

the contemporary  
music magazine

# Downbeat

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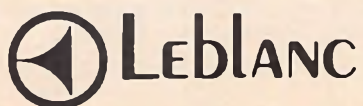
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# the first chorus

By Charles Suber

“**W**hat price creativity?” was a question raised, and partially explored, two and three issues back. A theme of those columns was the big money advantage that a copy right gives composers and publishers over arrangers and players. The theme of this column—and some other things that **down beat** is into—poses the more immediate and personal question: How do I make money with my music?

This is not exactly a new subject with us. Virtually everything in **db**—editorial and advertising—is aimed at giving you information that will make you a better player and more knowledgeable about the music market whether you're buying or selling. (As you also know, we prefer to avoid the metaphysics of Pure Art vs. Corrupt Money and stick to the real world of eating and begetting.)

We can't woodshed for you. Nor can we get you a job. We can save you time and money and make the path a little clearer whatever your direction may be.

Most **db** readers are not hellbent on becoming professional musicians. About two thirds classify themselves as either student or amateur musicians who would like to make some money from the music in which they are so involved. The other third are making most of their present income from full or part time employment as teachers, players, or in a non-performing job in which music is a handy requisite.

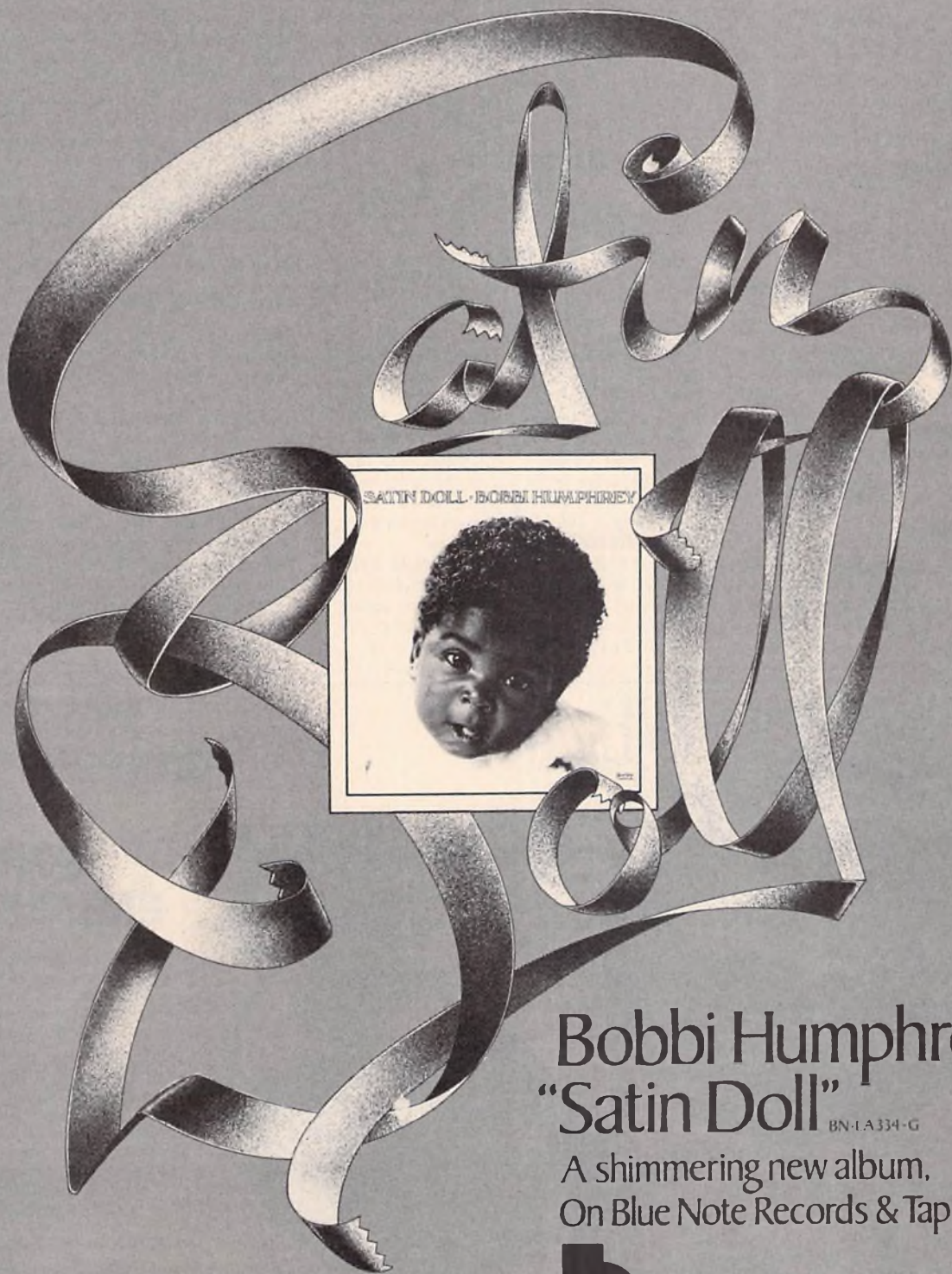
We have collated about 100 teaching, performing, and non-performing job categories—with current salary ranges—into the new **db** Guide to Music Careers. The Guide also serves as the introductory feature to **MUSIC HANDBOOK '75**, **down beat's** 20th annual yearbook.\*

Last October, we offered two publications relevant to a proper pursuit of a career in music: *Study Materials for Jazz and Commercial Music*, 50¢; and the **db** *Guide to College Jazz Studies*, \$1.50. Your response has cleaned us out of all copies. In their stead we are publishing in **MUSIC HANDBOOK '75** a completely revised and updated “Music Career Materials” section. It will include at least two hundred listings (important ones annotated) of texts, methods, instrumental and vocal music; vocational music (film scoring, legal aspects, recording, etc.); business of music manuals; a listing of 50 or so music unions, guilds, associations, and organizations from which additional career information is available; and the schools where business of music courses are available. Fleshing out the “listing” features described above will be interviews with executives on the requirements and opportunities available in the recording and musical instrument fields.

There's a lot more in the Handbook: Artists and Clinicians (and their managers); Directory; Directory of Record Companies; more copyright information, scores of several original compositions, etc.

In this issue of **down beat**, you get a good look at the careers of Tom Scott, Joe Henderson, and The Chicago group, and part I of Doc Fowler's scalar methods.

\* **db** **MUSIC HANDBOOK '75** will be available the latter part of January. Send \$1.50 to **down beat** MH '75, 222 West Adams St., Chicago, IL 60606.



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# discords

## Bright Moments

I enjoyed the Profile on Arnie Lawrence whom I consider the best of the new alto-ists. He truly appeals to us Children Of All Ages.  
Nutley, N.J. Rennie Hagopian

I am writing in reference to the Blindfold Test conducted in each issue of *db*. I enjoy it very much and think it is one of the most interesting aspects of your publication. I find it enjoyable to see musicians that I admire speak about the music of their contemporaries. I have long been a fan of Don Ellis and was very happy to see him the subject of the Nov. 7 Test. Thanks for these insights into the minds of great jazz musicians.  
Bloomfield, N.J. Jeffrey Weiss

Believe it or not, I am 23 years old and never heard of *db* before this year. I just received the November 7 issue, the first issue of my subscription. I read the magazine from cover-to-cover several times, enjoying everything in it. I'm an avid rock fan and have always read *Rolling Stone*. But I dig blues and jazz and I can see that I have been missing a lot through the years by not reading *db*.  
Ashland, Ky. Tony M. Mullins

## Poll Quandary

When voting for a musician, as in your Readers Poll, are we voting for his technical proficiency, his musical creativity, or both? If both, are these qualities of equal importance, or should more weight be

placed upon one than the other?

While I believe that Maynard is a great high-note man, I feel that he does little in the way of "creating." On the other hand, *all* that Mother Miles does is "create," but I don't think he has the altissimo register technical abilities of MF. As a saxophonist, I believe that Phil Woods and Grover Washington can swing like hell, but they don't "create" that much. Anthony Braxton can "create" like hell, but I doubt a few of his qualities, such as tone.

So who do I vote for?  
Lubbock, Texas Larry Satterfield

## Shepp Barbecued

In the Nov. 7 *db*, Archie Shepp outdoes himself and goes beyond his usual vituperative rhetoric against white musicians. He demonstrates unbelievable—and ludicrous to anyone who knows—gall in singling out Phil Woods and Davey Schildkraut as white alto players who turned Bird's music to their own economic advantage.

Woods, twice the musician Shepp is, and, as anyone knows, not a mere "Bird imitator," can defend himself, either verbally or with his horn. But Davey? Where is he? Does anybody know? Working in Woolworth's or the Post Office? I remember once in 1959 he came up to me at the musician's union proudly flashing a roll of cash amounting to \$60, which would feed his family. He had hocked his alto!

Those who know Davey's music also realize that he is one of the most *original* alto players to emerge from the postwar period. His music was never simply an imitation of Charlie Parker's. Furthermore, he was ca-

pable of the kind of harmonic innovation and boldness of conception not demonstrated by most musicians until well into the '60s.

Davey was considered great enough by Miles Davis to be hired on the spot when Miles heard him at a Monday night Birdland session. He *never* got enough work; but certainly not because of his big bad mouth, a la Shepp. Shepp's paranoid "they" out there in America have done as much to white musicians such as Schildkraut as they have to blacks such as Cecil Payne and Duke Jordan. It is an outrage and a bad joke to see Davey arbitrarily alluded to in this manner. It also leads one to believe that Mr. Shepp's aim is to either sow strife among musicians both black and white, or that he is so misinformed about the realities of music in America as to be simply not worth listening to.  
Berkeley, Cal. Jay Bregman

## Simplistic Garbage

Have you heard the winning songs from the American Song Festival? If not, simply add up all the AM-radio hits of the past 20 years and divide by 12.

I consider the entire Festival a sham, from the initial dramatic ads to the laughable results: the Laurel Award winner, the top song of the whole schmeer, requires as much effort to understand and enjoy as the Juicy Fruit jingle. Safe, simplistic garbage.

I wouldn't want people to think that the winners were either the best or most original songs entered in the Festival. If they were, the future of contemporary music would be completely barren.  
Mt. View, Cal. Erik Johnson

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# NARAS Cites Sessionmen

The National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences (NARAS) held its second annual Most Valuable Player Awards ceremony at the Roxy Theater recently.

The Most Valuable Player Awards are given to outstanding studio musicians selected for recognition by their fellow studio musicians. This annual event is virtually the only recognition



PHOTOS: WILLIAM F. EASTBROOK

Top right: Tom Scott gets up to grab plaque; bottom, l. to r., MVPs Stevens, Schwartz, Morgan, Fera, Hyde, Sharp, Bahler, and Melvoin.

given to that host of musicians who perform film scores, TV scores and backup instrumentation for singing stars. They are rarely listed on album covers, and are almost never heard of beyond the inner sanctums of the recording studios.

As comic Artie Butler said while hosting the show: "These awards go to those heroic and unsung musicians who enter the studios on call and occasionally on time) to play their guts and their hearts out for a mere triple scale."

Harry "Sweets" Edison presented the brass awards to Anthony Terran and Charles B. Findley, trumpet; Dick "Slyde" Hyde, trombone; Vince DeRosa, French horn; and Tommy Johnson, tuba.

Shelly Manne gave the woodwind awards to Tom Scott, saxophone; Dominick Fera, clarinet; Bud Shank, flute; and Gene Cipriano, double reeds.

Dennis Lambert and Brian Potter presented winner's certificates to Sidney Sharp, violin; David Schwartz, violin; Edgar

Lustgarten, cello; and Ray Brown, bass.

"Bones" Howe did the honors for the rhythm and percussion section: Mike Melvoin, keyboards; Larry Carlton, guitar; Tommy Tedesco, guitar; Emil Richards, percussion; John Guerin, drums; and Joe Osborn, Fender bass.

Dennis Lambert and Brian Potter stepped to the podium for a second time, presenting the Miscellaneous and Background Vocal awards to Tommy Morgan, harmonica; Sally Stevens, female vocalist; and Tom Bahler, male vocalist.

Food was served, and the Mike Melvoin Trio, featuring Mike on piano, Jim Gordon on drums and Jim Hughart on bass, performed before and during the ceremonies.

The event was attended by many musicians and personalities, including Leonard Feather, Roger Kelloway, Jimmie Haskell, Hal Blaine, Dave Pell, Joe Jones, Mike Post, John Scott Troffer, and Dick Nash.

—lee underworld

# SYNTHESIZER TURNS DEVIL'S TOOL

Synthesizer/composer Bob Mason was recently the victim of a rather strange attack while performing at Radio City Music Hall in New York. Mason's Star-drive band was halfway through its set when a fan, "under the influence of drugs," according to Columbia Records press release, leapt onto the stage and proceeded to pummel both Mason and his hand-made synthesizer.

Mason, who claims his synthesizer is the only one in existence that can be played as a normal keyboard instrument, was shaken up by the assault. Over five thousand dollars damage was suffered by his instrument, with one keyboard having been entirely destroyed. As for the assaulter, he told Mason and his manager that the music created by the synthesizer was responsible for his untoward reaction. "The music was in my soul," he said. "The devil made me do it."

—lee underworld

# Williams Jazzfest Set

Williams College, located in Williamstown, Mass., has announced that it will have its 3rd Annual Jazz Festival beginning January 9 and continuing for three weeks thereafter. Concerts are scheduled each Thursday evening at 8 o'clock in Chapin Hall. The four week lineup reads:

January 9: Milt Hinton, accompanied by (tentatively) Clark Terry and Zoot Sims

January 16: Machito & his Orchestra  
January 23: Count Basie & Orchestra  
January 30: David Amram, accompanied various colleg musicians

Since January has been cleared unofficial jazz month Williams, Buddy Tate will provide two days of clinics and give a performance in conjunction with the Williams College Jazz Ensemble. —tom pia

# potpourri

Dick Grove, president of First Place Music Publications, has organized a group of contemporary music workshops to run from January through March '75. 34 top professionals will cover 22 different phases of music. A free brochure detailing the series is available from Dick, 12754 Ventura Blvd., Suite 2, Studio City, Cal., 91604, or by writing down beat.

Wesleyan University has a faculty opening in Afro-American music for September 1975 and one in choral music for September 1976. Job descriptions may be secured by writing The Chairman, Department of Music, Wesleyan U., Middletown, Conn., 06457.

Rumor has it that Miles Davis is readying a tribute to Duke Ellington album.

The Afro-American Music Bicentennial Hall of Fame and Museum, Inc., is soliciting donations toward its proposed new center. Although the organization has yet to decide on a city to be the site of the Hall of Fame, the non-profit organization seeks "to let the world know the music of the black man in America, be it rhythm and blues, jazz, gospel, and other music, as part of our heritage." Donations may be monetary, artifacts, original musical instruments, clothing or costumes from musicals, or photographs. Listed among the organization's advisors are educators David Baker and Nathan Davis and musicians Donald Byrd and Reggie Workman. Contributions may be sent to the society's address, P.O. Box 3901, Youngstown, Ohio, 44505.

An organization has been formed in the midwest to "stimulate new and experimental music." The Contemporary Music Foundation Inc. is a non-profit group promoting the "performance of 20th Century music in concert form and in connection with other performing arts." The organization plans to issue a periodical newsletter with a calendar and criticism; as well as a series of lecture demonstrations.

Emphasis will center on musicians, composers, and performers hailing from the midwest and a number of premier performances and commissions anticipated. The Foundation can be written at 4105 Devon Dr. Indianapolis, Ind., 46226.

Jazz composer, arranger, trombonist Phil Wilson has been named Chairman of the Division of the Afro-American Music Department of the England Conservatory of Music by Conservatory President G. Schuller. Wilson has been member of the Board of Directors of the International Trombone Association and Chairman of the Berklee College Trombone Department from 1965 to 1974. He has recorded and performed with the Herman Band, Louis Armstrong, Marian McPartland, Bob Hackett, and Herbie Hancock.

Members of the Danish Exchange selected veteran tenor saxist Zoot Sims as Musician Of The Year. The change is a non-profit whose chief aim is to connect jazz musicians who deserve wider audience and then arrange for them to give European concerts.

The University of Maryland Eastern Shore recently dedicated its newly-constructed million dollar performing center to singer Ella Fitzgerald. The Ella Fitzgerald Center for the Performing Arts is the facility of its kind in the country to be named after a living American artist. Chance Archie L. Buffkins stated "Ella has thrilled audiences throughout the world for many years. Her music knows no racial, or geographic boundary. She is welcome wherever she goes." Ms. Fitzgerald gave a brief performance for the concert concluding with Stevie Wonder's You Are The Sunshine In My Life.

Congratulations to Delmark Records of Chicago in honor of its 20th year in the record business.

SWEETS  
down beat

# Guitar Strings 101.

A Basic Course in the Sonic Properties of Guitar Strings.

Old guitars often sound better than new ones. Unfortunately, just the opposite is true of guitar strings. The older guitar strings get, the worse they sound. And that's a fact.

But few guitarists understand strings well enough to know why. So we're going to give you some reasons.

## First Things First

According to Dr. A.J.M. Houtsma of M.I.T., who has done a definitive study on guitar strings, "New, high-quality strings have an incredibly clear, well-defined tone. This is because no fewer than the first 10 harmonics—as well as partial harmonics and overtones—are direct multiples of the fundamental frequency.

"But the first 10 harmonics can't be that closely in line unless three conditions are met. The string needs: *constant tension during vibration*, which assures a constant tone; *perfect flexibility*, which is a function of the string's metallurgy; and *uniform density*."

Naturally, as string makers, we're concerned with all three conditions. As a guitarist, you're most interested in uniform density.

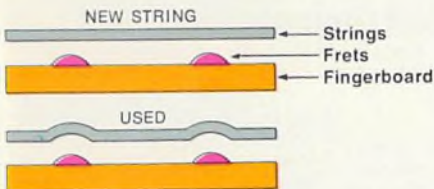
## Uniform Density

Right. It means a string has the same cross section and smooth surface area from saddle to nut. But whenever you tune or play your guitar you're breaking down a string's uniform density. How?

Well, tuning scrapes the strings over the saddle and nut. Quite simply, the friction damages the surface of the strings.

And playing is far worse. First there's pick wear. Every time the pick—or your fingernails—hits a string, the string is lightly notched. And every time a string hits a fret, it's notched again. This kind of notching damages a string quickly by changing its cross section. The drawings here are slightly exaggerated, but the notching effect is very real.

## A magnified, simplified look at new and used guitar strings



What's more, the grease and oil left on strings whenever you play weakens them further.

## And now a word about the weather

Temperature and humidity changes also affect strings.

Temperature changes make the strings expand and contract, putting strain on the core wire of wound strings and changing the tension of all strings.

Humidity changes cause rust as water condenses on the strings. And rust is a killer.

## What it all adds up to

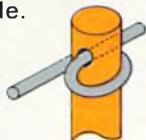
Tension changes, rust, grease and notches all add up to trouble. You see, strings are thinnest and weakest at the notches. And rust, grease and the effects of tension all concentrate at these weak points.

Ultimately, it all adds up to broken strings.

But long before that, it means your strings will sound flat and be tougher to tune—if not impossible. Because inconsistent tension, rust, grease and notches throw the harmonics (remember them?) out of line. Slightly at first, then continually worse. So the string sound changes from clear to muddy, from well-defined to ambiguous. Not that your guitar will suddenly sound like it's been through World War III, it just won't sound right.

## What can you do about it?

You can keep your strings clean to protect them from grease and rust. You can keep your guitar in its case when you're not playing it to protect both it and the strings from the weather. Never leave your guitar out in extremely cold weather, like in a car overnight during the winter. Be sure the saddle and nut are in good shape—no rough or ragged edges. And when you string your guitar, wind the string around the peg two or three times before pulling the string through the peg-hole.



This will separate the windings and damage the core wire.



this softens the bend and protects the string.

**However** No matter how much care you use, your strings will go flat. How long it takes depends on how you play and care for your guitar. But the odds are your strings don't really sound "right" for more than three months.

So—if you want a pure, clean, true sound from your guitar—change your guitar strings every three months . . . more frequently if you play often, or play hard. And in between changes, keep them clean.

## Which brings us to

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## Project Celebration

An ambitious, far reaching project—the JC Penney Bicentennial Music Celebration—was announced in early December by the national retail chain. Penney's project involves the commission, and performance, of 100 minutes of original American music in four idioms: symphonic, concert band, choral, and jazz. The Penney plan includes a special distribution of the recorded and published music to high schools throughout the U.S. during the school year 1975-76.

The names of the four composers—and other details of the Celebration—will be announced soon.

The project unveiling was accompanied by the presentation—in the Great Hall of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C.—of the first Certificate of Recognition of a privately financed program for the nation's 200th birthday by the U.S. Bicentennial Administration.

## ARISTA UNVEILS ROSTER



From left to right: new Aristocrats Mike Brecker, Lou Rawls, Randy Brecker.

Clive Davis recently unveiled the plans and roster of artists for his record label, Arista Records. Having decided to do away with the Bell Records label, Davis named Arista after the New York high school honor society. The label will be independently distributed, with some 25 varied companies across the U.S. handling affairs.

As of press time, Davis had al-

ready signed the following artists: Anthony Braxton; Michael and Randy Brecker; The Headhunters (who will be produced by Herbie Hancock); Lou Rawls; Gil Scott-Heron; Garland Jeffries; a southern rock band known as The Outlaws; Barry Manilow; and Peter Nero. More signings in the field of progressive rock and jazz are expected in the near future.

## End Of The Rainbow

Hard times have fallen on Ann Arbor's Multi-Media Corporation, organizer of the ill-fated Ann Arbor Blues and Jazz Festivals for the past three years. The Rainbow people have regrettably thrown in the corporate towel, stating: "The massive financial failure of the 1974 Ann Arbor Blues & Jazz Festival in Exile has brought the active life of the Rainbow Multi-Media Corporation to an end." Yet Sinclair and the gang have yet to give up, having formed the new Rainbow Productions, Inc. Hopefully, they can get back on their feet and keep doing their customary good things.

In this issue's record review section, composer/educator David Baker provides a glimpse at the new Columbia package commemorating the 100th anniversary of the birth of composer Charles Ives. Due to the special nature of the review, no star rating has been assessed.

BRBQ Records, a 3-year-old independent label based in Bloomington, Indiana, has concluded negotiations for the release of an album by saxophonist Arnie Lawrence (see db, 11/7/74). The album is called *Children Of All Ages* and was recorded at Media Sound in New York City. Lawrence recently returned from a European tour with Clark Terry and is currently on the road with Chico Hamilton. Arnie was lead alto for several years on NBC's *Tonight* show. Other BRBQ releases include *Kryptonite*, by the Screaming Gypsy Bandits, and Bruce Anderson's *Neutrality*.

Anthony Braxton's first album for Clive Davis' Arista Records has been completed. Featured on the album are: Kenny Wheeler, trumpet; David Holland, bass; Jerome Cooper, drums; four saxophones, including Oliver Lake, Julius Hemphill,



Brunis in 1944.

Georg Brunis, jazz trombone pioneer, died Nov. 19 in Chicago at the age of 74 while undergoing treatment for a heart ailment.

A trombonist since age eight, Brunis left New Orleans in 1915 with the New Orleans Rhythm Kings, the first white band to perform in the classic style. A famous four-year stint at Chicago's Friar's Inn led to Gennet recordings in 1922 and 1923, including a date with pianist Jelly Roll Morton (reissued most recently in BYG's *Archives Of Jazz*, Vol. 19). For the next 12 years he toured with novelty clarinetist Ted Lewis' popular band; in a recent interview with Bob Davis of WNIU-FM, DeKalb, Illinois, he claimed credit for bringing Benny Goodman and trumpeter Muggsy Spanier into the Lewis organization. In the late '30s and early '40s, he gigged around New York, usually with former Chicagoans and most often with Eddie Condon's groups.

