

JULY 17, 1975

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the contemporary
music magazine

downbeat®

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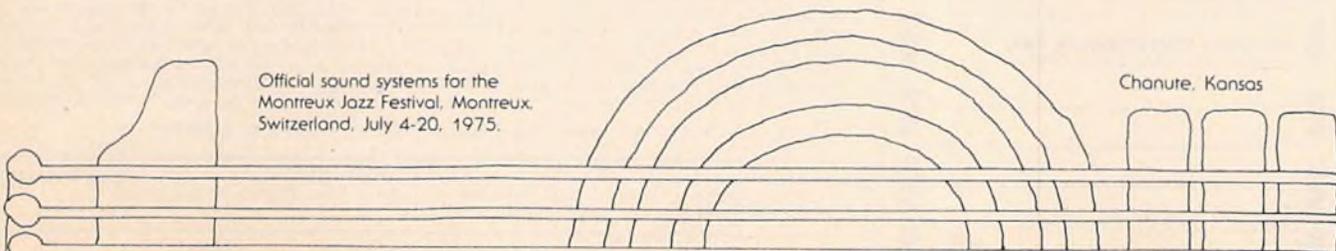
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Superbop All Trumpet All Holton

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By Charles Suber

Here it is July and **down beat's** birthday, our 41st. It's as good a time as any to report on our current condition — which is thriving!

A record number of persons, more than 104,000, will buy this and ensuing issues, either by subscription or from newsstands, music and record stores in 142 countries. Each purchased copy will be read by more than four persons for a total readership, per issue, of about 437,000. The average age of a **db** reader is 23.

You readers are geographically spread about the U.S. in close proportion to the last national census with similar patterns of rural/suburban/urban distribution. (A persistent myth is that jazz-related musicians, i.e. **db** readers, are congregated in the big cities. It is not so and never was.)

A final, important statistic: 96% of our readers are active players who play, and own, at least three instruments. The music they play, and listen to, conditions much of our editorial content.

In last year's anniversary issue, we adopted a new self-slogan: "the contemporary music magazine," which replaced "jazz-blues-rock." The semantic change was "requested" by contemporary serious musicians anxious to shed labels affixed to them by record companies and radio stations. The music discussed editorially has not changed, just the

umbrella phrase in which today's musicians feel more comfortable.

Subjects of feature articles, interviews, and profiles continue to be chosen on the basis of whom our editors listen to, and whom they hear talked about by working musicians. (By the way, **db** anticipated the stardom of Dee Dee Bridgewater some five years ago, following her performance at the U. of Illinois Jazz Fest.) We continue to rely on maximum use of the subject's own words and phrasing on the logical premise that players best understand other players. Third party intervention is restricted to catalytic action and perspective placing.

Our record reviews remain important and controversial—and that's good. Our readers respect an honest review by a writer who fairly evaluates what is actually on the record—rather than what the reviewer thinks the composer or musician meant to say or should have said. (By the way, how many of you readers would like **db** to reprint reviews of the most significant records released since **db** started in 1934?)

You will be pleased to know that we are working hard to narrow the time gap between release date and review publication date. It's a tough problem what with slow mail delivery, etc. but we're sure we can do better. With increased selectivity and a new, faster fulfillment procedure (four days to a maximum of ten for the more difficult to find), **db's** Record Club has taken on added importance, as evidenced by its increasing volume.

We do not print all the news fit to print. There isn't room for half of it. We give priority and precious space to those items of interest to **db** readers that lie in the future. Why tell you who is going to play at a festival held a week ago? If you have news for us, be sure it reaches our Chicago office five weeks prior to cover date.

One of the strongest features of **db** is its music education pages, supervised so well by Bill Fowler. A major criterion of calling a musician "serious" is his/her dedication to learning. The HOW TO and Music Workshop features provide learning materials not available anywhere else. (Would you like to own a collection of the transcribed solos and music columns run in **db** over the years?)

Speaking of education, you have indicated with your orders and comments that you dig the various volumes published by **db** Music Workshop Publications. (David Baker's *Jazz Improvisation* is in its ninth printing. *Jazz Styles & Analysis: Alto Sax* will be published this fall.)

One final report item. The reception of **MUSIC HANDBOOK '75**, our 20th annual Yearbook, has been excellent. Many musicians and educators have written in with praise—and reorders. They especially mention the usefulness of the music career guide.

Next issue will feature **db's** 23rd Annual International Critics Poll, highlighting the choices of 51 critics of the contemporary music scene. **db**

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Incidental Plaudits

Great interview with Dr. John (db, 5/22). Found especially resonant his remarks about jive-ass producers and the way records are made these days. The big companies are now mostly run by lawyers and salesmen who have no producing experience. One result is that the companies are regularly ripped off outrageously by would-be producers who squander studio time trying to put together a record by trial-and-error (talent and preparation being of no concern), relying on technology to bail them out at the last minute and pretending all the while that this absurd waste of money is really a valid and creative working method!

About multi-track technology: there can be no doubt that the ability to correct or replace, endlessly, any recorded track or part thereof, has had a sometimes subtle but often profoundly detrimental effect on the music. And some producers aggravate the matter by abusing the technology, making letter-perfect execution an end in itself. More is less. (Ellington knew this, always wanting to use first takes.)

Doug Pomeroy,
Columbia Recording Studios N.Y., N.Y.

Thanks for a most accurate description of the "man with the hat" (Chuck Mangione, db, 5/8). To me, an answer to the question "Where is Chuck?" is obvious. He is in his music—not his conducting or arranging, but his composition. His music is a beautiful mixture of moods—something like FM radio. Before you can get tired of one mood, he has changed to another. His music

is always high class, never dull. It always lifts you up, whether with peace, love, or humor. There is no sadness or destruction. It is not music to converse around, or do housework by, however. It demands your complete attention.

Thank you Lee Underwood for a great article, and thank God for Chuck Mangione who "makes us feel good."
Wanda Burgess Star Lake, N.Y.

Bravo, Chuck Mangione! It is refreshing to hear that there are people who really love music and don't just "watch the clock, time to stop, take a break, back on, toot-toot-toot, give me the money, go home." You belong with Pablo Casals!
Philip Borgnes No. Miami, Fla.

More On McLean

Jackie McLean should be congratulated on his intuitiveness in recognizing the Spanish-African origin of many "Western" instruments, and of much European music. There have been scholars and musicologists who anticipated Jackie's insights, the Spaniard Julian Ribera and A. J. Nykl being two, but academics and professional musicologists are reluctant to deny Western civilization any accomplishments. Academics in the music world are not encouraged to teach this to their students and often feel resentful that Western civilization has not been as inventive as they would like. Censorship keeps the facts secret. Jackie's comments may not impress the academics, but they serve the historical truth.

Marcus Shepard Oberlin, Ohio

Come Out Swinging!

In his "review" of *The World Of Swing* (db, 5/8), John Litweiler shows that omniscience can be treacherous and bias a two-way street. Factual errors are more surprising.

He suggests that the Harlem Hamfats should have been documented in a book centered, as he astutely recognizes, on New York. The Hamfats were a Chicago group. And Alphonso Trent, whose Texas band never made it to New York, will logically receive further attention in a forthcoming volume.

Jonah Jones' casual reference to recording with Peetie Wheatstraw, which Mr. Litweiler finds incredible, relates to circumstances well known to anyone familiar with the period. Sidney Catlett and Chu Berry also recorded with Wheatstraw, while musicians like Henry Allen, Charlie Shavers, Benny Carter, Barney Bigard, and Buster Bailey were accompanying other blues singers on the same label. Jonah made no big thing of it, or of his recording with Georgia White, because it was commonplace then.

Peetie Wheatstraw, a "most elusive and mysterious popular blues singer" according to Mr. Litweiler, made more than 150 records under his own name, and many more as accompanist for other singers.

A reviewer is entitled to enjoy or prefer vivid writing, dramatics, and fictional devices, but in my view they have no place in works of oral history.

Stanley Dance Rowayton, Conn.

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GOODMAN GOES PROF



Gentleman and Scholar B. G.

Benny Goodman recently accepted an invitation from the University of Chicago to appear as guest lecturer in the fourth of a series of seminars on "the art of conducting." Goodman, a member of the University Visiting Committee that planned the series, spoke before an audience of faculty and students on May 12.

After reading a few brief remarks chronicling his long career, Benny invited questions from the audience. Among subjects touched upon were:

Gershwin—"He was a great composer of melody. A piece like *The Man I Love* stands as one of the great pieces of writing in music."

Rehearsals—"I always preferred to rehearse the brass and reed sections separately and without a rhythm section. It allowed me to develop the nuances that arrangers like Fletcher Henderson and Eddie Sauter intended their music to have but did not specifically note in their

scores. As for the rhythm section, I don't think musicians should be dependent on a beat when getting a feel for a score."

Contemporary music—"Chick Corea, absolutely. An extraordinary talent. I like him because he writes tunes. Lovely ones. He struck me as an excellent musician when he played with Stan Getz some years ago."

Ideal Rhythm Section—"Ray Brown or Milt Hinton, bass. Teddy Wilson or Hank Jones, piano. Buddy Rich, drums. Musicians who share the same basic outlook. And Charlie Christian, guitar."

Goodman brought his clarinet along and responded to one question about improvisation by playing a chorus of *Lady Be Good*, followed by a chorus of variations on the theme. There were no accompanying musicians. He also played an illustrative excerpt from Aaron Copland's *Clarinet Concerto*. —*John McDonough*

Lone Star Roundup

Top Texas tenor saxophonists will highlight the 15th Annual Texas Jazz Festival set for Corpus Christi on July 13.

Veteran hornmen Arnett Cobb (from Houston) and David "Fathead" Newman (from Dallas) will be featured along with their groups. Cobb's unit includes altoist Jimmy Ford, formerly with Maynard Ferguson, and trumpet-

er Willie Cook, formerly with Duke Ellington. Rounding out Cobb's group are organist Kenny Andrews, drummer Carl Lott, and trumpeter Charles Patterson.

14 other groups from throughout the Southwest and Mexico are slated to perform at the six-hour festival which will be held in the Memorial Coliseum.

VEGAS CLIQUE FORMED

Bass player Monk Montgomery recently threw a gala all-night jam session to announce the formation of the Las Vegas Jazz Society. An organization that hopes to promote jazz throughout the gambling capital, the Society will provide a showcase for musicians in concert throughout the year.

Montgomery, one of the motivating forces behind the recently-formed World Jazz Association, invited a wide cross-section of well-known Vegas Strip musicians, educators, merchants, gaming operators, and jazz aficionados to attend his affair. Among the musicians in attendance were Lou Rawls, Earl "Fatha" Hines, and B. B. King.

The Society picked up \$570 in membership dues during the extended jam. Monk disregarded the money, saying that "what matters is people. We are especially interested in young people being tuned in to jazz. It would be great if some of the kids studying music in school could hear more jazz and start to play it themselves."

8 □ down beat

New Releases

New items from Atlantic include *Made In The Shade*, a makeshift hot rocks compendium featuring the **Rolling Stones** and comprised of cuts from their last four albums; *Rising Sun*, the premier outing by guitarist/vocalist **Yvonne Elliman**; *Cut The Cake*, the latest from British blue-eyed soulboys **Average White Band**; *Shabazz*, by whirling dervish **Billy Cobham**; *Funk Factory*, an r&b collection overseen by violinist **Michal Urbaniak**; *Upon The Wings Of Music*, by award-winning fiddler **Jean-Luc Ponty**; *Matching Head And Feet*, by English eccentric **Kevin Coyne**; and *Fish Rising*, the initial solo outing from Gong lead guitarist **Steve Hillage**.

English jazzmen **Stu Martin** and **John Surman** have been signed to **ATV Records**. Martin plays drums and synthesizer on their album *Live At Woodstock Town Hall*, while Surman contributes via baritone and soprano sax and bass clarinet as well. Both musicians have individually and collectively won such prestigious British awards as the Melody Maker Poll and the Jazz Forum Poll.

Fresh wax from **Blue Note** includes *Carnival Of The Spirits*, featuring Brazilian composer/musician **Moacir Santos**; *Cheshire Cat*, **Ronnie Foster**; *Ronnie Laws And Pressure*, the debut disc from **Hubert Laws'** talented younger brother; *I Am Music*, by **Carmen McRae**, and *Sunburst*, by **Eddie Henderson**, with the trumpeter receiving back-up support from **Bennie Maupin** and **Julian Priester**. db

A recent live recording of **Dizzy Gillespie** at San Francisco's **Great American Music Hall** includes **Jon Faddis** and **Diz** on trumpets, **Al Gaffe** and **Michael Howell** on guitars, **Earl May** on bass, **Mickey Roker** on drums,

Buddy's Opens Portals



PETER LANZARONE

Opening Night Action At Buddy's

The last Buddy's Place was above an established Eastside eatery and was indeed a club before Buddy Rich stamped his personal imprimatur on it. This new nightclub (depending upon who is asked) is: a) the newest since the Second World War; b) the largest to be built since the '60s; or c) a combination of the two being the largest and the newest since the Roman Coliseum. It is situated below a spanking new Marty's Bum Steer Two at 133 West 33rd Street, close to jockeytown's Madison Square Garden. The restaurant holds about 165 patrons with Buddy's club pressing 350 into its posh surroundings.

The highlights abound. The sound system is among the best **db's** reporter has heard in a jazz club. (The discos still top 'em all, but Buddy's will give them a run for it.) There is even room between tables so that you're not tripping the wildebeest-vested waitresses. Off to one rear corner is a glass enclosed barroom, that is in reality a den. Marty Ross, proprietor of the Bum Steer, calls it "The Listening Room." "It's a quiet room where you can conduct any manner of business," explained Stan Kay, Buddy's manager. Inside the room, there are speakers that can be regulated by the bartender, with attention to the mood of the business being conducted therein.

Back in the main room, we were given a demonstration of the speakers by Buddy's newly formed big band, which will back some of the singers like **Carmen McRae** (opening act), **Mel Torme**, **Lou Rawls** and **Joe Williams** that will guest at the club. Live recording dates should abound, due to the fact that all that need be done is to merely plug in and start the tape machine. The talent takes care of the rest.

—*arnold jay smith*

Sandy's Turns Back Clock

When Sandy Berman recently reopened his Beverly, Mass. jazz club after a six-month listening junket of the U.S., he renamed it Sandy's Jazz Revival. The new club decor is thoroughly New Orleans Modern, with white wrought-iron trellis work, an enhanced sound system, a new dance floor, and photos of various jazz immortals.

But the club's name reflects more than delta-flavored fixtures or renewed North Shore jazz sounds: it signals a more focussed music policy for the 29-year-old establishment. Sandy's new concept for programming, while more or less paralleling his personal tastes, now seems ripe for blues, swing, and bop. "I think it's about time that young people who've been listening to rock can get a taste of

KC jazz and New Orleans music," says Berman. "Sure, they've been hearing jazz-rock, but where have they had a chance to really hear the great performers of the swing and trad eras? My hope is that this club will be heard of around the country, and that young players will pick up on the styles they hear the elder masters play here."

To help launch the new place in proper spirits, opening night featured vocalist Helen Humes and Roomful Of Blues, a group of young Rhode Islanders bent on preserving Basie's Kansas City 7 sound. Other notables in attendance were John Hammond, critic Stanley Dance, trumpeter Bobby Hackett, a myriad of Boston media personalities, and Miss Humes' piano accompanist Ellis Larkins. —fred bouchard

JOE LEE JAZZ FEST

Newport is not the only thing going on in the Apple festival-wise. Singer-composer-vocal innovator Joe Lee Wilson, in a coordinated effort with a club called the Ladies Fort, is presenting "Festival Summer Loft Jazz."

The intimate setting is a no-liquor affair (wine and cheese only) located at Two Bond Street in the SoHo section of Manhattan. The participants are regulars, culled from the likes of Studio Rivbea and the Fort's usual weekend gigs. Monty Wa-

ters has formed a big band for the festival, and Joe Lee will perform in various settings—as a blues singer, a "jazz" singer, with Rashied Ali, and other artists. Also on the program will be presentations of Samuel Beckett's *Waiting For Godot*, and a magic/juggling team called Pat and Jo. Donations are \$3.00 per performance, with musicians' tabs at \$2.00. There will be afternoon performances which start at 4 PM, and evening performances starting at 8.

—arnold jay smith

potpourri

Jazz Adventures, formerly a weekly television series featuring top jazz musicians, is now going to be a weekly TV and quad simulcast series on New York City's Municipal Broadcasting System, WNYC-TV, Channel 31, and WNYC-FM, 93.9 MHz.

Upcoming artists to be featured in the Tuesday night series are: **Clifford Jordan** and **Charles Tolliver**, June 24; **Michal Urbaniak**, July 1; **The Gil Evans Orchestra**, July 8; **The Stan Getz Quartet**, July 15; and **Art Blakey and Shirley Scott**, July 22.

Correction, please: A cluster of typesetting errors marred the db 6/5 article on **Maynard Ferguson**. According to **Herb Nolan**, who wrote the article and should know, **Horton** should be **Holton**; **Maynard Ferguson** at **Newport** should be **Message From Newport**; and that **Thad Jones/Mel Lewis** tune is in actuality **A Child's Born**, not **Charlie's Born**.

Louis Bellson will perform and serve as a clinician at two summer jazz clinics. Bellson will be at the University of Northern Illinois at DeKalb on August 4-5 and at Mt. Hood College in Portland, Oregon on August 11-12.

Composer **David Baker's** new opus, **Kosbro** (which stands for **Keep On Steppin', Brothers**), will be performed by the **New York Philharmonic** come January. Four performances are planned.

Whole Lotta Swingin' Goin' On: Pumping piano man **Jerry Lee Lewis** recently ran into a nasty time in Memphis. It seems that Jerry Lee has been convicted of assault and battery charges and fined 25 bucks for beating a waitress with a violin bow in a local club known as **Bad Bob's Lounge**. Aggravated waitress **Dianne Siler** was also fined 15 dollars for malicious mischief resulting from her breaking of the bow with which **Lewis** lacerated her. db

FINAL BAR



METROPOLITAN PHOTO SERVICE

Joe Mooney — Circa 1940

Joe Mooney, pianist and arranger, died May 12 at his Hollywood, Fla. home as a result of a stroke. He was 65.

A native of Paterson, New Jersey, Joe began his career at the age of 15 when he, his late brother Dan, and trombonist Tommy Dorsey formed their own musical radio show. Regarded as one of the most influential and sophisticated harmonic geniuses, he demonstrated his arranging talents by scoring for such bandleaders as Paul Whiteman, Glenn Miller, Sauter Finegan, and Les Brown.

Although he gradually went blind from a progressive illness that began in the 1920s, Mooney switched from piano to accordion, continuing to perform. His Joe Mooney Quartet held forth at Dixon's Club in New York City during the '40s and '50s, a hangout for many of jazzdom's most important personages. He later mastered the organ, becoming a pioneering force in the use of that instrument in jazz.

Mooney had resided in the Miami-Fort Lauderdale area since the middle '50s, frequently performing at his club *The Grate Joy*. Possessed of a keen and outgoing sense of humor, Joe was always quick to entertain with a glib story or remark.

He is survived by his widow and a sister. —don goldie

Bob Wills, famed fiddler/bandleader, member of the Country Music Hall Of Fame, and originator of a musical genre known as western swing, died May 13 in Fort Worth, Texas. He was 70.

Wills was born in Limestone County, Texas in 1905. He learned to play fiddle at a young age and gained his experience by performing at country dances. He joined up with a touring medicine show in 1929, playing fiddle and doing black race comedy routines. He formed the two-piece **Wills Fiddle Band** with guitarist **Herman Arnspiger** in 1930, later going on to join a flour mill sponsored group called the **Light Crust Doughboys**.

In 1934, he formed his own five-piece band, **Bob Wills and the Playboys**. Soon to be known as the **Texas Playboys**, the group achieved fame throughout the Southwest by means of their daily radio broadcasts on station **KVOO** in Tulsa. The band recorded numerous hits such as **San Antonio Rose**, **Steel Guitar Rag**, and **Take Me Back To Tulsa**, growing in size from the original quintet to as many as 18 members. Mixing string instruments with a horn section, Wills was able to transcend musical barriers with his versatile arrangements.

Following a stint in World War II, Wills reformed the **Texas Playboys** in California, only to move back to the Southwest. He fronted his band until late 1963, when the first of a series of strokes incapacitated him.

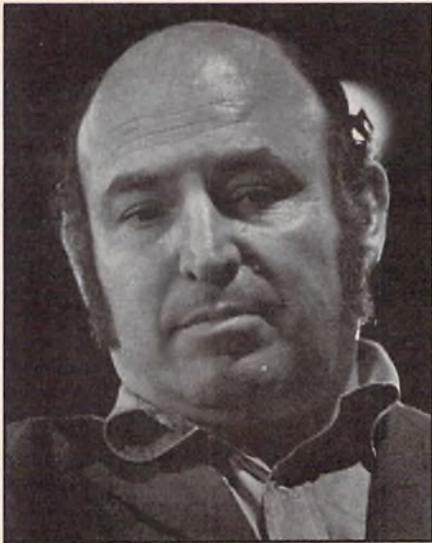
Idled by illness for the last five years, Wills nevertheless lived to see his sound become a legend. The use of drums and electrically-amplified instruments are only some of the innovations he used to change the shape of country music. He is survived by his wife, a son, and five daughters.

Sandy Brown, one of Great Britain's better-known jazz clarinetists, died of a heart attack on March 15. He was 46.

Born in India of Scottish parents, Brown was educated in Edinburgh and formed his first band at school with long-time associate, trumpeter **Al Fairweather**. The **Fairweather-Brown All-Stars** toured regularly during the British "trad" boom of the late '50s and early '60s, achieving a mild underground reputation.

Brown was the author of some 100 tunes, many of them based on disguised blues and some of them incorporating West African highlife rhythms. His last studio work was on a New York session recorded for British **RCA** under the leadership of altoist **Earl Warren**.

—brian priestley



Newport Sketch

George Wein Looks At The '75 Festival

by Arnold Jay Smith

PETER TRAVERS

An attempt to assess a major music festival like Newport after the fact is difficult and space-consuming at best, and the allocation of that space is bound to be controversial in any case. The trad fans scream when they read about Hancock, Corea, Byrd, et al; the big band nuts like nothing better than reading about Woody, Kenton, and Maynard to the exclusion of all else. Frankly, it's hard to please any of the people any of the time when the music monolith in question is the melting pot of jazz, Newport in New York and across the country.

So how about a commentary on the Festival before it comes off (June 27 through July 6 in New York, on tour several weeks before and after the New York epic)? We can't tell you how it happened, but it's worth a look to check out what has happened in the past and a few things that probably will happen (subject, of course, to change). Actually, some of the Festival seems quite predictable this year, even if one takes into consideration the basically spontaneous nature of jazz; and our job is that much easier due to a transatlantic phone call with George Wein, NJF impresario, who at this writing was TCB in Europe, where the larger portion of his enterprises are domiciled.

Wein started in the middle '50s in New Orleans, then to Newport, Rhode Island, and finally, after the infamous rock 'n roll debacle in 1971, opted for New York permanently. "But we had a touring company," Wein adds, "and now we're sponsored. Schlitz has been with us since the beginning in New Orleans, and consequently we have a special place set aside for them. But this year, in other cities, the Festival has been picked up by Kool cigarettes." That's right, folks, a series of "Kool Jazz Festivals" will be wending its way cross-

country.

NJF bordered on the comatose in early years. Then came 1956, the year they stopped taking Duke Ellington for granted. Paul Gonslaves blew his endless choruses on a Columbia LP and—zap!—Newport was on the jazz map to stay. Wein credits his complete existence in the jazz world to Ellington, "He reflects everything good that has ever happened to me."

A similar sense of adventure and innovative spirit found in Duke's work can be gleaned in the brightest moments of Wein's various festivals. Good ideas and imaginative programming has always been a keynote of Wein's style, and this year is no exception. The piano solo concerts, initiated in 1972, continue this year with the fine improvisations of Harold Mabern, Roland Hanna, Cedar Walton, Barry Harris, and Dick Hyman, all too long buried as sidemen or bar-room pianists. Freddie Hubbard is scheduled on the same program as Dizzy; Thelonious Monk and Keith Jarrett share a bill; and the Roseland Ballroom will see the pairing of Count Basie and the Mercer Ellington Orchestra, the latter promising "new" charts of forgotten small group Ellingtonia. Oh yes—Miles Davis will be back at Newport this year (say a little prayer).

In addition to the usual impressive line-up of established talent (due to the rearing of the Money Bugaboo's hoary head, Wein has not booked any commercially unproven artists in the progressive/avant-garde/contemporary field for a couple of years), there's an economic attraction to this year's doings. Wein specifies: "One of the most encouraging aspects of this year's Festival and tour is the fact that we don't have to raise prices. The cost of talent has risen, but the fact that we

have been underwritten by Brown and Williamson Tobacco Company—and Schlitz, of course—is like getting a grant. They have been as nice to us as possible, and we have developed a fine relationship with them *vis a vis* programming."

Not all of these well-underwritten programs have paid off in the past, at least from the standpoint of audience reaction and turnout. Freshest in the mind is 1972's schedule of jazz bookings at the Apollo Theater in Harlem. Despite the fact that the ticket prices were geared for the neighborhood, the shows were considerably less than well-attended. One might add that the general public was in fact asked *not* to attend these concerts, in order to allow more seating for community residents. But the concerts were not continued in '73. In explaining why, Wein raises a point worth considering.

"The black community is not that interested in 'pure jazz,' which is what we booked up in Harlem. They like soul and black music, but 'pure jazz' does not sell at the Apollo Theatre. We were very disappointed that young blacks are not interested in their own heritage of black music. The practitioners and preservers of early black music are young white musicians, who have gone back and studied it. Blacks have always been the leaders and innovators of every phase of jazz, and I would like to see the young blacks go back and study it."

