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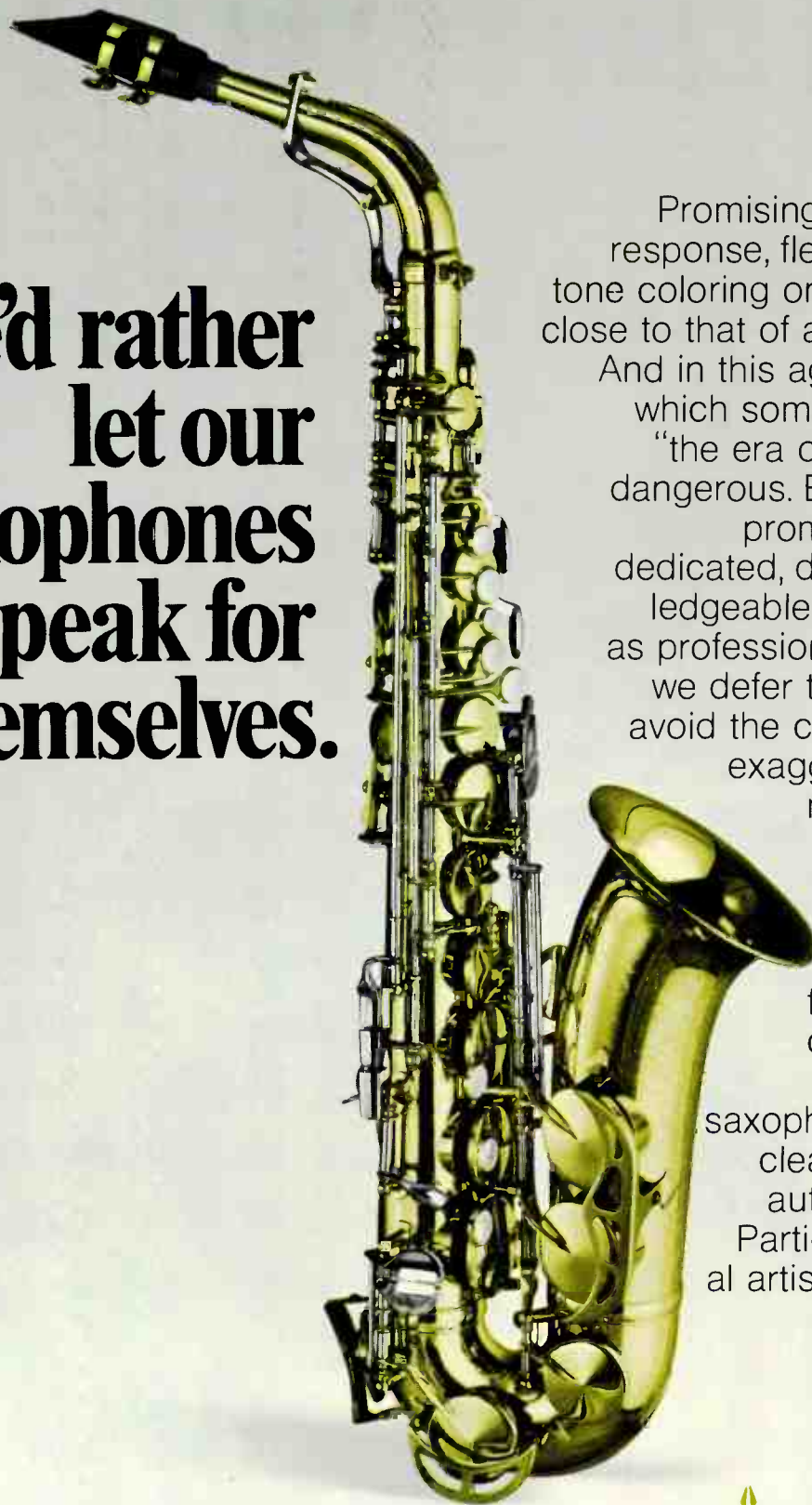
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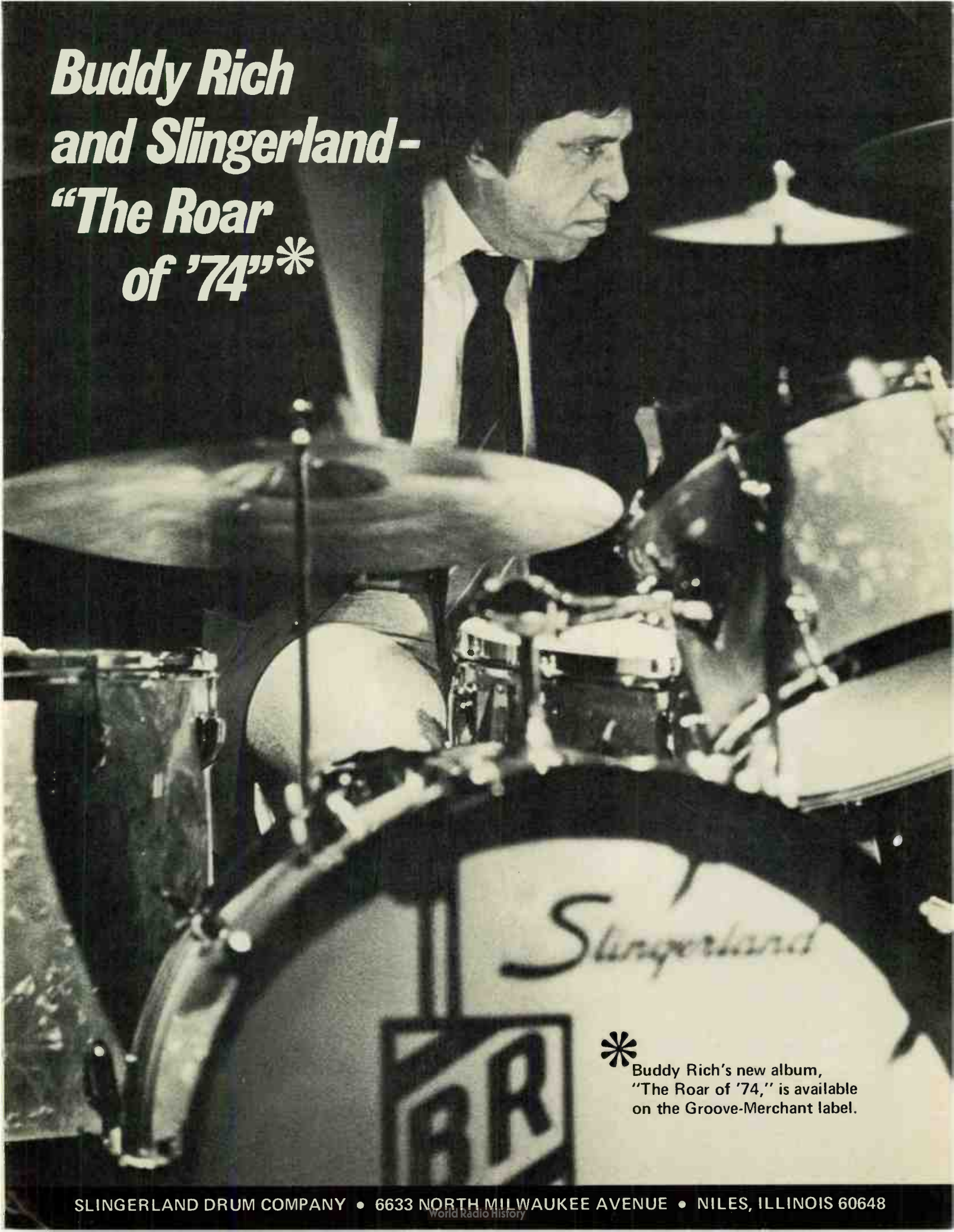
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**down beat**

May 23, 1974  
(on sale May 23, 1974)

Vol. 41, No. 10

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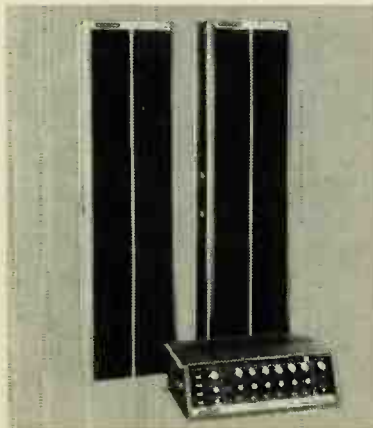


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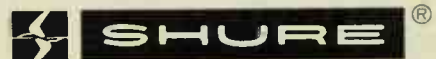


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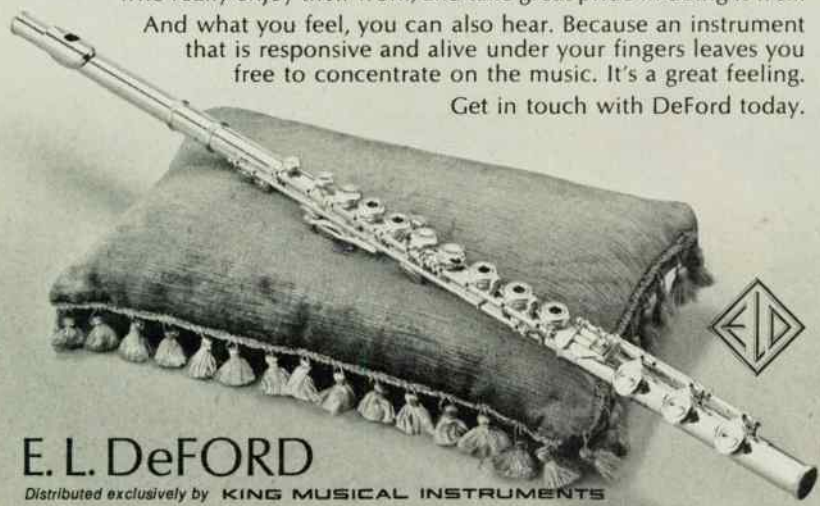
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## the first chorus

By Charles Suber

**A**re you looking for something to do this summer? Here is a check list of several projects in which you can get involved and do some good for yourself and others.

**Local Jazz Festival.** Your first concern is not money. It's deciding what kind of a festival would attract an audience and then making practical plans to structure such an event. There are as many festival formats as there are changes in *Body and Soul*. If you choose one that makes good use of local resources, you should be able to get local financing.

How about honoring the hometown jazz immortal? Davenport, Iowa is not the jazz capitol of the western world but as the home of Bix Beiderbecke, it provides a successful rationale for a summer jazz festival. Another great, late trumpet player, Bunny Berigan, is the *raison d'être* for a new festival in Fox Lake, Wisconsin (on May 18), organized by Bob Davis, a jazz deejay on WNIU, DeKalb, Illinois.

It is not only the dearly departed that are honored at local festivals. The Quinnipiac College Jazz Festival (Hamden, Conn.) has honored the very much alive Dizzy Gillespie, Sarah Vaughan, and Clark Terry. Hattiesberg, Miss. hosts an annual Bobby Bryant jazz week. The Wichita Jazz Festival (Box 18371) is another good source of information on how to establish strong local support and involvement of local and nationally known jazz artists.

**Community Music.** Not everything is a festival; it only seems that way. If you just want an appreciative audience, contact one or more of these institutions: park board (see the Recreational Director or Commissioner at the village hall); library, museum, or zoo (see the public relations office); County Home, senior citizens' facility, hospitals, jail (the p.r.o. or warden). City halls and municipal parking lots are also likely auditoria. However, be careful at shopping centers that you are not taking a paying gig away from a union professional.

If you can't get local financing or your project has ramifications beyond your local area, there are state and national arts councils that make grants to individuals and non-profit organizations, usually on a matching basis. (They usually favor granting seed money to programs that show promise of becoming self-sufficient.) However, no matter how worthy your project is, there is little chance of getting a grant for this summer or fall. The lead time is considerable. You should use this summer to get the proper application forms and formulate your proposal for next year. Write *Music Program*, National Endowment of the Arts, 806 15th St. N.W., Washington, DC 20506. Address your state Arts Council c/o of The Governor's Office at your state capitol. Don't overlook your city or county -- they often have their own programs of assistance to the arts. Don't be wary of asking them for money. Remember, they savor the credit -- and votes -- that accrue to those who dispense (taxpayers') money "for the good of the community."

What kind of things are you into? Let us know and we'll pass the word along. **db**

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Such a Night Such a Night



A MAGIC NIGHT AT MONTREUX JAZZ FESTIVAL

It was such a night, one of these special nights. It was music, sure, but it was more than that. It was magic as well. McCoy Tyner, Gene Ammons, Hampton Hawes, Dexter Gordon, Gary Bartz. They played that night like the musical magicians they are with support from Kenny Clarke and Bob Cranshaw and inspiration from Cannonball and Nat Adderley.

Such a night!\*

Luckily we can hear it all again on the live albums Fantasy/Prestige/Milestone recorded that night, that magic night at the Montreux Jazz Festival in July 1973.

McCoy Tyner, *Enlightenment* (M-55001) · Gary Bartz Ntu Troop, *I've Known Rivers and Other Bodies* (P-66001)  
Hampton Hawes, *Playin' in the Yard* (P-10077) · Gene Ammons and Friends at Montreux (P-10078)  
Dexter Gordon, *Blues à la Suisse* (P-10079)

Fantasy/Prestige/Milestone

\*With grateful thanks to Dr. John for his literary mojo expression  
World Radio History

## Richly Deserved

Your interview with Buddy Rich in the April 11 issue is the best to date. I think he is the greatest drummer of our time. I admire him for his straightforward opinion and the confidence which he places in himself. Keep up the fantastic work!  
Clarksdale, Mich.

Tom Stevenson

Well, at least Buddy Rich is honest. While many of his comments were pretty on target, I wish he had used his head a little more than his mouth in his comments on Billy Cobham and the drummers (such as himself) he feels are able to "wipe him out": Carl Palmer, Bobby Columby, etc. I feel that Cobham's approach, sound and style were not truly touched upon until *he* did it—making him one of the drummers who are not "imitators."

Rich admits that Cobham has "hands," yet the important thing is not "hands" or "technique" as much as it is time and drive while backing and the ability to say something when soloing. Cobham sure says more than a lot of notes when he solos, unlike Rich, Palmer or Columby, who say nothing.

I'm not trying to point out who is a better drummer here, for that would be a pointless endeavor. I am merely trying to point out an obvious lack of judgement on Rich's part. Who needs his honesty when all he can come off as is an honest fool?  
Los Angeles, Calif.

Alex Cline

For many years, one of my favorite drummers was Buddy Rich. He was powerful, driving, and he inspired his fellow musicians to heights of performing that could only be described as colossal.

Yet, as in all of us, the "Giant" has his own

shortcoming—his mouth!  
New Britain, Conn.

Dennis Radcliff

The Buddy Rich interview was so great I can't believe it. What a pleasure to hear a man speak his mind about something he knows everything about. Lots of balloons punctured and many false gods brought down. Most refreshing.

Carmel Valley, Calif.

Al Fisher  
Music Editor, L.I. Entertainer

Mr. Rich, you have to be the biggest hypocrite I've ever heard. First you say that classifying a drummer as a rock, jazz or country drummer is a bunch of bull. Then you turn right around and say Billy Cobham isn't a jazz drummer. Just because Cobham has a lot of drums and cymbals doesn't mean they're for show and tell. His style of playing calls for that kind of set-up, just like your style calls for yours.

I don't believe in polls either. I feel Alan Dawson is the greatest drummer that ever lived. He got 63 votes (in the last Readers Poll). I don't see him cutting down Cobham because he came in first, though; but then, he's not a sore loser like you.  
O'Fallon, Mo.

Mark Ontiveros

Buddy Rich was right when he said: "You don't have to pick up **down beat** to know that you're Number One." Elvin Jones knows.  
Ottawa, Ill.

Gary Carlson

## Legend of Giuffre

I was very enthused about your article on Jimmy Giuffre (April 11 *db*). There should be no debate that jazz has gained because of the influence of this man. Jimmy's new record

*Music For People, Birds, Butterflies And Mosquitoes* (reviewed in the Oct. 11 *db*) gives us a new style which was sorely needed in today's mechanized world of slick commercialism. Jazz listeners owe much to Giuffre, for he is an innovator who has become a legend in his own time.  
Forest Hills, N.Y.

Al Willen

## Down To Earth?

Just a note: the magazine is getting better. I like the new features and I am glad that the format has come back down to earth since the summer. I would really like a trombone issue featuring players like Bill Watrous, Phil Wilson, Carl Fontana and others. Keep up the good work.

Rich Larka

## Son Prostitution

I'm sitting here in disgust and frustration after hearing the promotional copy of Michael White's newest album, *Father Music Mother Dance*. I've followed this man's beautiful music since the beginnings of The Fourth Way through his three fine albums as a leader. His new effort contains his acoustic soul, but with a veneer of slick, derivative electronic funk.

The creative drive typifying his past efforts, obviously unrewarded, has been replaced by a highly salable formula. He has joined ranks with other former innovators like Hancock, Corea and McLaughlin, whose finest work was never appreciated commercially.

