

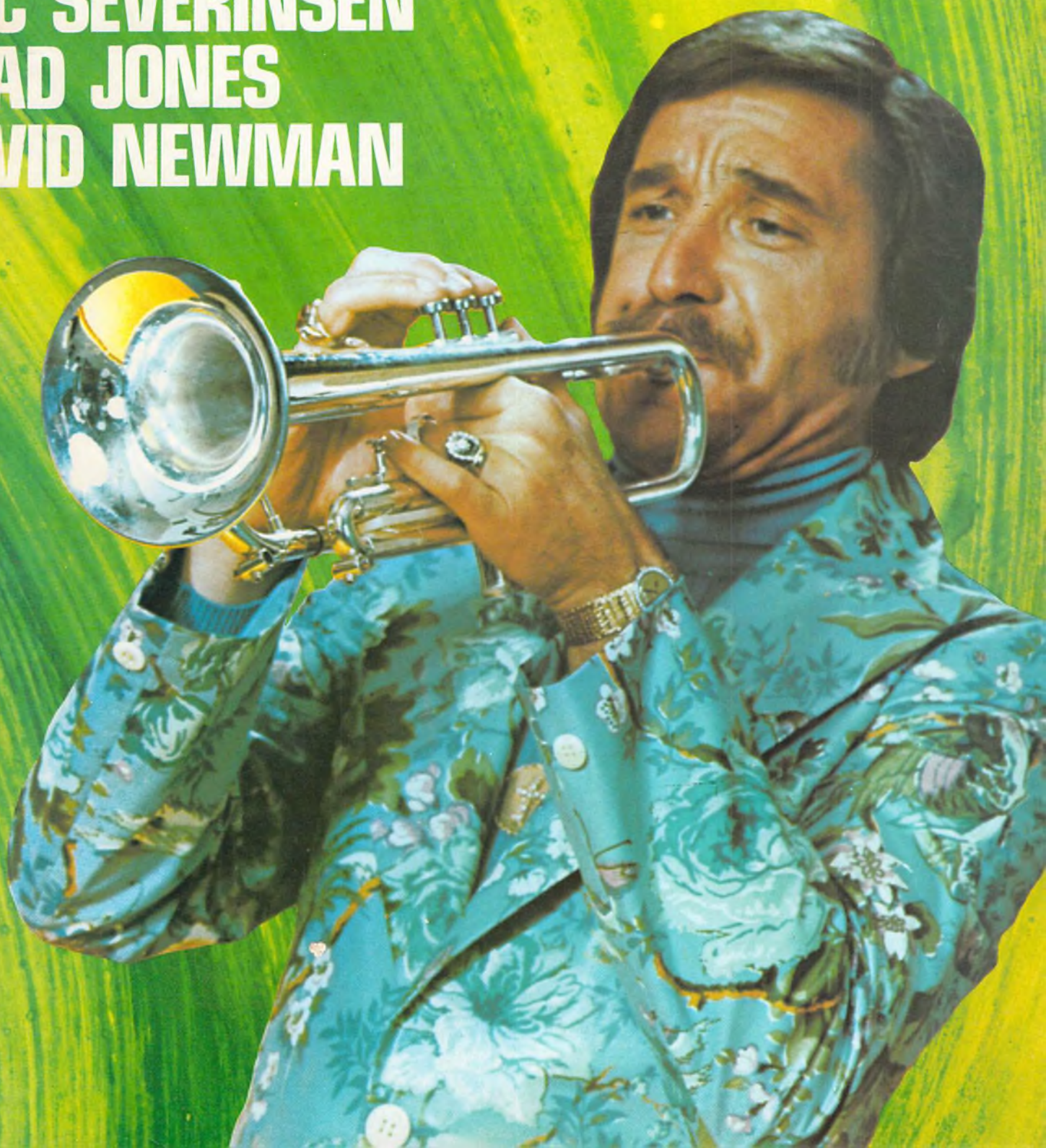
DECEMBER 5, 1974

50c

the contemporary
music magazine

down beat®

DOC SEVERINSEN
THAD JONES
DAVID NEWMAN



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of the Best Big Jazz Band Award issued by *down beat* magazine, a new, innovative album, "Potpourri," featuring The O' Jay's "For the Love of Money." And from Monk Montgomery, hailed as the greatest jazz bassist of our time, a new album titled "Reality," featuring "Bump De Bump" and "Me & Mrs. Jones."

Jazz is moving, to Philadelphia International.



On Philadelphia International Records and Tapes

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president & editor Jack Maher	associate editor Ray Townley	education editor Dr. William Fowler	production manager Gloria Baldwin	circulation manager Deborah Kelly
publisher Charles Suber		assistant editors John Litweiler Marv Hohman		
contributing editors: Michael Bourne, Leonard Feather, Eric Gaer, Jon Hendricks, Charles Mitchell, Herb Nolan, Robert Palmer, Patricia Willard, Herb Wong.				

Address all correspondence to Executive Office: 222 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill., 60606.
Phone: (312) 346-7811

Advertising Sales Offices: East Coast: A. J. Smith, 2714 Sylvia Dr., North Bellmore, N.Y. 11710.
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West Coast: Frank Garlock, 6311 Yucca St., Hollywood, CA. 90028.
Phone: (213) 465-0119.

Records reviewed: Bill Adler, Jon Balleras, Michael Bourne, Alan Heineman, Wayne Jones, Gordon Kopolos, Eric Kriss, Leonard Maltin, John McDonough, Steve Metalitz, Charles Mitchell, Dan Morgenstern, Herb Nolan, James O'Neal, Tom Piazza, Robert Rusch, Will Smith, Pete Welding, Herb Wong.

Correspondents:
Atlanta, David Moscovitz; Baltimore, Stanley Hall; Boston, Fred Bouchard; Buffalo, Chuck Ingersoll; Cincinnati, Louis F. Lousche; Cleveland, C. A. Colombi; Dallas, Don Gilliland; Denver, Dave Roeder; Detroit, Ben Shaw; Houston, Linda Perkins; Kansas City, Colleen Forster; Los Angeles, Patricia Willard; Miami/Ft. Lauderdale, Don Goldie; Minneapolis/St. Paul, Bob Protzman; Nashville, Michael Rozak; New Orleans, Paul Lentz; New York, Arnold Jay Smith; Philadelphia, Eric Nemeyer; Pittsburgh, Roy Kohler; St. Louis, Richard A. Johns; San Francisco, Eric Kriss; Southwest, Bob Henschel; Syracuse/Rochester, Ray Boyce; Washington, D.C., Paul Anthony; Montreal, Ron Sweetman; Toronto, Jack Batten; Argentina, Alisha Krynsky; Australia, Trevor Graham; Central Europe, Eric T. Vogel; Denmark, Birger Jorgenson; Finland, Don Bane; France, Jean-Louis Genibre; Germany, Claus Schreiner; Great Britain, Brian Priestley; Italy, Ruggero Silassi; Japan, Shoichi Yui; Netherlands, Hans F. Duffer; Norway, Randi Hultin; Poland, Roman Waschko; Sweden, Lars Lystedt.

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Trust the leader.

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By Charles Suber

Between copyrights and your rights lies a *Catch 22* dilemma.

Composers and publishers are joyful about the provision of the proposed new law that would extend a copyright for "the life of the last surviving author and fifty years after his death". Great! That leaves money for at least one wife, the kids, and estate lawyers. But look—in vain—for any provision of the law that would help keep the tune alive 75 to 100 years, or even until the next June moon. There is no legal obligation on a copyright holder to keep the tune in print—or even to print it at all.

The law, since 1909, calls for a lead sheet (melody line) to be on file in the Copyright Office to establish originality. The new law proposes that the filing of a "phonorecord" (disc or tape) of the tune is sufficient.

Neither the old nor the new law allows parity between "Arranging and Adaption" rights and "Recording Rights". This means that once a tune is recorded, then anyone is permitted to record his version as long as a royalty is paid to the copyright holder. The arranger gets no royalty; arrangements are not copyrightable.

Here comes the Catch.

No one is allowed to offer for sale and performance an arrangement without specific written permission of the publisher—and if he doesn't allow it, no-how. So you have a situation where anybody can record any copyrighted tune but nobody can print it for study or performance. How, then, does a tune get to be a standard and stay alive long enough to put the author's grandchildren through college if there are no copies to play?

Oh, there are ways—all illegal. You can buy a fake book—with hundreds of copyrighted melody lines—and thereby commit a heinous crime, as most music majors are forced to do in order to learn enough tunes to earn a living.

Another way is to "borrow" a chart from somebody and heat up the facsimile machine. And that's a no-no subjecting the copier to all kinds of penalties.

Or you could search your dealer's dusty bins for a yellowed copy of a Warrington stock, a dansette folio, or the Best of Dave Pell.

Under the present and (probable) future system, the chances of your being allowed to study or play any of the golden oldies, without breaking the law, are negligible. Ironically, the composer and his licensees who have done the most forceful lobbying for the new law are sewing up their own pockets. (If you don't want the money, think of your poor grandchildren's dilemma—all because old granddad wouldn't accept a royalty for somebody else arranging and printing his music.)

Who is likely to solve the problem? The legislators? They listen only to the squeakiest wheel and nobody is squealing. The AFofM? The union is concerned with getting something for its rank and file but neglects the arrangers who are also "Dear Sirs and Brothers". The broadcasters? Their license does not provide tribute to live musicians.

What can you do? Learn what it's all about and make a loud noise.

Psst, wanna buy a fake book?

db

Tributes To Harry

When Harry Carney's name is mentioned, anyone who knows the true history of American music should feel deep appreciation and gratitude. For 50 years, Harry was the acknowledged master of his instrument, the baritone sax. His extraordinary talents were responsible for the sound of the Ellington Orchestra. To Duke, he was a pillar of strength and comfort. I don't think that any musician in the business has been so deeply respected and loved by his fellow musicians as was Harry. He would always find time for people who came to see him. He was the man who would tell you the title of that last number and where the band would be playing next week. And when you said goodbye to Harry, you knew that he would always be glad to see you the next time around. He will live on in our hearts because he was so good and kind to all of us.
Montreal, Can. Father Gerald Pocock

As a fan of Harry Partch's music, I was upset to hear he had passed away. I was glad and a little surprised to read a final tribute to him in your magazine (I really didn't think you'd do it).

Being primarily a percussionist, I was fascinated by his musical instruments. I never had an opportunity to meet him, but I was fortunate enough to study with one of Mr. Partch's disciples, Danlee Mitchell, at San Diego State.

Thank you for printing a much deserved tribute to a beautiful composer and a brilliant musical innovator.
San Diego, Ca. Mike Brand

New Cheers

I have been a *down beat* reader for 15 years. Your October 24 publication is among the best issues released during that time. Being able to savor articles on Herbie Hancock, Keith Jarrett, and Gerry Mulligan in one issue was a rare treat. However, you forgot to include *The Prisoner* (Blue Note 84321) in your Hancock discography. This album is a must for any Herbie devotee since it exposes a side of his arranging that is seldom heard.
Albany, Ca. Guy John Cavalli

Five stars to Charles Mitchell on his Buddy Rich *Caught* in the Oct. 24 issue. It was the most honest review I've ever read in *down beat* and that spans a 15 year period!
Milwaukee, Wis. Dennis R. Hendley

Raw Jeers

In response to John Klemmer (Oct. 10): I've heard your records and it's obvious that you've learned a great deal from Trane and others of the so-called "giants of the past." But one thing you have not learned from them, or anyone else, is humility. This is one of the qualities that separates great artists from schmucks like yourself.
Huntington, Ky. Peter Beck

It really irks me when such a lame player as Herbie Mann puts down a Segovia or a Julian Bream. Who ever told him he can play? Sure, he sells a lot of records, but so does Alice Cooper. He has a lot of nerve comparing himself to Bird or Miles.

So "there really isn't a tenor player at the moment?" Is that so, Herbie? I wonder if Sonny Rollins, Archie Shepp, et

chords and

discords

al. know about this. I know you're laughing all the way to the bank, Herbie, but I think you're full of shit and that you can't play.
Winnetka, Ill. Eric Schneider

I feel that it's time someone exposed the typical vice of these shallow post-Coltrane tenor critics (re: Kriss, Oct. 24, concerning Barbieri's *Yesterdays*). Just because Barbieri is a virtuoso of the tenor saxophone and sometimes utilizes dissonant energy (which Trane, of course, popularized), some Philistines insist that he is derivative of Coltrane. In reality, it is the dilettantish ears of these type-writers that are "dominated by the towering memories of Coltrane."

A want of subtlety and delicacy seems to be a prerequisite for journalists. They lack the artistic sensibility to experience the uniquely classical pathos of Gato.
San Diego, Ca. Nelson Pallemmon

B.V.D.s For Jarrett

The interview with Keith Jarrett was as inspiring as his music. There is truth in Keith's warning about identifying with music and finding a place in one's pockets to store great moments. From time to time, I want to hold on to my great moments too, but I can't, since my pockets are too full. Therefore, every so often I must take myself to the cleaners. I've found Jarrett's music to be such strong detergent that often my pockets become not only clean, but empty, and I find myself sitting around in my underwear. A musician can get a lot done when he's down to his underwear. Tell Keith I'll pay the bill as soon as I find my pants again, since there was some change left in them.
Los Angeles, Ca. Rick Benny



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The '74 German Jazz Festival at Frankfurt once again provided a panoramic view of the German jazz scene. Founded in 1953, the world's oldest regularly occurring jazz festival receives its subsidy from the Hessian radio and TV network. This year's event presented 147 musicians and 14 groups in four concerts. Nine of the featured groups were newcomers, a fact which was the most encouraging aspect of the festival. There is a rising generation of younger players in Europe; new groups like Virgo from Wiesbaden, Dyzan from Heidelberg, and Key from Cologne consist mainly of students, yet are on almost the same level as any competent European professional band.

In Germany, as anywhere else, the old masters are still reigning in the person of such musicians as trombonist Albert Mangelsdorff, tenor saxists Klaus Doldinger and Hans Koller, pianist Michael Naura, and multi-instrumentalist Gunter Hampel. Viennese Koller, who was voted German Musician Of The Year back in 1954, now highlights a young violinist from Poland, Zbigniew Seifert, who is every bit as remarkable as his countryman Michal Urbaniak or France's Jean-Luc Ponty.

Germany has always been the main European country as far as free jazz goes. Of course, the festival also includes rock, rag, bebop, and assorted exotica, but no other nation sports as many free players. One of the foremost of these free formers is Gunter Hampel. Even years ago, Hampel was admired for his daring and sensitive soloing on instruments as diverse as vibes and flute, bass clarinet, and piano. As of late, Gunter has developed into one of the more prolific composers on the contemporary scene, penning light, resilient themes with original melodies. Hampel has an affinity for the higher notes—flutes, vibes, the higher registers of the piano—with some of his interwoven lines sounding like birds singing. His Galaxie Dreamband includes four German and three American musicians, among them Perry Robinson, who is one of the few clarinetists to appeal to younger audiences. Another American in Hampel's band is altoist Allen Braslin, who sounds like a Birdlike Konitz by way of the '70s.

As is fitting for the times, there was an ample supply of jazz/rock. The German scene has a truly convincing blues singer in

Inga Rumpf, who effectively combines contemporary American and European styles. The festival's best rock group, however, was Pork Pie, led by the fantastic Dutch keyboard man Jasper van 't Hof, featuring American saxophonist Charlie Mariano and Belgian guitarist Philip Catherine (who used to play with Jean-Luc Ponty). Although Mariano is 51-years-old and hails from the bebop generation of the late '40s and '50s, he has made a smooth transition into today's music, assimilating Indian ragas that stand in appealing contrast to Jasper's liking for Dutch folklore. As a keyboardist, Jasper is in the same category as electric pianist-organist-synthesizists like Jan Hammer and George Duke.

The Frankfurt Festival's most successful presentation came from Klaus Doldinger, who put together a special "Jubilee." Doldinger has been part of the scene since 1953, and to celebrate his 20th stage anniversary, he surrounded himself and his Passport group with several world stars—among them, British blues guitarist Alexis Korner, American tenor saxist Johnny Griffin, and British organist Brian Auger. Klaus cleverly integrated all the musicians into the "Jubilee" set, making it a festival high point. Passport's bassist Wolfgang Schmid sounded like a lower register Jimi Hendrix, employing all kinds of electronics in a virtuoso fashion.



Charlie Mariano



Joe Henderson

HERB NOLAN

The festival also included more "Meetings" conclaves, encompassing jazz, flamenco, Arabian Bedouin, and Indian classical music. This "Jazz Meets the World" format has always been dear to the German fans. The best of these meetings was the *Noon In Tunisia* set, which united four Bedouin musicians and five jazz players under the direction of Swiss pianist George Gruntz, as assisted by Tunisia's leading music authority and flutist Salah El Mahdi. The four Arabs (whom this writer had discovered in Tunisia) used zoukra (the old oboe-like horn of the Sahara caravans), mezoued (a kind of Arab bagpipe), nai (the North African flute), and lots of assorted percussion. One of the musicians participating in the Tunisia-cum-jazz marriage was tenorist Joe Henderson, who first heard the combination a couple of years ago in Stuttgart, and liked it so much that he jumped at his first opportunity to join in.

—joachim ernst berendt
—translated by helmut bredigkeit

New Releases

Fall releases from **Columbia** include the following: *Borboletto*, by the reconstituted **Santana**; *Streetlife Serenade*, by pianist **Billy Joel**; *Nightbirds, La-belle*; *Evergreen, Booker T.* (of **MG's** fame); *All The Faces, Buddy Miles*; *Brujo, New Riders Of The Purple Sage*; and *Everything You Know Is Wrong, Fire-sign Theatre*.

Blues singer **James Cotton** and his band have signed a new contract with **Buddah Records**, with a new disc titled *100% Cotton* slated for the near future.

New York-based **Strata-East Records** has changed its address to 156 Fifth Ave., New York, 10010. Upcoming releases from the label are: *The Eighth Wonder*, by trombonist **Dick Griffin**, with support from **Sam Rivers** and **Cecil McBee**; a set from **Keno Duke's Contemporaries**; and *Two Is One*, featuring former **Thelonious**

Monk tenor saxman **Charlie Rouse**.

BASF's fall product features *Feel*, a new album by keyboardist-Mother Of Invention member **George Duke**; a session from **George Shearing** and the **Amigos**; some fancy guitar work from **Baden Powell**; and yet another disc highlighting percussionist **Airto**.

Deodato's latest, *Artistry*, is his second under the **MCA** logo. Other notables from the label include: *Odds And Sods*, a collection of unreleased tracks by **The Who**; an **Elton John Greatest Hits** package; and a pair of **Shelter** waxings spotlighting **Mary McCreary** and **Don Preston**.

The ever-pressing vinyl machine at **Warner Brothers** adds these to its expanding catalog: *Verdon Fleece, Van Morrison; Waitress In A Donut Shop*, by

surprise star **Maria Muldaur; Paper Money, Montrose**; another reissue of old **Beach Boys** material, this time including *Friends and Smiley Smile; The Good Earth, Manfred Mann's Earth Band; War Child, Jethro Tull*.