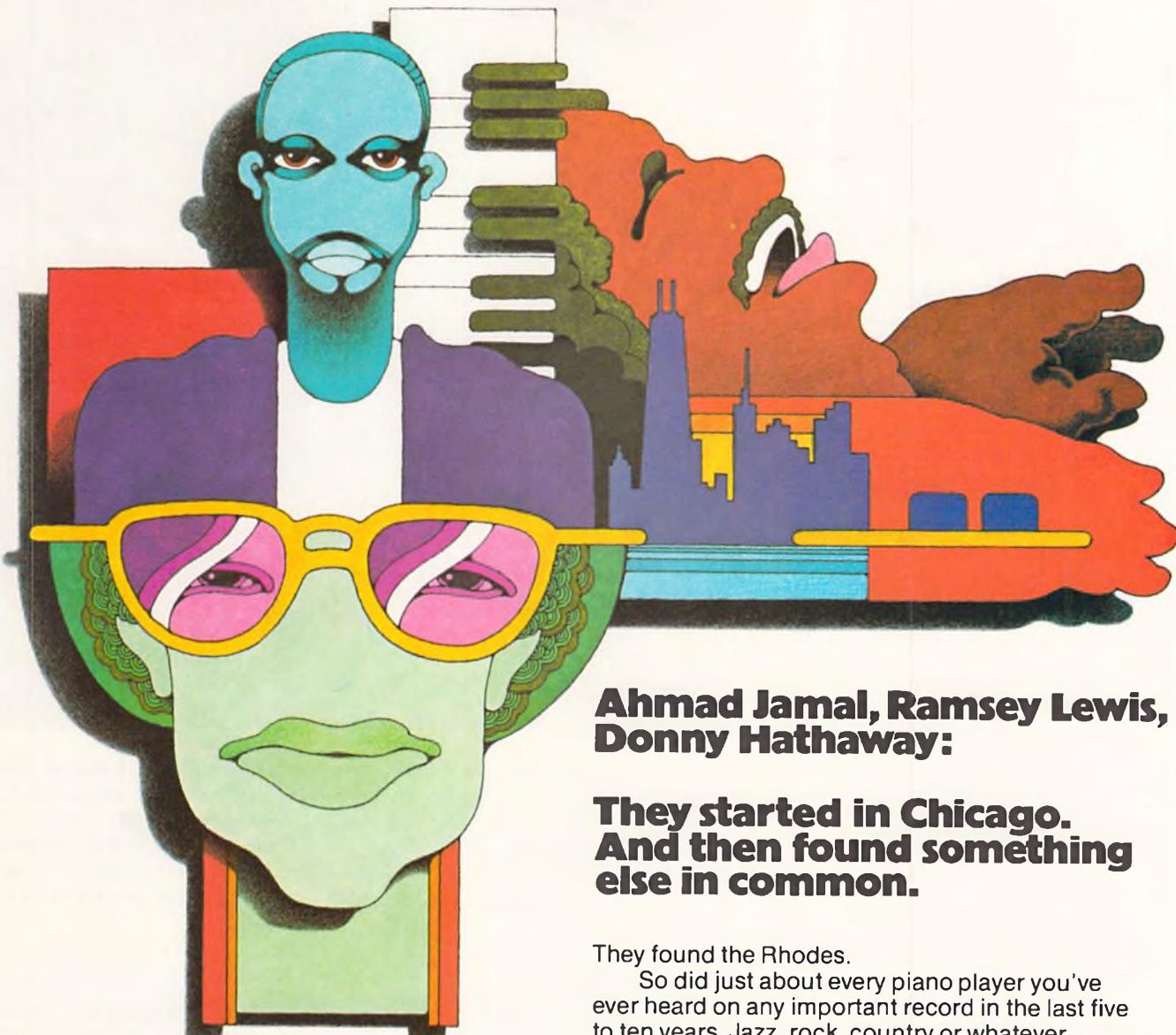
Wein's personal wishes aside, it appears that the bottom line demands the inclusion of two *Soul and Jazz* biggies on the program this year, combining the likes of Herbie "I-Don't-Want-To-Be-Known-As-A-Jazz-Musician" Mann, the Temptations, Cannonball Adderley, Harold Melvin and the Blue Notes, Return To Forever, the Isley Brothers, the Stylistics, etc. Yet Wein insists, "We need musicians who will play the way they really want to without feeling they aren't hip because they don't, lemming-like, follow the pack in whatever is the current style or vogue of playing 'jazz'."

In addition to these programming problems, a city festival poses different environmental logistical problems. Newport in Rhode Island was a 24-hour gig for the four days it was held. When there weren't evening concerts, there were afternoon sessions and occasional workshops. Jazz and sunshine mixed well in New England, but not in New York.

"Afternoon concerts in New York," notes Wein, "were poorly attended, probably because of the nature of the city. Most patrons now are natives and hold day jobs. Evening concerts at a stadium proved untenable due to acoustical problems. In all of our other cities, the concerts are held outdoors, the sole exception the Astrodome in Houston. It just doesn't work in New York, that's all."

But despite the countless hang-ups and nit-picks, many of them much more severe in past years, George Wein remains an optimistic man. You have to be to do the job he's done. And this year, as in the past two, he has good reason. "We sent out mail-pull ads and received over 3000 requests and responses for more information. That's the best we've had to date," he boasts, "We'll be sending out our programs now to 22,000 people around the world."

In 1975, the Newport Jazz Festival, warts and all, has become an institution in more than name only. db



**Ahmad Jamal, Ramsey Lewis,
Donny Hathaway:**

**They started in Chicago.
And then found something
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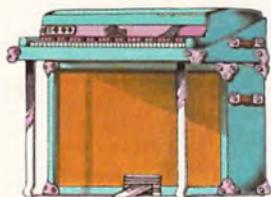
So did just about every piano player you've ever heard on any important record in the last five to ten years. Jazz, rock, country or whatever.

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AL FOSTER

A Journeyman Marks Time with Miles

by Elliot Meadow

Recently, Al Foster played a gig with Buster Williams' band at a club in New York. The drummer's propulsive and fiery work was a continuous source of inspiration to his colleagues, while the audience demonstrated their enjoyment most audibly.

Foster's reputation has built steadily over the 12 years since he emerged on the scene, culminating in his career with that most discerning and particular of leaders, Miles Davis, for the last three years.

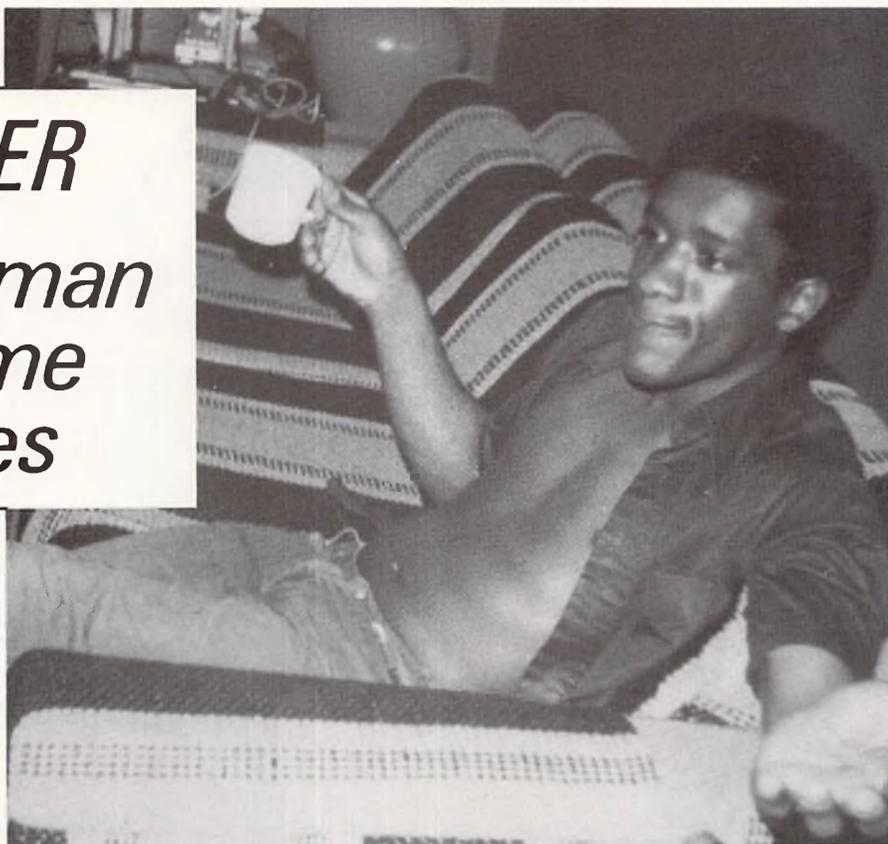
Recalling his early background, Foster, a warm, friendly individual, recalled, "My father, who played bass, was my inspiration to want to play. There was always music around the house. An aunt gave me a practice pad when I was about six because I was always banging on the pots and pans at home. This was about a year after we moved to New York from Richmond, Virginia, where I was born. I got my first set of drums when I was ten.

"The first drummer who really turned me around was Max Roach. After Max, I heard Art Taylor and he became a big influence on me. I was also exposed to Ron Jefferson, who was married to my mother's sister. I had no formal training, but watching Ron practice taught me a lot.

"My first professional gig was with Hugh Masakela around 1960. Then I worked with Ted Curson. My first extended gig was with Illinois Jacquet in 1962. Lonnie Hillyer, Sir Charles Thomson, and Ike Isaacs were in the band. I stayed on and off for about two years. I made my first record date with Blue Mitchell (*The Thing To Do* on Blue Note), who I joined next. That was the band with Junior Cook, Chick Corea, and Gene Taylor. I eventually left Blue because he really wasn't working that much and I had a family to support.

"After Blue, I went with Erskine Hawkins for a minute, and then Lou Donaldson. It was while I was with Lou in Boston in 1966 that I got a call from Kai Winding to work with him at the Playboy Club in New York. That was the start of a five-year association between Earl May and myself. Earl was playing in Kai's band at the club. Larry Willis and Al Gafa were also involved.

"Eventually Kai left and was replaced by 12 □ down beat



"One of the reasons that we appear to be not so popular with the so-called 'jazz' public is because they expect Miles to be doing something he did five, ten years ago. This current band is going in another direction and I think that it's wrong to put the music down simply because it differs from yesterday . . . My favorite musicians today are Miles, Sonny Rollins, and Sly Stone. I love the variety available to us. You lose something when you restrict yourself."

Sam Donahue—after he quit, the four of us moved over to a club called the Cellar, becoming the Earl May quartet. During that five-year period, I got calls from Cannonball Adderley and Horace Silver; but because of the family, I really didn't want to go out on the road."

On asking about the circumstances of his joining Miles, Al replied, "Miles came into the Cellar one night in the middle of 1972, liked the band and decided to have us record. The next week, Teo Macero came in to handle that. A couple of weeks after that, Miles came back and told me that he wanted me to record with him. That was for the *On The Corner* album. I ended up being on only part of the record because Miles didn't have my number. He finally reached me, giving me the details of when the session would be. I remember walking in to the date—Billy Hart, Herbie Hancock, Bennie Maupin were there—and being pretty nervous. Afterwards, I really didn't think I had contributed as much as I could have, and felt Miles probably wouldn't call me, but three days later he called and told me to come over to his house and learn the music.

"In the three years I've been with him, he has been beautiful, and I've learned a great deal.

"Bringing things up to date, when Miles has been off, I've led my own band at the Cellar. That group has included (at different

times) Harold Mabern, Mickey Bass, Stanley Clarke, and Sue Grant, a very fine singer."

Having detailed his background, Al made some comments concerning the music he is involved with. "One thing I became aware of very early was the need to learn from what has gone before. I've listened to Coleman Hawkins, Tatum, Bud Powell, Lester, everyone, because that's where we come from. I feel that it is important to acknowledge those people.

"You know, there has been a change for the good in the last couple of years. A mutual respect has grown between the different forms of music. For instance, Stevie Wonder has been heavily influenced by jazz performances; Herbie Hancock has dug the rock thing and put his creativity into it. That's very good to see. However, it's a shame that someone like Art Blakey has never been awarded super-stardom for his music in the same way some of the rock groups have. Also, credit is rarely given to certain innovators—Max Roach, who I feel has influenced most drummers at one time or another, comes to mind—who deserve recognition for their contributions. It would be nice to see that situation change."

I asked Foster if he had any interest in leading his own band on a permanent basis. "I'm not really all that ambitious I guess. I don't have eyes for that right now. I feel I'm still learning about both myself and the mu-

Guitar Strings 101.

A Basic Course in the Sonic Properties of Guitar Strings.

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

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

First Things First

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

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

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

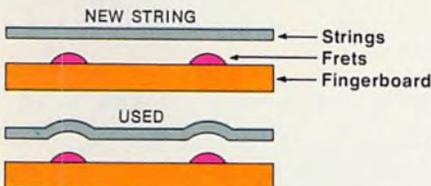
Uniform Density

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

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

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

A magnified, simplified look at new and used guitar strings



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

And now a word about the weather

Temperature and humidity changes also affect strings.

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

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

What it all adds up to

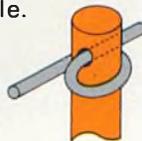
Tension changes, rust, grease and notches all add up to trouble. You see, strings are thinnest and weakest at the notches. And rust, grease and the effects of tension all concentrate at these weak points.

Ultimately, it all adds up to broken strings.

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

What can you do about it?

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



This will separate the windings and damage the core wire.



this softens the bend and protects the string.

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

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

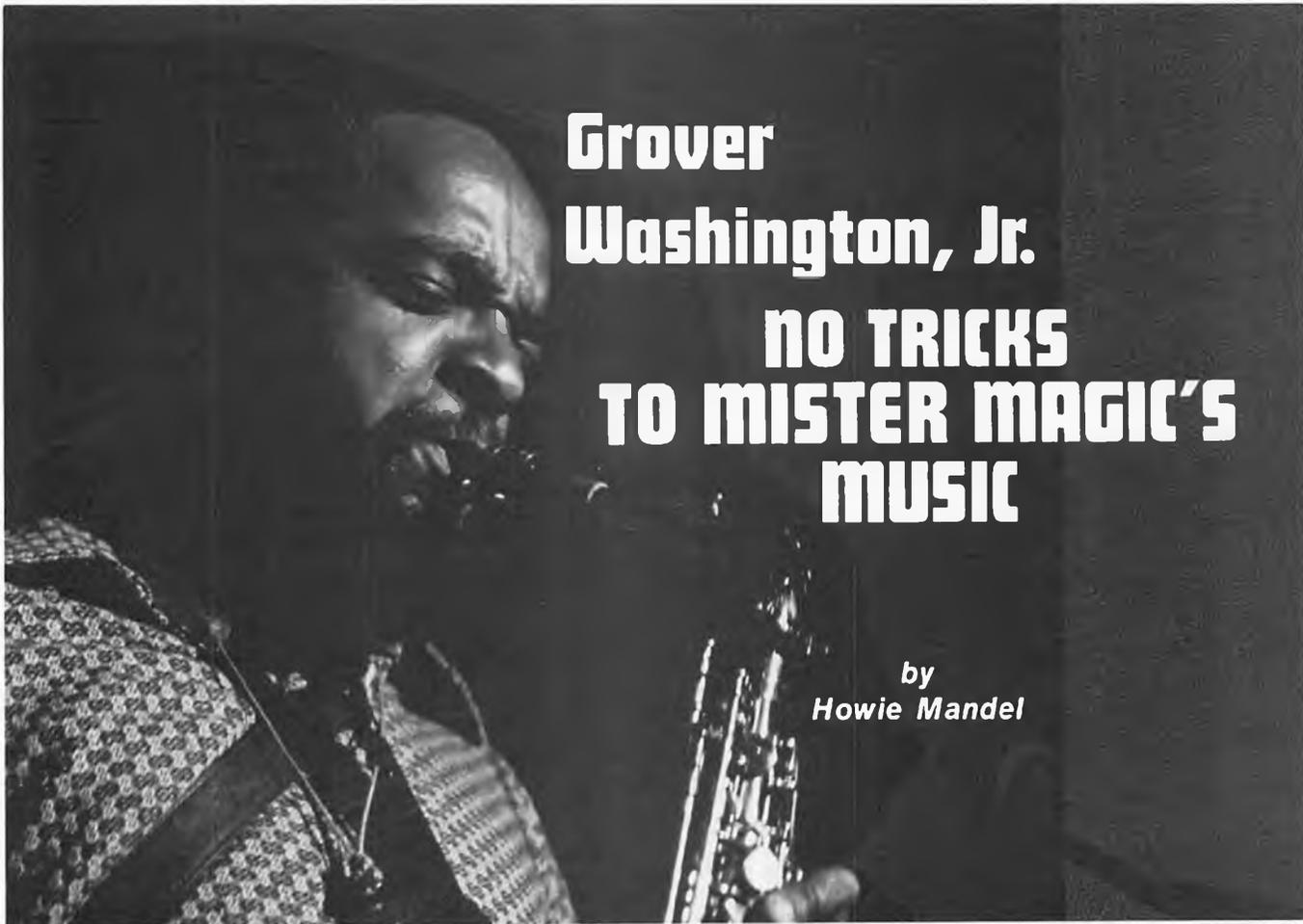
Which brings us to

Gibson Guitar Strings. If you haven't tried them, we think you should. We think you'll like the sound and responsiveness they give you. Because it makes sense that the company responsible for some of the world's best guitars, turns out exceptional guitar strings as well.

That's why more people buy Gibson Strings time and again than any other make. Buy a set and find out why for yourself.

Once you try Gibson Strings, you'll be sold for good.





Grover Washington, Jr.

NO TRICKS TO MISTER MAGIC'S MUSIC

by
Howie Mandel

VERYL C. OAKLAND

I hate to be called a star and I hate to be called Mr. Washington. I'm Grover; I'm a saxophone player, that's all."

Despite his disclaimer, Mr. Magic will have a hard time living down his star appellation, although anyone who talks with him will find a friendly, open, modest, almost self-effacing musician whose interests are as homely as they are ambitious. But well-dressed, handsomely groomed, young at 31, and a fine player of the range of saxophones from baritone to soprano, Grover Washington, Jr. is as close to a rising star as there is in jazz.

His particular popularity is spreading all the time, along with the sales of his four smooth Kudu albums, loaded with cuts eminently suited for radio airplay. The most recent, *Mister Magic*, was well into the Top 40 on the Pop LP charts as of this writing. His busy tour schedule brings an audience out, as evidenced by the full house at a late midweek set not long ago at Chicago's Jazz Medium. The dudes and ladies were packed at the club's bar as Grover's quartet spun out *Killer Joe*, showing surprise when the leader switched to baritone for a beautiful rendition of *Round Midnight*. He was giving them much more than a live version of his latest release, and they were all eyes and appreciative ears.

"My lifestyle is comparable to the traveling businessman," Grover said the next afternoon, "but they can stay at the luxurious Hyatt House. We have to stay at the cheapest and closest hotel to the club. As soon as you say you're a musician at some motels, they immediately cancel you. They think you're

going to be shooting drugs in your room, having four ladies in there, having a wild orgy of some sort. They don't realize that when we come home we might play some music low, but we're usually writing, talking about the set we played, or the acoustics of the room.

"At least, this is what goes on in this group, because we don't want to be playing clubs for the next 20 years."

Already he's been at it half his life, on the road since leaving home at age 16 with three friends to form a group called the 4 Clefs. He had his parents' permission and encouragement.

"My father bought me a saxophone when I was ten years old, and I've been playing and practicing ever since," Grover claims. He held down the baritone chair in his Buffalo, N.Y. high school concert band, and developed a great affection for classical music.

"I thought that it was perfect, that this was it . . . then I heard Trane, Bird, a lot of people . . . Oliver Nelson. My parents would explain to me the kinds of things that were happening in the music we heard on the radio."

The horn Grover was given was a tenor.

"My dad played professionally with local bands, a lot of big bands around Buffalo. I really don't know much about his playing experience, but I do know he traveled quite a bit, and when I came on the scene that kind of cooled everything out—he just had to stay right there." The 4 Clefs were preceded by "a TV dance party-type little group" and the underage attempts at trying to get into local clubs to hear touring jazzmen.

Once on the road, Grover remembers, "We

starved and got stranded and that whole thing, which went on until late '61, or the beginning of '62." Living in Ohio, he did trio work, playing Fender bass as well as saxophone, doing rock gigs and ski lodges until May of 1965, when the U.S. Army called.

In many ways, the soldiering stint held some good breaks for Grover. Scheduled for teletype training and Viet Nam, his orders were changed so he could stay with the base band, and he spent his full two years at Fort Dix, New Jersey. He worked with dance bands, sometimes leading them, playing the officer's clubs and the V.A. hospital "for guys back from Nam who couldn't get out." Moonlighting on leave in Philadelphia, he met his wife-to-be, Christine, who he credits with "really being one of the moving forces in my career." When he got out of uniform in 1967, he moved to the City of Brotherly Love.

"I moved to Philly to get situated because I'd heard Philly was always a big musical town. When I got there I found everything was really kind of bleak, really discouraging. I'd even stopped playing there for a few months, then went out on the road with Don Gardner and Dee Dee Ford, and did some things with Roy Price's big band.

"This went on for a year or so, but I stopped because I wanted to get some security together for my family. Grover Washington III was born; I wanted to stabilize myself, get my credit rating. I was working then for Sears and Roebuck, selling records. I tried to stay as close to music as possible, but sometimes it wasn't possible. I also worked as a

security guard for Food Fair.

"My last job before I really started playing was working for about two years for this record wholesaler, Vernon Cooper, Inc." The one-stop, which serviced most of the smaller black shops in Philadelphia, gave Grover a different perspective on the business of music. He learned about rock there, and taught his fellow workers about the jazz he was into. At the time, he was starting to work nights with Charles Earland and Johnny Hammond.

"Charles Earland had this live date coming up, *Living Black*, that was recorded in Newark at the Key Club. I worked with him that week and the producer, Bob Porter, liked what I was doing so I did that session, then about nine or ten others as a sideman." He recorded with Leon Spencer, guitarist Joe Jones, and with Johnny Hammond on the date that became *What's Goin' On?*, all the while working his day gig. Engineer Rudy Van Gelder attended to the technical chores on most of these sessions and the saxophonist developed a good relationship with him. Opportunities kept breaking for Grover.

"Johnny Hammond was going to change labels—he was going to have the first album on Kudu and he asked me to write an arrangement for him. I wrote up the Carole King tune *It's Too Late*, and that was the cut they pulled off the album as a single. The album was a smash, and I started doing things for Creed Taylor's label. I was called for the *Inner City Blues* date.

"That was supposed to be Hank Crawford's album and I was called to do some tenor work in the background horn section. Everybody was there except Hank. Nobody knew it, but he was in Europe and wasn't going to be back for two months. They had some stuff that was commercially out then, and they asked me if I'd played much alto. I said, well, truthfully, no—just like some sporadic dance band stuff while I was in the service . . .

"We finished all the tracks that day, everything except the alto parts and the tunes I picked out that night, *Inner City Blues* and *Until It's Time For You To Go*. I came in the next day and they'd rented me an alto saxophone, and we finished the album. As luck would have it, the record was a smash."

Inner City Blues was out two months, and Grover was still working at the record wholesalers', where a stack of records bearing his picture were moving from stock. Creed Taylor persuaded him to quit, get a group together, and get out to play some music.

"Nothing ever happens the way you plan it to happen," Grover says, still with wonderment. "I thought I was just going to keep doing sessions and they were going to say, 'Well, we're going to sign you now, what would you like to put on your album and who would you like?' When it happens, the only thing to do is try to be prepared and have the balls to say, 'I think I can do this.'"

"I was lucky enough to find the people I was most compatible with and we took it from there. It's just been gaining momentum ever since." He's been playing lately with James Simmons on electric and acoustic pianos and clarinet, and George Johnson, Jr. on drums. Grover's original bassist, Charles Fambrough, went to work with Airtio and took West Coast session dates; he's been replaced by Buster Anderson on acoustic and Fender basses. In performance the group's mixture of material is persuasively seductive, featuring classic tunes and more recently

popular songs, interspersed with relatively freer playing.

"We just try to keep it flowing," says Grover, "like a good disc jockey would, 'cause to keep the audience interested, they can't know what to expect. It's much better for us also because it doesn't give us a chance to get stagnant or fall into one particular type of music."

"I have a thing for older tunes; there are so many things I didn't have a chance to do when I was coming up—the *Kind Of Blue* album, a lot of Trane things. We do *Impressions*, *Windows*. We try to stay as flexible as possible.

"We use our ears an awful lot, both on the bandstand and off, to try to make sure everything has a distinctive mood, not just play a

SELECTED WASHINGTON DISCOGRAPHY

Leader

INNER CITY BLUES—Kudu 03.
ALL THE KING'S HORSES—Kudu 07.
SOUL BOX—2-Kudu X1213.
MR. MAGIC—Kudu 20.

Featured Sideman

WHAT'S GOING ON—Prestige 10015
(with Johnny Hammond Smith)
BREAKOUT—Kudu 01.
(with Johnny Hammond Smith)
LIVING BLACK—Prestige 10009.
(with Charles Earland)
WHAT IT IS—Prestige 10035.
(with Boogaloo Joe Jones)
NO WAY—Prestige 10004.
(with Boogaloo Joe Jones)
GIANT BOX—CTI/CTX-6031/32
(with Don Sebesky)
POWER OF SOUL—Kudu 17
(with Idris Muhammad)
LOUISIANA SLIM—Prestige 10033
SNEAK PREVIEW—Prestige 10011
(with Leon Spencer)
SPARK PLUG—Prestige 10016
(with Melvin Sparks)
MAMA WAILER—Kudu 02
(with Lonnie Smith)
BLUE MOSES—CTI 6016
(with Randy Weston)

tune because it might be popular or it might be old, but to play it to capture the mood that the tune projects, to work on that and to tell a story. That's one of the big challenges of playing, to be able to tell a story, to make the tune 'sound'. We'll do whatever we can do, with taste, and hopefully we'll try to do them as well as we can. A lot of people have tended to categorize it, saying, 'This is easy listening,' or 'This is rock-jazz,' or 'Middle-of-the-road.' But when it comes down to it, it's just music—good music, I hope, done with taste. You either like it or you don't."

Many do; Grover's music is well-liked. As it appears on record, it is also well-crafted: modulated dynamically, carefully paced, and lushly arranged. Some of the credit for the success of *Inner City Blues*, *All The Kings Horses*, the double-disc *Soul Box*, and *Mr. Magic* must go to the saxophonist's collaborator, Bob James.

"Bob—it's almost scary; we get together and we get along almost *too* well. He's a beautiful cat, he knows what he's doing, he keeps me up on everything that's happening. If I'm on the road, he keeps me on top of

what's happening with my record all the time."

The *Mr. Magic* album was completed within a two-month period and Grover started thinking about his next album immediately. "I'm going to write some original things," he explains. "About the only two things of mine to date to get on albums are a tune called *Laran's Dance*, named after my stepson, on *The Power Of Soul*, an album led by Idris Muhammad, and *Black Frost* on *Mr. Magic*, a collaboration between Bob James and myself.

"But I want the next album to be mostly originals of mine, hopefully using my own group. It's nice using Ron Carter and Billy Cobham and Idris and Bob James, but it creates somewhat of a gap between the record and live performance.

"We have to eliminate that gap by any and every means available, whether it means using my own group or changing labels for the freedom I want. I enjoy doing all kinds of music, from Carole King to Weather Report, Prokofiev to Stevie Wonder. I like the things Hubert Laws is doing, the cantatas and fugues. I like to be aware of what everybody's doing, but at the same time I'm a little cautious to try not to emulate what they're doing. I'm just trying to formulate a sound for myself and the group, to keep the sound as individual as possible, to give everybody in the group the freedom to play and still have the overall discipline to work from, because there is still a lot of freedom from discipline.

