end of a phrase leads you to expect anything, and in no time the right

hand steals off from the stentorian register and twinkles off to nursery school.

On *Criss Cross*, where the bridge is ingeniously telescoped back into the A section, the spare tones Monk plays with his left hand practically make for a skeletal solo.

The title work is a masterfully-played, even-tempered blues workout with a repeated tag line. It bears something of a relationship to his Riverside recording, *Functional*. While ultimately less creative than the earlier work, *Something* is deeply felt, engrossing and more aggressive. In short, some first-rate Monk here.

—giddins

HAL GALPER

INNER JOURNEY—Mainstream 398: *Inner Journey, Invitation To Openness, P.M. In The A.M., Joy Ride, My Funny Valentine, Taking The Coltrane, Wandering Spirit.*

Personnel: Galper, piano; Dave Holland, bass; Bill Goodwin, drums.

***½

Holland is a beautiful bassist; he solos in each piece, and each solo is a purely musical gem, precisely conceived, flowing, and fully sophisticated without the dramatic pyrotechnics that seem to drain so many present-day bassists. His solos in the first two tracks, in fact, are model works—but after all, this is a trio, and since the bass was recorded distinctly atop the weak drummer and the forceful pianist, the group's balance is quite distorted. Like most Mainstream records, the double-fold album has photos of the musicians wearing earmuffs; like too many Mainstream albums, the engineering job sounds like it was earmuffed. Get with it, guys.

Galper, the main man, is a proud step ahead in the honorable tradition of eclectic band pianists. His attack is strong, Tyner-like, heavy on the beat; his ideas are drawn (despite the Tyner-inspired rhythmic emphasis) from mid-'50s bop through the jazz mainstream to the Yale Don Pullen. There's no contrived funk b.s. and a minimum of mechanical harmonizing and romantic impressionism to confuse his point of view. In fact, his obviously set approach to *Valentine* is a purposeful denial of sentimentality, mood-setting, and respect for a popular but musically flaccid standard. His technique is expansive, his assimilation of several piano styles is impressive: this is a facile, tough-minded player.

But Galper's melodic imagination is limited; promising ideas tend to tail off in development (even *Joy Ride* and *Spirit* dissipate their original energy), and the title track particularly implies a lack of faith in his own perceptions. It's as if Galper has consciously staked his claim within the jazz mainstream but then shied away from a truly positive commitment. It's all interesting music, and it'll be especially interesting to hear how it is going to develop.

—litweiler

GARY SARACHO

EN MEDIO—Impulse AS-9247: *Sunday's Church, Happy, Sad, Rose For A Lady, Senor Baker, Conquest De Mejico.*

Personnel: Saracho, piano, Fender/Rhodes electric piano; Bruce Morgenthaler, acoustic & electric bass; Lawrence "Patience" Higgins, soprano & tenor saxophones; Roberto Miranda, acoustic bass; Jeffrey Bahir Hassan, drums; Carmelo Garcia, timbales, congas, bongos; Owen Marshall, oboe & percussion.

On track 2, Marvin Pallat, violin. On track 4, James Herndon, guitar.

*****½

Chick Corea and other composers influenced by Brazilian music have opened up a new world of jazz expression that is now attracting other talented musicians. Pianist Gary Saracho, part of this new breed, is an exciting composer whose style reflects an emerging

synthesis of formal composed music with an impressionistic solo style.

Like Corea and Herbie Hancock, Saracho's music is highly intentional—even what is left to chance is left that way intentionally. In contrast to the constrictions of big band jazz (which is also composed and scored), this music has an individualistic character that permits a great deal of freedom. This is due, in part, to the unstylized nature of the compositions; all the horn parts don't sound alike, for example, and commercial imitation, common among the big bands, seems unlikely to develop here.

Sunday's Church, a beautiful sampler of moods, is a fresh structural design of different themes and progressions. The cement that holds it all together is the group's tastefulness and the fact that everybody listens before they blow.

Happy, Sad has the quality of a modern folk song with hints of Keith Jarrett and Denny Zeitlin influences. The texture of the piano arpeggios blended with Pallat's superb violin make this piece truly memorable. Five full stars for this one.

Saracho's group does suffer a little from inexperience. Higgins' tenor solo on *Rose For a Lady* isn't quite strong enough, although his ideas show a clarity of purpose and exceptional taste. Compared to the other numbers, *Conquest De Mejico* and *Senor Baker* are both disappointing. Herndon's guitar, distorted with ugly tones, contributes to the problem: an overdose of repetition and a loss of the strong direction that mark the other compositions. But with a little more time and studio experience, the powerful dynamic forces already present here should mature into an important synthesis of Latin, American, and Afro-American jazz elements.

—kriss

DENNY ZEITLIN

EXPANSION—Double Helix Records: *El Fuego de las Montañas (The Fire from the Mountains), The Wheel, Déjà Vu, On Air, A Scarf in the Air, Vertical Horizons, Wind-Borne.*

Personnel: Zeitlin, acoustic and electric piano, clavinet, organ, melodica, Arp synthesizer, miscellaneous electronics, African thumb pianos, tambourine, George Marsh, percussion, prepared Buchla synthesizer (last track); Mel Graves, acoustic and electric bass.

Denny Zeitlin explains quite thoroughly on the liner notes what his musical endeavors have been for the past five years. Written notes are always helpful (especially when they're by the artist in question). Unfortunately, the notes sometimes exceed the musical product within the sleeve. But in this case, it's definitely the other way around.

The music on these two sides could easily have been expanded into a full six, for Zeitlin's creativity seems too immense for the brief 58 minutes presented here. The approach Zeitlin, Marsh and Graves take toward time signatures reveals shadings of an "extremely" together Don Ellis band. And what's more beautiful about this album is that it's only a trio.

Zeitlin uses the synthesizer technically better than most players on today's scene, to say nothing about his talents on clavinet, acoustic piano, and organ. Side one opens with *El Fuego de las Montañas*, which to me is Zeitlin's definition of contemporary rock music. Damn, now if only other musicians felt, heard, and played rock like this, our culture and AM radio would be much better off.

El Fuego blends nicely (as each tune does) into the next. Within *The Wheel* the initial free improvisation slides into a classical feeling section with bassist Graves bowing and drummer

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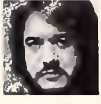


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*** #1-38th Down Beat Readers Poll**

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Jr., Alto & Soprano Sax
 **Paul Desmond, Alto Sax**
Jackie Cain & Roy Kral, Vocal
 **Bob James, Piano & Organ**
Arranger-Conductor

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Marsh playing "thru" the changes. *Déjà Vu* and *On Air* feature delicate acoustic piano, along with some very swinging 4/4 (jazz, perhaps???) which progresses into another, altogether different, 4/4 signature. Electric piano, at times sounding like a wailing guitar, helps along the changes.

Side two highlights *A Scarf in the Air*, a tune with a purely classical edge and with the strength and power that many of today's musicians are after, but, most often, do not obtain. Dr. Zeitlin, who has been laying back practicing medicine, definitely has not forgotten his woodshedding, either, 'cause he cooks whether it's classical, bebop, progressive, avant-garde or contemporary rock.

A special note to Mel Graves and George Marsh, who definitely FEEL the same as Zeitlin. Their intuitive playing makes you think they've been together for years, which they have, but this is really an exception (or is it *Expansion?*). What we have here, to put it simply, is a masterpiece of rhythmic timing and energy. The musical concept is one that will give your turntable and ears a workout, 'cause this album is a mutha!

Write to db on obtaining this disc.

—schaffer

FRANK ZAPPA AND THE MOTHERS

OVER-NITE SENSATION—DiscReet MS 2149:
Camarillo Brillo; I'm The Slime; Dirty Love; Fifty-Fifty; Zomby Woof; Dinah Moe Humm; Montana.

Personnel: Zappa, guitar, vocals; George Duke, keyboards, synthesizer; Ian Underwood, flute, clarinet, alto, tenor; Ruth Underwood, marimba, vibes, percussion; Jean-Luc Ponty, violin, baritone violin; Sal Marquez, trumpet, vocals; Bruce Fowler, trombone; Tom Fowler, bass; Ralph Humphrey, drums; Kin Vassy, vocals; Ricky Lancelotti, vocals.

★★★½

Frank Zappa's voice has been characterized as "thickly deliberate, like a 45 rpm record played at 33-1/3. It makes him seem supremely dispassionate." Quite true, yet Zappa's not so supremely dispassionate that he wipes out the machismo undercurrent that turns everything he says into slurping, slimey obscenities. Whether he's talking about "movin' to Montana soon/Just to raise up a crop of Dental Floss," or such a mundane act as "getting' a cuppa sawfee," Zappa is the self-conscious master of the intentionally perverse.

On *Over-night Sensation*, Zappa's vocal chords, as well as his soiled mind, are stripped bare for public inspection (injection?). This actually (can you believe it) is an album of tightly-structured tunes, heavy with lead vocals and "100,000 girl back-up singers (assorted) who sing in a trained manner and get funky on command" (cf. *The Legend of Cleetus Awreetus-Awrightus*). Zappa takes tracheal honors on most of the cuts, but lets Ricky Lancelotti have the spotlight on *Fifty-Fifty*. Lancelotti unleashes like an R&B screamer who suddenly has been transmogrified into a crazed social-deviant—a perfect contrast for the more calculating Zappa, who comes across like Wolfman Jack dressed in a Brooks Bros. suit and with a facsimile of a brain in his noggin.

There's no pretentious concept behind the various tunes; just lots of electronically-twisted guitar runs, burning baritone violin, and a maze of sound colors/textures that pop in and out of the total picture without rhyme (but definitely with reason). Fowler's trombone, Marquez' trumpet, and especially the massively creative keyboard work of George Duke add depth and side-line humor to the overall X-rated script.

Compared to all the schlock being vomited onto the market these days, *Over-night Sensa-*

tion is a glass of quality cognac. Compared to past Zappa-Mother achievements (*Hot Rats*, *Grand Wazoo*, *Freak Out*, etc.). *Over-night Sensation* is a bottle of Ripple (remember that?). Something to be chugged in a moment of light-headedness. After repeated listenings, a tune like *Dinah-Moe Humm*, with its overbearing Mailer macho, begins to nauseate like a glut of cheap wine. But in moderation, even a 98c fifth of Red Ripple can satisfy. —townley

CHARLES MCPHERSON

TODAY'S MAN—Mainstream MRL 395: *Charisma; Invitation; Naima; Bell Bottoms; Stranger In Paradise; Cheryl.*

Personnel: McPherson, alto saxophone; Barry Harris, piano; Lawrence Evans, bass; Billy Higgins, drums; Richard Williams, Cecil Bridgewater, trumpet & fluegelhorn; Frank Wess, flute & tenor saxophone; Chris Woods, flute & baritone saxophone; Julius Watkins, French horn; Garnett Brown, trombone.

★★★½

For hard-swinging, straight ahead jazz, McPherson is a fine sax man. He isn't a revolutionary stylist on the alto, but his solos shine with a full mainstream tone and post-bebop melodic phrases. McPherson's tone lacks a certain softness, but he actually turns that to his advantage. He blows out front like a big band soloist and—with professional savvy—manages to get in the right licks during the tightly defined series of choruses.

This session swings but the backup tends to be too controlled. On Coltrane's *Naima*, for example, the trumpet solo (Williams, I presume) never breaks through, the message never reaches past the rhythm of the arrangement. Barry Harris, a funky pianist with a veteran's technique, does come up with a few ideas, strongly presented, but most fade away undeveloped, the victim of the time-controlled studio band arrangement. Perhaps it is just the general conservatism that prevents this album from really taking off. McPherson definitely has got the ability to step out and take a few more chances. —kris

PAUL GONSALVES/ RAY NANCE

JUST SITTING AND A ROCKIN'—Black Lion BL 191: *B.P. Blues; Lotus Blossom; Don't Blame Me; Just a Sittin' and a Rockin'; Hi Ya Sue; Angel Eyes; I'm In the Market For You; Tea for Two.*

Personnel: Gonsalves, tenor sax; Nance, trumpet, violin, vocal; Norris Turney, alto sax; Hank Jones or Raymond Fol, piano; Al Hall, bass; Oliver Jackson, drums.