John Lennon's Walls and Bridges looks like his most successful album in a long time. Other stuff that **Capitol** is currently smiling about includes: the second album by **Cockney Rebel**, charmingly tagged *The Psychomodo*; the first all-instrumental album by guitarist **Leo Kottke**, called *Dreams and All That Stuff*; and a new outing by If entitled *Tea-Break Over-Back On Your 'Eads!*

Essential Esoterica: California-based **Tulip Records** has issued another in its series of vintage "remote" broadcasts. The latest **Tulip** features a side each of the **Woody Herman** and **Harry James** orchestras, as they

were back in 1944... Ragtime pianist **Eubie Blake** has issued two new recordings under his **EBM** label, the first a live recording of himself, the other a premier set by Blake discovery **Jim Hession**.

English keyboardist **Nicky Hopkins** has been signed to a long-term contract with **Mercury Records**, his new album having been set for December release. Hopkins has been a studio mainstay for the past eight years, working with such groups as the **Rolling Stones**, the **Beatles**, **Jeff Beck**, the **Kinks**, and **Jefferson Airplane**.

Erratum: On page 15 of the November 21 issue, we mistakenly captioned a photograph of **Charlie Parker** and **Leonard Feather**. The award presented to Bird was for winning the 1950 **db Readers Poll**, not the **International Critics Poll**.

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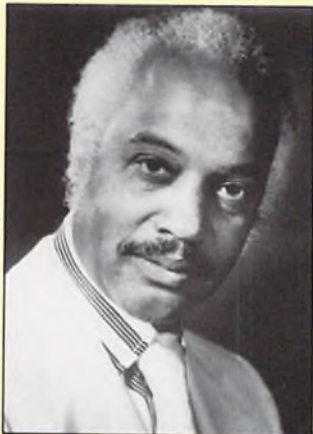
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MORE ELLINGTON CHANGES



Mercer Ellington

Harry Carney's chair in the Duke Ellington Orchestra is now being occupied by Maurice Simon, a veteran musician from Los Angeles. Simon moved from one of the tenor chairs, which has since been taken over by Ricky Ford, a 20-year-old Sonny Rollins-inspired performer from Boston Conservatory of Music. Jimmy Maxwell, best known as a trumpeter in the Benny Goodman band during the swing era, and who was heard with the El-

lington brass section in Bermuda last summer, has come back to the band temporarily. Also in the trumpet section for recent dates have been Dave Berger, who is described as an avid Ellington student by Mercer Ellington.

Mercer himself has been playing intermittently. Cootie Williams, the band's senior citizen (he joined in 1929, left in 1940, and has been back since 1962) again departed in September, due to the effects of bursitis. Mercer is confident that Coot will return and that the trumpet section will comprise Money Johnson, Williams, Barrie Lee Hall, and James Bolden. The trombone section currently lists Vince Prudente, Art Barron, and Chuck Connors, the bass bonist who joined in 1961.

Mercer's 28-year-old son, Edward Ellington II, has been playing guitar in the band. Mick McGettigan, the teenage French horn player introduced by Duke last year, has been dropped.

Plans are currently in the works for the Ellington Orchestra to tour Japan next spring, with a European jaunt tentatively to follow. —Leonard Feather

Russell Has New Concept

Composer/arranger George Russell has formed Concept Records so that he can retain better control and ownership of his own music. George has already issued two recordings on the label, with more set for the near future.

Listen To The Silence is a work for orchestra and chorus that combines spoken text with music. The second album features Russell's *Othello Ballet Suite*, including the composer's

performance of an original organ sonata.

Upcoming releases are a single album sextet version of *Electronic Sonata For Souls Loved By Nature* (once available on Flying Dutchman) and an album made up of some of Russell's older pieces, to be called *Status-phunk*. The records are available from New Music Distribution Service, 6 West 95 Street, New York, N.Y. 10025.

WEATHER REPORT HUNTS VOCALIST



In what has to be one of the surprise moves of the year, manager Bob Devere has decided to search for qualified vocalists who think "enhance their versatility" by they could fit in with the Weather Report. Having been in the forefront of electronic jazz throughout the three and a half years of their existence, the five band should send a resume, photograph, and a tape to Weather Report, Port Washington, Long Co-leaders Joe Zawinul and Wayne Shorter have instructed Island, New York.

FINAL BAR

Earl Mason, well-known pianist and sideman in the 1940s and '50s, died in Chicago on September 2, 1974 after a brief illness.

After graduation from the Milwaukee Conservatory of Music in the 1930s, Mason received his first encouragement from band-leaders Andy Kirk and Luis Russell. His reputation grew in the '40s as he began accompanying the great singers. He worked variously with Billie Holiday and Billy Eckstine. His longer stints were with the Louis Armstrong and Earl Hines big bands. In the flick *New Orleans* starring Lady and Satch, Earl had a feature part.

In the '50s, he was an active studio musician in Hollywood with John Scott Trotter, Bing Crosby's bandleader during that singer's heyday. Earl left a legacy in the person of his daughter, Mari Jo Johnson. Ms. Johnson is an active and familiar personality in the jazz community of New York City. She is currently Administrative Director of the New York Jazz Repertory Company. Her efforts in that direction helped the NYJRC get its inaugural season off the ground. —arnold jay smith

potpourri

The Percussive Arts Society has set December 21 as the official "Day Of Percussion." The event will begin at 2 PM (immediately following the Midwest Clinic luncheon) and will be held at the Chicago Hilton in downtown Chicago. Anyone attending the Clinic is cordially invited to stay through Saturday afternoon and attend the session. The winner of the Society's composition contest will be announced and various performances will be given. Sessions will be held in the Hilton's International Ball Room and admission is free.

A newly syndicated jazz radio show called *Swinging With Lewis K. McMillan* is being offered to colleges by New York-based Geo-Lyn Communications. The program features McMillan, a

jazz writer and historian, in a series of interviews and musical samplings with such artists as **Buddy Rich**, **Dizzy Gillespie**, **Mary Lou Williams**, **Teddy Wilson**, and **Jo Jones**. Programs are available in 15- and 30-minute segments, with each show to include a sampling of the artists' music, musical background, and views on jazz.

New Orleans Jazz Museum director **George Finola** recently took his cornet and band out into the Gulf of Mexico for the first in a series of jazz cruises. Veteran guitarist **Danny Barker** and his blues-singing wife **Blue Lu Barker** also joined in for the affair.

New Label News: Motown Records has decided to enter

the country and western market, via the formation of its new **Melodyland** label . . . **Manticore** has also reached a distribution agreement with Motown and will soon sever relations with the Atlantic people. **Manticore** headliners include **Emerson, Lake & Palmer** and a variety of other English-based rock acts . . . **Phil Spector**, fully recovered from his near fatal auto accident of a year ago, has established his own new label, **Warner-Spector**. A custom line to be handled by Warner Bros., the label will reissue titles from Spector's defunct **Philles Records** in addition to new product . . . And **Ringo Starr**, ex-Beatle, is following the lead of **George Harrison** by forming his own company, to be called **Ring-O Records**. Starr has reportedly entered into an agreement with **Polydor** for En-

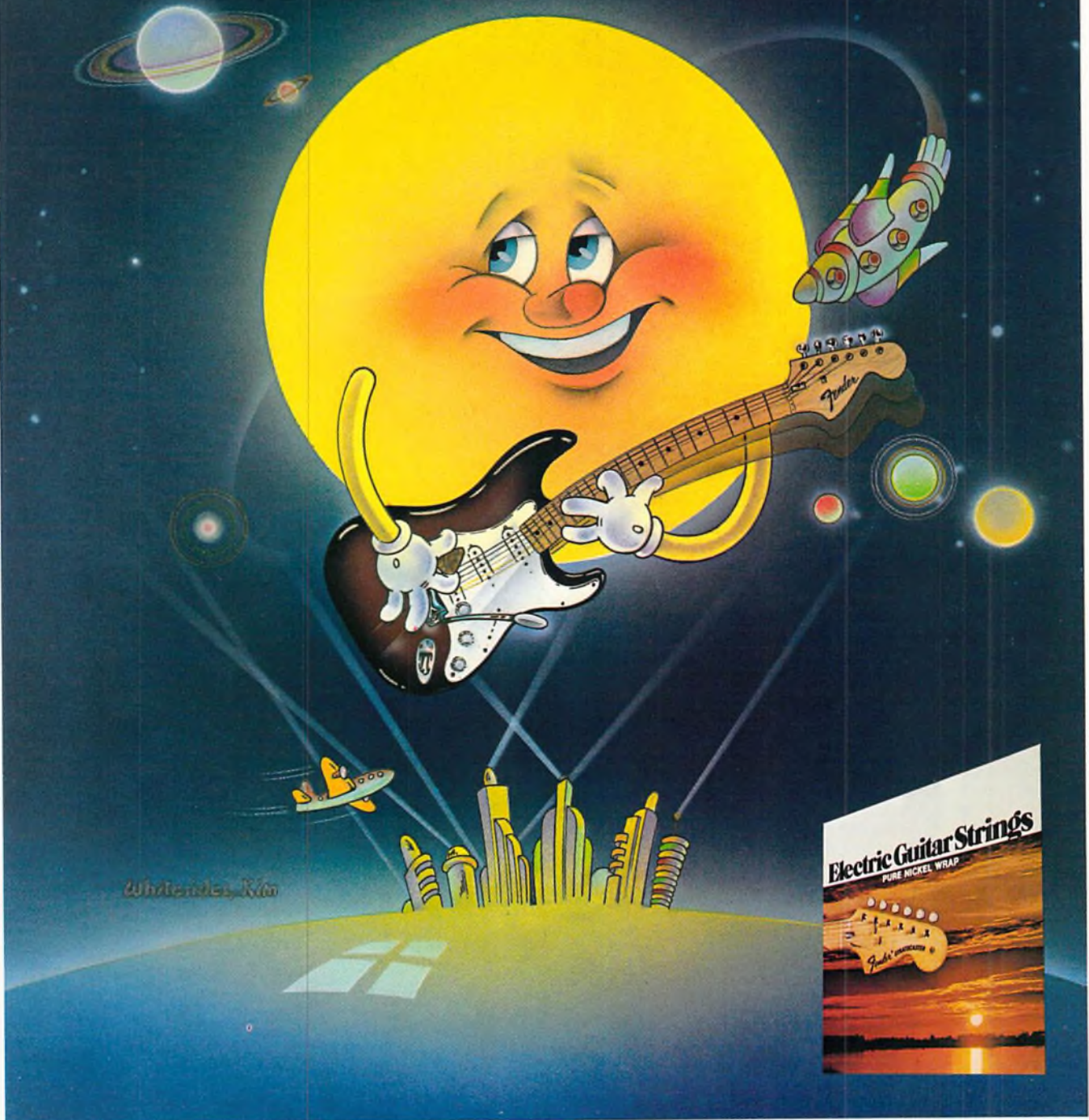
glish distribution and will probably hook up with **Capitol** for stateside affairs . . .

Chart-topping **Chicago** will headline a New Year's Eve TV special. Set for November 26 taping in Los Angeles, the supporting cast will include the **Beach Boys**, **Herbie Hancock**, the **Doobie Brothers**, and **Olivia Newton-John**.

Pop jots: The **Alice Cooper** group has "permanently" disbanded, Alice forsaking his musical grotesqueries for the lure of a movie career . . . The fine English band **King Crimson** has also called it quits. Their five-year career recently concluded with a nationwide tour during which a live set was recorded.

continued on page 35

FENDER HAS HIRED A FLY-BY-NIGHT TALENT TO TELL YOU WHEN TO CHANGE YOUR ELECTRIC GUITAR STRINGS.



You see, we figured that lots of nice folks get headaches trying to remember when they last changed their Fender electric strings. So, we did the only thing a fine, upstanding, public service-minded company could do. We hired this fly-by-night talent to help you out.

Old Mr. Silvery Light himself has promised to flash a full moon precisely every 28 days. And after a ton of testing, we came up with a quickie guide to how often (*in moon time*) you should get a new set of Fender electrics.

Change your Fender electric strings every full moon, if you play your guitar between 6 and 8 hours a week

Change every two full moons, if you play between 3 and 4 hours a week

Change every three full moons, if you play less than 2 hours a week

Now, if you're accustomed to changing strings only when they pop (shame, shame) or when you can't think of anything better to do, you might wonder why we suggest re-stringing your trusty electric so often. The answer is iron-tired strings. Every time you

play, even the creamiest strings take a beating. They begin to lose perfect tonal quality. Oh, the loss is slight. Negligible to ordinary ears. But then musicians ain't got ordinary ears. So, if you're a stickler for perfection, go on, spend a few bucks on new Fender electric strings. And keep your takes perfect!

There you have it. The whens and whys of the incredible Fender "change your electric strings by the light of the moon" guide. Practical, yes. But, there's another aspect. The full moon that



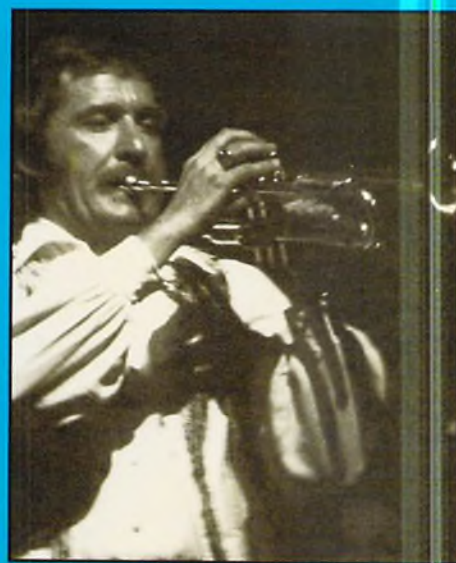
brings out the wolf in werewolves and romantics, that turns tides and influences horoscopes, ought to be able to do some powerful things for your music. Yessiree. So, watch for our Fender man-in-the-sky to flash a full moon.

Fender
Electric Strings

Fender Guitar Strings are made by CBS Musical Instruments, Battle Creek, Mich.



DOC TAKES ISSUE



by lee underwood

The snappy *Tonight Show* ritual has become the Bedtime Story for all of America: outrageously draped and garbed, Doc Severinsen zings the band through the opening theme (composed by Paul Anka), and then wheels, bows with affected Arabic humility, and awaits the Mighty Carson jibes.

Of a pink shirt bedecked with hundreds of feathers, Carson asks, "What happened? You run into an exploding chicken?" Or, of a suede and satin Western outfit, "I wouldn't wear that to fondle Randolph Scott's saddle horn!"

Harmless, even boring, badinage? Perhaps. But from the *Tonight Show* launching pad and its slick, sleek format, Carl Hilding Severinsen, 47, has developed his own 11 piece group, the Now Generation Brass, complete with six singers called Today's Children.

He performs every weekend on college campuses, in Vegas show rooms, at state fairs, at football coliseums, or even for massive chain-store openings. He also appears regularly as a guest soloist with major symphony orchestras across the country, perhaps his most cherished activity.

In short: his sequined suits, his mock-Arabic bows, his dazzling trumpet playing, and his silky words for Jalapeño Bean Dip thrust Doc Severinsen nightly into the bedrooms and barrooms of over 12 million people, who reward him with their love, their envy and over \$500,000 a year, more than three times his *Tonight Show* salary.

The man behind the success, however, is far from complacent, jaded, or aloof. He's a country boy who has made it big by fighting for his personal and artistic freedom every step of the way.

He wrestles almost daily with musicians, critics and laymen who denigrate his total commitment to music of all persuasions. "I don't understand why the symphony people want everybody to play symphony, and the jazz cats don't want to know anything but jazz, and they all hate country & western. It's like they're all drawn up into little camps," Doc protests. "I don't see that, not at all. I mean, music is the universal language. You can't do that in music, just cram it into little boxes. I consider myself unadaptable to any cubicle. The one thing I've tried to do is 12 □ down beat

make my music relative to *everybody*."

He was born July 7, 1927, in the tiny mountain village of Arlington, Oregon. His father was a dentist, but the Depression thundered. "We were poor. We had ice cream maybe once or twice a year. I never went hungry, but, man, I'll tell you, we ate a lot of bean soup. We had a radio, but we were so far up in the hills that there was no decent reception. We couldn't afford a record player, and even if we could, we didn't have enough money to buy records to put on it."

Nevertheless, music filled the house, for "Little Doc's" dentist-father, "Big Doc," was also a fine musician. "He learned enough cornet to teach me, but he was primarily a classical violinist, and that's the way he tried to teach me music. He was very particular and very meticulous. We'd practice 'til I almost had a nervous breakdown.

"I'd go to contests . . . and, of course, in those days there was none of this stuff that everybody's wonderful. You got First, Second, Third, or Go Home, which is the way it should be now. Everybody's getting praised when they really don't deserve it. That's just not helpful to anybody. My father was a perfectionist, however, and for that reason he was a good teacher to have.

When he was 16-years-old and took his first job as a professional musician, "Little Doc" learned that music was also a *business*, a lesson he has always remembered. "I didn't go down there to play for nothing, and they didn't expect me to. They said, 'We're paying you a certain amount of money, you wear a tuxedo, and the job is from so-and-so to so-and-so.' I've never said that I was not doing this for a living, and I don't say it now."

After winning many state and national contests as a cornetist and trumpeter, Doc hopped on the big band circuit, working with Charlie Barnet, Ted Fiorito, Sam Donahue, Tommy Dorsey, Benny Goodman, Noro Morales, and Vaughn Monroe.

The big band era matured, flowered fully, and then died, its "lack of imagination" being one of the major reasons. "It got to be like a bunch of guys in soiled suits, slumping down in a bunch of chairs, with a half-assed interest, just waitin' for their solo to come up, and if they all happened to get whacked out at the same time they'd play some really ex-

citing ensembles. But that's not the way the big bands *used* to be.

"One thing you'll find underneath everything my band does—under the singing, the humor, and the tunes—is solid, professional musicianship. I don't think you should ever make compromises to do anything."

In 1949, when he was 22, he joined NBC as a staff musician with Skitch Henderson's orchestra. The *Tonight Show* was still a local show with Steve Allen as host. When Jack Paar took over, Doc and many others left, returning during the post-Paar year of fill-in guest hosts. Skitch made him a member and assistant conductor ("for whenever he wanted to get away") in 1962. Then Johnny took over, and he became the leader in 1967.

During his years of NBC studio work, Doc also joined the Getzen Music Company as a consultant and clinician, an activity he still enjoys when time allows. It was a P.R. job for Getzen and their musical instruments, but Doc turned it into a great deal more than that, as he travelled across the country to high schools and colleges, presenting clinics on trumpet techniques, and performing as a soloist with the stage and concert bands of each school. He still loves it.

As a boy, the one thing he wanted to do was play the trumpet, but later he developed the itch to become a bandleader as well. He formed his own sextet, winding up in the lounge of the Las Vegas Sands Hotel playing jazz.

That particular gig was a major turning point in his life.

