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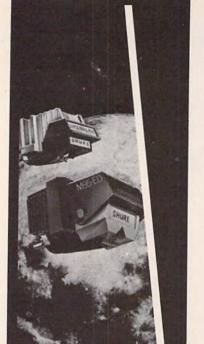
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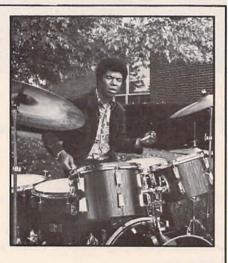
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the first chorus

By Charles Suber

It seems like you always learn after you sign something," ruefully states Randy Brecker who, with brother Michael, talks about the realities of today's music in this issue. The quote refers to the painful method by which most musicians learn to deal with the business of music. The Breckers, for all their talent and formal education, admit to being business illiterates at the mercy of those who make their living from the talents of others.

It isn't that all record company execs, music publishers, bookers and managers are crooked or even unseemingly avaricious. Their business, however, is to make the best deal for themselves and that may mean a larger hand in the musician's pocket.

Anyone who wants to make money from the creation and performance of music has three basic options:

1. Stay pure and dream only of the muse. (But don't buy anything on time.)

2. Give up playing and join the business community. (This is a road well-traveled by many successful ex-musicians.)

3. Keep playing but take some time to learn your business.

Those of you still in school should immediately exercise option No. 3. Sign up for one or more Business of Music courses if available in your area. (We think there are 30 or so colleges offering such help this school year. For everyone's benefit, we would appreciate your telling us what your school does offer in this line. Send such information to this column; we'll collate the information and make a current list available to whomever requests it—by sending a self-addressed, stamped envelope.)

If your school isn't keen on teaching you how to make a living from music, then you must fend for yourself. Start by reading some of the books listed in "Source Materials for Music Careers" (db Music Handbook '75, \$1.50). The books can give you valuable information and make you realize how much you don't know. But a word of caution. The best of books can't make you street-wise. For that get close to a professional player, showbiz lawyer or accountant and ask lots of questions. Just don't sign anything—unless and until you know what for.

Beautiful person-player Don Cherry talks in this issue of a different hype, the theft and despoiling of a culture:

"But it's still incredible sometimes, what's happening to black folks within the music itself. I mean the way the white pop world uses the roots of black music that they listen to, and then put on dresses and make-up and bring in a negative thing that has nothing to do with the music."

Which brings to mind the recent Rolling Stones' "Eleven Million Dollar Tour." A most incisive comment came from the Chicago Sun-Times columnist Bob Greene, the author of Billion Dollar Baby, the quintessential analysis of Alice Cooper. Greene wrote two superb pieces about Howlin' Wolf and the Stones. In the first column, he described Wolf talking about "his boys" while waiting by the phone for an invitation to their Chicago concert. The second column tells of Wolf and his wife waiting in vain for his boys to come to dinner. The food got cold. The rock stars moved on.

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Quantity Counts

Although I realize that quantity does not equal quality, I am nevertheless pleased to notice that some of your record reviewers are lowering the ratings of albums which contain only 30 minutes or so of music. With current technology, an album can hold almost an hour's worth of music without losing sound quality. So, record companies, please, let's have less elaborate color photography and more music!

Rick Mattingly

Louisville, Ky

The Gospel, Refuted

After reading the Gospel according to Saint Jimmy Witherspoon in your July Blindfold Test, I feel obligated to go out and

burn all my Ella and Mahavishnu albums.

After all, who wants to argue with such divinely inspired stupidity?

Anthony Fichera Manteca, Cal.

What Me, Worry???

What are the odds of vibes player A (me) sitting in a tub of hot water, listening for the first time to a cassette of various record cuts my man Marshall thought I might dig, reading vibes player B's (Bags, who was A's inspiration) Blindfold Test reaction to vibes player C (Hamp, who was B's inspiration), and having that very recording play on the tape simultaneously?

It happened to me last night and it was almost as good as sex. Five stars for Milton, Lionel, and Marsh The Mellow. Ring dem bells. . . .

Andy The Dandy Michigan City, Ind.

Last Respects

I've been an admirer of Tim Buckley for the past decade. . . . The public deserted him in 1968, once he stopped being a folk-singer, and the critics deserted him in 1972, once he stopped being an "art" singer. I suppose his death was a logical end to this "regression," but still I find it tragic. As far as I'm concerned, there's no singer living today who has the voice, the range, the instrument that Tim Buckley had. Yet he could never even garner 30 votes in the db Readers Poll. It's a damn shame.

Rick Cornell San Rafael, Cal.

Letter From Flora

I am as happy here at Terminal Island as I ever have been. I receive hundreds of letters everyday from fans all over the world, people acknowledging the communication of the music I choose to sing. . . . To me, this is freedom. I am free inside and hope to be physically free before the end of this year.

I want to thank all of you who helped me to make it, through your love and understanding and by the support shown in voting me db's No. I female singer of 1974. I hope to give you all the most beautiful music on my next album, which is now in preparation.

Flora Purim

Terminal Island, Cal.

Muzak Man

What's wrong with Muzak? It serves a purpose! Would you like to listen to Miles Davis' Fillmore album in the dentist's office? Hell, I wouldn't!
Paul Baker Lexington, Ky.

One For Grover

Thanks for the article on Grover Washington, Jr. (db, 7/17). He is an absolutely beautiful person in addition to playing fantastic music. I am pleased to know that at least some musicians are communicating verbally as well as musically by telling people what they want to know about their life and chops.

Joel App

Bethesda, Md.

Trials Of A Lefty

I am a left-handed musician who has found it increasingly difficult to locate instruments of good quality (i.e. strings and accessories reversed). In the past few years I have run across more lefties inquiring about guitars, basses, mandolins, violins of good quality, acoustic and electric. If there are other readers who share this frustration, perhaps we can communicate and make our old and new instruments available to each other, then get down and show these righties how to play.

Otis Read

Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Eclectic Beat

Excellent! I am pleased to see a quality magazine give five stars to the Anglo-French band Gong. This rivals the time Horslips' *The Tain* received top ratings. By giving such underappreciated groups this exposure and positive criticism you are indeed "the contemporary music magazine."

Ken Horne

Chula Vista, Cal.



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CANNONBALL DEAD AT 46

Alto saxophonist Julian "Cannonball" Adderley died August 8 in a Gary, Indiana hospital following a massive stroke. He was 46.

It was in the summer of 1955 that a pudgy alto saxophonist sat in with Oscar Pettiford's group at the Cafe Bohemia in New York and played with such eloquence and assurance that his name soon was on every jazz musician's lips. Within weeks, he was making albums for two labels, and for the next 20 years, Cannonball Adderley was in the vanguard of his profession.

Julian Edwin Adderley was not totally unknown in jazz circles when he stepped on the Bohemia bandstand that night. Musicians who'd been around his native Florida, in the U.S. Army, or in Washington, D.C. had been impressed with the playing of this young man who seemed to combine elements of Charlie Parker and such prebop masters as Benny Carter, in a lively and fluent style of his own.

Born in Tampa, Florida on Sept. 15, 1928, Cannonball (the nickname was a corruption of "Cannibal," awarded by high school chums in awe of young Julian's eating capacity) came from a musical family. His father played cornet, an instrument that eventually was taken up by his younger brother Nat. Julian studied both brass and reed instruments in high school, forming his first jazz group while still a student.

Not long after graduation, he became the band director at Dillard High School in Ft. Lauderdale—a post he held intermittently from 1948 to 1956.

During this period, Adderley also had his own bands. While serving in the Army, he became leader of the 36th Army Dance Band; he had his own combo in Washington while studying at the U.S. Naval School of Music, and later led another Army band at Fort Knox. It was only after considerable deliberation, and the success of his first recordings, that Cannonball decided to give up his teaching career for the somewhat uncertain life of a full-time jazzman.

In 1956, he formed his first combo with brother Nat: it included Junior Mance, piano, and Sam Jones, bass, and lasted until the fall of 1957, when he joined the famous Miles Davis group that already had on board John Coltrane, Red Garland, Paul Chambers and Philly Joe Jones. He remained with Davis for almost two years, a key period in Adderley's musical development.

Cannonball formed his own group again in October, 1959. Nat and Sam Jones were again members, and planist Bobby Timmons and drummer Louis Hayes rounded out the combo. It became an almost instant success, with its first album including the Bobby Timmons hit This Here. This was followed by Timmons' Dat Dere and Nat Adderley's Work Song. By the time the latter tune was recorded, Barry Harris had taken Timmons' place; he was replaced by Victor Feldman, and in 1961, the piano chair was taken over by a young Viennese, Joe Zawinul, who was to stay for almost a decade.

It was Zawinul who penned the group's biggest hit of the '60s, Mercy, Mercy, Mercy, and its follow-ups, Why Am I Treated So Bad and Country Preacher. During the '60s, the quintet was occasionally enlarged to six pieces by the respective presences of Yusef Lateef, and Charles Lloyd. Zawinul's replacement was George Duke, who—like so many Adderley sidemen—was able to make good use of the exposure gained through working with the group

While the hits made it possible for the group to work steadily and lucratively, Cannonball never allowed himself to become



locked into a commercial formula. His musical policy was always a broad one that allowed for the experimental and adventurous, as well as for the straight-ahead and mass-oriented.

Something of the teacher always remained in Cannonball. Among the most articulate of jazz musicians, he enjoyed informing his audiences about what was being played, as well as how, why, and by whom. His ability to establish rapport with any audience was an important ingredient in the group's consistent success. His background in education also stood the group in good stead when. from the late '60s on, it began to present a concise history of jazz in schools and colleges. Cannonball was also an expert clinician, much in demand at school seminars.

An aware and concerned man whose horizon extended beyond purely musical matters, Cannonball was active in civil rights and support for the arts. He was involved in the Rev. Jesse Jackson's Operation Breadbasket, took part in the Black Expos held in Chicago, and served on the Jazz Advisory Panel of the National Endowment for the Arts.

As a saxophonist, Cannonball projected a strong and lively musical temperament. Equipped with virtuoso technique, he was capable of negotiating the fastest of tempos. But he also excelled at warm, melodic ballad playing, and, of course, was a master of blues and funk. Earthiness and humor were basic ingredients in his music, but he could also play a pretty ballad with an elegance that recalled an early influence, Benny Carter. He took up soprano sax in the '60s and developed a very attractive sound and style on the instrument

In addition to countless recordings with his own groups, Cannonball participated in sessions with singers Sarah Vaughan, Tony Bennett, Dinah Washington, and Nancy Wilson (whose early career he furthered); as a sideman, he appeared with Miles Davis, Milt Jackson, Kenny Dorham, Bill Evans, Sonny Rollins, Quincy Jones, J. J. Johnson and many, many others.

Some of his best work on records includes the albums Somethin' Else, Waltz For Debby, Cannonball Takes Charge, Cannonball Adderley In San Francisco and Cannonball Adderley And The Poll Winners under his own name; Kind Of Blue with Miles Davis; Jazz At The Philharmonic In Europe; and Roots with Gil Evans. Several of these have recently been reissued on Prestige and Blue Note.

It would be hard to overestimate the contribution of Nat Adderley to his brother's career. Other survivors are his widow and -dan morgenstern

Hits Loft Jazzmania

the Jazzmania Society.

tence since January 10, 1975, the right place. with membership open to jazz

NEW YORK-The loft at 14 musicians. There are group East 23rd Street has become af- workshops and individual infectionately known as the struction given. Director Mike "Yardbird Suite." Housed Morgenstern lists the following therein is resident pianist Rusty as problems facing the non-Cloud. Cloud, who coifs like name players: (1) Most com-Keith Jarrett and voices like Ray mercial gigs don't offer enough Charles, is the music director of jazz opportunity; (2) Getting a an unusual organization called group together just to blow has its share of problems too, name-The Society has been in exis- ly finding the right players and

"We have solved these probmusicians from pro to qualifying lems," Mike stated flatly. "As a amateurs. Associate member- member, the musician has a ships are available to non-place with superb facilities.

There are always enough touring pro in the neighborhood tions abound."

with pillows made by the fellow who was tending bar on the night db caught a session. The acoustics are ample, with a single mike pickup where the instrumentalists gather to do the ensemble riff, and then peel off as soloists for marathon sojourns. It is indeed a learning experience for each of the players. Sitters-in, droppers-by, and any at 212-677-1737.

players and different combina- ofttimes lend their talents to the proceedings. The audience is The "facilities" include a dotted with some who could not spacious area, dimly lit, dotted fit on the stand. As each group concludes a set a new group takes over, the rhythm section usually remaining the same

Friday and Saturday nights are "jazz parties," with soft and semi-soft drinks only. There are musician-only sessions Wednesdays and Sundays and new members have a choice of educational plans. Call the Society

FRENCH PULSATION

VIENNA-The next General board, the Jazz Pulsations will EJF's Constitutional Conference gospel music. in Venice in May 1969.

election of the new advisory 1011, Vienna, Austria.

Assembly of the European Jazz highlight some 400 musicians Federation will be held in Nancy, from all over the globe. The fes-France from October 16-19. The tival will be accompanied by an Nancy Jazz Pulsations '75 Fes- art and photo exhibition, screentival will serve as host for the ings of jazz movies, instrument event. It will mark the second clinics, and religious services General Assembly since the which will include spiritual and

For additional info about the Aside from various organiza- Assembly write the EJF Secretional matters and the scheduled tariat General, P.O. Box 671, A-

potpourri

can Song Festival has hit upon hard times. The Festival, which has been steadily losing money Schmaltzcrooner since its inception two years Humperdinck has signed a deal ago, has lost the services of its with MFSB guitarist Bobby Ell, president, Malcolm C. Klein, who has been involved with Blue Plans are to push ahead with this Magic and the Main Ingredient, year's affair, but the shoestring among others. Just how much of is said to be mighty short.

While recently in Chicago for a gig at Mister Kelly's, Buddy Rich busted through to the headlines again. The 57-year-old top of the jazz charts, has re-kicking tables and taking karate potshots at invisible enemies. Rich, who struts a first-degree karate black belt, credits his inpursuit of the sport.

starring role in a karate flick mill goes.

Missing, One Yellow Brick Suggested title: The Amazing Road: The much-vaunted Ameri- Flailer Meets the Hillbilly Peril.

Incredible Mutations, Part I: Engelbert that Philly Sound Engelbert picks up remains to be heard.

Lonnie Liston Smith, whose

Scratch those big plans for credible stamina to his diligent the Carla Bley-Jack Bruce-Mick rsuit of the sport. Taylor Thing-a-ma-jig. All Confirmed aficianados of the parties have scattered for difmany martial art movies current-ferent directions, with Taylor ly proliferating, we're secretly headed back for the Rolling waiting for Buddy to grab the Stones, or so the infinite rumor

CHICO, '55, RESURRECTED



Chico And His Men, Two Decades Back

of a reunion of the 1955 Chico additional specials forthcoming. Hamilton Quintet, featuring Katz' piano and cello, and Depart-Telecommunications ment, KCST-TV (ABC) filmed the event for presentation as a television special in the near future. According to Hope Shaw, program director for S.D. City's allfm), the program has been of tone poem Blue Sands is a high-

SAN DIEGO—San Diego City fered to Storer stations (Boston, College was recently the scene Miami) and to NET. There may be

The original Chico Hamilton Buddy Collette's reeds. Fred Quintet also included Jim Hall on guitar and Carson Smith on bass. Chico's distinctive drums. In For this San Diego City College conjunction with the school program, Ryo Kawasaki and Steve Turre, both from Hamilton's current group, were asked to round out the rhythm section. Taped August 12, the hour-long program includes live performances and conversations with jazz radio station KSDS (88.3 the musicians, Buddy Collette's

FINAL BAR



Percussion innovator, Arthur James "Zutty" Singleton died in New York as a result of complications from a stroke suffered several years ago. He was 77 years old.

The term "drummer" only described what Zutty looked like on the bandstand. Those who knew what went into his drumming called him innovative. He was among the first to use wire brushes on traps, and "invented" 4/4 time. The story goes that he was with Ethel Waters who "came to town to play the Lyric," a New Orleans theatre. As Zutty explained it, "She taught me the Charleston beat for one of her special numbers. I couldn't get it at first, but then I found out that if I played all four beats on the bass drum instead of two, that made it easy."

Noted as a New Orleans drummer, Singleton's style had a great impact, finally becoming a major influence on Chicagoans George Whettling and Dave Tough. Moreover, his effectual swing was picked up by Big Sid Catlett, who carried it all the way into bebop from his swing era beginnings. Zutty recorded with boppers Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie, but centered his career around Louis Armstrong for three decades.

After some Mississippi riverboat gigs with Fate Marable in 1923, he played with Charlie Creath's band in St. Louis. Charlie's sister, Majorie, was the pianist and she soon became Mrs. Singleton. It was on a trio date under Jimmy Noone, the clarinetist, that Zutty began to "solo." His solos were not mere show-offy flaying of sticks, but improvisations that interwove the melody with drum, cymbals, sticks and brushes into a quiltwork that caused Martin Williams to ask whether he had originated the organized drum solo. Zutty replied, "I can't remember getting it from anybody."

It was 1928 that produced his first recordings with Satchmo and Earl Fatha Hines. Out of these came brushwork on Muggles and Tight Like This. He was the house drummer at the Three Deuces in Chicago, as well as appearing there with his own group. He returned to New York, having last played there with Armstrong, while filling the drum chair at Nick's in Greenwich Village, and later at Jimmy Ryan's, on 52nd Street.

Zutty appeared with Fats Waller in the movie Stormy Weather, and with Louis Armstrong in New Orleans.

He remained active until his stroke in 1970. A funeral service was held at Central Presbyterian Church (St. Peter's), at which Bobby Pratt's trombone recalled some tailgate days and Milt Hinton's bass bowed in reverence.

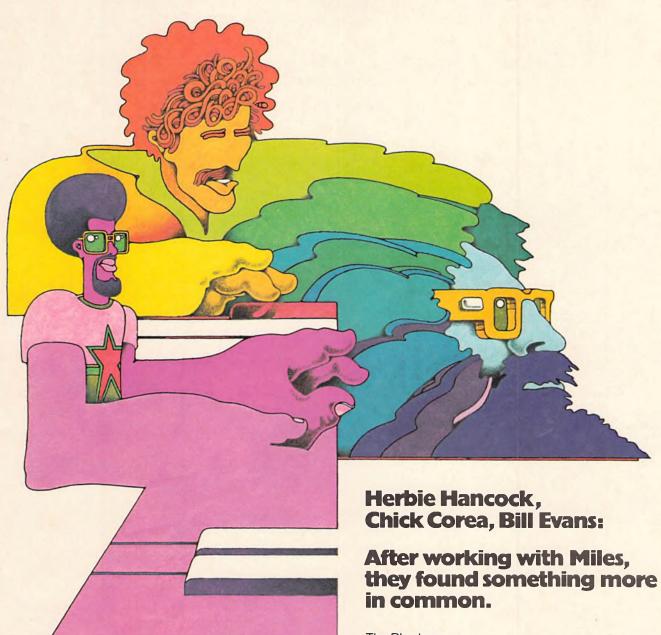
Reverend John Garcia Gensel, in delivering the eulogy, closed by exclaiming, "Now Louis has his drummer. We're at least thankful for that.' —a.j. smith

Bill Abernathy, jazz trumpet and flugelhorn player, and teacher, died June 21 in Chicago. He would have been 50 on August 8.

Born and raised in Chicago, Abernathy took his bachelor's and master's at Tennessee State University (Nashville), after which he taught in the Chicago public school system. He became assistant professor of music and head of band and jazz studies at Kennedy-King College in 1971.

Abernathy suffered what was to be a fatal heart attack on a plane returning from the U. of Pittsburgh where he and Chicago trombonist Billy Howell had been accepted for their doctoral programs (in jazz) by Dr. Nathan Davis.

After service in a U.S. Navy band, 1942-46, Abernathy's professional career centered in Chicago; pit bands in the Regal and Capitol theaters, many jobbing groups, and a jazz chair with the Morris Ellis band which, with many other Chicago musicians, played at Abernathy's funeral services, held at Kennedy-King College.



The Rhodes.

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

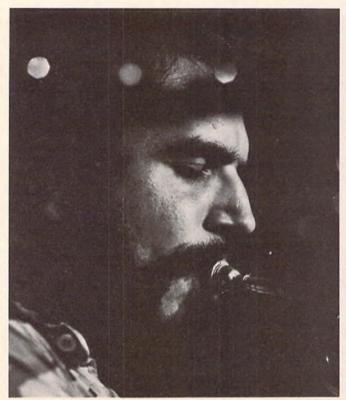
Some play rock. Some play jazz. Some play sweet. Some play funky. But they all play the Rhodes. It's an instrument and a sound as unique as they are.

