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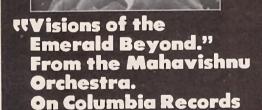
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Vol. 42, No. 7

April 10, 1975

(on sale March 27, 1975)



#### Accompanist to:

Leonard Bernstein Dave Brubeck Burt Bacharach Aaron Copland Ferrante and Teicher Lukas Foss Erroll Garner John Green Dick Hyman Seiji Ozawa Oscar Peterson André Previn Gunther Schuller George Shearing Bobby Short Michael Tilson Thomas Teddy Wilson

Jackie McLean: "The Connection Between Today and Yesterday," by Herb Nolan. Alto saxophonist Jackie McLean—a seminal player in the transition between hard-bop and modal and free styles—is not about to return to the so-called "jazz" world. Now an artist in residence at the University of Hartford, McLean has formed the Artists Collective, which is aimed at helping inner-city children understand their musical heritage better. Herb Nolan was able to catch him during one of his few nightclub appearances in recent years.

Cecil Taylor: "African Code, Black Methodology," by J.B. Figi. Here, at last, is the interview with the enigmatic and reclusive Cecil Taylor that people have been 12 waiting for. Figi has approached the master planist and outspoken thinker on Taylor's own terms and has written about him in a literary style that approximates the searing, energy-exhausting keyboard fireworks of Taylor's own music.

15 Roland Hanna: "The Two-Fisted Rubato of . . .," by Ray Townley & Eric Nemeyer. After a long and highly acclaimed tenure with the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra, Sir Roland Hanna now is involved in making his own intensely personal statements. The Black Knight is the beginning, and given his immense training and emotive feel for the piano, Hanna should become a major voice in determining the keyboard language of the late '70s.

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# Amplifiers for the Traveling Musician

ROAD ELECTRONICS, INC., P.O. BOX 932, FORT SCOTT, KANSAS 66701 (316) 223-5330 6 ☐ down beat

By Charles Suber

don't recommend going into music to anybody... Music is only for musicians, it's not for the average guy, it's for somebody who loves that music so much he doesn't care whether he makes a dollar, a dime, a penny, or nothing at all..."

That's Roland Hanna, speaking in this issue about what drives a serious musician. Cecil Taylor, also in this issue, speaks about the same drive—that commitment from which you never want to escape, for it offers the only way to freedom.

Taylor: "(I must) retain the artistic prerogative of ultimate choice, functioning from
the basis of always having the absolute aesthetic choice as the determining agent in the
role that (is) one's art... and life." Taylor
also understands the price to be paid for
making his choice: "... I found myself washing dishes, but... I knew why I was washing
dishes... The artist's first responsibility is to
communicate with himself."

The lay public and most media rarely understand or acknowledge the price paid by musicians to hold on to what is supremely important. The musician lives for the peaks. Between highs, he exists in a slough of day-to-day gigs, family time, teaching, and whatever it takes to prepare for the next assault on the heights. Non-musicians—the listeners, buyers and sellers of music—should be reminded, again and again, about the certain things that a musician cannot do and still live with himself.

The interview with Jackie McLean reveals some of the love-hate with which many musicians live. McLean hates what jazz clubs, and the like, did to him and many of his contemporaries: Charlie Parker, Bud Powell, and a host of jazz ghosts. He remembers with a passion those heights where the music soared and everything was right. He also cannot forget the payments always due—getting it up four, five times a night, night after night, in crummy cellars—hit on to share a stick, a snort, a hype.

Finally, if you're Jackie McLean, you take your family and run for survival—to a place where you can pass on what you hold so dear. But wherever you are, you remain a musician. You must play. And when an interviewer asks you what's going down, you say some careful words that will not reveal too much of the commitment . . . and pride.

"So now I feel I have to work out some kind of schedule where I can play every day. I don't want to let this feeling I get from these young musicians die."

An interview with Oliver Nelson—and a playing example from his *Patterns for Improvisation*—is featured in the next down beat . . . plus other important voicings.

Don't miss dh's Music Handbook '75. It has the complete big band score of Pat Williams' Threshold, the original Grammy award arrangement: plus four—count them, four—Chuck Mangione "as recorded" sketch scores: Land of Make Believe, El Gato Triste, Legend of the One-Eyed Sailor, and Echano!

The Handbook's central theme is Music Careers—materials for, how to pursue, salary ranges, etc. There are (three) record libraries, record and artist directories, '74 db index...

Music Handbook '75 is \$1.50 at newsstands, or by mail from our Chicago office. db

#### Slide Oversight

We would like to ask a few questions: 1) Why are there no Blindfold Tests featuring trombone players?

2) Why doesn't anyone realize that Bruce Fowler, Garnett Brown, and Bill Watrous all come from Carl Fontana and Frank Rosolino, and that they are still miles behind where Roswell Rudd and Dee Barton were in the early '60s?

3) Who does Tom Scott think he's kidding?

Golos & Wisniewski Milwaukee, Wis.

#### **Blanket Spray**

Dear Jeff Keith, Steve Schenkel, Stanley Zuckerman, Richard Harris, and anybody else who's written angry letters about the '74 Readers Poll:

Gee whiz, it's too bad your favorite stars didn't win. I sympathize. But dig this: the Readers Poll is just that. It measures the popularity of contemporary musicians. It is not a statement from Mount Olympus declaring who is musically legit or not.

Secondly, contemporary music is broad enough for the Mahavishnu Orchestra to share the bill with the Art Ensemble of Chicago, for Anthony Braxton to swing alongside Return To Forever, for Louis Bellson to tap the traps with Cobham.

Third, and I hope Jeff Keith reads this, hey man, since when do you let the PR department of Columbia Records decide for you who plays rock and who plays jazz? The electric/eclectic fusion bands are turning more people onto hip, serious music than ever before. I got into Braxton and Ornette Coleman through Return To Forever and Mahavishnu, and I know I'm not alone. In your letter you said that these new electric bands "do not deserve to be heard." That's the sickest thing I've ever read in a music magazine.

How do other people feel? Santa Cruz, Cal. Jimm Cushing

#### **Brief Bouquets**

Many thanks to Ray Townley for his sensitive and revealing article on Joe Zawinul. His music is a peaceful and captivating beauty that gently demands all of the ear's attention. My universe was fortunate to have come in contact with Zawinul's one night a couple of years ago. He had just finished remixing the Sweetnighter album and he was very excited. He said to me, "Man, wait till you hear the new album. It's so good you'll think you're playing it." PS: When can we see an interview with Jan Hammer? Indianapolis, Ind. Steve Cox

Reading John Litweiler's article on Charlie Mingus and listening to one of his better albums is a really great experience. I've been waiting for Mr. Mingus' inner views a long time. . . . In my opinion, Mingus is one of the all-time great bass virtuosos, composers, and songwriters in American music. Los Angeles, Cal. Paul Kephart

#### Marsh-aled Applause

At long last, the most superb of saxophonists has received a review worthy of him. I refer to the laudatory review of Warne Marsh's latest album. As Charlie Parker

once intimated to Lennie Tristano of Warne, That kid's got it." Indeed he has.

We have of late been bludgeoned, buffeted, and cuffed about the ears by some of the new practitioners of the art of jazzmen hell-bent on demonstrating that jazz is either a weapon, a destroyer of icons, or a release valve for pent-up frustration and anger.

Labels stick, unfortunately. Marsh was relegated to the so-called Cool School (as were Konitz and Tristano), and it stuck. What went unnoticed, but by a few, was that Marsh is right out of Lester Young, with a style that is subtle, analytical, devoid of bombast, and full of controlled warmth. James J. Conti Roseville, Mich.

#### Crystal Gazing

I predict that in 1984 a jazz composition will consist of a cassette being inserted into a computer. The programmer will be a frustrated Miles freak, age 79. The resulting eerie bleeps will be captured on a wire replacing the LP. A reviewer from down

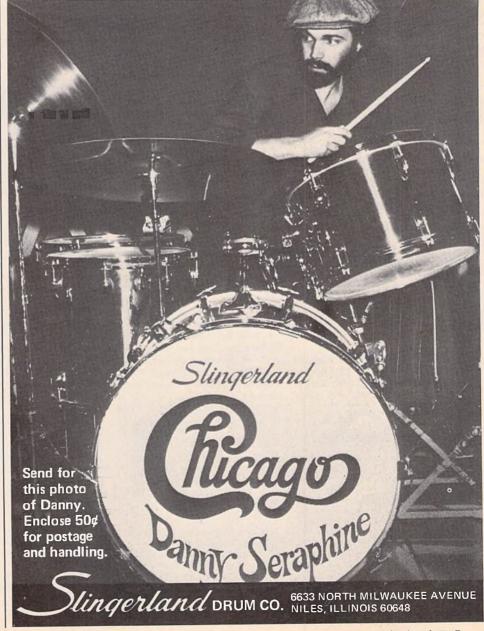
beat will receive the wire in his cell at Bellevue Hospital. It will be a Morse code version of Night In Tunisia. The offspring of the jazz fan will rebel against his parents, by playing Coleman Hawkins' version of Body And Soul.

Bill McGuire Taunton, Mass.

#### **Here Comes Biv!**

What a decided kick to read the Profile on Lin Biviano in the Feb. 27 issue. I saw the Biviano band when they played a twoweeker here in Dayton at Gilly's late last August and it was the most exciting new band I've heard in years. They had a great original book plus Lin's fantastic solos on trumpet, fluegelhorn, and valve trombone. True, Biviano will remind you of Maynard, but that's only on the surface: there's more true jazz conception with Lin.

I know it's been proclaimed countless times in the past few years, but this band is going to scare a lot of people to death. This is THE one we've been waiting for. Dayton, Oh. Randy Taylor



#### **ELECTRIC HAPPENINGS**



Doug Carn

has expanded his group by adding two new vocalists, John porary pop forms with jazz was Conner and Cheryl Pascal, a notable on Bartz' previous out-Philadelphia-born model and dancer. The new lineup was recently showcased at the Village Gate in a live broadcast carried over WRVR radio. Carn led the unit through treatments of such standards as Naima, A Love Supreme, and Revelation, in addition to several selections from his most recent Black Jazz album, Adam's Apple. The band also played a recent one-nighter at a Philly discotheque, demonstrating its ability to communicate with all kinds of audiences.

Doug, who plays acoustic and electric piano, Moog synthesizer, and organ, has announced plans for upcoming concerts in Chicago, San Francisco and

Gary Bartz has put the finishing touches to his latest album. which was produced by Larry Mizell. Recorded at Fantasy Records' Berkeley studios, the session highlighted Miles Davis' current rhythm section, featuring Mtume on percussion, Reggie Lucas on guitar, and Michael Henderson on bass. Bartz' partners from his Ntu Troop, drummer Howard King and keyboardist Hubert Eaves, rounded out the personnel lineup. Songs include four new compositions by Bartz and one each by Mizell and Henderson.

Mizell has served as producer for such albums as Donald Byrd's Black Byrd, the Blackbyrds' debut album, and Bobbi bongos.



Ray Manzarek

Multi-keyboardist Doug Carn Humphrey's Blacks And Blues. Mizell's ability to blend conteming, Singerella-A Ghetto Fairy Tale. Unlike Singerella, which Bartz admits was a musical essay on life in the Bedford-Stuyvesant section of New York. the new album will deal with Los Angeles and its environs.

> Keyboardist Ray Manzarek has gone on tour with his new unit. Former musical spark behind the Doors, Manzarek's second solo album. The Whole Thing Started With Rock And Roll Now It's Out Of Control, has initiated more interest than his previous The Golden Scarab LP.

> The new Manzarek band features Ray on various keyboards, Nigel Harrison on bass, Terry Sales on quitar, and Hunt Sales on drums, the brother team having formerly worked with Todd Rundgren.

> Composer/arranger/keyboardist Eumir Deodato has also assembled a new unit which is currently active on the road. Famed for his jazz adaptation of the Richard Strauss opus Also Sprach Zarathustra, the Deodato lineup currently includes John Tropea, guitar; John Giulino, bass: Nick Remo, drums: John Gatchell and John Dearth, trumpet; Sam Burtis, trombone: Bob Mintzer, baritone and tenor sax and flute: Reubens Bassin, congas, timbales, and bongos; and Gilmore DeGap, congas and

Columbia has issued the first album by a group called Sky King (remember the old TV series based on the cowboy aviator?), a quintet fronted by Chris Brubeck, the multi-instrumentalist son of pianist Dave Brubeck. Entitled Secret Sauce, the band's music runs the gamut of fusion sound. Other recent platters from Columbia include Unrequited, another slice of comedy and pathos from master satirist Loudon Wainwright III; Temple Of Birth, the latest from flutist Jeremy Steig; the debut outing

by a group called Cottonwood South; and Sweeping The Spotlight Away, the latest from Canadian, folk-rocker Murray Mc-Lauchlan.

The new assortment from Warner Bros. includes the latest by hot Georgia rockers Wet Willie, tagged Dixie Rock: Pieces Of The Sky, the debut solo outing 8 from songstress Emmy Lou Harris; Songbird, by Jesse Colin Young; Crash Landing, the first of more projected posthumous

#### SUMMER CLINICS SHAPE UP

history, the Summer Jazz Clinics cludes: Rich Matteson, director; will include a jazz string program, made possible by a grant Swallow, bass; Ed Soph, drums; from the National Endowment for Jerry Hahn, guitar; John Lathe Arts (Wash., DC). Dave Porta, Roger Pemberton, Lou-Baker, head of jazz studies at In- Marini and Ken Kistner, reeds; diana U. (Bloomington) and na- Bill Stapleton, Wes Hensel, tionally known cellist and com- Floyd Standifer, Dom Spera, and poser, will be in charge of the Ken Ferrantino, trumpets; Phil string programs at the clinics' several campus locations.

Combo/Improvisation Clinics be announced. are scheduled at Wichita State U. (Kansas), June 1-7 and North-bo/Improvisation clinics inern III. U. (DeKalb), Aug. 10-16, cludes daily classes on theory. Faculty includes Jamey Aeber- arranging, improvisation, ear Jack Peterson, guitar; Ed Soph, riculum includes daily classes drums; Joe Henderson and his on theory, arranging, instrument quartet; plus guest stars to be instruction, section rehearsal, announced.

Big Band Clinics are sched- ance, and seminars. uled at Wichita State U., June 1-7; Saskatchewan Summer guest stars (to be announced) School of the Arts (Fort San, are also made possible by the Sask., Canada), June 22-28; National Endowment grant, ac-Northern III. U., Aug. 3-9; and Mt. cording to Ken Morris, president Hood College (Gresham, of the Summer Jazz Clinics.

For the first time in its 17 year Oregon), Aug. 10-16. Faculty in-Baker; Gary Burton, vibes; Steve Wilson and Ashley Alexander, trombones; plus guest stars to

The curriculum for the Comsold, director; Baker; Dan training, combo performances, Haerle, piano; Rufus Reid, bass; and seminars. The big band curimprovisation, big band perform-

The services of the several

#### JAZZ AT ST. PAT'S



Mary Lou Williams recently got her wish. Not only was her Mass performed at St. Patrick's Cathedral, but it was performed by school children instead of a professional choir. It marked the first jazz performance ever to be performed at the venerable edifice and Cardinal Cooke was conspicuous by his absence. More than 3000 faithful jammed the pews, aisles, and, as one onlooker quipped, they swung from the flying buttresses.

The Mass, originally choreographed by Alvin Ailey in 1971, was titled by Miss Williams as Mass For The Young-or The Young Thinking. The choirs were seated with the trio at the altar and in the congregation were representatives from four Roman Catholic schools-Our Lady of Lourdes Grammar, NYC: Fordham Preparatory, Bronx; Cathedral High For Girls, NYC; and Regis High, NYC. The trio consisted of Miss Williams, conducting from the piano. Buster Williams, bass, and Jerry Griffin, drums. Each segment of the Mass was punctuated by statements by the instrumental participants, giving the atmosphere anything but the austerity that usually prevails here.

The celebrity-laden throng was appropriately demure. There wasn't any applause after each segment, but the choirs nodded and swayed during the instrumental passages, entering precisely where Mary Lou indicated, with the proper inflections and jazz/soul feeling that the annotated score indicated.

Mary Lou's spiritual advisor, Father Peter O'Brien, gasped at the sea of heads before him as he spoke from the pulpit. "We must form a litany from our jazz artists-Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington, John Coltrane, Thelonious Monk, Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Parker, Mary Lou Williams, Max Roach, Art Blakey, Bessie Smith. These great creators of our American Music will some day be seen for who they are and what they have given us." (Yeah, Father, but we still haven't got a stamp for Satch or Duke.)

Mabel Mercer took part in the service by reading from the Book of Isaiah and the Book of Psalms. The decorum was pronounced, but prolonged, spontaneous applause erupting after the final offering, Leon Thomas' Hymn At The End Of Mass.

-arnold jay smith

#### **Keeping Up With Jones**



Elvin signs in while Vanguard staff looks on

plans to record his first album for Vanguard sometime in April.

Roland Prince, bassist David finger to mend.

Percussionist Elvin Jones Williams (who is a native of Trinidad), and Freddie Hubbard's long-time saxophonist Junior Jones recently launched a four Cook. Tenor saxophonist Steve week tour of the United States Grossman remained behind in with a band including quitarist. New York waiting for a broken

#### "SECOND MOTOWN" VOWED

J-Bridge Records has started up jazz heritage of the K. C. area estly declares. supplies it with an advantage in

A new record company named seeking out available talent.

Matthews is rather blunt about in, of all places, Kansas City, the aspirations of his fledgling Headed by one Les Matthews, company. "Our goal is to bethe company believes that the come another Motown," he mod-

Boogie on, Les . . .

#### NJE Receives Grants

The National Jazz Ensemble, a four concerts at the New School two grants to help further its 1975 concert season.

make possible the Ensemble's

repertory orchestra of leading for Social Research in New York jazz musicians under the direc- during March and April, as well tion of bassist/composer Chuck as 11 concerts and workshops Israels, was recently awarded as artists-in-residence at various New York State colleges. The second grant provides for The grants from the New York the continuance and develop-State Council of The Arts helped ment of the NJE's Jazz Historical Exhibit that accompanies them.

#### **FINAL BAR**

Walter C. Allen, jazz scholar and publisher, died December 23. 1974, in Highland Park, New Jersey. He died of cancer, although he had suffered three heart attacks.

One of the founders of the Institute of Jazz Studies at Rutgers University, Allen participated in many seminars and lectured countless times since the Institute's formation in 1968. He was a recognized authority on traditional and swing periods.

Allen published a number of discographies and monographs including the famous Howard J. Waters work, Jack Teagarden's Music, the definitive discography of the trombonist's work. His publishing company also served as the major wholesale and retail source in North America of published jazz research from all over the world. His periodic "Poop Sheets" of available items listed virtually all jazz scholarship, discography and biographies in print plus current and many back issues of every major jazz periodical in the world.

His most monumental achievement came in 1973 when he published the fruits of more than 20 years research on the career of Fletcher. Hendersonia: A Bio-discography of Fletcher Henderson was acclaimed as one of the most significant contributions to American music scholarship ever to appear. At a mere \$10.00, the massive 800-plus page hardcover book is also a bargain of exceptional proportions. Allen also published a discography on King Oliver in the late 1950s.

Allen's distribution activities will be carried on by his widow, Ann Allen, who will also handle sales of the second printing of Hendersonia.

The Henderson volume plus catalogs of current literature may be ordered from Ann Allen, P.O. Box 1382, Highland Park, New Jersey 08904. -mcdonough

Ake Persson, Swedish jazz trombonist, was killed in an automobile accident on February 5 when his car left the road and plunged into Stockholm harbor. He was 42.