"We'd go out and play and get a lot of really very warm ho-hums. Then they'd bring out a line of bare-chested broads riding bicycles, and the place would go mad!

" 'Hmmm,' I said. 'You got to have a gimmick.' I would look around that town to see what was making it—what could I do with music. I mean, it doesn't do *me* any good to go bare-chested."

With a burning desire, not only to make a living, but to reach out and touch a wider audience with his music as well, he formed a group of musicians and singers "who could put on a concert and a show all at the same time." So the Now Generation Brass with Today's Children was born.

The Now Generation Brass consists of a

rhythm section, and a frontline of two trumpets, two trombones, and two saxes. There are six singers (including his daughter, Nancy), "because the lyrics are important to a lot of today's music."

The musicianship is unquestionable—all of the players are *Tonight Show* band members—and the vocalists are "pared down to six really good singers." The whole thing is staged, and Doc even sings!

"Just because you're playing a horn is no reason to be ashamed or self-conscious about singing, and yet musicians are the most self-conscious bunch of guys you'll ever meet. You put 'em within their own confines, and they're probably the funniest, most extroverted people you'll ever find. But when you all of a sudden open up the curtain and let people look, they turn right around and go right down into themselves. I like musicians who expand! Exude! Anyway, I sing for two reasons: I enjoy it, and I can rest my lip."

With his fierce conviction that music is meant for universal appreciation, Doc covers the entire spectrum of genres: he plays Chuck Mangione's *The Hill Where The Lord Hides*, Leon Russell's *Song For You*, Roger Miller's *I Believe In The Sunshine*, and Jimmy Webb's *Psalm 150* (arranged by Don Sebesky). He also performs his own current hit that he co-wrote with Mac Davis, "a stone country and western song called *Stop And Smell The Roses*."

"Then we do a thing of Paul Anka's called *Jubilation* that he wrote a couple of years ago. Mike Barone wrote us a chart on that you won't believe! We got a bebop lick to open with the band playing unison. (*Scat sings, fast*) Be-do-dee-del-biddle-diddle-diddle, bee-doo-bee-do-whaaaaa-bam! I mean, when we get through with that, we might as well take a bow and say good-bye!"

Doc also performs Rodrigo's *Spain* from the *Concierto De Aranjuez*, *The Way We Were*, arranged by Tommy Newsome, and a put-on comedy piece called *The Spoons Number*, in which they all play spoons. And then "we turn the guys loose for about 20 minutes to jam on *Malaguena*. We can play this concert at state fairs for the farmers and at colleges for the kids: we cover the entire gamut, and they love it!"

I asked Doc what it would take to get a 2-5 minute shot of either the Now Generation Brass or the *Tonight Show* band on television every so often. He replied: "I couldn't imagine what it would take. I've pushed for it and I think a lot of times there are intentions to include a band number, but then somethin' will go wrong. I mean, we have a lot of guests who make a lot of preparations. They come here, and then they still don't get on. It's just the way the show runs."

Although he has experimented with the wah-wah pedals, the Echoplex, the multivider, and amplification, Doc wants to wait until he knows what he's doing with such devices before he presents himself electronically. As for the band, "We have a new machine we're tampering with now, a very sophisticated version of an Echoplex. We're also going to try to use a gigantic phase-shifter for the whole band."

Ziggy Elman was the first trumpet player he ever saw or met, "and naturally I was impressed." When Doc joined Charlie Barnet's band, he met and became friends with Clark Terry, who was also a rookie. "Clark took all that *Carnival of Venice* stuff I'd been doing to win state-fair contests, and put it to work in a way I absolutely could not believe."

Concerning his other influences, he says "everything by Dizzy Gillespie is tops, as is

everything by Freddie Hubbard, and almost everything by Miles Davis." Contemporary musicians Chick Corea and Herbie Hancock "are getting a lot more respect than they used to, but not enough to suit me yet."

And of Mahavishnu John McLaughlin, Doc exclaims, "God almighty, what a player he is! He's communicating directly with that audience out there—not pandering to them, but communicating. There's something in the tone of what he does that eradicates the invisible curtain between him and the audience. It's something unseen that goes back and forth between them, and he gets a great reception. What is that? I don't know."

Because communication is supremely important to Doc, he is gratified that farmers, collegiates, and young and old alike respond.

But not everyone loves it, and there's the snake in the alfalfa. Although thousands of people flock to his concerts and Doc is widely respected among many musicians and critics, often winning or placing high in major magazine jazz polls, there nevertheless remains a widespread group of detractors who sneer at virtually everything he does.

The jazz purists look at *The Spoons Number*, take it seriously, and accuse him of doing a Lawrence Welk bit, "when all it is, is a fun put-on! Like when Elton John or I wear those outfits, it's a whole trip, a spoof!"

"Just because I'm successful, you see, he felt I was selling out . . . Well, where was he when I was playing at the Apollo Theatre in 1949 or '50? Or when some black guys and I got run out of a diner in Jersey, being chased by a redneck chef with a meat cleaver?"

Many musicians and critics of both classical and jazz predilections accuse him of selling out, of "going commercial." And some of the public who are accustomed to his television image assume that because he is famous, he must be cold, distant, or aloof.

Doc's greatest war over the years has been against negative, narrow and cynical thinking, the kind that deflates positive action and reduces the spirit of affirmation to a squint. It hurts Doc, and it makes him furious.

"I've come close to so many people with my music and clinic conducting," he said, somewhat confused, "that it's difficult for me to accept that some people might assume that because you're on a television show that you've changed, that you're not a swell person anymore, or that you're inaccessible, or that you have no desire to be their friend.

"I mean, I still practice at least two hours a day. I'm just as interested in music as I ever was, and I'm just as willing to help young players as ever."

Doc shifted uncomfortably in his cushioned armchair and rubbed his mustache. "And what would they base a sense of aloofness on? I think it's all hollow assumptions. I mean, if I get ten or 20 letters a day from kids asking for detailed instructions about how to do such-and-such on the trumpet, it tells me two things: first of all, there's no way I'm going to have time to answer those letters; second, that there's a teacher within probably a 100 mile radius of home who could do just as well for them. But that would entail actually going there and doing something about it, instead of writing a letter. It's easier to write a letter, and then blame me if I don't answer it, than it is to go to the high school band director and say, 'Hey, coach, I'm havin' a little problem.' 'Oh, really? Well, let's look into it. Have you thought of practicing?'"

Still puzzled, but more heatedly concerned, Doc continued. "As for chops, as for playing out there on that stage, sweating and in touch with the people, I do concerts every weekend, only instead of trying to get across to 300 people in a high school gymnasium, I'm trying to get across to a few thousand people, and make music a broader presentation.

"And if there's any trumpet player that really feels I've diluted my music to reach a wider audience, then let him get out his trumpet and come on over, and we'll play some duets together. We'll find out about that.

"Or don't they ever go to any of my symphony concerts?" Doc asked, the anger rising in his eyes. "I play with the Chicago Orchestra, the Cleveland Orchestra, the Amarillo Orchestra—I've played with the big ones and the little ones, and I am *not* playing pop classics or orchestral arrangements of pop tunes.

"I absolutely insist that the first half of the program has to be classical music. I have *Concertos I and II* of Worley's and *Concerto* by Lovelock that I play regularly. And if any trumpet player wants to have a long weekend for about 20 minutes, let him try them.

"It's strictly a classical presentation. I mean, there's no shuckin', you can't blame it on anything. It's right there on the paper. I challenge anybody to find anything musically

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Ed McMahon secures Doc for great leap over Snake River Canyon

THAD JONES CONDUCTS AN INTERVIEW

with
arnold jay smith

Some of the guys got there 40 minutes early. And then we had to wait an hour before the overtime session in the studio ended." So began the success story of a big band that was to survive nine years of one-nighters—or more precisely, a one-nighter—in the hard economic times of the late '60s and early '70s. (And, in the process, bringing the musical stature of big bands into the present age.)

The name of the band tells the story of their success: the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra. Mel, "The Tailor," drives the band with ease and aplomb, while the forceful Thad stands out front directing.

"Mel and I made a few phone calls to some of our friends. They called some of their friends, a chain phone call thing, and we ended up with more than we had bargained for. And they *all* showed up, plus some who just heard about the gig." The auspicious stirrings were heard one Monday night (New York's traditional musical off-night) at the granddaddy of cellar clubs, Max Gordon's Village Vanguard.

At their recent ninth anniversary at the club, Thad, looking out at the usual jammed house, quipped, "You probably have your names engraved on the chairs by this time." What was started as a lark, or a studio band at best, has turned into the proverbial institution that draws fans from outlying musical fields. Joni Mitchell was there to share champagne and cake (replete with candles).

Recently, Thaddeus Joseph Jones, the middle brother sandwiched between Hank and Elvin, sat down and discussed at length his personal musical background, both as a well-respected trumpet-fluegelhorn player and as an exceptional arranger-composer for big bands and orchestras.

Jones: What influenced my playing the most was Louis Armstrong's sound. I'd always been attracted to the brilliant sound of the trumpet, but I'd never had a personality to really set on until him. His was the clearest sound I'd ever heard: right up until the time Pops was unable to play as well, he maintained that real brilliant sound. So, naturally, I got interested in the sound of the trumpet, which is as important as what you play on it.

Smith: Was he the first trumpet player you really heard?

Jones: Well, I have to include some other people, too. At the same time, I was listening to the radio a lot, and the bands were all on the air. The radio was sort of a family listening hour for us. We used to hear groups like Washboard Sam, who was an entertainer with a band of his own. One of them was Duke Ellington back in 1929, when he was working at the Cotton Club. I heard Cootie—I was very strong for him—Rex Stewart. Then there were Claude Hopkins, Earl Hines—but that sound Armstrong got was so compelling to me. Cootie and Rex may have come from him, and that's why I liked them so much. Style wasn't what I was interested in: I'm talking about the kind of projection that the horn has itself, and my feelings about it.

Ellington represented something to me like the end of the rainbow, the musical prodigal.

Smith: Where did the music come from in your family? Did each brother influence the other? Hank is the oldest—did he play first, and so on?

Jones: There's something that happens when you're exposed to good music at an early age: you become very discriminating in what you listen to. We were very fortunate to be exposed to some really, really good music. There wasn't any Mickey Mouse stuff. There were very sound bands, and each one had a standout soloist on some instru-

ment. For instance, Claude Hopkins used to feature a trumpet player on a piece, I think it was *Little Boy Blue*. He would hold a note for maybe four choruses, just hold it, and in those days that was a phenomenal thing. I'm sure he was into circular breathing. I never could get his name. (Ed. note: probably Jabbo Smith.) Being exposed to good things made you strive to do good things. It gave you a standard.

We had two older sisters. The oldest played violin, and the next oldest to Hank played piano. She was the first one I was exposed to musically for any length of time. Hank took his first lessons from her teacher, also. She later changed her name and became an opera singer. I had a different sound in my head, a trumpet. Elvin came along and he heard drums. These are the instruments we started with and the ones we stuck with. No other ones.

Smith: That's unusual, isn't it? Don't most jazz musicians play something in addition to their main ax?

Jones: A lot of musicians have studied some piano; they make it a point to get that keyboard harmony. A good 75% of the musicians we hear today are college trained, and you must take piano courses there.

Smith: Do you think you have influenced others?

Jones: To some degree in my writing, yes. As far as playing is concerned, I don't consider myself overwhelming, like Freddie (Hubbard), Miles or Dizzy. I consider myself a competent player who has moments of greatness, going beyond yourself, beyond the immediate present, away from yourself.

Smith: Does it come from within *all* the time?

Jones: Yes, it must.

Smith: Take *Don't Get Sassy*, on which you don't play. It does dig in; doesn't it make you want to blow?

Jones: No. I think you get totally involved in the music, and then you become part of something else. You are part of the music—you are no longer standing back, looking objectively at it, picking out what you want. You become immersed—it and you are one.

Smith: How do you write music? Are there certain voicings that you want to hear? Or do you concentrate on the piece from moment to musical moment?

Jones: Subconsciously I have a total idea of what I want to say musically. I try to write it as I'm building a house, adding as I go, maybe bypassing one section and coming back to it, rather than go from level to level. I try to give a total picture. I have no idea what it's going to sound like. All I'm interested in is putting it down and at least presenting the idea.

Smith: After completing a composition, do you ever suddenly realize you've inadvertently featured the brass sections, favoring your own instrumental bent?

Jones: A lot of times it works out that way, but I think it's following the natural lines of an arrangement. You're going to have some highs and lows; you're not going to have any highs unless you use the brass—that's the power section. It's like a three-way light switch: you're not going to have it up to its highest all the time. But you must let the music go where it wants to go. If it calls for that, then that's what it must do.

I don't favor any one grouping of instruments. I'm trying to create different voicings, sounds, combinations of instruments. One thing should be made pretty clear: anything that's written will sound good if it's played right, for what's written. I've played some of the worst music in the world, but if you give it a conscientious effort you can

give a little more than what's written down. Put a little of yourself into it, and automatically that note comes out sounding a little bit better. I was on the CBS staff, and some of that music was not of the best quality, but you have to make something of it if you are to justify your being there.

Smith: Your first major solo with Basie was on the *April In Paris* hit. How did it come about?

Jones: The arrangement was by Bill Davis, the organist. It was very peculiar, and humorous. We did 23 or 24 takes, and everybody was just exhausted. Norman Granz was not satisfied—he'd say, "Let's take a break and try another." We were into overtime. I thought I'd played some pretty good solos, but somehow nothing took. So I thought I'd have a little fun on the next one, and that's when the *Pop Goes The Weasel* quote came on (*laughs*).

Smith: It made you a perpetual request artist, and made Basie his first big hit in 20 years or more.

What do you look for in your own playing? Self-satisfaction, public acceptance, what?

Jones: I look for a form of contentment. I don't consider myself an instrumentalist, though at times I feel I could stand up with anybody and not embarrass myself. I try to meld in a communication bag with the people I'm playing with, to be able to have a happy and free interchange of ideas with the group. Nothing forced or pretentious, just

an open and giving relationship. That's a lot more creative than individual effort. It's like forming a chain of hands, reaching out to people.

Smith: What do you look for when hiring a musician?

Jones: I don't think any person is less important than the person he is working with. You look for competence, technical facility: they've got to be able to play the music. But you look for the person who also gives it his own personal touch—takes it away, gives it more, so it's not just a note but a revelation. He expresses it with all he has in him.

Smith: Do classical musicians approach it differently?

Jones: They strive for more technical excellence, more brilliance. The jazz player uses that technical facility to further his expression. Classical musicians are trained to follow directions; jazz musicians are trained to instantly change directions if need be.

Smith: What about the combinations: classically trained jazz musicians like Brubeck or Previn, or others in brass like Don Sebesky or Bud Brisbois?

Jones: It still holds true. Would you say Andre Previn is the pianist that Chick Corea is?

Smith: No, of course not—at least not consistently.

Jones: It's a different attitude. I know a good many jazz musicians who play the classics. But I don't know that many classical musicians who can sit down in a band and get the same things out of it.

*"I look for a form of contentment . . .
It's like forming a chain of hands, reaching out to people."*



VERYL OAKLAND

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DETROIT-NEW YORK JUNCTION—Blue Note 1513
THE MAGNIFICENT THAD JONES—Blue Note 1527, 1546 (2 LPs)
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THELONIOUS MONK: FIVE BY MONK BY FIVE—Riverside 305

With Count Basie Orchestra

THE BEST OF BASIE—Roulette RE-118 (2 LPs)
ECHOES OF AN ERA—Roulette 102 (2 LPs)
APRIL IN PARIS—Verve 8012
WITH JOE WILLIAMS—Verve 68488

With Pepper Adams

MEAN WHAT YOU SAY—Milestone 9001

Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra

PRESENTING—Solid State 18003
WITH JOE WILLIAMS—Solid State 18008
LIVE AT THE VILLAGE VANGUARD—Solid State 18016
MONDAY NIGHT—Solid State 18048
CENTRAL PARK NORTH—Solid State 18058
CONSUMMATION—Blue Note 84346
POTPOURRI—Philadelphia International KZ33152

Thad Jones came to New York with the Basie band in 1954. The trumpet section included Joe Newman, Reunald Jones, Wendell Cully and himself. The reeds were Ernie Wilkins, Charles Fowlkes, Marshall Royal, the Franks (Wess and Foster), Henry Coker, Benny Powell and Bill Hughes; the rhythm section was Basie, piano, Freddie Greene, guitar, Eddie Jones, bass, and Gus Johnson, drums. That was an explosive collection of talent, rivalling the '30s Basie band, but some say the next Basie organization was even better. "The big change came about when Sonny Payne and Snooky Young joined," says Thad, "and Joe Williams joined the band." Joe propelled that band to new heights with his vocal hits, *Every Day I Have The Blues*, *All Right, OK, You Win*, *Roll'Em Pete*, and gave new life to old Jimmy Rushing favorites *Sent For You Yesterday* and *Goin' To Chicago Blues*.

"All of the pieces came together. There was a camaraderie." To solidify the reeds, Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis replaced Wilkins, who continued to write arrangements for Basie. "Wess moved to alto when Ernie left, so we had two altos (Royal was the other), two tenors (Jaws and Foster) and Fowlkes' baritone." It also produced a new contract with Roulette Records—those sessions are still available—and new arrangers.

Jones: (*talking about his earliest Basie days*) I was a free spirit. I wasn't writing then—my whole life was dedicated to playing. I wanted to solo, having played only in small groups. Reading was no problem: I wanted to fit into the band. We hadn't developed or gelled until Snooky, Sonny and Joe. We spent most of our time on the road "getting ready," you know. Then they joined and, smash, it was gone.

Smith: Whose book was it when "Jaws" joined?

Jones: Ernie Wilkins was our main writer. Frank Foster and Frank Wess were writing, and I began to give a few things from time to time. Basie even had some outside writers, though he didn't really need them: he could have gotten all he needed from the band. Neal Hefti contributed a little, Manny Albam, Johnny Mandel, even Nelson Riddle.

Smith: Really! I didn't know that. Who were your best writers, brass or reed players?

Jones: I always liked Ernie's and the two Franks' stuff. Ernie was turning things out faster than Basie needed them.

(*Ed. note:* The new Roulette contract produced two standouts right out of the box. The first was *Basie*, with the famous atomic bomb cover, and the second was *Basie Plays Hefti*. Standard Basie fare from that period includes *The Kid From Red Bank*, *Whirly-Bird*, *Li'l Darlin'*, *Cute*, and the blazing trumpet *pas de deux* for Thad and Joe Newman, *Duet*. Of the latter, critic Barry Ulanov stated, "The pairing of mutes, growls, and a dozen different manipulations of trumpet sound makes for brilliant jazz. This is the cool, relaxed, modern equivalent of the exuberant *Tootin' Through The Roof* that Cootie Williams and Rex Stewart did for Duke Ellington in 1939.")