★★★½

"Ray Nance never played a bad note in his life," says Mr. Ellington. For that matter, do Ellingtonians ever make bad records? Oh, some are not as good as others, the masterpieces may be balanced by relative disappointments, and I don't care for some of the singers in that circle, but *BAD?* As in boring, tasteless or uninteresting? I don't think so.

The title here is apt. This is a very relaxed, gently swinging session, almost self-effacing in the musicians' insouciant refusal to call attention to themselves, other than by the obvious merit of their art. It is particularly welcome because we rarely get to hear, on records, Paul outside of the band and Ray at all.

Some highlights: Gonsalves' sensuous, breathy, fragile reading of Strayhorn's lovely *Lotus Blossom*; his Websterish blues-building on *Sue*; his conversion of *Tea* into an understated swinger, with a touch of *Peanut Vendor* yet. Then there's Nance's trumpet and vocal on *Market*, both instruments joyously paying tribute to Louis; his violin on *Tea* his simply embellished chorus-and-a-half of *Don't*; his blues playing throughout; and Turney's soulful rendition of *Eves*. The rhythm is discrete, with



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Jones especially nice on *B.P. Mel-low*, as they
used to say. —giddins

DEWEY REDMAN

THE EAR OF THE BEHEARER—Impulse
AS-9250: *Innerconnection; Imani; Walls-Bridges;*
PS; Boody; Sunlanding; Image (In Disguise).

Personnel: Redman, alto and tenor sax, musette,
Ted Daniel, trumpet, Moroccan bugle; Jane
Robertson, cello; Sirone, bass, wood flute; Eddie
Moore, drums, saw, tympani, gong; Danny
Johnson, percussion.

★★★½

Besides a grasp of the Harmolodic Theory,
Dewey Redman has learned something else
from his former high school mate and present
mentor, Monsieur Coleman. He's learned how
to confuse critics. Whether you come away in-
vigorated, wasted out, or unaffected, Red-
man's uninhibited "sounds" will force you to
re-evaluate your stance.

The album's opener, *Innerconnections*, is
like a rushing warm-up exercise for the duple
voicings of the ensemble—double horns, string
instruments, dual percussion. Melodically
reminiscent of his work with Coleman, it is
richer harmonically. Frontline sections evoke
the searing, angular runs of Bird and Dizzy on
a tune like *Bebop*. *Imani* slows things down to a
grind—bowed bass, cello, crashing cymbals.
Redman switches here from alto to tenor. A
note of crushing weight, clothed in dull gray,
envelops the music, making one want to turn
from the sounds rather than to them. *PS* closes
the first side. Again slow and elongated, it is, in
Dewey's words, "a series of triplets, and it runs
forwards and backwards. . . ." With minor sec-
ond on top of minor second, the horns and
strings eke along. Underneath, establishing a
bottom, is the rumbling of Eddie Moore's
mallets as they roll off the tympani.

Much of the music here for "sounds" if you
prefer) is difficult to get into at first. One must
make the prior decision to take that extra
effort needed to realize Redman's brooding,
dark world. For, despite the melodic similar-
ities to Coleman, the music contains little of
Coleman's lyrical brightness. Perhaps the most
successful compositions are *Boody* and *Images*
(*In Disguise*). The first is an avant-gardist's in-
terpretation of a 12-bar blues, or, in this case,
Redman's Texas roots. Over 12 minutes, it
spans the gamut of blues styles, and, most im-
portantly, it has feeling, a hearth of warmth
that the other tunes lack. *Images* has Redman
featured on the double-reed musette, an in-
strument that goes back as far as 800 B.C. Ted
Daniel joins in on the Moroccan bugle. Red-
man codas the album with a screeching, upper-
register chorus that sounds like multiple in-
struments in ultra-violet harmony. (For more
on the dynamics of this form, see Bob Palmer's
Perspectives column elsewhere in this issue of
db.)

Each to his own, I found bassist Sirone (of
the Revolutionary Ensemble) extremely in-
ventive and appealing. Moore adds the right
amount of percussion at the right moments.
And I'm particularly glad to see Jane
Robertson engaging in some serious musical
endeavors; her cello definitely adds to the tex-
tures and colorations of the ensemble. Prob-
ably the thing that keeps me from getting
further into *Ear of the Behearer* is the eclectic
and ponderously uncompromising vision of
Redman himself. His pure sounds could have
been infused with a bit more feeling for this
finite behearer. —townley

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EARL HINES

TOUR DE FORCE—Black Lion BL 200: *When Your Lover Has Gone; Indian Summer; Mack The Knife; I Never Knew I Could Love Anybody; Say It Isn't So; Lonesome Road*.
Personnel: Hines, piano.

★★★★

The phenomenal imagination and creative energy that spell Earl Hines continue to astonish. This year—his 50th, at the very least, as a professional—has been one of the most productive in a recording career lavish with masterpieces. But even after *Hines Plays Hoagy* or the staggering *Quintessential Continued*, this new offering doesn't pale.

In the opening track, Hines gives us 6 minutes and 49 seconds of unrelenting passion and drive. Physically, a tour de force indeed, piano playing of a power and freedom matched by no living artist—spiritually, a trip to the ultimate heights. And if you want to get a little analytical, Hines does some contrapuntal stuff here I never heard from him before.

That isn't all, by any means. *Mack the Knife* offers further surprises—stride and locked hands, bell tones, tremolos, keyboard-wide runs: a panorama of pianistics, and all along, a stomping beat reflected in Fatha's well-recorded foot. *Lonesome Road* is another miracle.

No doubt, the very fine and perfectly-tuned grand piano and relaxed atmosphere of Hank O'Neal's studio contribute to the heights Hines seems to reach so consistently when he records there. But the essence is in the fingers and the mind of Earl Hines, so aptly dubbed "King of Freedom" by Dick Wellswood. Long may he reign!
—morgenstern

REV. GARY DAVIS

O, GLORY—Adelphi 1008: *Right Now; Sun Goin' Down; Lo, I'll Be With You Always; God Will Take Care of You; Mornin' Train; Birmingham Special; Out on the Ocean Sailing; Soon My Work Will All Be Done; O, Glory*.

Personnel: Davis, vocal, guitar, piano (track 4), harmonica (track 6), banjo (track 7); Larry Johnson, harmonica; Annie Davis, John Townley, Monica Boscia, Jerry Novac, Bobby Brooks, backup vocals.

★★★

Davis is such a popular cult figure with young folk music guitarists that the release of this album of pleasant but somewhat shaky performances should occasion no surprise: apparently there's a hardcore audience for anything he recorded. Considering his advanced age at the time of these 1969 recordings, Davis comes across nicely, singing and playing with a fair degree of his earlier power and vigor, only occasionally succumbing to hesitancy in the instrumental work and to breath and range problems in the vocals. Also the music's textures are attractively varied, what with Davis alternating his guitar work with a cut each on piano, banjo and harmonica; Larry Johnson backing sensitively on harmonica through most of the album; and backup voices added on a few tracks. The recording is first-rate too.

While these performances are nowhere near as forceful, assured or exciting as Davis' earlier recordings, made when he was in his vigorous prime, the album does provide a nice, well-rounded introduction to his distinctive music-making for those who do not have access to those earlier and much more important recordings. Longtime Davis collectors will already have stronger, more definitive

performances of most of this material. For example, I have a dozen Davis albums in my collection and, on the basis of the duplicated repertoire and diminished force of these performances, I'd have to rate this set somewhere in the bottom third of those recordings.
—welding

DON BYAS

ANTHROPOLOGY—Black Lion BL 160: *Anthropology; Moonlight In Vermont; Billie's Bounce; Night In Tunisia; Don't Blame Me*.

Personnel: Byas, tenor sax; Bent Axen, piano; Niels-Henning Orsted Pederson, bass; William Schioppfe, drums. ★★★★★_{1/2}

The several recordings Byas made in Europe in the early '60s—particularly this and a session with Bud Powell that Columbia is sitting on—suggest that the master saxophonist was doing some of his best work since the halcyon years of the '40s. To be sure, his sound is apt to waver on the flat side, he's a bit strident and there's some meandering that the earlier Byas couldn't have used. But he swings harder than ever, plays with vigor and ideas that belie his Swing-Era credentials, and there is not a whit of the sentimentality he was heir to when Chu Berry was a more decisive influence.

I wonder how much Sonny Rollins may have learned from Don; they both share in the ability to create propulsive, brittle-dry improvisations that range all over the horn with rhythmic rather than melodic motive. And maybe Byas had been listening to Sonny in these years.

This session was recorded live in Copenhagen with a superior European rhythm section and as the tunes indicate, it was a bop-

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conscious, high-voltage evening. Axen is a talented Bud Powell disciple who comps busily but gets off fine solos. Pederson is strong and Schioppa is adequate (though how one wishes Kenny Clarke could have been there!)

Highlights are the title track and *Don't Blame Me*. On the first, Byas is frantic, jumping into a well-constructed first chorus, working over some of his favorite lines, playing with force and creativity. He thinks in terms of 8-bar phrases but is so vigorous at it that one never thinks of him as less than modern. His sound also speaks of modernity. Axen has his best solo here and Byas must have dug it because he jumps in on it furiously, leading into a bass-tenor then drums-tenor interlude and a wild close.

Don't is classically played, the exposition melodic and sensitive, the variations determined and beautiful. *Moonlight* is almost as good and is colored with brief but stunning doubling. The length waters down the net effect, however.

Billie's gives Byas a chance at the blues and he has several explosive moments with enough surprises to hold interest. There is a little incoherence—a problem more evident on the uneven *Tunisia*—but if one chorus goes down predictably the next is sure to wake you up. Axen does very well here. He builds his first chorus entirely on the last phrase Byas drops. Throughout the set, one gets the definite feeling that Don enjoyed playing that evening.

For a sampling of late Byas, this is certainly a valuable issue. —giddins

SUGARCANE HARRIS

CUP FULL OF DREAMS—BASF MPS-21792: *Runnin' Away*, *Hattie's Bathub*, *Bad Feet*, *Cup Full of Dreams*, *Generation of Vipers*.

Personnel: Don "Sugarcane" Harris, violin; Dewey Terry, electric piano, percussion; Randy Resnik, guitar, shanna; mystery guest (Harvey Mandel), guitar; Victor Conte, Jr., bass guitar; Larry Taylor, bass guitar; Paul Lagos, drums; Johnny Hodges, Jr., drums; Richard Aplanalp, tenor saxophone

★★★★

A *Cup Full of Dreams* spillth over the turntable and onto my new wool carpet. But it doesn't matter, for the blue-coated dreams—like ethereal, acrobatic dances—are a wonder to behold. This session, Sugarcane's first since the needless dissolution of the Pure Food and Drug Act, heralds a new plateau for the legendary fiddler.

Despite his recent image as a rock musician, Sugarcane is most at home swinging consistently in the Afro-realms of jazz and r&b. His rock ventures forsook his unmistakable blues-tone for a frenzied dissonance that occasionally reached peaks of stinging ecstasy; but more often than not it sounded strained and a bit disagreeable to the ear. On *Cup Full of Dreams*, he has returned to his roots or, flipping the coin, progressed to a more natural groove. The result is an LP that captures the swinging (that word keeps cropping up—perhaps due to the Stuff Smith-Stephen Grappelli flavor in his playing), improvisational essence of jazz as well as the energy of rock and the soulful feel of the best r&b.