It is a sad reaffirmation of the state of jazz in this country that some of its finest exponents are prostituting their music to the almighty American buck.  
Cal State College,  
Sonoma

Rick Provost  
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# Wein Announces Smaller Newport Festival



BILL GOTTlieb

## Charlie Parker: In Memoriam

"Consolidated" is the key word in George Wein's plans for the 1974 Newport-in-New York Jazz Festival, which were announced at a press party April 2 in New York. Last year's sprawling extravaganza, which presented more than 60 concerts over 10 days, forced festival goers to pick and choose from competing

events, and ended up in a sizable deficit for Wein.

This is the third year the Newport Festival will be held in the Apple since vandals wrecked its original Newport, R.I. home. "The year of 1974 is the year of consolidation," said Wein in opening up the press party. "After two years we know what we can and cannot do."

At present, 33 concerts are scheduled for June 28 through July 7. Most of the performances are set for Carnegie Hall and Fisher Hall of Lincoln Center, with occasional programs planned for Radio City, Roseland Ballroom, Nassau Coliseum on Long Island and the Staten Island Ferry where, like last year, three Hudson River boat rides will take place (July 7), featuring The Preservation Hall Jazz Band and The World's Greatest Jazz Band.

Notably absent from the list of performance spots is the Central Park Skating Rink, where last year's outdoor afternoon con-

certs failed to draw large crowds.

Wein's New York Jazz Repertory Co. (NYJRC) season runs out and straight into his Newport Festival with a program entitled "The Musical Life Of Charlie Parker," featuring Jay McShann, Dizzy Gillespie,

Earl Hines, Billy Eckstine, Sonny Stitt, Phil Woods, Charles McPherson and the entire repertory company. The 7:30 performance at Carnegie Hall will offally close the NYJRC season; the 11:30 performance will mark the official Newport opening.

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## Jazz Man of 1974

Most jazz promoters hope for good attendance, good weather, and things like that, and so doubtless do the organizers of this month's festival on the Isle of Man, U.K. But "Jazz Man '74" also has to lay to rest the ghost of "Jazz Man '73," which was killed stone dead when a disastrous fire knocked out the main venues shortly before the event (see April 26, 1973 db).

This year's festival features the bands of Duke Ellington, Buddy Rich, Woody Herman, Stan Kenton, and from Europe, Humphrey Lyttleton, Alex Welsh, Acker Bilk and The Dutch Swing College. The daily schedule includes both concerts and dances, with varying permutations of the American and European groups involved, providing live music from 3 p.m. till 1 a.m. each day. The music happens May 19-24 at Douglas, Isle of Man; admission to all events will be by season ticket only.

—brian priestley

## Shelly Covers Manne-Hole

The second Shelly's Manne-Hole, which relocated in the affluent Wilshire district of Los Angeles last October 15 (see db News, Dec. 6), ceased operation at 2 a.m. April 8, following Stan Getz' final set of the night. No announcement was made to the more than 100 patrons that the club would be closing its doors for the last time. Contract disagreement with Tetou's Restaurant, the Manne-Hole's landlord, was later cited as the reason for the club's demise.

According to club manager and veteran jazz drummer Shelly Manne, long a fixture on the L.A. scene as both musician and entrepreneur, "Tetou W.P., Inc.,

the corporation that built the restaurant and from whom I was renting, didn't fulfill the agreement we had. Also, the manage-

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BOB SKEETZ

Shelly at Manne-Hole #1, 1960

## Royal Plaudits for db

"Jovous Easter greetings," intoned the distinctively familiar voice through the long distance whoosh. It was the evening of April 14, and Duke Ellington was calling from Columbia Presbyterian Hospital in New York City.

"I want to thank you and **down beat** and all the beautiful people a million times. It is a wonderful Easter present."

The Maestro was expressing his gratitude for the April 25 Love You Madly issue of **db** dedicated to his birthday and containing nearly 200 messages of love and inspiration from the music world. He would have a lot more to say soon, he promised, but because of the shortness of breath which hospitalized him in March, he had to keep conversation brief.

"God bless," he said and hung up.

—patricia willard

## Something Happening In Igloo Territory

There's a new jazz circuit thriving a scant 600 miles from the Yukon, where snowshoes are the rule and icicles are liable to form at the ends of horns. Due to the success of the Edmonton Jazz Society in Edmonton, Alberta, two new jazz societies have sprung up in Western Canada—one in Calgary, Alberta, and the other in Victoria, British Columbia.

Thus far, inner haggling and sometimes directionless leadership have kept the new triumvirate from running with absolute smoothness. But for the most part, Edmonton's number one problem—the high cost of air travel for musicians visiting the sub-Artic regions for only one gig—has been solved.

The revamped Bobby Hutcherson Quartet (with pianist Kirk Lightsey, bassist Henry Franklin and drummer Larry Hancock) performed successfully in all three cities in February. But it was a series of March concerts featuring Rahsaan Roland Kirk and The Vibration Society that was the blockbuster. Rahsaan played two dates in Edmonton and one each in Calgary and Victoria, although The Calgary Society's fear of shelling out the money for Rahsaan almost led to the end of the whole circuit. At the last minute, the Edmonton Society stepped in to finance the Calgary concert as well as the Edmonton dates, and, as expected, Rahsaan sold out the house at every gig.

Begun in 1973 by Mark Vasey of Edmonton's CKUA Radio, the Edmonton Jazz Society presents a series of monthly concerts. By scripping and saving, and with monetary assistance from CKUA and the MEETA educational television station, the Society has managed to salt away \$3000 in savings from concert presentations.

Performances have included sets by Woody Shaw (with a pick-up group featuring Edmonton's excellent pianist George McFetridge); Charles Tolliver's Music Inc., with John Hicks on piano, Clint Houston on bass and Clifford Barbaro on drums; a concert by Phil Woods, Hadley Caliman and Edmonton resident Big Miller; and a jam session starring Pepper Adams, Woody Shaw and Julian Priester. Jam sessions, in fact, have been the rule. And Houston and Barbaro, a dynamite rhythm team, have become local favorites and have flown in from New York to play with Woods, Caliman, and the Adams-Shaw-Priester jam, as well as with Music Inc.

All the concerts have been taped by CKUA. One impromptu concert with trumpeter Blue Mitchell and pianist Mike Nock resulted in such excellent tapes that Vasey hopes to eventually get them on record. Nock also recorded a solo piano concert for CKUA. Other media news is that the MEETA TV station has been filming the performers who play in Edmonton as part of a series of 12 programs on black classical music.

The Edmonton-Calgary-Victoria concert circuit has had other sanguine effects, too. African pianist Dollar Brand recently performed brilliant solo recitals in the first two cities, the latter sponsored by the U. of Calgary—something which never would have happened if jazz societies hadn't proved the local interest in the music.

Plans are expanding at present, with Keith Jarrett's group scheduled for May; a trio led by Sam Rivers appeared in April. At any rate, the days of nothing happening in igloo territory are gone.

—eugene chadbourne

down beat NEWS

# potpourri

The ordeal is not over for the family of pianist **Bobby Timmons**, who died in March at the age of 38 (*Final Bar*, April 11 db). Bobby used 157 pints of blood while in the hospital, at a cost of \$35 a pint, and this sum has been charged to his family. Blood donor drives sponsored by **The Collective Black Artists (CBA)** have helped lower this bill, but CBA appeals for more donors to give blood at St. Vincent's Hospital (12th St. and 7th Ave.). Each pint given in Bobby's name will lower the family's bill by \$35, and CBA is offering a memorial gift of a recent Timmons album to each donor.

**Stand And Remove Rifles, Please:** At the end of the taped message sent by the Symbionese Liberation Army to San Francisco's KSAN, explaining that Patricia Hearst had joined

the SLA ranks, a song described as the "SLA's national anthem" is heard. It's *Way Back Home* performed by **The Crusaders**. Members of the group, their public relations firm, and their record company Blue Thumb, have disclaimed any knowledge or responsibility for the song's use.

Singles versions of two tunes from the debut album of **Larry Coryell and The Eleventh House** have been put together by Vanguard Records, which has planned a massive promotional campaign for the record. The songs are *Low-lee-tah*, and *The Funky Waltz*, written by Coryell and drummer **Alphonse Mouzon**, respectively.

**Hi Ho Platinum, Away!**  
Dept: The Masked Announcer

*continued on page 38*

## FINAL BAR

His name was Laurence Donald Jackson, but no one had called him that since he joined The Don Redman Orchestra at the tender age of 11 and was re-baptized Baby Laurence.



The famed jazz dancer, sometime singer and full time improviser died at the Manhattan Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Hospital in New York April 2, a victim of cancer. He was 53.

Baby Laurence left his home in Baltimore to sing with the Redman band in the early '30s, but switched to dancing after seeing the legendary terpsichordean Bill "Bojangles" Robinson. Other early influences were John Bubbles, Honey Coles, and the trio of Pete, Peaches and Duke. He later formed and toured with a song and dance group called The Harlem Highlanders, which performed to the music of Duke Ellington and Jimmy Lunceford. The group included Curly Russell, Willie Jones, Buster Brown and Charlie Carroll.

As a single, Baby Laurence toured Europe and played with Ellington, Count Basie, Woody Herman, Erskine Hawkins and Art Tatum. In recent years, he performed a program entitled "History of Tap Dancing," which recalled the days at Minton's when he battled fellow tap dancer Teddy Hale (then dancing as Ted Lewis' "shadow" in the

well-known *Me And My Shadow* number). Baby Laurence also performed the "History" on a Flip Wilson TV show.

His last appearances included sets at the 1973 Newport Festival, the New York Jazz Museum, the Palace Theatre (opposite Josephine Jackson), and a February date at Queens College, his last known performance.

At the memorial services, held April 9 at New York's Immanuel Lutheran Church, Pastor John Gensel officiated at one of the most unusual funerals in recent memory. A chorus line of 18 tap dancers, including such giants as Chuck Green, Bunny Briggs (Baby Laurence's one-time partner), Nick Condos, Ralph Brown, L.D. Jackson and Peg Leg Bates danced the eulogy. As the congregation filed out, a tape cassette of Baby Laurence's dancing was played.

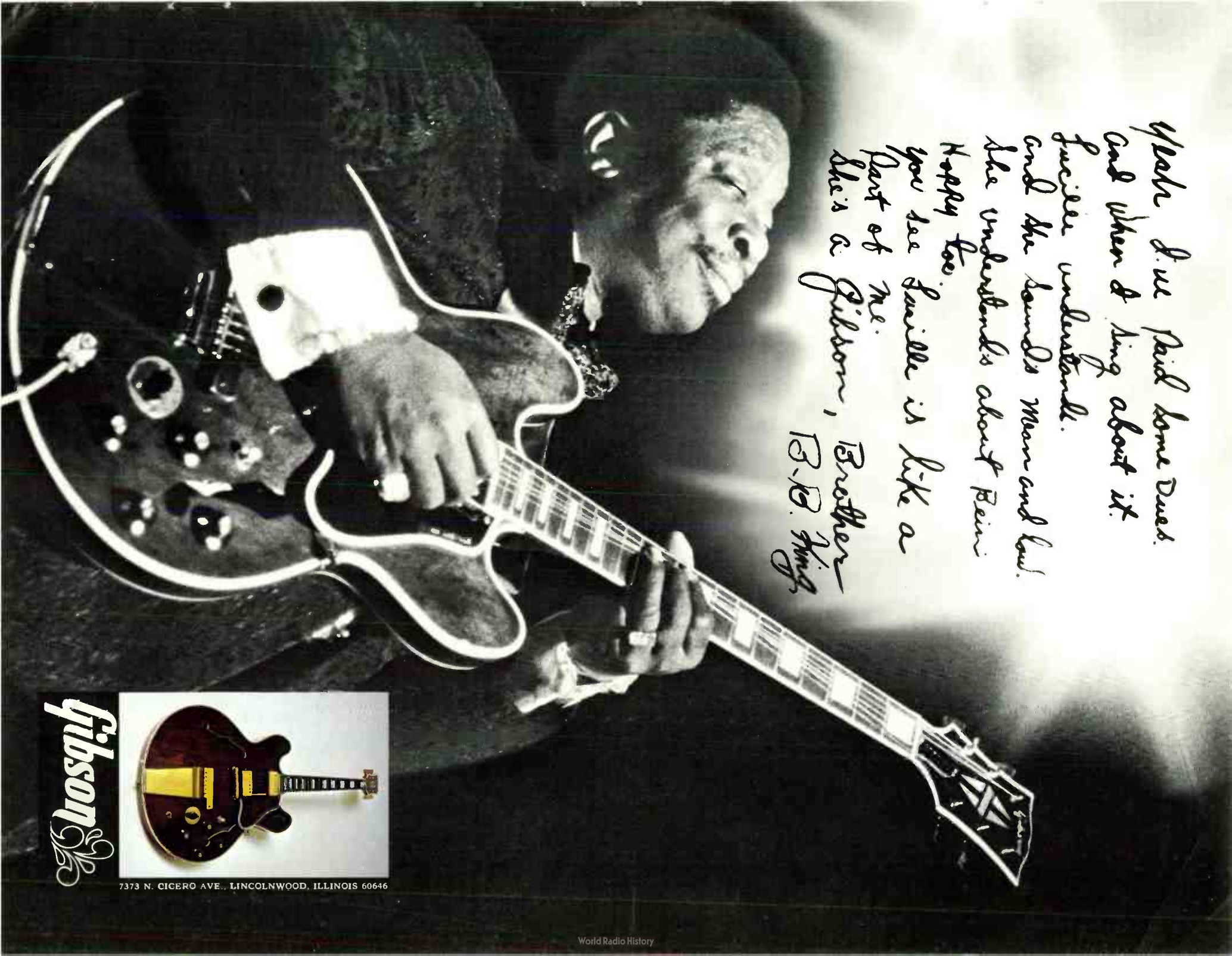
Baby Laurence's body was cremated prior to the funeral.

-arnold jay smith  
& joe klee

# ...on the road

- CANNONBALL ADDERLEY**  
May 6-10, Walt Harper's Attic, Pittsburgh, Pa.  
14-18, Smiling Dog Saloon, Cleveland, Ohio
- CHARLES AUSTIN & JOE GALLIVAN**  
May 9-10, Milkweg, Amsterdam  
12-19, Tour of Italy
- GARY BARTZ**  
May 10, Transitions East, Chicago, Ill.  
18, Berkeley Jazz Fest, Berkeley, Ca.
- RAY CHARLES**  
May 13, "Dick Cavett Show," N.Y. N.Y.  
16, Hampton Coliseum, Hampton, Va.  
17, Civic Center, Lake Charles, Va.  
18, Jones Hall, Houston, Tex.  
20-24, Southemaire, Atlanta, Ga.
- June 16-21, International Ballroom, Beverly Hilton, L.A., Ca.
- DESCENDANTS OF MIKE AND PHOEBE**  
May 28-29, U of Minnesota, Minneapolis
- FAIRPORT CONVENTION**  
May 10, Harvard U., Boston, Mass.  
11, Clarkson College, Pottsdam, N.Y.  
12, Glasboro State College, Glasboro, N.J.  
13-15, Richard's, Atlanta, Ga.  
17, Academy of Music, N.Y., N.Y.  
18, Lishner Aud., Washington, D.C.
- PETE FOUNTAIN**  
May 20, Biloxi, Miss.  
31, New Orleans, La.
- ERROLL GARNER**  
May 15, Paris, France  
27, St. Regis Hotel, N.Y., N.Y.
- GRAND FUNK RAILROAD**  
May 10, Civic Arena, Pitsburgh, Pa.  
11, Chicago Stadium, Ill.  
17, Hirach College, Sireveport, La.  
18, Coliseum, Houston, Tex.  
19, Convention Center, Dallas, Tex.  
24, Coliseum, San Antonio, Tex.  
25, Assembly Center, Tulsa, Ok.  
26, Civic Arena, Kansas City, Mo.  
31, Cow Palace, S.F., Ca.
- June 1, Forum, L.A., Ca.  
2, Sports Arena, San Diego, Ca.  
7, Kiel Aud., St. Louis, Mo.
- WOODY HERMAN**  
May 11, Knights of Columbus Hall, Rutland, Vt.  
14, Bucks County Community College, Newtown, Pa.  
16, Hayfield Secondary School, College, Newtown, Pa.  
14, Bucks County Community College, Newtown, Pa.  
16, Hayfield Secondary School, Alexandria, Va.  
17, Roosevelt H.S., Bronx, N.Y.  
19-26, Jazz Festival, Douglas Isle of Man
- BOBBY HERRIOT**  
May 13-14, Burlington, Wash.  
June 2-4, Calgary, Alberta
- CLIFFORD JORDAN QUARTET**  
May 30, U. of Minnesota, Minneapolis
- THE KINKS**  
May 9, Celebrity Theatre, Phoenix, Ariz.  
10, Shrine Aud., L.A., Ca.  
19, Memorial Aud., Sacramento, Ca.  
23, Ambassador Theatre, St. Louis, Mo.
- ERIC KLOSS**  
May 26-27, Lancaster Summer Arts Fest, Long Park Amphitheatre, Lancaster, Pa.
- STAN KENTON**  
May 9, Miami Club, Miamiville, Ohio  
10, Amelia H.S., Amelia, Ohio  
11, Schoolcraft Community College, Livonia, Mich.  
12, Avondale Dinner Theatre, Indianapolis, Ind.  
13, Owosso H.S., Owosso, Mich.  
14, Tawas Area H.S., Tawas City, Mich.  
15, Mar ington H.S., Alliance, Ohio  
16, Weldwood Lounge, Eynon, Pa.  
28, Wai chung View Inn, Somerville, N.J.  
29-30, Mid-own Towers Hotel, Rochester, N.Y.
- June 3-9, Mr. Kelly's, Chicago, Ill.  
10-11, Brown Derby, Norton, Ohio  
13, The River Front, Grand Haven, Mich.
- LETTA M'BULU**  
May 6-10, Winnipeg, Manitoba  
13-24, Toronto, Ontario  
29-30, Ottawa, Ontario  
June 1, Montreal, Quebec  
4-8, Montreal, Quebec
- CHUCK MANGIONE**  
May 14, Southern Illinois U., Carbondale  
15-20, Quist Knight, Chicago, Ill.
- RICH MATTESON**  
May 13, North H.S., Fargo, N.D.  
15, U. of Northern Iowa, Cedar Falls  
22-23, Mesa College, Grand Junction, Colo.
- June 9-15, Westwoods Jazz Camp, N.D.
- PETER NERO**  
May 11, Hartford Symphony, Conn.  
18, Toledo Symphony, Ohio
- HOUSTON PERSON & ETTA JONES**  
May 18, Emmanuel Synagogue, Hartford, Conn.  
25, West Haven Armory, Conn.  
26, Left Bank Jazz Society, Baltimore, Md.
- FLORA PURIM & AIRTO**  
May 10, Paramount Theatre, Port and, Ore.  
11, Paramount Theatre, Seattle, Wash.
- ZOOT SIMS**  
May 22-25, Jamaica, West Indies  
June 3-15, Toronto, Ontario
- CAT STEVENS**  
May 9, Kiel Aud., St. Louis, Mo.  
11, Atlanta, Ga.  
12, Mid-South Coliseum, Memphis, Tenn.  
14, U. off New Mexico, Albuquerque  
15, Coliseum, Denver, Colo.  
17, Community Center Arena, Tucson, Ariz.  
19-20, Anaheim Convention Center, Ca.  
24, Waikiki Shell, Honolulu, Hawaii
- TOWER OF POWER**  
May 9, Performing Arts Center, Akron, Ohio  
10, The Spectrum, Philadelphia, Pa.  
11, Yale U., New Haven, Conn.  
15, Hollywood Palace, Baltimore, Md.  
17-19, Bottom Line, N.Y., N.Y.
- MIKE VAX BIG BAND**  
May 10, U. of the Pacific, Stockton, Ca.  
11, Oakland, Ca.  
13, Milpitas H.S., Milpitas, Ca.  
15, Harry Ellis H.S., Richmond, Ca.  
16, Vasilia Jazz Fest, College of the Sequoias, Vasilia, Ca.  
17, Rio Vista H.S., Rio Vista, Ca.  
23, Sunset H.S., Hayward, Ca.