Jones: I consider Joe Newman one of the finest and one of the most thoughtful people I have come across in my life. In addition, he is truly a great trumpet artist. I was always learning from him. What I admired was his remarkable consistency: to this very day, I have nev-

continued on page 34

Fathead Newman: King of the Texas Panhandle

by Michael Cuscuna



Texas saxophonists and New Orleans pianists not only represent styles that are strongly geographic and transcend eras and idioms, but they produce music that paradoxically appeals fully to both the mind and the body. As for Texas saxophonists, David Newman is one of the best.

David Newman also fits into that elusive category, the musician's musician. He is a master craftsman and a superstar among musicians of all genres, although his public following is proportionately small. Recently, his audience has been growing rapidly, and soon the scales will be balanced.

I have known and loved Newman's music for many years, but did not meet him until some two years ago at a recording session, where he was overdubbing solos for a group called Black Heat. He was genial, yet shy and serious. He carried himself with dignity, but I wondered if he realized the enormity of his own talent. During the session, he was to add a tenor sax solo to a tune. With just one take, a beautiful, empathetic solo rolled out of his horn, everyone in the control room cheering. At the end of the take, he leaned into the microphone and asked, "Something like that or should it be different?"

David Newman was born and raised in Dallas, Texas. While still in high school, he earned the nickname "Fathead" from a music teacher, when he goofed an arpeggio. Needless to say, the name stuck, although Ray Charles gave him the deserved nickname of "Brains" to rectify the injustice.

Coming from an upper-middle-class family as an only child never was a stigma for David, although that might seem an unusual beginning for a black artist from the South. By the late '40s, David was playing professionally with the likes of alto saxophonist Buster Smith, an outstanding musician who had worked with Walter Page's Blue Devils and was said to have had an influence on Charlie Parker. Despite Texas' intrinsic funk, David was fully absorbed into bebop and gave the blues little attention.

The early '50s found him crossing paths with many other then unknown Texas saxophonists in the Dallas-Fort Worth area, such as Booker Ervin, Ornette Coleman, King Curtis, Prince Lasha, and the legendary Red Connors. The stars of that era, Arnett Cobb and Illinois Jacquet, were from Houston. To survive as a professional musician, David took gigs with a variety of blues and rhythm and blues artists such as Lloyd Glenn, Lowell Fulson and T-Bone Walker.

He remembers, "I was strictly into hop, so I didn't take the r&b thing seriously, at first. I took jobs just for the money and the work, because the music wasn't difficult to play. But I soon realized the value. And my playing became more or less blues-oriented."

In 1952, while with Fulson, David became friendly with the band's pianist, Ray Charles. Two years later, when Fulson was playing opposite the Ray Charles band, Ray offered David a gig, one that was to last ten years and create some of the most frighteningly beautiful and innovative music of this or any other era. "Ray and I just clicked, as musicians and as friends. The greatest value of playing with Ray was that I learned to appreciate all forms of music. I learned to dig pop, country & western, classical, and everything else."

In 1954, Ray Charles still had Don Wilkerson, another great Texas player, in the tenor saxophone chair, so David joined the group playing baritone sax (Hank Crawford

joined Charles in 1958 in the same unlikely role). But by 1956, it was David on tenor saxophone, executing the lead lines and taking one spectacular solo after another. His tenor and Charles' voice developed that kind of empathy and mental telepathy that is all too rare in music.

During those early Ray Charles recording sessions, David developed into a great session tenor man, who could pull off a short, but memorable solo that became an integral part of the song thereafter.

Among the other unsung heroes who graced r&b records of the mid '50s with their brilliance were King Curtis, Al Sears, Sam The Man Taylor and Jimmy Wright.

I asked David how those incredible, lyrical solos were developed, solos that are imitated to this day, whether the songs are played by Charles or by any backwater bar band. He explained, "Before we would record new material, we would usually play the tunes for a while at the dances we played. It would already be fairly worked out before we went into the studio."

Surprisingly, despite the success of many of Ray Charles' records in the '50s such as *I Got A Woman*, *Ain't That Love* and *Lonely Avenue*, road conditions were rough. "We didn't have any more than the usual hassles of traveling around playing dances in the South. We even played a few white dances. The problems were always the fighting crowds and some uncomfortable ways of transportation." David said with characteristic understatement. "And that didn't change until Ray got the big band around 1961."

In 1959, David recorded his first album as a leader for Atlantic under the auspices of Ray Charles, who also played piano on the date. Hank Crawford, still playing baritone sax, provided the arrangements, and the nucleus of the Charles band formed the album's personnel. That disc today remains a classic in the history of jazz, rich in funk and intelligence, featuring remarkably well-conceived solos from all involved. *Hard Times*, of course, was an instant classic. Ben Branch later used it as Jesse Jackson's theme song, and the Crusaders recently revived it on record. But the original is unsurpassable. I know at least a dozen people offhand that can hum every note of that performance. *Weird Beard* became the theme song for the New Orleans band of Dr. John.

In 1960, David recorded *Straight Ahead*, using the jazzier rhythm section of Wynton Kelly, Paul Chambers and Charlie Persip. On that record, he introduced another facet of his talents, the flute. In 1961, he co-led an album with Texas saxophonist James Clay (who is now with Ray Charles) for Riverside, under the production of Cannonball Adderley, and made his third solo album for Atlantic, *Fathead Comes On*.

Newman's next session as a leader was to have been on November 22, 1963. The senseless assassination of John Kennedy that afternoon plunged the world into an empty despair. Naturally, that session never took place. Then, in 1964, the Ray Charles band was subjected to a dope bust and began having other problems as well. So David Newman resigned his position of ten years to return to Dallas and get "reacquainted" with his wife and sons. He played a great deal around Dallas and Fort Worth, but did not travel or recording.

After a period of rejuvenation, Newman came to New York in 1966, re-signed with

RECORD REVIEWS

Ratings are:

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

SANTANA

GREATEST HITS—Columbia PC 33050: *Evil Ways; Jingo; Hope You're Feeling Better; Samba Pa Ti; Persuasion; Black Magic Woman; Oye Como Va; Everything's Coming Our Way; Se A Cabo; Everything's Everything.*

Personnel: Carlos Santana, guitar, vocal; Gregg Rolie, keyboards, vocals; Dave Brown, bass; Mike Shrieve, drums; Jose Areas, timbales, congas; Mike Caraballo, congas.

★★★★

BORBOLETTA—Columbia PC 33135: *Spring Manifestations; Canto De Los Flores; Life Is New; Give And Take; One With The Sun; Aspirations; Practice What You Preach; Mirage; Here And Now; Flor De Canela; Promise Of A Fisherman; Borboletta.*

Personnel: Santana, guitar, vocal (track 11), percussion; Airtio Moreira, percussion, sound effects, vocal (track 11); Flora Purim, percussion, sound effects, vocal (track 11); Tom Coster, electric piano, piano, organ, Moog synthesizer; Armando Peraza, bongos, congas, soprano sax; Jose Areas, congas; Michael Shrieve, drums; David Brown, bass; Stanley Clarke, bass (tracks 6, 9, 10); Michael Carpenter, echoplex (track 2); Leon Patillo, organ, piano, vocals (tracks 3, 4, 5, 7, 8); Jules Broussard, tenor and soprano sax; Ndugu, drums (tracks 6 and 9).

★★★★★

SANTANA/COLTRANE

ILLUMINATIONS—Columbia PC 32900: *Guru Sri Chinmoy Aphorism; Angel Of Air; Angel Of Water; Bliss; The Eternal Now; Angel Of Sunlight; Illuminations.*

Personnel: Santana, guitar, finger and hand cymbals, wind chimes; Alice Coltrane, acoustic piano, harp, organ; Tom Coster, electric piano, acoustic piano, organ, finger and hand cymbals; David Holland, acoustic bass; Jack DeJohnette, drums, percussion; Jules Broussard, flute, soprano sax; Prabuddha Phil Browne, tamboura; Armando Peraza, congas; Phil Ford, tabla drums; Murray Adler, Ron Folsom, Bill Henderson, Nathan Kaproff, Gordon Marron, Paul Shure, Charles Veal, violins; Anne Goodman, Glenn Grab, Jackie Lustgarten, Fred Seykora, cellos; Marilyn Baker, Myer Bello, Rollice Dale, Alan Harshman, Myra Kestenbaum, David Schwartz, violas; James Bond, bass.

★★★★★

JOSE "CHEPITO" AREAS

JOSE "CHEPITO" AREAS—Columbia KC 33062: *Guarafeo; Funky Folsom; Remember Me; Bambeyoko; Morning Star; Buscando La Gente; Cerro Negro; Terremoto; Guaguanco In Japan.*

Personnel: Areas, timbales, congas, percussion, vocals; Tito Garcia, lead vocals; Martin Fierro, tenor sax; Carlos Federico, piano; Neal Schon, guitar; Roberto Montalvan, guitar; Hadley Caliman, tenor sax; Carmelito Velez, guitar; Wally Chilcott, piano; Jose Mojica, trombone; Willie Colon, Richie Giraldez, congas; Tom Coster, Moog synthesizer; Richard Kermode, keyboards; Doug Rauch, bass; Tony Smith, drums, vocals; Gregg Errico, Jose Medrano, drums; Steve Bosfield, guitar; Tony Juncal, bass; Enrique Areas, sax; Tuto Quesada, Joe Ellis, trumpet.

★★ 1/2

Carlos Santana's musical perimeters have consistently expanded over the last five years, with ample proof provided by a listen to these four albums.

The *Greatest Hits* package contains some of the more memorable material to appear on the first three Santana albums. Ten cuts are in-

cluded, five coming from the band's debut disc, three from the second, and two from the third. The main appeal of the band has always been instrumental, despite such hits as *Evil Ways* and *Black Magic Woman*, with Carlos' piercing guitar and the densely throbbing percussion section combining to produce most of the excitement.

If anything, the hits collection demonstrates that the early Santana outfit reached its peak on *Abraxas*, since both *Everybody's Everything* and *Everything's Coming Our Way* from the third set lack the intense drive of the previous outing.

Percussionist Jose "Chepito" Areas has been a Santana mainstay since the beginning. Strangely enough, Chepito's solo debut sounds like a deliberate throwback to the original Santana album. The only difference is that Areas has spiced up his Latin arrangements with a liberal dosage of horns, arriving with a finished product that has distinct overtones of Malo's recent work.

Tony Smith's vocal on *Morning Star* recalls the early vocals by Gregg Rolie. It and *Funky Folsom*, a soul trip detailing the dangers of penitentiary life, are the only songs rendered in English, the remainder of the material being sung in Spanish.

Unfortunately, this ethnic emphasis may have the effect of limiting the album's appeal. Although the music lacks the raw incendiaryism that characterized the Santana band, there are nevertheless several capable cuts. *Buscando La Gente* features a street-chant sung by Tito Garcia, a sharp piano interlude, and a tenor sax solo by what sounds like Hadley Caliman. *Cerro Negro* has a dash of *Watermelon Man* in it and rises above some syrupy stringwork thanks to a clever synthesizer. Neal Schon adds some fluid guitar runs on *Remember Me*, while *Bambeyoko* features a slick meld of synthesizer and brass.

Yet an essential combustiveness is lacking. Perhaps the fault lies with Areas, who gives little indication of possessing leadership qualities; then again, maybe we've heard this stuff somewhere before, in a more explosive context, with the result that this retreat sounds a little tired.

The Coltrane/Santana collaboration continues in the vein of last year's *Love Devotion Surrender*, where Carlos teamed up with John McLaughlin. Some will claim *Illuminations* represents the height of pretentiousness, its massive string section and Ms. Coltrane's harp sometimes emerging as overly esoteric.

Yet the album is intended to be devotional in nature and there is no denying the beauty of the material. All of the songs were written by Santana and keyboardist Tom Coster with the exception of Coltrane's *Bliss*, *The Eternal Now*. It is only here that the strings run rampant.

The other cuts fare better. Jules Broussard delivers some electrifying soprano sax on the serene *Angel Of Water* and the 14-minute Indian drone *Angel Of Sunlight*. The latter piece has a John Coltrane-ish aura, with the modal wail of Santana's guitar coupling with a battery of percussives. The title piece is a shimmering delight, as Carlos adds ethereal fills behind Coster's chordal patterns and Alice's gentle harp plucking.

Santana has wisely issued a contrasting album of more secular nature which highlights his newly reorganized unit. *Borboletta* features a melange of Latin and African styles, thus becoming the natural heir of the *Caravanseirai* and *Welcome* legacy. Keyboardist Coster is again much in evidence, as is Brou-

sard, with whom Santana has developed an astonishing empathy. Leon Patillo's vocals establish him as the finest singer the band has ever fronted. In addition to this, Airtio and Flora Purim appear on a triad of the cuts.

The rhythmic bath of *Canto De Los Flores* features Coster's dexterously light keyboard. Of the five Patillo vocals, *Give And Take* is a volcanic cooker, with Santana's guitar pitted against Broussard's tenor. The funkily urban *One With The Sun* sports impressive lyrics and two blistering Santana runs. But the eight-minute *Promise Of A Fisherman* emerges as the session's finest, Purim, Carlos, and Airtio providing vocal harmonies while the band creates a delicate portrait of a South American fishing village.

Borboletta and *Illuminations* demonstrate that Santana is capable of delving into a multiplicity of musical spheres. His technical virtuosity continues to grow, keeping pace with his vivid imagination. Within the space of a few short years, he has become one of the most vital contemporary musicians.—*hohman*

SAM RIVERS

CRYSTALS—Impulse (ABC) ASD-9286: *Exultation; Tranquility; Postlude; Bursts; Orb; Earth Song.*

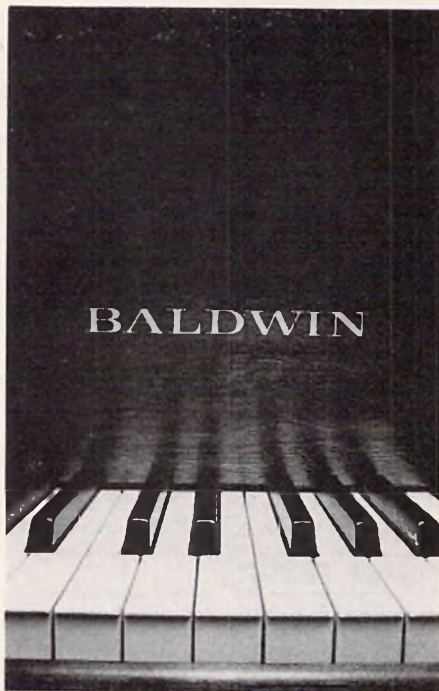
Personnel: Rivers, tenor and soprano saxes, flute; Joe Ferguson, alto, tenor and soprano saxes, flute; Paul Jeffrey, tenor sax, flute, clarinet, oboe, bassett horn and bassoon; Roland Alexander, soprano and tenor saxes, flute, and piano; Fred Kelly, soprano and baritone saxes, piccolo and flute; Sinclair Acey, trumpet; Ted Daniel, trumpet; Richard Williams, trumpet; Charles Stephens, trombone; Charles Majeed Greenlee, trombone; Joseph Daley, trombone and tuba; Gregory Maker, acoustic and electric bass violin; Warren Smith, drums and percussion; Harold Smith, drums and percussion.

★★★★★

This is Sam's first studio effort since *Con-tours* (Blue Note) in the middle '60s. As a consequence, it represents a random sampling of what this significant reedman and composer has been mulling over for even longer than that. Indeed, both the considerable strength and relatively minor weakness of this album are a result of his thoughtfulness. Rivers is one of a small handful of players today who continue to explore the possibilities of group improvisation rather than opt for the r&b-based jazz/rock that is fast becoming the formula of "success" for so many others.

Rivers writes that his major compositional influence has been the big band. He has, in the past, conceived of and performed compositions utilizing as many as 35 musicians. And it is the collective power and broad spectrum of colors peculiar to the traditional big band that Rivers uses to great effect on *Crystals*. In particular, the unison work on *Exultation* and *Bursts* sounds like the shattering herald of the Apocalypse.

Rivers' melodies recall Sun Ra's, but the inevitable comparison pretty much stops there. Sun Ra's work is less written than Sam's—Ra writes symphonies for improvisers. In the Arkestra's music the dynamics and climaxes are of a piece—there is a truly organic feel and flow. On the other hand, on *Crystals* Sam is virtually the only improviser—the other 14 musicians are involved performing as many as four different written, repeated, contemporaneous phrases from various groupings within the ensemble. Most times the shifting textures in the "dense constantly changing mass" of sound are arresting; other times they seem merely to clash. There is an almost mechanical, arbitrarily mathematical quality to Rivers' writing in parts, and the overall feel is



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somewhat contrived.

However, the writing, oddly, never gets in the way of the truly spontaneous creation ongoing between Sam and his superb rhythm section. His work on tenor is a particular delight and the same strength and imagination evident on *Streams* (the trio date recorded live at the Montreux Jazz Festival in 1973) is here in abundance.

Crystals, finally, is an original effort from a distinctive talent. There are some unsuccessful moments here, but many more of overwhelming beauty. This album deserves the respect and the ears of anyone, sincerely interested in the continued development of Great Black Music. —adler

KENNY BURRELL

UP THE STREET 'ROUND THE CORNER DOWN THE BLOCK—Fantasy F 9458: *Up The Street*; *'Round The Corner*; *Down The Block*; *Afro Blue*; *Sausalito Nights*; *Juice*; *A Little Walking Music*; *Soulero*.

Personnel: Burrell, guitar; Jerome Richardson, flute, soprano and tenor sax; Richard Wyands, electric and acoustic piano; Andy Simpkins, bass; Lenny McBrowne, drums; Mayuto Correa, percussion.

★ ★ ★ ★

The main difference on this Burrell disc is that it has an added M.O.R. ingredient, which encompasses the straight-ahead jazz work of Burrell, Richardson, Wyands and Company.

Burrell contributes two originals, *Sausalito Nights* and *A Little Walking Music*. *Nights* has a chordal sound at times reminiscent of John Lewis' *Django* with a linear melodic line carried at ballad tempo in 3/4 time. *Walking Music* is the lightest cut on the album, a simple 4/4 line with Burrell whistling along in accompaniment. It is also the only track on which Wyands plays acoustic piano, exhibiting a marked contrast to his Hancock-like lightness on the electric piano.

The title track by Alan Gumbs is a 4/4 up-tempo piece affording Burrell his best flights into guitar imagery. *Juice*, another Gumbs composition, is a funky little thing, nothing overwhelming, yet affording solo room for Richardson and Wyands as well as for Burrell. *Afro Blue* also provides a solid familiar base for fine solo work by Burrell, Richardson and Correa. Richard Evans' *Soulero* spotlights the blues, not so much in the composition itself but in the fact that all the solos are set against a blues progression.

In general, this is Burrell in a better setting than he's usually found. —rusch

JOE FARRELL

UPON THIS ROCK—CTI (Motown) 6042 S1: *Weatherlane*; *I Won't Be Back*; *Upon This Rock*; *Seven Seas*.

Personnel: Farrell, tenor, soprano saxes, flute; Joe Beck, guitar; Herb Bushler, bass; Jim Madison, drums. On track two: Steve Gadd, drums; Herbie Hancock, piano; Don Alias, conga.