The album opens with Sugarcane at his most relaxed, and brings to mind his lyrical interpretation of Horace Silver's *Song for my Father* on *Sugarcane's Got the Blues* (BASF 21283). Next, on *Hattie's Bathub*, he offers us a special treat by multi-overdubbing of his violin, and finally, on *Bad Feet*, takes off on an aerial flight to rival Daedalus. The title cut, over 14 minutes, dominates the second side. Like a human organism, the band breathes and throbs to one rhythmic pulse; yet each musician has his own distinctive role to fulfill with-

in the whole.

Excepting Aplanalp, the sidemen all have been in bands with Sugarcane at one time or another, and know his style well (Dewey Terry is the other half of the famous Don & Dewey team). Of the guitarists, Resnik takes the more harmonic jazz-styled solos on *Runnin' Away* and *Cup Full of Dreams*, and Mandel, the fuzzy, rock-toned leads on the remaining cuts. Lagos is the drummer on *Bad Feet* and the extended title cut, while the son of the late, great Johnny Hodges pushes things along (albeit sporadically) on the other three tunes. The title cut, easily the most adventuresome piece on the album and certainly its highlight, features Richard Aplanalp, late of the Buddy Miles Express, on some stretched-out tenor solos, and Resnik following with eerie non-tempered whines on the Shanna (a double-reed Indian recorder equivalent to the English shawm). By the way, it should be noted with much regret that none of this information is available on the LP's list of sidemen, as it's riddled with omissions and mistakes.

Each time I'm confronted with a new Sugarcane album, I get this feeling inside of me that says it's going to be a rehash of his past material, and each time, I'm proven wrong. Frankly, I am never so glad to be wrong in my life. —townley

MICHAEL SMITH

REFLECTION ON PROGRESS—Danish Storyville SLP 1006: *Tempus Edax Rerum* (Time Is the Consumer of All Things); *Reflection on Progress*; *Agreement III* (A Tribute To Paul Bley); *Sunny Day*; *TIT*; *Nevenka*; *Dianoia To Nous* (A Tribute to Anthony Braxton, George Russell & Maurice Nicoll)

Personnel: Smith, piano; Kent Carter, bass; Laurence Cook, drums; Ivan Krilizarin, percussion, flute

★★★★½

While you probably haven't heard of Michael Smith till now, you *ought* to hear a lot more of him.

You should know that Smith comes from Kentucky ("where art was considered sinful"), that he plays jazz piano with little allusion to other pianists, that he swings with a free-flowing sense and that he's most inventive. If you have to place him stylistically, Smith would fall somewhere between Paul Bley and Cecil Taylor, drawing on neither to any great degree. He's an eclectic in the best sense of the word—his playing covers a broad range of colors and moods.

Smith apparently had to go to Europe to get recorded. He, like too many non-established white jazzmen, has probably had great difficulty getting anywhere with his music in America. Enough said about that.

The sidemen do what's needed here, contributing strongly without interfering with Smith's directions. Carter is particularly stimulating. And speaking of Smith, whatever happened to Lowell Davidson and Valdo Williams? —smith

ERIC KLOSS

ONE, TWO, FREE—Muse 5019: *One, Two, Free*; *Elegy*; *The Wizard*; *It's Too Late*; *Licea*

Personnel: Kloss, alto saxophone; Pat Martino, guitar; Ron Thomas, electric piano, tambourine; Dave Holland, bass; Ron Krasicinski, drums

★★★★

Eric Kloss is one of those players whom one suspects is as much influenced by tenors and trumpets as by other alto players. His sound is biting, coarse and hard like Jackie McLean, Gary Bartz or even Oliver Nelson when he chooses to play alto. In other words, he approaches the instrument in a non-traditional manner—his playing has a gutsy cutting edge

and muscle. It gets to you immediately.

Although Kloss is still in his early twenties, this is his 12th album and it is an exemplary showcase of his virtuosity as a player and composer. It also reveals his tremendous feeling for melody, especially evident in his tune *Licea*.

The first side of the LP is devoted to a three-part suite with sections contributed by Kloss, Martino and Thomas. It begins with Kloss's piece *One, Two, Free*, a composition anchored to a heavy, almost monotonal rhythmic bass line, then moves into *Elegy* and *Wizard*, which brings music that is brooding, melancholy, then rocking and finally free. The work includes an intense and fiery alto-drum duet.

Kloss' treatment of Carole King's *It's Too Late* is great. He manages an original and swinging interpretation of one of those pop tunes that has a potential for becoming a musical cliché.

One, Two, Free is a well-balanced album, one that can be listened to over and over again.

—nolan

JOE ALBANY

PROTO-BOPPER—Revelation Records REV-16: *When Lights Are Low*; *Our Love Affair Is Over*; *You Don't Know What Love Is*; *For Heaven's Sake*; *Gettin' Sentimental Over You*; *Yardbird Suite*; *Imagination*; *Like Someone In Love*; *C.C. Rider*; *You're Blase*; *Suddenly, It's Spring*

Personnel: Albany, piano; Bob Whitlock, bass; Jerry McKenzie, drums

On last track, Nick Martinis replaces McKenzie.

★★★★½

Back in 1943, way before integration became common in jazz circles, a white pianist named Joe Albany joined Benny Carter's all-black band on the West Coast. Albany played in an unassuming style with a deceptive charm that earned him a solid reputation among the bebop underground. Charlie Parker praised him and Lester Young featured him on an early recording date in 1946, but somehow Albany never received much public acclaim. Part of the reason, no doubt, stems from his own reclusiveness and excessive modesty about his ability.

Although he was an important stylist of the '40s, Albany didn't record at length until 1957, and then only by accident when Riverside Records taped him during a living room rehearsal with tenor saxophonist Warne Marsh. The fidelity of that '57 release left much to be desired, with fade-outs used to eliminate conversations and breaks; yet Albany's playing displayed a remarkable sensitivity.

Now, more than 30 years after first arriving on the bebop scene, Albany has recorded some excellent examples of his jazz style. Influenced by the "linear harmonic" school of pianists—Earl Hines, Art Tatum, Bud Powell—Albany plays long solo lines in the true bop idiom. Unlike so many white beboppers, Albany is not obsessed by the technical aspects of the music to the exclusion of the overall feeling. His solos flow effortlessly; the harmonic complexity is made to sound simple, not tedious (like a textbook rendition of a bop number would be). *When Lights Are Low*, Benny Carter's swinging tune, really moves here with a rich vitality, while Parker's *Yardbird Suite* features dynamic right hand lines that bop imitators can never master.

The graceful bop ballad, a form that is almost extinct today, is still a part of Albany's repertoire. *C.C. Rider*, the old blues number, is performed with great harmonic imagination, as fresh as if it just floated out of a 1948 New York uptown bar. Every selection is a magical trip through the bopper era, without sentimentality, by a man who contributed to it. —kriss

BUDDY COLLETTE

NOW AND THEN—Legend LGS 1004: *Fun City*; *Veda*; *Safari West*; *J. Power Buzzard*; *Now And Then*; *Shatara*; *Andre*.

Personnel: Collette, flute, alto and tenor saxophones; Al Aarons, trumpet; Grover Mitchell, trombone; Al Viola, guitar.

On tracks 1, 3 & 6, Red Callender, tuba; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Frank Severino, drums.

On tracks 2, 4, 5 & 7, Callender, bass; Frank Chavez, drums.

★★★★½

Buddy Collette is heavily involved in teaching, composing and session work around Los Angeles these days, and he doesn't turn up very often as a leader on his own recording date. So when an album comes along with Collette's name in bold letters on the front, it might be classified as sort of a musical event.

The reason for this particular event is a new independent label called Legend which has signed on a group of musicians who have apparently been busy in the studio in recent months. Along with the release of Collette's LP came Legend records by Aarons, Vinnegar, Callender and Viola. If *Now and Then* is typical of the Legend product, great; it is well recorded and tastefully packaged and produced.

Collette's album is very relaxed and mellow. The music—most of it composed by Collette—is unpretentious and cool. Of course, Collette's hauntingly warm flute dominates. There is no mistaking that sound that has been heard over the years in diverse settings from Benny Carter and Chico Hamilton groups to Thelonious Monk and Charles Mingus.

Now And Then should satisfy Buddy Collette fans and bring him some new ones. —nolan

SUN RA AND HIS ARKESTRA

PICTURES OF INFINITY—Black Lion 106: *Somewhere There*; *Outer Spaceways Incorporated*; *Saturn*; *Song of the Sparer*; *Spontaneous Simplicity*.

Personnel: Ra, piano, clavichord; Akh Taj Ebah, Kwame Hadi, trumpet and drums; Ali Hassan, Teddy Nance, trombone and drums; Bernard Pettaway, trombone; John Gilmore, tenor sax, drums; Robert Cummings, bass clarinet; Danny Davis, alto sax, flute; Marshall Allen, alto sax, flute, oboe, drums; Pat Patrick, baritone sax, flute, drums; Ronnie Boykins, bass; Nimrod Hunt, drums; James Jackson, drums, flute; Clifford Jarvis, percussion.

★★★★½

I might as well start somewhere, so:

An inordinate share of *Somewhere There* is given over to a drum solo distinguished primarily by its length. Nearly everyone on the band is listed as a drummer, which makes it difficult to assign credit for this creation, but Hunt seems to be the main drummer. He is fast and has extraordinary facility with the bass drum pedal. Those qualities apply to any number of drummers with more to say, however, and I hope to never hear any of them in solo for a quarter of an hour, either. Before and after the drum solo there is group improvisation of infuriating intensity; infuriating because the prodigious expenditure of energy is wasted. "They sound like beginners," said my 9-year-old son, a critique with which I cannot argue and one which applies to much of the free ensemble work here.

Sun Ra's written ensembles are another matter. The writing on *Saturn* and *Song Of The Sparer* is unusually lovely. His use of a floating flute lead over slightly dissonant voicings in *Sparer* is uniquely Sun Ra. *Saturn*, after a mysterious vamp introduction, is nothing

more or less than your typical A-A-B-A bebop tune, richly scored. It has a tenor solo, presumably by Gilmore, that is nothing less than superb. The top cymbal accompaniment is sparkling and propulsive; a drummer who can swing that way behind a horn player doesn't need to solo.

Other nice moments: a calm and beautifully-intoned flute solo (Allen?) on *Simplicity*; Ronnie Boykins' walking bass solo on *Saturn*; Pat Patrick's gorgeous baritone sound in the section; and Sun Ra's piano solos. His playing is stimulating on the attractively simple *Outer Spaceways* and on *Simplicity*, a mildly Latin vamp. The piano tradition that embraces Duke Ellington, Tadd Dameron and Thelonious Monk can be heard in his playing and, for that matter, in his writing. I, for one, would be gratified to hear more of his playing and fewer of the frenzied, athletic saxophone solos that keep showing up on his records (Gilmore excepted).

Cleverly hidden within the dazzling space ship operated by Sun Ra is a bebop band yearning to wail. Whatever the leader's inclination toward free jazz, mysticism and interplanetary love vibrations, he could profitably mine the vein opened on *Saturn* without fear of sounding old hat; his ingenious writing and solid musical resources preclude that danger, if it is a danger. Since the time of this recording (1968), Sun Ra has gone even further out... electronically assisted... and we may never again hear from him a down-the-middle swinger like *Saturn*. That's a good reason to have this record. —ramsey

CLEO LAINE

I AM A SONG—RCA LPL 1-5000: *I'm Gonna Sit Right Down And Write Myself A Letter*; *Early Autumn*; *Friendly Persuasion*; *There Is A Time*; *Day When The World Comes Alive*; *I Am A Song*; *It Might As Well Be Spring*; *Music*; *But Not For Me*; *Two-Part Invention*; *Talk To Me Baby*; *Thieving Boy*; *Hi-Heel Sneakers*.

Personnel: Laine, vocals; John Dankworth, alto; unidentified orchestra.

★★★★

Cleo Laine is many things—an actress, a singer who is at home with all types of material from Weill, pop and Bach to jazz, and an object of devotion for a large dedicated camp music crowd. But above all she is a vocalist whose multi-octave range puts her in the elite company of people like Morgana King and Eva Sumac.