"We can do a lot of things in the club we can't do in the studio. We do a lot of high-energy things that wouldn't really come off, so they say, on the albums. But I'd like to try it and see. They're going to have to show me it won't work.

"I don't know how I'm going to incorporate all these elements into my music yet, but it's going to happen. It's not going to be easy listening or jazz-rock, it's going to be universal music, black classical music. I don't like to categorize at all, but I guess for some of the listening audience it's kind of necessary. For me, music is music. It's either good or bad, depending how you do it. And if you're conscientious enough, maybe, you'll take the time to really find a unique way, not something with a gimmick, but some way that will display everybody's talent and that will come together into a group sound and group effort."

This desire to create a group sound and an interest in communicating more fully with his potential audience are Grover's developing concerns.

"We want to be able to play concerts, to do college seminars—not necessarily to take the music out of the clubs, but to expand it to an audience that hasn't had the exposure to spontaneous improvisation, sometimes to music in general. A whole bunch of people don't listen to music. I really can't conceive of that! Music is one of the strongest forces in the universe; it's a moving force, always moving and always changing. We try to play it as best we can, hoping to motivate somebody in the audience who might be having problems, to bring them to do something moving, maybe not in music, but in something else.

"We have to stay in touch with the people because you have to realize that you are playing for them, they're the people who are buying your records and they want to know what are some of the things you're thinking about. If you don't let them know . . . well, 15 years

ago the attitude was kind of standoffish. Jazz musicians were saying 'Don't bother me.' So naturally people are going to have suspicions about them doping a lot, messing with a lot of ladies; this isn't what it's about now.

"If we get into a place that we're going to stay in for a couple of weeks, we might go to the elementary schools and play a concert. We want to find out what the kids are thinking. We're going to ask them questions and they're going to ask us questions, from kindergarten on up. We put ourselves into that position so we can talk to them and they can see we're straight people. We don't mess with drugs because drugs are a waste of time. Time in this business is much too valuable.

"I know I won't be doing this all my life, so I'm trying to do it the best way I can, leaving the best impression I can, while I'm out here. I ultimately want to be a teacher, and I hope a good one, when all the gold and fanfare is over, and really get down to helping kids play and realize that jazz or black music or jazz-rock or whatever you want to call it isn't decadent music. It's music that requires playing. It requires insight into yourself and being very truthful with yourself, so you ask what you really want to do. Just doing that helps

As a listener, Grover has felt the same aura of unapproachability towards "stars" that he's sensitive to when others relate to him. He's been confounded by the problem of a barrier springing up between a player and his audience, but finds the barriers shrinking now between other musicians and himself.

"You listen to modern records over the years and you think, 'That musician's a *giant*. He's doing this and doing that, and you kind of expect him to be sort of snotty. But all the people I've been meeting are regular folks and that makes me feel a little better. They don't listen to the criticism of you, they listen to *you*.

"After you've been listening to a person for ten or 15 years on record, then you finally meet them, and you're onstage with them, in not just a person-to-person relationship but musician-to-musician, it becomes even more intense.

"I had the pleasure of playing with Gene Ammons when we went out to the West Coast a couple of years ago. Meeting Jug for the first time, after all these years of listening to him—standing there with my horn in my hands, and my mouth wide open, and wanting him to *do something, play, or don't play*, but

myself a tenor saxophone player, but now I can't really make up my mind. I was really going at it on soprano for a while but I've just really been playing it two or three years now.

"The way I connote each horn is by gender. The soprano and the alto are like feminine instruments, because they're closer to the female voice; the tenor and baritone are like male instruments, being closer to the male voice. There are different things you can do with them, and that's what I'm trying to get into. I want to find the right tunes to play on the right horns, to make the tunes more effective—not just to be playing the alto because it's high, but finding something compatible in the horn and the mood and the character of the tune. I don't have any favorite instrument right now. I just play them and the sound alone is knocking me out.

"My wife bought me that baritone I played last night for a Christmas present. I'm just beginning to get into it now. I hope to get home for a stay in a while and just do some original things with four saxophones, now that I have all four. All I need is a four track tape machine and I can do them myself."

Grover admits he has to have music happening all the time, and he asks about some local players. "There's so much talent around that doesn't get the recognition, like the Talent Deserving Wider Recognition should be this thick," he gestures the width of a telephone book. "When you come to a place you figure you're going to meet all these people, but the problem is they're usually playing at the same time you are, or they're involved in odd-hour rehearsals because they have their day gigs, working in the post office or somewhere; sometimes it's years before you get to meet these people. It's a shame there isn't someplace accessible, where you could hang out with these folks or they could come over and play something with you.

"We were in East Lansing, Michigan last week. One of the tenor players I've been listening to for a long time, Clarence Wheeler, was there visiting some of his relatives, so I invited him to come down and play the night with us. He did and it was beautiful. It makes me feel good that people are coming to listen to me and they want to play. I hardly ever say no.

"And there are other satisfactions. I get to travel some. I'd love to go to Africa, just to see it for myself, check the museums out, to see the native African culture through art, through the music and the old instruments. But I haven't gotten there yet.

"The reception in Japan was beautiful, though it's sort of terrifying to walk down the street and see a poster of yourself about as big as a wall. And the people stop you on the street. It's not about stardom; they don't say 'I want to go to bed with you' or anything like that. It's 'I appreciate what you're doing; sometimes I don't always understand it, but I appreciate it and I just wanted to let you know.' It just makes me want to play more and more. I can't wait to go back."

The summer is reserved for his family, perhaps a trip with Grover III to Disneyland, and definitely some time with his wife. Then, in the fall, more recording chores. Grover Washington, Jr. is going to be very busy; there's not that much time to rest for a rising star—or for, as he prefers to be known, "the leader of a group of dynamite musicians, who are going to try to get to you, musically."

db

"We want to find out what the kids are thinking. We're going to ask them questions and they're going to ask us questions, from kindergarten on up. We put ourselves into that position so we can talk to them and they can see we're straight people. We don't mess with drugs because drugs are a waste of time. Time in this business is much too valuable."

you in other aspects of your life. Just confronting yourself and saying, 'This is what I'm going to do and this is how I want to do it.' Getting your program together."

The saxophonist realizes this self-confrontation is a personal chore, but one towards which the experienced can lead the newcomer.

"I talk to a lot of people; some of them ask me questions about mouthpieces and reeds. I tell them what I have, but I always tell them that it's up to the individual. Everybody has a different requirement, a different set-up. Everybody has a different mouthpiece, a different reed, and you can relate that to anything at all—the relationship you have to your family, for instance, or the way you take care of your business.

"One of my teachers once told me, 'Whatever you learn, don't be selfish with it; if somebody wants to know about it, take time to show them.' When I was 16 and on the road I thought I could play, but I was playing backup for singers and a few Bill Doggett tunes. People like Rusty Bryant, Bobby Miller, Evol Phelps, people you may never have heard of, but they took time out to show me what I wanted to know. That's what I can do now, pass it along to younger musicians, and hope they'll pass it along to somebody else who wants to know. Kind of a constant workshop. That's what makes it fun, and takes the monotony out of going from town to town. You meet people you can shed with, play duets with to keep active, and show people you're a person, too."

16 □ down beat

just stand there—feeling, 'I just want to look at you.'

"It really depressed me to find out Jug had died. What really infuriated me was the fact that none of the radio stations or anybody said anything about him or even mentioned the fact that he'd died. That he'd been playing 25 years, with institutions like the Eckstine band. Only the musicians mourned for him. His family and the people he was close to mourn but the musicians are the ones who really miss him. He was one of the guys who opened up the business for everybody else. Well, it makes me sad. I want to talk about something else," he finished, his voice trailing off.

Grover's enthusiasm returned when we mentioned another saxophonist supreme. "If I've got an idol I guess it's Rahsaan Roland Kirk. Cause he plays and he's dedicated and he's got a beautiful family. I love listening to him. We've been following him on the road for about two months now. I haven't played with him, not yet.

"He is one of the masters of music, not because he can play three horns at one time, but because he can play each horn so well. The first time I really listened to him was when I heard the *Three For The Festival* thing when I was a small kid, but when I was in the service I'd buy albums like *Rip, Rig And Panic*, and could he play! Rahsaan got me into being as flexible as I can be.

"I started playing baritone in the school band because that was the chair that was empty. But I also had my tenor. I considered

Carlos Ward



EXPRESSWAY TO CREATIVE TRUTH

by
Lars Gabel

Alto saxophonist Carlos Ward has been an elusive artist to follow. You may have caught him at the Newport festivals in 1969 and 1973, or in Berlin in 1972 and 1973; you may have seen him when he first came to New York in 1966 and played with John Coltrane's Octet; or you may have danced to his music—without being aware of it—at a Latin ball. On records, Carlos Ward's appearances have been equally few and far between. But listen to the deep beauty of his two-minute solo on Don Cherry's *Relativity Suite* album; or the clean, hard alto sound on his two dates (ESP and Milestone) with Karl Berger or the singing, dancing salsa horn riffs of *Do It (Till You're Satisfied)*, a recent charts-topping r&b single which he recorded as a member of the B. T. Express. Once you've heard these performances, you'll no doubt realize the unique versatility of Carlos Ward's music.

Carlos, who also plays flute and clarinet, was born 35 years ago on May 1, 1940 in the city of Ancon in the Panama Canal Zone. Having lived in many parts of Panama—La Boca, Red Tank, Panama City—it is a natural thing for Ward to discuss his Panamanian background.

"The people of Panama are very music-oriented. I don't think you can find a Pana-

manian who doesn't love music. A lot of musicians have come out of there, but many beautiful musicians have also stayed there, playing either Latin music, calypso, or jazz. There are so many different styles there that I grew up with. My mother sang and was an organist for the church. An aunt of mine sang in church too, and there were friends of the family who had orchestras so I was very much within earshot of music. I always figured that I would be a musician someday.

"My first instrument was a 'uke,' as we called the ukulele. It is used in calypso bands and it was an instrument that I could afford. But I love the ukulele in any case, as I love

"It's true that to play music you must know life. And yes, I would say that too much comfort can stunt an artist's growth. You have to play sometimes like you're hungry."

calypso music. At that young age I used to sing a little also, just to myself, and this was the first form of musical expression I was able to enjoy. On the radio I heard many types of music. Every morning I used to tune in to the American network that came through there. It was mostly Dixieland, and the instrument that I dug was the clarinet. Later, when I came to the States, the clarinet was my first instrument, whereas today it is actually my second. I still love the clarinet and would like to play it more often than I'm doing. I hear many possibilities in the clarinet and one day maybe I will be able to express some of these ideas.

"I left Panama in 1953 for Seattle, Washington, where my father had decided to raise his family. In junior high school I took up the clarinet and began to study the instrument privately, too. This went on for a couple of years; then one day a friend of mine left his alto saxophone, an old silver one, at my house. He wasn't very interested in it, but I had told him I was. I had it fixed and started taking lessons from John Jessen, a very great teacher. Later I began to gig on weekends with local rock and roll groups—I wouldn't dare mention some of the outfits we had on! Then I went on to play in r&b groups where the music had a much wilder basis. There wasn't much jazz being played on the radio in those years, not black jazz at any rate.

"Ever since his arrival in Seattle, my father had been buying a lot of records with people like Ella Fitzgerald, Billie Holiday, Lester Young and the Jazz At The Philharmonic artists . . . also Louis Jordan, Tiny Bradshaw. These records I listened to all the time. My home was only three blocks away from school and I remember I would run home during lunch and have a ball listening to this music. Later some of the alto players that really impressed me were Tab Smith, Willie Smith, and Johnny Hodges. In Seattle itself some of the musicians that I liked to hear and sit in with whenever I could sneak past the door were Bob Wynne, Jabbo Ward, Larry Richardson.

"I wanted to go to New York but it wasn't possible at the time, so I went into the Army in 1962 to get that out of the way. Eventually I was transferred to Heidelberg, Germany. After my discharge in 1964 I stayed one year in Europe. I wanted to do a lot of wood-shedding and to get my instrument together before going to New York. That year turned out to be one of the most productive I've ever experienced. I had the chance to play in a trio, with just bass and drums, at a place in Heidelberg called the Cave 54. I will never forget it. In that kind of situation I could see myself grow because of the unlimited possibilities surrounding me. One is free, in a sense, to be really creative.

"We were working for five dollars a night plus all the beer we could drink. The repertoire consisted of standards, Bird tunes, things by Golson and Monk . . . oh, Monk! I've got to say that Monk is one unique individual. His talents and his influence have yet to be recognized. He was the first person who really opened me up all the way, and although I've never met him I love him very much.

"I left Germany in 1965 and went all the way back to Seattle to see my parents. John Coltrane came through town and I made my point to meet this great man. It was funny the way it happened: I was in the Penthouse

RECORD REVIEWS

Ratings are:

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

WAYNE SHORTER

NATIVE DANCER—Columbia PC 33418: *Ponta De Areia; Beauty And The Beast; Tarde; Miracle Of The Fishes; Diana; From The Lonely Afternoons; Ana Maria; Lilia; Joanna's Theme.*

Personnel: Shorter, tenor and soprano saxes, piano and electric piano; Milton Nascimento, vocals, acoustic guitar; Herbie Hancock, piano, electric piano (tracks 1, 2, 3, 7, 9); Airto Moreira, percussion (tracks 2, 4, 5, 7, 8); Dave McDaniel, bass; Roberto Silva, drums, percussion; Wagner Tiso, electric piano, organ, bass; Jay Graydon, guitar, bass (tracks 1 and 2); David Amaro, guitar, acoustic guitar (tracks 3, 4, 6, 7, 9).

Wayne Shorter, whose work with Weather Report seems to embrace the Ad Age adage "Less Is More," emerges with a fulsome suite-like experience of exoticism and sensuality on his latest solo recording. Aided by the gifted Brazilian vocalist/composer/lyricist Milton Nascimento and former stablemate Herbie Hancock, Shorter has created an entirely accessible, thoroughly satisfying LP that continuously discloses harmonious surprises and bursts of sweet wildness. Although this is Shorter's first session as sole leader in five years, Nascimento authored five of the nine cuts here.

Along with drummer Silva, guitarist Amaro and Airto, the singer provides a South American sensibility which the saxophonist flirted with in his last two Blue Note efforts before joining Zawinul et al. *Super Nova* and *Odyssey Of Iska*. The lush mixture of electric and acoustic guitars and pianos is much more focused here than on those records, and Shorter, who's seldom sounded comfortable in free settings, has some heartfelt melodies which he embellishes with sincere application that frequently becomes passionate and abandoned.

Ponta De Areia sounds like a clearing on a mountainside from which the vision is unlimited. Shorter plays off the chanted introduction, soloing on soprano with unlabored loveliness. *Beauty And The Beast* is a provocative duet between the saxist and Hancock's strongly percussive chords. A hesitant funk rhythm gives way to a luscious lyricism, demonstrating the inseparability of two aspects of creation. *Tarde* is a Nascimento ballad of suffering and forgiveness; his expressive Portuguese seems not a foreign language but a universal tongue capable of transcending verbal expression. *Miracle* has the celebratory innocence of a messenger spreading gospel, Shorter soaring over Nascimento's unrestrained joy.

Side two contains dedicatory portraits of four women. *Diana*, apparently the daughter of Airto and Flora Purim, poses serious questions and displays great awe. Shorter performs on piano through the aid of overdub-

bing; his touch is sure, and his ideas are not noticeably hampered by a lack of speed or dexterity. He blows tenor sparsely on this piece, his brief electronic attack having a hint of partials. *Afternoons* may be lonely, but they offer the freedom of the gauchó. I'm unwilling to let go of this robust performance, on which Milton lets his voice roll across the pampas and Wayne releases his most rousing flurries. *Ana Maria*, the saxist's wife, is credited in the sleeve notes as the session's "tenth player." A loving line is offered again and again with the slightest embellishment, gradually blossoming into a large, encompassing circle that Hancock laces with sweeping clusters and graceful little runs. *Lilia* has an excitingly dark ostinato bass and moves like an entrancing mystery. Nascimento's alto yodel is almost indistinguishable from Shorter's soprano sound, which draws the song to a climax by ringing out one tone against a shifting rhythm bed. Grandiose piano and contrasting simple, sincere sax on Hancock's composition *Joanna* closes the album.

Shorter's commitment to elegance and honesty is served well by his busy, well directed rhythm section, and a crystal recording quality that allows complete separation while maintaining clarity within the rich textures of the group sound. Hancock's playing is his most original, effective acoustic contribution in some time; he and Shorter sound very close. The immediate beauty of this music is one achievement; another is Shorter's success at blending his personal voice with that distinctive South American flavor, never becoming pseudo-cultural or losing the essential jazz flexibility of these compositions. I wonder how this record will play in Rio de Janeiro. Meanwhile, add Nascimento's out-of-print A&M release to my most wanted list.

—mandel

GERRY MULLIGAN/ CHET BAKER

CARNEGIE HALL CONCERT, VOLUME ONE—CTI 6054 S1: *Line For Lyons; Song For An Unfinished Woman; My Funny Valentine; Song For Strayhorn.*

Personnel: Mulligan, baritone sax; Baker, trumpet; Bob James, piano and electric piano; Dave Samuels, vibes and percussion; Ron Carter, bass; John Scofield, guitar; Harvey Mason, drums.

CARNEGIE HALL CONCERT, VOLUME TWO—CTI 6055 S1: *It's Sandy At The Beach; Bernie's Tune; K-4 Pacific; There Will Never Be Another You.*

Personnel: as above, plus Ed Byrne, trombone.

There are those who would have you believe that a recent reunion concert of Gerry Mulligan and Chet Baker had something to do with "nostalgia." Well, it did in the sense that many in the audience had fond memories of the time when these two fine musicians worked together, making history in developing the cool, West Coast school of jazz.

But memories cannot take the place of good music, and neither Chet nor Gerry sat on the stage of Carnegie Hall and reminisced. They stood up and played great music, and that's what counts on these two albums.

Yes, there are some of the old Baker-Mulligan standards, but there is no attempt to recreate them just as they were. *Bernie's Tune* never sounded this way 20 years ago; it's a bit faster now, with a more vibrant rhythm section and fine solos by John Scofield on guitar and Dave Samuels on vibes. *Line For Lyons*

never had the benefit of Ron Carter's flowing, liquid bass lines behind it before.

And cliché notwithstanding, Mulligan and Baker are playing better than ever. Their hand-in-glove duet lines on *Lyons* and tasteful interaction on *My Funny Valentine* is just beautiful to hear. They're a bit less comfortable with a new uptempo piece by Mulligan, *It's Sandy At The Beach*, but give them another 20 years.

Three of the cuts on these albums are devoted to Mulligan and his backup group. *Song For An Unfinished Woman* and the new *Song For Strayhorn* are typically lyrical Mulligan compositions, while *K-4 Pacific* is an exciting "Age of Steam" number rearranged for this ensemble, including a superbly musical drum solo by Harvey Mason.

Chet sings briefly on *There Will Never Be Another You*, an otherwise unsurprising jam number with everyone relaxing and taking brief solos.

Running throughout the albums is the excellent keyboard work of Bob James. Like Carter, Mason and the others, he complements and supports the two leads with tasteful and inventive playing.

Good music was what this concert was all about... and if good music ever really equates to nostalgia, we'll be in big trouble. Baker and Mulligan are forever growing, and they'll always be good to hear, whether they're reviving a 1950s piece or trying something new. These two albums give us the best of both worlds.

—maltin

PAT MARTINO

CONSCIOUSNESS—Muse 5039: *Impressions; Consciousness; Passata On Guitar; Along Came Betty; Willow; On The Stairs; Both Sides Now.*

Personnel: Martino, guitar; Eddie Green, electric piano, percussion (track 5 only); Tyrone Brown, bass; Sherman Ferguson, drums, percussion.

*** 1/2

Almost alone among younger guitarists, Martino is steadfastly committed to the continuation of the bop-rooted approach to jazz guitar that flowered most strongly in the 1950s and early '60s, and which is most tellingly embodied in the marvelous music of Tal Farlow and, to a lesser extent, Bill DeArango and Barney Kessel (though Wes Montgomery, Johnny Smith, and Kenny Burrell, among others, might equally be included, at least in some aspects or phases of their respective musics). As he has indicated on album after album, Martino's rich, fertile, imaginative playing gives the lie to the idea that this approach is anything like moribund, that in the right hands it is more than capable of supporting a strong, vigorous, compelling, and individual musical expression fully as contemporary as anything being played by his peers.

Much of this is due to the man behind the approach, of course, and time and again Martino has demonstrated that his fluency is no less of the mind than of the fingers, that the two are in perfect concord and ordered by a fine harmonic sensibility, that he is a thinking player before, during, and after the act of improvising. And he's made some marvelous records too, playing on more than one occasion as well as his master, Farlow. In fact, the major difference between the work of the two would appear to be in the rhythmic aspect. Martino is much more regular in his metrical conception than was Farlow, whose placement of notes was often quite marvelously.

eccentrically unpredictable, possibly as a result of his largely intuitive approach to music. Martino is the more "schooled" of the two, and this facet of his work is no more evident than in his handling of rhythm which, while knowing and intelligent, is nowhere near as striking and idiosyncratic as was Farlow's.

Of late Martino has been delving more deeply into Montgomery's music, at least in its more boppish aspects. This influence has led to a slight softening of his music, a more rounded, legato way of phrasing, warmer amplifier sound and so on, but with no diminution of intensity, imaginativeness or sheer fluency. The most obvious illustrations of this development in the current album are *Willow*, an appealing medium tempo Martino original that might well have been inspired by Wes' ballad handling, and *On The Stairs*, another Martino work that in its brisk jaunty infectiousness evokes Montgomery's manner of blues-based composition.

The Montgomery influence is far less evident in Coltrane's *Impressions* and Benny Golson's *Along Came Betty*, which are given much more straight ahead Martino treatments, which is to say strong, unflinchingly inventive playing indeed. On all these pieces he is markedly assisted by the cohesive rhythm section of Green, Brown, and Ferguson (of the Philadelphia band Catalyst) who are extraordinarily sympathetic to the guitarist and to the music.

Where the album falls down is in Eric Kloss' *Consciousness*, which is too "outside" a piece of music for the harmonically-oriented Martino to be comfortable with. Certainly he doesn't ever sound really into, confident, or at ease at any point in the piece; his playing

sputters along by fits and starts and never manages to cohere. This exercise being nearly 12 minutes long, that's too big a hole in the album and is one of the reasons for the lowered rating. Two others are the solo guitar pieces, Martino's *Passata* and Joni Mitchell's *Both Sides Now*, which in their languid prettiness sound rather out of place in an otherwise forceful set of performances. Apparently Muse felt so too, placing them as the final tracks on each side of the L.P. Strange programming.

—welding

SAM RIVERS

HUES—Impulse (ABC) ASD-9302: *Amber; Turquoise; Rose; Chartreuse; Mauve; Indigo; Onyx; Topaz; Ivory Black; Violet.*

Personnel: Rivers, tenor and soprano saxes, flute, piano, vocals; Cecil McBee, bass (tracks 1-4, 9, 10); Richard Davis, bass (tracks 5 and 6); Avid Andersen, bass (tracks 7 and 8); Norman Connors, drums and percussion (tracks 1-4); Warren Smith, drums and percussion (tracks 5 and 6); Barry Altschul, drums and percussion (tracks 7-10).

★ ★ ★ ½

Sam Rivers' robust gift of improvisation is spotlighted in this series of trio settings recorded from February 1971 through November 1973. Five different live concerts were the occasions for these recordings; four combinations of musicians are presented. Yet we get Rivers so purely we might be listening to a soloist.

Though an interesting composer and a capable player in formal situations, Sam's skill as demonstrated here is his vigorous, natural blowing; his is a virile tenor sound, fast and breathy with swooping flute whistles, and a steely, many-note approach to the soprano. His piano work evidences moments of realized beauty, though he's not quite facile enough to take ad-

vantage of some ideas; this shows as Connors drums rings around Sam's fingers on *Rose*.

As for the content of the cuts, they are mostly quick pulsed, free association lines, differing obviously in the leader's choice of instruments. The spectrum theme of this album was certainly created in retrospect; its author would hardly approve of such hard and fast divisions between the various sections as are drawn here, like heavy black bars separating the colors.

How arbitrary to split *Onyx* from *Topaz*, with Sam putting down his soprano, chanting in a rhythmic tongue, and then picking up his flute to continue his impulsive line. On his previous *Streams* release Rivers displayed a belief in continuity and flow; how difficult it is to excuse this production, which slaps *Chartreuse* on *Rose* so closely one marvels at Rivers' ability to switch instruments mid-thought.

Why does side two open with a minute and a half ending, followed by applause? And why do these cuts keep fading out while Rivers continues playing? Why don't we hear a single solo from a sideman? McBee seems just the right bassist for the reedman's highly personalized concepts; he's quick eared and flexible as his strings. On *Violet* he develops an astounding arco empathy with Rivers on tenor. But twice he's faded out on just as the listener settles in for an arco spot.

The trio is a demanding jazz form: its success demands much personnel interplay, or complete subordination to the major voice. All the sidemen sparkle here. Both Altschul, spurred by Sam's squiggling runs on *Onyx*, and Connors continuously dazzle. Andersen is most interesting on *Topaz*, which fades just as he begins a duet with the flutist. Davis stretches *Mauve* into a sailing tonality, more daring than on his recent

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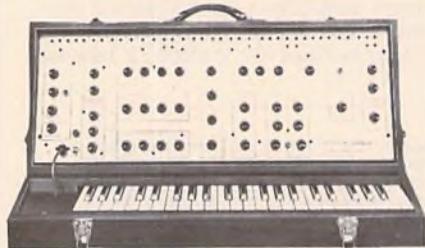
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recordings.

However, one must deplore that so little respect has been accorded to musicians of such high caliber. As it is, the album emerges as a "Great Moments From Rivers' Concerts" piece. We'll probably wait a decade to hear the complete tapes. Until then, savor the free energy of Rivers' intuitions and the stalwart support of these involuntarily selfless sidemen. —mandel

ALLEN TOUSSAINT

SOUTHERN NIGHTS—Reprise MS 2186: *Last Train*; *Worldwide*; *Back In Baby's Arms*; *Country John*; *Basic Lady*; *Southern Nights*; *You Will Not Lose*; *What Do You Want The Girl To Do?*; *When The Party's Over*; *Cruel Way To Go Down*.

★ ★ ½

On his second LP, Allen Toussaint again fails to generate the kind of excitement found on his collaborations with Dr. John (especially *In The Right Place*), the Band (*Rock Of Ages*), and most recently, Labelle (*Night-Birds*). Toussaint's continued failure with independent recording projects is largely due to a lack of composing skill that befits his lofty stature as an arranger; but matters are helped little by the New Orleans legend's vocal ineptitude.