★ ★ ★ ★

Of the four or five Farrell albums on CTI, this one is the most settled; it has few identity problems, it's tight, very rock oriented, and skillfully arranged.

The album is good primarily because Joe Farrell and Joe Beck are that excellent. Despite obvious references to electric Chick Corea and Mahavishnu, it's a Farrell-Beck collaboration of pleasing dimensions. The record, incidentally, offers an instant measure of Farrell's ideas about the kind of music he's wanted to do of late. The album includes a long track that, apparently, was left over from the session that produced *Penny Arcade* with Alias added on conga and Hancock on

acoustic piano. The piece, *I Won't Be Back*, with Farrell playing flute, is relaxed and rambles a bit in contrast with the high energy, almost taut, playing on the rest of the disc. It's not quite certain whether it wants to be a jazz or rock tune.

The remainder of *Rock*, especially side two, gets its character from Beck's electric guitar in a strong rock groove, with a lot of slide, voicing with Farrell playing tenor (on *Rock and Seas*) and soprano (*Weatherlane*). The result is a complete bridging of jazz-rock-r&b styles.

None of these tracks allows extended solo space, everyone is interacting in ensemble and the name of the game is be funky and to cook their asses off. It's the kind of record that sounds best with the decibels goosed to a point where they rattle the window shades. —nolan

BILL EVANS

THE TOKYO CONCERT—Fantasy F-9457: *Mornin' Glory*; *Up With The Lark*; *Yesterday I Heard The Rain*; *My Romance*; *When Autumn Comes*; *T.T.T.T. (Twelve Tone Tune Two)*; *Hullo Bolinas*; *Gloria's Step*; *Green Dolphin Street*.

Personnel: Evans, piano; Eddie Gomez, bass; Marty Morell, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Bill Evans is still the most subtle pianist around, and for this reason some critics and fans have sometimes failed to appreciate him.

His work really doesn't need defending, but such doubters might take a careful listen to this record, noting especially the energy content on several of the up-tempo tracks. *My Romance*, for example, is a crisp, explosive performance especially notable for a haunting arco solo by Gomez. *Gloria's Step*, Scott LaFaro's tune which was first released on *Sunday At The Village Vanguard*, also receives a muscular, brisk reworking. And *Green Dolphin Street*, which closes the concert, is similarly energetic. The clincher, though, is *T.T.T.T.* which, like its predecessor, is an oblique foray into atonalism, evoking the spirit of some of Paul Bley's early trio work.

Also present are several lightly textured ballads. *Yesterday I Heard The Rain* and the minorish *When Autumn Comes* are both delicate and introspective. A standout is Steve Swallow's *Hullo Bolinas*, reminiscent of Brubeck's *Blue Shadows in the Street*, but done in a gentler, wispier manner. This tune is the album's only solo piano piece and might well suggest a new direction for Evans, should he grow tired of working within the trio format.

I doubt that Evans will ever disband this trio, for it's one of the most sensitive, responsive, vital groupings in jazz. Hearing this group in person has always given me the sensation that these three musicians' minds have somehow fused into one collective consciousness, and such empathy is captured in this record. —balleras

CORNELL DUPREE

TEASIN—Atlantic 7311: *Teasin'*; *Blue Nocturne*; *Jamaican Lady*; *Feel All Right*; *How Long Will It Last*; *What Would I Do Without You?*; *Okie Dokie Stomp*; *Plain Ol' Blues*.

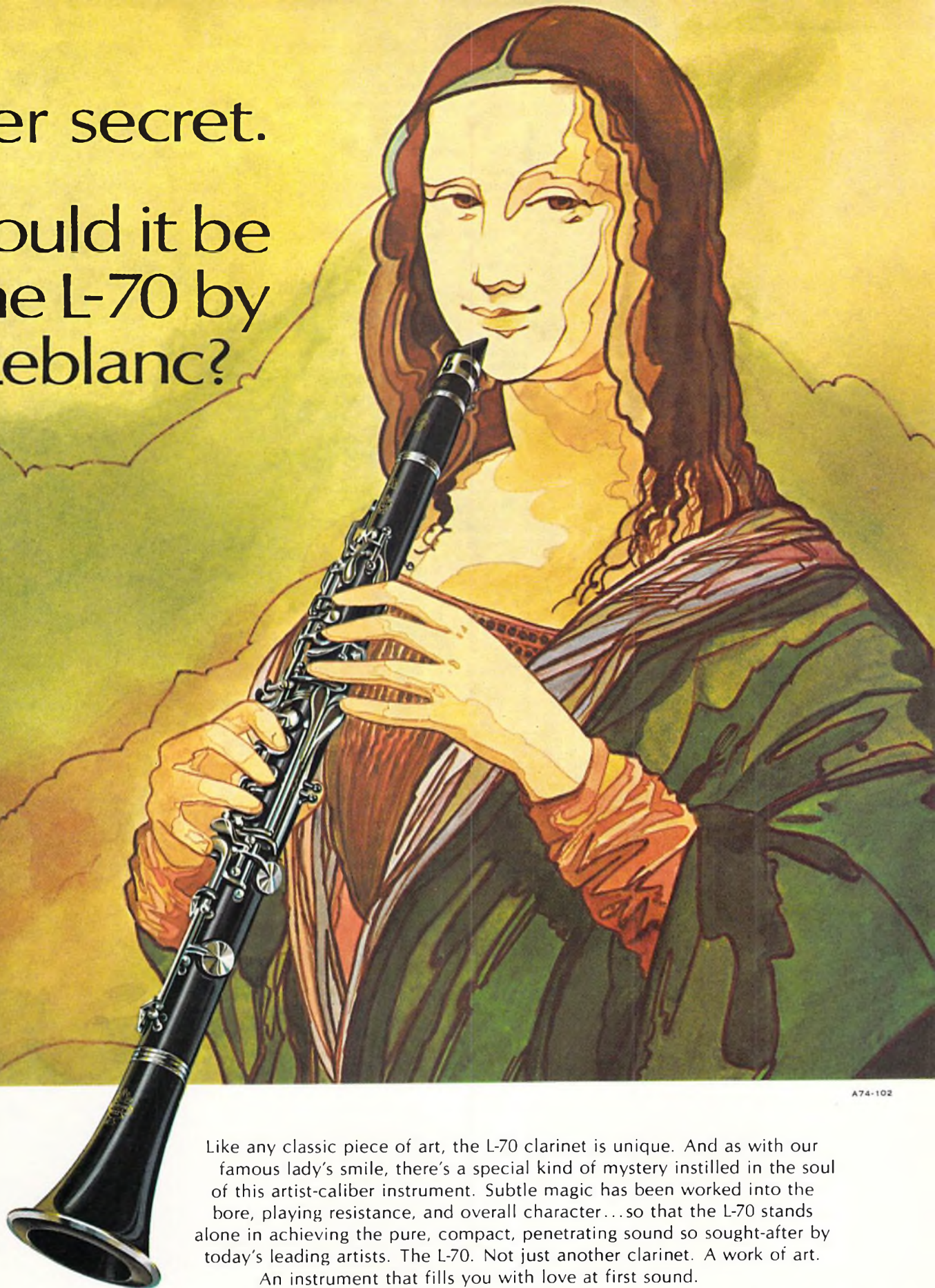
Personnel: Dupree, guitar, sitar; Richard Tee or Paul Griffin or George Stubbs, keyboards; Chuck Rainey, bass; Bernard Purdie, drums; Ralph MacDonald, percussion; Joe Newman, Ernie Royal or Jon Faddis, trumpet; Garnett Brown, trombone; Joe Farrell or David Newman, tenor saxophone; Seldon Powell, tenor, baritone saxophone; Trevor Koehler, baritone saxophone.

★ ★

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perfectly phrased and placed guitar figure, his embellishments have enlivened any number of pop-soul successes over the last few years. Like many another studio hero, he's at his best in support of others, subordinating his creativity. Called to assume the major role on a recording, he doesn't fare nearly so well. Chief reason is the greatly fragmented nature of his approach, which consists almost entirely of laying bits-and-pieces phrases into the songs' harmonic structures.

Dupree seems so totally preoccupied with those little one- and two-bar phrases that his solos never really cohere, flow organically phrase to phrase, or possess any larger unity whatsoever.

For all their occasional small beauties, Dupree's guitar lines are static, without life, for there is no intelligent, overall design behind them to align them into ordered, logical, sustained, linear expression. And the best production in the world cannot completely disguise Dupree's paucity of ideas. Pleasantly funky party music is all we have here, so don't listen too closely: the seams will show. —welding

STANLEY COWELL

ILLUSION SUITE—ECM (Polydor) 1026: *Maimoun; Ibn Mukhtarr Mustapha; Cal Massey; Miss Viki; Emil Danenberg; Astral Spiritual*. Personnel: Cowell, piano; Stanley Clarke, bass; Jimmy Hopps, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

MUSA—ANCESTRAL STREAMS—Strata-East 19743: *Abscretions; Equipoise; Prayer For Peace; Emil Danenberg; Maimoun; Travelin' Man; Departure No. 1; Departure No. 2; Sweet Song*. Personnel: Cowell, solo piano.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

It's a tragedy that the recent work of an artist of Cowell's caliber—who in the past has played and recorded creditably with Marion Brown, Bobby Hutcherson, Roland Kirk, Max Roach, and briefly with Miles Davis—is almost unknown. Hopefully, the release of these two albums will begin to rectify that situation.

Illusion Suite is, simply, a great album. What we have here are three supremely capable soloists joined together. The music, originally recorded in November 1972, manages to be both tight and free at once—a credit to Cowell's compositional skills and to the empathetic independence of all the players.

The range of material and expression is very broad and colorful—from *Miss Viki* on the one hand, fat and funky as you please (easily the acoustic equal of Herbie Hancock's recent strong work), to *Astral Spiritual*, which is free of conventional rhythmic strictures. A real plus is the ECM production which gives us both separation and depth the like of which hasn't been heard before, allowing us, among other marvels, the clearest chance yet to hear the delicious bass work of young Stanley Clarke. Drummer Hopps, in his own way, is very inventive and humorous.

Cowell is clearly in the full, startling bloom of his maturity. His work at times is strongly reminiscent of McCoy Tyner's and the similarities are especially apparent in his fleet-phrasing right hand and his unadorned, yet dramatic melodic constructs. However, Stan's is a beautifully distinct voice and, if the Polydor folks are on their toes, many people may pick up on one of the most masterfully comprehensive trio dates recorded in years.

Musa is Cowell's first solo outing. Stan's been working and reworking with these tunes for years, going as far back as 1958. *Abscretions* and *Departure No. 1* were originally

heard on Strata-East's first release, *Music Inc.* The former is given a happier reading here than before and shakes its ass like Keith Jarrett's solo work. The latter is way up-tempo, dense, and whole. *Danenberg* (for the Dean of the Conservatory of Music at Oberlin College, with whom Stan studied), is also heard on *Illusion Suite*, and although little more than an unembellished statement of the profound theme, it is thoroughly satisfying for all its simplicity.

Throughout *Musa*, Cowell is melodically forceful, improvisationally unfaltering, and completely able to rhythmically support himself in cookin' style. His tone, while not as pretty as, say, Chick Corea's, is rich and sustained. This album is thus another, heretofore unrevealed, facet of Cowell's work, and a further demonstration of his considerable talent. —adler

YUSEF LATEEF

PART OF THE SEARCH—Atlantic SD 1650: *K.C. Shuffle; Oatsy Doatsy; Soul's Bakery; Lunceford Prance; Rockhouse; Oatsy Doatsy; In The Still Of The Night; Superline; Strange Lullaby; Big Bass Drum; Gettin' Sentimental*.

Personnel: Lateef, tenor sax, flute, vocals; Kenneth Barron, piano; Robert Cunningham, bass; Albert Kumba Heath, drums.

Additional personnel: Frank Wess; Charles Fowlkes; Joe Newman; Charles Sullivan; Selwart Clarke; Kermit Moore; Emmanuel Green; Arnold Eidus; Doug Sahn; Charles McBurney; Willie Bridges; Jimmy Owens; Richard Williams; Wayne Andre; Jerry Dodgion; Warren Covington; Garnett Brown; Alexander Gafa; John Mazzei; Myles Chase; Donald Gladstone; Kenny Vance; Marty Kupersmith; Rocky Morales; Paul Naumann; Sandy Yaguda; Augie Meyer; George Rains; J.R. Chatwell.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

ROBIN KENYATTA

STOMPIN' AT THE SAVOY—Atlantic SD 1658: *Stompin' At The Savoy; Smooth Sailing; The Need To Smile; Two Bass Blues; Neither One Of Us; Mellow In The Park; Jessica; River Boat*.

Personnel: Kenyatta, alto & soprano saxes, flutes; Billy Harper, tenor sax; Lew Soloff, trumpet; fluegelhorn; Jimmy Knepper, trombone; David Spinozza, guitar; Dr. John, acoustic & electric piano; Ron Carter, acoustic & electric bass; Bernard Purdie, drums; Gilmore Digap, conga, tambourine.

Additional personnel: (track 3) Sonelius Smith, piano; Larry Willis, electric piano; Al Mouzon, drums; Guilherme Franco, percussion; (track 4) Walter Booker, Lewis Worrell, acoustic basses; (track 5) Huku Brown, lead guitar; Rad Bryan, rhythm guitar; Gladstone Anderson, piano; Winston Wright, organ; Jackie Jackson, electric bass; Winston Grennan, drums; (track 6) Dwight Brewster, electric piano; Chuck Rainey, electric bass; (track 7) Joao Palma, percussion; (track 8) Neville Hinds, piano.

★ ★ ★ 1/2

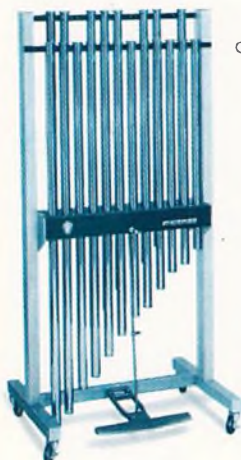
A while back I wrote off Yusef Lateef as having said his fill. His live quartet performances were agonizingly identical and his albums represented undistinguished eclectic offerings of the latest MOR jazz/pop sounds. (His modestly interesting release of '72, *Gentle Giant*, was never followed up by anything its equal. Lateef's unmemorable release of '73, *Hush 'N' Thunder*, was originally to be part of a two-record set along with *Giant*.)

But then along came *Part Of The Search*, one of the most brilliantly conceived and musically lasting albums of recent vintage. And much of the credit—not to diminish Lateef's own contribution or that of his band—must be given to producer Joel Dorn, who receives my vote for production job of the year.

The music is an aural presentation of Lateef's development and influences over the years—part of the years, anyway—done in a snappy and eminently enjoyable manner. Side one is of a single thread, a night in front of the old boxy radiola, before the advent of



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TV, flipping the dial to catch some far away radio broadcast.

First, there's Kenny Barron's *K.C. Shuffle*, which harkens back to the days when Lateef hit the road with Lucky Mallinder and Hot Lips Page. A Basic riff-tune replete with 3-note piano tinkles at the close of a section chorus, *Shuffle* is soft and slurry with Garnett Brown taking honors on the trombone. After much dial twisting, a distorted c&w tune pops up. Helped along by Doug Sahn's arrangement, the tune lasts a brief 40 seconds before our impatient radio listener is back at the dial. Next up is Lateef's own *Soul Bakery*, featuring a heavy backbeat and full horn arrangements. A pleasant but only transitory number.

The real excitement comes with Barron's ingenious stomp, *Linceford Prance*. The Sy Oliver, early Ellington influence is immediately apparent. Lateef's quirky rhythms and strong tenor vibrato calls forth the best of Bud Freeman. Next, Ray Charles' *Rockhouse*, and who hasn't been influenced by the Genius? After another, even briefer encounter with *Oatsy Doatsy*, some news and some sports, the Five Satins' *In The Still Of The Night* is finally tuned in. Sung by members of Jay & the Americans, the smash hit of the '50s brings the side to a balladic finale.

The second side is not held together by the radio dial, but there is a healthy variety of styles and arrangements, nonetheless. Bassist Cunningham's vaudevillian tune, *Superfine*, has a jug band lilt to it, recalling early movie music performed, perhaps, by the Mills Rhythm Band.

Lateef's *Strange Lullaby* sets an entirely different mood, as his sonorous flute contrasts with a full string section to build to a romantic *Gentle Giant* motif. Only, during the whole number Lateef can be heard snoring and mumbling, "Get that dog out of here!" A Dadaist touch. Next, *Big Bass Drum* is sung acapella by Lateef in the pre-gospel haunt of field hollers and chain-gangs. *Gettin' Sentimental* is a blues ballad in 32-bars. Here, the quartet gets a chance to excel. The liquid, reedy texture of Lateef's tenor ushers in memories of Ben or Hawk. Barron fills in the spaces with perfect comping—delicate, sparse, sensitive to the soloist—Cunningham supplies rich, resonant but not overbearing bass notes, and Heath's brush work is superb.

While *Search* is an almost perfect album, Kenyatta's *Stompin'* stutters and wavers. It is ultimately only partially successful.

Kenyatta is a true romantic and any appreciation of his music has to take this into account. He's more interested in touching the fibers of a woman's soul with his horn than he is in making profound and ultimate statements on it. Not everybody can be, or needs to be, Ornette Coleman. In this way, producer Michael Cuscuna, like Dorn with Lateef, has done an exceptional job in attempting to showcase Kenyatta in his most congenial musical surroundings.

The odd thing about *Stompin'* is that it contains previously unreleased material from other sessions. Two tunes are culled from the *Terra Nova* recording done the year before in Jamaica (*Neither One Of Us & Betts' Jessica*), while one number was done way back in '67 (*Two Bass Blues*). This makes for a curious historical perspective on Kenyatta's development, but it also makes one wonder why he couldn't cut an entire album's worth of material this time around.

Anyway, the choice of material is strong and sufficiently varied to keep your attention

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nie Riperton, performers from the contemporary soul realm that was pioneered by their mutual mentor, Stevie Wonder. Both show signs of developing controlled, captivating vocal talents, but for Riperton, at least, the lack of quality material presents a serious problem. The general thinness of both the basic tunes and their arrangements on *Perfect Angel* is not immediately apparent because the best tune on the disc, *Reasons*, comes first. A powerful tune with tremendous punch, it gets Minnie out of the gate sounding like she really means business.

But then the LP settles into a series of rhythmically laid-back numbers repetitive in overall melodic quality and lyrically very weak. Even the two Wonder-penned tunes (*Take A Little Trip* and the title cut) are the weakest heard from this genius in some time. To compensate for the severe lack of ideas in the songs themselves, Minnie is forced to overly embellish her vocals by bending the melody line very much in the Wonder vein (she does this with little control or indication that she knows where she's taking it) or by breaking into an eerie, ghostly falsetto that can be quite effective on occasion but which remains to be fully integrated into her music.