As a jazz singer Ms. Laine has been highly underrated especially in the United States, where she is not as well known as she is in Europe. This is perhaps due to the fact that her broad and varied musical background has never been limited to one area of music; however, a jazz singer she is and a damn good one.

I Am A Song is not an album tied to one kind of music but a record that attempts to appeal to all of Cleo Laine's diverse audiences. The tunes range from show tunes and jazz to an overworked thing like *Hi-Heel Sneakers*. It's a fine showcase for Ms. Laine's unique style and voice, but perhaps some listeners would have been more satisfied if the record had not tried to cover so much ground in its effort to be everybody's Cleo Laine.

Especially appealing, though, are the cuts that match her voice with husband Dankworth's alto; it's a beautiful sound.

If you haven't heard Cleo Laine this LP is a good place to start. —nolan

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CARN

DOUG

JEAN



Doug Carn and his wife Jean represent a new breed of black artist. With roots that spread as wide as r&b, gospel, dance band music, bebop, and rock, they are attempting a unique fusion of styles. At once highly spiritual while commercially palatable, their music is speaking seriously to a mass audience. Doug had an organ trio LP on Savoy some years ago. Today, he has three critically successful albums available on Black Jazz Records. On each of them, Jean adds her strong, lyrical vibrato. Doug Carn plays the Hammond B-3 organ, the Moog synthesizer, and electric and acoustic pianos, besides composing music and lyrics.

JUDSON BROWN

I moved to California in '69 in order to play more jazz. I was in Atlanta and I had all the jazz gigs played out. It's funny, man, places that you wouldn't consider centers of jazz and music had their own little periods of history, of development and decline for jazz gigs. Even some small places in Florida. So jazz gigs had been played out in Atlanta. I was living there, but traveling to Birmingham on weekends just to keep a jazz gig. When that played out, I either could have gone back to Florida, gone to New York, or split to California. I wouldn't say I was scared of New York. Being born there, I have a certain love for the city; plus I knew most of the important musicians lived there. But I really couldn't deal with all the cold weather and hassles. So when a friend of mine said things were starting to happen in California, and why didn't I join him out there, I went.

I was heading an organ trio out on the coast at the time I met Gene Russell (executive producer of Black Jazz Records). During the same period, I was working on the concept of using a voice with the group, in the manner that I'm now doing.

The human voice is a part of the total spectrum of musical textures and colors, when you think about it. In terms of different sound qualities, you've got percussion, you've got strings, woodwinds, brass. Now you've got electronic music. But you've also got the human voice, you dig? But what has happened is that forms of music, even contemporary classical music, haven't had compatible vocalists. This is especially true of improvisational music. In jazz, the music evolved to the point where singers couldn't keep up unless some of the musicians taught them how to cope with the form. Now, I think some vocalists are catching up.

The reason why I employ lyrics is to get people to understand what I feel the music is all about. They might not be sensitive enough to extract the meaning from the music alone. Also, they might never get the chance to hear the music because it doesn't have a commercial aspect added to it, like the human voice or a guitar or an electric

bass. What I did was try to find an aspect of commercialism that wouldn't destroy the spiritual qualities of the music.

Music is in a transitional period. The reason why we have a whole lot of different things happening is because we don't yet have a name that's adequate. All music, I believe, is evolving toward a form that is fundamentally American. There are many different ethnic experiences in this country, like the Black Experience, the Puerto Rican Experience, the Italian Experience. But then, there's an American Experience that's common to us all. So what's happening is that the different forms of ethnic music are heading toward a common point, and that point hasn't been reached as of yet.

Traditionally, jazz groups would rehearse tunes and then go into the studio, do one take, two takes, put everything down at once. And that was it. In my youth, I looked upon this as a better or hipper approach. All the music was there, and you were playing spontaneously. Then when I moved to California and played with Earth, Wind and Fire, I saw them cats take a week to do a recording date. They'd be up there in the studio all day, and not come out with one finished tune. I said, "Wow, if I took my time. I'd be able to make a monstrous record and also get my point across much better." So this time, I put a rhythm section on first so I could get everything nice and clean in the mix. All the solos were improvised. A lot of the things were written out in heads, you know, and a lot weren't written out at all. Sometimes I'd just hum a head and play an approximation of the melody.

I really think I have a unique mixture. Peace, off of my first LP, is a ballad and it starts out with a bit of free-form playing. But it's programmed to the point where it's very mystical. After that, it's just a middle-of-the-road ballad. You could almost dance to it, Glen Miller style. So the music is mixed up in so many different ways that I really couldn't say there's anyone else doing what I'm doing. Certainly there are a slew of people around who can really play. Trane gave most tenor players a vacation. A lot of piano

Profile

elliott murphy



When I was about 12 my mother decided I was a hyper-active child and I'd better get my hands busy at something. So we started taking guitar lessons together. She eventually dropped out and I kept it up. I was playing in bands all through junior high school. In 1966 I won the New York State Battle of the Bands with a group called the Rapsallions.

After high school I started traveling. I always took a guitar with me. There were a lot of people that I was interested in and I sort of wanted to go to the places that they had been. The main people that interest me are writers like Ernest Hemmingway and F. Scott Fitzgerald. I spent some time in Key West, Florida, because of Hemmingway; and then over in Europe it was more or less tracing Fitzgerald's steps. I always had the guitar and I was always writing and singing in cafes.

In Europe, being a musician is more of a respected profession than it is over here. If a kid says, at age 16, that he thinks he wants to be a lawyer or a doctor his parents say "Great!" If he says he thinks he wants to be a musician they send him to a psychiatrist a couple of times a week. In Europe being a musician is really accepted. I'd play these cafes; I don't think you could do that in New York. I would walk into places almost like luncheonettes. Can you imagine walking into Nedick's at one o'clock in the afternoon and singing and passing the hat?

I think the Rock culture and the pop culture sort of started in the '20s. F. Scott Fitzgerald was probably one of the first pop heroes; then it started going to the movie stars. It went to James Dean, Marilyn Monroe and Marlon Brando. I still go to movies a lot. I think films can change your life. That's really been the religion of my generation... films, television and rock-and-roll... those are the gods.

In the '60s everyone was saying how the underprivileged and the poor and the minorities were mistreated. But I like to write songs about how the upper class and the overprivileged and the majorities are mistreated.

I know that before people say I'm Elliott Murphy they'll say I sound like this and like that. When they first heard Bob Dylan, they said, "That's Woody Guthrie." Bob Dylan got to a point where if he'd wanted to he could have done some amazing things with

players are really good—like McCoy, I don't see how he could play much more piano than he's playing now. Then there's Chick Corea, Herbie, Lonnie Liston Smith.

Spirit of the New Land got play a couple of times on WNEW-FM in New York, and they'd conclude, "Doug Carn, formerly of Earth, Wind and Fire." They didn't realize that I had just made their recording date. But it's beneficial to involve yourself in different musical forms. So I've got one tune on the new album for a lot of my old buddies. It's short, funky, and will probably get some AM air-play. It's called *Revelation*. But then, too, I've still got the other things happening. See, if you can put the message in the lyrics, you dig, it doesn't matter too much in what form you present it, as long as it's powerful.

Jean Carn—Doug and I were both in college in Atlanta when we met. I was a music major, and in fact, I sang with him in Alabama and Atlanta before he went to California.

I've sung a lot of different styles of music. I was raised in the church, and then I studied formally. I played for gospel choirs and what have you. I guess you can say I ran the gamut, so all of that shows in my singing today.

I find admirable qualities in a lot of jazz, in a lot of jazz vocalists. But I tend to be swayed by the type of things they're saying rather than by their tone qualities, range or what have you. Now, all of these are important, of course, but I'm partial to the types of things that they're singing. That is what turns me on about a singer. Take Leon Thomas, there are things that he has sung that I've really liked, as far as content is concerned. Of course, I admire Eddie Jefferson and all the artists who have sung instrumental music. But the content of their lyrics tends not to delve into the spiritual realm of music in the manner that Doug's lyrics do. So there really is a vast difference as far as I'm concerned. But they've definitely got praiseworthy attributes.

I guess I sort of expected the positive critical reception of my singing. I've got a pretty good voice, good range, and I've got fantastic material. So how can I lose! **db**

the people that were under his control. He was like a folk hero, someone that the public looks at and thinks, "He knows something that other people don't know, and he possesses some sort of immortality."

When I got together with Polydor, we went out to California to do an album with Leon Russell on piano, Jim Gordon on drums and Doctor John on organ. I was out there and it just wasn't going right at all. One night I was eating dinner with my brother in a restaurant and really feeling down about the way that the album would end up and thinking I wouldn't know who I was. Suddenly my brother starts pointing across the table and his face is turning white. These booths were arranged so you were almost sitting back to back with people. I turned around and looked at what he was pointing at, and that second the guy in back of me turns around and I'm nose to nose with Bob Dylan. For some reason that gave me strength and I went into the studio and told the producer to forget it. I came back to New York and got together with producer Peter Siegel and we did it right.

Why? In *Rebel Without A Cause* James Dean and the other guy were playing "chicken." Just before they were getting in the cars James Dean turned to him and he said, "You know, I like you. Why are we doing this?" And the guy said, "You gotta do something." That's the truth. You gotta do something and you might as well do something like this. **db**

ERIC MERCURY

"gospel goes to nuremburg"

By Herb Nolan

"Hi, I'm Eric," said the man behind the outstretched hand who had just strolled purposefully into Stax Record's hospitality suite on the eighth floor of Houston's elegant Regency Hyatt Hotel.

So this was Eric Mercury, the major reason Stax had brought 40 journalists and assorted people connected with the music and culture-watching business to Texas.

Mercury, who bears an off-hand resemblance to Herbie Hancock, was not exactly a household name even among some of the better-informed pop scene students—those who read the trades. He was something of an unknown, and there must have been more than one who let question marks slide past their dreamy eyes when invited, all expenses paid, to see someone named Eric Mercury perform in the Astrodome with a 47-piece orchestra and chorus.

It was a little vague, but perhaps the least oblique entity in a situation that appeared to be founded on vagueness, because Eric Mercury and Stax were only a small part of what the morning would bring. This was the night before the first day of *Millennium 73*, a three-day festival culminating on Nov. 10 with the beginning of 1,000 years of peace. Yes, this was the dynamite climax (for the present) of the evangelistically-styled movement led by Guru Maharaj Ji, the 15-year-old (he was 16 on Dec. 10, according to his press release biography) Indian Guru whose followers are fond of saying the boy is the manifestation of a god on earth.

The Maharaj Ji, also known as Perfect Master, doesn't specifically make the I-am-God claim himself, but the Divine Light People who follow him, and the contrived spectacle and pagentry that surrounds him, suggest nothing else.

The Guru's product is "knowledge" which is dispensed to disciples, who in turn peddle it free of charge through a series of franchises called Divine Light Missions. If someone doesn't have the knowledge, he is an outsider who doesn't know what is going on. If he *does* get the knowledge, what's going on doesn't matter because he's got it.

This knowledge, also known as Inner Light, helps the recipient shun selfish, earthly and mundane things like smoking, money, drugs, sex and politics.

Of course, it's not that simple, then again it is that simple. If this sounds like a contradiction, stick around, it's the way one begins to put ideas together after a day in the Astrodome with the Divine Light Movement.

The effect that having knowledge has on the Guru Maharaj Ji's followers is to create a world of sublime submissiveness. In person the Divine Light People move about—when they are moving—numbly. In dealing with the outsiders, they are distant, responding with a minimum amount of energy and a dull, sweet smile that is kind of a trademark standing for inner peace and light. After a while a room full of those smiles gets kind of sinister. It is like that old science fiction movie, *The Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, in which real people are replaced by robot duplicates grown in giant pea pods.