Persson was well-known as one of the best jazz musicians in Europe, having worked with many major American jazzmen and toured Europe with the Quincy Jones Band in 1959. He is best remembered as an integral member of the Kenny Clarke-Francy Boland Band, where his articulate and clear-toned solos excelled.

Persson free-lanced extensively following the disbanding of the Clarke-Boland unit, becoming a regular member of the Rhythm Combination & Brass Orchestra. On the weekend prior to his death, he had performed with trumpeter Clark Terry in Stockholm.

#### potpourri

Pianist/composer Jack Reilly Johnson, Harold Mabern, Stella will debut his new jazz oratorio. The Light Of The Soul, at Central Presbyterian Church in Manhattan on April 13. The work will be performed by the 50-voice Jersey City State College Choir, accompanied by a 10-piece chamber jazz ensemble. Dr. George Hansler of Jersey City State will be conducting. Reilly currently teaches at the Mannes College of Music in Manhattan, where he was recently appointed head of the Jazz Department. He is also on the faculty of the New School For Social Research, where he teaches piano and composition. His Jack Reilly Trio, featuring Jack Six on bass Awards this year.

Jack Kleinsinger and his Highlights In Jazz Series presented a jazz world salute to Lionel Hampton on Monday, March 17 at the Loeb Student Center of New York University. Jazz artists who appeared included Buddy Rich, Teddy Wilson, George Duvivier, Frank Foster, drug overdose death of drummer Milt Hinton, Paul Jeffrey, Budd Robbie McIntosh of the red-hot

Marrs, Jimmie Nottingham, and Bob Rosengarten. All proceeds from the benefit concert went to the Lionel Hampton Foundation for music scholarships.

John Sinclair and Rainbow Productions, valiant organizers of the bankrupt Ann Arbor Blues and Jazz Festival, announce the following:

'After a seven-year exodus in Ann Arbor, we are moving our operations back into the Motor City." Sinclair will also serve as db Detroit City Scene rep.

Keyboardist Michael Smith and Joe Cocuzzo on drums, was writes to announce his resignanominated for two Grammy tion from the Steve Lacy Band, and all other previous ensembles he has performed with.

> Hollywood Snow Job: A murder indictment has been returned against one Kenneth Moss, former Wall Street financier turned Hollywood highlifer, following an investigation into the drug overdose death of drummer

British soul group The Average \$5.3 million Ernest W. Mande-White Band. The 28-year-old ville Center with an 11-day pubdrummer died last Sept. 23 after allegedly inhaling a white sub- art from March 6-16. Among the stance from a small bottle which musical events featured was a was mistakenly presumed to be cocaine. The coroner's report listed the cause of death as "acute heroin-morphine intox-ication", due to nasal ingestion of the drug. Another member of the group also became seriously ill from the substance, but thanks to the concerned efforts of singer Cher Bono, who kept him awake and made him walk off the toxic effects, he managed to survive. The party was held at defendant Moss' plush Hollywood Hills home

Violinist Leroy Jenkins wrote to inform us that the Revolutionary Ensemble, including himself, Jerome Cooper on drums, and Sirone on bass, will be performing 14 concerts in Sweden that began on March 14. The Ensemble is being sponsored by the Institute For National Concerts in Sweden.

The University of California at San Diego dedicated its new

lic festival of music, drama, and production of late avant garde composer Harry Partch's The Bewitched, as well as evenings of gospel and 20th century vocal

After a lengthy contractual hassle with United Artists, War and the label have decided to call a truce.

Where it ends nobody knows: Add to the lengthening Arista roster one Martha Reeves, formerly the punch behind Martha and the Vandellas. Ms. Reeves' first Aristaplatter will be produced by Tony Sylvester of the Main Ingredient.

While Muddy Waters was recently recording a new album up 8 in Woodstock, Levon Helm and & Garth Hudson of The Band dropped in to lend him a hand. §

Copenhagen's famed jazz club Montmartre reopened at the be-



The Rhodes.

One of the great phenomena of contemporary music is the startling number of great musicians who played, at one time or another, with Miles Davis. Another is the startling number of great pianists who play, at one time or another, the Rhodes.

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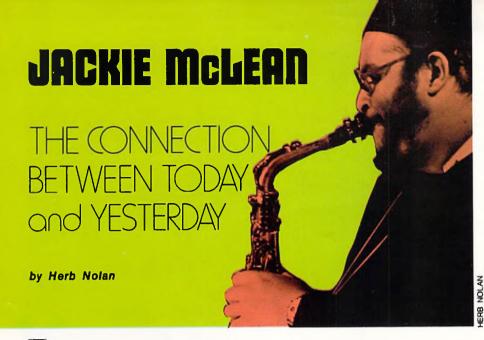


#### Rhodes

What the uncommon have in common.

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Early last year Jackie McLean brought a band of young musicians called the Cosmic Brotherhood to a small basement club on the northside of Chicago.

The group, including pianist Bill Gault, Billy Skinner on trumpet, Michael Carvin on drums, James Benjimin on bass and Jackie's son Rene playing tenor, had been put together especially for the date (See Caught, db 4/11/74).

It was an unusual event and perhaps a significant one. It was unusual because this was a very rare club appearance in the United States for the almost legendary alto saxo-phonist who grew up in New York City's post-war music renaissance called behop. who paid his dues with musicians ranging from Bud Powell and Charlie Parker to Ornette Coleman, and who paid them again to drugs and music's nighttime hipster world.

The Chicago date was important in an existential sense in that it may have renewed something he'd pushed aside in recent years -his inspiration to play.

Jackie McLean had dropped out. No, it's more accurate to say he had moved on, away from a part of the music culture that surrounded him for most of his 42 years and into education at the University of Hartford, bringing with him a unique personal history of experience as valuable as anything offered in the classrooms of any academy.

"I'm not going to come back and go out in the quote, 'jazz', world again," said McLean over breakfast late one morning during the Chicago gig. "I'm in that world in a way," he added, clarifying the statement, "but I'm not playing clubs.

"I went to Hartford because I was asked to come there and check out the cultural scene, McLean said, getting directly to the heart of what concerns him now. "When I first arrived I worked for the Commission On The Arts as a consultant to investigate the cultural programs in Hartford, but there really wasn't much happening culturewise.

"Now five of us, including Billy Skinner and Billy Gault, have gotten together and formed an organization called the Artists Collective which is aimed at helping innercity children understand more about the truth of their art. This includes Afro-American music and African art as well as Carribbean music, so we can focus on the Spanish speaking people, theater and the visual arts.

"We applied for and received funds, then acquired a building which was opened this year. We had been working for two years without a grant under our own steam.

"AT THE UNIVERSITY-I've heen there about four years—we have an Afro-American studies department. We're teaching history and we have some workshops, but this isn't enough. At first I was there by myself, you know, but now I'm in the process of getting a budget and making it grow a little bit. I like to look at it as an Afro-American studies course in music. If people want to call it black studies, fine. But I'm not doing much playing in Hartford except for some little public schools, and the past couple of summers I've gone to Europe.

"Why the move to education? Some of us have to do it, and I feel fortunate that I have been able to stay out there this long and play with some of the people I've played with. You know I played with some of the greatest in the business, but now it's just a matter of trying to keep the spirit going. When I say spirit, I mean some musicians seem to have moved toward more commercial fields, to more commercial feelings in music, like trying to get a hit record and changing into a rock kind of thing. I'm not putting that down, but I'd like to continue like McCoy, he keeps his direction and is always straight ahead. I'm not coming to the clubs to play because I don't want to let this opportunity pass me by-to try and help develop some educational mores in Hartford and in the world, especially for inner-city kids.

"Since I got some help at the university. I'm spending most of my time doing research for my history classes. I am putting all my time into dealing with history. I'd like to spend the next ten years doing that, and perhaps write some books to clean up a few of the things that have been said and cover some of the people who have been left out. The schools should have it, man. It should be known. Like Scott Joplin should be an American hero for everybody. He's a piece of the history, it's fantastic what he did.

"Here I was a so-called jazz musician and I didn't know anything about some of the people who were really important. Sidney Bechet, for example, I really didn't double-back

and listen to him. Oh. I heard him but I didn't listen closely and study what he was playing until recently. I'm so fascinated by what I've learned so far.

"The music is getting closer to being recognized as this country's art form, but it's still a drag. I'm dealing with that everyday at the university, trying to make the classes more visible and develop them into high quality courses .

"But it's hard for young musicians. I wish there was some place they could go and get exposed to some of the things I'm talking about. Of course, that's what we're trying to do in Hartford. We have some good, serious prospective musicians coming out of the community. Billy Gault has a piano student he's been teaching, using his own concept of how to teach music, and Billy Skinner wrote his own book on study techniques. I work with the saxophone students.

"Incidentally, Billy Gault plays all instruments-trumpet, saxophone, etc. To me he's a different kind of young musician. He understands the situation totally, and he's not concerned with being famous. He's serious about the music he's writing and playing. He will definitely be playing black music all his life without going into any commercialism. It's a shame some of these people aren't recorded.

"It's weird, man. It's the same as it has always been for young players. This is the '70s but they're still out there trying to play wherever the music is being played and wherever they can play it. Some cats can come in through the rock thing, I guess, live with that and try to develop it into something more. I know a lot of great young musicians, but I think it's a little rougher for them now then when I was coming up. At least there were places to go play ...

"It's just that the younger musicians don't get a chance to work. Take the Art Ensemble of Chicago. I was talking to Lester Bowie when he came into the club one night. I should know him, yet I've never heard him in person or even met him before. That group should be seen, but they only worked a few times last year.

"Chicago has always produced fantastic musicians," added McLean. "When I first came here in the '50s there was music in this town like in the New York I grew up in-Chicago was like that. Maybe it still is, I don't know, it's just a different time, it has to be. When I last played here (about 1964) I worked with Wilbur Campbell, he's one of my all-time favorite drummers, but he's not very well known. Some bad music was played in Chicago when the musicians first came up from New Orleans."

Speaking about New Orleans, Jackie Mc-Lean began to talk about history and traditions in music like the "second liners".

"That's the old concept with the brass bands in New Orleans, the kids who wanted to study music would have to be out there carrying the horn cases of the band members. They didn't have to do it, but it was part of your dues. I'm trying to pass that kind of feeling onto the young children.

"They've never had that history, and what makes it an even broader thing is that you realize that they haven't even had any heros who are in the same category as white heros. The great black civilizations are rarely talked about . . . There's a great history there. I am trying to do a study where I can work the importance of very early civilizations into music. In my first semester lectures, for ex-

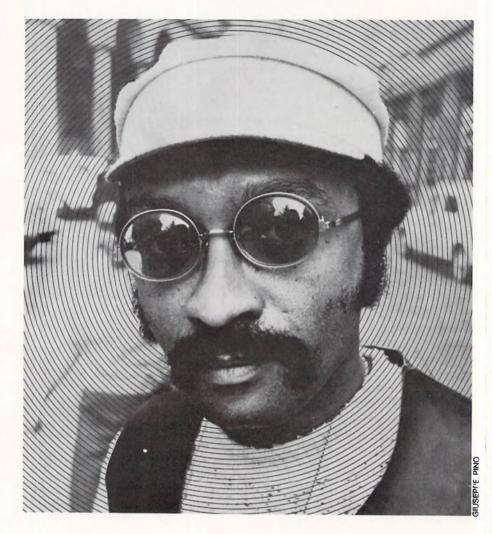
# CECIL TRYLOR AFRICAN CODE, BLACK METHODOLOGY

by j. b. figi

He leans forward (small lithe man, knit cap twistknotted at back in the fashion of the hamals and street-laborers of Cairo, now in his 40s but with that frank look of intellect you'd find on some ten-year-old chess prodigy), poised over keyboard while Jimmy Lyons and Andrew Cyrille take their places. Intent. Waiting. As though listening for an inner voice, a signal that the rite is to begin.

Obviously, to me, the stool upon which I sit when I'm playing could be considered an altar, (he'd say later) a tripod upon which Isis or the Pythoness is containing the closed calabash, the Iqua Odu, the seed, the beginning, the water, the sea of divinity from which my heritage speaks.

And it does begin, tentatively, swift purr soft hands cool noise smallest grin, then gathers weight, motion, power. "Make it sweat!" they used to urge rent-party pianists. He does, never failing panther stroke, savaging the keyboard until it nearly buzzes, edging white noise. It seethes, swarms, churns, full of dark rumblings with 'gator tails spinning, notes delicate as butterflies, others which bang like boxcars, passages which rise like startled flocks of birds or wallow, hippopotami. It is at once ponderous, jittery, electrodes crawl upon supple backs, stately, playful: Yellow childrens/scampering ass'n/pigtails stompin'. He gorillas piano to holy roller hysteria Blood in holler sweat real to become/unknown Trance yammering tongues, forgotten languages and ancient songs through which stride themes deep, rich, fragrant and rhap-



sodic as Ellington, rhythmically driven as Monk, turned by Bud's fine madness, formal as Scott Joplin. It achieves the grandiose crescendo ascribed to orgasm in bad novels hearin' salt in parabolic thrusts/swollen to light travelling moon outsize'd/which grand rise full to flourish and stays there, rutting, whining corpuscles scream/separated good comings/in circular movement, maintaining an intensity so awesome it defies yet compels total involvement.

In late October, the Cecil Taylor Unit appeared at Chicago's short-lived "new" Jazz Showcase. It was Taylor's first gig here since the down beat festival held at Soldiers' Field in Summer, 1965. For me, it meant at last coming to terms with his music. Taylor had long been a personal booger-bear. His powers are obvious and enormous. His inclusion with Ornette Coleman and John Coltrane as the big three of contemporary black music, no less a grouping of convenience than bebop's Bird-Diz-Monk, is nevertheless an accurate symbol of his stature. I had listened to, and applauded, his records ever since they first had appeared, but had never been able to enter fully into his music. I knew that what he played in any given performance would last most pianists a year, yet felt perhaps he played too much. It seemed nervous, discomfiting, somehow less than satisfying. At the Jazz Showcase, however, the full exuberant physicality of the music took me by storm.

blasting all reservations.

In the musicians' room backstage. Andrew Cyrille pressed sweat from his shirt with a travelling iron. Taylor, who could have been expected to be on the floor after his performance, sat receiving callers (Malachi Favors and Joseph Jarman of the Art Ensemble of Chicago), looking as though he had just glanced up from a book. He agreed to an interview on the weekend.

We met on a Saturday. Two days later, having found that there was more he wanted to say, Taylor telephoned to arrange a second session. All italies, in both the opening paragraphs and hereafter in this article, represent the words of Cecil Taylor, snatched (with his approval) from his poetry or lifted from the three hours of tape which resulted from those interviews. Which were not really interviews, at all, but freehand lectures which he delivered, knowing just what he wanted to say. His brilliance had been expected, but not the completeness of his comprehension, the lack of rant and rhetoric, his personal openness. He has that knowledge of the world, the way it works and why, which comes to seasoned revolutionaries, those who have chosen objectivity over hitterness and have learned patience the hard way.

The first topic began as he came through the door. It was the aftermath of a conversation he'd had earlier that day with a jazz critic, and he was still disturbed by a suggestion that he consider softening his artistic stance and dilute his music in the interest of "communication," which in context meant selling records. The example of Herbie Hancock had been presented to him. It must have been tantamount to inviting the Pope to Lutheranism. For Taylor, the matter had long been settled. Years earlier he had reached a difficult and basic decision to retain the artistic prerogative of ultimate choice, functioning from the basis of always having the absolute aesthetic choice as the determining agent in the role that one's art and, finally, one's life's being is representative of.

I've often thought about all the money I might have had, had I accepted all the offers that were coming. That was, say, 1957. I was faced with becoming a commercial success. It's an option in the sense that they'll come and get you, especially if you have a talent that is usable.

I think it was at that time, also, that certain personal problems were manifesting themselves within myself in the most intent way, and these problems were the beginnings of an attempt to really come to grips with that taking place.

1961 was a very important year. That was the year my father died. That was the final honing of the musical character because what most people perceive as either independence or insanity or whatever was supported lovingly by a father who was concerned about his son—whether he would be any of those things people said he was—but it was his son, his continuance, and he supported all my musical endeavors and my intemperateness. But he was no longer there. This man that loved was not there and economically that rock wasn't there. And one had to really decide, finally, what is it really all about.

So, from the possible apex of becoming a figure of similar economic magnitude of, say, an Oscar Peterson, I found myself washing dishes. It was an extreme piece of irony that around that time there was an article that came out on the music that we were doing, in down beat, and I found myself, soon after it appeared, washing dishes, but by that time I knew why I was washing dishes.

In retrospect, in view of the development of the Unit's cultural base, I don't regret the decision that I made. The thing that I can say, for those people who did accept the call of becoming a commercial entity, people who have decided to make music the business by which they become financially secure—although it may be obscured by obviously deceitful talk about communication—is that the artist's first responsibility is to communicate with himself.

The last feature article on Cecil Taylor to appear in down beat, an excellent piece by John Litweiler (Cecil Taylor, Needs And Acts, db 10/14/71), focused upon Cecil's residence at the University of Wisconsin, where he taught a course in Black Music. He left Wisconsin in the fall of 1971, but remained a few more years within the groves of academe, first at Antioch College in Spring Valley, Ohio, and then at Glassboro State College, Glassboro, New Jersey.

Being out of that struggle of sacrifices that go on in New York, one was allowed to breathe differently and there was, of course, more time for contemplation, and one also saw New York in a different light, and it really helped open up one.

Of course, (working with students), that was one of the really positive things that happened. I saw something else; that it is like a birth process. To see talent, and possibly genius, begin to move for the first time is maybe the second most gratifying artistic experience that one can have. That's something that will continue to

interest me. But the way some academies are set up—unfortunately most all of the ones I was connected to—seemed to not really be too responsive to creative thought, to a wide range of investigatory procedures that had not already been catalogued at least 50 years ago.

What I found was that the archaic institutions of—huh—higher learning, what they're about, it is the protecting of certain biased conceptions of how to perceive what learning is.

I really haven't evaluated completely the school experience except that, for instance, what I feel is going on in Boston at this time (the busing riots) is a very curious statement about the failure of the concepts of the academy. If you isolate Harvard, and MIT, from the living function of dealing with people, not just ideas, when you understand that Harvard is perhaps the oldest recognized college, and that the Boston area is essentially a rather small area, but that whole area for a long time has represented the quintessence of American thought and scholarship; and here we have people engaged in the most dehumanized activities; I don't separate the fact that they're in South Boston from the function that Harvard was supposed to be playing.

More recently, the Cecil Taylor Unit has returned to the world at large.

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The first time we went to Japan was in May of last year (1973), and then we came back and we did four or five days at the Keystone Korner in 'Frisco, and we did certain college concerts. I went to Montreux to do a piano night with Earl Hines, Jay McShann and Roland Hanna (an LP of Taylor's stunning solo performance has just been released: Silent Tongues, Cecil Taylor Live at Montreux 1974; Arista 1005), and then I came back to give a private concert in conjunction with some rather fine European musicians at a tenth anniversary of the Maeght Foundation . . . as the Unit we did that about three weeks after the Montreux thing, and then we went back to Japan in September, and played two weeks at the Keystone Korner, and now we're here in Chicago. (Back in New York, the Unit has since shared a concert with Mary Lou Williams at the Whitney Museum.)

I think the larger responsibility is now to let as many people hear us as possible. There's a marvelous thing that happens. There's a kind of development that goes on that is beyond the power of words to describe; the pleasure at seeing the music grow. Whether there is one person or whether there are a thousand as there were in Japan, one can see one's development.

There are a large number of conscientious.

loving, thinking people who are very serious in their dedication to poetry, music, dance, theatre, who go there because it feeds them. There are more of these people around than is generally thought, and we've been meeting them.

The most important thing, it seems to me, is that in the last few years we've met people who heard us play ten, twelve years ago, and they came back and they were exhilarated.