The album's strong points lie in superb recording quality and stunning arrangements, the latter infallibly executed by the Meters, the group whose sound is an important part of New Orleans musical history—and rock history as well. But it's Toussaint's date. The tunes he writes are rarely catchy, never memorable, and sung in a nondescript voice. Allen's pipes are technically weak, with no redeemingly individual idiosyncrasies, like a Bob Dylan or Mose Allison.

Unless you're a fervent advocate of the *auteur* theory of rock record making, or want a textbook example of how five-star arranging can give a partial lift to two-star writing and one-star vocalizing, this is decidedly a minor work. Toussaint's real greatness can be heard on the discs mentioned above, in support of artists who have vocal and compositional talents to match his arranging genius. —mitchell

DIZZY GILLESPIE

DIZZY GILLESPIE'S BIG FOUR — Pablo 2310 719: *Tanga*; *Hurry Home*; *Russian Lullaby*; *Be Bop*; *Birks Works*; *September Song*; *Jitterbug Waltz*.

Personnel: Gillespie, trumpet; Joe Pass, guitar; Ray Brown, drums; Mickey Roker, drums.

★ ★ ★ ½

The mood here is one of restraint. Gillespie's work is mostly muted, a fact which gives the LP a brittle, crystalline feel. But the music is challenging, rugged and to the point, the point being that Gillespie is today probably the greatest trumpet voice in jazz, a status he maintains best when he avoids the trendiness and contemporary gimmickry that's consumed lesser men who once were pretenders to this throne. Do I really have to name them?

Perhaps the most interesting point to make about this record is that after 30 years in the spotlight of the big time, Gillespie—by virtue of unexcelled fluency and powers of invention—remains among the most cliché-free of musicians. There are familiar transitional devices and a patented phrase or two, but the ideas and structural mechanisms sound consistently fresh and invigorating.

Among the most striking pieces heard is *Be Bop*, a lightning fast workout in which Diz and Joe Pass play a brief unison ensemble

that's as remarkable—and typical—as anything from the Bird-Diz period. *Russian Lullaby*, taken at two tempos, features excellent open trumpet work, particularly in a chorus shared by Diz and Ray Brown. The lazy *Jitterbug Waltz* is also jolted into high speed at the midway point. The roller coaster ride that follows is staggering, both in its direct musical manifestations and the broader implications concerning the level of talent and brilliance at work here. And that means everybody, including Mickey Roker, who rises to extraordinary demands without flinching.

But mostly it means Dizzy, because this is Gillespie for the gods. —mcdonough

MONK MONTGOMERY

REALITY—Philadelphia International (Columbia) KZ 33153: *Reality*; *Me And Mrs. Jones*; *Sippin' And Tippin'*; *Bump De Bump*; *I Love You Camille*; *Little O's*; *Girl Talk*; *Close Your Face*.

Personnel: Monk Montgomery, Fender bass; Danny Skea, electric piano, clavinet (except tracks 2 & 4); Ron Feuer, organ (except tracks 2 & 4); Santo Szino, drums (except tracks 2 & 4); Bobby Martin, Rhodes piano (except tracks 2 & 4); Ron Kersey, guitar (tracks 2 & 4); Vince Montana, vibes (tracks 2 & 4); Larry Washington, bongos, congas (tracks 2 & 4); Ronnie Baker, bass (tracks 2 & 4); Earl Young, drums (tracks 2 & 4); voices and Don Renaldo's strings and horns on some tracks.

★ ½

Like recent albums by the Blackbyrds, Bobbi Humphrey and Donald Byrd, this album hides the performances of the featured artist within the arrangements. Since these charts consist of repetitive rock rhythms, sappy background voices and funky organ fills, I doubt anyone who wants to hear Monk play jazz bass would care for this record.

Actually, this music can be laid at the door of producer Bobby Martin who has previously pulled schlock performances out of the O'Jays, Harold Melvin and Billy Paul. Here we get another insipid version of *Mrs. Jones*, lots of mediocre funk in a variety of tempos, a saccharine version of Bill Cosby's *Camille*, and a Montgomery original that almost is jazz, *Face*. Neal Hefti's *Girl Talk* is the only number that exhibits any trace of tenderness or genuine emotion. At least there is some consideration as the notes are sounded. The album as a whole provides funky easy listening but is hardly worth spending money on when the same thing constantly comes cascading out of the radio. —steingroot

HATFIELD AND THE NORTH

HATFIELD AND THE NORTH—Virgin (Atlantic) VR 13-110: *The Stubbs Effect*; *Big Jobs (Poo Poo Extract)*; *Going Up To People And Tinkling*; *Calyx*; *Son Of "There's No Place Like Homerton"*; *Aigrette*; *Rifferama*; *Fol De Rol*; *Shaving Is Boring*; *Licks For The Ladies*; *Bossa NoChance*; *Big Jobs No. 2 (by Poo And The Wee Wees)*; *Lobster In Cleavage Probe*; *Gigantic Land Crabs In Earth Takeover Bid*; *The Other Stubbs Effect*.

Personnel: Dave Stewart, organ, keyboards; Phil Miller, guitar; Richard Sinclair, bass guitar, vocals; Pip Pyle, drums.

★ ½

ROBERT WYATT

ROCK BOTTOM—Virgin (Atlantic) VR 13-112: *Sea Song*; *A Last Straw*; *Little Red Riding Hood Hit The Road*; *Alifib*; *Alife*; *Little Red Robin Hood Hit The Road*.

Personnel: Mongezi Feza, trumpet (track 3); Gary Windo, bass clarinet, tenor saxophone (track 5); Ivor Cutler, baritone concertina, vocal (tracks 3, 6); Fred Frith, viola (track 6); Wyatt, keyboards, percussion, lead vocals; Mike Oldfield, guitar (track 6); Richard Sinclair (tracks 1, 3, 6); Hugh Hopper (tracks 2, 4).

5), bass guitar: Laurie Allan, drums (tracks 2, 6): Alfreda Bengé, vocal (track 5).

★ ★ ★ 1/2

GONG

YOU—Virgin (Atlantic) VR 13-113: *Thought For Naught*; *A P. H. P.'s Advice*; *Magic Mother Invocation*; *Master Builder*; *A Sprinkling of Clouds*; *Perfect Mystery*; *The Isle Of Everywhere*; *You Never Blow Your Trip Forever*.

Personnel: Bloomdido Glad de Brass, soprano, tenor saxes, vocals; Hi T Moonweed, Moog and EMS synthesizers, mellotron; Steve Hillage, lead guitar; Dingo Virgin, guitar, vocals; Mike Howlett, bass guitar; Pierre Moerlen, drums, percussion; Shakti Yoni, Bambaloni Yoni, vocals.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Virgin is apparently Atlantic's new outlet for their repertoire of British abstract rock; in any event, these three albums fall under that approximate category, in which I'd also include, as a frame of reference, Pink Floyd and Soft Machine.

The Hatfield album is fairly easily dispensed with, being generally background music for the arty set, a cross between emasculated Kurt Weill and runamok Play Bach. For the Weill effects at their clearest, check out *Son Of*; for some Pink Floyd echoes, check out *Shaving* (mellotron sheen, heavy organ underneath, wahwah guitar—you know the bit).

This is not to say that there aren't some good moments on the album. *Son Of*, the most extended piece, is also the richest, and the counterpoint between horns and piano early on is quite fine. *Lobster* is good, too: an urgent piece in 8 (subdivided 3/3/2) with some interesting piano work by Stewart. But it, like everything else on the session, is electronically tricked up to no discernibly valid effect. In general, this is a group of excellent musicians who have written some tight, complex compositions and performed them well; the purpose, however, seems directed neither toward art nor toward communication, but toward cleverness and ingenuity for their own sakes, and the total effect is thoroughly unattractive.

Bassist Sinclair appears on both *Hatfield* and the Wyatt album, but that's about all the two products have in common. Wyatt's lyrics are whimsical, like many of those on *Hatfield*, and the music flows between the world of standard rock and some more private places, as does *Hatfield's*, but Wyatt is performing in order to move and to communicate. He's a talented pianist and as effective a vocalist as he needs to be here, but it's really the whole concept, the feeling, that comes across.

Sea Song exemplifies many of these traits. There's one line that would elevate any song all by itself: "But I can't understand the different you in the morning when it's time to play at being human for a while." To me, that's a killer, even isolated from its context: within the song, it's still more powerful. And Wyatt's subsequent wordless vocal, now keening, now a sort of light-hearted scat, conveys a strong, complex emotional texture throughout. The cut is six and a half minutes long, and only Wyatt and Sinclair are on it, but it's a full experience.

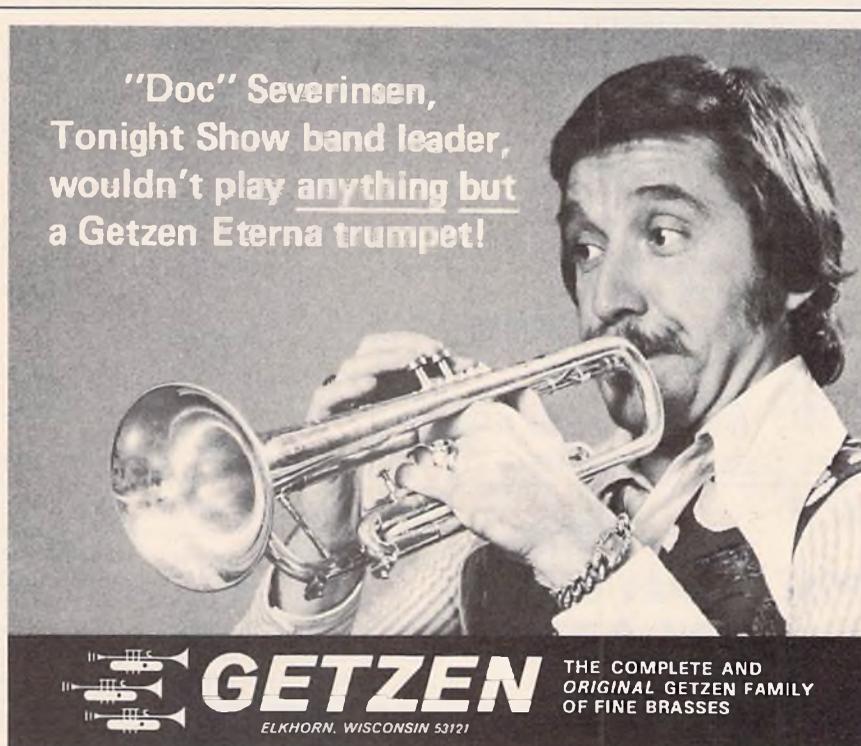
The rest of the album fails to fulfill the promise of the opening track, though good things occasionally crop up. *Straw* is subtle: there's little apparent variety in the voicing and internal texture, but the tune moves through a number of fascinating modulations and passing harmonies that keep it slightly off balance.

Side two is one long suite, of sorts: *Alifib* begins with Wyatt on organ over what sounds like slow, heavy breathing in a long, meandering intro. The lyrics mix straightforward English with utter nonsense in a peculiarly moving, if also infuriatingly opaque, manner. It segues into *Alife*, which revolves around the same basic motif but is more abstract. The addition of Windo deepens the palette, and his quiet but interestingly placed squawks punctuate the longer keyboard lines tellingly. There's a partial segue to *Robin Hood*, which climaxes with some grandiose but rather banal horn passages. These are followed, however, by some tantalizing surrealist/anarchist lyrics, sung in a quasi-East Indian accent by either Cutler or Wyatt, lyrics filled with a violence that is consistently undercut by the ironically inept, ungrammatical English.

All in all, this sounds to me like an album that grows with each listening, and contains several rich veins.

On the other hand, I may hate *You* after a while. It may be altogether less profound than it now seems. But right now, it strikes me as a mild revelation. The problem becomes how to describe it.

Let's see, how about a mixture of *Mystery Tour* Beatles, Bonzo Dog Band, Colosseum, King Crimson, the Mothers? A blend of mysticism, ricky-tick, satire, fantasy, acid rock? A combination of mythologies (including Roman Diana, Babylonian Ishtar, Buddhist mantras, etc.), sexual allusion (one of the segments of *Isle* is subtitled, *Get It Inner*, for instance), the drug scene (*P. H. P.* means Pot head pixie), the jazz scene (the *nom de plume* of Gong's reedman, Bloomdido, is an inside reference), and so forth? There, is that clear?



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Well, anyway, it's a concept album: the concept—and the reason for the eclecticism just outlined—is that everything is everything, that all myths lead to the central myth/truth, but that it don't come easy. The "plot" traces the efforts of Zero the Hero to open his inner eye, with the help of pot head pixies and the Octave Doctor (dope and music), and transcend to Bali/Nirvana/inner peace. Zero gets hung up by fruitcake (earthly pleasures, materialism) and doesn't get there, but, as the last cut tells us, you never blow your trip forever.

As to individual moments: there's a gorgeous blend between Bloomdido's tenor solo and the lyrics on *Builder* and a fine soprano solo over some laid-back drums and a mellotron cushion on *Isle*, but it's hard to point to many particularized merits. The whole album just f-l-o-w-s, without being either frenetic or schmaltzy. There are plentiful verbal surprises in the lyrics, constantly changing textures, figures, and tonal centers in the music. Nothing for the Top 40, God knows, nor is attention called to Heavy Players. Just the music and the ideas, intelligent without being condescending, witty without being juvenile, serious without being saccharine.

Maybe it's all hype, but I don't really care. You took me farther outside than I've been in a while—and not only took me there but made sense of the experience for me.

—heineman

LEROY HUTSON

HUTSON—Curtom Records CU 5002: *All Because Of You; I Bless The Day; It's Different; Cool Out; Lucky Fellow; Can't Stay Away; So Much Love.*

The album cover says it all, and better. On the front, Hutson as a player with a lady, both in furs and jewelry and he supported by a cane and a pensive look under the big apple; on the back, two half-emptied wine glasses and the shedded furs and jewelry. Real Cool. On the album Leroy Hutson meanders through a collection of mediocre tunes in the new whimpering style that some soul singers find seductive and atmospheric, but which is only so much coy attitudinizing. Hutson has learned the lesson of the mood album from such masters as Barry White and Marvin Gaye. But without White's extravaganza and Gaye's superior vocal gifts, Hutson is unable to lift this production out of the all-embracing arms of muzak. Only the opening song is saved from blandness by strong singing and a distinctive tune. Curtom Records will need more than a new distribution deal (with Warner Bros.) to make up for last year's sales drop.

—gabel

TEDDY EDWARDS

FEELIN'S—Muse MR 5045: *Bear Tracks; April Love; Ritta Diitta Blues; Eleven Twenty Three; Georgia On My Mind; The Blue Sombbrero.*

Personnel: Edwards, tenor sax; Conte Condoli, trumpet; Dolo Coker, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Frank Butler, drums; Jerry Steinholz, congas, misc. percussion.

★ ★ ★ 1/2

If the level reached by the first side had been sustained, this would be more than an uncommonly pleasant LP. As it is, it offers some fine playing and good feelin's before the inspiration runs out.

Edwards, who hasn't had a leader's date for more than seven years—far too long for so capable a musician—perhaps tried a little too hard. Of his four originals, *Tracks* and

April are excellent, *Eleven* and *Sombbrero* routine. *Ritta*, by Brown, is very good indeed, and *Georgia* is the famous standard, if we can still identify tunes that most of the young audience no longer knows by that term.

Working out of a Gene Ammons bag, Edwards invests *Tracks* with plenty of tenor soul; the strategically placed low note is a catchy device. On the pretty bossa, *April*, his approach is much smoother but equally convincing, and he displays humor and dexterity on *Ritta*. He starts off *Georgia* with a fine chorus of full-toned melodic playing, but gets a bit hammy towards the end. This sort of thing gets big hands in a club but wears out quickly on record.

Condoli, more relaxed than with Supersax, is in a very lyrical groove on *April* and bops the blues on *Ritta*. His *Sombbrero* solo, however, is halting. Coker, long absent from records, is not often featured, but when he gets a chance, as on *Tracks*, he shows that he hasn't lost his Bud Powell-inspired chops. He also contributes well in the rhythm section, which keeps things moving at all times. Brown is beautifully recorded (I like the balance and mix of the entire date) and is quite simply a master. His bowing on the head of *Ritta* is superb, as are his plucked solo (shades of Jimmy Blanton) and sly ending. Butler, another infrequent visitor to the studios, lives up to his reputation as one of the best drummers in the west.

Solid mainstream fare, and at times more.
—morgenstern

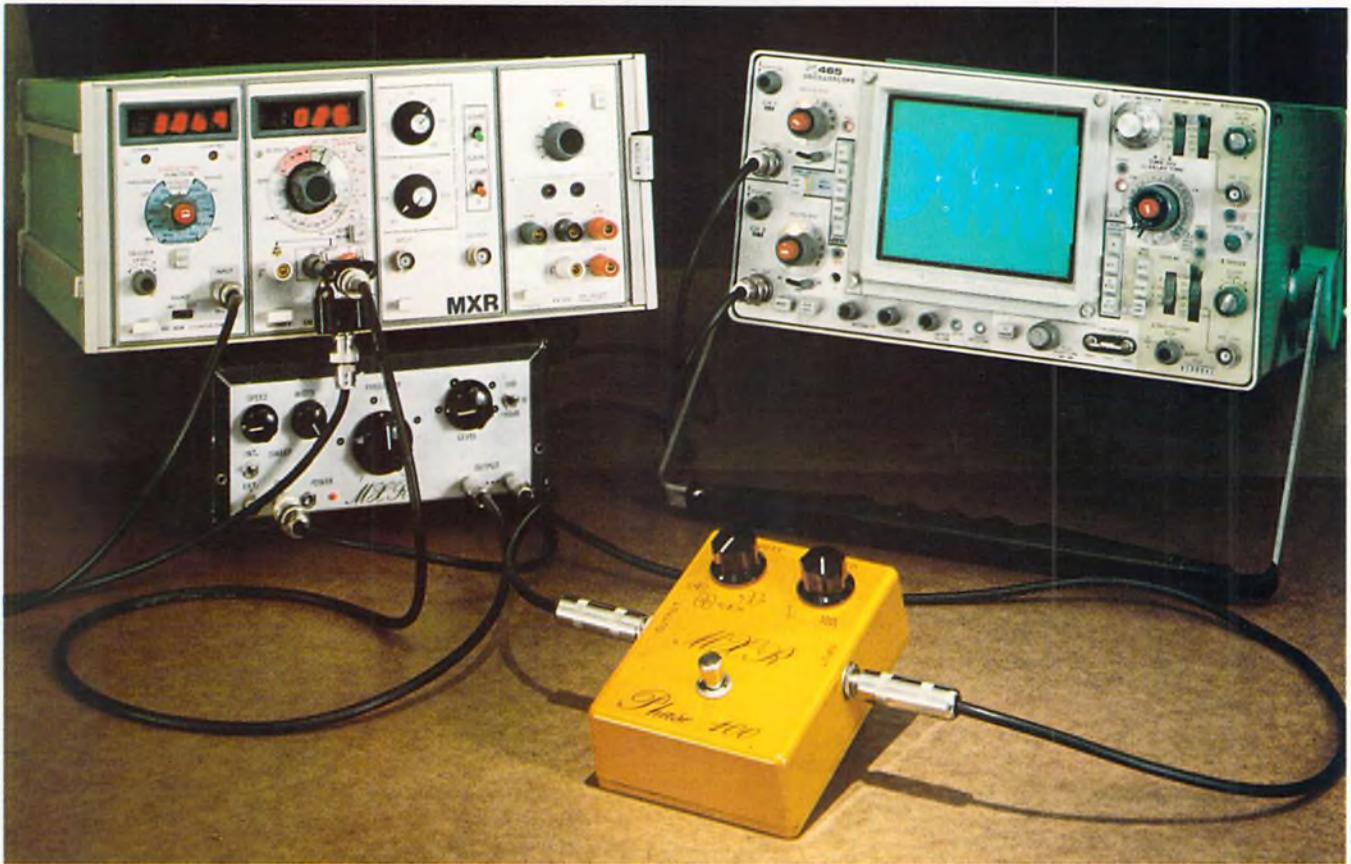
STANLEY TURRENTINE

IN THE POCKET—Fantasy 9478: *Have It Your Way; Sandy; You Are The Melody Of My Life; Over To Where You Are; Naked As The Day I Was Born; In The Pocket; Spaced; You're My Baby; Black Lassie; Loving You Is Sweeter Than Ever.*

Personnel: Turrentine, tenor sax; David T. Walker, Ray Parker Jr., Dean Parks, Melvin Ragin, guitars; Gene Page, Sylvester Rivers, keyboards; Scott Edwards, bass; Ed Greene, drums; Gary Coleman, percussion; Bobbye Hall, congas; unidentified string section; Jackie Ward, Carolyn Willis, Edna Wright, Jim Gilstrap, Augie Johnson, John Lehman, Gregory Matta, vocals.

When a jazz performer attains a certain level of popular acceptance he finds himself, it seems, at a crossroads. Sensing that his skills as a jazz player are not really being challenged by the materials and formats of much of the commercial music with which he's been working, he might like to return to a more committed kind of jazz playing, or at least not leave it too far behind. Inevitably of course, the pressures are all towards his extending that success into ever more broadly popular, "more accessible" avenues of musical expression. The pressures come as much from himself as from managers, business advisers, record company, or producers and, let's face it, it takes more than just courage—perhaps a kind of insanity—to jeopardize the financial success one has achieved in popular music by returning to the admittedly more chancy world of jazz and its relatively smaller audiences and record sales, more limited venues, and the like.

No, the pressures are all on the side of continued participation in so-called "commercial music." And certainly there's nothing intrinsically wrong or incompatible in a jazz performer's attracting large numbers of listeners to his music, providing of course his art is not destroyed or seriously compromised in the process. Just as certainly, however, it's



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not easy to find just the right combination of things to bring this off: it takes the right producer(s), material, settings, production values and, above all else, the provision in all of these factors for the artist to be and play himself, to allow his distinctive, hard-earned skills as a player, the things that make him who and what he is, to shine through, to raise them in fact to a higher, broader plane of accessibility. Producers who can do this are few and far between and are worth their weight in the gold records they earn for their clients.

All of which is preliminary to the observation that this is not such a record, that these considerations have not been observed to any great degree, that, on the contrary, Turrentine has been poorly served by his advisers, his producers and perhaps by himself, for he is listed, along with Gene and Billy Page, as one of the men responsible for this record.

Where, to these ears, the set bogs down is in its most fundamentally important aspect—that is, in the selection of song materials, every one of which is so inoffensively bland or so cautiously imitative of current pop song conventions as to be all but faceless. A more thoroughly trivial, tepid selection of ditties could perhaps be conceived only by co-producers Page, who between them are responsible for four of the nine musical banalities offered here. The music's sole virtue is that of consistency, so much so that the whole album tends to fuse in the listener's mind into one glutinous mass, each track oozing imperceptibly into the next. I defy any listener to try to remember any of the tunes after listening to the album in its entirety: it just can't be done. Turrentine, for his part, plays throughout with what might be described as perfunctory intensity, one eye on the chord sheets, the other on the accounting ledgers, and thus gives the music no more than its due.

One can only hope that the saxophonist, discovering he's made a wrong turning, speedily extricates himself from this particular cul de sac. He's been given the wrong set of maps: either that or his guides have misled him. —welding

VARIOUS ARTISTS

JAZZ—Mainstream 408: *Valerie; Quien Sabe; Miscegenation; Dark Mood.*

Personnel: Blue Mitchell, trumpet, flugelhorn; Herman Riley, tenor sax, flute; Freddy Robinson, guitar; Joe Sample, keyboards; Darrell Clayborn, bass guitar; Ray Pounds, John Guerin, drums (track 1); Hadley Caliman, flute; John White, Jr., guitar; Larry Vuckovich, piano; Bill Douglas, bass; Clarence Becton, drums (track 2); Woody Shaw, Eddie Henderson, trumpets; Buddy Terry, tenor & soprano saxes, flute; Joanne Brackeen, keyboards; Stanley Clarke, bass; Billy Hart, drums; Mtume, congas; Airto Moreira, percussion (track 3); Harold Land, tenor sax; Bobby Hutcherson, vibraphone; Bill Henderson, keyboards; Buster Williams, electric bass; Hart, drums (track 4).

★ ½

Mainstream is sometimes a class outfit, but somebody went to sleep on this one. There's no reason for this album: no unity to it, nothing of compelling interest in the music on it, no care in the production. Even the liner is a rush job—poor artwork and horribly mislabeled personnel. The listing above is an approximation, since, for example, Caliman is listed on tenor on the jacket, but there's no tenor on *Quien*. But there is a flute, who must be Caliman, and there is a trumpet, who could be anyone. There seems to be only one trumpet on *Miscegenation*, probably Shaw, and no extra percussion audible on the track,

nor on *Mood*, which is supposed to have a conga.

The only plausible assumption is that these were leftover tracks from other sessions—clearly not the best tracks, either.

As for the record: Guerin is good on *Valerie*, assuming that the kinky rhythmic turnarounds are his. Robinson does his usual fine job, too, soloing crisply and throwing in some lovely counterpoint to the main riff. The other soloists are banal. Caliman, or the Mystery Flautist, is okay on *Quien*, but it's only a three-minute cut.

Brackeen, a new voice, bears listening: *Miscegenation* is well written, and her solo, though obviously indebted to McCoy and Herbie, is nicely constructed. And Clarke is too much! A gorgeous, fast, melodic, whimsical solo that moves all over the bass and centers around some imaginative three- and four-note, alternately ascending and descending upper register patterns. This gives the solo a coherence that it should not logically have, being so rapid and so free. Kudos, as they used to say.

Land and Hutcherson do well on *Mood*; Land, the leader, is a fine journeyman reed player and Hutcherson is, with Gary Burton, the premier vibist now active. Dig his solo, over the basic 6 of the tune, which the rhythm, particularly Williams, plays just slightly behind the beat to produce a provocative suspension. Hutcherson makes good use of spaces at the beginning and end of his solo, and the middle is dense with intriguing clusters and original figures. Not his best playing ever, but worth more than passing notice. Henderson's solo is boring, the left hand remaining far too closely tied to the chord changes stated on the beat, but he ends it with a gassy bass figure. This is the best of the four cuts on the album.

The album has its moments, and every major player on it is a contributing voice in the current scene. But each has been heard to better advantage elsewhere, and deserves a more considered and better crafted setting than this. —heineman

HERB ELLIS/JOE PASS

TWO FOR THE ROAD—Pablo 2310 714: *Love For Sale; Carnival; Am I Blue; Seven Come Eleven; Guitar Blues; Lady Be Good; Cherokee (Concept 1 And 2); Seulu; Gee, Baby Ain't I Good To You; Try A Little Tenderness; I've Found A New Baby; Angel Eyes.*

Personnel: Ellis, guitar; Pass, guitar.

★ ★ ★ ★

CHARLIE BYRD

BYRD BY THE SEA—Fantasy F-9466: *Wave; I'm Coming Virginia; Killing Me Softly; Fantasy In B Minor; Salty Dog; Chiquilin De Bachin; Norwegian Wood; Ela.*

Personnel: Byrd, guitar; Joe Byrd, acoustic and electric bass; Bertell Knox, drums.

