

JUNE 5, 1975

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the contemporary
music magazine

downbeat

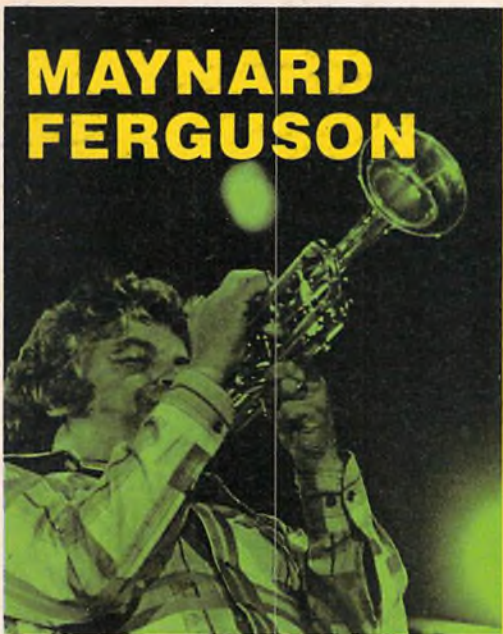
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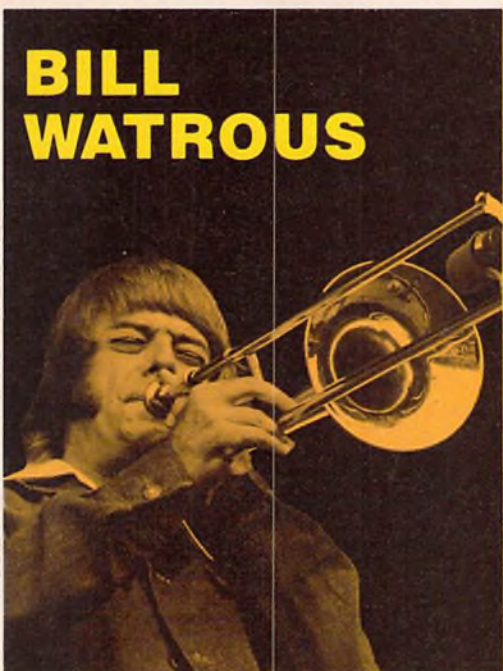
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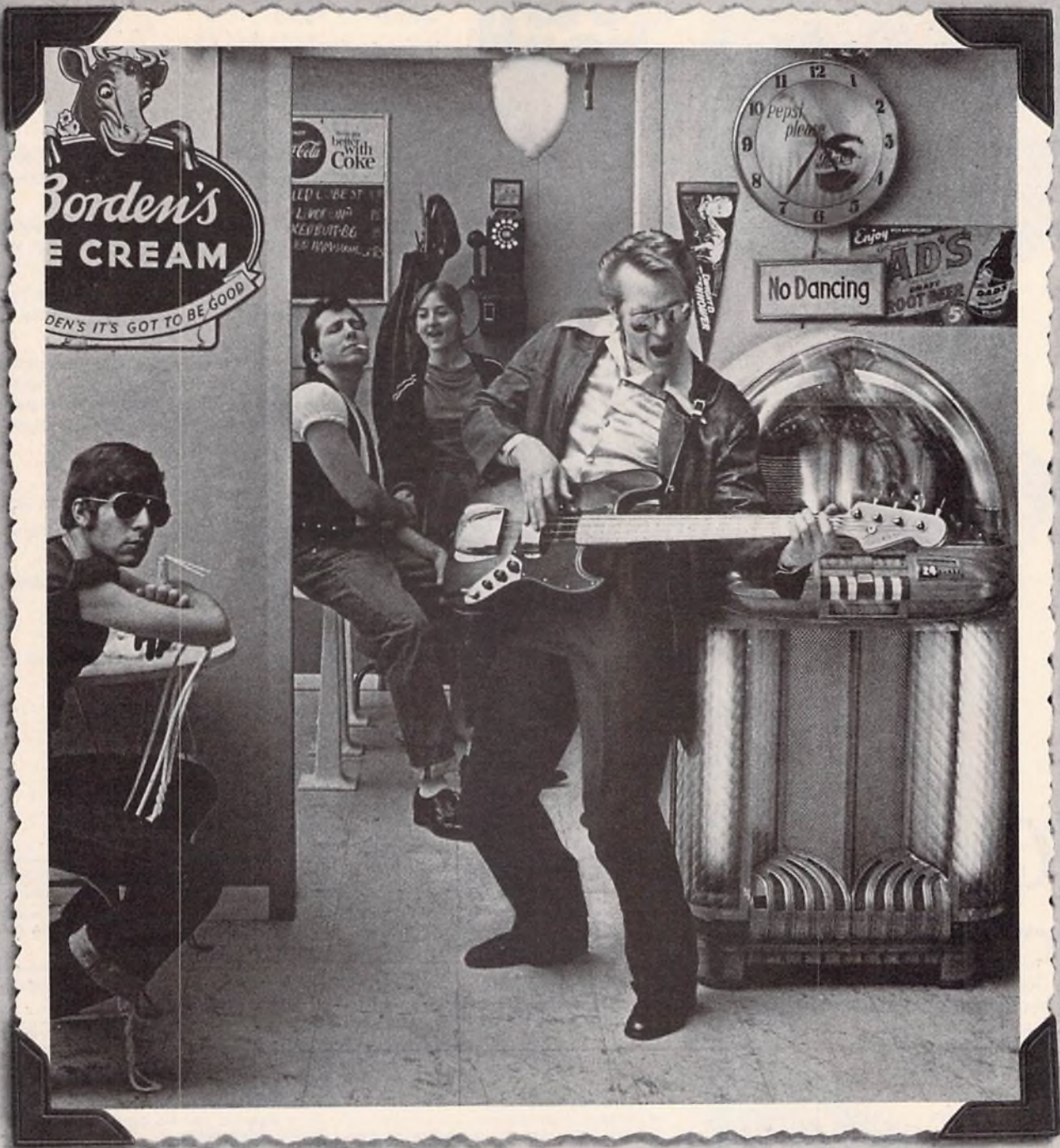
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4 □ down beat

down beat

June 5, 1975

Vol. 42, No. 11

(on sale May 22, 1975)

Contents

- 10 **Maynard Ferguson:** "M.F.—Rules Of The Road," by Herb Nolan. The all-star lip and his cohorts rap about the pros and cons of a nomadic life on the bus, with candor occupying a front seat. All aboard, next stop P. S. 123!
- 14 **Bill Watrous:** "Swinging Refuge In The Wilds Of Manhattan," by Steven Marks. Inner views on the whys and hows of keeping the big band bird alive, via the communiques of one who has found his natural habitat.
- 16 **Art Pepper:** "Pepper's Painful Road To Pure Art," by Lee Underwood. The much-admired and long-suffering Art lays bare the highs and lows of his roller coaster career.
- 18 **Record Reviews:** Anthony Braxton; Braxton/Derek Bailey; John Abercrombie; Joe Henderson; Roswell Rudd; Rudd And The Jazz Composers' Orchestra; Joe Farrell; Various Artists—Prison Workshops; Toots Thielemans; Flora Purim; Sarah Vaughan; Carmen McRae; Mike Oldfield; David Bedford; Buddy DeFranco; Marc Cohen.
- 29 **Blindfold Test:** Tom Scott.
- 30 **Profile:** Warren Smith, by Arnold Jay Smith. Jack Reilly, by Arnold Jay Smith.
- 31 **Caught:** Marian McPartland/Barry Harris/Ray Bryant, by Steve Metalitz. Hampton Hawes, by John Valentine.
- 35 **Book Review:** *Chasin' The Trane: Music And Mystique Of John Coltrane*, by J. C. Thomas. Reviewed by Robert Palmer.
- 38 **How To Make A Lab Band Out Of A Stage Band**, by Dr. William L. Fowler.
- 39 **Workshop:** *Scoring For Expanded Jazz Orchestra*, by Ladd McIntosh.

Departments

6 First Chorus

7 Chords And Discords

8 News

40 City Scene

45 On The Road

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the first chorus

By Charles Suber

“We could be on the road every day of the year,” states Maynard Ferguson, interviewed in this issue. His statement is an apt description of today's big band business—with some qualifications.

There is a boom market for 15-20 piece jazz bands that have three necessary elements—name leaders; non-studio sidemen capable of doing school clinics; AND an aggressive record label. There are currently four bands that so qualify: Maynard Ferguson, well-promoted by Columbia (also getting behind the Bill Watrous band); Woody Herman, aided by back-to-back Grammys on Fantasy; Stan Kenton with his own Creative World organization; and Buddy Rich whose TV spots make up for Groove Merchant's somewhat anemic promotion. These bands work at least six days a week for as long as they can stand it. (Kenton wins the 1975 Greyhound Derby with a tour running 130 consecutive days!)

The Big Four do most of their dates at high schools and colleges. (Kenton's tour is 80% schools.) Their fill-in dates are mostly motel night clubs—the suburban or small town Holiday-Ramada-Sheraton Inn circuit. (Generally, the bands of Basie, James Brown, Ray Charles, Ellington, and Sun Ra travel other roads. So do the nostalgia bands of Glenn Miller, Jimmy and Tommy Dorsey, and Harry James.)

Their excellent sidemen are mostly campus recruited, but are not yet in demand in the studios. So they can afford to go on the road for \$300 plus lodging, the average basic weekly salary. (A top name soloist can get as high as \$750.) A clinic or two performances in one day warrant extra pay, as do recordings, broadcasts, etc.

Studio players are reluctant to travel, a condition that limits the touring of the big bands of Quincy Jones and Thad Jones-Mel Lewis. Studio commitments also limit the availability of recording bands led by Don Ellis, Gil Evans, Dick Grove, Oliver Nelson, Sam Rivers, Doc Severinsen, Ed Shaughnessy, Toshiko and Lew Tabackin, and Pat Williams.

The daily take for a successful touring band runs from \$2000 to \$3000, Sunday through Thursday. A Friday or Saturday is good for \$2500 to \$4000. Add at least \$500 for each three hour clinic session. Commercial jazz festivals pay up to \$5000 per concert. (Bus travel costs the leader about \$200 a day. Promoters usually pay for get-here-quick plane jumps.)

How can high schools afford these bands? Everytown High has a 1500 seat auditorium. The school jazz musicians and their parents sell out the house at \$3 a ticket. That's a gross of \$4500 (without the snack bar and clinic registration fees). Allow \$2500 for the band and \$500 tops for miscellany. The school's net comes to a tidy \$1500, which pays for instruments and music not provided in the school budget. (As school grosses increase, some band contracts call for an optional 50 or 60 percent share-of-the-gross.)

Obviously, there are enough school dates out there to sustain several more touring bands. Whether their buses ever roll mainly rests on the willingness of record company Men of Vision to sell records to people so obviously attracted to such music. db

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Get On The Ball, Doc

Lest the naive and unknowing be misled by Dr. Sax's advice to student musicians who are athletes to quit playing ball (db, 4/24), let's not forget that Oscar Pettiford played semi-pro baseball, and Kareem Abdul Jabbar and Clifford Ray of pro basketball are both jazz saxophonists.

The swing's the thing in jazz and sports and the two acts are mutually complimentary. Stay in outer space, Dr. Sax.
Jeff Barr Long Beach, Cal.

Bravo For McDonough

It was with pleasure that I read John McDonough's Spotlight Review in the April 24 issue. . . . I can understand there are various reasons why we don't see much of anything in **down beat** about the specialist labels. . . . But hopefully in future issues you will be able to devote a little more space to vintage jazz records along with your fine coverage of today's important music.
David V. Jones Highland Park, Mich.

Shame On Oliver

Regarding the interview with Oliver Nelson (db, 4/24), I admire his creativity and ability to arrange beautiful music, but he shouldn't give out interviews where he has to be quoted. Mr. Nelson is ignorant about his people and black history.

First of all, a lot of black factory workers still think we are under a neo-slavery system. The majority of blacks still don't have a piece of the rock and are the "last hired, first fired."

Secondly, Jamaica and Africa are black dominated. Naturally these people wouldn't be singing the blues because they are happy in their lifestyle. Exceptions are countries like Ethiopia, which are undergoing civil wars for definite causes in behalf of the people and not the government. Personally, I'd rather be dancing and singing to raggae than *I've Got It Bad And That Ain't Good*.

Lastly, for an African tribal member to know what a IV chord is, he would have to have been educated in Europe or America. Joe Zawinul, a European and a white, knows more about black history, its roots, and how to successfully communicate black music than Oliver Nelson. Shame, shame.
S. Wright Detroit, Mich.

Country Bumpkins?

Just wanted to say that I think it's about time your magazine got some new record reviewers. Jon Balleras, Ray Townley, Steve Metalitz—they all should be reviewing country and western. I'm sure that style is funky enough for them.
Olivia Hardrick Taycheedah, Wis.

More Hay

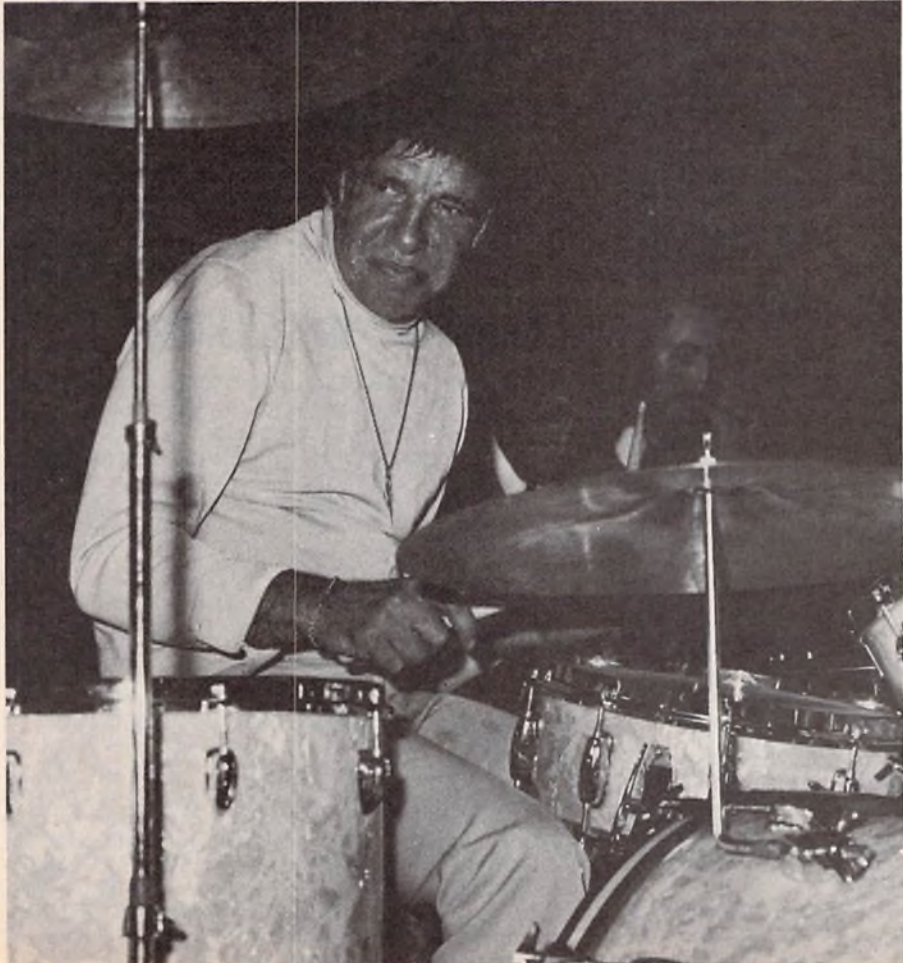
I feel compelled to support Buddy Rich's comments regarding country and western music. Buddy may not be the most tactful guy in the world, but you've got to admire him for being completely honest in his comments. . . . It's easy to understand how a musician of Buddy's caliber . . . could

be driven almost insane if forced to listen for any length of time to that inane garbage. . . . God bless your music, Buddy, and that of all the other beautiful cats in the world whose music makes one glad to be alive. Please spare us from *Okie From Muskogee!* Amen.
Bill Harris Jackson, N.H.

Ancestral Info, Part 2

Many black musicians claim that most (or all) white jazz musicians imitate or "steal" from black jazz musicians. I don't think this is really fair, since there have been a few major white innovators in jazz. Nevertheless, the fact remains that the overwhelming majority of innovators have been black.

But it's just too much when Jackie McLean claims (db, 4/10) that "the influences on what we call European culture and music came out of Spain when the Moors were in control. In other words, some of these influences drifted over from Africa." It is true, of course, that Moorish music had a noticeable influence on Spanish classical music. This influence may have spread to other southern European countries, such as Italy. But to claim that Moorish or African music exerted an influence on European classical music outside of southern Europe is absurd. If McLean hears any "Moorish" or "African" influences in the works of Bach, Beethoven, Mozart or any of the other "old masters," I sure wish he'd tell us about it.
Bruce P. Adams Hillsdale, N.J.



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Ponty Splits Orchestra



Those of you who missed the Mahavishnu Orchestra on their recent coast-to-coast tour did not miss violinist Jean-Luc Ponty, who left the group shortly before the tour began. The billing for Mahavishnu's dates still mistakenly included Ponty's name at our press time, but Ponty asked us to make it clear that he no longer appears with McLaughlin and company in any capacity.

Ponty has formed his own group and signed a contract with Atlantic Records. His first release for the label, scheduled to appear in May, was recorded

last January, before the violinist's split from the Orchestra. Titled *Upon The Wings Of Music*, the disc features keyboard prodigy Patrice Rushen, Mahavishnu bassist Ralphie Armstrong, percussionist Ndugu, and guitarists Dan Sawyer and Ray Parker Junior, in a collection of eight Ponty originals.

Incidentally, on the most recent Mahavishnu Orchestra LP (*Visions Of The Emerald Beyond*, Columbia), one of Ponty's compositions, *Pegasus*, was mistakenly credited to John McLaughlin. Credit will be changed on future pressings on the album.

potpourri

Big band fans who may have a clue as to the whereabouts of old-timer **Jay Castle** are asked to contact **db**. Castle led a band called the **Southerners**, which had a favorite venue at the **Paramount Hotel** in New Orleans back in the '30s.

Norman Connors will do a two week tour of Europe beginning June 29, after which he will move on to Japan for another series of gigs. His all-star band, which was lined up with the help of **George Wein**, will be: (for Europe) **Gary Bartz**, alto and soprano sax, **Eddie Henderson**, trumpet, **Reggie Workman**, bass, **Elmer Gibson**, piano, **Connors**, drums; (for Japan) **Carlos Garnett**, tenor and soprano sax, **Jean Carn**, vocals, **Hubert Eaves**, piano, with Henderson, Workman, and Norman rounding out the sextet.

Chicago jazz fans and city visitors who were dismayed at the closing of the **London House** last January now have cause for rejoicing. **Joe Segal**, Chicago's premier jazz impresario, will be bringing jazz back into the room sometime in June under the name "Jazz Medium at London House." Joe wants all his friends to know that he won't be running the super-posh, prohibitive-price operation that kept many a listener away from the club's door in recent times. He promises food, however, "a very low-priced, limited menu," and the usual admission prices (Wednesday night college discounts included) will remain unchanged.

Segal plans to increase the seating capacity of the club and make improvements in sound and lighting as well.

Congratulations to **Fania Records**, a leading exponent of latin/salsa music, on the celebration of its tenth anniversary.

The **New York Jazz Museum** will open its new exhibit, "The Jazz Trumpet," at the end of June. The Museum is looking for photographs, posters, artwork, films, spoken word tapes, sheet music, and assorted memorabilia pertaining to the subject.

Cornetist **Ed Polcer**, currently performing with **Balaban And The Cats** at **Eddie Condon's**, has been appointed to head the Museum's jazz touring program.

The **Montreux Music Festival** will be held from July 4-20 this year. More details will be printed as soon as they are available. **Kustom Electronics, Inc.**, who will provide and engineer sound for the entire festival, will honor all its U.S. dealers by hosting them and their wives, and recording artists as well, at the event.

Houston's **La Bastille** night club has instituted an unprecedented and somewhat controversial policy. The club now refuses to allow reviewers to critique the first show by scheduled acts. Although much adverse response has been elicited from the news media, the club intends to stick by its guns. **db**

... And More Workshops

The fourth annual Mesa Community College Summer Jazz Workshop will take place at the Mesa, Arizona campus from June 8-12. The daily schedule of the workshop will consist of large and small ensemble rehearsals, improvisation classes, arranging and theory classes, jazz history, and various clinics manned by professionals.

Schooling the ensembles and classes will be **Ladd McIntosh**; **Joe Pass**; **Lanny Morgan**; **Don Rader**; **Bob Ravenscroft**; and **Bruce Fowler**, among others. A special feature of the workshop will be a two-day seminar with **Supersax**, who will present both concerts and clinics for students.

The University of Oklahoma

School Of Music will hold a National Trumpet Symposium from June 23-27 at the school's Norman campus. Directed by **Gary Stollsteimer**, the Symposium will consist of lectures, recitals, and group discussions on trumpet performance, pedagogy, and manufacture.

Artists/faculty in attendance will include **Cat Anderson**, formerly with the **Duke Ellington Band**; **Armando Ghitalla**, principal trumpet with the **Boston Symphony Orchestra**; **Gerald Endsley**, professor at the U. of Denver; and the **St. Louis Brass Quintet**, who will perform a repertoire of trumpet works from all periods.

Further info is available from the schools or **db**.

Harold Lands Grant



Composer/arranger/saxophonist/flutist **Harold Land** has been awarded a National Endowment For The Arts grant to write a jazz suite. Land was chosen for the honor because of "his exceptional creative performing talents and accomplishments, strong commitment to artistic standards, and his desire to stay in touch with the original music that is his specialty."

Land's recording history began in the early '50s when he performed with the **Max Roach-Cifford Brown Quartet**. He has also performed with **Bobby Hutcherson**, fronted his own quintet, and been featured guest soloist with the **Gerald Wilson Orchestra**. **Harold** hopes to have the suite completed by summer so that it can be debuted at a community festival.

HAMP SALUTED

Lionel Hampton day at New York University's **Loeb Student Center** found more than 600 fans jammed into the intimate **Lubin Eisner Auditorium SRO** to toast one of the greats of swing.

Jack Kleinsinger, producer of the series, announced that all proceeds would go toward a scholarship fund in **Hamp's** name. It was dubbed **The Jazz World Salutes Lionel Hampton**, and how better to do it than just to swing, with the baker's dozen stars that were on hand doing just that. **Harold Mabern**, **George Duvivier**, **Jual Curtis**, **Frank Foster**, **Paul Jeffrey**, **Cecil Payne**, **Jimmy Nottingham** and **Clark Terry** opened with *Straight No Chaser* and *Satin Doll*. **Teddy Wilson**, **Milt Hinton** and **Bob Rosengarden** did *Take The 'A' Train*, *I Can't Get Started* and *Undecided*. With a stroke of genius, **Kleinsinger** set up a duet between **Duvivier** and **Hinton**, aided by **Mabern** and **Rosengarden**. The tune was *Fascinatin' Rhythm*.

Stella Marrs, with stellar accompaniment by **Mabern**, **Hinton** and **Rosengarden**, did a pair. And then it was star time as **Lionel** climbed the stage to accept a plaque given by those present to a "Musician, Friend and Ambassador." **William B. Williams** was on hand to present the award before **Hamp** was joined by **Wilson**, **Duvivier** and **Rosengarden** for a quartet of tunes associated with him, *Avalon*, *Moonglow*, *How High The Moon* and a blues we'll call *H/K Blues* (for **Hamp/Kleinsinger**). Last stop, all out for the finale, with *I Got Rhythm*, *Flyin' Home* and *C Jam Blues*. On *Flyin'* we were treated to **Frank Foster** and a replay of **Illinois Jacquet's** famous *Jazz At The Philharmonic*, circa 1952, solo.

MUSIC MINUS ONE EXPANDS

Music Minus One, the play-along-with-the-experts company, has expanded by issuing big band albums, recorded without certain reed, brass, and rhythm solos. Irving Kratka, MMO president, has been touring the country listening to the blossoming school jazz movement (there are 21,000 school big bands) and signing up the best of the crop to record LPs.

Current releases include *Studio City*, featuring the Cal State-Northridge Jazz Ensemble, directed by Joel Leach with charts by Mike Barone, Sammy Nestico, and Thad Jones; *Northern Lights*, featuring the Canadian All-Star Stage Band, directed by Paul Miner, with charts by Ron Collier, Phil Nimmons, and Gary Wadsworth; *Jersey Jive*, featuring Dick Lowenthal's Jersey State College Lab Band,

with charts by Thad Jones (*A Child Is Born*) and Richard De-Rosa; and Hank Levy's odd meter album, *Two + Two = Five*, starring the Towson State Jazz Ensemble.

Upcoming albums highlight the L.A. College Studio Jazz Band, Woody James, director; the Western Illinois U. Jazz Band, Bob Morsch, director; and the U. of Northern Iowa Jazz Band, Ashley Alexander, director.

Each of the MMO big band packages comes complete with a stereo album plus sheet music parts. The 16 track recordings are professionally engineered, affording the student players studio experience, as well as providing unique "rehearsal" opportunities to student musicians.

