

APRIL 24, 1975

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# down beat

April 24, 1975

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FARKAS FRENCH HORN

By Charles Suber

The four principals of this issue—Oliver Nelson, Gil Scott-Heron, Monk Montgomery, and Lenny White—are innovators and very professional musicians. Their directions vary but they share a common commitment to musical honesty. They also share and accept the usual payment for such commitment—a low profile of public recognition and a high regard from their fellow professionals.

Three parts of the multitalented Oliver Nelson are on view in this issue via a wide-ranging dialogue with Bill Fowler, a playing example of his teaching methodology (*Patterns For Improvisation*), and a detailed description of HOW TO produce a recording—Oliver Nelson style. Nelson's non-compromising professionalism is particularly evident in his role as producer of a record date. Lesson: you start out by knowing what to do; then you hire musicians and technicians who come prepared to play and work. No place for the less-than-serious musician.

Mixed in with Nelson's professionalism is a strong streak of the Educator and Social Commentator. His relationship with students is similar to his attitude to his peers. He assumes that they are as dedicated to the music as he is. And that cant, hand slapping, and such shucks get in the way of business. He says, with honest impatience: "Sometimes the black-white thing about drives me up the wall. Jazz is where you find it."

Gil Scott-Heron, the brilliant young poet-lyricist, makes direct use of his black experience to enlarge his, and our, perspective of our common cultures. With musical assistance from Brian Jackson, Scott-Heron uses a media mix of words and music in broadcasting and theater to deliver a strong social message: *The Revolution Will Not Be Televised*. He insures delivery of this message by his "primary responsibility to the lyric"—a responsibility assumed by all serious poets, singers, and musicians (listen, for example, to Oliver Nelson's, *The Kennedy Dream*). Scott-Heron comes through as one of a new breed of innovative professionals who have the capability to fuse social thought with contemporary music—a fusion that lights fires.

Monk Montgomery, despite his modest disclaimers, was the major innovator of the electric bass. (It's apocryphal that he and Leo Fender collaborated on *What Hath God Wrought?*) Back in the late-'50s, he originated virtually all the basic techniques on what was then a new instrument. Some of the technique—principally, the use of the thumb—was the hallmark of Monk's younger brother, Wes, a guitarist of some note. (Aside: listen to some of the Mastersound LPs of that period featuring Monk and Buddy Montgomery, on vibes; and the masterful sounds of The Montgomery Brothers—Monk, Wes, and Buddy.)

Lenny White III, chief percussionist with Chick Corea's Return to Forever, is a consummate professional. White, at 25—the same age as Gil Scott-Heron—is in the vanguard of today's musicians who strive to decategorize music. His experience with Jackie McLean, Gil Evans, Miles Davis, Gato Barbieri, and the Latin-jazz-rock group, Azteca, certifies his unwillingness to be labeled.

Next issue: more innovators, more pros—Chuck Mangione, Milt Jackson, Eddie Vinson, and a few surprises.

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## Ancestral Info

In the article *The Mysterious Travellings Of An Austrian Mogul* (db, 1/30/75), Joe Zawinul referred to Beethoven as a "half-breed." Zawinul ought to check his source of info on that, I'm sure Gulda was putting him on. Beethoven's lineage is well documented. The name Beethoven goes back to the 13th century and is Flemish. Beethoven's grandfather's father, Michael van Beethoven, was a baker from Mechlin. The grandfather, Ludwig (originally Louis) van Beethoven, was baptized in the Church of St. Catherine in Mechlin. He left Mechlin to work at St. Peter's Church in Louvain where he became choirmaster. Grandfather Beethoven only had one son that lived, that being Johann van Beethoven who was born around 1740. He married one Maria Magdalena Keverich. Beethoven was their second born.

If Joe still thinks Beethoven's grandfather was a black man, have him take a look at a painting of the composer's grandfather done by one Radoux. A copy of the portrait can be seen in the Beethoven House in Bonn.

Richard L. Horton Grand Rapids, Mich.

## Buddy vs. Nashville

I just want to state some thoughts on your article concerning Buddy Rich's run-in with Nashville music and the Country Music Association (db, 3/13, p. 12). Rich is a great drummer and jazz musicians eat with money they earn by being the best an employer can find. I back Rich—he does have a big mouth, but if I could swing sticks like that I would be the same way. It

seems also that Jerry Bradley is a little narrow-minded by not getting into the things Rich does with his drums and musical mind.

Doug Jostad

Lincoln, Neb.

I find it hard to understand why Buddy Rich *doesn't* like country music since it appeals mainly to "intellectuals with the minds of four-year-olds."

Perhaps, as in Mr. Rich's case, country music doesn't appeal to *non-intellectuals* with the minds of four-year-olds.

Robert Deuell

Falls Church, Va.

Although Buddy Rich may have been a little too rash, I have to agree with him. Country music is the *least* innovative form of contemporary music and its artists have little talent and *no* creativity.

Jerry Bradley replied to Rich's comment by citing the great amount of sales country music enjoys. Sales has *never* been a criterion for musicianship. One has but to compare the record sales of a Ringo Starr or an Elton John with those of such geniuses as John McLaughlin and Bill Evans to see my point.

Rocco Giannelli

Hawthorne, N.J.

## Astral Advice

To all you *down beat* readers who are dynamite musicians in high school and who are getting good gigs while still involved in sports:

Get the hell off the team—use that time with music, you know that's what you love.

Ralph (Dr. Sax) Thomas

The Universe

## Special Requests

I realize that db does its best to recognize new and upcoming jazz musicians, but one superb technician, writer, and performer seems to be virtually unknown: jazz trombonist Bill Watrous.

Bill has played with Billy Butterfield, Quincy Jones, and Woody Herman and has recently released his first album, *Manhattan Wildlife Refuge*, which not only exhibits amazing articulation, range, and improvisation, but also displays his talent as a big band arranger/composer. His fine soloing ideas and unique phrasing have influenced my playing greatly. Please give him the attention he deserves.

Michael Shellans

Chicago, Ill.

Please do an article with Pepper Adams, the most underrated baritone saxophonist on the jazz scene today. It is incredible that since I became a regular subscriber to db in late '71, I cannot remember even seeing his name in the magazine.

Michael Court

Mt. Vernon, N.Y.

## Pardon Please

Just a small note to inform you that *Flexible Flier*, the new Freedom release to be distributed in this country through Arista Records, is not my album, as stated in your Feb. 27 issue.

I was fortunate enough to be featured on it, along with Hod O'Brien, Arild Andersen, Barry Altschul, and the great talent of Roswell Rudd. That's Roswell's baby.

Sheila Jordan

New York, N.Y.



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## FLORA COOS TERMINAL ISLAND



Flora And Assembled Friends

**Personnel:** Flora Purim, vocals, percussion; Cannonball Adderley, MC, alto sax; Raul de Souza, trombone, percussion; George Duke, keyboards; Miroslav Vitous, electric bass; Ndugu, drums; Airtó, percussion, congas, vocals.

It is certainly not a customary approach, and perhaps not even a proper one, for Flora Purim's record producer to have been invited to review her two performance concert appearances of March 9; but this was by no means an ordinary concert, and under the circumstances **down beat's** invitation was hard to refuse.

Terminal Island happens to be a minimum security federal prison in southern California. Flora has been in residence there since last August, just after completion of her second Milestone album, *Stories To Tell*, and a few months before this magazine's Readers Poll awarded her recognition as No. 1 female singer of 1974.

The concert had a limited viewing audience. Aside from a few friends and record company associates of the singer, there was a press contingent limited to writer Leonard Feather, a photographer, and camera crews from two Los Angeles TV stations, who had requested and obtained last-minute permission to cover the event as a human interest story. Most importantly, there were the approximately 130 females and 700 male inmates of the place. Listenership was somewhat broader; L.A. jazz station KBCA carried the second performance, live and preceded by an interview with Flora by Feather, as an hour and a half program. (The show was taped and is available to other interested stations. Contact Sue Evans at Fantasy Records for details.)

Even if I were not totally prejudiced in favor of Flora as an artist, it would be pointless to attempt a critique of such a concert. It was Flora's first gig in seven months. It was also the first live entertainment for the prison audience, according to the men sitting behind me, in a year; it was, furthermore, according to what Flora said the wardens had told her, the first in-prison performance by an inmate in the history of the federal penal system. It was, above all, one of the most beautiful expressions of love imaginable.

Flora sang beautifully. She has been keeping her voice limber by hollering at far-off airplanes from the prison baseball field (when it's not in use), by imitating cats and birds, and similar non-text-book devices. Her repertoire was confined almost entirely to songs from her two albums, plus a very strong treatment of Chick Corea's *500 Miles High* (part of a yet-unreleased July, 1974 Montreux Festival recording). There had been time for only one rehearsal session the night before; but her husband Airtó and George Duke have been on both of Flora's albums. De Souza and Vitous are part of the *Stories To Tell* lineup.

I suspect that if I could be objective about it, I would still have found it a very heavy musical event, particularly the more spontaneous first show, which was spurred on by the wildly enthusiastic ladies in the audience. George Duke has terrifying command of his multiple keyboards and Ndugu has quietly developed into one of the best of the high-energy drummers (if that isn't a contradiction in terms). Miroslav took no solos and stayed with his Fender bass, proving himself a devastating, rock-steady accompanist. Airtó did all the many things he always can do, including his one-man show of introducing some of his oddball instruments.

I was more aware than even some carping reviewer might have been of the occasional rough spots and of things like Flora's reentry at the wrong spot during a highly-charged *Casa Forte*. But so what?

I have believed for about 20 years that one of the most important things jazz is all about is love; in all those years I have never heard a stronger demonstration of the truth of this.

(In case you have missed the recent publicity on the subject, Ms. Purim is in the first of a three-year fall—less, if the parole board finds some love or at least empathy for her—resulting from a possession-of-cocaine rap that dates back to 1971.)—*orin keepnews*

8 □ down beat

## FEATHER PLANS ENCYCLOPEDIA UPDATE

A new volume in Leonard Feather's *Encyclopedia Of Jazz* series is at last under way. To be titled *The Encyclopedia Of Jazz In The Seventies*, it will include close to 1500 biographies, concentrating on musicians' activities since the last book appeared in 1966. Hundreds of biographies will be included of new artists who were not in the previous books.

Ira Gitler, associated with the series since its 1954 beginnings, will play a bigger role this time as co-editor and co-author. Horizon Press of New York, responsible for all Feather's

prior reference works, will again publish the encyclopedia.

Musicians and singers who have been substantially represented on LPs are invited to send suitable data (birthplace and date, education, groups played with, selected compositions and recordings etc.) to *Encyclopedia of Jazz In The Seventies*, P.O. Box 8305, Universal City, CA 91608.

Performers overseas, including American expatriates, are particularly urged to send in this material, to facilitate the massive job of assembling the necessary information.

## New Releases

Motown has released an octet of platters, two under the parent Motown banner, four on **CTI**, and two on the new **Gull Records** label. Motown discs include the fifth album by the **Undisputed Truth** and *Caught In The Act* by the **Commodores**.

**CTI** material includes **Stanley Turrentine's** *The Sugar Man*; *Mister Magic*, by **Grover Washington, Jr.**, arranged and conducted by **Bob James**; *Spanish Blue*, featuring bassist **Ron Carter** in conjunction with **Hubert Laws**, **Billy Cobham**, and others; and *Canned Funk* by hornman **Joe Farrell**.

The **Gull** outings feature the debut albums by British jazz-rockers **Isotope** and folk singer **Steven Ashley**.

The fourth album by **Steely Dan**, *Katy Lied*, has finally appeared after a long delay. Other new **ABC** hot rockers include *Pampered Menial*, the first album by the highly-touted group **Pavlov's Dog**, produced by Blue Oyster Cultsteers **Sandy Pearlman** and **Murray Krugman**; *New Year, New Band, New Company*, the latest comprehensive overhaul for veteran English bluesman **John Mayall**; the second album from former Doormen **Robbie Krieger** and **John Densmore**, now transformed into the **Butts Band**, known as *Hear & Now*; double package reexaminations of both **Focus** and **Fleetwood Mac**, tagged *Dutch Masters* and *Vintage Years*, respectively; the second disc from the tremendously successful **Nektar**, *Down To Earth*; something ominously called *Where The Groupies Killed The Blues*, by German Led Zeppites **Lucifer's Friend**; the debut of a European band called **Kraan**, called *Andy Nogger*; and yet another attempt by veteran **J. F. Murphy**, this time under the guise of a band called **Murphy's Law**.

**MCA Records** is planning to add still more goodies to its

growing **Leonard Feather Series**. Exact details are sketchy at this time but as soon as we get the info, we'll print it. Other **MCA** adds include the second installment in what could well turn out to be an infinity of *American Graffiti*; a re-warble from country artist "**Hank Wilson**", better-known, if not loved, as **Leon Russell**; the rerelease of the original album by the **Average White Band**, who are currently riding the crest of the charts; the third album by Confederate rockers **Lynyrd Skynyrd**; a solo album from **Who** drummer **Keith Moon**; and *Mad Dog*, the premier outing by another **Who** member, **John Entwistle**, and his **Ox** outfit.

The recent offerings from **Atlantic** feature *Feel Like Makin' Love*, the newest from **Roberta Flack**; *Welcome To My Nightmare*, more cheap thrills from tawdry **Alice Cooper**; *Yesterday, Yes*, a rehash of the group's more popular excursions plus a never-before-issued interpretation of Paul Simon's *America*; *I Need Some Money*, more electric acrobatics from **Eddie Harris**; *Suicide Sal*, by English wailer **Maggie Bell**; *Live At The Maisonette*, the first recording in some time by singer **Mel Torme**; *Common Sense*, from folkrocker **John Prine**; *Discotheque*, the latest trend to capture the interest of **Herbie Mann**; and *Hijack*, by the German avant-garde electronic buffs **Amon Duul II**.

**Oliver Nelson** is producing a series of disks for **Nippon Phonogram**. He recently completed recording a new group featuring the five **Fowler Brothers**—**Bruce**, trombone; **Steve**, flute and alto sax; **Tom**, bass; **Walt**, trumpet and miraphone; and **Ed**, bass. Rounding out the personnel were **Stu Goldberg**, electric keyboards and synthesizer; **Chester Thompson**, drums; **Al Wing**, saxes; and **Mike Miller**, guitar. **db**



## potpourri

The following information is in response to a letter that recently appeared in the **Chords and Discords** column concerning the whereabouts of saxophonist **Davey Schildkraut**. Ron Agostinetti of New York writes to say that Davey is "alive and well, and working for the Agency for Child Development for the City of New York, located at 240 Church St., New York, 10013, Room B-23." Ron urges musicians to get in touch with Davey and take "this fine artist out of his confining job and put him back where he always did the ultimate, on stage."

**Hold on to your fig leaves:** Solid Management has announced the signing of Pye Recordings artist **Paul Sabu**, son of **Sabu The Elephant Boy**. His latest single is *Out In The Country*. Keep on trunkin', Paul.

**Arista Records** has signed keyboardist **Larry Young** (also known as **Khalid Yasin**) to a long-term exclusive recording contract. Young has worked with many of the foremost jazz names, including **Miles Davis**, **John McLaughlin**, and **Carlos Santana**. Arista has also signed English comedy group **Monty Python**.

**WWDB-FM** in Philadelphia, a station that pioneered a jazz format for the last 18 years, switched to an all-talk format on March 17. Sid Mark, long-time program manager of the station, blames the format change on "an

apathetic public in the Philadelphia area, who would come out to the jazz clubs only to see a superstar—a Donald Byrd or Ramsey Lewis. When any other act came to town, the line you'd hear was 'I'll catch him the next time.'"

**Erratum:** As regards the **db** 3/27 **Blindfold Test** with **Elvin Jones**, before **John Birks Gillespie** even knew who **Dizzy** was, he was well on his way to mastering his conception of the trumpet.

**All-American Talent** is now accepting offers for the **Keith Jarrett Quartet** to perform concerts in September and November this year. Jarrett plans to spend July and August composing, with a European tour tentatively scheduled for October.

A flock of interesting music books are set for spring publication. Among the various goodies are *The American Dance Band Discography*, by **Brian Rust**, a comprehensive compilation of all records made by the big dance bands from 1917-42, Arlington House Publishers; *The Jazz Book From New Orleans To Rock And Free Jazz*, by German critic **Joachim Berendt**, Lawrence Hill & Co.; *Jazz Talk*, by **Robert Gold**, a dictionary of the jazzman's specialized lingo, Bobbs-Merrill Inc.; *The Jazz Idiom*, **Jerry Coker**, Prentice-Hall; and *Old As The Hills: The Story Of Bluegrass Music*, by **Steven D. Price**, Viking. **db**

## NARAS RUNDOWN



### Hall Of Famer Berigan

Just in case you didn't catch the glittery TV presentation of the 17th Annual National Academy Of Recording Arts And Sciences (NARAS) Grammy Awards, this brief review should serve to fill you in.

Record Of The Year—*I Honestly Love You*—Olivia Newton-John, vocalist

Album Of The Year—*Fulfillingness' First Finale*—Stevie Wonder

Best Instrumental Arrangement—*Threshold*—Pat Williams

Best Album Notes—*For The Last Time*—Bob Wills and his Texas Playboys

Annotator: Charles Townsend

*The Hawk Flies*—Coleman Hawkins

Annotator: Dan Morgenstern

Best Jazz Performance By A Soloist—*First Recordings*—Charlie Parker

Best Jazz Performance By A Group—*The Trio*—Oscar Peterson, Joe Pass, Niels Pedersen

Best Jazz Performance By A Big Band—*Thundering Herd*—Woody Herman

Five recordings were also elected to the Academy's Hall Of Fame, three of them highlighting jazz artists. The honored recordings were *Carnegie Hall Jazz Concert*, Benny Goodman, released in 1950 on Columbia Records; *I Can't Get Started*, Bunny Berigan, released in 1937 on RCA; and *Mood Indigo*, Duke Ellington, released in 1930 on Brunswick.

### Buddy's Moves

Buddy Rich's club, formerly located above Sam's Restaurant on New York's eastside, will have a new home. Marty Ross, of Marty's Bum Steer, will be the new proprietor of the West 33rd Street club across from Madison Square Garden.

Buddy's manager, Stanley Kay, told this reporter, "We want a place for big bands and big name band in addition. The room along the lines of Jimmy's."

Kay plans bigger things than just a nightclub. "It will be a comfortable place where we can

bring back such events as the Breakfast Dance." The Break-room fast Dance was a Savoy Ballroom gala that served bacon and eggs from Friday midnight through Saturday four AM.

The big band that Rich fronted before he opened his first club last year will be reunited for opening week. The headliners will be Carmen McRae and Nipsy Russell. Future bookings look like Freddie Prinze, Richard Pryor, David Steinberg and Lou Rawls.

Opening day is set for April 28 with attendant ceremonial offerings.

—arnold jay smith

## A Hot Time In Jazzland



Vintage B. B. and Fats

The sixth edition of the New Orleans Jazz And Heritage Festival will take place from April 23-27. Presented in cooperation with the Jos. Schlitz Brewing Company, the festival will consist of three nighttime concerts on the riverboat Admiral and at the Louisiana Heritage Fair on the Fair Grounds Race Course.

The inaugural event of the Festival will be a "Steamboat Stomp" aboard the S. S. Admiral the night of April 23. Traditional jazz bands to be featured include Kid Thomas and the Preservation Hall Band, Louis Cottrell and the Heritage Hall Band, and Blue Lu Barker with Danny Barker and his Jazz Hounds, who will present a program of cat-house music. The second cruise-concert, to be tagged "The Rhythm And The Blues," will star B. B. King and Fats Domino and is set for the 24th. The following night will feature McCoy Tyner, Freddie Hubbard, and localite Earl Turbinton and the Nucleus.

Events at the Fair Grounds will occur throughout the weekend of the 25th through the 27th. Seven stages will offer continuous and simultaneous music, encompassing bluegrass, blues, cajun, jazz, folk, ragtime, r&b, gospel, and country and western styles. For further info contact the New Orleans Jazz & Heritage Festival.

## FINAL BAR

**Reuben Jay Cole**, jazz pianist and younger brother of drummer Cozy Cole, died February 4 at United Hospital in Newark, New Jersey. He was 60.

Cole was one of four brothers who became jazz musicians. He played for many years at the Metropole in Manhattan with Cozy Cole's group and accompanied him on a tour of Africa sponsored by the State Department. He was most recently a member of the George James Quartet which played regularly at the New York Sheraton. Cole is survived by his wife, son, stepdaughter, sister, and his three brothers.

**Saul Bihari**, a member of the family that founded the r&b label Modern Records, died on February 22 in Los Angeles. He was 54. Bihari helped found Modern in 1945, with assistance from his six brothers and sisters. Along with Specialty Records, the Bihari labels of Modern, Crown, and RPM are the only independents left from the early r&b era.

Artists who had recorded for the labels include B. B. King, Jimmy Witherspoon, Etta James, Elmore James, and John Lee Hooker.

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# NEW HOPE FOR THE ABSTRACT TRUTH

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## OLIVER NELSON

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by

*Dr. William L. Fowler*

“**T**hank God for Slavery, because otherwise, I guess, jazz wouldn't have happened at all. . . .” A surprising statement from a black man? Not from Oliver Nelson, a surprising man, eager to take chances, always ready to learn, willing to shatter myths, and yet a man of patience. How else could he tolerate being last so often on programs so delayed that the audience has thinned out, as happened in Atlanta, in San Diego, in Monterey?

“Seems like I'm always the final act. That's an honor. And it would be fine, if only the guys ahead of me would stick to their time instead of running an hour or so over, or if PA systems and stage lights would never conk out,” says Oliver, who usually finds hunger stalking the audience by the time he finally gets on stage. “But that's all right: I've been told by a couple of those who've stuck it out that my music helped make their twitching and squirming worthwhile. . . .” Oliver Nelson consistently retains his composure by making every experience a part of his continuous learning process, be it joyful or painful, important or negligible, professional or personal.

His 1961 tour of Africa, a State Department cultural presentation, for example, was designed to show, through Oliver's sextet, how the African roots of jazz were developing in the U.S. And the tour accomplished that. But Oliver gained his own insights.

“I thought all black people could play the blues. But I found out that I was wrong—it was a myth. In Africa they didn't know when to go to the IV chord. And we found that over there the only music of any real consequence was the native music, the tribal music.

“We visited all those African countries and all those major cities, but we couldn't find any musicians who remotely understood what jazz is all about. There was one trumpet player in Senegal who sounded something like Miles Davis. But he was a copy.

“It really puzzles me. If you took a log and threw it into the ocean where Senegal is—Elgore Island is there, where they used to take some of the slaves and keep them for passage to wherever they were going—and you

10 □ down beat



watched this log float, it would end up in Haiti, it would end up in Jamaica, or it would end up in South America because the current flows that way.

"I've just come back from a trip to Jamaica. It's amazing, all these black people and still jazz did not develop anywhere but here, in this country, in the United States. If you go to Jamaica, Haiti, and the Dominican Republic, you find high-life music, but you find nothing close to resembling jazz. I guess if I would want to make it a study, it would take another lifetime. But I think slavery was the answer. The fact that slaves were brought to this country and the slave songs emerged . . . it's almost like giving signals. The field song, the folk song, the spiritual, and before long you have American jazz that developed out of all this. And you know, thank God for slavery, because otherwise, I don't guess jazz would have happened at all."

And thank God for the people like Oliver Nelson, who are still making jazz happen.

But Oliver's self-educational experiences are not always as satisfying as his tours have been. In town for a week-long arranging clinic at a major university, he brought along the scores and parts for several of his commissioned symphonic works. He figured the school orchestra might like to sharpen their reading chops and broaden their idiom concepts by running through some current symphonic literature by a jazz-oriented writer. But oh, no! Concert coming up in a few weeks! The conductor/prof had his public image to preserve, maybe enhance. No time for monkeying around with strange literature! (Later, that same conductor-cat was heard asking around if Oliver had left his music for the orchestra. Maybe he'd found out about the impromptu Oliver Nelson Fan Club the students had formed.)

Yes, Oliver spends his share of time doing educational projects. He conducts courses in television and film scoring and arranging, improvisation, and saxophone techniques. His *Patterns for Improvisation* (formerly titled *Patterns for Saxophone*), now in its third printing, has become an instructional classic. Flute, trumpet, trombone, even bass players use it.