To Riperton's credit, she's a warm, involved singer of melodies, most successful when she simply sticks close to them. Also an intelligent interpreter of lyrics, Minnie and husband-partner Richard Rudolph should now get to work and give her some intelligent lyrics to sing.

Syreeta, who possesses the same kittenish, smoky quality in her voice as Riperton (not to mention Diana Ross), has two distinct advantages over Minnie in her second Motown album. The first is her absolute control over her voice; she phrases delightfully and never hits a false note. Secondly, Stevie Wonder is much more in control of Syreeta's album production than Minnie's. He wrote or co-wrote with Syreeta every tune on the disc and presents a lush recorded sound that makes even the weak songs acceptable.

And there are weak songs here. *Perfect Angel* and this album prove nothing so much as the ability of Super Stevie to write a clinker now and then, especially for other artists. After the magnificent, rocking opener *I'm Going Left*, the album follows Minnie's pattern, presenting three frankly boring numbers. *Spinnin'* spins aimlessly around and around, lovely as it is. *Your Kiss* nerve-wrackingly hammers a modified reggae beat into the ground, and *Get This Stuff* is saved somewhat from its soul cliches by a fine vocal.

But everything is brilliant from then on, as Stevie's unsurpassed arranging skills finally get to work on the more interesting melodies. Syreeta soars through a full side of Wonderful stuff, capped off by the lovely suite of the last five tunes. Side two is a further indication of Wonder's increasing affinity for extended work, moving confidently and deftly through a myriad of changes and moods.

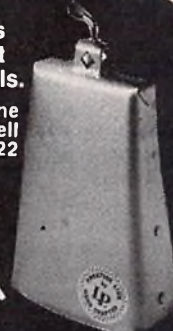
It's a measure of Syreeta's extraordinary talent that she handles these changes so easily, never subordinating her considerable range and ability to Stevie's powerful talent. Similarly, one is always aware that Stevie is writing specifically for Syreeta; he's not performing material designed for just anyone. After the snags of side one are skirted, *Stevie Wonder Presents Syreeta* offers a collaboration of great intimacy and strength, re-introducing a strong new vocal talent.

—mitchell

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Dizzy Gillespie



JAN PERSSON

by leonard feather

As everybody knows, there are several sides to the personality of John Birks Gillespie. The better known aspect, inevitably, is the quartet leader who, playing a predictable repertoire at night clubs, introduces his guitarist Al Gafa as "a native of Lagos, Nigeria," his drummer Mickey Roker as "a native of Dublin, Ireland" and so forth.

But who can question the use of humor when great music keeps it company? My only regret in recent years has been that Dizzy, who remains one of the most sensitive artists in jazz after 30 years as a major influence, so rarely has an opportunity to paint on a broader canvas. Not since the early 1960s, when he concertized and recorded using a large orchestra and special extended works written for him by Lalo Schiffrin and J. J. Johnson, has he been heard to optimum advantage.

He is as keen an observer as ever of current trends, and, when the situation calls for it, is able to step out of his combo rut into any number of settings. His various appearances at the recent Monterey festival—in trumpet summit meetings, sitting in with the Japanese New Herd and in other contexts—indicated his undimmed enthusiasm.

The following Blindfold Test was his first since a two part interview that appeared in *down beat* 2/5 and 2/19/70. He was given no information about the records played.

blindfold

test

1. **FREDDIE HUBBARD.** *Black Maybe* (from *High Energy*, Columbia). Hubbard, fluegelhorn; Stevie Wonder, composer.

That's beautiful . . . Freddie Hubbard. Sometimes the style of the trumpet . . . many guys play the style of trumpet that was originated by Clifford Brown . . . but Freddie Hubbard does the best job of anyone. And then the notes that he plays are very nice; it reminds me of a blues singer that makes a statement, then way in a soft voice makes a couple of little sayings under—you know, after he says the correct lyrics. That's what Freddie does . . . and the notes he chooses to do it with are very nice, perfect. I would give that five stars.

That was fluegelhorn he was playing, and I'm glad he didn't play in the upper register. I don't like that too much. There's just one feller plays fluegelhorn in the upper register that I like. He was with Louie Bellson when we did that tour in Canada. Louie featured him on one number . . . beautiful. I think his name is Bobby Shew.

Feather: Have you given any thought to getting a tilted-bell fluegelhorn?

Gillespie: I have one, but it's hard to play. This horn is so beautiful . . . the sound is so beautiful that it would make you cry. It's a better sound than the regular fluegelhorn. Some guy made it for me in Vegas. It has

French horn tubings, so the sound feels like if you put a little warm puppy up against your neck, I swear. . . . But to get the correct sound you have to have a very deep mouthpiece, and I use the same cup that I use on my trumpet mouthpiece. Boy, it beats me. I play one chorus with that and I say 'phew.' But the sound, and the low notes, and the middle tone . . . just beautiful.

I tried to get Yamaha to go into business to make them, but they weren't interested. They just made me one. But this would make a fag-out of a fluegelhorn.

2. **HELEN MERRILL.** *Born To Be Blue* (from *Helen Merrill, Featuring Clifford Brown, Trip*). Brown, trumpet; Jimmy Jones, piano; Mel Torme, composer. Recorded 1954.

That was Clifford Brown . . . beautiful. I think it was Jimmy Jones on piano. He's very distinctive. The singer has some quality that I recognize . . . but I don't know who it is. It was nice; I like her intonation, she seemed to be singing in tune. It sounds like somebody that I know now, that sings now; but at this stage of her development she hadn't developed to the point that she is now. It sounds like someone that is singing now some place.

Stars—for Clifford Brown, I'd give it 12! I liked that tune; you wrote that, didn't you? Well, overall, I'd give the record four stars.

3. **CLARK TERRY.** *Dancing on the Grave* (from *What'd He Say?*, Mainstream). Terry, fluegelhorn; Bob Brookmeyer, trombone; Roger Kellaway, piano; Bill Crow, bass; Dave Bailey, drums; R. Hix, Composer.

Clark Terry . . . and Bobby Brookmeyer. Well, the composition didn't move me too much, but I like Clark so I would give it, say, three stars. And that exactly on account of Clark Terry. Now, if the tune had come up to my expectations, I'd have given it five stars.

The pianist didn't move me. I don't know who it was, but nothing too much interesting. But I like Clark Terry very much. I go back a long way with Clark. I first heard him with George Hudson in St. Louis. And I think he probably first heard me with Earl Hines—in 1942. Phew! '42!!!

4. **LUIS GASCA.** *A Love Supreme* (from *Born To Love You, Fantasy*). Gasca, fluegelhorn; John Coltrane, composer; Gasca, Joe Gallardo, arrangers.

That one didn't do too much for me. The composition, the arrangement . . . didn't do anything for me. I don't know who it was.

Feather: It was Luis Gasca.

Gillespie: Oh, let me tell you about him. I like his playing . . . when he plays Mexican. One night I went to hear Patato, Alex Blake, Luis Gasca and some other guys in a little Latin band up in the Puerto Rican ghetto (*whistles*). And this bar I went to . . . man, I was really scared! But I really had a good time. He was playing modern . . . but between sets he sat over in a corner and started playing like a Mexican. So I walked over to him and said, "Look, man, you're wasting your time playing like this, when you could create a style based on the truth of what you really are, your heritage. You base a style on that, and you'll get something that's really meaningful."

And that record proves it, because I didn't know who he was. It didn't do anything for me; just playing licks I heard other guys play. But when he's playing Mexican, he's playing original, man.

5. **BLUE MITCHELL.** *Where It's At* (from *Many Shades of Blue*, Mainstream). Mitchell, trumpet; David Matthews, composer, arranger.

I have nothing against a rock beat in music, but that didn't seem to me to be anything unusual or unique. So, I'll give that one-and-a-half stars.

It did have something new. I heard the bass player . . . instead of playing what other bass players play, he played the melody. I hadn't heard that before, so that was nice. I don't know who anybody was.

When people go out especially to try and get a hit record, when they try to figure out what the public will like, they really in trouble musically.

Feather: If you decided that you wanted to go that commercial route, on the charts, #27 with a bullet, by getting yourself a wa-wa pedal and synthesizer, electric keyboards etc., would you feel right about it? Would you even consider doing it?

Gillespie: If I could create within that context, it wouldn't even bother me at all. I figure in any given position I can give of myself . . . if I felt it. If I didn't feel it, no. . . . I wouldn't play it in the first place. But I can play with anything and sound like me. Even with a lot of wah-wah . . . if it moved me. A lot of that wah-wah moves me, so I could do it.

Profile

BRUCE FOWLER

by lee underwood

For nearly two years, Bruce Fowler has recorded and toured as the lead trombonist with that zany madman of rock 'n' roll, Frank Zappa. He was in five of Zappa's major bands, playing with such heavyweights as Jean-Luc Ponty, Ian Underwood, Don Preston, and Ralph Humphrey.

"The first band I was in was a 20-piece orchestra," said the soft-spoken 27-year-old, who recently moved from LA to New York. "That band, the Grand Wazoo, did seven European concerts and then disbanded, so to speak. Everything was electronics, and the music was superhard. My parts were completely impossible."

Contrasted with the rock and roll format of the present, Zappa was then almost completely instrumental. "At the end, however, we weren't playing music for music's sake. Last May, it came time for me to leave."

Bruce's first inspiration was his father, Dr. William Fowler, education editor of *down beat*, who taught orchestration, counterpoint, and composition at the University of Utah in Salt Lake City, where Bruce was born in 1947. A classical guitarist, who at one time played almost every other instrument as well, Bill Fowler taught all of his five sons the ins and outs of music. "He had a trombone lying around the house," Bruce said, "and I picked it up when I was about nine. It was fun, and I got right into it."

In junior high school, Bruce listened to Duke Ellington and wanted to learn how to play jazz. "My dad taught me a little about improvisation, and I just started playing while he played the piano."

He studied with Ned Meredith, who influenced him greatly, as did recordings by John Coltrane, Eric Dolphy and Sonny Griffin. "Of trombone players, I especially like Carl Fontana, J. J. Johnson, Bill Watrous, Phil Wilson, Roswell Rudd, and a guy from Stockholm, Eje Thelin. I like all the creative players, the guys who improvise and come up with new ideas that stimulate me emotionally and intellectually."

He attended the University of Utah for two years, and North Texas State for one year. He flunked out of North Texas, however, because he never went to classes. "Instead, I stayed home and played electric trombone."



After a summer stint with the Woody Herman band, which featured Bill Chase on trumpet, Bruce returned to the University of Utah, where he began studying mathematics, an interest that presently consumes him.

"Whenever I attend a math conference, I become tremendously excited. I get really free, it stimulates my mind, I get very relaxed, and I can play better. I feel so much more open to try all kinds of things, and not be locked into the note-concept.

"That's why I've been studying digital signal processing—either computer processing of audio wave forms, or computer generation of the wave forms. I think of the computer not as a machine, but as another musical instrument.

"My goal is twofold: to build a computer that generates a music of its own, and to construct a synthesizer or computer which will play music in conjunction with what I do.

"The difference between this and just setting up a tape recorder is that the computer has to make decisions. I'll have one computer just to generate wave forms—'notes'—and a second computer to tell it which notes to generate.

"Theoretically, a computer can produce any sound. The question is, how do you tell the machine which sound to produce so that you have some control over the various sounds that it does produce.

"The computer or synthesizer I envisage will first detect what note I play on my trombone, and then it will play a line with my line. It will be able to decide what other notes to play, perhaps making some other trombone-sound in harmony with mine. The computer might use random numbers to 'decide' for itself. I would not necessarily be able to predict what it will do. I would have programmed how it decided to do it, but not the actual decision it made. It's on the level, you see, of artificial intelligence.

"The reason I don't just get another trombone player is because I hear lines in my head that perhaps no person could play—maybe too fast, or too many notes changing in certain ways. But the speed at which a computer can play is fast, even faster than you can hear. I mean, it can squeeze an entire piece into just half a second.

"As far as the audience goes... Zappa always says there's a strong sexual aspect of music. But there's also every other human emotion. These computers are just tools to get that entire range of emotion and intellect expressed. And, too, because I have a strong interest in the intellectual side of music, I become interested in some things that certain other people might find dull.

"In my soloing, I try to start where the audience has a handle to hold on to, and then progress into the more abstract things. Dissonance doesn't mean the same thing that it used to. To be limited to just a 12-note scale has also gone out. Like, Jimi Hendrix, another strong influence on me, would be out of tune traditionally speaking, but his emotional content would be exactly right. He was one of the greats."

Fowler regularly practices, jams and composes. Lately, he has been writing trombone etudes, trombone quartets, and trombone sextets. He has also been composing for nine- and ten-piece combinations, which include four trombones.

He tries to blend the composition of classical music with the improvisation of jazz, and "in the rock things, the bass trombone player acts as the bass." He hopes to someday start a family band with his father and four brothers.

Of his musical evolution he says, "I used to be a so-called avant-garde trombonist, just freaking out. That was fun, but it didn't go anywhere. Now I am deeply into playing, while at the same time I'm writing music that is heavily orchestrated." db



DAVID AMRAM

by arnold jay smith

Incidental music for the theatre, background scores for motion pictures, and underthemes for television sitcoms can be thankless tasks. So David Werner Amram III took it upon himself to enliven his lot by writing and performing all of the above with a little jazz, a little Middle-Eastern music, some European orchestrations and a good deal of youthful drive that underscores all he encompasses.

"My very first meeting with a jazz musician was when I was 12. It was a bunch of old Dixielanders. I was treated like an adult just as, later, when I met Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting the New York Philharmonic. He simply treated me like another struggling French horn player and writer. In my 20s, as a gym teacher (!), I met Charlie Parker. All through those early years I met musicians, jazz and otherwise, who encouraged me to continue what I was doing, and I was determined to play and pass the musical word on to others. I chose children because of the way I was treated.

"The jazz musician's way of life, or you could say the true musician's way of life, is where they themselves realize that anyone who picks up an instrument is doing something creative. We use the word 'classical' to mean 18th-19th century notated music, but 'classical' really is the music that survives the test of time and generations and remains intact. Some of the world's greatest 'classical' music has not even been written down, like Middle-Eastern music, folk music of the world, and our own classical music, jazz, which is now, thank God!, being taught formally by performing artists in major universities.

"No longer do youngsters have to go to backrooms and bars to pick up pointers on how to play jazz. My interest with kids is due to the fact that when I was a kid, I was turned onto the music by all the love it exuded, by the feeling that you can be turned on by giving and sharing rather than by grabbing and taking.

"I was not a child prodigy, just a child enthusiast. Piano at six and French horn at 15. I was lucky enough to be able to hear the great orchestras on radio, live, no less. My father and uncle took me down to the Earl Theatre in Philadelphia where I heard a fantastic stage show.

"Working and playing in jazz and still going out and working with kids afforded me the opportunity to play in all the idioms. I was able to jam gospel, bluegrass, folk, jazz and Latin with the high school kids. It kept me young, happy. Dizzy Gillespie once sat up til dawn and coaxed me to play French horn with him. He's still a great teacher, life-style variety. My own incarnation as a performer has had so many different aspects. I was playing extra horn with the National Symphony and playing jazz at the same time, going to col-



BARNA OSTERTAG

caught



TIM ISOM

RICK WAKEMAN The Auditorium, Chicago

Personnel: Wakeman, organ, piano, synthesizer, mellotron; a four-piece ensemble consisting of guitar, bass, drums, percussion; two vocalists; the National Philharmonic Orchestra of America and Choir, conducted by David Measham.

Rick Wakeman has managed to attract a homogeneously devoted following during his first year as a solo artist. But although he is one of the more technically proficient of the expanding synthesizer corps, his innovative abilities remain in question. The success of his second album, *Journey To The Center Of The Earth*, has been phenomenal, having encouraged Rick to go on tour with a small rock ensemble, augmented by the massive National Philharmonic Orchestra and Choir under the direction of David Measham.

One of Wakeman's prime weaknesses is his overaffinity for spectacle, and his Auditorium date regrettably emerged as more of a gimmick than a noteworthy musical accomplishment. From the moment he sauntered on stage in his flowing floor-length white robe, it was obvious that Rick could do no wrong in the eyes of his idolators. Coming off as somewhat of a cross between Jesus and Flash Gordon, Rick proceeded to explain that the opening portion of the show would include several segments from his first solo album, *The Six Wives Of Henry VIII*.

Catherine Of Howard emerged as the most successful song, its schizoid score incorporating elements of Ives, boogie, folk, and Northern Africa. The Anne Boleyn portion proved almost painful, yet Wakeman cleverly bounced back by rapping with the crowd about the current nostalgia phase. Inviting the audience to send title suggestions for the piece to Johnny Carson, Wakeman and Mob whipped into a '20s Charleston number, complete with four colorfully-outfitted flappers who performed their gyrations under a spastic strobe. While certainly not the heaviest synthesizer workout of the year, at least this brief farce helped to close the first set on an upbeat.

But the crowd really couldn't have cared less about all these preliminaries. They were there to hear a rote performance of *Journey* and, sure enough, that's what they got. This 19th century Jules Verne sci-fi classic concerns a group of intrepids who stumble upon a text by a medieval alchemist that explains how to reach middle earth via the jaws of an extinct Icelandic volcano. Wakeman's prog-rampiece necessarily glosses over many of the novel's main events, but then you can't have everything in a 40-minute score, can you?

Anyway, the stage was set up to approximate the album jacket, with a stentorian narrator perched in a wicker emperor chair on stage right. A flowery intro segued into *The Journey*, the first of four songs sung by an unnamed duct that could well have been Garry Pickford-Hopkins and Ashley Holt, the vocalists on the album. Wakeman's angel complex came into full show here as the ethereal lighting draped him in holy hues.

The device of the narrator is especially important to the composition, since it is this character who intermittently returns to read passages from the actual text. Several times he comes back just in the nick of time, thereby saving the entire works from collapsing under its own ponderousness.

Wakeman's keyboard arsenal appeared to be unaltered since his Yes-terdays, consisting of organ, piano, mellotron, and custom-built synthesizer. Yet the constricting nature of *Journey* never really allowed Rick the room to soar.

At one point, the spotlight was diverted away from Wakeman by the appearance of a pair of gigantic cavorting contraptions in the orchestra pit, crude replicas of the prehistoric ichthyosaurus and plesiosaurus. The more juvenile element of the crowd dug these naugahyde nasties immensely, but it almost seemed as if Wakeman was aware that he needed the props to alleviate the tedium.

Several more narrative readings and choral spiralings later, the explorers are ejected from the abyss and returned to outer earth. In Wakeman's sphere, this calls for a little bit of Grieg's *Hall Of The Mountain King*, so he pulled out all the stops and let loose with a barrage of electronic sound. Naturally, a standing ovation followed, so the troupe was compelled to render an encore, an instant Wakeman pop/comp inspired "by telly-watching all the crap adverts in your country." This *Concerto Banalese* managed to mix five nauseating commercial jingles to humorous effect but it sure didn't look like some of those guys in the orchestra were very happy about things.

There is no arguing with the fact that *Journey* has a wide base of appeal. Wakeman has hit on the romantic chord in his audience, thereby bringing rockophiles and classical-heads together to witness his glibly accessible synthesis.