The MMO catalog is available from 43 West 61 St., New York, N.Y., 10023.

Chasing Away Jailhouse Blues



Grady Tate lightens prison load

Hospital Audiences, Inc., "a non-profit service organization which mobilizes and channels the cultural resources of the community for the benefit of the institutionalized and disadvantaged," recently took a star-packed bus to Green Haven Correctional Facility in upstate New York to give another concert for the inmates of prisons in this area. Dee Dee Bridgewater, Chet Baker, Roy Brooks, Bob Cranshaw, Paul Griffin, and Ryo Kawasaki were joined by Robin Kenyatta at the ungodly hour of 6:45 on a dreary, storm-driven morning.

Grady Tate was aboard, as well, he being a veteran of these gigs. Kenyatta opened with *Gypsy Man*, backed by Cranshaw, Griffin, Kawasaki and Brooks, and went onto a smash

version of *Last Tango In Paris*. Chet was up next with *Just Friends* and *My Funny Valentine*. Grady did *Moonance*, *Everything's Got A Name*, and the blues that blues built, *All Blues*. Through it all the audience stomped and applauded in between shouted approvals.

Ms. Bridgewater, taking time off from her Broadway *The Wiz* appearances, emceed the affair and did her bit with *Natural Woman* and *Afro Blue*. Lunch was a rap session with some of the prisoners showing off their knowledge of the performers.

HAI has put together an impressive string of these prison concerts. They are no-nonsense gigs, with the musicians "getting their rocks off" in terms they cannot on other occasions.

—dottie watkins & a. j. smith

Synthesizer Summer School

The Boston School Of Electronic Music is offering two summer sessions in Basic Synthesis, a performance-oriented introductory course explaining the uses of small and medium-sized synthesizers. The summer sessions provide an intensive workout in the basic techniques and concepts of electronic sound generation and tape recording, covering sequencing, sampling, and frequency shifting.

The two six-week summer sessions will run from June 9 to July 18 and from July 21 to August 29. In addition to daily classes, seminars, and performances, each student will receive no less than 48 hours of individual studio research time.

More info is available from the Boston School Of Electronic Music or by writing db.

FINAL BAR

Trevor Koehler, well-known reedman, recently took his own life in his New York City loft. He was 38.

Koehler, one of the "young lions" of the Gil Evans Orchestra, lived most of his life in Alaska. His initial foray back onto the mainland took him to San Francisco, where he played with Sonny Simmons. He undertook a laborious trip across the continent with his son, Glade, that lasted a full year, playing with the road tours of Tennessee Ernie Ford, Eddy Arnold, and Big Mama Thornton. He would stop in any town to gig with the local bands.



LYDIA SALTZMAN

In 1967-8 he played with the Mark Whitecage Quartet, an informal unit out of a Woodstock, N.Y. commune called "212." "He was a home body," said Whitecage. "To keep alive, we would journey across the river (from New Jersey) once a year to set up Macy's floats for their Thanksgiving Day Parade."

He played in both New Orleans and Memphis, where he formed a rock band and met what were to become the members of The Insect Trust, a group that recorded briefly for Capitol and Atlantic in the late '60s. Bob Palmer, db contributing editor, was a charter member of the Trust. Another member was to be Stafford James, bass.

James, Koehler and percussionist Bruce Ditmas later formed a trio. "So many things were pending for Trevor," Ditmas stated. "He was always thinking of new things." These new things included the trio, which never managed to record, a score for a dialogue-less Western flick, a recording date in Paris, and a string band made up of three cello, guitar, bass and drums.

Trevor also performed with a band led by pianist Albert Dailey that included Wayne Dockery and Ditmas. He was an original member of Stardrive with Bob Mason. But his major contributions to the music was in the confines of the Gil Evans Aggregation.

He was among the first to write, and have recorded, an arrangement other than Gil's for the band. Elvin Jones likes to tell the story of how he introduced Trevor to Gil. It seems that Trevor was brought to the session (that eventually produced the Ampex recordings) and hastened to hide himself among the reeds. Gil counted once, again, then figured that if he was sitting there he must be able to play. Koehler remained.

Stafford James remembers Trevor as a great encouragement. "Trevor was like that," said a friend, Lydia Saltzman. "He was always doing things for people, and not enough for himself, getting ripped off financially as well as emotionally."

According to Ditmas, he produced an amazing number of tunes that no one will ever hear. Whitecage called him, "a very alive cat, warm, friendly." Ms. Saltzman claims he was "the least discriminating person I have met; he never copped an attitude about anyone."

Again, the definitive statement about Trevor Koehler comes from Gil Evans. In a recommendation to the John Simon Guggenheim Foundation Fellowship Committee, Gil wrote: "... a superlative jazz original, saxophonist, composer ... a powerful artist, one of the best I have known."

—arnold jay smith

young people NEWS

New Releases

Don Schlitten's *Xanadu Records* has issued its initial batch of goodies. Schlitten plans to have two series, the Gold, featuring classic jazz recordings, and the Silver, which will showcase brand new material. Xanadu's first five efforts include *Don't Look Back*, by vocalist **David Allyn**; *Bud In Paris*, comprised of previously unissued 1959-60 sessions with **Bud Powell**; *East/West Controversy*, featuring vintage recordings by **Hampton Hawes** and **Paul Chambers**; *Saturday Morning*, the first new recording by saxophonist **Sonny Criss** since 1969; and *Trumpet At Minton's*, original 1941 live recordings by **Joe Guy** and **Hot Lips Page**, featuring **Charlie Christian**.

continued on page 41

M. F.'s RULES OF THE ROAD

by
Herb Nolan

The Butler Motor Coach with the Maynard Ferguson band pulled out of Chicago at 8 a.m., heading for Fort Wayne, Indiana an hour earlier than necessary; someone incorrectly believed there was an hour's time difference between Illinois and Indiana. It was just as well. The extra hour was spent groping through the city of Fort Wayne and its environs looking for the Elmhurst High School Jazz Festival and stage band competition where the M.F. band, short on sleep and food, was scheduled for two afternoon clinics and an evening concert. It would end up a 19-hour day.

"Are you going to mention the whole band in your article?" someone from a group of

Maynard's sidemen asked after a meal of ham salad sandwiches and chili, catered from the Elmhurst high school cafeteria—it was also after Ferguson had retired to the privacy of another schoolroom to warm up, his regular routine before playing.

"Are you going to use our nicknames? The band is built around those names, Maynard uses them in his introductions." Sure, why not. They went down the roster:

Bruce "Badman" Johnstone, baritone, flute; Brian "Hard Bop" Smith, tenor; Andy "Mean" MacIntosh, alto sax; Randy "Capt. Squirt" Purcell and Keith "K. O." O'Quinn, trombones; Pete "Jason" Jackson, keyboards; Rich "Et Tu" Petrone, bass; Dan "Animal

Rock" D'Imperio, drums; Bob "Dupree" Summers, Joe "The Loon" Mossello, Dennis "Ignatius" Noday, Ernie "Burning Funk" Garside, and section leader Stan Mark, trumpets; and Maynard "The Lip" Ferguson, also known to the rest of the band as "Mayonnaise."

No longer the all-British group it once was, but still a foreign corporation, the Maynard Ferguson band has changed, going through personnel in the routine way most big bands do. On this tour, it carried people like Peter Jackson, who'd been in the first English group that had come from England in 1968. He'd been off the road recently, however, playing, living and "getting his head together" in Philadelphia. Also from the first band was Brian Smith who, in addition to working with Maynard, has been associated with composer Michael Gibbs and the English jazz group called Nucleus.

On the newer side were Bob Summers, from Woody Herman; Dennis Noday, formerly leader of Stan Kenton's trumpet section; Randy Purcell, from the Glenn Miller band under Buddy DeFranco, and drummer D'Imperio, who had worked with Gap Mangione. After 15 months with Maynard Ferguson, D'Imperio was leaving after the tour to form a rock group called Palmer's Steamed Clams. "It's going to be animal rock," he said one day. "I'll come out with whips, dressed in a leopard skin outfit and start the concerts by *whipping* the drums—really, no lie."

"Now if you want to talk about the music," said a guy in the band, "we've got a pint of whiskey and some wine left, and I imagine if you come to the back of the bus about one o'clock in the morning you could get some really heavy shit."

The Maynard Ferguson band—everyone including managers Ernie and Don Garside, Maynard's daughter and traveling secretary Kim, and probably even bus driver Bernie ("The Bolt"), who's been the M.F. driver for three years—was showing signs of wear. After being on the road for almost two-and-a-half months and within five days and five concerts of taking a three-week vacation before starting out again in Palo Alto, the musicians were yielding to creeping exhaustion.

You might say that despite intense togetherness, it was like the microcosm of a marriage breaking up. A percentage of the bus'



HERB NOLAN



HERB NOLAN

captive population of 16 was uptight, grumbling, and mildly rebellious in the confines of a fairly predictable daily grind. Frequently gripped by hysterical laughter, captivated by trivial diversions created during the long rides and short hotel room nights between concerts, the musicians were randomly angry like summer lightning. They were a typical big band on the road, living in a world of music and franchise foods where men often lust after a Kentucky Fried Chicken breast.

"It's the long jumps between concerts that burn it out of you," said Bruce Johnstone. "There's been a lot of sickness on this tour too, which hasn't helped either." Keith O'Quinn, for instance, had arrived in Chicago with a 104 degree temperature and tonsils that looked like abscessed prunes.

Maynard Ferguson, 47, a man who has led touring bands since 1957, was also showing the effects of the ten week tour. In Fort Wayne, lacking sleep and dealing with a sore mouth after back-to-back clinics during which he demonstrates the art of hitting the upper register of his horn, he had trouble at the evening concert making a high note break on Elton John's *Don't Let The Sun Go Down On Me*. His lips had whipped back from the horn's V-cup mouth as if it was electrically charged, and with an exaggerated wave he cued the brass section, then leaned toward the reeds saying, "It's going to be a tough night." On the bus he spent most of the hours dozing, slouched in the first row aisle seat opposite the driver's side.

The Ferguson band had arrived in Chicago two nights before Fort Wayne after a high school concert in Crete, Ill. Before that it had been Scottsburg, Indiana; Tuscaloosa, Alabama; and Florida. Florida had seen the usual one-nighters at clubs and schools, except for a week's stay at the University of Miami.

"We're the first band to do that, and it turned out sensationally," said Ferguson later, explaining they'd done clinics and concerts throughout the week. "We go back next year at the height of the season for two weeks—two weeks in Miami Beach is some sort of Shangri-La for a traveling musician."

But Shangri-La was past at this point, and when I got on the band bus in Chicago late one Friday afternoon, they were headed for McHenry High School in a semi-rural, agricultural community about 40 miles away. The next day would be Fort Wayne and back to Chicago (a 400-mile round trip), then Rock Island, Illinois and back again (another 400-mile trip). It was a typical itinerary.

"If we let Willard Alexander, our American agent, have his way we could be on the road every day of the year," said Maynard in Fort Wayne. "It's no longer a problem of getting enough gigs. We're past that. What I do now is go ten weeks and take three weeks off. It may vary—like 11 and three or nine and three—but you really need that break because it's all one-nighters."

McHenry was the only concert of the three that wasn't packed to the walls, the gymnasium with row upon row of folding chairs was about two-thirds filled.

Afterwards Ferguson grumbled about bad promotion, recalling that the last time he'd come through, they'd played another area high school and drawn 5,000.

Big crowd or small, Maynard and the band did what they do so well—turn everybody on.

The concert at McHenry was essentially the same as the others. As Don Garside announced, "Ladies And Gentlemen, MAYNARD FERGUSON," the band was already playing the opening number. Maynard moved swiftly from the wings, thrusting his silver horn into the air in salute. Reaching center stage, he planted his feet, arched his back, and put his trumpet to his mouth, pointing it up and out over the crowd. With a cue, the brass section came in; and Maynard rode over it with those high, adrenalin-charged notes. The crowd was hooked.

The music each night included tunes from the *Chameleon* album: the title tune, *La Fiesta*, *Superbone Meets Badman*, *The Way We Were*, and *I Can't Get Started*. Then tunes planned for a future album, Elton John's *Don't Let The Sun Go Down*, *Fruit of The Loon*, and *L.A. Expression*. A taste of *MacArthur Park* would turn up as an introduction to the second half of the show, divided by a short intermission during which the band changes from yellow to red shirts.

SELECTED FERGUSON DISCOGRAPHY

Featured

ALIVE AND WELL IN LONDON—
Columbia C-31117
CHAMELEON—Columbia KC-33007
DUES—Mainstream 359
M.F. HORN—Columbia C-30466
M.F. HORN TWO—Columbia KC-31709
M.F. HORN/3—Columbia KC-32403
M.F. HORN 4&5: LIVE AT JIMMY'S—
Columbia KG-32732
MESSAGE FROM NEWPORT/NEWPORT
SUITE—Roulette RE-116
SCREAMIN' BLUE—Mainstream 316
'61/SI SI M.F.—Roulette RE-122
6 BY 6—Mainstream 372
TRUMPET RHAPSODY—BASF 20662

From the beginning, when he comes out in a black satin coat (that gets discarded midway through the second tune) covering a light print shirt open at the chest, Maynard is either playing, pausing to listen, or moving—popping his fingers, mugging, giving the band thumbs-up, at times almost dancing, draining all the energy he has brought to the stage.

The concert closes with Slide Hampton's *Got The Spirit*, featuring a long and often inspired solo introduction from Johnstone on baritone. And if people aren't already jumping up and down, the last number, *Hey, Jude*, with the brass section filing into the audience to play the refrain back at the rest of the band, has them on their feet screaming for more.

Maynard waves, takes some bows, and is gone. There are rarely encores.

If the schedule isn't too tight, the band lingers to sign autographs—often hearing declarations of love from teenage girls. There are, one discovers, Maynard Ferguson band groupies.

On nights when time is short and the musicians tired, everyone disappears with mercenary cunning into the dark, smokey interior of the bus. Everyone that is, except bassist Pet-

rone, who goes to work in front of the bandstand selling 8 x 10 glossies of Maynard Ferguson at 50 cents each.

Without doubt, the M.F. band is among the most popular and commercially successful jazz groups in the world. It can command as much as \$4,000 a concert and gets an additional \$500 for a clinic. Maynard pays his musicians' lodging and the members of his group make good money—not as much as a super rock group, but enough to keep from going in debt and starving.

"Economically we've been doing very well," Maynard began over dinner in Fort Wayne before the evening concert. "Things have worked out nicely for me in a strange way, I suppose. In 1967, when I broke up the American band, packed that way, and took my wife and children to England and India. I didn't think there was an American market for what I was doing. That was one of the problems I had, with no new audiences interested in the directions I was headed, I was stuck with my old audiences. I hate to use the word 'stuck,' but it does apply in the sense that it got to be 'play *Maria* one thousand more times, Maynard.' I found that unbearable—mind you it's a great arrangement. I just use it as an example. I think getting away from America gave me a chance to destroy my cookie stamp."

Picking up and leaving came almost ten years from the time Maynard Ferguson put his first band together. "That was the 'Birdland-Newport' era, because we played 14 to 16 weeks a year at Birdland and did the Newport Festival nine or ten years in a row," he recalled, adding that the *Roulette* album *Maynard Ferguson At Newport* was one of his favorites from the old band.

"You see, I was the maniac who gave up what used to be considered the hip gig. I was under contract to Paramount Pictures in Hollywood and I walked out after a little more than three years. Everybody said, 'you must be insane,' when I told them I was walking out to start a big band—god, they couldn't believe it. But three years later, man, there were no more contract orchestras in any of the major studios. That was the beginning of the 'movie revolution' so to speak, and the end of the major studio star system as well as the so-called 'dream gig.' But, you know, I found the dream gig boring.

"I was the trumpet player with Paramount: I was very highly paid at a rate that had been established 15 years before and was based on 44 pictures a year. Well, things were changing. It took three years to make *The Ten Commandments*, but we did the score in five days. It was a joke. I averaged three-and-a-half hours of work a week for three-and-a-half years, during which I was highly overpaid. There were all kinds of fringe benefits, and I wasn't allowed to work for any other studio or on television or radio. I could make records. During that period, I've always said, I learned how to play golf and almost forgot how to play the trumpet."

After leading bands for almost a decade, Maynard succumbed to the personal and economic pressures of trying to keep a big band going during a period where they had become an anachronism. So Ferguson dropped out, becoming, in a way, another musician in exile. "The way my mind was working, Amer-

ica seemed an insane place in those particular years to try and raise five children."

After leaving the U.S., Maynard toured Scandinavia and England with an English group he eventually disbanded. At that point, he took his family to southern India, ostensibly to get another view of life. He says he did some of his best and most original writing there.

Maynard eventually returned to England with big bands still in his blood. In Manchester, there was a place called Club 43 operated by Ernie Garside. Garside brought Maynard in as a single with a pickup band that developed into sort of a rehearsal group. It was then he made the first *M.F. Horn* album.

"I was doing the record for CBS-London. Columbia in New York heard it and they were really knocked out. Personally, at the time, I couldn't understand where the people would be that would be knocked out by it. But in the years of my absence, of course, the total success of *Blood, Sweat and Tears* and Chicago, as well as a lot of other groups, had changed the situation a great deal. Today I think the public has gotten even hipper. It's the whole revolution thing we've gone through—some of it subtle, some things (like Watergate) unsubtle, and things like the black revolution both subtle and unsubtle—most of it I agree with."

With a big band jazz album making it commercially, Maynard brought his first English band to the United States, and what he found was a new young audience augmented by his older fans.

"Our success has a lot to do with the young people, and yet somehow we haven't lost the old people. I'll tell you, Herb, it's a strange thing, you get asked questions like 'Maynard, where do you feel music is heading today?' Man, I don't think any artist plans where it's heading. Certainly if I wanted to make a dynamite business move with a muzak corporation, that would be a planned music move."

"You know, Krishnamurti (his spiritual advisor) has a philosophy that deals with going through life as an observer. It tends to freak people out a little bit, it makes you think of being totally turned off, but it isn't being turned off at all. What it is, is not being anxious, uptight, and striving. Just observing. If I hear a tune that I think I can do something with—I don't really care if it's Sonny Rollins or Elton John—I make a move. It's just a question of playing music that makes you feel good and turns other people on. It's mostly sitting back and making a move. But even then you're an observer because it occurs to you."

"The thing I've tried to do in this whole venture since coming back to America, is to cut up the boredom part of a big band. The day of the hype doesn't work with kids—they should get a medal for that one. Of course, they go for that other hype, but it's an obvious one: it's called fantasy. That comes before they learn that the real fantasy is the music. The purest mystic art in the world is instrumental music, and the most mystical thing is unintelligible sound communicated between people, which is what music is—it is unintelligible, it's the hardest thing for someone to write about, especially when I don't sing *I Can't Get Started*." Maynard laughed.

"I try to do as many today attitudes in the music as I feel it's healthy to do. I don't mean that last part as a restriction, but as a plus. I don't really want to be 'today' just for the

sake of being 'today.' But I enjoy change and I enjoy having proved that to the people who like my old bands. Oh, they'll still ask for *Stella By Starlight* or something like that, and they'll never quite understand when I tell them I love it. It really blows their minds because they think if I don't play it, I must hate the tune."

"The thing is, I don't like to impose the music of an older band onto the younger players of today's band anymore than it would be suitable to take today's basic book, hire the old band, and impose that music on them. The band I have now," Maynard added, "is a nice mixture of the new and old players."

Randy Purcell, who comes from Pittsburgh, spoke later about arranging for the band. His chart of *The Way We Were* is on the *Chameleon* album. "You have to be aware

Maynard Ferguson, leader: "The spirit of this band forms the basis for most of the compliments we usually get, and I'm sure that's the contagious thing I have to offer. You know, when the band's really cooking, I'm the best customer in the joint . . . But I also know what I want to do with the tunes—they're really not played the same way every night. Sometimes the differences are subtle and sometimes outrageously unsubtle."

Peter Jackson, keyboardist: "We're doing the same thing every night, the same format, it's unbearable after a while because you can't do anything else—everything's a format at these gigs . . . You can put this down in the story too, man; I could get fired but that's all right. It's all bash, bash, loud, loud, faster than fast. And it's a drag. I mean, there's more to music than that—there is to me anyway."

of what Maynard is looking for in the context of what else is happening in the band. There are a lot of charts that might be good musically, but not in the groove. I don't want to say 'in the style of the band,' because Maynard never wants to have a set style: but in a sense he already does. One of the obvious problems in writing for this band is the instrumentation; it's a little strange with three saxes, five trumpets and two bones. In many ways you can't write as full. It's easy to write for a band with five trumpets, five bones and five saxophones, because there are more pieces at your disposal. It's hard to get the same effect from the small sections. *The Way We Were* was different," he added, "because it was a pretty dark chart tonally and it was in contrast with everything we were doing at the time, which is why I wrote it."

Back in Fort Wayne, Maynard had talked about the way he relates as a leader. "Every band, once it gets together, sooner or later emanates the personality of its leader. If you think of Ellington, Basie, or Kenton their bands are *them*, although I think I have more fun," said Ferguson, who considers himself more of a performing leader with an obligation to the variety of instruments he plays rather than, say, a creator of compositions for his bands.

"The spirit of the band forms the basis for compliments that we usually get, and I'm sure that's the contagious thing I have to offer. You know, when the band's really cooking, I'm the best customer in the joint. I've got the best seat and when I'm not playing I'm listening just like everybody else. But I also know what I want to do with the tunes—they're really not played the same every night. Sometimes the differences are subtle and sometimes outrageously unsubtle."

The subject of pride came up. "The pride thing," said Maynard, "has to be two-way in the band: first it's each member's personal pride, and then it's what the band is as a whole. Some attach a lot of it to where it came from, others could care less, it depends on where their heads are at as individuals at that point. It amazes me though, that when we get to every small town in America, and if we arrive early enough, they're running around to these funny little local record shops to see if they can find old albums of the band. The first ones they ask for are *Hollywood Party*, *Finger Snappin'* and *Dimensions*, all the really hard to get records from when I first recorded. Of course those include some heavy people like Ray Brown, Clark Terry, Clifford Brown, people like that."

Another part of Maynard Ferguson and his music is his involvement in the design of instruments. Ferguson, who presently works for Horton/LeBlanc in Kenosha, Wisconsin, got into designing with a British band corporation during his stay in England. Designing, he says, is mostly trial and error experimentation involving lots of craftsmen. "It's like designing acoustics for a symphony hall, nobody knows until the orchestra hits on opening night whether the guy who designed the hall really made it."

For the McHenry concert, Sandy Sandberg, vice-president of product development for Horton/LeBlanc, had brought a prototype of a trumpet design Maynard was working on. Ferguson had it put on the band stand without trying the instrument. Towards the end of the set he grabbed this new horn for the introduction to *I Can't Get Started*, and he couldn't play it. Wow! His mind was racing: Christ, what's this? I can't even play my new design. Actually, there had been an error, the wrong trumpet was mistakenly picked up at the factory and brought to McHenry. At the conclusion of the evening Sandberg headed home with the bogus horn tucked under his arm.

Perhaps the most visible instrument that Maynard has produced is the Superbone. "That's an idea I've had all my life, the valve and the slide trombone should all be one unit. You should be able to play the valves with your right hand and the slide with your left simultaneously. In addition, I can change the key of my slide trombone by pressing any number of valve combinations; or I can

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BILL WATROUS

Swinging refuge in the wilds of Manhattan

by Steven Marks

“**S**wing” is one of the more misunderstood words in the lexicon of music. Originally and most importantly, the word signified a freedom of performance in which an instrument sang in an air of rhythmic and harmonic flight. All improvisational music could swing, theoretically, for as Jimmie Lunceford said, “T’aint what you do, it’s the way that you do it.” Unfortunately, “swing” came to designate the music of a specific era in which the big band style overshadowed the manner in which the music was performed. Bill Watrous and the Manhattan Wildlife Refuge have rescued swing from its historical strait jacket by recapturing its original spirit and by placing it in a more progressive musical format.

Watrous, an extremely confident, gregarious individual, explained his conception of swing. “Swing really means a kind of pulse,” he said. “Is there a generating force? That’s the real question. You don’t need a standard straight-four bass part to swing. A thing can really be swinging if it’s just driving in whatever direction it’s going, as long as there is a central force or a pulse there to propel it forward. If you have that magnetism or electricity, then you’re swinging. Even if it’s rock and roll, if it’s into the music and cooks, then it’s swing.”

“Additionally, there is an element of relaxation involved. I feel the same way about that as Duke did, as Woody does, and as the Count still does. As far as the Refuge is concerned, there is a certain attitude that I like to convey. I like to think of us as an entertaining group rather than as a bunch of cats who stand up there with long faces. I like to see the guys cut up a bit. That

contributes to the loose atmosphere. You gotta have a good time. God knows it’s hard enough.”