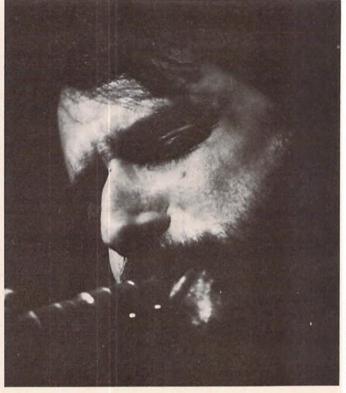
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Sneakin' Up The Charts with The Brecker Brothers

by ROBERT PALMER





which features the working Brecker Brothers band, was getting air-

tape of black discotheque dance music was playing over and over during an inordinately long half-time break at a recent Rolling Stones concert. An insinuatingly lyrical funk instrumental kept popping up between Isleys and Bluc Notes, something with a horn line that sounded like Memphis' Mar-Keys in their heyday. It was very familiar from the radio, but who was it? Nobody seemed to know. It wasn't until I played the Brecker Brothers album preparing for this interview that I recognized the slyly catchy strains of their Sneakin' Up Behind You.

When I met with Randy and Michael at the offices of Arista Records, I had made two suppositions about them. One was that musicians who had played with the staggering variety of names listed in their bio—James Brown, Stevie Wonder, Yoko Ono, James Taylor, Horace Silver, Billy Cobham, and Larry Coryell, to name a disparate few—would have some interesting comments to make regarding the milieu of professional sidemen. The other was that any players who'd come as far in the music business as the Breckers must know quite a bit about that business, in addition to their technical musical knowledge and chops.

My experience of the Breckers' music was framed by two very different events. One was a concert they performed several years ago in New York under the leadership of bassist David Holland. The tunes were David's; several of them later turned up on his Conference Of The Birds LP, which featured Sam Rivers and Anthony Braxton. The other musicians in the concert group were drummer Barry Altschul and pianist/guitarist Ralph Towner. It was fast company and the Breckers were in their element, reading Holland's whiplash lines in their usual tight, bristling manner and soloing with energy and tech-

The second event was grooving to Sneakin' Up at the rock concert. It was the single from their album, and the week we got together for the interview it was bulleted in the pop and r&b charts. The album, play on Top 40, FM progressive, r&b, and jazz stations.

Palmer: Let's start at the beginning: Philadelphia, right? Randy: Right, we both grew up there, mostly in the suburbs. Our father is a part-time pianist who happens to play really well. I started playing trumpet in the third grade, and since both our parents are what they used to call jazz buffs, I developed an early interest in it. When I was in high school I started taking gigs around Philly, mostly a lot of r&b gigs. Then I went to the University of Indiana for three years and played in a big band and a small group there. That really taught me a lot, including reading. Jerry Coker was teaching there and I had private lessons from Dave Baker, who was living in Indian-

The Indiana big band I played in won the competition at the Notre Dame jazz festival, and they sent us on a State Department tour of Europe and the Near East. I never went back to school! I stayed in Europe for about three months after that, working as a single, and did a few festivals on my own. Then I decided to come to New York and start from scratch. It wasn't easy. What helped me was being at those college festivals, because some of the judges remembered me. Phil Woods got me one of my first gigs, in Clark Terry's big band.

Palmer: What do you do to establish your name and abilities in a music scene as competitive as New York? Why do you think it takes some really excellent musicians so long, whereas it doesn't seem to have taken you that long?

Randy: I'd go and hang out, and sit in whenever I could. I did all kinds of things. I played for go-go girls at the Metropole (a strip club on Broadway) which turned out fine, because they were playing r&b and I learned a lot of tunes. I would go to the Union on Wednesdays,

MICHAEL MARIENTHAI

12 down beat

when everybody goes and hangs around trying to get gigs for the weekend. One of the gigs I got was playing with Les and Larry Elgart, which I did for six months—great gig. We'd drive ten hours to a college prom, play the gig and drive back the same night, for 25 bucks. But I met a lot of people in that band who turned me on to rehearsal bands and various other things. You just do everything, meet a lot of people and get your name around as much as you can. You do anything you can do when you first get here, you keep meeting people and it's like a chain reaction. It took at least two or three years before I was making a decent living though. It was easier for Michael. . . .

Michael: Because he was here already.

Palmer: Did you have a jazz background as well?

Michael: Actually, I was more into rock in college—Cream, Jimi Hendrix. I was at Indiana for about a year, but unfortunately I hadn't enrolled in the music school, so I didn't get that much out of it. I did play in a small group there.

Palmer: I know your group created a stir at the Notre Dame festival because some students I know who played there last year said they

were still talking about you.

Michael: Yeah, that was a good group. But in the finals at Notre Dame we upset things without really meaning to by playing rock and roll, after we'd played jazz in the preliminaries. They didn't want to set a precedent by awarding the prize to a group that played rock, so they didn't award any prize. They gave us all individual prizes and that was it. Anyway, I came to New York, and the first group I played in was Birdsong, an r&b band led by Edwin Birdsong. That was the first real r&b experience I had, and I really enjoyed it. The first time I heard r&b drumming, it knocked me out. In fact, Billy Cobham was in that band briefly.

Palmer: Meanwhile, Randy had joined Blood, Sweat and Tears?
Randy: My first break—if it was a break. At the time the only music I listened to was jazz and r&b. I had no idea who Al Kooper or Steve Katz were.

Palmer: How did you feel about playing with them?

were doing anything at the time. Barry Rogers, the trombonist, had been working with Mike in Birdsong. The Dreams records never sold. We never had a strong single, the production was kind of screwed up, some of the tunes weren't so great.

Michael: The group was a little ahead of its time too. Our idea was to be more spontaneous and creative than BS&T, and this was before

Mahavishnu and that whole thing.

Randy: We just never captured the essence of the band on records. We always did great in person, got amazing standing ovations. That was mostly due to Billy's drumming, I must admit. The drum solo got 'em every time. Still, there wasn't that much forethought to the whole thing, and when Billy left to join Mahavishnu it was the final blow.

Palmer: What about some of the other playing credits listed in your record company biography? Stevie Wonder, James Brown. . . .

Randy: I worked with Stevie for about four months, mostly weekends, around the time he had Superstition out. It was amazing to watch the way he did everything, because he's really into the music 90 per cent of the time, on and off stage. As soon as he finishes playing he's got the earphones on and he's listening to his tapes or writing something. And every show had the same kind of energy, no matter whether the place was packed or empty. I remember once when we were playing the Apollo, there was a brawl in the dressing room, two minutes before we went on. One of the guitar players and a road manager had been buggin' each other and one of 'em took a swing at the other one. Everybody was completely shaken up: it went down in a very small dressing room. Then Stevie went on, and it was like nothing happened. Nothing ever affected his performances.

Palmer: You recorded with James Brown? Randy: I still do, every once in awhile.

Palmer: I love how he uses his horn section, as if it were a big percussion instrument.

Randy: Right. He certainly has been a big influence over the years. Palmer: Does he use studio musicians on his records?

Randy: Sometimes, and on some records I hear his real band. The

"I went to a discotheque the other night and I heard myself on five tunes in a row, all by different artists. 'Somebody's cleanin' up, man,' people are probably saying. Unfortunately, it ain't us. You have to have an amazing hit of your own before you see one cent after the sessions, and even then, if it's your record, it's going to take you years to recoup the royalties. That's the way it's set up."

Randy: At the time I hated it. Well, I liked it at the beginning, but I was really immature then. It seems ridiculous looking back on it, but I kept saying we should stretch out and play more jazz, I didn't want to do the same tunes every night, I hated it when they talked about doing this or that to please the audience.

Palmer: Were you a jazz snob, somebody who thought playing anything else was beneath you?

Randy: Yeah. I'd never really played in a small jazz group, which was what I thought I was supposed to be doing. That's why I left Blood. Sweat and Tears and joined Horace Silver. And I just got it out of my system; I don't think I'll ever have that amazing urge again. It was really great for awhile, but then after awhile it gets to be like playing with a BS&T, the same tunes every night, the same clubs. I still like to play, but as far as working clubs six nights a week and going out on the road for a month, I just don't have that urge.

Palmer: What about you, Michael? Were you into r&b saxophone in college, or just jazz?

Michael: I got into King Curtis and Junior Walker, those schools, at the same time I was listening to Trane and other jazz. So I feel like I really grew up with both.

Palmer: Both schools, if you can call them that, are very evident in your playing. You still don't hear that combination much.

Michael: More and more these days, you hear people borrowing from all sorts of areas. I've always wanted to somehow come up with a style where everything sounded integrated, without sounding like jumping from one thing to another, or just throwing things in haphazardly. But it takes time, it takes a lot of playing.

Palmer: What about Dreams, the first New York band the two of you played in together? Aren't a lot of the Dreams people in your band now?

Randy: Sure: (bassist) Will Lee, (pianist) Don Grolnick, and (guitarist) Bob Mann. Of course we had Billy Cobham on drums. Billy and I had played together in Horace's band, and none of us

J.B.'s are amazing. I remember one night, somehow we couldn't get it happening in the studio and he played us tapes of his band live. It was great. At one point he was trading fours with somebody, scat singing, and he really does it well, really well. I don't think too many people have heard him do it.

Palmer: What about this studio musician business? Do you both do quite a bit of that?

Randy: Pretty much. We don't work as much as a lot of other players in the studios, but we do more rock and roll or r&b records that sell a lot, so somehow we've been stamped as that. We don't do it full-time. Michael and I work a lot with Barry Rogers and (alto saxophonist) Dave Sanborn; Dave's in the Brecker Brothers band, of course. That's one horn section. I work with another one that usually includes Jon Faddis or Lew Soloff; there are different cliques of horn sections. We do a lot of dates, many of which we don't get our names on, and you'd be surprised, actually, at how many of the same people are on a lot of these records. One day we'll do four or five different acts, from Gladys Knight and the Pips to Sha Na Na on the next tune. It's weird. I went to a discotheque the other night and I heard myself on five tunes in a row, all by different artists. "Somebody's cleanin' up, man," people are probably saying. Unfortunately, it ain't us. You have to have an amazing hit of your own before you see cent one after the sessions, and even then, if it's your record, it's going to take you years to recoup the royalties. That's the way it's set up.

Palmer: This must've had something to do with forming your own hand

Randy: Right. We had been on the road with Billy. Before that, Mike was playing with Horace Silver and I was with Larry Coryell and the Eleventh House. The Coryell gig was one of my best experiences musically, because I was the only horn, we were playing good tunes, everybody was writing. The only thing that wasn't happening was that he was tied up to a really lame record deal, and at the time it looked like it was going to be years before he could get out of

EMISSARY OF THE GLOBAL MUSE

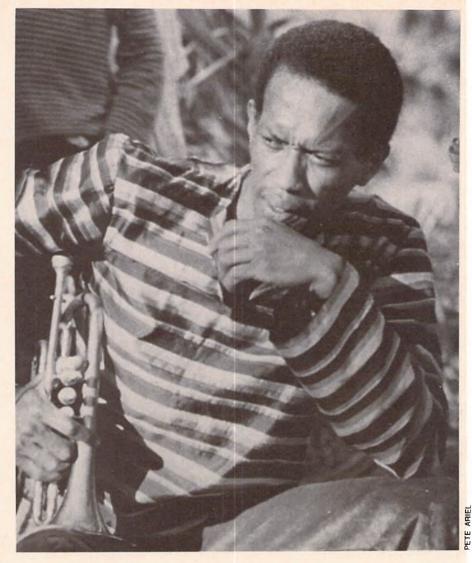
DON CHERRY

by Peter Occhiogrosso

K arl Berger probably put it best when he said of multi-instrumentalist, composer, educator, and sometime street musician Don Cherry in a recent interview, "He is the world's musical memory. He takes any music in the world... and puts it in a new context, so it can be played." While Don Cherry has accomplished a lot more than just that, there is little doubt that he has done more than any other single musician to incorporate the musics of the world into a viable format within the jazz idiom. Various musicians have used and exposed music from other cultures in their playing-Coltrane with Indian music; Ornette, Randy Weston, and others with African music; anyone from Jim Hall to Wayne Shorter with Brazilian sounds, and so on. But no one else has been able to fuse them all and still retain the essence of his own musical personality.

The result of Cherry's work has been to help broaden the range of music that jazz musicians now have to draw upon in their work. As an example, when Don visited Karl Berger at his Woodstock studio during his recent visit here from Sweden, he brought along a newly acquired balophon, an instrument like the marimba but larger, using hollow gourds as resonators. Reunited with his old bandmates, Karl and drummer Ed Blackwell, Don led the three of them into an impromptu jam session on balophon and marimba that, aside from providing insight into the percussive foundation of jazz, produced some of the sweetest music in any idiom. Surely the music was jazz, but it was being played solely on instruments that would not have been considered jazz instruments a decade ago.

Alongside his task of expanding the source material of jazz, Don has done much in recent years to simplify and codify some of its latest advances. Anyone who had the good



"I think people complicate things, but really, viva la simplicity, you know? I believe in the 'liveness' of everything. A lot of music is so synthetic, the chords even; what I prefer is to get out and meet people. That's what I like about playing in the streets."

fortune to watch Don rehearsing the Jazz Composer's Orchestra over a four-day period for a performance of his Relativity Suite got a chance to see what should be a future blueprint for the orchestration of free music—all done without the use of scores as such, but with a satisfying sense of cohesion often lacking in such attempts. Don's current music makes the most of a variety of usually simple themes, based on ancient and classic melodies ranging from Tibetan chants to Malinese folk songs, worked into a fabric that owes as much to Ornette as to anyone else, and even has touches, perhaps unconsciously, of Miles. (Don was in the audience at one of Davis's latest gigs at the Bottom Line.) Yet it all sounds so unmistakably like Don Cherry.

Always a source of annoyance for Don, as for so many other American jazz musicians, has been the fact that while his European and Japanese concerts have invariably sold out, (a recent appearance in Italy drew a crowd of 14,000 to a theatre that seats 4,000), he was never able to generate similar support here at home. This time around, however, the domestic situation has improved. Don came to New York to hear Ornette's band at the Five Spot and ended up following him into the rejuvenated club for a couple of weeks, drawing crowds comparable to the capacity audiences that had turned out for Cecil Taylor just prior to Ornette's stint. It was also one of the very few club dates Don has played in recent times.

"All these years I haven't been messing with managers or working clubs. We've been more or less on our own, either working with children, teaching, or playing a few festivals. You have more control that way. When we travel in Europe, Moki Cherry (Don's wife) does the environments for the show, trying to work on all the senses, with incense for smells, and tapestries you can touch and see. Moki has made tapestries with the songs on them so that people can learn to sing them.

"As for the music I play, environment and surroundings have a lot to do with it, especially the associations I've had with musicians from different countries. Living in a big

"Ornette Coleman has been one of my main gurus from Western music. That's one reason why I'm here in New York now, to hear Ornette at the Five Spot. I was there as often as I could be, and I wasn't disappointed at all. His son Denardo has developed into a fantastic drummer, I think, and he has a great future ahead of him. I think that James Ulmer (Blood) is a very important force in today's music too, in what he's doing harmonically with chords on an electronic instrument. You've never heard anyone else playing like that. He's working with sounds, and there are many surprises in his playing.'

Don's own band now includes Hakim Jami on bass, Frank Lowe on reeds (including the rather intractable bass saxophone), and Billy Higgins on drums-reuniting two old companions who go back even further than their work together with Ornette.

"Billy and I were raised in the same neighborhood in Watts. I don't think I have to explain the problems of living in a place like Watts, especially at that time in the '50s. We were in high school together and interested in all of that music coming out of the be-bop period, listening to Charlie Parker and Fats Navarro, Diz and Miles and Lester, and going to hear people like Wardell Gray and Dexter Gordon, and Harry Edison. But hearing Ornette, and then coming to New York with him, was it for me. Because as far as I'm concerned, Ornette's concept is one of the purest in Western music, especially as concerns notation—he's really got that down. At first, of course, everyone thought we were just playing anything and didn't know a thing about our horns. But we had studied the notation of different compositions, playing them forwards and backwards through different ways of forming progressions, so that we knew exactly what we were doing.

"We all know those were dangerous times because of the heroin that was around, and that just being around it sometimes you couldn't help getting sucked into the environment. But the blessing that happened to all of us then was John Coltrane, who turned that around and opened up a whole new awareness of spirit and consciousness through his music. I think the spirit of Coltrane as a musician and as a person is still alive and will always be alive, and started a new direction of consciousness for the body and mind and spirit."

Probably no one has taken to heart as fully as Don has Albert Ayler's famous statement that he liked to play things "that people can hum ... folk melodies that all the people would understand"-even to the point of writing the melodies out for them. But Cherry's approach goes deeper than that, and involves a whole way of getting close to the people, and to other musicians that goes beyond the usual cliches about "communication" to a real sharing of his music, and his time, with his listeners.

"I think people complicate things, but really, viva la simplicity, you know? I believe in the 'liveness' of everything. A lot of music is so synthetic, the chords even; what I prefer is to get out and meet people. That's what I like about playing in the streets. I like to play the berimbau or doussn'gouni and go around -people ask questions and I can demonstrate for them, and sing for them. Workers will be working but when they have a lunch break and see you, they'll come over and sit down and play and talk. This is what I really dig doing.

"And it's like being on an acoustical expedition, looking for places that are just made for music. Places where you're supposed to play music are sometimes the most antimusical, as far as acoustics go. But certain structures and places can be very inspiring to play in. You can get all the amplification you want by playing on a mountaintop or near a quiet stream. In New York itself, a couple of my favorite places are under the arch at Washington Square, and on top of the stairway on the north side of Cooper Union, where Lincoln once spoke. But I think there's a great future for street players. . . .

"My main base of operations now is in Sweden, where I'm living in a schoolhouse and working an organic farm. We wanted to have a place where traveling musicians could come and play while they're on the road, after they've finished their gig. And from that base we've started doing children's radio and television programs. I've been working with instrument makers to try and come up with instruments the children could make themselves, to stimulate working with the hands.

SELECTED CHERRY

DISCOGRAPHY

COMPLETE COMMUNION—Blue Note 84226 SYMPHONY FOR IMPROVISERS—Blue Note 84247 Note 84247
WHERE IS BROOKLYN?—Blue Note 84311
ETERNAL RHYTHM—BASF 20680
MU, FIRST PART—BYG (French import)
MU, SECOND PART—BYG (French import)
RELATIVITY SUITE—JCOA 1006
ORGANIC MUSIC—Caprice RIKS LP 44 (Swedish import)

with Ornette Coleman SOMETHING ELSE!—Contemporary 7551
TOMORROW IS THE QUESTION!—
Contemporary 7569
THE FABULOUS PAUL BLEY QUINTET— THE FABULOUS PAUL BLEY QUINTET

America (French import)

THE SHAPE OF JAZZ TO COME—
Atlantic S-1317

THE ART OF IMPROVISERS—Atlantic S-1572

CHANGE OF THE CENTURY—Atlantic S-1327

THIS IS OUR MUSIC—Atlantic S-1353

FREE JAZZ—Atlantic S-1364 TWINS-Atlantic S-1588 ORNETTE — Atlantic S-1378
ORNETTE ON TENOR—Atlantic S-1394 SCIENCE FICTION-Columbia KC 31061 with others

EVIDENCE (Steve Lacy)-New Jazz (no number WHAT'S NEW?/OUR MAN IN JAZZ
(Sonny Rollins)—French RCA (no number

THE AVANT-GARDE (John Coltrane & Don Cherry)—Atlantic S-1451
CONSEQUENCES (New York Contemporary Five)—Fontana (no number available)
NEW YORK EYE AND EAR CONTROL
(Albert Ayler)—ESP 1016
VIBRATIONS (Albert Ayler)—
Aristo Expedient 1,100 Arista-Freedom AL 1000 GEORGE RUSSELL AT BEETHOVEN

HALL-BASF 25125

Then we take our workshops on the road to other schools. But the environment of the Swedish schools isn't very good—it's like the story about hospitals: if you stay there long enough, you become sick. They have this system of social democracy: if you have a baby, you get money, if you're sick, you get money ... so everybody ends up sick.

"There are certain things that I feel it's important to say now. For instance, this thing of black and white that everybody was going through-black and white, white and black and everybody separated on this planet. But then I realized that it's like Buckminster Fuller said, that we're all a part of earth, we're all in the same boat. Not only America but the rest of the world and other planets on other galaxies in the universe. Now I'm mixed black and Choctaw Indian, and I'm into a certain kind of Oklahoma Choctaw logic. I try to see things on that simple, logical level. But it's still incredible sometimes, what's happening to black folks within the music itself. I mean the way the white pop world uses the roots of black music that they listen to, and then put on dresses and make-up and bring in a negative thing that has nothing to do with the music.