Thus by borrowing from a profusion of landscapes, Rick has relegated himself to a musical limboland. If "contemporary" program music is your forte and nothing appeals so much as hopping a 747 to check out the Bayreuth Festival, then Wakeman may be your man. Wait till he starts bringing out those 80-foot-dragons.

—marv hohman

lege and working as a gym teacher in the afternoons. At 19 you don't care if you don't sleep. People have asked, 'How come you don't drop dead?'"

David has written incidental music to Joseph Papp's *Shakespeare In The Park* productions; *After The Fall*, Arthur Miller's Marilyn Monroe-based bio; and the movie scores to *The Manchurian Candidate*, *The Young Savages*, and *Splendor In The Grass*.

"I found out early that what I was trying to do would kill me. That's not true today because now they have a lot of jazz people, like Benny Golson and Quincy Jones, setting new standards. Lalo Schiffrin was a waiter while he was trying to write. The funding of the movies is from the Lawrence Welk School, or what would be the equivalent of Las Vegas show bands, orchestrated by Rachmaninoff, with a simonizing job by Dimitri Tiomkin and an army of ghost writers. The standard when I was there was to steal from Bartok, change it so you wouldn't violate copyright laws, add a composer to write a melody, and repeat it as many times as possible throughout the movie.

"*Splendor* had people like Buster Bailey on the track. Sinatra, three years after *Candidate* came out, asked me why no album ever came from it. He told me it was one of the best scores ever done for a picture of his. I not only write but I pick the musicians, play and arrange. The Hollywood types told me I was insane to do all that work.

"My first professional recording was with Lionel Hampton, *Hamp In Paris* by title. When I played with Charles Mingus in 1955, I tried to fit into what I felt he was trying to achieve with the use of the French horn, since I replaced Eddie Bert's trombone. The group had George Barrow, later Jackie McLean, and Mal Waldron. I learned a tremendous amount in terms of opening up my mind to music as a totality, that is, not to think in terms of jazz, but in terms of all music. In Oscar Pettiford's band I joined Julius Watkins on French horn, using Gigi Gryce arrangements to make the sounds of the instrument clear, not sloppy and muddy.

"I'm writing something for Sonny Rollins now. After meeting him at a Carnegie Hall concert along with Rufus Harley, I knew it had to be done. Rufus and I did a free concert in Philadelphia and we were joined by a harmonica player. That had to be the weirdest front line ever—bagpipes, harmonica and French horn. The group I have worked with recently—Pepper Adams, Jerry Dodgion, Herb Bushler and Al Harewood—is a school, we learn that much from each other.

"I hope my *Triple Concerto For Woodwind, Brass, Jazz Quintet and Orchestra* encourages younger people to go into jazz. The *Concerto* was a milestone. It was the culmination of some 25 years of involvement in music—from the street, bars and clubs to films and records. To hear a symphony orchestra play some of the figures of Bird, Diz and Trane was the most rewarding thing that could have happened."

db

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HOW TO bone up on slip-horn changes

by Dr. William L. Fowler

Ah, but could the medieval sackbutist have seen and heard what was to become of his ungainly assortment of pipes! Could he only have balanced a modern trombone slide in his hand or felt a modern mouthpiece against his chops! Could he have dug the plunger growls of a Sam Nanton, the portamentos of a Jack Teagarden, the lip slurs of a Frank Rosolino, the speed of a J. J. Johnson, the phrasing of an Urbie Green, the special effects of Phil Wilson, or any other technical near-miracles of the 20th Century 'bonists, he likely would have stomped his unwieldy slide flat in total frustration.

And could he have known what is happening now in legit trombone, say, for example, Stuart Dempster burning through Berio's challenge-piece, *Sequenza V*, he likely would have ended up in shock! But trombone technical development waits for no man, as our current crop of both jazz and legit sliders is proving.

So to become a pro in tomorrow's musical world, the neophyte trombonist must overcome a staggering array of difficulties, many arising from his instrument's unique pitch-changing device—the slide.

David Baker, Tom Malone, and Bruce Fowler are rushing to the aid of inexperienced sliders—Dave through his encyclopedic *Contemporary Techniques for the Trombone*, Bruce through an article slated for publication in the *International Trombone Journal*. Tom through his *Alternate Position System for Trombone*. And to speed this aid to those in need, they have granted rights to use selected materials from their writings for db readers.

BAKER

Circular breathing: How to play the seemingly interminable phrases that composers have insisted on writing since the dawn of Western music has been one of the principle problems of the wind player. Often a line offers no logical opportunity for breathing, that is, without destroying the line. The problem is rendered even more acute when the wind player is attempting to match a line played by a string player or a keyboard instrument.

The problem has been tackled in many different ways. Some players have chosen to omit what they felt were notes of lesser importance. Others have opted for quick catch breaths through the nose, often sacrificing a note or two in so doing. Legend has it that during Wagner's time at Bayreuth, the bass trombone player rigged a contraption not unlike a bicycle pump. On those endless sustained notes, (i.e., *Lohengrin*, *Parsifal*, etc.) the trombonist inserted the hose in his mouth and pumped air in after the fashion of a bellows.

Many jazz players have arrived at what seems a much more reasonable solution to the problem. That solution involves a technique called circular breathing. Some of its most avid practitioners in jazz are Clark Terry, Snooky Young, Ernie Royal, Harry Carney, Slide Hampton, Howard Johnson and Rahsaan Roland Kirk.

In simplest terms it works like this. The player:

1. Takes a breath.
2. Fills his cheeks with air (puffing them out).
3. Maintains an even tone by expelling the air in his cheeks, at the same time breathing in through his nose.
4. The player then plays naturally, continuing the process indefinitely.

The technique, while admittedly difficult, can be perfected in a relatively short period of time.

Against the grain playing: This term is one coined by the author, to describe a way of playing trombone which obviates the necessity of tonguing. Because of the manner in which the trombone is constructed and the relationship of one overtone series to another, whenever the slide moves in the opposite direction of the note a natural break occurs, i.e., the notes move higher as C to D and the slide moves lower (smaller to a larger number) 3 to 4. Conversely, when the slide and the note move in the same direction without a compensating attack a smear results, i.e., $\frac{3}{C}$ to $\frac{4}{D}$. We all know the effect in *Lassus Trombone*, the *Firebird Suite*, and much Dixieland music featuring tailgate trombone. The smear, rip or slur has been used most effectively in both dramatic and comic situations throughout the history of the slide trombone.

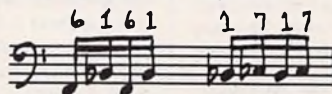
By using this technique, a multiplicity of advantages may accrue.

1. Dramatic effect approximating a valve action.
2. Speed and technique often not possible using the tongue.
3. Rips and slurs not unlike those produced by the French horn in certain contemporary works.
4. A smooth legato, not obtainable with any modification of basic tonguing techniques.
5. Many others limited only by the player's imagination.

MALONE

Alternate positions: Wind instruments other than the trombone (flute, clarinet, trumpet, etc.) are designed in such a way that the fingers make movements of no more than one inch in the process of changing pitch. The trombone is quite different. Awkward position patterns can render certain musical passages impossible or impractical at faster tempos:

Long slide movement:



While in the lower register (low E to the next E flat) there are no alternate positions, in the middle register (second E to the next E flat) there are many notes with two positions for the same note. And many notes in the treble clef can be played in three or more slide positions.

In the middle and upper registers, then, players might make awkward passages relatively easy by choosing alternate positions for notes to shorten the slide motion between notes. Two principles apply in the choice of positions: (1) Move the slide as little as possible, and (2) Move the slide in a symmetrical manner. Notes in a series should be played in a single direction movement or in a multidirection movement in which the change of direction is not abrupt.

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(Against the grain playing)

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lacking in that concert.

"Isn't it amazing how people who are always on the balls of their ass and always broke and always mad at somebody, think that *you* should be too, because you're a musician. That you owe some *debt* to be broke, to sit around stoned out all the time and complaining. I mean, what is that? Who gives anybody the right to tell you what to do with your life? How much do you have to suffer? How much is *enough*?"

Doc's eyes flashed flat with indignation as he punched his finger into the armchair.

"Let me tell you—and this is the *kind* of person who—I met one of the most narrow-minded guys I've ever met in my life the other day, a so-called 'jazz-buff.' You know, like

the hunched-over, 1950s jazz tenor-style guy with dark glasses and the, 'Heeeeee, man. Uuuuh, uuh, crazy, man, uuh, uuh,' you know?

"He didnt dig one of my concerts. He's a doctor, of all things, a man that's insane—he is *insane*! He's really a loser of a jazz tenor player, so he took up medicine out of frustration. He's got a practice in a little town of 3,000 in Kansas, and he came to see this concert he didn't like.

"He was tryin' to tell me how I should perform, and he wanted me to do everything but put on a zoot-suit! This guy was too much. I said, 'Do I come in and tell you how to take out tonsils? You came to the concert, you paid your money, now either you like it, or you don't.'

"He was bitchin' because we didn't play any 'nice' ballads, like *Round About Midnight*. I said, 'No, I didn't, because if I played *Round About Midnight* I wouldn't reach as

many people in the audience as I do playing *I'm Singing That Song For You*, by Leon Russell, which is a *damn* good tune.' I said, 'Tell me what I did that was offensive about that?' And he couldn't tell me.

"Then he got mad because we didn't play something like *Green Dolphin St.* and feature the guys in the band. I said, 'We played *Malaguena* for 20 minutes and brought the guys down in front. I challenge you to find a finer tenor sax solo than what Lou Tobak in played on that.' He was mad because it didn't run the cycle of 7ths like *Perdido* or something.

"I told him, I said, 'I'm not gonna do it just because you want to hear it. This is *today*, it's *now*.' He wanted to know why we didn't play a nice ballad. I said, 'You mean maybe a tune like *The Way We Were*?' He said, 'Yeah. That's a beautiful song. I like that one.' I said, 'Well, we *played* it.' He said, 'Oh, I went out to get some beer. I was gone for awhile.'

"This guy was complaining because he couldn't make it as a jazz tenor-man, and he admitted that he got fired from every job he ever had. I said, 'Why don't you worry about your own problems?'

"And by the way,' I said, 'you make pretty good money as a doctor. You're drivin' me around in a \$12,000 car tonight, and you got a \$150,000 home—who are you to tell me that *I* should starve?'

"He had his son with him, who's about 14-years-old, making a complete cynic out of him. There was no father-son relationship at all. When I got out of the car, I said, 'Kid, I'll tell you. If you got any talent at all and can avoid listening to your old man, you might turn out all right.'

"It's about time somebody told that cat off. He plays bad tenor, does bad medical work, beats his wife up, and gets high in front of his son. Well, I just had to have it out with him.

"It's not just *this* guy I'm talking about. I'm talking about what a creator runs up against sometimes when he's devoting his life to being positive.

"It's like this LA critic who wrote that review on John Denver. He was mad because Denver did songs about the Rocky Mountains. He said there's not enough songs about the darker side of life. Yet once he criticized Denver because he did too much of other people's music. John now does all his own music in concert, so now the critic is mad because his songs are not—*the right kind*. Do you believe that?

"Now, where can you ever please anybody? That's why you have to decide what you want to do, and work toward *that*—what *you* want to do. You set your *own* artistic sights. I'm not going to conform to what they think I should be to make *them* happy. I'm going to find my own happiness. I'm going to be my own man, and they can either like it or not.

"When Herbie Hancock or Chick Corea say they're tired of playing for just a few people, and that now they want to make their concepts acceptable, what's *wrong* with that?

"Look at Lawrence Welk. Lawrence Welk *likes* what he's doing. Who has the right to tell Lawrence Welk he's crazy? He does it because he likes it. People pay money to hear it. He takes the money—that's *all* within the realm of acceptability.

"They criticized Louis Armstrong because he sang *Mack The Knife* and *Hello, Dolly*, and that man did more for jazz music than any one other human being who ever lived! (*He pounds the arm of the chair with the flat of his hand.*) Now what the hell do they want the man to do—lay down and die? A broken man for them? Who has the right to ask for that?

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"Do they want a musician to just go around beating his brains out playing what *they* think he should play? And miss the chance to get acquainted with millions more people through his music, and have that much more influence? What is constructive about that?"

"I wanted to record the *Tonight Show* band doing good, solid jazz and jazz/rock. They put me down on that. Absolutely not. I wanted to do a classical album—absolutely not. Forget it. They don't believe there's an audience out there for that. But I'm going to record the *Tonight Show* band myself, and somebody's going to be smart enough to come in and help me get it on the market, or I'll do it by direct mailing. There's great musicianship and great inspiration in that band that deserves to be heard, and I'm going to see that it's done. And if the record companies are too damn stupid to help me do it, then fine: *I'll* take the money."

"And when I do it, sure enough, somebody will say, 'He's selling out.' But, see, I'm not really worried. I get angry and upset at those types of people, but I think it's time for people to stand up and say, 'Let me have *my* say for a change.'

"I had one critic interviewing me before a gig, and he insisted on fitting me into a strictly hard-core jazz mold of limited appeal. After talking to me for awhile, he said, 'How do you feel about winning the *Playboy* jazz poll?' I said, 'I never paid much attention to it—I'm looking forward to making a center-fold! He wrote a *scathing* review."

"Just because I'm successful, you see, he felt I was selling out. He made the assumption that I don't like and respect jazz music as much as he does, that I don't understand it, or that I haven't been there."

"Well, where was he when I was playing at the Apollo Theater in 1949 and '50? Or when some black guys and I got run out of a diner in Jersey, being chased by a redneck chef with a meat cleaver? Where was he when I was living in black hotels in Washington, D.C., and getting threatened by white cab drivers?"

"Why is it that Dizzy Gillespie and I can get along and talk and understand and respect one another, but somebody like that guy thinks I should do it *his* way?"

"Hunger. Hunger. . . I mean, I've gone hungry for I hope the last time in my life. I was on the road with a band that insisted on playing exactly what they wanted to play, *when* they wanted to play it, *how* they wanted to play it. I lived on \$5.00 a day. We didn't get salaries. We just got whatever we could. We slept on the bus for two and three days at a time, like going into a service station men's room to sponge off."

"Let's put it this way. I could have gone on the Dick Cavett show and I'd be lookin' for a gig right now. Dick Cavett didn't know one thing: he didn't know how to play the melody. If you're gonna do *Summertime*, put a little *Summertime* in it, too."

When Doc finished his tirade, both of us were shaking with heartfelt emotion. We remained silent for a few moments. Then, with pride, compassion, and a sense of profound sincerity in his eyes, Doc said gently, "I might incur the wrath or the disrespect of certain elements, but on the other hand, in the long run after it's all over, I can look back and say, 'Yeah, but I could still play good trumpet the best way I could, and I was able to do it in such a way that I could say hello to a lot of corny truck drivers out there and have them say hello right back to me. That's the way I paid my dues.'" **db**



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THAD

continued from page 15

er heard Joe play bad.

Smith: You have worked with some of the Basic alumni, notably Harry Edison. What do you think of him?

Jones: (gasping in admiring disbelief) He's one of these very unique and rare people who is able to express exactly what he wants on the trumpet. He always expresses it with feeling and with humor. He doesn't miss.

Smith: Do you prefer playing in smaller groups as opposed to the band?

Jones: Not "as opposed to"—along with. I like playing. Small groups are what I started with.

Smith: On that topic, do you consciously write those concerto grossi I hear so many times in your compositions?

Jones: You noticed those too, eh? I don't know how I came into that particular way of writing. It's just that you search and you try to find something that's workable, something that sounds fresh and gives the music a little more vitality, life, color. A little more depth perception. You never know how it's going to turn out. As I said, the music takes you.

Smith: There have been few personnel changes in the Jones-Lewis Orchestra, but some key men have gone their separate ways. Like Roland Hanna, amid puzzling circumstances . . .

Jones: I haven't discussed it with Roland at all because I feel a person is entitled to do whatever he wants to do. If he's living the life of a responsible person, then whatever responsibility he considers the most pertinent is what he does. I never thought he quit in a huff. If he did, some evidence of it would have shown up by now.

When we first started up, Roland told me he was going to be our piano player. Now we already had a piano player, my brother Hank. (Roland was one of the "hang arounds" at that first session.) Then Hank had to leave, because he was into so many other things that he just didn't have the time. And there was Roland, hangin' around.

Smith: Do you write for new talents that join the band from time to time, like Jon Faddis?

Jones: Nothing specific. Remember, Jon is still a young player, and it has happened that something causes new talent a little setback. I hope that whatever happens with Jon happens in a natural way, Jon's choice. I don't think any player should overemphasize one particular phase of their playing. I give him room to blow, naturally.

Smith: I'm glad to see that Quentin Jackson is now with the band.

Jones: Yeah! So am I. "Butter" and I go back a few years. He's the last of the big plungers. There are others that play, but none like Butter: he has artistry with that. He's a very precious person.

Smith: You have had other arrangers in the band, like Bob Brookmeyer, Garnett Brown, Roland. Do you favor other writers' stuff, or your own?

Jones: Listen, I favor music, period.

Smith: Would you like Quincy Jones to write for you?

Jones: I quit Basie's band in 1963; I don't recall having played his writing. He can write, though, can't he? Um-um! I think the move to Hollywood and success kind of opened him a little bit and got him back in the groove again. His head was so full of other things, like being vice-president of Mercury Records and all. He is a mature writer in the selection

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of notes, harmonies—it's speaking, saying something.

Smith: When did you switch to fluegelhorn?
Jones: I started playing fluegelhorn when we formed the band. It seemed that it was better suited to what the band was all about. We were involved with different combinations of instruments, and fluegelhorn appeared to assume the properties of flutes, saxophones, trombones, clarinets, piano, bass, or combinations. It seemed to belong with everything.

Smith: What about a mellophone?

Jones: It seemed a little heavy. Fluegelhorn seemed to have that unique blending.

Smith: And the fourth valve on it?

Jones: It enables you to play an octave and a half lower. Added notes.

As the interview drew to a close, we got into the technical aspects of some of the other brass instruments and instrumentalists. Thad termed the French horn, "A tough one to master. It has a lot to do with the position of the hand in the bell." About Don Ellis: "One of the most technical trumpet players around. You know about Doc Severinsen, but a lot of people don't know what Don Ellis can do." About Freddie Hubbard: "Has phenomenal technique, and uses it in a different way."

Thad on Maynard Ferguson: "One of the strongest. You know about his range. He doesn't have the musicality of Freddie or Don, and certainly not the musicality of Dizzy and Miles. You put all the other trumpet players over here, and then you have Miles and Dizzy over there. As a matter of fact, I had to quit buying Dizzy records (*big laughs all around*). I found myself memorizing everything he did. I was worse than Jon at one time!" And on it went until we got to one topic, one man who *is* a category.

Jones: Whatever he's into, Miles believes in.

Smith: (*prodding*) You don't think he's a cocky genius sitting on his ass saying, "I'm gonna see how many people follow me into the river."