Yet, as Watrous reflected, it is as important for musicians to exercise non-pressure control in their blowing as it is for them to maintain a loose profile on the bandstand. The problem of overblowing particularly affects the brass players. “Many brass musicians, especially the younger ones, have a habit of pressing their mouth pieces tightly against their mouths in order to get a sound,” Watrous stated. “The best players, though, have a thing with the air stream that they are in control of. They can regulate the amount of air going into the instrument. The other players are really working against their horn, for proper balance and control can only lead to a loose sound. One can then sail all over the instrument. The important thing is to feel comfortable and not to struggle against your axe. You really have to work on the music, so you can’t worry about your horn. You really have to let yourself sing.”

“This style of performance was one that Danny Stiles and I have wanted to do for a long time. We played together in other people’s bands and rehearsal groups and we formulated an idea as to how the brass ought to hit and how time ought to keep rolling along. The two of us have always had an aversion to heavy, monstrous kinds of bands. We always thought that one ought to cook along like a small group, that we might combine a large number of people and still have flexibility and mobility.”

It was only after a long period of back-breaking dues-paying that Watrous’ creative ideas came to fruition and he felt that he could handle

the problems posed by a big band. “Quite a few years ago,” Watrous related, “after playing in many bands and after examining other band leaders and their methods of handling a band, I decided that it was time for me to form my own group. I knew that I enjoyed getting out in front rather than just sitting in a section and I knew how a band ought to sound. I just wanted to see if I could make my ideas work.”

“I also came to the conclusion that a lot of bands suffer because they don’t have the best music in front of them. Playing some of that garbage led me to wonder what it’s like to be able to pick your own charts. But I swore that I would never forget what it’s like being a sideman. I’ve really tried to keep that in mind. Thus, I started to gather up my own charts from wherever I could and I built up a little library. Then I started putting the Refuge together (in late 1973) and we began rehearsals. After our first couple of engagements, I felt that we were pretty good, but for some time, we’d just get buried in a chart. We would be in an open section and I’d never quite know how to get out of that section and into the head again. I thought back to some of my old experiences with Thad (Jones) and Mel (Lewis’) band and I remembered that a few hand signals wouldn’t hurt. So now we always know when I’m going to count them down to a cue. After we got that hurdle and others like it out of the way, we were really ready to roll. Before you knew it, I had an interesting group with a wealth of soloists, like Eddie Xiques, Joe Beck, John Gatchell, and especially Danny Stiles.”

“The name of the band, incidentally, was orig-

“Ten Wheel Drive could have made it if they had exercised some subtlety, if they had played a few things down instead of playing everything so bloody loud all the time. Genya Ravan had a fine voice, but she had to scream and bellow like Janis Joplin. If that’s what being an entertainer is like, you can have it.”

inally the New York Band. I remember driving in Maine one time and I came across a big sign which read ‘20 Miles to the Mooschorn Wildlife Preserve.’ I thought how about that name for the group? It was eventually changed to the Refuge, which isn’t too bad. At least it is original. And, you know, I’ve always had a love of the outdoors and of animals. One day we’ll look outside and there will be no wildlife.”

Although the Manhattan Wildlife Refuge is big and brassy, it is no way a traditional swing band. The group combines contemporary rhythmic and harmonic structure and a solid conception of jazz. While many large ensembles perform tight charts with little room for improvisation, the Refuge colors its pieces with extensive solos which manage to move outside the standard time structures in a coherent fashion. Additionally, although the band plays many standard tunes, like J. J. Johnson’s *Lament*, they are rewritten in a creative, exciting manner. As Watrous explained, “The music is something new, something alive. And it has a purpose, whatever form it may take.

“Generally, our music does not let us be traditional. We are going to add vocal numbers, for instance, but they won’t be pop tunes. Instead, they will be original compositions. They won’t be necessarily shocking, but they will be exciting and they will appeal to the young who, in fact, make up the majority of our audience.

“All new developments, however, must be put in the proper perspective. Take the way our solos work. As a rule, all of them are open-spaced. Though the musicians can take them outside if they want to, I never want to be at a loss for where the beat is. That’s really a disaster for me and it’s one of the key points in the band. In this way, I’m just an old-school cat; I like to know where one is. I don’t mind if a guy just takes off, but there has got to be an anchor somewhere; there has to be a place to come back to. Otherwise, you have experiments, and some happy accidents, but most often just total anarchy. This is not to say that we don’t experiment. Sometimes I’ll turn the band loose—everyone does a slow freak-out until the entire band is in complete chaos. But then I’ll cut it off and bring us back to where we’re supposed to be.

“The key in my mind is that the time is always cooking right along. Though we do change time signatures and will continue to get into pieces where we stop and mark time.

“Sometimes we also try to mix certain moods and textures within a particular piece, like on *4th Floor Walk-up and Dichotomy*. At other times, we try to create a certain feeling over the course of the entire set. You see, colors can and should be set up by the musicians as well as by the composer and arranger. I don’t believe in setting a chart before someone and telling him that this is it, that there is no other way. I don’t want to see any elitism in my band. There are a number of solos that I gave away so that people in the band could cut loose. On my Columbia album, there were only two people who didn’t have solos so it worked out well. No one likes to sit up there and

not play. I couldn’t get the players that I wanted if I did that. Most of the musicians in my band know that, at some time during an evening, they will be called upon to blow at length. They also never know where that place is going to be. That was one of the few things about Thad and Mel’s band that used to tick me off. People would only play on one tune in the same place every time. They could count on it. I don’t like that.

“There are only certain tunes which I’ll be featured on. I don’t want to bombard people with my playing. It’s not *that* good! Nobody is so great that he can become a steady diet for any audience. Even Bird surrounded himself with cats who could wail. We’ve got to keep things loose, so when people come to hear us two nights in a row, they won’t hear the same thing twice.

“I know exactly what it is I want to do with the band. It’s not a particular type of music that I want to present to people, but the best of whatever I can get my hands on. I like to be flexible and I like to think that the band is. It hasn’t been easy. There are those moments when I wonder, ‘What the hell am I trying to do?’ This is especially true since I took the Refuge over. I’ve had more moments of wondering what the hell it all means with this band than in any other time of my life.

“**M**y dad, Ralph Watrous, was the one who got me started. He had an important influence on my development because he was a trombone player. He was a pretty good player, too, though he only had a taste of the big time. I never had any formal lessons. I went into high school in New London, Conn. and I just goofed around. During the second year, I went into the band. Dick Benvenute was the band leader and he saw that his gifted students got a certain amount of harmony and music theory to go along with their technical training. He also saw that we got to go to a lot of concerts and things like that. At one point, I hung out with a group of kids who would save their bread and jump on a train and sneak down to New York. I got to hear Brownie and Bird at the age of 12 and 13. That’s a heck of a time to absorb greatness, while at a formative stage. That’s the reason, incidentally, why schools and colleges are spending so much money on artist-in-residence programs. They want to have these players on hand. One can’t jump on a train and hop to the Vanguard if one’s in Ohio.

“When I was young, I got most of my experience from playing records: Vic Dickenson’s Vanguard disks and anything by Clifford Brown. I also jammed with people in the local neighborhood. I grew up with some good players. Most of them are older than me and though none of them quite made it, I still hear about some of them.

“I worked my way up gradually. I became more involved with the trombone as a musical instrument before the actual reality of

creating happened. I was always able to improvise reasonably well, and I used to play in Dixieland groups in Connecticut, which was a good way to begin. I really dug that music and liked blowing with a rhythm section. The music’s got a happy feel to it, and people get good vibes just hearing it. There were a lot of trombonists in the area, like Roswell Rudd up in New Haven. Buddy Morrow and Wayne Andre were also there. I did some playing with Roswell and we really had a gas together, though now, of course, we’re into different things.

“I really started to push myself after a stint in the Navy, which was a total musical waste. I came down to New York to try to play with the giants if I could. I decided that maybe I wouldn’t make any money, but the music would be cooking. I always knew that I wouldn’t play anything that I didn’t dig, no matter how much money it brought in, and I think I’ve continued to stick with that idea.

“My move to New York was one of the most important that I’ve made in my life, because it exposed me. I played with Eddie Wilcox and Kenny Davern and I really learned so much from those cats. Roswell and I studied with Herbie Nichols, and boy, he really impressed me. He taught us some improvisational changes and some interesting turn-arounds. I almost cried when he passed on.

“A musician has got to keep himself around good players so that he doesn’t stagnate. It’s his biggest hassle. I used to be told to go home all the time in those New York days. Mingus probably doesn’t remember this, but once at the Cafe Wha I sat in with him, Charlie McPherson, and Lonnie Hillyer. Mingus dropped his bass and marched through the bandstand, waving his arms and yelling, ‘Too many cats on the bandstand. I ain’t no workhorse.’ He yelled some other epithets, but I just kept playing. We were doing *Confirmation*, and he raved on for 15 minutes. I felt bad because I love Mingus; but, of course, I don’t hold a grudge because I know that he had a reason.”

It was during Watrous’ stay with Quincy Jones, Johnny Richards, and Woody Herman that he matured musically. “I finally figured out where I was at when I joined Quincy and Woody’s band and I stopped drinking,” Watrous reminisced, “Now, for instance, when I start getting in trouble, I can get myself out of it easier than I could before. When something weird happens, like if the mike goes out, you’ve got to be together enough to pull what’s left of your piece together, to pull yourself back to the center. There was a time when I was having a grand ol’ time juicin’ and just carrying on, and I loved it. But I couldn’t depend upon myself musically. When the chips were down, I couldn’t hack it.

“Most importantly, when I pick up my axe now, I know it will sound essentially the same as it did the day before. That’s the only way to develop a consistency of performance and to know exactly what you’re doing. You gotta be able to listen; and I knew if I was physically prepared, things would fall my way. I trained myself accordingly and I put myself under pressure in sessions and things came out all right.”

After a stint with The Merv Griffin Show band from 1965 through 1968, Watrous joined the nascent jazz-rock movement with a band

Pepper's Painful Road to Pure Art

by Lee Underwood



LAURIE MILLER

Art Pepper has not recorded under his own name since 1960. Nearly 15 years later, however, he nevertheless placed #9 in the down beat Reader's Poll. He is an alto player whose creative intensity has waged a constant battle with his personal demons of self-destruction.

"All in all, I've done about 11 years in jail. In 1959, I got busted by the state with two quarter-ounce condoms of heroin. I got sentenced for 2-20 years in San Quentin, and did about three and a half. I came out on a five-year parole, was out about six months, failed the Naline test because I was using, and got sent to Chino.

"I was also in Susanville, a camp-center in northern California, Fulsom, Soledad, Quentin three different times, and the L.A. County Jail off and on—one time for over a year, which was total agony."

When I first saw Arthur Edward Pepper (b. Sept. 1, 1925, Gardena, Calif.), he stood before a Sunday afternoon crowd of perhaps 800 people who were visiting Synanon, the famous drug-rehabilitation center located on the sunsplashed beaches of Santa Monica, California.

The occasion was a celebration—a Trip Break—for some 100 residents who had just spent 48 hours in an exhausting and exhilarating marathon game situation. No one sleeps, everyone relates, and the emotional depths of each individual are hopefully plumbed to the core.

It is a revelatory communal experience. When the participants emerge from their quarters, each dressed in a white gown, their faces are radiant with happiness, love, mutual understanding and warm-hearted closeness.

The Synanon band was playing while the Synanon choir sang joyously. The audience of visitors and friends surrounded the area into

which the white-gowned trippers filed, sitting on the floor in front of the band.

And in front of the band and the choir stood Art Pepper, his eyes closed tight, his feet planted flat on the floor, his (communally owned) tenor sax held straight out before him. He improvised over that choir like a free-flown skylark. His melodies bubbled out with all of the smoothness, the urgency, the speed and the clarity for which he is famous as an alto player. The room nearly levitated with love, energy, and Art's incredibly smoking music. There, separate from the world, it was a thrill to hear him, for in my eyes he was a legend.

It has been three years since Pepper departed Synanon, took a job as a book keeper in a health-food bakery, and once again began to make his way in the L.A. musical jungle. He's been doing fine, and for some time has not worked, or needed to work, a day job.

"For the last three years, my wife (Laurie Miller) and I have been writing a book on my life story. I use the tape recorder, and my wife transcribes and edits. It's a long book, and we've finally finished it and sent it off to the agents.

"I've seen a lot of things, as has my wife.

"Before, if you had a certain feeling, soul, where you could reach down and get something, where you would cry or laugh through your horn, that was what happened, but it isn't like that. . . . I personally play sober and straight now, because I play better that way. What counts for me is a warm audience."

As soon as I've started to make it, you see, I've fallen apart. But now I'm aware of that. I'm hoping that my age and the fact of the hate and the racial danger in prison which makes the thought of ever going back absolutely terrifying, will help deter me.

"On the other hand, I try to strengthen the positive—the thing of wanting to be comfortable, of wanting to do what I feel I'm capable of doing, of having people hear the way I play, of coming to a happy medium, and by doing the clinics for all those appreciative kids. Last month I was hardly home I did so many college clinics. I really love it and am open for more.

"So I have been working on my autobiography, I'm a clinician for Buffet, I'm working on my record, playing gigs, and getting over all the bitterness about the past."

The Buffet clinic situation began when Art landed a clinic and a concert at the University of Denver playing clarinet, an instrument he originally began playing when he was nine.

"I didn't have my own clarinet when I got the Denver gig, so I borrowed an old one from a friend. There I was in Denver, Colorado, surrounded by all these great classical clarinet players from Europe. I'm the jazz player, and they're all classical players, and it's a week-long clinic.

"Different horn companies had exhibits there. I met Ken Yohe, who was in charge of the Buffet exhibit. He really liked my playing, and he said, 'What kind of a clarinet you got?' I showed him the clarinet, and he said, 'Oh my God. Here—why don't you take this?' And he gave me a new Buffet clarinet to use for the clinic.

"He asked me how I'd like to do some clinics. Well, I had never thought about it. I didn't even know they existed, really. I told

him I didn't have any horns, but he said, 'Well, let me see if I can work something out.' Because of my past, he didn't know whether I might take the horn and sell it, or what. From his point of view, he might have been taking a chance.

"I came back to California and didn't think anything more about it. All of a sudden one day, there's a knock on the door, and it's one of these United Parcel trucks. Here comes this guy, and he's got four huge boxes. He says, 'Art Pepper?' I said, 'Yeah,' and all I had to do was sign.

"I took 'em upstairs, and I opened the one box, and in it was a brand new Buffet alto saxophone, just beautiful! I opened up another box, and it was a brand new clarinet. Then I opened up another box, and it was a brand new Buffet tenor. I opened up another box, and it was an Armstrong flute. I couldn't believe it! From not having a single horn, I all of a sudden had four, plus mouthpieces and reeds and sax stands. I tried everything out, and loved them, of course, and we worked out all the financial arrangements so everybody was happy. And what a way to get back on your feet!"

In the late '30s and early '40s, Art liked Artie Shaw and Bennie Goodman. He had played clarinet for three years before playing alto, and then he encountered a cross-road. He liked both clarinet and alto, but felt "there was no way to play both. I decided alto was it."

At 18 he was playing with Benny Carter and Lee Young in L.A., and in 1943 he joined Stan Kenton for three months (later to rejoin him). He then spent two years overseas in the Army. When he returned from Europe, he heard bebop for the first time—*Ooo-bop-sha-bam* and *Salt Peanuts*. He listened to Dizzy, Bird, Sonny Stitt and Lester Young. They changed his life.

Charlie Parker had popularized the alto to the point where other musicians "gave up their identity to sound like him. They gave up their own thing completely. They copied solos off the record and played them note for note. They'd practice them and practice them.

"You know, Bird had a great sound, a great sound for him and for jazz. But it wasn't a pure 'legitimate' sound. It was *his* sound. It was real, and it was beautiful the way *he* played it.

"A lot of other guys had worked and worked and worked to get a pure sound. But then they tried to destroy the beauty of their own sound in an effort to sound like Bird! Where Bird sounded *beautiful* playing his sound, them playing it lost all their individuality completely.

"There were a few people, however, who really stayed and played themselves—Paul Desmond, Lee Konitz, and myself. I couldn't see copying someone else. I've never, ever taken anything off a record or memorized somebody else's solo, never, ever. I wouldn't even look at them.

"Of course, I got put down a lot by other people, because if you didn't play Birdlicks, you weren't nothin'. But I kept developing and playing myself throughout that whole period, say from 1946 to 1951, through that whole time I was with Stan Kenton's band.

"In the early '50s, I started a group, recorded, and everyone knew who I was. They could immediately tell that it was Art Pepper playing, which was great. All I had to play

was alto."

During the late '40s and early '50s, Art cut many records with Stan Kenton, including *Stan Kenton Presents*, with Shelly Manne and June Christie. He also recorded *Shorty Rogers And His Giants* (with Hampton Hawes, Jimmy Giuffre and Shelly Manne); *Shelly Manne and His Men*; and *The Art Pepper Quintet* with Jack Montrose.

He spent the first part of the '50s and almost the entire period from 1959-1966 in jail. "Other than parole violations," he explains, "I had only three actual busts, and they were for using. I was never busted for a crime, only for using. No sales, no crime, just using—which is totally outrageous. If they'd have had a methadone program then like they do now—and I'm on it—I might have had a whole different life.

"I started using dope in 1947 in Chicago. I had been drinking all night, and around four o'clock the bar closed. We'd just played the Civic Opera House in Chicago, and I had played a tune called *Art Pepper* written especially for me. Everything was great at that point—all of the adulation, all of the recognition, people clapping and everything.

"But after the clapping was over, the other guys would get chicks and go out and ball. I was married, and my wife was home in California. She wouldn't travel with me any more, because we had a child, and the little girl had gotten sick on our last trip.

"After this particular Civic Opera House gig was over, and the bar had finally closed, there I was. I just couldn't make it. I didn't know what to do.

"So I went up to the room, and there were all these people. I asked them, 'Does anybody have anything to drink?' But none of them had drinks, because they were all using heroin. I ended up by sniffing some stuff, and that was the beginning. From that moment on, I was into it. In 1953 I had to pay my first dues. I got sent to the Fort Worth Federal Penitentiary.

"I got busted with ten caps, which is a gram, which is nothing. I had pawned my alto on Main Street in Los Angeles. I'd gotten \$25.00 for it. I put \$4.00 worth of gas in the car, bought a gram of stuff for \$20.00, bought a bean burrito for 25¢, a pack of cigarettes for 25¢, and I had 50¢ left.

"I tried to fix in East L.A., but I couldn't find a place, so I had to drive all the way back out on the strip, where I was staying with this girl. I had borrowed her Cadillac to go score. I was sick, and every now and then I would gag, and bile would come up. It was just horrible. I had a towel, and here I am trying to get the bile into the towel, and I was shivering and shaking.

"I had this gram wrapped in cellophane. I had been shaken down a few times around Temple Street, which was a real dope neighborhood, but no one had ever looked in my socks, never. So I reached down, and I stuck these ten caps into my sock in the arch of my foot.

"I get to this hotel, get out of my car, and walk through the parking lot to the back of the place, where I had my outfit stashed in the base of a bush. I reached down to get my outfit thinking, 'Oh, God—just a couple of more minutes and I'll be straight.'

"I reached down and grabbed the outfit. I got it in my hand, and I'm just about to raise

up. All of a sudden I feel this real cold, hard thing against my head. I hear this voice: 'Federal narcotics agent. Freeze!'

"'Oh, no!' I said. 'Ohhh, no.'

"He hollers a name, and here comes this other guy with his gun out, out of the back door. The most sickening feeling in the world. That was the beginning.

"Naturally, I wasn't able to play much in the jails, but just before I would get out, I would really start practicing. I found that when I got out I was playing better than ever. I don't know if it was what happened to me—the sadness . . . it's just such an emotional thing that happens to you.

"You suffer so much, and you get so close to yourself, that when you go to play you can reach down and really find things. It's like you're just pouring your life and your soul out when you're playing. I found that every time I went to jail, I came out and I was a little more in tune. I had more depth, more soul."

Are you saying, Art, that your suffering made you an artist? That you suffer with the dope, and you suffer with the prison, and then you

SELECTED PEPPER DISCOGRAPHY

Featured

THE RETURN OF ART PEPPER—Jazz West 10*
PEPPER MANNE—Charlie Parker 836

(with Shelly Manne)

THE ARTISTRY OF PEPPER—Pacific Jazz 60

GETTIN' TOGETHER—Contemporary 7573

INTENSITY—Contemporary 7607

MEETS RHYTHM SECTION—Contemporary 7532

PLUS ELEVEN—Contemporary 7568

SMACK UP—Contemporary 7630

THE WAY IT WAS!—Contemporary 7630

(with Warne Marsh)

THE OMEGA MAN—Onyx 219

as a Sideman

BY REQUEST—Creative World

(with Stan Kenton)

MERCY, MERCY—Pacific Jazz 20133

(with Buddy Rich)

EVIL EYES—Artco LPL 117

(with Mike Vax)

*The transcribed solo from *Broadway* from this album is published in *Jazz Styles and Analysis: ALTO SAXOPHONE* by Harry Meidema (db Music Workshop Publications).

come out singing 'purely'?

"No, I wouldn't say that, but that's what I felt at the time. If that thing is in your mind, you . . . It was instilled in my mind, because Bird and Prez and Billie Holiday and many, many other great people did that. That's the way it was.

"All the jazz soloists in every band in those days were hooked on stuff. If you were going to be a jazz soloist, you shot heroin. That's the way it was. It was a kind of cultural tradition. If you used, you were more or less looked up to, which is a very bad thing.

"Now, everything has changed. It's not like that at all any more.

"People are sober as a rule, because music has changed from being a purely emotional, soul-type thing—just getting together and blowing—to a very technical, very musical and difficult type of thing.

"Before, if you had a certain feeling, soul, where you could reach down and get something, where you would like cry or laugh through your horn, that was what happened, but now it isn't like that. People still play great, but they come from a different angle.

"I personally play sober and straight now, because I play better that way. I used to feel I

RECORD REVIEWS

Ratings are:

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

ANTHONY BRAXTON

NEW YORK, FALL 1974—Arista AL 4032; *Side One, Cut One* (6—77AR (NJD) T—36K); *Side One, Cut Two* (MDD-3—P-32—63D12); *Side One, Cut Three* (RBHM—F—KNNK); *Side Two, Cut One* (N—WH—70-MMA-R-26); *Side Two, Cut Two* (30-EGN-KBM-78); *Side Two, Cut Three* (KA-47-B-6-3F).

Personnel: Braxton, alto sax (tracks 1, 3), flute (track 2), clarinet (track 4), soprano sax (track 5), contrabass clarinet (track 6); tracks 1—3, 6: Kenny Wheeler, trumpet, flugelhorn; Dave Holland, bass; Jerome Cooper, percussion; Leroy Jenkins, violin (track 6 only); track 4: Richard Teitelbaum, Moog synthesizer; track 5: Julius Hemphill, alto sax; Oliver Lake, tenor sax; Haniet Bluiett, baritone sax.

★★★★

IN THE TRADITION—SteepleChase (import) SCS-1015: *Marshmallow*; *Goodbye Pork Pie Hat*; *Friends*; *Ornithology*; *Lush Life*.

Personnel: Braxton, alto sax (tracks 1, 3, 5), contrabass clarinet (tracks 2, 4); Tete Montoliu, piano; Niels-Henning Orsted Pederson, bass; Albert "Tootie" Heath, drums.

★★★★

BRAXTON/ DEREK BAILEY

DUO—Emanem (import) 601: *The First Set (Parts 1 And 2)*; *Rehearsal Extract*; *The Second Set (Parts 1 And 2)*.

Personnel: Braxton, flute, soprano clarinet, clarinet, contrabass clarinet, soprano sax, alto sax; Bailey, electric & acoustic guitars.

★★★★ ½

The irrepressible Braxton in 1974: further steps toward a distinct personal utterance, lovingly recorded and often admirably executed. In fact, the Arista is a model of thoughtful record production, a superb cross-section of one of our most intriguing avant gardists, his first American recording since 1968. The Braxton-Bailey is a concert from the end of June in London; a month earlier he had subbed for an ailing Dexter Gordon in Copenhagen, with unusually relaxed performances. Parenthetically, all three labels are in the process of building outstanding jazz catalogues—maybe civilization is just around the corner.

Three diverse collections—a very formal set, a wholly improvised free set, a familiar-songs-with-changes set—yet some generalizations are possible. Alto sax remains his major medium, and while he's abandoned his earlier virtuoso ambitions, his range has broadened and his expressive capabilities are dramatized by his increasing ease with rhythms and sound-space placement. These LPs don't accurately reveal his mastery of the higher-pitched saxes, but he's certainly a leader in the current, long-overdue revival of the clarinet. His unique sound and techniques often transfer one to another on the treble reeds, but I suspect he offers the best he can on the Emanem flute sequences. The instrument's limitations and Braxton's conception and technique render the *Second Set* opening near the apex of possibilities (it is very nice music).

His contrabass monster remains bad news. At best it's a tiny collection of twitters, rumbles, barks and toilet sounds. At worst it's *Ornithology*, wherein he can't handle the theme and his improvisation is a monotone mutter in mid-'40s rhythms. His composing for the Arista has abandoned its earlier promise for almost programmatic regularity. *Two, Two*, perfectly performed, appears an exception mainly because so little genuinely ambitious avant garde writing ever appears on L.P. Its direct ancestor is late-'60s Chicago, and at least a half dozen of his old Chicago-St. Louis mates (including Lake) have succeeded at far more daring chamber music works than this little sketch. *One, Two* lasts four times too long for its melodic content, and the heavy-handed *Two, Three*, despite the conscientious Wheeler, needs a Don Cherry or Lester Bowie to breathe life into it.

