

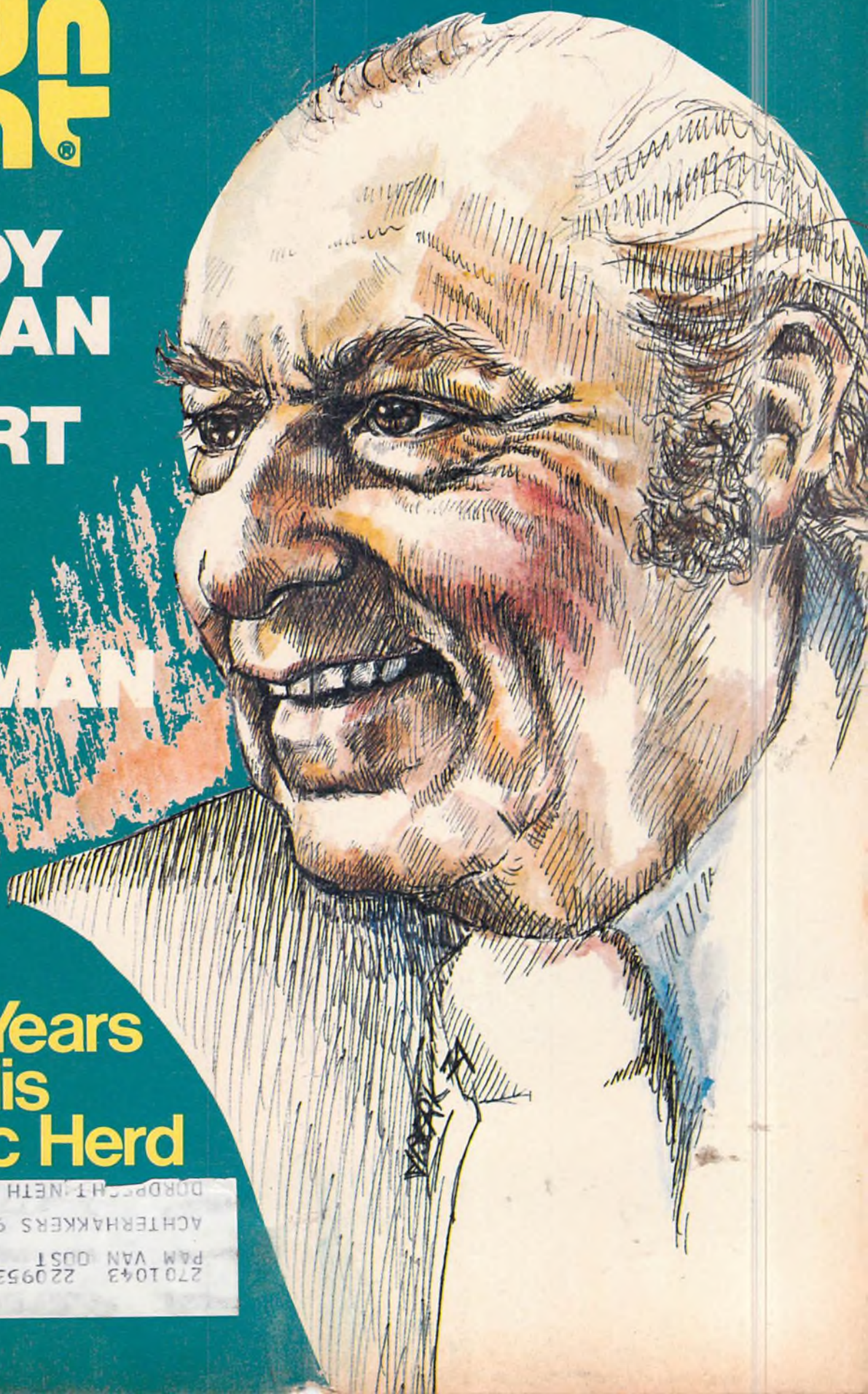
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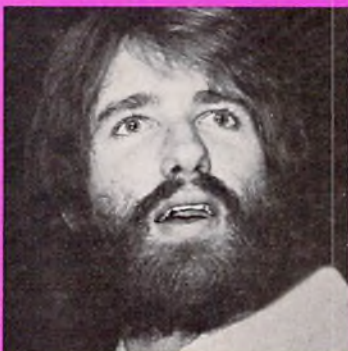


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editor Jack Maher	associate editor Marv Hohman	production manager Gloria Baldwin	circulation manager Deborah Kelly
	assistant editor Tim Schneckloth		
publisher Charles Suber	education editor Dr. William Fowler	contributors: Chuck Berg, Leonard Feather, John Litweiler, Len Lyons, Howard Mandel, Charles Mitchell, Herb Nolan, Robert Palmer, A. J. Smith, Lee Underwood, Herb Wong.	