"The reason the saxophone book was written is because all the saxophone books I'd ever studied were pretty corny. I got sick and tired of those French books because they didn't really prove anything to me.

"So I set out one day to write a saxophone exercise book that I could enjoy playing. Then it came in handy for an improvisation clinic I was teaching in St. Louis at the school I graduated from, Washington University.

"I'd put a pattern from the book on the board and have the students build a solo out of it. After a couple of days everybody could do that. Then I'd ask them to move their solos to another tonal center. And right away everybody had problems. They couldn't move from key of C to key of C sharp. So every-

#### SELECTED NELSON DISCOGRAPHY

MAIN STEM—Prestige S-7236  
AFRO-AMERICAN SKETCHES—Prestige S-7225  
BLUES AND THE ABSTRACT TRUTH—Impulse S-5  
MORE BLUES AND THE ABSTRACT TRUTH—Impulse S-75  
BERLIN DIALOGUE—Flying Dutchman 10134  
BLACK, BROWN, AND BEAUTIFUL—Flying Dutchman 10116  
A MUSICAL TRIBUTE TO JFK—Impulse S-9144  
SOUND PIECES—Impulse S-9129  
SWISS SUITE (with Gato Barbieri and Eddie Vinson)—Flying Dutchman 10149

with Gato Barbieri  
LAST TANGO IN PARIS/Soundtrack—United Artists LA045-F

body started working on the chromatic sequences in the book. That kind of practice started them all learning transposition from any key to any other key, because that's exactly what happens in the book. It takes patterns through every key with all the accidentals written in. If I had put in a new key signature every time a pattern went up a half-step, I'm certain everybody would have panicked. So I eliminated that stumbling block, having to remember all the time what notes are already sharped or flatted in all the keys. That system works so well for me that I write all my scores with all the sharps and flats right in front of the notes instead of tucked away in some key signature. And now I'm writing *Patterns II*. It extends what is in the original book.

"I found out the importance of knowing how to transpose during a river boat trip. Wild Bill Davis, Grady Tate, and I had a trio that got hired to play for some sorority while the boat went down the Potomac, turned around, and came back. Bill Davis, of course, had his electric organ brought on board and plugged into the boat's own power supply. I guess every time somebody turned on a light or a stove in the galley, the voltage would change because the organ would change pitch right in the middle of a piece. The key would shift up or down a whole step or half step without any kind of warning. I couldn't be pushing my mouthpiece in or out right in the middle of an eighth note. I had to change key right along with whatever the organ did. I'd be playing *April in Paris* in C, then suddenly I'd have to change to C sharp, then B flat, then B. And all the time I'd be thinking, 'Oh, God, how can I get through this night?'

"But luckily for me, I'd already had some rough sailing on the bandstand. When I was very young, I played with a lot of older musicians, usually in a big band. And when they'd let me take a solo it was always on a hard tune or in some hard key. The piano would take a modulation and there I'd be, all alone. It was either play something passable or get off the bandstand and don't come back. But that early training helped me manage Wild Bill's unexpected key changes on that wild riverboat trip."

Like his approach to transposition, Oliver's clinics emphasize practical application of musical materials. A few years ago, at the University of Utah, he and his co-clinician, Johnny Smith, decided to show an assemblage of classically-oriented kids, pure jazzers, would-be rock stars, and pros what the typical weekend Country Club job is really like. So they teamed up with an acoustic bass player and a commercial drummer to demonstrate a series of toe-tapper tunes, businessmen's bounce and all. This exposé into the secrets of Country Club job-retaining included (among other danceable materials from the '20s, '30s, and '40s) a sedate fox trot, a dreamy waltz, a slow cha-cha, a medium twist, and a fast samba. Then, to cap the commercialism, Oliver starred in a rickety soft-shoe version of *Alley Cat*, complete with genuine Lombardo sax vibrato.

"At clinics, I prefer to teach college level students. They're farther up the music ladder than the younger people. But I think clinics are more valuable to the younger students. They don't always have leaders who can handle all their needs. I heard a high school stage band at a jazz festival come on with Glenn Miller stock arrangements. And that's where the future of jazz is, right there in the high school stage bands. It seems like something isn't being done up front before college, something that ought to be done. I was at Eastman for four weeks. That was with Ray Wright's studio orchestra in the summer session. I was shocked to see that top jazz faculty unable to get into any real jazz concepts because the students only knew about the blues, the major and minor blues. A lot of kids never find out how deep their study of music has to be until they get to college. My own son, Oliver Jr., could play flute, piccolo, alto, tenor, soprano, and some piano when he started college. But Theory 101 almost killed him. He felt like changing his major when he found out how much study he'd have to do in college music subjects. Now he knows he has to do his own digging. Having a famous father can't replace individual effort.

"I studied music in college the way it's usually taught. But my first real contact with the professional world of jazz was playing lead alto in a band that travelled through Nebraska and Iowa, led by a man named Nat Towles. Then I played first alto for George Hudson, who still has a band in St. Louis. There was the Geter-Pillars band, a co-leader group, and there was my time with the Louis Jordan band. Then I went into the Marine Corps. That was in 1952.

"But before joining the Marines, I'd discovered that lead alto players have to really project. They have to be heard over all the other saxes. To me, that was a big responsibility. So while all the other sax players were talking about Charlie Parker and trying to play like he did, I was listening to Willie Smith and Otto Hardwicke and other strong lead players. But I was especially listening to Johnny Hodges. He was top on my list of in-

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*"I thought all black people could play the blues. But I found out I was wrong—it was a myth. In Africa they didn't know when to go to the IV chord. And we found that over there the only music of any real consequence was the native music, the tribal music."*

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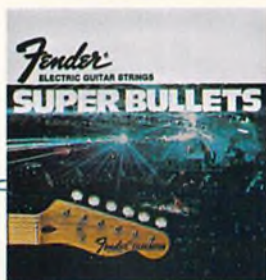
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# El Jefe's MANIFESTO

by  
Ray Townley

**F**rom the indians who welcomed the pilgrims to the buffalo who once ruled the plains/ like the vultures circling beneath the dark clouds looking for the rain/looking for the rain. From the cities that stagger on the coast lines in a nation that just can't stand much more/ like the forests buried beneath the highways never had a chance to grow/never had a chance to grow.

It's winter: winter in America and all of the healers have been killed or forced away.

It's winter: winter in America and ain't nobody fighting because nobody knows what to save.

—Gil Scott-Heron, *Winter In America* (from *The First Minute Of A New Day*, Arista 4030)

**I**n the '60s Gil Scott-Heron used to attend small meetings of writers, poets and musicians, where he would rap his politically explosive views to the audience in the street jargon of his teenage neighborhood, Manhattan's Chelsea. Behind him, perhaps, the sparse, pulsating beat of a conga drum or jumble of tuned bells would carry the verses along in a rhythmic underflow.

Possessed of a tall, lean frame, which unconsciously projected him forward at the shoulders, Scott-Heron quickly became a local legend around New York City. His strong, assertive voice, perfectly suitable for the pliant, slightly dissonant, and heavily rhythmic street style of delivery, made people sit up and take notice. Not least of all, he could concretize the important political and social issues of the day, turning them into personal anthems of beautiful, combustible anger.

Today, Gil Scott-Heron, known as "El Jefe," is on the verge of popular success in the record business due to an album on Clive Davis' label, Arista. Entitled *The First Minute Of A New Day*, it is rapidly and quite amazingly climbing up the trade charts. Save for a rap recorded live at New York University in December, the album was laid down last summer at a Maryland studio just outside of Washington, D.C., where Scott-Heron headquarters his Charisma Productions. So, in es-

sence, Clive Davis had nothing to do with the production of the album, an almost unheard-of situation, when you consider that the a&r-minded Davis offered Scott-Heron his premier contract, Davis' first major signing and album release since becoming head of the label.

The rationale for his action can be found buried beneath the usual media-framed hype. "I'm very excited to be working with Gil," Davis told **down beat**. "His talents as a poet, musician, and performer make him a highly unique artist with broader ranging appeal. The reaction to his first album for us has been unusually strong, defying any conventional categorization, as we continue to see enthusiastic response at progressive music, rhythm and blues, and FM levels. The thrill of this business comes when you are able to work with a true original. Gil and his group are truly original and I couldn't be happier."

Curiously, Gil Scott-Heron is not a musical virtuoso. In fact, his middle-register baritone range is quite narrow, and there are times when he is definitely searching for the right key to sing in. But, in a way that reaches beyond fixed musical rules, Scott-Heron is one of today's most important innovators. He must be approached in the same way as the early Bob Dylan: it's not how well he can sing or how wide his vocal range is, but rather how well he fuses meaningful lyric content with the melodic-harmonic-rhythmic structure of the tune. There are moments when Scott-Heron's off-key phrasing and simple melodic sweep truly enhances the word content.

In the interim, between his high school days and his current success, Scott-Heron has not sat still. He briefly attended Pennsylvania's Lincoln University, where he met his musical partner, pianist-composer Brian Jackson. He has had two novels published, *The Vulture* and *The Nigger Factory*; a book of poems, *Small Talk At 125th And Lenox*; three albums for Bob Thiele's Flying Dutchman label, *Small Talk At 125th And Lenox*, *Pieces Of A Man*, and *Free Will* (the best tracks of all

three have been reissued in a one-record compilation, *The Revolution Will Not Be Televised*); and last year, he and Brian Jackson released an album on the small cooperative label, Strata-East, entitled *Winter in America*. With all of this under his belt, Gil is still only 25.

*The First Minute Of A New Day* features Scott-Heron and Jackson's new band, Midnight, with Victor Brown on tenor vocals, Bilal Sunni Ali on saxophone and harmonica, Danny Bowens on bass guitar, Bob Adams on traps, and Barnett Williams, Charlie Saunders and Eddie Knowles on miscellaneous percussion. Scott-Heron has taken to playing the keyboards on occasion, while Brian tackles the flute and the Farfisa electric piano.

Ironically, the Arista debut album is not as strong as last year's *Winter In America*. Difficult to obtain, *Winter* sold between 120,000 and 150,000 copies, partially on the strength of the single, *The Bottle*, Gil's most memorable composition since *Save The Children*. Arista tried to pick up the album and the single, but Strata-East elected to hold on to its distribution deal until the termination of the present contract.

Whether or not Scott-Heron has the resiliency and musical depth to last in the high-pressure, extremely fickle world of commercial music remains to be seen. But already he has made his mark, and certainly he will remain a key spokesman for his underprivileged Brothers and Sisters in America, no matter what his "pop" success.

**Townley:** Do you consider yourself primarily an artist of words or an artist of musical notes?

**Scott-Heron:** My primary responsibility is to the lyrics, though on occasion I'll write both the music and the lyrics. But really the two are interdependent. The music in itself is spiritually uplifting or thought provoking, and the lyrics themselves are set into the same groove that the music is trying to establish atmospherically. So you get something

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*“We’re trying to get back to African rhythms, even to the point of playing traditional percussion instruments and using three percussionists. That’s the thing that’s happening on the East Coast right now.”*

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from both vibrations. You get a rhythm thing and something else.

**Townley:** Is that why you went into the musical field, because it seemed to be a stronger communication?

**Scott-Heron:** I was always into it. I played different kinds of bands, you know, and wrote my stuff on the side. I was writing short stories when I was 11, but it took till I was 19 or 20 before I got my thoughts together to do a novel; in the same way, I was writing songs all along but they weren’t very good. But I continued to work on them, and by the time I met Brian I was getting more of an idea what I was going to do.

**Townley:** I guess it was a long process by which these two seemingly separate facets of your life—music and serious writing—came together. Or did you always see it as one?

**Scott-Heron:** No. Until the stuff got published it wasn’t even important, you know what I mean. It’s not important what you do. I had a job washing dishes once, but nobody asked me if I was a dishwasher or dishwasher-poet or, you dig, where I was coming from. Until the lyrics were published as songs, nobody ever asked me anything about it. It was a different vibration. It was just something I liked to do. So I still prefer to look at it the same way, as something I’ve always enjoyed doing.

I continue to write, but I’m going through a transition period where just about everything, the poems included, have gone off in other directions. My next novel is hung up in limbo right now . . . like, I’m not through with the two I’ve got published. You know, I just had to stop somewhere because it was driving me crazy.

**Townley:** Gil, I’ve always had this one question in my mind since I first heard your tune on the radio—*The Revolution Will Not Be Televised*—I always wondered if you thought of the fact that at the same time you were saying a politically correct statement, you were saying it over the radio, a similar form of media.

**Scott-Heron:** The question is what you deem the message to be, what you decided I said after you heard it. *The Revolution Will Not Be Televised* is a comment more so than anything else on negative images and cultural racism; and an attempt to put across a nationalistic perspective is an attempt, in a sense, to balance the scale. We’re always digging on Ozzie & Harriet and Donna Reed as the ideal American family trip, and that in no way epitomizes our thing. The logical conclusion is that our thing must be off if it’s not like that, that it must not be correct. My attempt was to put those daily images in perspective, in a real perspective, which is pretty much where black people end up having to come from.

**Townley:** You thought you could use the media to higher advantage?

**Scott-Heron:** Even books are media. If you’re an artist you’re working in terms of a media, whether it’s colors, sounds, visions, or whatever. So within the scope of being an artist I always work at being accessible to the media. The question at the time was what my perspective would be within that media, because

there are different ones a person could take.

**Townley:** So you see yourself primarily as an artist as opposed to a political person. We’re breaking down into categories, aren’t we?

**Scott-Heron:** Yes, we are.

**Townley:** I’m hip! I went through that same dilemma in the ‘60s. The question often came up as to whether you were going to educate people artistically or with a gun. That question arose often for me, whether I was going to be an activist or . . .

**Scott-Heron:** What did you decide?

**Townley:** Well, I decided to do it as an artistically-oriented person, to educate people.

**Scott-Heron:** Education is a big part of the question, and everybody has to pretty much evaluate themselves in terms of what they can contribute and then go about their business of contributing that. A lot of people would like to do it all, you know, but I have a more realistic perspective. I believe in my own influence, in my own capabilities, and I decided at this point that I can do this much and I’m out to do that. When I get that accomplished, of course, I’ll be looking for other things within the same realm to try to accomplish. There’s no sense in me attempting to deal with D and E before I see what A is all about.

**Townley:** Do you find a lot of reaction because of the social content of your art, that radio stations won’t deal with your material because of it?

**Scott-Heron:** Well, I don’t know why they won’t deal with it. I never ask anybody why they haven’t played my records, why they didn’t read my books. I never saw that as my particular role. I don’t come into that close a contact with the people who decide what music is going to be played where. Now, it might have been because of the political content of the work, but I never asked if that was why. As a matter of fact, I don’t even know who’s playing my albums and who’s not.

**Townley:** Well, would you rather have your more politically-oriented tunes played or would you rather have your (for want of a better term let’s call them) “melody” tunes played? For example, on the *Winter In America* album, there’s *Hogate Blues* and it’s obvious what it’s dealing with, and there’s *The Bottle*, a beautiful tune about human nature but not as politically overt. I guess you could also make the same comparison between *The Revolution Will Not Be Televised* and *Lady Day And John Coltrane*. One is much more obviously political.

**Scott-Heron:** It seems to be the thing where people who ask you about tunes seem to be concerned with a very narrow perspective or a very narrow area of all the various ideas you are trying to present. At one point or another, particularly at the point when I was working on that tune, the specific idea was very important. So you are asking somebody to look back at ideas they’ve had and say, “Now which one did I dig upon the most: the idea related to politics or the idea related to looking out for children?” But I feel both of them are part and parcel of the same thing. If you take care of your political homework,

you’ll have an advantage in terms of taking care of your children. But, hey, they are all ideas that are important to me and Brian. Brian generally will generate the thought by whatever tune he’s playing, like the tune establishes a certain atmosphere. I will try to work with that, so it comes from all different kinds of forces.

**Townley:** That brings up a good point. What is the process of interaction between you and Brian? How are the melodies and lyrics put together?

**Jackson:** See, music is a wordless way of conveying ideas and feelings, but a lot of times the message will be doubled if there are lyrics. When you feel this is possible, then the lyrics and music are hooked up.

**Scott-Heron:** A lot of times I’ll ask Brian what he had on his mind, which sometimes I can more or less receive through the music, because, like I said, it carries that atmosphere with it. Different progressions and different chord structures bring a certain tone to mind. Sometimes I’ll ask him and he will convey in words what sort of feeling he was trying to bring about with that particular chord and that’ll help me get into it. There will be times when I’ll hear a tune of Brian’s and I just won’t have anything to say. I will feel the message is complete within itself.

**Townley:** Are the words ever a poem first and then music put to them?

**Jackson:** Rarely.

**Townley:** How was *Lady Day And John Coltrane* put together? That tune seemed so perfect in its unity of lyric and melody.

**Jackson:** That’s because they were done by the same person.

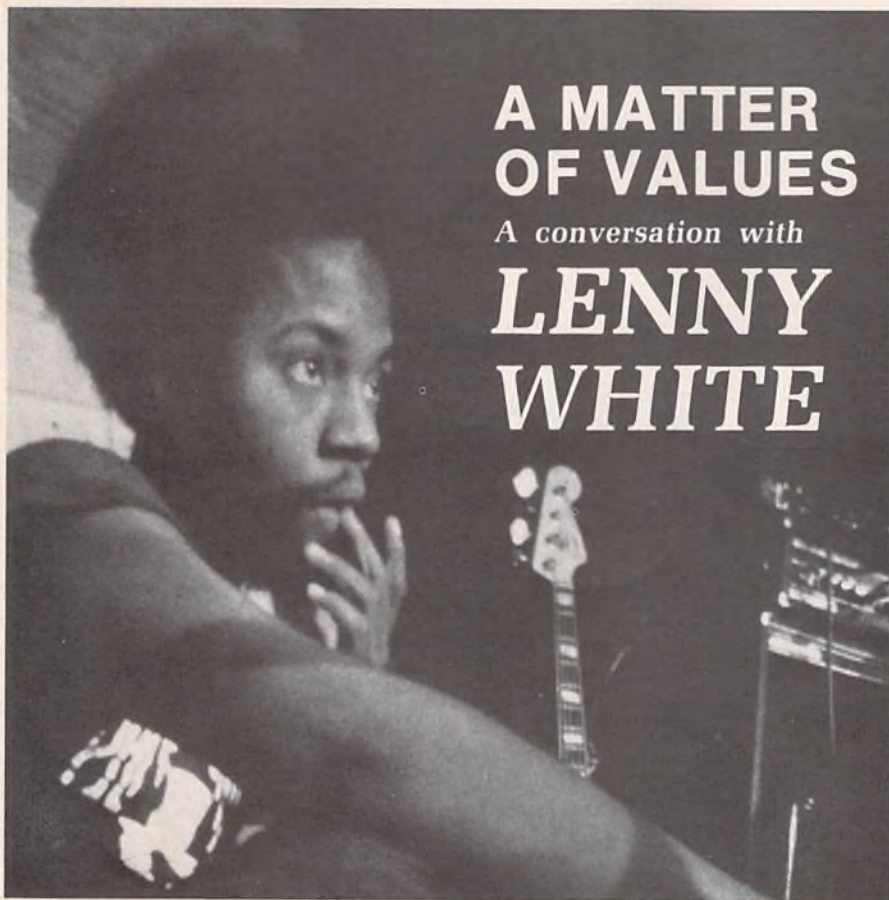
**Scott-Heron:** I did both of them. All I had was a bass line, and then I put a chord thing with it. But I never would have been able to really hook up that progression properly if Brian wasn’t there when I got into it and opened it up. He picked it up and took it to where I sang it. So, in essence, he was very integral because I didn’t know anything about suspended fourths and all that, which is what the song is based on. Now I have a clue, but I’m still basically in the dark, except that I’ve come to recognize it on the keyboard.

**Townley:** There’s a guy in Chicago, Terry Callier, are you hip to him? He spent a long time listening to John Coltrane and fashioned his melodies in the same improvised way. There are some tunes in which there is a very close feeling between your singing and his. Did you know that?

**Scott-Heron:** I’ve heard other people say that. I’ve never been able to dig the point. Of course, if you were to play back this tape what I have just said will not sound like me.

**Townley:** I was wondering if you listened to Trane’s music a lot?

**Scott-Heron:** Yeah, yeah. I used to check a lot of that out in college. Before that also, but especially when I got to college, because I met a lot of guys who were into that type of music. We spent a lot of our time supposedly doing our homework, but really in each other’s rooms checking out the jams—Trane, Dexter Gordon, Herbie Hancock, you know



# A MATTER OF VALUES

A conversation with

# LENNY WHITE

by Michael Rozek

Almost every time I've seen him, Lenny White has been wearing a black Zorro-type gaucho hat that ties underneath his chin. From a distance, perhaps a great distance, the hat makes him look like Jose Greco. It is the proper hat for Lenny to wear, I imagine, since it shows he takes himself not *that* seriously. His eyes actually sparkle when he smiles and he smiles often. You can read his spirit like a book, and any amount of time spent with Lenny confirms the spirit is stoked by a pure love of music.

We passed an afternoon recently talking about music, and listening to tapes and records. Once I realized we were not going to touch on who won the last poll and why they shouldn't have, I realized the value of printing our conversation would be in letting people appreciate how close Lenny is to his music, not what he could inflame or preach. "Will the article sell?" wondered Lenny. "It won't have any controversy . . . and besides, it's not every day that you see an interview with Lenny White. However, Cedric Lawson told me yesterday they're selling posters of me for \$16.95 up in Montreal . . . I haven't the foggiest idea what they look like."

White's status in the world of publicity reminds me of a recent *Sports Illustrated* article on Joe Rudi, the Oakland A's outfielder. The piece pointed out how underrated Rudi was, how on merit alone he should be considered a superstar. Unfortunately, hype helps make superstars, and though we were able to play a little game on the subway that day enroute to Lenny's home in Brooklyn, hype has not followed White in his musical travels.

"Let me see how many albums I can name

you've played on," I said.

"All right," agreed Lenny.

"*Bitches Brew*."

"Right."

"One with Luis Gasca, the new Lenny Williams, the Stanley Clarke on Polydor, *Red Clay*, two with Azteca . . ."

"Yeah, keep goin'."

"*Crankin'*, Curtis Fuller."

"Oh, man, where'd you find that one?"

"You had a nice hairdo. And Stanley was lookin' real young, too."

"Okay, that's eight."

"One with Chick."

"Nine."

"I give up. Man, I thought I knew more, you know?"

"Santana. I played castanets."

"With your hat on?"

"Yeah. Joe Henderson, Eddie Henderson, Heiner Stadler," and Lenny went on—though I had to prod him—to name about ten or 15 more albums.

White, now in his early 20s, was born in New York City and started playing drums at age 14. In addition to recording extensively, Lenny has worked with Gil Evans, Stan Getz, Jackie McLean; his longest association was with the West Coast band Azteca. "Recently I've been thinking," he told me, "that when I was working with Azteca, it was a good learning experience for me because I wasn't emulating any music. I was just being a part of what I was playing. In order to really play anything, I think you have to be a part of it. If you're going to play funk, you've got to be around the funk element, or else you're just emulating it. I mean, I can just emulate bebop

because I wasn't a part of that era, and I emulated post-bop as well as I could . . . What's happening now with musicians is that it's the natural flow to listen to all kinds of music, be a part of what's around, and take all of that knowledge and synthesize it."

Lenny mentions James Brown and John Coltrane as initial influences: "I like James Brown because his music is a part of me, where I come from. I've listened to his music ever since I've been listening to music . . . since 1958, the Drifters, and James Brown was around then, too. My father played Duke Ellington and Count Basie, Prez, and Miles . . . Knowing and speaking with McCoy, and another friend of mine, Dick George, who knew Trane, I respect him even more as a *man* than as a musician. The great person he was made him the great musician he was. There was something about his music that I didn't understand at first, but eventually what came through was his personality: a basic bigness was present, a strong individual presence, a spirituality without his owning up to it, without the entourage of things that go with a person who's supposed to be spiritual. He didn't beat his breast, ask people to follow him. It was just in the way he carried himself."

White has most of his records stacked against one wall of his living room, but his Miles and Coltrane discs are arranged particularly, on a special shelf in a large bookcase. "You see all these pictures in my house?" he asked me, pointing to two walls covered with images of Trane, Ellington, Miles. "These people are the innovators."