Taylor spends some of his time writing. For the past four years, he has been working on a book about black music. There is also his poetry (that really began when I was in Europe in '62. I've been doing it ever since), some of the strongest poetry now being written in this country, a literary equivalent of his music, with the same dense accumulation and vibratory mix of images. I keep telling myself that within six months I will get out this book of poetry, I will get out this volume on music ... there are so many ways one can be gratified.

Cecil Taylor is still a booger bear.

Although generally accepted as one of the giants of new black music, such recognition has come grudgingly and, in many cases, seems to have been bestowed in the manner of an honorarium simply because his talents are too huge to ignore. It has been 18 years since he recorded Jazz Advance for Transition. His art has grown tremendously in the interim. He may now be one of the leading figures in the history of music. Yet he has never had a recording contract with a major label and, aside from liner notes, has received comparatively little attention in print. The notable exception. A.B. Spellman's Four Lives In the Bebop Business, was published nearly ten years ago. There remains a disinclination to meet Taylor on his own terms. his own artistic ground.

Early on, given knowledge of his extensive formal European training, attempts were made to shunt him aside by regarding him as an oreo, an Andre Watts. A cement-handed Brubeck Gothicism was discerned in his playing, and even what was thought to be specific fragments of European works. If so, considering the essentially borrowed content of European art, it was akin to discovering Picasso in Yoruba statuary, ballet in Moorish dance or the influence of Paul Klee in Islamic calligraphy. In whatever distorted sense of stigma of the missionary school might apply to Taylor, it should be noted that those who go through such schools and assess the experience properly come through with sense of self and heritage strengthened. The program booklet for a recent show by Chicago artist Scitu Nurullah, aka Rah-Bird, contained a description which is pertinent: "He has received degrees from Euro-American institutions, but has obviously relegated that experience to a proper rank in his hierarchy of experiences.

At any rate, such charges eventually foundered. They could not persist in the face of statements such as. The investigation of oneself means the attempt to hear the calling of those great black minds that have preceded one, and to understand the responsibility, through the investigation of the orders that they maintain, to define what the essential and aesthetic perimeters are that make this music, coming originally from Africa, you know, and combining with other forces, the really supreme Africanization of Western music.

Unfortunately, a similar charge continues to recur: the portrait of Taylor as mandarin, formalist, elitist, which is apparently based upon his obvious erudition, fierce commit-

ment to art, and the complexity of his music. It just does not pertain to the very human man, the man who moves as though he just came off some blacktop basketball court. who loves to dance the Soul Train dances, who loves all black music, frequently referring to such performers as Gladys Knight, Stevie Wonder, Marvin Gaye, Kool & The Gang, and who feels that the various categories of Afro-American music are false separations created for, and eventually by, merchandisers. Nor is it consistent with the man whose own music relies so basically upon intuitive systems, whose music is so physical.

The real problem with Cecil Taylor, of course, is not that his music is difficult, demanding, but that it makes specific demands with which America is not yet prepared to

America is really a very curious place because it hasn't worked. It just hasn't worked. It's supposed to be a melting pot and everybody is incorrectly holding on to notions that do not have any profound meaning.

African culture has had an impact upon the United States which is deeper, more omnipresent, than anyone can comprehend. If all black elements and influence were removed. our landscape would be as unrecognizable as that of Mars. It is the soup-bone that informs the whole, yet remains unacknowledged in the pot. The Little Rascals shuffle along. truck, buck and wing on afternoon TV. Socialites parody, even rename, the Watusi. It creeps through the ditties of Hank Williams and can be seen in the style and language affected by honky street gangs even as they talk about getting niggers. It has been appropriated-without its own reality having truly been perceived—and is repackaged in manageable forms: Louis Armstrong as Tom, Bird as hip graffiti, Lady Day on T shirts. Wardell Gray a twice-removed echo on a Joni Mitchell LP. It is even possible to sneak up on Ornette Coleman, whose music is as natural as a rabbit on the jump, yet as sophisticated as all God's creations, and John Coltrane, that huge yearning spirit which swamped the banks of form, by reducing them to fables. Ornette, the Texas nature boy. Big John, the medicine man. But Taylor resists such handling. His music is too obviously complex to conform to simplistic notions of what black creativity is about, and too grand to be discredited.

That leaves but two ways with which Taylor can be dealt. The prevailing method seems to be to pin a medal on him and send him home.

The other would necessitate the recognition that black creativity is not just freak nigger magic, not just something they can do the way monkeys swing from their tails, but the outcome of an artistic heritage, an authentic culture, a tradition of creative systems and procedures which is not accidental but has been built up painstakingly over thousands of years and, like any dynamic culture, is still expanding. It would entail acknowledging what Taylor calls "black methodology.

Beethoven, Brahms, Bach, Boulez, or Shakespeare, or Nureyev, what they did was only symbolic of one methodological attitude, that's all. What it means is, in retrospect, the academy that I went to gave only one point of view. Therefore, in terms of educational function, I was granted, most arbitrarily, one point of view, one absolute, whether it was literature, dance, music . . .

America is really a very curious place because it hasn't worked. It just hasn't worked. It's supposed to be a melting pot and everybody is incorrectly holding on to notions that do not have any profound meaning.

Now if a poet is going to continue to live, he must, by the very nature of the oppression, cultural oppression, the cultural oppression, and I emphasize that because I'm not talking about politics or sociology-I'm talking about if a man decides he wants to be an artist he must create a language out of the material that his predecessors have laid down; therefore he must work to find that, to develop that, in a way similar to any man who works at anything, you know, skilled or unskilled.

I have within my mind a conception of how Blind Tom played. I have records that have Jelly Roll Morton, Bechet and Baby Dodds playing—interestingly enough—without a bass player, in 1929. I hear Jelly Roll Morton playing verticalisms that are separated perhaps only by half-steps, and you could say it's a mistake, but the mistake repeats itself.

There is a specific methodological procedure. There is a whole attitude of mind that influences what is heard in the mind of great black musicians or those musicians that are involved in attempting to create by using black methodological ideas. There is a whole history of preparation that can be traced very easily back to the Mbuti, the Ashanti, for instance.

I'm not talking about the accident of color, I'm talking about what we learn from methodological precepts that are built in cultures, built upon ancestry, blood, and understanding how that works.

In the areas of voice and the usage of words, without an understanding of where the vocal timbres of Aretha Franklin and Stevie Wonder come from, then it's not very easy to see their relatedness to Louis Armstrong, Bessie Smith. and the relatedness of, say, Armstrong, to a pygmy or a speaker at the Bun Ra Ku.

That's one of the tragedies of people not understanding. A supposedly very knowing journalist writes for one of those slick New York magazines. About a year and a half ago, he wrote an article in which he talked about the inability of the "jazz" singer to enunciate properly, to have what was called "good vocal equipment," and ended up talking about Hoagy Carmichael. Now, to me, that was the pinhead of the dilemma because, you see, what does come to important, beautiful singing, nobody really talks about that much. There are all these really miscreant conceptions which have to do with that continent, meaning Europe—conceptions of order. That can only have meaning to a European, if I wanted to be snide about it; but if I want to look at it truthfully, I say it's just one way in which to do things, that's all. And here we have this supposedly astute man coming out with stuff that cannot be supported if you have access and openness to the way other people do things.

What I'm talking about is that if Louis Armstrong was asked to sing middle C, the sound that he would make is more akin to the pygmy sound. The bodily movement of so-called ghetto people can be seen in their correct perspective only when you see African ballets which are not ballets, African dances, then you see the linkage very clearly. Now, given the fact that there has been no cultural information, the only way that Louis Armstrong sings that way and the only way these children dance that way is because of intuitive forces which are really what the ancestors are about. The act is not primarily one of calculation but one of the spirit informing our minds. And, in that they do respond that way, you see, by their own selves, and particularly Louis Armstrong. A very snide way not to deal with it is to say, "That's natural." But, hey, this man has been playing music for 60, 70 years.

As employed by the Cecil Taylor Unit, black methodology involves not only systems but also attitudes, a particular spirit, of group improvisation.

Most people don't have any idea of what improvisation is, and I don't think most musicians are really aware of the implications of it in terms of Western music. Whenever American

music of African origin is spoken of in certain circles in school, in intellectual circles, the comments are always, "Well, you know, the rhythm is always 4/4, therefore very monotonous" and "This improvisation, picking notes out of the air, anybody can do this. . .

Obviously, the first order to be recognized in the rhythmical celebration is indeed the homage that the musicians pay to the continuance of life, and that is not only the life of people, but the life of all things that move.

It means the magical lifting of one's spirits to a state of trance. It means the most heightened perception of one's self, but one's self in a relationship to other forms of life, you know, which people talk about as the universe. It means experiencing oneself as another kind of living organism much in the way of a plant, a treethe growth, you see, that's what it is. And, at the same time, when one attains that, one also genuflects to whatever omnipotent force that made you, made it, possible. I'm hopefully accurate in saying that's what happens when we play. It's not to do with "energy." It has to do with religious forces.

The very concept of growing is a rhythmical process, a meeting, a meshing, not one of friction, but of folding over and releasing. So that when people talk about the "monotonous" fourbeat, of course, they can't hear; because the Jelly Roll conception of four is quite different from the Jimmy Lunceford conception of four, is quite different from the Dizzy Gillespie conception of four, is quite different—and yet similar of course-to the James Brown conception of four.

It seems to me that the big change we had a large part in precipitating was the dispensing of the overt manifestation of four. It became a concept that we no longer felt we had the necessity of stating, but understood that we experienced it and that it was, in many ways, the given premise of-or even the motivation of-all that we were going to do. And that what we were going to do now was to investigate the multiples possible, you see, so that the relationship of how Andrew Cyrille uses his high-hat or his large cymbal, how the high-hat divides time, how the cymbal divides time, how the bass pedal divides time, how his sticks on the snare . . . I mean, it becomes infinite.

The same kind of multiple varieties can be found, of course, with the piano. Just in the keyboard element, I can, if I want to, have four or five bodies of sound existing in a duality of dimension. In other words, I might decide to have three or four different voices or choirs existing



The Tivo-Fisted Rubato of SIR ROLAND HANNA

by ray townley and eric nemeyer

Roland Hanna is "one of the most creative keyboard players to come along," as Manny Albam has very aptly stated. "He has rhythm streaming down all over him."

He also is not the "puckish, little pixie" that most people paint him to be. Sir Roland Hanna is a man of considerable physical stature crammed into an economy-sized frame. He loves football to the point of obsession; interviews are usually postponed in deference to the latest televised game and, like so many other jazz musicians, he's fascinated with the art of boxing. Sir Roland also fancies himself a ladies man, and despite a strong classical strain, his music is filled with dark, forceful chords and a strong rhythmic base. All within a masterful mix of spontaneous improvisation, quotation, and tasteful understatement.

The following interview took place in two parts—prior to an evening concert with the Glassboro State College Lab Band, and between sets at the Jazz Showcase in Chicago, where Roland was a late arrival due to the Sunday afternoon ball game.

father was a saxophone player as well as a minister in Detroit. When I was two-years-old he would teach me how to read. Not just notes, but how to read books. When I was four I found a music book in the street, brought it home and played it on a piano my parents bought for my sisters. After that I just

kept practicing anything I could get my hands on.

"In 1943, I met a woman who felt I had a lot of talent. Her name was Josephine Love. She began to instruct me in Bach, Clementi, Scarlatti, and Turney. This was way before the jazz scene there. I got involved in the mechanics of composition, the architectural structure, the form of the music. It all was very logical to me. So, during my high school years I made an endeavor to better my ability to play the piano because I wasn't by any means precocious. Everything that came to me was through a lot of hours of practicing."

At that time the local music scene was flourishing. "I remember back in 1947 and '48 in Detroit, there was a lot of jam sessions where a young musician could go out, and if not play, go out and listen to other guys and learn from them. You had to be good enough to sit in. I got into the jam session thing during a time when I would visit Thad Jones in Pontiac, Michigan, quite a bit. I remember a number of guys would go up there in cars: we'd drive up in nine or ten cars and jam all night. From time to time there'd be some fantastic players such as Tommy Flanagan, Barry Harris. Hank Jones, and Woody Anderson. These cats played so much music that if you weren't ready to sit in, if you weren't into your thing enough, you didn't sit in. You sat there and you learned. You listened and waited until the next time to sit in, when perhaps there weren't quite so many heavies around.

It's analogous to a classroom full of fantastic painters. You don't suddenly bring up some bullshit painting until the class is over. Then you try to get some help by showing them what you've done, but not during this master class."

Roland left Detroit for the first time in 1949. "I went into the army in 1950. After that it was Eastman, Julliard, and subsequently marriage.

"I left Julliard in 1960 and joined Sarah Vaughan. Then, in 1964, I took Thad Jones, Ernie Farrell and Tootie Heath to Japan. When I came back we were in the same situation we are in now. There was no work! Money was tight, prices were high. So I began to teach. I did that every day for six years straight. In fact, that was the basis for the down beat article in 1970."

Because of the many financial difficulties he has encountered, Roland expressed reservations about young people pursuing music careers. "I don't recommend any young player go into music as a business unless he's completely and totally dedicated to music itself."

He offered some hard, to the point advice about who should be in music: "Anyone who plays music should play it primarily for the love of the art. If they begin to think they have enough ability to make a living at it, then certainly they should get someone who is involved in business to handle their affairs. But the business end of it should come as an afterthought; the music-must be first."

Asked if he could name any musicians who had become financially successful without compromising their art, he answered without hesitation: "Let's start at the top. Take Artur Rubinstein, for instance, a very comfortable man and one of the greatest musicians who ever lived. But he's never sacrificed his love for the art form just to make a few bucks. One of the most revealing things I remember about Artur Rubinstein is the time he was scheduled to do a TV show. He refused to stop cold, to stop his program so they could televise him. That's because he was primarily interested in giving a concert for the people to hear the art, not for the commercial mass media to enjoy him in their living rooms while television men tear up the music, slice it in half and put certain segments in places where it doesn't belong.

"A good example of someone who has decided it's more important to make money than music, since you asked, is Liberace. He's decided there's no point in his trying to play music for the sake of music. So he uses his music as a show piece and becomes famous through its glamour."

Doc Severinsen and the Tonight Show Band were brought up. "Doc has almost given up playing his trumpet. He's got a good band, but the Tonight Show Band plays nusic that's show music. It's geared for one purpose, to be intermission band music. If that music was put in the context of a Buddy Rich or Thad Jones band, it would fall flat on its face—even though it has some great players.

"Bobby Rosengarden's band was a very good one as far as television show bands are concerned. The music was written overnight by an arranger who knew he had to do it for a show. He wasn't thinking, how can I make this chord interesting and set up another color here. Only someone who thinks this way will work on the band.

"Of course, there's a parallel between someone writing a screenplay for a TV serial

"The Black Knight is like the sleeping giant who suddenly says. 'To hell with everything, I'm going to just bust it to pieces.' Finally, after it's all burned up and busted down, you have to look inside yourself and say, 'Why did I do that?'"

and someone writing a novel. After awhile you find that people accept and like certain things that come in a certain kind of order. It makes money. For instance, if you put on a show that's full of violence, with cars crashing here and there, people getting thrown up in the air-which is one of the reasons people watch football games all the time-somehow or other you can enjoy this. It's like sitting in the amphitheatre watching gladiators. But it's not part of your life. In music you have to deal with how to really get inside someone through your music, how to get to the core of that person's being. You cannot do it if you only give them surface music. People have to feel the music and when I say feel, I don't mean get up and start dancing, just because the rhythm is so fantastic. I mean that you suddenly have to find your own way into producing the music that you want to say from the depths of your being, so that it finds its way into the depths of the listener's being. Of course, sometimes when I'm playing, I don't care whether anybody's listening or not. I know it's flowing out of me and I'm getting a tremendous feeling because of that."

Many of Roland Hanna's concepts on music stretch beyond simple categorization. In many ways, this is a result of his varied training earlier in life, when his studies included the formal presentation of the classical tradition and the after hours experience of the freely improvised, or jazz, tradition. "To my way of thinking, music doesn't have a boundary. Thought is consistent throughout the world and beyond, and music is just one kind of expression of thought.

"You know, there are so many compositions that no one person can possibly hear them all," he began in his deep, gravelly voice, as if he had hit upon a significant aspect of his musical life. "For instance, in the last three or four years I've been involved in listening to Joseph Jongen, if you know him. He's a Belgian composer. He's written a number of symphonic pieces that are just now coming to the fore, and you might hear them if you listen to someone like, say, Virgil Fox.

'Today, Virgil Fox is after the big money. so he's becoming a showman. But there was a time when Virgil Fox was dedicated to the real art of bringing the organ to the forefront of contemporary music. So he would look for compositions that weren't heard and he played Joseph Jongen's music.

"I'm also involved in listening to pieces by Albeniz, music that you don't hear often. You know, I'll go to the library and pick up some (Jacques) Offenbach. When you read his ordinary piano pieces, there's not much there. But when you look at his symphonic works, you find this guy was a fantastic orchestrator. So, in one area he may have fallen short, but in another area he was a genius, and, like Stravinsky, he tried everything.

"I spend a little time trying to find out what's going on and listening to new compositions. Elliot Carter has written a lot of new works. His string quartets are fantastic. Robert Starr's a composer that I'm very interested in because of the sonatas and violin concertos that he's written, which aren't played a lot but are fantastic works. Then there are a great many black composers who have written concertos and symphonics over the past 150 years that Americans don't know anything about. I'm busy trying to find out who they are and what their music is about."

The Black Composers Series on Columbia was mentioned. "Yes, I have heard some of that music. There are some Caribbean composers and some black American composers who represent this music and are not well known but should be. William Grant Still has been around ever since I was a kid or before. His symphonies are just as valid as Heinrich

On the Jazz Piano Quartet album released last year, Let It Happen (RCA), there's a tune entitled Improvviso, based on a fragment by Erik Satie, and played by Marian McPartland, Hank Jones, Dick Hyman, and Hanna. The question arose as to whose idea it was to record the number. "Well, the piano quartet album was an idea that just happened all of a sudden.

"Dick Hyman and I played a jazz party at the Waldorf Astoria in December, '72, where we were thrown together quite suddenly with

ROLAND HANNA DISCOGRAPHY

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with Mickey Tucker THE NEW HERITAGE KEYBOARD QUARTET-Blue Note LA099-F

with Ron Carter SPANISH BLUE-CTI 6051 S1

with Sonny Stitt MR. BOJANGLES-Cadet CA 50026 SATAN-Cadet CA 50060

with Jimmy Ponder WHILE MY GUITAR GENTLY WEEPS-Cadet CA 50048

two pianos to play some impromptu music. We had never played together before. I suggested we play some Gershwin pieces. Isn't It A Pity was one of the tunes and it came off fantastically. The producer of that record, Ettore Stratta, was there and suggested an album of two pianos. Dick brought up the idea of four pianos instead. He always had a tremendous feeling for Hank Jones and Marian McPartland, and when the idea came to fruition we did the album without rehearsal, or preparation of any kind. Dick had taken the time to write out parts and lead sheets for all of us. The Satie piece came about because I had told Dick that I did an album of Erik Satie music about nine years ago with Jimmy

Bond, a bass player who orchestrated several Satie pieces. The album has never been released, because the company it was done for, Capitol Records, was sold right after we did

Roland Hanna made a surprise move this past year when he abruptly left his regular position with the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra. The ostensible reason was he wanted to devote more time to composing and playing his own music. Subsequently, he joined the New York Jazz Quartet, bringing to it many of his own compositions as well as his distinctive pianistics.