He settled in Chicago in the 1940s, where he played for the rest of his life. Well-known for his onstage clowning, he named the old 1111 Club and the Blue Note as his favorite Chicago spots, and more recently appeared regularly at the Big Horn in suburban Ivarhoe, Illinois. Born George Brunies, he dropped the last "e" in each name at the advice of a numerologist. He was co-composer of two "Jazz Age" hits, *Angry* and *Tin Roof Blues*, and his gutbucket performances enlivened many recording sessions. His best-known work dates from his New York years: the Muggsy Spanier *Great* sides (reissued on RCA Victor LPM-1295 and said to be the outstanding examples of his ensemble work), and his own favorite session, the 1938 Eddie Condon Windy City Seven Commodore (available in *Eddie Condon/Bud Freeman*, Atlantic SD2-309).

Ivory Joe Hunter, former Atlantic Records r&b vocalist during the 1950s, died in a Memphis, Tenn. nursing home November 8. Hunter was 63 and had been ill for several months with cancer.

One of the major record sellers of the '50s, Hunter composed nearly 2,000 songs, among them *Since I Met You Baby*, *Embrace Arms*, and *Ain't That Lovin' You Baby*. In recent years, he had recorded country-western material, with his final album having been issued on Paramount early last year.

## New Releases

and Bunny Bluit; and Richard Teitelbaum on clavinet and synthesizer.

New from Atlantic are: *Quick-sand*, by Ted Curson, featuring Robin Kenyatta, Kenny Barron, and Tootie Heath; *All-Star Session* by Dave Brubeck, spotlighting Braxton, Roy Haynes, and Lee Konitz; Keith Jarrett's *El Juisil*, with Dewey Redman, Charlie Haden, and Paul Motian; a selection of unreleased Coltrane sessions featuring a new rhythm section that includes Cecil Walton on piano; the last remaining Atlantic Roy Ayers' *Native Dancer*, with Harold Land, Charles Tolliver, and Buster Williams; three new Art Of... double albums, this time highlighting Sonny Stitt, Carmen McRae, and Milt Jackson; and a live recording cut at Keystone Korner by Yusuf Lateef.

Fantasy/Prestige/Milestone are: *Singerella*—A *Ghetto Fairy Tale* by Ntu with Gary Bartz; *Sorcery*, Jack DeJohnette; *The Dynamite Brothers*, as scored by Charles Earland; *Puttin' It Together*, Cal Tjader; and *Byrd By The Sea*, a live recording by Charlie Byrd.

Milestone has also added six more twofers to its expanding series of jazz essentials. The new double packages feature classic jazz and blues. They include work by Louis Armstrong and King Oliver; Jelly Roll Morton; Bix Beiderbecke and the Chicago Cornets; Ma Rainey; the New Orleans Rhythm Kings; and Blind Lemon Jefferson. Although the recordings all stem from the 1920s and the original recording techniques were less than expert, the sound quality has been greatly improved by careful reprocessing.

The company also writes to tell us that Brazilian percussionist Airtio has been signed to a production contract. His first

Fresh notables by way of

# THE CHICAGO PAPERS

by  
marv  
hohman



JAN PERSSON

**A**t the time this issue goes to press, Chicago's first album, originally known as Chicago Transit Authority, remains on the Billboard album charts. Released in the spring of 1969, it has logged a total of 161 weeks there, rivaling the longevity of Carole King's *Tapestry*, the all-time giant album seller.

Just a few months back, Columbia Records instituted a month-long campaign in honor of Chicago, the attendant publicity and the group's current tour combining to spur album sales to such a degree that all seven of the band's discs climbed back on the charts. Their appeal has remained astonishingly consistent throughout a six-year period, during a span that has been unusually packed with fadism and flash-in-the-pannery. They have filled auditoriums throughout the world, defying cultural barriers with their carefully-developed synthesis of what is commonly termed jazz/rock.

The group's seventh album, released in the early part of '74, shows no signs of a commercial slowdown, and by the time you read this, odds are that *Chicago VIII* will be in the stores and rocketing away to instant gold status.

Yet no rock band (with the possible exception of such metalcrushers as Grand Funk and Alice Cooper) has received such blatantly hostile treatment from the press. Music reviewers have taken an unswervingly negative stance toward the band's efforts, employing a lexicon of epithets which are seemingly in no danger of running out.

This critical onslaught has naturally made the band somewhat reluctant to grant interviews to members of the press. They feel that they do not need to traffic with an element that has almost unanimously lambasted them. (The previous *down beat* article to appear on the band, which ran in the 10/29/70 issue, was also somewhat negligent in its scope and condescending in its attitude.)

The following interview was arranged with the intention of allowing the band to freely speak its mind. We had first contacted Chicago early in September and mentioned our desire to conduct a round-table discussion with the entire group. At that time, they were only in town for one night, in order to perform at the opening of drummer Dan Seraphine's posh new nite-club, B.Ginnings, located in the Chicago suburb of Schaumburg. Due to various collective complications, the interview never happened. We did manage to catch the show in the sardine-packed club and the band scored a resounding success.

We set up another date for the band's next appearance, a two-night gig at the massive Chicago Stadium. We had hoped to interview the complete group, especially hornleader Jim Pankow, but as it turned out, only half of the band participated. Our rap took place in the post-midnight hours following the Stadium set in the band's suite at the Ambassador East Hotel. Participating were: composer/arranger/keyboardist Robert Lamm; bassist Peter Cetera; drummer Seraphine; and the band's most recent addition, Brazilian percussionist Laudir Oliviera.

**Hohman:** I think it would help to get some info concerning why the band decided to add a percussionist.

**Seraphine:** It's a strange thing. I met Laudir on a plane at the end of a tour. He was playing with Sergio Mendes at the time and we had a great party on the plane with Bill Cosby. Then we didn't see him for two or three years. We first ran into him in Japan when we went to see Sergio because we'd heard about his conga drummer. We had already talked about adding somebody but couldn't find anybody really good enough to cover all of our music. We had found some guys who could cover the Latin stuff, but as soon as we'd get into other things, they'd just get all screwed up. He just sort of complemented us, whatever was going on he could do. He could play anything, any type of percussion.

**Oliviera:** I have been with Chicago since I came to America. I always wanted to try to join an American band. When you play with Brazilians you don't have a chance to play many different styles. With Chicago, it is more of a challenge. I don't know how many different instruments I actually play. Some instruments that I used to use, I don't use with the band. I do not use the berimbau with Chicago, but I use the cuica quite frequently. It is played with a rag and a stick. The original idea for it came from Africa but they did not begin to use it regularly in Brazil until the 1920s.

**Hohman:** Dan, on *Chicago VII* the song *Devil's Sweet* is dedicated to Jo and Elvin Jones. Is there any special reason for that?

**Seraphine:** Well, I took lessons from Jo Jones

When we were recording in New York. I tried to learn to improve my brush technique and he's a master of the brushes, he's fantastic. His whole attitude about playing drums really turned my thinking around. Elvin influenced me a lot, too, and I decided to dedicate it to them because I employed both of their techniques on it.

**Hohman:** I know that you guys have grown more and more irritated at the rock and jazz press for the way in which your music has been treated. In fact, I heard you were particularly agitated at a recent review and proposed interview that didn't come out quite right with a certain West Coast magazine.

**Seraphine:** You mean *Rolling Stone*? I hate *Rolling Stone* (laughs). It sucks! To me, our last album, *VII*, was a great album. Every song had some meaning. It was done well, the cuts were tasty. So what did they do. They just tore it up! Even *down beat* tore it up.

**Lamm:** I've got a few things to say about *down beat*. I've read it for a long time, since I was 16. I learned a lot about jazz musicians and music from it. Then when the mainstream of music changed to encompass jazz and pop, like us and Blood, Sweat & Tears, they changed the format to cover pop music as well. We got our first album reviewed by *db*, then subsequent albums, which were better musically because we were getting better ourselves, were reviewed poorly, on the basis that we were not a good jazz band. Since then, we've been reviewed as jazz artists, especially on the last album. And in that issue, it seemed that the magazine was slipping back into a kind of snobbishness aimed against rock players. See, we've never claimed to be a jazz band. The press put us up like that. That review sort of bummed me out.

**Hohman:** We received a tremendous amount of mail complaining about that review. I would say the reaction was about 9 to 1 against it. How do you account for the discrepancy between the reviews records receive and the way they sell? Are you guys embittered toward the press?

**Seraphine:** I've been less bitter this year than ever before. I don't really give a shit what they say anymore. I don't really feel that they're being objective. I think there's something more to it. I really believe in the group and myself and I know we are good. I'm not telling you this to reassure myself. I mean, how can you tell millions of people that they don't know what they enjoy, that they're full of shit? For example, we just did a concert at the Forum in Los Angeles. We really did two dynamite shows and the people went absolutely crazy. The band was really cooking. So afterwards, the L.A. press rips us apart. That to me is total negative bullshit. I can understand certain things that they criticized us for, like the editing of the sound maybe, but there's no legitimate excuse for such an attack.

**Cetera:** You know, as far as *Rolling Stone* goes, I read it all the time, mostly when I'm taking a shit. I always buy it and they have given us seven bad reviews on seven straight albums and every one's sold a million.

**Seraphine:** Yeah, maybe if we got a good review, the album wouldn't sell. Then I'd really be worried.

**Cetera:** They're always hyping something like Hot Tuna and bullshit like that.

**Hohman:** I know they've been especially hard on you guys but they've also slammed other rock acts, such as the Doors and Alice. I'm not saying there's any similarity between you and them, but what do you think the reason is?



**Chicago during the psychedelic era, then known as the Chicago Transit Authority. Identify each member of the band from this photo and win a free, all-expenses paid trip for two on the CTA.**

**Cetera:** It's probably that somewhere along the line we didn't kiss ass and it really pissed off some guy in the front office. It's come to the point where now I really enjoy waiting for a *Rolling Stone* review of our album so I can see what they're going to say had about it.

**Seraphine:** I don't know, I think a lot of the critics are really hurting themselves. They're just so totally negative that the people are realizing that they're not being receptive to or perceptive of the music.

**Cetera:** Look, everybody reads reviews nowadays. So we've had some really good ones on nights when we thought we were off. And then we've had some great reviews when we knew the cat was totally talking through his ass. If a cat knows what he's talking about, I don't care if what he says is good or bad. If that's what really happened and he can say that's what really happened, and we know it, then okay. But when somebody starts bum-rapping you... Like, in London, we had this shitty review saying we looked like seven overfed truck drivers in drag. I mean, that's not a musical review. There's some fag sitting out there who isn't even a musician putting all that stuff down.

**Hohman:** Laudir, is the press basically the same way in Brazil?

**Oliviera:** Yes, it is almost the same. Sometimes they help by pointing out bad things, but sometimes not.

**Hohman:** Why do you think your particular band was more successful than others of its type, like BS&T, Chase, 10 Wheel Drive?

**Seraphine:** I think it's mainly that we are strong in a lot of different directions. I don't think that any of the groups that have had a brass section have been as all-around as us. We have strong vocals and powerful horn and rhythm sections. We can play in a lot of different idioms and still do it well. That's been our main plus point, and besides, we are happy working together, we enjoy ourselves. If a band can stay together, they can usually work things out.

**Hohman:** What about the accusations that have been made over and over again that Jim Guercio really is responsible for the sound of Chicago?

**Seraphine:** That's totally untrue. I'll tell you, Jim has been a tremendous help to us, he's a fabulous producer, but no one came in and played those things for us. He didn't arrange our music. He provided us with ideas at times, as far as what he thought was happening, but you know, we're the ones who went out and worked those 250 gigs a year. We

were by ourselves then and he wasn't anywhere around.

**Hohman:** How did you get linked up with him in the first place?

**Seraphine:** We had been together about a year and were just sort of getting into doing original things. This was still back in Chicago, of course. Jim was producing a group called the Buckingham's at that time, they had a couple of hits called *Kind Of A Drag* and *Susan*. So he was in to sign another Chicago group called the Illinois Speed Press who had offered a bass gig to Terry (Kath). Terry's a great bass player but he just didn't want to join them because he'd rather play guitar. So Guercio came over to hear us and liked us. Next thing we knew, he flew us out to California and all the rest has pretty much been said before.

**Hohman:** Let's go back a few years and talk about an old Columbia Records advertising campaign that stressed the fact that "The Revolutionaries Are On Columbia." I think the company reversed the pitch before Kent State, I'm not exactly sure when it was. I suppose you're aware that many people construed some of the material on your earlier albums to be political in content, particularly *Questions '67 and '68* and *Liberation*. There was an anti-war poster included in the third album, a vote poster as well, and of course, the revolutionary pledge appeared on the second album. This would seem to indicate that the band is more than a little concerned with making a political statement, or at least was at one time.

**Seraphine:** I think we are kind of into that. **Lamm:** I'll bear all responsibility for what was on those earlier albums. It was naive, first of all, to even attempt to do it. Political things were on everybody's mind, the things that were going down in Vietnam and all the campus demonstrations. When Cambodia was invaded, it went all over the media and there just wasn't any way you couldn't be affected by it. So as a result, some of our music turned out to be kind of political in nature. As far as the revolutionary pledge goes, I was thinking of revolution as just the change that was affecting young people everywhere. Let's say it started with Kennedy, I think. It was just a change of attitude, a new awareness, a more humane outlook that Kennedy conveyed to the people. I think from there on—long-hair, people dropping out, the whole drug thing—I think that all of that was indeed a revolution. I never thought of it in terms of planes, bombs, and the Jerry Rubin

kind of thing. I was thinking of it in terms of art and thought.

**Hohman:** Do you think a large percentage of your audience was gained as a result of that "revolutionary" image?

**Seraphine:** I think that we were the people's band before Grand Funk.

**Lamm:** I disagree with that. There were a lot of crazies at all the colleges and universities who were trying to use us, though. I've gotten mail from people who were seriously into the political movement.

**Seraphine:** We get it a lot.

**Lamm:** I've responded to it by saying what I think. But we weren't really counting on or courting any specific element out there. We were constantly hit upon at all our concerts by pleas from organizers, and sometimes we responded naively. We never did anything for the Black Panthers but we did do a couple of gigs for the Moratorium and, in general, if you did one, you got called on to do every one. I was really into the Voter Registration Drive at that time because I really believed we didn't need Nixon, that Humphrey was the lesser of two evils. Everybody's opinion I respected was pro-McGovern and when he blew it, I became very discouraged. I think the reason we stopped doing the political things was because there was less media input. Also, I was struggling to get comfortable and happy with myself. I decided that was more important than preaching from the stage. People were saying to me, "Man, you're incredible, don't waste that power."

**Seraphine:** Who the hell wants to be a politician anyway? I'd rather be a musician. It was getting to be a drag.

**Lamm:** People took the whole thing more seriously and in greater depth than we ever intended to articulate. We haven't done anything like that in a long time, except on *VIII*, where I do a song called *Harry Truman*. It's based on Merle Miller's book *Plain Speaking*, a biography of Truman. He was an incredible man. I read that and his memoirs and was really impressed. A president who will sit down and play piano for anybody at anytime and say exactly what he's thinking is a real exception.

**Hohman:** Who do you guys listen to?

**Lamm:** I like Herbie Hancock a lot. He's sort of the complete musician. For years he did a straight acoustic piano thing. Steinways, the whole bit. Then when he started getting into electronics, he switched over totally. Like last night on an interview program I saw on TV he said, "I have no qualms about using more gimmicks, the more buttons the better. I really dig buttons."

**Seraphine:** Keyboard players have really gotten lucky during the last couple of years. They've been able to stretch out the horizons of the keyboard to the point where they are almost unlimited in what they can do.

**Hohman:** Lamm, what do you like? Do you

know Airto?

**Oliviera:** Jazz, or what do you mean? I like to listen to a lot of things. I like Airto, I used to work with him maybe 10 or 12 months back when he was still putting his Fingers band together. I did 10 shows with him, David Amaro, and Flora, plus three guys from Uruguay.

**Hohman:** Bob, do you listen to any other keyboardists besides Hancock? How about Keith Jarrett?

**Lamm:** At this other interview at a radio station in L. A. they asked me who I liked and I named a few people. So then they asked me what I had heard recently that I liked and I said not much. So I checked my record collection when I got home and found that the latest record I had was Joni Mitchell's *Court And Spark*, which is like a year old. Looking at it closely, I haven't bought an album in close to two years. I find myself listening to other things less, which is sort of because I've been turned off by most of what I hear on FM. So I guess I don't really listen a lot, except maybe to my older records. It isn't that I think that not listening necessarily aids my own artistic creation, because I used to hear a

*What do you want  
What do you want  
I'm giving everything I have  
I'm even trying to see if there's more  
Locked deep inside  
I've tried, I've tried  
Can't you see, this is me.  
What do you need  
What do you need  
Is it someone just to hurt  
So that you can appear to be smart?  
You use a steady job  
Play God, play God  
What do you really know?  
You parasite, you dynamite,  
You oversight  
Misunderstanding what you hear.  
You're quick to cheer  
And volunteer  
Absurdities  
Musical blasphemies,  
Oh no, save us all.*

from *Critic's Choice* by Robert Lamm,  
copyright Big Elk Music, 1973.

lot of things. But lately I've been very busy writing stuff and playing, concentrating mostly on Chicago things. I do listen to a fair amount of classical music, Stravinsky, Scriabin, Bach on Sundays. I'll listen to Herbie and I dig Joni's stuff a lot. Her material is fantastic even though her songs tend to sound alike because of her phrasing. Tom Scott's arrangements are great.

**Hohman:** How do you view your songwriting?

**Lamm:** I've spent most of the last few years

trying to become better at it. It's what I derive the most pleasure from. I don't enjoy playing as much as I do writing. So over the last three or four years I've made an independent study of what really makes for good songwriting. I've studied Gershwin, especially Cole Porter, Bacharach-David, Lennon-McCartney, Nilsson, Carole King. Mainly, that's the kind of listening I've been doing, attempting to understand the essence of these writers, see what makes them really unique. I'm just working to improve my craft.

**Hohman:** What type of material would you say Chicago was progressing toward?

**Lamm:** That's a tough question. We've never really moved in any certain direction. As everybody's chops get better, I feel the music naturally improves. We perform and record better each time out and now everybody has started to contribute material. As far as specifying any area of exploration, there is none. We just try to continue to stay creative.

**Seraphine:** Each album has something on it that was challenging to us.

**Hohman:** Do you intend to stay away from making double albums from here on out?

**Lamm:** It makes sense.

**Seraphine:** They're really a pain in the ass. The only reason the last one was a double was because we had so much material since everybody had written songs. It covered such a vast spectrum of music, real stone jazz, hard rock, bossa nova. But it's still hard to do them. The new album (*VIII*) is different, though. Like you were talking about direction, on the new one we go one way for a while, then go another. This album has gotten simpler, or so it seems. We've gotten more into what I guess you could call rock n roll. It's strange trying to follow the patterns. Like on *VII*, everybody was stretching out more. Now on this album, I consider it an in-between as far as directions go. It's as good as anything we've ever put out. The songwriting is solid and the vocals have more strength than before. Of course, my part is a little more limited, though.

**Hohman:** What's your personal favorite?

**Seraphine:** *VII*, but I like *I* and *V*, too.

**Hohman:** What about the proportion of vocal to instrumental on *VIII*?

**Seraphine:** It's mostly vocals, I think. There's a lot of harmony and nice hornscoring by Jimmy Pankow.

**Hohman:** Do you have any plans for doing a solo album, Dan?

**Seraphine:** None in the least. I enjoy doing things with other people.

**Hohman:** Bob, let's talk about your solo album, *Skinny Boy*, a bit. There's a song on it called *Temporary Jones*, with a lyric written by Bob Russell. I bet most of your fans don't know who he is.

**Lamm:** For years he was the lyricist with the Duke Ellington Orchestra. In fact, he wrote *Don't Get Around Much Anymore* and *He Ain't Heavy, He's My Brother*. He wrote the lyrics to *Temporary Jones* in the early '50s. I'm good friends with his widow. He's been dead about four years but she still works his catalog and runs the publishing company. They gave me a portfolio of his published stuff and a manila envelope of lyrics that had never been set to music, so I took it from there.

**Hohman:** How long did it take you to work on the album?

**Lamm:** I thought about making it for two years before I actually started it. I'm not very good at making decisions, but I finally figured, what the hell. It was fun working in another context, with a different rhythm sec-



# PLAYBACK ON SCOTT: STUDIO BRAT TURNED MONSTER

by lee underwood



**S**cene: Universal Studios. Sound Stage 10. A huge room, perhaps 80 feet high, the shadowed ceilings draped with ropes, grips and drops, the far wall entirely covered with shimmering movie screens, the floor piled with amplifiers, pianos, organs, chairs, instrument-covers, drum-boxes, tables, upright music stands, and tons of criss-crossed wiring.

Tom Scott, 25, stands in full view on a podium in the center of it all, his baton poised. Before him, some 16 middle-aged violinists raise their bows and focus their eyes on the sheet music. Glistening trombones and trumpets rise in formation. To his right, the rhythmic section waits. A hush settles throughout the room.

Above the doorway the red RECORDING sign flashes twice, then steadily glows. The movie screen suddenly lights up and throws out a cascade of churning, silent sidecar motorcycles. Tom sights the visual cue fluttering across the actors' faces, and then fires his wand. The orchestra swells like a flame, a lush, bluesy tapestry of strings, horns and spacial electric pianos. Tom Scott's score for Universal Studios' latest film, *The Sidecar Boys*, has just been born.

House-lights up. "Playback!" one of the balding money-men barks from the rear of the room. Two ladies rattle some papers, while a T-shirted engineer fiddles with the electronics board. An older man dressed in an expensive, hip Hollywood suit unclenches his teeth, removes his cigar, and mutters something in Tom's ear. Tom laughs and nods his head in agreement. Both turn to the screen.

House-lights down. The screen roars with motorcycles and shouting crowds. Tom's score underpins and highlights the action perfectly. "Take it!"

House-lights up, short cigarette break, flutterings of sheet music, brief rehearsal for the next scene, earphones on, lights down, RECORDING.

Scene: George Harrison sipping his orange juice while Scott confers with the baritone saxman and the trombone player. Scott scribbles some notes on the paper and explains 16 □ down beat

them to the other hornmen. "Got it." Tom nods to George. "Let's try it."

George swivels his hip, whangs his guitar, and the band wheels into the music for the new national tour. Scott's arrangement burns it up. The hornmen nod happily to each other and push on further into George Harrison's light-hearted world of "fal-de-rah" rock and roll.

Tom Scott. He was a "studio brat," born and raised in L.A. His father, Nathan Scott, wrote the music for the original *Dragnet* television series (not the "dum-de-dum-dum" theme, which Walter Schuman composed, but all the rest). Nathan also wrote for *Twilight Zone* and *Wagon Train*. For the last ten years he's been scoring for *Lassie*. Tom's mother, Margery, was a well-known piano teacher. From the time he was born, Tom Scott has been surrounded by the business, the spirit, and the performance of music in all of its forms.

Since high school, his career has escalated at an astonishing rate. He won the **down beat** Critics Poll in 1970 on soprano sax (TDWR). That same year he won the *Jazz and Pop Readers Poll* on tenor. In 1973, he won a Grammy Nomination for Outstanding Performance By A Jazz Soloist as a result of his own record, *Great Scott*. In both 1973 and 1974, he won the studio musician's Most Valuable Player Award.

As an arranger and studio musician, he has played on more than 250 albums, including Joni Mitchell's recent *Court And Spark*; Carole King's new *Wrap Around Joy*, which includes the hit single, *Jazzman*, featuring his solo; Pat Williams' *Threshold*, "one of the most challenging, fun albums I've ever made"; and Barbara Striesand's new album, *Butterfly*, on which he arranged and played on seven of the ten songs.