"And people like John Lee Hooker and Muddy Waters, T-Bone Walker and Jimmy Witherspoon, and all those guys we were brought up to, dancing to, are just now being accepted, in their old age, so to speak. But when I say black folks are something else, it's because of this compassion that black folks have. They had enough compassion to raise up white folks. All my life my mother worked for white people, and the clothes I had were second-hand. And she went and did that with love. That's what I'm saying: the compassion of America is coming from black people."

n the past, Don has worked with electronics (on a record he made with Jon Appleton called Human Music); he now uses an electric piano in his band and is looking to add a mellotron. So he is not averse to using electricity when it suits his needs. But he has often expressed a certain dissatisfaction with electronics and a predilection for natural, acoustic instruments.

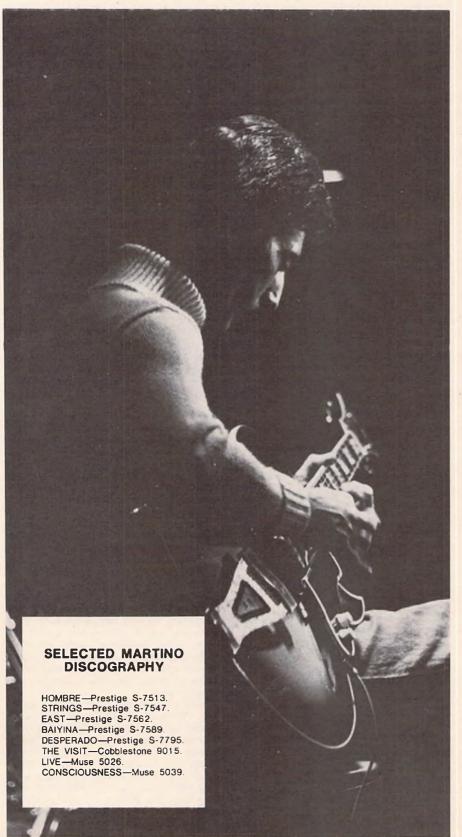
"T-Bone Walker and all those cats were the first guys I heard using electronics. They used it to express or to amplify inner feelings. But in music, silence is just as important as sound. When you turn the amplifier on, you hear a loud hiss. And when you have hiss, you don't have silence anymore. Another thing is that I've been to many concerts in the East where they use only natural acoustics, and it pulls you, it pulls your ear and it pulls your inner feelings towards it, carries you along. With electronics, it pushes you back against the wall. And then there are all those surveys about the damage the noise is doing to young people's ears.

"Nevertheless, there are electric groups that I've heard and liked, and I've made a record myself using electronics. But for me, I like the sound of bamboo, and wood, and the human voice, the sounds of natural strings, things that have a certain spirit. I think 1 8 know how to use electronics, and I might play with it every once in a while. It's a good plaything, like when a kid gets an electric train for Christmas, but after a while he doesn't want to play with it anymore.

"This question of 'making it,' commer-

PAT MARTINO

LIGHTNING BUG IN ECLECTIC JAR by Kent Hazen



here are so many problems, so many prerequisites that you must have together before you can even form a conducive environment for an original music. There are certain things you must have together so that you can procure that music and keep it healthy. Music isn't all of it, see, that's the point. Music's just one thing that I do. It comes down to just basic living and fulfilling myself all the way around."

Sure, the woodshed is not only important, but unavoidable for the aspiring musician. As one of the most highly-respected guitar stylists on the scene today, Pat Martino knows that better than most people. But knowledge of one's ax is just a starting point, if musicianship is to be transformed into artistry. It's a matter of what you do with your head once you've gotten your chops together.

Like any art form, music is a reflection of life, not the reverse. Pat Martino looks upon the encounters of everyday life not in terms of how they relate to music, but as challenges to his creativity.

"My attitude at this point in my life will not permit me to see music as a compartment, as opposed to business as a compartment. Compartmentalizations have sort of disintegrated at this point in my own attitudes and my own perceptions. If your creative drives are not fulfilled, the result is frustration. If your creative drives are fulfilled, if they are allowed to flow and if they can reach fruition, then the result is satisfaction and fulfillment.

"It reached the point for me, that whether I was playing music or having a conversation with someone, creativity was the foremost ingredient in anything I did. It's this way for me now, so that when I play, I play because it's a receptacle for my creativity. When I get into communicating with someone like yourself ... it's the same thing. It's another receptacle in another shape for the same creative force.

"If I come face to face with a student, it's the same thing. It's the realization of creativity. So as long as that's flowing, I'm fulfilled constantly. That's why I just can't any longer subject myself to compartmentalizations. At this point, it just doesn't compute.

"When I was younger, I was taught how to use a hammer, and I was taught the functional use of many tools. When I had something to affix to the wall, I went to the hammer, and I affixed it to the wall. Then I put it away, because its functional need had been fulfilled. It's the same thing with a guitar at this point of my life. It's a functional tool.

"When I have a need to experience my creativity and let it flow into that receptacle . . . I know where a guitar is. I pick it up, and I play it. I don't practice it in a conventional sense. I practice the art of music. Even more so, I practice the art of living, and the same applies at all levels. I wouldn't practice banging nails into a wall. It's senseless. And neither will I practice banging tunes . . . or music into a guitar.

"The problem results for the student of music simply because music becomes foremost in the way he perceives life. . . . Of course, all that I'm saying relates to my earlier years, before I reached this point in terms of perception. My problems ... resulted because I wanted to play so much, that [first the guitar, and then | music itself became intimidating. If I didn't practice, I felt guilty. If I didn't clean my ax, I felt guilty. If I didn't want to hang out with the cats and get into a little jam session, I felt guilty, because this was presumably what a musician should do.

"Well, at this point I'm not really concerned with being a musician, simply because you reach a level where you transcend the compartments. I think anyone can do this. It's just a matter of your basic, fundamental needs as a human being. Ultimately, when something comes off, when people are responsive and the music goes down well, I'm fulfilled. But when it's all over, man, here I am speaking with you. Am I to be brought down because I can't get to my ax, or I can't hang out with the cats? It's just a matter of

"Music's a functional tool. It's another receptacle . . . just like a jar. You know, the jar is not important in itself. What I've learned in terms of my own personal values is that within that jar is a space also, you see. So the need to do something different."

This time out, however. Pat is in charge of his own group. I knew that he had been recording under his own name and making sporadic gigs as a leader since resettling in Philly, but I was curious about when he had made the mental transition from sideman to

"I really had no interest in taking a band out in terms of my own musical directions until about 1968. I just had no need for it up to that point. My own individual concepts about what I wanted to draw from the music didn't coalesce until later in the '60s.

"Before that, I just enjoyed playing many different types of music, and had been getting into a lot of record dates, just playing with a lot of different people. I really loved that: I still dig doing that. But at this point I'm getting it from different personnel in my own bands."

(In addition to cutting a number of sides with the various organ combos he toured with in the earlier '60s, Pat has recorded with, among others, John Handy, Bobby Hutcherson, Charles McPherson, Cedar Walton, Joe Farrell, Eric Kloss, Richard Davis, Jaki Byard, Chick Corea, Dave Holland, Jack De-Johnette, Billy Higgins, Bob Cranshaw, Alan Dawson, Jimmy Owens, Stanley Clarke, etc.)

Pat's newest band is a quintet consisting of Gil Goldstein, keyboards; Bob Hanlon, reeds: Jeff Berlin, bass: and Anton Fig. drums, percussion. Enthusiasm seems a mild word to describe Pat's attitude towards his new colleagues:

"... at this point of development, to see guitar as just one sound limits me to playing guitar music. And in the last few years, the music I've exposed myself to has gone from Stockhausen and Elliot Carter right down to Elton John. The spectrum of music that I enjoy now is so far-reaching that it transcends the nature of what is considered guitar music."

jar is only part of it. The space is another part. How much space is in that jar that allows you to fill the jar up. So that's just as important as the jar. And it's the same with music for me, because music is just a jar. What goes into ... the space within the jar is another thing completely. So primarily I'm concerned with realizing these creative forces on a constant level.'

Until this past spring, Pat had been sticking pretty close to his home in Philadelphia after spending a hectic nine years on the road as a sideman with the likes of Lloyd Price, John Handy, Red Holloway, Willis Jackson, Jack McDuff, Groove Holmes, and Jimmy Mc-Griff. During that road period, Pat was never home for more than two or three weeks at a time, so he was more than ready for a taste of stability. This not only provided him with the calm necessary to get his head together, but also gave him the opportunity to do a lot of studying, writing and teaching.

"I stayed there [in Philadelphia] after that initial period of road work, for six years. The last two years of the six I devoted primarily to a student roster, at which time I was fulfilled by what I was doing. But I reached the point where that became a static situation, just like being on the road for nine years became a static situation. And it forced me to go back then and reevaluate my motives. So now I'm back out again, because I have a

"I'm really lovin' it, 'cause they're so young and they're so fresh, and their attitudes are pure. They haven't been out there long enough to be caught up in the mire of it all. So it's great for me, because they've just taken me back to when I was their age, and it's like everyone is just bouncing off everyone else and ideas are flowing. It's just a great time for me with them. I really enjoy them." (Old man Martino, by the way, is all of 31!)

The band was "recruited" in about a week's time. "Ironically, I had no band and no music, and I had committed myself to Bob De-Vere, who, in my opinion, is a real artist in terms of management. He asked me if I wanted to put a band together, and I said, 'Sure, man, I'll put a band together.' At the time, I was teaching and doing some heavy studying. I agreed to work with him, you know. Suddenly, he called me a week after that and said, 'OK, listen, I have some dates for you.' So off the top of my head, man-I really wasn't ready for it.'

Actually, whenever Pat had had a gig in the past few years, he had called on Eddie Greene, Sherman Ferguson and Tyrone Brown, who also make up the rhythm section of Catalyst, a Philly-based band that has recorded for Cobblestone and Muse Records. This time around, however, they weren't available. "They became committed to the Model Cities program in Philadelphia as

teachers, and they were pretty well stabilized in town. So I wound up with an itinerary and no band. And, of course, I couldn't subject new players to old music; so I had to put a whole new band and a whole music together in the space of about two weeks. It just happened so quickly that there's no way I can relate to what caused it to go down this way. All I know is this is what's happening.

Why couldn't he subject new players to old music? "Because I primarily like to consider their personalities in relation to the music being played. I had a full book, but to subject them to that, or even to subject myself to it ... you know, I already had all kinds of preset ideas, and my motives were formulated through the personalities of the other personnel. This band, they couldn't feel what the other band could feel. It was a different band."

I asked Pat if he now played any of the same compositions that he did with any prior groups. "The only one we're doing now is Consciousness. It's this pretty, open thing, and the cats in the band really like to play it. That's fine, and it fits in with the overall concept of what's going on right now.

That concept includes sounds and stimuli which the listening audience has hitherto not associated with Pat Martino's music. Not only does Pat now share the stage with a keyboard synthesizer (which, when I saw him, was used rather sparingly), but he is also the proud owner of a one-of-a-kind, custom-designed guitar-synthesizer. The synthesizer is built right inside of, and is triggered by, the guitar, which will be hooked directly into a processing unit.

"It's just like any other instrument. It offers you color, the amount of color you need to explore. At this point I need more. I'm still the purist that I've always been when it comes to playing the instrument. Up to this point, I've primarily explored just the nature of the guitar itself-pure in the acoustic sense. I'm primarily a purist, and this hasn't changed.

"At this stage of development, I see the guitar as merely one color in a rainbow of sound. I still have the pure instrument within the new instrument. Its acoustic properties are tremendously clear and clean. It's a beautiful standard guitar, and it has electronic guts built within it. It's not an electric solidbody guitar, it's like an acoustic guitar, modified. So I have at my disposal all of the pure aspects of what a good acoustic guitar is. It still resonates into my chest, for instance. which you can't get from a solid-body guitar.

"But at this point of development to see guitar as just one sound limits me to playing guitar music. And in the last few years, the music I've exposed myself to has gone from Stockhausen to Elliot Carter right down to Elton John. The spectrum of music that I enjoy now is so far-reaching that it transcends the nature of what is considered guitar music.

"So to accept just that sound is like condemning all rainbows to be red. It's basically a matter of attitude—my attitudes have changed towards what music is. Not that I'm becoming inhibited as a purist—1 still retain the same overall general attitudes towards what I want to do. Primarily, the instrument offers me more control. It takes more control. I can do more things with it besides just playing guitar."

using the regular synthesizer less? "No. That's there too. It frees that particular instrument,

Ratings are: **** excellent, *** very good, *** good, ** fair, * poor

STANLEY COWELL

BRILLIANT CIRCLES-Arista AL 1009: Brilliant Circles; Earthly Heavens; Boo Ann's Grand; Bobby's Tune.

Personnel: Cowell, piano; Woody Shaw, trumpet: Tyrone Washington, tenor sax, flute, clarinet; Bobby Hutcherson, vibes: Reggie Workman, acoustic and electric bass; Joe Chambers, drums. * * * * *

ANDREW HILL

SPIRAL-Arista Al. 1007: Tomorrow; Laverne; The Message; Invitation; Today; Spiral; Quiet Dawn.
Personnel: Hill, piano; Lee Konitz, soprano, alto
and tenor sax: Ted Curson, trumpet, fluegelhorn and piccolo trumpet: Cecil McBee, bass. Art Lewis, drums (tracks 2, 3, 6): Robin Kenyatta, alto sax: Stafford James, bass; Barry Altschul, drums (tracks

* * * 1/2

Andrew Hill and Stanley Cowell are expanding pianistic forces whose voices have potential for altering the musical landscape of the '70s. Their emergence into our collective consciousness is therefore heartening.

Stanley Cowell's Brilliant Circles was cut in 1969 and is valuable for the intrinsic merits of the music and for its documentation of an important phase in Cowell's ongoing evolution. Here we witness Cowell's efforts at bridging traditional blues and popular song structures with the shifting and evanescent tides of the free approach. Cowell's unqualified success results from the rich empathic interplay among the co-equal members of his sextet and the outstanding compositions of Cowell, Washington, Shaw, and Hutcherson.

Cowell's title tune, Brilliant Circles, starts with a lush, loose unison statement by Washington and Shaw cast in triple meter. It then catapults into a series of free, solo episodes which range widely in tempo, texture, and intensity. Washington's Earthly Heavens is a haunting and carefully conceived composition which nicely exploits the timbral possibilities of clarinet, bells, and arco bass; it also stirs intergalactic imagery of Kubrickian intensity. Woody Shaw's Boo Ann's Grand intercuts up-tempo, finger-snapping frames with droll, rubato interludes. Hutcherson's Bobby's Tune is an exciting essay on energy in which Washington presents a convincing case for clarinet, an instrument too long absent from the contemporary jazz scene. Throughout, the fine ensemble and solo playing is solidly supported by the sensitive and dynamic work of Reggie Workman on bass and Joe Chambers on drums. Brilliant Circles is a fertile fusion of freedom and form which works because of the cooperative interaction between the sextet's players.

For Spiral (recorded in 1974 and '75), An-

drew Hill has put together four different groupings which reveal two related yet separate zones in which this part of his music is grounded. (Hill has also written for string quartet and symphony orchestra.) Zone one (represented by Laverne, Today and The Message) is an extension of mainstream melodic and harmonic principles; zone two (exemplified by Tomorrow, Quiet Dawn and Spiral) embodies a synergetic combination of both mainstream and free elements. All lines (which are Hill's compositions with the exception of an impromptu Hill-Konitz dialogue on Bronislaw Kaper's Invitation) vibrate with the special energy generated by the oscillations between sectors.

The album's basic problem lies in the tracks with Konitz and Curson. On Laverne and The Message, Konitz and Curson sound uncomfortable with both the unison heads and changes. It seems a case of inadequate rehearsal which is a shame because Hill's music deserves better. His tunes are complex and challenging and demand more than a mere run-through before "all quiet in the studio" is intoned from behind the glass. Even Invitation, a line I've heard Konitz play beautifully in several club settings, has an unsure and tentative quality. Only with the free-oriented Spiral do Konitz and Curson sound relaxed and involved in the music's essence

The trio's (Hill, James and Altschul) exploration of Tomorrow along with the quartet's (the trio plus altoist Robin Kenyatta) readings of Today and Quiet Dawn constitute another story. Here the talents mesh into an organic ensemble lifting Hill's music into the broad orbit it warrants.

Hill and Cowell are on the cutting edge of contemporary music's new directions. Their voyages present tomorrow's music today, reducing the risk of future shock. They therefore demand our close attention.

MERCER ELLINGTON

CONTINUUM—Fantasy F 9481: Jump For Joy; Black And Tan Fantasy; Warm Valley; Drop Me Off In Harlem; All Too Soon; Rock Skippin At The Blue Note; Jeep's Blues; Ko-Ko; Carney; Blue Serge; Happy Go Lucky Local.

Personnel: Cootie Williams, James Bolden, Moncy Johnson, Barry Lee Hall, Calvin Ladner (tracks 1-3, 5-9), Willie Singleton (track 11), trumpets; Chuck Connors, Vince Prudente, Art Baron, trombones; Harold Minerve, Maurice Simon, Harold Ashby (all tracks except 11), Anatole Gerasimov (tracks 1-3, 5-9), Ricky Ford (all tracks except 4, 10), Bill Easley (track 11), Joe Temperley (tracks 1-3, 5-9). Harry Carney (tracks 1, 10), Percy Marion (track 11), saxes; Lloyd Mayers, piano; Edward Ellington II (all tracks except 11), guitar; J. J. Wiggins, Larry Ridley (tracks 4, 10), bass; Freddie Waits, Rocky White (tracks 4, 10, 11). * * * * 1/2

The Ellington era of the 1970s has been caught in something of a revolution of falling expectations, and it's within that context that this album sounds so good. Mercer Ellington has given us a great deal more than we had a right to anticipate based on the often slovenly, don't-give-a-damn character of the band's performances during Duke's last years.

Cootie Williams all but blots out the memory of Johnny Hodges with his passionate declarations on the classic Hodges showcase, Jeep's Blues. He makes it completely his own, as his massive, lumbering lines spill over the rich reed voicings like molten lava. His performance here stands alongside his greatest recorded works. Only slightly less impressive is a new Black And Tan Fantasy, strikingly enhanced by a somewhat altered arrangement completely faithful to the mood and spirit of the original, but introduced by a sumptuous rolling bass line from the reeds. Cootie is flawless.

Much of the freshness of this LP is the result of Mercer's restoration of several long silent charts from the band's most creative period, the early '40s. Art Baron's plunger trombone on Ko-Ko establishes him as the best master of that forgotten art since Quentin Jackson. Although the band lacks the sizzle evident not only in the original but in a 1956 recreation for Bethlehem Records, it's good to hear this level of writing performed again. Same goes for the somber mood of Blue Serge and the chugging shuffle of Happy Go Lucky.

Harry Carney, who had grown somewhat frail by the time of his last record date (July, 1974), proves himself still the complete musician on Drop Me Off. His fat tone and swaggering attack are in tact as he coasts through

with ease and aplomb.

Among the band's younger soloists, Ricky Ford stands out on tenor in Happy Go Lucky and Jump For Joy. Mercer has a fine band that has shown dramatic improvement since mid-1974. It's likely to get still better as it establishes itself as the definitive repertory group of the works of Duke Ellington.

-mcdonough

JACKIE McLEAN/ MICHAEL CARVIN

ANTIQUITY-SteepleChase 1028: The Tob; Antiquity (The Hump; The Slaveship; The Hunter And His Game; The Crossing); Gong Go Lye; Ti Ti; Down In The Bottom; Di I Comahlee Ah.

Personnel: McLean, alto sax, bamboo flute, temple blocks, voices, bells, kalimba, percussion, piano; Carvin, drums, bamboo flute, temple blocks, voices, bells, kalimba, percussion. * * * *

JACKIE McLEAN/THE COSMIC BROTHERHOOD

NEW YORK CALLING-SteepleChase 1023: New York Calling; Star Dancer; Camel Driver; Some Other Time; Adrian's Dance.
Personnel: McLean, alto sax; Billy Skinner, trum-

pet: Rene McLean, alto (tracks 1, 3), soprano (track 2), tenor (tracks 4-5) saxes; Billy Gault, piano; James "Fish" Benjamin, bass; Carvin, drums. * * * *

There's no question that the Danish SteepleChase label has become to modern listeners what Blue Note used to be, with the same daring production standards and even ex-Blue Note artists (McLean, Dexter Gordon, Duke Jordan, Andrew Hill). Long may they thrive, because there's certainly a need for music such as this. Antiquity is a thoroughly joyous affair, while the Cosmic. Brotherhood is the band critic Herb Nolan and I flipped out over in fairly recent db's.