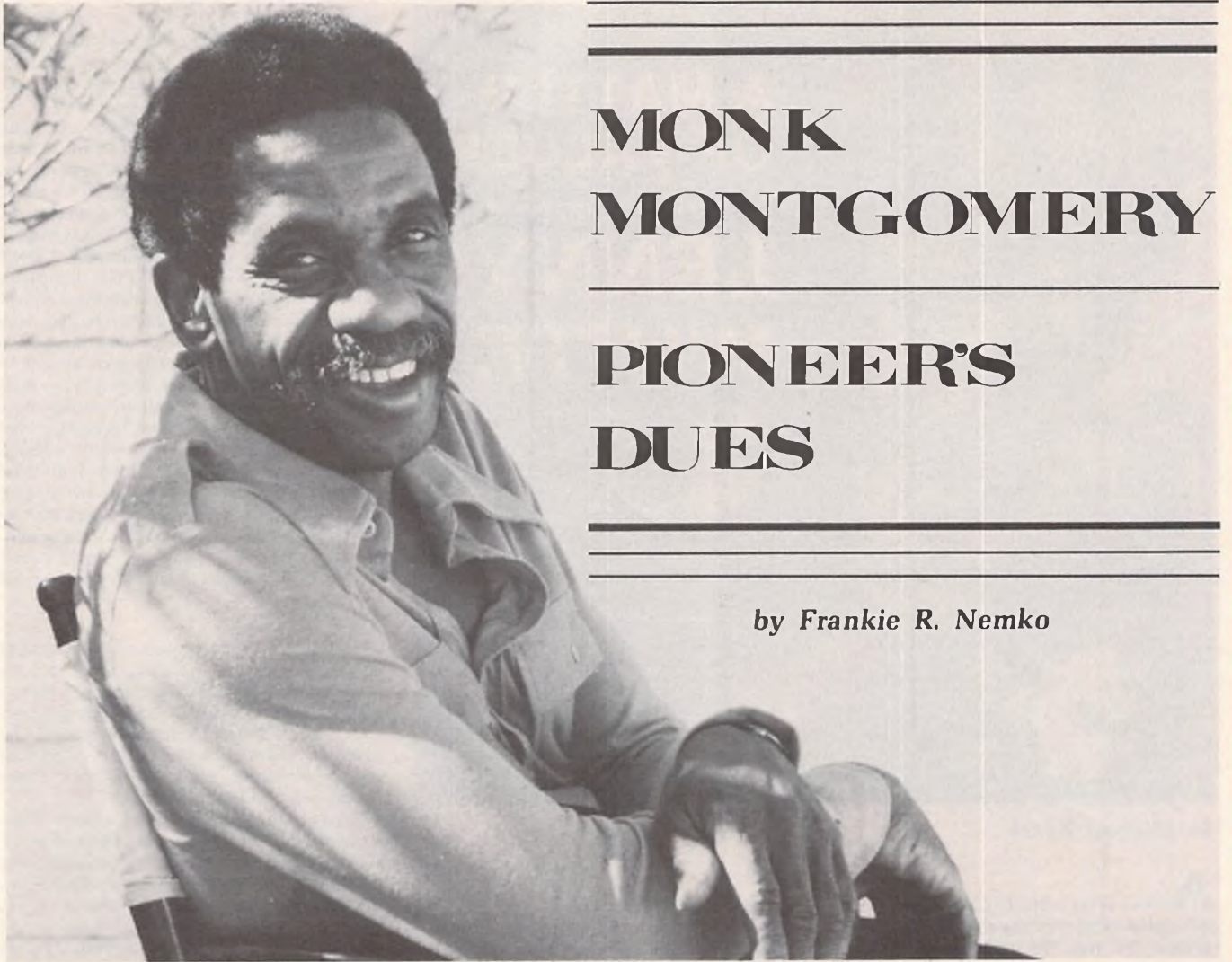
At one point Lenny played a tape of the Return to Forever album, *Where Have I Known You Before* (Polydor). He is especially proud of his compositional contribution to the date, a tune called *The Shadow of Lo*, inspired by Holst, Hendrix, and some of the feeling in Mike Mandel's *Joyride*. It's an affecting synthesis, composed with many kinds of beauty in mind, bearing out Lenny's creative approach of "open ears."

"That break," I pointed out, listening to the song, "it sounds like something off *Mysterious Traveler*." I hummed what I was talking about.

"If anything," he reflected, "it's from *Miles Beyond*. But I didn't have that in mind, man. I guess it could bother me when somebody says, 'Well, that music you're playing sounds like . . .,' or, 'You sound like . . .,' 'cause I've been living with the music ever since Miles started it, on *Bitches Brew*, so it's just a part of me, by now."

Lenny's strong feeling for synthesis as part of the "natural flow" extends to his views about musicians gaining strength as a collective unit. "On *Bitches Brew*, for example, Miles was like the sorcerer that stood over the pot. I people, and this big pot—and say I was cinnamon, and Jack DeJohnette was pepper and Wayne Shorter was salt, and John McLaughlin was oregano . . . And Miles said, 'I want some cinnamon here,' and 'John, I want you to put a little oregano in here.' You can hear him talking on the record . . . He got all the ingredients together, and he stirred them up, and he made this great brew. Everybody had their own thing to bring to it, but Miles stood over it and he brought it all together. You can get a lot of bands with great individuals, but if they're not playing together, it doesn't sound like a good band. Our band is a good example of individuals who

continued on page 44



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# MONK MONTGOMERY

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## PIONEER'S DUES

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by Frankie R. Nemko

When I heard that Monk Montgomery had recently returned from a tour of South Africa, I was anxious to learn how this black bassist had fared in that apartheid-ridden country. Many artists (black and white) have turned down well paying jobs there and, thinks Montgomery, justifiably so. "But I don't feel that way," he told me. "Sure, I can agree with people like Josephine Baker and Sarah Vaughan (who was playing in Swaziland when we were over there), and I'm not putting them down for their way of thinking. That's just conditioning. However, the way I see it, refusing to appear there doesn't solve anything.

"When I was approached to put a band together to back singer Lovelace Watkins, I was very hesitant at first. Number one, I didn't know Charles Mather, Lovelace's manager, and he's a real dynamic businessman. Wanted everything done in a hurry! Secondly, he asked me to assemble a 13 piece band—I've never worked with anything much bigger than a quartet! And then, the idea of going to South Africa—that needed some getting used to.

"But after a couple of meetings with Mather I began to realize this was a wonderful opportunity, a challenge. Another thing that put me off was the request for an all-black band. Now, I've never subscribed to that kind of segregation; however, I knew that we proba-

bly wouldn't even be allowed off the plane together if we were mixed company. So I just went ahead and began rounding up 13 black guys.

"This wasn't too easy: my first choices were the musicians who lived and worked in Las Vegas where I now make my home. There's a total of three, maybe four, black jazz musicians there besides myself: trombonist Benny Green; James Moody, who just moved there; Willy Perry. They were all unavailable. So then I came to Los Angeles and started calling some of the top studio musicians and wasn't having much success here either until Marshall Royal, who used to work with Count Basie, agreed to come along as my conductor. From that moment on everything just fell into place.

"I didn't even know some of the guys, because I'd call, say, a trombonist I knew who couldn't make it; he'd recommend someone else who could make it. But by the time we all got together at the airport on the day we left, it was just like a family. And this feeling pervaded throughout the whole tour. Everybody—Lovelace, Mather, The Korean Kittens (three girl singers from Vegas)—got along so well it was just like we grew up together. We all had the same thing in mind, we were channeling our energies in the same direction.

"The tour started off in Johannesburg and

we were there for about two-and-a-half weeks. We played the Coliseum which seats 2,250, and there was never an empty seat. Those were concerts for white audiences. Additionally we did a couple of nights at a different venue for the coloreds (Indians, Asians . . . anyone not white, but not African), and a night for the blacks. Then we had eight days in Cape Town, one in Port Elizabeth and four in Durban—all with the same segregated appearances.

"When we returned to Johannesburg for the final five days of the tour, we had the unprecedented experience of entertaining a colored audience in the Coliseum, which until then had been the exclusive domain of the whites. But one of the greatest—and most pleasant—shocks to me was that this was the first time there had been a big American jazz band in South Africa. Basie, Ellington, Hampton . . . none of them have played there. We were called Monk Montgomery's All Stars and we opened the show with 30-40 minutes of pure jazz.

"There was one incident that stands out in my mind as very heartwarming and encouraging for the future of that tension-filled nation. Bob Gillespie who is Lovelace's drummer, musical director, conductor and road manager, also happens to be white. Well, the first night he came onstage with his skin darkened! The next night, same thing. But on



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"When I went to work with Hamp, I thought I was going to use regular upright. At that point in time I had the same feeling as every other bass player I knew, that the electric instrument was just a gimmick, a bastard. But Hamp stuck this Fender in my hands and told me, 'That's the current sound; if you can't do it, there'll be no hard feelings. I'll give you two weeks pay and send you back home.'"

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the third night he came out as himself. I could have hugged him to death. And nobody in the audience or backstage made a murmur. Lovelace just introduced him as 'my closest friend for the past six years . . . and the people ate it up. It seems like they welcome that kind of breakthrough.'"

**I** commented that the people who are interested in music and entertainment generally are much more open nowadays. They want to accept artists on their merits, rather than the color of their skin.

"That's right. The young people in South Africa know what's going on; they know discrimination barely exists in entertainment anywhere else in the world. I think that if they can accept that, then they can accept the whole thing—integration full-scale. We were constantly being approached by fans who'd ease their way into the subject, asking how we were enjoying our stay, then tentatively probing our political views. They want somebody to kick it off, so they can tell you how *they* feel. At least now they're talking about it. I know saying and doing are two different things . . . but it's a step in the right direction."

I switched the conversation to a long-contested question: was Monk the first electric bass player?

"Well, I guess I've been stamped that way. I wasn't the very first, but I was a pioneer. I was the first to my knowledge to be with a traveling band and expose the instrument to a wide audience. That was in 1950 with Lionel Hampton. When I went to work with Hamp, I thought I was going to use regular upright. At that point in time I had the same feeling as every other bass player I knew, that the electric instrument was just a gimmick, a bastard. But Hamp stuck this Fender in my hands and told me, 'That's the current sound; if you can't do it, there'll be no hard feelings. I'll give you two weeks pay and send you back home.'"

"It felt like my whole musical life had come to an end because I was so in love with my upright bass. But I'd never been on the road before, and here I was in Lionel Hampton's band with all those heavy musicians. So I just took that instrument, tuned it up and played it."

"From then on I worked with nothing but electric bass for about eight years. I had a Fender amp too. Even as early as 1950 there were bass amps on the market . . . very good ones. During the time I was with Hamp, we toured all through the United States, Europe, North Africa; so I was the first to expose the electric bass world-wide."

"I was with the Hampton band for a little over two years, then went back home to Indianapolis to join my brothers, Buddy and Wes. We formed the Montgomery-Johnson Quintet and worked around town for about

two years. During that time, the mid-'50s, the electric bass was a dominant sound, but I still wasn't totally comfortable with it and had the feeling in the back of my mind that I wanted to know where I stood on upright bass. So after the Montgomery Brothers became the Mastersounds, and then the Mastersounds broke up, I said to myself, 'I'm gonna go back and get straight with myself about these two instruments.' Even then the jazz guys hadn't gotten into the electric bass."

"I went out and bought myself a new upright and the Montgomery Brothers got back together again. We were traveling a lot and do you know I just couldn't make that transition. I'd been playing an electric instrument so well to my ears, and now I couldn't get the sound I wanted on the upright. So then I got an amp to plug into it—I thought that might give me that meaty sound I was accustomed to getting from the electric bass."

"Anyway, the Montgomery Brothers just weren't making it and Wes called us together and said he couldn't continue. He had a wife and seven kids to take care of. We were in California at the time and I decided to stay and accepted an offer I got from Cal Tjader. Well, it wasn't too long before Wes was discovered by Riverside Records and began making a name for himself. He called Buddy and me to join him again."

"So I left Cal and went back to work with Wes and Buddy, still playing upright bass . . . and things got worse and worse because by now Wes had added a conga player, and what with Wes' amplified guitar and all that percussion, I just couldn't come through. There I was carrying an amp around, which was pretty ridiculous; and I had begun to notice more and more guys turning to the electric bass."

"One day I was talking it over with Wes and he said, 'I'm so glad you found out; I never knew why you changed in the first place.' Well, then I got the picture . . . I was trying to prove something to somebody else. I

don't think I had the confidence in myself as an electric bass player, so just hearing those words from someone I respected so highly, I knew I was making the right move."

**I** asked Monk about a facet of his playing that has long intrigued many observers: using his thumb for a downward pushing motion, rather than the conventional style of pulling with the fingers.

"When I first picked up the electric bass I just naturally found myself using my thumb. It was weird really because I'd never even seen anyone else playing the instrument. I played that way for many years and felt perfectly comfortable. However, a very strange thing happened. Right after the period when I went back to playing upright bass for a while, then decided that electric was what I really wanted, Wes died . . . and my thumb went out. Overnight. I had absolutely no control over it. I went to the doctor, had X-rays taken; nothing wrong. It had to be psychological. I was really frightened because I didn't want to have to use my fingers. I knew I could have turned my hand around and played that way, but I still wanted that downward motion. Consequently, I had to use my whole arm just to get my thumb in position."

"I decided that rather than go to a psychiatrist I was just going to work it out for myself. I said, 'to heck with this thumb, I'm gonna play this instrument no matter what.' So I went out and bought myself a pick. But I didn't like the feel of the picks that were made then, and I started going through different kinds of materials and making my own. I always felt that picks were cold, they made a plastic sound."

"I experimented and experimented for ages until I finally came up with a design that felt just right. And it's more than just the pick itself. I think what I've found stems from playing originally with my thumb; it's a touch, a feel. When I strike that instrument with my thumb I come in bodily contact with it. But with a pick, for me, there's no warmth, it's quite impersonal. My own design seems to counteract this and I'm very happy with my new sound."

Now that Monk has found his niche, so to speak, he's still not content to sit back and leave it at that. He's constantly looking for different ways of expressing himself. His latest album, *Reality*, on the Philadelphia International label attests to this. Using horns, strings and voices, he presents a wide variety of material, and his subtle, lilting bass is never overpowered or upstaged.

Monk Montgomery now lives in Las Vegas and is playing yet another pioneering role.

"Vegas is known as the entertainment capital of the world . . . and yet I can't work there! The doors are closed to any kind of jazz. Our top entertainers who record and appear all over the world have never set foot in the city. Los Angeles is only 280 miles away, and yet there are scores of fine musicians who've never had the opportunity to display their art—even in the lounges, let alone the showrooms."

"So I've really dedicated myself to making some changes. I'm just battering away at those closed doors . . . the hotels, the radio, tv, anything that will make a dent in this one-track minded town. This isn't just for me; it's for the artist and the whole community." **bb**

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#### SELECTED MONTGOMERY DISCOGRAPHY

##### Featured

REALITY—Philadelphia International KZ 33153

IT'S NEVER TOO LATE—Chisa (no number available)

BASS ODYSSEY—Chisa (no number available)

##### with the Montgomery Brothers

THREE BROTHERS AND FIVE OTHERS—World

Pacific/Pacific Jazz (out of print)

BEST—Fantasy 8376

WES AND FRIENDS (featuring George Shearing)—Milestone 47013

##### with the Mastersounds

THE KING AND I—World Pacific/Pacific Jazz (out of print)

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# RECORD REVIEWS

Ratings are:

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

## RON CARTER

SPANISH BLUE—CTI (Motown) 6051 S1: *El Noche Sol; So What; Sabado Combrero; Arkansas.*

Personnel: Carter, bass, piccolo bass; Billy Cobham, drums, field drum; Jay Berliner, guitar; Hubert Laws, flute; Roland Hanna, piano; electric piano; Leon Pendarvis, electric piano (Arkansas only); Ralph MacDonald, percussion.

\*\*\*\*\*

The interest here is entirely in the essence of this music itself: there's no musical trickery, no electronic gimmickry or fancy overdubs to divert one's attention from these musicians' entirely pure musical conception.

Any album such as this, containing three consistent poll winners among its personnel, can be expected to have a high standard of musicianship. Listen to Laws' elegant statement of the melody on *Sabado Combrero*, or to Roland Hanna's exciting solo on *So What*, or to the empathetic Carter/Cobham duet on this same selection. Criticism indeed becomes gratuitous and words inadequate in describing such moments.

Carter is yet unrecognized for his composing ability; hopefully the two Spanish-tinged pieces here will call attention to this facet of his talents. Both *El Noche Sol* and *Sabado Combrero* are moving blends of flamenco and jazz, and while they certainly are of less magnitude than the pieces on *Sketches Of Spain* or *Tijuana Moods*, they nevertheless realize that same passionate, pancultural fusion of two unique musical idioms.

Also present is an ingenious reworking of *So What*, which includes that brief, tantalizing Carter/Cobham duet. *Arkansas*, another Carter original, is a funk-beat piece, but has an entirely fluid, flexible feel. No one here gives the impression of being boxed in by the tyranny of the boogaloo beat. Especially impressive are Cobham's short, witty solo breaks.

As usual, we find still more luscious CTI album jacket photography. Recording quality is excellent. However, CTI's habit of short-changing the buyer is also continued. This release contains less than 35 minutes worth of music. One is justified, I think, in demanding both quality and quantity from these musicians.

—balleras

## RED RODNEY

SUPERBOP—Muse 5046: *Superbop; The Look Of Love; Last Train Out; Fire; Green Dolphin Street; Hilton.*

Personnel: Rodney, trumpet; Sam Noto, flugelhorn (track 2); trumpet (tracks 1, 3-6); Jimmy Mulford, alto flute (track 2); alto sax (tracks 3, 6); Larry Covelli, tenor sax (track 2); Mayo Tiano, trombone (track 2); Dolo Coker, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Shelly Manne, drums.

\*\*\*\*\*

This is not to be confused with Supersax, though the title theme is a harmonized Clifford Brown solo. Nor with the epic Fats Navarro bop duels either, though much of the set is taken up with trumpet chases. *Look* is 18 □ down beat

Rodney over Pete Meyers' ersatz Gil Evans chart, and the rest includes one alto, one bass, and four piano solos; all else is Rodney and Noto.

Noto's attempts to play in a Brown-and-bop fashion result in a bright, brassy tone, solid structures, unusually fine execution of often difficult passages. There's also a rhythmically even sense of phrasing, a recurring "pop-pity-pop" time that reminds one critic friend of Clark Terry at his most affected. If the result is admirable trumpet work, Noto's lack of rhythmic mobility is the primary element in a style barren of lyricism. He abandons his dignity to run mere licks off the *Green* changes; elsewhere his improvising is frustrating.

The liner notes dutifully give a timetable of the trumpet solos and chases, and state that Red's lip was shot—I could do without that latter. Actually, he produces a tone that seems to begin deep within the horn and blossom forth, with recurring whiskery edges, quavery slurs, and a generally warm feeling. It lends a sarcastic weight to the clipped, descending phrase near the end of his *Hilton* solo, making a striking perilous sequence in *Last*, which generally is the medium for a kind of hip, earthy enthusiasm.

Really, Red's work here has a triumphal quality: he is the most interesting man on the date, and thoroughly in command of his art. However mobile his genuinely lyric lines are, nowhere does his sense of identity fail him: there are no false or even unbalanced phrases in his playing. It certainly brings the kiss of life to *Look*, with decoration and melodic invention (and Ray Brown) rendering a lugubrious conception into music. Nowhere is the contrast between Red and Noto more evident than in the chases: Sam is swinging, swift, clean, and curiously stiff; Rodney is an artful dodger, often humorous, often inspired.

The rhythm section plays in "just another gig" fashion. Coker aggressively eclectic (I like his eccentric *Last* solo), Manne sometimes appropriate and sometimes so busy you wonder if he's worried about his paycheck (what's he doing behind Coker's *Last* solo?) Brown is sometimes thoughtless, too (what's he's doing behind the *Superbop* chases?), but a beautiful melodic solo chorus in *Green* makes you forgive everything.

—litweiler

## CHET BAKER

SHE WAS TOO GOOD TO ME—CTI 6050 S1: *Tangerine; She Was Too Good For Me; Autumn Leaves; With A Song In My Heart; Funk In Deep Freeze; It's You Or No One; What'll I Do.*

Personnel: Baker, trumpet; Paul Desmond, alto sax (tracks 1 and 4 only); Hubert Laws, flute (track 3); Romeo Penque, George Marge, woodwinds; Dave Friedman, vibes; Ron Carter, bass; Bob James, piano; Jack DeJohnette (on tracks 5, 6, and 7 only); Steve Gadd (all other tracks); drums; plus 12 strings.

\*\*\*\*\*

Chet Baker makes a welcome and effective return to his stature as a major recording artist in this interesting, though somewhat irregular, album.

If all the tracks were at the level of *Tangerine* and *Autumn Leaves*, it would have been a much stronger LP. Baker finds an ideal teammate in Paul Desmond, whose light, lyrical alto is the perfect complement to Baker's gossamer trumpet. Both contribute gently swinging solo work well-seasoned with compelling twists and ideas, subtly but firmly stated. Baker, whose clean soft tone and clear logic has often struck me as a modern incarnation of Bix, is playing very well indeed these days.

Hubert Laws contributes nicely on *Funk*,

providing a mood similar to Desmond's. He too is well fitted to enhance a Baker performance.

Unfortunately, the trumpeter elects to sing on three tracks, two of which are slow ballads to which he lends little distinction. His voice matches his horn in many ways, except that, to me, his singing style is vaporous while his playing isn't. Of the vocal performances, *With A Song In My Heart* is the most interesting, only because there is little singing and a nice, moderately brisk tempo to work with. The string section appears only on the vocal selections. For its part, it is discreetly used and arranged with sensitivity by Don Sebesky.

—mcdonough

## PAUL HORN

A SPECIAL EDITION—Island ISLD6: *Prelude; Freedom Jazz Dance; Summertime; Tribute To Jobim (Meditation, Corcovado, Dreamer); Just Because We're Kids; Willow Weep For Me; Rain; Dusk; Dawn; Forms.*

Personnel: Horn, flute, piccolo, alto & bass flute, alto sax, clarinet, electric piano; Lynn Blessing, vibes; Art Johnson, electric guitar; Dave Parlato, electric bass; Bart Hall, drums, percussion.

\*\*\*\*\*

Paul Horn's career has been an unusual (though not unparalleled) odyssey, from young Chico Hamilton sideman, to L.A. studio musician, to disciple of the Maharishi, to voluntary exile in British Columbia, where these sides were recorded live. Thus it's not surprising that Horn's style is eclectic. His flute sound is instantly recognizable: full, breathy, with a vibrato wide enough to drive a truck through. It's in the notes he plays, not the way he plays them, that the breadth of Horn's influences are apparent. There's some modal playing on these tracks, some West Coast sounds, some nods to the atonal and avant-garde, and, most predominantly, the simple, folk-like, hauntingly echo-filled phrases which are the product of Horn's many sojourns in India with his guru, and which figured so prominently in his memorable *Inside*, recorded at the Taj Mahal.

Horn continues to refer to himself as a jazz musician, but the music on *A Special Edition* suggests that he views his role as an innovator in the Afro-American-based tradition as a thing of the past. The tunes he's chosen for the first two sides are pretty conventional, and he leaves most of the musical fireworks to his sidemen. Johnson is perhaps the chief pyrotechnician, with a sputtering, dissonant tightrope walk through *Summertime* before the leader speaks his piece on alto sax, opening and closing with emotional cries.

Side Two is entirely given over to ballads and mellow sambas, with varying results. The Jobim tunes are little more than melody statements, unfailingly pretty, but ultimately dull. *Willow* is pleasantly funky, while *Kids* drips with something else again: sentimentality. *Rain's* highpoint is composer Blessing's behind-the-beat contrapuntal excursion with bassist Parlato, while the leader, surprisingly, seems to have some intonation problems.

The second disc—two extended free improvisations, and the closer, the only studio track of the date—makes the set work, for me at least. Horn introduces *Dusk* with a solitary, somehow Oriental statement on clarinet, moves to piano to unlock the cages of a fascinating electrical menagerie, stops in at flute for a little echoplex work, and ends up with the clarinet theme again. In between, there are enough sensitive, ever-mutating interchanges between various duos and trios of the quintet to keep you virtually entranced.