A Houston native called the Guru Maharaj Ji's followers gurunoids; a writer from New York City, who had recently been in a hospital undergoing treatment for a nervous collapse, said they were like patients being treated with Thorazine.

There were plenty of jokes available among the skeptics, who, despite their attempts at wit, found the atmosphere unnerving. The reality of it all was that the Divine had rented the Houston Astrodome, an excess itself, for three days, at a cost of \$75,000; they had reportedly charted more than 20 jets to fly the Maharaj Ji's following to Texas from throughout the world; they had covered the green AstroTurf where the Oilers play with red carpeting, and had built a multileveled stage that at its highest point, about 50 feet above the ground, supported the 15-year-old's throne—if that's the proper term.

Behind the tacky scenes was an efficient organization with public relations people, media people, technicians and a security force that, although not always visible, was omnipresent. Just stumble into a "restricted area" and they found you.

"Excuse me, can we help you find something?"

"Ah, no, I was just looking."

"You can look around over there if you like."

They were all vague English kids who created the illusion of being helpful.

According to most reports, the complete picnic was costing close to \$500,000 give or take \$100,000. Admission was free.

Into this curious event insert Stax Records, a small independent Memphis soul label that hit it big with Issac Hayes, and add Eric Mercury. Oh yes, add Blue Aquarius, a 57-piece band with singers, led by the Guru's 20-year-old brother Bhole Ji. Blue Aquarius was sort of the house band. It

JIMMY SMITH



blindfold

test

If Jimmy Smith seems inordinately proud of his achievements and his influence, he has good reason. Seldom in the annals of modern jazz has one individual motivated as great a number of his peers.

Basically, jazz organ history has comprised two phases: pre-Jimmy Smith and post-Jimmy Smith. In the 1930s, except for occasional forays by Fats Waller, Count Basie and a couple of others, the console was all but nonexistent as a jazz force. During the late 1940s and early '50s Wild Bill Davis and Bill Doggett, both of whom were first prominent as pianists with Louis Jordan's Tympany Five, brought the Hammond organ into the world of soul jazz lounges.

Then, with his explosive, seminal first album in 1955, Jimmy Smith took up where all the others had left off. As he rightly implies below, countless artists have felt his impact or have been directly taught by him. Few can claim to have branched out in any original direction. An exception is Les Strand, one of whose records was included here because Smith once said: "I don't like to listen to any other organists, except Les Strand." (Yamaha specialist Strand was the winner of a world wide contest staged in Tokyo in 1971.)

This was Jimmy's first Blindfold Test since 8/3/61. He was given no information about the records played.

By Leonard Feather

1. SHIRLEY SCOTT. *Clark Bars* (from *Soul Duo*, Impulse). Scott, organ; Clark Terry, composer, trumpet; Mickey Roker, drums; George Duvivier or Bob Cranshaw, bass.

That's Clark Terry; Shirley Scott is on organ. When Shirley first got her organ she called me and said "Hey, I got this B3 over here, this big Hammond organ; I need somebody to teach me how to play it." This was in Philadelphia around 15 or 16 years ago. I went over there and showed her the bass ... I'm laying over the organ, putting her foot on the right pedals. So I taught her the method that I used: I put a scale up on the blackboard, so I wouldn't have to look down at my feet—and this is the result, she's playing her buns off.

And Clark ... that's self-explanatory! I don't know who the bass player is, but I like him ... and the percussion too. That's a cute arrangement. I'd give it four stars.

2. BRIAN AUGER. *Inner City Blues* (from *Closer To It*, RCA). Auger, organ, vocal; Marvin Gaye, composer.

That's very interesting; but you got me on that one. There's so many quartet singers out here ... I'm thinking of maybe four groups of guys ... sounds a bit like Johnny Hammond Smith on organ, but I don't really know.

That's one of Marvin Gaye's tunes, *Inner City Blues*. It was moving nice ... had a nice feeling to it. Three stars.

3. LARRY YOUNG. *Saudia* (from *Lawrence of Newark*, Perception). Young, organ, composer.

I'm gonna take a guess—I'd say either Larry Young or Leon Spencer. Two stars. You take organ players, they have what is called a tremolo switch on the organ, and this is very effective in different passages, like if you're running a melodic line ... a solo line. Most organ players don't know where to use this tremolo, where to cut it in, cut it out for the best punch. Now he had tremolo on, which gives you—well, when you got a twister in the speaker, you got a waving sound, and when you're trying to make a melodic suggestion, you should always cut tremolo off. Also, this gives you a more or less oriental sound—but he's not a Jimmy Smith, so he wouldn't think oriental anyhow. But he could have used maybe some twelve-tone scales or oriental scales or some melodic scales on that particular thing. He was just playing a bunch of chords with tremolo on, which didn't have the effect it should have.

I watch a lot of organ players and they're playing organ, but nothing's happening down there with the feet. When you buy the organ the foot pedals come with it! So why aren't they playing them?

Feather: Your guess was right on target—it was Larry Young.

Smith: Oh, another of my pupils, from Newark, N.J. I taught him when he was 16 years old. His Dad bought him his first B3.

4. LES STRAND. *I Don't Know How To Love Him* (from *The Winners: Les Strand & The Yamaha*, Yamaha Records). Strand, organ.

That's the Yamaha organ he's playing. There's about three guys that phrase the same way. He got on what we call the bird-board; he's got the astro and the whistles. I played Yamaha for a little while. But I really couldn't tell who it is, because there's so many guys phrase like that.

As a guess I'd say either Lennie Dee or Rocco (he was one of the first winners of the Yamaha amateur organization).

Whoever it is, he's only a fair organist. I know it's not Les Strand ... not playing that commercially. Unless he needed the money! I'll give it two stars.

Feather: But that was Les Strand.

Smith: I met Les in 1957. He was playing at the Sutherland Lounge on 47th and Drexel in Chicago. That was the first organist I met that could really play. On that record you played he was just in a commercial vein. Les Strand is another Art Tatum as far as organ is concerned.

5. JOHNNY HODGES-WILD BILL DAVIS. *Stolen Sweets* (from *Mess of Blues*, Verve). Hodges, alto sax; Davis, composer, organ; Kenny Burrell, guitar.

It had that feeling. You know who that is, that's old man Rabbit. Johnny Hodges. Wild Bill Davis on organ. I thought that was Kenny in the background, because Kenny and Johnny did a lot of things for MGM.

The tune is beautiful. I think it's Wild Bill Davis' tune. We'll take a four on that. I heard that tune in 1955 in Atlantic City ... at the Harlem Club. That's one of the places I did my first solo work—when the Count Basie band came in. And that's where I got some of the recognition I was aiming for. Then they sent me around the corner—with a trio—to the Cotton Club. And then I came to New York in the latter part of 1954, and did my first recording for Blue Note. *The Champ*, by Dizzy Gillespie.

6. GLORIA COLEMAN. *Fungi Mama* (from *Sings and Swings Organ*, Mainstream). Coleman, organ; Blue Mitchell, composer.

That sounded like five organ players I know of. This is a hard one for me. For the tune, I'd give it a two. There wasn't too much happening, just one of those Jamaican rhythm things. Not too much excitement really. I don't know who it was; he must be new.

Feather: *She* is not new. It's Gloria Coleman.

Smith: Oh, the tenor player's wife. Another one of my pupils. I taught her at Small's Paradise in 1958 or '59, when she got her first organ. That's why you hear all the holding notes ... another Jimmy Smith there!

7. NIGHT BLOOMING JAZZMEN. *Rio* (from *Freedom Jazz Dance*, Mainstream). Charles Kynard, organ; Blue Mitchell, trumpet; Ernie Watts, flute; Leonard Feather, composer, piano.

That's a tricky one. That's a good three. I'm trying to figure out who that was. I'd say Leon Spencer on the organ. Not Jack McDuff; he's not that hip. The trumpet and flute player, you got me; but they had a nice feel. Now don't tell me it's some more English people! I like that tune, it's pretty.



"RESPECT"

BY
BOB
PALMER

One afternoon not too long ago I found myself walking down Third Avenue with saxophonist Frank Lowe. Frank was talking enthusiastically about his recent recording projects—a duo album with drummer Rashied Ali; a Lowe/Joseph Jarman collaboration for ESP—and about some of his favorite groups and musicians. I mentioned that I'd received new albums by Sun Ra and the Art Ensemble of Chicago and that they were on mass-distributed labels. We agreed it was about time. "Sun Ra," Frank reminded me, "has been out there for 20 years."

Twenty years! Well, almost. Ra first recorded, a boppish but definitely futuristic date, in 1956. Ornette Coleman and Cecil Taylor debuted on record within the next two years. John Coltrane's *Ascension*, still in many ways the *summum bonum* of high-energy improvisation, is now ten years old. And yet reviews and commentaries continue to be written which suggest that free jazz, or new jazz, or New Black Music, or Great Black Music (as the Art Ensemble call it) is simply a momentary aberration that will go away. A record reviewer recently suggested in this magazine that John Coltrane's "important" work was confined to his *Giant Steps* period, that his later explorations were important only to a handful of semi-lunatics, an avant-garde "fringe."

During the 1940's there was a term for reviewers like that: mouldy figs. The figs were people who thought the cut-off point for "true jazz" came somewhere during the late thirties, before the birth of bebop. Now even the figs admire Charlie Parker and Thelonious Monk, but some of them seem to think the cut-off point for "true jazz" was reached in the middle of one of Coltrane's early '60s solos, or perhaps around the time Ornette Coleman auditioned his compositions for Les Koenig of Contemporary Records and Koenig suggested that Ornette record them himself.

It has been suggested that the musicians who play this "new" music have added to the confusion by preferring terms other than "jazz" as descriptions of what they are up to. Are we to assume then that these musicians only respect and admire the "post-jazz" musicians of the last twenty years? Decidedly not. Ornette, for one, is extremely fond of blues great Robert Johnson's music; he has played his copy of *King of the Delta Blues Singers* so often it doesn't have any grooves left. His bassist, Charlie Haden, has gone to considerable lengths to acquire a complete collection of the late Jimmy Blanton's recorded works. Marion Brown digs early Bird with Jay McShann, especially *Hootie Blues*. Sun Ra appeared in the "Tribute to Louis Armstrong" at the Singer Bowl last July. John Coltrane, I am told, used to listen frequently to African pygmy music from the Ituri forest. That's about as far back as the roots of jazz extend; the polyphonic and polymetric subtleties of pygmy music are a possible precedent for *Ascension* and subsequent interactive works.

Frank Lowe, Pharoah Sanders, and other post-Coltrane saxophonists have carefully studied the isolation and manipulation of overtones, or harmonics. Some critics have

technique is being actively explored by younger jazzmen. It may sound like shrieking to some people, but to others it is a moving and extremely musical sound.

The point of all this is simply respect: respect for creators of the past, the present, and the future, for other cultures, other "ways," other sounds. **down beat** reaches a number of individuals for whom it is virtually the only link with musical developments in New York, Chicago, California, Europe and Japan. Certainly some music is ill-conceived and some is fully realized; every listener makes critical judgments. But a critic who, in effect, denies legitimacy to a style, a movement, or an individual player may be denying that style, movement, or player a potential audience. Some people are never going to like Frank Lowe's music, just as some people are never going to like anything but Mozart. But let's not dismiss music we don't like by denying its validity as art or as jazz. Let's respect the creators and give their music the benefit of a doubt. **db**

referred to this technique as "screaming, screeching, even shrieking. In contemporary European concert music the technique is referred to as "the manipulation of sonorous masses." It was pioneered by Iannis Xenakis and is employed frequently by Penderecki and Ligeti. Among Tibetan monks it has long been considered the most refined of musical techniques. Monks of certain orders study "one-voice chording"—a term suggested by professor Huston Smith of M.I.T.—for as long as 20 years. They say the relationship of overtones to a primary tone mirrors the relationship between the fine points of enlightenment and the superficial study of written texts.