"The NYJQ is composed of Ron Carter on bass, Frank Wess on sax and flute, and Ben Riley on drums. The primary object of the group is to play the original music of each member of the group--which seldom gets played elsewhere. You know, in the old days, Charlie Parker used to play his music, but he used to play everybody else's, too! We don't play anybody else's! Occasionally, we'll do a request, but primarily it's our own stuff."

Roland was asked whether there is much new writing being produced by each member of the group. "Always! Constantly! Incessantly!" He was very emphatic in the way he said it. "For every concert, either Frank or Ron or I will bring in something new. The program is hardly ever the same. Except, we maintain a kind of musical standard. Nothing is out. Everything is for music, rather than for musical politics. It's music! There's nothing commercial.'

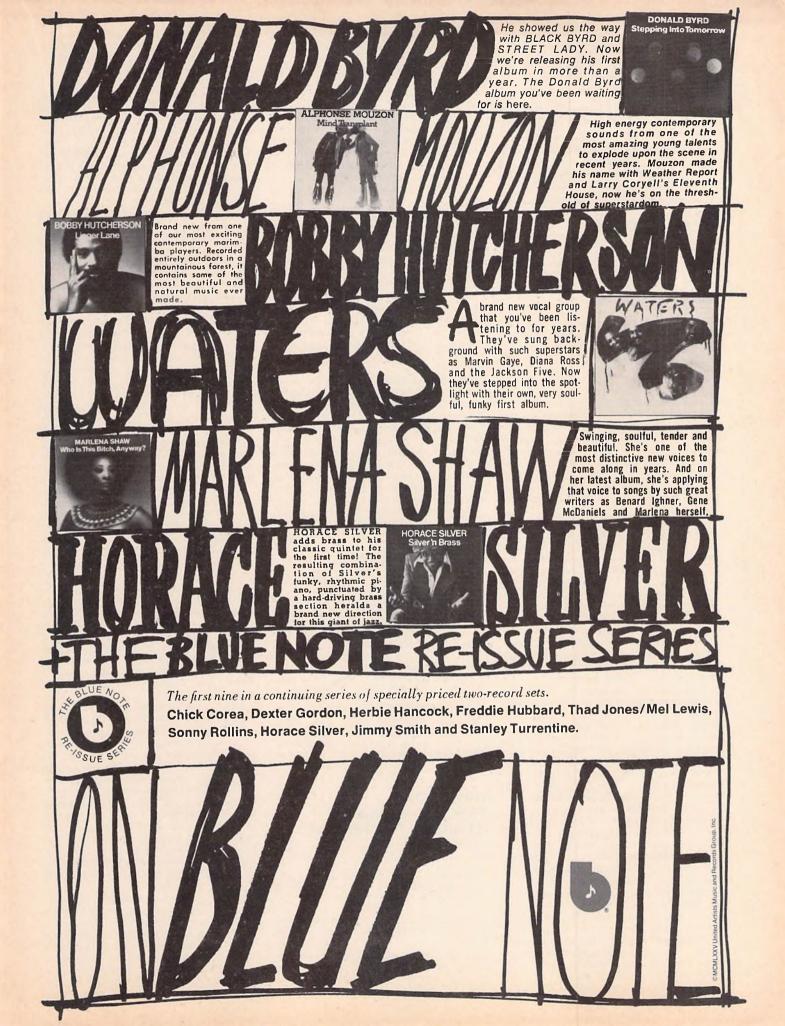
Roland spoke further about the constituents of the group. "Ben Riley is probably one of the best drummers around, he's extremely sensitive. Most people probably haven't heard him since he was with Monk. He didn't play for awhile after that because he was teaching out on Long Island. He's been with us, though, for three years now.

"Frank Wess plays flute, soprano and tenor. I've been trying to get him to play his alto flute and once in awhile his clarinet. He won't play his alto with us, though. He uses it on commercial gigs. He is an excellent alto player and has his own individual sound."

Roland pointed towards Ron Carter's compositional abilities and an incident which occurred recently. "Ron writes strangely. It's very curious. I wrote a piece called Soap Suds several years ago when I was with Richard Davis at the old Five Spot. Though it was never recorded, the melody line is just like something Ron wrote and recorded last year. So when Ron brought it in to play, I said, 'Wait a minute Ron, I wrote this already.' Roland asked Ron somewhat facetiously if he hadn't perhaps come down and heard him do the tune at the Five Spot.

"Anyway, the concentration in this group is more on the writing than on the playing," Roland stated. "We often go out and play a piece that we have only rehearsed once or twice. So, there's bound to be mistakes. But, we play it because the music itself has a statement. I kind of think that although Ron Carter works with everyone on records, he prefers this group. It's like a partnership. I've made this group the biggest thing I'm doing right now.

At the present moment, the New York Jazz Quartet is unable to record under their collective name. Originally, they had hoped to release an album on the CTI label by the spring, but due to litigation problems with an agent, it has not been possible. As a result, they're recording under individual names (for



Ratings are \*\*\*\* excellent, \*\*\* very good, \*\*\* good \*\* fair \* noor

#### GEORGE DUKE

FACES IN REFLECTION—BASF/MPS MC 22018: The Opening, Capricorn, Piano Solo No. 1 + 2; Psychosomatic Dung, Faces In Reflection, Maria Tres Filhos: North Beach, Da Somba; Faces in Reflection No. 2.

Personnel: Duke, keyboards, vocals; Ndugu (Leon Chancler), drums; John Heard, bass.

FEEL-MPS/BASF MC 25355; Funny Funk: Love; The Once Over; Feel; Coru Joberge; Old Slipper;

Yana Aminah; Rashid; Statement.

Personnel: Duke, keyboards, vocals: Ndugu, drums, percussion: Heard, bass, bass guitar: Airto, percussion (tracks 2,3,4,8,10): Flora Purim, vocals (track 8): Obdewl'l X, guitar (tracks 2,6).

\* \* \* 1/2

I wish I could get as excited about these two albums as Duke's own playing warrants, but there's a static quality in the music on both LPs-both rhythmically and dynamically-that indicates George has yet to make so original and rich a statement as a leader and constructor of a total musical concept that he already has as a soloist. Still, both discs have more worthwhile moments than weak ones.

Duke combines in his playing the harmonic richness of a McCoy Tyner with a blues-soul rooted funkiness, an attractive combination that probably results from his twin associations with Frank Zappa and Cannonball Adderley over the past several years. He well understands the difference between the acoustic and electric keyboards, and extracts a guitar-like range of tones from his bank of synthesizers that effectively adds a third solo voice to his repertoire. It's Duke's ability to pass easily among his keyboard identities without losing a basic sense of style that makes his playing so strong.

Unfortunately, the harmonic complexity displayed so frequently when Duke stretches out in an exciting solo is rarely present in his compositions. Most of them are modally-oriented, two-or-three-chord tunes with a bluesy edge and minimal rhythmic interest. Dynamically, they move too often in a cool area to begin with, gradually building in tension, and released abruptly to start over again in quiet territory. It's a technique perfected dazzlingly by the first Mahavishnu Orchestra, now perhaps too influential in many compositions by fusion musicians. Occasionally, the music will break out into an all-out rock section, or perhaps a hard-funk backbeat; but again, the transitions are effected too quickly, and the compositions have no real sense of flow.

Heard and Ndugu also present problems for Duke. The former's bass work is rarely supple enough, too often content to stand stolidly in the same patterns. Ndugu, while obviously an instrumentalist of great technique in the high-energy tapdance school of Billy Cobham, rarely exhibits any of Cobham's dynamic depth. He chooses one level for each piece, then bats away at it without 18 ☐ down beat

regard to the fact that he's often overplaying in contrast to what Duke and Heard are

Lack of strong, diversified rhythm section support bodes ill for a keyboard trio, but there are several fine cuts on each album. For one thing, George is a fine vocalist; the second reading of the title tune on Faces and Love on the Feel album both have their arresting melodies complimented by engaging, soulful singing. Love also features one of the more smoothly accomplished exchanges of rhythm and dynamics, breaking into a rock bridge before cooling down to read out the theme.

Love, and more importantly, Old Slipper (also on Feel) feature the excellent guitar of "Obdewl'l X." an exciting guitarist who sounds very much like Frank Zappa, I'd be interested to get Frank's opinion of his playing: or at least Zappa might be able to clue us in on how the guitarist's name is pronounced.

Faces contains some excellent acoustic Duke, in two brief, strung-together solos on side one and the delightful Maria Tres Filhos on side two. The latter is a fast samba with light stick work from Ndugu (his approach is well-suited to the tune), but colorless bottom by Heard.

Both LPs have solid openers. Opening, on Faces, rockets away in a Mahavishnu-designed conveyance, Duke's synthesizer spiraling before an excellent vocal crest brings the piece to rest several miles high. Feel's Funny Funk is more rock-rooted, as George's synthesizer bass work plays an interesting counterpoint to the keyboards. The drum work at first seems more appropriate to the style of this piece, but the static rhythms eventually dull the tune's effect.

As interesting as these two LPs are, I expect we'll hear much more substantial Duke in the near future. -mitchell

#### HERBIE HANCOCK

THRUST-Columbia PC 32965: Palm Grease;

Actual Proof; Butterfly; Spank-A-Lee.
Personnel: Hancock, Fender Rhodes piano, Hohner D-6 Clavinet, Arp Odyssey, Arp Soloist, Arp 2600, Arp String Synthesizer: Bennie Maupin, soprano & tenor saxophones, saxello, bass clarinet, alto flute: Paul Jackson, bass guitar: Mike Clark, drums: Bill Summers, percussion.

DEATH WISH-Columbia PC33199: Death Wish (Main Title): Joanna's Theme: Do A Thing, Paint Her Mouth; Rich Country; Suite Revenge: A. Striking Back, B. Riverside Park, C. The Alley, D. Last Stop, E. 8th Avenue Station; Ochoa Knose; Party People; Fill Your Hand.

Personnel: Hancock, acoustic piano, Fender Rhodes piano, synthesizers; Bennie Maupin, reeds; Paul Jackson, basses; Mike Clark, drums; Bill Sumpercussion: orchestra & other personnel unidentified.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### HANCOCK/ FREDDIE HUBBARD/ STANLEY TURRENTINE

IN CONCERT VOLUME TWO-CTI (Motown) 6049 S1: Hornets (Chicago): Interlude; Hornets (Detroit): Gibraltar

Personnel: Hancock, Fender Rhodes piano; Hubbard, trumpet: Turrentine, tenor sax; Ron Carter, bass: Eric Gale, guitar: Jack DeJohnette, drums. \* \* 1/2

Thrust simply is a further exploration and stylization of the ideas first revealed in Headhunters, the largest selling jazz-based album of all time (which may explain why Hancock has not strayed far afield). The only significantly new elements are: Hancock's two additional synthesizers, particularly the Arp String Ensemble which allows him to simulate full orchestral colors; and the replacement of drummer Harvey Mason with the more metrically sturdy, but less imaginative, Mike Clark.

All four compositions are lengthy-weaving in and out of various mood settings and textural frameworks, all the while maintaining a firm yet subtly unfolding rhythmic base. Maupin seems more comfortable on Thrust. His playing on the tenor sax (Spank-A-Lee) and the bass clarinet (Palm Grease) is more assertive and ultimately more impressive, while on Actual Proof he fashions a gorgeous tone from his alto flute.

Hancock takes ample solos on the Fender Rhodes, particularly on Spank-A-Lee, which, like its title implies, is a burning cauldron of funkitude. However, at the point of the album's recording, Hancock had not mastered the subtleties of the String Ensemble (his live concerts are much improved); as a result, he heavy-handedly ushers in the strings, and then, after all has been sufficiently smothered, he disperses with them just as jarringly. This is most noticeable in the cadenza to Palm Grease and throughout Butterfly.

As for the rest of the band, little can be said except that they execute their duties well. Summers more and more has become the master of hidden rhythmic coloration. and for all my dislike of Clark's straight ahead battering. I have to admit that he is the right drummer for the music at hand: his cymbal work is some of the most exact and crisp in the business, while he is always pushing the beat ahead with his swirling bass drum dominated undercurrent.

Thrust is a more consistent album than Headhunters (there's no obviously weak number like Vein Melter), but it is an ultimately less satisfying one. The excitement of a new direction has worn off: the raw energy of Chameleon and Watermelon Man has been formulized and somewhat muted by the extensive electronics. Thrust cooks like a son-of-abitch, but we want the bitch.

Surprisingly, however, Hancock's work on the soundtrack for Death Wish is some of the most effective and startling composing, arranging and performing of the year. Due credit must also be given Jerry Peters, who arranged and conducted the more heavily orchestrated numbers (Main Title, Joanna's Theme, Rich Country, Riverside Park, The Alley).

Halfway through the film-a populist travesty with Charles Bronson neanderthalingly bumping off muggers and potential rapists in a one-man vigilante campaign-I suddenly realized that the sole reason for the mounting sense of ominous suspense was due to Hancock's musical commentary. The Main Title starts off with Hancock's small group featured within the larger orchestral setting (no credits are listed on the jacket but the playing leads one to believe it's the Headhunters group). Suspensefully charted strings create a foreboding atmosphere of urban fear. The Fender Rhodes and Arp String Ensemble, much better voiced than on Thrust, are featured

Joanna's Theme is a complete tonal contrast—a calm love song with acoustic piano. scratched wah-wah guitar off to the side, and oboes, cellos, flutes, brass and strings adding to the aural ambiance. Some of Hancock's most uncharacteristic acoustic piano work can be heard on this cut, a mood tune combining peace and fury. Do A Thing is another drastic alteration in mood and color, as the

killers prepare to attack Bronson's wife and daughter: banged acoustic piano chords, Arp strings, heavy echo effect, and Clark's best drumming ever. He creates the inner rush of running one step ahead of danger with a fiercely slapped cymbal (completely vibratoless) and the use of phasing.

The album continues in this dramatic fashion with only minor relief. Suite Revenge is perhaps the most visual of an incredibly palatable and physical score. The final Fill Your Hand has the quintet taking off in a wild and funky ride, Maupin's saxello blowing its lid off.

Unfortunately, the same praise cannot be lavished on In Concert Volume Two, an album whose very existence is questionable. The first volume was credited to Hubbard and Turrentine, with Hancock's name in small print with the other rhythm players; now, because of Herbie's commercial success, it has become expedient for CT1 to capitalize on his presence. The result is shoddy at best: MC Frankie Crocker introduces only Hancock, then there are two long versions of Hornets (sans Hubbard and Turrentine) and an aimless piano interlude slapped between. The second version, from Detroit, would have been sufficient.

The second side has the Detroit version of Gibraltar (as the Chicago side is on Volume One) and it's decidedly inferior to boot. Hubbard's trumpet solo, the highwater point of the number, is marred by feedback from the PA; in fact, the entire side is poorly recorded. The question is: is this album worth the money when Volume One is still available? No, unless you like every note Hubbard, Turrentine, Hancock, Carter, Gale, and DeJohnette ever laid down.

—townley

#### **COUNT BASIE**

FOR THE FIRST TIME: THE COUNT BASIE TRIO: Pablo 2310 712: Baby Lawrence; Pres; I'll Always Be In Love With You; Blues In The Church; Lady Be Good, I and 2; Blues In The Alley; As Long As I Live; Song Of The Island; Royal Garden Blues; (Un)easy Does It; O.P.

Personnel: Basie, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Louis Bellson, drums.

\* \* \* \* 1/2

#### **OSCAR PETERSON**

THE HISTORY OF AN ARTIST: OSCAR PETERSON—Pablo 2625 702: R. B. Blues; I Wished On The Moon; You Can Depend On Me; This Is Where It's At; Okie Blues; I Want To Be Happy; Texas Blues; Mainstem; Don't Get Around Much Anymore; Swump Fire; In A Sentimental Mood; Greasey Blues; Sweety Blues; Gay's Blues; The Good Life; Richard's Round; Ludy Of The Lavender Miss.

Personnel: Peterson, piano; (tracks 3,4) Irving Ashby, (track 5) Barney Kessel, (tracks 6, 7) Herb Ellis, guitar; (tracks 1-7) Ray Brown, (tracks 8-13) Sam Jones, (tracks 14,15) George Mraz, bass; (tracks 8-10) Louis Hayes, (tracks 11-16) Bobby Durham, drums.

Among Pablo's latest group of issues are two albums that offer a striking contrast in mainstream piano directions. Basie and Peterson. So different, yet with so much in common.

Hearing the Basie Trio is a rare treat. It is truly remarkable that Basie is such a self-sufficient soloist, while at the same time traveling so lightly. The secret is simple. He is a master of the unique art of silence. The most significant parts of a Basie solo are, curiously, not what he plays, but what he doesn't play. His work here is so full of air it practically floats off the turntable. All the musical adjectives and adverbs of his Harlem stride origins have been edited out, leaving instead

space and a wealth of implication.

Wisely, Basie reexplores familiar territory. Song Of The Island, (Un)easy, and of course the two Lady Be Good takes recall milestones from the '30s. Long As I Live and Royal Garden come out of the rich Benny Goodman Sextet period. And naturally there is the blues, as always. Through it all there winds an infallible logic and simplicity of design that are the cornerstones of the Basie art, both as soloist and bandleader. Unfortunately, the Basie band tradition has absorbed ideas that have taken it far from its classic origins. But Basie himself remains the purest embodiment of the original idea.

One track, Lawrence, acknowledges the pianist's debt to the stride pianists, particularly Fats Waller. For a few fleeting seconds, in fact, a whiff of Handful Of Keys passes by us. There are also two specimens of the Basie organ style. Bellson and Brown provide the perfect pulse, although one misses Fred Green's guitar. Nevertheless, those who've come to Basie through the classic early recordings will surely regard this LP as the most rewarding Basie performance in years, perhaps decades.

If Basic lives in a streamlined house of art deco simplicity, Peterson dwells in a castle of rococo ornamentation, spiraling columns and mosaic detail. No one may know the value of silence better than Basie. But on the other hand, no one knows the value of sound better than Peterson, who fills in every gap with dazzling grace and intelligence.

Recorded during several sessions over the last two years, this Peterson collection is a retrospective reexamination of the last couple of decades in the company of old friends. Although it is something of a reunion, its



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slant is not really toward the past but the present. This is excellent contemporary Peterson.

For me, the highspots are the tracks with Irving Ashby and the two Ellis-Brown selections, especially Happy. A drummer seems so unnecessary in a Peterson group. Yet the tracks with Durham and Hayes are of a high order. Peterson is utterly imperturable throughout, deriving his musical sustenance largely from the blues and four Ellington tunes. His is a great talent, fittingly showcased in this quality product from Norman Granz.

—mcdonough

#### **EUBIE BLAKE**

(Side 2) Jim Hession, piano.

LIVE CONCERT—Eubie Blake Music EBM-5: Tricky Fingers; James P. Johnson Medley: Charleston, Old Fashioned Love, If I Could Be With You; As Long As You Live; The Dream Rag; Rhapsody In Ragtime; Memories Of You; I'm Just Wild About Harry.

Personnel: Blake, talking, piano, vocals.

EUBIE BLAKE INTRODUCING JIM HES-SION: Eubic Blake Music EBM-6: Troublesome Ivories; Elite Syncopations; Good Morning Carrie; He's A Cousin Of Mine; Slew Foot Nelson; The Man I Love, Proficiency, It's A Pagen, Walls, Male Walk.

Love; Proficiency; It's A Raggy Waltz; Mule Walk; (The Many Faces Of) Martha My Dear; Black Beauty; Rosetta. Personnel: (Side 1) Eubie Blake, piano and vocals;

What can one say about a 92-year-old living monument to ragtime and show business? Men half his age don't have such chullience and joie de vivre. As for musicianship, although Blake is largely a self-taught musician, his observation that few concert pianists could correctly play a piece like his Tricky Fingers is probably correct.