Address all correspondence to Executive Office: 222 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill., 60606.  
Phone: (312) 346-7811

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Phone: (212) 679-5241  
West Coast: Frank Garlock, 6311 Yucca St., Hollywood, CA. 90028  
Phone: (213) 769-4144.

Record reviewers: Bill Adler, Chuck Berg, Mikal Gilmore, Alan Heineman, John Litweiler, Leonard Maltin, Howard Mandel, John McDonough, Charles Mitchell, Dan Morgenstern, Herb Nolan, James Pettigrew, Michael Rozek, Russell Shaw, Ira Steingroot, Neil Tesser, Ray Townley, Pete Welding.

### Correspondents:

Baltimore/Washington, Fred Douglass; Boston, Fred Bouchard; Buffalo, John H. Hunt; Cleveland, C. A. Colombi; Detroit, Bob Archer; Kansas City, Carol Comer; Los Angeles, Gary Vercelli; Miami/Ft. Lauderdale, Don Goldie; Minneapolis/St. Paul, Bob Protzman; Nashville, Edward Carney; New Orleans, John Simon; New York, Arnold Jay Smith; Northwest, Bob Cozzetti; Philadelphia, Sandy Davis; Pittsburgh, D. Fabilli; St. Louis, Gregory J. Marshall; San Francisco, Andy Plesser; Southwest, Bob Henschel; Montreal, Ron Sweetman; Toronto, Mark Miller; Argentina, Alisha Krynsky; Australia, Trevor Graham; Central Europe, Eric T. Vogel; Denmark, Birger Jorgenson; France, Jean-Louis Genibre; Germany, Claus Schreiner; Great Britain, Brian Priestly; Italy, Ruggero Sliassi; Japan, Shoich Yul; Netherlands, Jaap Ludeke; Norway, Randi Hultin; Poland, Roman Waschko; Sweden, Lars Lystedt.

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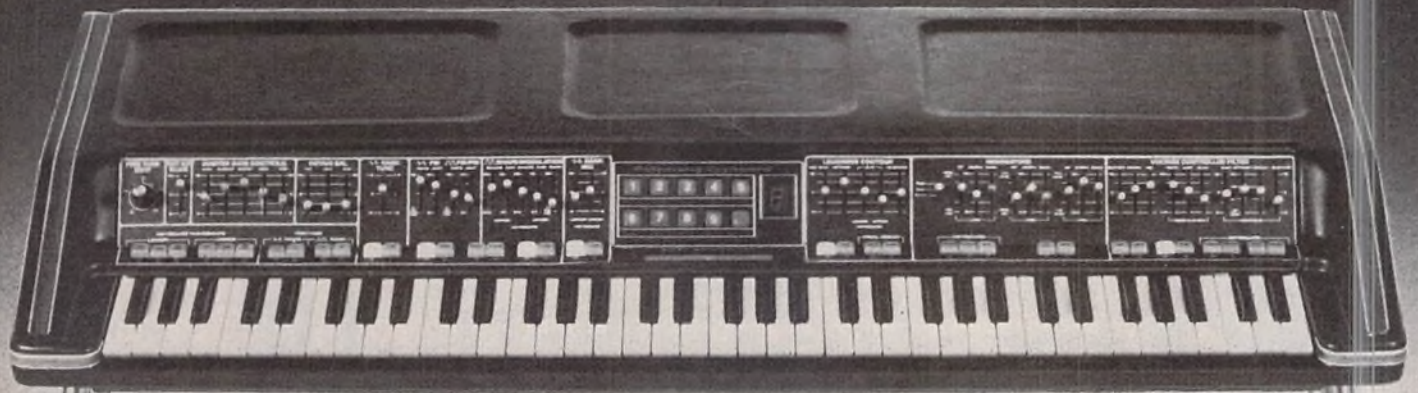
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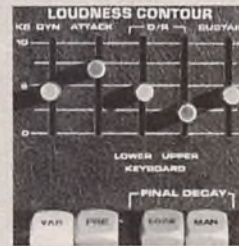
After over \$100,000 in research, Moog developed a penny sized chip that gives each key its own identity—like each piano key has with its own hammer and string.

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## education in jazz

by Al DiMeola

I went to Berklee when I was 17 and fresh out of high school.

Berklee was my first choice for a number of reasons: it had, and, I guess, still has, the biggest and best guitar program in the country; it was supposed to be a great place to learn arranging and composition; there were teachers like Gary Burton; and alumni like Keith Jarrett, Alan Broadbent, the LaBarbera brothers, Gabor Szabo, Mike Gibbs, and others.

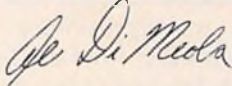
I wasn't disappointed. Berklee was everything I had expected. I still remember how exciting it was to be in a school (and city) where so much was happening.

Every class was exciting. Everything I learned in each class applied to my instrument. It was all related. I found the harmony and theory classes very helpful; the arranging classes were phenomenal—anything you wanted to know was open to you.