As a band leader and composer, he has seven albums of his own out, four of them under Bob Thiele's production, one with A & M (*Great Scott*), and two with his own group, The L.A. Express, on Lou Adler's Ode Records.

He scored the music for the motion pictures *Uptown Saturday Night*, *Nine Lives of*

*Fritz the Cat*, *Conquest of the Planet of the Apes*, *Mr. Culpepper's Cattle Company*, and now, *The Sidecar Boys*.

He has also scored several television series, including *Cannon*, *Dan August*, *Cade's County*, *Barnaby Jones*, and *The Streets of San Francisco*.

By the time he was nine-years-old, he was in love with the clarinet. In junior high and high school, he was "blessed" by two inspiring teachers: David Winseman and Bob Winslow. "They always kept me stimulated. Like in our concert bands, we used to play Shostakovich transcriptions, and the clarinet parts would always be the violin parts, which were wall-to-wall notes."

He studied privately, practicing his long tones and basic scales, and, above all, developing his sound. "Sound is the number one factor. No matter how many notes you can play, it's just not going to make it if they don't sound right." To help him get his sound, he uses an open-facing mouthpiece and a medium-soft reed on most of his horns.

"Along with basic technical work, I was always listening to all the records I could get by Benny Goodman, Buddy DeFranco, and Pete Fountain.

"I used to spend whole days transcribing recorded solos. It took hours, but I loved it! I was obsessed with it. Then I'd play along with the record, getting not only all the notes but all the nuances, the touch, the shades, all the things he was doing. I spent more time doing that than practicing actual scales."

The traditional exercise books were harmonically unsophisticated. "In fact, they bored me," Tom explains, waving his hand. "I wanted to dig into jazz kinds of harmonies, so I liked books such as Oliver Nelson's *Patterns For Saxophone*."

In 1967, when he was 18, he entered USC but dropped out after one semester. "I was discouraged by the general attitude of the faculty. I wanted to compose, to write, to learn everything I could about composition. But I was told I wouldn't get a chance to have anything I wrote played until my senior year. And I also had this tremendous load of unrelated courses to take as well. It was just to



much, and I left. A few months later I did my first album, *Spirit Feel*, with Roger Kellaway, on Pacific Jazz."

He studied classical Indian music with Hari Har Rao once a week for a year, and then with Ravi Shankar, who, when he met Tom and learned he had studied with Hari, threw his arms about Tom and said, "Then you are my grandson!"

With Hari Har Rao, he initially studied rhythmic theory, playing the tabla, then he brought in his flute and worked on melodic exercises.

On the present tour with Ravi Shankar and George Harrison, he is an invaluable member of the troupe. He is the band co-ordinator, soloist, and sometimes arranger with George. With Ravi, he is responsible for the arranging and the blending of Western musical elements into Ravi's Indian conception.

"I'm a music freak," he explains, pushing his granny-glasses up the ridge of his nose. "I've learned how to transcend the labels. I mean, I'll sit and rock out and love it. Or I'll sit in Ravi Shankar's orchestra and love that. Or I'll go into a movie studio and play subtle screen cues. Or play bebop at Donte's and love that."

"I don't care about labels. But if I'm playing jazz, I want to play the best jazz I can play, or the best rock, or the best classical. The music dictates the direction, not me. I'm just a player of whatever's going on, of whatever is appropriate. I don't play the music—the music plays me."

Tom Scott's roller-coaster ride began last year at a North Hollywood club called The Baked Potatoe, a small jazz house, featuring 15 varieties of baked potatoes, hip conversations among some of L.A.'s finest jazz musicians, and even hipper music. Tom and his jazz/rock group, The L.A. Express, packed the Potatoe every Tuesday night. Lou Adler dropped by one night, listened to Tom, and signed him to do the *Tom Scott L.A. Express* album. "From then on," says Tom, "everything just fell into place."

He arranged the music for Joni Mitchell's *Court and Spark* and toured with her off and on for seven months, of which he says, "She's a dynamite musician. She's not formally educated, but she's learning now what to call the music she's known all along. She has a fantastic harmonic sense. On the new live album, *Miles of Aisles*, she has one new tune that could have been written by Herbie Hancock. It's got that *Maiden Voyage* feel to it."

After the success of Joni's album and tour, and the rise on the charts of his own album, *L.A. Express*, he started getting regular calls from the studios. "I was being led into the studios by the studios themselves, and, of course, I loved it. It is fun and challenging, and it really helps me get my doubling together."

"I've always been one of those people who works best under pressure. The pressure of being in a studio, and having to play an instrument really well for three or four takes, can be very hard if you have to play a difficult solo, especially if the balance or something wasn't right the first time and you have to do it again, and again, and again. I thrive under that kind of discipline."

The L.A. studio scene is a notoriously locked-tight clique, but Tom has spread the doors wide, and now commands triple scale.

"The money just came along with being in demand. The way to make the most money in studios is to play in several different mediums.

"The T.V. film industry is one medium. And studios often have just certain guys they like to call, so there are the guys who work only Motown dates, or there's the crowd here at A&M. There are people who do just jingles, and there are some who do just movie features.

"I play the field and do a lot of different things. I compose, arrange, conduct, play clarinet, bass clarinet, piccolo, flute, alto flute, bass flute, soprano saxophone, the soprano, alto, tenor, and baritone saxes, alto and soprano recorders, piano, kazoo, and nose whistle."

Tom also plays a new electric instrument called the Lyricon, which he features in Ravi Shankar's part of the program. It is a woodwind instrument with a fascinating sound—a cross between a synthesizer, an organ, and a clarinet.

"The people who invented the Lyricon did not intentionally set out to create a woodwind instrument. They investigated the current run of synthesizers, and the greatest lacking they found was that there is only one human function you can initiate to play the standard synthesizer—depressing a keyboard, or pushing a button. There is very little room for the human element to creep in."

"They set out to make an instrument that would take into consideration more human factors. They discovered that if it were a reed instrument triggering the synthesizer, rather than a keyboard, then you could use lip pressure, the amount of wind, and the changing of keys as triggering functions. The number of human inputs are increased from one to three, thus making it much closer to acoustic instruments."

"We're on the way now to making it impossible for people to put forth the standard argument against synthesizers, that they're not human, that they're too mechanical. The Lyricon is presently the closest thing to an acoustic instrument, and soon there will be a wide variety of electronic instruments that also have the potential for human expression."

There is no question that electronic instruments are here to stay, and that they are major forces in contemporary music. I'm heavily into them."

Of contemporary electronic composers, Scott likes Terry Riley and Steve Reich. But Tomita's new Debussy album, *Snowflakes Are Falling* (RCA), is the most exciting record he's heard in years. Tomita plays Debussy through the synthesizer, and it is "the first synthesizer record that has said to me the electronic medium has real potential for total musical excitement, without gimmickry."

The money rolls in, a subject Tom will not discuss, because "Carol Kaye once did an interview, and somebody said she was the richest lady in town. About two weeks later, her whole place got looted."

He does explain, however, that material things are secondary in his thinking. "Fortunately, I've been busy with a kind of music that pays pretty well, so I consider myself tremendously lucky that I can do these musical things and through them make enough money to live and feel comfortable and not have creditors calling me all the time."

"Then why not stay in the studios and build it up even more?" I asked. "Is it the fame? Isn't this George Harrison tour a chance for you to escape the anonymity of the studios, and go out there and get a little of that sweet-taste autograph signing?"

"To me," Tom gracefully replied, "having the respect of my fellow-musicians is the most important thing of all, not the studio money or the touring fame. But at the same time, I love playing for a lot of people and having them enjoy it. That thrills me to turn them on, to feel good, to get excited. It's a new trip for me, too. And just the newness of it alone I enjoy." Tom however, sees popular recognition, not as an end, but as a means of freeing himself to pursue further musical activities.

He has taught several clinics at the University of Utah, Westminster College (also in Salt Lake), San Diego, San Jose, and Fuller-

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*"I don't care about labels. But if I'm playing jazz, I want to play the best jazz I can play, or the best rock, or the best classical. The music dictates the direction, not me. I'm just a player of whatever's going on, I don't play the music—the music plays me."*

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ton, "and I want to continue to do clinics, no matter how famous I get."

"I would also like to cut a record for just myself and a few friends. I want to write a symphony, and maybe do two days of recording sessions and be able to pay all the musicians myself. I also want to develop and expand a concept I started on a record called *Rural Still Life*, in which I wrote and played a seven-part woodwind piece. I want to do all these things and more, not to try and sell them, but just because I enjoy doing them."

"Nor do I intend to give up anything. I enjoy doing recording dates for the Dave Grusin, the Michel Legrands, the Quincy Joneses, the Lalo Schiffrins, and I will also continue writing, having my own band, and going on the road occasionally. Success for me is only a steppingstone to freedom."

Along with success arrive the inevitable criticisms of those who either disagree with, or oppose, or envy the Tom Scotts who hold the spotlights and the audiences of the present. If the hero of the moment happens to be an avant-garde explorer, he is called a self-indulgent obscurist. If he happens to be a Tom Scott, on the other hand, he is accused of being commercial, "white," derivative,

slick, formulated, and superficial.

Perhaps the most exciting moments of our conversation took place while I played the Devil's Advocate, giving Tom a full opportunity to reply to those purists who might denigrate his success.

"I don't think there's anything wrong with being slick," Tom said. "I don't think there's anything wrong with being formulated. I don't think music that is slick or formulated is necessarily superficial at all, not if it really cooks."

"From a commercial standpoint, jazz went down the tubes for several years, because jazz guys got hung up and *obsessed* with technical virtuosity. They got into spaced-out harmonic things that really didn't take into account the fact that there are *people* out there listening to music, not just other musicians."

"I'm very proud that I was able to break through and realize the time had come for me to stop trying to prove to fellow musicians that I was okay, that I was acceptable."

"I'm proud I've learned to make records that *people enjoy*. And that doesn't mean you've got to play down to anybody. I always operate on the premise that there is a marriage between what *I* want to do and what the people want to hear."

"Nor do I want to do anything that just the people want to hear, but that I don't like. To me, *that* is being superficial, commercial, slick, and so forth. If the music is getting *me* off, however, I don't give a shit what any jazz purist, rock purist, or classical purist says. I just don't care, because they're *wrong*. If I like it, then it is me, an extension of me and nobody else."

"And to say it's derivative . . . Look, there's only 12 notes—nothing is new."

*Derivative in the sense of, say, imitating black music?*

"Ahhh, that's a bunch of bullshit. There are black guys imitating white music, especially now. There are so many crossovers. Those old purist camps are all dying. It's past its day. I wish people would either get hip, or go away somewhere."

"Just look at some of the guys who are successful at the new blend: Herbie Hancock, Weather Report, Miles Davis, Stevie Wonder, Billy Preston. I mean, Billy Preston is a *great* keyboard player, one of the best I've ever heard. Even if he plays one chord, he plays it soooo good! He just *cooks* it up!"

"That's why that purist attitude of imitating or being commercial is just so much jive."

*It's based on the premise that in order for music to appeal to the widest number of people, it must be watered down, diluted and simplified, almost by definition.*

"People who think like that have an extremely pessimistic view of human beings, that they're so out of it musically, compared to where *they* are, that you have to lower yourself, you have to pander to ignorance in order to play music human beings can understand. Well, I don't believe that."

*But then you're saying that complex beauty can be appreciated without any sort of experience, or education, or background at all. Whether it's Mahavishnu, Keith Jarrett, Miles Davis, Tim Buckley, or you—that anybody can hear what's going on.*

"Exactly."

*If that's true, then why aren't people like Shostakovich, Berio, Penderecki, or Subotnick making the money? Why do the Joni Mitchells and George Harrisons make the money, while the McCoy Tyners and Cecil Taylors are reduced to playing some tiny little jazz club in*

# The Herculean Tenor



by ray to

**J**oe Henderson is one of the most important tenor saxophonists on the scene. His style incorporates elements of rhythm and blues, bebop, avant-garde, rock, modal, and just plain sweet ballad blowing. Then why—after he's played his heart out for well over a dozen years, recorded innumerable albums for Blue Note and Milestone, and developed a distinctively Hendersonian sound and synthesis—is this his first interview of any sort in *down beat*?

The answer is as simple as it is tragic. All too often the cats from the heartland—the big sounding r&b drenched tenor players from Dallas, Chicago, Pittsburg, Columbus—were overlooked in favor of the flashier dudes on the East and West Coasts. There has never been an interview in *db* with Stanley Turrentine; there never will be one with Gene Ammons. But these honkers and screamers and blues balladeers are the backbone of our musical heritage. Big Jay McNeely, Earl Bostic, Sax Mallard, Red Connors, and how many countless others who must remain forever nameless?

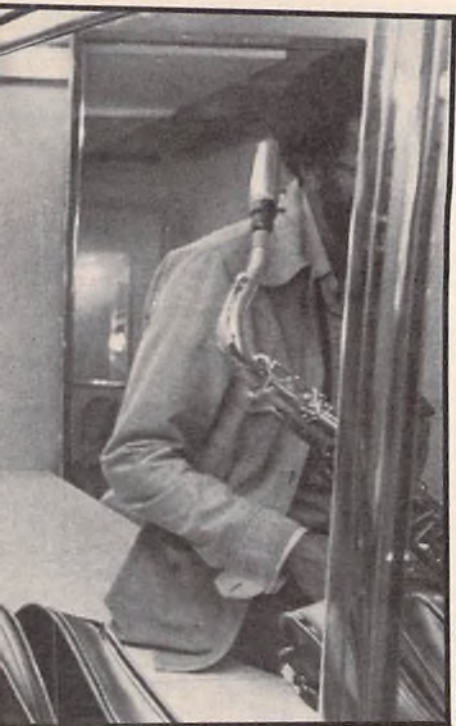
But from the emotive training ground of the touring r&b big-band, a sadly fading phenomenon, have emerged the voices who *have* totally reshaped the music of their generation. If Charlie Bird Parker, John Coltrane and Ornette Coleman have one thing in common, it's that they all paid their dues on the dusty backroads of Oklahoma, Missouri, and Louisiana *before* they arrived in the big city. And the majority of the young players now in New York who are capturing the word-of-mouth accolades—the Frank Lowes, the Billy Harpers, the Dewey Redmans, the George Adams—have an identical Midwestern and Southern history in rhythm and blues.

So, even though Joe Henderson has played with Kenny Dorham, Horace Silver, Herbie Hancock, BS&T, and Alice Coltrane to name a few, his profile has remained low if consistent. It's time to change that! Pick up a copy of his *In Japan* album, with Hideo Ichikawa on piano. Cut in '71, but only released in '73, his 12-minute interpretation of Monk's *Round Midnight* is spellbinding. He infers freer forms through a unique timbral obliqueness, while remaining on the melody and rhythmically propulsive.

*Black Is The Color*, from '72, has Henderson in a more rock vein. Here, he begins to delve into studio use of 16-track multiple overdubs, an occupation that of late has become an obsession with him. The recent *The Elements*, featuring Alice Coltrane and stunning bass work by Charlie Haden, reveals Henderson's complete technical fluidity and emotional depth when blowing free. And what about his surprisingly good group of a few years back that included Woody Shaw, Lenny White, Ron McClure and George Cables? His next album, which should be in the stores when you read this, is *Canyon Lady*, and it strikes a Latin groove. Trumpeter Luis Gasca sits in as well as arranges and conducts. But bossa beat and rumba rhythms are nothing new to Henderson. Back during his Blue Note days, he cut his eloquent south-of-the-border tune, *Caribbean Fire Dance* (on *Mode For Joe*).

The interview that follows took place in Joe's hotel room on an insignificant Sunday afternoon. He was once again on the road, albeit a brief tour, and in Chicago to play at the Jazz Showcase. I had seen him in the flesh and blood only two nights before and, at that time, while at the bar with drink in hand and under bombardment from all these incredible aural vibrations, I said to myself that Joe Henderson has *got* to appear in the pages of *down beat*. People have got to be told. So we met, a tentative detente between artist and journalist, interpreter and re-interpreter.

# e Henderson



HERB NOLAN

**Townley:** Listening to you on stage "live" for the first time a few nights ago, I began to realize how much your music spans categories, even within one composition.

**Henderson:** Well, that's kind of the way I came into music. Ever since I can first remember, I was exposed to all sorts of music. During the early part of my life, I heard a lot of country and western music on the radio. This must have been in the late '40s or early '50s.

My brothers and sisters would bring all kinds of records into the house. A lot of rhythm and blues, a lot of Chuck Berry, Bo Diddley, and all those cats who were really doing things around that time. I'm talking about the real *deep* blues players. The cats that—I don't know if someone like Lou Donaldson would say they played in tune—but there's a certain something that when you start to temper those instruments, you take it away. I mean a certain instrument is meant to be played "out of tune." There's no tuning involved.

So, from an early age I've liked a lot of different kinds of music. I've played polkas while in the army and when I was at Wayne State University in Detroit. In the college band a lot of the marches were polkas. When I went to college, I got just a bit more esoteric—Indian music, Balinese music. It wasn't really "out," but there were some records hidden in the archives that I dug out.

I feel a certain sympathy for people who lock themselves into one style. You know what I mean? It's like having blinders on. One style just doesn't say it all, doesn't do it all, you know. And for me, it's just so limiting. I can appreciate the style, but it's kind of frightening just to say, "Okay, this is it. I'll go through that door only."

**Townley:** Your playing seems to transcend categories, like bebop, for example, which is very much an overt influence in your music. A lot of cats from the bebop era are very fine players but never—I mean Parker's inventions eventually become limitations if you don't progress from them. You know, the harmonic thing only extends so far. Now there's the modal thing, the free-form style, and, also, whole tones.

**Henderson:** Yeah, I think my roots are obvious. I think I have some kind of a basis in bebop. But, as you say, to have gone through that era and not later on be able to transcend it, well, it's harmful.

**Townley:** What about your experience with Raasaan Roland Kirk in Ohio?

**Henderson:** Hmmm. They were just childhood experiences. I mean they occurred when I was ten or 11. He played on a television show in Columbus. It was like an old talent show. My brothers knew about this show, so they had me bring my saxophone down there and that's how we got together. When I talked to him about the incident maybe ten or 12 years later, he remembered and that really impressed me, you know. But I wasn't quite convinced that he remembered so about

three or four years after that I mentioned it to him again. He said, "Damn, everytime you see me, you always say that!" At the time, I probably just knew how to play some rhythm and blues or whatever it was they were playing in the jam session. That's really all it was.

**Townley:** You mentioned that you had done an interview with Leonard Feather that never got published except for that one quote in the *Encyclopedia of Jazz in the '60s*.

**Henderson:** No, I did a Blindfold Test. It wasn't so much an interview as a Blindfold Test.

**Townley:** In that one quote, he said you were a "soul player." I guess he meant soul in the sense of Stanley Turrentine.

**Henderson:** This is what I thought when I read that. I said, "Wow, well maybe he hears something that I don't hear." It didn't bother me or anything like that. I don't think it was really that accurate, though, you know. I love Leonard Feather, I think he's a beautiful man, but quite a lot of people around the world, when there's no biographical info available on me, will draw it from the *Jazz Encyclopedia*, because I see that word quite often and know immediately where it came from.

**Townley:** In that same article, Andrew Hill is quoted as saying that you are "going to be one of the greatest tenors" because you have "the imagination to make it in the avant-garde camp, but so much emotion, too."

**Henderson:** Well, that's something outside of myself. I'm glad if that's possible, you know, but whatever I do is just a mixture of everything I've been through and most of the sounds I've heard that I'm able to abstract things from and use in various settings. My road group at the moment is into a kind of jazz thing. We're not doing anything rockish, though I'd like to.

**Townley:** But can you? Does the group do the more rockish stuff?

**Henderson:** Well, I don't really think so. I don't know why I say that because we haven't really tried, but I don't think the bass player . . . for example, he doesn't like the Fender bass. He's very conservative that way. I know several other bass players like that. I think Cecil McBee is—he's managed not to pick up the Fender bass and I don't know why that is. But maybe it's for the same reasons that I don't play the soprano very much. I have one, but I don't find myself gravitating toward that instrument. I've never played it out, you know. I was going to play it with Blood, Sweat & Tears, but if I'm left to my own devices I just play the tenor. Every now and then I'll get a record session and on the tenor part will be flute, you know, so I have to run back home and get my flute. Anyway, I like to play rock, I always have, and I kinda miss not being able to.

**Townley:** Going back a little to put things in some chronological order, when you went to school in Detroit the jazz scene there must have been flourishing.

**Henderson:** I came along at the tail end of that scene. After I was there for a couple of years the scene started to change. Ornette came

## SELECTED HENDERSON DISCOGRAPHY

### Featured

PAGE ONE—Blue Note BLP 4140  
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# NEW BLUE

For January, Blue Note Records takes you from the farthest reaches of the '50's to the darkest reaches of the Amazon.



## GENE HARRIS:

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AstralSignal is Gene Harris. And Gene Harris is the most explosive new sound to come out of a recording studio in years. AstralSignal contains the strongest elements of jazz/blues and rock. AstralSignal contains all this music because its creator, Gene Harris, can't be contained. Included in AstralSignal is the smash hit, "Higga Boom." "Higga Boom" is the sound of Gene Harris exploding.

BN-LA313-G/8 TRK. BN-EA313-G



## LOU DONALDSON:

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Lou Donaldson emerged on alto sax in the early '50's when Charlie Parker dominated the instrument. He made a name for himself then and has maintained his leadership through the years with a series of exceptional recordings. "Sweet Lou" is his latest and on it he's joined by musicians like Bernard Purdie, Horace Ott, Cornell Dupree, Hugh McCracken, Wilbur Bascomb, and Dave Spinozza.

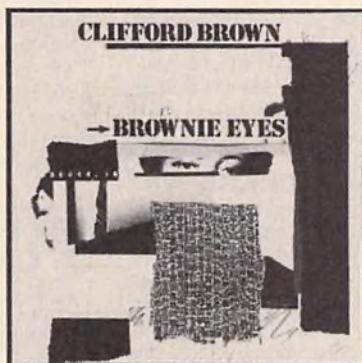
BN-LA259-G/8 TRK. BN-EA259-G

## CLIFFORD BROWN:

Brownie Eyes

Clifford Brown was the man most musicians considered the greatest new trumpet player of his generation. And, like many other great trumpet players before him — Beiderbecke, Berigan, Webster, Berman, Navarro—he died young. He was killed in an automobile accident in 1956, shortly before his 26th birthday. But not without leaving a brilliant, though brief, legacy. Some of which comprises this latest collection.

BN-LA267-G/8 TRK. BN-EA267-G

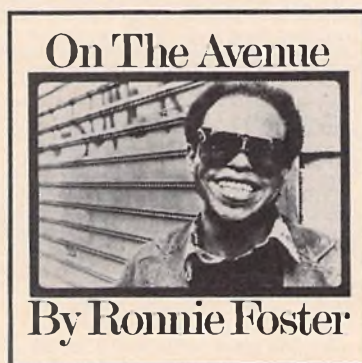


## MOACIR SANTOS:

Saudade

In the winter of 1973, Moacir Santos came down with an acute case of what he calls "saudade" — a serious homesickness for his native Brazil. Moacir packed up his family and his music and headed for the enticing jungles and mountains of his homeland. It was there that Moacir's Afro-Brazilian rhythms and beautiful melodies first made him a celebrity. His latest album is a musical reflection on his journey through Brazil and appropriately enough, it's called "Saudade."

BN-LA260-G/8 TRK. BN-EA260-G



## RONNIE FOSTER:

On the Avenue

Ronnie Foster is at the beginning of a great career. He was first noticed for his work with Grant Green and now, at 23, he has already recorded two albums that have established him as a ranking jazz organist. Now his third album, with six new Ronnie Foster compositions, leaves no doubt that music has a new man on organ. "On the Avenue" is in the streets.