Live Concert, recorded at the Yesteryear Museum's "annual salute to show business nostalgia", is regrettably heavy on both show business and remembrances. Some, I suspect, will be bored with Blake's verbal grandstanding, reminiscing, and half-lame joking. And several tunes here, like Wild About Harry and As Long As You Live, are pure schmaltz. Nevertheless, there's also some good music. Tricky Fingers, one of Blake's best and most difficult compositions, has a really clever right hand line, brighter and crisper than anything in the Scott Joplin catalog. Blake's playing reminds us that East Coast ragtime is a style much flashier and livelier than the Sedalia school of this genre. Consider the devilishly tricky line on Dream Rag, for example. A standout is Rhapsody In Ragtime, an elaborate concert piece in the style of Joplin's Euphonic Sounds, which makes impressive use of bravura octaves and like borrowings from the 19th century's keyboard arsenal.

Blake's portion of the second of these two releases suffers from a similar unevenness. There's simply too much chaff here. Yet, some tunes are worth mentioning. Troublesome Ivories gives credence to the stories that some music publishers refused to buy Blake's ragtime pieces because they were so difficult that only he could play them. And his version of Joplin's Elite Syncopations is valuable in defining the difference in musical conception between Blake and Joplin. His rendition of Joplin's relaxed, dignified theme is snappy and nervously staccato. What Joplin merely suggests, Blake pronounces.

Jim Hession, a 28-year-old musical eclectic who is currently employed at, of all places, Disney World, is another contrast to Blake. He's a polished, relaxed player and a kind of musical impressionist, one who gives us imitations of Brubeck, James P. Johnson,

and even Hines and Ellington. Black Beauty, based on a 1928 Ellington piano recording, is striking. But the climax is clearly on Rosetta, which is a kind of compendium of 50 years of piano styles, running from ragtime, through boogie woogie, stride, and cocktail, with a dash of Oscar Peterson-style funk thrown in for good measure.

—balleras

#### **NORMAN CONNORS**

SLEWFOOT—Buddah BDS 5611: Mother of the Future; Back On The Street; Welcome; Slew Foot; Dreams; Chuka; Jump Street.

Personnel: Connors, drums: Gary Bartz, alto & soprano sax; Carlos Garmett, tenor sax: Eddie Henderson, trumpet & fluegelhorn; Hubert Laws, flute, alto flute; Jean Carn, vocals (tracks 1 & 3); Elmer Gibson, electric piano, clavinet (track 6); Hubert Eaves, clavinet; Lonnie Liston Smith, pianos (track 3); Reggie Lucas, guitar: Ron Carter (tracks 1, 3, 5), Anthony Jackson (tracks 2, 4, 6, 7), basses; Lawrence Killian, Dom Um Romao, Skip Drinkwater, percussion.

\* \* \*

Connors is one of several young drummers who have gotten some exposure as leaders, but this relatively uninspired album doesn't explain why. Mother, recorded by composer Garnett about a year ago on Muse, is the most satisfying cut, a skillfully crafted arrangement of a celebratory line which suits vocalist Carn to perfection. Garnett's characteristically tense obliggatos and solo are effective, and the leader contributes his most interesting ensemble playing on the album. Dreams, also previously recorded by composer Henderson (on Capricorn), gets a good reading too; anchored by Carter's throbbing bass, the group negotiates the weird stop-andgo terrain of the tune with apparent case. There's a building statement from Henderson, and Connors' cymbals keep things sizzling throughout.

Four of the other five cuts are short, upbeat tracks, Connors' drums driving riffing horns through undistinguished jazz-rock charts. Not much to choose from between the four, nor much to listen to, either. An energetic Bartz soprano solo on the title track is a bright spot, but no more than a spot.

For the most part, Slewfoot is an album of too little originality and value. The remaining track, Coltrane's Welcome, perhaps attempts too much. Admittedly, Trane and Elvin Jones are a hard act to follow. But Connors and company haven't really tried, opting instead for a melange of Carn's mostly wordless and surprisingly thin vocals, Garnett's capable but bloodless tenor, and minimal, cymbal-centered percussion from Connors. It could have worked but it doesn't; a powerful and passionate exercise in musical freedom (check the original on Impulse) is transformed into an amorphous and unfulfilling stew of sound.

This is a crisp and competent album, but no more than that. Considering the caliber of the assembled musicians, that's a disappointment.

—metalitz

#### ANDREW CYRILLE/ MILFORD GRAVES

DIALOGUE OF THE DRUMS—Institute of Percussive Studies (New Music Distribution) 001: Message To The Ancestors; Blessing From The Rain Forest; Nagarah: Rejuvenation; The Soul Is The Music; The Substance Of The Vision; Call And Response. Personnel: Cyrille, tom tom, gongs, whistles, hand clapping words.

Personnel: Cyrille, tom tom, gongs, whistles, hand clapping, words, phonetics, temple blocks, agogo bells, chimes, tynpani, darabukkeh, foot rhythms, Osi drum, castenets; Graves, phonetics, bongos, darabukkeh, whistle, gongs, Osi drums, galloping, cymbals, balafon, agogo bells, foot rhythms, tambourine, shakere, African talking drum, mnemonics.

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Cecil Taylor and Don Pullen demonstrate clearly how both percussionists can stimulate, accompany, and collaborate with subtly shaded percussive work and suddenly explosive rhythms. This early-1974 recording of live performances from Columbia University's Wollman Auditorium captures their close musical communion in the creation of neo-African settings. As Graves asserts at the end of *Rejuvenation:* "The new free, creative black drumming definitely has a beginning—and that is it!"

With polyrhythmic techniques and a multiinstrumental approach, these batteurs provide themselves with a block of time like an empty canvas to fill. A potentially wide dynamic range is their large pallet of diverse hues. Together, they construct and describe time, stretch it and count it. These duets remain fresh throughout repeated listenings, and is evocative of the grace which must have been visually apparent during the concerts.

Graves and Cyrille share certain ideas about percussion in their individual styles, but not a common sound or punch. Their interplay seems intuitive and effortless, but one must conclude that the complex counterpoint between them is the result of rhythmic mastery. These drummers have not merely stumbled upon dancing rhythms reminiscent of ceremonial tempos centuries old; the collective message to their ancestors is that they've remembered, comprehended, and recreated the timeless pulse.

Other than the battery of percussive devices, the drummers resort only to vocalizations, grunts, and shouts—fragments of chants to provide contrast to their drumwork. Such accompaniment seems to grow naturally from the performances, and Graves' drum solo on Call And Response provokes undirected answers from the audience, which Cyrille echoes.

45 minutes of free percussion music is not everyones' idea of listening pleasure, but these men are masterful, complete musicians. Liner notes mention other performances including drummer Rashied Ali; that trio of percussion artists would surely provide a further ear-opening experience. Incidentally, the video tape of these players that NBC-TV has must really be an eye enchanter. Let's hear and see some more. —mandel

## OLD WINE— NEW BOTTLES

#### **ART TATUM**

THE TATUM SOLO MASTERPIECES—Pablo 2625 703.

Personnel: Tatum, piano.

Between 1953 and 1956, Norman Granz recorded, for posterity, 179 selections of Art Tatum's playing. He subsequently released 11 solo piano LPs under the title of *The Genius Of Art Tatum*. Later, perhaps because André Hodeir, in a typically polemical essay, had attacked Granz' lavish use of the term "genius." Granz retrenched his position and released three solo piano LPs, more modestly entitled. *The Greatest Piano Of Them All—Art Tatum*. In the middle of last year. Granz announced that he had reacquired the rights to this material and planned to reissue it on his newly founded Pablo label. Here it is, remastered into a gigantic 13 record package.



Was Tatum a genius? Was he, in fact, a true jazz artist? This massive anthology of 121 selections reopens these vexing questions. Compared with the acknowledged geniuses of our century-Einstein, Joyce, Picasso, Freud, Stravinsky, and in jazz, Armstrong, Ellington and Parker-Tatum comes in a weak second. His work was more a codification and extension of earlier pianistic styles than a revolutionary effort that broke the ground for further exploration and artistic advancement. His influence on his fellow pianists seems to have been largely negative: they loved him, yet were intimidated by his prodigious technique. Some gave up after hearing him; others were content to become pale imitations. Only a few, like Oscar Peterson, were able to shape his massive pianist d'orchestre approach to the instrument into a valid personal musical statement. Seminal pianists of the last three decades—Bud Powell and Thelonious Monk in particular-ultimately decided Tatum's game was not worth playing and went off to explore their own idiosyncratic musical tangents.

Even whether Tatum was a true "jazz" player is debatable. At least one critic observed in reviewing the first five records of this project that it is difficult to find anywhere one complete chorus of improvisation. After listening to this solid bulk of almost ten hours worth of material, this point is more than driven home. Tatum always stayed close to the melody. Sometimes it's lavishly embroidered, sometimes it's masterfully paraphrased, but always it's there. Further, although he indeed played like the wind, compared to his most talented disciple, Oscar Peterson, he doesn't swing as much. Even pianists with limited technical facility-Monk and Silver, for example—swing harder. Perhaps this explains why Tatum was intrigued with those three-chord blues pianists far below him: they swung in a way he

What, then, are the excellences of Tatum's playing? First, and this point is what made many a pianist reconsider, he possessed consummate technique. Listening to selections like Yesterdays, Crazy Rhythm, Fine And Dandy, Tea For Two, and Ain't Misbehavin' confirms once again that no one else could play the way Tatum did. Fats Waller indeed had a point when he said, "God is in the house tonight." Tatum executes the impossible. And it's not surprising that brilliant concert pianists like Horovitz admired his command. As Whitney Balliett put it, these records "are, simply, demonstrations of how to play the piano perfectly."

Perhaps it was Tatum's almost complete blindness that heightened his tactile sense. Perhaps he was simply born with this gift. Whatever the reason, his tone is magnificent. He physically knew his instrument in almost an erotic sense, in a way that makes most pianists sound as if they're playing with their mittens on.

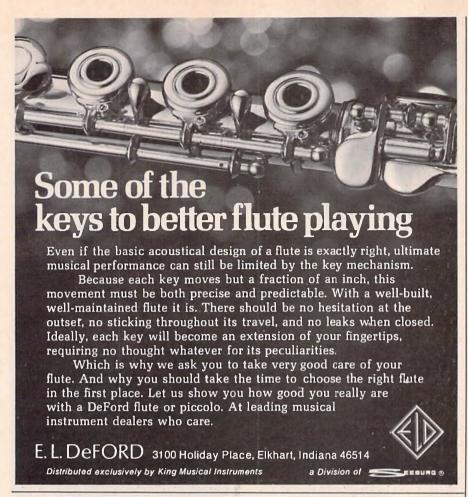
Most striking throughout—much more so than those trick waterfall arpeggios—is Tatum's impeccable harmonic sense. His command of 19th century harmony as applied to jazz improvisation has yet to be equalled. If he wasn't a great melodic improviser (there's little evidence here that he was), he was a great reharmonizer. Listen to his chromatic substitute changes on *Blue Moon*, or to the soft, buttery chords of *You Go To My Head*. And, of course, note those famous substitute chords on *Tea For Two*, copied by a generation of pianists. Time and time again it's as if





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Tatum is playing a beautiful, elaborate game of harmonic chess. His moves seem suicidal, yet are always amazingly successful.

At his best, Tatum was eloquent, and this anthology contains some striking examples of him at his most luminescent. Selections like Moonglow, Tenderly, It's Only A Paper Moon, There Will Never Be Another You, and The Way You Look Tonight perfectly blend Tatum's opulent, satinized style with the best of mid-20th century popular music. Tatum's approach worked most successfully when interpreting these frothy, romanticized love songs. His lacy, feminine decorations seem entirely fitting and called for here. These are silken, relaxed readings in which Tatum gracefully explores the romantic suggestions of his material.

But such happy unions between Tatum's style and his material don't always occur. At times, Tatum simply chatters too much, filling up every empty space with silly rococo embellishments. And it must be reported that present here is a small yet inexcusable number of junk tunes; Louise, Mighty Like A Rose, Stay As Sweet As You Are, are all in their own banal ways unsalvageable. Additionally, Tatum once again attempts those two light classical pieces that perversely fascinated him: Humoresque and Massenet's Elegy. If it's true that Tatum was a sincerely frustrated classical musician, it's a shame that he didn't bother to find some substantial keyboard literature upon which to exercise his talents. Remember that Tatum was given complete freedom in selecting the material for these sessions. What a wasted opportunity!

There are other signs of carelessness in this production. According to the limited recording information Granz provides, 72 of these selections were recorded within two days! And one story has it that Tatum amused himself by listening to a broadcast of a basketball game between takes. Perhaps if he'd taken the trouble to listen to his playbacks, he would have edited out some of his style's cheapest rococo cliches. In view of Tatum's sometimes questionable choice of material, one wonders whether Granz didn't make a grave mistake in giving Tatum complete artistic control

over these sessions.

About the material quality of this package: for 75 dollars, buyers get records pressed on low quality vinyl that started to pick up surface noise after about five playings on a highquality turntable. Discographical information is incomplete. (If Norman Granz doesn't know precisely when Tatum recorded all of this material, who does?) And the entire production is housed in a cheap, thin cardboard box. Looked at critically, this production is another demonstration that we Americans still have failed to learn not to confuse quantity with quality.

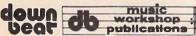
And yet, perhaps such defects can ultimately be overlooked. There's a kind of magic here, one which suggests that maybe, just maybe, God is in the house again.

-balleras

#### FREDDIE HUBBARD

THE BADDEST HUBBARD—CTI 6047 S1: Red Clay: In a Mist; First Light; Here's That Rainy

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#### STANLEY TURRENTINE

THE BADDEST TURRENTINE—CTI 6048 SI: Sugar; Salt Song: Speedball; Don't Mess With Mister T. Personnel: Stanley Turrentine, tenor sax; Ron Carter, bass: Freddic Hubbard, trumpet (track 1 only); Milt Jackson, vibes (track 3 only); Butch Cornell, organ (track 1 only); Lonnic Smith, electric piano (track 1 only); Eumir Deodato, Horace Parlan, piano, electric piano (tracks 2 only); Bob James, piano, electric piano (tracks 3 & 4 only); Richard Tee, piano, electric piano organ (tracks 2). Richard Tee, piano, electric piano, organ (tracks 2 & 4 only); George Benson, guitar (track 1 only); Eric Gale, guitar (tracks 2 & 4 only), Cornell Dupree, guitar (track 3 only); Billy Kaye, drums (track 1 only); Richie Landrum, conga (track 1 only); Airto, percussion, drums (track 2 only); Billy Cobham, drums (tracks 2 & 3 only); Idris Muhammad, drums (track 4 only); Rubens Bassini, percussion (track 4 only); voice and string section on track 2; string and horn section on track 4.

\* \* \* 1/2

These albums collect some of Hubbard and Turrentine's best work for CTI from 1970-73. This music is consistently inventive, tasteful and pleasing, but there's something missing. I would call it metaphoric richness. There's a widening of the imagination lacking that keeps these records from being really great and these players from being true giants.

A comparison of Freddie's early '60s solos with Blakey, Coltrane, and Coleman with this more recent work shows that Hubbard isn't copping out. Even on Ascension, his tone and ideas follow the line begun by Clifford Brown without looking into the more textural possibilities of the horn. There is actually a greater use of whispered, breathy and twisted notes in his new work than in the old days. Hubbard now is creating a new mainstream, synthesizing and extracting whatever he can use from post-'60s jazz, placing it in a context that a broad range of listeners can accept.

Red Clay and Rainy Day were recorded with small groups of all-stars. Rainy Day is a fine ballad performance by Hubbard on fluegelhorn, while Red Clay has the most excitement on the record, especially in the opening theme's ragged edge. Bix Beiderbecke's Mist and Hubbard's Light were arranged for supportive strings, woodwinds, and horns by Don Sebesky. Mist has a nice middle section in which the tempo increases; a weirdly intoned ending rounds out the arrangement. Light begins with a lot of freedom, then gets into some lush, chromatic moods.

Turrentine, meanwhile, is clearly a mainstream player in the tradition of Hawkins, Webster and Rollins, with funk overtones. This totally enjoyable album features relaxed blues playing from Hubbard and Stanley on Sugar; uptempo blues on Speedball: intense swing on Salt Song, arranged by Deodato; and diggin'-in drive on Mister T. Turrentine is one of the most talented and capable tenor players around with a personal mixture of roots and sophistication.

Both of these collections represent CTI's ability to interest wider audiences in contemporary jazz sounds. While the music on them may lack depth and innovation, it's always flowing and professional. -steingroot

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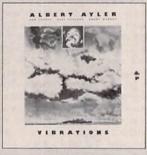
CONFLUENCE by GATO BARBIERI & DOLLAR BRAND This intimate duet comes from two major jazz figures whose origins live in South America and Africa respectively. Well known as leaders in their own right, Barbieri and Brand interact to create a beautiful music of the Third World.



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CARNIVAL by RANDY WESTON Recorded live at Montreux 1974, Weston and his quintet set down a driving set of rhythmic jazz of West Indian and African influence with some and African influence with some impressive soloing from Billy Harper. Randy's solo piano tribute to Duke Ellington was a highlight of the festival.



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PORTO NOVO by MARION BROWN One of the best known of the sixties new music known of the sixtles new music circles, Brown explores his alto saxophone to the fullest with the sympathetic and spirited support of just bass and drums. Brown draws upon his most earthy influences in his explorations.

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#### Les McCann



# blindfold

#### by leonard feather

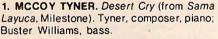
When Les McCann commented, in the afterthought quoted below, that he doesn't like doing the Blindfold Test, it can probably be assumed that his tongue was where it so often can be found, firmly in cheek. (After all, he willingly did the test twice before—db 4/13/61 and 7/24/69.)

Despite his sardonic sense of humor, McCann is a dedicated, serious and continually inquisitive man whose range of interests never ceases to broaden.

His most recent album, Another Beginning, showcases him as instrumentalist (piano, electric piano, Arp synthesizer, clavinet), lyricist, melodist and, on all but one track, vocalist. One is reminded of a statement of his philosophy: "If you are a jazz musician, playing very creatively on an instrument, but not exploring other things out there that could express you, then you're liable to wind up in a rut.

"I never did feel that I could say, on acoustic piano, all the things I was feeling. Ever since the first time I heard Les Paul and Mary Ford's How High The Moon, I knew that all kinds of things could be done with tape recorders and electronics. I gradually found out what I could do, and I went after it."

McCann was given no information about the records played.



I found that didn't go anywhere. I don't know who it was playing. It was like they had an idea about something, and rather than play what they were really feeling, they played what they thought was the thing to do. I'd give that two stars.

It sounded like Ron Carter on bass; I did like the bass player, it was very fluid. The piano player sounded McCoy Tyner type.

Feather: That's who it was!

McCann: I like a lot of things McCoy does, other times I find it hard to listen to. On this, I just kept waiting for something to happen.

2. JIMMY WITHERSPOON. What's Going Down (from Love Is A Five Letter Word, Capitol). Witherspoon, vocals; Pip Williams, arranger. Recorded at Chipping Norton Studios, Oxfordshire, England, Feb. 1974.

That was, without a doubt, one of the greatest singers of all time—Frank Sinatra!... That was Jimmy Witherspoon. There's nothing I can say about Jimmy, other than the fact that Jimmy Witherspoon is what he is. To say anything negative about Jimmy Witherspoon is like talking against the church... he is the beginning... he's all unto himself... he started something that most people tried to copy... so whatever he does is fine with me. Five stars.

I wasn't too impressed with the background; I think they're searching to find something to fit Jimmy Witherspoon. I think the best background for Jimmy would be me and my group. I love the blues: Jimmy Witherspoon sings it the way it should be sung. Maybe at this time in his career they're trying to find something for him to do.