I soon found that I was developing my own technique and what I hoped to be my own style in the midst of a very active, busy school.

I left Berklee after my first year to join Barry Miles for about six months. Then after I had returned to Berklee, Chick Corea called me to Return to Forever. (He had heard me with Barry.) Things have been very busy since.

I strongly recommend Berklee to student musicians who are serious about their music. I would caution them, however, that it's not a place for hobbyists or casual players. The pace is fast and the work demanding, but I know of no other learning experience that is more valuable.



(Al DiMeola is currently recording his second album for Columbia.)

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## the first chorus

By Charles Suber

**A**n important lesson in the business of music is advanced by three jazz and blues elders in this issue. The lesson is revealed in the careers and working philosophies of Woody Herman, Albert King, and Von Freeman: *To survive in the jazz jungle, keep your eye on the star of fulfillment and avoid the morass of bitterness.*

Woody Herman, currently celebrating his 40th anniversary as a leader of jazzmen, remains remarkably bitter free in spite of persistent pressures of high payrolls and low promoters, endless miles of one-nighters, nagging nostalgics, and negative businessmen of music. It's cathartic anger, not bitterness, that brings him to explode: "Goddamn it, I still get upset about the record industry, the television industry, and even worse, the radio industry—they won't give us a break." But then his frustration in no way inhibits Woody's attitude to his music or his musicians. He continues to draft the best college jazz musicians and arrangers (such as Gary Anderson and Alan Broadbent from Berklee, and Lyle Mays from North Texas). Woody is impatient with those who live in the past. He looks "forward to the next cat who comes in [the band] because maybe he'll be sayin' something we haven't heard. It all becomes part of the fulfillment and the enjoyment."

Bluesman Albert King is described as "a man who had paid his dues several times over. Instead of bitterness, King radiates a mellow and sage nobility . . . a result of his coping and surviving a lifetime of adversity and hard times." King also thinks in the present tense: "I still wanta keep the old feeling of the blues but I want it modern . . . if I can't please the kids then I'm no good."

If anyone has earned the right to be bitter, it's Von Freeman, long considered by Rahsaan Roland Kirk and other jazz musicians as one of the best tenor sax players blowing today. While other lesser players make the polls and get the record dates, Freeman keeps on innovating on a solid background of Chicago-styled jazz. But he feels fulfilled. He advises young musicians: "If you're a true jazz musician, you've got to play your own thing. That's the only way you're going to get any satisfaction out of it. . . . You can't play jazz music bitter, at least not the way I perceive it. If I get evil or upset, I might as well not play . . . but since I'm not making any money I surely want to enjoy it. That would be adding insult to injury, sitting up there not making any money and being disgusted also."

Also in this issue: BS&Ter Bobby Colomby passes his Blindfold Test with a bop-top score; Doc Fowler and Tom Scott explain why the Lyricon is such a good and useful instrument; Robert Rockwell, the tenor sax leader of Minneapolis' Natural Life is profiled; and Benny Goodman, another fair woodwind player, is caught at two festivals.

Next issue: Clark Terry, world citizen; Nat Adderley, the cornetist; Harvey Phillips, the lowest brass man of all; Gary Foster, woodwind star of the Akiyoshi-Tabackin band; Carol Kaye, ex-bassist, pro guitarist, takes the Blindfold Test; and the Monterey festival and all that jazz.

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**The Messenger Speaketh**

Thanks for including the article on Philly Joe Jones (db, 9/9), who I'm sure is grossly misunderstood in terms of his relationship and knowledge (feeling) of the drum as a spiritual messenger.

One only has to turn to the Impulse album *The Drums* to see that the trumpet and piano have total precedence and that more should be done to give the drum its due as an instrument.

The Messenger

New York, N.Y.

**Major Vs. Minor**

Upon reading your interviews with Anthony Braxton and Betty Carter, I was struck by the differences in viewpoint between these two musicians of different "time zones," as Mr.

Braxton says. For example, Ms. Carter complains, perhaps with some justification, that many current musicians have not "created their identity" on their instruments and are therefore hard to recognize. . . . She also declares that the soprano is a "minor" instrument and leads us to believe that identities can only be created on the alto or tenor.

Braxton is known for embracing woodwinds of all types . . . and making them more or less his own. . . . He states that the popularity of certain instruments . . . has been due to a great extent on their availability to poorer young musicians. . . .

It seems to me that Ms. Carter's division of "major" and "minor" instruments is unjustified from a musical standpoint. . . .

Braxton's refusal to use the term "jazz",

while somewhat pretentious, is just more support for my conviction that musicians with his all-embracing attitude are necessary for the continual creation of good improvised music. I hope that few readers or musicians are misled by Ms. Carter's barrier-building arguments in defense of an attitude that has almost destroyed the jazz music she loves so much.

Charlie Pavitt

Los Angeles, Cal.