BN-LA261-G/8 TRK. BN-EA261-G



## WAYNE SHORTER:

Moto Grosso Feio

"Moto Grosso Feio" refers to a lush, narcotic area of the Amazon jungle. Wayne Shorter's album is an expedition into that jungle with Dave Holland, John McLaughlin, Chick Corea, Miroslav Vitous, and Michelin Prell — a 19 year old Belgian drum prodigy. Not only was the gathering a first of its kind, but none of the musicians played the instruments they are known for. "Moto Grosso Feio" is an adventure and a vision.

BN-LA014-G/8 TRK. BN-EA014-G

**FROM BLUE NOTE: THE COLOR OF JAZZ**



# RECORD REVIEWS

Ratings are:

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

## BENNIE MAUPIN

THE JEWEL IN THE LOTUS—ECM (Polydor) 1043: *Ensenada*; *Mappo*; *Excursion*; *Past-Present-Future*; *The Jewel in the Lotus*; *Winds of Change*; *Song for Tracie Dixon Summers*; *Past Is Past*.

Personnel: Maupin, saxello, bass clarinet, tenor sax, glockenspiel, vocals; Charles Sullivan, trumpet (tracks 2 & 3); Herbie Hancock, piano, electric piano; Buster Williams, bass; Frederick Waits, Billy Hart, drums; Bill Summers, percussion.

\*\*\*\*\*

It's rare when egotism is so happily absent from a session, rarer still when so many first-rate players are involved, and rarest of all when the leader is usually listed as a sideman, and is beginning to try to make his own name.

But a more selfless album is hard to imagine: on *Jewel In The Lotus*, the sound is supreme, and all the players strive to achieve a thorough blending. *Ensenada*, for instance, is eight-minutes and more of a very chancy experiment, especially since it's the opening cut: damn near *nothing* happens, overtly. It's an Afro setting, alternating between a sharply accented two-beat feel and a lush sound carpet composed primarily of three-note sequences. There are, strictly speaking, no "solos," there is no real "melody," nor any highly articulated "chord progression." So why does the eight-minutes go by like two? Partly it's the rhythmic tension, of which there's just enough to maintain textural change. Mostly, however, it's simply a lesson in subtlety, in empathetic musicianship.

And as if that weren't enough, *Mappo* tops it. The percussion sets up a churning rhythm with Williams rumbling alongside. The solo space is almost entirely Mwandishi's, an abstract statement with as strong a dose of Cecil Taylor as anything Herbie's done recently, but still entirely individualistic. Very fine, very moving.

*Excursion* is also a strong track; in fact, it sounds like an excursion into hell, what with misterioso mood, moaning voices, and Maupin's overdubbed saxes, insinuating themselves around the core of the piece. Again, no noteworthy solos, and perhaps a shade more melodramatic and less subtle than *Ensenada*, but effective nonetheless.

Side two is not as impressive as side one. It appears to be sort of a suite—at least, each track segues into the next, and the final track recapitulates the theme of the first. The interplay among the musicians is as attractive as on the initial side, but the density and tension don't seem quite as rich somehow. Hard to pinpoint. Still, the Maupin solo on *Lotus* is lovely, keening and plaintive as it intertwines with Williams' arco bass.

When it began, jazz was a music of collective improvisation. For almost half a century, it moved inexorably toward becoming a soloist's art. The impact of Coleman, Taylor, Coltrane, et al., has partly consisted in returning black music to its original collective

22 □ down beat

state. In the early days of "free" jazz, this resulted in painful, even destructive, chaos, but over the past few years we've had many occasions to be grateful for the new collectivist spirit. This album is one such occasion.

—heineman

## FREDDIE HUBBARD

HIGH ENERGY—Columbia KC 33048: *Camel Rise*; *Black Maybe*; *Iaraka Sasu*; *Crisis*; *Ebony Moonbeams*; *Too High*.

Personnel: Hubbard, trumpet, flugelhorn; George Cables, electric piano; Kent Brinkley, bass; Ralph Penland, drums; Junior Cook, tenor sax; George Bohanon, trombone; Pete Christlieb, tenor sax, bass clarinet; King Errisson, congas; Victor Feldman, percussion; Carmello Garcia, timbales; Dick Hyde, trombone; Harvey Mason, drums; Dean Parks, guitar; Joe Sample, clavinet, organ; Ian Underwood, ARP synthesizer; Ernie Watts, flute, tenor and soprano sax; Jules Chaikin string section. Conducted and arranged by Dale Oehler.

\*\*\*\*\* 1/2

*High Energy* is part of a major attempt by Columbia Records to recapture the jazz market which has slowly drifted away from the influence of the big labels.

*High Energy* was released almost simultaneously with Hubbard's last CTI album, a reissue of sides entitled *The Baddest Hubbard*. Compared to the earlier sides, Hubbard now seems to be moving more in the direction of Herbie Hancock's recent work, like the music composed for the film *Death Wish*. Hubbard's use of a large band and heavily orchestrated parts is interesting, especially since the entire LP was recorded "live" without overdubs or effects.

There is no dramatic break with the past, however. *Crisis*, for example, sounds similar to many earlier Hubbard compositions with its medium-tempo and sharp horn riffs. George Cables contributes two fine tunes, *Camel Rise* and *Ebony Moonbeams*, the latter a kind of samba-ballad. *Camel Rise* is a nice melodic statement, skillfully enhanced by the orchestrated embellishments. On Stevie Wonder's *Too High*, Hubbard takes his biggest steps toward the future. The soloing is opened up, the rhythm undulates more like a Miles Davis LP, a feeling underlined by the wah-wah guitar of Dean Parks and the electronic sounds of the ARP.

Whether Hubbard's switch to Columbia will inspire a new burst of creative energy is too early to confirm, although things seem to be headed in the right direction.—kriss

## THE ISLEY BROTHERS

LIVE IT UP—T Neck (Columbia) PZ 33070: *Live It Up (Part 1 and 2)*; *Brown Eyed Girl*; *Need A Little Taste Of Love (Part 1 and 2)*; *Lover's Eve*; *Midnight Sky (Part 1 and 2)*; *Hello It's Me*; *Ain't I Been Good To You (Part 1 and 2)*.

Personnel: Ronald Isley, Rudolph Isley, Kelly Isley, vocals; Ernie Isley, electric guitar, 6 and 12 string acoustic guitar, drums (track 1 only); Marvin Isley, bass; Chris Jasper, electric piano, clavinet, ARP and Moog synthesizers, acoustic piano; George Moreland, drums. Additional personnel: Truman Thomas, organ (track 7); Karl Potter, congas (tracks 2, 3, 5, 7).

\*\*\*\*\*

Way back in 1960, even before the days of the Twist craze, the Isley Brothers (numbering three at that time) first appeared on the scene with a raucously explosive hit called *The Shout*. The years in between then and now have been filled with their peaks and valleys for the brothers. The mid '60s found them on the rebound via a string of singles successes on Tamla, but somehow they started to fade into obscurity at the beginning of this decade.

But the gang was far from being on its last

legs. The addition of Hendrixified lead guitarist Ernie Isley and keyboardist Chris Jasper lent a revitalized boost to the always fervent Isley vocals. Last year's 3+3 album featured a powerhouse rhythm and blues based sextet that was attempting to incorporate the more modern elements of jazz and hard rock. And on *Live It Up* the Isleys have mastered that synthesis, producing one of the more perfect distillations of urban funk recently waxed.

Unfortunately, the liner notes do not designate which Isley is responsible for what lead vocal. Yet the harmonies are superb throughout all seven cuts, with much of the instrumental weight falling on the more-than-adequate shoulders of Ernie's pedal-heavy guitar and Jasper's Malcolm Cecil/Robert Margouleff programmed synthesizer.

The Isleys have always shown a fondness for two-part songs (*The Shout* may have taken its split composition cue from Ray Charles' *What'd I Say*) and there are three such items present on *Live It Up*. The title cut smokes from start to finish, its hedonistic street jargon lyric braced by a mighty guitar riff and some throbbing clavinet and synthesizer licks. *Midnight Sky* allows Ernie room to stretch out, his incisively controlled lead accenting an incredibly smooth Isley vocal made for tenement roof stargazing. The eight-minute *Ain't I Been Good To You* is the kind of heartfelt soul ballad the guys have always excelled at, the uncomplicated refrain and arrangement somehow transforming into a fusion of sheer elegance.

The gentle *Lover's Eve* and a standout rendition of Todd Rundgren's *Hello It's Me* also deserve mention. One of the most professional acts in the business, the Isleys have delivered the finest effort of their career.

—hohman

## ART ENSEMBLE OF CHICAGO

FANFARE FOR THE WARRIORS—Atlantic SD 1651: *Illustrum*; *Barnyard Scuffel Shuffle*; *Nanauh*; *Fanfare For The Warriors*; *What's To Say*; *Tnoona*; *The Key*.

Personnel: Lester Bowie, trumpet, flugelhorn; Roscoe Mitchell, alto & tenor saxes, bass sax (track one), piccolo; Joseph Jarman, alto & tenor saxes, flute; Muhal Richard Abrams, piano; Malachi Favors, bass; Don Moye, traps, percussion. Add track one: congas, percussion, vocals by Art Ensemble; add track seven: vocals by Art Ensemble.

\*\*\*\*\*

## JOSEPH JARMAN / ANTHONY BRAXTON

TOGETHER ALONE—Delmark DS-428: *Together Alone*; *Dawn Dance*; *Morning (Including Circles)*; *CK7(GN) 436* (Dedicated to David Bernes); *SBN-A-1 66K* (Dedicated to Malachi Favors).

Personnel: Jarman, alto & soprano saxes, flute, percussion, vocal; Braxton, alto sax, contrabass clarinet, piano, percussion, vocal.

\*\*\*\*\*

A good question to ask yourself at the beginning of the new year (or at the end of the old) is whatever happened to the Art Ensemble of Chicago? Once seen as the advanced prophets of a new music and a new cultural awareness, their profile has been almost totally eclipsed by the more popular electric groups of the '70s (Hancock, Corea, et al.). Even more mainstream-ish artists are stealing part of the spotlight.

One significant reason for their low profile is a dirth of live gigs. Mitchell has sequestered himself in rural Michigan, Bowie in New York working on a new solo album, and the rest are gigging sporadically in Chi Town under the banner of "Return From Exile."



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24  down beat

Regardless of their lack of public exposure, however, the members of the Art Ensemble haven't been lacking in creativity—whether together or alone, on stage or in the studio. If anything, their music has seen a refinement in stylistic purity and an enrichment in formal beauty.

*Fanfare For The Warriors*, recorded in Chicago, September, '73, establishes a mood similar to their previous Atlantic release, *Bap-tizum*, only *Fanfare* has two distinct advantages: first, it was cut in the studio while *Bap-tizum* was recorded at the mercy of the Ann Arbor Blues & Jazz Festival PA system; second, it solicited the aid of the AACM's spiritual leader, pianist Muhal Richard Abrams. The sound quality of *Bap-tizum* is simply embarrassing next to the clear, uninterrupted musical contemplation of *Fanfare*, and after hearing how much Abrams adds to the group's total sound (melodically, harmonically, and rhythmically), it'll be difficult to ever again listen to the Art Ensemble without feeling something essential is missing.

Recited by Jarman, *Illistrum* is a myth poem about Odwalla (significantly, the title of the concluding number on *Bap-tizum*), who came from the people of the sun "to warn of the vanished legions crowding bread lines" and "teach how to increase their bounty through the practice of the drum and the silent gong." Shot through with Afro-mythology and the group's patented offbeat humor, the piece is accented by plucked piano strings, slide-whistles, marimba, and kazoos. "Hear now, the Sun People," is softly repeated to a muted trumpet (Bowie playing Miles better than Miles) and a fantasia of rich wood and metal percussion.

Abrams introduces *Barnyard* with a serious classical fragment, only to have it destroyed by one of those dynamically jolting barrages of total sound employed throughout the album to set off one segment of a composition from the next. Big sounding tenors hold sway here in the r&b-swing fashion of Fathead Newman or early Arnett Cobb. As usual, the Art Ensemble gleans the essence from the back-to-the-roots form and, in the process, transforms it into something of a more transcendental nature, very much the way Mingus' present group does with *Stormy Monday*.

*NoNaah* (bringing "golden light") is a Mitchell composition in his famed post-Coleman style. He and Jarman are in perfect rapport as they bounce off the notes in a visually polygonal manner. Abrams takes the middle chorus, one of the best recorded examples of his current style (closest thing to it is the playing of Don Pullen). Abrams fashions short, quick-tempoed fragments over a wide length of the keyboard, while Moye and Favors play along in the Haden-Blackwell tradition of melodic-harmonic accompaniment. Finally, the horns return for some free coloration and horse wheezing.

The title track is a series of almost totally separate segments. High-register overblowing heads off the tune, with great Bowie highlighted in the center: solid middle-register improvising is mixed with brass hisses and his distinctive angular attack. Abrams comes in softly, attacks the keys in a violent tribute to Cecil Taylor, and lets the piano's resounding vibrations take it out. *What's To Say* is a fascinating Oriental-styled modal number—piccolo and flute interweave with electric bass while trumpet wails back in the mix, and Abrams carries the exotic flavor on the keyboard. Very peaceful, and worth further development. The "silent sounds" of *Tnoona* are pure hisses, a tinkle in the high zone of

the piano, and a soft fog-horn unison section with sustained notes. Bowie eeks an almost sucking sound from his instrument. *The Key* is a bopulous number, with everybody imitating Eddie Jefferson. The key?

*Fanfare* showcases some of the Art Ensemble's most illuminating and sustained writing. In retrospect, their European recordings (with the exception of the two released on Nessa, *Les Stances* and *People in Sorrow*) will be viewed as mere training ground for statements that have yet to be uttered. *Fanfare* and *Bap-tizum* are enticing intimations at what those sounds will be, that is, if the group stays together. On the other hand, *Together Alone*, recorded January, '72, in Paris, is just such an example of their Euro-exploratory phase, and being released at this late date, has an almost exclusively historical value.

Simply, side one is Jarman's aural/mental universe, side two Braxton's. Jarman's pieces all segue into one another. The first features dual-altos performing charted and free music, highlighted by sustained notes, exercises in unison blowing at tricky intervals, and little else. *Dawn Dance* has Jarman on flute and Braxton on acoustic piano. As some have remarked, Jarman's flute playing has a definite Gazzeloni ring to it. Jarman dips and soars impressively, employing several tonguing techniques. Braxton's avant-classical tinkering is relegated to atonal harmonies and arrhythmic meters. The side concludes in a bewildering menagerie of simultaneous vocal rants and horn overdubs. Jarman: "Including Circles, phase systems, motors . . ." Braxton: (in chopped computer style of his piano form) "I remember being in Paris," and "How can my heart stand so much loneliness." Jarman: "A pocket full of flowers. Concluding Circles."

Braxton's world is not as interesting or engaging at this point in his development (much more was to follow in '72). His first piece features him on contrabass clarinet, piano and alto, and Jarman on flutes and alto. The experiment in overdubbing and high velocity tape speeds is often arresting, but it, alas, is obviously an experiment and has, at this late date, been far surpassed by others. *SBN-A-1 66K* is merely a contrabass clarinet and soprano exercise in octaves. All charted music, the accompanying miscellaneous bells that crowd the mikes, oddly, are what's happening here. Knowing Braxton's calculating mind, there must be some mathematical explanation to this repetitious piece; but it fails to reveal itself aesthetically. At best, *SBN-A-1 66K* is an interesting study in texture and tone, and provides further recorded evidence that Braxton's clarinet work is approaching Dophy's best.

—townley

## FRANK ZAPPA AND THE MOTHERS

ROXY AND ELSEWHERE—DiscReet (Warner Bros.) 2DS 2202: *Preamble*; *Pequun In Bondage*; *Peggy Twofly*; *Dommy Up*; *Preamble: Village Of The Sun*; *Echidna's Art (Of You)*; *Don't You Ever Wash That Thing*; *Preamble: Cherpnis*; *Son Of Orange County*; *More Trouble Every Day*; *Preamble: Be-Bop Tango (Of The Old Jazzmen's Church)*

Personnel: Zappa, lead guitar, vocals; Napoleon Murphy Brock, lead vocals, tenor sax, flute; George Duke, keyboard, synthesizer, vocals; Tom Fowler, bass; Ruth Underwood, percussion; Don Preston, synthesizer; Bruce Fowler, trombone; Wali Fowler, trumpet; Jeff Simmons, rhythm guitar, vocals; Ralph Humphries, Chester Thompson, drums.

★ ★ ★

The latest Zappa-platter finds der Frank basically uncontaminated by his tasteless encounter with the yellow snow. Vulgarity has at last catapulted Zappa onto the singles

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charts and for all those who were titillated by the excrescences of *Apostrophe*, the new session will come as another abnormality. The majority of the tracks were recorded at Los Angeles' Roxy in December of '73, with other portions culled from Chicago and Pennsylvania dates.

In preparation for the debauch, Zappa delivers a spoken monologue (the four *Pre-ambles*) at the start of each side. *Penguin In Bondage* is a hunk of latex paraphernalia parlance featuring Zappa on distorto-lead and lecher-songspiel. Napoleon Brock does the soul-drenched vocal on *Pygmy Twylite*, a cut extolling the agony/ecstasy of a cat "hurting for sleep in the Quaalude midnite" of downtown L.A.

*Village Of The Sun*, one of the better Mother newies, has Ruth Underwood tickling away on vibes with Frank adding his porous guitar figures. The 10-minute instrumental *Don't You Ever Wash That Thing?* showcases Fowler, Ruth, Duke, the drummers, and F. Z., in that order, bouncing over a typically schizoid terrain.

A rap about monster movies (*It Conquered The World*, in particular) and tawdry set creations leads into *Cheepnis*, a theatrical farce about a creature named Frunohulax who is sort of a mutant cousin to Billy The Mountain. The closest thing to a ballad is *Son Of Orange County* (a hymn to San Clemente), its nightclubbish strains meshing with the refrain, "I can't believe you are such/A fool." A lengthy Zappa solo segues into *More Trouble Every Day*, an updated version of *Freak Out's* paranoid masterpiece. Somehow it doesn't sound the least bit antiquated, and that's really scary.

Side four sports an extravaganza, a 15-minute neo-ballet called *Be-Bop Tango*. Beginning with an overdose of cowbell, then moving into a broad Fowler trombone solo, the piece finds Zappa declaring it is "sort of like jazz" and that "jazz is not dead, it just smells funny." Duke delivers some righteous scat singing as Zappa calls for members of the audience to get up on stage and dance to George's efforts. The result is bedlam, with Brenda, "a professional harlot from Edwards Air Force Base", winding up the star attraction. This St. Vitus Twitch brings things to a spastic conclusion.

It goes without saying that the music is oftentimes subservient to the bizarre spectacle. But then that's a trademark of the Mothers and doesn't raw genius compensate for eccentric excessiveness? Doesn't it??? —*hohman*

## VARIOUS ARTISTS

JAZZ AT THE SANTA MONICA CIVIC '72—Pablo 2625 701: *Basie Power, Meeting; Blues in Hoss's Flat; Good Time Blues; In a Mellowtone; Loose Walk; Makin' Whoopie; If I Had You; She's Funny That Way; Blue and Sentimental; I Surrender Dear; 5400 North; You Are My Sunshine; Shiny Stockings; You've Got A Friend; What's Going On; Spring Can Really Hang You Up The Most; Madalena; Too Darn Hot; It's All Right With Me; Sanford & Son Theme; I Can't Stop Loving You; C Jam Blues.*

Personnel: Count Basie Band: George Minger, Paul Cohen, George Cohn, Waymon Reed, trumpet; Bill Hughes, Mel Wanzo, Frank Hooks, Al Grey, trombone; John Williams, Eric Dixon, Jim Forrest, Bob Plater, Curtis Peagler, reeds; Freddie Green, guitar; Basie, piano; Norm Keenan, bass; Harold Jones, drums. JATP All Stars: Roy Eldridge, Harry Edison, trumpet; Grey, trombone; Stan Getz, Eddie "Lucejaw" Davis, tenor sax; Basie, Oscar Peterson, piano; Green, guitar; Ray Brown, bass; Ed Thigpen, drums. Tommy Flanagan Trio: Flanagan, piano; Keter Betis, bass; Thigpen, drums. Ella Fitzgerald, vocals. Norman Granz, producer.

★ ★ ★ ★

Back in the 1950s we had a consistent deluge of albums like this. So much so that crit-

ics could afford to eat them for snacks. Norman Granz harvested an annual crop of LPs that often exceeded 100, and always there was the documentation of the latest Jazz at the Phil tour. They invariably contained some genuine inspiration and brilliance, but it was spotty and usually not sustained. As the years went by and the enormity of jazz releases from Granz mounted, JATP sets came to be taken for granted. By the time *down beat* reviewed the last batch in 1958, John A. Tynan could marshal a mere ★★½. "A slovenly album," he declared.

Today, times are different. For some years there has been a dearth of sessions like this—wide open jamming pitched right into the gut of the crowd. Indeed, the shortcomings which Tynan pointed out in 1958 are here for all to hear, but our perspective is different in 1974, inevitably affecting the way we listen to this. If the shortcomings are still apparent, so are the delights and excitement. After all those lean years hungering for real jazz, they sound compelling to the ear.

Side one offers a much better than average Basie band set. *Power* is a hard driving killer-diller with rousing tenor work from Jimmy Forrest. Meeting is a gospel-influenced rocker with Peagler in explosive form. Unfortunately, he's off mike for half his spot and the cut is the most extreme example of the frequently shoddy sound on these three LPs. *Hoss's Flat* is nimble and lightly swinging. The last track finds Basie himself stretching out for some lean blues choruses, backed by Jones and Keenan (where's Fred Green?). A soft-sell delight.

The jamming gets underway on side 2 with a generally flabby and lumbering *Mellowtone*. The chords of *Rose Room* seem to inspire little enthusiasm from the ensemble, except for Davis who provides a little of the muscle loosening wham-doodle that Illinois Jacquet used to bring to scenes like this. Without falling into a honking routine—as was Jacquet's wont—he double times it a few bars into his second chorus and breaks into a husky, swaggering strut at the 16th bar. Other solos are okay, except for Eldridge, whose tone sounds a bit fuzzy in spots, his clarion opening break notwithstanding.

The tempo picks up on *Loose Walk*, and the playing is much more incisively biting. Getz is superb. Tense, darting lines combine in a swinging, sustained momentum. Edison, although lacking in imagination, generates excitement with his own set of patented clichés. In his fifth chorus, he slips into a riff which reprises his solo of 19 years before on *Apple Jam*, one of the tracks from the Norman Granz Jam Session No. 3 session. It reminds us of that very special date—perhaps the greatest of Granz's studio jams (it also produced a definitive *Lady Be Good*)—and of the fact that nearly half the principals of that date are reunited here—Basie, Getz, Edison, and Green.

A ballad medley is next, everyone taking a single 32-bar chorus. Best cuts are Getz's *Sentimental* and Roy's *Surrender*, which is every bit as intense and dramatic as his performance of the same song at a Chicago Opera House JATP concert in 1957 (Verve 8266).

*5400 North* is another fast jam workout. The name refers to WTTW-TV in Chicago, in whose lower level men's room this riff was developed by Eldridge in a spontaneous 1969 session with bassist Truck Parham and drummer Bob Coussins. Peterson replaces Basie and plays incredibly. Edison displays his unflinching instinct for laying into a riff at the exact point that it has reached annoying

monotony. Roy is at his best here, alternating between bottled-up intensity and explosive catharsis.

Ella gets a whole LP to herself. In addition to the final jam track, she's paired with the Basie band and the Tommy Flanagan Trio. Her work here is equal to the acclaimed Newport album of last year. *You've Got a Friend*, *Sanford* and *Loving* are non-jazz pieces that nevertheless prove excellent material for her artistry, as do the two classy Cole Porter melodies. She gets so damn much from a song!