# Chick Corea and Return To Forever reveal all there is to reveal about themselves.



Chick Corea

Al DiMeola

Lenny White

Stanley Clark

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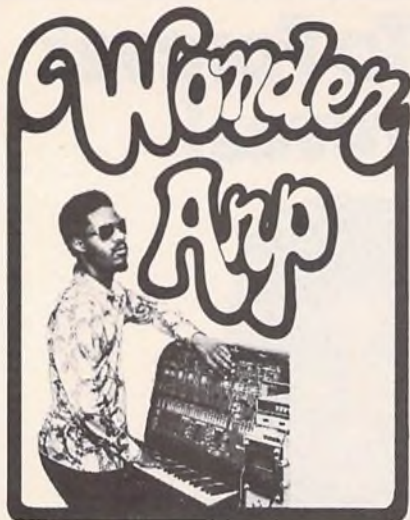


"NO MYSTERY"  
RETURN TO FOREVER  
featuring CHICK COREA

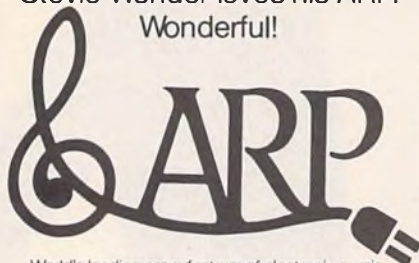


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20 □ down beat

Dawn is more of the same, and therefore an entirely different animal: catch Horn's clarinet here, swinging and Occidental, and his echo-filled flute dialogue with the bass. The final track is simplicity itself: solo Horn, overdubbing piccolo, flute, alto and bass flute, interweaving a few simple lines, echoing, vibrating, hissing, breathing. Two flutes play pads while the piccolo arches over the top, pure and shrill, bursting with light, insistently drawing the lower voices into its dances, bringing it all back Ommm.

For once, it can be said that it's *not* all in the music: Horn's comments in the accompanying 24-page booklet are thought-provoking, while the photos, particularly the Indian shots, are a trip. *Special Edition* is a remarkably personal statement by a remarkable musician. It allows you to experience where Paul Horn is at today, after all that odyssey. It's a good place. —metalitz

## ROBERT JR. LOCKWOOD

CONTRASTS—Trix 3307: *Little Boy Blue; Come Day, Go Day; Annie's Boogie; Driving Wheel; Funny, But True; Mr. Down Child; Lonely Man; Hold Everything; Dust My Broom; Majors, Minors & Ninths; Forever On My Mind; I Am To Blame; Howdy Dowdy; Empty Life.*

Personnel: Lockwood, vocals, guitar; Gene Schwartz, bass guitar; George Cook, drums (tracks 2, 3, 5, 8, 10, 11, 13); Maurice Reedus, tenor sax (tracks 2, 3, 5, 8, 10, 11, 13).

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## EDDIE KIRKLAND

THE DEVIL AND OTHER BLUES DEMONS—Trix 3308: *The Devil; Got To Love My Baby; Snake In The Grass; Mother-In-Law; Spank The Butterfly; Rollin' Stone Man; Hard To Raise A Family Today; I'm Going To Wait For You; Pity On Me; Georgia Woman; Burnin' Love; Tell Me, Baby; Mink Hollow Slide.*

Personnel: Kirkland, vocals, guitar, harmonica (tracks 3, 11); Dan DeSanto, guitar (tracks 1, 2, 4 through 9, 11, 12, 13); Billy Troiani, bass guitar (tracks 1, 2, 4 through 9, 11, 12, 13); Denis Minervini, drums (tracks 1, 5, 7, 9, 11, 13); Larry Kaye, piano (tracks 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 8, 13); Harmonica Sammy Davis, harmonica (tracks 1, 6, 13); Fred Gumaer, drums (tracks 2, 4, 6, 8, 12); Paul Hornsby, piano (track 10); Jackie Avery, piano (track 3); Pete Carr, bass guitar (tracks 3, 10); Bill Stewart, drums (tracks 3, 10); Ella Brown, vocal (track 3).

★ ★ ★ ½

Trix Records, although only in its third year, has established itself without much trouble as the leading American outlet for new country blues recordings. One reason, of course, is the lack of competition—even the specialist blues labels have become wary of solo country sets, as buyers seem more and more attuned to electric band LPs. But Trix is also ahead because of its fine roster of largely unknown talent. Label owner Pete Lowry has traversed the Southeast and Midwest, doing most of the recording himself, often in the artists' homes. The Trix catalogue lists albums by Frank Edwards, Peg Leg Sam, Henry "Rufe" Johnson, Willie Trice, Guitar Shorty, Robert Jr. Lockwood and two by Eddie Kirkland. Many others have already been recorded, and future releases will feature Roy Dunn, Honeyboy Edwards, Pernel Charity, Homesick James, Tarheel Slim, and a Detroit after-hours piano party. Most of the material is acoustic, but the recent Lockwood and Kirkland albums take the electric band route.

Both LPs present the artists' current music as they like to play it, with no interference from producers or a&r men (although Lockwood did forsake his usual full band accompaniment at Lowry's suggestion on some numbers). The results of Trix's electric excursions are outstanding in Lockwood's case,

while Kirkland's sound is tight and tough, yet unfulfilling.

Lockwood is a master technician in blues, an acknowledged influence on many modern guitarists. He plays with admirable taste and feeling, displaying a confident command of several styles, from Delta blues to bop. On half the cuts, he performs only with Gene Schwartz's bass accompaniment; on the rest, a drummer and tenor player join in. The songs are mostly from Robert's standard repertoire, and his smoky vocals and mellow guitar highlight some beautiful, haunting renditions of earthy blues classics and bitter-sweet ballads. A superb remake of his 1940 title, *Little Boy Blue*, is only one high point of a varied LP which rates as a most delectable treat for blues connoisseurs.

Restraint is an integral element of the Lockwood style; Kirkland, however, unleashes his energy and lets the sparks fly. In person, he's undeniably dynamic, a leaping, somersaulting, soul-blues shouter. But such an act can rarely be captured on records, and thus the music on Kirkland's second Trix LP drives, it hits hard, it has a good dance beat, and it's funky all the way—but much of the live excitement is missing. Most of the songs are Eddie's own, and he demonstrates a natural flair for blues-rooted southern r&b. They're actually pretty good works in that genre, but the genre itself is a problem. Kirkland seems to be gyrating in funky limbo between soul and blues—his brand of soul is too rough and raw for the slick TSOP soul of today, and he doesn't do enough straight blues to satisfy the fans who remember him as John Lee Hooker's Detroit partner. He's a good, original musician, however, and could make a big impression if he finds the right audience for his shake-bump-and-grind strokes. —o'neal

## RAMSEY LEWIS

SUN GODDESS—Columbia KC 33194: *Sun Goddess; Living For The City; Love Song; Jungle Strut; Hot Dawgit; Gemini Rising.*

Collective Personnel: Lewis, keyboards; Cleveland Eaton, acoustic and Fender bass; Maurice Jennings, drums, tamboura, conga, percussion; Maurice White, timbales, drums, vocals; Phillip Bailey, congas, vocals; Verdine White, bass, vocals; Johnny Graham, Byron Gregory, guitars; Don Meyrick, tenor sax; Charles Stepney, Rhodes electric piano. ARP ensemble: Derf Rehlew Raheem, weeah, congas, drums, vocals.

★ ★ ½

The nicest thing to say about this release is that it is well produced. Teo Macero and Maurice White (of Earth, Wind, and Fire) have done an excellent job in putting together this package of almost a dozen odd musicians whom they've called in to supplement and perhaps rejuvenate the current Ramsey Lewis trio. Richard Evans' string and brass arrangements provide pretty background filler, and the whole thing clicks along as precisely as a Swiss timepiece.

To damn this record for being overtly commercial is to miss the point. Nobody is really expected to *listen* to records like these. This is best judged as slick background music, a kind of hip Muzak. And there's no one who does this sort of thing better than Ramsey Lewis.

But at what cost? It's significant that on two of the cuts, *Sun Goddess* and *Hot Dawgit*, Lewis, Eaton and Jennings are not present, yet most listeners will probably be unaware of the trio's absence. The *feel* of Ramsey Lewis is still there, even though the actual playing is done by some members of Earth,

Wind and Fire and Chess' Charles Stepney. Ramsey Lewis has, in effect, been replaced by his concept. Tellingly, these tracks sound about as good as the rest of the album.

The musical content here is naturally quite predictable. There's the obligatory Stevie Wonder remake and the usual pretty Latin piece, this time a Lewis original, *Love Song*. And, as on *Solar Wind*, Lewis throws in a touch of honest straight ahead jazz, presumably just to show his fans that he can still get it up if he chooses. Parts of *Gemini Rising*, granted, do cook.

Yet the feel of this release is similar to that of those old, tedious, well-made Hollywood movies ground out in the '30s and '40s: The "production values" are excellent, the style is chic, the content is negligible. —baller

## EDDIE HARRIS

IS IT IN—Atlantic 1659: *Funkaroma; Happy Gemini; Is It In; It's War; Space Commercial; Look Ahere; These Lonely Nights; House Party Blues; Tranquility & Antagonistic.*

Personnel: Harris, electric sax, piano, electric piano, vocals; Ronald Muldrow, guitar, guitorgan; Rufus Reid, electric bass, string bass; William James, drums, electric bongos.

★ ★ ½

There's no sense of the hard playing saxophonist on Eddie Harris' latest, but plenty of evidence that the composer of *Freedom Jazz Dance* is trying to forge a reputation as hippest electric-pop jazzman. From the bump rhythm of the title track through the first eight funky, forgettable cuts this album is aimed at airplay and party-time, both valid targets Harris doesn't have to work hard to hit.

An attempt has been made to vary the LP's pacing by including two ballads (*Commercial* and *Nights*, both compositions of Sara E. Harris), which are performed with some feeling, and a supertight African-like percussion collage (*War*). Harris has become most adept at coaxing from his horn-modifying electronics an artificially extended range, shaped harmonies that contrast while moving parallel to his basic tone, and a wah-wah attack that imitates vocalization more closely than a guitar. He doesn't clutter his own lines with tape echo, and leaves considerable room to the structures of his expert rhythm section. But his solos are banal licks over sing-song vamps, with the exception of *T & A*, a fleet, adventurous excursion using sliding scales and a warped tonality over a straight ahead jazz beat.

On the basis of that tune and Harris' past endeavors to add to the jazz language through melodic invention as well as advanced technology, it's clear he can go further than he chooses to on this record. Until he tries, it's thanks for the dance, Eddie. —mandel

## DIZZY GILLESPIE

A MUSICAL SAFARI—Boonman BM 1001: *Desafinado; Lorraine; Long Long Summer; Oo Pop A Dah; Pau De Arara; Kush.*

Personnel: Gillespie, trumpet; Leo Wright, alto sax, flute; Lalo Schifrin, piano; Bob Cunningham, bass; Chuck Lampkin, drums; Joe Carroll, vocal (track 6).

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Diz has been a near-perennial performer in the annals of the Monterey Jazz Festival, and in 1961 he was enjoying an especially luminous jazz year. He had recorded two excellent albums that year—one in March in Carnegie Hall with his big band and the other in May as the featured soloist for J. J. Johnson's extended work, *Perceptions*. The latter work

was also presented at the Monterey Jazzfest. This new record of previously unavailable music presents a wonderful sampling of the electric afternoon concert Dizzy's quintet put together.

The quintet was in brilliant form. Diz' rich improvisations, uncanny sense of timing and wit are underlined. There is no need for any warming up or lag in the concert as *Desafinado* opens up the program after some sagacious intro comments by Duke Ellington: the band's coherence and *joie de vivre* come across immediately. Leo Wright's liquid, bird-like flute work is a perfect foil for Dizzy's acute interpretations of this then front-running bossa nova tune. Dizzy was easily one of the handful who truly conceptualized the interrelationship of b.n. and jazz.

The West Indian-flavored *Lorraine* features a beautiful Diz-Leo duet which gives way to one of the most intriguing Gillespie solos, a powerful reinforcement of the fact that you

can never assume an air of nonchalance toward Dizzy because he personifies jazz with his wellspring of surprises.

The then-emerging Lalo Schifrin gets a chance to exhibit some of his colorful wares on piano on his own tune, *Long Long Summer*, which is distinguished by a long, well-constructed alto solo by Wright. Then bebop takes over, with Joe Carroll joining Diz in one of their inimitable vocal duos on *Oo Pop A Dah*, swinging through the terrain like a slalom race. The rhythm section is superb with thoughtful, cleanly-articulated bass work from Cunningham.

*Pau de Arara* has much emotional color and fluency; the quintet shows evidence of organization and intelligent planning without any compromise in the swing department. Wright's impressive flight in high gear reminds me of his status in '61, just peering over the horizon of the jazz scene fully ready to leap over to stake a claim. Lalo stretches

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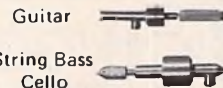
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out in a thoroughly unforced manner bringing his melodic gifts to the front. *Kush*, which was a favorite Gillespie vehicle, ushers in one of the most exciting performances of the song I've heard; the big band version six months earlier, for instance, was tame and subdued compared with this electrifying driving date.

In retrospect, this surprise gem of a souvenir from Monterey '61 is an important chapter in the Gillespie-Schifrin alliance. This is a group that demonstrates success in sustaining interest with taste, authenticity, and consummate musicianship. So whether this was 13 years or 13 days ago, if you are a Gillespiephile, you'll find this record essential to your collection. —wong

## SHORT SHOTS

### ARETHA FRANKLIN

WITH EVERYTHING I FEEL IN ME—Atlantic 18116: *Without Love*; *Don't Go Breaking My Heart*; *When You Get Right Down To It*; *You'll Never Get To Heaven*; *With Everything I Feel In Me*; *I Love Every Little Thing About You*; *Sing It Again-Say It Again*; *All Of These Things*; *You Move Me*.

\*\*\* 1/2

The Queen sings like an angel; when she warns *You'll Never Get To Heaven* and turns an acapella chorus of "la-las" into a gospel experience you want to be at her celestial side.

But the Atlantic producers, Jerry Wexler, Tom Dowd, and mostly Arif Mardin aren't content with Aretha and her crack bands (Richard Tee, Cornell Dupree, Chuck Rainey or Gordon Edwards, and Bernard Purdie are the basic unit), and they've cluttered the first side of this LP with sophisticated string arrangements and synthesizer decoration, interesting in themselves but distracting from the earthy bottom always present in her greatest successes. Aretha's singing strength and interpretive savvy generally win out over the homogenizing influence of the would-be hit-makers and their bullpen of collaborators. Despite uneven material from Barry Mann, the Burt Bacharach/Hal David team, and Stevie Wonder, who contributes a clinker, Aretha turns in a stunning vocal performance. Best cuts include the moaning, down *Without Love* (by Ivory Joe Hunter and Carolyn Franklin), the sassy come-ons of the title tune and *Say It Again* (Aretha's and Carolyn's songs, respectively), and James Cleveland's wailing *All Of These Things*.

Mardin's additions are much less evident on the record's flip side, where the stylish and stylized use of the Memphis Horns seems only occasionally contrived. Her great leaping emotive voice and ability to put across a lyric with conviction are Aretha's greatest assets, and she's not well served by being bubblebathed in violins. Happily, her energetic resistance is high enough to cut through the unnecessary and emphasize the essential, which is why *Lady Soul* remains a national treasure. —mandel

### ELLA FITZGERALD

ELLA IN LONDON—Pablo 2310-711: *Sweet Georgia Brown*; *They Can't Take That Away From Me*; *Everytime We Say Goodbye*; *The Man I Love*; *It Don't Mean A Thing (If It Ain't Got That Swing)*; *You've Got A Friend*; *Lemon Drop*; *The Very Thought Of You*; *Happy Blues*.

Personnel: Fitzgerald, vocals; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Joe Pass, guitar; Kester Betts, bass; Bobby Durham, drums.

\*\*\*

Recorded last year at Ronnie Scott's, this set is pure Ella. She cooks with happy abandon.

don on uptempo scat tunes like *Blues*, and caresses those fine timeless ballads like *The Man I Love* with her distinctive tone and phrasing.

Despite illness in recent years and some inactivity, this disc suggests that very little is gone from her vocal capabilities. Throughout much of the record, Ella makes use of her "saxophone sound," which is sort of a rough-edged tone that comes across like a calculated hoarseness. She is also fond of dynamically building tunes, beginning easily and relaxed, gradually increasing intensity and momentum. This technique works especially well on *Georgia Brown* and *Friend* (the latter inexplicably starts in the middle of a word—sloppy editing, I guess).

Backed by an excellent and compatible—though somewhat under-recorded—quartet which gives Ms. Fitzgerald all the room required, she runs through a repertoire of familiar pieces with the kind of spirited joy that usually marks her performances. She definitely gives the customers their money's worth.  
—nolan

## GRADY TATE

MOVIN' DAY—Janus JXS 7010: *Moondance*; *Love Has No Pride*; *I Wouldn't Have You Any Other Way*; *Movin' Day*; *Sitting In Limbo*; *You're A Lady*; *The Hardest Thing I've Ever Had To Do*.

\*\*\*

BY SPECIAL REQUEST—Buddah BDS 5623: *Suicide Is Painless (Theme From M.A.S.H.)*; *After The Long Drive Home*; *There's Nothing Between Us Now*; *In My Time*; *Nightwind*; *I Think It's Going To Rain Today*; *The Windmills Of Your Mind*; *Sack Full Of Dreams*; *Don't Fence Me In*; *My Ship*; *Follow The Path*; *And I Love Her*.

\*\*\* 1/2

These albums represent Grady Tate the vocalist rather than Tate the percussionist. As such they are primarily pop/soul performances wrapped around Tate's sensual voice. *Special Request*, which is based on the theory that everybody wants to hear those popular tunes just one more time, succeeds moderately well, with adequate, though occasionally, pretentious arrangements. *Movin' Day* manages to rise above the conventional, with Esmond Edward's production leaving room for some good solos by George Coleman and Joe Newman.

As a singer, Grady Tate's voice is abundant and rich, especially when he's doing a ballad. However, when he is pushing himself to the limits of his vocal range, he loses a certain amount of control and there is a noticeable deterioration in tone. This is evident during tunes like *Limbo* where he is competing with the force of a full orchestra and working outside his most comfortable range.

Generally speaking, there is little to distinguish these albums from a whole lot of other music flooding the market these days.—nolan

## YES

RELAYER—Atlantic SD 18122: *Gates Of Delirium*; *Sound Chaser*; *To Be Over*.

\*\*\*

*Relayer* finds Yes climbing out of the muck after *Tales Of Topographic Oceans*, an album drowned in a quagmire of its own Intelligence. *Sound Chaser* is the key on *Relayer* to an increasingly, and often confusingly, complexity of patterns and textures. The cut serves as something of a Rosetta Stone to help in decoding the lengthy *Gates* on side one. *Chaser* is a purely textural piece, pitting sound combination against sound combination in a totally abstract manner. *To Be Over* is undistinguished, a typical electronic, clear-light pastoral trip better accomplished by this

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band on sections of *Close To The Edge*.

Listen to *Sound Chaser* before you attempt to make any sense out of *Gates*. Some would call it complex, others merely pretentious. My impression is that the music goes through so many changes, brought off with such facile abruptness, that one is liable to get the impression that several incomplete musical ideas are being strung together—and glossed over—by means of extraordinary technique. Still, it just might be that this is too simple a solution: we'll have to wait and see. For now, *Relayer* is worth hearing for the disturbing, tentatively interesting music of *Gates* and *Sound Chaser*. Though I still prefer the simpler, more directly melodic music on *Fragile*, it may be that this group is exchanging those more instantly pleasing sounds for music of more intricate significance. Only time will tell.

P.S. Patrick Moraz is an excellent replacement for Rick Wakeman, and is already showing signs of leading the group into different and more challenging areas. I missed Wakeman not a whit. —mitchell

### ROOSEVELT SYKES

**HARD DRIVIN' BLUES**—Delmark DL-607: *Red-Eye Jesse Bell; I Like What You Do (When You Do What You Did Last Night); We Gotta Move; North Gulfport Boogie; Watch Your Step (If You Can't Be Good); Ho! Ho! Ho!; Living The Right Life; New Fire Detective Blues; Run This Boogie; Slidell Blues; Mistake In Life; She's Got Me Straddle A Log.*

★ ★ ★ ★

The temptation is to wax romantically about the visions of juke points, rent parties and barrelhouses that a record like this conjures up. Actually, Sykes is a fairly sophisticated blues-roots pianist and singer who had an active recording career for several labels

in the '30s. This reissue, first released in 1963, confirms his reputation as a relaxed, totally authentic urban blues performer.

This is timeless music. Sykes' homespun piano style, based largely on relaxed boogie bass patterns and funky, if somewhat predictable, right hand fills and countermelodies, is in the *genre* of such players as Speckled Red and Little Brother Montgomery. His voice is rough, with a slight edge; it could be argued, in fact, that his singing drives more than his playing. As a lyricist, he deals as much with successful romantic love and sexual gratification as he does with love lost. Such balance is refreshing.

A must for blues piano lovers. —balleras

### CHARLES EARLAND

**THE DYNAMITE BROTHERS**—Prestige P-10082: *Betty's Theme; Never Ending Melody; Grasshopper; Shanty Blues; Weedhopper; Razor J.; Snake; Kungfusion; Incense Of Essence.*

★ ★

Well, it was inevitable that Kung Fu would sooner or later meet funky jazz. The result is not quite as terrible as this release's album jacket drawings of super studs gleefully kicking each other in the face might suggest.

*The Dynamite Brothers* is soundtrack music from a film of the same name. As film background music, this works well enough. Most of the tunes vamp along unobtrusively on one or two chords, minding their own business and bothering no one. There's even some cookin' jazz on *Shanty* (probably for the big chase scene?) and some tired but congenial funk on *Kungfusion*.

*Betty's Theme* and *Incense Of Essence* are the most melodic and musically effective of Earland's melodies. Throughout, Earland contributes some facile, if not profound keyboard work, and Dr. Gleeson *does* play a mean synthesizer. On the whole, however, this is music for subliminal rather than intensive listening. —balleras

### JIMMY WITHERSPOON

**LOVE IS A FIVE LETTER WORD**—Capitol ST-11360: *Spoon Tang; Buried Alive In The Blues; Aviation Man; Fool's Paradise; What's Going Down; The Other Side Of Love; Reflection; No Money Down; Love Is A Five Letter Word; Nothing's Changed; Landlord, Landlord: I Was Lost (But Now I'm Found).*

★ ★

Witherspoon in London, Feb., '74, and even the Nashville Katz Strings are Britishers. This is an arranger's date, the vein running from pop soul to jazzy funk. The brief moments of instrumental solos are purposeless interludes that say little, with occasional bits like the opening and conclusion of *No Money* being thoroughly gratuitous. Some charts (*Aviation, What's Going*) show a second-hand mastery of Herbie Hancock's idiom. A less interesting singer than Witherspoon would have been a disaster, for arranger Pip Williams lacks the sense of purpose of his U.S. progressive soul counterparts: all the elements are right, but their placement misses some crucial understanding about r&b structures these days.

For example, Witherspoon has long since outlived his miscasting as a blues singer, but the *Other Side* chart emphasizes funk and rhythm rather than sentimentalism. (*Reflection* does the soap opera background properly, but Jimmy's vocal is in his worst Brook Benton bag.) He has a marvelous low baritone voice, and his reading of Chuck Berry's fine *No Money* is surely one of the best examples ever of the Willie Mabon Narrative Set Piece. Somewhere in Witherspoon's singing

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lurks a personal style, but it's damned elusive amidst all the bits and pieces of Benton, Jerry Butler, Bobby Blue Bland, B. B. King, Ray Charles, and straightforward dullness. The material, as implied, comes from all over, making for an LP that is altogether more symptomatic than vital. —litweiler

**BONNIE BRAMLETT**

IT'S TIME—Capricorn (Warner Bros.) CP 0148: *Your Kind Of Kindness; Atlanta, Georgia; It's Time; Cover Me; Higher And Higher; Where Do You Come From; Cowboys And Indians; Mighty Long Way; Since I Met You Baby; Oncoming Traffic.*

\*\*\*\*\*

The women are holding all the goods in the pop-rock vocal realm these days. Witness Linda Ronstadt, Joni Mitchell, Maria Muldaur, Bonnie Raitt, even the comeback of Etta James on last year's extraordinary, ignored *Come A Little Closer*. Now Bramlett, the better half of Delancy and Bonnie, has returned with a new record that stakes her claim to get right up there near the top of the rough-and-ready heap of wicked-wise, red-hot mamas.