How Jackie's attitude to music has changed! His phrases are much like those he's always made, but he's acquired a sense of linear contour and structure never present in his music before. More, his Adrian's solo projects an extraordinary good humor one would hardly expect from this roughest of players, a sense of self-observation a good distance removed from his customary total solo immersion. For example, Rene's soprano solo in Star is largely a matter of moving up and down his horn with little real content. In Camel Jackie shows how to play this sort of solo properly, introducing angularities into his phrasing. More, his Tob solo is a supreme-

ECCATO First Cuckoo A new album Side One **Funk Yourself** (Eumir Deodato) (Eumir Deodato) Kenya Music, Inc.—ASCAP 4:13 Electric Piano and Clavinet: EUMIR DEODATO Guitars: HUGH McCRACKEN AND JOHN TROPEA (Also Solo) Drums: NICK REMO Bass: WILL LEE Congas: RUBENS BASSINI Horns and Alto Flutes: (See Below)

Black Dog

(Gene Paige-Robert Plant-John Paul Jones) (Gene Paige - Robert Plant - John Paul Jones)
Superhype Music Inc. — ASCAP 4:19
Electric Piano and Tambourine: EUMIR DEODATO
Guitars: ELLIOT RANDALL and JOHN TROPEA
Bass: WILL LEE
Congas: RUBENS BASSINI
Drums: STEVE GADD
Soprano Sax: LOU MARINI

Crabwalk

Crabwalk
(Eumir Deodato)
Kenya Music, Inc.—ASCAP 7:45
Electric Piano: EUMIR DEODATO
Bass: WILL LEE
Drums: STEVE GADD
Cow Bells: RUBENS BASSINI
Trumpet Solo: JOHN GATCHELL
Horns, Flutes, Strings: (See Below)

Adams Hotel
(Marcos Valle)
Kenya Music, Inc.—ASCAP 3:38
Electric Piano, Whistle, Arp Synthesizer: EUMIR DEODATO
Bongos: Maracas: RUBENS BASSINI
Strings: (See Below)

Side Two

Caravan*/Watusi Strut**
(Duke Ellington-Juan Tizol-Irving Mills)*
American Academy of Music Inc.—ASCAP 2:00
(Eumir Deodato)**
Kenya Music, Inc.—ASCAP 9:36
Electric Piano and Clavinet: EUMIR DEODATO
Guitars: ELLIOT RANDALL and JOHN TROPEA (Also Solo)
Bass: WILL LEE
Drums: STEVE GADD
Congas: RUBENS BASSINI
Clarinet: LOU MARINI
Strings, Horns, Flutes: (See Below)

Speak Low

(Ogden Nash-Kurt Weil)
Chappell & Co., Inc.—ASCAP 4:32
Electric Piano: EUMIR DEODATO
Guitar: JOHN TROPEA
Bass: WILL LEE
Drums: NICK REMO
Congas, Cabassa: RUBENS BASSINI
Flute: LOU MARINI

First Cuckoo (On Hearing The First Cuckoo In Spring)

(Frederick Delius)

(Frederick Delius)
(Arranged And Adapted By Eumir Deodato)
Kenya Music, Inc.—ASCAP 4:00
Flute: HUBERT LAWS
Alto Flutes: ROMEO PENQUE and LOU MARINI
Clarinet: GEORGE MARGE
Strings: (See Below)

Arranged and Conducted by Eumir Deodato

Strings
Violins: GENE ORLOFF, ELLIOT ROSOFF, DAVID NADIEN, HARRY
CYKMAN, MAX POLLIKOFF, MAX ELLEN, HARRY LOOKOFSKY;
IRVING SPICE, SELWART CLARKE
Violas: ALFRED BROWN, JULIAN BARBER
Cellos: KERMIT MOORE, ALAN SHULMAN, CHARLES McCRACKEN
BASS: RUSSELL SAVAKUS

Trumpets, flugelhorns: JOHN GATCHELL, ALAN RUBIN Trombones: URBAN GREEN, SAM BURTIS French Horns: BROOKS TILLETSON, JIMMY BUFFINGTON Tuba: TONY PRICE

GEORGE MARGE, ROMEO PENQUE, LOU MARINI, HUBERT LAWS

MCA RECORDS MCA-491



ly happy work, while Comahlee features thematic references and a Bye Bye Blackbird quote in an otherwise fearless lyrical solo, thoroughly lovely. Note that McLean isn't usually considered an overt lyricist, but the flute solo in The Hump is surely his, and it proves the genuine beauty of the McLean style, transposed as it is to another wood-

If the approach of Antiquity—all percussion, or alto with percussion-bothers you, consider the success of Blakey's Orgy In Rhythm-type works. Carvin is a very busy bop drummer, no question, his respects to African and Caribbean percussion powerfully paid if academic in principle, his sensitivity to Jackie and the need to fill the missing rhythm players' places just fine in concept and very bold in execution. There are no breaks in the suite, though instrument shifting is constant, and Jackie's Hunter solo is a poised prayer of supplication, with pained melodies. The blues element in Jackie dominates his alto in Crossing and especially Bottom, where the joy of playing is implicit in his flowing, funky line. Of the African imitations, the many rhythms of Ti Ti and the imaginative vocal counterpoint in Comahlee stand out. Throughout the LP Carvin has a special sense for just the right thing to play.

If the rhythm section in the sextet LP is disappointing—Carvin is nowhere near as forceful, Gault a tinkly Tyner protege—the horns make up for it. The contrast of note values in Jackie's Calling solo (he even creates climaxes!) is a major break with Rene's following improvisation, for the distinct Coltrane outlines combine both Trane and his own ideas in a personal, rather optimistic fashion. In Star, the minor mode binds Jackie's ideas, but Skinner finds a wealth of rhythmic variety. A strict hard bop eclectic, he moves from nicely spaced lines in Camel to busier ones, then opens up rhythmically to his best work on the LP.

The usual modern trumpet debt to Lee Morgan is evident in Skinner's Adrian's solo. Rene gets off some nice tenor, while the theme vitiates Jackie's alto. Debts to other hard bop and modal stylists are clear throughout the LP, but the music is so well executed and the good vibes so evident that the listener can't help but share. Skinner's Calling and Adrian's are also fine compositions, and altogether the promise of a mu-

sically strong future is evident here.—litweiler

THE ELEVENTH HOUSE featuring LARRY CORYELL

LEVEL ONE—Arista Al. 4052: Level One; The Other Side; Diedra; Some Greasy Stuff; Nyctaphobia; Suite: A)Entrance; B)Repose; C)Exit; Eyes of Love; Struttin With Sunshine; That's The Joint.
Personnel: Coryell, guitar: Michael Lawrence, trumpet, fluegelhorn: John Lee, bass guitar; Mike Mandel, keyboards; Alphonse Mouzon, percussion; Steve Khan, 12-string guitar (Level One only).

What was particularly likeable about Coryell's last album, The Restful Mind, was just how unrestful he sounded. Smack dab in the middle of those serene vegetarians, Oregon, and with naught but an acoustic guitar with which to pierce the glaze, Coryell managed, due to masterful use of dynamics and lots of doubletime, to rock solid. There's always been something unrestrained, even excessive about Larry and it's that certain

something (let's call it the spirit of rock) that saves *Level One* from bland, if funky, competence.

Moved by the same communalistic notions that have stirred the Mahavishnu Orchestra, Return to Forever, Santana, and others, Coryell has stepped back from the foreground a tad and he and the group are now known as the Eleventh House. Each of the members has contributed at least one composition but, for all the nominal and real egalitarianism, Coryell's contributions, at least at this level, thoroughly overshadows that of his compatriots.

Side one features tunes by Mandel, Lawrence, and Mouzon, not one of which is especially distinguished. In addition, the mix is so slick, so balanced, as to be nearly impenetrable. Exceptionally raw efforts by Coryell on *Greasy*, and by Mandel and Mouzon on *Nyctaphobia*, manage to assert some human warmth.

Coryell's writing, showcased on most of side two, inspires this level of performance more often. Struttin' is built upon an exhilaratingly nasty rhythm hook, something the Kinks' Ray Davies would be delighted to claim. This figure works against a transcendently joyful, childlike melody and the combination irresistibly turns one's head.

Eyes is an inventive vehicle performed solo by Coryell wherein he demonstrates, once again, the huge sonic capabilities of the acoustic guitar. Lee's strongly Cobhamesque Joint is distinguished by Coryell's demonic use of feedback and Mouzon's thundering power. It's out of control rock and roll, friends, and the high point of the album.

Keep in mind, though, that the whole of Level One is far from even. Proceed cautiously, with feelers forward.

—adler

GENE AMMONS

GOODBYE—Prestige P-10093: Out In The Sticks; Alone Again; It Don't Mean A Thing; Jeannine; Geru's Blues; Goodbye.

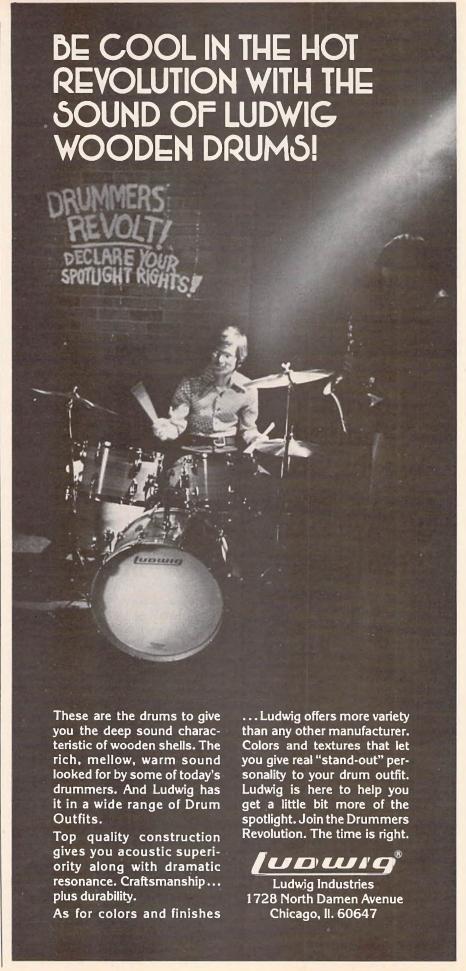
Personnel: Ammons, tenor sax; Gary Bartz, alto sax; Nat Adderley, cornet; Kenny Drew, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Louis Hayes, drums; Ray Barretto, conga.

* * * * *

This was obviously a well thought-out date in terms of music and players, and sadly it was Jug's last. Ammons was a beautiful musician with a sound and style that was so damned emotional—like a painful moan, sardonic chuckle, or a primal scream—he could make you want to utter a sympathetic cry in unison with his horn. He was an exhilarating musician whose music echoed a history of good and bad times.

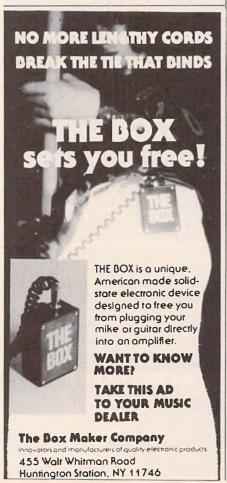
Goodbye is essentially a blowing session, but not a sloppy one. The rhythm section of Hayes, Jones, Drew and Barretto is superb and steady, perfect for the kind of straight ahead playing that Ammons and company are putting out here. Bartz, Adderley and Jug are all at their creative best. Indeed, Ammons is playing as well as ever, exhibiting much of the post-prison style characterized by his distinctive, broad, sensual sound. Gimmicky honks are skillfully coupled with occasional exploratory jumps into the upper register.

Generally, Bartz sticks to a subdued, middle-of-the-road style, swinging tirclessly while throwing in Jackie McLean phrases. Adderley's cornet is incredibly good, full of electricity and humor. His solos take unpredictable twists, they caress, and they breath fire. At times, Nat steals the show.





Gunther Schuller's Accompanist



The material selected for the album speaks for itself, comprised of solid and dependable vehicles for improvising. Jug plays two soulful ballads, Alone Again and Gordon Jenkins' lovely Goodbye, which are moving as much for sentimental reasons as musical ones. The remainder of the material is familiar, uptempo and naturally swinging, similar to some of the sessions Ammons did for Prestige many years ago.

Filled with warm happy music, Goodbye is an album you feel as well as hear. -nolan

YUSEF LATEEF

TEN YEARS HENCE—Atlantic SD 2-1001: Samba De Amor (Fantasy); Yusef's Mood; But Beautiful; A Flower; I Be Cold.

Personnel: Lateef, tenor sax, flute, sealhorns, oboe, shanie, below yellow bell flute, African thumb piano, percussion; Kenneth Barron, piano, cowbell; Bob Cunningham, bass, African leg bells; Albert "Kuumba" Heath, drums, shanie, flute, percussion metal cones. On track 5, add Bill Salter, electric

It's about time this album-recorded live at Keystone Korner-was made. Over the years we've seen a marked dichotomy between the gentle giant's over-produced albums and the sparkling quartet he reconvenes for his annual tour. At last we have a record of that group in action.

Truthfully, the group is of more interest than Lateef. That works out well, since the leader never hogs the spotlight and the rhythm section—especially the excellent Kenny Barron-is showcased. He lucidly blends blues, bop, bits of avant and larger doses of lyrical sentiment into one of the most consistently listenable piano styles of this decade.

This double-pocket set starts strong with the side-long Samba, featuring Lateet's most ambitious and virile flute work in many moons. (Most of his previously recorded flute work sounds like long-tone scale practice.) Barron's solo is a joy, but it leads into an ultimately boring vamp rife with untimely "oohs," "aahs" and other assorted imbecilities shouted from the crowd.

Yusef's Mood begs an interesting musical question. When the subject of big-toned blues tenorists—Ammons, Griffin, et al—comes up, why is Yusef never mentioned? This cut's slow-building riffing and growling should rectify the situation. By the end, he's getting really McNeely, with the band chanting "All night long" behind him.

Another side of Yusef's tenor makes But Beautiful the album highlight. This kind of roomy ballad is the best vehicle for the saxist's relaxed, unhurried conception. It's followed by Barron's A Flower, a fragile, lovely duet for piano and flute, to which an uneven but tasteful string part was later added.

To contrast the sublime with the ridiculous, we end up with the gimmicky I Be Cold, a side-long vamp underneath minimal flute work (back to his old tricks), an albeit fascinating basso banshee sound, crowd noise and a silly lyric sung in a parody of a stereotype ("Yassir, I do be cold"). This one leaves me lukewarm.

Ten Years Hence suffers occasionally from stretching out too long-five tracks on four sides—and illustrates another reason good "live" music doesn't always transfer well to disc. On the liner, Yusef thanks the audience for their participation, and their whoops and groans indicate these performances had a heavy visual-atmospheric impact that inspired such behavior. Yet on record, these reactions only intrude annoyingly on the music. I guess ya hadda be there. -tesser

THE LYMAN WOODARD **ORGANIZATION**

SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIAL—Strata SRI 105-75: Saturday Night Special (Parts 1 and 2); Joy Road; Belle Isle Daze (Parts 1 and 2); Creative Musicians; Cheeba (Parts 1 and 2); Allen Barnes; On Your Mind: Help Me Get Away.

Personnel: Woodard, electric piano, organ, mellotron; Ron English, electric guitar, electric bass; Norma Bell, alto sax; Leonard King, drums, vocals; Lorenzo Brown, percussion; Bud Spangler, percussion; Charles Moore, triangle.

* * * 1/2

Woodard is a 15-year veteran of the "organ-tenor belt of the Mid-West" and has had extensive live and studio experience with numerous Motown acts. In 1975, after the passing of the music of artists like John Lee Hooker, Yusef Lateef, the MC 5, and that entire genius Motown aggregation, the Woodard Organization represents the latest expression of the unmistakably intense Sound of Detroit where, as John Sinclair has written, "native energy meets the industrial crunch."

There is a certain bittersweet irony that obtains from the clash of these forces. Dig the title cut—the raunchy rhythm hook played against a simply lovely melody. Or the aching sadness of Joy Road, the only tune featuring the deeply soulful, alto-playing Norma Bell. Cheeba contrasts the initial mysterioso theme (reminiscent of Eric Burdon's Spill The Wine) with a dramatically "high" bridge and English's headlong solo. And On Your Mind is pure Motor City funk, cruisin' music.

Sadly, the recording quality here is far below what we're used to these days; a frequent problem of independent, artist-controlled labels with limited resources like Strata. On the plus side, Woodard and Strata are beginning to forge a much-needed alternative to major label/big-time radio narrowness. Saturday Night Special is an audible blast of fresh air from Detroit.

BOB MOSES

BITTERSUITE IN THE OZONE-Mozown MZ 001: mfwala myo la la; Glitteragbas Solo; Bittersuite In the Ozone (Aldonna Green Yellow and Mostly Blue, Little Brother, Brofilia, Aldonna); Message To The Music Bizness; Stunley Free.

Personnel: Moses, vibes, piano, Moroccan drums, log drums, vocals: Randy Brecker, trumpet (side one, track one: side two) David Liebman, tenor and soprano sax, alto flute, C flute, clarinet; John Dearth, trumpet; Daniel Carter, tenor and alto sax. flute: Howard Johnson, tuba, baritone and bass sax; Mike Lawrence, trumpet (side one, track four); Jeanne Lee, vocals; Eddie Gomez, Jack Gregg, bass; Billy Hart, drums; Dave Eyges, cello (side two); Stanley Free, piano (side two).

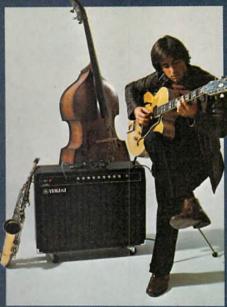
This is true soul music, with the soul of Bob Moses shining forth from every facet of this production.

Though much of the music on Bittersuite In The Ozone is indeed funny and free, one shouldn't think for a moment that this is merely a loose blowing session, flirting with the borders of the chaos that has so often passed for musical freedom. Everything here is extremely well-ordered; the players are free enough to travel inside and out with complete confidence. The areas defined by Moses' compositional approach are wide, yet

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clearly etched.

The LP starts from the bottom, literally, with mfwala myo la la, translated on the LP jacket as "overture or beginning at the bottom." The sound of Johnsonian tuba evokes a swampy, molasses-like texture from which a Moses scat vocal and Jeanne Lee's punctuation bubble forth primordially. There are increasing levels of overdub as the atmosphere gets hotter—more voices, percussion—eventually acquiring a two-beat rock pulse on traps, disjointed by embellishing bursts of free rhythm.

Swamp has mutated into forest as mfwala segues into Bob's Glitteragbas Solo. Part of the Moses musical universe centers around a region called Castaluquinga; humans are to the evolutionary scale there as animals are to ours. Consequently, Bob's vibes imitate the glitteragbas, a Castaluquingan animal instrument. Again multi-tracked, they create a humid, mossy, bell texture, full and rich in color, an environmental music box that would be difficult to grow tired of.

The first section of the title suite is based on a scalar melody spun primarily by Moses' piano and Carter's trumpet, with Liebman's supple soprano slipping in and out. Little Brother, part two, is styled Latin minor, almost Barbierish in mood. It's played loosely, with warmth and feeling, by the ensemble. Brofilia (Love Of The Brown) is earthy and moist in texture, but blue in feeling. Bittersuite ends with a reprise of Aldonna, its opening melody.

Side one concludes with a brief dirge, Message. Some overtones of Carla Bley and absolutely inspired Liebman clarinet are featured here in a performance of perfect length. Liebman sounds more relaxed on Bittersuite than on his own recent Drun Ode, also displaying a wider range of expressive modes and possibilities. For anyone who remains in doubt about his status as one of the major reed players of the '70s, now is the time to change your mind.

Moses dedicates the entire second side of his LP to Stanley Free, an appropriately named pianist and supporter of Bob's musical ventures from Moses' young years. Free is a lyrical player with a sophisticated, comprehensive, romantic style. As his opening solo is periodically interrupted by an agitated horn line, Free maintains his more melodic attitude until the players smooth themselves out gradually over his keyboard ruminations each time.

The measure of pleasure and insight one derives from *Bittersuite In The Ozone* in large part depends on the openness of one's own ears, mind, and soul. To say that it's one of the more important albums of the year is a cliche. This album is cliche-free. —mitchell

OLD WINE— NEW BOTTLES

VARIOUS ARTISTS

BIRDLAND ALL-STARS AT CARNEGIE HALL—Roulette RE 127: Lullaby Of Birdland; You For Me; Blues Backstage; Perdido; Song Is You; Funny Valentine; Cool Blues; Teenager; Two Franks; All Of Me; Nobody's Business If I Do; Lover Come Back; My Man; Them There Eyes; Lover Man; Sure Thing; Penies From Heaven; Jumpin' At The Woodside; Perdido; Polka Dots And Moonbeams; I Ain't Mad; Sum-

mertime; Saturday; Time; Old Devil Moon; Tenderly; Don't Blame Me; Finale.

Personnel: Count Basie Band: Thad Jones, Reunald Jones, Joe Newman, Wendell Cully, trumpet; Henry Cooker, Ben Powell, Bill Hughes, trombones; Marshall Royal, Ernie Wilkins, Frank Foster, Frank Wess, Charlie Fowlkes, saxes; Fred Green, guitar; Eddie Jones, bass; Basie, piano; Gus Johnson, drums. Charlie Parker Quartet: Parker, alto sax; John Lewis, piano; Kenny Clarke, drums; Percy Heath, bass. Guest artists: Lester Young, tenor sax; Dan Terry, trumpet; Sarah Vaughan, Billie Holiday, vocals. Vaughan group: Jimmy Jones, piano; Joe Benjamin, bass; Ray Haynes, drums. Holiday group: Clark Drinkard, piano; Basie band.