All things considered, this isn't the greatest jazz LP of the year, but there's a lot of quality between the silver covers and it's great fun. We think even John Tynan will welcome back JATP after a 16-year limbo.

—mcdonough

## TAJ MAHAL

MO' ROOTS—Columbia KC 33051: *Johnny Too Bad*; *Blackjack Davey*; *Big Mama*; *Cajun Waltz*; *Slave Driver*; *Why Did You Have To Deseri Me?*; *Desperate Lover*; *Clara (St. Kitts Woman)*.

Personnel: Mahal, acoustic guitar, banjo, French harp, whistle, organ, piano, Fender Rhodes piano, finger cymbals, vocals; Rudy Costa, soprano sax, alto flute; Merle Saunders, organ (tracks 5 & 7); Aston "Familyman" Barrett, ska piano (track 5); Hoshal Wright, electric guitar; Bill Rich, bass; Kester "Smitty" Smith, drums, percussion; Kwasi "Rocki" Dzidzornu, congas, percussion; Merry Clayton, Carole Fredericks, Tommy Henderson, Claudia Lennear, backup vocals.

★ ★

Taj Mahal has always more or less bored me, but this release is much more bore than less. Its folk songs—"roots," as the album title has it—are mostly Caribbean-flavored, with exceptions like *Cajun*. The lyrics are forgettable at best, pretentious at worst: take *Deseri Me*, for example. There are some lyrics in English about a woman who's gone away, and some lyrics in Spanish about how the singer used to live in Spain. So far as I can tell, neither set of lyrics has any overt connection with the other; furthermore, Mahal's Spanish is godawful—non-idiomatic and sometimes incorrect. "*Una mujer muy simpatico*"???

This leaves the weight of the session on either the tunes or the performance. Forget the former: folk lines, as I said, comfortable and traditional, but nothing unusual. (*Davey* is simply a reworked *Gypsy Rover*, for example.) As to the latter—well, Taj's fans will find it as ingratiating as they normally do, I'm sure. To me, it sounds on most cuts as if arrogance were the keynote, as if Mahal's attitude were, "I'm so good that whatever I do will be outasite." Creeping Dylanism, in other words. (Or Sinatraity, for the older generation.) The performances here have neither the polish that comes from rehearsal nor the intensity that comes from engaged improvisation. The result is not exactly sloppy—though it's that, too, on occasion—but rather muddy, murky, flaccid.

Actually, *Clara's* a pretty nice song: sustained, coherent, movingly sung and with some substance to the lyrics. But it's the last song on the album. Too little too late.

—heineman

## HAMPTON HAWES

SPANISH STEPS—Black Lion (Audiofidelity) 122: *Blue Enough*; *Sonora*; *Black Forest*; *Dangerous*; *Spanish Steps*; *My Romance*.

Personnel: Hawes, piano; Jimmy Woode, bass; Arthur Taylor, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ 1/2

This album was recorded in Paris in 1968 with expatriates Woode and Taylor. Woode was Ellington's bassist from 1955-60 and

Taylor often recorded with Coltrane in the late '50s, notably on *Giant Steps*. The reunion of old friends and the response Hamp got from the European jazz audience combined to produce the energy generated on *Spanish Steps*.

The tunes include five Hawes originals and the Richard Rodgers ballad, *My Romance*. *Sonora* is a waltz, but, like *Spanish Steps*, has the Latin qualities Hamp is fond of. For some reason, *Sonora* reminded me of John Lewis. *Blues Enough* and *Black Forest* are blues, but all the songs show that Hamp speaks the blues as his mother tongue.

One of bop's qualities was a love of creating original and spontaneous melody. Beautiful melodies pour out of Hawes' fingertips. His style gets its personality from the depth of his own feelings combined with the clarity with which he touches the keyboard. As he so eloquently conveys in his autobiography, *Raise Up Off Me*, Hampton Hawes has survived, and, like Lazarus, he has come back to tell us all, in both word and song.—steingroot

## HAROLD ALEXANDER

RAW ROOT—Atlantic SD 1657: *Down Home*; *Country Soul*; *De Black Magician*; *Sandy's Love*; *Lady Euphoria*; *Street Life*; *New York Sister*; *Raw Root*.

Personnel: Alexander, flute, saxes; Richard Clay, flute (tracks 3 & 5); Joe Bonner, keyboards; George Cables, piano (tracks 3 & 5); Billy Alessi, synthesizers; Junior Hanson, guitar; Richard Davis, bass; Dennis Heaven, bass (tracks 3 & 5); Brian Brake, drums; Lenny White, drums (tracks 3 & 5); Tequilla, vocals (tracks 3 & 5); Something Different, background vocals; unidentified string and brass sections.

★ ★ ★

As a composer, Alexander has established his credentials. The tunes on this album, all but two of which (*Magician*, *Euphoria*) are his, are genuinely attractive and interesting. So much so, in fact, that one wishes some really first-rate players had had a chance to improvise on them, or that some equally lovely lyrics had been provided.

Since there are neither fine soloists nor lyrics here, the album promises far more than it delivers. All the musicians are competent (Davis is great, of course, but hasn't much to do on this session), but except for some bitingly impressive playing by Alexander on *Street Life*, there are few noteworthy moments. Even *Street Life's* impact is blunted by the entirely too similar title cut.

All in all, the best cut is *Country Soul*, a lovely, relaxed blues on which Alexander's flute and soprano are featured. (There's a bit of shakiness in the interplay between flute and rhythm section just before the leader switches to soprano, however.) Richard Clay's *Magician* has a very groovy rhythmic feel to it, alive and electric.

And that's about it. Not a bad track on the album, but no sensational ones, either. These are some lovely sides to have a conversation to, or make love to, or dream to—to do just about anything to, except listen very hard.

—heineman

## DICK WELLSTOOD

DICK WELLSTOOD AND HIS FAMOUS ORCHESTRA FEATURING KENNY DAVERN—Chiaroscuro (Audiofidelity) CR 129: *Fast As A Bastard*; *Winnin' Boy*; *Wild Man Blues*; *Georgia On My Mind*; *Cashmir And Togas*; *Smiles*; *Sweet Substitute*; *Once In Awhile*; *Liza*; *So In Love*.

Personnel: Wellstood, piano; Davern, soprano sax.

★ ★ ★ ★ 1/2

I question Wm. F. Buckley, Jr.'s liner note assertion that Dick Wellstood is a "goddam genius." This is, however, the best music to

In the center of the world of rock,

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Double octave tapered neck

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read F. Scott Fitzgerald by I've ever encountered.

The album's title is a put-on; Wellstood and Davern are the only two members of this "orchestra," and their mood is equally light-hearted. The feeling is unabashedly retrospective as these men nostalgically glance at the Chicago jazz of the '20s. And they roar as if they were playing a gig at one of Jay Gatsby's house parties.

The spirit of good clean fun is especially evident in his playing. True, after about ten minutes most listeners should be able to predict which lick he's going to throw in on the first turn-around of the next tune, and his corny ragtime embellishments have totally ruined Porter's haunting *So In Love*. These faults aside, I can appreciate Wellstood as a basically retrogressive stride pianist with his two hands planted firmly on the keyboard and his tongue squarely in his cheek.

Davern is easier to take seriously. A loose, metallic-toned saxophonist who is fond of long, high, held notes laden with vibrato, he is never guilty of Wellstood's occasional lapses of taste. He peaks on his original *Cashmir*, which he plays unaccompanied. His playing, always idiomatically correct, is frequently quite exciting.

In view of this music's pronounced conservative tendencies, perhaps getting Wm. F. Buckley, Jr. to write the liner notes for this record wasn't so preposterous after all.

—balleras

## LOU DONALDSON

SWEET LOU—Blue Note (UA) LA 259-G: *You're Welcome, Stop On By, Lost Love, Hip Trip, If You Can't Handle It, Give It To Me, Love Eyes, Peep-in', Herman's Mambo.*

Personnel: Donaldson, alto sax; Horace Ott, keyboards and synthesizer; Paul Griffin, clavinet; Cornell Dupree, guitar; David Spinozza, guitar; Hugh McCracken, guitar; Wilbur Bascomb, electric bass; Bernard Purdie, drums; Jimmie Young, drums; Ernie Royal, Joe Shepley, Danny Moore, trumpet; Garnett Brown, trombone; Seldon Powell, tenor sax, flute; Arthur Clarke, tenor sax, flute; Buddy Lucé, harmonica; Barbara Massey, Hilda Harris, Eileen Gilbert, Carl Williams Jr., William Sample, Bill Davis, Eric Figueroa, backup vocals.

★ ★

Lou Donaldson's earliest jazz associations and influences were with Charlie Parker, but his work since then has so often been in the rhythm and blues area that I couldn't help thinking of Earl Bostic as I listened to this record. Like Bostic, Donaldson's style is bluesy, swinging and, as the title of this album indicates, sweet. Lou makes few improvisational demands on himself during the course of it.

*Hip Trip* and *Handle It* try to duplicate the funk of Kool and the Gang or the Ohio Players. The influence of producer-composer-keyboard artist Horace Ott seems apparent. Donaldson has more musical ability than the young funk groups, but the restraint of the commercial format defuses his power.

The use of nondescript voices on *Love Eyes, You're Welcome* and *Handle It* reminded me of the late night soul radio this album is probably geared for. The band has some fine studio musicians (Royal, Powell, Brown and Lucas) but there's no room for anything but clichés to happen here. *Lost Love*, a Donaldson original, allows for the most lyricism while *Herman's Mambo* gets the band and Lou swinging together in the best groove.

I'm not against any of the clichés of funk and soul, or even the lack of inspired improvisation. What's missing is any kind of inspiration.

—steingroot

## ELEK BACSIK

I LOVE YOU—Bob Thiele Music (RCA) BBLI-0556: *I Love You; I Can't Get Started; Donna Lee; Season Of The Rain; Tea For Two; Valse Triste; Blues For Elek; They Can't Take That Away From Me.*

Personnel: Bacsik, violin, violoncello, electric guitar; Hank Jones, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Elvin Jones or Grady Tate, drums. Add Tracks 1 & 7: Oliver Nelson, alto sax; Fay Mantilla, timbales & percussion; Richard (Pablo) Landrum, congas & percussion. Track 1 only: Bucky Pizzarelli, Spanish guitar.

★ ★ ★ ½ / ★ ★ ★ ★

The violin has received much more acceptance in experimental jazz/rock circles than it ever did in conventional jazz contexts. Perhaps this is because the solo violin, to my ears at least, doesn't blend well with the horns of a standard jazz line-up. The legato, bowed attack required by the violin never could match in swing the biting, percussive attack required by frontline instruments in the mainstream, and string players until recently have had little jazz training. At any rate, the problem of playing improvised music on the violin in a conventional context is the one this record confronts and partially, but not entirely, solves.

Elek Bacsik has had a diverse musical career, to say the least. Known in Europe primarily as a guitarist, he's a Budapest-born gypsy who has played everything from violin in "continental" restaurant ensembles to bouzouki in a band backing a belly dancer. For the last seven years he's worked in a Las Vegas hotel orchestra, and *I Love You* is his first album done in the United States.

At first I was put off by Bacsik's tone; it seemed gratingly harsh and thin, but certainly it is written nowhere in granite that a jazz instrument must sound legitimate in timbre. And Bacsik can play with a conventionally pretty high register tone when he chooses (check the coda to *I Can't Get Started*). He does, too, have some tasty jazz effects—especially one suggesting a plunger mute growl—at his disposal.

Additionally, he's an accomplished composer. *Season* is a pretty ballad, rather like a cross between *Body and Soul* and *Darn That Dream*. *Valse*, as its title might suggest, begins in a brooding minorish vein, with heavy violin vibrato, and neatly moves into a medium meter in 3, very similar to one of Coltrane's favorite grooves. Elvin Jones' presence is felt decidedly.

While there might be some debate about the overall merits of Bacsik's string playing (he does swing much more on guitar than on his bowed instruments), there can be little debate about the calibre of his sidemen. Oliver Nelson and Hank Jones offer neat, articulate, polished, and imaginative solos. And Elvin Jones and Richard Davis' work needs no defending. This is simply an excellent background group—hence my split rating.

—balleras

## MIGHTY JOE YOUNG

CHICKEN HEADS—Ovation 1437: *Move on Higher; Mighty Man; As the Years Go Passing By; Flower Pot; Serve My Time; Chicken Heads; Rome Wasn't Built in A Day; Big Talk; Take Over Chicago; Something on Your Mind.*

Personnel: Young, vocals, guitar; Ron Steele, guitar; Floyd Morris, keyboards; Louis Satterfield, bass; Ira Gates, drums.

★ ★ ½

For some years Young has been one of the better blues session guitarists around Chicago. He is particularly adept in that area of modern blues that borders on soul and contemporary black popular song, and demon-

strates some fluency in r&r-based styles. Having heard him in a variety of settings over the last dozen years—in person and on record—I've always found Young most effective in a supporting role. He is undeniably a much better, more interesting instrumentalist than singer. But even as a guitarist he's best in small doses—playing fills, taking short solos. Given a chance to stretch out, his deficiencies in constructing and sustaining any sort of unified, let alone prolonged, melodic statement soon become boringly evident.

To say he is little more than a proficient worker in the post-B. B. King electric blues may be damning Young with faint praise, but I can't find anything in this set's routine performances to upgrade that opinion. His playing is passable, but not all that exciting or original; the vocals are totally undistinctive and, with the exception of *As the Years Go Passing By*, the songs are uninteresting. Despite the fine recorded sound and the well-intentioned (but not too well-implemented) attempts at hip production values, the album fails to engage one's attention on any level. At best, it comes off sounding like a low-budget Albert King imitation, without any of the latter's solid virtues. *Chicken Heads*, sad to say, barely escapes being a turkey.

—welding

## WARNE MARSH

THE ART OF IMPROVISING—Revelation 22: *Strike Up The Band; It's You Or No One; Sub-Conscious-Lee; You Stepped Out Of A Dream; Scapple From The Apple; I'll Remember April; Indiana; Lunar Elevation; A Song For You; How About You; Scapple From The Apple; Blues; I Can't Believe That You're In Love With Me; It's You Or No One; Indian Summer; It's You Or No One; You Stepped Out Of A Dream; April, I'll Remember; Indiana; Half Nelson.*

Personnel: Marsh, tenor saxophone; Bill Evans, piano; Peter Ind, bass; Paul Motian, drums; Lee Konitz, alto saxophone (tracks 4, 10, 14, 17).

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Ind recorded this 1959 club gig, but either Konitz or Verve rejected it for release; Lennie Tristano rescued the tapes from undeserved oblivion and edited them down to a series of tenor solos. Evans lays out most of the time. Konitz' real contribution is to the duo-improvisation in the second *It's You* and a chorus of theme in the first *You Stepped*, around which Marsh weaves beautiful song. The result is some of the finest tenor playing of modern times.

Curiously, in those days critics were abusing the entire Tristano school for their rhythmic lackings and Marsh particularly for being a "hesitant player"—which supposedly refers to his often gentle sound and the pauses in the opening strains of *Strike* and the second *Indiana*. On the contrary, Marsh was no more eccentric than Coltrane and Cecil Taylor in those days. What we hear here is supremely self-confident music, an absolute commitment to Marsh's peculiar aesthetic of total spontaneous improvisation, and an extraordinarily high level of melody that permitted no conventional or trivial material however readily it might be rationalized in terms of overall structure.

What is most immediately shocking about this collection is Marsh's harmonic inventiveness. Granted, he's a basically consonant player, but his consonance is not that of the *I Can't Believe* changes. For example, he discovers blue notes in that optimistic key, the given major scale recurrently converted to a minor key. Listen to his substitution of a completely unusual mode for the changes in half a strain of the first *Scapple*—and you realize how liberally he's treated the chords

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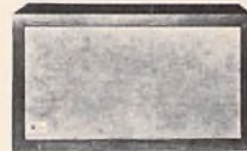
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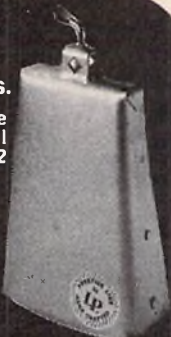
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when a snatch of theme appears near the end of the second *Scrapple*. Where is the 12-bar 1-4-5 outline of *Blues*, the obvious changes of *Lunar*, what's happening in the third *It's You*, etc.? His beginning in *Indian Summer* is far more optimistic than the composer outlined, but there's an astonishing momentary major-to-minor shift in the first bridge, and he finally chooses to play the "real" chords in the second chorus. The first *Indiana* opens with a bit of theme (a rarity in this set) before becoming pure Marsh, but the second *Indiana* achieves atonality before the cut-off final chorus. In all these beautiful adventures Ind's tonal obliqueness is a true aid; remarkably sophisticated bass work throughout.

Marsh's time is unbelievable, perfect. You notice this in such places as that curious note in the first *You Stepped*, a break in his set rhythm so stunning that it seems an anticipation of the note. He may conceive of the beginning of a long phrase in one rhythmic pattern, suddenly invent a totally curious accent or hold a note when least expected, then conclude the phrase in an entirely different sense, the whole covering perhaps 10 measures without a breath (*Song For You*). Or, as in *April, I'll Remember* (these titles!), he might play a strain of swing era tenor followed in the next by several measures in a completely unrelated tempo and time signature. Spotted throughout the record, in fact, are nonstop phrases that utterly demolish all conventional signposts (bar lines, changes, etc.) and move with the melodic and rhythmic thrill of Taylor or Bud Powell.

Marsh's "alto" tenor sound may hum a melody, or shout out high accented notes, or, as in *Blues*, bite phrases with a piercing meanness. His sonoric inflection is as varied as his melody, usually a crucial feature of his accenting. Surely the concept of freedom in jazz was meant to indicate precisely this kind of spontaneous—yet internally perfectly logical—collection of surprises. Despite the excellence of his other recordings and his current eminence as the major soloist of Super-sax, this is very nearly the definitive Marsh record, the "distilled essence" of one of the most brilliant and significant creators of our time.

Write db for more information.—litweiler

## MAYNARD FERGUSON

CHAMELEON—Columbia KC 33007; *Chameleon: Gospel John; The Way We Were; Jet; La Fiesta; I Can't Get Started; Livin' For the City; Superbone Meets the Bad Man*.

Personnel: Ferguson, trumpet, baritone horn, superbone, vocal; Stan Mark, Decnis Noday, Lynn Nicholson, Bob Summers, trumpet, flugelhorn, Latin American instruments; Randy Purcell, Jerry Johnson, trombones; Andy MacIntosh, alto sax, flute, soprano, cowbell, Brian Smith, tenor sax, flute, tambourine; Bruce Johnstone, baritone sax, flute, vibraphone; Rick Petrone, bass, bass guitar; Alan Zavod, piano, electric piano; Dan D'Imperio, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

This is an album I had heard about via advance reports back in June. There is nothing but gratification for Ferguson fans as the stomping big band is authoritative and mature. And as much as I enjoyed Maynard's previous record *Live at Jimmy's* (Columbia KG 32732), a new quality of consistency and balance shine through on this one. Teo Macero's production job is an expert one.

The album generates instant interest wherever you wish to begin. The opener, *Chameleon*, highlights the decisiveness of the trumpet section. *Gospel John* will inspire high school and college bands across the nation to add this chart to their repertoire. *The Way We*

*Were* features a hunk of beautiful ballad playing by M. F. and arranger-trombonist Randy Purcell's solo is warm and colorful, conjuring the work of Urbie Green and Phil Wilson. McCartney's *Jet* gets a fine jazz rock excursion that won't stop. Check out Zavod's attractive keyboard.

Variety is one of the keynotes of this album and the range is expanded with four knockout performances on the flip side. Chick Corea's *La Fiesta* spotlights a sparkling triumvirate rhythm section of Zavod, Petrone and D'Imperio, Maynard's incredible cadenza, and young Lynn Nicholson's stratospheric blowing.

Sooner or later, Maynard was bound to record the old Bunny Berigan favorite, *I Can't Get Started*. What a gorgeous track it is! Maynard's vocal is very appropriate and compatible with the setting of the tune. There have been numerous versions of this one by many trumpet players (and some couldn't put together a vocal half as well as Maynard has surprisingly offered here!).

*Livin' For the City* is a gutsy swinger which has become a big favorite for the band this year: it's another addition to the prudent selection of tunes and is a piece that has obviously had time to mature, before being rushed to the studio underfed.

Finally, M. F. plays on the superbone to wind up the album. *Superbone Meets the Bad Man* (baritonist Johnstone) is structurally and behaviorally adapted to an undiluted habitat of swing, much like a chameleon successfully adapted to varying textures, colors, tones and other vital environmental elements. *Chameleon* is a trip! —wong

## AL BELLETTO

COACH'S CHOICE—ART LPJ 986: *Corazon; Someday We'll All Be Free; Puzzoo's Zoo; Where's Frank; Machine Shop; Look Pa, No Bra; Inside of Me; Press Roll*.

★ ★ ★

Not a bad album, but not very original, either. A former Herman section man, Belletto is a modestly pleasing alto player, with a clean tone and crisp delivery, who plays on the melody (there's little harmonic invention, here). His solos generally are short and sweet (he doesn't overplay his ability to generate new ideas). *Corazon* features Belletto in r&b-tinged cloth, while *Puzzoo's Zoo* has him in a more modern hard-bop posture.

While Belletto coaches the considerably younger musicians and handles the arrangements on the three longer instrumental (*Where's Frank, Look Pa, No Bra, and Press Roll*), pianist Frank Puzzullo has almost as much to say about the session. He wrote or co-wrote five of the tunes and arranged one of them, besides lending a solid keyboard line to the affair. He has obvious ability, but his writing is much too derivative in a commercially uninteresting fashion. *Where's Frank* is practically a remake of Hancock's *Watermelon Man*, only with the voicings and arrangements altered.

*Coach's Choice* is a fine example of the youthful talent developing in the Crescent City area. Besides Puzzullo, guitarist-bassist Huntington should be singled out for some tasteful soloing. Unfortunately, drummer Vidacovich is considerably substandard (his one solo is embarrassing to say the least), and vocalist Trosclair makes an adequate background singer, but her lead borders on a halting Julie Andrews (re: *Someday We'll All Be Free*). Info on ART Records and Puzzullo small and big band stage arrangements are available from db. —townley

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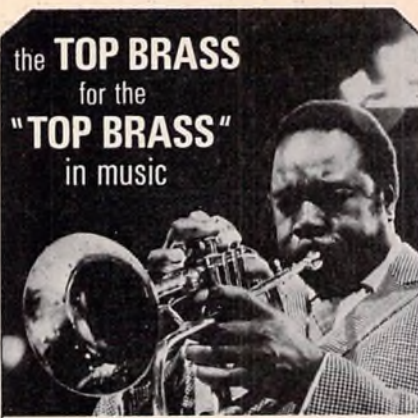
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# SPOTLIGHT REVIEW

## CHARLES IVES

THE 100th ANNIVERSARY—Columbia Masterworks M4-32504: RECORD I: THE MANY FACES OF CHARLES IVES: *The Fourth Of July; Hymn; The Pond; General William Booth Enters Into Heaven; Variations On America; In Flanders Field; The Circus Band; The Unanswered Question*. Various artists and ensembles.

RECORD II: THE CELESTIAL COUNTRY: *The Celestial Country; Majority (or The Masses); They Are There!; An Election (It Strikes Me That); Lincoln, The Great Commoner*. The Gregg Smith Singers, The Columbia Chamber Orchestra, the Ithaca College Concert Choir, The American Symphony Orchestra.