Yeah I've paid some dues.  
and when I sing about it.  
Fuzzies understand.  
and the bands Man and Lou.  
She understands about Bein'  
Happy too.  
you see Fuzzie is like a  
part of me.  
She's a Gibson, Brother  
B.B. King

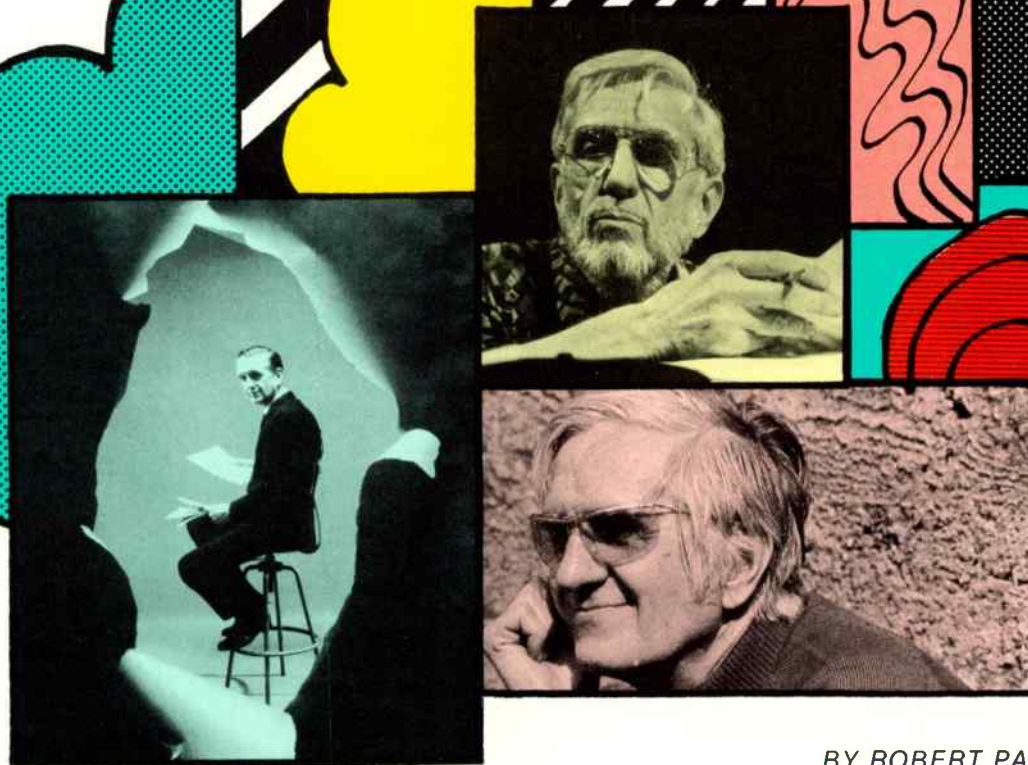


**Gibson**

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RE FOCUS ON

# GIL EVANS



BY ROBERT PALMER

DESIGN BY SCHAEFFER  
PHOTOS BY VERYL OAKLAND / JAN PERSSON

**G**il Evans' striking figure -- tall, angular frame, shock of longish white hair, craggy, chiseled face, piercing blue eyes -- is more visible today than at any time during his forty years in music. His Atlantic LP, *Svengali*, is garnering critical acclaim, three of his 1947 arrangements for Claude Thornhill have been reissued (on CBS 65392), his orchestra recently wound up a series of Monday nights at the Village Vanguard, and his work with the New York Jazz Repertory Company has included an entire program devoted to a "Gil Evans Retrospective." Most of the musicians he employs have been with him for several years now and the band is demonstrating a balance between finely crafted arrangements and spontaneous interaction which has seldom been equalled.

The Gil Evans orchestra is an unlikely amalgam of stylists. Alto saxophonist Dave Sanborn and baritone saxophonist Trevor Koehler have recorded frequently with rock groups, while trumpeter Hannibal (Marvin Peterson) is known for his work with Roy Haynes and Pharoah Sanders. Tenor saxophonist Billy Harper was an organizer of the Jazz and People's Movement and of Collective Black Artists, while trombonist Tom Malone was formerly with Blood, Sweat and Tears. All of them have been demonstrating unsuspected potentials under Evans' aegis.

Sanborn's hard bluesy attack has been tempered by a penetrating lyricism. Koehler has been contributing compositions and arrangements which are full of surprises. Hannibal, who has been criticized in the past for his grandstanding pyrotechnics, evidences both subtlety and basic blues feeling. Harper's tunes are among the most distinctive in the Evans book, and Howard Johnson is able to use all of his instruments -- tuba, flugelhorn, bass clarinet, baritone sax -- and his varied experiences in solo spots which are always full of humor and utterly unpredictable.

Evans himself delights in blending new instruments into his palette of colors, and in rewriting his arrangements. His Monday nights at the Vanguard drew crowds which strained the club's capacity, and many were regulars. An Italian bassist explained, "I come every time, because he never plays anything twice the same way. He could play the same tunes every night and the music would be completely different." One 12 □ down beat

part, scored for trench horns one evening, is played by Dave Horowitz's synthesizer the next. Billy Harper's *Thoroughbred* line is performed by unison horns at Carnegie Hall and richly harmonized at the Vanguard. The order of solos is equally subject to change. With the exception of occasional "specialties," none of the improvisations are routinized. "I always liked the idea of spontaneously getting up to play," Evans says. "On a job anybody can play, and they usually do. I try to think of music in which everybody has some way of expressing himself. That's why we play a lot of unison heads. Sometimes something will come from that; everybody will start filling in around it and maybe veer off from it in some way and all of a sudden I have an improvised arrangement."

**G**il and his wife Anita live in Westbeth, the artists' complex on Manhattan's lower west side. The second floor of the apartment is full of sound-producing devices, ranging from hand drums and kalimba to ocarina and piano, and Evans moves animatedly around it, digging out records, miming chance encounters on the street, talking about subjects as diverse as Skinny Ennis, electronic circuitry, Venezuelan folk music, and Stevie Wonder. "I'm very eclectic," he admits with an almost inaudible chuckle. "My sources are everybody and everything I've ever heard."

During the 1930's he led a twelve-piece band on the west coast. "I couldn't find any work," he explains, "and Skinny Ennis, who had been playing drums and singing with Hal Kemp, took the band over. He got a job playing on Bob Hope's NBC radio show so there we were, working with Bob Hope, in Hollywood. That was in 1938. By about 1941 I began to realize that I wasn't really technically equipped to handle that kind of work. It took too much out of me to do it. Besides, the producer of the show was always calling me the poor man's Stravinsky and stuff like that, because he could never figure out what key we were playing in. Skinny never had any trouble finding the key. I could write an introduction that was out there somewhere and he could come right it, it never bothered him at all. But the people who were running the program were going crazy.

"Sninnay had one of those big shot managers who'd sit

around twirling his moustache and say, 'Get me the greatest vocal arrangers in the world.' Somebody told him Claude Thornhill was doing great things with Maxine Sullivan so he said, 'Get me Claude Thornhill.' Claude came out and wrote some arrangements and they were very good. They broke the five brass, four saxophones band up into unconventional sections, and it was the kind of thing only Gene Gifford had done with the Casa Loma Orchestra. He'd have a baritone playing melody with three trombones playing the harmony notes, which just wasn't done in those days.

Of course there was Ellington, but he broke everything up according to players, whereas this was done according to instrument; it didn't matter who played it. Anyway, I really liked Claude's work. Pretty soon he decided he didn't want to be on the program either. At the time he had an insurance policy that was maturing. He was going to be getting several thousand dollars, and he said, 'I can't decide whether to go to New York and start a band or go to Tahiti and live there the rest of my life.' Finally he decided to go to New York, and when his arranger was drafted he hired me.

"When I first joined Thornhill he had a fine clarinet player, Irving Fazola. He had the most beautiful, liquid tone; he was a New Orleans man. On the bandstand he reeked of okra and gin. Everybody loved him but nobody wanted to sit beside him. He was temperamental, too. He used to get off the bandstand as soon as Glenn Miller would walk into the casino where we were working. As soon as Miller walked in Fazola would put down his horn and go to the bar and stay until he left. And that would make Miller furious, simply because Claude let Fazola get away with it.

"It was a conservatory band in a way. The pitch was perfect, the blend was just built in. At the time I needed a workshop in which to hone my craft. I had never written for french horns, for example. Thornhill had two, and later three, flutes in addition to the five saxophones we already had. That was after the war. When I brought in *Anthropology* and *Donna Lee*, the band took to them right away. Claude, of course, wanted to have a popular band. He wanted to play *In a Small Hotel* and things like that, but he was more or less forced into the other stuff by the time and the players, and by me. I arranged the Parker things the way I thought he would like to hear them. I had that unison on *Anthropology*, for example, with all the trumpets in cup mutes, two altos, and five clarinets."

**A**fter Thornhill, Evans worked with Miles Davis on the nonet sessions which proved to be the "Birth of the Cool." During the early '50s, he branched out somewhat, writing for Benny Goodman, the Dorseys, Tony Bennett, and Peggy Lee. Between 1955 and 1959 he arranged and conducted *Sketches of Spain*, *Porgy and Bess*, and *Miles Ahead* for Davis and formed his own orchestra. He recorded and performed intermittently throughout the 60's, wrote arrangements for Davis, Kenny Burrell, and Astrid Gilberto, and gradually developed the nucleus of his current band. Trevor Koehler, Billy Harper, percussionist Sue Evans, and bassist Herb Bushler had joined by 1968, in time to record the *Gil Evans* album on Ampex.

By this time the synthesizer was an integral part of the Evans sound. "I latched on to it," he says, "because it was another available music-producing device. Often its sound was too predictable; it says 'MOOG!' when it's really meant to be strings and things like that. One of these days it's going to have more feeling, more inflection to it. But within its limitations, it's infinite. Of course the ideal thing is to have what Bob Mason (of Stardrive) has. He wired his keyboard so that he has an orchestra at his fingertips, and he makes it sound as if it wasn't too difficult to do. But there must be more to it than that. I told the man here in town who represented Moog about it and he said it was ridiculous, it couldn't be done. Moog had tried to do it by putting an oscillator on every key; they only made six and the things cost \$80,00 each."

Were Sun Ra's arrangements voicing synthesizer and horns an inspiration? "I haven't heard him combine it with the band, but one night in Holland I heard him sit down at his three keyboards -- he had an electric piano, a Mini-Moog, and an electric organ -- and it really was a terrific experience. I still get gooseflesh when I think about it. It's amazing how good he is and how good his early records are. People hardly know about them, and it's a shame; there's some great music there."

When asked to name other contemporary artists he admires,

Evans mentions Stevie Wonder, Jimi Hendrix, Ornette Coleman, and Keith Jarrett, among others. "Hendrix," he says, "was a really good player, and there aren't that many really good players who are that innovative too. He was a very good jazz guitar player but he was very shy about it and hadn't really come out and admitted it. We were going to make an album together the Monday he was coming back from England, and he died that Friday." Evans is preparing a program of Hendrix's music as part of the New York Jazz Repertory Company Series.

"The last three albums by Stevie Wonder were very good. I was very impressed with them from all standpoints. Keith Jarrett's a great artist. Every time I hear him it's a pleasure. He doesn't even have to play the piano, he can just pick up the saxophone or some percussion and get something good going. He hears exactly what's happening. Ornette is doing some stunning work for symphony orchestra and traditional instrumentation. Did you hear his woodwind quintet? Very impressive. He should be sponsored and he should be going all around performing that music. He could rejuvenate the symphony orchestra scene, really."

Evans is no less enthusiastic about the players in his band. Many have come to him in unusual ways. Elvin Jones brought Trevor Koehler to Evans' Ampex sessions after working with him on an album by the Insect Trust: "I didn't know who he was, and none of the other guys seemed to know either, but I sure remembered who he was once I found out. He played those high notes so effortlessly. He's really a formidable baritone player, and an original musician. He kind of leans toward a string sound; sometimes when he plays the soprano I think it's a violin. Billy Harper? I met him on the street one day. I was walking down Broadway and he stopped me because he recognized me from pictures. He said he'd just come from Texas and would like to make my next rehearsal. So I had a rehearsal and he's been playing with me ever since."

With Sue Evans and Bruce Ditmas and, for the NYJRC concerts, Warren Smith and Charles Persip playing percussion instruments, Evans' music has taken on a decidedly contemporary rhythmic orientation. "The rhythmic ideas come from what's happening," he says. "I've never been too conscious of my sources. Usually the rhythms I've had in my music have been whatever the contemporary rhythms were. A lot of what's happening today sounds antique to me. I've heard it before. I'm familiar with country and western music from when I was a little boy, and it was just like now except for the electronics and the fact that a lot more talented people are writing in the idiom. I feel a little sheepish sometimes about using certain accents. It seems so much like grand daddy, like the way he moved. Now players like Trevor and Howard Johnson, they have a modern style, they went through bebop, but they also have an old country and western, New Orleans parade band, early folk blues feeling. And to them it's new, because they didn't go through it before."

"Blues is a big thing in Marvin Peterson's improvising also. Despite all the other things he does, he still has that solid blues background, and it's in every one of his solos; he always touches that home base. He does lots of acrobatics but he doesn't fool around with the feeling."

"One of my main problems now, besides trying to find work for the band, is not to have those utility parts. You know, where you have to play something that you could just do on an electronic instrument, those chunks or clusters that you hold for a long time. From the audience you can hardly tell whether it's three french horns or an electronic instrument doing it; it's a utility job. That's one of the advantages of using electronics. Plus, the sound that are developing from electronic overtones are different from the sounds of acoustic ones. And rock rhythms...you can superimpose almost anything over them."

When asked what aspects of the contemporary music scene displease him, Gil is specific. "I have two complaints, personal ones. The record of my earlier work which MGM put out recently is awful. There was much better takes in the can. Several of the pieces are just rhythm section warm-ups. And the credits are all wrong. They called *Cheryl*, Bird's tune, *Blues In Orbit*, which is by George Russell. And they called me the composer! My other complaint is that the band doesn't have any work, now that we've finished the series at the Vanguard. It's hard to keep a thing rolling, hard to get over the hump. I understand why but it doesn't help me to understand why. It would be naive of me to carp about the music business, since I'm powerless to do anything about it. But I would like to say that we're available."

## MICHEL LEGRAND

Continued from page 15

they need bread and wine. So they will find a way to get it.