Bramlett made the right move when she hooked up with producer Johnny Sandlin and the Capricorn southern rockers: for their patented brand of gospel-r&b-country-funk frames Bonnie's tough yet tender pipes perfectly. But this is no collection of laid-back, nose-pickin' riffs set against aimless blues/jazz/country energy festers. It's a tightly arranged, almost flawlessly conceived soul/rock record, not cluttered by a wasted second. Material? It's inpeccable, including three bona-fide killers: the title tune, Bobby Charles' (the undiscovered Mose Allison) *Cowboys And Indians*, and a reading of Ivory Joe Hunter's *Since I Met You Baby* that stands with the same sure footing as the late master's original.

The only clinker is a poor arrangement of Jackie Wilson's *Higher And Higher*. It's given a bouncy, nearly ricky-tick setting that just doesn't push the tune like it should. I don't think anyone's ever going to match the kick of Wilson's original version—which isn't to say that Bramlett doesn't provide us with more than our share of kicks everywhere else on the LP. As the title implies, Bonnie has served notice that it's *her* time now. Long may she wail. —mitchell

**RONNIE FOSTER**

ON THE AVENUE—Blue Note (U.A.) BN-LA261-G: *Serenade To A Rock; On The Avenue; What Happened To The Sunshine; Golden Lady; Big Farm Boy Goes To A Latin City; First Light.*

\*\*\*

**GENE HARRIS**

ASTRAL SIGNAL—Blue Note (U.A.) BN-LA313-G: *Prelude; Summer (The First Time); Rebato Summer; Don't Call Me Nigger, Whitey; Losalaminotlatinfunklovesong; My Roots; Green River; Beginnings; Feeling You, Feeling Me Too; Higga-Boom; Love Talkin'.*

\* 1/2

Like a certain popular brand of hamburgers, the music of electric keyboardist Ronnie Foster's current LP seems more than it actually is. Both are tasty, but give little sustenance.

The problem here lies in both Foster's style and his musical conception. His nondescript solos lack contrast and show little real development of viable musical ideas. His rhythm section's monotonous playing hardly helps things. The tunes are all so funky—Lat-

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in-funk, Calypso-funk, mellow-funk, funk-funk—that even guitarist Phil Upchurch, a better than average player, can do little to make things happen. Foster's singing is about as exciting as his playing, and his evident lack of range and control compromises his voice's ingratiating mellowness.

As for the horn players, there's not much to say. They solo little and serve mostly to sweeten this music. With the exception of Alfred Ellis' exciting yet unobtrusive brass scoring on *What Happened To The Sunshine*, their presence is unremarkable.

Compared to Gene Harris' *Astral Signal*, however, Foster's release seems exciting. Harris, whom some may remember as pianist with The Three Sounds, a Ramsey Lewis-styled trio, here ventures into the realm of organ and synthesizer. Judging from the quality of his playing on these instruments, he'd best leave them alone. What a curious melange of material! There's synthetic funk in abundance, peaking on Sly Stone's *Don't Call Me Nigger, Whitey*, which features an annoyingly bubbling, synthesized bass effect and hardly any musical content. On *Beginnings*, Harris' group manages to sound like any one of a thousand Ramada Inn show bands. Another hit tune, *Green River*, appears to have been recorded live, for a seemingly satisfied audience does a Ramsey Lewis *In Crowd* number in the background. Whether a real audience was actually present is questionable; with music as synthetic as this it's anyone's guess.

Before those angry cards and letters start coming in, let me remark that I've nothing against funk *per se*, but I think I know when I'm being funk'd to death. —balleras

## OLD WINE— NEW BOTTLES

### CLIFFORD BROWN

**BROWNIE EYES**—Blue Note (U.A.) LA267-G; *Hymn Of The Orient; Easy Living; Cherokee; Wail Bait; Brownie Speaks; Brownie Eyes; Bella Rosa; Get Happy; De-Dah.*

Personnel: Brown Sextet (tracks 1-4,6)—Brown, trumpet; Gigi Gryce, alto sax, flute; Charlie Rouse, tenor sax; John Lewis, piano; Percy Heath, bass; Art Blakey, drums; Lou Donaldson Quintet (tracks 5,7,9)—Brown, trumpet; Donaldson, alto sax; Elmo Hope, piano; Heath, bass; Philly Joe Jones, drums; J. J. Johnson Sextet (track 8)—Brown, trumpet; Jimmy Heath, tenor sax; Johnson, trombone; Lewis, piano; Heath, bass; Kenny Clarke, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ 1/2

A curious way to reissue important music, with sinister implications. The original Blue Note *Brown Memorial Album* used five of the six sides done at each of two summer, 1953 dates; and this collection retains four from Clifford's first date as leader and two from the Donaldson session. An added song from each session appears here, new to 12-inch LP, which means the label has retired four Brown titles from general circulation. Worse, the inclusion of *Get Happy*, from Blue Note 1505, implies that their two early J.J. collections are in imminent danger of disappearing. One hopes that future record producers will be kinder to our own era than today's producers are to their progenitors.

Fortunately, Trip promises to eventually issue all the Brown material from the Emarcy

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catalog. All Brown is valuable, it should go without saying, because his brief four years of productivity influenced the development of modern trumpet more than any other of his contemporaries or successors. He seemingly burst on the scene with a precise, highly-developed concept of his role. Throughout his work there's a germinative feeling for structure that underlines his tragedy: had he lived he might have become the finest post-war trumpeter of all.

At a time when Dizzy and Miles dominated the trumpet scene, Brown had the rare perception to use Fats Navarro's stylistic perfection. The acidic and delirious gaiety that flashed through Navarro's sculptures, however, were replaced by a different kind of joy (though parts of Brown's *Get Happy* solo are pure Navarro). Brown's more elaborate approach was all his own: he found room in his lines for grace notes and delicacies quite inconceivable to his postwar brothers. His art could include the fire of Gillespie, the brilliance of Navarro, and sometimes even a lyricism almost as personal as Davis'. But Brown had a special sweetness of spirit, and now, 21 years after these tracks were recorded, we can understand why they were so influential.

The last strain of the first chorus of *Eyes*, and the next bridge, are exceptional ballad playing. *Easy* is surely as lovely a ballad improvisation as has been played by any post-Parker trumpeter. I love the roughneck quality of the Donaldson group, but Brown's playing is somewhat conservative (the set descending runs in *Speaks*, the weak conclusion of *Bella*—hear that first flaring turnaround, though). He's happier with his own group. *Cherokee* is a very personal statement: the light, airy feeling at this fast tempo is impossible from any other 1953 trumpeter, and the fours with Blakey are delightful. Best of all are two choruses in *Hymn*. The flow of line, the linking of phrases, the lightness and clarity of attack, the timing and necessity of the passing decorations culminate in a statement so unique that only Brown, in the three years left to him, could achieve its like again.

—litweiler

## LOUIS ARMSTRONG

SATCHMO THE GREAT—Columbia Special Products JCL 1077: *When Its Sleepy Time Down South*; *Indiana*; *Paris Interview*; *Free As A Bird*; *Oh Didn't He Ramble*; *Mack The Knife*; *Mahogany Hall Stomp*; *All For You, Louis*; *Black And Blue*; *St. Louis Blues* (concert version). Recorded, 1956.

Personnel: Armstrong, trumpet, vocal, speech; Trummy Young, trombone; Edmond Hall, clarinet; Billy Kyle, piano; Arvell Shaw or Dale Jones, bass; Barrett Deems, drums. On *St. Louis*, add Lewisohn Stadium Symphony, conducted by Leonard Bernstein. The interviewer is Edward R. Murrow.

\*\*\*\*\*

## JOHNNY HODGES

HODGE PODGE—Columbia Special Products JEE 22001: *Jeep's Blues*; *Rendezvous With Rhythm*; *Empty Ballroom Blues*; *Krum Elbow Blues*; *I'm In Another World*; *Hodge Podge*; *Dancing On The Stars*; *Wanderlust*; *Doji Wooji*; *Savoy Strut*; *Rent Party Blues*; *Good Gal Blues*; *Finesse*; *Hometown Blues*; *Dream Blues*; *Skunk Hollow Blues*. Recorded 1938-39.

Personnel: Cootie Williams, trumpet; Lawrence Brown, trombone; Hodges, alto and soprano saxes; Harry Carney, baritone sax; Duke Ellington, piano; Billy Taylor, bass; Sonny Greer, drums. On the last two tracks, Billy Strayhorn replaces Ellington, and on the last, Jimmy Blanton replaces Taylor. Hodges, Ellington and Taylor only on *Finesse*.

\*\*\*\*\*

These are two of the best recent additions to the fine jazz catalog of Columbia Special

Products, a collectors' label that makes available interesting material deleted from the Columbia catalog. Among the treasures currently obtainable are Ellington's *Such Sweet Thunder* and *A Drum Is A Woman*; Armstrong's W. C. Handy and Fats Waller tributes, and *Gene Krupa's Sidekicks*, a collection far superior to the recent Krupa twofer reviewed in these pages. Plus lots of other good stuff . . . even a Hi-Los LP. Look into it.

*Satchmo the Great* was a 63-minute documentary film culled from a CBS "See It Now" program. Satch and Ed Murrow made a good team, and there is no better story than the Louis Armstrong Story. A highlight was the sequence featuring Louis with a symphony orchestra under Leonard Bernstein in an elaborate arrangement of *St. Louis Blues*, with the venerable composer in the audience. Louis' noble playing moved Handy to tears and might do the same for you.

There are some sane and sensible words from Louis in the interview passages, and some glimpses of the triumphant first African visit, but mostly there is music, some of it great. The front line of this edition of the All Stars was quite the best, with Hall's biting clarinet and Young's rambunctious trombone a perfect foil for the leader's trumpet. Billy Kyle was a brilliant pianist, and Barrett Deems a much better drummer than the critics of the day gave him credit for. Shaw was fine and Jones adequate. *Mahogany Hall*, Louis' 1929 classic, was one of the jewels in the book; hear his lead in the out chorus. The *Indiana* captured here is one of the best extant.

The Hodges collection (dating from the good, not so old days when they put eight tracks on LP reissues of 78 material) illuminates the perfection achieved by Ellington in the late '30s. The "small groups," recording units from the band under the nominal leadership of Hodges, Cootie Williams or Barney Bigard, were a microcosm of Ellingtonia, yet have a flavor quite their own. Not to know these records is to have a large gap in one's jazz education.

The quality is consistently high and the peaks are masterpieces. *Jeep's Blues* has become a Hodges classic and served as part of his permanent repertoire; most of the other pieces were made up for the dates, played once, and never played again. There is a wealth of material here for "repertory" concepts.

In addition to demonstrating Ellington's (and on some of the later tracks, Billy Strayhorn's) mastery of the three-minute form so much goes on in these pieces, yet they never seem cluttered, or too short), this music exemplifies classic jazz at its finest. The soloists, with Hodges to the fore and Cootie Williams next in line, are superb—masters of a language they themselves helped to shape. In ensemble, years of playing together result in perfect unity of blend and phrase. Everything is in harmony and balance; poised, defined.)

One could write a small essay about each of the pieces, and about the beauty of the Hodges sound, the fecundity of his invention, the sureness of his melodic sensibility, or about the Williams mastery of mutes in all its many shadings, the Carney projection of warmth and strength, or Ellington the unique pianist (hear his little solo on *Dancing* and learn once again where Monk comes from).

Listen to this stuff, but not all of it in one sitting. Pick a piece and hear it over and over again, as we used to do in the days when jazz recordings were issued as singles. And you will realize that there is no such thing as



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progress in art. The achievement of this music may have been equaled, but it has not been surpassed.

Columbia: How about a complete set of Ellington small group recordings, properly mastered? Meanwhile, thanks to Special Products. Carry on! —morganstern

# SPOTLIGHT REVIEW

*Noted jazz collector John McDonough takes an insight look at the modern Gutenbergs of American record manufacturing—the small, independent labels dedicated to reissuing commercially unfeasible but artistically important music.*

For ten centuries, the Church of Rome dominated the intellectual and political mind of the West by controlling the traffic of information. It was only the invention of movable type by Johann Gutenberg that broke the Church's grip on Western thought and put ideas within the grasp of all those who wished to examine them.

A microcosm of that pattern has transpired in regard to the somewhat less lofty matter of jazz reissues. Up until only recently, the quantity and quality of reissues was unflinchingly controlled by a few major companies. With the advent of the low-priced tape recorder and ready accessibility to custom record pressing, the revolution began. Collectors stormed the palace gates and seized the long suppressed treasures, breaking the stranglehold of the hoarding private collector and the monolithic majors. Thus, egalitarianism finally came to America's great art form. The result has been an unprecedented deluge of superb music.

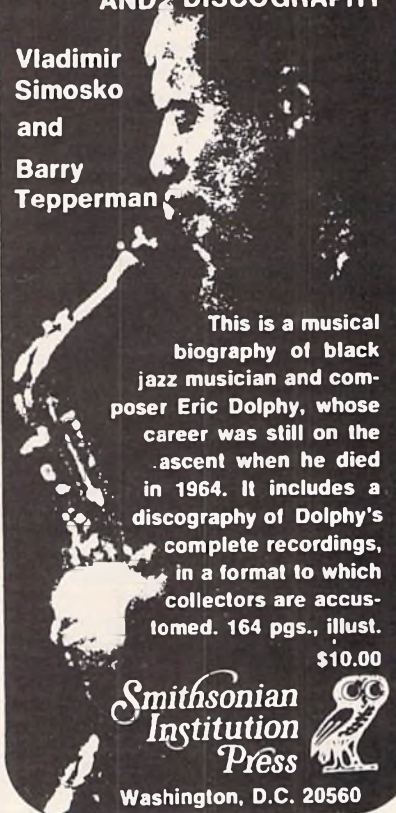
Among the many labels, four have emerged as preeminent: Sunbeam, Tax/Jazz Society, Jazum, and Jazz Archives. They are the Gutenbergs of American jazz, and have brought democracy to record collecting.

Sunbeam (Van Nuys, Cal.) is the progeny of Alan Roberts, sound engineer and intensely loyal Benny Goodman fan. Using Russ Connor's BG discography to guide him through the labyrinthine complexity of Benny's recorded works, Roberts began the organized issue of virtually every pre-1939 disc Goodman ever made as both sideman and leader in 1971. Now, 41 LPs later, Roberts can be proud of his work. Among the best are three Lps covering Goodman's 1935 NBC Thesaurus date (SB 101-103), 11 documenting prime airshots from late 1937 (Krupa, James, Hampton, Wilson, etc.) in the Manhattan Room (SB 116-127), five beautifully recorded broadcasts from BG's famous Congress Hotel gig of 1935-36 (SB 128-132), and a series of *Early Years* LPs of pre-1935 Columbia (SB 138-140). All rate at least 4 on a 5 point scale, with the warning that such comprehensiveness insures that you get the droppings as well as the gold. Others in this superbly detailed series include all manner of sideman gigs and some early *Let's Dance* radio material in which Goodman and Bunny Berigan combine for a stabbing *Honeysuckle Rose* (SB 100).

Sunbeam has also issued some fine non-BG items. There's a nice 1935-39 Tommy Dorsey with a welcome abundance of Bud Freeman (SB 201) and a pair of Harry James b'casts

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(SB 203), with one side offering some jazz interest. But the best are a Coleman Hawkins air shot set (SB 204) and 16 of 20 sides Ziggy Elman made in 1938/39 with the Goodman reed section. Both are well worth having. Soon due are three excellent BG V-disc LPs, a Woody Herman featuring his earliest known airshot (1936), and an Isham Jones b'cast set featuring Herman shortly before he took over leadership of the band.

Tax and Jazz Society are two labels out of Sweden, lovingly assembled by Carl Hallstrom and distributed in the U.S. by Zim Records, Jericho, N.Y. Distinguished by very high sound standards, Tax LPs emphasize studio sessions while JS concentrates on live material.

Among the most widely praised has been a superb Lester Young collection of alternate takes from the famous 1938 Kansas City Six Commodore date as well as choice Columbia items (Tax m-8000). Much worthwhile late '30s Ellington not included in Columbia's various reissues (which admittedly contain the cream) is collected on m-8001, 8010, 8012. Cootie Williams' classic small group dates of the same period are laid out on m-8005, 8011. Tax also has the finest existing John Kirby collection (m-8016), the best Jimmy Lunceford since Columbia's Lunceford Special in 1968 (m-8003), and a Frankie Newton, which despite an excess of vocals, features a wealth of Newton's trumpet and Tab Smith's Hodges-laced alto (m-8017).

The Jazz Society line offers the most exciting Benny Carter big band (1943-46) yet heard on LP (AA 502), plus rewarding surveys of Ellington (AA 501) and Coleman Hawkins (AA 504) drawn from '40s air shots. The Basie band of 1944, with Lester Young,

is in fine form on AA 505; and some of the greatest Don Byas ever is on AA 500.

This winter JS will release what is perhaps the vintage Ellington collection of the decade, a relaxed on-the-spot private recording made in Fargo, N.D., in the fall of 1940 when the band was at its zenith. Since it features the original acetates, the sound quality will surpass any previous "edition" of the material. A must!

Bill Love (Pittsburgh, Pa.), former president of the International Association of Jazz Record Collectors, has aimed most Jazum releases at the advanced collector, who is often more interested in a record's historical significance than its musical impact. Consequently, many Jazums have an academic quality about them.

Six of these albums are notable exceptions, however. Jazum 4, 10, 11, 24, 25, 26 feature wartime Town Hall Concerts by Eddie Condon and associates, and make up a virtual who's who of swing: Gene Krupa, Ed Hall, Lips Page, Rex Stewart, Bobby Hackett, Pee Wee Russell, and many others. They are among the most joyous, free wheeling, and universally enjoyable jazz LPs now available. Happily, more are on the way.

Jazum has also joined the Goodman sweepstakes with five LPs (Jazum 7, 16, 17, 18, 19) of 1935-39 Victor sides. Some rare alternates (*Ding Dong Daddy*, *Mad House*, et al.) appear on LP for the first time. A sixth BG is an irate catch-all of recent Arthur Godfrey air shots (1960) and private party tapes (Jazum 27). Coming soon is a seventh, featuring a well-recorded Goodman b'cast from Chicago's Blue Note (1952). Save for a good Bob Crosby set (Jazum 5), the other LPs are anthologies of both obscure and renowned

items too varied to detail here.

Perhaps the most fascinating in its variety and scope is Jerry Valburn's Jazz Archives line (Plainview, N.Y.). Its Charlie Christian-Lester Young LP (JA 6), made up of Goodman sextet sessions, is perhaps the most exciting reissue to appear this decade. A second Christian set (JA 23) is due shortly. But there's much more. Two Duke Ellington Cotton Club collations (JA 12, 13) offer unparalleled glimpses of the band in live 1938 broadcast performances. An electrifying set of Roy Eldridge airshots from 1939 will soon be supplemented by an LP of incredible live Eldridge from the Three Duces in 1937 (JA 24). Important Basie and Lester Young LPs (JA 16, 18) fill in vital gaps in their respective careers and overcome occasionally muddy sound through their sheer artistic power. A brilliant Louis Armstrong set (JA 20) showcases the master in the context of his greatest All Star ensemble (Teagarden, Hines, Bigard, Catlett) and sounds great to boot. Valburn will continue his marvelous series with albums of Ray Noble 1935 airshots (JA 22), Tommy Dorsey transcriptions from 1935/36 (JA 26), and others on bands that played the Savoy.

Together these four labels represent an assembly of some of the most important, exciting and unusual jazz performances ever made available to the public. Other specialized labels that should be mentioned are Aricheck, Joyce, Phoenix, Sounds of Swing, Swing Era, Radiola, I.A.J.R.C., and Bandstand. As a group they represent the most significant expansion of jazz literature in history. The '70s are truly the golden age of recorded jazz, from both a historical and a contemporary perspective.

—mcdonough



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# John Klemmer



by leonard feather

Much has happened to John Klemmer's career, in terms of the broadening and internationalization of his impact and activities, since his previous *Blindfold Test* (db 11/9/72).

Originally called by Don Ellis to leave Chicago and join him in California, he was heard with Ellis in a series of concerts and festivals (Antibes and Newport, 1968; Monterey, 1970), then finally got to play a major festival gig as a leader in his own right, when he appeared at Montreux in 1973. His *Magic And Movement* album was a combination of live performances at that event and at the Ash Grove in Hollywood.

During the past couple of years Klemmer's experiments with electronics, a result of his incumbency in the Ellis orchestra, have produced a series of highly imaginative works performed on tenor and soprano with echoplex. In this period also he won the 1973 db International Critics Poll (TDWR) on tenor.

Studying orchestration and film scoring with Albert Harris, Klemmer also has expanded his writing scope. His big band charts include *The Old Man's Tear* for Ellis and *The Beauty of Her Soul* for Bobby Bryant.

He was given no information about the records played.

blindfold

test

**1. BUDDY RICH.** *Chameleon* (from *Very Live at Buddy's Place*, Groove Merchant). Sal Nistico, tenor sax; Herbie Hancock, David Rubinson, composers.

Before I get into my comments about the record, I'm going to go along and rate according to stars, but I'd like to mention that I'm giving each artist five stars... this is something that bothers me in society in general—I guess it's the concept of original sin, and that we have to work up from there to better ourselves. So whatever rating I give, starting with the five stars first and going backwards.

The composition is a very popular Herbie Hancock tune. I enjoy the feel of it and I think that's what's exciting about what's happening right now. I think jazz and jazz artists have found a way to communicate with a large audience through rhythm and blues concepts. The accent of the music is more on the rhythm than on the harmonic and melodic content. And I find that very enjoyable, because you can tap your foot to it, it makes you feel good, it's a happy feeling. I've always been a believer that one of the things that hurt jazz, as far as reaching a large audience, was that you couldn't tap your foot to it any more. And that was one of the first things that excited me about jazz.

I haven't any idea who the artist was. The closest I could guess would be Benny Maupin, but maybe that's only because of the association of the composition with Herbie. But it felt good; I felt

it could have felt even better, more exciting and reached a higher rhythmic peak.

As far as stars, because I like that concept, I would say four stars.

**2. JOHN DANKWORTH.** *Long John* (from *Movies 'N' Me*, RCA Victor). Dankworth, composer, alto sax; Paul Hart, violin.

I have no idea who it is; however, there's a thought floating round in my head—I know there was an album with Jean-Luc Ponty and Frank Zappa, and something about this struck me in that area.

It didn't knock me over. I like the music to really have impact upon me. I thought it had interesting textures with the violin, and wah-wah pedal. But the track and the composition as a whole really didn't have a strong impact on me. I think that when something is not compositionally strong, can't hold its own, I feel that the people playing it, the soloists, must add what's not there in the improvisation, and take it beyond... and that didn't happen for me. Yet I enjoyed the approach and the feel.

I think I'd say four stars because I like the feeling... it made me feel good.

**3. THAD JONES—MEL LEWIS.** *Yours and Mine* (from *Potpourri*, Philadelphia International). Billy Harper, tenor sax; Jones, composer, flugelhorn.

Again, I have no idea who that is. I enjoyed the composition; it's very pretty, very lyrical. As with the last track, it didn't really have the impact that I look for—the emotional impact... or even the technical impact.

The saxophonist's intonation bothered me and at times the ensemble parts seemed a bit sloppy here and there. That's about what I get from it. As far as a rating, I'd say three stars because it was pretty.

**Feather:** The saxophonist was Billy Harper, and the band was Thad Jones-Mel Lewis. The composition was Thad's.

**Klemmer:** I'm really surprised. That's a great band, a tight band. I also noticed a difference in the difference of the mix; it didn't seem to be as clear. Mixing for a big band is a very difficult thing.

**4. ELVIN JONES.** *By George* (from *Live at the Village Vanguard*, Enja). Jones, drums; George Coleman, tenor sax, composer; Wilbur Little, bass.

I can really identify with that kind of concept. I used to have a group quite a long time ago, in Chicago, before my first album, which was pianoless. The music on that record I really enjoy... the interplay...

As far as who it is, a lot of different things went through my mind, a lot of people, and by the end of the record, I flashed on that it might be Elvin. Then there were shades of John's playing in it; but I don't think it was Coltrane. I think it was someone who is very into John's playing.

Five stars for the music because it felt good and it swung and it was happy. I never lost interest in it. I think possibly it's one of the trios that Elvin's been leading lately.