**Drumming To His Own Beat**

Mention the term "army drummer" and what comes to mind? A John Philip Sousa Type Mechanical Tin Soldier playing bruumm-tum-tum as he marches down the street like a bald peacock? I think it's about time we revised our thinking.

I have been in the Army Band for two years and consider myself a serious musician. During this time I have learned big band chart reading, combo techniques, jazz phrasing, practical application of polyrhythms, and much, much more, from some extremely talented and dedicated players and teachers.

I also have time and a place to practice without worrying about paying next month's rent.

The military musician isn't as far out of it as a lot of cats think. Besides, hair grows.

Jan Tuckley

Tokyo, Japan

**Stickman's Request**

I read every word in your magazine. Being a new drummer (10 years old), I need to know the scene.

I sure would like to see a whole issue on studio musicians, like Steve Gadd, Chuck Flores, etc. . . . I know you had it in the Handbook, but I would like future articles on these musicians and tympani as well. Also, words of advice from musicians, especially drummers, as to what type of sticks they prefer, etc. . . .

John McKenna

Beverly Hills, Cal.

**It's Not All In The Book**

I have been a professional musician for 20 years or so in the York, Lancaster, Harrisburg area of Pennsylvania. So were my father and uncle, and although my father passed away in 1967, I'm sure he turns over in his grave when some of the things called jazz today are mentioned.

Your article on Betty Carter certainly makes my point: I know a musician has to eat, so he sells his soul to disco and electronic hogwash. What Miles and Corea and Hancock are doing makes me happy I'm not playing keyboards any longer, especially since my forte was requests.

I go out at least one night a week and request a tune or two of the (so-called) jazz groups in or near this area. Difficult tunes like *When Sunny Gets Blue*, *Green Dolphin Street*, *Shiny Stockings*, and they all say, "They're not in our book."

What jazz musician needs a book to do those tunes? I know they're old tunes, but they're jazz and they're great. While I'm writing you, I'm listening to a rerelease of Charlie Parker. No crap, just talent. I just finished *Blue Miles*—terrific—and the old rerelease of Serge Chaloff's *Blue Serge*. Absolutely beautiful . . . and I'm only 42 years old!

Jack L. Sharp

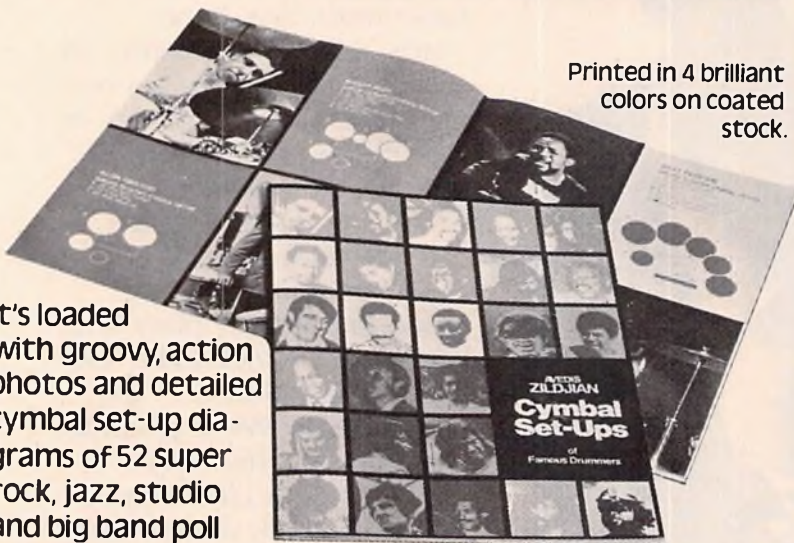
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## Trumpet Tribute



RAYMOND ROSS

Tribute Crew (l. to r.): Edison, Bossey, Wilkins, Owens, Terry, Newman, McGhee, Reed, Jones, Preston, Acey

NEW YORK—What a sight and sound! 23 trumpets, plus Ernie Wilkins, plus an octet made up of Dizzy Gillespie and Jon Faddis on trumpets, Mike Longo, piano, Milt Jackson, vibes, Mickey Roker, drums, Ben Brown, electric bass, Rodney Jones, guitar, and Mtume, congas, serenaded a mid-summer night at Grant's Tomb on Manhattan's upper west side. The salute was to Diz, with the trumpet choir organized by Clark Terry as a tribute to Birks. The occasion was Jazzmobile's presentation of their Grand Master's Award to Mr. G.

Alphabetical listing of the hornmen included Sinclair Acey; Jim Bossey; Jotham Collins; John Carisi; Jerry Collet; Harry "Sweets" Edison; Roy Eldridge; Joe Gardner; Charlie Girard; Tim Green; Bill Hardman; Virgil Jones; Richie Kessler; Ed Lewis; Howard McGhee; Danny Moore; Joe Newman; Jimmy Owens; Eddie Preston; Waymon Reed; Terry; Warren Vache; Joe Wilder; and Wilkins. Not a few of those gents deserve a tribute of their own.