"One-voice chording" is fairly widespread in West Africa; flute players, vocalists, and performers on the double-reed *alghaita* all employ it. When Wilson Pickett and James Brown "scream" they are chording with one voice. Robert Johnson used the same technique, and so did some of the early New Orleans jazzmen. Now the

technique is being actively explored by younger jazzmen. It may sound like shrieking to some people, but to others it is a moving and extremely musical sound.

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ERIC MERCURY *Continued from page 27*

has been signed by Stax and has a record out on the company's gospel label, The Gospel Truth. The Aquarius sound, however, is less gospel and more early Beach Boys.

It was an odd alliance: Stax the soul, gospel and jazz label; Blue Aquarius, the Guru's band; Eric Mercury, a fairly obscure young singer and song writer with his own 47-piece band; the Guru Maharaj Ji, who could only be observed from a distance; and the Divine Light Movement, made up largely of white, middle-class drug dropouts.

At 8:30 on the morning before Eric's afternoon show, there was a press conference featuring Mercury and Rennie Davis. Davis, formerly a heavy in the 1960s peace movement and a Chicago Seven defendant, is now a disciple of the Maharaj Ji and coordinator of *Millennium*.

It was difficult to say whose press conference it was, Eric's or Rennie's, which is a problem Stax may or may not have thought about. It is quite likely the record firm wasn't in complete control of things anyway. The Divine were everywhere, and they like to keep the lid on.

It was a weird situation. Eric Mercury was Stax' star in Houston, and Davis was one of the Guru's stars. In addition, Mercury was only one entry on a three-day program ending in a Millennium of bliss.

Mercury is originally from Toronto, spent some time in New York trying to make it in show business, and finally wound up in Los Angeles. In L.A. he ran into an old friend named Roger, who had always been "a super hard cat."

Roger turned up last May and he was no longer super hard—Roger was now a Divine follower.

"At that time my first album wasn't out," Mercury explained, "but I had a final mixed tape that my producer Al Bell was kind enough to send me. Roger listened to the tape about four or five times and he asked me to come downtown (and play the tape for the Guru's people).

"And that was the beginning of any kind of relationship between the Divine Light and myself. When they heard the tape, they said, 'We're having a very high, high festival in Houston. Will you be there?' And I said, 'Oh sure, sure, I'll be there ... This is May and they're telling me something about November. They said, 'We know you'll be there.'

"Well, they must have known something; here I am with 47 people to make a live album—the set was being recorded—"and I am ready. I know it is the right thing ..."

Rennie took on the skeptic's questions:

"The Guru says he is not the manifestation of Abraham, Moses, Christ, Buddha or Allah, and attributes such claims to the zeal of his followers. What is the case?"

"One thing to understand," said Davis, "is when we ask the Guru Maharaj Ji this question, he tells us that when the sun comes up in the sky, it's not the place for the sun to say, 'Hey, everybody, look up, the sun's come.'

"The sun just is," explained Davis in his warm-cool voice. "Rather than impose my view of who Guru Maharaj Ji is, you should come and decide for yourself."

From the press meeting, everybody was loaded onto buses and trucked over to the

dome. It was still early, the day's program didn't start until noon. Mercury wasn't going on until 3:30. Blue Aquarius wouldn't perform until 7:30, and the Guru wouldn't hit until 9 p.m.

In between these events were speeches, parables, old Christian hymns, and even a passion play about the crucifixion of Christ. There was an air of Fundamentalist flimflam. Or better yet, gospel goes to Nuremberg.

The strain was too much for some outsiders, who retired to the bar in the nearby Astro World Hotel until the Mercury show.

Well, Eric Mercury, the reason Stax was conducting this Millennium junket, went on as promised right after the passion play. He and the tight, well-rehearsed orchestra that backed him were probably the best things that happened all day—at least for those without the knowledge.

Mercury is a good singer rooted in blues, gospel and soul. His theme (also the title of his latest album) was *Love Is Taking Over*, and he is very sincere about that. In fact that's what his songs are about, love and devotion. It was like Ray Charles in church and it cooked.

Two scenes remain to be played. One was unscheduled and the second was the Guru doing what gurus do—talking to the devoted.

The unplanned scene shall be called the Eric Mercury-Blue Aquarius shoot out.

It happened during an evening press conference with the Aquarius band, at which representatives tried to explain to the outsiders how their music served Maharaj Ji and was different from all other music.

A Blue Aquarian from Ireland decided to offer his opinion about the Eric Mercury show.

"I was listening to Eric Mercury and they were incredible, so tight and so professional, but it was a joke. It was obvious that those people had it together, because if they hadn't got it together they wouldn't be able to earn enough money to eat. They were really very smart and very slick. That was their criteria and individual expression is the thing that keeps it together. But Blue Aquarius is not individual expression."

"Eric was in the room and when he got his hands on the microphone, peace and inner light were put to the test.

"My artistic integrity has been insulted," said Eric.

"Someone made mention of being slick, obviously slick. Well, it will look slick because it is easy to be good. I don't know if that makes it slick, I don't know if I should make it look like I am climbing up hill when I am not. I had more fun doing it than anybody did; if that makes it slick, then I am slick. That's right, I'm slick." Thud!

That night Guru Maharaj Ji sat high above the devoted on a throne surrounded by flowers. "... It seems to me that all these new airports, roads and cars just go to one point and they stop. It's like we are riding in a car and we are driving the car and somebody is giving us instructions where to go. And we ask, 'Are you sure this is the place?' 'Yea, I think I am pretty sure.' And we're driving but we just can't get there, you know. And he turns around with a big smile on his face and says, 'Sorry, I can't take you there.' That's the exact condition with this world ..."

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**Ted Dunbar's "There Is No Greater Love"
Solo Transcribed and Annotated
By David N. Baker**

Ted Dunbar is one of the most consistently exciting and inventive guitarists in jazz. He is one of a growing number of young jazz musicians who is completely at home in virtually any musical situation. He has recorded with such diverse groups as those of Fathead Newman, Lou Donaldson, Frank Foster, Curtis Fuller, Charles McPherson, Tony Williams, and Don Patterson. He has played with Gil Evans, Wes Montgomery, Sonny Rollins, Seldon Powell, and countless others.

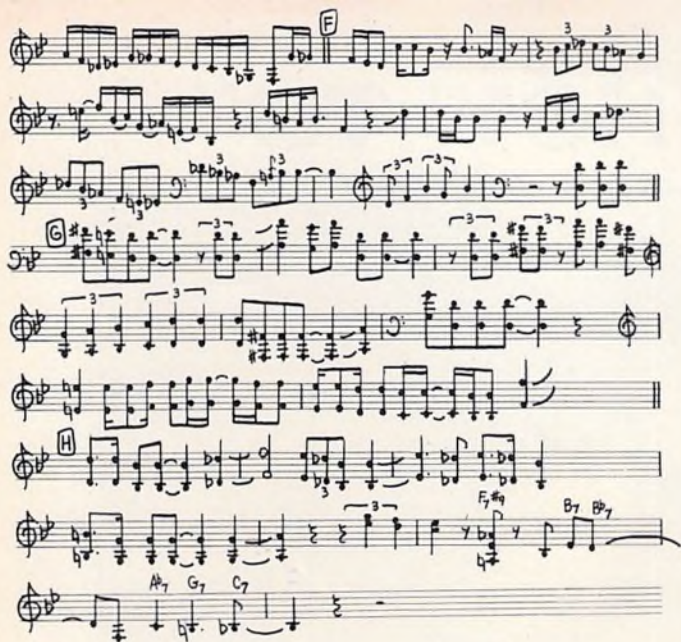
Although his indebtedness to Charlie Christian, Wes Montgomery, and a host of unsung blues guitarists is very much in evidence, *make no mistake*—his is an original voice and destined to be one of the major creative forces in the continuum of jazz guitar.

Although this solo is representative, no single solo can show more than a narrow view of his multifaceted talent. I suggest you check him out on Tony Williams' *Ego* (Polydor 244065) and on *The Return of Don Patterson* (Muse 5005), particularly "The Lamp Is Low."

ABOUT THE SOLO

1. This solo transcription is taken from *Charles Williams* (Mainstream MRI 312). The composition is by J. Jones/M. Symrd (World Music-ASCAP).
2. The guitar is in concert key.
3. The beautiful, extremely personal sound.
4. Exceptionally beautiful time feel and rhythmic drive.
5. The pervasive sound of the blues (A through D).
6. The skillful and tasteful use of double time to build tension (A 5-6; B 3 through 8; C 2-3-4, 7-8; D 1 through 4; E 4 through 8).
7. Uses three octaves of the instrument.
8. Development using melodic fragments in sequence (A 1 through 3; C 8 through D 4; E 1 through 3).
9. Whole tone motive (C 2-3, 5; E 5 through 8).
10. Excellent use of octaves from G to finis.
11. Great rhythmic diversity throughout the solo.
12. Beautiful melodic paraphrase of the melody from G to finis.

There Is No Greater Love transcription by David N. Baker. Tempo: $J=126$. Key signature: B-flat major. The transcription is written in 4/4 time and includes various musical notations such as triplets, slurs, and dynamic markings. Chord symbols are provided throughout, including Bb, Ab7, G7, Gmi7, C7, F7, Cm7, Bb, Am7, D7, Gmi, C7, F, D, Ab7, G7, Gmi7, C7, Cm7, F7, Bb, and E. The piece is divided into sections A, B, C, D, and E, with specific measures indicated for each section.



N.Y. STATE

Continued from page 8

Although the deadline for all of the matching funds is Feb. 1, more than half of the matching \$200,000 has already been committed. The 61 organizations received total commissions—meaning the state and expected matching funds—ranging from \$1000 to \$10,000, with the average award equalling about \$6000.

"If anything, we were too successful," said the State Council's Music Associate Arthur Bloom, referring to the wealth of applications received. "We had 114 applications and monetary requests for \$341,000, but we had only \$200,000 to give out."

But he added, "We discovered that all kinds of exciting new music

is waiting to be composed, if only the composer can receive some kind of reasonable financial recompense for his efforts."

One unique feature of the program is the institution of separate budgets to account for the costs of copying, proofreading and reproducing the music. Noting that these costs for a 20-minute symphonic piece may amount to \$3000 of a typical \$6000 commission, the New York program provides a budget for such expenses above and beyond the composer's fee.

Of the 69 composers commissioned, 49 live in New York State, where each work must be initially performed by the sponsoring arts organization within two years of delivery. The composer is committed to: compose a piece that can be rehearsed and performed in the composer's absence; use live performers (instrumentalists, singers, actors or dancers) even if the piece is electronic; and to deliver the properly reproduced score and parts to the sponsoring organization.

POTPOURRI *Continued from page 9*

entrants. Most Outstanding Performance Awards went to Mescoli and Japan's **Motoi Sera**.

B. B. King has been nominated for the *National Volunteer Award of the Year* by the National Center for Volunteer Action in Washington, in recognition of his service activities.

King's manager, **Sid Seidenberg**, meanwhile announced that B. B.'s college and concert appearances will be limited to three specific working periods of 30-45 days each. This will allow B. B. to devote time to recording, writing his autobiography, editing his motion picture, and appearing at major hotels, theaters-in-the-round, on foreign tours and in the long-term engagements he has established at the Las Vegas Hilton. Seidenberg pointed out that the

new booking policy would not impinge on B. B.'s philanthropic activities.

continued on page 36

ENCORE

Continued from page 9

Among those who have already performed in the series are groups led by Roy Eldridge, Norman Connors, Budd Johnson (and the JPJ Quartet), Bobby Hackett, Howard McGhee, Zoot Sims, Buddy Tate, David Amram, and Herman Autry, in a tribute to Fats Waller. Pianists Eubie Blake and Dick Hyman have also played in the series.

Calvert recently published a 32-page booklet, *The Jazz Story—An Outline History of Jazz*, by former **down beat** editor Dan Morgenstern.