★ ★ ½

Good jazz guitar is a joy forever, and it's encouraging to see so many new albums exploring the talents of such leading practitioners of the art as Ellis, Pass, Byrd, Kessel, et al.

These two particular albums provide some interesting contrasts, both in individual styles and overall concepts.

Herb Ellis and Joe Pass are a formidable team, and guitar freaks should have a ball with their duo session. Equally adept at easy-going blues and uptempo swingers, they

breeze through 13 numbers with seemingly effortless precision, taking turns playing lead-line and backup guitar.

But as Ellis points out in his own liner notes, "the guitarist who is playing background for the soloist has to fill up the vacuum for a whole rhythm section, which is a rather large assignment." At times, even the beautiful interaction between these two guitarists seems to be lacking something—a foundation which would enable them to work even more freely than they do here.

There's a lot of great music here, including a pair of takes on *Cherokee* that constitute a double-knockout. But it seems to me that these two guitarists plus a rhythm section would be even better.

Charlie Byrd, on the other hand, works so well with his superb colleagues (Joe Byrd on bass, Bertell Knox on drums) that the three musicians seem to be playing under one master-hand.

If only Byrd's lead were more inspired! He is a superb technician, but a pedestrian improviser. In concert he always includes at least one piece by Vivaldi, which invariably brings down the house, because he's a fine classical guitarist, and such a selection involves note-for-note performance. Similarly, his thematic statements on tunes like *Wave* and *Killing Me Softly* are lovely to hear, but the rest of these five-minute-plus performances are just uninteresting vamps. He fares best, as he always has, with Brazilian material, and wisely includes several such numbers in this set.

So, somewhere along the road to perfection, we have two albums that fall somewhat short, but still present great guitar talents. The rest is personal taste. —*multin*

GAP MANGIONE

AND THE KIDS CALL IT BOOGIE—Sagoma 751: *Love's Theme; This Masquerade; Please Send Me Someone To Love; And The Kids Call It Boogie; A Little Blues Never Hurt Anybody; In My Yellow Camper Bus; Samba De Orfeu; She And I; Things Ain't What They Used To Be; Love I, A.M.*

Personnel: Mangione, piano, synthesizer; Tony Levin, electric bass; Steve Gadd, drums; Ron Davis, percussion.

A pleasant, unambitious set of easy-listening mood jazz that veers between funk and schmaltz, with a taste of pianist Mangione's somewhat condescending (or at least simplistic) view of contemporary pop music mixed in as well. Just about everything in the album is diluted in one way or another: the funk pieces, for example, sound like discarded items from a Junior Mance date of no particular distinction, the ballads come off saccharine rather than romantic, the synthesizer pieces derive from Billy Preston, and so on. In short, a typical program of cocktail lounge jazz-flavored music that is to be listened to rather than to and, as such, is fine for party or other background-music use. —*welding*

THE TRAMMPS

TRAMMPS—Golden Fleece (CBS) KZ 33163: *Stop And Think; Trusting Heart; Every Dream I Dream Is You; Love Epidemic; Save A Place; Trammps Disco Theme; Where Do We Go From Here; Down Three Dark Streets; I Know That Feeling; Shout.*

Backed by Philadelphia's MFSB studio band and produced by Gamble & Huff veterans Ron Baker, Norman Harris and Earl Young, the Trammps come off sounding now and then like Archie Bell and the Drells (*Stop*

And Think) and a toned down Harold Melvin and the Blue Notes (*Trusting Heart*). But more than anything, one feels throughout this disco-geared album that despite the many qualities a Philadelphia production ensures these days, the Trammps have not been recorded to their fullest advantage here. In fact, the group's vocal abilities make them much more than the lightweight disco-band they have been marketed as since they made the switch from Buddah.

The current disco fever has no doubt helped a lot of recording acts, but other groups of more substantial talent like the Trammps and the B. T. Express, for example (with whom the Trammps seem to share the reputation of being the number one disco group), may be short-changing themselves on a novelty career in the hope of a fast visible buck and the typical pop music belief of acting like there is no tomorrow.

Trammps is a pleasant enough album, to be sure, with *Trusting Heart* and *Where Do We Go From Here* as the outstanding cuts. But remembering the group's striking cover version of *Zing Went The Strings Of My Heart*, one cannot help being somewhat disappointed at this collection of danceable, but decidedly pop tunes. —*gabel*

PLEASURE

DUST YOURSELF OFF—Fantasy 9473: *Dust Yourself Off; Reality; My Love; Midnight At The Oasis; Music Is My Life; Plastic People; Bouncy Lady; What Is Slick; Straight Ahead.*

Personnel: Marlon McClain, guitar, vocal; Dennis Springer, tenor sax; Dan Brewster, trombone, vocal; Nathaniel Phillips, electric bass, vocal; Bruce Carter, drums; Bruce Smith, percussion, vocal; Donal Hepburn, vocal; Sherman Davis, lead vocal. Addi-

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"But I have only two arms," sighed
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"On a Fender!" smiled the Cater-
pillar. "Or two or three. I should much
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"And of course," Alice sang out...
"9 out of 10 pick a Fender bass!"

"I am precisely three inches high!"
said the Caterpillar, "though I frequently
become much higher."
"With that magic mushroom?"
Alice asked eagerly.
"With music!" retorted the Cater-
pillar, conjuring visions of Fender
guitars and matching amplifiers. "I
play inhumanly hot licks on my
Stratocaster and back myself with
everything else!"

tional personnel—Joe Sample, keyboards, synthesizer; Thara Memory, Dick Burdell, trumpet; Dan Mason, baritone saxophone.

★ 1/2

Crusader member Wayne Henderson, producer of this album, is quoted in the liner credits as stating, "Pleasure is the greatest new band on earth." Now, as producer, Wayne presumably has had the benefit of close and prolonged association with the group, so maybe he knows something I don't. At this point all I know of Pleasure is this album, the band's first, and frankly I just don't hear it. It's a pleasant enough set of rhythmically strong, riff-based music and, as such, is fine dancing and partying music. But to style this tame, vastly toned-down version of such a genuinely interesting, often outrageous band as Earth, Wind and Fire as "the greatest new band on earth" seems to be overdoing it just a bit. Further, it unfairly handicaps the band by asserting a claim to which they cannot live up. Not at this stage of development, at any rate.

Pleasure's instrumental work, as the title track illustrates, is crisp and even professional sounding, with a tight rhythm section sound as the foundation. But having noted this, there's not much else to talk about. The lead vocals are competent, but just barely so, and only if you don't object to their all having been reduced to a kind of chantlike delivery of very limited melodic compass. The background vocals are functional in much the same way. Weakest of all, the link on which the chain breaks are the song materials, possessing little in the way of melodic or harmonic interest and further saddled with lyrics that at best are mere slogans. At worst, well, the less said the better. I could cite a few of the more embarrassingly "profound" of them but I'm not really into the sadism/masochism trip, thank you. Their desultory version of *Midnight At The Oasis*, toneless yelp of a vocal and all, is a ray of melodic sunshine and lyric intelligence in comparison; at least it's a song!

Potentially this is a good band; all it needs is a producer who can provide help in its area of greatest need—good, strong, interesting songs. But that's a great deficiency, the chief reason this set fails.

—welding

GLADYS KNIGHT & THE PIPS

A LITTLE KNIGHT MUSIC—Motown S6-74451: *In The Middle Of The Road*; *Come Together*; *All We Need Is A Miracle*; *No One Could Love You More*; *Don't Tell Me I'm Crazy*; *Sugar Sugar*; *Can You Give Me Love With A Guarantee*; *I Hate Myself For Loving You*; *Put A Little Love In Your Heart*.

★

Another cynical album release of cuts from the waste basket intended by Motown to cash in on its former group's current popularity on another label. Actually, these tracks represent nothing so much as a reminder of the primary reason why Gladys Knight & the Pips left Motown: lack of rights to select their material. The group is probably embarrassed to see this album make its automatic chart position.

All songs are performed professionally, as could be expected from this most professional group. However, that is all. There is none of the involvement and conviction of delivery we have come to take for granted from Gladys Knight when the material is right. But with four of the LP's seven "new" songs (*No One Could Love You More* and *Love With a*

Guarantee are previous releases) being totally mischosen non-Jobete cover versions and the other three by the often interesting team of Pamela Sawyer and Gloria Jones mere routine work, the singer really did not have anything to inspire her. Small wonder that these recordings were originally discarded.

—gabel

OLD WINE— NEW BOTTLES

CLAUDE THORNHILL

THE MEMORABLE CLAUDE THORNHILL—Columbia 32906: *Snowfall*; *Hungarian Dance No. 5*; *Traumerai*; *Portrait Of A Guinea Farm*; *Where Or When*; *Night And Day*; *Grieg's Piano Concerto*; *There's A Small Hotel*; *I Don't Know Why*; *Moonlight Bay*; *Buster's Last Stand*; *Moments Like This*; *A Sunday Kind Of Love*; *Warsaw Concerto*; *Anthropology*; *Robbin's Nest*; *Lover Man*; *Donna Lee*; *For Heaven's Sake*; *Yardbird Suite*.

Personnel: not listed.

★ ★ ★ 1/2

Some bands you hear are out to knock 'em dead with the first blow. Wow, you say, what a band. Others sneak in through the rear door of your mind and linger on the threshold of your consciousness. Their music may seem forgettable, but later on you discover you've been haunted by a vaguely emotional atmosphere.

That's the way it is with much of the Thornhill music heard here. It's music marked by lush woodwinds, occasionally suggesting strains of Glenn Miller. But moody and abstract one moment, shrill and stabbing the next, as in *Hungarian Dance*. It is music marked by rich voicings, using combinations of muted brass and reeds, as in Gil Evans' starkly simple 1942 chart of *Small Hotel* or Thornhill's charts of *Where Or When* and *Night And Day*. There is a unity of style and feeling achieved here that never becomes a formula operation.

The band could swing too, lightly and subtly as on Evans' *Anthropology*, one of the album's best offerings, with Lee Konitz's alto prominently featured. The gentle *Robbin's Nest* and Evans' *Yardbird* are further delights. Thornhill slows Charlie Parker's Indiana-based *Donna Lee* to a crawl and uses it as a piano vehicle.

Claude's spare, witty piano, occasionally Basic-like in its spacey architecture, is the major element in the distinct mood the band achieved. But this band was dependent on no single soloist. This was an ensemble in the best jazz tradition. Truly, a band with a sound.

—mcdonough

DUKE ELLINGTON

THE WORLD OF DUKE ELLINGTON—VOL. 2—Columbia KG 33341: *The Clothed Woman*; *New York City Blues*; *Let's Go Blues*; *Creole Love Call*; *The Greatest There Is*; *Suibor*; *Joog Joog*; *Good Woman Blues*; *On The Sunny Side Of The Street*; *B Sharp Boston*; *Build That Railroad*; *Love You Madly*; *Great Times*; *Fancy Dan*; *The Hawk Talks*; *V.I.P.'s Boogie*; *Jam With Sam*; *Monologue (Pretty And The Wolf)*; *Ting-A-Ling*; *The Eighth Veil*. Recorded 1947-51.

Collective personnel: Ellington, piano (narration, track 18); Harold Baker, Dave Burns, Al Kilian, Nelson Williams, Cat Anderson, Fats Ford, trumpets; Ray Nance, trumpet, violin; Lawrence Brown, Tyree Glenn, Quentin Jackson, Juan Tizol, Britt Woodman, Mercer Ellington, French horn; Russell Procope, Johnny Hodges, Willie Smith, Jimmy

Hamilton, Paul Gonsalves, Al Sears, Charlie Rouse, Jimmy Forrest, Harry Carney, reeds; Junior Raglin, Wendell Marshall, bass; Sonny Greer, Louis Bellson, drums; Kay Davis, Yvonne Lanauze, Lu Elliott, Al Hibbler, vocals.

★ ★ ★ ★

The second set in the series exploring Ellington's 1947-52 output for Columbia strikes a better balance between the essential and the ephemeral than the first.

Unevenness of quality is inherent in a project of this sort, but I can't agree with John McDonough (who reviewed the first volume in these pages) that only the cream should be skimmed from the available material. On the contrary, I'd like to see everything included. So far, quite a few titles, both issued and previously unreleased, have been skipped—unless a departure from chronological sequencing is planned for future releases.

Far from being a disservice to the band's reputation (as McDonough claims), the inclusion of the lesser pieces helps to put Ellington's total *oeuvre* in proper perspective. Did he record a turkey like *Joog Joog* because it was forced on him (unlikely, since both words and music are credited to him), thought he should (Duke never shied away from commercialism, one reason why he led a band for 50 years), or wanted to? Annotator Stanley Dance thinks it's a satire; I wish I could agree. Whatever the answer, we do need to know that the band performed this kind of stuff, as well as masterpieces. And Duke sure knew how to dress up trifles!

Specialists will already know some of the more esoteric items here from the two French CBS LPs, *Monologue* and *Primping For The Prom*, but will want the previously unissued *Let's Go* (an impromptu blues with brief solos, including one by Kilian; *The Greatest* (also a blues, with expendable vocal but nice Baker and Hamilton spots; and *Great Times* (again the blues, all instrumental, with fine Nance fiddle and good Gonsalves among the solos). Also rare is *Ting-A-Ling*, previously issued only in England. This nice Bellson-Charlie Shavers chart features a trumpet spot that sounds more like Nelson Williams than Nance to me. (Nance plays only on *Hawk*—the only missing solo credit in the thorough, expert notes.)

Hawk is a highlight of the album, indicative of the changes that took place in early '51: the departure of veterans Hodges, Brown and Greer; the arrival of Smith, Woodman and Bellson; and the return of Tizol. These changes ushered in a new peak period in the band's history, to bear fruit in the Newport triumph of 1956. But peak or no, this was always a special band.

The two first tracks are among the relatively rare showcases for the Ellington piano. *Woman* is a delightful piece of whimsy, totally original in conception. Pianistically, the middle section is pure Willie The Lion Smith. *New York* is Duke at his most lushly romantic. Others (save Strayhorn, the master at it) entered this rarified realm at their aesthetic peril, but Duke (not unlike Sidney Bechet in his fashion) got away with it.

For another aspect of the maestro, there is *Monologue*, a modern fable for narrator and woodwind ensemble. *Jam With Sam* seems incomplete without Duke's introductions of the soloists, but this first version has a marvelous opening statement by the still underrated Baker. And speaking of opening statements, hear Carney's on *V.I.P.'s*. Nance's warmth and passion are consistently in evi-

dence; he is certainly a prime candidate for Most Valuable Player throughout this set, which documents a difficult period for big bands and reveals some reasons why Ellington weathered it so successfully.

—morgenstern

COLEMAN HAWKINS

SIRIUS—Pablo 2310 707: *Man I Love*; *Don't Blame Me*; *Just A Gigolo*; *The One I Love*; *Time On My Hands*; *Sweet And Lovely*; *Exactly Like You*; *Street Of Dreams*; *Sugar*.

Personnel: Hawkins, tenor; Barry Harris, piano; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Ed Locke, drums.

★ ★ ½

This is Coleman Hawkins' last studio-made LP. Norman Granz produced it just prior to a nationwide JATP tour, of which Bean was a part. That was in early 1967. Some concert recordings were made during that tour, and

they'll be coming out on future Pablo albums. But for practical purposes, this represents the end of Hawkins' career as an active recording musician. He died two and a half years later.

The great saxophonist's grasp of time at medium and up tempos had slipped considerably since a previous LP in March 1965 (Impulse AS-87). On *Man I Love* particularly, his tendency to slur his phrases and stumble on triplets is painfully in the open. His constructions, too, are fragmented and broken. The long, flashing lines and surging cadence are not to be heard. *Exactly Like You*, the only other non-ballad treatment on the LP, swings with surprising agility and offers some memorable transmutations of the familiar melody. But much of Hawkins' instrumental command and quickness of mind appears eroded.

The remaining seven tracks are slow ballads, a form in which Hawkins' shortcomings are less evident. Save for a thickness of tone and a slightly diminished control over timbre, these selections play well. Nothing especially fresh here, but their rich romanticism and occasionally sweeping phraseology make them worthy additions to Bean's great discography.

Barry Harris, a frequent associate of Bean's in the '60s, provides the LP's high spot during his long opening solo on *Man I Love*. Beautifully constructed and articulated, it's the work of a master.

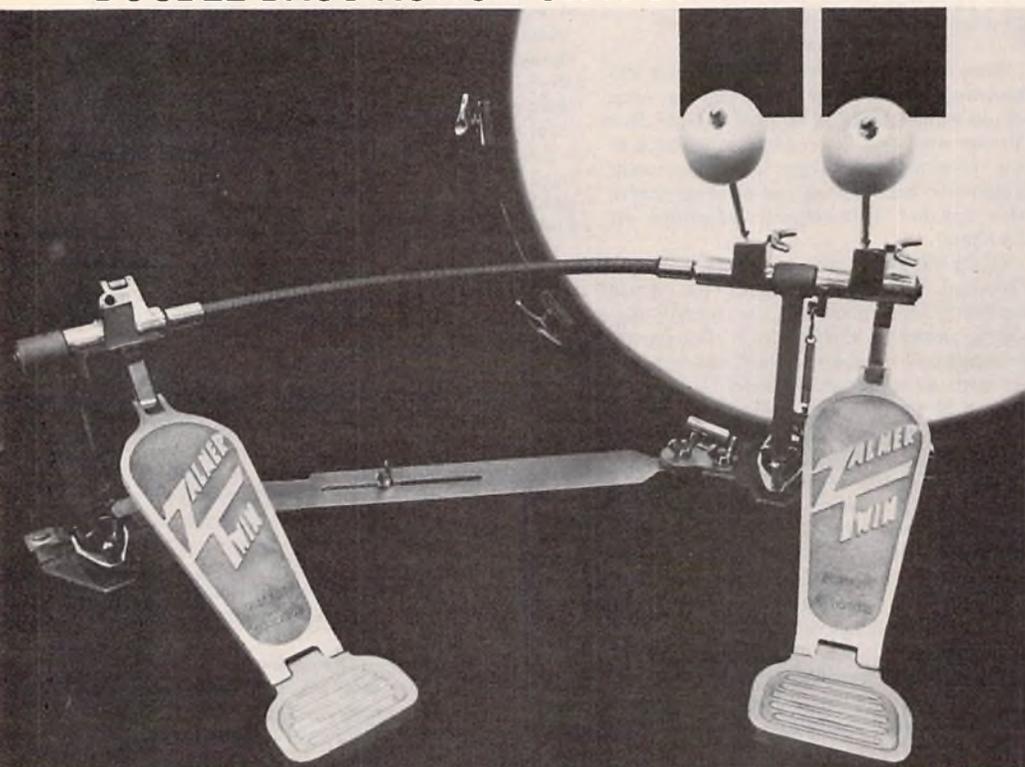
One could give this record four or five stars, I suppose, but that wouldn't be looking the facts in the eye. It would be the sort of sentimental clap-trap Bean would scorn with a deep, throaty grunt. It would also be a disservice to his really great records.

—mcdonough

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LITTLE WALTER

CONFESSIN' THE BLUES—Chess (GRT) CHV 416: *It Ain't Right*; *Rocker*; *I Got To Find My Baby*; *Lights Out*; *One More Chance With You*; *Crazy Legs*; *Temperature*; *I Got To Go*; *Crazy Mixed-Up World*; *Quarter To Twelve*; *Confessin' The Blues*; *The Toddle*; *Up The Line*; *Rock Bottom*; *Mean Old Frisco*.

Personnel: Little Walter Jacobs, vocal, harmonica; Louis Myers, David Myers, Robert Lockwood, Luther Tucker, Freddie Robinson, Muddy Waters, Buddy Guy, guitars; Jarrett Gibson, baritone sax; Otis Spann, Lafayette Leake, piano; Billy Emerson, organ; Willie Dixon, Jack Myers, bass; Fred Below, George Hunter, Al Duncan, drums.

★ ★ ★ ½

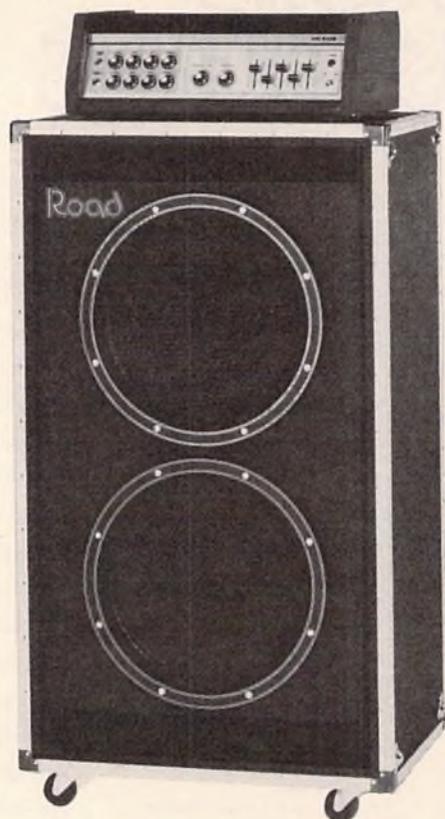
On the basis of his LP reissues' Walter is certainly the most significant, and most musically successful, of electric-era Chicago bluesmen. If Muddy Waters and Howlin' Wolf had more natural performing value, they also were plagued by erratic material, inconsistent bands, and sometimes their own bad taste. Walter's harmonica improvisations proved him the most musically inventive of the three, and though his pinched tenor voice had only about an octave's range at best, his singing nonetheless occasionally equalled the power of his peers.

This collection is 1953-59 stuff, with one 1963 track. The rhythm section is usually Lockwood, one of the Myers brothers, Dixon and Below, and there's a unity of approach overall that compensates for Walter's overall extravagance. Best of all are the six solo harmonica tracks. The slow ones, *Lights* and *Quarter*, try to recapture the success of his famous *Blue Lights* without the recording engineer's trickery. The faster solos find Walter and the guitarist alternating lead, and it is to Walter's credit that he swings fluently through and beyond Muddy's absurd *Rock Bottom* line. *The Toddle* is a gem, tightly controlled duets with Walter and guitar, then guitar and Spann, then one of those one-chord improvisations that Walter loved.

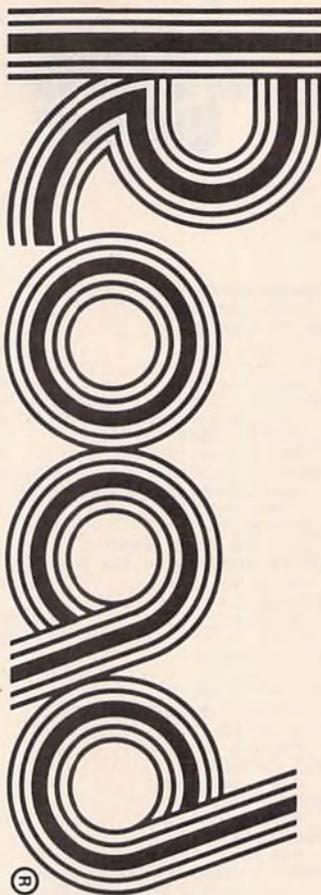
Contrary to some critics, I find no jazz elements in his blues style except those shared by dozens of other blues guitarists, saxophonists and pianists. It is precisely this discovery of personal elements in the common vocabulary of instrumental blues that makes Walter so remarkable. He was incapable of thinking beyond 4-measure units, so solos are sometimes disjointed collections of 4-measure sequences, but within those confines the spontaneity of line and strength of structure were singular: in my experience, only Walter's disciple James Cotton could approach his skill.

On the other hand, sometimes the heat of

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performance could inspire him to unify solos and vocal-harmonica pieces. *Find My Baby* is an outstanding example ("I'm going to walk the floor 'til my moustache drags the ground/I got to find my baby, see what she's putting down"), but there are other delights: a chorus in *Temperature*, the harmonica beginning of *Crazy Mixed-Up*, the marvelous inflection of his instrument throughout, especially in the slow pieces. His singing is best in fast songs, where there aren't many words to clutter the vocal line (he stumbles on words in *One More Chance*, for example), but I love the way he shouts, "Well, baby!" in *Confessin'* (not quite the McShann song), and, despite befouling the changes, his version of Arthur Crudup's *Frisco*: "Well, that mean old Frisco, and that low-down Santa Fe, Took away my baby, and blew smoke back at me . . ."

Marvelous! The finest Little Walter by far is included in Chess 60014, but his was a powerful musical spirit, and this collection is another valuable memorial. —litweiler

BENNY GOODMAN

SOLID GOLD INSTRUMENTAL HITS—Columbia PG 33405: *Six Flats Unfurnished*; *Something New*; *Air Mail Special*; *Scarecrow*; *Superman*; *Clarinet A La King*; *Clarinate*; *Love Walked In*; *Moonlight On The Ganges*; *String Of Pearls*; *Mission To Moscow*; *Jersey Bounce*; *The Earl*; *Birth Of The Blues*; *Pound Ridge*; *Idaho*; *My Little Cousin*; *Time On My Hands*; *Fiesta In Blue*; *The Count*.

Personnel: Goodman, clarinet; Jimmy Maxwell, Cootie Williams, Irving Goodman, Alec Fila, Billy Butterfield, Al Davis, Bernie Previn, Lawrence Stearns, Tony Faso, Vince Badale, Al Cuozzo, Stan Fishelson, trumpets; Lou McGarity, Charlie Castaldo, Cutty Cutshall, Trummy Young, Sy Shaefter, Bill Pritchard, trombones; Les Robinson, Jerry Jerome, Jim Horvath, George Auld, Hymie Schertzer, Pete Mandello, Skip Martin, Bud Shiffman, Gus Bivona, Bob Poland, Jack Henderson, Clint Neagley, Vido Musso, George Berg, Chuck Gentry, Bill Shine, Aaron Sachs, Stan Kosow, Al Epstein, Dan Blank, Sol Kane, Art Ralston, saxes; Mel Powell, Teddy Wilson, Johnny Guarneri, Bernie Leighton, Charlie Queener, piano; Mike Bryan, Dave Barbour, Tom Morgan, guitar; Cliff Hill, Art Bernstein, Morty Stuhlmaker, John Simmons, Clyde Lombardi, Sid Weiss, bass; Hud Davies, Jo Jones, Dave Tough, Harry Jaeger, Sid Catlett, Morey Feld, Ralph Collier, drums; Richard Maltby, Eddie Sauter, Jimmy Mundy, Buster Harding, Mel Powell, Don Kirkpatrick, arrangers.

★ ★ ★ ★

Benny Goodman made many superb recordings for Columbia in the '40s, and a great many of them are on this two LP set. The arrangements by Mel Powell (*Clarinate*, *The Earl*, *The Count*, *Jersey Bounce*) and Eddie Sauter (*Superman*, *Moonlight*, *Time*, *Something*) are among the most striking big band charts of the period, rivaled only by Duke Ellington. Their use of unusual orchestral color, their unique combining of sections, their ability to swing but yet constantly startle the ear, all assure their acceptance today.