Having played on both sides of the Atlantic and Pacific, Legrand has acquired some pretty sound impressions about audiences here and abroad. And like some of his other observations, his views on audiences seemed to contradict opinions held by others in and around the music business. "To me American audiences are much more musically aware than European audiences," he said. After a verbal rest of about two bars, he reaffirmed his own statement. "Yes, I'm sure they respond better to the music of a film or at a concert. They seem to remember it, too. This goes for my work as well as that of others."

His concerts in the United States are well attended, and his records sell well here too. Reminded of those facts, he was at a loss to explain why his own compositions seemed to strike a particular chord among Americans. "In France, nobody seems to understand my music, or care about it."

Whatever the reasons for that phenomenon, there is obviously no communications gap between the Frenchman and his audiences, as well as with the people with whom he works - and that goes for anywhere in the world. "Music is the only language I need to communicate," Legrand said. "Even in Moscow -- I don't speak a word of Russian -- an expression or a gesture gets my thought across. Nothing more needs to be said. No matter what country, or what the situation, I find music does most of the talking.

"But you cannot have real understanding without knowledge. If I go to a concert with a painter friend and he says, 'That music is fantastic,' I can destroy his impression with a few words by explaining the harmonic or rhythmic weaknesses. And the opposite is also true. I can see a painting in an exhibit with the same friend and say, 'That painting is wonderful,' and he can destroy my reaction by telling me exactly why it is inferior."

As if to put the point to rest once and for all, he pushed his hand through his curly, graying dark hair and related a telling anecdote. "Picasso was being interviewed one day, and the reporter said to him, 'I realize you are a very revered artist, and I've seen much of your work. But, frankly, I don't understand any of your paintings.' Well, Picasso looked at the reporter and said, 'Do you speak Chinese?'"

"Picasso's point was an important one," said Legrand, "for he was saying that if you do not understand the language of the artist - whether it is in painting or music -- you can't expect to understand what the artist or musician is saying. But if you do understand his language, then there is no need for words."

That's why Legrand is Renaissance all the way, for he speaks to all of us in several musical languages. And regardless of our tastes, he's bound to get to most of us, one way or another. **db**

**Y**es producer Eddie Offord was wandering around the spacious hotel suite watching several collections of people grouped in various corners of a large living room.

Rick Wakeman sat at a long dining table with road manager Brian Lane studying backgammon. Steve Howe and Jon Anderson were in straightbacked chairs facing an interviewer from *Playboy*, and a young woman from the public relations firm was answering the phone. It was late afternoon and most of the band members had gotten out of bed only a couple of hours before.

"Did you see the concert last night?" quarried Offord.

"Yeah, I thought it was great."

"It was average," he answered, not particularly impressed.

Offord looked out the window at a gray and rainy Chicago sky and grumbled about getting to a warmer climate. Yes was in the middle of a major American tour, working its way west, and Offord was anxious to sit in the sun.

The English rock band won the *Melody Maker* poll last year as the top pop group (finishing 10th in *db's* rock, pop, blues category ahead of Stevie Wonder and Tower of Power).

Yes is five musicians: Wakeman, who plays a multitude of keyboards, ranging from a grand piano with busts of Mozart and Beethoven to synthesizer and a double mellotron; classically trained leader guitarist Howe, who works with at least four different guitars during a show; vocalist Anderson, who put the first Yes together in 1968; bassist Chris Squires, who dates from the original band; and drummer Allan White, the newest member formerly of the Plastic Ono Band.

Since its inception, Yes has evolved into one of the few bands that is pushing rock along an experimental fringe, blending English and European musical forms with Eastern philosophies, some science fiction and the latest in electronics. And they are hoping the audiences will follow them.

Yes' newest recording is a single, sweeping piece of music called *Tales From Topographic Oceans* covering four LP sides. The broad, shifting thematic composition has received rough treatment from the critics who find it self-indulgent and long. Yes plays most of *Tales* during a concert.

"We've had a lot of discussions about the set," said Wakeman, who had padded over bare feet from the backgammon game to a nearby couch. He was wearing faded blue jeans and a football jersey. On stage he's draped in a floor-length gold sequined robe and looks a little like Sun Ra. He was in a relaxed mood and slightly hung over.

"When the tour started out we were playing all four sides of *Oceans* and I thought that was too long. It's like baking a huge cake and asking the people to eat everything. Jon and Steve weren't happy doing just two sides, so we compromised on three. It's sort of a working compromise.

"I think the album is good, although I'm not overwhelmed with some of the mixes, and I've just had reservations about playing the whole thing on stage. You see, it's hard to talk about something out of the present," he added referring to what *Tales*

# Y E S



RICK WAKEMAN



CHRIS SQUIRES

By Herb Nolan

meant to Yes musically. "The next album will show whether we learned anything from *Topographic Oceans*. Perhaps siblings is the wrong word, but what *Close to the Edge* is to *Fragile*, *Topographic Oceans* is to *Close to the Edge*.

"I can look back to *Close to the Edge* and *Yes Songs* now and really know all about them. Whereas after the next album, whatever that might be, we can look back at *Topographic Oceans* seeing what music has come out of it."

**Y**es music has been called typically English or typically European.

The main difference is American rock music is based around rhythm and blues. What happened in America, or at least used to happen, is you got your rhythmic patterns first and to your rhythm you added melody. In England you take the melody first and the rhythm forms itself to the melody.

"In European music everybody thought melodically first. To that extent we're very English...very, very English. The English composers, who are not the most famous composers, were quite high melodically.

"I think it is coming around today in America where most musicians are thinking about melody. I'll tell you it's very easy to get funky rhythms together and play funky music. One of the hardest things in the world is to take a melodic piece of music and make it funky.

"As far as the band is concerned, I think one of the things we are aiming for is when somebody says to you 'Yes,' you think of the music, not the five individuals in the band. If you think back to the old days to the great writers like Mozart and Beethoven, and you say 'Beethoven,' you don't think of a deaf gray haired man sitting down and writing a piece of music, you think of his music. I believe that's what you've got to aim for.

"Of course, a lot depends on where your musical head is at, how much music is in your head, and just exactly what you want to do. Some musicians want to be stoned and some want to be musicians. So far as visual presentation is concerned, you can do a careful compromise, but you are always walking a tightrope."

The Yes presentation is elaborate but not

ALLAN WHITE



STEVE HOWE

# i n d e e d

obtrusive. It's sort of a underseascape; the band enters the stage through what looks like a giant pulsated snail; two large sea cows with wings that open and close, acting as projection screens, are mounted on top of a metal frame that houses percussionist White. Twice during a performance artificial fog rolls over the stage.

"I've always believed that presentation, like light shows and stage lighting, should lie just below the music, as compared with seeing a film where the music never overrides the movie. It's a tightrope and it depends on where your musical head is at as to how it is treated. Quite a few bands make the presentation go above the music, but I don't like that, I think it's very sad.

"If you do one clever thing or one outrageous thing then the next time you have to do something else that is a bit more outrageous. In the end the whole thing isn't geared toward your music and you've got to keep finding all these outrageous things to do because people expect it. Of course, all people *should* expect from music is music.

"You see the 20th Century is a very interesting century," continued Wakeman, making an equally interesting thought jump. "Before this century the only musical records we had--I don't mean vinyl records--was the music of the 'great masters' that was written and played in concerts. That's how it got around and lasted..."

In the 20th Century, with the marvelous invention of the record and tape, you've something that will preserve music, whether written or not, as it was originally played. It will last forever. This is important because in 60 years time we're going to have tapes of our music, or any music, and it is still going to be the same as it is now, unaffected by improvements and developments in instruments. I think it will be interesting to see how it stands up...I wonder what's going to happen in the 21st Century when we look back at the music? I wonder if it could be the electronic music that comes through?

"When the 'great masters' were writing music they were writing for instruments they really knew. People who are writing today for electronics are writing for instru-

ments that are still developing. For example, material written for Moog a few years ago was awkward to set up but is now very easy to do.

"Synthesizers are strange instruments, incidentally. Unfortunately they are being used, for the most part, by keyboard players, who are not learning the instrument. That worries me very much, because it is not like any other instrument. What's happening is that players, who are knowledgeable on the keyboards, are trying to apply the same techniques to the synthesizer which can cover up a lot of the things the synthesizer can do. It could end up that synthesizers will be nothing more than the rich man's play thing of the 20th Century and not a lasting instrument.

"Personally I believe that when a youngster starts taking piano lessons he should start learning the Moog at the same time so he understands *those* sounds.

"In the beginning it drove me mad, added Rick Wakeman, who started his career as a classical pianist," because I could never understand why when we moved our mellotron about, the octaves went out...We finally checked and found that the tape frame was bending due to a poor alloy metal. The problem was the instrument just wouldn't stand up to the road, and it was a bloody disaster for about a year. That's why we had to have it completely rebuilt. I think that a heavy road model can be made with the changes that we've made to and it would cost about \$1,500 extra. Groups that want to use the mellotron on the road would gladly pay the extra money so the thing wouldn't be back in the repair shop all the time."

Before he'd start talking, Wakeman had ordered some onion soup and a couple of glasses of milk from room service. The waiter had arrived, and he moved over to the dining table to eat. The conversation shifted to touring.

"It's not so much physically tiring as it is mentally tiring," he explained, after spooning some thick gooey cheese off the soup. "You get mental blocks every now and then, and that's not funny. When you get frustrated when things haven't gone right, and you know you haven't played as well as you wanted, which is bound to happen during 40 concerts. They're not all going to be mind blowers.

"The odd thing is that it's what you always play right that suddenly one night you play wrong. It drives me up the wall, like you want to go back and do the whole set again.

"It's funny," said Rick Wakeman, getting philosophical, "I always think of artists--writers, painters, musicians--as hermits constantly exposed to other people. You are searching yourself, but while you are doing it there is a watching and listening audience.

"Music is an amazing thing. I go down to a pub to play darts and enjoy my pints; I collect cars--I love buying and collecting things especially cars; I love those things and I love my music, but I suppose if I had to I could give up my collecting and going to the pub, but I couldn't give up the music."

It was after midnight, the second concert was finished, and producer Eddie Offord was wandering around the hotel suite alternately blowing ocarina and duck call.

Brian Lane was explaining backgammon to Chris Squires and Allen White. Anderson sat on one sofa and Howe, with a macrobiotic cookbook in his lap, sat on another.

Steve Howe followed Peter Banks on the band, and is a guitarist with classical training. But outside of the classics he, like many English guitarists, has been influenced a great deal by Django Reinhardt as well as American guitarists like Jim Hall, Wes Montgomery, Kenny Burrell, Barney Kessel, and Tal Farlow.

"I heard Barney Kessel after I'd been playing guitar for two years and I really flipped. That was so far from Bill Haley," he said laughing. "All I'd heard was Bill Haley. Suddenly, Barney Kessel! He showed a whole new range of music and it opened the instrument up for me. But within a couple of years I realized that it wasn't just him but there were others, too.

"I've listened to a lot of the the modern guitarists and found myself feeling like I'm getting ripped off a little bit. I am very familiar with some old record like the Chico Hamilton quintet with Jim Hall, and when I hear someone like Larry Coryell it isn't there, it's not the same fulfillment."

Howe is fascinated by guitars and collects them with a passion. It is said that his own collection is worth close to \$20,000. On stage he uses at least four guitars, three of them attached to a rather unique revolving stand.

"Yes has contrasting moods, so I have contrasting guitars. If I were doing something else, I wouldn't be using as many instruments. It's a kind of balance.

"I didn't like working with it at first," he said about the stand. "It was one of those things we were rushed on. I use it but I don't enjoy it very much. We have a new one that brings the guitars across just when you want to play. They are all there together in a line, so I can play three in one number, which really does have a lot of possibilities.

"Actually, I thought I could convert a guitar to make most of those sounds, which is really what I'd like to do..."

"The sound of a guitar is a very positive thing," Howe continues, "and when you have a sound you are familiar with, you can use it more percussively. Of course you expect to use it more melodically, too, but a particular kind of sound is effected by a certain combination of, if you like, scale things through echo. I get a tremendous feeling of the chord, because it rises above me."

There was a slide guitar sitting in the middle of the room hooked up to a Pignose speaker-amp. Howe strolled over and began to play. Anderson joined in on an acoustic guitar and they jammed for awhile. Offord tries bass recorder and ocarina.

When they finished, the conversation turned to jazz and rock.

"It's amazing, especially in England, why jazz musicians got up tight about young rock players. There is a stigma about rock and roll, I guess, being for kids. As far as I can see, musicians out of jazz could play rock and roll, and even show the rock and rollers how to play *their* music.

"I think that a new musical form is going to start in the next five or ten years that will be a combination of the music of this century, and I'd hate to think that then I will turn around and condemn it because it

# RECORD REVIEWS

Ratings are:

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

## STEELY DAN

PRETZEL LOGIC—ABC Records ABCD-808: *Rikki Don't Lose That Number; Night By Night; Any Major Dude Will Tell You; Barrytown; East St. Louis Toodle-oo; Parker's Band; Through With Buz; Pretzel Logic; With A Gun; Charlie Freak; Monkey In Your Soul.*

Personnel: (instrumentation unspecified on jacket) Denny Dias, guitar; Jeff "Skunk" Baxter, pedal steel guitar; Walter Becker, bass guitar, vocals; Jim Hodder, drums, vocals; Donald Fagen, piano, electric piano, synthesizer, lead vocals; additional personnel: Michael Omartian, Jim Gordon, Jeff Porcaro, David Paich, Chuck Rainey, Ben Benay, Dean Parks, Tim Schmidt, Victor Feldman, Plas Johnson, Ollie Mitchell, Jerome Richardson, Lew McCreary, Ernie Watts, Wilton Felder.

★★★★

Steely Dan did it backwards. They went out and recorded two gold singles and a Top Ten album first, one of the strongest commercial debuts by a group of total unknowns in recent memory. Then, as they reached a peak of pop sophistication in their dazzling second album, *Countdown To Ecstasy*, the audience promptly forgot about them, despite the critics' ravings. The release of *Pretzel Logic*, the band's third and most impeccably conceived album, finds the Dan with a low profile on the rock scene, quite improper when one considers that there probably are no better rock recording groups in America, and damn few worldwide.

The fact is that Steely Dan may be too good for its own good. The rock audience seems rather content lately to stagnate in its own shallow pool of pompous British art-rockers, somnambulist middle-class folk-poets, and infantile southern boogie bands, while it waits lethargically with glitter on its eyelashes for the Beatles to regroup. Into this mess springs Steely Dan, with its short, lucid, offbeat melodies and literate, semi-obscure but meaningful lyrics. They're bound to either take off completely or become cult heroes. The latter seems more likely; how many of today's rock fans, for instance, are likely to appreciate the subtlety of their arrangement of Duke Ellington and Bubber Miley's *East St. Louis Toodle-oo*? Or the wicked-wise mythological tribute to Bird and the beginnings of bop in *Parker's Band*?

But there is much to be reckoned with on *Pretzel Logic*, all of it smooth, elegant, and unacceptable only to those with the most near-derth of commercial ears. Steely Dan has drawn from a variety of pop sources, creating a sum that, for these ears at least, is greater than any one of its component influences. One hears traces of CSNY and the Guess Who in their harmonies, for instance; and the Dan even uses a recollection of the Association to humorous effect in the bridge of *Parker's Band*. Musical styles range from the samba shuffle of *Rikki* to the funky, sinister *Night By Night*; from the bluesy title cut, all the way to classical piano hints on *Charlie Freak*.

But if Steely Dan eschews the blase, one-dimensional stylistic approach of most con-  
18 □ down beat

temporary bands, opting for a return to the late-'60s' unabashed yet professional eclecticism, the lyrical style of the band is cynically, sarcastically appropriate to the '70s. While not totally opaque, the words demand careful attention and some thought. More often than not, the visions they project are jaundiced and bleak. But the lyrics are also well-written; they use the language intelligently, which is all too rare these days.

*Pretzel Logic* presents us with a band that has much to say, and they say it with grace, wit, intelligence, and economy. Hopefully, the album has the power to place Steely Dan once again in that rare group whose work has artistic resonance, subtlety, and depth, as well as the ability to appeal to a vast audience. Ironically, Steely Dan's chief problem is that of being a great rock band in the '70s. I'm afraid they don't have much company. —mitchell

## TOM SCOTT

TOM SCOTT AND THE L.A. EXPRESS—Ode SP 77021: *Bless My Soul, Sneakin' In The Back, King Cobra, Dahomey Dance, Nunya, Easy Life, Spindrift, Strut Your Stuff, L.A. Expression, Vertigo.*  
Personnel: Scott, tenor, alto and soprano saxes; Joe Sample, keyboards; Max Bennett, bass; Larry Carlton, guitar; John Guerin, drums.

★★★ 1/2

Saxist Tom Scott is a young Californian with good control, a soft edged tone and an awareness of originality. This debut LP also displays Scott's "awareness" of the commercial marketplace.

On Side One, Scott sticks to his tenor, and at best, this is the jazz a la funk side reminiscent of the *2nd Crusade* album. The bulk of this rating is for Side Two, on which the band expands on the tenorist's own compositions.

*Easy Life* and *Spindrift* feature Scott's beautifully conceived and effective soprano sax playing. Also take note on *Spindrift* of Joe Sample's piano artistry and to bassist Max Bennett who provides an extremely solid bottom throughout.