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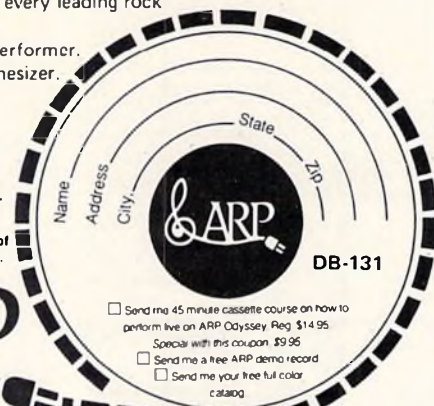
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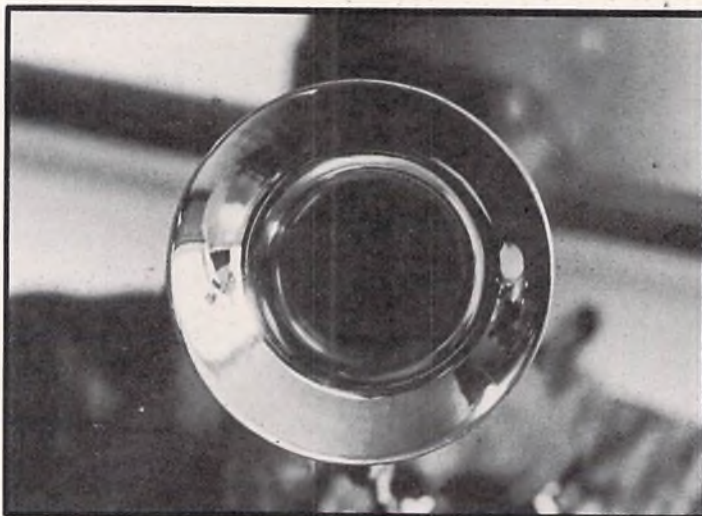
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By Dr. William Fowler and Dom Spera

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Shakespeare, had he viewed the struggles of lip versus mouthpiece, might well have changed his famous line to, "Frailty, thy name is embouchure." (Or at least until he had seen proper facial and diaphragm training develop flab into muscle and wheeze into airstream.)

There are, of course, many brass beginners who have expert teachers to tell them about embouchure building and, later, about circular breathing. But within the burgeoning populace of young brass aspirants, there are many not so lucky. And the instantly-corrective in-person clinics which our brass heavies conduct can hardly reach more than a fraction of those who would benefit from such first-hand guidance.

down beat is asking brass experts to comment upon basic problems which they consider most important.

Let Dom Spera start the discussion: "Tonguing has been incorrectly taught for many, many years. Many method books teach the student to articulate *ta* in the lower register, *tu* in the middle register and *tee* in the upper

register—in other words, to arch the tongue for high notes. This is not necessary. The best players do not use this method. They keep the tongue in a high position at all times, thus relaxing the throat and avoiding constriction in the back of the mouth. It is imperative that an *ah* sound and *ah* tongue position be held as long as possible while ascending into the upper register. Then, the tone will not thin out.

"Some of the great trumpet players in the world, like Bud Herseth, of the Chicago Symphony; Mr. Carmine Caruso, the Master brass specialist in New York; Mr. William Adam, trumpet teacher at Indiana University; and Buddy Brisbois do not use the *ta, tu, tee* method. As a matter of fact, when Buddy Brisbois goes from low middle C to a double high C, his tongue does not move a fraction of an inch. X-ray photos made while he was playing proved this.

"Simply training tongues to stay in the *ah* position for all registers has achieved immediate improvement among those students who came to me previously trained in the *ta, tu, tee* method

"Great players everywhere use the *ah* tongue position for all registers. Vacchiano teaches this principle. The back of the tongue must stay down. I cannot stress this too much."

The address for comments is: Dr. William L. Fowler, Education Editor, down beat, 222 West Adams, Chicago, Illinois 60606.

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POTPOURRI *Continued from page 33*

Percussionist **Alphonse Mouzon** ("Funky Fingers" to his friends) reports completion of his second album. Mouzon, who also plays Moog and ARP synthesizers on the disc, sang eight of the vocals and did all the arrangements for the band, which includes: **Randy Brecker**, trumpet; **Barry Rogers**, trombone; **Andy Gadsen**, tenor sax; **Harry Whitaker**, **Mike Mandel**, and **Leon Pendarvis**, keyboards; **Richie Resnicoff**, guitar; **Mark Horowitz**, steel guitar and bongo; **Ray Armando**, **Steve Berrios**, and **Angel Allende**, percussion; and **Gary King**, bass. It is set for February release.

Polygram Corp. has purchased **UDC, Inc.** from United Artists Records, with **Wornall F. (Bill) Farr** having been elected president of the distribution firm. In addition, UDC has been renamed **Phonodisc Inc.**, and will continue to distribute Polydor, MGM and UA releases. Farr continues to serve as Polygram's corporate vice-president in charge of marketing.

Yodel-a-e-WHO? Vocalist **Leon Thomas**, who has sung with musicians ranging from **Count Basie** to **Pharoah Sanders**, has now joined **Santana**. He's also on their gold record *Welcome* album.

The rumor that **Yes** is splitting up, started because **Yes** keyboardist **Rick Wakeman** is doing a solo concert Jan. 18 in London, is unfounded. And yes, they'll be back in the States for a tour in February.

Meanwhile, Wakeman is assembling a "total visual concept" for his next album, *Journey To The Center Of The Earth*. The core of the project is the rewriting of the novel into a modern idiom, to be printed in paperback, which will be distributed with the album. The double disc will also include pictures and slides to accompany the music.

Meanwhile, Wakeman says **Lou Reisner**, who produced *Tommy* in London, wants to make a touring stage presentation of Wakeman's first album, *Six Wives of Henry VIII*. The first presentation, a modest affair, is set for England, where Wakeman and the London Symphony Orchestra will be joined by a 60-piece chamber choir and ballet.

Collages has been released on MPS/BASF, featuring **Duke Ellington** with **The Ron Collier Orchestra**. It was previously issued as *North of the Border* on Decca.

If you're a Chicagoan who likes beer on the rocks, check out Carling, which has a new Chicago distributor in singer **Jerry "Iceman" Butler**. The announcement came during two days of promotional festivities in Roberts' "500" Room, and was made jointly by the Carling Brewing Co. and WVON, for whom Butler has recorded radio commercials that the station will run exclusively for eight weeks. The Carling products will be distributed under the banner of "The Ice Man's Beer Company."

Eddie Henderson's second album on Capricorn Records features **Buster Williams** on bass, percussionists **Eric Gravatt** and **Billy Hart**, **Herbie Hancock** on keyboards, reedman **Benny Maupin**, and **Patrick Gleeson** on synthesizer. The album was produced by **Skip Drinkwater** and recorded in San Francisco, and it should start Crossing state lines this month.

Other upcoming Capricornia includes releases by **Hydra**, "Atlanta's No. 1 Rock-and-Roll Band"; **Wet Willie**; **Maxayn**; **White Witch**; **Cowboy**; **The Marshall Tucker Band**; and 13-year old **Dexter Redding**, the oldest son of the late **Otis Redding**. The

young drummer-guitarist's first single was recently issued, and he, his mother, and his road manager will soon leave on a promotional tour of major cities. His road manager, by the way, is **Otis Redding III**, Dexter's 10-year old brother.

Appointed to head National Singles Promotion for United Artists was **Don Graham**, a three-time Gavin Promotion Award winner who is a 14-year veteran of the music industry. He has held key promotional jobs with A&M, Chess/Janus, and Blue Thumb Records, which he co-founded.

Gold Thumb Dept: **Shirley Bassey** was chosen top female artist in the singles category in the annual Music Week Market Survey out of London. She finished fourth in the album category, behind **Liza Minnelli**, **Carly Simon** and **Nana Mouskouri**.

General Recording Corp. president **Michael Thevis** and New Orleans attorney **Michael Silvers** have opened the publishing offices of two newly-formed publishing firms, of which they are co-owners. The companies are Silver Thevis Music (BMI) and Nolanta Music (ASCAP).

"We decided New Orleans is an ideal location for our two new firms," said Thevis, "because the city and surrounding area offer a great potential of 'untouched' talent."

Silvers is president of both companies. Thevis is also co-owner or president of four other publishing firms.

Record World's annual poll named **Steely Dan** "No. 1 Top New Male Group" in both the album and singles category. The group is set for a large-scale European tour later in 1974.

"The place was packed—there were lines around the block," is how pianist **Marian McPartland** described her Dec. 11 "Tribute to **Harold Arlen**" at Michael's Pub in New York. Marian's trio (**Rusty Gilder**, bass and **Eric Nebbia**, drums) prepared the tribute and invited Arlen, who was in the audience, as well as singers **Teddi King**, **Anita Ellis**, **Marlene Verplank**, and **Sylvia Syms** (all of whom performed). Others in the house included the **George Weins**, dancer **Geoffrey Holder**, and singer **Josephine Premice**.

"We're always holding tributes for composers who have passed on, so we figured we should have one for someone who's living," said Marian.

FINAL BAR

Joesph (De De) Pierce, famous New Orleans trumpeter, died Dec. 7 at the age of 69. He and his wife, pianist **Billie Pierce**, were an almost inseparable team for almost 50 years, and his credits include work with Paul Barnes, Albert Burbank, **Ida Cox**, and the Young Tuxedo Brass Band, with whom he played until struck by blindness in the mid-'50s. After a brief retirement he returned to the scene in the '60s, and he and his wife led a band associated with Preservation Hall in New Orleans.

Writer-philosopher **Alan Watts**, 58, died in his sleep at his home in Mill Valley, California, on Nov. 16, apparently from a heart attack or stroke. Born in England, Watts came to America in 1938 and became a leading exponent of Zen Buddhism, authoring more than two dozen books. He also strongly influenced the "beat generation" of the '50s.

CITY SCENE

New York

Most clubs are holding over their New Year's talent through January. Of special note is **The Hugh Lawson Duo**, with **Carl Pruitt**, at the Boondocks... Catch **Dick Hyman's** Sunday sessions at The Cookery... Pianist **Jim Roberts** solos most weeknights, joined by bassist **Lyn Christie** on weekends, at Jacques'... **Ellis Larkins** and **Al Hall** remain at Gregory's... **Russ Brown's** has **The Herman Foster Trio** with **Claudia Moore**... Churchill's keeps pianist **Brooks Kerr** indefinitely... In Nutley, New Jersey's nightclub, The Colony Three Club features **The Vinnie Burke Quartet** every Thursday and Sunday. **Count Basie** makes an appearance with his band on Jan. 24... At Studio Rivbea: Jan. 18-19, **Ken McIntyre**; Jan. 25-26, **Melodic Art-tet**. Shows start at 8 p.m., and all four nights at midnight. **Yardbird Company** presents **Offering Black Mass**, by **Edgar White** of Rivbea's Board of Directors... The Sir James Pub in Queens has its proprietor, trumpeter **Jimmy Nottingham**, with a quartet and special guests, weekends... Eastward is **Sonny's Place** in Seaford, L.I., presenting the only seven-day jazz scene in those parts with the **Wes Belcamp Trio**, featuring **Walter Perkins** on drums; guests sit in on weekends. Tenor man **Buddy Tate** is there Jan. 18-20; **Peter Loeb**, Jan. 24-27... Fisher Hall's "Great Performers" series continues with **Ella Fitzgerald** on Jan. 18; **Nancy Wilson** and **Richard Pryor** on Jan. 20; and **Johnny Mathis**, Jan. 24-26... **Bob Dylan** and **The Band** will hit the L.I.E. after their Nassau Coliseum dates Jan. 28-29. Hopefully they'll make it to Madison Square Garden in time for their Jan. 30-31 booking there... Carnegie Hall hosts **Charles Mingus** (after last year's SRO crowd) on Jan. 19... Jazz Vespers features **The Leonard Martinez Trio** and **Ray Nance**, Jan. 20, and **The Peter La Barbara Quartet**, Jan. 27. Services are at 5 Sunday nights in St. Peter's Church (64th and Park)... The Town Hall Interludes (5:45) has **Peter Duchin** Jan. 30... The musical hit **Raisin** boasts arrangements by **Al Cohn**, and the pit orchestra includes **Joe Newman**, **Ernie Royal**, **Dickie Harris**, **Seldon Powell**, **George Dorsey**, **Norris Turney**, **Greg Maker** and **Richie Pratt**... Jazz Interactions' monthly gig brings you **JI Veep Paul Quinichette** Jan. 28... For full details about all what's happenin' call **JAZZLINE**: 212-421-3592.