And when the band swings into its more traditional posture, it does it with bite and a full-throated roar (*Air Mail*, *Pearls*). Dig *Pound Ridge*, an almost impromptu-sounding jam session-like piece with Benny and Cootie Williams and Sid Catlett all in a mood to play. Benny brought things out of Cootie that just don't appear on the Ellingtons.

For the collectors, there are five unissued masters (*Superman*, *A La King*, *Blues*, *Cousin*, *Time*). For the rest of us, there's some exceptional and seldom heard instrumental music (only two vocals) that succeeds in overcoming Teo Macero's shoddy reissue production (distorted sound, parsimonious programming). Benny and Russ Connor provide informative liner notes. —mcdonough

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Jimmy Witherspoon



VERYL OAKLAND

by lee underwood

In 1952 blues singer Jimmy Witherspoon reigned triumphant with *Tain't Nobody's Business*, followed by *No Rollin Blues* and *Big Fine Girl*. Today, for the first time in over 21 years, the 53-year-old blues-belter has another new hit on his hands, *Love Is A Five Letter Word*, with both the LP and the single riding high in the national charts.

Born in Gurdon, Arkansas in 1923, Spoon began singing in church at age seven. He joined the Merchant Marines in 1941, heard Joe Turner sing *Jump For Joy* with Duke Ellington, and from that moment on sang the blues himself.

He joined the Jay McShann Band in 1944 and stayed for four years. 1952 brought *Tain't Nobody's Business* and stardom. Through the years, Jimmy has recorded over 30 albums and 500 singles, performing with such jazz luminaries as Miles Davis, Gerry Mulligan, Ben Webster, Coleman Hawkins, Count Basie, Woody Herman, Red Garland, and John Coltrane.

He was given no previous information about the records played.

1. MUDDY WATERS. *Just A Dream (On My Mind)* (from *Muddy Waters Sings "Big Bill,"* Chess). McKinley Morganfield (Muddy Waters), vocals; Big Bill Broonzy, composer; other personnel not listed.

That was an old Big Bill Broonzy tune. It sounded like Otis Spann on piano, Cotton on harmonica, Mr. Morganfield on vocal, better known as Muddy Waters.

What can I say about Muddy? I got to give it five stars. This man is phenomenal. There's very few things that I don't dig about Muddy Waters. Give it five.

2. WAR. *Get Down* (from *War Live!*, United Artists). Lee Oskar, harmonica; Harold Brown, drums; B. B. Dickerson, bass; Howard Scott, guitar.

That's War. This one- or two-bar thing they're doing, they're the greatest group that ever done this, and not because we've been associated in the past.

It's a shame that as many records as they sold, they wasn't recognized in all the Grammy Awards. That was because they didn't do too many personal appearances.

War is undoubtedly the greatest group that has ever done this type of thing in my lifetime. I give 'em five stars.

B. B. Dickerson on bass, he's one of the greatest young bass players I've ever heard.

3. MAHAVISHNU JOHN McLAUGHLIN. *Eternity's Breath—Part 2* (from *Visions Of The Emerald Beyond*, Columbia). Mahavishnu, composer.

I can't understand why they can associate any part of this with jazz—I don't care who it is. You wonder why they don't have jazz clubs today, and it's because a person can't pat their foot anymore. For a man to take his girl out to hear something like that is ridiculous. I don't give it nothin'. I don't know who it is, and don't care. It's horrible. I would hate to take my worst enemy out to hear something like this. So who was it?

db: This was Mahavishnu John McLaughlin.

Witherspoon: I figured that's who it was—the Dutchman, the Scotsman.

db: He's English.

Witherspoon: I think it's horrible. I don't say it's not music. I say it's not jazz. Maybe it's English music! But it's not American jazz.

4. ELLA FITZGERALD AND JOE PASS. *Gee, Baby, Ain't I Good To You* (from *Take Love Easy*, Pablo). Recorded 1973. Ella Fitzgerald, vocal; Joe Pass, guitar.

Whoever that is sure digs Carmen McRae. I love this tune. I've heard Jimmy Rushing do it for a long time. But I don't know, some of it I didn't really dig. It's hard to work with just guitar. I'd rate that about three, because they need a rhythm section.

db: That was Ella Fitzgerald, with Joe Pass on guitar.

Witherspoon: You're kidding! I kinda thought that was Joe Pass, but it didn't sound too much like Ella. That was recorded a long time ago, wasn't it? It sounds like an old record. You know, you can tune a horn up by Ella. But as great as she is, she's still not a blues singer.

5. TIM BUCKLEY. *Look At The Fool* (from *Look At The Fool*, Warner Bros.). Tim Buckley, vocal; Joe Falsia, guitar and arrangement.

I don't know who that is. Whoever it is should of stayed in church a little bit longer to learn how to bend those blue notes and learn how to sing "Lord, Lord" and "Yeah" and "No." Those things are hard to do. It takes experience. I'd give him one star. It was getting monotonous, a little bit boring around the end.

db: That was Tim Buckley.

Witherspoon: Yeah—it was probably recorded right here in this studio. That would be Joe Falsia who did the arranging. He used to play guitar with me. Buckley is trying to sing a feeling, a soul feeling, and I think you got to know how to say those words. I think one of these days I'll maybe start a school or something, teach people how to say "Yes" and "Lord, Lord," because it's very corny the way a lot of people use words when they're trying to sing a blues or a soulful tune. They're trying to use black rhetoric. And some blacks can't use it, not just whites.

db: You think he was trying to sound black?

Witherspoon: He definitely was. Oh, yeah. But if you get a feeling, you get a feeling. Like Jack Teagarden, he sang, but he sounded like Jack Teagarden. When he sang the blues he didn't try to sound black. And he sang the blues. He sounded just like he talked, too. That's what's important. Nobody has to try to use rhetoric in order to put over a tune, whether it be black, white, grey, or indifferent.

6. ETTA JAMES. *Out On The Streets Again* (from *Come A Little Closer*, Chess). Etta James, vocal.

I don't know who that is. I know it's contemporary music. I can hear some of the things that Sly and the Family Stone, Isaac Hayes, and War all started, this whole new concept of playing two and three chords all the way through.

I may be a little old, but I dig contemporary music. I don't dig this old, nostalgic blues or jazz or whatever, but I wasn't into this song at all.

db: This was Etta James.

Witherspoon: That's not the Etta James that I know. I give her about three stars. You know, she sings more. That wasn't enough vocal for her. For a vocalist to be identified, they have to start in like two or four bars into the song. It was too long before she come in singing. I think she lost it there.

7. MICHAL URBANIAK. *Kama—Part II* (from *Atma*, Columbia). Urszula Dudziak, vocal.

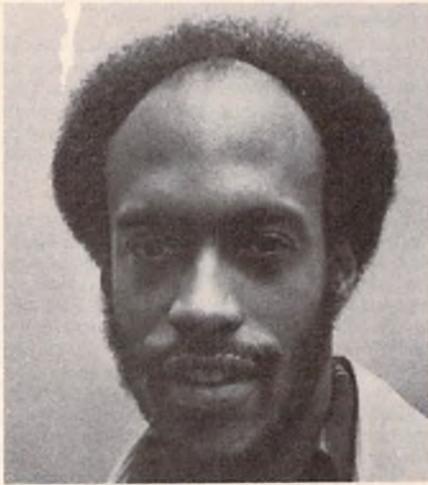
That sound like a modern take off on Lambert, Hendricks and Ross! Very fast. Takes a very good voice to do that. I don't know who it is, but it's very good. It's hard to do that. I gotta give 'em four stars for the effort.

That's the first time I've heard singing like that done that modern. That's a new area for me. I liked it because it wasn't too long. It was a little tasty. There's a lot of talent there, and if it's good, I'll say it. I don't care who it is. If it's good, I'll say it. Four stars.

db

Profile

ERIC GRAVATT



G.A. GUSTAFSON

by bob protzman

Eric Kamau Gravatt has achieved a considerable amount of recognition and success without really devoting himself fully to his music, and now that the drummer's ready to concentrate on his musical career, there's no telling how far he'll go.

Gravatt, a 28-year-old native of Philadelphia, probably is known to most people as a former sideman with pianist McCoy Tyner and with the jazz/rock group, Weather Report. Now a resident of Minneapolis, Gravatt is the drummer with probably the best-known Twin Cities jazz group, Natural Life.

But Gravatt is really much more than a drummer. He's a 20th century Renaissance man with many interests and abilities, high intelligence, a keen wit; a deep man with a lot to say and a knack for saying it well; a man of humility but not false modesty; a man who puts himself and his music in perspective.

As is the case with more and more athletes in the United States these days, musicians are more able and willing to talk about things other than music. With Gravatt, it's tough getting the discussion around to music. His background explains why this is so.

When Gravatt got out of Philadelphia's Germantown High School (same school attended by Archie Shepp, says Gravatt), he went to Cheyney State College, where he majored in philosophy and minored in English literature. After a year there, he transferred to Howard University in Washington, D.C., mostly because an existentialist teacher—a Miss Blumenthal—was recommended to him.

It was 1967 (the year John Coltrane died, Gravatt recalls), and the country, especially the college campuses, was in turmoil. Howard University, along with Berkeley, was one of the first and worst hot spots. Soon after Gravatt arrived, Miss Blumenthal and a couple other professors were fired. Although he was disappointed, Gravatt found many other things at Howard—as it turned out, too many things—to do. He got into announcing for public television, acted in a play for NET, composed the music for a play, and even found time to get into a little political activity.

There were too many "diversions and distractions," he says, and his grade average dropped from a hefty 3.5 at Cheyney to 2.8 at Howard. He left in 1969, needing 28 hours to graduate. He still needs 28 hours, and hopes to get it.

After leaving Howard, Gravatt went to work with the Art and Architecture Center in Washington, where, among other things, he taught conga drums (his first instrument) to children who were also studying African dance. It was about that time that Gravatt's career as musician got a big shot in the arm. Drummer Billy Hart, who had heard verbally about Gravatt, recommended him to McCoy Tyner, who auditioned and hired him. Gravatt spent about a year with Tyner, then was asked to join Weather Report. Bassist Miroslav Vitous was the connection here.

Before we go further, let's look at how Gravatt got this far. He didn't start studying traps until he was 16, although he'd been playing congas since he was about eight, working with dance groups in Philly. Gravatt studied traps with several musicians, two of whom stand out in his memory—Warren McLendon and J. R. Mitchell. "McLendon taught me always to practice at a slower tempo than I would normally play—that way, he said, it would be easier for me to speed things up when I had to. Mitchell I remember, because he was just a nice guy and a good teacher," says Gravatt. After graduation, Gravatt worked as part of a rhythm section in the New Century Ballroom, which had been converted to a concert hall. "We backed a lot of soloists who came through town," says Gravatt. The soloists were a Who's Who of Jazz in the '60s: Joe Henderson, Freddie Hubbard, Jackie McLean, Woody Shaw, Blue Mitchell, et al. "I worked at the Showboat, too (now the Bijou), with guys like Bernard Cook, a fine pianist in Tyner's mold (and also a fine painter), and Byard Lancaster, who played tenor, alto and flute—but mostly alto. My experience was limited in Philadelphia, though. I kind of sneaked in the back door in this business."

So, with a late start, no formal training, and not a helluva lot of experience, Gravatt still managed to become one of the fine drummers in jazz—and still pursue a multitude of other interests. Who influenced his style? "Anthony Williams. I really admire him. He's quite a virtuoso. But I like most of my contemporaries," Gravatt says. "A man named Eddie Campbell in Philly—an older man who played very tastefully a la Roy Haynes—was a big influence, too."

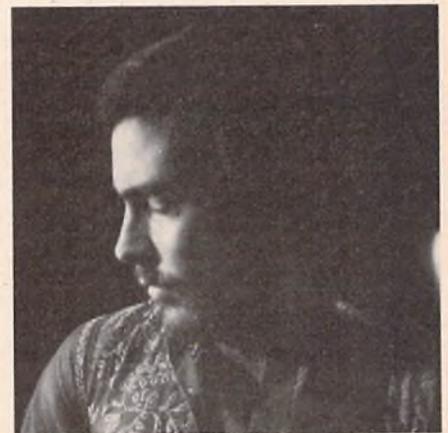
Gravatt uses possibly the smallest set among modern drummers—four drums, including a snare, floor and high tom-tom, and single-headed bass; and three cymbals, a ride, crash and sock. His ride cymbal is unusual in that it stands high and vertically to the floor, rather than horizontally. "I first saw that used by Frankie Dunlop in a picture in a jazz book five or six years ago. I was fascinated by the way it looked, so I tried it. I find it's easier for me to strike out than down—easier to attack the cymbal." I asked if reaching upward wasn't a problem. "At first it was uncomfortable. Now it only bothers me if I'm not putting out." "You have a built-in warning system then, huh?" "Yeah, it'll let me know," he laughs heartily. Gravatt points out that his vertical cymbal was used by another fairly well-known drummer, Kenny Clarke. "I found that out later, though."

How does Gravatt feel about living and working in Minneapolis with a group trying to establish itself? "Well, this period is tantamount to a race driver being in the pits. The cats called me. They were working, I wasn't. I was going to quit music after I left Weather Report, but when I got the call

to come here, it seemed to me it would be a chance to get back in the business." Is this a comedown? "Not at all. I'm impressed with the local guys," says Gravatt, who has been in Minneapolis since November, 1974. He finds the people "a little more optimistic" than elsewhere, thinks audiences are "receptive," and generally says of the Twin Cities area, "I dig it."

Although Gravatt has maintained his interest in philosophy (he's reading Chinese letters, diaries, and journals now) and writing (he's working on a screenplay), he intends to make those interests "avocative" (his word) and "put two feet in my music." He's writing music for an album and hopes to get in the studio this fall. He has the personnel for his group in mind, including a couple members of Natural Life as well as a female singer from St. Paul. "That's my first goal—to do an album as leader playing my music. Oliver Nelson convinced me when he was at Howard once that I should write. He said anyone who can hear it can write it." Gravatt's album will include vocals. "I want people to hear my views on life. I have some things I want to say. Besides, sometimes I'm put off by our music without lyrics. Most of my music will be from personal experiences, and there will be quite a few sad songs. No, make that love songs," he says. You can expect to hear Gravatt's voice, too, since he's been doing some singing and drumming with country and western groups at recording sessions in Sound 80 studios in Minneapolis. "Just uncovering my hidden talents," he laughs. After the album? "Depends on what kind of response the LP gets."

AL DIMEOLA



by charles mitchell

It's the old story, by now such a cliché that one wouldn't think it had a chance of being true in the competitive musical world of today. A young guitarist, practically inexperienced professionally, comes out of the blue to take his place in one of the most popular, and adept, fusion musical groups playing today, revealing himself to be a master technician with rapidly maturing musical ideas. The tale may be just a bit oversimplified, but it effectively sums up the story of Al DiMeola, the excellent young stringman with Return To Forever. Al has been with the band for over a year,

and has joined Chick Corea, Stanley Clarke, and Lenny White in the time of the group's greatest success.

"I was born in the year 1954, in July, so that puts me just shy of 21. I lived all my life in Bergenfield, New Jersey. I started playing guitar when I was about eight or nine, in the fourth grade. I played drums a little bit before guitar, but the Beatles really got me into the guitar. When I first started taking lessons, I knew that I was never going to quit, that I'd stick with it. I really meant it when I said it, because I wanted to play really well. I guess I don't have what you'd call a 'formal' background—no classical training or anything like that, not even a jazz school or a rock school of playing.

"I have big influences, though; my main man, really, is Chick. He was my biggest influence even before I joined the band. *The Song Of Singing* album on Blue Note was the first thing I heard by him, about six years ago. It was way out. At the time, I had even been playing some country things; I played pedal steel guitar at one time. But when I heard Miles' and Chick's new stuff, I knew right away that that was the new sound I wanted to get into.

"I didn't play a lot in bands as a teenager. I went to a lot of concerts, listened to a lot of records. Most of the other guys that played in my school days were into bands, but I wasn't into having a rock band. In June of '73, I found out from a friend of mine that Barry Miles was looking for a guitarist. I went down to the Bitter End in the Village (I was living in Boston, going to the Berklee school at the time) and auditioned. We played together for about six months, but we didn't gig very much. We did do Barry's *Fusion Suite* for NET with Joel Kaye's Neophonic Orchestra and Eric Kloss, which was a very good show.

"Chick had heard me play with Barry—I don't know if it was live or on a tape—and he called me up to say he'd like to use me. It was a shock, because Chick said he was really overwhelmed by what he heard."

Al is holding down a very heavy guitar chair for someone so young and relatively inexperienced in the professional music business. Despite his great and obvious talent, one imagines there would still be a problem adjusting to the routine of regular gigs and recording dates. "At first, it was a heavy thing—very heavy; but I had to confront it, because it was either do it or don't do it. I had to get over that hump, which was like butterflies and all of that. I mean, this was my favorite group before I joined it, so if I had been scared and flopped because it was a heavy gig to hold down, I would have hated myself for the rest of my life."

Since many of Al's early playing days were spent "being inspired," as he puts it, who were his favorite guitar players? "I'm really into classical guitarists; Julian Bream is one of my favorites. I've known Larry Coryell for a few years. He influenced me, gave me some good advice, and generally boosted my ego about my own playing. He helped me continue."

Right now, Al's duties in Return to Forever lie pretty much in ensemble playing, with an occasional solo. Will his role expand? "Chick asked me to write for the band, for the next album or one after that, but right now there's just no time. I have a lot of ideas, but very few have been put down so far. We have an agreement that the whole band is going to create, not just Chick and Stanley, who are the established writers. Chick is the leader of the group, but it's very open; we all have a lot of say in what goes down. We communicate very well together."

That ever-present will to communicate, so important to the rest of the band, has rubbed off on Al. He's been getting into the Scientology movement, which has been a guiding force in expanding the musical horizons of Return to Forever. "I was amazed at how well Chick communicated, how together he was. His outlook and philosophy in several areas really fascinated me. Before I got with the group, I didn't know too much about Scientology; I just knew that people put it down because it was expensive. If you don't look at the

money end of it, I found out, and look at what you can get out of it, it's just incredible. Chick and I studied together in California for a couple of weeks after an engagement at the Troubadour. So I'm just starting to get into it, and it's fascinating. It really helps musically. But I'm not going to do a lot more until I get some musical things happening. I have to start writing, and eventually I want to do my own album—do some acoustic music, small group things, maybe even have an arranger chart some things for strings."

Given the chance to do his own album, who would Al pick to play on it? "The first choices would be guys in this band, because we get along so well together. Then I would like to use anyone from Mahavishnu's old band; Mike Mandel from Larry's band; maybe Larry would like to do a solo spot—there are so many great musicians out there."

Al finds that the audiences who have been coming to see Return to Forever on their tours are very receptive. But in the efforts made by the band to communicate with the audience, does he ever feel pressured to make it on flashy licks alone, to impress the fast-guitar freaks who come to hear dazzling pyrotechnics and pain-level volume? Does the band's intense desire to communicate result in the temptation to do what the audience wants, instead of play what the musicians feel the spectators should hear? "Sometimes I get that feeling, but I have to learn to keep it down. I'd rather get an audience in there that just wants to get into the music for its own sake, rather than having the whole first row of guys checking you out and staring. I hope people will come to enjoy the whole sound, but it's always going to happen that people will come to hear flashy licks. We play our asses off, anyway. To see those first couple of rows smile and get into the music means we're really communicating, and helps the band even more. We experience those smiles a lot."

db

CRITICS POLL NEXT ISSUE!

caught . . . swinging ovations at Wichita . . . women have their say in the Big Apple . . . Breau back from the "dead" in Toronto . . . Konitzian poetics at St. James Infirmary . . . fresh, Cold Blood in Berkeley . . .

WICHITA JAZZ FESTIVAL

Wichita, Kansas

Held at Century II, WJF's fourth annual marathon was M.C.'d by db's Chuck Suber, who proved to be an ideal choice: no self-postulating, no lengthy monologues, relating an inside anecdote occasionally which added color. Suber was later presented an "Award of Love" for his initial encouragement and continuing support of WJF, Inc.

Colorado's Evergreen Jazz Rock Ensemble (and "guest"), 26 pieces including string section, received the first standing ovation after their opener, *Land Of Make Believe*. The arrangement featured 18-year-old Denver senior Diane Reeves, discovered by WJF's Maxcine Adams and subsequently picked up by Clark Terry, with whom she now tours. Her intonation is pure and distinctive; her feel for phrasing, incredible. The band was equal to her talents, running the gamut of orchestral expression. Guest Clark Terry smashed through a couple of songs, rightfully delighted with himself and his backing, and another S.O. erupted.

Unbeknownst to judges, obviously, Stan

Getz's son entered a tape in the National Competition and the Denver-based Steve Getz Quartet won on downright quality alone. Kimet Stone's bass solo on the up-tempo, bossa opener was nutty; Drew Salperto's Fender work on *Autumn Leaves* exhibited prowess par excellence; and guitarist Dallas Dennis was tasty throughout. Southpaw Getz piloted with diversification, brushing sensitively, driving with the stickwork of a master.

North Texas State is currently producing small-group specialists, too. The Lyle Mays Quartet, College Combo Competition winners executed equally well en masse and individually. Monster pianist Mays' classical background jazz-blended beautifully during *Where Are You From Today?*, which grew into a thunderstorm of polytonal power. Bassist Mark Johnson displayed inventiveness; drummer Steve Houghton hung tough in structured time or out; and Pete Brewer's tenor solo was a masterpiece. They received a roaring S.O. from the enchanted audience.

Few jazz groups make it, let alone orbit, without a piano. The Max Roach Quartet breaks that axiomatic tradition. *Effie* featured the cool, exacting trumpet of Cecil Bridgewater; the garrulous tenor of Ron Bridge-



TED BLANKENSHIP

Diz puffs it out



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water; then back to the B-boys dueting, daring themselves on into musical ever-ever land. Bassist Charles Fambrough was supportive and ferocious, as required. Max revved up the 7/8 atonal *Nommo*, a study in percussive dynamics. All over the traps and back, he never dropped anything more than a trail of sweat on his masochistic heads. *It's Time* raced, with Cecil blowing notes faster than a machine gun, and Ron playing platinum. Roach soloed out in a burst of frenzy.

Jerry Hahn's primer, *Blues Suite*, seemed to stay where it started, all soloing with the skill expected of such a tight quartet. On keyboardist Chris Taylor's *Amon Hen*, however, Hahn's fascination with meter differentiation became apparent. An up chorus, with Jerry leading, became a willowy ballad at the bridge, then up again, down again, with abundant finesse. The atonal *Honey Suite* juggled with romps, rock, rubato, and a free-form segment featuring a rich bass bowing job by Daryl Hollingsworth. *Synergy* fugue-ish in 3/4, 4/4, 12/8, et al, had Hahn communicating acapella, followed by a fast Fender adventure by Taylor. The time-minded unit naturally required a superior percussive entity, and Randy Bowen filled the bill.

Due to a schedule misunderstanding, the Clark Terry Quintet with Diane Reeves started sans Terry, with Arnie Lawrence soprano sating a foursome. Clark then came on to introduce Diane Reeves, whose rave still stands. She gentled *Here's That Rainy Day* with solo specialists, in order: Lawrence (alto), Dan Hearle (piano), Victor Sproles (bass) and Ed Soph (drums). With Hearle's ideal accompaniment, Miss Reeves emoted a captivating *That's All*, and after scatting much of *How High The Moon*, she and Hearle merged into a musical love affair on *For All We Know*. A gutsy blues earned her a standing ovation, the crowd eliciting two encores, this time with Terry fronting the band that bears his name. And he blew his brass off. The closer found Terry & Lawrence in a "dig this" contest and fans were left still wanting more from their idol.

The University of Northern Iowa won the College Big Band Competition and, in the words of Suber, "This band has drive, precision, soloists, improvisation, and good charts!" Under the direction of Ashley Alexander, they roared through chop-busting layouts, negotiating everything with sure-fire superiority. The rhythm section was a perfect frame for episodic soloists Scott Davis (sax), Mark Henderson (sax), Stan Bach (trombone), John Harbaugh (trumpet), and leader Alexander (trombone).

Bill Evans made love to his lady grand in full view of the audience, and it was mesmerizing. Cyclical *Sugar Plum* had Evans keyboard-caressing with legendary grace and dexterity. Bassist Eddie Gomez delivered a genteel solo, drummer Eliot Zigmund cleverly sustaining the foundation. In *Two Lonely People*, Gomez held forth splendidly in both time signatures. Evans, the consummate creator, prevailed throughout, his lyrical approach unmistakable. *Up With The Lark*, replete with unaccompanied choruses from all corners, was a lesson in resourcefulness. On *T.T.T.* and *T.T.T.T.*, Evans and Gomez interplayed extraordinarily and all members of the distinguished trio turned in seraphic solos.

John Birks Gillespie chose *No More Blues* to open. The Man and his angular trademark

teased and taunted the defenseless number until it willingly surrendered. Meantime, Al Gafa took a sacrosanct guitar trip when Gillespie momentarily took over the congas. On *Olinga*, Diz muted and painted peaceful pictures until the quiet jungle atmosphere became wild and pulsating, with cadent variances *ad infinitum* until the pastoral resolve. *Night In Tunisia* had Diz flying all over the world and back on his ax, with stellar solos by Gafa, bassman Earl May, and drummer Mickey Roker. A ballad medley exposed Dizzy at his swingin' best: doubletiming, sweet slow-blowing, re-impressing his horde of fans.

Another Young Herd under the baton of W. Herman, and they're off and thundering. Frank Tiberi's powerful tenor preceded top piccolo, flugelhorn, and soprano (Woody) shots on the hit opener, *La Fiesta*. Carole King's *Corazon* rocked atop an unusual base, with Alan Zavod's synthesizer communicating from outer space. Herman altoed on the spellbinding *Naima* and the Herd finished with classically executed tremolo. Next, Zavod was all over the Fender, introducing bass trombone, bari, and tenor soloists doing their thing like kings: Woody stole the show, though, by holding a note almost as long as the festival. A wild finale featured everybody, names flying as fast as notes. Anonymity notwithstanding, a bright, bombastic bunch of band.

—carol comer

WOMEN IN JAZZ

The Executive Sweet, Hotel Alden, New York City

Personnel: Willine Barton, tenor saxophone; Andrea Brachfeld, flute; Jean Davis, trumpet; Janice Robinson, trombone; Joanne Brackeen, piano; Bu Pleasant, organ; Sue Evans, drums; Esther Marrow, vocals.