Braxton's partners, then. If Wheeler's poise and execution are admirable, the sum is rather thin. Holland is as fine and aggressive as you'd expect, Orsted agreeably expansive. Montoliu's *Marshmallow* accompaniment is so uniquely timed, harmonized and vigorous that you wish his soloing was as purposeful. Teitelbaum's simple extensions of Braxton's ideas provide the tension that rescues *Two, One*. His purely accompanying role is pointedly stated in this brief piece, while after 81 minutes of music I'm not at all certain about Bailey. Occasionally a true sense of duet emerges, the ringing or harp-like or muted plucked sounds project just the right feeling and momentum. But Braxton, in free space, has always proven difficult to work with, and on the basis of this concert Bailey may be an equally problematic performer.

Bailey's playing tends toward stasis, and whenever Braxton breaks into a guitar solo to accompany, Bailey is often too ready to assume a background role, forcing Anthony to assume leadership. Thus the collection is a series of Braxton solos, about equally long, on all his woodwinds (and isn't that an *alto* clarinet he's playing in three separate sequences, including the *Rehearsal Extract*? He certainly makes it a versatile horn.) Late in the first set, Bailey directs a sonically imaginative sequence, followed by a well-taken abstract "classical music" duet, but most of this LP has leader Braxton echoing himself, Roscoe Mitchell and Joseph Jarman. The second set is far more successful. The flute and the structured clarinet sequences work, Braxton's wide alto clarinet (?) leaps are striking, and an alto sax solo achieves an extended organization and variety of content that becomes the high point of the two records. The fusion of plaintive sounds and fierce leaps on clarinet is almost as rewarding and, to me, a more remarkable achievement.

The most satisfying moments on the other two LPs are the alto sax solos. His unique sound applied to *Lush* leads to lots of lovely touches and post-Parker phrasing, with an appealing climax over the momentarily suspended rhythm. *Just* includes long passages of purely decorative playing, as though Braxton, with his wide intervals and highly-advanced rhythmic sophistication, is doing to the Tristano school of saxophonists what Dolphy applied to Parker. It's certainly apparent in the delightful *Marshmallow*, an excellent introduction to those unfamiliar with Braxton's art, that includes marvelous distortions of Konitz and Marsh. Braxton's *Series F* LP introduced his growing concern with the Tris-

tano methodology. In the past an emotionally indecisive artist who avoided frightening ambiguities with, alternately, studied abstraction and surface passion, Braxton is discovering personal resolutions in the "total spontaneity" aesthetic.

The most personal statements, I feel, are in the Arista *One, One* and *One, Three*, particularly the latter. Here the welter of early influences—Coltrane, Mitchell, Dolphy, Coleman—are subjugated, resolving into a personal sense of sonic/expressive techniques (and even structure) that quite transforms "cool" jazz. Unbound by modes or changes, his rhythm is quite at ease, his often tenuous melodism blossoming forth. The superb angularity of his phrasing in *One, Three* and a powerful momentary call to arms midway through, along with his striking inflections, result in a surprisingly emotional, modernistically structured work, a genuine triumph. Given these solos, Braxton has the potential to become an important force in contemporary music.

Currently, people seem to love Braxton ardently or shun him completely, hardly a fair or happy situation for one in the process of clarifying and refining his art. Write db for further information about SteepleChase and Emanem.

—litweiler

JOHN ABERCROMBIE

TIMELESS—ECM (import) 1047: *Lungs*; *Love Song*; *Ralph's Piano Waltz*; *Red And Orange*; *Remembering*; *Timeless*.

Personnel: Abercrombie, guitar; Jan Hammer, organ, synthesizer, piano; Jack DeJohnette, drums.

★★★★ ½

Upon the occasion of Charlie Parker's death in 1955, Charles Mingus noted that "most of the soloists at Birdland had to wait for Parker's next record in order to find out what to play next. What will they do now?" A somewhat similar quandary faced many a rock guitarist when Jimi Hendrix died in 1970. It wasn't until the ascent of John McLaughlin two or three years later that a voice was heard strong and original enough to serve as the latest, most-advanced model of that instrument's expressive capabilities. At that point, Tommy Bolin, Al DiMeola, Bill Connors, and . . . John Abercrombie knew what to play next. That isn't meant, by the way, to demean their individual talents, which are, in each case, considerable.

John Abercrombie, for example, is a versatile, virtuosic guitar player. His acoustic work with Gato Barbieri was Spanish soulful. And if his electric contributions to Dave Liebman's Lookout Farm albums owe much to McLaughlin—they are, after all, precise and fleet as machine-gun fire—they are not so mechanically hysterical. He displays a singular blend of intellect and emotion. *Timeless*, Abercrombie's first date as a leader, is an impressive showcase of these facets, and of his never-before-revealed abilities as a composer/arranger. Jan Hammer and Jack DeJohnette are all the help he needs.

Red And Orange is an up-tempo, circusy Hammer composition in the Mahavishnu Orchestra way that never lets you go. There's a lot of Eastern Europe in his bass line and a startling, refreshing dose of Jimmy Smith in his organ. Abercrombie constructs a lean, long-lined, ever-more-intense solo, and DeJohnette is muscularly propulsive throughout, with nary a nod in Cobham's direction, mercifully.

Abercrombie and Hammer go it alone acoustically on *Remembering*, a simple, yet deeply dramatic theme followed by a telepathic, riff by riff dialogue.

The title cut is the hands-down magnum opus here—a space odyssey in the tradition of Pink Floyd. Hammer lays down a thick, endless, slowly-shifting synthesizer drone against which are heard distant, echoed organ spikes and Abercrombie's lithe, guitar filigree. The drone is dropped, a gentle, oddly-syncoated ostinato bottom is added, and the guys float home forever.

Unfortunately, not every tune scores so heavily. *Lungs* degenerates from its high, swinging intro into aimless doodling. *Love Song* is frothy Oregon lace. The rating is for one full side of solidly satisfying music. It will more than serve till we hear from this burgeoning talent again. —adler

JOE HENDERSON

CANYON LADY—Milestone (Fantasy) M-9057: *Tres Palabras; Las Palmas; Canyon Lady; All Things Considered*.

Personnel: Henderson, tenor sax; George Duke, electric piano; Mark Levine, acoustic piano; John Heard, bass; Eric Gravatt, drums; Carmelo Garcia, timbales; Victor Pantoja, Francisco Aguabella, congas; Oscar Brashear, John Hunt, trumpets; Julian Priester, Nicholaas TenBroek, trombones; Luis Gasca, trumpet & fluegelhorn; Ray Pizzi, Vincent Denham, flutes; Hadley Caliman, flute & tenor sax.

★ ★ ★ ½

Canyon Lady is the latest release in a long series of Blue Note and Milestone albums that Henderson has cut since the early 1960s. A noticeable consistency runs through most of the recordings—supportive bass lines, harmonic blocks of sound, floating melodic solos—and *Canyon Lady* does not offer any significant new directions. The strong influ-

ence of Coltrane is still evident in Henderson's soloing and his pianist, Mark Levine, plays a lot like McCoy Tyner, so at times the overall sound is reminiscent of Henderson's earlier work with Tyner and Elvin Jones (see *Inner Urge*, released in 1966).

Las Palmas, with its throbbing 6/4 repetitive bass riff played in unison by the bass and acoustic piano, is typical of the general format of Henderson's music. The bass riff foundation, supported by a complex mass of percussive sound (not unlike the Miles Davis experiments of a year or two ago), allow a melodic freedom that Henderson likes to explore. His soloing is almost always interesting and he is able to express himself without risking excessive repetition.

The most varied piece on this album, *Tres Palabras*, uses a similar format to *Las Palmas* for the solo space, but introduces a change in tempo and mood for the theme, carefully arranged and conducted by Luis Gasca. Here, Henderson's solos are clean, informal, and yet deliberate. The freedom is not abused to the point of chaos or boredom. George Duke also contributes a fine electric piano solo.

On *Canyon Lady*, the extended solo voices are broken up by brief orchestrated breaks spliced in between the repetitive chord structure (which alternates between E flat and D flat). Again, George Duke provides a sample of his talents with a rippling solo.

The influence of Coltrane comes through most strongly on *All Things Considered*, especially in Levine's Tyner-derived piano playing. As in the other selections, a repeating chord and bass pattern give Henderson a great deal of melodic freedom as he weaves in and out of chord foundations, unconcerned with key centers and the like. —kriss

ROSWELL RUDD

FLEXIBLE FLYER—Arista/Freedom AL 1006: *What Are You Doing The Rest Of Your Life; Maiden Voyage; Suh Blah Blah Buh Sibi; Waltzing In The Sagebrush; Moselle Variations*.

Personnel: Rudd, trombone. French horn: Sheila Jordan, vocals; Hod O'Brien, piano; Arild Andersen, bass; Barry Altschul, drums.

★ ★ ½

ROSWELL RUDD AND THE JAZZ COMPOSERS' ORCHESTRA

NUMATIK SWING BAND—JCOA LP 1007: *Vent; Breathahoward; Circulation; Lullaby For Greg; Atmosphere*.

Personnel: Rudd, trombone. French horn: Martin Alter, flute, oboe, alto sax; Art Baron, trombone; Mike Bresler, piccolo, flute, soprano sax; Gary Brocks, trombone; Charles Davis, soprano, baritone sax; Janet Donaruma, French horn; Sue Evans, percussion; Sharon Freeman, French horn; Charlie Haden, bass; Beaver Harris, drums; Howard Johnson, tuba; Sheila Jordan, vocals; Michael Krasnov, trumpet; Mike Lawrence, trumpet; Hod O'Brien, piano; Enrico Rava, trumpet; Dewey Redman, clarinet, tenor sax; Perry Robinson, clarinet; Sione, bass; Jeffrey Schlegel, French horn; Bob Stewart, tuba; Charles Sullivan, trumpet; Carlos Ward, flute, alto sax; track 4, Lou Grassi, drums; track 5, Dan Johnson, percussion.

★ ★ ★ ★

Roswell Rudd's most effective instrument is the band he's composing or arranging for. With the carefully assembled Archie Shepp groups of the mid-'60s, Rudd was able to create a unique setting for each tune, paying sharp-eared attention to the registers and textures of his colleagues' playing. These two overdue albums—one with his year old performing group, the other with the chameleon JCOA band—are successful to the extent that the composer/trombonist has strong voices

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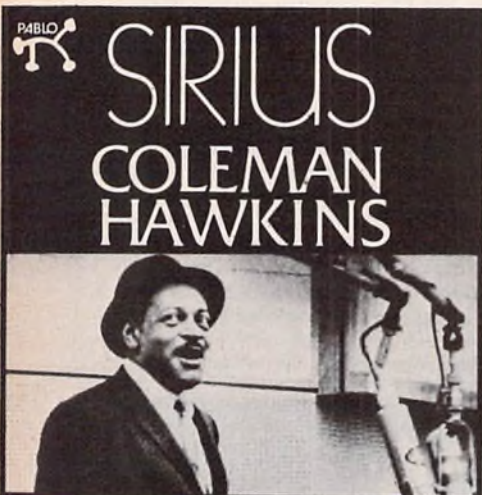
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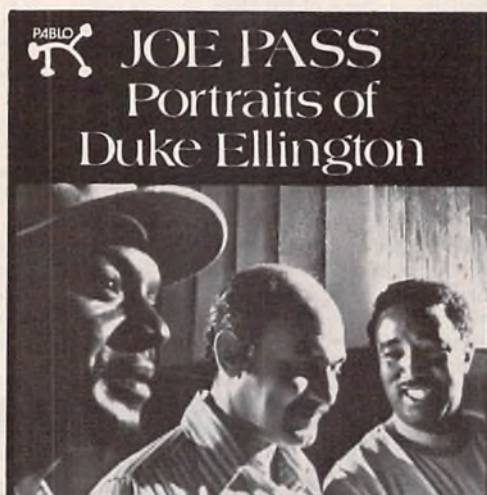
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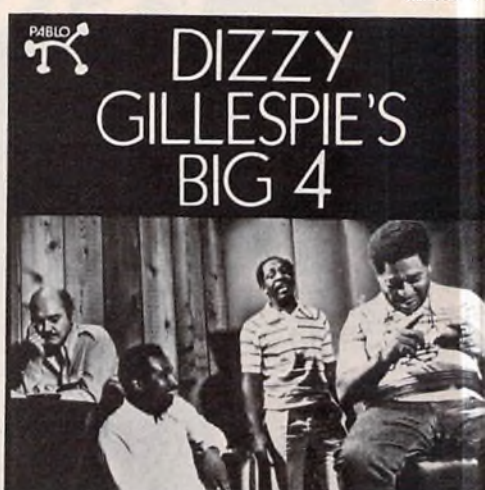


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other than himself to rely on and write for.

The absence of a second horn on the Arista released Freedom/Black Lion recording is a difficulty only partially rectified by the presence of Sheila Jordan and Rudd's own extended blowing. The singer has, at her best, a straightforward, unmannered vocal style, effective for story-telling lyrics but too flat and limited to be of much interest on wordless efforts like the Hancock standard and *Suh Blah*. Her interpretations do have a brightness on *Waltzing* and *Variations*, where she sings coyly. "What ever turns you on, bay-bee/ Is what we're going to do for you," but she lapses into melodrama emoting the torchy *Rest Of Your Life*.

Roswell can't seem to support her much. His trombone moves sparingly in a contrasting line, behind her, but the sliding variability of his horn never comes together with her own unsure tone on the album's first side. *Maiden* sounds like an exercise in quarter tones, except for O'Brien's pleasant keyboard tinkering. Rudd's bone work on *Suh Blah* and *Variations* is burry, breathy, and melodic: his imagination seems filled with strongly American song styles and swooping transitional phrases. The rhythm section however, is generally pedestrian, with only occasional awakening. Disappointingly, the group sounds too much like a motel lounge combo.

Conducting with 'bone in hand, Rudd brings the JCOA band into a musical land they haven't explored under the direction of Michael Mantler, Carla Bley, or Don Cherry. Ex-Shepp mate Beaver Harris opens the suitelike work with airpumping drumrolls that bring forth a fanfare of French horns. Harmonies fill the air until Haden's howling deflates the ballooning thickness.

Breathahoward is a gently mocking march, with the melody stated by the tubas. Johnson's humorous solo calls to mind a fat man complaining of bunions. *Circulation* begins with the two basses and piano setting up Rudd's solo. He speaks through his horn in short phrases, leading into an extended idea that's been implied in his playing from the first measure. Half the orchestra picks up the line, while Redman on tenor leads a counter riff, buoying the soloist. Instruments from tuba to xylophone broaden the scope of the themes, then the trombones come in, quavering. The two lines bleed together, and Rudd ends the movement with a throaty cadenza.

On *Lullaby* Ms. Jordan gives a crystal clear, painstaking reading, emotionally convincing over dirgelike low horns. Redman's solo is equally expressive, filled with offering and argument, but unfortunately, recorded too far in the background to equal the presence of Jordan's contribution. *Aerosphere* begins with spacey whistling and bell shaking, then crescendos into cymbal splashing and brass riffings over insistent reed voicings. The trumpets take the top off the melody and Rava steps forward for a spearing solo, probing and piercing at the wall of rhythm Harris pounds out. The band roars in, simmers to a vibrating hum, then cools out the soloist for a restatement of the line with the piccolo hovering above. Davis' baritone breaks the surface for a few more swing-splintered choruses. The orchestra enters chaotically then gives an exuberant rendition of the composition's theme, closing slowly as a bellows.

This concert band work is full of swing and spirit, the traditional language of jazz, and Roswell Rudd's own way of testifying. If there was only some way that the economics of music making could enable this composer

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JOE FARRELL

CANNED FUNK—CTI (Motown) 6053: *Canned Funk*; *Animal*; *Suite Martinique*; *Spoken Silence*.

Personnel: Farrell, tenor soprano, baritone sax, flute; Herb Bushler, bass; Jim Madison, drums; Joe Beck, guitar; Ray Mantilla, conga/percussion.

This is Joe Farrell's fifth album for CTI as a leader and, notwithstanding the title and eye-catching design of the cover, there's not much funk to be found. By this time, of course, I've completely lost sight of what "funk" is supposed to define, or what it once did define (raucous rhythm and gutsy riffs perhaps). Nevertheless, taking even the most middle-of-the-road definition of the word, it

just doesn't describe what Farrell is doing.

Basically this album seems to be a stripped down version of an Idris Muhammad LP (see *Power Of Soul*), a sort of jazz group turned toward soul/rock influences, but still consciously clinging to a jazz formula of instrumental solos bound together with structured lead lines. In theory, this is certainly a sensible approach, but in practice, without the right kind of discipline and control, the result can be a bit tedious.

Such is the case with *Canned Funk*. Farrell uses a "spaced" rhythmic basis—that is, open spaces created by delayed afterbeats on the bass and drums—over which he puts down a strong melodic line. That technique works fairly well: the trouble usually arises in the solo sections. Supported only by a "non-harmonic" rhythm section, Farrell places the

full responsibility for creating musical interest upon his soloing ability and, quite frankly, his playing on this LP just isn't strong enough to pull it off for 30 straight minutes. He does get some help from Joe Beck, whose solos on *Animal* and *Canned Funk* are well-designed and skillfully performed, but that's not enough to give this album a power and life all its own.

Suite Martinique, an interesting composition using a "programmed" (as in a synthesizer) type bass line, is typical of the problems Farrell faces. The piece lacks an integrated sound; as the rhythm section races on, Farrell's horn meanders through a seeming monotone of sound, never quite touching home, yet never reaching far enough out to become interesting in that respect either.

The most successful selection is, without a doubt, *Spoken Silence*, performed in a lighter, soulful style. Here, Farrell seems more familiar with the material and the piece is tied together in a satisfying harmonic framework.

—kriss

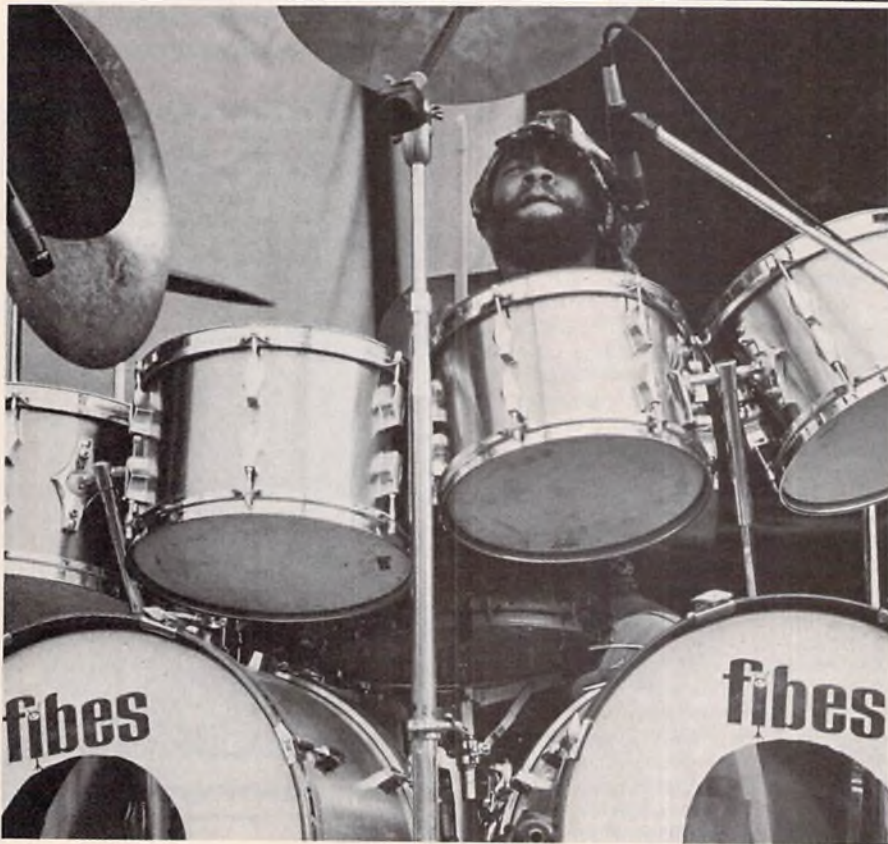
VARIOUS ARTISTS

PRISON WORKSONGS—Arhoolie 1012: *Bera* (Big Louisiana, Rev. Rogers, Roosevelt Charles); *Take This Hammer* (Guitar Welch, Hogman Maxey, Andy Mosely); *Stewball* (Rev. Rogers, Big Louisiana, Jose Smith); *Five Long Years For One Man* (Odea Mathews); *Alberta Let Your Bangs Grow Long* (Guitar Welch, Hogman Maxey, Andy Mosely); *I Had Five Long Years* (James Russell and gang); *Early In The Morning* (Johnny Butler and gang); *All Teamed Up In Angola's Mule Lot* (Roosevelt Charles, Arthur Davis, Big Louisiana); *I Got A Hurtin' In My Right Side* (Willy Rafus and gang); *Let Your Hammer Ring* (Big Louisiana, Willy Rafus, Arthur Davis); *Cleaning This Highway* (Willy Rafus, Andy Mosely, Johnny Butler); *John Henry* (Guitar Welch, Hogman Maxey, Robert Pete Williams); *Something Within Me* (Odea Mathews); *Jesus Cares* (Murray Macon).

Recorded in 1959 at Louisiana State Penitentiary, Angola, La. (a prison work farm) by folklorist Harry Oster, these 14 performances are among the finest late examples of the communal worksong traditions of black American folk music. Due to their enforced isolation, prisons often have been excellent places to find older examples of white and black folksong, for there is much less incidence of, and greater resistance to the many pressures towards change that, in the outside world, are operative on folksong. It has been in prisons, it should be remembered, that most of the few examples of group worksong have been recorded in the last few decades, even though the genre flourished over wide areas of the South in earlier years.

When Oster recorded these worksongs he observed the fact of their being cherished and used only among older inmates, young blacks expressing little or no interest in them, failing to participate in them, and undoubtedly viewing them as a form of tomming (which in one sense they probably are, tomming being one of the major black survival techniques in an oppressive white world, and the penal system certainly qualifies as that). The worksong was in danger of dying, he asserted. When less than a half-dozen years later, Bruce Jackson attempted to document similar material in Texas prison farms, the traditions had receded even further towards disuse. So rapidly has change come to southern blacks—even imprisoned ones—that it's probably all but impossible nowadays to find anything like what Oster recorded less than two decades ago.

All of which makes this recording an even more valuable document of black folksong forms and practices than it was when first is-



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sued in 1960. At that time Don DeMicheal, in reviewing this material in these pages, awarded the LP (then on Oster's small Folk Lyric label) five stars, an evaluation with which I heartily concur. I consider *Prison Work Songs* one of the most truly important collections of black American folksong ever, a stirring and heart-rending musical document filled with some of the most compelling, raw, powerful, indomitably beautiful music thus far recorded in the U.S. To my mind, this set is still one of the cornerstones of any record collection dealing with black music. If you don't have it, get it. —welding

TOOTS THIELEMANS

CAPTURED ALIVE—Choice 1007: *Days Of Wine And Roses; I Never Told You; Dr. Pretty; Airegin; Images; Day Dream; Giant Steps; Snooze*. Personnel: Thielemans, harmonica; Joanne Brackeen, piano; Cecil McBee, bass; Freddie Waits, drums. ★ ★ ½

While Thielemans is a more than middling jazz player, and occasionally a striking one, this set of performances never really coalesces the way it should. There is in fact a decidedly schizophrenic quality to the music—the feeling of split-personality runs all through the performances—that results from very real conceptual differences at the core of Thielemans' playing and that of the rhythm section.

Coming from basically the same place, Brackeen, McBee and Waits work well together, playing a hard, tight, sinewy modernized bebop of an absolutely pared-to-the-bone economy. The three make up a tightly knit rhythm section, and the music crackles when they're at it. It's Thielemans who's the odd man out, his broadly romantic, frequently florid approach to this music very much at variance with the no-nonsense muscularity of the trio. It's as though Thielemans views this as something on the order of a mood jazz date, while the others see themselves as participating in, say, the Miles Davis *Cookin'* and *Relaxin'* sessions. And the two never really manage to get together during the proceedings—Thielemans going his way, the trio theirs—so that while they're playing the same tunes, they're never playing the same music.

There are the beginnings of two fine LPs in this set. I for one would like to hear this rhythm section again, in support of a more compatible soloist or simply as a trio. Were Thielemans in more of a boppish mood, he would have set much better with them. Too bad, as this could probably have gone either way and, if it had, the music would have been at least more cohesive and perhaps even stronger. But not as it stands. Fish—0; Fowl—0. —welding

FLORA PURIM

STORIES TO TELL—Milestone (Fantasy) M 9058: *Stories To Tell; Search For Peace; Casa Forte; Insensatez; Mountain Train; To Say Goodbye; Silver Sword; Vera Cruz; O Cantador/I Just Want To Be Here*.