RECORD III: THE THINGS OUR FATHERS LOVED: *Slow March; Canon; There Is A Certain Garden; Judges Walk; No More; The New River; The Side Show; West London; Luck And Work; The One Way; Peaks; Yellow Leaves; A Sea Dirge; Widmung; Feldeinsamkeit; Resolution; Pictures; Mists; Incantation; September; A Sea Of Sleep; Requiem; The Things Our Fathers Loved; Old Home Day; Down East*. Helen Boatwright, soprano; John Kirkpatrick, piano.

RECORD IV: IVES PLAYS IVES: *Excerpts From The Second Piano Sonata; Improvisation On Themes From The Second Symphony; March No. 6 In G And D; Improvisation X; Improvisation Y; Study No. 9; Study No. 11; Excerpts From Study No. 23; They Are There!*. Charles Ives, piano and voice.

RECORD V: CHARLES IVES REMEMBERED. BOOKLET—CHARLES IVES: THE 100th ANNIVERSARY, edited by Vivian Perlis.

This set of records contains an excellent sampling of the music of Charles Ives. In addition to featuring many re-releases of Ives' masterpieces, there are a number of premier and first stereo recordings of performances, a record of Ives playing Ives, a track of Ives singing Ives, and a bonus record of Ives' friends remembering the composer. The packaging is imaginative, the recording quality with minor exceptions brilliant (a few cuts on record IV are "scratchy and wavy") and the set truly representative. An informative booklet with pictures, reproductions of musical scores, reviews, programs, letters, and meticulously researched information accompanies the set.

The compositions chosen for inclusion in this set present tangible evidence of the many techniques associated with 20th century music of every genre (jazz included) which Charles Ives used well in advance of the time when they would become "au courante." Some of these compositions and the visionary techniques contained in them are:

*The Fourth Of July* (1911-1913): Polytonality; textural buildup through the superimposition of melodies and countermelodies; vertical simultaneity; tone clusters.

*The Pond* (1906): textural buildup through the superimposition of melodies; ametric writing; the use of tone clusters; combining tonal and atonal systems; use of semitone and whole tone systems; polytonality.

*General William Booth Enters Into Heaven* (1914): The use of tone clusters; whole tone scales juxtaposed with 20th century techniques; polytonality; asymmetricality; non-tertian harmonies.

*Variations On "America"* (1891): extreme chromaticism; polytonality.

Now to the records themselves. Record I, *The Many Faces of Charles Ives*, consists of better known works and reissues, including among others *The Fourth of July* and *The Unanswered Question* (Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic); *The Pond* conducted by Gunther Schuller; *Variations on "America"* performed by E. Power Biggs; and

*General William Booth Enters Into Heaven* with the Columbia Chamber Orchestra, the Gregg Smith Singers, and basso Archie Drake. All of the performances are good, but *The Pond* and *General William Booth* are exceptional.

Record II is given over to *The Celestial Country* with the Columbia Chamber Orchestra and the Gregg Smith Singers. That portion of the recording which shows Ives under the influence of his teacher Horatio Parker includes perhaps the most conservative music on the album. The final three pieces, beginning with *The Majority* (or *The Masses*) show the Ives with which most of us are familiar—daring harmonies, extreme dissonances, and unpredictable melodic and rhythmic turns. *An Election* (a first recording) is Ives at his dramatic and satirical best. Stark unison vocal lines combine with orchestral masses to marvelous effect. *Lincoln, The Great Commoner* is strong musical fare with characteristic quotes from five famous songs—*America; Hail, Columbia; The Star Spangled Banner; Columbia, The Gem of the Ocean; and Battle Hymn Of The Republic*. However, even today after countless hearings, the chord of the augmented 6th (C E G A) on the end of this work and a similar chord (Bb D F G) which concludes another masterpiece of contemporary music—the *Violin Concerto* of Alban Berg—still sound tawdry, cheap, and entirely incongruous.

Record III, *The Things Our Fathers Loved*, showcases soprano Helen Boatwright and pianist John Kirkpatrick performing 25 songs "combining old loves and new enthusiasms." 12 songs are first recordings and five others first stereo recordings. These pieces run the stylistic gamut from impressionistic settings through lieder, barcarolles, Irish songs, and sentimental songs to plain fun pieces. Particularly notable are *Slow March* (a sentimental melody that may be Ives' earliest music); *The New River*, a comment on the ruined environment; *The One Way*, a "mock textbook on how to write successful music by keeping to the familiar grooves"; *Peaks*, a beautifully introspective setting with a cryptic message; *Yellow Leaves*, an impressionistic piece after the style of Debussy; and all of the visionary songs, particularly *The Things Our Fathers Loved*. Perhaps the least characteristic pieces are the German songs. Their conservatism and conventionality somehow render them less effective. All of the songs are treated with great care and understanding.

Record IV, *Ives Plays Ives*, contains excerpts from larger works, transcriptions, studies, improvisations, and, best of all, Charles Ives singing *They Are There!*. These bits and pieces offer valuable insights into the workings of the mind of this modern day colossus. The improvisations are priceless and Ives' singing is well worth the album's cost.

The final record, *Charles Ives Remembered*, is truly a delightful bonus. These excerpts from the Ives Oral History Project include quotes from nephews Chester, Richard, Brewster, and Bigelow Ives; Lehman Engle; Bernard Hermann; Elliot Carter; Goddard Lieberman; Nicholas Slonimsky, and others, including pianist John Kirkpatrick, who wrote the liner notes and has dedicated much of his life to the study and performance of the music of Ives. These extracts from longer interviews offer us a composite picture of a great composer, magnificent musician, wonderful family man, humanitarian, and above all an extraordinary and warm human being.

—baker



# Earl "Fatha" Hines



JAN PERSSON

by Leonard Feather

blindfold

test

The miracle of Earl Hines—and I do not toss around such words lightly—is not only that he looks young enough to be his own son, but also that at 68 he is playing with as much fire, conviction and incisive enthusiasm as at any time in his life.

For proof, one has only to compare the unique, seminal records he made with Louis Armstrong's Hot Five with any of the dozens of albums he has cut in recent years. The good Fatha has been on a steady upgrade since 1964, when he emerged from relative obscurity in San Francisco to play a concert at Manhattan's Little Theatre, where the critics discovered him all over again.

Hines in the 1920s and '30s was what Chick Corea and McCoy Tyner are today in terms of innovation and influence. Nat Cole, Stan Kenton and a thousand others pointed to him as their first and foremost keyboard influence.

Conducted during his visit to the L.A. Playboy club, this was Earl's first Blindfold Test in more than 20 years. The only previous one appeared in *db* 9/23/53.

He was given no information about the records played.

**1. ERROLL GARNER.** *Mucho Gusto* (from *Magician*, London Records). Garner, piano, composer; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Grady Tate, percussion; Jose Mangual, conga drum.

Not being too familiar with that type of music ... is that supposed to be a danceable tune? Or showing the artistry of the musician? As far as the artist is concerned, I think there was some very fine work done. I liked it; even the arrangement for that particular style of music. I heard quite a bit of it in South America, but I didn't hear enough to be sort of a critic. Instrumentally, yes; but not danceable. I've seen them dance, but I didn't know that they played it that fast. The things I saw were very beautiful, but not as fast as this.

But I liked the artistry in this, and what was done solo-wise, especially the pianist. I thought he did a very good job. I'd rate it four. Even though I'm not familiar with that type of music, the voicing for the instrument is very good.

**2. MCCOY TYNER.** *Satin Doll* (from *Ellingtonia*, Volume Two, Impulse).

Duke's *Satin Doll*. There's not much criticism I can make on that because being a pianist myself ... that's almost a regular version of *Satin Doll*. He didn't venture to go either way; he's playing within the chord structure that's already written. It seemed to be more of a rhythmic thing than anything else. It's not too much away from the way my buddy wrote it.

I wouldn't know what to say as far as classification ... three, maybe. Who is that?

**Feather:** McCoy Tyner. Do you know him?

**Hines:** No. I've never heard of him.

**3. DICK HYMAN.** *Finger Breaker* (from *Ferdinand "Jelly Roll" Morton*, Columbia).

I'd classify that number one as far as stride piano is concerned, that particular type piano playing, because he's very accurate with his left hand. That's something you don't find happening too often now. That goes into ragtime for me. As rag-

time piano playing, I think it was pretty good. He didn't muffle a thing in there; whatever he was doing, he did it.

That composition had a tendency to sound like something I heard before, so I was straining very hard to hear that. I'd rate that five stars. Who was it?

**Feather:** Dick Hyman.

**Hines:** Never heard of him.

**4. OSCAR PETERSON.** *Thou Swell* (from *Oscar Peterson Featuring Stephane Grappelli*, Prestige). Peterson, piano; Grappelli, violin.

Was that Venuti? Or was that the boy who used to play with Django? The reason why I thought it was the boy who used to play with Django is that I just did a recording with him in London, and that's his passages. We did quite a number of ballads. He sounded much better on what we did than he did on this one. It sounded like he was kind of stifled up on this or something. He kept going over the same passages; I don't know why.

I like the record, though; everybody else is good. But knowing him, working with him, I know he can do a much better solo. I'll give that four.

**Feather:** How about the piano player?

**Hines:** Good. I liked him. Who is it?

**5. JAZZ PIANO QUARTET.** *Lover Come Back To Me* (from *Let It Happen*, RCA). Dick Hyman, Roland Hanna, Marian McPartland, Hank Jones, pianos.

How do you want me to classify that? As jazz piano, or swing piano? It was good as a technician thing. For that particular style, I'd give 'em five on that.

**Feather:** How many do you think were playing?

**Hines:** Sounded like two. I don't know who they were. It sounded like Oscar by himself there for a while. But I don't know, I'm gonna be honest with you. Some of the things that were done in there, for a while, sounded like two people. I really wasn't thinking in that vein.

(Later:) Marian McPartland? After making that tour with Marian, in South America earlier this year, I realize now that it did sound a bit like Marian, some of the passages she did while I was doing concerts with her.

**6. ART TATUM.** *I Would Do Anything For You* (from *Art Tatum Masterpieces*, MCA). Tatum, piano; Tiny Grimes, guitar; Slam Stewart, bass. Recorded 1944.

That's a nice record. I wouldn't give it five. There's so many of them doing those same passages, it's hard to tell. Peterson does it ... it's confusing me. The bass player is Slam and I think the guitar was Tiny Grimes. But who was on piano? Was that made just recently?

It's a nice record; they stick close to the melody. But there's nothing to get excited about. I'd give it a three.

**7. THELONIOUS MONK.** *Brilliant Corners* (from *Who's Afraid Of The Big Band Monk?*, Columbia). Monk, piano, composer; Oliver Nelson, arranger; Larry Gales, bass; John Guerin or Ben Riley, drums.

That's a musician's band. There's not enough rhythm in there for me. And not enough beat for me. And it's a way out arrangement. My classification as far as big bands are concerned—I like a little bit of mod, but I don't like it too way out—I'd say three. The beat just isn't there for me. I hear just a little bit of drums, and the bass is doing something; and your chords are stretched out to the place where ... I don't know, the average layman would have a little trouble with that.

The band instrumentally and tone-wise sound very good. It seems as though they're all good musicians. When it comes to modern things, if you want to classify it as a modern tune, I would give it four, for modernization. But for me, without that beat in there, that's the difference. When I had the big band, I always had to have that. I didn't care what you did otherwise, but let me have a little feeling over there.

db

# Profile

## JIMMY LYONS

by john b. litweiler

**T**ransient loyalties and associations are the rule among jazz musicians, so it's remarkable that Jimmy Lyons is now in his 14th year with the Cecil Taylor Unit. In fact, the greatest portion of the 39-year-old altoist's performing career has been irrevocably linked with Taylor's. It's been a time marked by beautiful music achieved at the price of much personal deprivation: Lyons has supported himself by working in post offices, as a music instructor for the New York narcotics control commission, and, during the 1971-73 school years, teaching with Cecil at Antioch College in Yellow Spring, Ohio.

It's not merely his availability and willingness to perform with such a difficult original as Taylor that has kept the partnership fruitful. The structure of Lyons' improvisations demonstrates an unusual compatibility with Cecil's ideas, though an attentive listener to the only record Jimmy has directed, *Other Afternoons* (BYG 529.309), reveals a rather more open approach to soloing. Since mid-1973, the Cecil Taylor Unit has—for the first time in its career—kept busy working in concerts, colleges and clubs. They had just returned from a tour of Japan and were beginning an extraordinary five nights at Chicago's Jazz Showcase when I met Jimmy.



"I really liked Ernie Henry's playing. He was one of my first influences, even before Bird, because Ernie's playing was a little less complex, and I could hear a lot of things he would do with the changes: this was when he was in Dizzy's band. Bird would take certain freedoms, and they were right, but it took me awhile to get next to him. Parker was really my main influence, though.

"I was brought up in The Bronx, and I came up very close friends with Elmo Hope, who was very instrumental in my playing. I didn't learn how to play until he'd come past the house and I'd come home from parochial school. Buster Bailey picked out my first instrument for me, an alto. My mother knew him—he was the uncle of the woman who lived next door; this was about 1948. This woman had a baby grand piano, and her house was like a meeting place for Bud Powell and Elmo and Monk. They had sessions there all the time, sometimes until three or four in the morning, even to day-break, and nobody in their apartments complained, because it was just such beautiful music.

"Elmo knew he was a giant, he knew what he was about, he had that containment! At certain times he would seem almost brutal to some people: I think he and Bud and Monk were all more or less outspoken. He used to rehearse his band in this ballroom, and Bud used to sit down in the back and listen. Elmo'd come back and talk to Bud, and after awhile he'd come over to the band and say, 'Bud told me you can't play worth a shit' (laughter). I can see Elmo's fingers, and he had very tiny hands, very tiny, and his lines are very, very delicate compared to the way Bud would bear down.

"My mother threw Bud Powell and Elmo Hope out of our house one time. This woman next door brought them over, and Bud played our piano, Cherokee, or something like that, and he was really eating that piano: my kid brothers were jumping up and down on the bed, laughing and carrying on. Bud and Elmo had this thing about smiles, they would pass smiles back and forth, and then they listened to *Inner Sanctum* on the radio, and they'd be laughing at the strangest places in the story. My mother finally started getting nervous, and she went next door and tried to get the woman to get her friends back. Finally she became really animated, and told them, 'Don't you ever darken my doorstep again!' (laughter). Elmo wouldn't come over for about a month, but then he apologized for upsetting her, and we worked on music together again.

"The first time I went to a club, I borrowed a necktie and painted on a moustache. I think Dizzy Gillespie was working there—anyway, he came over, and he was really pissed off: they threw me out.

"It's a funny thing—I could have had a record date with Prestige the year I met Cecil. For some reason I just never went out there—the music I was playing wasn't quite what I felt I wanted to say. A whole lot of alto players who recorded at the time were playing in a Charlie Parker vein, and they would just, there would be nothing happening. They just went to a certain point. I took that as a guideline, and I said, 'All right, once you establish yourself as that, it's just all over for you.' I had taken a year off and applied myself meticulously to scales and chord changes and tunes. Then I played opposite Cecil and Archie (Shepp) at a coffee house in the Village, and when I heard them I said, 'Well, I'll just forget about all this here,' because I gathered that they had more of a future.

"What happened was Cecil and I had mutual friends, and so Cecil asked me if I'd make some

rehearsals with him, and we've worked together since then. I liked where he was going, though I liked Eric Dolphy's technical ability and I liked Ornette's sound. I can't see anybody I'd rather play with than Cecil. It's a challenge that makes playing music interesting and full of fire. In certain ways I'm inspired by the way he approaches the piano—certain things he plays inspire me to channel my efforts into areas that I feel I might not have gotten into.

"It's funny—people always say to me, 'Why do you stand so still?' Well, I get the most mobility out of being as still as possible. Once I become agitated my hands get out of position, and there's all the energy that should be channeled into the music. Lester Young said that you have to relax to really play, you have to be limp, opening, what's happening is just supposed to be the music, and that's channeled through the tips of your fingers and here (points to his diaphragm). Even though I'd like to jump up and down.

"I really want to play in the range of my instrument; I don't think the harmonics range is that varied. I mean, if you just played harmonics all the time, naturally it would just sound square." *But you occasionally play in the overtone ranges.* "Yeah, for certain kinds of release, when tension is high, certain parts of the instrument can't be heard. What happens is, when I play down in the bottom part I often can't hear what I'm playing at all. I really have to be heavy into concentration, I really have to be excellent to do that. I like to get into the bottom range of the horn more—there are so many things that can be done that you just can't hear: you can't overblow the instrument down there.

"Sometimes, like the first piece last night, Cecil started out with a very melodic line, so I was just able to pick up on it and establish it. I like to do that sometimes rather than play continuously, because when you're just ripping and ripping and tearing, your playing is such a concentrated thing that you haven't got a chance to really listen as well. So you have to let space get in. When I hear Cecil do a certain thing I'll either try to complete that or else lend another aspect to it." *At such times, you'll let Cecil take the lead?* "At times, yeah, but the black music is a group music. That's why I don't like doing a solo saxophone thing: my feelings stem from rhythm, I really have to feel that rhythmic thing happening.

"Some people pick up an instrument and say, 'Whatever comes out, that's what's happening.' I don't go for that. You have to have a certain kind of humility to the music itself. There's a lot of discipline involved. It's freedom of choice, the freedom of doing a certain thing. Your mind has to be concentrated and sharp to the point where you're able to carry through ideas and project them. Being able to follow an idea through, a conception, that's what I mean. Like, a bass player might have played something rhythmically, and you say, 'Wow, that's really swinging,' but I find that if I ask them to play it all over again, they can't.

"I prefer to cut pieces down, make them more to the point. In that way I think you capture an audience—by pulling what's extraneous and giving the music the crystallization of the elements."

*Do you work differently with your own groups?* "I prefer more spaces, I guess. Intensity, but pulling back and returning to it—not continuously intense, that's another kind of feeling also. I organized a group when I was at Antioch College, and we played three nights at Sam Rivers' Studio Rivbea in New York. I intend to work with my own groups. I feel that by my doing that, everyone benefits: the more I expand myself, the more music I'm playing, the more the Unit benefits also.

"What I'd really like to do, if it's done a certain way, I'd like to really work six months out of a year and spend the other six months writing and organizing, getting things ready for the other six months." *Do you now work enough to guarantee making a living entirely from your music?* "It seems that way now. At one time, before Cecil went to Wisconsin, there wasn't anything happening like that at all. But since then the group has gotten a certain following and attention, so we've been able to work." db

# JOHN BUNCH

by jon balleras

"People still want to tap their feet, like Art Blakey always said. I don't think there's any reason to stop playing rhythmic music. What I like best is to get some kind of exciting groove going."

So speaks John Bunch, a polite, modest man who is currently pianist with the new Buddy Rich septet. And those who have caught the new Rich band can attest that Bunch has little difficulty getting an exciting groove going. Judging from the audience's finger snapping, foot tapping and head nodding, he's easily meeting his goal. His facility at swinging isn't surprising in view of his experience with some of the most proficient swingers around. His credentials include work with the big bands of Woody Herman, Maynard Ferguson and Buddy Rich, gigs with the Benny Goodman small groups, and a six year stint as pianist/conductor for one of the swingingest pop singers in the business, Tony Bennett.

Born in Tipton, Indiana in 1921, Bunch began his musical training at 11. "I lived in a very small town in Indiana and a guy moved in who taught jazz," Bunch recalls. "He taught a style of music where you learned quickly and you played popular tunes. He taught a Fats Waller style, sort of a stride style in the left hand.

"This guy was really fantastic for giving a guy experience right from the beginning. He used to play weekend jobs, and I was his star pupil. So from time to time he took me and some others with him to these gigs. He sat me alongside of him on the piano bench and showed me how to—he called it chord—we call it comp now, and I just fell into it that way."

Bunch regrets, though, that his early training didn't include classical music. "I was spoiled by this guy who moved into our little town. It seemed I had so much fun playing this jazz music. And I was good at it. I'd listen to records and was able



ROLAND THOMAS

to copy Fats Waller, Teddy Wilson, those guys. And I thought, what use is there for me. I've got it made. A young person really ought to study classical. Get that good background, and then start listening to records and picking up on jazz."

Among his musical influences, Bunch includes Fats Waller. "He was my first inspiration in the '30s and '40s. But I think the piano player I like the best as far as exciting improvisational piano was Bud Powell. I don't think there's ever been anybody quite like him—he was just fantastic. But

there of course are others; Art Tatum's always been in a class by himself. And I was sort of influenced by Teddy Wilson. In other words, what you might call a lighter touch approach to jazz piano playing."

Bunch's other musical favorites are also in the mainstream of the jazz tradition: "Charlie Parker is probably the greatest single player. Ben Webster. I always liked Ben very much. Duke Ellington, of course. You have to like him. I heard that band many times here when I still lived in Indiana. I used to come up to Chicago whenever they played the Blue Note, which was a great club then. In the '50s Ellington had, in my opinion, the greatest band he ever had.

In spite of Bunch's precocity, he had to wait awhile to get big name experience. "I didn't get into the name groups until I was like 30-years-old. I went to California in '56 and started playing with Georgie Auld at a kind of musicians' hangout. And through that I met a lot of big name guys. Maynard Ferguson and a lot of studio guys used to come in and sit in. And Woody Herman came in and he heard me and he needed a piano player, so that was my first gig with a name group."

Although Bunch seems to have generally enjoyed working with Tony Bennett, he does have some reservations about it: "There's a lot of pressure in working for a big name singer. You have to conduct the orchestra, play the piano, constantly think ahead."

Bunch is also pleased with conditions in Rich's new club, Buddy's Place, in New York City. "It's a nice club—a square room, physically great for jazz. Wherever you sit you can see very well, and he's got a top-notch sound system. The best. Very expensive microphones, a Steinway grand, all the things you're supposed to have in a good club."

Bunch has also noticed a usually overlooked facet of Rich's talents: "When he features me it's fantastic how he changes from a powerhouse, dynamic drummer to a—he suddenly makes it sound like it's my band. He plays so softly and with such empathy! It's just frightening for a while until you get used to it. He probably is the best brush drummer around."

db



HERB NOLAN

## ARCHIE SHEPP

New Jazz Showcase, Chicago

**Personnel:** Shepp, tenor and soprano saxes, piano; Hanifa Mageed, trombone; Dave Burrell, piano; Roland Wilson, bass guitar; Charlie Persip, drums.

Two nights of Shepp (six sets) is a short course in the history of Black American Music. For Shepp today, probably more than ever, is a reverent synthesizer of the Black American experience in music. But unlike many others who claim to be singing Shepp's kind of song, Archie is no imitator, having refused to sell out, thereby extending the tradition he's inherited.

In case you're still wondering, Shepp can play "straight." In fact, most of his playing during this Chicago appearance (Charlie Parker month at Joe Segal's Jazz Showcase) was, as the labels go, "straight" or "inside." His intonation, for instance, was more conventional or "legitimate" than on most of his

recordings. His rhythm section, too, was far less exotic than it normally is on record.

Shepp seemed as comfortable in 4/4 time as in the ametrical and poly-metrical contexts he's used so much in the past. His phrasing clearly drew upon such older handers-down of the tradition as Gene Ammons, Ben Webster, Dexter Gordon and Sonny Rollins (and Coltrane, especially on soprano). Yet, and not really so surprisingly, Shepp was always distinctively himself: a phrase ending here, a personal Shepp nuance there, his trademarked growling a part of the melody every now and then. Shepp (as he himself has insisted) was never essentially new. The influences, from early funeral marching bands to Coleman have always been there. Now, however, his playing shows that he has fully integrated them into his own music so that they are truly unartificial sources.