Jones: Are you kidding? C'mon, now. Here's a man who has devoted his life to music. Anytime you find someone devoting his life to something, you got to respect that. A lot of people are misled by Miles. They listen to what he says, and they don't listen to what he does.

As we parted, Thad told me about his teaching career. "It's William Paterson College in Wayne, New Jersey. I teach three jazz courses: history, improvisation, and a small and large ensemble. It's a happy experience." On the way out, Thad spotted a Joe Williams RCA album on which he was composer-arranger and co-featured trumpet star along with Clark Terry. "Please make this a P.S.," Thad insisted. "Clark Terry is a badass mother." **db**

POTPOURRI

continued from page 10

More than 100 jazz musicians, singers, and dancers turned out for a recent benefit "contest" on behalf of the Gene Ammons Memorial Foundation held at the High Chaparral in Chicago. The "winning" band—the Governors State University Big Band, led by Warrick Carter and featuring singers Jimmy Spinks and Jean Carol!—are likely to receive bookings in downtown Chi for their efforts. While the turnout barely filled one third of the club, musicians and friends of the late Jug were enthusiastic about the affair. **db**

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FOWLER

Rhythmic manipulation: The realization that bars and beats can be divided into any number of parts, not just 2, 3, 4, 6, or 8, for example, is basic. In Frank Zappa's music, superimposed groups of 5 over 3, 7 over 2, 5 over 2, 11 over 2, or 13 over 1, often appear. In fact, any rational number could be translated into a multi-rhythmic time event. Theoretically, at least, if two different times begin together and the difference in their periods (how long the beats are in seconds) is an irrational number, then they will never come together again. (Impossible to verify in practice, I suppose—unrelated times—but an interesting idea . . .) But for odd rhythmic groupings of notes new tonguing techniques must be devised. For fast fives, sevens, and so on, alternating double and triple-tongued groups can be used: 5=takatakata or tatakataka; 7=tatakatakata, takatakataka, or takatakataka; and so on. This method can be extended indefinitely for handling larger odd rhythmic note-groups.

Electronic tone alteration: Either a pickup or a mike can be used to feed any number of devices. I use a wa-wa (variable bandpass filter), an echoplex, a phase shifter, a ring modulator, and soon will be adding a frequency shifter, and a frequency-to-voltage converter for use with a synthesizer. And I expect that in the near future computers will become important in an interactive role with the performer.

Bruce Fowler (see this issue's Profile).

Tom Malone is currently with the Gil Evans Orchestra as arranger and player (synthesizer, piccolo, trombone, bass trombone); former multi-instrumentalist with Woody Herman, Frank Zappa, and Blood Sweat & Tears.

David H. Baker, formerly with several big bands and the George Russell Sextet, is Associate Professor of Music and Director of Jazz Studies at Indiana University.

...on the road

BRIAN AUGER

Nov. 21-23, Electric Ballroom, Atlanta, Ga.
Dec. 5, Syria Mosque, Pittsburgh, Pa.

GARY BARTZ

Nov. 21-29, Lighthouse, Hermosa Beach, Ca.

BLACKBYRDS

Nov. 22, Convention Center, Cleveland, Ohio
27-30, High Chapparral, Chicago, Il.

DAVID BOWIE

Nov. 22, Spectrum, Philadelphia, Pa.
26, Scope, Norfolk, Va.
28, Mid-South College, Memphis, Tn.
30, Municipal Auditorium, Nashville, Tn.
Dec. 1, Omni, Atlanta, Ga.
4, Convention Center, Miami, Fl.

CHARLIE BYRD

Nov. 22, School of Modern Dance, Cleveland, Ohio
23, West Shore Unitarian Church, Cleveland, Ohio
25-14, Roosevelt Hotel, New York, NY

RY CODDER

Nov. 21, Symphony Hall, Boston, Mass.
22, Fairleigh Dickinson Univ., Rutherford, NJ

CHARLES EARLAND

Dec. 3-8, Concerts By The Sea, Redondo Beach, Ca.

MAYNARD FERGUSON

Nov. 21, Milliken Univ., Decatur, Il.
22, Masonic Auditorium, Toledo, Ohio
24-25, Clarencville High School, Livonia, Mich.
26, Waubesa College, Sugar Grove, Il.
27, Brown Derby, Norton, Ohio
28, Earlham College, Richmond, Ind.

GUESS WHO

Nov. 27, Convention Center, Indianapolis, Ind.
Dec. 1, Omaha, Neb.
5, Tucson, Arizona

WOODY HERMAN

Nov. 24, State Univ., Bowling Green, Ohio
26, High School Seminar, Wauwatosa, Wis.
27, Prom Ballroom, St. Paul, Minn.
30, Great Court Culture Center, Canyon, Ohio
Dec. 1, Hyatt Regency Hotel, Chicago, Il.
2, Clarencville High School, Livonia, Mich.
4, Seneca College, Toronto, Ontario

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Nov. 21, Keystone Korner, San Francisco, Ca.
23-13, Japan Tour

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29, Sports Arena, San Diego, Ca.

B.B. KING

Nov. 22, Xavier Univ., Cincinnati, Ohio
25-1, Monticello Swingers Club, Framingham, Mass.

CLEO LAINE

Nov. 21-30, St. Regis Hotel, New York, NY

MAIN INGREDIENT

Nov. 22-28, Apollo Theater, New York, NY
29, Paramount Theater, Portland, Ore.
30, Paramount Theater, Seattle, Wash.

MONTEGO JOE/FIFTH DIMENSION

Nov. 21, Riviera Hotel, Las Vegas, Nev.
27-8, Uris Theater, New York, NY

MOTT THE HOOPLE

Nov. 21, Brangwyn Hall, Swansea, UK
22, Capital, Cardiff, UK
23, Odeon, Taunton, UK
24, Winter Gardens, Bournemouth, UK
26, Town Hall, Birmingham, UK
27, Guildhall, Preston, UK
28, Civic Hall, Guildford, UK
29, City Hall, Newcastle, UK
30, Univ., Lancaster, UK

ALPHONSE MOUZON

Nov. 21, SUNY, Oswego, NY
23, SUNY, Stony Brook, NY

TRACY NELSON & MOTHER EARTH

Nov. 22, Great Southern Music Hall, Gainesville, Fl.
23, Papa's Dream, St. Petersburg, Fl.

NEW RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE

Nov. 22, Seaton Hall Univ., South Orange, NJ
24, Orpheum, Boston, Mass.
27-30, Academy of Music, New York, NY

NITTY GRITTY DIRT BAND

Nov. 24, Civic Center, San Diego, Ca.
Dec. 2, Vancouver Gardens, BC
3, Northern Jubilee Auditorium, Edmonton, Alta.
4, Southern Jubilee Auditorium, Calgary, Alta.

LOU REED

Nov. 24, Civic Auditorium, Santa Monica, Ca.

CAL TJADER

Nov. 21-1, Concerts By The Sea, Redondo Beach, Ca.

MICHAEL URBANIAK

Nov. 22, Hofstra Univ., Hempstead, NY

PHIL WILSON

Nov. 23, Murray State Univ., Ky.

MIGHTY JOE YOUNG

Nov. 22, Youth Glen Park, Gary, Ind.
23, Rensselaer College, Ind.

CITY
SCENE

New York

Showboat 2 sets sail Dec. 7 for a week with **Count Basie**, **Lionel Hampton**, **Sarah Vaughan**, **Cannonball Adderley**, **Joe Williams**, **James Moody**, **Cecil and Cavril Payne**, **Carl "Bama" Warwick** and **Leonard Feather**. It's aboard the S.S. Rotterdam; call 212-244-7856 for reservations . . . **Bob Brookmeyer** comes into the Village Vanguard Nov. 26 with a quartet; **David Amram Quartet** opens Dec. 3 . . . Mr. Spats has **Henry Woods'** solo piano . . . **Harold Ousley**, with singer **Harold Dumont**, is in Rust Brown's Nov. 21-24. Beginning Nov. 27 it's **Lonnie Liston Smith** . . . The Half-Note brings in **Monty Alexander** Dec. 2 . . . The Angry Squire Pub, with some fine British cooking, has **John Lewis'** trio . . . **Rashied Ali's** group holds forth at Ali's Alley . . . The Blue Book still has **Della Griffin** . . . **Joe Newman** comes back to Boomer's Nov. 21-23; **Roy Haynes** comes in Dec. 4 . . . The Cookery looks like this: **Mary Lou Williams** with **Milton Suggs** opens Nov. 25; **Dick Hyman** Sunday evenings; **Chuck Folds** Saturday and Sunday afternoons . . . New Audiences presents **Chick Corea & Return to Forever** at Carnegie Hall Dec. 1 . . . **Barry Manilow** at Carnegie Nov. 21, while the **Beach Boys** are at Madison Square Garden the same night . . . **Elton John** shuttles from his Garden sell-outs Nov. 28-29 to the Nassau Coliseum Nov. 30 and Dec. 1 . . . **Ella Fitzgerald** is Lincoln Center Great Performer Nov. 29. Also in the Center's Fisher Hall, it's **America** Nov. 23-24, **Donovan** Nov. 28, and **Harry Chapin** Dec. 1 . . . **Renaissance** hits the Academy of Music Theater Nov. 22-23, along with **Wishbone Ash**; Thanksgiving, Nov. 28, **Commander Cody & His Lost Planet Airmen** . . . **Johnny Mathis** and **The Miracles** continue at the Uris through Nov. 24; the **Fifth Dimension** open Nov. 27 . . . Jazz Interactions' lecture series at Hunter College has **Ken McIntyre** on Nov. 22; **Ernie Smith's** "Jazz on Film" lecture is Dec. 6 . . . Studio Rivbea's lineup has **Anthony Braxton** Nov. 27-28, with the **Sam Rivers Trio** for late hours; the **Harlem Ensemble** returns Nov. 29-30 . . . Jazz Vespers at St. Peters (64th and Park) has **Errol Parker** Nov. 24 and **Frank Foster's Advent Mass** Dec. 1 . . . **Marian McPartland** continues at Michael's Pub . . . **Lindisfarne** comes into the Bottom Line Nov. 22-24; **Leonard Cohen** follows Nov. 29-Dec. 1; **Sonny Terry** and **Brownie McGhee** begin Dec. 5 . . . At Mikell's: **Chico Hamilton** Nov. 21-23 and 27-30; look for **Junior Mance** in early December . . . **Sonny's Place**, Seaford, Long Island, features tenor saxist **Bob Kindred** Nov. 22-24; altoist **Ernie Wilkins** is Nov. 29-Dec. 1 . . . The Westbury (L.I.) Music Fair presents **Cheech & Chong** (Nov. 27), **Benny Goodman's All Stars** (Nov. 29-30), and **Cleo Laine** (Dec. 1) . . . Gulliver's, West Patterson, N.J., brings in **Roy Haynes** Nov. 22-23, then **Teddy Wilson** Nov. 29-30 . . . Passaic's Capitol Theater has the bands of **Marshall Tucker** and **Charlie Daniels** Nov. 22; **Billy Joel** Nov. 23; **Johnny Winter** Nov. 25; **Renaissance** Nov. 30 . . . JAZZLINE's got the New York scene covered 24 hours a day: 212-421-3592.

CHICAGO

Late autumn brings a heavy schedule of record to Chicago's stages. Consider these: **Genesis** Nov. 21 at the Auditorium; the **Guess Who** at the Arie Crown Theater Nov. 22-23; the magic of **Donovan** at the Auditorium Nov. 24; **Dave Mason** at the Auditorium Nov. 26; **The Stylistics** and **The Hues Corporation** at Arie Crown Nov. 27; **Frank Zappa** and the **Mothers** at North Central College in suburban Naperville for two shows, Nov. 29-30. That same weekend finds **Randy Newman** (Nov. 29) and **Poco** and

Billy Joel (Nov. 30) at the Auditorium, and **George Harrison** at the Stadium (Nov. 30—but it's already sold out). On Dec. 2 at the Auditorium it'll be **Peter Frampton**, and Dec. 4 brings **Dicky Betts**. . . Alto saxophonist **Bunky Green** brings the **Chicago State University Band** to the Jazz Vespers at Christ The Servant Lutheran Church in Lombard the afternoon of Nov. 24. The following Sunday, Dec. 1, Jazz Vespers celebrates its first anniversary with the return of the players who initiated these unusual programs, trumpeter **Bobby Lewis** and his brass section **The Forefront**. . . The four blocks of 75th Street

between Cottage Grove and Martin Luther King Drive is seeing a jazz resurgence lately. Two clubs, the long-standing Apartment and the brand-new NTU Theater Bar, book name acts steadily and the NTU not only presents the **Ken Chaney Trio** every Tuesday, but also plans a series of jazz films on the off-nights (and hear **The Ken Chaney Experience** weekends at the 300 Room in Roberts Motel on 63rd). Mondays and Tuesdays it's tenorist **Von Freeman** at the Enterprise Lounge, with **John Young**, piano; **Dave Shipp**, bass; usually **Bucky Taylor**, drums; **Gerri Mitchum**, vocals; and invariably a crowd of sitters-in (on Wed-

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nesdays Von moves south to Betty Lou's). And around the corner at 75th and Cottage hear **Ajaramu and Amina** at Dickie's Lounge Mondays . . . AACM concerts every Sunday at the All Souls First Universalist Church; **Bata Rutlin's Sources of Creativity** is Nov. 24. AACM artists also perform in the N.A.M.E. Gallery concert series, and the **Black Artist Group** is on Nov. 22 . . . **Blood Sweat & Tears** continues at Mr. Kelly's through Dec. 1 . . . **Mercer Ellington** brings The orchestra to the London House Nov. 26 through Dec. 8 . . . **Manfredo Fest** and **All Of Us** (formerly **Batucada**) continue every Monday at Ratso's; **Phil Upchurch** and **Tension Stephens** every Tuesday; **Judy Roberts** returns in Dec.

Los Angeles

John Carter, multi-reedman and composer, offers his music every Sunday afternoon at Rudolph's. A regular guest is Carter's ex-partner trumpeter **Bobby Bradford**, now back from his European sojourn . . . **The May Company** is working the Living Room in the Playbox Club through Dec. 7, but comedians have replaced the jazz festival in the Playroom: **Dick Shawn** (Nov. 21-23), **Phil Foster** (Nov. 25-30), and **Soupy Sales** (Dec. 2-7) . . . **Willie Bobo** is Nov. 22-23 at Donte's, and the **Blue Mitchell-Richie Kamuca** group arrives Nov. 27. They're closed Thanksgiving day, but **Art Pepper** and **Tommy Gumina** are there each and every other Thursday night. Sundays are big band nights and Mondays are guitar nights (Nov. 24 has **Herb Ellis** with trumpeter **Bill Berry**) . . . **Martha Reeves** continues through Nov. 24 at the Troubadour, and **Don McLean** and **Ed Begley Jr.** follow Nov. 27-Dec. 1 . . . The Sunday afternoon jazz concerts at the Pilgrimage Theater continue . . . The **Nitty Gritty Dirt Band** hits the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium Nov. 27 . . . **Jefferson Starship** with **Papa John Creach** at the Shrine Auditorium Nov. 30.

Philadelphia

The Philadelphia Jazz Foundation is getting things rolling even as they await official non-profit status. Nov. 29 at the Annenberg Center on the University of Pennsylvania campus they host **Hassan Ali** and his group **Al Tahid** (**Quani Hadi**, trumpet; **John Blake**, piano; **Kenny Kell**, bass; **Emmanuel Thompson**, drums). Nov. 30, it's the **Khan Jamal** (vibes) **Quintet**, with **Cliff Pinkett**, reeds; **Seth Kirschberg**, piano; **Ed Crockett**, bass; **Jamil Jenkins**, drums. A Memorial To John Coltrane on Dec. 1 features **Carl and Earl Grubbs** (**The Visitors**) conducting a host of Philadelphia talent (including **Philly Joe Jones**) in a performance of Coltrane's *Ascension* . . . At Just Jazz, **Damita Jo** arrives for a week on Nov. 25, and **Carmen MacRae** checks in Dec. 2. Just Jazz owners **Al Schmidt** and **Jack Manoff** have a "Jazz in the Park" series in the indoor Playhouse in the Park, and **Chick Corea** and **Return To Forever** do the honors Nov. 24, with

more good music to come . . . The Spectrum will have **Dave Mason** Nov. 22 and **Elton John** Dec. 2-3 . . . Further up Broad Street, the Academy of Music brings **Billy Joel** and **Janis Ian** Nov. 25 and **Herbie Mann** and his **Family of Mann** Dec. 1 . . . **Keith Jarrett** (piano), **Charlie Haden** (bass) and **Paul Motian** (drums) come to Trey's Lounge for the last weekend of November.

BALTIMORE

After a long spell of minor league artists, the local scene blooms with the impressive talents of some weighty performers. Thanksgiving will feature an electric overload at the Civic Center starring **Robin Trower's** Hendrixesque guitar storms, Italy's first serious attempt at rock, **P.F.M.**, and the critically acclaimed but decibel-laden version of Hitler Youth music known as **Blue Oyster Cult**, featuring **Buck Dharma** on lead guitar and leather jacket, and **Eric Bloom** on rhythm chains and black cape . . . On Dec. 1 **Genesis** play and exhibit their musical assemblages on the "acoustically perfect" stage of the Lyric Theater . . . That devoted group of diehard jazz lovers, The Left Bank Jazz Society announces the one-and-only **Count Basie** orchestra will provide the music for their upcoming 11th anniversary celebration. The place is not yet decided upon.

Montreal

The In Concert Club features return visits by two artists who scored huge successes in previous appearances. **Charles Mingus** is booked through Nov. 24, and **Luther Allison** and his blues appear Dec. 3-8. In between, **Hank Crawford** scores (Nov. 26-Dec. 1) . . . The **Philip Glass Ensemble** is presented Nov. 19 at Le Musee d'Art Contemporain . . . The **Preservation Hall Jazz Band** plays at La Place des Arts Nov. 25, then moves to Quebec City Nov. 26 . . . Quebec City starts December on the right foot with L'Universit  de Laval sponsoring a concert by the **Revolutionary Ensemble** (**Leroy Jenkins**, violin; **Sirone**, bass; **Jerome Cooper**, drums) on the fourth . . . Canadian **Oscar Peterson** will be honored during his Montreal period at the 25th Anniversary Reunion of the Emanon Jazz Society, which was formed in 1949 around the talents of the great pianist. **Len Dobbin** is organizing the reunion; contact him at 5735 Adam, Brossard, Quebec, 514-656-1838 . . . A number of coffee houses have linked together to form a chain of cooperation across the province to enable tours by the more experimental jazz musicians, such as saxist **Ron Proby**, guitarist **Michel Madore**, and the **Jazz Libre de Quebec**. The association's name is **Releve Qu bec** . . . When in Montreal, hear the **Jazz Libre** and **Conventum** at L'Association des Sculptures de Qu bec; other Montreal jazz/blues scenes: **Rockhead's Paradise** on Ste. Antoine Street; the **Mojo** on Park Avenue; the **Cafe Campus** on Queen Mary Road.

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