The score-plus marched through the park adjacent to the tomb, playing *A Night In Tunisia* in unison and sat out the solo choruses as Birks nodded his surprised hellos to the gathered throng. He knew nothing about the salute beforehand, so when the trumpeters started their march, you can imagine what his pantomiming lips were uttering. Faddis took a doubletake and turned back to the mike as if it all would go away if he didn't look at them. He had a look of stunned disbelief. Diz merely stared at them and cursed cheerfully.

"There were more people out there tonight than there were for our Art Blakey/WRVR tribute last year," Jazzmobile executive director David Bailey told **db** (**db**, 10/23/75).

As Gillespie accepted his plaque he uttered, "If I knew all this was going to happen, I would have been here sooner."

## Refurbished Palladium

NEW YORK—Promoter-entrepreneur Ron Delsiner has undertaken the interior reconstruction of the movie house known as the Academy Of Music on New York's East 14th Street. The theatre had been in varying states of disrepair as it went through a metamorphosis from music hall to movie theatre to concert hall. Howard Stein was the last one to book shows into the place, his shows consisting mostly of rock.

Delsiner, New York's primary promoter, expects to bring in top talent from the rock, pop and jazz idioms. He has already started a full renovation program to restore the theatre to its glory. The name has been changed to the Palladium. It will mark the second such hall to hold that title. The first was on Broadway near 52nd Street and housed some of the finest Latin bands.

In addition to live stage shows, Delsiner will show films geared at the youth market and he will also screen coming attractions of the shows. It will take up to a year to recoup the investment in the Palladium, but it may be worth it. The neighborhood is still safe at night and is not far from Greenwich Village, the perennial haven for jazz clubs.

Reports are filtering in that the renovations include a new stage with elevators for quick changes, new dressing rooms, a new marquee, new upholstery and a facelifting with a new color scheme.

As we go to press, the following acts have performed there: Billy Cobham-George Duke, Jackson Browne with Orleans, Charlie Daniels with the Earl Scruggs Revue, and Steve Stills and Neil Young. Consult City Scene each issue for details.

## Basie Stricken

HOLLYWOOD—Count William Basie suffered what was termed a "light" heart attack early Labor Day morning. The attack occurred in an area of the heart that "is not vulnerable to serious damage," Willard Alexander, Basie's booking office, and a personal friend, told **db**.

"He was rushed to Hollywood Presbyterian Medical Center after he could not shake the pain," Alexander continued. "Their efficiency might have saved him from considerably more serious consequences."

The 72-year-old bandleader had just completed a gig at Disneyland and had returned to his motel, Players. He had walked up a flight of stairs and that evidently triggered the attack. He was removed from intensive care and taken to Cedars Of

Lebanon Hospital on September 8. His wife, Catherine, flew in from their home in Freeport, Bahamas. Following an eight week recuperation period, it is expected that he will return to his home for the remainder of 1976.

"Bill has personally appointed Nat Pierce as his interim replacement at the piano, but we are trying to find guest artists to front the band for a while," Willard confided. "Joe Williams will fill a void for some of the time, whenever other commitments do not interfere. We do not intend to have anyone cancel any dates at all."

As we went to press, phone calls were still not being accepted by the Count. But you can be sure that notes of good cheer are welcome.

## Salsa In Berkeley

BERKELEY—Salsa has exploded once again in the Bay Area in a meeting of East and West Coast musicians at U.C. Berkeley's Greek Theater.

The performance by headliner Eddie Palmieri was nothing short of electrifying. Palmieri propelled his orchestra, which displayed brilliant harmonic structures as well as fiery rhythmic power.

The compelling blend of progressive jazz in a traditional setting brought the crowd of nearly 7000 to its feet.

Earlier in the day, Pete Escovedo's Azteca ignited the audience with performances by some of the Bay Area's finest musicians including Bill Summers, Julian Priester, Roger

Glenn, Mel Martin, and Tom Harrell (on vacation from Horace Silver). Adding to the rhythmic intensity were surprise guests Billy Cobham on traps and Lenny White on timbales.

Cal Tjader's group played a well-conceived mixture of mainstream jazz and salsa. Timbale player Carmello Garcia gave a particularly stunning performance.

Also on the bill was one of the Bay Area's most interesting salsa/funk/Brazilian groups, Salsa de Berkeley.

This was the second "Salsa Explosion" presented by Cassell-Cibrian Productions, with more being planned. Salsa is alive and well and growing quickly here.

## Concerts For Kids

NEW YORK—For those out there who want a refreshing change-of-pace from the ordinary weekend fare for moppets, try these on for size: Earl "Fatha" Hines & Ray Barretto; Charles Mingus & Josh White, Jr.; Mary Travers & the Aeolian Chamber Players.