His repertoire is panoramic, ranging from his conceptions of Africa, to Ellington (e.g.,

his proud and passionate version of *Sophisticated Lady*), to Bird, to Coltrane, to Grachan Moncur III to old standards (*Be My Love*) and to his own compositions. Shepp is a repository of Black American Music but his own identity and music hasn't suffered a drop for his reverence. His own compositions are as lyrical as they ever were, more, if such things are quantifiable. The four other members of his current quintet are competent and sympathetic even if not quite the stature of Archie. Majeed's full tone counterpoints effectively with Shepp's loose horn voicings; Burrell is more tastefully economical than most contemporary pianists; Persip is pleasantly adaptable to many contexts and only occasionally plays too loud; and Pate has found a way to effectively submerge himself into the group sound.

Although Shepp's soprano style is Coltraneish and the least distinctive aspect of his playing, his piano skill comes as a minor shock to those who haven't heard it before. It is sophisticated, imaginative and Arch sounds unlike anyone around. Shepp could make it "just" as a pianist.

Most musicians these days eschew labels . . . regardless of how drab or mediocre they are and despite how accurately certain labels may describe their music. Shepp is one of those few musicians, though, who truly can't be placed under a blanket label. His music withstands the strictest scrutiny, and after all the examining, its essence somehow flits out of your grasp. His is a spirited music, which shakes the viscera and leaves an indelible imprint upon the consciousness of the listener.

—gordon kopulos



again

caught

PHOTOS: BOSTON MOODY

**HERBIE HANCOCK  
CHICK COREA  
BOBBI HUMPHREY**

Arie Crown Theatre, Chicago

**Personnel:** Hancock, Fender Rhodes electric piano, Hohner D-6 clavinet, Arp synthesizers; Odyssey, 2600. String; Bennie Maupin, saxello, soprano & tenor saxes, bass clarinet; Paul Jackson, bass guitar; Mike Clark, drums; Bill Summers, congas, shekere, balafon, agogo, cabasa, hindewho, tambourine, log drum, surdo, claves, maracas.

Corea, Fender Rhodes electric piano, Hohner D-6 clavinet, Yamaha organ, Arp Odyssey; Al DiMeola, electric guitar; Stanley Clarke, bass guitar; Lenny White, drums.

Humphrey, amplified flute, vocals; Al Fountain, guitar; George Stubbs, piano; Juan Canizaris, bass guitar; Bill Linder, drums.

A year ago, Hancock, Corea, and Humphrey were playing the small clubs. Herbie came to Chicago when his *Headhunters* LP was first released and played a showcase room, The Quiet Knight, to so-so crowds. Humphrey was still booking into the traditional jazz rooms and barely making a living at it. Today, with the increase in electronic textures and a more solid, rock-steady rhythmic base to their music, they can join forces in a 4,300-seat auditorium and SELL IT OUT for two shows in one night. For sure, this burgeoning audience has as much to do with the general public's heightened musical sophistication as it does with the music's more tangible rhythms and simpler harmonic structures. It's one of the healthiest compromises of artist and public in a long time.

The lithe, 4'10" Humphrey started off the tri-part event. In many respects, her set actually served as background music for the many late arrivals. When, finally, everybody did get seated, they grew impatient with her.

As for her particular brand of music, Humphrey's command of the flute has grown immensely in the past 12 months, when broken notes and stolid lines were an embarrassment. She has developed a good bottom range to her instrument, but the highs are still too thin and lacking in substance. And she has a habit of overworking the Herbie Mann style of breathy, spital tones.

The funky r&b quartet that accompanied

her couldn't equal the top-notch studio cats who assist her on her Blue Note recordings. This night, the drummer, in particular, was too obtrusively busy. But dressed in a floor-length, sleeveless, black gown, Humphrey was the picture of nonchalance as she glided through her set, which included her vocalizing on the single, *Chicago, Damn*.

All of this, naturally, was puddin' (inconsequential fluff) compared to what was to follow, which, if anything, was decidedly *not* light as a feather. Return To Forever is presently an overkill aggregation. Volume, speed, and awe-inspiring virtuosity are the dominant features. The characteristic rhythms and easy flow are still integral parts of the music, but it's more like a satellite shooting through the galaxy than a feather floating softly to earth. Someone pointed out that they are now jazz's equivalent to Emerson, Lake & Palmer, and I think the analogy is accurate.

Corea's *Beyond the Seventh Galaxy* was the first selection. The most immediate observation during this keyboard-dominated number was the incredible improvement of Lenny White. All over his semi-circle of toms, White incorporated the high energy of Cobham-Mouzon without their all-too-frequent muscle-bound restrictions, and he's *not* sloppy. Chick alternated between bright Fender runs (he's still the most distinctive practitioner of that most difficult instrument to personalize) and a taut, economy-based synthesizer style. Colors and melodic lines are to the point, without spacey hesitation or false starts—like a guitarist who's supplying complementary notes to fill in the spaces.

Speaking of guitarists, DiMeola is only 19 and already speaks with dramatic authority on his ax. He lacks the flash of some others, and, of yet, he hasn't developed a personal voice all his own (still those McLaughlin licks and now another who's being copied without the public even knowing him—John Abercrombie). But DiMeola is still incredibly young, his ideas are adventuresome and, hopefully, he'll be in the band long enough to become an equal fourth member. In *Beyond*, he parlayed off of Chick—harmony, unison, counterpoint—his tone biting

and full, an undercurrent for the lighter-toned piano lines.

Clarke's moody *Shadow of Lo* was next, followed by *Vulcan Worlds* and the Moorish burnt-brown of *New Spain*, a wildly extended updating of *Spain* (from *Light As A Feather*). One statement about Clarke is in order here. In a stunning feat of fours traded off by all the members of the band in *Vulcan Worlds*, he demonstrated almost inhuman speed and, along with it, precise fingering. But, unfortunately, throughout most of the concert he was virtually inaudible in the ensemble sections. This problem has occurred before with Clarke. Either he should turn up or the rest of the band should turn down.

Return To Forever has embraced the world of highly charted music performed with alacrity and a hard-rock wall of sound. But as astounding and crowd-pleasing as the group is, *Headhunters* is ultimately a more rewarding experience. Of course, a lot of one's preference has to do with where their musical/cultural tastes lie: Corea is moving more and more toward the white world of rock and classical sounds; Hancock is heading back to his African roots through the filter of American rhythm and blues.

The misconception that a lot of people have about Hancock's music (people who, perhaps, haven't seen him "live") is that it is tonally and texturally the same as all other electric groups, whether Return To Forever, Pink Floyd or Philip Glass. Not so. *Headhunter's* music is *still* very natural in color, one could even say acoustic, though actual acoustic instruments are at a minimum.

Hancock came out on stage to a resounding welcome home, and proceeded into a *Maiden Voyage* solo. The eerie, startrek feel and long pauses between melodic fragments as notes reverberated through the air proved an uneasy bore. But once the quintet emerged and broke into the recognizable ostinato bass figure of *Palm Grease*, everything changed.

Herbie is a master of comping—cutting through the open spaces of the horn solo or playing along with the rhythm section, offering chords for consideration and resolving what has just been traversed. And as the evening progressed, it became apparent that the colors and textures of his new group are based in the musical concepts of his Blue Note recordings of the '60s. In fact, the voicings and arrangements are surprisingly similar.

*Palm Grease* segued into *Sly*, and on the fuller soprano-toned saxello, Maupin blew as freely as anyone could, no matter what the situation. Only here, he had the assistance of a thickly globular rhythm section goosing things along (bassist Jackson proved to be a robotic metronome and drummer Clarke unexciting and non-original, but eminently dependable). Maupin does not attach his transducer pick-up to his reed, but rather to the bell of his horn. The result is a more acoustic timbre, one more faithful to the properties of the particular horn in use. And it still projects well enough to break through the electric sound barrier.

*Butterfly* and *Spank-A-Lee* were also part of the program, in extended versions. *Spank* had Summers stepping up front to play the shekere and dance and chant in Swahili, weaving a truly hypnotic spell. Maupin blew tenor on *Spank* and Hancock further convinced that his use of electronics is the most graceful in existence. The colors are rich in deep blues and soft pastels rather than the harsh and blinding shades of so much other electronic music.

—ray townley

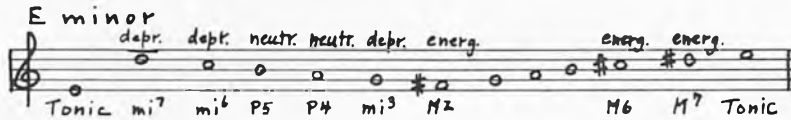
# HOW TO

## set up scales . . . and scale/chord combinations Part II

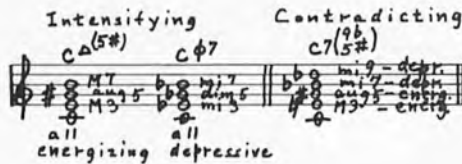
by Dr. William L. Fowler

Part I of this article dealt with scale construction. Part II deals with the relationship of scales to chords.

A scale without accompaniment derives its character from the intervals its component notes form above its tonal center, the tonic. If an interval is major or augmented, the scale note tends to energize the listener; if an interval is minor or diminished, and thus smaller than the others, the scale note tends to depress; and if an interval is perfect, it causes neither of these psychological effects—it remains neutral.



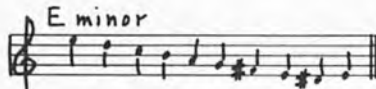
A chord heard alone derives its character from the intervals its component notes form above its own root. And just as they do in scales, those intervals determine the energizing, depressive, or neutral qualities of the chord components. But chords, unlike scales, sound more than one component at once and therefore can intensify an effect by multiplying it, or can hinder an effect by contradicting it:



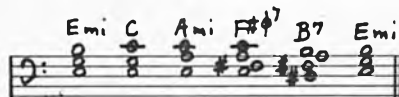
And when the notes of a melodic line with their varied characteristics are added to a series of chords with their multiple characteristics, the experience becomes a shifting pattern of energizing and depressive effects.

The melodic notes thicken chordal dissonance, too. And the chords intensify urgency of melodic motion. The combination of melodic line with chord progression can indeed complicate musical psychology!

But one can at least determine for himself which notes add what dissonance to which chords, and which chords add what motion to which notes by playing scale lines against chord progressions. For example, playing

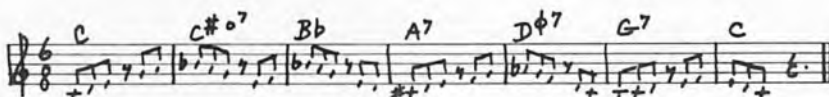


against each of the following chords



will reveal the downward drive of both D and C against the B<sup>7</sup> chord, the upward drive of D<sup>#</sup> against both the E minor and A minor chords, and the blues effect of the D<sup>#</sup> against the C chord. It also will reveal how adding those notes can turn consonant major and minor triads into dissonances.

Every example so far has been drawn from traditional scales and the natural chords built from them. But traditional harmony, while always aiming towards its eventual goal of the tonic chord, doesn't always stick to natural chords in getting there. For harmonic interest, those chords sometimes get altered: thirds get raised, fifths get flatted, sixths get augmented, sevenths get diminished, or whatever. And when such alterations show up in chords, the corresponding scale notes usually require similar alteration. Then the tonic pitch might be dislodged from the aural memory, erasing the final harmonic goal. But the risk of losing tonic awareness is minimized when as many of the original scale notes as possible continue to sound. The next example illustrates this standard, always-correct way to make a melodic passage fit both chord progression and tonic key:



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But for those who want more daring ways to combine melodic lines with chord progressions, here are two other sample methods:

**Method I—One unusual scale against a chord progression.**

1. Select or construct an unusual scale.
2. Build triads and seventh chords on each degree of that scale, using only actual scale notes as chord components.
3. Choose any of the major or minor triads thus constructed as the harmonic goal—the final chord.
4. Arrange the chords in any succession which allows the root progression always to move up a perfect fourth, down a major or minor third, or either up or down a half-step.
5. From the scale, construct a melodic line in which the directional tendencies of its individual notes are obeyed.
6. Combine the melodic line and the chord progression. Should unwanted clashes between them occur, shorten or lengthen the time the melodic notes or the chords are held, thereby separating the incompatible elements.

**Method II—One unusual scale against each chord of a progression.**

1. Select or construct a chord progression in which the individual chords are standard triads or sevenths, so that non-chord scale notes can clearly affect them.
2. Set up the notes of the first chord as scale components.
3. Fill in the other notes of the scale with letter names not yet used, each one flatted, natural, or sharped to put it into the position which seems most interesting against the chord (notes a half-step away from chord components exhibit strong tendencies to move to those chord components). If additional blue-note effects are wanted, find any major third intervals anywhere in the chord, then add the lowered upper notes of those major third intervals to the scale. The scale for the first chord will now be complete.
4. Repeat the above process for each chord in the progression. There will now be a different scale for each chord.
5. Construct a series of melodic sequences, one from each different scale.
6. Combine these melodic sequences, each accompanied by its own designated chord, in the order of the chord progression.

**One final note:** a non-chord tone achieves its maximum effect when accented.



**Method I**

1. An Unusual Scale  
 2. Triads and Sevenths  
 3. Tonic  
 4. Root Line — — Chord Progressions  
 5. Melodic Line  
 6. Combined Melodic Line and Accompaniment (5 and 6)

**Method II Materials (Unusual Scales Against Chords)**

C major  
 D minor  
 G7  
 B♭7

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think Pharoah Sanders is hung up on this. But you seem to incorporate both elements in your playing. You delve in pan-tonal harmonic patterns as well as continually reworking a line melodically and rhythmically. Excitement and progression are both there.

**Henderson:** Well, that's a very . . . if that's a compliment, thank you. You know, there's been so much exploring of the saxophone in its basic sense that I like to consider myself just a student of the horn. It's almost all been covered, I mean we've covered sanity, so let's try insanity.

Maybe it's that zone that must be explored. Maybe they can make a whole world out of insanity in the sense that you might have a new saxophone player who's doing something altogether different from the way a saxophone traditionally sounds. Most of the younger players didn't experience the bebop thing, and it's not on the air-waves enough for them to get the feeling of it. When I came up, bebop was all over the world. When you went to Paris, you played bebop. You went to London and played bebop, and you came back to New York, Los Angeles, and you played some bebop.

**Townley:** How did you develop your style of all of a sudden swooping down into the lower, the real bottom range of your tenor and, all the while, maintaining a melodic groove? A lot of people are experimenting with the high register, but few have really delved into the lower possibilities of the horn. What you get isn't as honkish as what Illinois Jacquet or Gene Ammons got. It's a little bit more musically oriented.

**Henderson:** When you say musically I feel that infers there's been some study behind it, that I approach the sax from a formal level. Even though my embryonic experience with the horn was not learned in a university, the information was just as valuable to me. Early on in my life I had an awareness of the saxophone's lower register because of my rhythm and blues upbringing. The way you would just honk with it, especially the tenor.

For a long time that's how you played the sax, "You just honk with that horn, man!" So, I'm a man of the earth as well as a man of the

air.

**Townley:** What is your musical conception of the lower register aspect of your playing?

**Henderson:** When I first started playing the sax formally I used to favor the higher register, you know, because I used to listen to Lee Konitz quite a bit. I used to listen to the alto sax. I was always trying to get this sound. So when I started to study the instrument in the university I discovered there was a bottom to it. I spent four or five years experimenting without the octave key, which puts you immediately in the lower part of the horn. When I made my early trips to New York City I was complimented on how well I had the lower register of the saxophone worked out.

**Townley:** You have actual control over your lower register, where you can do what you want melodically and dynamically. Most cats can only get down there and little else.

**Henderson:** That comes from my experience in the bebop era, man. I mean most of the cats who came through the bebop era really knew what they were doing, nothing was left to fate. Of course, this can be a disturbance factor as well: it takes all of the surprise out of the music. These cats knew the chords and changes up, down, cross, every kind of way. It was almost impossible for them to play wrong notes.

But, you see, there are other sounds out there as well as the "organized sounds." There are also the unorganized sounds, what people call "noise." I feel I'm as much a student of *sound* as I am a student of the saxophone. I find great security in not being categorized, in having 360 degree latitude in my playing.

**Townley:** I'd like to hear a little bit about your involvement with BS&T.

**Henderson:** Wow, it was more like an abortion than anything else. We were together for four months. You know, I think they abort babies at three months.

I joined soon after my return from Japan, so it must have been in the latter part of '71. Bobby Colomby was unofficially the leader of the group. When you have ten people involved, somebody has to call the shots, so Colomby more or less took on that role.

So, anyway, after two months, the singer got fired. Then, after ano-



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ther month, one of the arrangers who had stayed on from the old band decided he wanted to leave. That meant we had to find a new arranger and organizer. It was just a series of setbacks that caused me to lose interest, despite all the money I was supposed to have made, you know, every year for a couple of years.

My share of the corporation was supposed to be over \$200,000 a year. But since I've never had that, I couldn't really relate to it. How could you relate to the mumps if you've never had the mumps. I mean, your pockets are just lumpy with money (*laughter*).

They were a bunch of nice guys and they seemed to have a nicely organized corporation going on, but they used to get a lot of flack from other musicians. Musicians would come up and act very belligerent toward them because they had this image of being a jazz group and a lot of people couldn't take that. So they got self-conscious about it. They started looking around for jazz personalities. Plus, they had no blacks in the group. So they got me there. I was sort of three-in-one oil for them: I was black, I had a rep as an improvising musician, and there were soul possibilities there.

Their first album, *A Child Is A Father To The Man*, was a very good album. Very nicely done. But right from the start they were guided by things that would sell and after a point you get locked into that thing. You're no longer guided by the things that guided you when you made that album that you didn't know was going to sell 4 million. So the thing was always to try to keep their sales in that zone, which got uncomfortable for me because I never really paid much attention to those considerations.

A lot of people were really drugging me for doing that. "Well, you sold out, mother!" "Damn, why are you going there?" A lot of people called me from all over the world. "Did you really go with BS&T?" At the same time, I couldn't get gigs for my six-piece band, so I disbanded. The minute I disbanded they called me to join the band. It happened one day to the next. On the aesthetic level, I was looking at it as a chance to be around five horns. I was looking at the arranging, overdubbing and all the musical possibilities. It wasn't until that time that I realized there were people out there who maybe knew who I was. "Wow, Joe, you do things, man, and people start to

wonder." I've never been on any kind of ego trip, but at that point I said to myself, "Wow, it's all very interesting," and here all the time I couldn't even get a write-up in *down beat*.

A Swedish guitarist named Georg Wadenius joined the new band. I guess it was a big deal, his coming with the band. I used him on one of my albums (*Black Is The Color*). So when I went to Sweden last year to play some concerts, the crowds were just unbelievable based on the fact that I had been associated with BS&T. That gig really did a lot for me exposure-wise. Wow, man, I had one sound company give me \$3,500 worth of equipment—tape decks, cassettes, reel-to-reel, monstrous speakers, a record changer, just super equipment. And here comes my record company giving me four horns—a brand new baritone, brand new alto, brand new soprano, brand new tenor. So I kind of resented the fact that they validated me. I said, "Where were these dudes when I really needed this shit?" Now they're going to come along and give it to me!

As I said, they were nice cats, but I kind of lost interest. The whole thing just didn't get off the group. I'm not used to taking two months to make a record. I do it in one day.

**Townley:** Sly takes two years.

**Henderson:** Wow, that's a long time. I mean, when you consider I was trained to do that shit in one take.

**Townley:** You live on the West Coast now, don't you?

**Henderson:** I moved to California because I was trying to make a nice, dignified withdrawal from the scene, and then my record company, Milestone, moved out West. So I figured I'd just do some records, maybe do a few special projects, go over to Japan occasionally, and maybe do a couple of George Wein's things. That would be enough. Also, I'm trying to head myself in the direction of teaching, hopefully at a university where the talent level is pretty high. I don't know if I'll go back on the road again. I made that asphalt trip, wow, for a long time.

**Townley:** Right. You've paid your dues already.

**Henderson:** I have to keep reminding myself of that. I have to say, "Joe, you've been out there for a little while, you don't have to go through that shit again, man."

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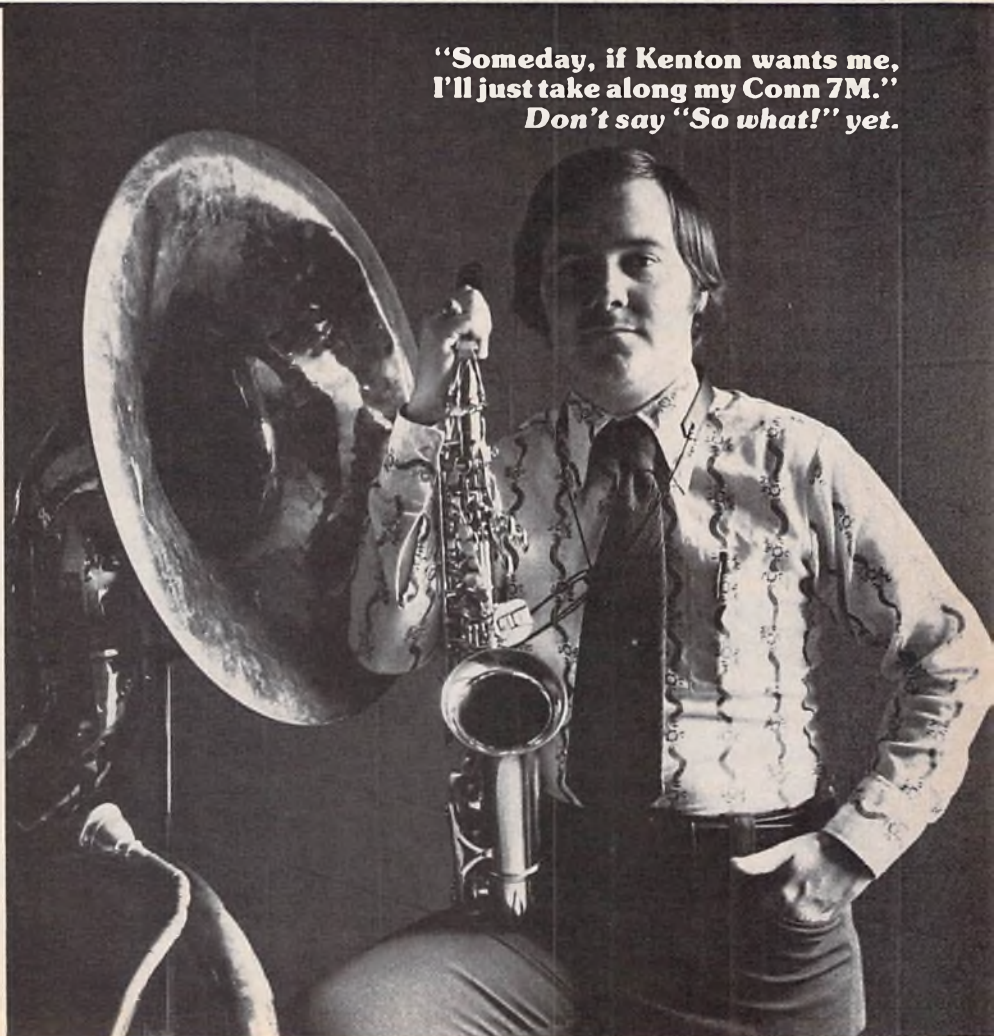
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tion, different vibes. I wanted to see if I could really do it and the only way to find out was to go ahead. It was pretty interesting to call all the shots for once. It's not on the charts anywhere, but that doesn't surprise me. I didn't particularly want it to be heavily merchandised. The closest they got to that was by sticking a notice on the cover saying "Robert Lamm—hit songwriter for Chicago."

**Hohman:** Let's talk about that last TV special of yours.

**Seraphine:** Well, it wasn't very successful ratings-wise, only about 15 to 20 million people saw it.

**Lamm:** It was bad. Jimmy Guercio must have spent hours splicing together all the tapes, 80 hours of them, synching tape to specific cuts. So then they cut a great portion of it out. I know that they shot better footage than what wound up appearing. So we found out what it's like to deal with the Dr. Pepper/ABC-TV/Dick Clark mentality, which is totally non-creative.