But the tunes are too brief. It seems the Express just starts cookin' and they're off into another tune. This, to me, is the album's downfall as Scott and the band can really play when they have a mind to. I would have liked to have heard more extended playing and fewer tracks.

The album's high point is *L.A. Expression*. Scott really shows his stuff on tenor and the band excels in a laid back 4/4 rhythm pattern. Also worthy of mention is the final cut, *Vertigo*, which offers some very intense playing. The chord structure and the harmonies used by Scott, guitarist Carlton, and Sample are similar to the energetic arrangements of Santana/McLaughlin.

Taken as a whole, the album is worth getting, especially if this will be your first exposure to Tom Scott and the L.A. Express.

—schaffer

## LUTHER ALLISON

LUTHER'S BLUES—Gordy G967V1: *Someday Pretty Baby; Easy Baby; Part Time Love; Now You Got It; K.T.; Let's Have A Little Talk; Driving Wheel; Into My Life.*

Personnel: Allison, vocals, harmonica, lead, slide and Strato Caster guitars; Ray Goodman, Gene Block, rhythm guitars; Paul White, piano, electric piano, organ; Tom Curry, keyboards (track 3); Bob Babbitt, Gary Beam, bass guitars; K.J. Knight, Andrew Smith, drums; unidentified horn section (tracks 6&7).

★★★★

Something rare in 1974: a major blues release by a major record company. But here it is, an album with all the fire and bite of B.B.'s classic *Live At The Regal* or *Lucille*. Luther Allison took the low road to fame, from

Mayflower, Arkansas to Chicago, then Peoria, up to Milwaukee and now Florida. But, he's arrived, you can be sure of that.

With B.B. playing the Vegas clubs, cats like Junior Wells and Buddy Guy gettin' on in age, and the few younger ones not really into the showmanship of the blues, Allison is easily the reigning sex symbol in the blues world. And that's important for his art! His voice is sweet and melodic, he phrases in the B.B. style, but where B.B. was always dignified and baritone heavy, Luther is loose and high. And he soaks it for all it's worth.

Last year's *Bad News Is Coming*, his first release for the Motown subsidiary, was riddled with standards and a strained vocal style that forsook Allison's more musical approach. Now all is forgiven as Allison has come up with the first session to equal his electrifying live shows.

The most unusual aspect of the album is the uncommon variety of material presented. Only two traditional tunes grace the album, Dixon's *Easy Baby* and Syke's *Driving Wheel*, and both are given fresh arrangements. *Driving* has Luther playing some nice slide and adding a haunting Muddy Water's tremolo to the end of his phrases.

The two extended guitar showcases, the title cut and *Let's Have A Little Talk*, are B.B. inspired. Allison talks to his guitar, caresses it, weeps along with its gorgeous tone. The second one, with a tastefully mixed horn section in the background, is the album's highlight. His tenor vocal chords glide over the muffled whines of the guitar. Then he's got the guitar piercing through with a modulating tone that literally soars.

*Now You Got It* and *K.T.* are in the new funk bag of Tower Of Power and Earth, Wind and Fire. A touch of James Brown, a jazz flavor, and something altogether new. *Into My Life* has a melodic brightness reminiscent of Wonder's *I'd Like To Live The Love*, only the presence of his guitar makes his tune more inviting than B.B.'s recording of Wonder's.

—townley

## CLEO LAINE

CLEO LAINE LIVE!!! AT CARNEGIE HALL—RCA LPL1-5015: *I Know Where I'm Going; Music; Wish You Were Here (I Do Miss You); Gimme A Pig Foot And A Bottle Of Beer; You Must Believe In Spring; Perdido; Control Yourself; Send In The Clowns; Ridin' High; Bill; Big Best Shoes; Stop And Smell The Roses; Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone.*

Personnel: Laine, vocals; John Dankworth, clarinet, alto sax; Anthony Hymas, piano, electric piano; Daryl Runswick, bass, bass guitar; Carmine D'Amico, guitar; Graham Morgan, drums.

★★★★

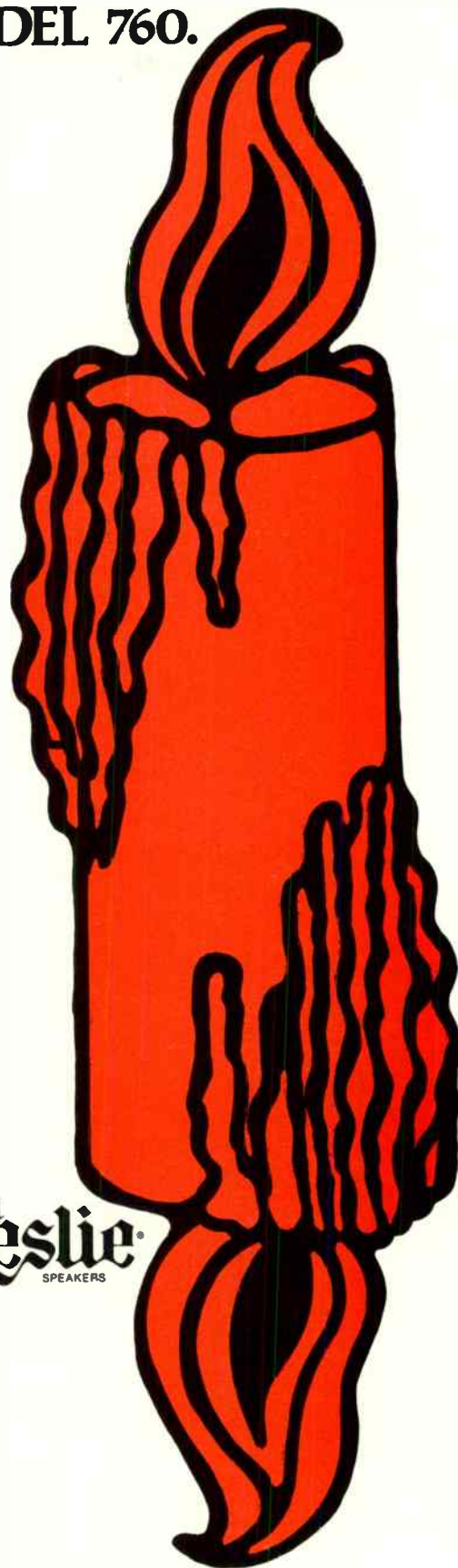
During the year or so that Cleo Laine has been introducing herself to American audiences, several record albums have been released. None of them have done justice to this singer's remarkable versatility, or to her proficiency as a jazz singer, as evidenced in earlier recordings from her British homeland. This new endeavor, recorded at a Carnegie Hall concert last October, is a giant step in the right direction.

Cleo Laine is heard best in a concert setting, where she can work to an audience and exercise her skills of comic timing and dramatic performance to their fullest potential—qualities which simply don't come off in a studio recording.

From the disarmingly simple *I Know Where I'm Going* and *Send in the Clowns* to *Ridin' High* and *Gimme a Pig Foot and a Bottle of Beer*, which she attacks with the unleashed energy of a hurricane, Cleo makes the most out of every selection, imbuing each ballad with



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warmth and sincerity, soaring with each up-tempo number to dizzy heights.

As usual, Johnny Dankworth, Cleo's husband and musical director, provides full-bodied accompaniment with his quintet that is uncannily *right* in every situation, as versatile in its own way as the vocalist herself. Anthony Hymas' electric piano is particularly good on several cuts, while Dankworth takes frequent solo features himself.

My major complaint about this album is that it does not present Cleo Laine's best material. This being her third New York concert within the span of a year and a half, the singer wisely eliminated some of her major showpieces for fear of wearing them thin; yet it is precisely this material (her three-character version of *Mad About the Boy*, a selection of Shakespearean sonnets and other poems set to music, a haunting arrangement of *You Do Something to Me* that has wowed audiences around the world. A double-album issue of an Australian concert last year (imported by a few isolated record shops) captured all of these scintillating highlights, while this single-album misses most of that material and includes, instead, Cleo's four encore numbers.

Why should American record buffs be denied Cleo Laine at her very best? This album is a start, but there's so much more where this came from. —*malin*

## SOFT MACHINE

SOFT MACHINE SEVEN—Columbia KC 32716; *Nettle Bed*; *Carol Ann*; *Day's Eye*; *Bone Fire*; *Tarabos*; *D.I.S.*; *Snodland*; *Penny Hitch*; *Block*; *Down The Road*; *The German Lesson*; *The French Lesson*.

Personnel: Mike Ratledge, organ, synthesizer, and electric piano; Karl Jenkins, oboe, baritone and soprano saxes, recorder, electric piano; Roy Babbington, bass guitar, bass; John Marshall, drums, percussion.

\*\*\*

This album conjures up the minimal adjectives: thin, light, and, of course, soft. Thin—but pleasantly so—is the word for Ratledge's keyboard and synthesizer work. He's given to a lot of nimble, dancing, single-line runs, admittedly lightweight and not overburdened with ideas, but charged with a certain delicate grace which is just what the musical context calls for. That context is—for an electric band which got its start in this country touring with Jimi Hendrix—refreshingly restrained.

Decibellage also seems to be pretty reasonable, as if these were refugees to jazz from the wilds of heavy music, determined to be on their best behavior. Care has also been taken in production: there's not a loose end in sight, hardly an extraneous or superfluous sound, and—despite the general transparency of texture—a sense of fullness and completeness in everything that's going on.

This same restraint, however, is *Soft Machine Seven's* undoing when it's carried over into the harmonic sphere and into the arrangements. The album's sound is, to be blunt, monotonous. We're rarely offered more than one listenable line at a time; the rest of the band tends to get stuck in an ostinato riffing groove which is either deadening or maddening, depending on how you look at it.

Here Marshall's work is the saving grace: a consistently tasteful and resourceful musician, he's nearly always worth close attention. While he's clearly coming from a rock milieu, his drumming manages to be more interesting, combining both drive and swing, than that of many a musician approaching that synthesis from the other end of the spectrum. As for harmonic simplicity, it's a boon to a highly gifted improviser, but it's still inherently limit-

ing, as Jenkins' struggles to break through the tedium of *Penny Hitch* will testify.

The pity of it is, it didn't have to happen. All the musicians have their moments: even Babbington, whose catatonic bass lines seem to indict him as the chief culprit in the group's failure to create an intriguing sound, shows himself (on *Down The Road*) to be a quirky but relatively articulate arco soloist. The group's unison style can even be an asset; check out the climax of *Block* (it's a cooker throughout). It's a moment in the tradition of McLaughlin's early work with Jack Bruce, a high point in British jazz-rock. Unfortunately, *Soft Machine Seven* is dragged down by the dross of some other, less rewarding musical traditions, long before it gets a chance to make its own best case. —*metalitz*

## TODD RUNDGREN

TODD—Bearsville 2 BR 6952; *How About A Little Fanfare?*; *I Think You Know*; *The Spark Of Life*; *An Elpee's Worth Of Toons*; *A Dream Goes On Forever*; *Lord Chancellor's Nightmare Song*; *Drunken Blue Rooster*; *The Last Ride*; *Everybody's Going To Heaven*; *King Kong Reggae*; *Number 1 Lowest Common Denominator*; *Useless Begging*; *Sidewalk Cafe*; *Izzat Love?*; *Heavy Metal Kids*; *In And Out The Chakras We Go*; *Don't You Ever Learn*; *Sons Of 1984*.

Personnel: Todd Rundgren, keyboards, guitars vocals, et al; Moogy Klingman and Ralph Schuckett, keyboards; John Miller, John Seigler, or Buffalo Bill Gelber, bass; Kevin Ellman or Wells Kelly, drums; Peter Ponzel or Michael Brecker, saxes; Randy Brecker, trumpet; the First United Church of the Cosmic Smorgasbord N.Y. and S.F. chapters, voices.

\*\*\*\*½

Todd Rundgren might be something in the rock of the '70s—a force for good. Already he has mastered the studio and the stage, how to be creative in/on both. As a producer, what he has produced hasn't been any better than what he had to begin with—Grand Funk, the New York Dolls, and other mindless din (in drag or otherwise). But as a composer and a performer himself, his rock is brilliant.

He isn't afraid of an off-rhythm or a pleasant melody. His wit is sharp and often self-directed. And if almost everything on his LPs is self-indulgent, that is what art is.

To compare Todd Rundgren and Frank Zappa will be more and more a thing to do. They've both proven rock cliché as the stuff of creativity. They're both into the bizarre, whether for a point or in-and-of itself. And they're both at once cynical and sentimental. The difference is that Frank Zappa is brilliant and aloof, above the Top 40 and thus too often above the Top 40 audience. Todd Rundgren is brilliant and in the midst of it all, greasy and glittery, bizarre and beautiful.

TODD has it all—satire and soul, electronics unleashed, rocking straight ahead or rocking abstracted (or both at once), even tap-dancing and a Gilbert and Sullivan aria—“*a portrait of a crazy man I trying to make a living off an LP's worth of toons!*” It'll be worth listening to in the future—it might even be the future. —*bourne*

## MARION BROWN

GEECHEE RECOLLECTIONS—Impulse AS-9252; *Once Upon A Time*; *Karintha*; *Buttermilk Bottom*; *Introduction*; *Tokalokaloka*; *Ending*.

Personnel: Brown, alto and soprano saxes, clarinet, percussion; Leo Smith, brasses, strings, percussion; James Jefferson, bass, cello, percussion; Steve McCall, drums, percussion; A. Kobena Adzenyah, African percussion; Jumma Santos, congas, percussion; William Malone, thumb piano, autoharp, percussion; Bill Hasson, narration, percussion.

\*\*\*\*

Rhythm is what Brown and his associates are about here. No matter from what direction you approach this music you're almost certainly going to be hit by the density, variety

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and vitality of the rhythms first and foremost. A word of warning, though: if you approach it expecting something that you'll feel comfortable referring to as "jazz," you'll be disappointed.

*Geechee Recollections* is a conscious evocation of the spirit of African music. With the exception of *Karintha* (a somewhat inaccessible beatnik-styled reading by Hasson of a Jean Toomer poem to disjointed instrumental accompaniment) and *Buttermilk*, a loping blues piece without a strict blues structure (reminiscent of some of Ornette's tunes but not as explosive), it's a very percussively African album. Brown stretches out hauntingly on both alto and soprano on parts of the "suite" that comprises the second side (*Introduction-Tokalokaloka-Ending*), and Smith essays an occasional statement on trumpet, but it's those ferocious drummers—and, to almost as great an extent, Jefferson's firm and sensitive bass work behind them—that captures my attention.

I'm not familiar enough with African music to know how faithfully Brown has interpreted it, or how many aspects he has left untouched (I'm sure there are many). But fidelity to source has never been the issue with jazz musicians, and it shouldn't be the issue with a modern Afro-American improviser like Brown. He has created an album that is evocative and challenging. If I observe that it often sounds thin melodically and harmonically, it is less a criticism than an expression of a certain ingrained "European" bias on my part. Taken on its own terms, *Geechee Recollections* is a hell of a record. —keepnews

## MIKE VAX BIG BAND/ ART PEPPER

EVIL EYES—Arctco LPL 117 (945) LD: *Evil Eyes; If; Is Anything Still There; PAEEAGE West; Joe's Inn; The Shadow Of Your Smile; Beginnings; West Side Story Medley.*

Personnel: Vax, leader, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Pepper, alto sax; Jim Schlicht, Fred Berry, Bill Main, Dave Candia, Warren Gale, trumpets and fluegelhorns; Bill Robinson, Dean Hubbard, Phil Zahorsky, trombones; Jed Rodriquey, Nick TenBroek, bass trombones; Jim Rothermel, Kim Frizell, alto saxes and flutes; Lloyd Rice, Gerry Gilmore, tenor saxes and flutes; Dave Luell, baritone sax; Si Perkoff, piano; Mario Suraci, bass guitar; John Rae, drums, percussion, timbales; Gary Nash, drums, percussion, timpani.

\*\*\*

Competent, occasionally exciting big band work. Vax, who held down the lead trumpet chair in Stan Kenton's band for over two years, has assembled here a driving band that deftly negotiates its way through some well-structured, hard-swinging arrangements. He is assisted on three tracks by another Kenton veteran, altoist Art Pepper, whose fluent solo work is up to its usual high standards.

Vax's own playing, however, is uneven. He's at his best in slow to medium tempos and in his horn's middle and lower registers. Unfortunately, he seems to have a self-destructive fondness for pushing his technique just a little farther than it can comfortably go; and when he doesn't bring it off, he sounds like a squeaky, slightly out of practice Doc Severinsen.