3. JOHNNY HARTMAN. First Time Ever I Saw Your Face (from I've Been There, Perception). Hartman, vocals; Ken Ascher, keyboards.

That's Johnny Hartman. I thought the recording was very poor technically. I thought the piano was recorded poorly.

I didn't like it at all. I think part of my bias would be that the first record I produced was Roberta Flack's version of this tune. One of the reasons I brought Roberta to it was in hearing her sing it I thought it was one of the greatest things I had heard vocally by anybody. So it would be kind of unfair to judge this. But other than that, I didn't particularly care for it either.

Again, I felt like they were trying to do something with the song rather than sing it ... I felt it was taking a song that was popular, and putting what they thought was a good beat to it and having him sing it. Same thing I was saying about Witherspoon, they seem like they're trying to find a mode for him to go in now. And I don't think Hartman is a tradition like Witherspoon. One star.

4. DUKE ELLINGTON. Lotus Bossom (from "... And His Mother Called Him Bill", RCA Victor). Ellington, solo piano. Ellington-Billy Strayborn, composers.

Sounds like some night club in the east because of all the talking in the background. I don't know . . . I liked the melody the first time; I thought it got a little monotonous after a while. But I liked the touch of the pianist very much. Could be a Ray Bryant, somebody like that.

Feather: That was Duke Ellington playing solo piano.

McCann: On most of his records, I don't think the real touch of his musicianship comes over . . .

as a person, he does, but I'm talking about to actually hear him sit and play the piano . . . Three stars for the melody.

#### 5. ESTHER SATTERFIELD. Lift Every Voice And Sing (from Once I Loved, Sagoma).

I hated it! That song is—it might be out of my own bias I'm speaking, in the sense that the song was at one time very meaningful to black people. It was called the Black National Anthem . I think it's a very beautiful song. But it's like trying to hip up something. This is my own opinion, now, but any attempts at fake hipness . . . it's the kind of thing I used to do a long time ago on some of my records, certain songs that I really liked and couldn't figure out a way to do it, so I'd try to . . . and it just don't come off.

It sounds like the lady singing was the same one who made the record with Chuck Mangione. But no stars.

#### 6. GENE HARRIS. John Brown's Body (from Gene Harris, Blue Note). Recorded 1972.

First of all, I can tell that's a Blue Note album; all Blue Note pianists sound the same to me, the tone quality, technically, how they record it ... it seemed to be a pianist out of the era when a lot of people were playing that way.

The record didn't kill me; it's a good friend. I'm sure . . . Gene Harris. It was nice, I'd give it three stars. I thought it was the same thing we said before about the other record, taking a song that's in one direction and trying to make a hip version of it.

It bothered me in the sense that I couldn't loosen up to it, couldn't flow with it. The groove never really materialized. I've heard a new record by him that really knocks me out. I've been hearing it on some of the rock stations.

Feather: Do you think people like that should get more into the jazz-rock field?

McCann: What I think is they should get more into themselves, then they'd find out where they're coming from, and wouldn't feel like they have to do any certain thing; they'd play what lhey are as a person. I feel that what I heard on that record could very easily have been me at a certain point. That record sounds like it was done about five years ago.

### 7. AHMAD JAMAL. Death and Resurrection (from Jamal Plays Jamal, 20th Century). Jamal, keyboards, composer; Richard Evans, arranger.

You can't fool me on the great ones! That man to me plays electric piano better than anybody as far as technique-wise... when I say better I mean he has really gotten into the instrument and plays it, so that when you listen... oh, just, phew!...I don't know the words to put it into. I think he's a great person, his musicianship shows; his touch on the instrument is unbelievable. I just wrote a letter to him, as a matter of fact, to tell him how great I thought a song of his was that I heard on the radie.

I think musicians should communicate with each other more, so the competition thing comes out of it.

That was Ahmad Jamal, and I think he's unbelievable. I give him 15 stars. However, the arrangement didn't knock me out as much as his actual playing. Whenever I hear Ahmad Jamal it's a combination of knowing that the man knows what he's doing, and also the musicianship. Every time I go see him, I walk out feeling very good inside. He really stands out. I just think he's a beautiful, beautiful,

AFTERTHOUGHTS: I don't like doing Blindfold Tests . . I want to reiterate that what I said was how I felt about what I heard at the time. A lot of the people, I really love their music on another level. I think too often when people hear something that sounds like a putdown, they want to make a big thing about it . . . that was just how I felt about what I heard.



## Profile

#### BUELL NEIDLINGER & DON PRESTON

by lee underwood

Bassist Buell Neidlinger and pianist/synthesizer-player Don Preston have for years participated on the forefront of America's perhaps least recognized and least appreciated jazz form: the avant-garde.

Each has evolved his separate way, Buell up through the ranks of Dixieland, behop, and Cecil Taylor; Don up through bebop. Carla Bley, and Frank Zappa. Today, Buell, 38, and Don, 42, play together with the fast-rising tenor saxophonist Marty Krystal under the aegis of drummer Deborah Fuss, Buell's wife. The Deborah Fuss Quartet is thoroughly modern, embodying the musical spirits of Eric Dolphy, Cecil Taylor, John Coltrane, Albert Ayler and early Ornette Coleman.

By certain standards, Buell Neidlinger could be considered successful. A recognized heavyweight, he has played with Sidney Bechet, Zoot Sims, Chet Baker, Steve Lacy, Gil Evans and Cecil Taylor. He is also the principal bassist with the Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra and has been a member of the American, the Houston, and the Boston Symphony Orchestras. Just recently he flew over to England, and with the London Symphony Orchestra recorded Paul Chihara's contemporary classical work, Grass: Concerto For Double Bass And Orchestra (Vox/Turnabout, QTV-S 34572). He has played in over 2000 recording sessions, and is in demand for all musics, whether jazz, classical, or rock (a good example of which is Terminal Love, Peter Ivers, Warner Bros., BS 2804). But in spite of his apparent success, Buell remains irascible and outspoken against critics, popular taste, and the recording industry.

"There's nothing new about the great musics being underground," Buell explains. "There's very little opportunity for young or old musicians to play real music in L.A. or anywhere else. Many, many important musicians have had to leave the U.S. and go to Europe or elsewhere to play. And many other important musicians have had to resort to the pigsty of university life and the administration in order to exist. In fact, I have to make

my living playing in the studios and teaching at Cal Arts

"Basically, it would be very simple to just fund musicians and fund places for them to play, and then the music would grow. But that's immediately called 'Communism,' and we're not allowed to have that. All we're allowed to have is rich people, who know what fad to invest in, enabled to get richer on the music. Those musicians who aren't playing that type of music are just out in the cold. That's the reality of the situation.

'In order to be secure in the record business. you have to put aside your personal creativity most of the time and do what other people want you to. There's very little opportunity for each musician to express himself."

Both Buell and Don hail from the East. Buell was born in New York City and raised in Westport, Connecticut. He began singing "the old masters" in choir schools as a boy, and began studying the cello and trumpet when he was only seven.

After high school he attended Yale for one year, dropped out, and returned to New York, where he played for a year with Conrad Janus and the entire Fats Waller Band at Child's Paramount Restaurant. He also played at Central Plaza with Wild Bill Davis, Pee Wee Russell and Willie "the Lion" Smith. "That's my jazz education, long before I met Cecil Taylor.

DON PRESTON was born and raised in Detroit. which has "more energy and drive for musicians to play than any other city I've ever been in." He began irregularly studying piano when he was five, taking lessons for one year, then laying off for two or three years, and then returning. In the army he came under the tutelage of Herbie Mann, 'who used to beat me over the head every time I played a wrong chord." Trumpet player Buzz Gardner, his roommate, also helped him learn the

Don spent the years following the service traveling back and forth between L.A. and Detroit,

**Buell Neidlinger** Don Preston



playing with Tommy Flanagan, Elvin Jones, Charlie Haden, and Carla Bley. In the early '60s, Preston began experimenting with new and different ways of playing. "We set up films of microscopic life and improvised on those structures; or we would set up a diagram of time limitations and change the moods and directions when the time span altered.

In 1963-64 Don formed AHA! The Aesthetic Harmony Assemblage with Emil Richards, Paul Beaver, Michael Graden (a painter), and Roena, Don's wife, a dancer. Their goal was to blend all of the different art forms into a single concept.

They met with little success, so Don and Michael formed a new, similar, group called the Craden-Preston Ensemble, which performed many concerts and met with a more enthusiastic response. "We were totally extemporaneous, improvising off of abstract forms. We built a box with a screen on it, for example. A multi-colored scroll revolved inside, and each performer improvised off of his color as it spun around. We also handbuilt several microtonal instruments, which had up to 43 tones to the octave. We used a poet, too, and a bunch of percussionists."

ONE DAY in New York, Buell met Cecil Taylor, "only because no other bass players would play with him. Steve Lacy took me over there. I was too stupid to know what was going on, because I was just a Dixieland bass player. So I just played with him and it worked, because I didn't know whether it was far out or not. I hadn't been exposed to anything like that. I never listened to Dave Brubeck or any of those people, so I bypassed two generations of music.

'Cecil lived on Sheriff Street at the time, way downtown, a six-flight walk-up. It was 18 blocks from the nearest subway, and I used to walk that every day with my bass just so I could play with him. I really dug his energy.

"That man is capable of playing ten different notes with ten different fingers, ten different dynamics, ten different attacks, and at ten different tempi. He is phenomenal. There is no musician I've ever met, including Igor Stravinsky and Pierre Boulez, who comes anywhere near having the abilities that Cecil Taylor has. He has now fully developed his material. He has never copied anyone. He is a product of his own genius."

Preston's major public impact was a result of his eight year on-and-off association with Frank Zappa. Initially, Don didn't know how to play rock and roll, but after he learned the ins-and-outs of "Louie Louie," he got hired.

'In Zappa's group," Don recalls, "I was most inclined to lean towards the avant-garde of the time, people like (Gyorgy) Ligeti, Penderecki, John Cage, and Morton Feldman. Zappa liked those people too, but he was also more interested in business, in being commercial, and the weight was on his shoulders to be that way. I just wanted

"To me, the most important asset of any art is the technique, the technology of that art form, the new developments, the innovations, because that to me gives humanity the impetus to develop further in other fields.

to be 'avant-grade.

"New art turns a key in people to push back the boundaries. If you're trying to write music like Bach or Stan Kenton or anybody back there, it's not the same thing. You're not opening a door for people. New art brings a certain energy to people that allows them to be open to other things in their own fields. My ability comes through my innovative energies, my talents to be avant-garde, playing and influencing the others in the band.

It was Don Preston who was responsible for many of the new developments in rock and roll that have since become standard: he was the first to extensively utilize the synthesizer; he was the first keyboardist to surround himself with huge gongs and other percussion instruments; he was the first to employ a huge truck-spring as an effective rock instrument.

Some members of the original Mothers of Invention felt that Zappa was a dictator. Others felt a thief. Don, however, sees Zappa as being an extension of the entire band's concept. "True, Zappa did most of the creativity of the music, but

he also has the unique ability to take whatever he deems commercial from people, like a phrase, a word. Like any creator, he observes, and uses whatever he comes in contact with Many of the musicians resented hearing something they had said come out in one of Zappa's lyrics. But when you get down to it, I think it was the total collective consciousness of the group that made the group what it was."

In spite of the fact that Don and Buell have been significant contributors to new music for years, they nevertheless remain obscure in terms of popular recognition.

On the one hand, according to Buell, a man like Ornette Coleman "arrived in New York and was touted as the next Charlie Parker when he was only barely formed in his genius, and it destroyed him. He believed his press, demanded huge fees which club owners weren't able to produce, and now he's just a simple copy of his former self. playing his old licks in a glib way.

"Or take a guy like Albert Ayler, another true genius of the time, who was vilified and destroyed by the critics, then led into musical damnation by the second greatest charlatan, next to Leonard Feather, who is Bob Thiele. We hear the evidence of that now on the packages that are being reissued now at their profit, music that is utter crap. which Albert has denied and denounced to his friends, all that shit with Bill Folwell, so-called rock and roll. That was all a product of Bob Thiele.'

On the other hand, certain other musicians of infinitely lesser abilities in Buell's eyes are praised to the skies by the critics. "People here in the U.S. are still limping along on the crutches of Sonny Rollins or Miles Davis," Buell asserts. "And Mahavishnu John McLaughlin starts every solo at the 18th fret, gets a terrible sound from his guitar. and plays mechanically. Jimmy Page, Jeff Beck, Elliot Ingber, Paul Lennart, Steven Stills-there are many great guitar players who, in terms of their musical output, can blow Mahavishnu off the stage any time. I would love to hear Jimmy Page and Mahavishnu play together.

"In the bass-players-I-would-like-to-haveseen-live department, I would like to have seen Paul Chambers live so that all his imitators, who have made so many thousands of dollars imitating him after his death, would have had to search elsewhere for their material.

"I would like to hear James Blanton playing in the modern context. I would like to have seen Junior Raglin live, because on the basis of the few records he made with Ellington he revealed himself to me.

"And I would have liked to have seen Ray Brown live, in the sense that I would like to have heard him continue the style that he laid out for us all so clearly on the DeeGee label with the Milt Jackson Quartet in 1954 or '55, because if he had continued to play almost two beats ahead of the other musicians with that formidable energy he

had, the whole of bass playing might have been quite different. The meaningless pattering around and treble-clef bass playing of Eddie Gomez, Scott La Faro and others would have been ignored, and the bass would have been a much more dominant instrument than it was in bebop.

NEIDLINGER feels that great music, while recognized in Europe or Japan, is not recognized in America because "the music is difficult, and because critics who exist because of fads are not able to understand it. I especially resent people dallying around the fringes of music in terms of being critics, promoters, managers, or whatever. just existing on the fringes and not even paying verbal respect, to say nothing of financial, to the true geniuses of music-until they're 75-yearsold and almost dead

"They shat on Ellington right up through the '60s. I saw it. I saw him at Birdland and at the Apollo Theater-he was just another 'act.' The critics and the public misunderstood his great compositions, except those from the '30s; and they completely misunderstood his pianistic genius. I went to a concert of his at the Museum of Modern Art where he played solo piano with bass & drums, and it was an unforgettable event. But the critic Martin Williams said it was just a kind of commercial concert, that it was badly prepared. How badly prepared can it be when he brought out a piece from 1932 called Dancers In Love and played that technically formidable thing perfectly at the keyboard? He must have practiced it for weeks. What Williams said shows only critical irresponsibility.

"On the other hand, Nat Hentoff is the greatest jazz critic alive in my opinion. He has balls; he has language; he has style; he has the ability to say what he really feels about any music in print. But Nat Hentoff had to leave jazz criticism, because jazz criticism goes only down hill.

"I place a lot of weight on what critics say, because a lot of people read that shit. That's why they have those magazines. Not because critics are responsible observers, but because a lot of people read the magazines.

'To be successful in jazz criticism, you have to do exactly what Leonard Feather does, which is to write album notes for anybody who will pay you, or write rave reviews of people who are already commercially successful, which is the safe way. And not to take any stands about any music whatsoever. It doesn't take any great musical depth to observe that Count Basie has been the greatest ever since he was the greatest ever.

"I believe that that man, Leonard Feather, is the cause of the musical problem in Los Angeles, because he is the jazz critic, let's face it. I even stopped subscribing to the L.A. Times because of Leonard Feather.

'Let's put it this way, at the Cecil Taylor event that happened at the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium here two summers ago, I personally watched

over 3,000 people jump up on their feet and scream several times during the course of the performance—the music was felt that deeply. But Leonard Feather said something to the effect of 'anyone working a jackhammer could get the same musical results.

"If Feather or any other critic can't write constructively and correctly about a concert like that, then all those other readers, maybe even only two or three, who could have gotten hip to Cecil and maybe bought a record or have gone to a club and said, 'Hey, let's have this guy Taylor come and play'—all of those readers have been denied what is owed them by a jazz critic, which is to tell them the truth about what's really happening in the music and to be willing and able to generate an interest in it

In spite of the obstacles many avant-garde artists have been confronted with, Buell and Don both have managed to survive and to maintain their creativity at high-energy levels. They organized the El Monte Art Ensemble some four years ago and played many successful concerts. including the Ojai Festival last summer for 1,200 people. Although that group is now defunct because of commercial non-responsiveness, Buell continues to write music and to perform and record with rock, classical and jazz groups.

With his own money, Neidlinger also plans to record and sell his original work, Turd Central. "The music truly expresses the general downand-out quality of today's teenage life, the dissatisfaction they feel over the shallow music they get, the schools they go to, and their home life. They're basically involved with a transition of lifestyle that they know nothing about, and that most of us know nothing about either. It's being engineered by rich conglomerates made up of huge quantities of brains. You know. Huxley come true.

Don Preston continues to develop his musical concepts on the synthesizer, as well as playing jazz gigs, and participating as musical director for such noted contemporary dancers as Meredith Monk (for whom he played violin for two years) and L.A.'s Emily Conrad. He does extensive studio work, and has even been acting in horror films, an activity he thoroughly enjoys.

In spite of feeling surrounded by "manufactured life," Buell Neidlinger nevertheless archly maintains his strength and integrity. "I don't ever play anywhere that I don't try to play modern. Even if I'm playing in a rock band, I have a unique style. I don't play Aretha Franklin bass licks, for example. I always try to do something that's on the up-andup, even though I'm 38-years-old. Just because I've achieved a certain age doesn't give me the right to repeat myself."

At present, Buell and Don, with Marty Krystal and Deborah, have hopes of taking the Deborah Fuss Quartet to Europe, where perhaps they will ultimately receive the high recognition that so many avant-garde artists so richly deserve. db



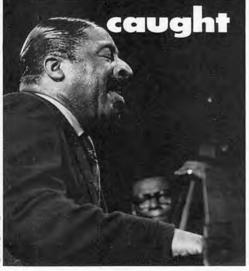
Personnel: Garner, piano; Louis Spears, bass; Jose Mangual, conga; Chuck Carter, drums.

I can still recall the happy day while in high school that I discovered Erroll Garner's Concerts By The Sea. It's not much of an exaggeration to say that it changed my life-Erroll's album was the first jazz I'd ever heard. Besides teaching me what improvising (within a structure) was all about, Concerts also contained the best of Garner: dynamics, texture, relentless rhythm, spontaneity, and humor

Almost 20 years later, with this memory fresh in mind, hearing Garner's performance in San Francisco was a great disappointment. Visually, he appeared to be in his prime, he was cheerful and energetic, rising after each tune to thank a full-house audience of 500. Aside from his graciousness, however, he gave the audience very little. His playing was uninspired and uninspiring. Each tune was preceded by an introduction on unaccompanied piano which had nothing to do with the song that followed and served no purpose, unless it gave Erroll a few moments to decide what he was going to play. His first set included a nice variety of tunes (Willow Weep For Me, Erroll's Tune, his own Misty, Sunshine of My Life, Sunny), but every song was cut from the same well-worn pattern. Only fresh, sincere improvisations could have rescued the formula from monotony; but they were not forthcoming.

There was one exception. At the end of the first set, a young San Francisco singer, Barbara Raboy, yelled down from the balcony, I Can't Give You Anything But Love, and Erroll played it for her, producing the only spontaneous, exciting improvisation of the set.

Hoping the next set would prove that





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Garner could recapture his old form, I persevered, moving down front to watch his technique at closer range. The picture was no more encouraging. I don't for a moment believe that there is any such thing as a "preferred" keyboard technique-and certainly not any absolute do's or don'ts. However, Erroll's reckless, off-handed attack was less than convincing and suggested to me his lack of involvement with the music. His hands have always moved erratically rather than smoothly, and with great distinctness of direction; yet he now seems to throw his fingers facilely at the keys, laughing and singing to himself, as if playing came to him so easily that effort and concentration were superfluous. His unmistakable style seemed to be hardening into idiosyncracy.