They are part of a series called "Concerts For Kids" that will be held this fall at Town Hall on Saturdays at 2 p.m. The music has not been altered a bit, only the time has been changed to involve the innocent. Each performance has been geared to offer differing means of expression, either musically, or, in the case of the Aeolian Players, dra-

matically, as well.

In addition to the concert, each performance will involve the audience in an "Ask The Artist" session immediately following the show. The series is believed to be the first of its kind in the United States designed specifically for this age group (teens and preteens) and offering them exposure to artists of this magnitude, who generally perform in the evening hours.

By the time you read this Hines and Barretto will have done their bit on October 9. Mingus and White appear on November 6; Travers and the Aeolian Chamber Players are set for December 11.

## Wilder Hosts Show

NEW YORK—At a news conference here recently, it was announced that a radio show hosted by songwriter Alec Wilder will premier on public FM stations across the country this fall. Its title is "American Popular Song" and it will feature famous songwriters (in addition to Mr. Wilder) and the interpretation of their songs by various popular singers.

Along with co-host and fellow songwriter Loonis McGlohon, Mr. Wilder will host the following segments:

- Oct. 24—Marlene VerPlanck sings Hugh Martin
- Oct. 31—Thelma Carpenter sings Irving Berlin
- Nov. 7—Johnny Hartman sings Billy Strayhorn
- Nov. 14—Barbara Lea sings Lee Wiley
- Nov. 21—David Allyn sings Harold Arlen
- Nov. 28—Teddi King sings Mildred Bailey
- Dec. 5—Johnny Hartman sings Cole Porter
- Dec. 12—Marlene VerPlanck sings One-Shot Songwriters
- Dec. 19—The Artistry of Mabel Mercer (I)
- Dec. 26—The Artistry of Mabel Mercer (II)

The program is produced in cooperation with the National Public Radio system. Consult your local listings for the station in your area.

A second series is also planned, featuring Mary Mayo, Anita Ellis, Sylvia Syms, Hugh Shannon, Jackie Cain, Carrie Smith, Larry Carr, Blossom Dearie, Beth Douglas and Bobby Short.

## Big Man Awards

NEW YORK—Radio station WRVR (known in these parts as "all jazz radio") recently held a contest to see what the responses would be to the burning question, "What is a Big Man?" The answers were judged in three categories—musical, humorous and philosophical—by a panel of experts: John S. Wilson, of the New York Times; Art D'Lugoff, of the Village Gate; Sonny Fortune, reedman; Veronica Claypool, local television producer; and Nat Adderley, cornetist. Adderley's presence added special import to the contest, as he collaborated with his brother, Cannonball, on the score to the folk opera, *Big Man*, upon which the question was

based.

The winners were: Musical—Lee Jeske for "A Big Man is Louis' heart, Duke's mind, Dizzy's wit, Bird's spirit and Coltrane's freedom."

Humorous—Ronald Elam for "A Big Man is one who carries his piano with him in a case."

Philosophical—Curtis Linberg for "A Big Man is . . . once gone never forgotten."

There were three runners up in each category. All received "Big Man" medallions bearing a likeness of Cannonball Adderley. The Village Gate, scene of the presentation, was also the scene of the last concert by Cannon. It was broadcast live over WRVR, sponsor of the contest.

## Storyville Changes Format

NEW YORK—Another noble experiment has fallen prey to economics. The idealism with which George Wein and associates opened the third Storyville nightclub (this one in New York, the others in Boston) has succumbed to a more formal format. The purity of the jam session, which Wein has parlayed into greatness, formerly served as the mainstay of the acts at the club. Each night a different group (put together by manager Rigmor Newman) appeared. Some were thrilling to watch, others not so, but at least it gave the Apple someplace where one could go to see musicians of differing musical stripes performing with one another. The combustion of the musicians was often memorable.

"We need people," Ms. Newman told **db**. "Our idealism must take a back seat until we can see profits again."

Filling a place the size of Storyville ("150 patrons would be nice") every night is asking a great deal.

"Our admission is very low," Rigmor went on. "We could charge a lot more than the \$2.50, and add some table charges, but that would be untrue to the music and the listeners. Other clubs don't need as many customers because they charge more."

The new lineup will be as follows: Mondays-Dixieland; Tuesdays-Jazz Today, Wednesdays-The American Song; Thursdays-Jazz Classics; Fridays and Saturdays-the same, with guests and sessions.

## FINAL BAR



Jimmy Reed, one of modern blues' most popular performers, died in his sleep Sunday morning, August 29, in Oakland, California. Although he had suffered an epileptic seizure earlier in the week, Reed insisted on fulfilling his engagement at San Francisco's Savoy Club, where he sang on the night preceding his death. At press time the cause of death was undetermined. Reed was 50 years old.