Personnel: Purim, vocals; George Bohanon, Raul de Souza, trombone; Oscar Brashear, flugelhorn; Miroslav Vitous, George Duke, synthesizer; Hadley Caliman, flute; Ernie Hood, zither; Earl Klugh, Carlos Santana, Oscar Neves, guitar; Ron Carter, Miroslav Vitous, bass; Airtio, King Errisson, percussion; Larry Dunlap, piano.

★ ★ ★ ½

If *Butterfly Dreams* was a major factor in Flora Purim's decisive trouncing of Ella Fitzgerald in the recent **down beat** readers poll, it must be a significant LP (although it failed to show up in the jazz and pop album category).

If so, her current *Stories To Tell* is guaranteed to bring her still more listeners.

Ms. Purim comes from a tradition of Brazilian music that, while having a few superficial elements in common with American jazz, is the product of an entirely different set of cultural inputs. The sources of her work took root, grew and matured in an atmosphere untouched by jazz. It makes no sense to link her cool, vibrato-less sound to Helen Merrill and jazz of the '50s; or to compare her wordless vocal lines to Adelaide Hall's on the 1927 *Creole Love Call*.

She has borrowed from jazz, but that doesn't make her a jazz vocalist. Dizzy Gillespie, Stan Kenton, Ella, Getz, and even Duke Ellington, in his famous *Afro Bossa* LP, all experimented with outside elements. But

all came directly out of the American jazz tradition, and their work with samba and bossa nova rhythms was no more authentic Brazil than Ms. Purim's is authentic jazz. Neither succeeded in nor, I believe, even intended to create a new synthesis.

In this context, I find her work very energetic and stimulating. On *Casa Forte*, she achieves a striking ensemble sound in combination with de Souza's trombone. Her sound is delicate on *Search, Insensatez, and Good-bye*, without vibrato and lightly seasoned with the Portuguese accents of her native language. There is a greater degree of improvisation here than in her previous *Butterfly* LP, and her increasingly progressive approach to the Brazilian idiom will no doubt delight her growing following. —mcdonough

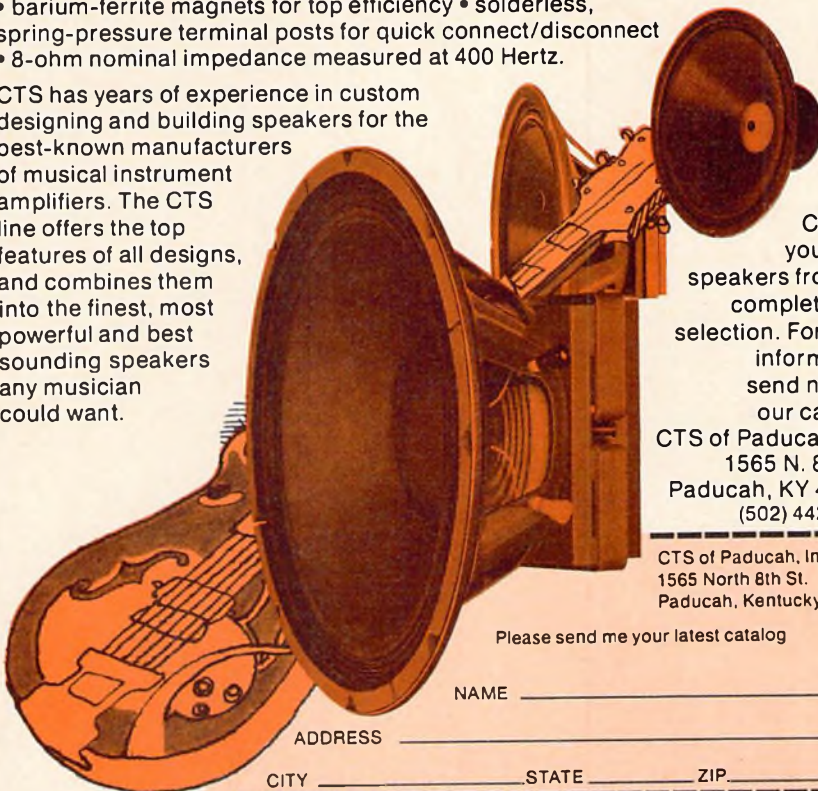
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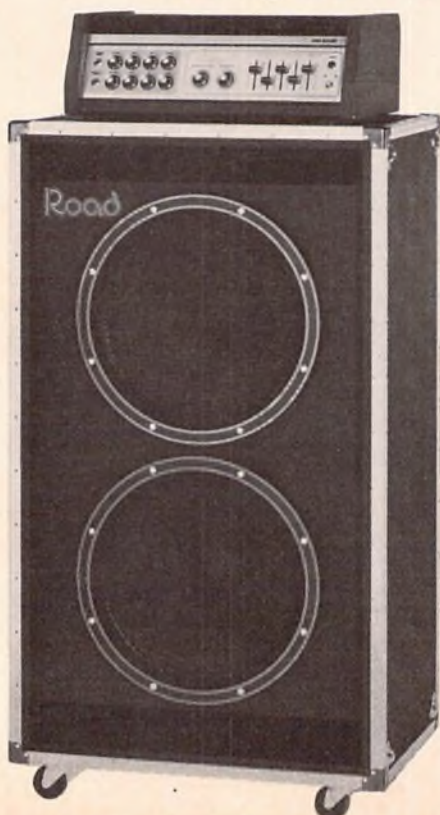
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Personnel: Vaughan, vocals; Al Aarons, trumpet; Teddy Edwards, tenor sax; Jimmy Rowles, piano; Monty Budwig, bass; Donald Bailey, drums.

CARMEN McRAE

CARMEN McRAE: LIVE AND DOIN' IT—Mainstream 403: *No Where; Trouble Is A Man; Lady Is A Tramp; My Ship; I Only Have Eyes For You; I Guess I'll Hang My Tears Out To Dry; Sleeping Bee; Meaning Of The Blues; Guess Who I Saw Today; Quiet Nights.*

Personnel: not listed.

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Both LPs are softly lyrical, emphasizing each artist's strong sense of musicianship in dealing with what is often the rather bland character of the material. Miss Vaughan's six tracks are divided between four torchy ballads (including a little known W. C. Handy piece called *Morning Star*) and a couple of up-tempo flights. Her most exciting and interesting work is on a long *That Face*, in which Aarons and Edwards join discreetly in the fun. The ballads, while impeccable showcases for Sarah Vaughan's interpretive powers, are lightweight items. Moreover, *Star* and *House* drag with excessively slow tempos. The Rowles group functions only as a backup unit.

Although there is a greater variety of tempo in the Carmen McRae LP, it contains essentially the same strengths and weaknesses as Miss Vaughan's set. It's a night club performance played to a sophisticated but not particularly jazz oriented audience. *Quiet Nights*, in which an unnamed flutist joins the equally anonymous bassist, pianist and drummer that make up the support group, comes off well. But *Lady Is A Tramp*, with its vocal acrobatics, is tiresome and without surprises.

Each of the LPs would have been strengthened by stronger material or at least an effort to try things a little differently. As things stand, it's all something of a non-event, except for the singers' respective followers.

—mcdonough

MIKE OLDFIELD

HERGEST RIDGE—Virgin VR 13-109: *Hergest Ridge.*


Personnel: Oldfield, composer, guitars, mandolin, organs, percussion; June Whiting, Lindsay Cooper, oboes; Ted Hobart, trumpet; Chili Charles, snare drums; Clodagh Simmonds, Sally Oldfield, voices; choir and strings conducted by David Bedford.

DAVID BEDFORD

STAR'S END—Virgin VR 13-114: *Star's End.*
Personnel: Bedford, composer; Mike Oldfield, guitar, bass guitar; Chris Cutler, percussion; Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Vernon Handley.

* 1/2

Don't be fooled by the superficial similarities between these two albums. Both Bedford and Oldfield have contributed to each other's discs, and both records present performances



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of single works, each over 40 minutes long,
utilizing full complements of strings, brass
(*Star's End*) and choir (*Hergest Ridge*). But
there the resemblance ends. Oldfield is a real
charmer, and in *Hergest Ridge* he's come up
with a gem of contemporary light pop. But he
can leave his buddy Bedford home next time
as far as I'm concerned.

In its own way, *Hergest Ridge* is one of the
most evocative albums I've heard in a long
time. Oldfield has the singular ability to paint
landscapes with music. This scene is stately,
orderly, English, and very green. There are
more different greens in the British country-
side than most Americans could imagine, and
Oldfield conjures up every last one of them.
Just as all the greens are really only shades of
one green, Oldfield pulls this off with only a
couple of melodies, unadventurous har-
monies, simple rhythms and arrangements.
Sweet and charming, the tunes roll on effort-
lessly and endlessly. The magic is in the com-
binations of sounds—electric with acoustic,
keyboard with string, treble with bass—and
in the effective, sometimes exquisite, use of
the choir and percussion. There's a rightness
to the succession of colors and dynamics
which surpasses predictability and ap-
proaches inevitability.

Remarkable as the album is, it nonetheless
has its limitations: things move slowly and
unhurriedly, and the uniformly legato texture
of the background provided for the changing
lead instruments tends toward monotony.
There's only one section I'd call rocking, and
it runs on far too long. If you like your music
teeming with innovation and excitement, pass
this by. But if you've always wanted to direct
a technicolor film in your mind's eye (per-
haps a modern recasting of a Child ballad?
It's *that* English), then settle in with this rec-
ord for an hour or so. Who needs *The Exorcist*
anyway?

Star's End is mistitled: there's no star, and
about a third of the way through each side I
began to wonder if it was ever going to end.
Hergest Ridge demonstrates that a few ideas
can go a long way; *Star's End* reminds us that
they usually don't. This album lacks almost
everything. The writing is uninteresting, the
execution sloppy, the harmonies unsubtle and
repetitious, the rhythmic interest nonexistent.
Bedford gets several different noises out of
his strings: aimless chattering, endless arpeg-
gios, reiterated melodic fragments, and vis-
cous squeaks, in that order. The music stops
and starts, climaxes and subsides, but seem-
ingly at random. If there is an overarching
structure to the set, I defy you to sit still for
nearly 50 minutes to find out. Oldfield mostly
strums and plunks along with all the rest,
though he has one nice passage of liquid dis-
tortion near the end of side one. The worst
thing about *Star's End* is that it's not even ag-
gravating, it's just plain boring—and preten-
tious to boot, masking its creative poverty in
pseudo-classical dissonance. —metalitz

BUDDY DeFRANCO

FREE SAIL—Choice CRS 1008: *Threat Of Free-
dom; Please Send Me Someone To Love; Free Fall;
Yesterday; Free Sail.*

Personnel: DeFranco, clarinet; Victor Feldman,
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Joe Cocuzzo, drums.

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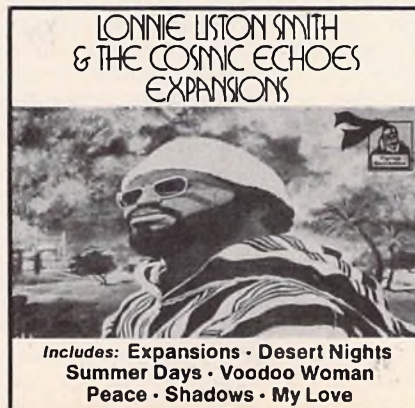
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There is talk in George Simon's liner notes about experimentation, a new type of instrument, a different reed. But it all seems to have had scant effect on the results, which remain as impatiently intense and stimulating as on his Verve sessions of the '50s. His sound, which was very much his own in its crisp, somewhat plasticized way, also remains personal, identifiable and basically unchanged.

All of which should please those who've long looked forward to this LP. Those new to DeFranco will find a Tatumesque fluency underpinning an intricate though predictable rhythmic style formed during the first generation of boppers.

Yet, for all the evenhanded dash and dazzle of *Free Fall* or *Yesterdays* (Kern), there's little spontaneity or surprise. He swings hard, to be sure, but like a hummingbird on automatic pilot.

There are other flaws too. Cocuzzo's drumming is busy and cluttered, and Sproles' bass is often over-recorded. Part three of *Threat* sounds like so much cocktail lounge music.

Feldman and Chiodini offer solid support, however, and Buddy demonstrates appealing warmth on *Please Send Me*. —mcdonough

MARC COHEN

FRIENDS—Oblivion Records (New Music Distribution) od 3: *5/8 Tune*; *Black Vibrations*; *Nursery Rhyme*; *Loose Tune*.

Personnel: Cohen, electric alto sax; Jeff Williams, drums; Clint Houston, fretted bass, acoustic bass; John Abercrombie, S4 & 12-string guitars.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

It has been my contention for some time that although independent and co-operative record companies account for an absurdly small percentage, in sales, of the total records moved in the jazz market, their musical and historical level of importance is of a far greater percentage.

The "indies" for the most part stand out as enigmas aside the commercially-oriented giants, usually pushing a favorite idiom/era or style of jazzed sounds, with a particular artist as the focal point. Set into this pattern comes the enigma of enigmas, Oblivion Records, which over the past 3 or 4 years has managed to push out a total of 4 LPs and one 45 record. The material has ranged from rural field blues to urban blues to mainstream jazz to electronic jazz/rock. Their one constant has been an outstanding quality of music along with the humor and personal approach to production and packaging.

The Marc Cohen *Friends* album was recorded in Dec. 1972, and apparently has been met, since its release, by a wall of silence from the media. Cohen, a Philadelphian who has worked with Chico Hamilton, does not merely utilize the electric alto sax with octave divider, tape echo, wah-wah and fuzz tone, he innovates with it. It is a direction in which Eddie Harris has been moving, but Cohen is there! Cohen has transformed the electric sax from a gimmick to a concept in instrumentation with its own identity and horizons.

With the exception of *Nursery Rhyme* (a very lyrical *Three Blind Mice*), the tempo ranges from uptempo to absurd. Fortunately all the musicians are up to it; Jeff Williams' speed is often electrifying in itself. Cohen and Abercrombie seem particularly inventive and in harmony with and of each other. Clint Houston is left with the most traditional role of pushing out a relatively tame bass line. Very electronic, very stimulating, very inventive and innovative, and very much worth your attention and investment. —rusch

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Tom Scott



VERYL C. OAKLAND

by Leonard Feather

It has been just about five years since Tom Scott's only previous Blindfold (db, 4/2/70). At that point in his prodigious career he was 21 years old, already had seen service with the Don Ellis and Oliver Nelson orchestras, the combos of Howard Roberts and Roger Kellaway, and had written his first TV score.

Partly on the strength of his heritage (he is the son of the noted Hollywood composer Nathan Scott), Tom has telescoped an extraordinary quantity of experience and maturity into a short time.

"I was always obsessed with music," he recalls. "I tried to emulate everyone from Benny Goodman to Coltrane. When I was about 13 I started playing country clubs and bar mitzvahs."

A couple of years ago Scott took a quartet to the International Song Competition in Caracas, Venezuela. Out of this group (with Joe Sample, Max Bennett and John Guerin) grew the idea for L.A. Express, which became a hot jazz-rock property. Soon afterward came the association with Joni Mitchell, the appearance of L.A. Express on her monster-hit album *Court and Spark*, and Scott's appearance in the title role of Carole King's song *Jazzman*. This #1 single immediately brought him to the attention of tens of millions. Since then, touring with Joni and George Harrison (which in turn brought him into hypnotizing contact with Ravi Shankar), Scott has become perhaps the most widely-known young instrumentalist of the past year. Of his border-jumping work in jazz, rock and pop, he says: "I'm happy doing all of it."

Scott was given no information about the records played. The Coltrane track was not just an alternate take but a different session; on the one to which Scott refers, Tommy Flanagan was the pianist.

blindfold

test

take. That's another tribute to his genius. That's five stars . . . a hundred stars!

3. HERBIE MANN. *Gymnopédie* (from *The Evolution of Mann*, Atlantic). Mann, flute; Eric Satie, composer; Bill Evans, piano; Chuck Israels, bass; Paul Motian, drums.

First of all that was Erik Satie's composition, *Gymnopédie*. It experienced a great revival recently because Blood, Sweat & Tears recorded it on their hit album. It's a lovely tune. I can't say that the flute player here, whoever it is, inspired me very much. It's a dead, vibratoless kind of tone on alto flute. There just didn't seem to be much life in the performance. I just waited for him to get through the tune; it never really went anywhere. I couldn't really rate that any more than one or two stars.

There really wasn't much else happening; the piano player was kind of featured in the background, but it wasn't something very memorable to my ears.

4. STAN KENTON. *Hogfat Blues* (from *Fire, Fury And Fun*, Creative World). Tom Campise, flute, composer; Lloyd Spoon, co-composer, arranger.

Well, if that's not Roland Kirk, I'd be pretty surprised. It's a style that's pretty unique to him. I've always wanted to play 'grunt flute,' as Quincy Jones calls it.

I assume it's a big band album he made. I've always loved Roland Kirk. It's hard enough to say anything unique, let alone something that style, that crazy and far out and funny. There's a humor in it; it's just a lot of fun. I'd have to give it four stars just cause it's fun. He's having a good time and entertaining.

5. JEREMY STEIG. *Belly Up* (from *Temple of Birth*, Columbia). Steig, flute, composer; Richie Beirach, keyboards; Alphonse Mouzon, drums.

I haven't heard that before. I would guess that it's probably Chick Corea, but I wouldn't know for sure. It sounds like him playing the piano. The flute player is excellent; a lot of chops. A very, very efficient organization obviously . . . the drummer, as well, I don't know who he is.

It's a basically simple tune, although played at a very rapid tempo, so it takes on a kind of new complexity. But it's very well done. A real tight, together group. I'd have to give it four stars.

6. ERIC KLOSS. *Descent* (from *Essence*, Muse Records). Barry Miles, composer; Kloss, alto sax; Marvin Peterson, trumpet.

That's a very, very well played track; it could be any one of a number of young bebop musicians. The trumpet player sounded a bit like Oscar Brashear, but I don't think it's a west coast band.

It's very well done; good solos, great alto player. Just a real together band. I'd have to give that four stars.

7. STAN GETZ. *Captain Marvel* (from *Captain Marvel*, Columbia). Getz, tenor sax; Chick Corea, electric piano, composer; Stanley Clarke, bass; Airtio, percussion.

That's got to be Stan Getz; he's got a very unmistakable sound and style. What's great about him, in terms of the type of sound he gets, he's always been more on the mellow side, and yet here's a very contemporary, almost rock-oriented context, and he just blends in like it was his own. I have great admiration for Stan the musician.

I believe that's Stanley Clarke on bass. I don't know who else is in the band, but that's a great album; five stars. db

1. BOBBI HUMPHREY. *Satin Doll* (from *Satin Doll*, Blue Note). Humphrey, flute; Jerry Peters, piano; Duke Ellington, composer; George Butler, producer.

That is a very, very heavily produced album. I assume that the piano player is the featured soloist. It was very hard to tell until midway through the record; and even then, there was so much going on that much of his playing is obscured under all the synthesizer, mellotron and voices. I would have to only guess, because there's a few piano players doing albums like this—one of them is Ahmad Jamal. I would just take a guess that it might be him. But it could be any one of a number of very competent piano players. I feel this doesn't do justice to the soloist, if indeed he is supposed to be the soloist.

I'd have to rate it kind of low on that basis: maybe two or three stars. Obviously the tune is Duke Ellington's *Satin Doll*. It's all right, but I wouldn't go out of my way to buy it.

2. JOHN COLTRANE. *Giant Steps* (from *Alternate Takes*, Atlantic). Coltrane, composer, tenor sax; Cedar Walton, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Lex Humphries, drums. Rec. Apr. 1, 1959.

That's really interesting; that's obviously an alternate take of *Giant Steps*—Tommy Flanagan on piano and Paul Chambers on bass. I remember that; I don't know who the drummer is.

I bet this was a take made after the original one because there's no piano solo. I remember very well talking to Tommy Flanagan, and his saying how uncomfortable he was, and how much he scuffled with those chord changes . . . that was a very, very revolutionary chord progression at that time.

Another interesting thing—I was one of the many saxophone players who sat down and transcribed all Coltrane's choruses on the original *Giant Steps* take—he hasn't repeated himself hardly at all. Very few phrases are the same as the first

Profile



WARREN SMITH

by arnold jay smith

Warren Smith is a percussionist's percussionist, and has been for more years than he would care to discuss. His recent efforts have been with the Gil Evans Orchestra and the large ensembles that people the concert halls behind some of the larger talents. He also recently did the New York Jazz Repertory Company's George Russell concert, a formidable effort; and he manages to squeeze in some Studio Rivbea work for and with Sam Rivers. All the while, Warren keeps the New York studios warm. He came from professional musicians, reeds from his father (an instrument repairman), harp from his mother.

"They all came by at one time or other: Johnny Griffin, Charlie Parker, Budd Johnson—every great tenor player you can name that came through Chicago came to my father. When my brother and I were ten-years-old we knew every Bird solo. By the time I was 15 I was gigging with my uncles, all musicians.

His first instrument was not percussive. "Dad insisted on clarinet." Like every kid, Warren asked for a drum set. His father made sure he had the best teachers he could afford.

"The man I studied the longest with was Oliver Coleman, one of a few who could read and cut shows. I could read music very early, so the pressure was off him for that. This was during the '40s, and my uncle had a band at the Great Lakes Naval Station with Clark Terry, among others. Osie Johnson was the drummer. He would come home in the middle of the night, wake me, stick some music under my nose and say, 'Play it.' Which I did.

"I didn't really study music until I got into the

played left hand while I played right. After that we formed a dance band which played Kenton and Herman charts. After rehearsals, myself, a bass player, drummer and sax player would sit around and jam. I accompanied the glee club and was asked to solo to break up the program. I only vaguely knew what I was doing. I would play written solos from Kenton books, Billy Taylor and Art Tatum books.

"Later, at about age 21, I contacted Lennie Tristano and started learning what that jazz thing was all about. Now I try to play and write a synthesis of all music, the blues, swing, western classical, even Indian music. I try to get into the modes through that. I try to think pantonally, polytones.

"When I composed a piece, at first I would think those forms you learn about in schools, sonata form, etc. But after awhile I started to think more in choral terms, liturgical mostly. While songwriters write from lyrics, I never had a lyricist until now. Ed Schneider, by name, also studying under Tristano.

"The titles of my tunes do not come from any kind of program music. In fact, they didn't have titles at first. *Halloween* came out the blues. The titles came from whom I was being influenced by at the time. Bobby Timmons was on my mind for some time. *Waltz For Fall* may have come from Bill Evans' *Waltz For Debbie*. Actually, they are two parts of an *Autumn Suite*, the last being *November*, which I didn't record.

"*La-No-Tib Suite* is a definite experiment in tonal music. (Spelled backwards it's 'Bitoral'.) I use chromatic runs and a tempi. It is unlike the other things in the album, which are straight ahead. The final movement is not only chromatic, but it's in 6/8 with the bass in three against that. Joe Cocuzzo, the drummer, just heard that. It wasn't written out. I wanted to show different aspects of my writing and I figured the best way to do it was to score a multisectioned piece. I went through counterpoint and harmony all over again after Manhattan with Joe Manieri. It was Joe who saw a direction for me in that piece."

University of Illinois under Paul Price. That's when I branched out into tympany, vibes and the other percussion instruments. But those damned mallets kicked my ass. I couldn't handle the marimba. We were doing music by John Cage and the like, all the contemporary composers. Reading was never a problem. I finally finished at the Manhattan School of Music with a masters degree."

Warren chose pit bands on Broadway as his bread and butter. "The first was *West Side Story*. It enabled me to get my chops up. It also was a chance to get some big band experience in more or less of a jazz setting. From there, I was able to do other things like join the Johnny Richards band—as a percussionist, not a drummer. Gil Evans' band was my first foray into other than straight traps. I play with Gil now and then. Susan Evans is his percussionist now. I have my own group, the Composers Workshop Ensemble, but I still do pits.

"Duke Ellington was the first person that I felt shared himself. He was my first influence. The first drummer that had any sort of effect on me was Max Roach. He remains to this day one of my major mentors. Also Charlie Persip, Philly Joe Jones, and Art Blakey. Philly Joe was the main cause of my being hired by Gil Evans the first time, in 1958. He and Chuck Wayne got into a fight on stage and were fired. I was there, and I stayed. It was probably the only time in his life that Gil fired anybody. Barry Galbraith was the guitarist who took Chuck's place. Tony Williams made it possible for me to do some things that I didn't think were possible. He and Elvin Jones would do things with sticks and feet that caused me to grow as a drummer. If I hadn't seen or heard them done, I would never have believed them.

"I like to write music, and Duke and Gil are my primary sources in that area. I like to think that I do some things that no other percussionist does. I like offbeat items, so when I say that Charles Mingus and Thelonious Monk helped, you know what I mean. I gravitate to the avant-garde, although it's not always easy to tell when a percussionist is avant-garde.