There were three of us among many and we formed a circle for protection. The "us" were professionals on the job; the many came to cheer on their sisters, and cheer they did. The cheers well-deserved, at that. From the opening *Walkin'*, the excitement was not to quit. Ms. Barton's first few bars were greeted with surprised and vocal huzzahs as one gutsy chorus led to another. These were all pros up there and no quarter was given. It was good jazz all the way, with Brackeen and Evans pushing all the while. Joanne made sense out of her solo despite a piano that sounded like an F.A.O. Schwartz reject.

A brief ballad medley, consisting of *Laura* and *Willow Weep For Me*, showed what Barton could do with breath control, and also showcased Robinson's remarkably fine chops. Janice has a "virile" attack that has sparked the bands of Thad Jones and Mel Lewis, Bill Watrous, and Clark Terry. Her name is constantly on studio dates, and she appears as the natural successor to the long-vacated Melba Liston chair. Watch for some charts in the near future.

Broadway was taken at a near-impossible up, enough to make Evans blanch, but not enough to make her lose it. She and Joanne comped behind Willine's exciting staccato runs and Jean's fine valve technique.

Esther Marrow's voice is strong, and she is able to pick out the key from Ms. Bu, rather than make the attempt with that piano. She got good support from the front line, es-

pecially Andrea Brachfeld's lyrical flute. Andrea followed Willine in solo choruses on *A Night In Tunisia* and the contrast was striking. The flute spot was airy and smooth, while the tenor's was hard and biting.

This was the first of a series of Women In Jazz quasi-concerts. The organization is not a "militant" one; just one that wants the jazz public to become aware of the fact that the music is not limited to solely male improvisations.

—arnold jay smith

LENNY BREAU

The Riverboat, Toronto

Personnel: Breau, acoustic and electric guitars; Don Thompson, bass; Marty Morell, drums.

A year or so ago, there was a rumor that Lenny Breau had died. Just a rumor, in fact, spread by word of mouth in much the same way as his reputation as a magical guitarist first grew. And, of course, it wasn't true: Lenny Breau is very much alive. Funny things, rumors.

He hasn't performed in about two years, however. This, his first week back from a long stay in Winnipeg, was something of a reunion: with Toronto, with the Riverboat (a small folk club which has often presented him in the decade or more that he has moved in and out of the city), and with an old friend and bassist, Don Thompson.

He began each evening alone, as he would have in the past when the occasion allowed, with an acoustic set. A true eclectic, he picked his way through many different styles, tentatively at first and then as the evening (and week) passed, with more confidence. Some standards, some flamenco and, in quick and inspired succession on the last night, curious tunes like *John Henry*, *Cannonball Rag* and *Yankee Doodle Dandy*: all as if to prove, probably to himself as much as anyone else, that he still has the touch. He has.

Breau is a guitarist first, a jazz musician second. Not a distant second though, particularly not with Thompson and Marty Morell joining him for the rest of each evening. The tunes were familiar, things like *Impressions* and *Perdido*; but Breau understandably began the week playing carefully, drawing his improvisation out of a wash of chords and just a suggestion of melody and working, in a roundabout way, towards a chorus or three of spectacular lines. Later on, he would play more sparsely, almost editing the thoughts that he might have had earlier and riding high, deliberately, and assuredly, on Thompson and Morell.

In the past, and of course on separate occasions, Thompson has been both Breau's bassist and drummer. (He's also pianist with another fine Canadian guitarist, Sonny Greenwich.) A very economical bassist, not at all flamboyant in this context, he was quick to follow the guitarist's shifts of mind and the empathy that the two once shared soon returned. Morell too had settled in by week's end, and although somewhat less sympathetic to Breau's discursive ways, his insistence held the trio together when inspiration very occasionally faltered.

So, Lenny Breau is back. For how long, who knows? The old confidence is coming and he's beginning to enjoy himself. The two years off have had their effect, but he still has the magic. It's White Magic, of course, starting to shine again.

—mark miller

LEE KONITZ



GIUSEPPE PINO

St. James Infirmary, New York City

Personnel: Konitz, alto saxophone; Hod O'Brien, piano; John Beal, bass; Beaver Harris, drums.

The privilege of hearing alto saxophonist Lee Konitz has again reminded me of the extraordinary accomplishments of this uncompromising artist. Ignoring the debased beats of the "drummers" of commercialization and musical fashion, Konitz has remained true to his "drummer" within. To understand Lee is to therefore understand not only the phenomenon of artistic temperament, but also the unique musical language of one of the bona fide members of the pantheon of modern jazz.

Central to Konitzian "Poetics" and "Rhetoric" is the element of ambiguity. Foiling—as well as satisfying—our expectations, Konitz provides the precise amount of musical entropy or information necessary for our active participation and involvement. Konitz's habit of stating the melody not at the outset (contrary to the usual practice among jazz musicians) but rather at the conclusion of his performance exemplifies one of his basic strategies. By presenting only the composition's harmonic structure and the improvisations based upon it, he invites us to speculate upon the melody's identity. More significant, this technique serves to thwart the set of prior experiences we associate with a particular tune, thereby inducing us to step more deeply into the music itself.

Konitz also achieves ambiguity (and with it our collaboration and cooperation) through an on-going dialectic generated from the series of paired antinomies embracing dynamics (from *ppp* to *fff*), range (from the alto's lowest to highest pitches), articulation (from phrases ranging from sharply attacked staccato groupings to long, slurred legato lines), and tone quality (from light and ethereal to dense and earthy).

Fortunately for New Yorkers, the magic of Konitz has been available in a variety of settings at Stryker's, Gregory's, and on weekends at St. James Infirmary. Leading off last Saturday's third set at the latter club was a brisk reading of Bronislau Kaper's *Invitation*, a theme rescued from Gottfried Reinhardt's lachrymose MGM vehicle for Dorothy McGuire (1952). After a poignant outlining of the melody, Konitz executed a series of choruses featuring long liquid lines, a distant

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yet warm tone, and a subdued dynamic range focused in the *p* to *mf* zone. Also conspicuous was Konitz's penchant for constructing elaborate improvisations around the turnback (i.e., the last several measures of a chorus), while leaving areas of silence within the chorus itself. This playing-where-most-players-rest and resting-where-most-players-play reversal is one of Lee's patented hallmarks and another of his tactics for intensifying the music's ambiguity.

The second tune commenced with a beautifully negotiated, unaccompanied Konitz arabesque which evolved into a pulsating set of choruses based on the changes of *Stella By Starlight* (only after solos by all hands did Konitz articulate the melody). *Stella* proved Lee's tour de force. The full range of the Konitz lexicon was explored, as long diatonic and chromatic strokes were punctuated by arpeggiated and intervallic figures, which covered the horn from top to bottom. Informed by a mature architectonic sensibility, Konitz forged a drama grounded in logic, a music for both head and heart.

Next was an up version of Sonny Rollins' *Oleo*, displaying Lee's virtuosic technique and the rhythm section's tight cohesiveness. Listening to the nuances of Lee's improvisations, the rhythm section reinforced and supplemented the altoist's explorations. When called on, they contributed their own outstanding solo statements. O'Brien's bop-oriented patterns and harmonic substitutions, Beal's rich warm tone and accomplished bowing technique, and Harris's polyrhythmic intricacies and controlled intensity were among the highlights. Concluding the set were a haunting interpretation of Monk's *Round Midnight*, featuring a contemplative, highly personal Konitz solo, followed by an energetic romp through *Tune Up*.

Lee Konitz is an artist, a master. His music is an original and precious resource. The invitation for our collaboration offered by his work holds the promise for fresh, meaningful experience through active participation. Do yourself a favor—rediscover (or discover) the riches of the Konitzian cosmos!—*chuck berg*

LYDIA PENSE with COLD BLOOD

Keystone Club, Berkeley, Ca.

Personnel: Lydia Pense, vocals; Domingo Balinton, bass; Max Haskett, trumpet, percussion, vocals; Harvey Hughes, drums; Raul Matute, organ; Skip Mesquite, tenor sax, vocals; Michael Sasaki, guitar.

During their seven years of existence, Lydia Pense with Cold Blood have distinguished themselves as one of the best working bands ever to evolve out of the Bay Area.

Initially, Cold Blood concentrated on performing both well-known and obscure r&b material, influenced by the sounds of Sam Cooke, James Brown, Etta James, Aretha Franklin, Sam and Dave, and Booker T, and the MGs. Today, after much touring and with five albums to their credit, they have stabilized their personnel and developed a wide repertoire that includes a variety of original and classic r&b material, ballads, blues, and instrumentals.

Out front is vocalist Lydia Pense, 10-year veteran, and one of the most powerful, versatile, and soulful singers in the tradition of the great women r&b and blues singers to emerge

in recent years. Her excellent voice control and phrasing, precise timing, and well-balanced choice of material enhance her ability to communicate with her audiences. In addition to having helped select and arrange material for the band, Lydia wrote the lyrics for two of Cold Blood's best numbers, *Funky On My Back* and *Too Many People*.

The backbone of the band is the four-man rhythm section: Matute, Sasaki, Hughes, and Balinton. Hughes is one of the best young drummers working out of the Bay Area. Like Steve Cropper, band leader Sasaki is comfortable as a rhythm or lead player and says what he has to say without overbearing. Veteran member Raul Matute is a well-respected organist and pianist who arranges the bulk of the band's material.

The front line of horns in Cold Blood have been reduced to trumpet and tenor sax; but ideally the band would like to have at least two more horns behind Lydia. Together, Haskett and Mesquite project just the kind of crisp, full-bodied sound needed to push Lydia. At various times, organist Matute augments the horns.

A capacity crowd packed Keystone Berkeley to hear two sets of old and new Cold Blood material. What made this night different from others was the fact that Cold Blood were playing to avid Cold Blood fans on home ground, inspiring both the band and the audience.

Down To The Bone opened the first set, followed by Billy Ray Charles' pretty *Come Back Into My Life*. Both featured strong vocals by Lydia with support from Haskett and Mesquite. A Memphis Sound medley followed with *You're Free Lovin' Me*, *Simple Love Life* and *Consideration*. Memphis guitarist and producer Steve Cropper wrote and produced the first (along with Carl Marsh) and third tunes for Cold Blood's last album, *Lydia*. *Consideration* and Paul Smith's *Simple Love Life* were highlighted by rhythm and horn arrangements reminiscent of some of the best Stax sessions of the 60's. The set closed with Cold Blood's *Funky On My Back*, featuring an extended tenor solo by Skip Mesquite, and an excellent version of Jerry Ragavoy's *Baby, I Love You*.

Cold Blood's own *Too Many People* opened the second set followed by *Under Pressure* which had good vocal and horn arrangements. New life was breathed into Chuck Willis' *Feel So Bad*, which featured another steaming tenor solo by Mesquite. After an extended organ introduction, the crowd and the band quieted down to hear Lydia sing *Let Me Down Easy*, a showcase tune for Lydia's sensitive vocal talents. An uptempo Donny Hathaway instrumental, *Valdez In The Country*, followed and everyone in the band got a chance to stretch out. The crowd became most involved singing and clapping along to *When My Love Hand Comes Down*. The show was closed with two crowd-pleasers—Willie Dixon's *I Just Want To Make Love To You* and Porter and Hayes' *You Got Me Hummin'*.

Lydia Pense and Cold Blood have worked hard to earn their current status as one of the best r&b-based bands working today. They retain a large, loyal following throughout the West, particularly in California and Hawaii. With new management and a new recording contract, the potential is better than ever for them to get the kind of widespread exposure and recognition they deserve.

—harry c. duncan

Who gives a damn?

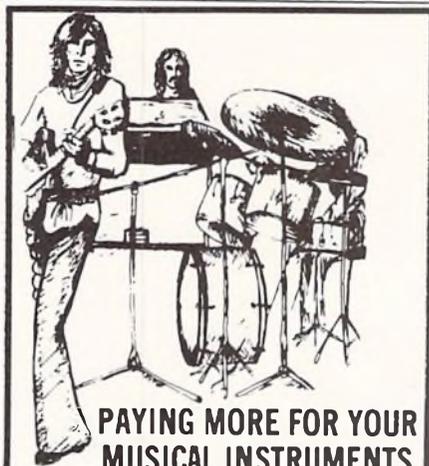
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VOICE FROM A GIANT

by Charles Mitchell

"The peculiar ironies of our economic system necessitate that recorded music, regardless of its suitability for mass marketing, be treated as product. Thus, record companies of today have much more to do with how an artist develops, especially in relation to his or her audience."

It may be terribly gauche to quote oneself, but this observation of mine, made in the *Perspective* interview with Clive Davis (April 24 db), seems even more appropriate as an introduction to a conversation with Bruce Lundvall, Vice-President and General Manager of the Columbia label. Along with the Warner-



Elektra-Atlantic complex, Columbia is one of the reigning monoliths of the record industry, involved in recording some of the finest music of the 20th century in all categories. The label's history of commitment to jazz and contemporary music is well known, most recently concentrating on electronic fusion music of the likes of Weather Report, Michal Urbaniak, Mahavishnu, Earth, Wind and Fire, and countless others.

During the course of its recent history, Columbia has also taken some well-placed shots from musicians no longer with the company; these artists have complained of lack of wholehearted support for the music once they have been signed; improper or insufficient promotion; pressure to move in directions that they have not felt was valid for their music, unwillingness to take risks commercially, and so forth. Bearing our initial premise in mind, we figured Columbia was due to speak its piece, through one of its prime movers, Mr. Lundvall.

He maintains, first of all, that Columbia is a career-oriented label. "Our basic signing philosophy is to pick the artists who we think will sustain over a long period of time with a unique approach. We really have no interest in one-shots. Occasionally, we'll take them because something is really commercial, a master purchase that'll be a strong hit single. There may or may not be a career attached to it, but we take a shot. But that's not the case most of the time; we usually look for something that's going to last."

Lundvall and Columbia rarely sign an act without hearing it in person and on a tape. Once signed, it's regarded as "important that the artist have strong, experienced management and, if possible, a booking agency—the right one. Now just because a great talent maybe doesn't have these things, you don't pass him by. The artist and his ability is the most important thing. But then you have to look for the kind of help that will make a long-term career hold up." Columbia will take the initiative, if need be, to advise new artists on managers and agents, sometimes putting on a showcase performance where a variety of organizations can check out the label's newcomer. Lundvall also insists that in

these cases, it's the final decision of the artist, not the label, as to who represents him professionally.

I gathered from our conversation that Columbia has a strong A&R department. They stand ready and waiting to oversee the recording of the product, of course; but A&R people will also be assigned to an act if the Columbia execs feel that a group needs stage work: lighting, sound, and other key visual elements. "Particularly with new artists," explains Lundvall, turning to the subject of recording, "but really preferable with all our artists, I like to have the head of A&R check on the recording of the album at several stages of its progress. If the album is being recorded by a non-staff producer, let's say, after a couple of cuts go down, I want to sit down with the artist and the head of A&R to hear what he's done. There can be creative input from the company, if the artist is cooperative."

Cooperation from the artist is not always forthcoming, he notes, but "there are some major artists who want us to hear their material early on. A good example is Freddie Hubbard. He's certainly an established artist, and he sells a lot of records, but he's looking for a wider audience, so we've given him some ideas about material and arrangements and so forth. Maynard Ferguson is another example. We suggested that he try a producer who is on a slightly different tangent than Maynard is used to, and who'll perhaps reach a broader market. It'll always be Maynard's final say-so; we're not trying to commercialize him by shoving pop tunes down his throat. But he's sitting down with Bob James at our suggestion, and perhaps from this collaboration will come a new direction that'll sell a few more albums for him. We like to hear things every step of the way. Not that we dictate to the artist, but we do have qualified people who can help."

Where the artist really needs help, however, is in the area of promotion. With the huge volume of album material released every week, it's essential that each piece of product catch the eye and ear of the prospective buyer. The end result is to sell albums, whether an artist is "commercially oriented" or not. Despite the fact that some high-quality albums on his and every other major label have often been buried in the weekly welter of new releases, where it's impossible to promote everything that gets out, Lundvall insists, "Every album stands on its own merits. Each album recorded will perhaps require a different promotional effort." By this, Lundvall means that one wouldn't try to break a Weather Report disc on Top 40 AM unless it showed crossover possibility through huge success on progressive FM and black stations. These are the stations that are the quickest to pick up on new commercial trends that Top 40 radio will later mercilessly beat into the ground with overkill airplay.

The same general philosophy holds for print media: you go to the audience that's proven for the artist first, hoping that it will expand. "Obviously," says Lundvall, "the ultimate goal is to reach the widest possible audience. In most cases, you don't do that; there aren't that many Elton Johns and Stevie Wonders around, who get to that incredibly wide demographic spectrum. But if you're releasing an album by a major artist, you need not wait until the artist appears in the market before dropping money on print and radio

advertising. You hit the publications that'll reach the audience that's been waiting for the next album by the artist. With a brand new artist, the public is not going to buy, in most cases, something untested and unheard. So you follow that artist's tour to each market, run advertising heavily, and try very hard to get good press. Michal Urbaniak is a good case in point. It would have made little sense to start running a lot of ads when his album first came out, because very few people knew who he was. The first step was club appearances, press generated by the quality of the music, and following that with advertising that picked up on the quotes. We advertise before and after appearances in a market—before to get people into a club, after to get them to buy the records."

Yet the buyer is invariably exposed to saturation media buys for already established supergroups like Chicago. One would think that a lot less money would need to be spent plugging their appearances and albums, and that the company could throw even more bread into media exposure for someone like Michal Urbaniak. "Your major selling artists," replies Lundvall, "support all the other artists on the roster who have yet to break. Although Chicago sells millions and millions of albums, most of that income is pumped into the careers of new artists, in terms of signing them, recording them, and marketing their product. The reason for advertising Chicago very heavily in a major market is that there are great incremental sales to be gained if they have a new album. The non-active purchasers of LPs who like Chicago might be inspired to buy the new album if they go to the concert and then see an ad for the new LP, much of the music of which they've just heard in performance. Where Michal Urbaniak is concerned, there wouldn't be many more albums sold on just the strength of a lot more ads. Buyers need the word of mouth, the airplay, and the live performance where a new artist is concerned, not just exposure to saturation advertising."

Still, some circumstances point in other directions. Four years ago, for instance, Keith Jarrett, by anyone's standards a major artist, recorded a beautiful two-disc album called *Expectations*. It looked like the perfect chance for Jarrett to expose himself to the wide audience that a huge label like Columbia can bring. Just as suddenly as he came, Jarrett disappeared from the label. Bill Evans recorded a Grammy-winning album, and was promptly axed when his next album, an artistically and historically important collaboration with George Russell, failed to sell. With the huge catalog and power that Columbia holds, with such a tremendous wealth of music in its vaults, with its alleged devotion to developing an artist's career, how could such shoddy treatment of great performers be justified? "In the first place," says Lundvall, "I think it was a horrendous mistake to drop Keith Jarrett. It came at a time, however, when there were tremendous pressures on us because the artist roster had increased to such great proportions, and there were moves to drop artists who were costing quite a bit and not selling. Jarrett, unfortunately, was one of them. But it's never really been our policy or practice to sign artists for just one album, though mistakes do happen."

The conflict between artistic obligation to the ongoing documentation of a culture's music and economic necessity also appears in

where he was playing, waiting for him to come, and it seemed as soon as I turned around he appeared. I didn't speak to him then, but went up to his dressing room where we could talk. He mentioned that I reminded him of Eric's (Eric Dolphy) mother's features—something that runs through the family line, you know—and I think he said that Eric's parents were from Panama also. I asked him if I could sit in and he let me and immediately understood what I was trying to do. And very compassionately accepted it. I've often been around older musicians and had a very good relationship with them. They will always try to encourage you, even if you bring up a new concept or idea, and because of their knowledge they'll also tell you what has gone before so that you don't forget your basics. It was beautiful how Trane knew and accepted what I was playing. Jimmy Garrison had told me to look him up if I came to New York: and after I had sat in with Trane there was no sense in me staying in Seattle, where there were only few engagements anyway. So I sold my VW, grabbed the next bus and finally arrived.

"In New York I got to play with Trane again, at the Village Gate and at some concerts. I remember one particular night at Town Hall. At this time I was working as a

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delivery man during the day, I was ready to play onstage. There was so little time however, and I was very frustrated with myself. Trane wanted to pay me something but I refused for I really felt I had not contributed to that evening. I talked to Trane during these days, mostly about life, not very much about music. I wanted to know the answers, what he had seen, to help me along the way.

"I began to do some Latin things—dance jobs—around the city to survive. All kinds of gigs. It is my obligation to myself to be a complete musician. I use the word 'complete,' but I would like it to be understood that at this point I in no way consider myself complete, only one who is studying towards that goal. Some musicians are complete in one particular field of music and I consider them perfect and complete in themselves. I would rather be more expansive and able to include more than one style honestly. To me, a complete musician in the deepest sense first has to be in tune with the only musician there is in the world. One has to realize that he, in a way, is not the player, only the channel through which higher, better, and more creative music flows. Along with instrumental dexterity must come a recognition of spiritual

qualities. Music without spirituality loses its mission, its importance. All that has to happen is for Allah, for God, for the One to give you the power, and there is nothing you cannot do. All you might accomplish without being in tune with Him, I feel, is worthless."

Around 1967, Carlos Ward left for San Francisco on a tour with Sonny Murray. He stayed on the West Coast for two years instead of the two weeks he had planned. Again he could only find work during the weekends, but he liked the vibratory change. He returned to New York in '69 and played with Sonny Murray at the Newport Festival. But apart from a few jobs around New York and in Philadelphia, there wasn't much to do.

"In 1970 I started working with Rashied Ali's Quartet with Stafford James on bass and Freddy Simmons on piano. I feel that some fresh and lasting music was created during this time and I only hope that it will eventually find its way to the listening public. Rashied does have his own production company on Survival Records and we do have one album out, but some of the tapes that have not been released are even better than that, I think. The quartet doesn't exist on a permanent basis, but we do get together now and then.

"For the past couple of years I've been working in calypso bands and reggae groups. I have arranged for commercial types of music and done record demos . . . but I enjoy playing different kinds of music. That will keep you alert. Lately I've played some funky black music with the B. T. Express. This situation has its limitations, however, so a situation I have really liked is the one I've been in lately working with Roy Brooks and the Artistic Truth. I met Roy when we recorded with Dollar Brand for the Enja label and again in May of last year, when we toured Europe with Dollar's African Space Program.

"Around Christmas this year I plan to go back to Panama for the first time. It will be quite a new experience for me and I look forward to going very much. I hope to meet all the musicians down there and I will definitely take my horn with me.

"Being in New York has been a good experience, but you have to pay some dues. I looked around for what seems like two years. There would be three or four festivals and a few record dates where I could express myself creatively, and that was it. I felt the need to grow and New York began to look like a bad place, just working these weekend gigs. I think this has been another kind of growth, but musically speaking I don't see it, for I haven't been in the kind of context where it was possible to do that. It's true that to play music you must know life. And yes, I would say that too much comfort can stunt an artist's growth. You have to play sometimes like you're hungry. Most of the time you are. However, lack of work and outlets can be just as bad for you. Even though I have practiced over the years and have begun to study the flute with Harold Jones—who to me is one of the best flutists around, if not the best—and have kept my chops up to some degree, playing on the stand is a different matter, playing every night, living the life. I don't know what it is about me lately, but I'm very optimistic now. There is a point, you see, when petty earthly problems should not interfere with the divine flow, should not detract from the peace you need in order for this flow to start." db



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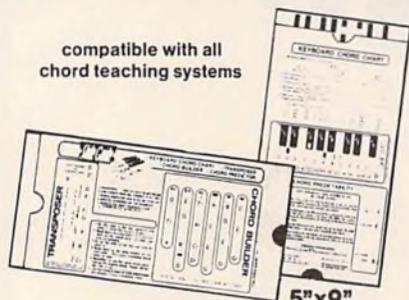
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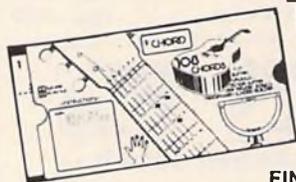
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HOW TO continue column subjects

by Dr. William L. Fowler

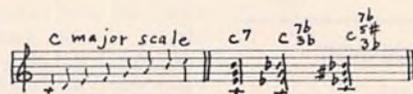
When compared to *down beat's* longevity, this column seems still a cub: its second anniversary is not till next September. But there's been plenty of time for people to let me know what they think about it. And they do. From the volume of reaction to the various columns, I get an idea of what type of subject interests readers the most—and the least. I also get valuable suggestions for subject matter. Terence Conley of Detroit, for example, asks for information on how to produce and control extremely high notes on the saxophones—embouchure settings, fingerings, practice routines. I'll be getting that info together for the next *Reed Special* issue, November 6.

And I get thoughtful discussions concerning subjects of past columns, discussions which collectively show me that readers want information on the full range of musical interests from theory to performance to the music business itself.

Because the mail I get is rarely argumentative and almost never vituperative, I feel that my self-imposed writing guidelines are working: choose subject matter which should interest a wide variety of readers, present technical information as simply and as practically as possible, and get that information from top pros.

Dom Spera, for example, wrote as a guest trumpet expert for the double article of January 31 and February 13, 1974, *HOW TO polish your brass*. Immediately there came a heavy flow of specific questions about details in trumpet techniques. I've now given the letters to Dom for his personal attention. And I'll forward other letters to the other experts who periodically furnish authentic info for the column.

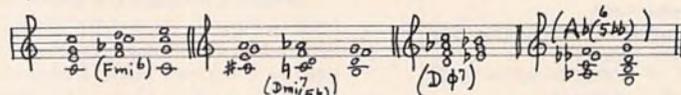
The heaviest response I've yet received concerned *HOW TO rename those chords* (Nov. 21, 1974) in which I proposed that the confusing present chord symbol systems be replaced by one clear and consistent nomenclature method. I suggested, as an example, a way to limit chord names to a combination of letters, Arabic numbers, sharps, and flats. A capital letter would name the chord root, plain Arabic numbers would indicate chord components and added tones contained in the major scale of the root, and sharps or flats would raise or lower those major scale components. To illustrate:



The advantages of this system are that each chord type would require only one symbol and that each symbol would indicate the actual notes comprising the chord. The disadvantages are that complex chord types would require cumbersome symbols:



and that varied harmonic function cannot very well be indicated without varied terminology, a service our present multi-name system does provide:



Many people liked the accuracy and clarity of my proposed system. Others pointed out its disadvantages. But everybody agreed that the present system should be improved.

Here's a sample of the response I got, part of a letter from Clinton H. Roemer, a top professional Los Angeles copyist—over 30 years of experience with most of the major artists including 25 years as Kenton's chief copyist:

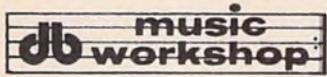
"I would like to say that your proposed system looks more complicated than the mess we already have... the real answer might be to simplify and standardize what we have been working with all these years... Failing to standardize what we have, we might consider returning to legit figured bass (also complicated), write parts that include bass notes and symbols, or ask arrangers and composers to write out the actual notes they want played and abolish symbols altogether. The latter solution would at least keep rhythm players from voicing those high trumpet altered functions down in the trombone range where only the guts of the chord are being played. After all, we are dealing a lot with two-tonic type systems, and attempting to name Stravinsky's F sharp chord on top of a pure C chord doesn't give the guitarist the vaguest idea of what notes he should be striking.