One of a family including ten children (brother A. C. Reed, tenor saxophonist-singer, performs with Buddy Guy-Junior Wells), Jimmy was born in Leland, Mississippi. At age seven, already acquainted with the blues tradition of his Mississippi Delta surroundings, he began teaching himself to play guitar. Self-taught on harmonica also, Reed had only three years of formal education; nonetheless, when he was 15 years old he left home to find work in the Midwest. While a laborer in Gary, Indiana, Reed composed music and perfected his style, and in July, 1950, became a full time professional musician.

He began recording for Vee-Jay, Chicago's only black-owned label, in 1953, and a series of rhythm and blues hits soon followed. With *Ain't That Loving You Baby?* and *Honest I Do* in the mid-'50s, Reed's commercial success extended into the pop market, climaxing in the '60s with *Hush Hush, Baby What You Want Me To Do?*, *Bright Lights Big City* and *Big Boss Man*. A relaxed shuffle rhythm, Reed's coarse, drawled baritone vocals and simple but emphatic harmonica solos were key features of all his records. Most included only second guitarist Lefty Bates and drummer Earl Phillips, but occasionally a third guitarist was added. Indeed, his dates eventually became family affairs, with guitarist Jimmy Reed, Jr. and, for harmony vocals, his wife, "Mama" Reed, joining him.

Reed was a regular entertainer on the rhythm and blues-rock theater circuit, yet performed most frequently in Chicago ghetto clubs and on tour in clubs, resorts and stages in the Midwest and South, where his following was greatest. In 1960, he became one of the first blues artists to perform at New York's Carnegie Hall. Poor health and his increasing displeasure at the undependability of the entertainment business confined his activity to recording studios (Bluesway, Blues On Blues, Roker) in the early '70s. But in 1974 he began appearing in Chicago clubs and touring again. He died while in the midst of completing an LP of newly-composed music for T-K Records.

Charles Peterson, a former guitarist-turned photographer, died as a result of burns sustained in an accident at his home in Chevy Chase, Md. He was 76.

A Minnesotan by birth, Peterson came to New York in 1927 and along with his roommate, Pee Wee Russell, joined Wingy Manone at the Rosemont Ballroom. A year later he was with Rudy Vallee's Connecticut Yankees. It was during his three year tenure with Vallee that he met Edward Steichen, the eminent photographer, who encouraged Peterson's interest in that direction.

By the end of the next decade, Peterson had become known as the leading photographer in the jazz field, capturing his fellow jazzmen at work. Examples of his work appeared in *Time*, *Life*, *Town & Country*, *Esquire* and **down beat**. Scenes such as Benny Goodman's first band at the Roosevelt Grill, Tommy Dorsey and Louis Armstrong's first jam session backstage at the Paramount Theatre, and Billie Holiday's first recording of *Strange Fruit* were shown in those magazines. His most recent work appeared in the *Time-Life* "Swing Era" record collection.

He is survived by his son, Don, with whom he lived, a daughter, and four grandchildren.



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# 40 Years Of The Nomadic Herd

## WOODY HERMAN

by Herb Nolan

**I**t's a clear, warm Midwestern day. The Woody Herman band bus is moving toward Chicago, some 700 miles away. Herman's personal manager Hermie Dressel leans forward in a patio chair, his voice heavy with conviction. "Sometimes Woods and I go out to dinner, look across the table, and say what the hell are we doin', two stubborn Deutschers. He could get a small group, and I could put him into Miami, Tahoe, Vegas, like a seven piece group—he sings, he entertains—it would be a much easier life. But he would last about three weeks. Woody believes very strongly in what he's doing, and I feel the same way. You know what? If he didn't we couldn't make it, you can't take this kind of torture just for dollars. With all the problems we have keeping the band on the road—not just us, Kenton, Maynard and the others—I still get up in the morning and feel good in spite of it all."

**I**t's election night 1936 and Franklin Delano Roosevelt is being voted back into office for the second of four unprecedented presidential terms. In Brooklyn at the Roseland Ballroom, Charles Woodrow Herman is paying his own band for the first time. The sidemen are getting \$30 a week and Woody Herman, who at 23 is realizing his dream of being a band leader, gets \$40. Union scale is lower in Brooklyn, it isn't considered a Class A room. It's not New York, where you can get \$10 a week more.

The nucleus of the band consists of players from the former Isham Jones unit Herman has been with since 1934. The band's music falls somewhere between dixieland and blues, it is not a 1930s style swing band. It is also a cooperative band, everyone has an equal share and a common voice. "If you wanted to go to the bathroom, we had to have a board meeting."

They are told that if they can make it in Brooklyn, the band will get a shot at the big time—the Roseland in New York City. The Band That Plays The Blues makes it in Brooklyn.