JACK REILLY

by arnold jay smith

We sat in a classroom at the Mannes School of Music informally discussing composer/pianist John "Sean Petrahn" Reilly. (The "Sean Petrahn" is a nom de plume for literary purposes like liner notes.) Jack had his coat on and I was packing up the recorder, as he lamented the fact that it has taken him much time and effort to set up a jazz curriculum at Mannes while his alma mater, Manhattan School of Music, has yet to recognize that musical art form. I asked him off-handedly if jazz should be taught.

"I'm beginning to think not. The experience of doing it is not the same as structuring it academically. Jazz is more in the performing than in the academics. I cannot stress performance enough, meaning improvisation. The knowledge aspect is no different harmonically, or melodically, than western classical music. It's the rhythmic aspect that is the unteachable element. That's what you get from listening, reading and feeling."

Reilly has composed all the pieces on his *Blue-Sean-Green* album and has composed suites, a sonata, an oratorio and numerous other extended works featuring European "classical" music and a strong jazz underpinning. He has written a five part suite for the late Ben Webster. It was after two weeks in Norway that the great tenor saxophonist warned him against overdoing his solos.

"Evidently I was not editing my own solo space, and after playing with Ben, doing nary a change that we didn't do the night before, I realized what economy was all about. My background was classical piano from age nine through 17. When you are a pianist, it's all solo. The first experience I had with band music was in the Boy Scouts. We played band concerts where someone else

played left hand while I played right. After that we formed a dance band which played Kenton and Herman charts. After rehearsals, myself, a bass player, drummer and sax player would sit around and jam. I accompanied the glee club and was asked to solo to break up the program. I only vaguely knew what I was doing. I would play written solos from Kenton books, Billy Taylor and Art Tatum books.

"Later, at about age 21, I contacted Lennie Tristano and started learning what that jazz thing was all about. Now I try to play and write a synthesis of all music, the blues, swing, western classical, even Indian music. I try to get into the modes through that. I try to think pantonally, polytones.

"When I composed a piece, at first I would think those forms you learn about in schools, sonata form, etc. But after awhile I started to think more in choral terms, liturgical mostly. While songwriters write from lyrics, I never had a lyricist until now. Ed Schneider, by name, also studying under Tristano.

"The titles of my tunes do not come from any kind of program music. In fact, they didn't have titles at first. *Halloween* came out the blues. The titles came from whom I was being influenced by at the time. Bobby Timmons was on my mind for some time. *Waltz For Fall* may have come from Bill Evans' *Waltz For Debbie*. Actually, they are two parts of an *Autumn Suite*, the last being *November*, which I didn't record.

"*La-No-Tib Suite* is a definite experiment in tonal music. (Spelled backwards it's 'Bitoral'.) I use chromatic runs and a tempi. It is unlike the other things in the album, which are straight ahead. The final movement is not only chromatic, but it's in 6/8 with the bass in three against that. Joe Cocuzzo, the drummer, just heard that. It wasn't written out. I wanted to show different aspects of my writing and I figured the best way to do it was to score a multisectioned piece. I went through counterpoint and harmony all over again after Manhattan with Joe Manieri. It was Joe who saw a direction for me in that piece."

Jack is excited about Mannes' acceptance of his jazz curriculum, which is an additional teaching duty to supplement his New School For Social Research course on the subject.

"I already had a conflict as to where my main interest lay. Should it be classical piano, composition, jazz. I can't handle conducting; I haven't the time to concentrate on a complete score, committing it to memory. I have conducted a contemporary choir and I enjoyed it. I want to continue writing, performing and being an improvising musician besides. Versatility and flexibility are the key. I was always turned off by those classical teachers that told me I would never amount to



anything if I didn't stop playing jazz. That's why I was turned off to jazz at first. Classical offered me infinite variety of harmonies, melodies and, structurally, a broader base of operation.

"Bartok was my first classical influence on jazz piano. He influenced my improvisation on straight tunes. He made me rip apart the changes differently, rather than continue riffing on the blues. Hall Overton made me study all Bartok's string quartets when I studied under him. I even wrote a string trio, which I threw out along with all my other 'you sound likes.' Hall opened me up to Milhaud and his polytonal experiments. Especially

I feel there is a lot of music being performed in person that is not being recorded that should be. I play with Sam Rivers' Harlem Ensemble, and sometimes we get into some 'free music,' energy music, I like to call it. We get into a physical thing. Not what is being branded as energy music today, but maybe bebop, or Coltrane's energy. People aren't even writing tunes that involve the changes. Everything is modal, or one-chord vamps. This is fine for the James Browns, who never professed anything else. We've got guys who are taking all of John Coltrane's licks and characteristics, fitting them over one chord. This is a disservice not only to Trane, but to those youngsters who are coming up and thinking that this is what Coltrane did. They are totally unprepared to really get into the depths of his music.

If chord changes, key signatures, bar structure, et. al., are a prison for popular music and jazz lets you get out into the prison yard, then free form sets you in all directions. Is there a happy medium?

"Charlie Parker never felt inhibited by that prison. Miles Davis, Dizzy Gillespie, Coltrane didn't. Ornette Coleman and Cecil Taylor were the first to break away from the changes. Coltrane extended himself completely inside to completely outside. He bridged that gap, so now you can see that Ornette really was influenced by Bird, Cecil really was influenced by Art Tatum and Bud Powell. They have come out of that jail.

"These forms have always been with us. The cadenzas on sonatas were extemporizing on whatever. They were always improvised. Some alternate sections were improvisations that are still being discovered and added on to established versions. Jelly Roll Morton never wrote down *everything*. Some of those piano rolls are still cropping up, but the one that is taught to students is whatever one that particular teacher heard first. Now, that may not necessarily be the truth—hence, the pigeonhole is born. They don't always swing unless in the hands of a Eubie Blake or Dick Hyman—and not always a Gunther Schuller." **db**

his times (meters) like 5/4 and 7/4. I disagree with Ron Carter (db, March 27). I think you can think and write while dividing odd meters. I got that from studying Eastern Indian classical music under Ali Akbar Khan. You had to learn melodies that were written in those meters. There is an entire solfege (e.g., do-re-mi, etc.) system for studying the rhythmic elements in Indian music. They do it in percussion and sing it as is."

Soloists on instruments other than piano have shown Jack what he can accomplish with his instrument. But, basically, keyboard artists hold his sway.

As far as the direction of today's pianistics, Reilly commented about the jazz-musician-as-composer-while-he-plays theory.

"I don't think it has been done. I don't think Cecil Taylor or Keith Jarrett have done it. Jarrett says he just lets the spirit flow through him; I call that improvising off the top of his head. I find it gets monotonous, for the most part. Sometimes it's very beautiful. It's very difficult to sustain a full concert on what he tries to do. I admire him for it. I have heard the *Solo Concerts* albums and they can get hung up in ostinatos, expressing one tonality. They are going back to the 16th Century. Compositionally, that's all they're doing. To do it all spontaneously takes a giant.

"I don't think you can say it all spontaneously in composition. I would like to see them write more. I'd like to see Cecil compose, put notes on paper. Claus Ogerman has written a piece, *Symbiosis*, for Bill Evans that comes the closest to a synthesis of a large form concerto style, using a jazz group. There's even monotony in that. It will take someone who has mastery of all the idioms, all the cultures, to blend it into a total music where jazz has the major part to play. If you're asking me if what Taylor and Jarrett are doing is jazz, I'd have to say, that from my upbringing, it must swing, but also something new must be expressed. What George Russell and Gil Evans do is still jazz. George comes close to using all the elements on paper, in composition." **db**

MARIAN McPARTLAND/ BARRY HARRIS/ RAY BRYANT

Museum of Natural History,
Smithsonian Institution,
Washington, D.C.

Personnel: McPartland, Harris, Bryant, pianos.

Jazz at the Smithsonian? Well, you walk in where the stuffed tiger is pouncing on the stuffed antelope; stroll through the shambles which, come the Bicentennial, will be the exhibit on Ice Age mammals (the sign reads, "Pardon Our Dust"); and, passing by the alabaster bust of Spencer Fullerton Baird, enter the slightly cramped, igloo-shaped hall which bears his name. In such a setting, it's quite a feat to keep a jazz concert from freezing into a diorama of the habitat of that perennially endangered species, the creative American musician. But the solo piano concert of the Jazz Heritage Series easily surmounted the environmental impediments, thanks to the vitality of the performers, the acumen of impresario Martin Williams, and the general willingness of all concerned to cope gracefully with the slightly absurd.

Like the season's previous Heritage gigs, which featured Bill Evans and Roy Eldridge, this was a double-barrelled affair, with a free afternoon workshop followed by a longer concert for the paying guests. For the first time, however, Williams, arguably the dean of American jazz critics, structured the workshop as an informal seminar on one aspect of the art of jazz. Starting with McPartland's recreation of the sheet music version of *What Is This Thing Called Love?*, each pianist played a variation on the theme, first just a chorus from each, then a second round with a bit more blowing. From the first, the aptness of Williams' choice of artists was evident. Bryant, Harris, and McPartland are stylists similar enough to create a coherent pattern of solos, duets, and trios, yet different enough to offer an historical spectrum of conceptions, from Bryant's pervasive stride and boogie touches, through Harris' unabashed bop, to McPartland's eclectic modernism. The enthusiastic workshop audience dug the brew both in consecutive solo servings, and as a mixed draught, on the closing *I Got Rhythm*. Unfortunately, the Baird Hall stage is big enough for only two grand pianos, so the jam was a bit sticky in spots, with the musicians playing musical piano benches nearly as much as the pianos. This didn't hinder the musical empathy, though, and each artist got a chance to speak his/her piece, swap fours with the others, and very nearly blow the dome off the igloo in the process.

The evening concert was a different animal, more formal, and more dominated by solo ruminations. McPartland in particular seemed to thrive on the extra space. Attired in a floor-length gown, she played a marvelous opening set, suffused with the gutsy, resourceful romanticism which makes her not simply one of the greatest female instrumentalists in the history of jazz (that, unfortunately, is damning with faint praise), but also a pianist in the same league with the masters of any age, race, or sex. The set ranged from a forceful blues opener (*Cookin' At Michael's Pub*), to a remarkable and exalting *Giant Steps*, the block chords ringing out like carillons in canon, to a lush and effective *Willow Weep For Me*, to a quirky and little-heard Ellington fantasia, *Clothed Woman*.



McPartland, the most flexible of the three soloists, handled all these moods, and more, with energy, grace, and aplomb.

Harris, by contrast, loosened his tie, sauntered onstage, announced, "There is no plan," and delivered up a set worthy of his stature as the foremost bop pianist still extant. In the afternoon he'd assayed a blues, and had come up with his right hand dripping with glorious funk. But the evening set was heavy on ballads: *It Could Happen To You*, *Polka Dots and Moonbeams*, and an exquisite, refreshingly spare reading of *Round Midnight*. A rousing *Green Dolphin Street* was the swinging highspot: Harris' sense of time is unrivalled, his melodic imagination is unflagging, and his sense of the piano makes accompaniment unnecessary.

Bryant kept his tie on, but seemed to leave most of his inventiveness backstage. The man likes to play boogie and stride, and he plays them well, but he plays them well nigh to death, applying the same treatment to everything from *A Train* to *Django* to *Liebestraum Boogie*. Even his blues *Slow Freight* wasn't up to his usual soul-burning standard. Hardly a trace remained of his workshop stylings, a stream of energy boppish in shape and tempo, but never losing its connection with older, more elemental musics. Bryant's sound is always clean, forceful, and driving, but this set wanted a little subtlety.

The evening closed with another overpopulated yet overpowering jam on *I Got Rhythm*, during which Bryant and McPartland played at dueling pianos (tremolo at 20 paces), Harris crouched over the keyboard to add his locked hand version of bopsticks, and, when the dust settled, the third or fourth standing ovation of the day produced the third or fourth encore.

While there's never been as much jazz in the nation's capital as there ought to be, the Smithsonian concerts are a good start, and the enthusiastic response to this one (nearly full houses for both shows) should be taken as a good omen. A modest Bicentennial proposal: Ice Age mammals are hip, but how about some more modern American music too? Don't tell me there's no room in the igloo: cold halls are a dime a dozen in D.C., so we could move around and heat up metaliz a few. Pardon Our Dust? —steve metalliz

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HAMPTON HAWES

Great American Music Hall, San Francisco

Personnel: Hawes, piano; Mario Suraci, bass.

For some reason or other, Hampton Hawes always seems much more fresh and exciting in person than on record, or at least on any of the recordings that have been released since his comeback. It may be his, or his producer's, choice of repertoire, the desire to be trendy and therefore more commercially appealing, or any number of things. But I do know that I can think of no one on the scene today who is as capable of building and sustaining a mood as Hawes. I heard him a couple of years ago, following his long and tragic hiatus, playing at the San Francisco Art Museum on a Sunday afternoon. For the awe-struck silence that followed his rendition of *A Very Precious Love*, he could have been Lincoln delivering the Gettysburg Address.

This appearance, billed as a piano concert, was a departure from his usual quartet format in that he appeared in each set as a soloist, being joined halfway through the proceedings by bassist Suraci, whose accompaniment attends to be



HOWARD LUCRATT

very melodic and complementary to Hawes' flawless choruses. Hawes can find "sound" spots on a keyboard that just do not exist for other pianists. He is, for example, far less harsh than Bill Evans and so much, much more fluid than Chick Corea. How he does just what he does is still a mystery to me, after having dug Hamp for 20 years.

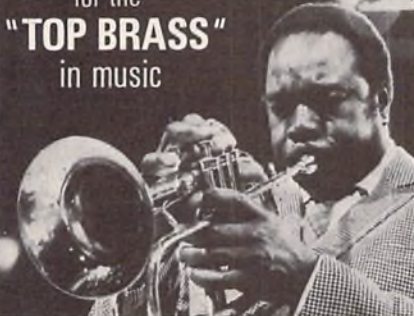
The set I caught was broadcast live by a local FM station, and I hope the very fine sounds going out over the airwaves helped build a better house for succeeding evenings. The acoustics and physical setup of the Music Hall lend themselves quite well to a presentation of this kind and the room will hold about 300. The night I was there about 70 of the faithful were in attendance.

Grimacing shyly, Hawes jaunted to the piano, wearing a pair of old chinos, a red poor-boy top, and three inch platform shoes that he stomps constantly as he plays. After opening remarks, he went into a solo suite he apparently intends to record called *Status De Macio*, a term he told me later means the equivalent of 'nothin' cookin'.' Hawes gets along without a rhythm section better than anyone I recall hearing since Art Tatum. The suite, a well-conceived, effortlessly-executed tone poem, was hammered out with Hawes standing occasionally to strike a chord, grunting and mumbling a la Garner, alternately stamping his right and left feet. He actually appears to be having a good time as he plays and the audience senses it and is with him immediately.

The next tune, *Autumn Leaves*, a favorite of mine, could not begin until Hawes had run from the stage and gotten himself a glass of water. This must have taken ten seconds. He was then joined by Suraci and they were off to the races. *Leaves* was so delicately executed that one could actually sense the mood of fall, much like the last scene in *Cyrano*. The crowd ate it up. Hamp creates a strange tension within a piece, largely because of his choice of chords, which he resolves gradually. Only he doesn't wear you down, like Coltrane and so many of his followers will sometimes do. He leaves you relaxed like he himself appears to be. If I haven't made my point, I'll come right out and say it: I think Hamp could be enjoying much, much more commercial success than he is right now. If he continues to play as well as he is at the moment, it's just a matter of time.

—john valentine

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Then there are the trumpets, specifically the M.F. Horn 468, 60 percent zinc and 40 percent copper, the brass combination that rings best, says Ferguson. The horn is, through and through, one of the largest trumpets in the world. Some members of the Ferguson brass section use it and some don't. In between is Dennis Noday, who commented at one point that as a band leader, Maynard had more understanding and sympathy for brass player problems than most other leaders. Noday's trumpet is half Yamaha with an M.F. bell.

"The bore of my horn," said Ferguson, "has a tremendous taper. For that reason, some of my brass players tell me it's very difficult to get mutes to fit. If somebody else uses the mute for even a week it will fall right back out of the M.F. 468 because the forks are squeezed up. The larger bell," he explains, "spreads the sound, but not in a dull way. It's not a dark sound with a brightness. . . ."

The following day in the hotel coffee shop some of the band were grabbing a late breakfast before leaving for Rock Island. They never know when they might get a chance to eat. Was it time for the "heavy shit?"

I sat down with Bruce Johnstone, a baritone player who placed third in the 1974 down beat Readers Poll and has been with Maynard Ferguson for two-and-a-half years. Prior to that, he'd worked with various rhythm sections in Copenhagen as well as with Ben Webster, Dexter Gordon, Horace Parlan, and Neils Henning. I asked him about playing in the reed section and the music in general.

"I find that I'm playing at a higher volume level than I've ever played before," he said. At the clinic the day before Johnstone told the kids a reed lasts him three days. "I have to match my volume with the trombones because I'm written in with them a lot. Also because there are only three saxophones, I think the three of us have to hammer a lot, although we don't actually play together as a section except for about eight bars here and there. The most elaborate writing is for the brass. An exception, I should add, is a new thing we have by Jeff Steinberg, it's a real laid-back blues written especially for this instrumentation and it makes the band sound huge. It's really a good tune, but we don't play it.

"The whole band," Johnstone continued, "is basically geared to sell albums; so consequently most of the stuff we are doing is from the *M.F. 4 Plus 5* and *Chameleon* albums, along with whatever new things we're working on. It's sort of a violent band, and May-

nard goes for crowd reaction perhaps more than any other bandleader. The whole evening starts out at a high intensity level and builds. Maynard understands the emotional needs of young Americans," he said without sarcasm. "I think he has a definite success formula going. At the moment we generally play about nine or ten tunes a night, and there's probably about 12 basic numbers that we use, not many more. I guess the book we're carrying now has 30 to 40 tunes.

"But I'll tell you, I worked with him once in a quintet situation in Italy. We were there with the big band and the promoters got so enthusiastic they booked another week without telling anybody. All the other cats had commitments in England, so Maynard held onto the rhythm section and me and we did the week of concerts. The group played a whole bunch of off-the-wall tunes, and it was really quite good. For example, we played some things with flugelhorn and baritone—I don't think he's played that instrument for a while—that were really roaring because they're both such dark instruments, and for ballad things it was quite beautiful."

"The band musically?" said Peter Jackson sliding into the booth across from Johnstone and bassist Petrone, "yeah, musically I don't think the band is as good as it used to be—nowhere near as good as it used to," he repeated, referring to the *MacArthur Park* band.

"I don't think some of the arrangements he's getting are that good," he continued, "it's the ordinary sort of thing, and there's not a lot to play. I mean, if you want a bit more of a challenge, you know, then you better play different tunes. We're doing the same thing every night, the same format, it's unbearable after a while because you can't do anything else—everything's a format at these gigs.

"You can't open the tunes up for more solo space," interjected Petrone, "because then you take the opportunity of doing another big number. If too many solos are put in a given number then we would be playing only five or six tunes. *MacArthur Park* is a great example. During the last tour, the tune was 15 to 20 minutes long—and sometimes longer, depending on who he pointed at to take a solo. Now it's down to a one-minute walk-on.

"We used to have a chart in the book called *L-Dopa* that was a 12-minute album track and it used to run 45 minutes on stage," added Johnstone.

"*La Fiesta* is getting that way," mused Jackson, who along with Petrone and D'Imperio gets a featured solo on the Chick Corea composition. "The music we're doing now, it's all bash, bash, bash, the faster, the wilder the better." Pete Jackson continued, getting slightly agitated. "You can put this down in the story too, man: I could get fired but that's all right. It's all bash, bash, loud, loud, faster than fast. And it's a drag. I mean, there's more to music than that—there is to me anyway. Of course the people we're playing for aren't going to go crazy and jump onto their feet for a nice Thad Jones-Mel Lewis *Charlie's Born* type chart, which to me is beautiful music. But they will get up and scream and scream for *Hey, Jude*, which to me isn't music, at least the way we play it isn't, the way we do it it's nothing.

"Of course if you just want to work, make more bread, and get people going berserk for music that isn't that great, well that's another thing. But if you have any sensitivity as a musician . . . the music we're doing is not getting

it.

"I've seen kids at these concerts and all they're waiting for is a double high C from Maynard. Once he's hit it, that's made their night. Everything else that goes on doesn't matter—so what kind of people are we trying to play for?" Jackson asked rhetorically.

"Of course, this is the first exposure to a big band that a lot of these people have had," said Johnstone, "and hopefully they'll go and listen to other people as well.

"Listen," said Jackson, relaxing a bit, "I wouldn't mind going in there and doing a concert playing rock all the time and knocking the people out if it was as good as what people like Chicago and Blood, Sweat, and Tears used to put out. But to me it isn't as good—but it's successful, so there you go. . . .

"There's a very pretty chart in the book," Johnstone continued, "called *Sweet Rosetta*. It's very subtle, has nice lines and good voicing and we don't play it because it gets less than a berserk audience reaction . . . It's very good, well-played, and the band digs it.

"Maynard plays it safe and because he plays it safe, he knows he'll get a reaction from the people," added Jackson.

"One of the guys in the band, Bob Summers, is a mother of a trumpet player," Johnstone continued, "and for two years he's been playing two choruses of *Lady Be Good*. Occasionally, he gets to play a B-flat blues. But that's all he plays—here's an incredibly talented trumpet player going to waste."

"Personally, I would be more inclined to play the epics and the crowd pleasers," said Jackson, "because that's what they want to hear. But in the meantime, throw in some really good, hip things and try to educate the people a bit more. I mean, if all they're going to hear is *Hey, Jude*, and that's all they're getting their rocks off on, it's nowhere."

"That's where Maynard's original band was at," Johnstone said. "They used to play for dances and then say, 'Hey, now we're going to play some of the things we dig and then play some jazz.' That was a great idea at the time because Maynard played for a large and wide audience, and it made them aware of some other big band music—it would be kind of nice if that was done again. Just take the music a step further."

"I dig the rock thing as much as anyone when it's played well and you've got something to do in it," Jackson continued as he leaned forward, "but I would just as soon play a wider variety of music to keep me interested instead of the same solos and soloists every night. *Got The Spirit* is one of the first charts I played back in 1968, and he's still playing it. I'm not on an ego trip, I don't want to solo every tune, I just want to hear different music. There's enough music there—different music, better music."

"It runs in a pattern," said Petrone, who recently published an article in *Guitar Player* magazine on playing in the M.F. rhythm section. "Everybody gets a certain tune that they play on. Pete, Danny and I get a moment on *La Fiesta*, which is a similar moment each night. Bruce's moment is on *Got The Spirit*. We are all expected to be creative, if that's the word, all the time on the same tune."

"Seven days a week, it's kind of rough," added Johnstone, "that's why on the front of *Got The Spirit*, I try to change the beginning as much as possible so lethargy doesn't set in for me and the rhythm section."

The impromptu discussion broke up as

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FERGUSON

continued from previous page

movement around the bus signaled the band's impending departure. The M.F. band members moved sluggishly, with programmed resolve, to the coach. Over its door was a sheet of paper listing the month's concerts—all but three had been crossed out.

Although I'd only been riding the band bus for two days, it was apparent the opinions voiced by Jackson and Johnstone were shared by other members of the band as well, some in fact were far more vitriolic. On the other hand, they were the kind of opinions that turn up naturally, in one form or another, in most band situations. Maynard could probably dig it, having been in the business as long as he has.

The trip to Rock Island, a small industrial town along the Mississippi River, was like the others, an incidental trip to another high school concert. Maynard, Kim and the Garsides sat in the first row of seats, lead trumpeter Mark sat behind them, and the remainder of the band spread itself out toward the rear of the coach. Some slept, others played cards, one worked on a music chart, while the rest listened to a tape of *Cannonball In New York*, (an old Blue Note session) on a Sony tape machine.

At the high school a large sign in a front window read "MAYNARD". As the coach slowed and Don Garside, road map in hand, peered out the window, a man in a checkered suit ran out and waved the bus down a steep, narrow drive to a rear entrance. It had started to rain.

The gymnasium was packed with kids and adults of all ages, and a very good high school stage band was playing. "The Maynard Ferguson band has arrived," a P.A. voice announced. The crowd cheered.

The M.F. band, which carries its own sound system, set up with practical efficiency, and the concert started right on schedule. The program, with a 10 or 15-minute intermission, lasts about two hours.

During Rich Petrone's long, unaccompanied bass solo on *La Fiesta*, drummer D'Imperio left his traps, went to the back of the bandstand, and sat down with his back to the orchestra. He'd told me at one point that when he was 13 or 14 years old, his father used to take him to Birdland to see the Maynard Ferguson band along with the other groups that played there. His biggest dream as a kid had been to play with Maynard, he said, and now in two days, and after a little more than a year with the band, he was leaving.

With *Hey Jude*, the crowd was once again giving the Maynard Ferguson band a standing ovation—the concert was finished. Petrone went to work selling pictures of Maynard. The rest made hasty retreat to the bus or worked to load the equipment back on the coach. It wasn't quite 10 p.m. and there were hopes for an early return to Chicago.