Some tunes from the second set were Close To You, Shadow Of Your Smile, Yesterday, All The Things You Are, and their ilk. None were interpreted with the creativity I had always associated with Erroll. This association, however, raises a question that I cannot ignore in all honesty: Was his playing really lackluster, or were my expectations too high to be satisfied? The audience-reaction is some evidence that I have been accurate. They were attentive, but not enthusiastic. Beyond this, I can only trust my impressions.

I will always be grateful to Garner, and revere him, for his musical impact on me, but I left the Music Hall that night with the uncomfortable feeling that I had seen an artist who has been doing the same thing for too long.

—len lyons



#### KEITH JARRETT

St. Paul/Minneapolis

Personnel: Jarrett, piano; Charlie Haden, bass; Dewey Redman, reeds; Paul Motian, drums; The St. Paul Chamber Orchestra.

Keith Jarrett recently completed a remarkable series of appearances in the Twin Cities, five concerts that placed the pianist in a variety of settings and which collectively managed to reflect his many facets: solo pianist, "serious" composer, philosopher-comedian, and leader of one of the finest quartets playing jazz today. Jarrett's first two appearances were part of the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra's "Perspectives Series," an ambitious slate of informal concerts that are focusing this year on Haydn and John Cage. Jarrett participated in an all-piano program, which featured the soporific Sonata In A-flat Major For Piano by Haydn (well-performed by Layton James), two splendid Cage pieces for prepared piano (Meditation and Root Of An Unfocus, performed by Dennis Russell Davies), followed by a spontaneous composition by Jarrett.

This concert was repeated in Minneapolis the next evening, and of course only Jarrett offered any variations. His playing the second night was refreshingly dissimilar from the first—not a radical departure, certainly,

but a different attack and structure. As Jarrett's four solo sides on ECM reveal, he has several approaches to the piano. He is alternately romantic (full, rich chords and wistful right-hand statements), visionary (searching, ascending right-hand runs), mystical (chantlike left-hand patterns), and religious (affecting a gospel mood). Jarrett's ability to order these and other expressions was apparent the second night, when a single motif reappeared in a variety of pianistic guises. At his best, Jarrett is truly unique—no other pianist paints with so varied a palette. Still, statements so personal as Jarrett's cannot be consistently pleasing. At times he seems too florid, for example, and his penchant for repeating brief passages over and again can be unnerving.

In his penultimate concert (following Haydn's Concerto In C Major For Cello and Bach's Cantata No. 91 For Christmas Day) Jarrett joined the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra for two compositions: his own In The Cave, In The Light and Carla Bley's 3/4. The latter work proved to be more interesting. Jarrett's piece (for strings, percussion, and piano) was muted, restrained, and left one waiting for the more energetic piano passages that Bley's composition offered. Additionally, Bley explored a greater harmonic and rhythmic range than did Jarrett, employing the full chamber orchestra and writing polyrythmic passages (three against four). These differences, of course, are more a product of artistic intention than anything else, and Jarrett's In the Cave, which seemed like a prelude, augurs well for future orchestral efforts by Jarrett.

The final appearance of Keith Jarrett in the Twin Cities was simply triumphant. For this concert Jarrett was joined by his regular colleagues: tenor saxophonist Dewey Redman. bassist Charlie Haden, and drummer Paul Motian. The virtues of this group have been amply chronicled-by themselves on their recordings and by others in countless enthusiastic reviews. But following a week of Jarrett concerts, the final quartet performance pointed up two important facets of the pianist's music. First, the quartet serves almost as a microcosm of Jarrett's musical world, as the band's nonstop performances create a shifting aural kaleidoscope. Instead of limiting expression, Jarrett's quartet, with its combination of structured and spontaneous statements, meets Jarrett's twin needs of composer and improviser. Secondly, the quartet in a related manner serves to loosen up Jarrett's playing. He plays fewer notes as pianist in his quartet, and these notes seem more crucial. With the sturdy foundation that Haden provides, and with Motian's sympathetic percussion, Jarrett is at once a more daring and playful pianist with the quartet. There are fewer left-hand ostinato patterns, more carefully constructed right-hand runs, and altogether a clearer, more precious style. Individually, Jarrett's playing within the quartet may be somewhat less awe-inspiring than his solo piano gymnastics, but it is certainly no less satisfying. Besides, with Redman, Haden, and Motian on hand, the question of awe-inspiration need not come up at all.

Finally, one must be impressed with Jarrett's stage presence during the final concert. He enjoyed himself, was visibly moved by the music, and he didn't say a word. Only after a prolonged standing ovation at the concert's end did Jarrett reemerge to offer a parting comment: "I want to thank you all for helping to make this week a success. It's the first time I've been able to do something like this in North America." Enough said.

30 □ down beat the first—not a radical departure, certainly, in North Am

and moving with different weight propelling their ongoing motion, so that to talk about 4/4 is to be completely simplistic. So that one can have—say that two or three octaves below middle C is the area of the abyss, and the middle range is the surface of the earth, the astral being the upper range—you have three constituted bodies also outlined by a specific range, a specific function of how the innards of these groups relate to themselves and then to each other. You have, therefore, what starts out as a linear voice becoming within itself like horizontal because of the plurality of exchange between the voices.

To organize a group of musicians using an African methodological concept of pursuit of joy and celebration does, it seems to me, relate to the concept of spirit, the concept of love, mutual existence, the feed that goes on, the exchange that goes on between living objects—to find other musicians that relate and exchange by setting up a vibratory response which together equals more than just a single source, a single response, which dovetails very nicely in terms of the Unit, which, having three instruments, has definitely all the ramifications of the pioneers who played each of those instruments, and the traditional language that each of the pioneers of each of those instruments have laid down. When I say the Unit, it is not piano virtuoso or drum virtuoso or alto soloisi, but a community of men feeding each other, relating to each other, and speaking to each other in musical architectural sounds which have been passed on to them through reverence of Sidney Bechet, Charlie Parker, and Sonny Rollins (with due respect for Ornette Coleman, Eric Dolphy), if you happen to be Jimmy Lyons and playing an alto saxophone; with respect for Max Roach, Sonny Murray, Milford Graves, Art Blakey, Chick Webb, if you happen to be Andrew Cyrille; the love of Fats Waller, Jelly Roll Morton, Erroll Garner, Bud Powell, Thelonious Monk, Horace Silver, if you happen to be Cecil Taylor. And what is therefore going on, the thing that unites all, is the developing of one's senses to respond to sound. But one does this over 20 years, or 30 years. I mean, that's what improvisation is. It is the finding of the most personal language within a many thousand-year-old conception of ordering the senses to respond to musical vibration. It's the ability to communicate with the geniuses that have preceded us and to come with reverence to obtain some personal meaning from their universe and translate it for ourselves to give to those who follow.

Back at the gig:

Cecil, right hand whoops across savannah. Obviously, to me, my role in the Unit is that of catalyst. Lyons, Cyrille respond. African code. Elephants flatten grass, birds sing warning from persimmon trees. Engenders flight, futile defense, Tar flesh trampled seeds, pressed in rolling holds, moving west, rhythm sights ground, replanted in brutal field burst like bolls, regroup. Taylor continual drum dialogue with Cyrille. Obviously, to me, the piano is a percussive instrument. Lyons hovers, darts through, flirts and feeds like hummingbird. It swells ecstatic, steady filling, moving north, dark flowers pressed between pages of skin shake out, cakewalk and boogaloo, Step & his bros. movin' too, spirits summoned Roll-HinesLionYancy to their continuance WallerDukeBudMonk arrive; Cecil Taylor, human, artist, and, in the profoundest sense, educator, alleys resonate cement powers concurrent nightbush/ Compose/ body lyric. db

## Kelon Spares the Tree but not the Chemistry

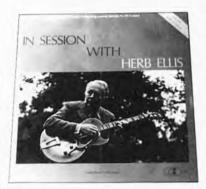
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ample, we talk about Africanism and some of the early civilizations. This is important to see where people's heads were at one time. Then we look at some of the instruments out of that time, and assign students to research the archeology of musical instruments, to establish where they came from. You know, the blueprints for every instrument in the orchestra came out of Africa. It's a hell of a broad statement, but you can check it out.

"Then the kids should know something about the people, so we talk about the Ashanti (a West African people to whom the "Charleston" is traced). Then we finally work up to and through slavery—a very important period that needs a lot of research.

"There are individuals like Toussaint l'Ouverture, an important strategist in history. There is a direct line between what he did in Haiti during slave revolts and what Castro did in Cuba . . . After a while you begin to see how so many different things are related. I think it is important that people who write about music understand some of this history.

"In European music I am beginning to find more and more information that makes me feel that the influences on what we call European culture and music came out of Spain when the Moors were in control. In other words, some of these influences drifted over from Africa. It makes me feel that more research has to be done so we can understand more about it.

"The influences on Ravel and Stravinsky have not been thoroughly checked out. When Stravinsky called something 'ragtime', for example, people don't see that this man was writing music about another kind of music; he was writing an interpretation of something that came from a black viewpoint.

"There is so much to work with to build and contribute to the subject matter that should be there . . ." Jackie reflected for a moment. "I've got to get to New Orleans, I've never been there," he said finally.

Jackie McLean is passionately dedicated to his new role. There is an urgency about his life and work now, however, like many people out of his times and music, he has gone through some rough periods. But he was fortunate, he survived.

"My wife was responsible a great deal for helping me get my life together," said McLean. "I guess having a good woman is important. I kept my family together because I loved them very much, and I wanted to raise my children so they could work around some of the hassles I went through. I worked it out, but it was hard, very hard.

"I think the younger musicians who came up in the last wave are going in a different direction today. They've had a chance to look at things like drugs and know more about it. They don't want to gamble with the time in their lives. But the times are different, too; when I came up nobody knew anything."

"Do you think more jazz clubs will open up?" he asked unexpectedly, "or do you think they will fade away?"

"I have my reasons why I don't like jazz clubs," he said after a long break. "It goes back to the history, and the whole red light district syndrome, the alcohol, and the meeting place for people who live at night. In a way I love that atmosphere," he added, point-

ing to a contradiction within himself, "but on the other hand it's a drag. For one thing, youth isn't exposed to the music, because in most cases you can't get into hear it unless you are an adult. That's the bad part, and of course the alcohol, I can't use that either . . .

"I'll tell you something, five years ago when I stopped trying to keep a band playing, I just got totally away from practicing and playing, went heavily into this research I've been talking about, into developing classes and the cultural program. I haven't had any inspiration to play because when John Coltrane died..." He didn't finish the thought, but let it hang for a moment.

"Even though there are some cats out there keeping their direction—Sonny Rollins, and as I said before, McCoy—I didn't have any inspiration for some reason, I just didn't feel it. But last night with this particular band it inspired me and I got the feeling I used to have about clubs—that I'm glad I'm there and can play for somebody who wants to sit down and listen.

"So now I feel I have to work out some kind of schedule where I can play every day. I don't want to let this feeling I get from these young musicians die."

Dince this conversation, Jackie McLean and the Cosmic Brotherhood have played at least one other concert in the United States. But such appearances are extremely rare. During October the group recorded its first album, New York Calling, for the European label SteepleChase Records. In addition, McLean and Michael Carvin recorded a duet album, Antiquity, on which Jackie not only plays alto sax but bamboo flute, kalimba and piano. Billy Gault also has recorded his first album, When Destiny Calls. Both recordings are also on SteepleChase and scheduled for release this year.

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example, Ron Carter's Spanish Blue on CTI, which has Roland at the keyboard helm). Hopefully by May, things will be cleared up and they can go ahead with their projects.

Among other curious projects, Roland Hanna recorded an album with fellow keyboardist Mickey Tucker on Blue Note under the banner of the New Heritage Keyboard Quartet. "It was never really a group," Roland confesses. "It was a name chosen for a recording session with Mickey Tucker. Our names couldn't be used because Ferrante and Teicher had a clause in their contract which said that no duo piano groups could use a similarly hyphenated name with that recording company (U.A.). But it doesn't appear that anything is going to come of the NHKQ because Mickey didn't seem to get another contract. Although it was an interesting album, there was unfortunately no market for it."

No discussion with Roland Hanna would be complete without comment on the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band. "In all the years I was with the band they never once compromised their music. They never played anything commercial. So many bands, in order to make money or to become well known, will suddenly begin to play commercial stuff." Though the reason for Hanna's leaving the orchestra was left unstated, the general feeling is that he was disgruntled with the band's commercial direction on their first Philadelphia International album, on which there are two Stevie Wonder tunes.

"Thad always kept the standard that if we were going to play somebody else's music, we'd have to do it well. So we had an obligation to be at our best everytime we played. That's the reason so many musicians left other bands just to play with Thad's." When asked if the band rehearsed much while he was a regular, he laughed. "Every Monday night! We got 52 rehearsals a year. Thad would always be changing the chart while we were playing. Say there's a brass chorus and the reeds are sitting there holding their horns. Thad will tell the reeds what to play in the next section. He's like Duke in that respect. And, like Manny Albam, he knows every note in the score. Thad can call out a whole chorus or melody line for each instrument; feeding them the notes as he goes down the line. That's difficult as hell!

The conversation switched to a discussion of the band's rhythm section. "Richard Davis was the bass player during most of my stay with the band. Recently, I worked with Richard at Buddy's Place. I had written a piece called Song Of The Black Knight. It has an intricate bass introduction. Not terribly complicated, but enough to make you look twice. I gave it to Richard and he said, 'Oh, no problem.' He started to play the first two notes and said, 'Oh, yeah, what's this?' We laughed a bit. Then he started to practice it because it was written in such a way that it was somewhat difficult. But, you know, he's the type of guy who loves a challenge. If it's difficult, he wants it.

"George Mraz took over for Richard in Thad's band, and George has time as impecable as Sam Jones. Mel is an excellent reader and beyond that he's probably one of the best interpreters around. Mel predicts almost

everytime what the interpretation of the piece will be. Mel also does something that most drummers don't do. He adjusts to the bassist in such a way that he doesn't hinder or pull the bass player."

But what about Song Of The Black Knight? That composition seems to be something special in Hanna's repertoire. "The Black Knight is not just a tune. It's a culmination of ideas I've had musically about myself. I feel there are so many young black people who tend to lose their identity over a period of years through their daily communication with everything in American life. They're constantly being put down one way or the other, primarily because they are black. As a result, they lose their impetus, their young drive, because they find a stone wall everywhere they turn. The Black Knight is an undertone, or an undertow, an inside motion that forces them to go on, and this is what the anger and the bitterness in the music is all about.

"The Black Knight is like the sleeping giant

who suddenly says, 'To hell with everything, I'm going to just bust it to pieces.' Finally, after it's all burned up and busted down, you have to sit down and look inside yourself and say, 'Why did I do that?' 'What good is that going to do me?', which is the introspection. The whole idea of the piece is to build up a tension. If I wrote a part for Ben (the drummer), it would be a part that had more words than notes because those notes couldn't be written. It has to be done with the way you feel about this Black Knight; he's not a sterotype, he's just angry, and you know when he comes through he wipes out everything."

And, in fact, Sir Roland Hanna is a black knight. "The knighthood came from Africa. I was given a document by William Tubman, the President of Liberia, which formally knighted me. It was the result of playing music over there to raise \$140,000 for educational purposes. He was saying thank you for what I had done."

44







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#### HOW TO broaden your keyboard styles

by George Duke via Dr. William L. Fowler

ast year George Duke recorded, in less than a month's time, with five different multi-star groups, each group requiring its own distinct keyboard style. In Los Angeles he cut Frank Zappa's Apostrophe; went directly to New York for Billy Cobham's Crosswinds; then on to San Francisco to make Soft Shoe with Ray Brown, Herb Ellis, Jake Hanna, and "Sweets" Edison; then back to L.A. for Airto's Virgin Land and for his own album, Faces in Reflection. But even before accomplishing this feat of conceptual variety, George had demonstrated an uncommon breadth of style in his work with the likes of Quincy Jones and Cannonaball Adderley.

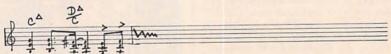
For keyboard players wanting to expand their own accompanimental abilities, George ought to be an ideal source of information. Here is some illustrated guidance from him:

"When I was teaching at Merritt Junior College in Oakland, I found many students uninterested in learning various styles of accompaniment suitable for various styles of solo playing. I tried to impress upon those students that stylistic diversity often fattens the pocketbook; that a leader usually prefers a sideman who not only can handle his group's principal style, but who also can instantly adapt to any other style called for.

"Frank Zappa, for example, speaks musically in a unique personal language as well as in more standard tongues, therefore requiring the accompaniment of a multi-lingual keyboardist. Frank's solos usually contain strings of fast-running notes with accents in unexpected places, making an angular linear style something like this:



"Behind such solo segments, Frank needs a basically on-the-beat straightforward accompaniment. So I don't play many push beats and I try to end my phrases on count 'one,' the principal metric accent. I could call this accompaniment style, 'rhythmically straight up and down, but with curves for the groove.'

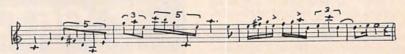


"Sometimes I imitate Frank's line, catching his accents. But I have to guard against playing too many notes, against getting in the way of his solo.

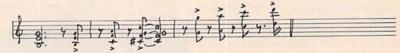
"Frank also goes on unexpected rhythmic and metric excursions (one of the joys of working with him, those bursts of rhythmic creativity!). And his shifting parodies of just about every standard style, from country-Western to Bartok, call for almost infinite keyboard variety. Despite his penchant for variety, however, Frank's music is generally linear and angular. He visualizes music as melodic shapes, like graphs on paper, rather than as a particular succession of particular notes and chords.



Here are some notes Frank might pick to fit the shape of his graph.



"With Billy Cobham's group I find that push beats behind the soloists fit the style. For example:



"It's easy to jump into Billy's rhythmic boat. He plays little phrases that invite rhythmic imitation. And he's always listening for phrases from others in the group. At our sessions he'd eatch my phrases and I'd eatch his. No separate ways for percussion and keyboard on that gig! We both knew if and when the meter was going to change. And we played the styles I really came from—funk, jazz-rock, Latin, ballad. I felt comfortable for teamwork with Billy.

"I also can feel at home with guys like Ray, Herb, Jake and 'Sweets,' guys who make straightahead jazz exciting. With them, a swinging groove becomes the basic propulsion. And even though that groove isn't my most comfortable bag, it lets me play rather lightly and lets me lay back because no matter what the tempo the beat doesn't seem urgent: it just seems relaxed.

"In Brazilian music, too, the beat doesn't seem urgent to me. Even though I play a lot of push beats, I still have the feeling of laying back. Whether actually heard or not, the feeling of a strong accent on 'one' occurs in Airto's group. And in that group playing on top of the beat never produces any sensation of rushing. I can make my push-beat punches very precise, yet still feel rhythmically fluid. Here are a couple of examples of what I might do on a samba, for example:



#### BASIC KEYBOARD FEATURES

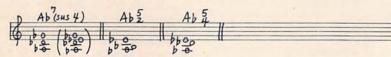
by George Duke

tyles seem to be melting together nowadays. Maybe generalizations on how to accompany solos within those styles would turn out to be oversimplifications. But there are still some basic features in the more common styles that keyboard players should find useful: Rock style: Play very strong accents on 'one' and 'three,' or on all four beats (4/4 time), avoiding push beats. And keep the harmony rather simple—triads work fine.



In general, play heavily.

Jazz-rock style: Use push beats, making the rhythmic pattern more complex than the eighth and quarter note patterns of rock. Almost any rhythmic pattern from jazz will work in jazzrock, but strong accents right on 'one' are needed intermittently: that's the 'rock' part of the rhythm. Build some of the chords from mixed fourths and seconds for an open harmonic sound. And relate the harmony to a tonal area, by suspending chords chromatically over a bass pedal tone, rather than always progressing logically to the key center.