* * * $\frac{1}{2}$ If albums were made by names alone, then this album would have it made. But while it falls well short of complete success, there are enough chunks of substance flashing through

to make it a welcome treat.

For one, the Basie band is very nicely showcased indeed. Gus Johnson even makes those brassy, top-heavy charts Basie was starting to play in this period (1954) swing more than they deserve to. And when the band bites into Perdido with Frank Wess soloing on both flute and tenor and Two Franks with Wess and Frank Foster slugging it out, the concert takes on some formidable excitement. Best Basie on the set, however, is a Neal Hefti chart of a Gershwin blues called Sure Thing. Here the band reaches the sort of peak one associates with the loosely swinging ensemble of old. Foster and Cooker play well, but the band is the real star when it glides into those beautifully modulated riffs at the end. In spirit, very close to Miss Thing.

Lester Young sits in with the band for his standard reunion fare—Jumpin' and Pennies—playing with more automation than inspiration. Another reunion brings Billie Holiday back into the ranks of the Basie band, but litle of the old fire is ignited. Her voice is depressingly hoarse, and her phrasing is a caricature of its former originality.

Charlie Parker, very near the end by this time, handles his three songs with enough sheer virtuosity to mask his dwindling resources. Parker's playing had serious weaknesses by this time, but he never fell into the depressing, self-pitying fumbling that claimed Lester's playing in his last years.

Sarah Vaughan's long set is consistently of a high order, swinging one minute, sensual the next, and occasionally both at the same time. Most of this material has been well represented on her other records, however. Excellent as it is, nothing new is added.

-mcdonough

TAMPA RED

GUITAR WIZARD—Bluebird (RCA) 5501: I'll Kill Your Soul; If I Let You Get Away With It; King Fish Blues; Nobody's Sweetheart Now; Grievin' And Worryin' Blues; Give It Up Buddy And Get Goin'; Somebody's Been Doing That Thing; Mean Mistreater Blues; Witching Hour Blues, Stockyard Fire: I'm Bettin' On You; When I Take My Vacation In Harlem; When You Were A Girl Of Seven; Nutty And Buggy Blues; You Got Me Worryin'; Travel On; Rock It In Rhythm; Mr. Rhythm Man; Anna Lou Blues; Don't You Lie To Me; The Way To Get Lowdown; The Jitter Jump; She's Love Crazy; You're Gonna Miss Me When I'm Gone; Mercy Mama Blues; Give Me Mine Now; Play Proof Woman; Crying Won't Help You; When Things Go Wrong With You; Love Her With A Feeling; So Crazy About You Baby; Rambler's Blues.

Peeling; So Crazy About You Buby; Rambler's Blues.
Personnel: Tampa Red (Hudson Woodbridge), vocal, guitar, kazoo; Carl Martin, Willie B. James, Willie Lacey, guitars: Black Bob, Frank Melrose, Forty-Five, Blind John Davis, Big Macco Merriweather or Johnnie Jones, piano: Willie Williams or Walter Horton, harmonica; Bill Settles, Ransom Knowling or Alfred Elkins, bass; Clifford Jones, Tyrell Dixon, Chick Sanders or Odie Payne, drums; Charlie Idsen, trumpet; Arnett Nelson, clarinet; Bill

readers poll instructions ballot on opposite page

Count down has begun for the 40th down beat Readers Poll. Until midnight Oct. 17—readers have the opportunity to vote for their favorite musicians.

Make your opinion count—vote! Your favorites need your support. Tear off the ballot, fill in your choices, sign it and mail to down beat/RPB, 222 W. Adams St., Chicago, IL 60606. You need not vote in every category.

VOTING RULES:

- 1. Vote once only. Ballots must be postmarked before midnight Oct. 17.
- 2. Use official ballot only. Please type or print names.
- Jazzman and Rock/Blues Musician of the year: Vote for the artist who, in your opinion, has contributed most to jazz/rock/blues in 1975.
- 4. Hall of Fame: Vote for the artist-living or dead-who in your opinion has made the greatest contribution to contemporary music. The following previous winners are not eligible: Louis Armstrong, Count Basie, Sidney Bechet, Bix Beiderbecke, Clifford Brown, Charlie Christian, Ornette Coleman, John Coltrane, Miles Davis, Eric Dolphy, Roy Eldridge, Duke Ellington, Dizzy Gillespie, Benny Goodman, Coleman Hawkins, Fletcher Henderson, Jimi Hendrix, Earl Hines, Johnny Hodges, Billie Holiday, Stan Ken-Hodges, Billie Holiday, Stan Kenton, Gene Krupa, Glenn Miller, Charles Mingus, Thelonious Monk, Wes Montgomery, Jelly Roll Morton, Charlie Parker, Bud Powell, Django Reinhardt, Buddy Rich, Sonny Rollins, Pee Wee Russell, Bessie Smith, Billy Strayhorn, Art Tatum Cecil Taylor, Jack Tegarar Tatum, Cecil Taylor, Jack Teagarden, Fats Waller, Ben Webster, and Lester Young.
- 5. Miscellaneous Instruments: Instruments not having their own category, with these exceptions, valve trombone, included in trombone category; cornet and fluegelhorn, included in the trumpet category.
- 6. Jazz and Rock/Blues Albums of the Year: Select only LPs issued during the last 12 months. Do not vote for singles. Include full album title and artist's name. If your choice is part of a series indicate volume number.
- 7. Make only one selection in each category.

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BIG MACEO MERRIWEATHER

CHICAGO BREAKDOWN—Bluebird (RCA) 5506: Worried Life Blues; Ramblin' Mind Blues; County Jail Blues; Can't You Read; So Long Baby; Pexas Blues; Tuff Luck Blues; I Got The Blues; It's All Up To You; Bye Bye Baby; Why Should I Hang Around; Poor Kelly Blues; Some Sweet Day; Anytime For You; My Last Go Round; Since You Been Gone; Kidman Blues; I'm So Worried; Things Have Changed; My Own Troubles; Maceo's 32-20; Come On Home; Texas Stomp; Detroit Jump; Winter Time Blues; Won't Be A Fool No More; Big Road Blues; Chicago Breakdown; Broke And Hungry Blues; If You Ever Change Your Ways; It's All Over Now; I Lost My Little Woman.

Personnel: Merriweather, vocal, piano: Tampa Red, guitar: Alfred Elkins or Ernest Crawford, bass; Clifford Jones or Melvin Draper or Tyrell Dixon or Chick Sanders, drums: Eddie Boyd, piano (tracks 29-32 only).

These exemplary albums, each featuring the work of an important, highly influential blues stylist, are complementary sets in a number of ways. First, their musical orientation is basically similar, being swing-influenced urban blues of the prewar and World War II period. Then, the two men recorded extensively together, Maceo on most of Tampa's recordings from 1941 to 1945 and the guitarist returning the favor by appearing as featured second voice on all of the pianist's Bluebird and Victor recordings. That their association was stimulatingly beneficial is attested by the marvelously high quality of their joint efforts, 38 of which are offered in these sets.

By virtue of his greater length of service as a performing and recording bluesman, as well as his great contributions to the music over the years, Tampa Red is the better known of the two men. From the start of his long recording career in 1928, he impressed both his peers and audiences with his striking abilities as one of the blues' most fluent, inventive and, hence, influential guitarists and, even more significant to his success, one of its foremost, perennially fertile original song writers, with a host of "standards" to his credit. It is this latter facet of his talent that emerges most tellingly in this set's 32-selection, 20-year sampling of his numerous recordings for Bluebird and Victor, spanning the period 1934-53.

The caliber of the songs is extraordinarily and consistently high, a good number of those included here having been successfully utilized in later years by a wide diversity of blues performers. Tampa's own recordings, while dated in some respects, are quite attractive, demonstrating a smooth, urbane but always spirited professionalism and the strong qualities of affirmative, truthsaying sincerity and unerring artistry that raised his work considerably above the run-of-the-mill levels of much of the Chicago blues productions prevalent in the prewar and wartime period. Despite the frequent personnel changes, the presumed necessity of coy novelty songs and the occasional use of extraneous jazzlike horns on a number of the recordings, there is a compelling vitality and a real sense of personality and identity behind the performances. This attractive, well-programmed set is a model of its type and does Tampa and his important music no less than their deserved justice.

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Harmonic Distortion at rated power into 8Ω	Less Than 0.05%, 1 Hz-20 kHz	Less Than 0.05%, 1 Hz-20 kHz	Less Than 0.05%, 1 Hz-20 kHz
Hum and Noise 20 Hz-20 kHz	110 dB down	110 dB down	120 dB down
Frequency Response	±.01 dB, 1 Hz-20 kHz @ 1 watt into 8Ω	±.01 dB, 1 Hz-20 kHz @ 1 watt into 8Ω	±.1 dB,1 Hz-20 kHz @ 1 watt into 8Ω
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No less impressive is the label's Big Maceo set, offering all 32 of the pianist-singer-composer's recordings for Bluebird and Victor in the years 1941 through '47. In one sense, Chicago Breakdown might be even more valuable to blues collectors than the Tampa Red collection. For until this album set matters right there had been no American reissue of Maceo's important music, though individual selections had appeared in various anthologies (and French RCA Victor saw fit to issue an LP of his music some years ago). The selftaught Georgia-born pianist was one of the most popular blues artists of the World War II period, and this collection indicates handily just why that success was richly deserved and his reputation high among his blues-playing associates.

First, there is the man's singular prowess as blues pianist. He was a powerful, two-handed player capable of generating an almost palpable force-field of rhythmic intensity, over whose insistent propulsions he constructed great, solid near-monolithic solos. He was a builder, not a decorator, and if there is little of the flashy arpeggio or like embellishment in his granitic sound sculptures, there is a veritable feast of substantial, perfectly realized, no-nonsense tradition-based blues piano buoyed by an impeccably razor-sharp sense of time. So perfectly balanced was his conception of blues piano that it became, through the work of his many pupils and imitators (chief of whom was the late Otis Spann), the preeminent modern blues keyboard approach, viably used till this day.

Allied with his instrumental were his vocal skills, his voice thrillingly dark and gritty, his phrasing as forthright, rhythmically insinuat-

ing and emotionally persuasive as his direct, rolling piano, the two in fact working in stunning tandem. Supporting them were Tampa Red's bright jazzy guitar, lightly amplified, and either bass or, more usually, drums, making for a brisk, jaunty, tightly integrated ensemble sound that was one of the joys of the blues of the period.

Like the guitarist, Merriweather was an immensely gifted blues composer and it was this facet of his music that was largely responsible for the popularity he enjoyed among black audiences of the war years. Too, a good number of his compositions—Worried Life Blues, Texas Blues, Poor Kelly Blues, Kidman Blues, Broke And Hungry Blues, among numerous others—have emerged as staple repertoire items of countless bluesmen since his time.

Both Tampa Red and Big Maceo Merriweather, as these invaluable sets convincingly demonstrate, possessed to extraordinary degrees the ability to consistently produce songs that dealt honestly and creatively with subjects blues audiences found meaningful and enjoyable.

These albums are two of the finest, most interesting and significant blues reissues of recent years, every facet of whose production and documentation can serve as a model for others. Praise to Bluebird's Frank Driggs for an absolutely first-rate job.

—welding

STANLEY TURRENTINE

STANLEY TURRENTINE—Blue Note LA394-H2: Bonita; She's A Carioca; Samba Do Aviao; Better Luck Next Time; Night Song; Flying Jumbo; Little Green Apples; Those Were The Days; Song For Bonnie; Smile; Trouble #2; Cherry Point; One O'Clock Jump.

DEXTER GORDON

DEXTER GORDON—Blue Note LA393-H2: Modal Mood; The End Of A Love Affair; Ernie's Tune; Soy Califa; Don't Explain; Shiny Stockings; It's You Or No One; You've Changed; Clear The Dex; Tanya.

* * * * / * *

SONNY ROLLINS

SONNY ROLLINS—Blue Note LA401-H2: Tune Up; Decision; Striver's Row; Namely You; Misterioso; How Are Things In Glocca Morra?; Reflections; Why Don't I; Poor Butterfly; Plain Jane; The Surrey With The Fringe On Top; Bluesnote; You Stepped Out Of A Drewn.

* * * * * / * *

The first rating is for the music, the second for the production. This is a sloppy way to reissue twofers, and this batch is not to be confused with the blockbuster Blue Notes released early this summer. Duke Pearson and George Butler collected these anthologies: for shame, gentlemen.

Turrentine is worst served. His decade with Blue Note is reduced to a two year period near the end, with only a single side—the best-culled from 1963 dates with Shirley Scott. Much of his career features truly fine tenor playing, and some of the best is as a sideman, with Duke Jordan, et. al. The onefaceted picture on three of these sides is inaccurate. The real Turrentine emerges in Trouble, dark and funky, with shouted notes amid his solo and fiery blasts breaking theme strains. The broad dynamic contrasts in Cherry and One O'Clock (the former a very well constructed solo, the latter a delightful riffing blues), show off his simplified Ammons style at almost its best. There's

THE RAP SESSION: Paul Horn on music and Artley.

Paul Horn and Bill Fowler rapping.

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

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

Bill: A question of personality?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Bill: What else?

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

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

Paul: I have other instruments, but I find myself playing the Artley all the time now. It's particularly well made, unlike other instruments I've had where there's difficulty in having enough air to play a phrase. The Artley blows easy still with good resistance. It's to Artley's credit for

figuring that out. I can put a lot of air into the Artley and the tone doesn't crack.

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



nothing sly or subtle about this music: Turrentine exults in his vigorous emotionalism, the heavily-inflected lines communicating immense good feeling.

But Turrentine has a recurring tendency to obscure his own individuality in larger groups, and the entire string side is a pretty sad affair. An uncharacteristic, and not very enjoyable, nice guy quality emerges in the Jobim side, with minimal inflection and a bebop style that could be anybody playing (note Carioca). The second side comes off rather better: the big band sketches don't prevent Turrentine's playing well throughout, though again his characteristic boldness is replaced frequently enough by characterless blowing. He floats hoarse notes over a pedal in Night Song, then wails a return to the changes, and in Jumbo makes broadly stated paraphrases of Lester Young, but these are the most personal moments in the set. There's much more worthwhile Turrentine on Blue Note than you'd imagine from this collection.

The high point of Dexter Gordon's early '60s return to New York was his Blue Note series, and the high point of his Blue Notes were the Go (84112) and Our Man In Paris (84146) albums. Nothing from either is in this anthology, but aside from Tanya, the entire final side, and a hopeless conception that Dexter can only fight bravely, the music is valuable. The greater portion of the Dexter Calling album (84083) is reproduced, a quartet date with the big man in fine form and Philly Joe Jones inspiring, particularly in Modal and Dex, and a strong Kenny Drew solo in the former, also. Love Affair is taken at an uncharacteristic tempo, and the genuinely outstanding tenor solo features a deep

tone in the head and fluent lines that nonetheless find emotions in continual flux and even conflict. But Dexter is equally inspiring in Soy, Shiny, and It's You, the hot, soaring playing that his reputation is based upon.

Yet his ballads are the high point of these two LPs. He plays Ernie's with a lovely mid'40s tone. The difference between his and Turrentine's ballad work is evident in Don't Explain and You've: from the very opening notes the themes achieve an unmistakable character and individuality through his tone and placement of tongued notes. Both are beautifully played, with a generosity of feeling found intermittently throughout Dexter's remarkable career. This anthology is a reasonable, if random, introduction to his art. But Go and Our Man In Paris are still available, and far more worthy of attention.

At the height of his career, Rollins recorded four Blue Notes. Two—the Village Vanguard set (81581) and the Vol. 2 all-star date (81558)—were acknowledged classics, and a third featured two very great performances, the tenor-drums duet Surrey (included here) and the extraordinarily exciting Blues For Philly Joe (not included), both from Newk's Time (84001). Thus it's hard to foul up a Rollins anthology, and this includes all but one song each from the first two Rollins LPs, most of Newk's Time, and one track from Night At The Village Vanguard.

What a group of glories here! Only two tracks are less than first-rate. The powerful brilliance of his art is beautifully evident in his fantastic lead into the *Tune Up* piano solo; the exchanges with Philly Joe in *Surrey*; Blakey in *Why Don't I*; trumpeter Donald Byrd in *Bluesnote*; Roach (the only man equal

to Sonny's challenges) in *Plain*; the stuttered notes that are the structural focus of *Decision*; and the grand conclusion to *Poor*. Roach, in fact, is in excellent form in the *Vol. I* date (81542), but Blakey inflames the all-star date. He's the force behind *You Stepped*, with Rollins ablaze, J. J. Johnson propelled into an excellent swinging solo, and the uncredited Horace Silver good and down.

Striver's never ceases to amaze me. Rollins exudes a real double-timed fierceness, then plays a bemused phrase as if to say, "Scared you, didn't 1?" So much happens: the beginnings of his harmonic broadening are evident here, the humorous grand conclusion is great, and who needs a pianist when Wilbur Ware plays such a harmonically vital bass. Why doesn't this anthology include Old Devil Moon, Sofily As In A Morning Sunrise, and Sonnymoon For Two from the same session? I love the feeling of Rollins' Reflections theme statement, the way he hits the high phrase in the A strain, the way he expands on Monk's ballad in the final chorus, the very beautiful improvised melody of Monk's last piano bridge and the phrases he interpolates into Rollins' two solos. The tension of Blakey's drumming and Monk's chorus justify the Misterioso title, but the strain of the pianotenor dialogue in Rollins' three opening choruses and Sonny's exacerbated phrases therein, are the work's highlight. (Note how it suddenly turns into pure blues when J. J. and Silver replace them, and particularly check Blakey's propulsion behind the trombonist.) Wonderful, wonderful music, a bargain anthology. But as long as the original LPs are still about, why not acquire them and have it

THE RAP SESSION:

Garnett Brown on music and Conn Brass.

Garnett Brown and David Baker rapping.

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

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

David: Why is Garnett Brown in music?

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

David: You got your first Conn in the Army?

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

David: Are you ever satisfied musically?

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

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

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

Garnett: I don't have any tricks. As a matter of fact, I don't think there are any tricks. I think everything that's done is a valid endeavor for a particular person. It's not

a trick. I can't say that I've developed something that nobody else can do.

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



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Grover Washington, Jr.



by leonard feather

For Grover Washington, Jr. the view from the top of the chart looks uncommonly sunny. His last album reached the number one position on the trade jazz best seller reports, did almost equally well on the soul listings, and was among the top 20 for pop. Since the title tune from the album also became a hit jazz single, Washington understandably has a new nickname, identical to that number: Mister Magic.

Born in Buffalo, N.Y., in 1943, Washington made his first major impact as a sideman playing Never Can Say Goodbye on the Johnny Hammond album Breakout. As a consequence, Creed Taylor signed him to a contract of his own, and his first LP as a leader, Inner City Blues, was an instant hit.

Unlike so many commercially successful jazz artists in recent years who have deemed it necessary to compromise their styles, Washington expresses himself honestly and passionately, and is totally modest about his triumphs. Known earlier as a tenor and alto soloist, he has lately developed an exceptional facility on soprano sax. While visiting Los Angeles he told me that he will not allow the format of *Mister Magic* to box him in, but rather will use it to enable him to gain entry into many other areas.

This was Washington's first Blindfold Test. He was given no information.

1. JOE FARRELL. Seven Seas (from Upon This Rock, CTI). Farrell, tenor sax; Joe Beck, composer, guitar.

That has to be Joe Farrell . . . I'm hoping it is because I'm used to hearing him play a little more outside. It feels good, sounds good. The guitarist might have been Joe Beck . . . or maybe Larry Carlton. Four stars.

What I recognize most about Joe is the sound of his horn. I really enjoy his flute work more than I enjoy his saxophone work. He's such a beautiful player in the right kind of group—the natural rhythm kind of group. I prefer him with piano, bass and drums, or with the Chick Corea group, Return to Forever.

This composition made me think of Tom Scott; it's the feeling he gets from the rhythm section. But this is tight, and everybody was straight ahead

2. GATO BARBIERI. Milorga Triste (from Viva Emiliano Zapata, Impulse).

Unmistakably Gato Barbieri . . . five stars. What can I say? Most of his music reminds me of going back into when I was trying to play classical music, the romantic and impressionistic music. It just moves me. I haven't found one thing that I haven't liked by Gato.

I've been listening to Gato four or five years. Hopefully what's happened with my record will make it possible for me to meet all these people I've been listening to—play with them on festivals, etc. and just sit down and talk music with them. I've never met Gato but I hope to soon. In

Gato's case, the way I recognize him is his sound ... and the way he approaches the changes. He doesn't play a lot of notes; he takes his time and says exactly what he wants to say.