Perhaps there'd be time to catch Dizzy Gillespie's last set at the Jazz Medium across from the hotel. The rain, however, had turned both sides of that steep, curving driveway into vicious, tire-sucking mud. To make things more difficult, the road abutted the school's brick wall at one point. It took another hour of maneuvering before Bernie got the long motor coach out. As he reached the street, a loving cheer went up: "ALLLLLLRRRRRIGHT, BOLT." db

PEPPER

continued from page 17

would be tense and have no soul if I weren't on something, but now I know that's just not the case. What counts for me is a warm audience. If the audience is behind me, and I'm playing with really good musicians, that's all I need. I can really get off that way."

Musically, Art has gone through many changes. "I used to try to make everything like a story, with a beginning, a development, a climax, and an ending. I felt everything should be a perfect composition."

As Art's life changed by going to prison, so his music changed from "very pretty and very soft, very involved but very subtle, to a more raucous sound, more soulful, more imperfect, very free."

He had just gotten out of San Quentin when he heard Miles Davis' *Kind Of Blue*, a record that turned him on to Coltrane. He liked Trane so much that he took a tenor into Shelly's Manne Hole club. Some people liked his "new" sound. Others said, "Man, what's wrong? What happened to the old Art Pepper?"

He finally became unhappy with "outside" music, and realized that his true instrument was the alto saxophone. "I went through a lot of scenes trying to figure that out."

Having grown beyond his Coltrane period, Art is no longer attempting to be anything other than himself—he lives today, and he plays music now. "I've just been blowing," he smiles, "blowing the way I feel. I'm playing with beauty again, more musically.

"I've made the full cycle. I'm back to the way I started out, only I've progressed to now. I'm playing just me again. I'm playing and I'm swinging, and I'm playing melodically, and with a good tone, and with a lot of technical prowess."

He knows what he wants to play, and he is evaluating what he wants to write. While he is at present talking with Contemporary Records, his former label, and things are looking very good, he is also open and available to consider other offers.

Of contemporary horn players, Art especially likes Grover Washington Jr., Joe Henderson, and Joe Farrell.

He looks forward to playing with some of the new musicians, "cats who really blow, cats today like Mahavishnu John McLaughlin or Larry Coryell, or maybe a synthesizer player. I'd love to do that.

"I'd like to play with Airtio, for example, and really stretch out. It would be a great growing experience, a commercial help, and a ball playing.

"I like the different electronic sounds. They add a whole other dimension. I can see using the electronic sounds, and then turning around and blowing acoustically, without devices. The Polytone amp is an exceptional amp, though, because the alto and clarinet sounds I get sound just like me, only amplified. Not changed, just amplified.

"I just have to play the way I play, man, and that's what I'm going to do on this new album. This first album will be mainly tunes, and the next one will be really contemporary, with the different rhythmic approaches and the synthesizer.

"I'm going to blow with the best rhythm section I can find, and I'm going to play the way I play. That's it. If people dig it, that's great. I was so hung up, man, but now I'm free. I'm finally able to play Art Pepper." db

BOOKS

CHASIN' THE TRANE: THE MUSIC AND MYSTIQUE OF JOHN COLTRANE, by J.C. Thomas.

Doubleday and Company, 252 pp. \$7.95

J.C.

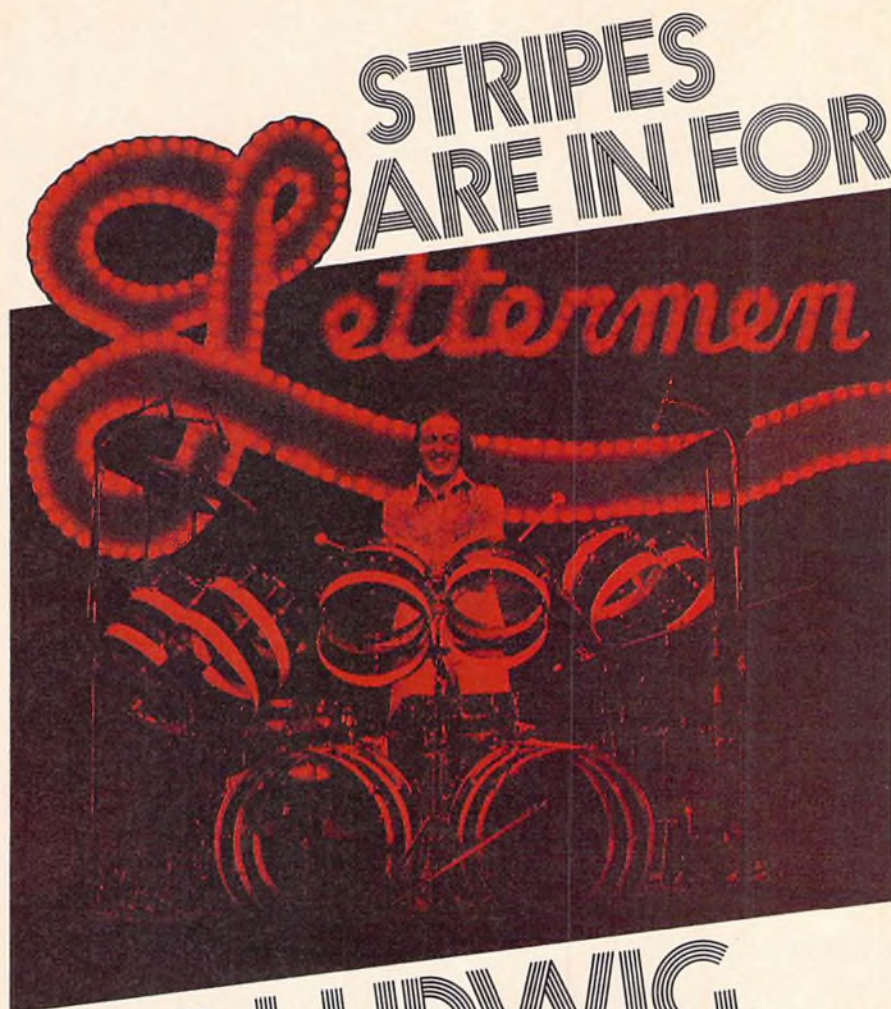
Thomas, "a kinsman of Welsh poet Dylan Thomas," signals his perspective on Coltrane in his title. His involvement in and respect for the man's music is evident on almost every page; and he does seem to have "chased" Coltrane through an extensive series of interviews with musicians, relatives, and fans. Unfortunately, he seems to have set himself a task which was somewhat beyond his capabilities. As a testimony to Coltrane's extraordinary hold on his listeners, the Coltrane "mystique," *Chasin'* makes interesting reading. Coltrane's life has been sketched in some detail and much new material unearthed. But Coltrane's music is treated in a manner which is not just superficial: it's almost cavalier.

The author's lack of musicological acumen first rears its head in a bit of dire pseudo-musicology beginning on page 23. He asserts that "the work song was, in a way, an American calypso" and goes on to attempt a three-page distillation of African contributions to American music. There are significant distortions and, more to the point, some glaring errors. In discussing instrument types, Thomas places drums in the idiophone category (they are membranophones) and trumpets in the membranophone category (they are aerophones). Similar lapses occur throughout the book: a musically knowledgeable copy editor would have been an immense help.

As the book progresses, pop musicology gives way to pop mysticism. "He takes the listener back to a time when the earth's crust was barely cooled and the sea creatures had not yet begun their long walk on the land," Thomas writes of middle-period Coltrane, "and forward to an era yet uncharted and unpredictable where music may be transmitted from mind to mind in such an instantaneous accomplishment that there will no longer be any need for musical instruments as such." The only analysis of *Expression*, the saxophonist's final recorded testament, is a review quoted from the University of Minnesota *Daily* in which a well-meaning student finds the music "difficult" and admits, "I do not fully understand this music; I doubt that anyone does." Any one of the hundreds of tenor players who have learned the *Expression* solos note for note could have furnished more enlightening comments.

Another disturbing aspect of *Chasin' The Trane* is its lack of documentation. The conversational excerpts which comprise a good deal of the book's meat are presumably from interviews conducted by Thomas, but I detect one (Manu Dibango, p. 202) which seems to have been lifted uncredited from my own *Rolling Stone* piece on Dibango. The book lacks a bibliography and an index. In the light of these failings, one wonders whether to trust the new information presented and, particularly, the author's conclusions. Was Coltrane really the troubled, neurotic man Thomas pictures?

Who was the white mistress who refuses to



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continued on page 46

called Ten Wheel Drive. "In that band," Watrous explained, "we'd try to take the music everywhere but where it belonged, which was in a place where you could grasp hold of it. Everything we played was always too loud, overamplified, and overblown. Danny Stiles and I tried to put the music in focus a number of times, but it never worked. He had a supreme falling out with Michael Zagar, one of the band's leaders. Stiles left the band quite hacked, but I stayed on. While the two of us were there, we were able to keep some order. As soon as he left, things became chaotic again. Everyone tuned all the way up. The poor singer, Genya Ravan, couldn't be heard. So I said, 'If we're gonna do this, let's do it naturally through the instrument. Then we'd have a powerhouse that everyone could identify with, like Chicago. Unfortunately, that never came to pass.

"Ten Wheel Drive could have made it if they had exercised some subtlety, if they played a few things down instead of playing everything so bloody loud all the time. Genya had a fine voice, but she had to scream and bellow like Janis Joplin. If that's what being an entertainer is like, you can have it.

"Additionally, the record company we were attached to at the time was guilty of errors of omission. For instance, we never saw a display of our records at any concert. Also, we never heard the LP on the air, though I guess it was on at some time. There was good material on the *Peculiar Friends* record, though the concerts were always ten times louder.

"I joined Ten Wheel Drive and Eclipse later on to see what was the excitement of per-

forming jazz-rock. I wanted to get involved with that particular generation of musician. There were all of these rehearsals, and times spent hanging out and smoking dope. I had a grand time. I don't begrudge the time spent for a minute, but there were moments in which the music was pure B.S. Many of the musicians are only rehashing the chops that the jazz-greats worked their asses off learning how to do. The young musicians are shoved into a package and forced to perform what they think the audience wants to hear. In many cases, they were really playing down to their listeners, though of course some of the best groups, like Chicago, are really great. I would rather perform the music that has to be performed and do it really well and let anyone follow me if they want to. Jazz is just another form of music and some of it is really bad. Unfortunately, it's hurt the market for years.

"After performing jazz-rock, I decided that the big band was to be my format." Before forming the Refuge, Watrous returned to television in 1971, where he found financial security and gained valuable experience in Dick Cavett's show band. "I got a few things from those gigs with the Cavett and Griffin bands," Watrous said. "For one thing, I got the rent paid and a vacation every summer. I also got national exposure and the chance to play with some heavy cats. The Griffin show was really important because it got me together with Danny Stiles.

"Stiles is really a marvelous musician and I can't tell you how much he has helped me. Danny has fought all his life to get the recognition he deserves. Something always stops him from achieving the greatness he wants. He could be one of the world's finest trumpet players.

Here's a guy who has developed technical and theoretical ability and he ought to have more going for him than he does now. He's the guy who got me the Griffin gig. I was only doing studio work at the time. That TV show was my big break in this town.

"Just to be in those bands and hear cats like Jim Hall, Joe Wilder, Chuck Small, George Duvivier, and Roland Hanna was worthwhile. Additionally, I learned to play everything. We really had some tough, precise arrangements. I looked at that work as an extension course. There is nothing gained from playing your own material."

Watrous bristles at the criticism which is aimed at big bands in general, and the Refuge in particular. "Those who criticize the big band for not being innovative are just rehashing an old argument which has been bugging the business for years," Watrous argued. "It brings us back to the beboppers versus the moldy figs. Our band can attract young people and perform exciting music. The Refuge really jumps. How can one argue with that? I don't see how people can say that the music is beneath them because they've heard it before. Music should not be put down solely because of *what* it is. In their own way, good big bands are cooking. They have great soloists doing their own thing.

"Today, so many musicians have a terrific indifference to the people they are playing for. The Refuge would like to be a part of the audience's scene, if we can. I hope that we never become so indifferent that the audience has to talk when we play. There is an obligation for everyone to do his number and to do it in the best way that he can. I enjoy that and I know that the audience does."

db

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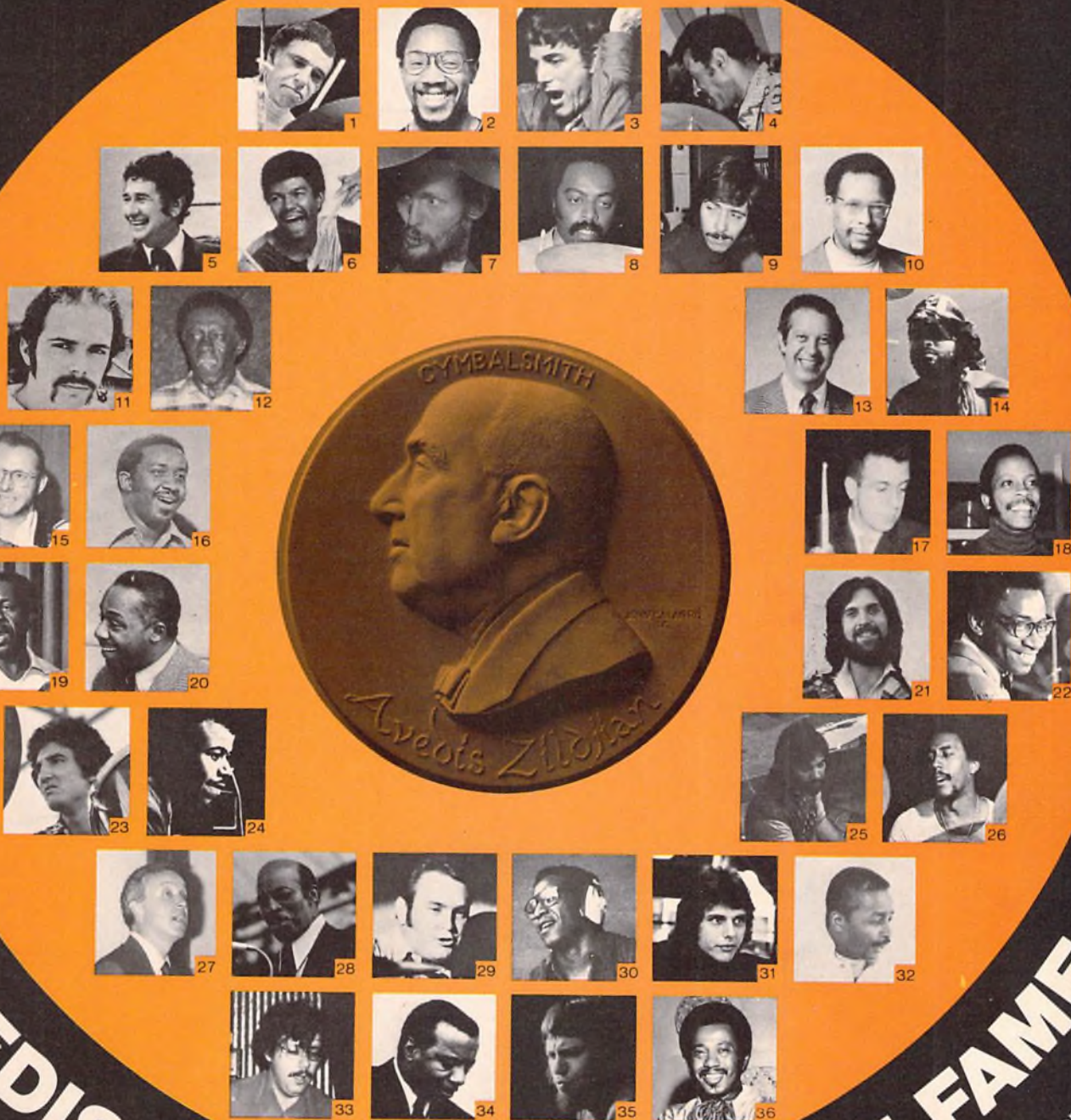
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Elkhart, Indiana

HOW TO make a lab band out of a stage band

by Dr. William L. Fowler

Shortages, shortages, shortages! Energy, resources, food . . . and judging by all those program duplications at all those school jazz festivals, insufficient new charts. It's not that fresh materials are unavailable: Most publishing companies constantly add big band music to their offerings. No, it's just that thousands of bands yearly re-stock their libraries from the same hundred or so sources. And no band will withhold its new material from public display. But when a chart, however imaginative, however effective, however musical it might be, gets overexposed through too many festival repetitions, it's likely to join the forgotten materials in the band room dead-chart file, there to gradually become itself old fashioned as new musical processes permeate big band styles.

Meanwhile, unless the band has its own competent arrangers, the music budget will strain to accommodate replacement materials: band folders can't be allowed to become too skimpy. And then, as surely as good harpists go to Heaven, some harried fiscal administrator will, upon viewing next year's budget, shake his accountability finger toward the stack of discarded charts.

So how can they be made useful, those outmoded turkeys stuffed into storage? Play 'em at a fun forties dance in the gym? Contribute 'em to the local paper recycling drive? Save 'em in the hope they'll someday become valuable museum pieces? Or could they be resurrected, revitalized, rewritten? Well, why not! Maybe the new versions would turn out contemporary enough, interesting enough, musical enough for a festival performance. And what a chance to turn a stage band into a genuine laboratory band, its members now researchers, evaluators, arrangers, copyists within a self-teaching team!

Success in any laboratory cannot very well be achieved without thorough procedures. So, the first guinea-chart ought to be one in which the elements of music have been treated differently from present-day practices, one whose basic purpose was not the same as that of today's arrangements. Such a chart would offer wide opportunities for alteration.

Swing era arrangements, for example, were designed to supply an unmistakable beat for thousands of feet in giant dance halls. Under that restriction, no rhythm section could stray far from a solid *chink, chank, chunk, a-chunk* lest some swain stumble atop his partner's dainty toes. And no brass or sax section could shirk its pulse-delineation duty of ceaseless background riffs. Restrictions, restrictions, restrictions!

But all that has changed. Bands are no longer locked into the metric monotony, the textural solidity, the dynamic power required at the big dance palaces of yesteryear. No, bands play nowadays for listeners at their festivals. A trumpet player with a flair for phrasing can now dream on stage as he chooses, as rubato as he wishes, needing nothing more for his background than a soft guitar strum to mark each chord change. And a rhythm section seeking the excitement of unbalanced metric accent can comp as it chooses through any succession of time signatures, needing only to mark count one clearly for the front-line bandmen.

Yes, the locked-in arrangements of the dance band era offer the best opportunity for modification towards contemporary musical styles.

Probably the most thorough way to go about remodeling a swing chart would be to experiment in turn with each of the elements of music, evaluating and choosing the modifications to be made in one element before going on to the next. And probably the most effective element with which to begin the experimentation would be meter, the most locked-in element of all in any dance band music. Changes in meter automatically alter the time values of notes in the melodic line and the bass line, riffs become syncopes, harmonic rhythms turn around, and metric downbeats upset accent expectations.

Then, with a new meter plan in effect, the necessary rhythmic displacements in melody, bass, riffs, and harmony can be checked over and notated on the parts. A contemporary framework will then have been erected, ready for fleshing out in further musical advancements—pitch range extension, mixed instrumental color, electronic sound manipulation and generation, and addition of the new instruments young musicians seem constantly to acquire and master.

Sax parts can be rewritten for the flute family with possibly a bassoon handling the bari part. Electric guitars can be set up as melodic line instruments in their own section. Mixed mutes can recolor the trumpet section. Or it can become a piccolo trumpet-mirafone-flugelhorn-mellophonium section instead. An amplified string quartet can chant a unison countermelody, can pizzicato strong accents, can tremolando a veiled harmonic background, or can soar on the tune itself. Guitar, piano, bass, or drums can drop out then re-enter, singly or collectively. Original dynamics can reverse, staccato can replace legato, texture can thin from full harmony to octave-unison. Chords can intensify through added dissonant non-related tones . . . The limits of change are only those of imagination: There will be no shortage of revitalizing methods where there are sufficient leader resources plus student energies. Examples? Here are some rhythmic displacements for the swing-era standard, *In the Mood*:





A page of the score to *In The Mood* shows the following:

1. Rhythm section is limited to playing only rhythm.
2. Small brass section is scored as one unit, as are the saxes.
3. All the horns are scored in block voicing (measures 7-8).
4. There is much repetition.

In short, only three elements are present: melody (saxes), answering figure (brass), and constant pulse (rhythm section).

And when the refurbishment of Glenn Miller's standard is complete, maybe it will deserve a contemporary title. How about *In the Mood Again*?



SCORING FOR EXPANDED JAZZ ORCHESTRA

by Ladd McIntosh

Here is a page from *Munich, Sept. 5, 1972: Pain, Death, and Sadness*, which graphically shows how an ambitious jazz band may add new additions to its repertoire.

The basic elements are: melody, harmonic pad (trombones), abstract percussion, different contrapuntal sections (trumpets and woodwinds), and the absence of any steady rhythmic pulse.

1. Melody scored lush to intensify sadness—strings, voice, horns, and synthesizer (synthesizer makes melody sound less orchestral).
2. Meter changes to follow the phrasing of the melody.
3. Female voice is scored as another color instrument.
4. Strings are amplified, as is voice.
5. Greatly expanded instrumentation.
6. Six woodwinds instead of five.
7. Woodwinds are mixed (two flutes, two clarinets, and two alto flutes).
8. Brass are not scored together.
9. Trombones are open while trumpets are in cups. It is also quite effective to mix the mutes within the sections.

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10. Note counterpoint between melody and melodic fragments in trumpets and woodwinds.
11. Two different contrapuntal ideas are traded between trumpets and woodwinds (Woodwinds are unison and voiced in measures 52, 53, and 55; while the opposite is true in 54 and 57).
12. Guitar is playing little melodic fragments with woodwinds.
13. No rhythm instruments are "comping" (playing chorded rhythms).
14. Exotic percussion: bell-tree for added interest, piccolo woodblock to help trumpets.
15. Drummer is encouraged to add his own ideas and to *de-emphasize* the pulse.
16. The bass is tacet.
17. Even though all are playing, the texture is light and all components are easily heard.
18. The piece must be conducted.

Of the above, numbers 1, 3, 5, 7-12 and 14 all relate to the orchestral color scored into the piece. Color is one of the most important tools of any good arranger-composer. Another excellent technique is to combine instruments from various sections, thereby greatly expanding an already large jazz orchestral palette.

CITY SCENE

New York

Last chance for the jazz cruise called Showboat 3, bound for Nassau and Bermuda for seven days, beginning June 7. Aboard will be **Lionel Hampton, Dave Brubeck, Mercer Ellington, Carmen McRae, Earl Fatha Hines** and **Dizzy Gillespie**. Emcee will be **Leonard Feather**. Call Holland America Cruises in New York City... Jazz Vespers at St. Peter's Church, 64th and Park, features **Eddie Bonnemere** and the 100-voice **All Brooklyn Chorus** (made up of jr. high-schoolers) on May 25. Eddie is there the first Sunday each month with the **Jesu Choir**... **Buddy's Place**, on the West Side, brings in **Mel Torme** through May 26th. **Lou Rawls** follows... **The Collective Black Artists** have been staging a series of superb offerings at Town Hall. They'll

be there May 23 with midnight shows May 25 and May 30... There's **Bucky Pizzarelli** at P.S. 77 (that's a restaurant, folks) Monday nights... Another new spot: the **Golden Fleece**, 61 Seventh Avenue South, has jazz from Wednesdays through Mondays. Featured is **Greta Lorraine**, singer, with **Sonny Donaldson** and **Allie Richardson** on piano and bass, respectively... A special mention to those who can count **Dick Wellstood's** fingers while he romps through **Carolina Shout**, or whatever, at the **Cookery** through May... **Bill Evans** at the **Village Vanguard** through May 25. **Pharaoh Sanders** hits May 27... **Sonny Rollins** at **Carnegie Hall** May 31... **Sonny's Place**, Seaford, L.I., has **Dwight Gassaway** May 23 & 24; **Bob Kindred** May 30 & 31... **Calderone Concert Hall**, Hempsted, L.I., brings in **Renaissance** May 24... **Gladys Knight** and **The Pips** are at **Westbury's Music Fair** May 26 through May 31; **Ella Fitzgerald, Count Basie** and **Oscar Peterson** wait there beginning June 2... The **Academy of Music** shows **Climax Blues Band** May 30; **Black Oak Arkansas** May 31 with **Golden Earring**

NEW RELEASES

continued from page 9

Contemporary British musicians are increasingly turning to small independent labels to get their music to the people. **Ogun Records**, which recently debuted with a live *Brotherhood Of Breath* album, has new releases out by **Harry Miller** and the **Mike Osborne Trio**. Another new entrant tagged "**A**" **Records** has sets by the **Spontaneous Music Ensemble** and **Amalgam**. **Cadillac** has issued a solo **Stan Tracey** disc and one by **Harry Beckett**, while **Bob Downes** has issued his third album on his own **Openian** label. **Graham Collier** has inaugurated **Mosaic Records** with his new album called *Darius*. Further info on these discs may be obtained by writing **db**.