His album, I hasten to add, does have some redeeming virtues. Highlights include *Evil Eyes*, whose funky twelve-eight line is diabolically punctuated by Pepper's raw alto fills. Pepper is also showcased on *The Shadow Of Your Smile*, which features a deftly executed double time section and one frantic break in *Is Anything Still There*, a ballad which like *Shadow* moves into an up-tempo section. Here, though, the rhythm is rockish and inspires Gilmore to some gutsy tenor work. —balleras

## LINCOLN CHASE

'N YOU—Paramount PAS 6074: *Wooshp, Oom, Sff—Ahhhh!; Fish Specie; You've Got To Be A Little Crazy; Amos X, Andy Lumumba And Aunt-jemimamomo; The Woods Are Full; Three Hands Riddle; The Human Game; The Blues Drew Blood This Time.*

Personnel: Chase, vocals, piano, acoustic guitar, organ, vibes; Idris Muhammad, Frank "Downbeat" Brown, Cal Eddy, Al Lindo, drums; Al Fontaine, Keith Loving, Roland Prince, guitars; Robert Bushnell, bass; Ted Crumwell, Fender bass guitar; Bill Bivins, tenor and baritone sax; Haywood Henry, Paul Williams, baritone saxes; Arthur Hamilton, trombone; Don Leight, Richie Williams, Al Pazant, Ed Williams, trumpets; Angie Hester, clarinet, vocals; Patricia Rosalia, vocals.

\*\*\*\*\*

Who is Lincoln Chase? And where has he been all my life?

His approach is the half talk/half sing approach of Arthur Brown or the other one, Oscar, Jr.; even the absurdist philosophy of Zappa is there in thick doses. Texturally, there's a bit of Leon Thomas, Joe Lee Wilson in the man.

His voice is a basso-heavy baritone of unusual pliancy. He can be alternately as smooth as silk or as rough as a shot of Cutty Sark. His phrasing is impeccable, designed to elicit the subtlest of responses: anger, sorrow, scorn, laughter.

But the most remarkable aspect of Chase is his poesy. Try this one on for size: "*You're in the Human Game—with rules of moods and time / And love beginnings with forever hunts / And knowledge bumps on stupid heads—pretending to be guides / Through where, for what, and—why?*"

The instrumentation is reserved for rhythmic accents of the vocals, though occasionally trumpets and guitars will melodically mirror or color the lyrics. During most of the session at least two warped guitars are churning in short, speech-patterned phrases in the low-volumed background while female singers add high register contrast to Chase's booming chords.

But, above all, the show belongs to Lincoln Chase, who's able to overdub his breathy voice two or three times to excellent effects, particularly when singing about the crazies: "*Who knows what weak and who knows what strong is / Who knows what's what and who's who / Who knows what's sane and what's crazy / Who knows what's crazy and what's sane? / As long as we do it together—As long as we do it in harmony / It's all right to be a little crazy.*"

WARNING: This album is difficult to get into the first time around, unless you're a little crazy ... like me. —townley

## DONALD BYRD

STREET LADY—BN-LA140-F: *Lansana's Priestess; Miss Kane; Sister Love; Street Lady; Witch Hunt; Woman Of The World.*

Personnel: Byrd, trumpet, fluegelhorn, solo vocals; Roger Glenn, flute; Chuck Rainey, Fender bass; Jerry Peters, acoustic and electric pianos; Stephanie Spruill, percussion; Fonce Mizell, clavinet, trumpet; Fred Perren, Arp synthesizer; David T. Walker, guitar; Harvey Mason, drums; King Errison, congas. Arranged & conducted by Larry Mizell.

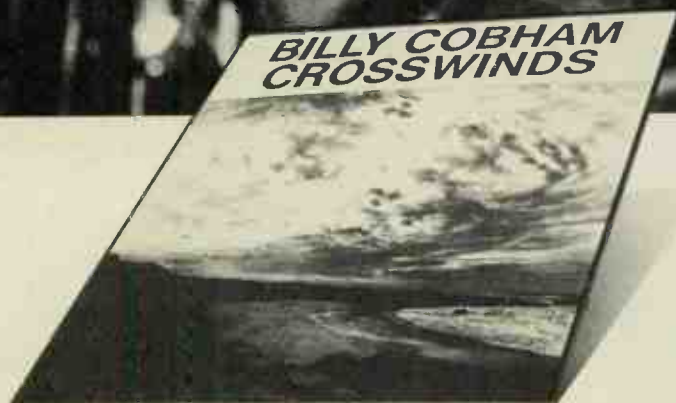
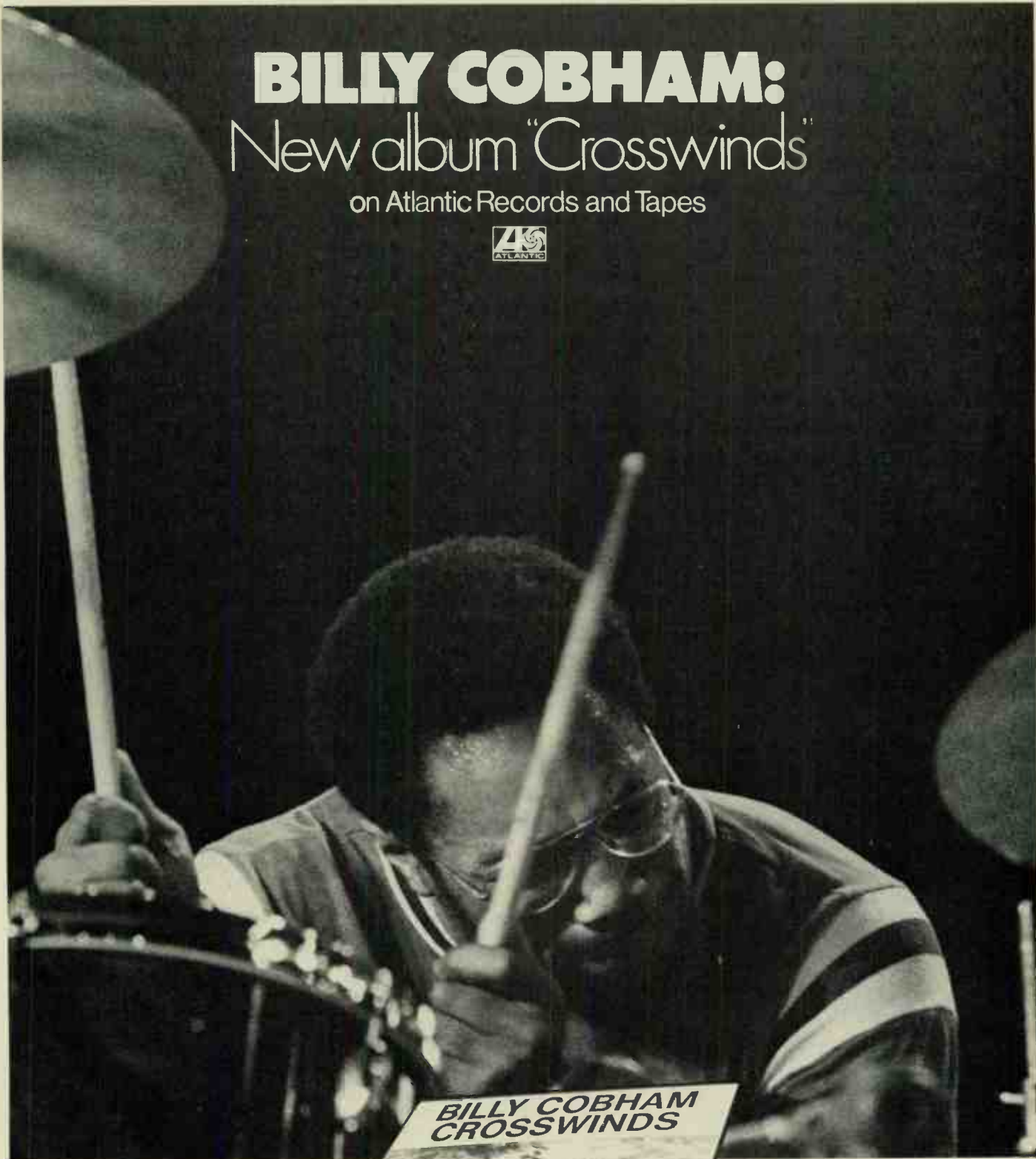
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In 1972, Donald Byrd signalled a change in his own personal mainstream by recording *Electric Byrd*, one of the most satisfying and least remembered albums in recent years. After that came *Ethiopian Knights*—less involved and interesting than the *Electric* disc, but made occasionally worthwhile by some excellent musicians. Byrd included.

But then came *Black Byrd* and now *Street Lady*, proving alternately dull and duller, and we're left wondering where the direct current of *Electric Byrd* got dissipated along the way.

# **BILLY COBHAM:** New album "Crosswinds"

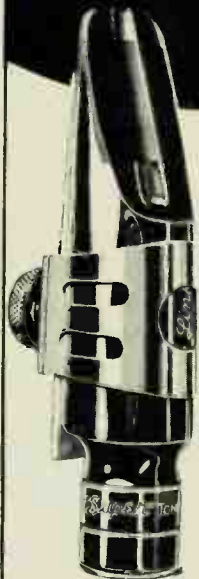
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26 □ down beat

A key link is Larry Mizell, who, on Byrd's last two as well as on Bobbi Humphrey's *Blacks And Blues*, has written and arranged all the "tunes": depthless one-chord showcases, replete with rhythmic monotony, for soloists Byrd and Glenn. The album opens with *Lansana's Priestess*, as reverberated guitar funk-beats lead to an endlessly repeating horn riff, under which a piano solo is barely discernible, and above which Byrd plays a few bars with substance. Just a few.

Pianist Peters gets heard on the other tracks, though—too bad. Most of his work suggests a digital paralysis that physicians have only guessed at. *Miss Kane* starts out well, thanks to Errison's congas; but after the trumpet solo, the flute, voices, guitar and keyboards conspire to once again bury the music in the lush underbrush. And all of the music is based on one- and two-chord vamps, which are boring as hell. Vamps were also a frequent feature on *Bitches Bres* (from which Byrd's latest flights originated), but the difference was Miles' subtlety. Here, the unchanging beat and one chord are pounded mercilessly into the listener, and the musical value is squeezed out.

*Woman Of The World* starts out pretty, until the simply lyrics reveal the song's condescending attitude towards women's lib. *Witch Hunt* allows Perren to exhibit his approach to the synthesizer, which falls within the "new toy" school—using the Arp strictly as a piano with a hip sound. There's some literate flute work and a few trumpet explosions that show that Byrd can still shake it up when he bothers.

But he usually *doesn't* bother, and that's what's so depressing. Donald Byrd isn't making these albums because he can't do anything better; it's a matter of choice. The repetitive rhythms, hackneyed harmonies and unoriginal melodies are musically vapid, and yet Byrd has that Mizell Touch that turns everything, if not to gold, then at least to substantial sales and position on the charts. Looks like Byrd knows Mencken was right when he said that no one ever lost money underestimating the taste of the American public. —tesser

## RUBY BRAFF

AND HIS INTERNATIONAL JAZZ QUARTET PLUS THREE—Chiaroscuro 115: *Right Off; This Year's Kisses; I Can't Give You Anything But Love; Swan Song; Bugle Call Rag; With Time To Love; All Alone By The Telephone; I Know That You Know; I Ain't Got Nobody; Lonely Moments.*

Personnel: Braff, trumpet; Sam Margolies, tenor, clarinet; Jerry Dodgeon, alto, clarinet; Howard Collins, guitar; Dick Hyman, piano; Milt Hinton, bass; Dorothy Dodgeon, drums.

★★★½

High among the concert-going pleasures of the past season were the infrequent but superb appearances by the Ruby Braff-George Barnes quartet, a perfect setting for the quietly lyrical Braff trumpet. The record with *that* group is the one to look out for but, for the present, the one at hand is a welcome addition to his rather meager discography.

The International quartet is excellent, the main charm residing in the mostly cheerful solos and interaction between Braff and Dick Hyman. The three additions were unnecessary. Margolies and Dodgeon solo without distinction. Jerry sounding uneasy in this diatonic world, and except for *Moments*, where they do add to the excitement, the arrangements are unmemorable. Also, on a few tracks the drums are over recorded.

The rendition of *Swan* is a highlight. Braff seems to grow progressively warmer in his approach, the instrument and its sounds completely at his control. He and Hyman do very well with *All Alone* and give credence to *I Know*, taken way up.

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This is an entertaining set and if I seem hesitant it's because I've heard him play better. Something intangible is missing—a spark, a sense of cohesion in the ensemble. If you dig Ruby, you'll want it; if you don't know his music, you might keep an eye out for a set with Barnes, or the recent session with Ellis Larkins. —giddins

## KING CURTIS

JAZZ GROOVE—Prestige 24033: *Da-Duh-Dah; Have You Heard; Willow Weep For Me; Little Brother Soul; In A Funky Groove; Soul Meeting; Lazy Soul; All The Way; Jeep's Blues; What Is This Thing Called Love; Do You Have Soul Now.*

Personnel: Curtis, tenor sax; Nat Adderley, cornet; Wynton Kelly, piano; Paul Chambers or Sam Jones, bass; Oliver Jackson or Belton Evans, drums.

★★ This twofer combines two 1960 mediocre sessions which presumably would have been lower priority among Prestige reissues were it not for Curtis' subsequent reputation as a soul-sax man. Soul he had in abundance. His sound was big, he had a few potent licks and a solid understanding of the r&b tradition and Ben Webster's nasty side. The problem, as illustrated on the present issue, is that he had an extremely limited range and once he worked through his favorite tricks he tended to repeat them.

Most of the titles are soul-blues and Curtis' repetitious solos quickly fade in interest. His time is uneven on *What Is*, with Evans' drums metronomically dull. *All The Way* is shockingly maudlin. I suspect that his more impressive work in the rock context was due to the brief space he was able to construct memorable melodies in.

Even the strong bass support doesn't go far in loosening up the groove. Nat Adderley has a

few nice spots (frequently in a Dizzy vein), but Wynton Kelly steals most of the solo honors.

—giddins

## CECIL TAYLOR

SOLO—Trio (Japan) PA-7067: *Choral Of Voice (Elesion); Lono; Asapk In Ame; Indent (1st Layer Part).*

Personnel: Taylor, piano.

★★★★★

Notes surge. Sounds bathe the listener in energy maelstroms which both caress and tear apart. Fragments of vague reminiscences alternate with unheard-before rushes of total coruscation.

Piano as super drum, as microcosm orchestra—these are but two aspects of the Taylor sound. His music is the essence of darkness and light (an ultimate expression of Yin and Yang, if you will).

Cecil's music here is even more revealing of his total scope than on his Unit Core solo album, *Indent*. In addition to his usual flurries and spikes of notes at overwhelming speed and dark intensity, there's a peaceful, often almost pastoral grace here and there to lighten the load. It may be one of the easiest Taylor albums to get into because of the quiet entry points.

This is music that could make you speak in tongues, could transport you to another unknown (the power, the gift, the light). Taylor's sound canvasses are pointillistically brilliant works, and to be immersed in his sound, color and fury is to be taken apart and restored somehow different.

Sure, it's hard music. Nothing good in life or art is easy. But there's an inevitability to his cascades of harsh blue notes.

This was recorded a week after *Akisakila*. —smith

## FRANK ZAPPA

APOSTROPHE (')—DiscReet DS 2175: *Don't Eat The Yellow Snow; Nanook Rubs It; St. Alfonzo's Pancake Breakfast; Father O'Blivion; Cosmik Debris; Excentrilugal Forz; Apostrophe; Uncle Remus; Stink-Foot.*

Personnel: Zappa, lead vocals, all guitars, bass (except Tony Duran, rhythm guitar on *Apostrophe*); Jim Gordon, Johnny Guerin, Aynsley Dunbar, Ralph Humphrey, drums; Jack Bruce, Erroneous, Tom Fowler, bass; George Duke, keyboards; Sugar Cane Harris, Jean-Luc Ponty, violins; Ruth Underwood, percussion; Ian Underwood, Napoleon Murphy Brock, saxes; Bruce Fowler, trombone; Ray Collins, Kerry McNabb, Susie Glover, George Duke, Debbie, Lynn, Napoleon Murphy Brock, Ruben Ladrón de Guevara, Robert "Frog" Camarena, background vocals.

★★★★

In the same groove as his last effort, *Overnight Sensation*, Zappa continues his vocally-oriented comedy music on this fine disc. A lot of people are running around making a big deal out of *Apostrophe* (')'s alleged "outrageousness," but I don't see what the fuss is about. If you want to hear Zappa at his most musically outrageous, check out earlier things like *Uncle Meat*, *Weasels Ripped My Flesh*, and *Burnt Weeny Sandwich*. Those are outrageous.

OK, you say, if the album isn't as musically outrageous as past efforts, and if the lyrics aren't unique in that respect, either, then why the four stars? Well, for one thing, *Apostrophe* (')' is distinguished by some of Zappa's finest tunes. *Cosmik Debris*, *Uncle Remus*, and *Stink-Foot* are all graced with strong melodies, and bear up well under repeated hearing. That's one of the key elements in any successful Zappa piece; no matter how close to the mark Zappa's satire hits, the music has to be strong or everything will wear thin awfully fast. *Apostrophe* actually gets better the more you hear it.

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HERB NOLAN

blindfold

test

It was three years ago that Jon Faddis graduated from high school in Oakland, Calif., and went to work with Lionel Hampton's band. Since then he's toured with Charles Mingus, worked briefly with a band called White Elephant, taken over the first trumpet chair in the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis big band, and has been on record dates ranging from Johnny Hammond and George Benson to Deodato.

He's put in so much in the past couple years that someone recently remarked, "Gees, he's still only 20."