I like the tune very much; it's the first time I've heard it

3. DONALD BYRD. Makin' It (from Stepping Into Tomorrow, Blue Note). Byrd, fluegel-horn; Gary Bartz, alto sax; Larry Mizell, Harvey Mason, composers; Mason, drums; Jerry Peters, piano.

I think that was Donald Byrd, I'm not sure. I've heard him in person, and I haven't heard him use acoustic piano. They usually take Rhodes and a couple of synthesizers ... but it sounds very much like the Blackbyrds; that sound is beautiful. Four stars, but I wish I could hear Royal Flush and things of that kind that Donald has done. He did a lot more playing on the older things than he does now. It was a smaller group, mostly acoustic. That's just my preference; I have an old school education, I guess. I was brought up on the old Donald Byrd tunes, I'm Trying To Get Home and things like that. Anyway, he's a genius . . . and the band sounds good.

I don't know who the alto player was on that record; he was very good. He was playing some very interesting things; but he was weaving in and out and I'd much rather hear him play an extended solo, and see what kind of story he tells. I like the composition, it was put together well. It reminds me of some of the Larry Mizell things.

4. JOHN COLTRANE. All Or Nothing At All (from Ballads, Impulse). Coltrane, tenor sax; McCoy Tyner, piano; Jimmy Garrison, bass; Elvin Jones, drums.

That's one of my idols ... what can you say about the quartet? Hopefully that kind of thing will happen to the Grover Washington quartet—we'll go on and explore new musical territories. Well, Coltrane was just a phenomenal saxophonist, and the quartet speaks for itself. A million stars.

Elvin is ... the first time I heard Elvin I couldn't get into his playing 'cause I was so used to hearing guys playing on one. But he lets the bass player—Jimmy Garrison, I think, on here—play all he wants to, and you can *leel* one ... you don't have to hear that down beat all the time. I guess that was my first introduction to four people that could feel the music and didn't have to play one to let you know where it was.

Elvin just goes in so many directions. That's particularly good for a soloist, because he isn't tied down by what the rhythm section is doing. That's one of the first groups I heard that really listens to each other ... they had really big ears. So it didn't make any difference, any direction that Jimmy or McCoy wanted to go, they went. That tune is All Or Nothing At All—I know that

That tune is All Or Nothing At All—I know that from a long way back. It's from my favorite Coltrane album: Ballads.

5. **ZOOT SIMS.** Caravan (from Zoot Sims' Party, Choice). Sims, soprano sax; Jimmy Rowles, piano; Mickey Roker, drums; Bob Cranshaw, bass.

You've got me on that one. Five stars on that one, anyway. It was a good tune, and the soprano player was playing in tune, and the rhythm section was together. I don't know who the Fender bass player was, but it was definitely happening. I'd say it was Monk Montgomery on bass.

That soprano . . . if it was a tenor player, by the sound I'd say it was Stan Getz, but I've never heard him play soprano. I like everything about that record, but I have no idea who anyone was. It was a real happy sound.

6. COLEMAN HAWKINS. Ruby My Dear (from The Hawk Flies, Milestone). Hawkins, tenor sax; Thelonious Monk, piano, composer; Art Blakey, drums; Wilbur Ware, bass. Recorded 1957.

That killed me . . . that last little thing. The tune is *Ruby My Dear*. I think it was written by Thelonious Monk . . . hopefully, Monk on the piano; hopefully Coleman Hawkins on tenor . . . the bass player I don't know. But five stars, of course.

Coleman Hawkins played a big part in my musical evolution. My father used to play saxophone and he had a lot of 78s... and I listened a lot to Hawk—all the old masters, because that was stressed as part of my education. After the first record I just kept on listening, and I'm still in the process of trying to find old records.

I never heard this version of Ruby My Dear before; the only one I heard was by Milt Jackson on the Invitation album.

7. THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS. All My Yesterdays (from Potpourri, Philadelphia International). Jerry Dodgion, alto sax; Billy Harper, tenor sax; Roland Hanna, piano; Thad Jones, composer, arranger.

It's a beautiful sound. I'm totally bewildered by who it was. I was particularly impressed by the blend in the horn section. I'd venture a guess: Thad Jones-Mel Lewis. The individual players were beautiful. Five stars. I liked that. If you'd let me take the album home I'd listen to it and give you a much wider critique.

I was really trying to figure out who the alto and tenor players were. They're probably very prominent musicians. I'm not too familiar with that band. Does Jerry Dodgion play with them? That could be him on alto.

Profile

RICHIE BEIRACH

by chuck berg

One of the most promising young keyboard voices is that of Richie Beirach. Since graduating from the Manhattan School of Music in 1972, the Brooklyn-born, 28 year old pianist has firmly established his credentials through live and recorded collaborations with Stan Getz, Jeremy Steig, Freddie Hubbard, Lee Konitz and Dave Liebman. And with the release of Eon (ECM 1054A), Beirach marks his debut as leader of a superb trio, which includes his rhythmic colleagues from Lookout Farm, bassist Frank Tusa and drummer Jeff Williams.

After a decade of rigorous classical training which commenced at the age of six, Beirach came in contact with the music of Red Garland, Miles, and Trane. Combined with an increasing desire to alter and shade the rigid contours of his classical repertoire, Beirach then made the decision to enter the world of improvised music. With a fresh diploma from Martin Van Buren High School in Queens, Beirach trekked to Boston for a stint at Berklee before returning to New York, the Manhattan School of Music, loft sessions, and weekend gigs.

Upon completion of his degree in theory and composition came a year-long post-graduate fellowship under the tutelage of Stan Getz. With Getz (and bassist Dave Holland and drummer Jack DeJohnette) the instruction was by implication and subtle suggestion. "They are such clear, strong players that they show you the direction by playing it. There's very little intellectualizing Dave might say "You're rushing," or "You're playing too much here." But he had a way of talking that didn't cramp or intimidate me. Dave's a supportive cat. Stan didn't say anything, but rather demonstrated by playing. He's beautiful with young cats. He just lets them play and write music. He's great."

April, 1974, saw the official establishment of Dave Liebman and Lookout Farm. Of the group's genesis and approach, Beirach clarified that "first of all we're all friends. We know each other on a day-to-day basis, which means it's not a sideman trip. The music has gone from lots of writing to very little writing—just a suggestion of a melody and a chord and a rhythm to play on. It's a very loose set-up and it allows for a lot of spontaneous things which keep you interested in playing. It's also a playing band. The music is based on the interplay of the moment rather than tightly arranged charts. In this way the music seems to be set up so that almost anything can happen at any time. You play whatever is on your mind."

Describing himself as an acoustic pianist first. Richie credits his development as an electric player to Lookout Farm, "This band has forced me to play electric piano out of necessity. First of all, it's a powerful band. It's a hitting band and the intensity comes basically from the drums. I don't like to ask a drummer to play quiet if the music is not quiet, because his instrument, by nature, creates more sound. With electric piano you can hear. It has power. You can turn it up and relax. You don't have to jam-I spent years of pounding trying to be heard over drummers. So if you turn the piano up and you play really quiet it's like playing in your house and it comes through and you can hear it. The other thing is that a lot of gigs do not have pianos on them. They just don't have acoustic pianos, or if they do, they're terrible, and they're out of tune. I don't want to play it if it's not right. So, I stopped complaining and got a

Rhodes 88 with four special 12-inch JBL speakers in the bottom which really make a difference. These new speakers make the sound much rounder and warmer. I also have something called a Mutron device which gives it a very percussive attack, a nice popping sound which really cuts through. The big disadvantage is that below middle C, chord voicings with more than two or three notes usually sound muddy. So it has limited me in that way. But it has also forced me to develop my right hand more because it's really a single note instrument. And it has enlarged my conception of music, because melody is one of the last things that I've worked on in terms of feeling good about my own development. Also, rock doesn't sound right on acoustic piano. Electric bass and acoustic piano sound right to me. The electric piano sounds right with the electric bass."



In addition to developing different concepts for acoustic and electric piano, Beirach has discovered the necessity of using separate approaches for different performance situations. "There's a recording technique and a live concert technique, and they demand different ways of playing. When you're playing a big concert or playing in a club, you have to magnify it just a bit to get it over the lights, to get it over to the people in the back row. You have to make it a little bit bigger. But when you record you have to make it a little smaller because it's going to be magnified. It's going to be heard so that every nuance is going to come out. On my first records I played like I play a gig and it came out sounding like a nervous kid. It wouldn't have been excessive on a gig with six-hundred people out there, but for a record it was too jumpy. So I'm learning about recording and how to play in the studio.

Reflecting a recent interest in Zen, Richie is working on a more objective dimension in his playing. "The thing that I'm trying to develop is my inner ear, the ability to be detached yet involved in the moment, to play in the band but yet to hear the whole band and to play what is needed. Also, to take myself out and put myself in the audience and just hear what's really happening in terms of rhythm, building a solo, and playing with the other cats in the band—making them sound good."

Influences: Beirach includes Art Tatum, Bud Powell, Paul Bley, Bill Evans, Chick Corea, Herbie Hancock and McCoy Tyner. "But in a larger sense, the sources for all these cats have been Schoenberg, Berg, Scriabin, Debussy, Ravel and Bartok. What jazz is doing right now is kind of catching up with what happened between 1880 and 1930. 12-tone technique and the harmony.

melody, and rhythm of that era are now being absorbed into improvised music." Beirach's listening preferences include the aforementioned plus early Miles, early Trane, Bird and pop performers like James Brown and Sly.

Bierach sees his musical needs satisfied in the immediate future by a balance between Lookout Farm and his own trio. "I know that I want to be an improvising musician. I know that I'm also interested in composition. I've been doing writing for Lookout Farm and I've been doing writing for the trio. I'm interested in writing for strings. I'm doing a duet record with Dave Liebman—just piano and sax. And then next year I'll be doing a solo piano record. So I feel really lucky that I have opportunity to record."

"Recording is very important. It gives you a chance to document and catalogue what you're working on at the moment. And once you've recorded it, it gives you the chance to put it away and go on to something else. Somehow if you don't record when you should, it gets constipated. It gets stuck. You don't really have a chance to get it out and go on. Recording gives you a chance to mark off a certain period. Not that it's the final statement, but that somehow once you hear it on record and you know the whole world has the possibility of hearing it, then you know that you have to do something else."

Richie Beirach's "something else" is, of course, now an unknown. But judging from his club and recorded performances and from his quest for new vistas, he has demonstrated the potential for becoming a prime factor in the musical evolutions of the late seventies. For a preview of coming attractions, check out Eon—it is a harbinger of a maturing talent capable of profound achievement.

BOBBY SHEW

by lee underwood

wo and a half years ago, Bobby Shew angrily packed his trumpet and fluegelhorn and, with his wife, left Las Vegas on a shoestring. He had had it with Vegas stagnation. He was willing to scuffle if he had to, but he was determined to crack big-time L.A.

Today, virtually all of the studios recognize his exceptional talents as a big-band lead trumpet player and improvisational fluegelhorn virtuoso. And in a recent Blindfold test, Dizzy Gillespie himself said that the only guy who can play fluegelhorn in the high register and make it sound good is Bobby Shew. "Dizzy digs my playing a lot," Bobby smiles. "Last year at a gig in Canada he used to stand out front and listen to me every night."

Shew, 34, was born and raised in the picturesque musical wasteland of Albuquerque, New Mexico. There was no history of music in his family. His stepfather, however, kept a borrowed trumpet in the closet, which he brought out when Bobby was seven years old. "He played Red River Valley for me." Bobby fondly recalls, "which was all he could remember. I thought, 'Gee, that's beautiful. That's really a hip toy."

Because the trumpet was borrowed. Bobby was forbidden to touch it. "But when they used to leave me with a baby sitter, I could hardly wait for them to get out the door so I could sneak in the closet and get that trumpet out."

When he was eight, he tried country and western guitar picking. The strings were "four miles above the board, of course, which bloodied up my



fingers and destroyed my left hand and my initiative—plus the fact I couldn't stand to hear another song about a guy falling in love with his horse."

In the fifth grade. Shew talked his stepfather into letting him use the closet trumpet to try out for the school band. Bobby bought a trumpet book, sat down with his stepfather for two hours, and learned how to read music and blow and finger the horn.

"That night I could play everything in the book. I always had a natural cosmic vibration with music. It just lit my body up. Behind music, my whole being came to life."

With that one lesson behind him, he won second chair in the 36-piece horn section the very next day. "I was so unexposed to music that I had not had anyone tell me how difficult it was to do. It was just music. It was so simple, before anyone could get their hands on me and convince me how hard it was gonna be to play trumpet, that I already had it going."

When he was 15, he was asked to play in a dance band, "but I said no, because I didn't know how to dance. I didn't realize that a dance band wasn't a bunch of guys who played and danced."

After he was properly informed, he began playing local casuals, weddings, and dances, becoming exposed to improvisation. "During a rehearsal break one time, I jumped in and started playing on a blues jam, making the music up in my head. The whole place stopped and listened. Boom! Everything came out. It was a completely natural thing, I've never had to study, and I still haven't studied to this day. It was a revelation for me when, many years later, I realized what I had accomplished."

Jazz influences were hard to come by in Albuquerque, because "there just was not a great deal of black music available. The record stores in that town were places that sold pianos, accordions, trumpets, trombones, violins, and maybe back in the corner they had a few records. I mean, they didn't exactly say, 'We gotta make sure we get all the Blue Note stuff in!'"

He did hear his mother's Harry James recording of "James Session," however. "It was like a spiritual thing that was right on my wave length." He also heard Kenny Dorham, Bill Hardman (with Art Blakey), and Conte Condoli. Later, Clifford Brown became important to him, and today Freddie Hubbard is a great influence.

After one unsuccessful year at the University of New Mexico, Bobby joined the Army in 1961 to get in the NORAD multi-service band, where he recorded and toured extensively, playing with people like Phil Wilson and Paul Fontaine. "I'd never heard guys play like that except on records. Being in that band was probably the turning point for me. I went in there pretty cocky, but that band showed me guys who could really play."

Leaving the service in 1964, Bobby Shew turned pro. He joined Tommy Dorsey, and then Woody Herman. "That was traumatic for me," recalls Shew, wrinkling his brow.

"I thought Woody's band was the greatest band ever, but when I got there, I ended up on the wrong chair. It was the third chair. Bill Chase was playing lead, and Jerry Lamygerry was splitting it with him. Dusko Goykovich and Don Rader were

doing the jazz. I was stuck with nothing to do for a year, and it drove me crazy. I wasn't mature enough to know how to deal with it.

"I went a little cuckoo. I started building up hostilities, and got messed up on drugs. First it was pills and grass and juice, then it was shooting up. That went on until I was so screwed up on the band that I wasn't contributing anything or learning anything. I was just getting madder, and madder, and madder, until it was time for me to split.

"I was never hooked bad enough to where I had to grovel around in the streets and steal my friends' radios and horns. I would make it for a few days, then cool it. I was, like, joy-popping casually, but then it got worse.

"I went out on the road with Della Reese and began getting experience as a lead player, and I moved to Vegas."

One night Della told Bobby to go home and straighten up. He realized that that was exactly what he had to do; for three days he cold-turkeyed with the help of his present wife, a dancer and a jazz lover. He's been straight and productive ever since.

He played with Buddy Rich for a year and a half, originally joining Buddy as a jazz (improvisational) player, then shifting to lead. "It was easy for me to play with Buddy, because he plays drums like a lead trumpet player, and when I play trumpet in a big band I approach it like a set of drums, really whipping and bashing, working tight with the drummer. Buddy and I worked together great. It was like having two drummers in the band."

After leaving Buddy. Shew played Las Vegas house bands, sometimes going out on the road with Terry Gibbs, Robert Goulet, Paul Anka, Tom Jones and others. He then took a year off, because, "My chops were cut to shreds. I got to the place where I couldn't stand Vegas any more. It's called The Elephant's Burial Ground by a lot of musicians. It's a place for old war horses who can't make it in the studios. They can sit in those house bands making \$325 a week and pust die. There's no incentive to do anything.

"I had been in and around Vegas for nine years, 8 and my urine level had risen til my eyes were be turning yellow. I just couldn't take it any more. I just came home to my wife in 1973 and said, tet's pack up and get out." We left town in four so



Caught... Williams' new Lifetime at the Bottom Line ...

Almeida's quiet night in Chicago . . . Coleman's strength, Baker's romance, Yarborough's soul "on the air" at the Gate . . . McLean's reason and raw emotion at the Five Spot . . .

TONY WILLIAMS LIFETIME JOE BECK

Bottom Line. New York City

Personnel: Lifotime: Williams, drums, Allan Holdsworth, guitar; Allan Pasqua, electric piano, Tony Newton, bass guitar. Joe Bock Group: Beck, guitar; Dave Sanborn, alto sax; Steve Khan, guitar; Don Grolnick, electric piano; Will Lee, bass guitar: Christopher Parker, drums; Angel Allende, congas.

The New Tony Williams Lifetime is similar in instrumentation and identical in conception to the original Lifetime, which featured (pre-Mahavishnu) John McLaughlin and Larry Young (Khalid Yasin), and later Jack Bruce on bass guitar. However, there are two major improvements over the original. Williams no longer sings, so we no longer have to endure his falsetto voice and ridiculous lyrics. Secondly, Young's muddy organ playing didn't fit with McLaughlin's sharply articulated single-note lines and piercing held-notes. Pasqua's electric piano was just right for Holdsworth's McLaughlin-like style.

Needless to say, Tony Williams is still one of the supreme jazz drummers. Few play with such an elevated combination of quickness and precision. His cymbal-work is still outstanding.

Williams' new sidemen all have chops, too. Holdsworth (formerly of Soft Machine) was almost as fleet-fingered as McLaughlin, although his lines were sometimes blurred by Williams' captivating exuberance and Pasqua's unsubdued counterlines. Newton's bass was rock-hard, running through the changes with understated ease. He didn't

overplay, but you always knew he was there.

The three had great empathy with each other and with Williams. These musicians have the tools to showboat, but they merged their talents so effectively that the Lifetime as a whole became the showboat, in a display of group virtuosity.

Joe Beck, having recently left Joe Farrell's band, is now trying to play the role of the "bad" lead guitarist of a jazz-rock (add a little soul) formula group. He doesn't succeed because of his own limitations. Beck is at his best at slow and medium tempos, but with this group nearly everything is done fast. He had trouble sustaining his solos at high speeds, and they tended to become fragmented and repetitions. Also, his uses of the wah-wah and fuzz were crude and in poor taste. Beck can be an engaging jazz ballad player (as he was with vibist Mike Mainieri years back), but that side of him wasn't revealed with this new group, and apparently won't be. He should really stick to more conventional jazz, at which he's more adept.

Sanborn was a saving grace at times, getting off intense solos with a minimum of meandering Chris Parker's steady drumming and Allende's pulsating congas gave the front line a solid rhythmic background to work with (mostly spaced out, suspended beats of the kind Beck was used to with Farrell), but pianist Grolnick and guitarists Kahn and Lee were unexceptional.

The Joe Beck group will probably make a lot of money appealing to superficial listeners, but the new Lifetime is the band to watch out for.

—scott albin

LAURINDO ALMEIDA

The Quiet Knight, Chicago

Personnel: Almeida, guitar: Kenny Soderblom, woodwinds; Jim Adlas, bass; Jerry Coleman, drums.

The night was indeed quiet as Laurindo Almeida opened his Saturday evening performance at the Quiet Knight to a congenial, appreciative audience. The crowd had braved Chicago's cold, wet summer weather to hear this poised, quietly witty man, now a solid 58, give not just a lesson, but almost a complete course of instruction in guitar playing.

Beginning with an almost religious invocation of the cantata Jesu, Joy Of Man's Desiring (one of several Bach adaptations he was to perform during this evening), Almeida wove through some subtle shades of Segovian tempi variations and served notice that his years spent in the lucrative obscurity of the Hollywood studios hadn't dulled his talents.

Other solo guitar pieces followed, including a charming adaptation of a Renaissance lute piece and the technically excruciating cadenza from Villa Lobos Concerto For



Guitar And Orchestra, a work which Almeida said he was scheduled to perform with the Washington D.C. Symphony later this year. Such was Almeida's clean, almost cruel virtuosity that his captivated audience forgave his occasional slight fluffs.

Chicago bassist Jim Adlas joined Almeida in several duets. Together they read through several Baroque pieces, including a Bach fugetta and this composer's Aire On The G String. Adlas' rich, strong low register tones were compelling. Later in the evening he got off two fine arco solos on Girl From Ipanema and How Insensitive (an arrangement begun by Almeida with a clever borrowing from an harmonically similar Chopin prelude).

Rcedman Kenny Soderblom, who leads a big band Monday nights at this club, sight-read—apparently—some of Almeida's moderately challenging charts. Though Soderblom's flute playing seemed thin, his tenor work was finely spun, if unoriginal, frequently lapsing into perfect imitations of Stan Getz' bossa nova style. Percussionist Jerry Coleman, easily the North Side's most ingenious drummer, lended his typically sensitive support.