"Many arrangers simplify by giving a symbol containing the notes they want played, even though it is not the actual chord. Billy May, for example, will not write an F minor ninth suspension. Instead, he gives a C minor seventh, the proper bass notes being taken care of elsewhere."

Clint had included in his letter a chart of chord symbols he has found to be clear in guitar parts. (See Workshop) So I phoned him for more of his ideas on simplifying the present system. He said that L. A. arrangers are now writing out actual notes for guitarists, pianists and bassists because of the continuing multiple meaning of symbols. The triangle, which now means a major 7th chord, first came to his attention about ten years ago, then meaning a half-diminished 7th, in an Ernie Freeman score. And the German crossed seven (7) was eagerly grasped as a convenient time-saver for indicating the major 7th. But when Johnnie Spence brought over the Tom Jones show from England, he naturally used the European 7 to mean the American 7. Result: disaster at the rehearsals and consequent overtime for copyists to straighten out the double meanings.

If my correspondents could have what they collectively want in a chord nomenclature sys-

tem, each chord symbol would be simple to write and visually unmistakable, would specify the letter names of notes in the chord, and would imply harmonic function. And I'd welcome a system of such capabilities. If readers will continue sending me ideas, this column can act as a clearing house toward development of an ideal chord symbol system.



MULTIPLE CHORD SYMBOLS

by Clinton H. Roemer

Here is an excerpt from *The Art of Music Copying*, by Clinton H. Roemer (Roerick Music Co., 4046 Davana Road, Sherman Oaks, Calif. 91403).

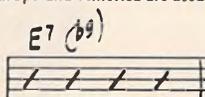
Mr. Roemer has combined the principles of clarity and simplicity in choosing which of the multiple chord symbols now in use is best fitted to indicate each chord type. In the recommended list of symbols, several of the confusing script devices have been deleted.

CHORD SYMBOLS	DO NOT USE THESE (OR VARIANTS): EDIT THEM WHEN THEY OCCUR ON SCORES.				
G	G ^{MA}	G ^{MAJ}	G ^{ma}	G ^{maj}	G ^{mj}
G ⁶	G ^{6TH}	G ^(ADD E)	G ^(E)		
G ⁷	G ^{7TH}	G ^(ADD F#)	G ^(F)		
G ^{MI}	G ⁻	G ^M	G ^m	G ^{mi}	G ^{min}
G ^{MI} ⁷	G ⁻⁷	G ^M ⁷	G ^m ⁷	G ^{mi} ⁷	G ^{min} ⁷
G ^{MA} ⁷	G ⁷	G ^M ⁷	G ^{mj} ⁷	G ^{#7}	G ^{7#} G ⁷⁺
G ^{MA} ⁹	G ^{MA} ⁷⁽⁹⁾	G ^{MA} ^{7(ADD A)}	G ⁷ ⁽⁹⁾		
G ⁺⁷	G ⁺	G ^{AUG} ⁷	G ⁷⁺	G ⁷ ^(#5)	G ⁷⁺
G ⁺⁹	G ⁹⁺	G ⁷⁺ ⁽⁹⁾	G ⁹ ^(#5)	G ⁷ ⁽⁹⁾	
G ¹³	G ⁹ ⁽¹³⁾	G ⁷ ⁽¹³⁾	G ⁹ ^(ADD E)		
G ⁰	G ^{DIM}	G ⁰ ⁷	G ⁻		
G ^{6/9}	G ⁶ ^(ADD 9)	G ⁶ ^(ADD A)	G ² ⁶		
G ⁷ ^(b5)	G ⁷ ⁻⁵	G ⁷ ^(5b)	G ⁷ ⁽⁻⁵⁾		
G ^{MI} ⁷ ^(b5)	G ^Δ ⁷	G ⁷ ⁷	G ^{MI} ⁷ ⁻⁵	G ^{MI} ⁷ ^(5b)	G ^{MI} ⁷ ⁽⁻⁵⁾
G ⁷ ^(b9)	G ⁷ ⁽⁻⁹⁾	G ⁷ ^(ADD Ab)	G ^{9b}	G ^{b9}	G ⁹⁻
G ^{MI} ^(MA 7)	G ^{MI} ^(ADD F#)	G ^{MI} ⁷			
G ⁷ ^(#9)	G ⁷ ⁽⁺⁹⁾	G ⁽⁺⁹⁾	G ⁺⁹	G ⁷ ^(b3)	G ⁹⁺
G ⁷ ^(sus)	G ⁷ ^(sus 4)	G ⁷ ^(ADD C)	G ⁷ ^(ALT 4TH)	G ⁷ ⁽⁺⁴⁾	
G ⁷ ^(#11)	G ⁺¹¹	G ¹¹⁺	G ^{11#}		

In examining the preceding chart, observe the following in particular:

- 1) The plus sign (+) is recommended only as an indication for "augmented". It should not be used as a substitute for a sharp.
- 2) The dash (-) is not recommended. As different arrangers use it to denote minor, diminished, or a flat, its use can only create confusion.
- 3) Lower case letters should not be used—a poorly written "mi" can appear to be "mj" and vice versa.
- 4) "MI" is the only indication for a minor chord.
- 5) "MA" is never used by itself—only as "MA7" or "MA9", as indication that the major seventh is included in the chord. Writing "GMI / GMA / " to indicate that the third of the chord changes, is not only incorrect but confusing—most players will automatically add the major seventh when encountering "MA". Some arrangers will write "MA" and intend that the major seventh be included. "GMI / G / " leaves no doubt as to the intent.
- 6) The "German" seven (7) is not used. Its ready adoption in America as a short-cut for writing "MA7", resulted from the misconception of a player who had seen the figure used in European manuscript writing. What he failed to understand was that Europeans draw the slash through the seven in order that it not be taken for the figure "1", which they draw as (1). It still denotes a dominant seventh. Much confusion has resulted since the original misconception, and serious rehearsal problems occur when music prepared in both Europe and America are used during the course of the same performance.

Be careful in the use of parentheses in writing altered functions. Don't allow an E7 with a flat ninth take on the appearance of an E7 followed by a C-flat ninth:



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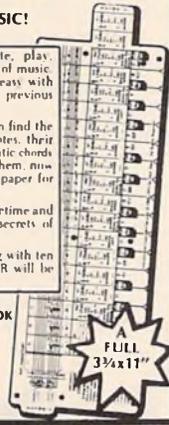
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sic, and there is no better place to do that than with Miles.

"I do want to have my own record date sometime soon, playing a variety of music on it. That relates back to what we are doing in Miles' band right now. This current band is a *music* band—it just can't be labelled. Every time we play, the direction is different. Some nights when we are really on, it's just amazing what is played. It's not rock or jazz or whatever. It's just music. I'd like to add that one of the reasons we appear to be not so popular with the so-called 'jazz' public is because they expect Miles to be doing something he did five, ten years ago. This current band is going in another direction and I think that

it's wrong to put the music down simply because it differs from yesterday."

Apart from being a superb drummer, Foster also plays tenor sax, piano and bass. He also writes, both music and lyrics. He adds, "I want to cover as much ground as possible—I want to be as open as possible. I came up through jazz but that doesn't mean I should restrict myself. So far, I've been lucky enough to be able to do most of what I've wanted to.

"You know, my favorite musicians today are Miles, Sonny Rollins and Sly Stone. I love the variety available to us. You lose something when you restrict yourself."

Al Foster has the ability and the openness to go in many directions, and that is an object lesson for many of us. His contribution is one of honesty and strong commitment. It shows both in the man and his music. **db**

the question of which material to reissue and which to discontinue from the active catalog. "We're very loathe," continues Lundvall, "to cut out something of real musical value. We try and keep it in the catalog as long as we can, particularly if it's a unique artist who hasn't done many records for the label. There comes a time, however, when it's totally unfeasible economically to inventory a lot of small quantities. We have something called our Collector's Series, where important recordings can be made available to the public through retailers across the country who subscribe to the program.

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CITY SCENE New York

It's Festival time again and the granddaddy of them all is back in the Big Apple for another season. Space does not permit the entire Newport program to be printed herein, but some dates changed since you last read about it in these pages. Best to call 212-787-2020 or JAZZLINE 212-421-3592. The concerts hit June 27 and run thru July 6 . . . **Jack Kleinsinger's** "Highlights in Jazz" presents **Chet Baker** and an all-star group, and **Frank Foster and the Loud Minority** June 16 at NYU's Loeb Student Center . . . **Helen Humes** is back at the Cookery, happily, for the month of June . . . Creative Music Studio of Woodstock, N.Y., holds Intensive Studies thru the 22nd of June concluding with three days at **Sam Rivers' Studio Rivbea** . . . Buddy's Place hosts **Thad Jones and Mel Lewis** and the **Jazz Orchestra** with comic **David Brenner** thru June 21. And for Newport Buddy's salutes and recreates **Dizzy Gillespie's Big Band** June 23 thru July 5. Then **Woody Herman** and the Herd come in July 7 . . . The Five Spot continues its top-name policy when **Cecil Taylor** returns June 17 thru June 29, "at least" says Joe Termini, proprietor . . . Michael's Pub brings **Red Norvo** in for the month of June with **Marian McPartland** taking over for July . . . The **Bette Midler** show

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Los Angeles

The music momentum looks like it's going to last all summer . . . The Lighthouse has Art Blakey June 17-22; guitarist Pat Martino hits Hermosa Beach June 24-29; George Duke comes in July 1-6, and for one week only, Jimmy Witherspoon July 8-13; Yusef Lateef finishes up the month June 15-27 . . . Still no solid opening act for Concerts at the Grove, but out at Redondo Beach, Concerts by the Sea has an equally impressive schedule, as its Hermosa neighbor . . . Sonny Rollins finishes up a three-day gig June 19; next is Willie Bobo June 20-22, and Johnny Hammond June 24-29; Ed Shaughnessy and his Big Band come in for one night on June 30, then Willie Bobo returns July 1-6, with Headhunters due July 8-13, and Ahmad Jamal bringing July near its close July 15-27 . . . Out on Ventura Boulevard, The Times continues its Talent Showcase every Monday night; on June 19 Roland Haynes Quartet; June 20 & 21, Harry "Sweets" Edison, Jimmy Rowles June 22; and Benny Golson Quartet June 24-26; Irene Kral returns June 27 & 28, and June 29 is The Baroque Jazz Ensemble; For July, Lee Rite-nour and his group come in on the 1, 2 & 3. Buddy Collette on July 4 & 5, Warne Marsh Trio on July 8, and Daphne, a singer-comedienne, on July 10-12 . . . Donte's promises a full schedule, but no announcements at this time . . . Don Randi & the Baked Potato Band continue at the Baked Potato Wednesdays thru Saturdays, with Harry "Sweets" Edison on Sundays, and an unannounced group on Tuesdays . . . The Meeting House on La Brea has afterhours jazz, and down La Brea near Washington, The Parisian Room is expanding its jazz policy, having had Super-sax in for a week during May . . . People are still talking about the mellow Spring Jazz event at the Ahmanson, sponsored by CTI, featuring ten artists, the likes of Bob James, Chet Baker, George Benson, Joe Farrell, Ron Carter, Johnny Hammond, Hubert Laws, Idris Muhammad, Hank Crawford, and Grover Washington, Jr. Over three hours of solid sounds . . . Yes opens the Hollywood Bowl pop season on June 21, with Ace as the opening act, they'll move to the Long Beach Arena June 23 . . .

CHICAGO

Gerry Mulligan is tentatively booked for Joe Segal's Jazz Medium for two weeks beginning June 18; the group that comes in may include Art Farmer. Freddie Hubbard is definitely skedded for a pair of weeks beginning July 8. Plans for the Medium's move are still up in the air, and the extraordinarily long lead time for this issue means that the club may have moved by the time you read this, so call for more info on location and upcoming bookings . . . Joe Cocker contorts his way through an Arie Crown Theater concert July 11 . . . The Rolling Stones mince their way through two Stadium dates July 22-23 . . . The Quiet Knight on Belmont turns back to the folksy stuff after consecutive engagements by Oregon, Anita O'Day, Michal Urbaniak, and Chick Mangione, with Martin Mull and Karen Beth June 11-15; Muddy Waters June 18-22; and John Stewart June 25-29. July will feature Jimmy Buffett and others not announced at press time. The Kenny Soderblom Big Band is in every Monday . . . Orphans on

Lincoln Avenue continues with Synthesis on Mondays, Ears on Tuesdays, Bobby Christian's Big Band on Wednesdays, and a variety of folk and theatrical productions on the weekends . . . Kim Martell thrushes it while tickling the ivories at the Backroom on Rush, Tuesdays thru Saturdays for the rest of June. Judy Roberts likewise in July . . . The Eddie Barrett '30s Big Band is a mainstay at Rats'o's on Lincoln every Monday. The Eddie Boy Band (with fresh ink on an MCA Records contract) shows up June 22 at the club. Judy Roberts is in June 19-22 and again on the 24th. July bookings aren't set, so call . . . Catch the J. Marshall Vente Quartet on Fridays and Saturdays at P. J. Brennan's in Oakbrook. The leader is keyboardist, with Bryant Vente on reeds, Scott Rosenthal on bass, and drummer Ken Samela . . . Redwood Landing at the Wise Fools for a big weekend (record contract in the works?) June 25-28 . . . Rich Fudoli and company continue at the John Hancock Center's 95th floor Sybaris Lounge.

TWIN CITIES

Jazz returned to downtown St. Paul, or within blocks of it on Grand Avenue, recently, when singer Sue Drude, highly jazz-oriented, backed by a trio, played O'Connell's Restaurant. Miss Drude, backed by Steve Lockwood, electric piano; Bill Buchen, drums; and Dave Maslow, electric bass, performed in O'Connell's new pub on a Monday night. Owners Steve and Bill O'Connell hope to make the Monday gigs regularly scheduled Jazz at the Pub affairs . . . Paul Lagos, Los Angeles area drummer for a number of years, has joined tenorman Irv Williams' quartet in the Top of the Hilton Hotel in St. Paul. Pianist Art Resnick also is a new member of the group. Lagos and Resnick replace Jack Bertelsen and Tommy O'Donnell, respectively. Jeff Johnson remains on electric bass . . . The Whole Earth Rainbow Band's 5th album has been pressed and is awaiting the writing of liner notes prior to release . . . Bobby Jackson, who operated the former Cafe Extraordinaire, Minneapolis jazz club, has kept tapes of the playing of a number of local jazz musicians in the club, and will release some of them in an album soon titled *The Cafe Extraordinaire Revisited*. Among musicians featured are keyboardist Bobby Lyle, now with Sly and the Family Stone, and pianist Hubert Eaves, who is with Gary Bartz' Ntu Troop . . . The Milo Fine Free Ensemble will be in concert July 20 in the Pillsbury-Waite Community Center, Minneapolis. The group, with the leader on drums, clarinet and piano, will play the first Friday of each month starting in June in the YMCA, 15th and University Ave. SE, Minneapolis . . . Leigh Kamman, KSJN-FM jazz show co-host, is a charter and board member of the World Jazz Association . . . Barbara Eden and Bob Hope will appear June 20 in the St. Paul Civic Center Arena to raise funds to help support cultural and entertainment programs in the city's downtown area . . . Alice Cooper is scheduled for June 28 in Metropolitan Sports Center, Bloomington . . . The University of Minnesota at Duluth held a festival recently for high school bands. 19 Minnesota bands and one from Wisconsin participated . . . Rahsaan Roland Kirk and his Vibration Society made a short-notice, two-night visit to the University of Minnesota's Whole Coffeehouse in late May.

St. Louis

Within a period of just over one week, three performances early in May by various BAG (Black Artist Group of St. Louis) musicians were given at The Star Chamber Restaurant, Forest Park Community College, and Duff's Restaurant. The various BAG assembles for these performances included **Jim Marshall** (small flutes/percussion), **Floyd LaFlore** (trumpet), **Oliver Lake** (alto sax/flute), **Arzina Richardson** (bass), **J. D. Parran** (soprano sax/piccolo/bass clarinet), poet **Melinke**, and a troupe of African drummers working out of Los Angeles . . . Lake appears on **Anthony Braxton's** new album on the Arista label, and by the time this writing is published, his own album, *Heavy Spirits*, on that same label, should be out and at your local record dealer . . . **The Expression Jazz Quintet**, who opened the **Keith Jarrett** concert at Webster College, has been packing in the crowds at The Orphanage, "a neighborhood drinking establishment" located on Euclid Avenue in the city's renovated West End. The Quintet, which spices its repertoire of original compositions with those by **Miles Davis**, **Herbie Hancock**, **John Coltrane**, and others, is comprised of **Lee Roth**, vibes; **Mark Fredrick**, Fender Piano; **Vince Sala**, tenor

sax/flute; **Steve Singel**, drums; **David Boonshaft**, electric bass. Cover charge is only 50 cents . . . On July 5, Panther Productions brings **War** to Kiel Auditorium, a converted basketball arena that **Frank Zappa** recently said was one of the "shittiest" places he's ever played in . . . **Charles Earland** was in town at the La Casa . . . The pop/rock/folk/jazz/etc. schedule for The Mississippi River Festival, which is located just east of St. Louis on the Edwardsville campus of Southern Illinois University, reads like this: **Stephen Stills**—July 1; **James Taylor**—July 3; **Blood, Sweat & Tears**—July 8; **Yes**—July 9; **Olivia Newton-John**—July 11; **Henry Mancini**—July 13; **Muddy Waters, James Cotton Band**—July 15; **Gordon Lightfoot**—July 16; *A Nostalgic Night of Glenn Miller Music*—July 18; **The Crusaders, Michael Urbaniak's Fusion (!)**—July 19; **Judy Collins**—July 22; **Dave Mason**—July 23; **The Eagles**—July 29; **Linda Ronstadt**—July 30; **The Pointer Sisters**—Aug. 1; **Nitty Gritty Dirt Band, John Hartford**—Aug. 2; **Arlo Guthrie and Pete Seeger**—Aug. 6; **America**—Aug. 10; **Harry Chapin**—Aug. 11; **Loggins and Messina**—Aug. 15; **Peter Nero**—Aug. 17; **Mac Davis**—Aug. 18; **Jefferson Starship**—Aug. 19; **The Osmonds, Munch**—Aug. 20.

Cleveland

Rodger Bohn, impresario of the Smiling Dog Saloon, the area's premiere jazz room on W. 25th Street, 1½ blocks north of the I-71 exit, continues to offer local jazz performers a forum, in addition to booking major national jazz acts. Appearing in late June and July at the Dog will be **The New York Jazz Quartet** (**Hubert Laws**, flute, **Roland Hanna**, piano, **Ron Carter**, bass, and **Ben Riley**, drums) scheduled for June 17-22, followed by **Michal Urbaniak** from July 1 to 6, and the **Lin Biviano** jazz orchestra from July 22 to 27. The July bookings are only tentatively set at this writing. Recently playing in various house bands under the sign of the laughing canine have been reedmen **Ron Kozak** and **Joey Lovano** (Joey, the son of long-time Cleveland music man **Tony "Big T" Lovano**), pianist **Dick Schumacher**, bassists **Lamar Gaines** and **Bill Plavan**, and drummers **Val Kent**, **Skip Hadden**, and **Jamie Haddad**. Kozak and Hadden recently appeared in support of Ms. **Arneice Russell**, Miss Black America, as she came through town in concert. Another regular at the Dog has been **Ernie Krivda**, one of the finest reedmen Cleveland has ever produced, who appeared "back home" again



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briefly in June before going to work again with **Quincy Jones** . . . Blossom Music Center, the summer home of the Cleveland Orchestra, has (just) announced its summer schedule, including **Ella Fitzgerald** and **Count Basie** on June 18, **B. B. King** and **Ramsey Lewis** on June 24, a Glenn Miller evening with **Ray Eberle** and crew on July 8, the **New England Conservatory's Ragtime Ensemble** with **Scott Joplin's Red Back Book** on July 17, **Gladys Knight and the Pips** on July 29, and **Earth, Wind & Fire** on Aug. 21. The season is rather sparsely filled with jazz-related acts compared to previous years . . . **Bill Gidney** and Co., including bassist **Chink Stephenson** and vocalist **Peggy Fraser** on Tuesdays now at the No Name, on Cedar just west of Warron Center Rd. . . . From the blues corner: **Robert Jr. Lockwood** occasionally in concert here and in the midwest, still makes his home in the area, as does **Arbee Stidham**, occasionally lecturing on blues at Cleveland State University . . . Schedule at Cain Park, the municipal theatre in Cleveland Heights, tentatively has **Akron Jazz Workshop** under **Roland Paolucci**, **Cleveland State U. Lab Band** under **Prof. Al Blaser**, and **Moondreams**, a jazz-rock-Latin combine scheduled as part of the Tuesday Twilight Festival free concerts that begin in the 3000-seat amphitheatre at 6:30 p.m. during July and August (call 371-3000 for further information), rain or shine . . . Jazzradio thing continues to gain time in the area, with **Tom Jones' Album Review** now on WZAK-FM, 93.1, Mon-Thur. 11 p.m. to 1 a.m., and Fri. 12 Mid. to 2 a.m. . . . **Steve Harris** with jazz over WJMO, 1490 khz., on Sun. from 7 to Midnight . . . **Jimmy Williams** on daytime WABQ, 1540, from 6 p.m. to sunset on Sun. . . . Jazz Comes to WCLV with **Chris Colombi** has added a second edition, Sundays at 1 a.m., with an hour-long informal profile of jazz artists following **WCLV Saturday Night** each weekend, in addition to the regularly-scheduled Friday night-Sat a.m. program at 95.5 on the FM dial . . . **John Richmond** can be heard from 8:30 to 11:30 over WKSU-FM each Sat. evening at 89.7, and the Kent State U. station also programs jazz heavily during the week.

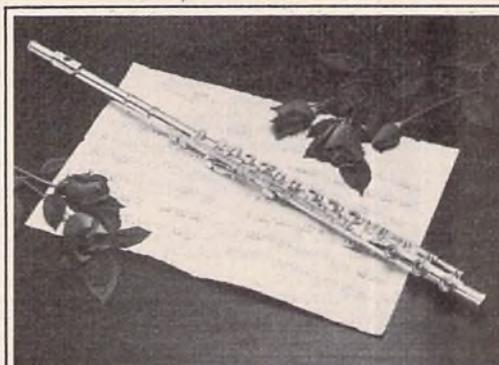
SOUTHWEST

PHOENIX: The Flagstaff Summer Festival '75 will run from June 15 to August 3, including some roots music from the **Preservation Hall Jazz Band** on 7/13 . . . The Boojum Tree will be featuring the **Armand Boatman Trio** thru July, with a tentative date for **Ahmad Jamal**

7/6-7, and **Cal Tjader** in early August . . . The Varsity Inn in Tempe will have jazz from **Grant Wolf's Night Band** on every Monday night this summer . . . The **Don Phillips Quartet** is at the Anchorage-Hawaii Restaurant thru July. The group plays jazz-rock with Don on keyboards, sax, and flute; brother **Andy** on organ; **Jeff Upton**, drums; and **Dennis Sexton**, bass . . . **Jack Radavich**, well-known bassist about town, has joined **Tom Miles'** trumpet on tour with the **Tommy Dorsey** band . . . Valley Ho Hotel will stick with an all jazz format this summer, but they haven't named a group for June-July yet . . . Civic Plaza has **Paul Williams** 6/28, **Wolfman Jack's I Saw Radio** 7/11, the **Eagles** 7/4, **Dan Fogelberg** 7/12, and other good music.

LAS VEGAS: **Monk Montgomery**, who just played a gig at Concerts By The Sea in California, is still trying to organize Vegas jazz, so contact him for information. Monk was joined at the California day by **Ron Feuer**, **Santo Savino**, **Elec Bacsic**, **Don Alias**, **Don Overberg**, and **Gil Mahonas** . . . Feuer's septet, which does a lot of programs in the schools, recently played at the Flamingo Library, and Feuer also played at Union Plaza's late night excursion into jazz with **Carl Hosband**, **Harold Wiley**, **Bob Pierson**, and others . . . **Rick Davis**, **Arno Marsh**, and "**Tenor Bag**" are playing occasionally at B&J's Home, a club offering soul and jazz. **Bill Trujillo** and **Bob Pierson** are also in on that . . . **James Moody** is in the Hilton house band, and has been known to offer playing tips. But he's not currently playing much jazz . . . **Hiroshi Suzuki's** septet recently played at U.N.L.V. The Japanese trombonist uses all original material, and his stellar combo features **Chuck Foster** (trumpet), **Richie Caruso** (reeds), **Ron Feuer** (keyboards), **Brent Alverson** (bass), and **Alex Acuna** (percussion) . . . **Mel Torme** will be in the Sands 6/11-7/8 . . . **Paul Anka** comes to town on July 17 with his MOR sounds, but! Last time Paul visited he brought along a band with the likes of **Carl Fontana**, **Frank Rosolino**, and **Kai Winding** . . . **Fats Domino** and **Wilson Pickett** lounging at the Hilton.

SAN DIEGO: The end of July looks like a hot stretch for jazz buffs. **George Wein's** Newport tour comes in on the same day as the tentatively scheduled **CTI Summer Tour**, July 25. The next two days spotlight a return of the highly successful **India Street Art Colony Jazz Festival**, just off the Pacific Coast highway. Over two dozen top-notch jazz groups from the San Diego area will perform free on an outdoor stage overlooking the harbor.



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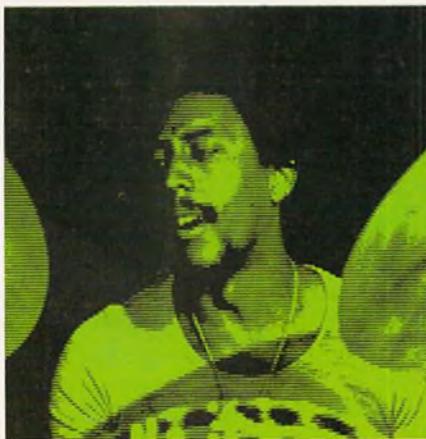
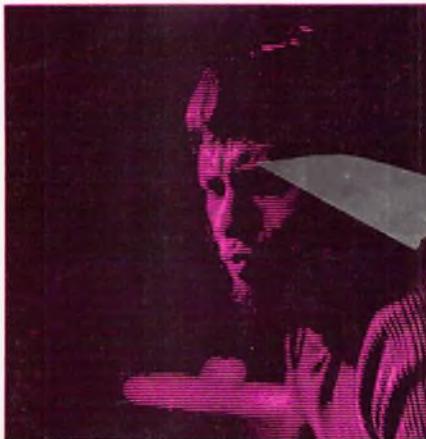
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