**5. EDDIE JEFFERSON.** *Trane's Blues* (from *Things Are Getting Better*, Muse). Jefferson, vocals; Joe Newman, trumpet; Mickey Tucker, piano; Billy Mitchell, tenor sax; John Coltrane, composer; Chris Hall, lyrics.

First of all, I enjoyed the feeling of swing. I was struck naturally by the lyrics. It's not very often that you hear somebody singing about John Coltrane and Bird. However, that one little interlude toward the end, the lightheartedness, the tongue-in-cheekness of it, kind of bothered me, just because I revere those people so highly.

The trumpet solo and the piano solo were cool, they were okay. Generally, from the feeling of the music, I would say a rating between three-and-a-half and four stars. I don't know who it was. The only artist I know of in that idiom is Jon Hendricks.

**6. SONNY ROLLINS.** *First Moves* (from *The Cutting Edge*, Milestone). Rollins, tenor sax, composer.

That, of course, was Sonny Rollins. Sonny was my very first influence. I had heard some Coltrane records, but I was really captivated by Sonny Rollins and I think he's a genius. I've done a little bit of teaching in the last couple of years, and I use Sonny Rollins—what I know about him, what I've studied about him, and his records—more or less as a textbook. Sonny has gone through so many different periods of experimentation and exploration.

I think the last track from his latest album is an example of his involvement with making simple changes and developing his phrasing and his ideas rhythmically, just taking two or three or four notes and constantly twisting them around. Sonny seems now to be reverting to a period that I call his "Night at the Village Vanguard" period—*Sonnymoon for Two*. Of course anything he wants to play, I love and want to listen to. However, there was a period after that—I think when he was on RCA, with records like *The Bridge* and *Sonny Meets Hawk*—that time of Sonny's playing I enjoy most of all. He was getting quite abstract. But five stars... all the stars for Sonny. db

# Profile

## WOODY SHAW

by arnold jay smith

Woody Shaw sounds like a liner note when he says he is a "prolific sideman." But Joe Fields' Muse Records will soon see to it that Sideman Shaw becomes Leader Shaw with the release of an as yet untitled LP. Woody, who has spent the past two years in San Francisco, has recently come "back to my roots—New York."

"I would like to do some things of my own. For awhile most record companies looked at me as though I was crazy. I want to move ahead. I hear so much bullshit music today. I think I'm one of the better trumpet players and it's time for me to be heard. My inspiration has been my woman, Katrina Krinsky, who is a classical pianist. She helped me compose my tunes. Right now, I'm out to find Woody Shaw, and not necessarily to make a whole bunch of money. I want to play some good music. I feel a lot of musicians have sold out, making money rather than music. People like Freddie Hubbard, and Herbie Hancock should come on back and swing more. I love those cats, but it's time to get back to the essence of the music. They're giving it away. Now it's the white musicians who are straight ahead; it's our music."

"At one time I swore I'd never have a white musician in my band; then I went West and found the musicianship among the blacks bad. Virtually everybody that played with me had to be taught basic things like chord changes. I ended up using white musicians. I'm true to the music first and those cats would be cookin', so I could at least get my rocks off playing. I haven't the time to spend teaching; I got to play. I don't MIND teaching. BUT I GOT TO PLAY! That's why I came back to New York; I got fed up with the musicians out

there."

Woody mellowed when he spoke of playing. "If the cat can blow, I'm going to use him. I'm into the fact of the music. There's a drummer named Terry Bozzio. He's a bitch, he's white, and I wish I had him. If one cat is better than another, I'll try to get him. I've realized I can't hire a musician just because he's black."

A Sunday New York Times article by Archie Shepp some years back summed up a black man's frustration with fellow blacks' seeming indifference to jazz. The tone of the piece was simply, "Black man, get your shit together."

"That's what I'm talking about. I think black people will start to support their music now. Since I've been in New York, I've been amazed at the turnout for concerts and whatnot. My old man is very hip, he and I are going to be doing some things in New Jersey, carry the music to the people. I dig Sly and I listen to 20th century music like Scriabin, but it's a shame you have to go all the way to Europe to get appreciated in jazz. One guy came up and kissed my shoes. 'Hey man, get up. It's a natural experience. You dig the music, my music, that's natural for you.'"

Laudinberg, North Carolina was home to Woody Shaw. Gospel music, through his father's interest, was the first music he heard live. His dad had a group called the Diamond Jubilee Singers that Woody watched and learned from. Recording provided diversification in the form of Jimmie Lunceford, Nat King Cole, Meade Lux Lewis, Tito Puente and Lester Young. His first trumpet voicings were Louis Armstrong and Harry James. "I started playing my own horn the same month and year that Clifford Brown was killed, 1956." He was eleven, and in the junior high school drum and bugle corps. "A teacher, Mr. Jerome Ziering, would bring in things by Bix Beiderbecke and Dizzy Gillespie. You know, things that looked like fly shit on paper, if you've ever seen a Diz solo. Well, that's what I had to learn how to read. He knew what I wanted to do, but he also put me around trumpet players that were into *La Traviata* and *Carnival Of Venice*; I learned that, too."

Next came Newark, New Jersey, at the High School of Performing Arts, where the alumni included Wayne Shorter, Scott LaFaro, Sarah Vaughan, Connie Francis and Tyrone Washington. Woody quit at 16, squelching a classical career, and began gigging with the likes of Willie Bobo, Eric Dolphy, Kenny Dorham, Lou Donaldson, Larry Young, Hank Mobley and Freddie Hubbard. Dolphy



RON WARWELL

## BUTCH MILES

by ben shaw

Butch Miles had played only two gigs with Count Basie just prior to last Christmas. Understandably, his head was still in a whirl, since he had joined the Count immediately after ending his lengthy association with Mel Torme.

"I have always considered Sonny Payne to be one of the greatest big band drummers that ever was," Miles enthused. "To be sitting up there in his seat night after night . . . those are mighty big shoes to fill."

Butch was reflecting on a situation of which most of us never have the opportunity . . . the realization of a boyhood dream. Raised in Hinton, West Virginia, the 30-year-old drummer thought back to the days when, at the age of six, he would direct street traffic for the Hinton High School Marching Band, just so he could follow the drums in the parade.

"I always had been drawn toward the drums ever since I could remember. I would even sneak into the band room at school during the night hours when nobody was around and while the living tar out of them. I got my first drum for my tenth birthday and joined a band, even though I couldn't read."

It was Butch's inherently fine sense of mimicry which landed him a job with his high school band. "I just listened to the best drummer at the audition and copied him. They gave me the nod. I really never had any formal training. In 1960, my head was with the Basie Band and Sonny. Then I got

caught up with Brubeck and Joe Morello. Joe was a tremendous technician. My own left hand is nowhere like it used to be, because I constantly worked on finger control. In the few years working with Mel, I found that finger control and subtle light touches on the drum set have almost no part in playing with big bands, unless that band is like Basie's . . . where the range of dynamics is such that I have to play very soft or I have to play very fast and soft.

"But it's not the same as playing with a Dave Brubeck quartet where everything that Morello did was incredible. His main machine gun-like technique was the great finger control he displayed. The incredible finger control and incredible everything else that Louis Bellson owned caused him to be one of my influences. I don't think I ever heard Louis screw up. He has always been so 'correct' . . . and boy, that bothers me. I've seen Buddy drop a stick. I've seen Sonny break a stick. I've seen Joe Morello reach out for something and not quite make it, but I have never heard Louis mess up."

"I started out to copy these giants. I copied Gene immediately. I copied Sonny and Buddy. People who are purists will condemn this by saying, 'You should not copy someone. You should be yourself.' This is fine. But until you can find yourself, you need somebody to look up to. I don't know of anybody who, one day, stood up and announced, 'I'm going to play exactly like me, without ever hearing somebody else or without ever having ideas come from somewhere else.'"

When I played in Detroit for the Austin-Moro big band, I tried to get away from sounding like Buddy, but I couldn't do it because, honestly folks, that's the way I play. I don't consciously sit down



and emulate Buddy. I just come off that way."

What are Butch's thoughts on his ex-boss, Mel Torme? "I came to Mel over three years ago. I sat in with him at Lofy's in Detroit and he offered me a job. I opened with him permanently in L.A. Mel put into my head, inside of those three years, a good 20 years of musical training."

"Being with Mel was like going to school everyday. It was learning musical perfection. I think Mel Torme, at this point, is the best vocalist in the world . . . for what he does. He has the phrasing, the imagination, the musical knowledge of an absolute genius. He composes and arranges like a champ. He is a fantastic author. Being with Mel was a beautiful experience that I will never forget. He opened innumerable doors for me. I recorded a live album with him last September at the St. Regis in New York with Al Porcino's big band. This could be the best album Mel has ever done. I could do two weeks on Mel Torme. He is an in-



heard him with Bobo and he was hired. *Iron Man* was the album that came out of that association, with the likes of Richard Davis and Bobby Hutcherson in the group. "That was fascinating for me, being only 18 at the time with my first record date. We went our separate ways until a year later when Dolphy invited me to join him in Paris." The date was not to be realized for Dolphy died prior to its fruition. "The club owner was nice enough to pick up the plane fare and I played with some European cats. I stayed there for about a year working with Kenny Clarke, Donald Byrd and Art Taylor."

Woody's other recorded work came with Horace Silver, *The Jody Grind* and *The Cape Verdian Blues*, both on Blue Note. He has also recorded sets with Jackie McLean, McCoy Tyner and some "experimental" things with Chick Corea like *Tones For Jones Bones*. Then came drugs at 24. "I don't regret it because now I'm stronger than ever. Bobby Hutcherson kept me together; my woman cleaned me up. Bobby could be the top vibist; we feel alike about the music. I'll play anything. I feel a need to reach as far as I can into it, whatever the music. I love jazz, which means swinging, and that's the difference."

"I want to play with the people who feel the same way I do. I've been hooked up with Buster Williams. Besides being among the best bassists around, I just love to hear him rap. I sat in with him and a group at Boomer's with Sonny Fortune, who was leaving with Miles the next day. Presto, I had a gig. They'll be on the Muse record with me."

Woody is puzzled at the dearth of musicians the stature of Miles Davis or Freddie Hubbard. "I could name a few, Eddie Henderson, Charles Sullivan, Charles Tolliver, some others, but those younger cats..." He shook his head. "I've seen a lot of musicians get too much, too soon. You gotta pay dues. All of that comes out in your music. What you live comes out as you play. With electronics, people tend to forget acoustics. Some people are electrifying on their acoustic instrument, like McCoy. I'd like to be better heard in front of a loud band, so it's not all bad. But it's got to produce a legit sound. It hurts me to hear Miles; he's got the most beautiful trumpet tone."

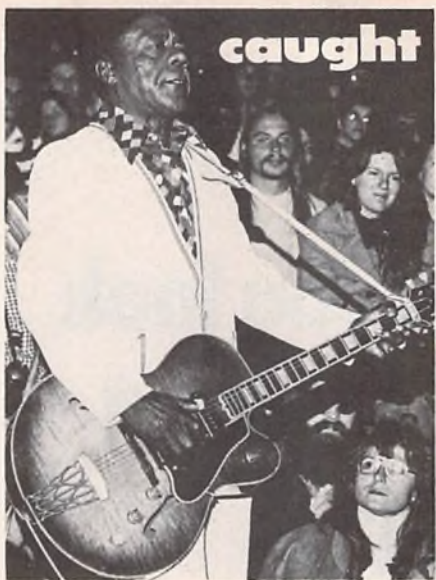
Tyner has approached Woody with a big band idea. If he does what he likes, attaches himself to a "sound maker" and gets that all-important exposure, Woody won't be plagued by identity problems. "How come the public can tell me apart from Freddie, but the critics can't?" **db**

credible communicator."

How does Butch Miles interpret his own style? "I am super critical when it comes to my own playing. I get called down about this from my friends and associates. They ask me why I don't accept what I'm doing. If you can accept yourself as a person, then you can relieve the pressures in your own head not to be perfect. Music is something that has to be worked upon, thought about and invented to the point where you are growing all the time. I am always searching for new things."

"The Basie Band has given me the opportunity to do things I have never done before. Being with this band has made me extremely conscious of the time. I don't think I have ever heard a technically perfect time-keeping drummer. I like to think of time as being flexible and flowing. If it starts to cook and if it picks up a little... then fine, it picks up. If I had my choice of rushing or dragging, then I would rather rush... because if done properly, it adds excitement and overall impact to the band. Dragging will put the boys to sleep, as well as everyone else."

Butch Miles would also like to get into the ranks of writer/arrangers. He used to compose when he was with a trio some years ago. "Musically, my knowledge on phrasing and chordal structure is pretty limited, but in the years that I was with Mel, I gleaned some ideas and thoughts from him. When I started out in school, I was often asked what I wanted to be. My flat answer then, as it is now, is simply to be the best drummer in the world. Period. It goes beyond that now. I know I can't make that my whole life. If I did, I would become a one dimensional personality. But if I keep my head straight, then everything else will take care of itself." **db**



## THE BERKELEY BLUES FESTIVAL

Univ. of California at Berkeley

After a five year absence, the Berkeley Blues Festival returned to the campus of the University of California at Berkeley on January 16-17 under the auspices of the student-run SUPERB (Student Union Program, Entertainment and Recreation Board). The festival was produced by Joe Garrett, a graduate student who had worked as an associate producer on the 1968-1970 Berkeley Blues Festivals.

An overflow crowd of students, press, blues aficionados and curiosity seekers jammed into a small meeting room on the second floor of the student union to listen to a panel discussion entitled "My Roots In The Blues," which officially kicked off the festival. The panel was moderated by Garrett and panel participants included Dave Alexander, J. C. Burris, L. C. "Good Rockin'" Robinson, George "Harmonica" Smith, Bee Houston, Bukka White and Big Mama Thornton.

George "Harmonica" Smith, who said he has played harmonica for 46 years, stated that he plays best when he is angry. "I usually seem to get more out of the harmonica when I'm fighting it." Smith demonstrated his current project of adapting the harp to gospel music by blowing a gospel tune on the chromatic harp.

Bukka White noted, "The main thing when you're playing is always to have yourself a good feeling. If you don't have a good feeling or a good spirit, it's just like dropping an egg—you're gonna break." When asked if he ever worked as a preacher, Bukka quipped, "Only when I got broke."

Big Mama Thornton told the audience a few stories of her early days as a member of the Hot Harlem Revue and how she upstaged the then "Little" Esther Phillips at the Apollo Theatre in Harlem. Big Mama replied candidly to the inevitable question about Janis Joplin, "Janis was a nice person but she drank so much Southern Comfort I had to change my drink!"

The panel discussion ended with an impromptu jam which started while J. C. Burris was demonstrating the rhythmic role of the hambones. Joining J. C. were George Smith on harp, Bee Houston on guitar and Big Mama who sang and improvised her way through *Bo Diddley*.

A wildly enthusiastic SRO crowd packed

the Pauley Ballroom that evening to hear the Dave Alexander Trio, J. C. Burris, Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee, Bee Houston, George Smith and Big Mama.

Backed by drummer Ray Cotton and bassist Eddie Adams, Texas-born, Oakland-bred pianist Dave Alexander opened the show with an impressive set that later proved to be the best of the evening. Of the nine songs Alexander sang, seven were originals. Particularly impressive were *Uhuru*, an African freedom chant, *Fillmore Street, It's 1984* and *The Day The Ravens Did That Dance In The Street* as well as two old standbys—*Route 66* and *Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On*.

After years of scuffling around the Bay Area, Alexander is finally beginning to get the kind of recognition and the kind of gigs he deserves. He has two albums out on the Arhoolie label that confirm his current status as a young master craftsman of the blues. But he is an aggressive synthesist of other black music forms as well. One could hear the best of some of the boogie woogie, stride and bebop pianists and early urban electric blues pioneers, New Orleans styled r&b, Motown and funk in his playing at Berkeley. The crowd gave him a five-minute standing ovation.

Sound system problems which initially appeared to be only minor reached the most intolerable level of the evening during Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee's set. Sonny and Brownie somehow persevered despite feedback hums, high-pitched squeaks and squeals and occasional crackles. At one point Sonny stopped playing, leaned forward to the mike and said, "This mike here is sick, you should have sent it to the doctor." The audience agreed.

*Five Long Years* and *Bring It On Home To Me* highlighted Sonny Terry's portion of the set. Even with competition from the sound system, Brownie McGhee's mellow-toned voice and impeccable guitar playing were in fine form. Brownie got the audience on their feet and dancing with *Drinkin' Wine Spo-Dee-O-Dee* and an uptempo version of *Key To The Highway* backed by Sonny's warbling harp.

Los Angeles George Smith's set was the biggest disappointment of the evening. The audience's expectation level for his set was high, based on his solid reputation and past performances at the Berkeley Blues Festival. Backed by Bee Houston and the Dave Alexander Trio, he grabbed his chromatic harp, jumped off the stage and blew an opening instrumental while cutting a path through the crowd. A slow blues instrumental, sounding somewhat like Little Walter's *Blue Lights*, and a raucous version of *It's My Own Fault Baby*, in which he did his famous Dinah Washington imitation, followed. The best tune of the set was his own instrumental, *Juicy Harmonica*.

With some recent movie roles, soundtrack work and his current project of adapting the harp to gospel music, Smith has had little opportunity to gig with any regularity which may account for his disappointing performance.

Last but not least was Big Mama Thornton who surprised many in the audience by producing a harp from the inside pocket of her sportcoat and blowing a little-known Jr. Parker classic, *Wondering*. She then played *The Work Song, Rock Me Buby* and *Watermelon Man* and put away her harp to sing her own *Ball And Chain* which she noted was "... the tune that made Janis Joplin famous." A medley of *Hound Dog* and *Walkin' The Dog* followed. Announcing, "I know it's not Sun-

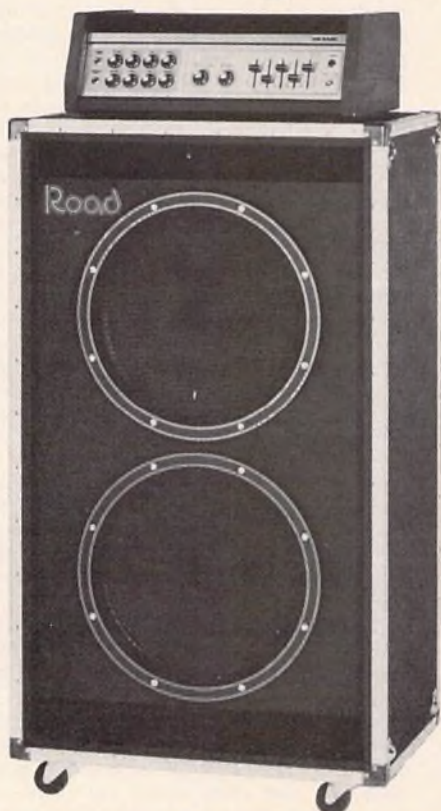
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day but we're going to church anyway," Big Mama finished her set and the show with two gospel numbers, *Oh Happy Day* and *Down By The Riverside*. Big Mama's set was uneven and she suffered from the same sloppy backing and poor sound mixing as George Smith.

The second day of the festival got underway with an afternoon workshop on country and city blues that included Dave Alexander, Bukka White, L. C. "Good Rockin'" Robinson and K. C. Douglas. This workshop turned out to be more or less an extension of the previous day's panel discussion except for a five tune slide guitar demonstration by Bukka White which was well-received.

Since the first evening's concert was dominated by urban blues stylists, the country bluesmen had the second evening's concert to themselves. Due to a fire marshal's order about overcrowding that resulted in 260 tickets being withheld from sale, the audience in Pauley Ballroom was smaller than the previous evening's SRO crowd but no less enthusiastic.

The Cajun Playboys, a local five man Cajun band, opened the show with an extended set that had many in the audience up and dancing or clapping along in time. With guitar, electric accordion, violin, washboard and drums, the Playboys performed almost all instrumentals, but the few vocals offered were warmly received.

Resplendent in a white suit, local blues guitarist and violinist L. C. "Good Rockin'" Robinson was backed by a six piece band led by two tenor sax players who occasionally knocked off some good riffs. With his band sounding somewhat unrehearsed and altogether, L. C. played a set of blues standards like *Got My Mojo Workin'* mixed in with his own material.

Next out was Booker T. Washington "Bukka" White, the performer most of the audience had waited so patiently to see and hear. Bukka made the long wait worthwhile by delivering the evening's most intense and soulful performance.

His slide technique on the National steel guitar clearly demonstrated why he has been one of the most sought after bluesmen in the Mississippi Delta style since his "rediscovery" in 1963. Much to the delight of the Bukka White disciples in the audience, he played his guitar Hawaiian-style in his lap on *Poor Boy*. His strong vocals on *Georgia Skin Game* and *Aberdeen, Mississippi* were outstanding and the audience rewarded him with a thunderous standing ovation and a much-deserved encore.

Yet another Bay Area bluesman, guitarist K. C. Douglas, brought the festival to a close, backed by his three piece band featuring harp player Richard Riggins. K. C. gave the audience a good taste of his Tommy Johnson-influenced guitar playing.

The technical aspects of the Berkeley Blues Festival were poorly produced and need drastic improvement for future festivals. Spot and stage lighting were sporadic and uncoordinated at best, while the sound was either too loud or too soft and always poorly mixed. Considering the fact that the acoustics of the Pauley Ballroom are roughly equivalent to those of a high school gym, it's a wonder the music was audible at all.

Despite the obvious production difficulties, both the audience and the performers seemed to enjoy themselves. This particular audience seemed more aware and respectful of the performers and their material than any this writer has experienced in quite some time.

—harry c. duncan

by Charles Mitchell

Clive Davis, the man who brought Columbia Records out of the musical middle ages and into the front ranks of contemporary music recording, and who was rather abruptly dumped by said label in 1973, has resurfaced in style as head of Arista (formerly Bell) Records. Readers of *down beat* are no doubt aware of this fact, which in itself would be no cause for the eyebrow-raising of either this magazine or this writer. But Davis and his label have, in the opening months of 1975, made some strong commitments to quality contemporary music of varying degrees of commercial power. These "promises in vinyl" bode well for the future of the domestic catalogue of recorded sounds. Of course, we've been teased with impressive initial releases before, only to be let down with various executive excuses for the discontinuance of assorted programs, some valid, others loaded with the usual amount of ambiguity. In the light of these considerations, a conversation seemed appropriate, and Mr. Davis graciously accepted our invitation.

The peculiar ironies of our economic system necessitate that recorded music, regardless of its suitability for mass marketing, be treated as *product*. Thus, record companies of today have much more to do with how an artist develops, especially in relation to his or her audience. Starting a label virtually from scratch in a competitive marketplace presents problems of direction for the label itself, and further problems in creating an organization that will best suit today's generally more industry-aware musicians. Addressing himself to the first problem—a direction for Arista—Davis said, "The only common denominator is quality: you want to have a quality label, and you want to have a successful label. One doesn't just pick a single area of music. Labels that have concentrated on a single area of music have had to broaden after a short period of time, anyway, whatever kind of music they've been into in the first place. Warners had a kind of 'hip' campaign a few years ago, and then had to broaden, taking artists that they felt would basically appeal to a large audience. Whatever gilt-edged approach that Elektra/Asylum once had has now been expanded to include Tony Orlando and Dawn and Sergio Mendes: they've shown that they'll take artists who are commercially viable.

"I don't have any different approach that I haven't had previously. I look at each individual artist, and I try to see where they're unique and original, whether they have something to say melodically and commercially, or something deeper than that. We are into a lot of different areas already: progressive music, rhythm-and-blues, rock, Top-40, middle-of-the-road—we're fairly well represented even at this early stage."