**Seraphine:** The last special stunk in the sense that Anne Murray and Charlie Rich should have never been on the show in the first place. We got forced into that.

**Lamm:** Clark came to us and asked us who we'd like to have, so we said Stevie Wonder, the Jazz Crusaders, and Joe Cocker. So immediately they come back to say that ABC refuses to allow Cocker on the show because of the way he looks. It just went around and around until it finally got down to Murray and Rich. So we're out shooting at the ranch (Caribou) and Charlie can't be there because he's got a cold and has to open in Vegas the next night. We all freaked out and said then he shouldn't be on the show, we'll go with

Murray, she's a good singer. Then they said not to worry, they'll shoot around it. So they shoot the live scenes by putting a white wig on one of the crew so that it looked like Charlie. And then they shoot his vocal segments in Vegas and it was terrible. The silent movies were okay but the story was infantile. The live segment was made at the ranch, 35 minutes in front of a bunch of people. That was spontaneous and worked out alright, except for Clark and his panning into the audience to catch the crowd, you know, sort of like shades of the "Ific" buttons. That messed things up a bit.

**Hohman:** But you are going to try it again, aren't you?

**Lamm:** Yeah, we're going to do another special for ABC. We will finish it in November and it'll air on New Year's Eve. We're going to call it Chicago's First Annual New Year's Eve Gala Party, a black-tie affair and all that. We're going to host it collectively and we'll have the Beach Boys, Herbie Hancock, the Doobie Brothers, and Olivia Newton-John on with us. It's going to be filmed in a movie studio, complete with hanging chandeliers, in 1930s decor.

**Hohman:** How did it feel to look at Billboard and see all your albums back on the charts. Is there a possibility of creeping Chicago nostalgia?

**Seraphine:** I have a philosophy about music that goes back to people like Jo Jones. When you do something right, it's timeless. I think that's what our first album is.

**Hohman:** What would happen if one night you came out on stage and played numbers by Ellington, Porter, Gershwin? How would your audience respond?

**Seraphine:** It couldn't be done. They come to hear what they know from the records. You can't jump from hot water to cold water, you

can only try to mix them, and that's what we do. We tried it before and it didn't work. I mean, most bands are playing other people's material. You can't be ashamed to play your own things. I'll admit that once in awhile *I'm A Man* gets to be a drag, we've been playing that ever since I can remember. Sometimes I would like to play a different drum solo.

**Hohman:** Do the demands of the audience frustrate you?

**Lamm:** We've come full cycle. In the beginning, we only had so many songs and so we had to pace the show accordingly. Then we became kind of arrogant and started to do only one set, getting very esoteric and stretching out a lot, doing only one or two of the hits. But the crowds just weren't responding. And we found out that we weren't really getting off, either. It took a while for it to sink in, but we discovered that we should go back to a two set format and play a broad spectrum of what the crowd wanted. We argued about it before the first tour this year. But as soon as we went back to the old way, the people came alive again. Now we use the first set to develop a good rapport and on the second we really explode and get the adrenalin flowing.

**Seraphine:** Sometimes I get sick of it. But if I'm playing good, then I'm happy. When I'm not performing well, then I'm not even bearable.

**Lamm:** We're jamming the tunes now. In the limousine coming over from the airport, there was a tape of *Chicago II* and we listened to it and it sounded totally sterile, so far away. It was really weird. Now our rhythm section just jams around the tunes. The only thing that is still the same are the horn charts and the vocals. For me, we've done a song like *Beginnings* so much that I can't even sing it anymore. The only thing that helps is the solo section near the end and the response from the audience.

**Hohman:** What about the stresses, the strains, the idiosyncrasies of being together for seven years? How do you handle it?

**Lamm:** The way I look at it, Chicago is the most successful experiment in group therapy ever to go down in history. There have been times when each one of us wanted to walk away. Fortunately, it was never more than a few guys at the same time. Ego has a lot to do with being confident and it's taken us years to get confident on stage. If somebody is obviously egoing out, there's six of us to deal with and we'll get together and give him a knuckle sandwich.

**Seraphine:** I'm notorious for punching walls but I don't like to hit people. It's just my Italian temper.

**Lamm:** The whole thing revolves around mutual respect. We've helped each other through three divorces and various padded rooms. But we've always had each other to rely on.

**Seraphine:** We've been through some incredible shit together. Like we had a tour where we came really close to breaking up. It was a world-wide one, 20 days around the globe, and some of the guys brought their wives along. That's why I'm against bringing the gals along, they started hassling and it got to be a drag. It was the hardest tour I'd ever been on. I swear to God, we must have come inches to splitting up, but since then everything's been okay.

**Lamm:** There have been a number of personal sacrifices that all of us have had to make. But I think we've reached the stage of success and maturity where we can finally deal with it.

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*Hermosa Beach somewhere?*

"Well, those people don't necessarily appeal to a mass audience, but that doesn't mean they aren't great. I'm just saying it's possible to combine certain elements that will make music popular and artistically rewarding."

*But when you combine all those elements, don't you dilute your own individuality, your own personal fingerprint of creative originality, and just wind up producing calculated formula-music for AM radio?*

"No. Everything you do is you. This identity crisis that people go through in their music and in life is unnecessary. The whole trick is to not worry about who you are. Your own existence is proof enough that you have an identity. The thing to do is just to live, to go on and live it out. Everybody plays music that is derivative. The greatest jazz players you can name all picked up a few licks from their predecessors. So that argument just doesn't hold water."

*That's nice, if you're healthy. But there are people who are not themselves. They are, in fact, split, blocked, cut off, neurotic. They just don't have a creative flow. They have no "self" they're in touch with, no true, full-running spirit. If they "live it out" without question, they only live out a lie of unconsciousness, often being productive, but often slaughtering themselves in the process like Jimi Hendrix, Janis, or Jim Morrison.*

"True. They haven't found out how to get tuned into the flow. That is a problem which must be dealt with, whether through psychotherapy, religion, or whatever way they can find to get there. But that's the goal."

*To get tuned into yourself, then to be yourself, accepting the fact that we're influenced by everything?*

"That's right! And to not worry about it, not be hung up about it. Are people who say, 'I can't let myself be influenced,' going to carry that to the point of repressing something they like and would like to incorporate in their art because it's imitating someone else? That's just as screwed up as deliberately going out and stealing other people's material."

*When you get right down to the nitty-gritty musical level, doesn't George Harrison feel like a sham that he's heading the bill and not Ravi Shankar?*

"Yes. He does! But—you gotta remember what your goals are, what your premises are. His premise is to give Indian music the best possible shot, to get it exposed under the best possible circumstances."

*"And the best way to do that is not to ram it down people's throats, whether they want it or not, but to subtly mix it in—like we're doing—in a concert that features George, then Ravi, then George and Ravi together.*

"Like, I'll be playing just with the Indians, then just with George, then with both of them. We're showing people that it's not something distant and foreign, played by a bunch of strange-talking brown people who are into mysticism and a lot of other things we don't understand."

"I'm obsessed with music. It's made the rest of living easier. If I've got a lot of heavy problems on my head, I can go in and write music, or go to a club and play, or just go home and play records. It's such a tremendous release for me. Music fulfills for me the function that religion or meditation fulfills for others."

"Music is a tremendous energizer. When I'm composing, I sit down and don't have the slightest idea of what I'm going to do. I just sort of sit there and try to feel something. It usually starts with a rhythm, and then I'll fool around on the piano with that a bit, and then usually a melody will begin to creep in. Then, all of a sudden, in a couple of hours, I'll have a tune. I always look at it and wonder where the hell it came from."

*In other words, you first relax, then surrender to the force. When that happens, you become a transmitter, a catalyst between the force and the music paper?*

"Exactly."

*When you say music eases a lot of problems for you, to what extent does music become a drug, an opiate, an escape from reality, rather than an opening into reality?*

"I don't know. It's so much a part of my life that I can't separate. I don't know what my motives are. Maybe it is an escape (laughter)! Maybe I'm just escaping from reality all the time—that could be!" (hearty laughter).

*Does it cut you off from people?*

"Sure it does. I really enjoy those periods of creative isolation. I relax and feel a kind of inner peace."

*Does it make your wife unhappy?*

(Laughter) "I have to have periods with her, too, that's all. I have to spread it out and make it all work."

*I'm not trying to sharp-shoot you, man, but does your work and isolation create a good deal of pain and loneliness in the hearts of those who love you personally?*

"Yes, occasionally. But in the case of my marriage, we've been able to work it out. She has her own thing going. She breeds, trains, and shows Arabian mares and stallions. She's as much of a horsewoman as I am a musician—or should I say "horseperson"? So when I have to be left alone, she does her thing. We're very happy together."

*Do you have any advice for aspiring musicians?*

"The thing to do is work it out so you can survive, not necessarily in music, but with some kind of job that keeps you going so you can just work on your music, to get yourself together so you can tune in to those musical forces within and without, to learn how to be a better communicator, a better transmitter of those forces. Listen to all the music you can, and keep your eyes and your mind open. Be critical of yourself, constantly aware of how you can do it better."

*One last question, Tom. Do you ever think that perhaps your creative energy could better be devoted towards widening the horizons of music, of pushing the boundaries back and up, as opposed to working within the horizons and accepted limitations that are already here?*

"There's a danger there. If I think Cecil Taylor or Mahavishnu is an innovator, then am I supposed to play like Cecil Taylor or John McLaughlin? Of course not. But that often happens. I won't do it that way."

"If I'm going to be an innovator, I'm not going to imitate other people I consider to be innovators. All I can do is be the communicator of whatever is coming through me. If I'm an innovator, then let it happen from what I'm doing."

"I just let my life go its own way, and someday along the way, perhaps I'll hit on something new. I think I already am hitting on possible new ways to go—for me to go, and that's all I can do if I'm going to fulfill my self honestly, creatively and totally." db

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Street, will have **Howard McGhee** Dec. 22; a New Year's Vigil will take place Dec. 29 from 10 p.m. to 1 a.m.; **Eddie Bonnemere** and the **Jesu Choir** Jan. 5; **Jimmy Vass Quintet** Jan. 12... The Brooklyn Academy of Music presents *Blues/Jazz* with **Odetta** and **John Lee Hooker** Dec. 29... Cable television is alive with jazz here. Jack Tafuya's long-running *Jazz Adventures* (channel 31) Sundays at 8 p.m. And a new show, *Jamming* (Public Access Channel D, from Sterling Manhattan Cable TV) now is on at 11:30 p.m. Mondays. It's a live, intimate, relaxed, creative affair that spotlights not only the headliners but also the day in, day out piano lounge performers... **Sonny's Place**, Seaford, Long Island, has **Sonny Fortune** Dec. 20-22; **Sal Nistico** Dec. 27-29; **Tone Kwaz** Jan. 3-5... **Gulliver's**, West Paterson, N.J., brings in **Mosaic** (featuring **Jeff Hitman**) Dec. 20-21; **Errol Parker Quartet** Dec. 27-28; **John Tropea** (Dec. 23) and **Bucky Pizzarelli** (Dec. 30) round out guitar nights... **Wishbone Ash** is at the Capitol Theater in Passaic Dec. 20... Jazz Vespers West is held at the Memorial West United Presbyterian Church in Newark, and presents **Ted Clancy** and **Friendship** Dec. 22; the **No Gap Generation Band** Dec. 29; **Paul Deneka Trio** Jan. 5; and **Al Dreares Quartet** Jan. 12... JAZZ-LINE: 212-421-3592.

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<b>BLACKBYRDS</b> Dec. 31. Arlo Ballroom, Camden, NJ	<b>STAN KENTON</b> Jan. 6-7. Joe Namath's, Birmingham, Ala. 8. Royal Coach, Atlanta, Ga. 9. Naval Station, Jacksonville, Fla. 10. Caribbean Gulf Hotel, Clearwater Beach, Fla. 11. Municipal Auditorium, Orlando, Fla. 13. Centro Astorlan, Tampa, Fla. 15. High School, Dunedin, Fla.
<b>BLOOD SWEAT &amp; TEARS</b> Dec. 19- 22. Beverly Hills Club, Newport, Ky. 23-31. Holiday House, Monroeville, Pa.	<b>NORMAN LEE</b> Dec. 31. Trademark Ballroom, Kansas City, Mo.
<b>BLUE OYSTER CULT</b> Dec. 20. Municipal Auditorium, Kansas City, Mo. 31. Academy of Music, New York, NY	<b>ROGER McGUINN</b> Dec. 19- 21. Electric Ballroom, Atlanta, Ga.
<b>GARY BURTON</b> Dec. 19- 20. European Tour Jan. 7-12. Montreal, Quebec 13-18. Colonial Tavern, Toronto, Ontario	<b>MUDDY WATERS</b> Dec. 20. Bushnell Auditorium, Hartford, Conn. 27-31. Teddy's, Milwaukee, Wis.
<b>CHARLIE BYRD</b> Dec. 19- 29. Maryland Inn, Annapolis 31. Cedar Lane Unitarian Church, Washington DC Jan. 3. Kennedy Center, Washington, DC 4. Carnegie Hall, New York, NY 5. Symphony Hall, Boston, Mass. 14. Univ. of Pittsburgh, Bradford, Pa. 16. Oberlin College, Ohio	<b>PETER SCHICKELE/P.D.Q. BACH</b> Dec. 26- 30. Town Hall, New York, NY Jan. 4. Philharmonic, Los Angeles, Ca.
<b>BILL CHINNOCK</b> Dec. 26- 28. Frederick's, Caribou, Me. 29-30. Stables, Bangor, Me. 31. Houlton, Me. Jan. 3-4. Loring AFB, Limestone, Me. 5-8. Stables, Bangor, Me.	<b>CAL TJADER</b> Jan. 3-17. Greenwood Inn, Portland, Ore.
<b>HERB ELLIS</b> Jan. 3. Kennedy Center, Washington, DC 4. Carnegie Hall, New York, NY 5. Symphony Hall, Boston, Mass.	<b>STANLEY TURRENTINE</b> Dec. 18- 23. Stables, East Lansing, Mich.
<b>BILL EVANS</b> Jan. 13. Donn Clendenon's, Atlanta, Ga.	<b>MCCOY TYNER</b> Jan. 7- 20. Japan Tour
<b>WOODY HERMAN</b> Dec. 31. Caesar's Palace, Las Vegas, Nev. Jan. 10. Great American Music Hall, San Francisco, Ca. 14-26. London House, Chicago, Il.	<b>MICHAL URBANIAK</b> Dec. 19- 22. Gilly's, Dayton, Ohio
<b>DOUG KERSHAW</b> Dec. 18- 21. The Shutters, Monterey, Ca. 23- Jan. 4. Harrah's, Lake Tahoe, Nev.	<b>JERRY VALE</b> Dec. 27- Jan. 16. Sahara, Las Vegas, Nev.
	<b>SARAH VAUGHAN</b> Jan. 8. Center of Performing Arts, Detroit, Mich.
	<b>DOC WATSON</b> Dec. 20. Symphony Hall, Boston, Mass. 21. Carnegie Hall, New York, NY
	<b>JOE WILLIAMS</b> Dec. 19- 22. Playboy Club, Chicago, Il.

**NEW RELEASES**

continued from page 12

project for the company will be an album by **Raul**, a Brazilian trombonist. The sessions for the album included **DeJohnette** on drums, **Richard Davis** on bass, **Ted Lo** on piano, and **Barry Finnerty** on guitar.

**Norman Connors** recently completed recording his fifth album for **Buddah Records** at **Wally Heider's Studios** in San Francisco. Personnel included: **Carlos Garnett**, tenor sax; **Gary Bartz**, alto and soprano saxes; **Hubert Laws**, flute; **Eddie Henderson**, trumpet; **Carlos Santana** and **Reggie Lucas**, guitar; **George Duke** and **Harry Whitaker**, keyboards; **Mike Henderson**, electric bass; **Buster Williams**, acoustic bass; **Kenny Nash** and **Bill Sommers**, percussion; **Stevie Wonder**, synthesizer; **Jean Carn** and **John Lucien**, vocals; and **Connors** himself on drums and vocals.

**Fred Norsworthy's Trip Records** has added some new rereleases to its projected mammoth catalog. New good Trips include: *Study in Brown*, by **Clifford Brown** and **Max Roach**, recorded in 1955; *Profile*, **Gerry Mulligan**, 1955; *Dixieland Session*, **Muggsy Spanier**, 1950; *Morgana King Sings*, 1955; *Billy Mitchell* featuring **Bobby Hutcherson**, 1962; *Introducing Joe Gordon*, 1954; *Jumping* with **Charlie Ventura**, **Charlie Shavers**, and **Buck Clayton**, 1946; *Best Coast Jazz*, **Clifford Brown**, **Herb Geller**, and **Max Roach**, 1954; *Jazz Giants, Volume 3*, with **Cozy Cole** and **Red Norvo**, 1944; and *Condolii/Vines*, with the **Herb Geller Sextet**, 1955. All albums are in the original mono version.

release the **Clark Terry Big Band's** performance at last April's **Wichita Jazz Festival**. Organized specifically for the occasion, the band included **Richard Williams** and **Jimmy Nottingham**, trumpets; **Phil Woods**, **Arnie Lawrence**, **Ernie Wilkins**, and **Jimmy Heath**, reeds; **Duke Jordan**, piano; **Wilbur Little**, bass; **Ed Soph**, drums; and charts written by **Terry, Woods, Wilkins, and Heath**. It is the first in a three-record contact Clark has with the label. —gary shivers

New under the Blue Note Logo are: *Satin Doll*, by **Bobbi Humphries**; reissues featuring **Ravi Shankar** and **Freddie Hubbard**; and new recordings by **Donald Byrd**, **Waters**, **Bobby Hutcherson**, **Alphonse Mouzon**, **Horace Silver**, and **Marlena Shaw**.

The latest album by **Mary Lou Williams, Zoning**, has been nominated for a Grammy Award. It is on Ms. Williams' own label, **Mary Records**, and is being distributed out of New York.

**Blue Labor Records** announces three new platters: *Robbin' The Grave*, by **Sonny Terry**; *Do Right*, by **Tyrone Washington**; and *Late One Saturday Evening*, featuring a house party collaboration from **Alec Seward**, **Sonny Terry**, and **Brownie McGhee**.

**Johnny Winter's** latest, *John Dawson Winter III*, has been issued on **Blue Sky Records**, a newly formed label which is being handled by **Columbia Records**. Winter has been joined by a second guitarist, **Floyd Radford**, who formerly worked with his brother **Edgar's White Trash**.

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Charlie Parker Memorial Foundation, the Kansas City Jazz Festival, and the Mutual Musicians Foundation in developing a Jazz Center for instruction, concerts, and a Hall of Fame . . . The newly-developed River Quay arts and entertainment district has blossomed with jazz in clubs, including **Baby Lovett** at Huck Finn's, **Art Smith** at the Village Gate, **Jeff Goldson** at the Boiler Room, **Greg Meise** at Godfather's, **Jim Buckley** at Pat O'Brien's, and **Roy Searcy** at Poppa Nick's . . . The second issue of the quarterly *KC Jazz Ragg* features **Carol Comer** and **Warren Durrett**; subscriptions are \$5.00 from Jazz Enterprises, Box 545, Kansas City, Mo. 64141.

## San Francisco

The Art Ensemble of Chicago is tentatively scheduled Jan. 11 for a concert at the University of California, Berkeley . . . **Merl Saunders** plays the Sand Dunes on Monday nights. Fantasy, headquartered in Berkeley, recently released Saunders' latest LP. Wednesdays at the Dunes, guitarist **Michael Howell** leads his quartet. Howell appeared at the last Monterey Jazz Festival and also records for Fantasy . . . KJAZ (92.7 fm) continues to be the only area full-time jazz station; call them at (415) 523-9300 for last minute club listings . . . *In Session With Herb Ellis*, a play-along instructional record with the jazz guitarist, has just been released by a new area label, Guitar Player Productions . . . Pianist **Dave Alexander** performs from Wednesday through Saturdays at Minnie's Can-Do . . . **The Calvin Keys Group** opens up a new spot on Sunday nights at the Reunion . . . The Washington Square Bar & Grill has a lineup of jazz pianists, including **Cyril Bennett** (Wednesday) and **Dick Fregulia** (Saturday) . . . Rock with **Marshall Tucker** and **Graham Central Station** at Winterland Dec. 20-21; the **Beach Boys** at the S.F. Civic Dec. 20; **Tower of Power** at Winterland and the **Doobie Brothers** at the Cow Palace New Years Eve . . . **Bobby Blue Bland** joins **B. B. King** at Winterland Jan. 12 . . . Keystone Korner has the **Freddie Hubbard Sextet** through Dec. 22.

## DETROIT

**Bob Seeley** is into his second year at Charles's Crab, dispensing his inimitable boogie-woogie, ragtime and stride piano . . . **Bess Bonnier** has moved into Dearborn's Chamberlin-Holiday Inn with her jazz piano, along with **Mickey Stein's** guitar . . . **Bobbie's Pub** in the Atrium Building is now showcasing versatile vocalist **Ursula Walker**, along with guitarist **Matt Michaels'** trio (**Jack Brokensha**, vibes,

and **Don Palmer**, bass) . . . One of the most exciting new groups here is **Lorio**, which has taken up residence at The Roostertail, and is warming audiences with jazz and jazz-rock . . . The big band scene is thriving, with the one-two punch of **Austin-Moro** and the **Brookside Jazz Ensemble** playing alternate Wednesdays and Thursdays at the Top Of The Pontch . . . **Alvaro's**, in Royal Oak, has the 18-piece **Coachmen** band Mondays . . . Pianist **Lenore Paxton** is knocking out some great sounds with her trio (**Don Fagenson**, bass; **Allan Smith**, drums) Wednesdays through Saturdays at Bob and Rob's . . . No news about Baker's Keyboard, home of Detroit name acts, at press time . . . Jazz great **Terry Pollard** is now appearing at Sonny's Slave Market with a cast of Detroit all-stars: tenorist **Miller Brisker**, bassist **Will Austin** and drummer **Burt Myrick** aid the pianist . . . Drummer **J. C. Heard's** quartet has pulled into Trane's House for an indefinite stay . . . Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays in Pontiac, hear the dixie sounds of clarinetist **Andy Mornile** at the DAC Lounge (with **Paul Temple**, trumpet; **Jim Martin**, trombone; **Russell Stump**, piano; **Bill Boley**, bass; **Don De Grazia**, drums) . . . **The Manhattans** bring soul to Henry's Cocktail Lounge Dec. 26-Jan. 5.

## London

Wigmore Hall on December 21 sees the first public appearance of piano duo **TnT**, which stands for **Stan Tracey** and **Keith Tippett**. Originally scheduled for last February, their debut was put back when Tippett's thumb was injured . . . The regular Thursday session at the Seven Dials, Covent Garden is given over on December 19 to a Grand Christmas Blow featuring anybody and everybody. After a week's pause to recover, events recommence with the **Lol Coxhill Quartet** (Jan. 2) and the **Peter King Quartet** (Jan. 9) . . . The Jazz Centre Society's next date at the Phoenix, Cavendish Square spots **Harry Beckett's S & R Powerhouse** on Jan. 8 . . . **Ronnie Scott's** has singer **George Melly** and the **Feetwarmers** thru the Christmas period, and announces an "insane" New Year's Eve Party The latest international big band, **Peter Herbolzheimer's Rhythm Combination and Brass** featuring trumpeter **Art Farmer** and trombonist **Jiggs Whigham**, starts two weeks at Ronnie's on Jan. 6 . . . The **Black Bottom Stompers**, heard every Wednesday at the Lord Napier, Thornton Heath, are at the 100 Club in Oxford St. Dec. 20, and the **Terry Lightfoot** and **Monty Sunshine** bands are featured in a Jazz Party Night at the Roebuck, Buckhurst Hill (Dec. 22).

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