The group's overall sound was that of a bossa nova chamber orchestra: light, breathy, delicate. As Almeida savored his native Brazilian music, he resembled a proud father thoroughly enjoying his children's exploits. And perhaps he was more than a little surprised at the skills of these Chicago musicians.

When it was all over, many probably hadn't noticed that this consummate guitarist had improvised almost nothing during the entire evening. But who cared? As Almeida worked his way off the stage, his audience, his sidemen, and this reviewer gave him a hearty, deserved ovation. —jon balleras

GEORGE COLEMAN CHET BAKER CAMILLE YARBROUGH

Village Gate, New York City

Personnel: George Coleman Octet (Monty Waters, alto sax; Harold Vick and Coleman, tenor sax; Mario Rivera, baritone and soprano sax; Danny Moore, trumpet; Harold Mabern, piano; Lysle Atkinson, bass; Eddie Moore, drums); Chet Baker Quintet (Baker, trumpet; Bob Mover, alto sax; Harold Danko, plano; Dave Shapiro, bass; Dean Pratt, drums); Camille Yarbrough (Yarbrough, vocals; unidentified rhythm section).

New York's jazz community is fortunate in having a variety of opportunities to celebrate life within the context of live music. Among the more notable celebrations have been those periodic Monday evening music fests at the Village Gate sponsored by New York's prime radio jazz outlet, WRVR-FM. Providing live broadcasts of these events, WRVR has brought an indefinable but nonetheless authentic excitement to the New York jazz scene—there is a special magic about "on the air" simulcasts which adds stature and electricity to the event itself. How unfortunate that the format of the station is now in serious jeopardy (see last issue's news page).

This particular evening's celebration was particularly ebullient. The George Coleman Octet was making its New York club debut. People were checking out Chet Baker, whose playing has reached a new plateau, and his accomplished young altoist, Bob Mover. They had also come to listen to Camille Yarbrough, a unique new voice whose premiere album, *The Iron Pot Cooker*, has been well received.

First up for the George Coleman Octet was a Harold Vick original, Don't Look Back. This straight-ahead, up-tempo chart featured beautifully crafted ensemble passages reflecting Vick's intimate knowledge of the saxophone and his talents as a writer-arranger (Vick, by the way, is a recent recipient of a CAPS grant for composition). The arrangement also highlighted the Octet's "front four"-the sax voices of Coleman, Vick, Waters and Rivera. Coalescing into a unified force, they drove constantly forward in a hard-swinging and direct trajectory. They also enriched the solo spots with pungent background figures that were subtle, yet sinewy.

Next was George Coleman's incredibly lush yet steely compliment to Body And Soul. Against the luxurious texture provided by his cohorts, Coleman "sang" the melody with embellishments that evoked both his Hawkins heritage and the Miles Davis group of 1963-64 (whose success was in large part due to Coleman's contributions). Coleman's lyrical romanticism hovered over his brilliant set of choruses, yet he resisted the pull of the saccharine morass. This was Coleman's tour de force not only as a player, but as an arranger as well—Coleman's composing and arranging abilities have been recently recognized by a grant for Jazz Composition from the National Endowment for the Arts. The Octet finished their set with Frank Strozier's brisk interpretation of Kenny Dorham's Blue Bossa.

Since the Octet's book consists of selections that are either arranged or composed by its members, it is a laboratory for the considerable arranging and composing talents within the group. The ensemble is also a showcase for some of the finest improvisational talent anywhere—Coleman, Vick, Mabern and

Danny Moore are all voices meriting wider exposure. This is a group that should be recorded and promoted. A saxophone afficionado's dream would be the George Coleman Octet and Supersax together in concert—any festival/concert entrepreneurs listening?

Chet Baker followed with a set that included Gil Fuller's I Waited For You, Hal Galper's Dee's Dilemma, the Miles Davis classic Four, the standard This Is Always and Phil Urso's Way To Go, Poignant, profound, tantalizing, tender, romantic, loving, vulnerable—these are only a few of the adjectives that dance on the mind's eye in response to the Baker meditations. His playing has never been better. Dazzling technical passages are fluidly commingled with his characteristic lyrical statements of long notes and rests. Chet's singing is also at its peak, as evidenced by the audience's warm approval of his beautiful treatment of This Is Always.

Baker's quintet has a solid breadth due to

the input of his young supporting players. Bob Mover's alto is the perfect foil for Baker's trumpet—Mover is a rapidly evolving talent (Caught, June 19) who has the potential to be a major figure in contemporary music. And the rhythm section of Harold Danko (piano), Dave Shapiro (bass) and Dean Pratt (drums), is a tight, sensitive and sympathetic unit.

Rounding out the bill was singer/poet/writer/composer/actress, Camille Yarbrough. Presenting her own material, Ms. Yarbrough has transformed her childhood and adult ghetto experiences into a poetry dealing with love and hate, strength and weakness, and the gamut of agonies that stem from poverty and racial prejudice. Ms. Yarbrough is a compelling and powerful performer. Supported by a rhythm section providing sparse, commentative backdrops and mostly speaking rather than singing, Ms. Yarbrough's intensity and integrity held the audience spellbound. Selec-



tions such as the frantic But It Comes Out Mad and the erotic Take Yo' Praise are components of her concert presentation Tales And Tunes Of An African-American Griot. They are also part of her debut album, The Iron Pot Cooker (Vanguard—VSD 79356), which I strongly recommend. —chuck berg

JACKIE MCLEAN

Five Spot, New York City

Personnel: Jackie McLean, alto sax; Rene McLean, tenor, alto and soprano saxophones, flute; Terumasa Hino, trumpet and fluegelhorn; Nathan Page, guitar; Hubert Eaves, piano and electric piano; James Benjamin, bass; Michael Carvin, drums.

McLean here assembled a group of young musicians whose abilities are on a par with those who used to record with him for Blue Note in the '60s. And McLean himself was fit and full of fire.

The Five Spot can be a sauna bath on a humid night, what with one tiny air conditioner, and this was such a night. Yet the quality of the music never faltered, due largely to McLean's inspirational leadership and contagious spirit, and his bunch of young rabbits.

Rene McLean can't be more than twenty years-old, but he has played professionally for several years now, and it shows. He has assimilated most of his influences, although on alto he sometimes sounded like his father. It was interesting to watch Jackie's reaction as he listened to Rene's solos with a combination of paternal pride and musician's fraternal curiosity.

Hino, who garnered some votes in the Trumpet TDWR category of the db Critics' Poll, is a trumpeter with great chops, flawless execution and impressive solo capabilities. He played directly out of a Freddie Hubbard-Lee Morgan bag, but Hubbard (especially the way he's playing now) and the late Morgan would have been hard-pressed to cut his efforts. Hino also revealed that he's a talented



composer, penning the two most captivating lines played all night, Logical Mystery and Moco.

Eaves was a combination of Blue Note-era McCoy Tyner and Herbie Hancock, driving and building throughout his never-lagging solos. He is easily equal to any other practi-

tioner of that particular post-bop piano style, on which such others as Cedar Walton, Arthur Daley, and Stanley Cowell also base their approaches.

Page proved to be an inventive accompanist and soloist who deserves more attention. He's not flashy, rather deliberating his way through well-reasoned solos of substance, and he listens all the time.

Benjamin was very supportive, totally aware of the changes—where they were, and should be going. He had a big sound that overcame undermiking, and he displayed some showy, but apt, glissando affects.

Carvin was tremendous, with the ear, feel and intuition of a Billy Higgins. He was burning the entire night, accenting, replying to, and stimulating the front-line soloists whenever they began to flag.

The music was straight hard-bop—an anachronism to some, maybe, but certainly meatier than most so-called "fusion" music. The tough, well-defined themes and subthenies were played in tight unison, followed by a series of long, stretch-out solos by Rene, Hino, Eaves, Page, and Jackie, the last in his usual totally distinctive style, a mold of reason and raw emotion.

Rene's biting, staccato Sudan. Land of the Blacks, and Hino's funky Logical Mystery and multi-colored Moco, were the most memorable compositions, especially Moco, a masterpiece that could someday become a jazz standard.

Jackie McLean and his great young band of hard-boppers reaffirmed the faith of many in the diversity and persistence of the jazz tradition.

—scott albin



cially, it's a lot like hitchhiking. I developed a lot of patience when I was hitchhiking, because you have to have patience. It's like Jimmy Cliff sings, you can make it if you try, try, try. But hitchhiking is different in different countries. In places like Poland, or Yugoslavia, the Eastern European countries, everyone picks you up because they realize that everybody's trying to help each other. In Common Market countries there's a little less compassion for hitchhikers because people are more possessive of their time and things. The impressions of being on the road can be different all the time. Sometimes you make 500 miles in a day and sometimes just five. Sometimes it gets cold and starts rainingthat's where the blues come in. It can be a big blues on the road at times.

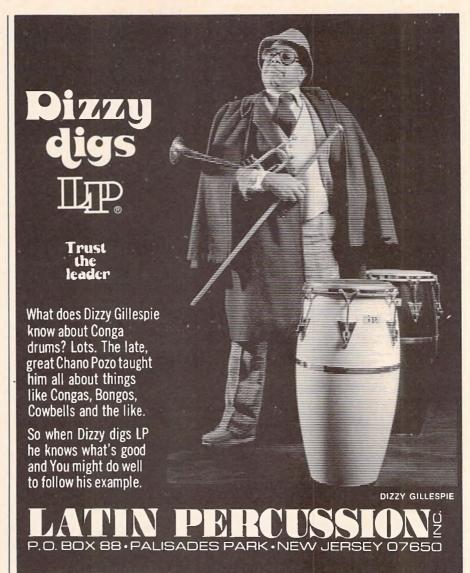
"After all that traveling around I finally started feeling the need to sit down somewhere, work with my hands and get in tune with this planet we're on. That's when I decided to get into planting, and started my organic farm. Farmers are getting so scientific these days that they very seldom touch the soil with their hands. This also gives you a certain dedication, because you have to be there at planting and harvest time. And at night, since the television doesn't dominate the room, you have a wood fire that brings people closer together. You have music happening every night.

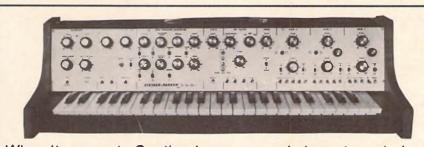
"I practice Tibetan Buddhism, but the purpose of that is to stimulate positive action, not to try to make people change faith or worship this way or that. Like with dress, it's not important to look a certain way, it's the actions that matter. It's a question of how we balance body, speech and mind. It swings, you know, like in Brazil 'balencia' means to swing. When things are balanced, they swing, they really swing. But sometimes we overload on one side and get hung up on something like suffering. After a while we get to thrive on suffering, we get high off of suffering, we come behind suffering. And there is another way, you know."

In line with acting in part as "the world's musical memory," Don has been actively undertaking not only the assimilation of musics from different cultures, but the preservation and passing on of the knowledge.

"When we work with children we go to different lands, from Africa to India to Tibet and Brazil, all these cultures which should be preserved, and we try to expose them to the children. After all, they're the ones who are going to have the work of continuing these traditions after we're gone. Besides, it makes a great base for them to build their own music on later. But we have to try to preserve these things that are being lost through modern times. And then we have to be able to use these things, and science, in a positive way. We can't stop what's going on; we also have to move ahead.

"Something else that's been very important to me in learning about music, about different time systems and rhythms is that, in India for instance, if you have six counts you always end on one. Like if I say *Dha* Din Na, *Dha* Tin Na, *Dha*, it ends again on one because of the accent. So that means there are no endings, there are just beginnings. That's like death: death isn't an ending, it's a beginning of something else. It's important for us to realize all these beginnings in life."





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terested in uniform density.

Uniform Density

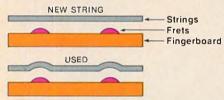
Right. It means a string has the same cross section and smooth surface area from saddle to nut. But whenever you tune or play your guitar you're breaking down a string's uniform density. How?

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.

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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-

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.

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it. Billy called during that time; he was leaving Mahavishnu and wanted first of all to make a record. So we did one album in the studio, Crosswinds, and then there was talk about getting a band together. That was a hard decision for me; it was good music on both sides. I got to play more with Larry, but Billy's band seemed to offer more exposure and better gigs.

Palmer: And when you're working your way up as a sideman in New York, those are very important considerations?

Randy: Sure, and Michael was going to do it, I wanted to play with him again. Both of us were planning to do it longer than we did.

Michael: Yeah, just listening to Billy play is great, and playing with

him is fantastic.

Randy: We were with him for a year. He was doing well, but not amazingly well, and we weren't really an integral enough part of the business end of it. We really liked the music, but when we got the opportunity to do this, we figured we might as well do it. We wanted to start building our own name.

Palmer: You seem to have made a lot of difficult but necessary business decisions, and they've obviously kept you moving toward where you are now. Did you sit down and do a study of the way the music business works, or did you learn by doing?

Randy: It seems like you always learn after you sign something. But, really, you just have to be involved in it. You can read books, but the way it functions is pretty complicated, especially if you're dumb like us. (Laughter) So we learned the hard way. Do I sound like I'm

complaining? I'm not. Arista is really doing well with us. It's the first time we ever had a record on the charts; what can I say?

Palmer: A lot of the things you're doing now are very tightly structured. You have this very tight horn section sound, and you aren't stretching out that much, at least not on record.

Randy: I still have the urge to play, but what I really have an urge to do is to have a band, to create some sort of sound, some sort of package that gets us off, rather than just myself getting off playing. We're into keeping it loose, but really having some structure to it, more than just solos. I don't do it because I think it'll make money; it's really what I like doing now.

Palmer: How does the live presentation differ from the album? Randy: They're pretty close: the same people are involved. We have two guitar players, Steve Khan and Bob Mann, although Buzzy Feiten was playing with us for awhile, and will be again. Onstage we do a people-oriented show, some of Buzzy's tunes and some of Steve's, and we do the more commercially oriented tunes from the record, rather than the more jazz-influenced ones. But the general sound and concept of the record is still there. So far we're getting good reactions. People have heard the tunes already, so it's not like we're starting from scratch this time.

Michael: Randy wrote most of the first album, but we're all contributing to the writing. It's almost a reincarnation of Dreams as far as the personnel goes—Chris Parker's on drums, of course, not Billy—but it's actually pretty different. We really want to develop it and make it last, and hopefully make it a learning environment as well as a great playing environment and a financial success.

MARTINO

continued from page 17

so I can do certain things with it while I'm doing other things with my guitar. It's just more of the same thing, more of a groove."

When I asked Pat if he had any pre-conceived notions about how he was going to incorporate the electronics into his music, he replied: "My, concepts of what music really is have changed drastically since I started playing guitar. The new instruments themselves give forth new ideas, and I don't want to condemn them to any preconceptions of what they should be. I don't think that way.

"I let them sit there, and if I feel inclined to play with an instrument, I play it, and whatever comes out is the music. It's both deductive and inductive. In other words, I don't write out a bunch of shit and then go over to the instrument and realize it. You see, the music we're playing right now has come forth from the instruments we're playing the music on.

"It's like being a sculptor. You know he's got various materials to work with—stone, and clay and bronze and whatever. And he brings in a new material, maybe plastics. It's like saying how is plastics going to affect your art, you know? It's just another material. The art is not affected by it at all. The material is the art. It's the medium for the art. By the same token, I think that all these things are merely contrasts. I'm not one to give myself up to one thing. I see electronics as merely a contrast to the acoustic nature of the instruments we play."

In an earlier conversation, Pat had likened his acquisition of the guitar-synthesizer to a child receiving a newer and bigger sandbox. Not only can he continue doing the same things he had done in the smaller one, but he can expand from there. This attitude also influences Pat's overall perspective as he explores the musical spectrum.

"You keyhole yourself, you know. It's very easy to do, and to some degree I have in the past. I've done quite a bit of bop, and I still play bop and love to play it, because it's a legitimate art form in itself. On the other hand, I've written a piece for 30 strings and guitar, which I will record soon. I've written a set of

legitimate guitar variations. In certain areas of the piece itself I have employed serialism, many legitimate techniques, 12-tone techniques, pointillisms, just regular, straightahead music, good music, and I'm interested in exploring musical technique. So to limit myself to any one form of music is to limit myself to a small sandbox again."

"I do want to record in different formats. I'd like to record my variations for guitar. I probably really don't want to record them in

this country. I would rather record them in Europe and have them imported here, because the European mechanisms in regard to the record industry are a little bit more sensitive to the music. They're not so politically-oriented and consumer-oriented. I would rather utilize that media for those pieces, because they are more cerebral. They're not really geared for the consumer per sé. In fact, most of my music is not geared for the consumer. It's geared for the listener."

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HOW TO motivate melody

by Dr. William L. Fowler

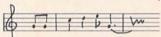
In the really olden days—like when J. C. was superstarring in person—melody makers had an easy time. They didn't have to invent new material. Instead, they'd choose a few favorites from the abundant standard Hindu ragas, or the Arabian magams, or the Byzantine echos, or the Hebrew modes, ornament them with some standard melismas, then string those chosen melodic motives together in whatever order seemed appropriate. And should those prefabricated units flow gracefully throughout their collective line, some ancient arranger would have a hit.

But as the centuries passed and music reflected an increasingly complex society, melody could hardly remain a simple realignment of existing motives. New rhythms, new meters, and the new pitches of the chromatic scale spurred composers not only to invent new melodic figures, but also to redesign the ancient motives to meet changing expressive needs. Extend, contract, invert, reverse, ornament, change the rhythm, move the accent, repeat a note, sharp a note, flat a note—there are plenty of ways to make an old motive sound fresh . . .

Here's one of the oldies-but-goodies:

6000

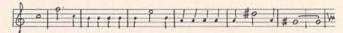
It's simple, but solid, consisting of the acoustically perfect leap of a fourth (dominant to tonic) plus the only diatonic whole steps in the overtone series. And because it's such a useful building block, composers, arranger, and improvisors have been sawing it, gluing it, decorating it, and whatevering it for centuries. Seems to me I heard Glen Campbell mutate it on the Tonight Show recently—a new tune called *Rhinestone Cowboy*:



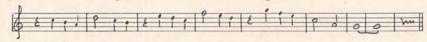
And here are some other alterations of this perennial motive:



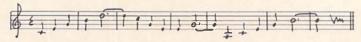
All the examples shown have been variations of the basic *How Dry I Am* motive. But there are plenty more basic motives. And they are all subject to all the alteration processes: *All the Things You Are* bases its motive on fourth leaps:



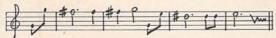
My Heart Stood Still sequentializes three-note scale segments:



I Love You, Porgy utilizes chord lines:



Bali Hai applies the chromatic lower neighbor for a motive:



And Bach's Have Mercy (from his St. Matthew Passion) profusely ornaments its several motives:



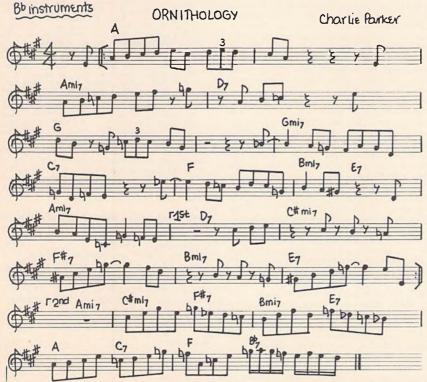
By applying such alteration methods as have been shown, either to extant or to brand new motives, any composer or improvisor should be able to produce fresh melodic lines.

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by Dr. William L. Fowler

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When you go to Vegas, you see, the music is just hard, high, pounding, pounding, hammer as hard as you can for hours. It's just like breaking rocks. There's never any light taps. It becomes a thing of brute force. Never a delicate, musical, sensitive, colored thing. As far as jazz playing goes, there's about five guys there holding on to a thin thread for dear life. They have to do it in the garage. I didn't even get to play eight bars of Come To Jesus for six or seven years.

When I came down here, my chops were hard and stiff, so I had to once again learn how to play with some delicacy and sensitivity to be able to walk in a studio and play a movie or a Dixieland feel.

"That's where the versatility of studio work comes in, and you need that versatility to play in this town. You might walk in an nine o'clock in the morning and have to play Stravinsky, then a rock date for Motown with those merciless high F's and G's and endless vamps, then go play with Bud Shank's quintet later that night. You have to be able to do the whole thing.

Shew has managed to make the wedding between the business of music and the art of music. When he was a child, he loved the aesthetics of music. But as he learned the professional ropes, he learned to play to make a living. "If you're lucky," he said, "the two can dovetail together." As a studio musician, Shew is now on call constantly. His first L.A. year netted \$8,000. Last year, he pulled in \$35,000.

As an artist, he plays regularly with Louis Bellson's big band. "And I played with Art Pepper's quintet for half a year; I play with Bud Shank occasionally; at one point I put a seven-piece band together of my own; and I just recently did an album with Cal Tjader's piano player, Frank Strazzeri: a giant, a monster, an incredibly underrated player, a complete genius." Bobby also enjoys the thrill of playing both lead and jazz with Toshiko's big band, "because the chops and the studio versatility all come together from an artist's point of view, not a business point of view.