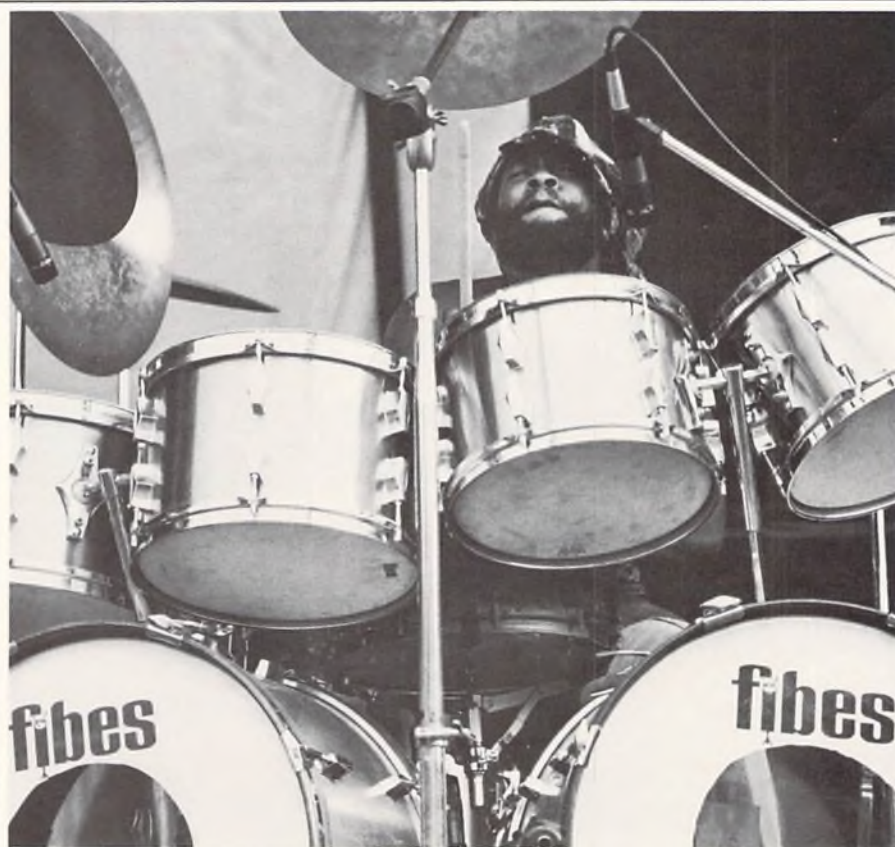
Davis confesses that he hasn't had to do much looking for talent; most of it's seeking him out. What makes Arista so desirable? Or, when the label does go after an act, what does the label do to sell the artist on coming with it? "Our approach is long-term, career-oriented. The energy level in our offices, cou-

pled with the past reputations of our executive staff and the excitement of the industry, make the artists very excited by that kind of care."

Specifically of interest to followers of contemporary/progressive music was Davis' hiring of Steve Backer, formerly of Impulse Records, as independent progressive producer and product co-ordinator. Backer, together with Michael Cuscuna, spearheaded the negotiations to acquire the excellent European Freedom catalogue. Eight albums are already on the market, with more to follow in May, and hopefully more to follow after that. Davis refers to the Freedom library as "one of the finest contemporary jazz catalogues in the world," while calling Backer "a dedicated, bright professional with a very sub-

stantial reputation." But Davis and Backer plan to search out new contemporary talent for Arista-originated LPs also. This led to an inquiry about what Davis looks for in the realm of progressive/contemporary music.

"I like to find fresh approaches. You look for originality, you look for virtuosity, and you look for a fresh impetus. For instance, we asked Michael and Randy Brecker, who fared very well in your poll, to form a band called the Brecker Brothers: they're working with Harvey Mason and Will Lee. They're very, very strong, bright talents. We've signed Herbie Hancock's group, the Headhunters, produced by Herbie and David Rubinson. Obviously, a Gil Scott-Heron (see elsewhere in this issue), who combines progressive music with r&b and the spoken word, is a major



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talent, and a unique artist. Jon Hendricks isn't necessarily young, but he's not that old either. We feel that there's a lot of current interest in Jon, and he has a very exciting album idea."

But it's here that the journalist's doubts start to rise. Obviously, some of these artists will be intrinsically more viable on the mass market than others. Is the fresh approach desired by Davis above the commercial approach? How much promotion and label support can an artist like Cecil Taylor (one of the Freedom artists) expect for his album as opposed to, say, the Brecker Brothers? Are they going to get equal treatment from the company? The questions form faster than the mind can phrase them.

Comes the answer, easily: "We have an awareness campaign of a major scale on the

whole Freedom release: it's an industry-wide campaign. Obviously, there are different things that go on with the Brecker Brothers, because they're touring in rock emporiums as well as the progressive music area. It's a little broader kind of push, but I don't think any more extensive.

"It's the same way that we formed the first Mahavishnu Orchestra. John McLaughlin came to me right after his Douglas album (*My Goal's Beyond*) and we talked about expanding the acoustic concept, working with artists such as Jerry Goodman and Billy Cobham, who were then on Columbia with the Flock and Dreams. When Joe Zawinul and Wayne Shorter came to see me, it again was a concept of doing something innovative and exciting—*not* sacrificing creativity, but realizing that there is a wider audience that can be

reached, that you don't have to pigeonhole yourself. This is also very exciting, and obviously requires a broader push, because you're not only going into progressive music channels, but also to the larger youth audience."

And the possibility of using company energies to break a Cecil Taylor album to a wider audience? "Well, we have the desire to do so, and our Freedom release has an extensive national advertising campaign in connection with it. But I'd have to say that realistically, the past has indicated that we will probably not be able to bring as large an audience to him as you can when you're able to get a few different markets on a single album. It's not easy to market Cecil Taylor to the same audience that the Mahavishnu Orchestra appeals to. If the Brecker Brothers break through as big as Weather Report, they're going to be playing before five to ten thousand people a night. It's not easy for a Cecil Taylor to do that.

"On the other hand, if you're in progressive music, you do have an obligation to document an important statement where it's being made, to attempt over a period of time to work toward broadening the audience for people who are really major influences on music. We are going to make a major push in that area, and I would hope that the audience continues to broaden."

The reason that this point comes up at all, of course, is that it's really a musician's question. Many times, with many labels (including Columbia during Davis' own tenure) this writer would hear a musician relate that he had been signed up for one or two albums, he made them, they were high-quality, they got great press, and then the company sat on them—late release dates, no promotion. They don't feel that their music has been properly distributed or marketed, yet it's they who get axed when the albums don't sell.

Davis is quick to reply, insisting that this is only one side of the story. "The company could show you, for example, that they spent \$40,000 in advertising and another \$20,000 to record, or vice versa, and then the album sells only 7,000 copies." But he remains optimistic: "It's exciting how the progressive music virtuoso is getting a larger audience overall. I gave an interview a few years ago in *down beat* (Sept. 16, 1971) where I got a lot of reaction because I was talking eagerly about music that points to broader horizons. Some people resented it; to others, it was encouraging to see that I was encouraging musicians to broaden their horizons and attitudes. I was working fairly closely with Miles Davis, Weather Report, Herbie Hancock, McLaughlin. It used to be that as soon as you had a hit, the inner circle of jazz devotees would put you down for having gone commercial. I think that's such a tired, worn out attitude. The way Steve Backer and I are viewing the situation . . . sure we're interested in a larger audience, but we also want to document the important statements of less 'commercial' artists."

How many times, over the years, have those of us who rejoice in the periodic enrichment of the catalogue of quality contemporary music had our hopes raised, then dashed, due to the ever-present "economic necessity" (which usually means dropping a Keith Jarrett for the New York Dolls)? That old, cynically-soured common sense forms a wall around the journalist's heart—it's an occupational hazard—but once again, I'll let down that guarded, suspicious barrier to say, "Maybe this time. . . ." db



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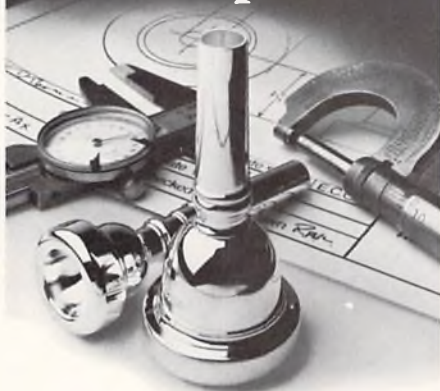
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## HOW TO produce a recording . . . Oliver Nelson style

"Last year I contracted with Nippon Phonogram to produce *Drum Battle*—four drummers on four drum sets in quadraphonic sound. It was to be four record sides in the CD-4 process, where a special stylus plays back four surfaces at once."

"My first task, then, was to sign four top drummers, each having a distinct sound, who would still be compatible in a multiple-percussion studio situation. And in a few days, Louis Bellson, Shelly Manne, Paul Humphrey, Willie Bobo, and I were at lunch to talk about which studio and what engineer could handle the special leakage problems of so many percussion instruments at once (at least five drums per man; cymbals all over the place—big ones, little ones, high hats; plus Willie's special array of exotic percussion, like shakers and jawbones and scrapers), and when we could all get together for the sessions.

"They agreed with me in picking the RCA studio because the people there had been working with the CD-4 process. And they liked my choice of Mickey Crawford for engineer because he has very, very good ears and he knows that drums can peak a VU meter into the red area momentarily without really causing distortion.

"We were able to get together and I was able to reserve the studio on three different days right after Thanksgiving. So I lined up Mike Wofford, Jerome Richardson, Bobby Bryant, and Chuck Dononico to round out the band. With me, that made nine musicians. But with four of us drummers the total instruments we'd play would be around fifty, meaning we'd need maybe forty microphones. We'd even have to have a separate mike for each of Louis' bass drums.

"For the best sound, I decided to record at 30 inches per second on sixteen tracks. Then, after I had arranged for the blank tape reels, the cartage of big instruments, and the rental of a piano, we were ready to go into the studio.

"We got a break on music to play. Louis reduced three of the charts he uses in his clinics to lead sheets for Bobby and Jerome and expanded the rhythm section. Bobby brought three originals. Shelly furnished a couple of lead sheets on blues tunes. Paul brought an arrangement from his own band's library, and I wrote a chart using all the variety of percussion sound we had in the band.

"Now, just to be safe in my projections of time in the studio, I try to allow a few minutes for an unforeseen mishap. Sure enough, we had one, only it wasted a lot more time than a few minutes! We thought we could leave our mikes and cables and junction boxes and amps and percussion instruments set up in Studio B from our Friday morning session to our Monday morning session. But Motown had booked a bunch of singers into Studio A for sweetening sessions on Friday afternoon. And for some reason they had to use Studio B instead. We had to shove all our big equipment up against the walls and break down our whole microphone setup. Then, when we came back Monday morning, we had to put everything together again. But this time something went wrong in one of the 24-volt DC power supplies. Every time somebody plugged in a headset the audio level would drop nearly fifteen decibels. When all the headsets were plugged in at once, nobody could hear a thing. We had to unplug, replug, and switch cables and headset junction boxes around for an hour before we tracked down the guilty cable. This mishap cut our actual recording time for the morning session from three to two hours. Then Jerome Richardson came back from lunch with a hamburger still in his mouth and I said a few words about how we were all pros and shouldn't be blowing and eating at the same time. But we did get all our music recorded without going into overtime to make up that lost hour.

"Probably Mickey Crawford's efficiency helped. He always knew instantly just what to do, like the way he solved the problem of separation with four drummers all going at once in the same studio. Each drummer had his own sound, which couldn't be allowed to leak into another drummer's mikes. But they all had to hear one another, see one another, and feel close to one another. Mickey knew exactly how many baffles to use and where to put them in order to keep all the drummers not only in touch with one another, but also in touch with the bass. Each drum set still recorded absolutely dry—no echo, no reverb—on its own separate track. Then, on remix, Mickey added reverb and the other broadening effects. The result sounded spacious, yet each drummer sounded as clear as if he had recorded all alone. Every member of the band was pleased with his own sound, as well as with the total sound.

"Therefore, my dear wife Audrey, who took care of a thousand bothersome details before, during, and even after the production, could put a tape by a satisfied producer, a satisfied engineer, and satisfied band members on the plane to Japan.

"But there's more to producing a professional master tape than just the mechanics. The budget has to be the first consideration. Here are some approximate costs for a three-hour session at a top studio:

Studio rental:		Blank tape (at 30 IPS):	
Recording time	\$300	Three reels of 2-inch tape	\$315
Playback time	25	Three reels of ½-inch tape	75
Remix time	150	Six reels of ¼-inch tape	90
Musicians:			
Per man—non-doubling,	\$100		
first double,	20		
second double,	15		
Rental of electric piano:	\$ 40		
Taxes: \$53			

Added to these approximate figures will be some unpredictable expenses, like composition fees; arranging fees; copyists fees; cartage of drums, amps, and the like; rental of rehearsal facilities; matching money for salary deductions such as welfare and pension funds of FICA; transportation of personnel; and *per diem*.

Then, if all the costs have been met, there may be something left for the producer. And by that time he ought to have learned why "angel" has come to be the showbiz title for an understanding financial backer.

by Oliver Nelson

A sequence is a repetition of a pattern on a different scale step. As long as the original pattern is correct, any irregularities which might appear in its sequences are justified.

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continued on page 45

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## SCOTT-HERON continued from page 14

—the spectrum, everybody. But primarily the heavies, the ones you don't hear too often on the radio.

**Townley:** Did you grow up in New York?  
**Scott-Heron:** I went to high school in New York. I got there when I was 13 or 14.

**Townley:** How prevalent is your style of vocalizing in New York? I'm sure a lot of people compare you to The Last Poets.

**Scott-Heron:** It's about 3,000 years old. That's what I heard . . . Imamu Amiri Baraka (Leroi Jones) used to do it. He started back in the early, early '60s with the people from the Kuumba House, the Spirit House, in Newark. He had percussionists and they were playing all types of African string instruments; and one by one the poets would come up to the mike and rap their poem to the accompaniment and step back.

When questioned about it after one of the shows, he said it was the traditional way African poetry was delivered. Words along with the rhythms; just the songs and dancing along with the rhythms. But I saw a lot of people doing it. There were The Last Poets. We had a group and there were other groups. There were a lot of people who were doing that, but what they were saying established the difference. For the people who listened, the difference was fairly clear.

**Townley:** There are a couple of organizations in the Midwest—there's one in St. Louis called BAG (Black Artists' Group), which cooperatively promotes poetry and music.

**Scott-Heron:** Right. The Watch Profits had the same type of thing going that was represented on their album; then there's Wanda Robinson, Nikki Giovanni, the Village Poet, Jason Rohrs. It's just that the amount of attention these artists receive is relative to the amount of attention people in other areas of black music receive. They don't receive that much publicity because what they are saying isn't *I Shot The Sheriff* by the Wailers—I mean (laughter), by Eric Clapton. Anyway, you get the point, it's not that. So it doesn't get played. Check it out. It's a racist trip. We do a great deal of the record buying, yet we don't have a great deal to do with which records are jammed down our throats. That's what *The Revolution Will Not Be Televised* was about—cultural racism. Of course, this isn't any real exposé, we've been into this for years and years. But just because it's nothing new doesn't mean that artists aren't going to continue to speak out on it. It's going to be a problem as long as it goes unmolested by the people in the media who do have some control.

**Townley:** Do you think a lot of people have tried to commercialize their sound in the '70s in order to make the money needed to get through the '70s? Do you feel a move in that direction?

**Jackson:** There are various forms, man. The idea moves in different forms, you know, like life itself. Whatever form it decides to lay into, whatever the form the musicians decide to lay into, that's the way it is.

**Townley:** Then you feel these are just progressions? Changes?

**Jackson:** Yeah, changes.

**Scott-Heron:** In reality, the doo-wops moved more than did the brothers who are playing jazz. A lot of progressive musicians got their

trip electrified, but that was related to general productions, like the production of a show or the production of an album. It was out of necessity. Those nine-foot baby grands don't move so easily, plus when they're brought outside they go out of tune. There is a need for the electric thing within a mobile framework. But rock'n'rollers, rhythm & blues cats, they arranged their horns in more intricate ways, they arranged their basic rhythms in more different ways, yet leaving more room for improvisation within the structure. When progressive artists started using the same equipment because of the mobility trip, sounds were already there. The question, however, isn't whether or not Miles Davis could play heavy syncopation like Sly. The question is why nobody takes four minutes of Miles and puts it on AM radio, like they do four minutes of Herbie or four minutes of Deodato. It's accessibility, and falls on the head of the dude doing the selecting and whatever pressures are on him.

**Townley:** Brian, when did you get together with Gil?

**Jackson:** In '69 at Lincoln University in Pennsylvania. We started a group there called The Black & Blues. Four of the people in that group are in our present group—Victor Brown, the vocalist; Adenola Eddie Knowles, one of the three percussionists; Gil and myself.

**Scott-Heron:** Yeah, a lot of people want to know who that is playing flute on *The Bottle* (uncredited on the *Winter In America* album). It's Brian. And *Your Daddy Loves You, Back Home*, those are all his arrangements. Now everybody is starting to take more of a part in the arrangements.

**Jackson:** Yeah, that's the best possible arrangement there is.

**Scott-Heron:** Dig, to have everybody contributing. First of all, people notice that the accent in the new band is on the rhythms. We're trying to get back to African rhythms, even to the point of playing traditional percussion instruments and using three percussionists. That's the thing that's happening on the East Coast right now. A lot of people wonder what happened to the guitar or what happened to the second horn. But the rhythms are much more important because they generate melody in themselves.

**Jackson:** That's what's happening all over. Rhythm is emerging as the new king. During parts of history, different instruments emerged as the instruments that communicated best what was happening at the time. I think it was the bass right before what's happening now. It's a backwards evolution, really, that would take you to the heartbeat. The more we get away from the heartbeat in our own lives, the more it will be present in our music.

**Scott-Heron:** The heart is the center of what's happening. Before the drum, the bass; before the bass, maybe the horn; before the horn, when people like Count Basie and Duke Ellington were pulling the scenes together, it was the piano.

With work songs, blues songs, everything, rhythm was there. Rhythm would be there in the church, either with the piano or foot-stomps. In the blues, it would be in the way the chant was going down, even if it was unaccompanied. In the work songs sometimes people would be digging up the earth and would get that "thumping" sound. With everybody pulling together, there would be singular purpose and a single beat. **db**



fluences in lead alto playing. And he was a great soloist, too.

"I got a lot more playing experience with Erskine Hawkins, Ruben Phillips and his Apollo band in New York, Louis Bellson's big band, Quincy Jones, Basie, and Ellington, just about everybody except Lionel Hampton. But my first success as a leader and composer came when Creed Taylor asked me to put together, in New York, a recording group for the album, *Blues And The Abstract Truth*. I made the record with Freddie Hubbard, Eric Dolphy, Bill Evans, George Barrow, Paul Chambers, and Roy Haynes, a fantastic group of people.

"Then one of the pieces from the album, *Stolen Moments*, got published in *down beat*. And that led to other writing, so I stayed in New York for several years. But I moved to Los Angeles because of the film and television activity.

"Right now my main TV project is scoring and conducting a series called *The Six Million Dollar Man*. Sometimes an episode will require thirty minutes of music and sound effects. That's a lot for a TV show, but it's an action show. There's running and jumping and chasing all the time.

"But that's not all I'm doing now. Extra activities come along all the time. I go to clinics and jazz festivals. I give concerts and play on records. I arrange for bands and score films. I'm writing music books, and I'm into producing records now. At this moment I'm so busy that I don't have anywhere near the time to spend in my electronic studio as I'd like.

"Right here in my house. I have three synthesizers—a big laboratory Moog, an Arp 2600, and a fantastic little machine that I got in Japan on my last trip there. I have a big eight-track Ampex tape recorder, two TEAC decks, a Sony four-track, and a new Ampex two-track. It's got amazing sound, unbelievable realism. Also in my studio there are three amplifiers and eight speakers. And there's an organ, and there are two pianos. And I can't imagine what else. Sometimes it's hard to keep track.

"I'm hopeful that my TV work will get on a more regular basis next year so I can plan for more regular use of my studio. Last year, during those strikes, everything in the TV and film business got way behind schedule. We all had to double our work when they were over. And we're just now getting caught up.

"I guess I ought to mention some of my personal views on the state of music. Well, I think in this country music is given a very, very, very low profile. But the audience for American music is big in Japan and Europe. Cecil Taylor, Ornette Coleman, George Russell, artists like that, can go either place and get acclaim, just like Ellington got acclaim in Europe. But where's the audience right here in their own country for guys who are innovating, like Cecil and Ornette and George are? It's a drag, but that's the way it is. Jazz in Europe is a lot less commercial than it is here.

"Maybe that low profile for jazz is what led Herbie Hancock and Quincy and Donald Byrd to start singing. And now Freddie Hubbard is going to sing. They don't have to do that—they're great with instrumental jazz. It's unfortunate when you hear a group like Herbie Hancock's directed toward the public so much. They'll play a vamp for 15 or 20 minutes. The musical level is not where it should be. But hopefully, music is starting to

come back. I've heard a lot of people talking about that. There seems to be a lot more activity. A lot of people are starting to listen more to jazz. The kids are starting to listen to Benny Goodman and they're surprised. Young musicians emulate what they hear. Now they'll start to play that way. It's just that there's a new interest in music now. It seems to be starting uphill for a change. And all this gives me new hope for instrumental jazz. I want that activity to increase. I love that music. And that's why I'm producing jazz instrumental records."

A lot of musicians, white as well as black, owe a portion of their professional success to Oliver. For his recordings he gets together superb musicians. But there are no color lines for him. He says, "Sometimes this black-white thing almost drives me up the wall.

Jazz is where you find it." When Nippon Phonogram recently asked him to find some unknown group for inclusion on a multiple recording set he was producing for them, he took his chances with a combo containing several whites, a Chinese kid, and a black. Why? "Because they deserve to be heard!"

Oliver has said on occasion that he has almost stopped thinking his playing can reach anybody anymore. But *The Kennedy Dream* reached millions: all those plain Americans who understood the message, the Grammy award people, the President's mother, whose letter to Oliver revealed how strongly she had been touched.

Oliver writes his weekly show about a six-million dollar man. But when he writes his personal, human expressions in music, he becomes a millions-of-people-man. **db**

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can all play, but as a *band*, together, there ain't no other band, as far as I'm concerned . . . Everybody's got some music on the new record, and it's a *band* sound . . ."

White is preparing his first album as a leader; he hopes it'll be out in the near future. "What I want to do on the record," he said, "is project my experiences; whatever I feel, whatever I have to say, will be happening musically on the album. It'll be diversified, but I hope cohesive, too." The idea of *his* record prompted my question, "What would your idea of the perfect band be?" In trying to penetrate Lenny's specific musical do's and don'ts, I triggered an involved discussion. Fred Tompkins, a composer friend of Lenny's, also added his observations:

**White:** In terms of an audience, the perfect band would be the band that relates most to people: not necessarily playing what people want to hear, but just relating to them. A band that relates to a massive audience. If you're writing a particular piece of music, and you had a band to play it, and you said to the band, 'In this piece I want to create a great gorge, or a feeling of sympathy,' and everyone in the band rendered the piece the way you wanted it rendered, and the audience came out of the hall with a feeling of sympathy—then your purpose would be met. You would have communicated. People would have enjoyed it.

**Rozek:** Okay. You played me a tape, a jam with Herbie Hancock, Neal Schon, and Billy Connors, and you said, 'That's funk, to me.' So that reflects your musical values. So wouldn't the perfect band also be a band that

reflected *your* musical values in that way?

**White:** You'd have to get supermen to play, people with no fixation about any particular kind of music. When you say 'funk,' the fixation of 'funk' comes in, and your guitar player would play a certain way. But you can't have people that way . . . that's emulation, and instead you should be elemental. So then, you'd have to have a band with three guitar players . . . each musician a specialist in playing a

**"What's happening now with musicians is that it's the natural flow to listen to all kinds of music, be a part of what's around, and take all of that knowledge and synthesize it."**

certain kind of music . . . just like kickers in football, offensive and defensive teams. That's far-fetched, but a workable situation is just adaptable musicians with a common direction of music.

**Rozek:** Let me rephrase my question. Some things you hear, you don't like. That defines, in part, your musical values.

**White:** Well, if I was the primary force in the band, they'd play what I thought was good.

**Rozek:** Well, what would your guidelines be?

**White:** I can't define that sort of thing . . . it's the sort of thing, for example, that makes Miles Davis Miles Davis, John Coltrane John Coltrane . . .

**Rozek:** But we can listen to those people and discern their musical values . . . or think we can.

**White:** That's it. We think we can. In essence, only the musician knows.

**Rozek:** And it should be that way until it

comes out on the record?

**White:** Well, I'd know what I'd want to do. It's as simple as that. Then there'd be the problem of getting the other musicians to understand what I wanted.

**Rozek:** Then there *are* no defined guidelines for your musical values?

**White:** Sure! Communication! If I write a novel, I feel I'm an artist and I have something to say; I want to share it with somebody else. And if you understand what I'm trying to say, then my purpose is met. But if you read the novel and don't understand it, 'cause I used too many big words, then I need to communicate better.