CHICAGO

Jim Hirsens' fine trio will move into The Backroom for a couple of months, starting Jan. 20... **Ratso's Restaurant** has a busy schedule, starting out Jan. 17-19 with **J.D. Foster** and **Eastman**, whom **Ratso's Bob Briggs** calls "the next sensational rock group in the Midwest." They'll be there Jan. 24 and 31, too. **Judy Roberts** brings her trio back Jan. 20 and Jan. 25-27; Sundays it's a group called **Street-dancer**; Mondays, **Graced Lightning**; and Tuesdays, **The Rosehip String Band**... The London House brings in **Fats Domino** till Jan. 27, followed by **B.B. King**, Jan. 29 through Feb. 10... **David Buskin** is at The Quiet Knight through Jan. 20, followed by **Willie**

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Dixon, Jan. 23-27. Jerry Jeff Walker is tentatively scheduled for Jan. 30. . . . **Malawi's Or-tunds**, with a Strata-East record set for release this month, is now playing Thursday nights at the Kingston Mines. Malawi's sometime pianist is now heading **The James Callen Trio** (Andy Potter, drums and Al Criado, bass), which also features vocalist **Sunday Williams**. Keep an eye out for them. . . . **The Danny Long Trio** is in its fourth year (Wednesday through Saturdays) at Alfie's, which has expanded its music policy to include Sunday afternoon sessions with **The Joe Kelly 4 + 1**, featuring **Barrett Deems** on drums, 4:30-8:30. And Myles Green plays there Sunday and Monday nights. . . . No word on the **Jazz Showcase** at press time, except that second sets on the weekend may be able to start a little earlier. They had been delayed by the late-night weekend performances of *Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope*, upstairs at the Happy Medium Theatre. But *Cope*, Chicago's longest-running show, has announced plans to close Jan. 31.

In **The Air**: WBEZ, which has been airing **Tony Christopher's** excellent Jazz Forum program three times a week, has expanded the program to every day. Christopher will continue his Sunday afternoon slot from 2-5, as well as programs Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, from 9 till midnight. The Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday night shows belong to **Ray Hughes**. WBEZ, the city's Board of Education station (91.5 FM), occasionally airs live jazz concerts.

BOSTON

Jordan Hall is the creaky old wooden recital room of the New England Conservatory. It holds 1000 and is busy every night. A lot of jazz gets jammed in between the *lieder* and the lutes, e.g. **Jaki Byard**, who has been a regular in the past. **The Piano Choir** is due there Jan. 17, an uproarious cannonade of keys (88 x 7, count 'em), featuring **Stanley Cowell**, **Nat Jones**, **Hugh Lawson**, **Webster Lewis**, **Harold Mabern**, **Danny Nixon**, and **Sonelius Smith**. . . . Northeastern University has two contemporary concerts on tap Jan. 30-31: one features saxophonist **Marion Brown** and pianist **Dave Burrell**, and the other features a group led by **Rufus Harley**. . . . Sandy's, the concert club in Beverly, continues to be the most active spot for good sounds north of Boston. **Howard McGhee** and **Joe Carroll** will do a weekend Jan. 15-16 (maybe more), and **Dizzy Gillespie** plus three will horn in Feb. 1-2. The solid house group Mondays includes **Paul Fontaine**, **Jimmy Mosher**, **Jim Derba** and **Alan Pasqua**.

Interesting things are happening at Williams College in Williamstown. The small liberal arts school tried a January series of jazz concerts last year, which was a resounding success, and is repeating the performance this month. The remaining Thursday night gigs are: **Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band**, Jan. 17; a **Milt Hinton** jam session, with **Taft Jordan**, **Dill Jones**, **Julian Dash**, **Jo Jones** and **Buddy Tate**, Jan. 24; and **Weather Report**, Jan. 31. For information, call (413) 597-2874.

HOUSTON

At La Bastille Jan. 18-26 will be **Little Egypt** and the **Johnny "Scat" Davis Orchestra**. **Herbie Hancock**, in his first

Houston stand, will be there Jan. 31 through Feb. 9. La Bastille has an arrangement with Pacifica Radio whereby the second show of each opening night is broadcast live on **KPFT**. . . . **Bob Dylan** and **The Band** continue their national tour at Holheinz Pavillion for two shows (6 and 10 p.m.) on Jan. 26. . . . The Bojangles Club on Market Square has moved across the street into the old Flea Market. The club now serves food as well as drinks and will still feature the **Bojangles** group. . . . **The Contemporary Jazz Ensemble**, led by **Bob McGrew**, will be at Jensen Elementary School for a concert Jan. 24.

Student Jazz Fests include: **Dulles High School** in Stafford, Jan. 19, organized by **James Larsen**; **Stephen F. Austin University** in Nachodogches, organized by **Darrell Holt**, Jan. 26.

Los Angeles

Bob Dylan/The Band's three concerts Feb. 13-14 at the Forum were announced Dec. 2, stipulating tickets *by mail only*, and no personal checks accepted. Two days later, orders for 80,000 tickets had been received at the Inglewood arena, which seats 18,700. At press time, a fourth concert was being discussed as a near-certainty. . . . Three more clubs are into jazz policies: The African Palace at Town Ave. & Arrow Highway in Pomona; Sonny's Italian Restaurant on La Cienega with **Dave Pell** and **The Jimmy Rowles Trio** (**Monty Budwig**, bass and **Chuck Flores**, drums); and the Playboy Club's Playroom, where **The Kai Winding Quartet's** Jan. 28 opening is the first of a series of jazz bookings. **Prof. Irwin Corey** is there through Jan. 26. In Playboy's Living Room, **Jesse Lopez** closes Jan. 19, and **Ivory** opens Jan. 21 for two weeks. . . . At the Whiskey a Go Go, it's **Bloodstone** through Jan. 20 and **Status Quo** Jan. 30 through Feb. 3. . . . **Harold Melvin and the Blue Notes** are at the Roxy through Jan. 20, with **Bobby Womack** coming in Jan. 24-26. . . . **Ace Trucking Co.** is at the Ice House in Pasadena Jan. 22-27. . . . **Gelsa Palao** is held over through Jan. 31 at the etc. . . . **Sassy Class** is at the China Trader in Burbank. . . . **Earl Hines** plays at Shelly's Manne-Hole through Jan. 27; **The World's Greatest Jazz Band** opens 31. . . . **Kenny Burrell** at Concerts By The Sea through Jan. 20; **Eddie Harris** follows, Jan. 22 through Feb. 3.

London

Trombonist **John Picard's** band is heard Wednesdays at the Crackers on Wardour St., and Fridays at New Merlin's Cave in Clerkenwell. That same venue has a down-home Sunday lunchtime session with **The Feetwarmers** and frequent guest artists. . . . Out-and-out Dixieland has a five-days-a-week stronghold at the Mitre in Greenwich, with **The Blackbottom Stompers** resident on Wednesdays. . . . **Max Collie's Rhythm Aces**, who toured the U.S. last fall, are found at the Trafalgar on King's Road at Saturday and Sunday lunchtimes, and at Flanagan's in Putney on Sunday and Tuesday evenings. . . . More modern music seems harder to establish on the pub scene, but the Plough in Stockwell has **The Harry South Trio** Fridays and **The Stan Tracey Trio** Saturdays, with different front-line guests each week. . . . Free jazz with **Mike Osborne** and other alumni of **The Brotherhood of Breath** is firmly rooted at the King's Arms in Bishopsgate every Saturday evening. . . . **Buddy Tate** books into Ronnie Scott's Jan. 21 through Feb. 2.

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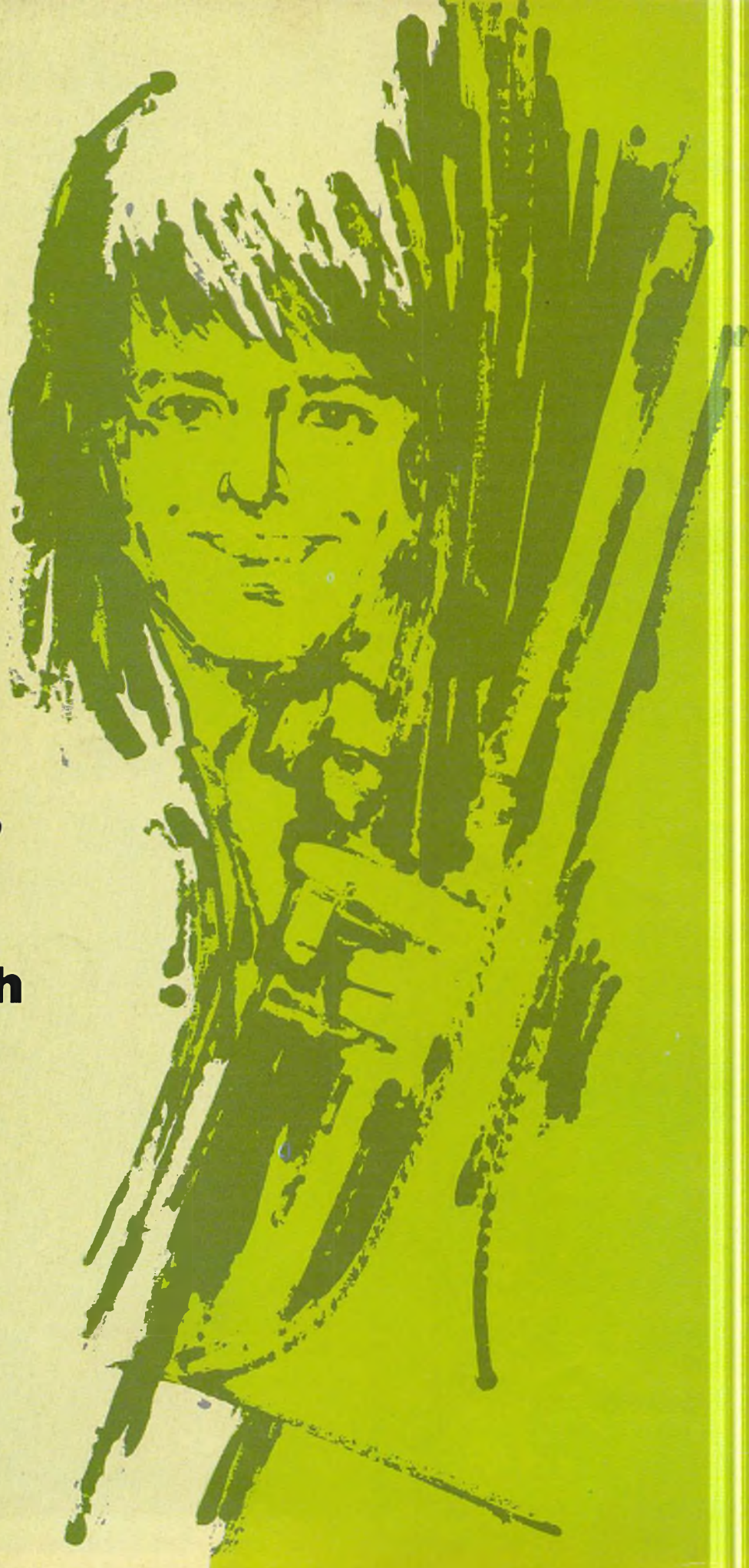
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