Upcoming twofers from **Blue Note**, set for release in early June, include previously unreleased sides by **Jackie McLean**; some rare **Lester Young** sessions culled from the **Aladdin** archives; unreleased sessions highlighting **John Coltrane** and **Paul Chambers**; and a **Cecil Taylor** special that will include one as yet unreleased cut, as well as rare material pulled from **Transition**. The **McLean** material includes a '65 date done with trumpeters **Lee Morgan** and **Charles Tolliver**. Notes for the albums will be supplied by **Ira Gitler** and the word is that musicians in New York are still buzzing about that particular session some ten years later.

Hot platters from **A&M** include *Coney Island*, the latest from **Herb Alpert** and the **Tijuana Brass**; *Big Red Rock*, the American debut by Australian sensations **Ayers Rock**; *High Street*, by **Hustler**; *Hair Of The Dog*, **Nazareth**; and *Armageddon*, the latest assemblage featuring former **Yardbird** vocalist **Keith Relf**.

Fresh **Phonogram** items include *Spirit Of '76*, the first recording in some three years by California-based **Spirit**, and the latest effort by vocalist **Eric Mercury**.

Recent additions to **RCA's** catalog are *Spirit Man*, **Weldon Irvine**; *America's Choice*, **Hot Tuna**; *Wingless Angels*, **John Stewart**; and *Rolling Down A Mountainside*, **The Main Ingredient**. The first product coming from **Pablo**, by way of **RCA**, includes *Portraits Of Duke Ellington*, by **Joe Pass**; *Trumpet Kings Meet Joe Turner*; *Basie Jam*, **Count Basie**; *Dizzy Gillespie's Big 4*; and *Sirius*, **Coleman Hawkins**.

Latecomers from **Warner Brothers** include *Together In Concert*, a live performance with **Arlo Guthrie** and **Pete Seeger**; *Juke Joint Jump*, **Elvin Bishop**; *Can't Beat The Kid*, **John Hammond**; and something tagged *Flash Fearless Versus The Zorg Women, Parts 5 and 6*, an all-star science fiction concept album that includes cameos by **Alice Cooper** and **John Entwistle**.

Gap Mangione has a new record on the **Sagoma** label called . . . *And The Kids Call It Boogie*. Personnel on the disc includes Mangione, keyboards and synthesizer; **Tony Levin**, electric bass; **Steve Gadd**, drums; and **Ron Davis**, percussion.

The latest batch from **Muse** highlights *Consciousness*, by guitarist **Pat Martino**; *Chicken Shack*, featuring **Luther Allison** and the **Muddy Waters Blues Band**; *Feelin's*, **Teddy Edwards**, with **Conte Candoli**, **Ray Brown**, and **Jerry Steinholz**; *Commitment*, **Harold Vick**; and *Speak Low*, by pianist **Walter Bishop, Jr.** **db**

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Congratulations go to Mel and Thad for their latest release, "Potpourri", and its reviews: *Time*, "Many jazz connoisseurs consider it the best"; and *down beat*, "★★★★★ This is a fine album!"

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... Westchester Premier Theatre, Tarrytown, has the **Carpenters** through May 25; **Johnny Mathis** comes in June 4... **Chick Corea** is at the Capitol Theatre, Portchester, N.Y., May 23... **Sylvia Syms** is at the Downtown of the Statler Hilton, Buffalo, through June 1. **Jonah Jones** with **Cozy Cole**, drums, is there starting June 3... **Renaissance** is in Passaic, N.J., at the Capitol Theatre May 30... Marshmallows, Woodbridge, N.J., continues the big band bash with **Woody Herman** May 25... Jersey Jazz Vespers at Memorial West Church in Newark has the **Don Carter Trio**, May 25, and **Mark Goldsbury Trio** June 1.

Los Angeles

Concerts at the Grove should be open by the first week of June. **Howard Rumsey** says that the delay has been caused by technicalities involving the liquor license, but the problems now seem to be resolved. The Grove will operate under a jazz policy Thursdays thru Sundays, but will feature other events, including Latin Nights, on Mondays and Tuesdays. Many top jazz artists have expressed enthusiasm for playing at the club... as for Concerts By The Sea, **Joe Williams** finishes up his stint May 25, and **Stan Kenton and his Band** come in May 26 and 27; **Hank Crawford** is set May 28 thru June 8... The Lighthouse has some surprises for late May, early June, after all **Milt Jackson** is a tough act to follow and he'll finish up his stay May 25... **Donte's** has **Howard Roberts** May 23 & 24, **Supersax** returns May 25, and **Joe Pass** May 26... The Times has a busy schedule as usual, with **Bill Henderson** tentatively set May 23 & 24 with **Joyce Collins** and **Davey Mackay**, or else

Gary Lemeil; The **Baroque Jazz Ensemble** returns May 25, and May 27 & 28 brings in The **Benny Colson Quartet**; **Leroy Vinnegar Trio** on May 29, and **Johnny Hammond** closes up May on the 30 & 31... The **Baked Potato** moves right along with **Lee Ritenour** and group on Tuesdays, **Don Randi and The Baked Potato Band** Wednesdays thru Saturdays, and **Harry "Sweets" Edison** on Sundays... The **Starwood**, at the old PJ's site, has a new policy featuring new recording acts, like **Journey**, who recently played to an enthusiastic, sellout room; that's the group with former Santana members and superdrummer **Aynsley Dunbar**... **Maxine Weldon** continues at the etc.

CHICAGO

Frank Dawson creates a **Synthesis** every Monday night at Orphan's on Lincoln. Tuesdays, it's a relaxed, creative groups of **Ears** led by **Bobby Lewis** and **Cy Touff**. Wednesdays, the **Bobby Christian** rehearsal band crowds onto the tiny stand to blow the place out... Speaking of rehearsal bands, **Kenny Soderblom** continues on Monday nights at the Quiet Knight on Belmont and **Dave Remington** keeps the fire going at the Wise Fools on Tuesdays. The **Wise Fools** has also been showcasing the space-rock of **Graced Lightning** on Sundays, with hardcore blues, Chicago-style (is there any other?) on the weekends... **Keith Jarrett's** Amazingrace dates (the club is at the corner of Chicago and Main in Evanston, right outside Chicago's northernmost city limits) have been announced: June 26-30. We'll be reminding you again. Rumor has it that Keith will do two shows a night, each half solo and half with

Dewey Redman, **Charlie Haden** and **Paul Motian**. Before that, however, **Amazingrace** brings in **Paul Winter's** new **Consort** May 29-June 2, with dates in between to be announced... **Joe Segal** is finishing up at the **Jazz Medium** on Rush and Delaware before his move (exact date unknown at press time) to the London House. See this issue's news pages for more information on the new location. Scheduled to round things off at the old spot (which will be converted into a disco upon Segal's departure) are the **Heath Brothers** (that's **Jimmy**, **Tootie**, and **Percy**) and **Stanley Cowell** May 21-25; **Norman Connors** with **Jean Carn** and **Carlos Garnett** May 28-June 1; and **Yusef Lateef** for two weeks beginning June 4. But the move to Michigan and Wacker may take place before all those dates are complete, so Yusef may open the new location, some dates may get shuffled, etc.; you'd best call the **Jazz Medium** number (337-1000) for exact details. And stay tuned to this space, too.

Philadelphia

Mongo Santamaria returns again to **Just Jazz** from May 19-24; **Blue Magic**, May 26-27; and making a rare Philadelphia appearance May 28-31 will be **Hubert Laws** and Quartet... At the Erlanger Theatre **James Taylor**, May 24; **Golden Earring** May 30... The Valley Forge Music Fair will host **Count Basie and Orchestra**, **Ella Fitzgerald**, and **Oscar Peterson's Trio** for a week June 9... Continuing with great success at **Grendel's Lair** is **The Fifth Amendment** (**Bob Malick**-tenor, **Al Harrison**-trumpet, **Steve Beskrone**-bass). The policy for the Monday evening jazz is publicized as being free, but will cost you a \$1.00

THE RAP SESSION: Paul Horn on music and Artley.

Paul Horn and Bill Fowler rapping.

Bill: *I would list Paul Horn as a subtle player.*

Paul: I do try to reach into subtle areas... and to think that way. To sing with a flute, or growl to it is a grosser aspect. Not that I'm putting it down.

Bill: *A question of personality?*

Paul: Yes. Flutists are expanding the limitations of the instrument, like flutter tonguing, or growling.

Bill: *Well, what sounds do you like for the flute?*

Paul: A breathy sound is part of the flute. And when it's missing it sounds dead. I always play straight across from the mike.

Bill: *There's a key click sound, a pad sound, when a microphone is placed on the body.*

Paul: You can eliminate that pad noise, if you have a noisy flute, by approaching the mike straight on.

Bill: *Can you give younger players some tips on your special techniques.*

Paul: Well, briefly... fingerings to give split notes, so you can play 2 or 3 notes at a time. Finger a high D, (D above C, the beginning of the third octave) and then think of it as if you're

playing the octave below that and blow into the flute. Then you'll get a two to three note chord.

Bill: *What else?*

Paul: Well, you've got to get used to reading ledger lines. Practice hard music—the farthest distance from the third octave with all that cross fingering, and practice everything up an octave.

Bill: *Let's establish clearly that you play an Artley. Is it something you started with, or what?*

Paul: I have other instruments, but I find myself playing the Artley all the time now. It's particularly well made, unlike other instruments I've had where there's difficulty in having enough air to play a phrase. The Artley blows easy still with good resistance. It's to Artley's credit for figuring that out. I can put a lot of air into the Artley and the tone doesn't crack.

This interview ran on for several hours. The full transcript is available. Subjects include a personal history of Paul Horn, much more technique, and much rapping about music. Send \$1.00 to cover the cost of postage and handling to Horn On Music, C. G. Conn Ltd., at the address below.



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BALTIMORE

The folkies have their days in May when **Tom Paxton** packs his bald head in a cap and packs the very '60s socially-aware crowd into the Cellar Door in D.C., May 20-25 . . . Moving further out into the country, both geographically and musically, the **Eagles** join **Linda Ronstadt** for a show at Largo's Capitol Center. After the Eagles/Ronstadt hoedown comes the **Earth Wind & Fire** get down at the Baltimore Civic Center. Their musical star shines on the 24th of May . . . Between **Maynard Ferguson's** big band and the big crowd he always draws, the Famous Ballroom should be packed enough to give a fire marshal nightmares on May 25, with Baltimore's L.B.J.S. producing the show . . . The underrated but unforgettable **Tracy Nelson & Mother Earth** display their blue roots at the Cellar Door, May 28-June 1st . . . The last day of May sees **Fleetwood Mac** doing their British imitation of an American imitation of a British imitation of black blues with some rock thrown in to keep it all rolling at the Civic Center.

Miami

Scamp's Restaurant, a new gourmet spot in the Coconut Grove, has appropriately-named pianist **John Musick** six nights a week . . . The Carillon Hotel has closed until September due to a freak fire until the fall. This has created a most unfortunate situation for the bands regularly employed there. No good faith is being shown by the hotel, whose pol-

icy is no play—no pay . . . The Place For Steak on the 79th Street Strip continues with the superb piano talents of the **Guy Fasciani Trio**. A must for jazz buffs. **Myrtle Jones** spells Guy on his breaks with her piano and vocals . . . **Phyllis Hyman** and her group continue at Cye's Rivergate Restaurant on Brickell Avenue . . . Miami Local 655 of the AFM has just approved a 5% pension fund which will benefit local members over the years . . . There's another hot rumor about a big upcoming push for a Florida Gambling Amendment which would rocket the Miami-Lauderdale club scene sky high if passed . . . **American Express** appears at the Hasta Restaurant in Coral Gables.

New Orleans

Jazz clubs not located on Bourbon Street are developing a loyal following without the benefit of the French Quarter tourist crowd. Local progressive musicians have found a stable base of operation at Lu & Charlie's on Rampart Street. The club presents the vocal and piano interpretations of **Ms. Angelle Trosclair** on Tuesday and Wednesday. On Thursday, **Henry Butler** is featured on piano, and the **New Quartet** plays on Fridays and Saturdays . . . Uptown, Jed's University Inn acts as host for the New Orleans' brand of soul music with **Professor Longhair** featured on May 17 & 24 and the **Meters** on May 23 & 31 . . . Thursday night regulars at Jed's are **Earl Turbington & Nucleus** . . . The Maple Leaf Club has the **Society Jazz Band** on Saturdays . . . The Blue Room at the Fairmont Hotel will present **Ray Charles**, June 11-21 . . . **America** appears at City Park Stadium on May 18 . . . Beaver Productions will bring **Robin Trower**

and **Golden Earring** to the Warehouse on May 21, followed by **Kraftwerk** on May 24 . . . On May 23, ERA Productions feature **Mick Ronson** and the **Ian Hunter Band** at the St. Bernard Civic Auditorium . . . Then on June 7, City Park Stadium will present the androgenous coupling of **Alice Cooper** and **Suzi Quatro**.

St. Louis

The **Jessie Colin Young Leo Kottke** concert originally scheduled for May 22 at the Kiel Opera House has been switched to May 31 and the Ambassador Theatre. The concert is a joint production of Panther and Contemporary Productions . . . **Dionne Warwick** and **Henry Mancini** will appear at Kiel Auditorium on May 25 with **Bad Company** and **Maggie Bell** following them in on June 7 . . . The five-member **St. Louis Jazz Quartet** are still booked nightly in the Mansion House Center (Tuesdays through Saturdays). The quartet, which is comprised of **Jeanne Trevor, Terrence Kippenberger, Edward Nicholson, Charles Payne, and Willie Akins**, recently gave an ambitious premier public performance of **Rodrigo's Concierto Do Aranjuez** which was made famous to jazz audiences by Miles Davis and Gil Evans via *Sketches Of Spain* . . . The Mississippi River Festival, which is held annually on the Southern Illinois University (SIU) Edwardsville Campus, has announced its schedule for its seventh season that will run between June 30 and August 20. Besides performances by the **St. Louis Symphony** and showings of classic foreign and domestic flicks, the festival will present close to thirty rock, pop, folk, blues, and jazz per-

THE RAP SESSION:

Garnett Brown on music and Conn Brass.

Garnett Brown and David Baker rapping.

David: *You've done something that hasn't been done in 20 years . . . unseating J. J. Johnson as the #1 trombonist.*

Garnett: As far as I'm concerned, J. J. is magnificent. His contributions to the whole jazz thing are maybe greater than any other trombonist. And I know I can be called down easily on that. Anyway, my name was around town. And J. J. seemed to step into the shadows. So people felt free to vote for whoever they wanted.

David: *Why is Garnett Brown in music?*

Garnett: It all started in my home town, Memphis. The whole city is deep into music. The neighborhood. Like evidently this was what was available. Then the Army . . . That's where I got my first Conn 48 H. After that, Charles Lloyd asked me to join Chico Hamilton, and that was my first professional job. The first album I did was "Drum Fusion."

David: *You got your first Conn in the Army?*

Garnett: I really didn't know about Conn. I was playing a world tour in a Soldier's Show with the post trombone. But I couldn't take it on the tour. Luckily I found a 48-H at the fort. It accompanied me for the whole tour. Later, it got into a serious accident, and I bought another Conn.

David: *Are you ever satisfied musically?*

Garnett: By no means, because there's a lot of things I'm working on from a technical standpoint. To be able to express better. Even just to make a good expression out of a whole note, so even behind somebody, they think I'm somebody. There are no tricks . . . no getting away from basic activity.

I talked to Trummy Young on the phone. You know what he was doing? Downstairs practicing. He promised himself to learn all the Charlie Parker solos. So it's always the basics . . . basics.

David: *Is there any particular counseling that you could give to young trombone players . . . any good moves?*

Garnett: I don't have any tricks. As a matter of fact, I don't think there are any tricks. I think everything that's done is a valid endeavor for a particular person. It's not a trick. I can't say that I've developed something that nobody else can do.

This interview ran for several hours. The full transcript is available and it develops a rare insight into a rare musician. Send \$1.00 to cover the cost of postage and handling to Brown On Music, C. G. Conn Ltd., at the address below.



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formers. Last year's festival saw the inauguration of *An Evening of Jazz* which featured McCoy Tyner, Freddie Hubbard, and Return to Forever. This year's token jazz event will feature The Crusaders and a much-welcomed appearance by Michael Urbaniak And Fusion. Other performers include: Stephen Stills; James Taylor; Blood, Sweat, and Tears; Yes; Olivia Newton-John; Henry Mancini; Muddy Waters; James Cotton Band; Gordon Lightfoot; Judy Collins; Dave Mason; Eagles; Linda Ronstadt; Pointer Sisters; Nitty Gritty Dirt Band; John Hartford; Arlo Guthrie and Pete Seeger; America; Harry Chapin; Loggins And Messina; Peter Nero; Mac Davis; Jefferson Starship; The Osmonds. For further information on dates, changes, etc. watch this column in future issues.

SOUTHWEST

PHOENIX: Mesa Community College '75 Summer Jazz Workshop, under the direction of Grant Wolf, will run from June 8-12, with a concert on the clinic's final day. As in the past, a fantastic cast has been assembled: Joe Pass, Supersax, Don Rader, Ladd McIntosh, Bruce Fowler, Lanny Morgan, Pete Magadini, Bob Ravenscroft, Don Bothwell, and Bob Graham ... Supersax will play a short engagement at the Boojum Tree while they're in town. Regulars include the Joe Borland Trio thru 5/31, then Armand Boatman's threesome during June ... George Shearing is expected at the Safari May 26-31 ... Bill Evans is at the Playboy Club May 26 to June 1, followed by Cannonball Adderly thru 6/7 ... The U. of A. in Tucson is offering a Bachelor of Arts in Jazz and Contemporary Media Music. Among summer courses will be *History Of Jazz and Pop Music*, taught by Lloyd Weldy ... June 1 will find Lou Garno's Latin Jazz Quintet at the Boojum Tree ... Civic Plaza will have the Mahavishnu Orchestra with Jeff Beck on May 28. It has been rumored that Billy Preston may join Beck's excellent new band. A roadshow of Jesus Christ Superstar will spend three days at Civic Plaza, June 6-8 ... Celebrity Theater presents the pop-rock of America, along with Captain, on May 24.

SAN DIEGO: The Center for Music Experiment at U.C.S.D. will have an "Atomic Cafe" in Mandeville Center on May 27. Other campus events include New New Music (5/24) with works by Erickson, George, Simons; and an experimental classical concert (6/5) with the music of Varese (a Frank Zappa favorite), Cardew, and Grainger ... Klaus Doldinger's Passport gained entrance to the Convention & Performing Arts Center recently ... Iron Butterfly at Cal State on May 18 ... Up the coast, Joe Williams is at Concerts By The Sea in Redondo Beach thru May 25 ... Aspen House jams still going at La Jolla on Sundays ... A band concert is slated for Southwestern College on 5/22, but call for details ... Modern dance & music by U.S.I.U. to run at S.D. City College's Theatre, 5/30-6/4 ... L.A.'s KPFK is playing a lot of jazz lately, for those of you with powerful radios. For those with weaker antennae, try City College's KSDS-FM (88.3), a jazz station whose 2nd annual Jazz Poll picked Chick Corea as top pianist over Herbie Hancock, McCoy Tyner, Keith Jarrett, Oscar Peterson, and found Brian Auger second only to Jimmy Smith in the organ category. Also, Airtro was picked #4 drummer, while grabbing #1 Misc. Instrument for



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percussion . . . A Composer's Workshop takes place at noon on May 22 at UCSD.

LAS VEGAS: Brother Jack McDuff rolls into town for the anniversary celebration at B&J's Home, playing eight days beginning May 29. The club has recently been featuring **Buddy Wright & His Soul Express** on weekends, and jazz nights on Monday and Tuesday (with people like **Rick Davis, Jimmy Cook, Bill Trujillo, and Arnold Marsh**) . . . **Billy Eckstine** is in the area, with dates at Harrah's Reno 6/2-8 and Harrah's Tahoe 6/10-22 . . . **Ike & Tina Turner** will rock the Hilton 5/20-6/2, especially with the hotel's excellent orchestra (including **James Moody**) . . . **Love-lace Watkins and Slappy White** are at the Flamingo . . . **Tom Jones** at Caesar's, **Bill Cosby** at Hilton, **Fifth Dimension** and **Liza Minnelli** at Riviera, **Bob Simms Trio** in Sands lounge . . . DJ **Dick Knight** handles the Landmark's Skytop Disc-O-Dance . . . **B.B. King, The Checkmates** and others at Hilton lounge, with **Fats Domino** and **Wilson Pickett** coming up . . .

SWEDEN

"The Golden Record," handed out by the Swedish jazz magazine *Orkester Journalen* yearly for best jazz record of the previous year, went to tenorist **Bernt Rosengren** for *Notes From Underground* (EMI). The victory was somewhat remarkable in that this was Rosengren's third golden record, the other two being *Stockholm Dues* (1965) and *Improvisations* (1969). Red Mitchell's sextet's *Communication* placed second this year . . . The spacious Atlantic Ballroom in Stockholm has been in operation for about a year; and in spite of its share of gloomy predictions of a

short stay in business, the place is doing very well. The policy, besides wine only, is big band nostalgia. Sweden has an almost inordinate number of big bands, and most of them have already appeared at the Atlantic. The most recent international attraction was the **Duke Ellington Orchestra** under **Mercer Ellington**. The **World's Greatest Jazz Band** did a stupendous one-nighter there a few weeks ago. **Eartha Kitt**, rarely in the columns these days, nearly tore the house down during a

week in February, backed by the 18-piece **Atlantic Force Big Band**. Spring plans for the club include **Carmen McRae** and **Errol Garner** . . . Sweden's summer jazz festivals have begun to reveal some of the names they are negotiating with. The Halmstad Jazz Festival is planning on three big bands July 11-13, among them the local **West-Coasters**, and the too little-known, but very competent **Danish Radio Big Band**, with expatriates **Richard Boone** on trombone, **Idrees Sulieman**

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on trumpet, and the amazing Niels-Henning Ørsted Pedersen on bass . . . The Åhus Jazz Festival, July 18-20 has eyes for Roland Kirk, Freddie Hubbard, Art Blakey and maybe Jimmy Smith. American jazz musicians in Europe at that time are welcome to contact Mr. Rolf Nilsson, Beberisvägen 31, Kristianstad, Sweden, for a possible gig at Åhus.

NORWAY

The jazz scene is really greater than ever in Norway. Jazz clubs grow up like you wouldn't believe, most of them engage Norwegian musicians, enabling them to start new groups or keep existing ones together. The picture is an optimistic one . . . The **Jan Garbarek Quartet**, with the leader on reeds, **Bobo Stenson**, piano, **Palle Daniellsson**, bass, and **Jon Christensen**, drums, have become more popular than even famous American guest stars, thanks to Garbarek's last two ECM recordings, especially the one with Keith Jarrett . . . **Arild Andersen's Ensemble**, who, like the Garbarek group, had their break in Warsaw, is another top group, along with the **Terje Rypdal Odyssey** . . . The first Norwegian festival this year was arranged in Voss, the ski resort, with Garbarek, Andersen, and the Polish **Namyslowski Quintet**, while **Karin Krog** and **Egil Kapstad** held forth at Voss' local jazz nitery . . . The **Konigsberg Festival** will take place at the end of June. **Shirley Scott's** trio was the only act booked at press time . . . At Molde from July 28 to Aug. 2 will be **Joe Newman** with **Ted Dunbar**, **Bob Cranshaw**, and others, as well as **Oregon** . . . The Oslo club scene is thriving. At Club 7, we've seen **Elvin Jones**, **Tomasz Stanko**, **Larry Coryell**, and **Red Rodney** in the past months. The Club 7 is Oslo's jazz mainstay, also presenting various American blues acts and all extant Norwegian groups. Many groups have also been created in the club, thanks to a place where they can rehearse and have the opportunity to get started. The Club 7 also helps arrange tours around the rest of the country for visiting musicians and groups . . . Another quite sensational club in Oslo, started by the Oslo Jazz Circle, is the **Amalienborg Jazzhouse**, or "Malla" for short. Here, they have jazz every day on two floors. Swedish musicians **Bengt Hallberg**, **Rune Gustafsson**, **Arne Domerius**, **Georg Riedel**, and Norwegian **Egil Johansen** recently packed the place . . . There's a New Orleans Workshop every Thursday at the **Bergum Cafe** . . . In Sogn, an Oslo suburb, there's the **Studentcity Jazzclub**. **Clifford Jordan**, **Billy Higgins**, **Cedar Walton**, and **Sam Jones** are due in April.

BOOKS

continued from page 35

be identified but allows intimate details from her diary to be quoted at length? Is *Chasin' The Trane* really about John Coltrane, or is it about J.C. Thomas, his devotion to the music, his fascination with the mystique—his fantasies, trips, dreams?

There is enough solid information here, especially in the comments of Coltrane's childhood friends and acquaintances from North Carolina and in the occasionally revealing comments of the saxophonist's contemporaries, to make *Chasin' The Trane* worthwhile reading. But as many questions are raised as answered. A documented, reasoned, musically knowledgeable biographical study of the man and his impact on all of us remains to be written.

—*Robert Palmer*

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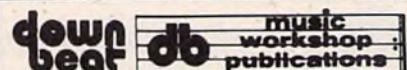
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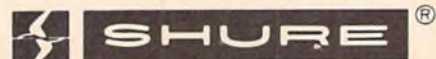


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