**Rozek:** Well, last night we heard some music that wasn't tight. Now, would you say it wasn't good because it wasn't tight, or it wasn't good because it didn't communicate?

**White:** You saw the people go crazy, though . . .

**Rozek:** Yeah, but we didn't.

**White:** If I went to see Alice Cooper, and far-fetched as it may seem, he started playing some music, and he got 50,000 people on their feet, and they all dug it—and I didn't like it—well, that's my hangup. What he wanted to do he did, and he fulfilled the primary purpose of art.

**Rozek:** It seems as though you're saying the basic worth of music depends on how many people can accept it.

**White:** There's a select group of people that would dig that painting I did over there . . . and that's cool, I could live the rest of my life catering to an eclectic group of people. Now I just used a big word which means 'select.'

**Tompkins:** 'Esoteric' is the word you want to use . . .



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**Rozek:** I thought 'eclectic' was right . . .  
**White:** See? I used a big word and you didn't even understand it, and I didn't even understand it (laughter), so that doesn't even make sense, right? So if I wanted to say something to you, I should have said it in the most gut, one to one way.

**Rozek:** And yet, if you really wanted to reach the most people, you'd sound like Marie Osmond.

**White:** That's bullshit. I don't mean that, either. Not all music that communicates is good.

**Rozek:** Ah. Then we're getting into your musical values again.

**Tompkins:** Lenny, do you feel that all people have to react in a slightly similar way to a piece of music?

**White:** No.

**Tompkins:** That's what I was worried about . . .

**White:** I'm glad you said that. I should clear this up. In order for music to communicate, it doesn't necessarily mean that everyone has to act in a positive way toward it. AM music communicates to a large audience . . .

**Tompkins:** But it doesn't get very deep. It doesn't communicate the universal . . . the paradox is that sometimes the more universal the communication is the more varied it is. It's a freaky thing . . .

**Rozek:** Lenny, how are you working to get your music out to more people?

**White:** I don't know how much the artist can

do unless he has complete control over his product . . . control over exposure of the product. It's a matter of the musicians joining forces with the record companies, who have the promotional push . . . AM radio thinks that people's mentality is such that they can't deal with more than 40 records a week. Now, you just pick 40 records that you like—of any kind of music—and put 'em on the air. If those records were played as much as the records on AM now, I guarantee the people would go out and buy your 40 records . . . It's easier for a person to listen to something that's relaxing, or that has a good beat, but dig it—while that's not saying much for average mentality, people don't argue with AM. If there was a gradual transition, and aesthetic music was played on AM, people would listen to aesthetic music. That's happening with music today, man; younger kids are listening to the music Miles spawned more so than to The Kinks, or something . . ."

One of the most significant things Lenny said is: "I want to be known as a musician, not just as a drummer." This is probably his only "musical value"; realizing that a drummer can drum in an empty room, Lenny derives his ultimate satisfaction from communication, perhaps the defining dynamism of music: "If you've seen Return to Forever play . . . there's fun and games happening. A light air. And we communicate that. And on our records too, you can tell the music was done with light, air, and love. db

## WORKSHOP

continued from page 41



And here is a pattern which utilizes the chords to the bridge of *Cherokee*.

M.M. ♩ = 112

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# CITY SCENE

## New York

Telephone lines, this writer's principal means of communication with clubs, were wiped out in a fire, so for updated info call JAZZLINE: 212-421-3592. Showboat 3 shoves off June 7 for a week with **Lionel Hampton, Dave Brubeck, Mercer Ellington, Dizzy Gillespie, Earl Fatha Hines, Carmen McRae**, and the proverbial many more. Rumors tell of a near sell-out at this writing. The New York Jazz Repertory Company will present a concert at Carnegie Hall, April 18. The program, *75 Years Of Jazz*, has been prepared for bi-centennial presentation. It's a fund-raising event, and the \$30 hard ticket will entitle you to other events in the future, also (open rehearsals, jam sessions, etc.). Jack Kleinsinger's "Highlights In Jazz" will present **Soprano Summit of Bob Wilber and Kenny Davern**. Also on the bill will be **The Great Ellington Reunion with Brooks Kerr, Russell Procope, Sonny Greer, Francis Williams, and Al Hibbler**. That's at N.Y.U. Loeb Student Center, April 21. The Village Vanguard presents the **Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Jazz Orchestra** for an entire week beginning April 8. Boomer's brings in **Norman Connors and Jean Carn** April 9-12; **Charlie Rouse Quintet** April 16-19; **Cedar Walton** hits April 23. **Eddie Palmieri, Gato Barbieri and Airtio** will be at Fisher Hall April 13; **Freddie Hubbard and Novella Nelson** do a concert there April 20. The second of **Town Hall's New York Nights** will be presented on April 15. *52nd Street Legacy* will star **Stan Getz, Tiny Grimes, Percy Heath, Dick Hyman, Illinois Jacquet, Etta Jones, Jo Jones, Jimmy McPartland, Jackie Paris, Paul Quinichette, Slam Stewart, Billy Taylor**, and others. Taylor is musical director. Jazz Vespers at St. Peters, 64th and Park, has **David Brewer Quintet** April 13 and **L. D. Frazier Quartet** April 20. **Bette Midler** returns to Broadway April 14 at the Minskoff Theatre. **Lionel Hampton** share the bill. **Matt "Everything Happens To Me"** Dennis comes into Michael's Pub for the last two weeks in April. **Helen Forrest** still at the Rainbow Grill. **Herbie Hancock** at Hobart College, Geneva, New York, April 18. **Joe Newman** takes a quintet made up of **Roland Hanna, Mickey Bass, Roy Haynes and Budd Johnson** to South Africa beginning April 22 for three weeks. Hail the return of the National Jazz Ensemble to the New School, East 12th Street, April 19. Guest artist will be pianist-composer-arranger **Bob James**. The program features a new *Lyric Suite* for flugelhorn and jazz ensemble, written by NJE musical director **Chuck Israels**. **Dick Wellstood** at the Cookery for April. **Robin Trower** at the Academy of Music Theatre April 18. Interludes at Town Hall (5:45PM) has **Ronny Whyte and Travis Hudson** April 16; **Anita Ellis and Ellis Larkins** April 23. Jazz Interactions' Hunter College Lectures features **Ira Gitler's Saxophones in Jazz** April 11; **Thad Jones and Mel Lewis** will host *The Anatomy of the Big Band* lecture April 18. And then there's JI's birthday party April 20, that all-night affair with the Who's Who in jazz. This year they'll celebrate their tenth anniversary  
46 □ down beat

in honor of **Rev. John Garcia Gensel**, New York's jazz pastor. Sweet Basil's has **Jim Hall and Jack Six** Apr. 9-12, **Peter La Barbera and Ryo Kawasaki** Apr. 18-19, and **Nina Sheldon and Mike Moore** on Sundays. Marshmallows, Woodridge, N.J. has **Count Basie** April 13. **Chris Swanson**, Moog synthesizer virtuoso, will bring the instrument into Seton Hall University, South Orange, N.J. April 23; Farmingdale (L.I.) College has him April 24. Jazz Vespers, Memorial West Church, Newark, N.J., presents **Joe Nazzaretta Quartet** April 13. Gulliver's, West Patterson, N.J. stars the **New York Jazz Quartet (Roland Hanna and Ron Carter** are half of 'em) April 11 & 12; **Eric Kloss Quartet** in April 18 & 19; Guitar Nights have **Vic Juris** with **Eddie Berg** and **Dr. Lyn Christie** April 14 and **Jimmy Ponder** with **Ron Carter** April 21. Westbury, L.I.'s Music Fair has the **Spinners** April 21-27. Sonny's Place, Seaford, L.I. brings in **Jimmy Ponder** April 11-13; **Buddy Terry** April 18-20.

## Los Angeles

The San Fernando Valley may never be the same. Jazz is taking over from one end of Ventura down around to Lankershim. Donte's offers a mixed bag of music throughout April, but you'll have to call for the exact dates: **Randy Van Horn** with some unique vocals; **Buck Monari, Pete Barbuti, Toots Thielman**; the Section, a group of famed session musicians including **Danny Kortchmar, Craig Doerge, Lee Sklar, Russ Kunkel**, and new member on percussion, **Joe Lala**. Also booked in April is the unique trio of **Larry Carlton, Joe Sample, and Stix Hooper**, doing some moonlighting from their **Crusader** chores. The Times features **Blossom Dearie** April 10-13, **The Baroque Jazz Ensemble** on Sundays, and scheduled but without a date are **Warne Marsh, Buddy Collette**, and the **Bill Henderson Trio**. The Baked Potato expects **Lee Ritenour** back on Tuesday nights, with **Dave Grusin** on keyboards, **Harvey Mason** on drums, **Bill Dickinson** on bass, and **Jerry Steinholtz** on percussion. **Don Randi** and **The Baked Potato** band hold forth Wednesdays through Saturdays, and **Harry "Sweets" Edison** plays on Sundays. Down by the Redondo Beach Pier, Concerts By The Sea presents **Grover Washington, Jr.** April 8-13, **Jimmy Witherspoon** April 15-20, for two nights only, **Maynard Ferguson** April 21 & 22, and **Charlie Byrd** is featured from April 23-May 4. The Lighthouse is proud to host **Norman Connors** featuring **Jean Carn** on April 16-27, and **Rudy** has something special in mind April 10-16, so call for details. **The Average White Band** hits L.A. on April 15 in a rare appearance at Santa Monica Civic Auditorium. Guitarist **Joe Walsh** is due at the Shrine Auditorium on April 19. **Maxine Weldon** continues at the etc. And a noted jazz singer just may appear at McCabes in Santa Monica.

## CHICAGO

Concert news heads off this time around with an announcement of an **Art Ensemble of Chicago** "reunion" concert at the University of Chicago's Mandel Hall on April 26. The various members of the band—**Joseph Jarman, Roscoe Mitchell, Malachi Favors, Lester Bowie, and Don Moye**—have been following individual courses for some months now. **Kraftwerk**, the German electronic

rockers whose *Autobahn* is to this season of new disc releases what *Tubular Bells* was to last season, brings their bank of synthesizers into the Aragon Ballroom April 19. **Lynyrd Skynyrd** appears at the same venue May 23. **Jesse Colin Young** and **Leo Kottke** at the Auditorium May 25. The blues schedule at Biddy Mulligans on Sheridan Road reads like this for April: **Otis Rush** (newly signed to Delmark Records) April 10-12; **Jimmy Dawkins** April 17-19, **Bob Reidy** April 24-26; **Sam Lay** May 1-3. **Baraboo** holds forth every Thursday. The **Gallery Ensemble (Bobby Miller, drums; Jose Williams, reeds; Siddha Sila Hari, vocals; Calvin Jones, percussion; Billy Mitchell, bass)** has revived their Sunday evening concert series. From 6 to 9 p.m. every Sunday at the South Side Community Art Center, you can dig the art and the contemporary sounds. **Legion of Mary**, a jazz group featuring **Jerry Garcia, Merl Saunders, John Kahn, Martin Fierro, and Ron Tutt**, makes a Chicago appearance on April 18 at the Arie Crown Theatre. **America** hits the same venue April 19-20. At the Aragon Ballroom April 11, it's the **Baker-Gurvitz Army (that's Ginger Baker) and Golden Earring**. And a biggie at the Arie Crown May 8: **Mahavishnu Orchestra** and **Jeff Beck**. **McCoy Tyner** and **Azar Lawrence**, together of course, at the Jazz Medium April 9-13. Joe Segal did not have any other info on bookings at press time, so give the club a call for future dates. **Woody Herman** and his ageless Herd appear at the New Trier East High School in Winnetka on April 11. Tix are \$3.50 in front, \$4.00 at the door. Check the school out for more details. The high school's brilliant jazz ensemble will also perform.

## San Francisco

Veteran Chicago blues guitarist **Luther Tucker**, who cut his musical teeth playing with **Sonny Boy Williamson** and **Little Walter**, and in recent years has appeared as lead guitarist with such bluesmen as **James Cotton, Sunnyland Slim, Charlie Musselwhite, John Lee Hooker** and others, debuted his new band in mid-March at Country Road, on Irving St. in S.F. The **Richard Dorsey Trio**, featuring Richard Dorsey on piano, **Glenn Howell** on bass and **E. W. Wainwright** on drums, plays Fri.-Sun. at Sugar Hill. S. F. Pianist **Cecil Bernard**, best known for his keyboard work with vibist **Bobby Hutcherson** and visiting jazzmen such as **Charles Lloyd**, plays with his trio every Fri.-Sun. at Jack's, located at Sutter and Fillmore St. in S.F. Guitarist **Michael Howell** will appear in concert Sunday, April 20 at the Bach Dynamite and Dancing Society in Half Moon Bay, Ca. Howell appears frequently around town in various groups and with his own group. He appears every Sunday with the **Togetherness Band** in services at the Glide Memorial Church. The **David Berson Three**, featuring local reedman David Berson continue Fridays and Saturdays at the Cannery Coffeehouse. **Leila and Co.**, a contemporary jazz ensemble featuring the vocal interpretations of jazz vocalist **Leila Thigpen**, has been appearing Wednesdays and Thursdays at the Reunion on Union St. Other members of the group include **Brian Atkinson**, vibraphone, trumpet and flugelhorn; **Bob Scott**, drums; **Chuck Metcalf**, bass; and **Brian Cooke**, keyboards. The popular **Minnie's Can-Do Club** has relocated from Fillmore Street to Haight Street. Blues pianist extraordinaire **Dave Alex-**

ander and his group can be found there Thurs.-Sat. nights . . . **Tom Mazzolini**, founder and organizer of the San Francisco Blues Festival, recently announced that the Third Annual San Francisco Blues Festival would be held in July. Exact location was unknown at press time, but the festival will probably be held again in Golden Gate Park . . . Recent acts at Tom and Jeannie Bradshaw's Great American Music Hall have included the **Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Big Band**, **Buddy Guy-Jr. Wells**, **Bonnie Raitt**, **Tracy Nelson and Mother Earth**, **Etta James**, **Bill Evans**, **Gato Barbieri**, and **Billy Cobham**. Scheduled for April are **George Benson** April 9-10, **Maynard Ferguson** April 16, and **Doc Watson** April 23-24. **Stanley Turrentine**, **Joe Henderson**, **Charles Lloyd**, **Hubert Laws**, **Cannonball Adderly**, **Eddie Harris** and **Jimmy Witherspoon** all checked into Keystone Korner recently. Laws' appearance was a rare treat as it was only his second club engagement anywhere in the last five years. His first club engagement was at Keystone Korner in January, 1974. Vocalist **Betty "BeBop" Carter** makes her first San Francisco appearance in 11 years at Keystone Korner April 8-13. She will be backed by **John Hicks**, piano, **Stafford James**, bass and **Alfred "Chip" Lyles**, drums. Joining Betty April 11-13 will be a 20 year-old piano prodigy, **Patrice Rushen** and her quartet. Patrice was recently discovered and recorded by Fantasy Records. **Grover Washington, Jr.** checks into Keystone for two weeks, April 15-27 backed by Charles Fambrough, bass, Sid Simmons, piano and George Johnson, drums . . .

**Sonny Rollins** appeared April 5 as guest artist at the Pacific Collegiate Jazz Festival held at UC Berkeley . . . Worth noting: A late February benefit for the financially-troubled Keystone Korner Jazz Club netted the club over \$15,000 which was used by club owner **Todd Barkan** to purchase a liquor license that hopefully will help keep the 'Stone afloat . . . The San Jose Center for the Performing Arts re-opened in mid-March with a series of concerts that included **Sarah Vaughan**, **The Preservation Hall Jazz Band** and the **Bill Evans Trio** with the San Jose Symphony . . . With the cooperation of some of the Bay Area's most famous bands, athletes, and other public personalities, **Bill Graham** staged an all-day music extravaganza on March 23 at San Francisco's Kezar Stadium to benefit SNACK (San Francisco Students Need Athletics, Culture, and Kicks). The SNACK benefit show was produced by Graham in an effort to keep the San Francisco Unified School District's bankrupt cultural and sports programs going for the remainder of the spring semester. Performers included **Joan Baez**, **the Doobie Brothers**, **Mimi Farina**, **Graham Central Station**, **Jerry Garcia** and **Friends**, the **Jefferson Starship** with **Marty Balin**, **Santana**, **Tower of Power**, the **Miracles** and special guests **Willie Mays**, **Jessie Owens**, **Frankie Albert** and **John Brodie**.

## SOUTHWEST

**PHOENIX:** The Phoenix Firebird Festival of the Arts, held at the Phoenix Art Museum, has been moved up to April 18-21. As in the past, **The Charles Lewis Quintet** will be featured jazz performers. Lewis' group features flutist **Joe Corral**, from the Phoenix Symphony Orchestra, **Frank Smith** on tenor, **Bob Lashier** on bass, and **Dave Wilson** on drums. Lewis, who studied with **Oscar Peterson**, will take his group to Paolo Soleri's city of the future,

Arcosanti, for an April 27 afternoon concert, and then head back for his regular gig at the Hatch Cover. He'll also be packing into Havasupai Canyon on mules for a concert on the reservation . . . The **Lou Garno Trio** has dissolved, and Giovanni's now has a pop group called **Bright Image**. Garno has taken his vibes and reeds to the Townhouse where he's appearing with **Merrill Moore**. Drummer **Jimmy Golini** is now with the **Mike Taylor Trio** at Reubens' Scottsdale, and **Larry Crinklaw** is at Bachelors II. Garno heads up Latin Jazz Night on the first Sunday of each month at the Boojum Tree . . . The Boojum follows **Milt Jackson** with eight weeks of the

**Joe Borland Trio** . . . **Armand Boatman**, who backed Milt on the aforementioned gig, subs for **Nadine Jansen** at the Valley Ho while she heads to Frisco for the opening stint of a new Ramada Inn at Fisherman's Wharf . . . The fine local trumpeter **Tom Miles** is now touring with the **Tommy Dorsey Orchestra**, somewhere in the Caribbean . . . **Grant Wolf's Night Band** is getting very hot at the Varsity Inn, playing **Bill Bailey** ala **Supersax** and what not, so catch them on the 14th and the 28th . . . Phoenix College jazz program has scheduled a clinic with **Bobby Harriot** 4/11-12 . . . **Buddy Weed**, who played on and arranged Peter Dean's \*\*\*\* album (*db 2/27*), con-

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**LAS VEGAS:** Ben Vereen, who played Judas in *Jesus Christ Superstar*, won a Tony for *Pippin*, and is playing the lead in a TV movie about the life of **Louis Armstrong**, is headlining alongside of **Alan King** at Caesars Palace 4/17-5/7. He's now recording for Buddah . . . **Eddy Arnold** is at the Sahara 4/17-30, with **Liz Damon**, **Milt Trenier**, and **Kenny Vernon** in various rooms . . . **Lettermen** at the Flamingo, with **Lovelace Watkins** on the way . . . **Supersax** was recently impressive at UNLV's Jazz Fest.

## Buffalo

WEBR (970) and WREZ-FM (94.5) have become the city's best bet for Jazz radio. The sister stations have *Jazz Nightly* with **George Beck** from 11-12 midnite, followed by **Warren Epps** with Jazz until 6 a.m. . . . The **Johny Gibson Trio** with **George Holt** on trumpet continues at the Anchor Bar Saturday and Sunday nights . . . The Bona Vista continues to have good local and regional blues and rock bands in. Monday-Tuesday it's **Ash-Campagna**; Wednesday-Saturday, **Shakin' Smith Blues Band**; Thursday, **Spoon And The Houserockers**; Friday, Special Guest Night, (lately **King Biscuit Boy** has been in); and Sunday, **Blue Ox** . . . For insomniacs **Zimbabwe** entertains at the Port East Friday and

Saturday nights from 1:30 to 6 a.m.

## BALTIMORE

**John Denver** comes down from high atop his Rocky Mountain aerie to croon at the Capitol Center in Largo, Md. on the 12 and 13th of April . . . Hard on his heels comes **Jerry Garcia**, the best four-and-a-half-fingered rock guitarist around. He trades his Stratocaster for a banjo and picks around for 2 nights at the Kennedy Center, April 14 and 15, courtesy of Cellar Door Concerts . . . Also on the 13th, the Left Bank Jazz Society of Baltimore hosts **Sonny Stitt** at the Famous Ballroom. Business begins at five as usual . . . The 17th of April is marked as holocaust night as **Mahavishnu** brings **Jean-Luc Ponty** and the **Orchestra** to bear on the audience at George Washington University . . . Cellar Door Concerts brings a double bill of **Earth Wind & Fire** with the perennial **Ramsey Lewis** to the Capitol Center. The funk will roll for 2 days, April 18 & 19 . . . Quick wit **Lily Tomlin** speed raps her way through a show at the Kennedy Center on the 20th of the month . . . **Count Basie** and his Orchestra highlight the celebration of the 11th anniversary of Baltimore's L.B.J.S. at the posh Eastwind on the same evening . . . **Alice Cooper** welcomes Baltimore to his nightmare on April 24 at the Civic Center and hometown son **Frank Zappa** shows up at the Civic Center in full regalia with his peachy rocking teenage combo on the third of May.

## on the road

### GARY BURTON

- Apr. 25, Alfred Univ. New York, New York
- 26, Wells College Aurora, N.Y.
- 28-29, to be announced Champaign, Ill.
- 30- Amazingrace
- May 1, Chicago Ill.

### JACK DE JOHNETTE

- Apr. 17, Notre Dame Univ. South Bend, Ind.

### JOE HENDERSON

- Apr. 17, Gunn High School Palo Alto, Ca.

### WOODY HERMAN

- Apr. 10, Madison Tech H.S. Madison, Wisc.
- 11, New Trier H.S. Winnetka, Ill.
- 14, Bradley H.S. Bradley, Ill.
- 17, Winona College Winona, Minn.
- 19, Old Municipal Airport Kansas City, Mo.
- 20, Century II Wichita, Kan.
- 21, Weatherford H.S. Weatherford, Okla.
- 23, Univ. of Colorado

### Boulder, Colo.

- 24, Stevens H.S. Rapid City, S.D.
- 26, Augustana H.S. Sioux Falls, S.D.
- 27, Kahler Plaza Rochester, Minn.
- 30, Stanbery Freshman School Lancaster, Pa.

### LYNYRD SKYNYRD

- Apr. 9, Arena Oklahoma City, Okla.
- 11, Municipal Auditorium Kansas City, Mo.
- 12, Mid-South Coliseum Memphis, Tenn.
- 13, Roberts Stadium Evansville, Ind.

### CHUCK MANGIONE

- Apr. 29- O'Keefe Center Toronto, Canada
- May 3, Concord Festival Concord, Ca.
- 24, Red Rocks Amphitheater Denver, Colo.

### ART RESNICK QUARTET

- Apr. 22, Harper College Palatine, Ill.
- 23, Triton Jr. College River Grove, Ill.
- 25, Bradley Univ. Peoria, Ill.

### 26, Sangamon State College Springfield, Ill.

### PATRICE RUSHEN

- Apr. 11- Keystone Korner
- 13, San Francisco, Ca.

### PHOEBE SNOW

- Apr. 13, Cleveland, Ohio
- 14, Highland Heights, Ky.

### BILLY TAYLOR

- Apr. 11- Lincoln Univ.
- 12, Jefferson City, Mo.
- 18-20, Kingsport Symphony Kingsport, Tenn.

### CAL TJADER

- Apr. 14, Reedley College Fresno, Ca.
- 18, Univ. of California Los Angeles, Ca.
- 20, Stanford Univ. Palo Alto, Ca.

### MC COY TYNER

- Apr. 17- La Bastille
- 23, Houston, Tex.
- 25, The Admiral New Orleans, La.

### JOE WILLIAMS

- Apr. 1- Harold's Club
- 27, Reno, Nev.
- May 1-6, La Bastille Houston, Tex.

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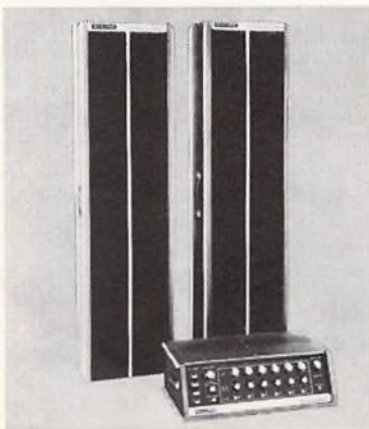
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