One of Bobby's greatest joys is teaching some 20 to 30 clinics a year, 90% of which he contracts himself, the rest under the aegis of Norlin Music. "I love it. Part of being an artist is just doing things creatively, and I don't think anything can be more creative or more challenging than sitting down with 5 or 500 kids who say, 'How do I play jazz?' or 'How do I play high notes?' The kids are so alive and enthusiastic that they're an inspiration to me. I learn a lot about playing by teaching.

While Bobby's sterling studio reputation has come from playing lead, many people are also beginning to recognize his roots as a jazz player. He does not, however, regard himself in any way as being a so-called "jazz purist."

"I just love music. I've had a love affair with music for my whole life. Music is my wife, my mistress, my food and my drink. My wife Lisa understands me and music, too. She wakes up in the middle of the night, and I'm laying there sleeping, but I've got my hand on her arm and I'm fingering scales and solos. Ninety-nine percent of the dreams I have are working, practicing, figuring out lines. It's a total way of life for me.

"Music is my religion, a spiritual thing. Even though you're doing studio calls, you're still thinking creatively. You're still trying to take what may be a dumb thing and make it something beautiful. still trying to put some icing on a fallen cake, you know? The constancy of the creative and spiritual feelings which come out of it are definitely religious in kind and quality.

As Bobby continues to increase his economic stability, he hopes to soon begin writing his own material and forming his own group. He also intends to write a teaching manual approaching music from the student's personal awareness of his own feelings, which in turn leads to technical proficiency, rather than from the traditional approach of technique first, feeling second.

Bobby Shew has indeed evolved from an Albuquerque-Vegas outsider into a happy, productive. well-adjusted and creative young man. His life today lies wide open and full of promise before him.



Jazz styles & analysis: ALTO SAX by Harry Miedema, edited by David Baker. Chicago: down beat Music Workshop Publications, first edition 1975. 104 pa. 11" x 8", spiral bound: 125 transcribed and annotated solos from 103 alto saxophonists

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Short of actually playing with jazz musicians, studying and playing their accurately transcribed solos are invaluable learning experiences. The goal is not to imitate but to gain a sense of what we at the professional level continuously strive -Cannonball Adderley

It still seems incredible to me what Charlie Parker and other innovative soloists could create with such spontaneity and musicianship. Listening to and studying their improvised compositions open to all of us the unlimited genius of the human -Paul Horn

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Jack Kleinsinger's "Highlights In Jazz" returns October 1 with the Return of the Jam Session. The stars will be down beat Critics Poll winners Ron Carter, Phil Woods, and Thad Jones, along with Hank Jones, Bill Watrous and Connie Kay. A guest artist has been lined up ... Stryker's has its week like this: Chet Baker, Mon. and Tues.; Lee Konitz, Wed.; Howard McGhee, Thurs. thru Sat.; and Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma, Sun . . . Look for Roland Hanna, Ron Carter, Walter Davis, Jim Hall, and Joe Pass at Sweet Basil for September and October . . . The Village Vanguard brings in Rahsaan Roland Kirk for a week starting September 9 . . The Rainbow Grill welcomed back harmonica virtuoso Larry Adler to America. He's rumored to be doing the score to a movie or Broadway show soon... The Shirtsleeve Theatre on East 73rd Street is doing mini-concerts weekends . . . Soerabaja has Bucky Pizzarelli again Bradley's showcases Jaki Byard and Major Holley Sundays. Check Jazzline for weekdays Buddy Rich and band will be back at Buddy's Place beginning September 8. With him will be Mel Torme thru September 20 and Joe Williams September 22 thru October 4... The Five Spot is negotiating at press time for possible gigs with the Art Ensemble of Chicago and Ornette Coleman Wilson is due into Avery Fisher Hall September 28 . . . the Jazzmobile tours NYC parks and parking lots throughout the summer. Check local schedules in your neighborhood . . . Stella Marrs, singer and on WRVR, did a stint at the Cookery Sunday evenings. She is expected to return ... Marian McPartland comes back to Bemelman's Bar at the Hotel Carlyle starting September 22 ... Heller's, the disco, has been offering live singers. Morgana King was held over for an additional weekend; now Juanita Fleming comes in September 15 ... At Barney Josephson's Cookery, starting September 19, Mary Lou Williams is at the piano . . . Ella, Frank and the Count at the Uris Theatre thru September 20 . . . Shirley Bassey hits Carnegie September 25 thru 28 . . . The JPJ Quartet plus one opens a series of concerts called New Communications In Jazz at the Bank Street College Auditorium, 603 West 112th Street. Contact drummer Oliver Jackson for full details: 212-865-5203 . . . Gerald's jumps in Queens on weekends . . . Sonny's Place, Seaford, L. I., has Ray Alexander, September 19 and 20; Arnie Lawrence September 26 & 27; and Mike McGovern, October 3 & 4 . . . The Music Room, new to the area, opens in the Roseville section of Newark, N.J. with the Hank Jones Trio backing singer Marlene Ver Planck. Look for the club around mid-September . . . The Westchester Premier Theatre, Tarrytown, N.Y. looks like Frankie Valli and the Four Seasons, September 26 thru 28 and Jimmy Roselli and Louis Prima starting October 8 . . . Call JAZZLINE for up to the minute details: 212-421-3592.

The latest chapter in the peripatetic saga of Chicago's number one jazz impresario, Joe Segal, was played out at the Quiet Knight in late August and early September. While regu-

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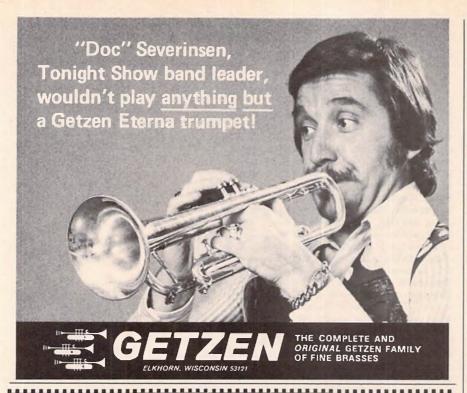
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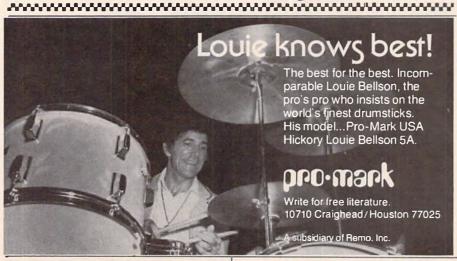
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lar owner Richard Harding went fishing for three weeks, Joe brought Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, Pharoah Sanders, and Milt Jackson's All-Stars in on successive weekends. But a permanent home for Segal still was not found at press time, and Joe's looking for leads. Any suggestions? If so-and the room should seat at least 250, with good acoustics, bar not mandatory—get in touch with Charles Mitchell at db. Meanwhile, Segal has been heard on radio stints with WBEZ and WNIB's Straight No Chaser ... Richard Harding, back from his vacation, is branching out into the concert arena. October 11 sees Chuck Mangione at the Arie Crown Theater, McCormick Place, with quartet and symphony orchestra. The next night, Harding has Miles Davis (say your prayers) and Michal Urbaniak at the Auditorium. Meanwhile, among the Quiet Knight's various bookings in folk and pop is Charles Mingus, September 17-21 ... Biddy Mulligan's on Sheridan Road in Rogers Park features the blues of Bob Reidy, September 17-20, and Sam Lay a week later . . . Reidy can also be heard on September Mondays and Tuesdays at the Attic in New Town . . . At Poor Richard's in Skokie, it's Ouray, Armadillo, Radio Flyer, Episode, and Matrix throughout September and October . . . The Wise Fools on Lincoln Avenue features Dave Remington's Big Band on Mondays, Redwood Landing Tuesdays, Mighty Joe Young September 10-13, and J. B. Hutto and the Hawks, September 17-20 . . Sunday afternoons in September and October will feature the Purple Circle Quartet (Ken Hill, tenor; Paris, vibes; Don Lambert, bass; Usama, drums) at J's Place on North Wells Street on Old Town. Hours are 3-8 p.m. . . . Soul fans will relish the Stylistics and B.T. Express for two shows at the Auditorium September 20, and Average White Band, next night, same venue Heavy metal ravers check out Aerosmith and Ted Nugent, September 19 at the Ampithe-Straight ahead rock fans will be psyched for the Doobie Brothers, September 19-20 at the Auditorium . . Ratso's on Lincoln Avenue looks like a winner: September 10-14, Lonnie Liston Smith: 16-21, Carmen McRae: 22-25 Les Paul and Judy Roberts; 26-28, Roberts and Aliotta-Haynes-Jeremiah; October 1-5, Jon Lucien; 8-12, Kinky Friedman and the Texas Jewboys. The club also has plans for Jack DeJohnette's Direction, Cedar Walton, and Gato Barbieri's return this fall. . . Be sure to catch Orbit, the excellent combo that features guitarist Ross Traut, bassist Eric Hochberg, drummer Ken Elliott, percussionist Andy Potter, and reed whiz Steve Eisen. They play frequently in the Lincoln Avenue area and will burn your ears off . . . Amazingrace at Chicago and Main in Evanston (across the way from one of the city's great newsstands, incidentally) has Gary Burton and Friends (rumored to be Ralph Towner and German bassist Eberhard Weber, in addition to Gary's own group of Bob Moses, Steve Swallow, Pat Metheny, and Mick Goodrick), September 25-29 All in all, an exciting early fall, especially when you consider that this column is at the press well before all the bookings for this period have been made. Watch the local papers, especially The Reader, a weekly freebie that runs down the local scene in comprehensive yet thorough form.

MECHANICS OF

SOUTHWEST

PHOENIX: Nadine Jansen, who according to Billboard has been integral to the Ramada Inn's jazz program, returns home to the Valley Ho at the end of September . . . The Armstrong Three are at the Caravan Inn for awhile, but will play at the Boojum Tree on September 28 . . . Other events at the Boojum include Clark Terry Sept. 7-8, Bob Ravenscroft Sept. 14, Herb Ellis Sept. 21, Lou Garno's Latin Jazz Quintet Oct. 5, and regulars Armand Boatman Trio thru October . . . The Boojum's sister club is sprouting up near Scottsdale Civic Plaza in early October. Dave Spradling plans a jazz-rock format . . . The Varsity Inn, which will again feature Grant Wolf's Night Band on alternate Mondays, is open to other jazz groups too . . . The Celebrity Theater has **Donovan** on 9/19 . . . The **Ari**zona State Jazz Ensemble, whose free concerts are both excellent and SRO, open up on 10/9 . . . The Playboy Club plans to bring in more jazz soon ... KXTC-FM (92.3) is augmenting their all-jazz format with new coverage. Lewis Brown is playing soul from midnight to 3 AM Mon.-Thurs., and all night on Saturday. Also, entertainment columnist Phil Strassberg is now doing a noon rap on the local scene. Michael Duffy's evening show specializes in contemporary sounds . . . Other good music spots are the Reubens in Phoenix, Hatch Cover in Scottsdale, Page Four, Century Sky Room.

SAN DIEGO: Can San Diego draw sufficient crowds for jazz? This summer's sellout of three festivals on one weekend should prove to club owners that jazz is popular here, and there are some signs of increased jazz bookings. The India Street Art Colony Jazz Fest was instrumental in showcasing several fine local groups: Matrix (formerly Horizon), Eclipse, Epicycle, Heliocentric (with Al Von Seggern doing great things on tenor and soprano), Rich Flores, Cottonmouth D'Arcy's Jazz Vipers, Aura, and others ... Matrix has landed a gig at Crossroads on weekends, as well as at Mandolin Wind. The fivesome boasts two good soloists out front in trumpeter Dwayne Colley and tenorist Jimmy Willis. Matrix does good Hubbard-Hancock-Turrentine material, as well as originals . . . Epicycle, led by saxophonist Ted Picou, plays Sunday afternoons at Dave Grayson's Safety Club. Their repertoire includes Grover Washington's Mister Magic, Kenny Dorham's Blue Balsam, and Eddie Vinson's Four . . . The Albatross is featuring the excellent Storm all week long . . . Bump City, for those of you wanting to get off your duffs, has Odisea on weekends . . . Eclipse is playing at Inland Sea in Fallbrook on Wednesdays . . . The Ivy Barn has Charlie's electric piano sounds . . . The Palais 500 has funky Dr. Pepper . . . Horace Silver is in Redondo at Concerts by the Sea 10/7-19 . . . September 12 saw the opening of Bacchanal, a 759 seat club . . . Tours coming through include Elton John and, for you Friends of Old Time Music, bluesmen Robert Jr. Lockwood, Sunnyland Slim, and Big Walter Horton, all enroute to Monterey.

LAS VEGAS: Tony Bennett and Lena Horne are at the Sahara in September . . . A new rock series opened at the Stardust with Dr. Hook, then E.L.O. John Bades plans Blood, Sweat & Tears and Linda Ronstadt . . . Vibist Tommy Vig has an LP coming out called The Sound of the Seventies on Creative World . . .

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Teresa Brewer, who has shown recent allegiances to jazz, has signed at the Sahara. James Moody has just signed with Vanguard and plans a November LP The Las Vegas Jazz Society, organized by Monk Montgomery, can be joined by writing 3459 Nakona Lane, L.V. 89109. Members currently include Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis, Carl Fontana, Billy Eckstine, Benny Green, Red Rodney, and others . . . B. B. King is at the Hilton jazz on Mondays and Tuesdays at B&J's Home. Regulars include the likes of Rick Davis, Arnold Marsh, Jimmy Cook, Don Stewart, and Bill Trujillo.

New Orleans

No tour of the Crescent City is complete without a pilgrimage to the Jazz Museum at 825 Conti Street in the French Quarter. This non-profit institution is a veritable musical shrine, featuring such momentos as Louis Armstrong's first cornet, Kid Ory's trombone and the instruments played by George Lewis and Bix Beiderbecke. Other exhibits feature photographs of old-time spasm bands and rare shots of most of the city's musical greats. Listening phones dispense music and information of the displays. The Jazz Museum is open between 10 a.m. and 5 p.m. on Tuesday through Saturday Admission is \$1 for adults and 50 cents for children. . . . Meanwhile the grand opening celebration of the \$163 million Superdome continues with a Soul Music extravaganza on Sept 5, featuring The Temptations, Isley Brothers, O'Jays, Donald Byrd & The Blackbyrds, Margie Joseph and The New Orleans Parade Band. . . And on Sept. 6, ERA Productions will bring Bruce Springsteen into the New Orleans Theatre for the Performing Arts. . . Over at Lu & Charlie's, 1101 N. Rampart, guitarist-vocalist Carl LeBlanc performs on Tuesdays and on Fridays and Saturdays, it's The Third Eye, featuring Angelle Trosclair, vocals; John Vidacovich, percussion; Henry Butler, keyboards; and Lawn Price, reeds.

TORONTO

Clubs: Egerton's, longtime folk club, has come under the spell of saxophonist Alvinn Pall. The result of a little persuasion, Pall has an afterhours gig Saturday and Sunday mornings for his own quintet, and the opportunity to book other musicians for Wednesday evenings. As a Toronto paper headlined, 'Musician fights to keep jazz alive". Anyone Of course, George's Spaghetti listening? House, the location of flautist-reedman Moe Koffman's latest recording, Live At George's, has been fighting the same good fight for years and continues with trumpeter Herb Spanier Sept. 8-13, Moe Koffman Sept. 15-20 and, tentatively, trumpeter Guido Basso Sept. 22-27 and Pat LaBarbera Sept. 29 to Oct. 4 \$ Sept. 8-20 and Barney Kessel Sept. 22 to Oct. . Continuing: Solo pianists Gene DiNovi at La Scala, Herb Helbig at the Windsor Arms and Joel Shulman, afternoons at his own 8



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specialist Bill Barron has been courses in history, improvisation appointed to reorganize the and tutorials. It is hoped that Afro-American Music Depart- Griffin will also do some of the ment at Wesleyan University, arranging classes as time pro-

Barron, older brother of decessor. The remainder of the pianist Kenny, will be adminisstaff includes drummer Ed trative director and teach big Blackwell, who will handle all band and small ensemble percussion chores in the cur- courses in addition to theory

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club, The Garden Party, and evenings at Aquarius 51 . . Saxophonist Jim Galloway with a quartet including drummer-writer-beer celebrity Paul Rimstead at the Saphire Tavern

Traditionalists Cliff "Kid" Bastien and Jim Abercrombie taking three nights a week each at Albert's Hall in Brunswick House. Abercroinbie's Vintage Jazz Band moves in Thursdays while Bastien's Camelia Jazz Band marches off to Grossman's Tavern, Fridays and Saturdays . . . Concerts: Saturdays are also Big Band nights at Ontario Place, with Murray McEachran and the Tommy Dorsey Orchestra Sept. 13, Stan Kenton Sept. 20, Count Basie Sept. 27 and Woody Herman closing out the summer Oct. 4 . . . A rather more adventurous series at A Space begins this month and runs through March with plans for: solo concerts by Dollar Brand, Joseph Jarman and Don Pullen; a Karl Berger duo; Anthony Braxton with Ken Wheeler, Dave Holland and Barry Altschul; AACM (Roscoe Mitchell, Richard Abrams and George Lewis); and Leo Smith with Anthony Davis and Wes Brown. Local musicians, including members of the Canadian Creative Music Cooperative, will also perform each month. Series tickets and information from the Jazz and . Another down-Blues Centre (929-5065) town "loft", Charley Farley's Art Studio, has also been presenting Sunday concerts of contemporary music. As they say, bring your own cushions.

The autumn influx of Americans to Europe gets underway with the British debut of the legendary Gil Evans. His band will be at Royal Festival Hall on September 29 ... Also arriving the same day for a tour commencing Sep. 30 and October 1 with dates at the 100 Club is the World's Greatest Jazz Band, now somewhat less great than when they last visited, since Bud Freeman left the band to take up residence in Britain. Who'll stay behind this time? . . . Appearing with local bands at the same time will be American trumpeter Bill Coleman, a resident of Paris for nearly 30 years. His 100 Club dates are September 19 and 20, and other bookings already fixed include the Seven Dials (25) and the Fox and Hounds out at Haywards Heath (28) . . . Blues artist Lowell Fulsom brings his American band to the 100 Club, Sep. 15-16 ... And Norman Granz starts his personal invasion of Europe with Ella Fitzgerald, the Tommy Flanagan Trio and the Count Basie band at Royal Festival Hall on October 3-- and Jazz At The PhilHarmonic (Eldridge, Gillespie, Milt Jackson etc.) on Oct. 5 . . Jackson will previously have done two weeks at Ronnie Scott's starting Sep. 15 with a British trio, followed by Jamaican pianist Monty Alexander (29) for one week . . . The Jazz Centre Society's summer concert series at the Institute of Contemporary Arts concludes with the Howard Riley Trio (Barry Guy, Tony Oxley) on Sep. 14, and Back Door (21). The Tuesday film shows "Jazz In Focus," also at the ICA, feature Punch Miller and Louis Armstrong (16), Count Basie, Bobby Hackett and others (23) and three films on Duke Ellington (30) Live dates at the Phoenix in Cavendish Square for the next few weeks:-Gilgamesh (17), Joy Unlimited (24), Pete Hurt's 13-piece band (Oct 1) and Gyroscope (8), while the Seven Dials has Henry Lowther's Quarternity plus Art Themen (Sep. 18) and the lan Hamer Sextet (Oct. 2).

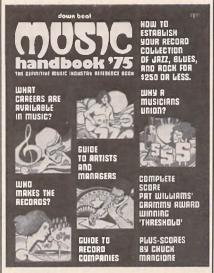


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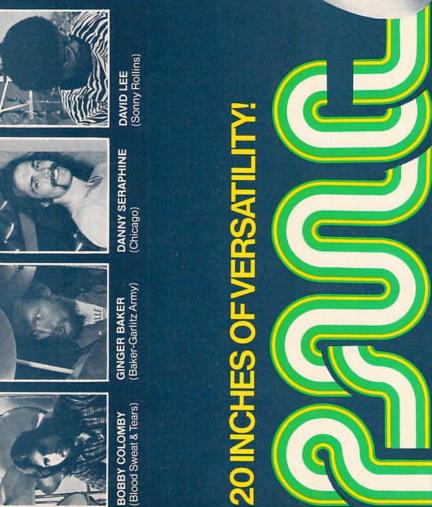






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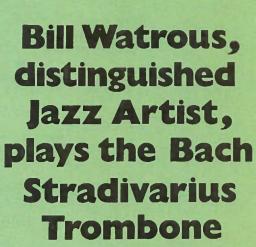
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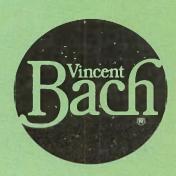
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