Faddis, a trumpet player who is quite comfortable playing in the upper registers of his horn, makes no secret of his admiration for Dizzy Gillespie, the man and the musician. In fact, Dizzy's solos, taken from records, were often the sole substance of Jon's lessons when he was learning the instrument. But he is also steeped in the music of others, such as Louis Armstrong, Snooky Young, Hot Lips Page, Roy Eldridge and Jabbo Smith. His tastes definitely lie in mainstream music, and Faddis feels that young players like himself can get a great deal from older musicians as well as from people like Freddie Hubbard.

At the time of this blindfold test, Faddis and the Jones-Lewis band were just completing a six-week tour that took the band to Japan (where they played through an earthquake at one concert), the West Coast and Florida.

This was Faddis' first blindfold test. He was given no prior information about the records played.

by herb nolan

**1. BILL CHASE.** *Weird Song #1* and *Twinkles* (from *Pure Music*, Epic). Chase, trumpet.

That's Bill Chase's new record. I'd rather not talk about this one; let's go on to something else.

**2. HUGH MASEKELA.** *Adade* (from *Masekela/Introducing Hedzoleh Soundz*, Blue Thumb). Masekela, trumpet; Nat "Leepuma" Hammond, congas, vocals; James Kwaku Morton, congas, vocals; Isaac, Asante, percussion, vocals; Samuel Nortey, percussion, vocals; Acheampong Welbeck, drums.

That's Hugh Masekela. Hey, I'm good at this ... I'd give that four stars. I especially liked the rhythmic things going on behind the vocal and union trumpet. Hugh sounded very good on that.

**3. ART BLAKEY AND THE JAZZ MESSENGERS.** *Calling Miss Khadija* (from *Indestructible*, Blue Note). Blakey, drums; Lee Morgan, trumpet, composer; Curtis Fuller, trombone; Wayne Shorter, tenor sax; Cedar Walton, piano; Reggie Workman, bass.

Is that Lee Morgan? Who's on tenor, Wayne Shorter? That must be Art Blakey and The 30 down beat

Jazz Messengers. The piano player sounds a little like Horace Silver when he comps, but I don't think it's Horace. I know that's Curtis Fuller on trombone. What album is this?

**Nolan:** *Indestructible*.

**Faddis:** I have this record, I'm embarrassed. Lee's beautiful. He always sounds beautiful. I would give that five stars. I didn't recognize the bass player because he just played the pattern, but the group sounded good. I like the sound the three horns get, it's like a miniature big band. You've got the rhythm section, you've got somebody from the sax section, and somebody from the trombone and trumpet sections. It's a good sound. But for Lee I would give him all the stars in the universe—no, that's for Dizzy. Lee I would give as many stars as it is possible to give. I met him before he left us; we played together on an album with Charles Earland. He was really beautiful.

**4. DIZZY GILLESPIE.** *St. Louis Blues* from *Have Trumpet, Will Excite*, Verve). Gillespie, trumpet.

That was Dizzy, that was Dizzy, that was Dizzy. It's from the album *Have Trumpet, Will Excite*, fourth cut, side one, after *Moonglow*, *My Man*, and *My Heart Belongs to Daddy*. That's Dizzy, what more can I say? That man has more knowledge behind those puffed-out cheeks ... he's like a museum.

**5. OLIVER NELSON.** *Yearnin'* (from *Blues And The Abstract Truth*, Impulse). Nelson, tenor sax; Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; Eric Dolphy, alto sax; Bill Evans, piano; George Barrow, baritone sax; Bill Evans, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Roy Haynes, drums. Recorded 1961.

That was from Oliver Nelson's *Blues And The Abstract Truth*. I heard Freddie Hubbard and Eric Dolphy; I don't know who else was on that one. How long ago was that? It sounded like early '60s.

I can't particularly say that I enjoyed Freddie's playing more than I do now. Lots of critics say they like his earlier playing more than what he does now—he's even said that. We just saw him when we were at Shelly's Manne-hole. Freddie came in and somebody said, "I liked the solo on your new album and blah-blah-blah," and he said, "I didn't like it, I liked some of the earlier things." But when I hear him in person, he plays the shit out of the trumpet. I don't know what's the matter with Freddie. I think he's like all the other trumpet players, he's crazy. But for Eric Dolphy, Freddie and Oliver I would give that ... well, it was excellent and excellent by your rating system is five stars, so it has to be five stars.

**6. BOBBY HACKETT.** *Royal Garden Blues* (from *Coast Concert*, Capitol). Hackett, cornet; Jack Teagarden, trombone; Phil Stephens, tuba.

I haven't the slightest idea who that was. But I like the trombone and tuba solos, and I really liked the trumpet solo because of the way it swung. It sounded like it might be Bobby Hackett or somebody like that. That reminds me of something. You know, lots of times after I finish a set with Thad's band people come up to me and say, "How can I play high?" But that's really not as important as extending your own personality into the instrument. There are thousands of trumpet players who can play high, but it doesn't mean anything unless you express yourself musically. But those players who ask about playing high don't care (laughing). What do they care about music? They just want to play high.

I'd give that one three stars.

**7. ROY ELDRIDGE.** *I Can't Get Started* (from *Jazz At The Philharmonic, Vol. 16*, Clef). Eldridge, trumpet; Oscar Peterson, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Herb Ellis, guitar; J.C. Heard, drums.

That's Roy Eldridge playing *I Can't Get Started*, and he sure sounds beautiful. I don't know who was with him but ... gees, he sounded beautiful. I give him five of the Marx Brothers: there's five stars for you. It's a shame that more of the younger trumpet players—by young I mean my age—don't listen to more of the older players. They could gain more and add onto what they know by not limiting their listening habits. I listen to everybody—there's Dizzy and there's Dizzy and there's Dizzy (laughing). Three stars.

**8. CLIFFORD BROWN.** *Donna Lee* (from *The Beginning And The End*, Columbia). Brown, trumpet.

That's Clifford Brown playing *Donna Lee*. How can he play that fast? Jesus Christ. Damn. Did Clifford ever take a breath in that solo? He played about 20 choruses and didn't take a breath. All I can say is he sure does make it hard for the rest of us.

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# Profile



**CEDRIC LAWSON**  
pianist with Art Blakey

by neil tessier

I was born in Roanoke, Va., and I've been playing since I was a little kid. What else you wanna know? (*Prolonged outright laughter.*)

My mom started teaching me piano when I was 5 or 6 (I'm 24 now). I played through elementary school and high school, and after I graduated I went into music school, the Berklee College of Music. I did that for a few years, then I was at the New England Conservatory for a few years. That's about the history of the learning.

Before I joined Blakey, I worked for Joe Williams, Roy Haynes, and Miles Davis. I did a lot of experimental sessions with Miles, and I was also on two recordings that have been released, *On The Corner* and *Live*. I also did some children's concerts with the Boston Symphony. I've been working with Blakey now for about eight months. And I've played around with a lot of different cats in New York. That's where I'm settled now, for a while: I have plans to move to Europe in the next three to five years, because of certain natural crises in this country. I think it will be more conducive to my lifestyle in another country.

I try to play personal experiences that I've had: that's basically where I'll be coming from. I'll be trying to talk to the people, especially the young people—I'll be constantly searching for techniques to bring this out. As far as actual technical aspects go, I feel that technique was conquered ten years

ago in my life.

I've listened to everyone I could, anyone that excited me. In the keyboard world, there's a number of cats who are standouts as my influences—I can't name them all. There's a whole batch of 'em. And I find that a lot of horn players are inspirational. I'd say that anyone who's contributed an idea, I have gained something from. All those cats. From Art, I'm getting more experience, I'm experiencing *his* style, *his* life, *his* way of doing things. He's given me an approach to his music, basically, so I can continue to grow.

Where will my music be growing to? Well, I have a concept that I've been working on, but I haven't brought it up. My conception is more into electronics. When I was working with Miles, he gave me a concept, and it impressed me so, and it was so intricate, that it's taken me a lot of underground work. So I'm developing that to put out here.

I'm also into a lot of writing. Basically, it's mental writing—I don't put anything down on paper, not until I play it. I don't know why. I guess it's because I'm lazy, man, very lazy. Unless there's a job, or a call for it, some way in which it's going to be advantageous to myself, namely my purse, I just store it up in my memory. Also, my approach is basically a natural approach: when it happens, it happens.

Music is my whole philosophy—it's me. I have nothing else; hey, man, all I do is music. The only thing else that I do besides music is screw, eat, sleep a little. And read. Reading is my pastime. But music is my wholetime. It's even in the rhythm when I walk, it's time: it's four-four time and the feet are one, straight ahead one. **db**

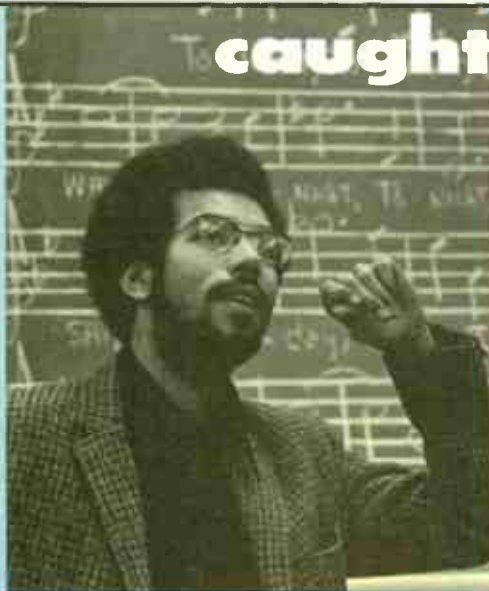
## THE NEW YORK JAZZ REPERTORY COMPANY The Music of John Coltrane Carnegie Hall, New York City

**Personnel:** Stanley Cowell, co-director, Andrew White, conductor/arranger, alto and tenor saxophones; Frank Foster, Cecil Payne, James Spaulding, Frank Wess, saxophones; John Coles, Ray Copeland, Virgil Jones, trumpets; Ron Carter, bass; Roy Brooks, drums; Cedar Walton, piano; Warren Smith, percussion; Wayne Andre, Garnett Brown, John Gordon, trombones; Sharon Freeman, Peter Gordon, Pete Levin, Bill Warnick, french horns; Quintet: Billy Taylor, co-director, piano; Joe Farrell, Dewey Redman, saxophones; Jimmy Garrison, bass; Elvin Jones, drums.

Anticipating a concert featuring the music of John Coltrane might have led to all sorts of outrageous expectations. I allowed myself one—that the House would be packed. Well, that was nothing but an off-the-wall fantasy. The jazz audience (rumored to be increasing?) filled less than half of Carnegie Hall. I fought back first anger, then frustration and as the music progressed, disappointment. The concert as a whole just didn't make it and I still can't figure out what, besides the audience, was missing. The skill, dedication and love were there—and of course the immortal beauty of Trane's music. At times, there was even fire, provided mostly by the two superb drummers, Roy Brooks and Elvin Jones.

The first segment, featuring Andrew White's arrangements and transcriptions of Coltrane's solos and performed by a large group co-conducted by White and Stanley Cowell, leaned heavily on tunes from his *Giant Steps* album. Immediately following *'Round Midnight* were *Countdown*, *Naima*, and *Giant Steps*.

*Naima* was slow and tender, enhanced by nicely muted trombone and Cecil Payne's strong and lovely baritone sax providing almost a counter-bass to that of Ron Carter and pianist Cedar Walton. The hit of the evening was *Countdown*, a piece that was a down beat



**STANLEY COWELL**

ning, *Giant Steps*, received a standing ovation. Trane might have appreciated White's exciting, memorable arrangement as well as his burning performance of the transcribed solos on both *Giant Steps* and *Countdown*. Only White and Roy Brooks soloed on the former and no other soloists besides White were featured on the other three tunes.

A guest performer, guitarist Bill Harris played two compositions also from *Giant Steps*, *Spiral* and *Syeeda's Flute Song*. While his interpretations of both selections were interesting and his guitar playing excellent, his portion of the program was much too long.

The quintet—Joe Farrell, Dewey Redman, Billy Taylor and Trane alumni Jimmy Gar-

risson and Elvin Jones brought us away from *Giant Steps* to two other masterpieces, *A Love Supreme* and *My Favorite Things*. Parts of *A Love Supreme* were truly rewarding. Tenor saxophonist Dewey Redman, whose long associations with Ornette Coleman and Keith Jarrett have served not to categorize but to free him, laid down some wonderful improvising and showed how accomplished and versatile he has become. Light yet compelling, swinging yet intense, Elvin held it all together. At one point, he had Joe Farrell, who was standing by his side cradling his tenor, rocking like a baby. While Farrell's tenor solos were pleasing, he tried to sound too much like Trane, minus the intensity. Garrison had trouble with the amplifier on his bass and while the audience encouraged him and he seemed undaunted, his sound hurt and he took only one solo.

Pianist and director of this segment, Billy Taylor really worked. He made no attempt to duplicate the kind of support McCoy Tyner had lent to the quartet; instead he listened carefully to everyone, comping timely and sensitively. When he soloed, his own resolutions came through and his personal statement was warmly satisfying.

On *My Favorite Things*, Farrell was definitely his own man on the soprano. He wailed, Elvin seemed happy and the audience seemed to get back some of the excitement which had been lost somewhere during Harris' portion. Redman's solo was a nice contrast to Farrell's, quiet and at times, almost funky. Yet the performance of this tune, which began shakily, rambled towards the end and the audience seemed uneasy. In spite of the musicians' efforts, the elation which had surfaced during *Giant Steps* was replaced by puzzled expressions, not quite shrugged shoulders, and a kind of melancholy appreciation. **db**

—susan mannheimer

PAT WILLIAMS  
THRESHOLD

HOW  
TO

## GET INTO A RECORD GROOVE

BY DR. WILLIAM FOWLER

**W**hen I was a kid I had private study with Django Reinhardt, the French guitar genius. He seemed uncommonly patient - kept showing me the same thing over and over, till I, myself, was fully satisfied. Those were the most private lessons possible. Just me - and my Django record. But on that one disk were many of the Reinhardt ideas and techniques which influenced, through that same "listen and learn" process, an entire generation of American jazz guitarists. Just how did the early European jazzers get their American-style chops? Same way. And how can current stagebanders learn the true Charlie Parker phrasing? Same system.

For half a century now, lessons from jazz greats have been right there on records, with many truth-seekers taking full advantage. But right now's the best time for all to get into this particular act, for modern recordings played through modern high fidelity equipment produce such clear sounds that almost nothing can get past a careful listener. And also right now there's an album so loaded with various kinds of musical information that any manner of musician can learn from it.

The album's title, *Threshold*, fits well. Pat Williams and his multi-lingual sidemen have stepped through third-stream doors: they have at last totally integrated rock, jazz, and legit. Pat's six-piece string section utilizes most of the effective bowing techniques and such intriguing devices as pizzicato chords, triple stops, and ponticello. Chromatic string passages, heretofore generally shunned as unnatural, prove in *The Witch* to be supernatural. And the album's harmonic content constitutes an analyst's dream. He could put together a reference manual on Pat's use of six-four chords, pedal tones over and under nonrelated major triads, exceptional resolutions of augmented sixth chords, and imaginative construction of melodic lines alone. Who has catalogued, for example, a melody whose motif, after having established a Tierce de Picardie at the outset, then answers itself at the fifth in strict fugal tradition, slides down through a subdominant blues chord into the pop-domain subtonic key for its next answer, and finally strettos through modal cadences into the submediant major, all within the blues strophe-length of twelve bars. This tune, *A Lady Beside*

Continued on next page



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*Me*, contains built-in modulation devices Wagner might well have smiled upon. Key exploration could hardly sound more natural. And so this album goes, Pat blending into his melodic, harmonic, coloristic, and rhythmic textures whatever ingredients his immaculate musical sensibilities find necessary.

But perhaps top achievement honors of the album should go to its programming. Collectively, Pat's five compositions comprise a topical suite, each movement with its own particular subject matter, as indicated by its title, thus requiring its own particular usage of musical materials. Pat's choice of contrasting topics, together with his selection of the right materials to illuminate them, satisfies the highest principles of variety in large musical works.

In his opener, *And on the Sixth Day*, a Zarathustra-type fanfare of major proportions, Pat develops, develops, and still further develops that stirring ascending fourth motif, constantly emphasizing its starting note, the dominant, until Mixolydian modal flavor saturates the senses, a flavor further spiced by augmented ninths from soloists. Then, continuing the development of his fanfare, Pat rings in a long, multi-voiced trumpet canon, fourth skips flying all around. This polyphony evolves into solid homophonic parallel major triad slashes, this time tonalities flying around. And when the real tonic finally arrives to settle the key issue, the precise moment for program change arrives with that chord.

In *The Witch* Pat sets his chattering strings a 'dancing midst percussion-created ghouls, ghosts, and sorcerers. But, unlike Moussorgsky's *Baba Yaga*, Pat's witch mutates into a real swinger - short bow strokes see to that. And her eerie percussive companions by their very nature must join into her wild dance until a lone cymbal note signals the point of exhaustion for all.