In general, play fluidly, alternating heavy and light dynamics.

Straight-ahead jazz style: Play simple punches in block-chord voicings, emphasizing a triplet rhythmic flow. While keeping a key center perceptible, add high components to chords ninths, elevenths, thirteenths—and utilize chords built from fourths. Example 11 is a more modern sound than Example 10.



In general, play lightly.

Latin style: Play on top of the beat, with as crisp as possible. Sometimes hold down a chord for a bar or so, letting the percussion keep the rhythm alive. But use push beats consistently. In general, play fluidly with a laid-back feel.

#### POTPOURRI

ginning of March with the Kenny Drew and Horace Parlan Trios as house groups. The first featured soloist was Dexter Gordon.

The band with a heart: Good ole boy hard-rockers Lynyrd Skynyrd, who were not too long ago amongst the rank of the hard-core unemployed themselves, have decided on a policy of distributing a limited number of free tickets at their concerts to

out-of-work-and-bread fans. The gate-line handout was initiated on January 29 in Detroit, where promoter Bob Bageris gave out 300 orchestra tickets to anyone with proof of unemployment.

continued from page 9

True love never runs smooth: John Lennon has declared that "the separation was a failure" and is now reunited with Yoko Ono.



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#### Walk, don't run (it will do you no good as

the lines are around University Place before you get there anyhow) to the Cookery, where Helen Humes is in the best voice of her career backed by Ellis Larkins and Benny Moten thru April 3. Dick Wellstood takes over for the rest of April . . . Jazz Interactions continues to pack 'em in at the Riverboat with a big band series. Their lecture series at Hunter College continues with "Jazz on Film" with Ernie Smith on April 4 . . . Jazz Vespers at St. Peters Church, 64th St. and Park Avenue, will have Howard McGhee Quintet outdoors at their 16 East 56th Street Center on March 30 Town Hall Interludes (5:45 PM) shows Hazel Scott April 2 and Twyla Tharp Dance Co. April 9 ... The Afro-American Studio for Acting and Speech, 415 W. 127th St., will feature Bilai Muhammad Abdullah trio with Abdul Shahid, drums, Naji Ibrahim, bass, March 30 . . . Fisher Hall's "Great Performer" will be Bobby Short March 30 . . . WKCR, Columbia University's FM outlet, recently presented a non-stop, round-the-clock Ornette Coleman Festival. The music continued until all of his extant (and then some) recordings were aired. Their regular schedule looks like "Jazz Alternatives" Monday thru Sunday 6-9 PM; "Jazz At One" Monday thru Sunday 1-3:30 PM. The latter is a live broadcast from the studios . . . Sweet Basil features Bucky Pizzarelli Wednesdays from 9 PM; Jack Wilkins and Eddie Gomez are in March 28 and 29; Rosalinda March 30; Wilkins and Gomez return April 4 and 5 . . . The National Jazz Ensemble, under the direction of Chuck Israels, has returned. They will present concerts at . Boomthe New School on West 12th St. . er's has Robin Kenvatta March 26-29; Charles Sullivan March 31-April 1; Kenyatta again April 2-5; Sullivan April 7-8; and Norman Connors with Jean Carn April 9-12. The Five Spot opens Sundays with the Music Complex Jazz Orchestra, Jaki Byard conductor, Sarah Boatner, vocalist, from 5-9 PM Trombonist Urbie Green appears in a Carnegie Hall concert March 27 with the U. of Minnesota Jazz Ensemble . . . The New York Jazz Repertory Company's sparkling season continues with a tribute to the music of Bix Beiderbecke with Bill Challis, Paul Mertz, Bill Rank, Joe Venuti and Speigan Wilcox. Bob Wilber will recreate the Wolverines. The Rainbow Grill atop Rockefeller Plaza stars Helen Forest with Lee Evans Orchestra beginning April 1 ... Michael's Pub concludes

Witherspoon for the first two weeks in April Ros madelles

March with George Wein's Newport Jazz All

Stars and at press time it looks like Jimmy

Dontes is proud to present Freddie Hubbard Dizzy Gillespie on March 27, 28 and 29. finishes up a week at Concerts By The Sea through April 30 . . . Howard Rumsey says things are just about ready to go at his new club, which he describes as being "55% jazzoriented, with the other 45% including jazzoriented rock, Latin, and even some country groups in the future." Ticketron will be handling some of the advanced sales . . . Mayuto Correa, Brazilian percussionist will be hanging out at Concerts By The Sea April 1-6 Grover Washington, Jr. comes in on April 8 In Hermosa Beach, The Lightfor a week. house is hosting Bobby Hutcherson from March 18-30 . . . The Wailers are shakin' up the Troubadour March 23-30 . . . Tony Bennett and Lena Horne will carry on at the Schubert Theater through March 30 . . . Monteleones, a supper club in Encino presents Eddie Cano Wednesdays thru Sundays ... The Baked Potato continues to host Harry "Sweets" Edison on Sunday nights, with Don Randi & The Baked Potato Band featuring Steve Douglas Wednesdays through Saturdays . . . it looks like Lee Ritenour will be returning on Tuesday Nights, with Dave Grusin The Times in Studio City features Buddy Collette on March 28 and 29, and the Baroque Jazz Ensemble on March 30 ... Maxine Weldon continues at the Etc.

#### 

Major Goof Dept.! Those dates for Miles Davis and Herbie Hancock, with Bobbi Humphrey also on the bill at the Arie Crown Theatre were wrong, wrong, wrong. The two shows will take place March 29-30, not the 19th and 20th as announced here before Also, Brian Auger and The Average White Band will be in the Auditorium Theatre on the 29th, not the 19th. Sorry about the confu-Radio scene: Straight No Chaser, stronger than ever, continues every Friday, Saturday, and Sunday nights from 11:30-3:00, under the aegis of db editors Ray Townley and Chuck Mitchell, and Sun-Times jazz critic Neil Tesser, whose controversial opinions can also be sampled in the Chicago Reader. Catch Straight No Chaser, if you haven't already got the habit, on WNIB-FM (97.1 on the dial). Elsewhere, Morris Ellis remains in WBMX's (102.7) Jazz Zone every Friday and Saturday PM from 11:00-12 midnight. Al Carter hosts Jazz Rapp in the wee small hours of WOJO-FM's programming: Sunday from 4-5 AM, Monday from 3-5 AM on 105.1 FM ... Poor Richard's in Skokie lines up this way: Baraboo (country rock) March 28-29, Ronnie Rice Band (formerly the New Colony Six) April 4-5, Chicago Slim Blues Band April 18-19, Wisconsin April 11-12, and Manfredo Fest's All Of Us April 25-26. The club is located a half-block west of McCormick Avenue on Golf Road in Skokie . . . The Tuesday Night Band returns! Bobby Lewis moves into Orphans every Tuesday night with Cy Touff, former db editor Don DeMicheal, and more players to be announced ... Corky Siegel trucks through Otto's on Halsted, also on Tuesday nights . . . The AACM continues its impressive series of concerts with Fenix (featuring Chico Freeman, Turk Burton, and Charles Walker) on March 30; Douglas Ewart April 6; Drahseer Khalid and the Ultimate Frontier April 14; the AACM Big Band April 20; and the series closes out April 27 with Wes Cochran. All concerts take place at 4:00 PM at All Souls First Universalist Church, 910 E. 83rd Street in Chicago.

#### TWIN CITIES

Herbie Hancock and Miles Davis will team up for two shows on April Fool's Day in the new \$10 million Orchestra Hall in Minneapolis. Erroll Garner plays the same place, April 3 ... Pianist Manfredo Fest and his Chicago-based group, All of Us, will play

April 10-13 in the Music Room in downtown Minneapolis, the Twin Cities' only fulltime jazz club. Fest lived in St. Paul before moving to Chicago . . . Count Basie's band ought to knock the acoustical cubes off Orchestra Hall's ceiling and stage wall when it plays there April 27 . . . The J. Geils Band will headline a rock show on March 29 in the St. Paul Civic Center Arena . . . Former McCoy Tyner and Weather Report drummer, Eric Gravatt, is now working with the Twin Cities jazz group, Natural Life . . . Jerry Mayeron's band continues its 8 p.m. to midnight Sunday shows in the new Registry Hotel in suburban Bloomington. The 11-piece band plays 1930s and '40s swing. Its music is broadcast live over WCCO-FM, from 8:30 to 9:30. Its first four Sundays sold out (capacity of the Grand Portage Restaurant and Saloon where the band appears is 370), so the contract was extended indefinitely . . . Tenor saxophonist Irv Williams, whose quartet (Tommy O'Donnell, piano; Jeff Johnson, bass, and Jack Bertelsen, drums) plays at the Top of the Hilton in downtown St. Paul, has recorded an album ... A number of Twin Cities musicians are getting an opportunity to play some good charts with the appearance in Orchestra Hall of big name pop performers. Local guys backed Pearl Bailey and Paul Anka recently ... The St. Paul Chamber Orchestra is presenting Herbie Mann and his Family of Mann in two concerts March 29 in Orchestra Hall.

The jazz policy at the Statler Hilton's "Downtown" room continues with the Jackie Paris Quintet March 25-April 6, followed by the Marian McPartland Trio beginning April 8 ... Gato Barbieri is at the University of Buffalo April 5 ... Kleinhams has B. B. King March 30 . . . The Morgan Street Stompers serve up Dixieland at Jafco's Marine Restaurant Friday and Saturday nights . . . Eli Konikoff's Dixieland band appears at Johnnie's Old Time in Kenmore Wednesday nights

Ion Kondal entertains at the Showboat Wednesday thru Sunday evenings . . . After a lengthy absence from the local broadcasting scene, Carroll Hardy is back with jazz Saturday nights from 10 to midnight on WBLK-FM (93.7 mhz).

#### on the road

CANNONBALL ADDERLEY Roberts Motel. Gary, Ind. La Bastille, 25-

3-8. Houston, Tex

AVERAGE WHITE BAND Mar. 26. Palace Thea

26. Palace Theater, Dayton, Ohio 27. Morres Civic Auditorium. South Bend. Ind

28 Ford Theater Detroit, Mich Auditorium Theater.

Chicago, III. Veterans Memorial Aud. 30 Columbus, Ohio

31. Allen Theater Cleveland, Ohio Regis Auditorium,

Denver, Colo
Terrace Ballroom,
Salt Lake City, Utah
Paramount N.W. Theater,
Apr.

31. Valley Forge Th
6. Devon, Pa.

6. MITTY DIRT BAND
4. Fastern New M.
4. Fastern New M. 4.

Portland, Ore. Paramount N.W. Theater, Seattle, Wash

Gonzaga Univ., Spokane, Wash. 8. McArthur Court. Eugene, Ore. Winterland, San Francisco, Ca. 11-12.

THE BLACKBYRDS

Mar. 25- Smiling Dog Saloon, 30, Cleveland, Ohio

MILES DAVIS-HERBIE HANCOCK

27. Kiel Auditorium St. Louis, Mo. 28. Riverside Theater.

Milwaukee, Wis Arie Crown Theater, Chicago, Illinois 29-30.

JEFFERSON STARSHIP

10- National Tour

BILLY JOEL
Mar. 25. Municipal Auditorium.
Birmingham, Ala.

MAYNARD FERGUSON Mar.

24. Gordon Tech H.S., Chicago, III. 25. Northern Illinois Univ.

De Kalb III

B. B. KING Apr. 24. May 4-28.

New Orleans, La Las Vegas Hilton, Las Vegas, Nev.

JOHNNY MATHIS
Mar. 31- Valley Forge Theater,
Apr. 6. Devon, Pa.

Eastern New Mexico Univ Portales, N.M
 Starship Enterprises.

Albuquerque, N.M. 11, UCLA, Los Angeles, Ca.

Georgia College, Milledgeville, Ga. Columbus College. 18

Columbus Ga

ELVIS PRESLEY
Mar. 18- Las Vegas Hilton,
Apr. 1. Las Vegas, Nev.
24. Coliseum.

Macon, Ga. Coliseum, Jacksonville, Fla 25.

26. Curtis Hixon Hall. Tampa, Fla. Civic Cente

27-28. Lakeland, Fla 29. Murfreesboro, Tenn Arena

30-Omni. 2. Atlanta, Ga

5

Atlanta, Ga Civic Center, Monroe, La State Fair Benefit, Jackson, Miss College Arena Murfreesboro, Tenn.

JEAN-PIERRE RAMPAL
Mar. 24 Dorothy Chandler Pavillon.
Los Angeles. Ca.
25. La Jolla. Ca.
26. Los Angeles. Ca.
28. Camegie Hall.
New York, N.Y.

SONNY ROLLINS

NNY HOLLINS

5. Univ. of California
Berkeley. Ca.

10-22. Notre Dame Univ.
South Bend, Ind.
22-27. Etc. Club.

Washington, D.C.

SKY KING Mar

May

24- Bottom Line, 26, New York New York, N.Y. My Father's Place, Roslyn, N.Y. 27-30.

MORTON SUBOTNICK Mar. 25- Greensboro, N.C. 28.

SARAH VAUGHAN

Mar. 29, Jones Hall,
Houston, Tex.
Apr. 4-5, Great American Music Hall,

San Francisco, Ca Ambassador Hotel (Benefit Concert) Los Angeles, Ca

1. Japan Tour May

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#### Miami

Bachelors III in Fort Lauderdale continues its name booking policy with Frankie Valli and the Four Seasons March 25-30 and Ray Charles April 2-12 ... Buddy Lewis and his group continue at the Somesta Beach Hotel Led Zeppelin bring their tour to Palm Beach City Auditorium for a date in early April soon to be announced . . . Many jazz artists are booked into the newly dedicated Gusman Hall at Miami University . . . Maynard Ferguson blows during the week on April 7, with Count Basie, Joe Williams, Flip Phillips, Ira Sullivan and others to follow ... The project, incidentally, is sponsored by WBUS-FM, known locally as "the Magic Bus." The latest addition to the station's line-up is the legendary Symphony Sid, now living in Florida and coaxed out of retirement due to the classy performance of the Bus, managed by Joe Rico

Don Goldie and Friends are into their 17th week at the new Miami Beach Hyatt Hotel (formerly the Playboy Plaza). The group features the leader on trumpet and fluegel-horn and vocals; Tommy Gannon, organ, vocals; and Red Hawley, drums. The group plays for dancing and listening, featuring jazz sounds along the way. Johnny Milanese and his trio hold forth at the Jockey Club. J.D.'s 1800 Club has a new lounge and will be featuring local talent as soon as its policy is set.

#### KANSAS CITY

The Kansas City Jazz Ragg has a new address: Box 19652, Kansas City, Mo. 64141. It's been changed since the report in City Scene in the January 16 db. The Post Office isn't forwarding inquiries generated by that listing, so note the change. With the increasing activity of the Mutual Musicians Foundation, the Charlie Parker Memorial Foundation, the Kansas City Jazz Festival, and new places for artists to work, the Jazz Ragg can be an important factor in promoting and reporting the growth of jazz in Kansas City.

#### **T23WHTU02**

SAN DIEGO: Lou "Bird Lives" Curtiss, as chairman of the Friends Of Old Time Music, says that the upcoming San Diego State Music Festival will be twice as big as its predecessors, and it was already the largest assembly of its kind in the West. Blues and folk can be heard at Folk Arts on Fridays and Saturdays The Convention and Performing Arts Center has Ray Charles, Gordon Lightfoot, and Merle Haggard scheduled for April . . . "Oawwali Music From Pakistan" will be performed by the Sabri Bros. in UCSD's Mandeville Auditorium on April 4. This is an excellent chance to explore the textures and tempos of Sufi music . . . Frans Brueggen, the young Dutch recorder virtuoso, will pair with an American harpsichordist, Alan Curtis, at Mandeville Auditorium on April 5.

PHOENIX: Milt Jackson headlines at the Boojum Tree, March 31 to April 5. The club also has the Armand Boatman Trio and a Latin jazz night, usually on the first Sunday of each month ... Cannonball Adderley is at the Playboy Club thru 3/29 ... Jesse Colin Young visits the Celebrity Theater 4/3-4 ... the Arizona State U. Stage Band plays in the Music Theater on Mar. 27, and the Jazz Ensemble on April 10. Coming up in late April is the world premier of Edward Madden's

"Concerto For Jazz Ensemble And Symphony Band" ... Buddy Weed's Trio backs Margo Reed at Page Four. Pianist Weed has won plaudits for his playing and arranging on Peter Dean's Four Or Five Times (see db 2/27). Nadine Jansen Trio at Valley Ho . . . The Vanguard remains at Reuben's nightly, and are hoping to market their album. Drummer Dave Cook also leads big band sessions on Saturdays at the Musicians Union . . . Uncle Albert's is now sponsoring a jazz night on Sunday's at 9 PM . . . Civic Plaza, mulling over the potential of a three day jazz fest in late April, is having Tom T. Hall on April 4-5, and working on other surprises . . . Phoenix College's jazz band, under the direction of Carlo Veronda, brings in Bobby Harriot for a clinic on the 11-12th of April . . . songbird Sunny Wilkinson has moved to L.A. looking for studio work ... Dixieland can be found at Vogel's Lounge on Sunday nights, or at Crazy

LAS VEGAS: In the wake of Frank Gagliardi's musical heroics at the University of Nevada at Las Vegas' jazz festival, it's back to the MOR sounds of the Strip. Currently appearing are Elvis at the Hilton thru April 1, then Johnny Cash Bobby Vinton's polka-pop-rock at Flamingo Bill Cosby at Flamingo Helen Reddy At MGM Grand Don Rickles at Riviera Rowan & Martin at Sahara

... Robert Goulet at Frontier ... Rich Little and Foster Brooks at the Sands ... Charlie Shaeffer Trio at Landmark ... Bob Simms Trio at Sands' lounge.

Jimi Hendrix releases; For Earth Below, more dial fiddlings by Hendrix adherent Robin Trower; the first Warner release from Commander Cody and his Lost Planet Airmen; and Cold On My Shoulder, by Sundown Kid Gordon Lightfoot.

Fantasy/Prestige/Milestone has issued a superb batch of new goodies. Highlighted are a half dozen new Prestige twofers including The Giant from Dizzy Gillespie, the first release of a set Diz recorded in France during 1973; Opus De Funk, by Milt Jackson, featuring vintage material by Bags dating from 1954-55 and '62; The Arrangers' Touch, with Gil Evans and Tadd Dameron, including such sidemen as Clifford Brown, Lee Konitz, and Benny Golson; Saxophone Colossus And More, a reissue of a classic Sonny Rollins date; Jam Session In Swingville, featuring Coleman Hawkins and Pee Wee Russell; and a compendium of key-board artistry called *Piano Giants*, offering slices by Bud Powell, Phineas Newborn, Bill Evans, Chick Corea, and McCoy Tyner, to name only a few.

Other newies from the Berkeley triumvirate include The Real Lenny Bruce, a reappraisal of the legendary comic at his funniest; Pre-Creedence, by the Golliwogs, a group that later went on to become the fantastically successful Creedence Clearwater Revival; Double Exposure, the latest from Nat Adderley; Canyon Lady, by Joe Henderson, and featuring Luis Gasca, Julian Priester, and George Duke, among others; and Satori. Lee Konitz, with the leader backed by French pianist Martial Solal, David Holland, and Jack DeJohnette.

Strata-East Records has issued Sense Of Values by Keno Duke/Contemporaries. Drummer Duke is joined by tenor saxist George Coleman, pianist Harold Mabern, bassist Lisle Atkinson, and alto sax/flutist Frank Strozier.

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