Next in Pat's succession of styles is orchestral grandeur. It comes in the symphonic sweep of a full brass chorale which opens this album's title piece. But soon there appears a furious string and woodwind "perpetuo moto." Yet jazz is not far away, for the pitch-peaks in that streaking melodic line click out a string of ragtime accents. And now true jazz will dominate: two of its great soloists stand ready at their microphones. The all-star rhythm section begins to cook. Pat must now suitably underpin Scott and Stamm in their solos, meanwhile maintaining musical relationship with preceding sections of the piece. To this purpose, he builds a background for those solos out of chord patterns derived from the brass chorale. Be such successive unfoldings classified as passacaglia, chaconne, variations, or whatever - the form works out logically, what with the solos leading up to a mighty brass climax, again based on materials from the chorale, then the whole texture softening into a gentle ending. But that coda never softens quite enough to establish fully a pure ballad feel. It instead points the way, making this ending the logical lead-in for the

next album track, the now-required genuine ballad, *A Lady Beside Me*.

Those who feel that the melodic sixth can instill love-dreams, that slow stepwise bass motion can transform an ordinary held melody tone into esthetic velvet, and that reiteration of the tonic-subdominant harmonic progression can bring out April sunshine, will find their views reinforced by Pat's sensitivity to the beauties of artistic simplicity, for those beauties glow throughout this fourth composition. And what but a solo cello could express so gracefully Pat's exquisite lady? Thus far, each of Pat's dissimilar pieces has explored, and often expanded, in its own way, the resources of the acoustical instruments. But, to guarantee fresh timbres for his culminator, *Mr. Smoke*, he has reserved some crackling natural sounds plus a bagful of electronic rhythm section effects. Now, with these new timbres at work, everything sizzles - everything bites. Here's a propulsion of pure jazz energy, soloists hot-footing all the way, over a totally incisive rhythm section. And by what better means could Pat climax his cohesive excursion into all the varieties of today's American musical culture?

Yet logical form and imaginative use of materials comprise only a portion of the instructional value of *Threshold*. Seekers can find many meaningful object lessons from the exceptional players on this recording. Suppose, for example, some youthful orchestrator sets about to score Debussy's *Submerged Cathedral*. He'd do well to incorporate those sinking aquatic bells



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Larry Bunker manipulates on *The Witch*. Again suppose some stageband bassist can't quite find the exact spot on top of the beat from which tempo cannot vary. He'd do well to check Jim Hughart's consistent pinpointing of that spot. All the guys and the gal constantly demonstrate just how to play practically any kind of music right. And so, for all their stylistic demonstration, and for all their propping-open of electric doors, Pat and his sidemen rate a whole batch of educational stars.

But excuse me now: I want to go dig those grooves again... **db**

**BEN SIDRAN**

*Continued from page 14*

didn't dig teaching, and I don't really dig universities any more. There was a constant conflict. The universities are more concerned with desks, hardware and new buildings than in educating students."

Ben now hosts the only late night television show in Madison, *The Weekend Starts Now*, which runs every Thursday night. "For 45 minutes, I've got a little talk show. I've had guests ranging from Jane Fonda to the local police chief. Then, I run a commercial-free movie. I'm enjoying it, but it's also been an enormous strain holding it together. In order to convince the station that it would work, I even hit the pavements getting ads for revenue." As he said earlier, it all overlaps.

What really bothers Ben is when people say, "Hey, you can't spread yourself too thin," to which Ben replies: "Bullshit. We are the common denominator of everything we do. People want you to go over the same hurdles that they do. If everything that I've tried ends up falling down on me, I'll look at it this way: It was mine to build, so it's mine to lose. That is my

personal security."

Speaking of security, many musical giants these days are worried about their commercial success among young people. Ben looks at the problem this way: "Most musicians are not commercially successful because they don't understand the complexities of the music business. The thing with the music business is to always remember that it's 90% business, and 10% music." Sidran says this matter-of-factly, rather than cynically—the results of having paid his share of dues over the years.

"There's a healthy elitism among musicians," he continues, "but for some guys it's a defense mechanism. They say, 'I'm a musician, not a performer,' but even Coltrane had to sell records. And look at Mose, I mean, he's my hero, but he hasn't sold that many records, and he's made quite a few. Now that I am becoming a performer, in addition to being a musician, I feel more complete. The thing is, performance is entertainment. Most true musicians play for their rhythm section and to their microphone, rather than for an audience. There's a whole lot of rock musicians around who hit it big as performers, and are now going back to learn their craft, to be musicians."

As for the methods that many musical greats are seeking to reach the younger audiences, Ben sums it up this way: "What hurts me is when veteran musicians assess today's scene and feel forced to change their whole image, to be youth-oriented. I'm a bit skeptical when I see 50-year old cats grow their sideburns and start dressing hip. That doesn't change their musical genius. What Charlie Mingus and Horace Silver did in their early '50s recordings has influenced popular music today. They've proved themselves as musicians, and that should be enough.

"As for me, I would like to grow old gracefully and not have to worry about scrambling. And like Mose says, 'Nobody has to justify himself.' Trouble is, I've seen too many musicians worry about being passed up, and they're giants. I've told them, 'Man, it just won't happen.' There's no need for them to prove themselves to anybody, and I must admit that I feel a little out of line saying stuff like that, 'cause I'm not really a kid; but I feel like one, talking about Horace Silver." Our interview has come to a close and suddenly Ben injects one last comment.

"Hey, someday I could find myself in the same situation, and you know what I'll say? 'Man, I don't have to justify anything to you.'"

**YES**

*Continued from page 17*

is young and making more money.

"Music is so much in the middle of it all," added Howe.

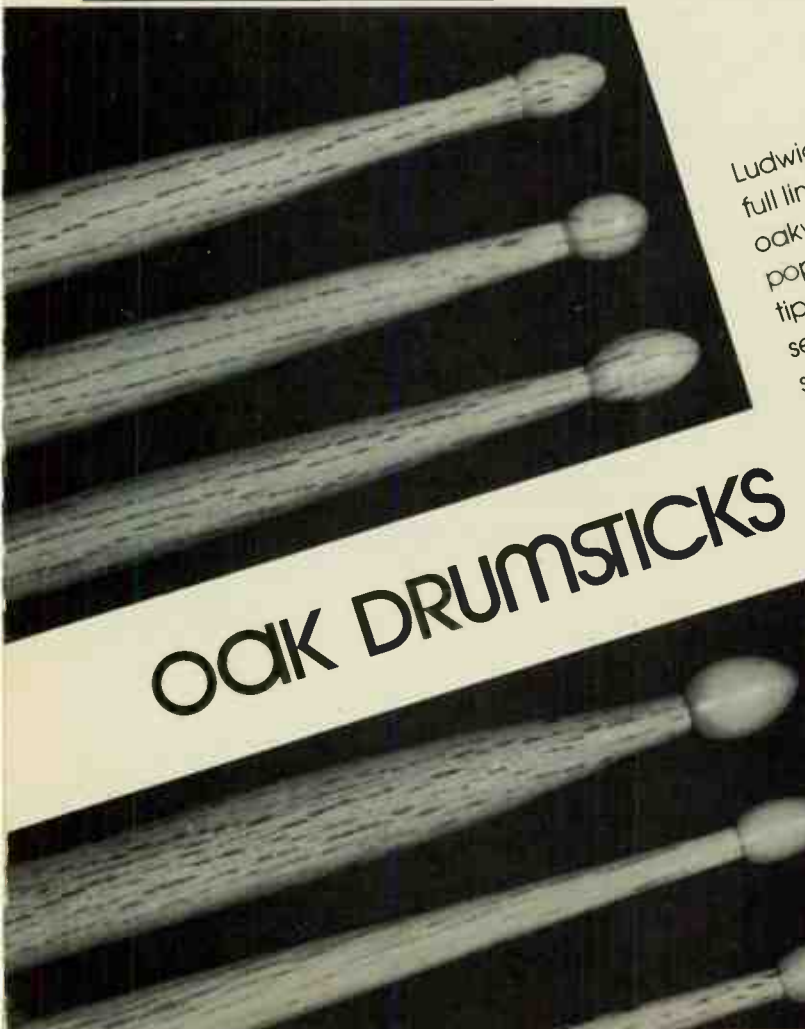
"It's taken the younger musicians to show how open the situation has become," said Anderson, pouring champagne into a plastic glass. "Thirty years ago jazz--big bands--was really heavy. It was bigger than the Beatles in terms of popularity.

"I doubt that there will ever be a big band rock group, but I think in 10 years people will be going on stage electronically and reading music. It will be better forms of music--a collective written music.

Someone asked if any one had seen a review of their concerts.

There was one in an afternoon papers on the first show. The critic said he thought Yes had finally come to grips with its music.

Steve Howe nodded. "Good. Well, we have." **db**



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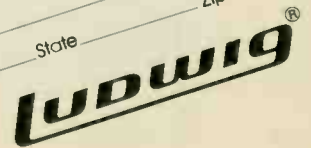
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through May 11; May 15-18 it's **Son Seals**; and **Mighty Joe Young** blows May 22-25 ... More North Side blues is found at the **Attic on Broadway**, where **The Bob Riedy Blues Band** plays Mondays and Tuesdays ... And there's a regular Sunday afternoon blues jam at **Florence's** on S. Shields: **Magic Sam** and **Carey Bell** are frequent sitters-in ... **Ratso's** continues a good thing with **Batucada**, Monday nights; they'll also play one weekend in May, as will **The Tennyson Stevens-Phil Upchurch Sextet** ... It's trio time in the **Windy City**. **The Eddie Picard Trio**, featuring **Kim Darigan** on bass and drummer **Ernie Durawa**, is a sure thing at E.J.'s, 46 E. Oak, Tuesdays through Saturdays. **The James Callen Trio** moves to the **Robin Hood Restaurant** on Wacker, Mondays through Fridays for the month of June; they play late afternoons and early evenings. And catch **The Dick Reynolds** and **Larry Novak Trios**, hardly your usual vanilla intermission acts, at **Mr. Kelly's** ... **Oscar Peterson** is at the **London House** through May 12 ... **Chuck Mangione's** sets at the **Quiet Knight** have been pushed up to May 15-19; **Ben Sidran** follows ...

**Gary Bartz** at **Transitions East** May 10 ... And **Mondays** at **Cal's Place** belong to **The Ultimate Frontier**, featuring reedman-keyboardist-leader **Ari Brown**, bass man **Jimmy Willis**, **Michael Davis** on horns, vocalist **Luba Raashiek**, percussionists **Drahsher Kalid** and **Eric Young**, and dancer **Princess Althea**.

**On Campus:** The 5th annual **Chicago H.S. Jazz Fest** takes place Saturday, May 18 at **Dunbar H.S.** on King Drive. Clinician-performers include drummer **Warrick Carter**, saxist **Bunky Green**, and trombonist **Phil Wilson**.

## Cleveland

The U. of Akron's new E. J. Thomas performing Arts Hall lies in the center of the Cleveland-Akron strip-city, and it's one hekuva place for music. Best news is that they're booking local jazz into the new emporium, evidenced by **Roland Paolucci** and his 19-piece **Akron Jazz Workshop Orchestra**. They're in concert May 19 and they'll be premiering works by the area's

**Bill Dobbins** (still hard at work on grad studies at the Eastman School in Rochester) and **Jim Burns**, as well as new material in the **Kenton, Herman, Ellis and Ferguson** veins ... The **Workshop Orchestra** is also set to play one of the two **Cain Park Summer Theatre Jazz Fest** evenings this summer. **Cain** bookers are also interested in other local talent, including **Joe De Jarnette** and **His Quintette**, **Bill Gidney** and **Company**, **Emerald City**, **The Judy Strauss Trio**, and any large groups they can find ... A major Las Vegas-style room is opening in the area, called **Front Row Theatre**, with **Sammy Davis, Jr.** in on June 14 for "christening week," and much gigging for home-towners under house band

## MANNE-HOLE Continued from page 10

ment company they hired to oversee the premises on their behalf was absolutely incompatible and insensitive to the kind of jazz club I wished to show the public." The **Manne-Hole** was located in the restaurant building

**Manne** also complained of not having received an accurate operating statement from the corporation, and of being constantly threatened with the restaurant's closing. **Manne** claims **Tetou's** was unwilling to guarantee any ongoing operation beyond one month, making it impossible for him to book artists far in advance.

At the time of the **Manne-Hole's** opening, **L.A. Mayor Tom Bradley** honored **Manne** for his "years of artistic contributions" and jokingly welcomed him to "the Wilshire ghetto."

**Manne**, reportedly on the verge of nervous exhaustion after the club hassles, says he will now return full time to music. Plans were set at press time for a May tour with the **Laurindo Almeida Quartet**, following which he will organize his own group to play club and concert appearances.

"I'm basically a player, and the club was keeping me from doing the thing I love most—playing," **Manne** added sadly. "I'm relieving myself of the headaches of running a club and can now devote myself to being a musician."  
—*patricia willard*

## POTPOURRI Continued from page 10

**Co.** is the new independent production firm being run by **Joel Dorn**, who has left his job as vice-president of **Atlantic Records**. **Dorn** has already produced a new **Kate Smith** album (featuring night-tripping **Dr. John**) for **Atlantic**, and a new **Don McLean** album for **United Artists**. Rumor has it that **Dorn** will be producing the next **Johnny Mathis** album for **Columbia**, which will allegedly include a well-known, angular trumpeter.

**Good Grooming, Wot? Dept.:** The first rock band known to have been struck while in concert turns out to be **Yes**. The British group was doing an encore for a crowd of 15,000 in **California's Long Beach Arena** when a young, shapely female streaked across the stage. The concert promoters claimed they knew nothing of the affair, and lead singer **Jon Anderson** complained he missed the whole thing since he had his back turned to the audience. The evening's most cogent comment, however, came from keyboardist **Rick Wakeman**, who stopped, stared, and later remarked that he thought "it a funny place to keep a hairbrush."

In other naked news, **George Frayne**, better known as **Commander Cody**, went behind an amp during a concert at **Atlanta's Electric Ballroom**, took off his clothes, and streaked across the stage as his **Lost Planet Airmen** played **Diggy Diggy Lo**. The underwear mission was apparently undertaken to celebrate the group's selection as the top U.S. group in the **Billboard International Country Survey**.



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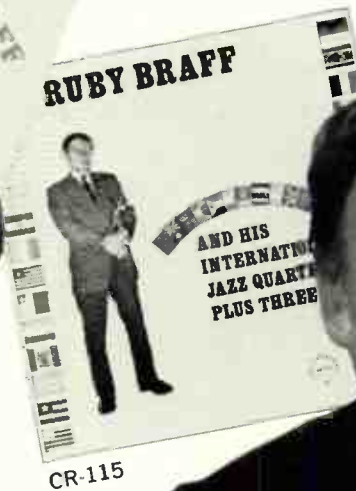
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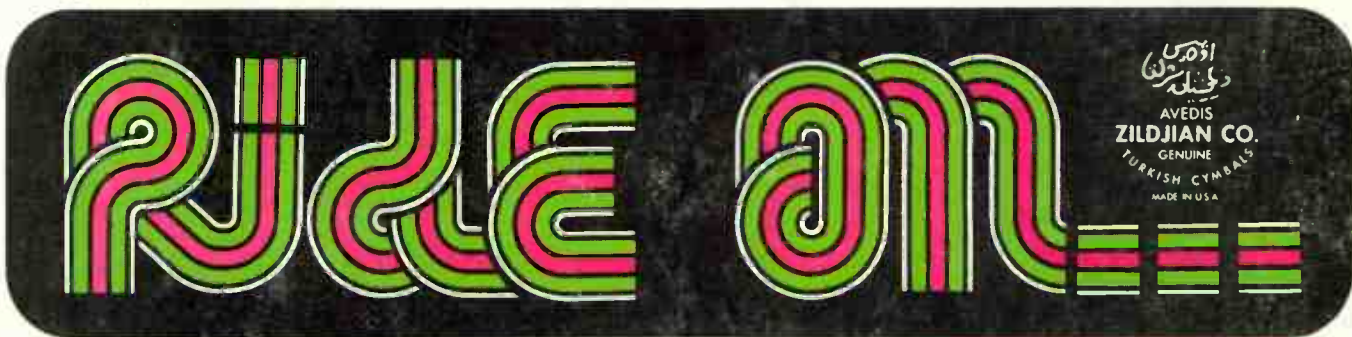
—LARRIE LONDIN

"My 20" Avedis Zildjian medium ride gives me the high pitch required to cut through HARRY JAMES' big band. Too — its bell sings loud and clear when I'm playing the new music of my TRANS-FUSION group."

—LES DEMERLE

"Recording with artists like CAT STEVENS, ARETHA FRANKLIN and JAMES BROWN I get the specific tight ping sound that we all like with an 18" Avedis Zildjian Mini-Cup ride."

—BERNARD PURDIE



"At BERKLEE and on clinics I recommend high pitched ride cymbals. With BRUBECK I'm playing an 18" and a 20". They give me a nice clean sound remarkably free of overtones."

—ALAN DAWSON

"Playing with the CANNONBALL ADDERLEY QUINTET I play a 20" and a 22" Avedis Zildjian Mini-Cup ride for clear, tight cymbal sound. They add color and drive without overpowering the soloist."

—ROY McCURDY

"I'm pleased with the flexibility of my present BS&T set-up of nine Avedis Zildjians. It includes a 24" medium heavy ride and a 20" Mini-Cup for an enormous and dynamic range."

—BOBBY COLOMBY

# AVEDIS ZILDJIAN CYMBALS

Right on.....