July, 1976, the Bicentennial Year, and the latest in an endless, now numberless, line of Woody Herman's Herds is boarding the band bus for the first in a series of Midwestern shopping mall concerts. The band at this moment includes Frank Tiberi, Gary Anderson, and Pete Brewer, tenor saxophones; John Oslawski, baritone; Jim Pugh, Dale Kirkland and Vaughn Weister, trombones; Billy Byrne, Mark Olsen, Nelson Hatt, John Hoffman and

12 □ down beat



VERYL C. OAKLAND

Dennis Dotson, trumpets; Pay Coyle, piano; Lou Fischer, bass; and Steve Houghton, drums. The personnel is continually changing, but that's the organic nature of a big road band. Some musicians stay for a while, since there aren't many big bands around and playing in one is an experience unique to jazz. For

*"It was always my ambition to join Woody, from the early days when my idol, Davey Tough, was in the band; in fact, I used to sub for Davey when I was in the service. When the chance finally came to join Woody, in 1949, I jumped at it. This was a true jazz band, and he had a marvelous feeling for the music and the musicians."*

*"It was a thrill to play for Woody because he was a very loose guy with the band; he let the players play the way they felt, yet he had the ability to keep the sidemen's respect for him as a leader. I was in the band with Bill Harris, Gene Ammons, Terry Gibbs, later Milt Jackson, Ralph Burns and Oscar Pettiford among others. I stayed a little over a year; toward the end of that time he had to bust up the big band and we went to Cuba with his small band—Bags, Bill Harris, Dave Barbour on guitar, Ralph Burns, Red Mitchell. Then I left him and rejoined Stan Kenton."*

*"Woody is one of the most important big band leaders of all time, because he has never sold out in any way and has always managed through all these years to continue producing good music."*

—shelly manne



MIKKI

others it is too confined, too restrictive and physically demanding. Their stay may be less than a year.

Woody Herman is not around, he never is. He likes to stay as far away as possible when the band isn't working. He very rarely rides on the bus, unlike some band leaders; he never did like riding buses, and instead prefers to drive his dark, metallic green Corvette—he loves the Corvette. In the early days, before the bus, Woody and his band used to travel from job to job by automobile anyway, so he never really got over the car habit. But more important, he never felt he should live with the guys in his bands. "They shouldn't have the boss breathing down their necks during the hours that are their own, that's their time to live the way they want. That way we keep a much easier relationship."

"That's one of the nice things about the band," said a current member, "we're not saying he's a drag, it's fine that he's not around us all the time. I don't blame him, Jesus, 40 years on the road, I wouldn't want to be around either. . . . If you've got some steam to blow off you don't have to feel inhibited, not that he's going to bug you, he digs it anyway, he thinks it's funny. . . ."

It takes a lot to keep the band on the road these days: first, the band leases a bus full time, but if the jobs are too far apart (to keep working the booker can't pick the easiest routing), the band flies. But the bus still has to travel to the next town. As a result the band is paying for both the bus and airfare. In addition,

*"I've been with Woody for 25 of his 40 years and have never felt as if I've worked for him. What else is there to say?"*  
—nat pierce

tion, Woody drives himself, or if it's practical he flies and then rents a car. Another expense. Transportation alone is in excess of \$2000 a week. Although the band's grosses are up, they don't keep pace with costs.

Salaries range from \$300 to \$450 a week for a top player, and out of that a band member pays for everything but his transportation. The biggest expenses are transportation and commissions, and if there is anything left, great.

If you ask Woody what it takes to keep the band going, he laughs and rolls it all up into a single word: "Money. In the old days you were worried about getting a payroll together. Well, that's automatic now, you can't operate

if you don't have your payroll. It's the other things like transportation that are the real ball busters. It's not easy. You are constantly out looking for anything to take some of the heat off. Financially it's a hell of a burden."

To make it, to keep from sinking like a dinosaur in a tar pit, Woody Herman has to work six or seven nights a week, 48 weeks a year. The jobs are split between 30 percent seminar-concerts, 30 percent concerts and 40

***"That Woody has an uncanny ear for talent, has never had a less than excellent band, is liked and respected by everyone who has ever worked for him, all these points have been made by the men best qualified to make them, his past and present sidemen.***

***"There is another aspect, though, that is too little touched on. Woody has played a significant role himself as an instrumentalist. Hearing the band close to the very start of its life, I was only mildly impressed by his clarinet work; but more and more over the years he expanded his participation by playing gentle, Hodges-inspired alto. Then during the Coltrane revolution of the '60s he began to play soprano in a style that showed how keenly he had picked up on the newer developments in jazz.***

***"There is another, untold story behind the band's survival. Woody suffered from managerial problems leading to financial difficulties that would have broken a lesser man. That story would make a book in itself, and almost did, until two writers who began a collaboration—Ralph Gleason many years ago and Jack Tracy more recently—found that Woody's nature simply will not permit him to dwell on old wounds or tell unpleasant truths.***

***"I have been in music as long as Woody has been a leader, and have yet to meet a more decent, mature and likeable human being."***

—leonard feather

percent dances and private parties. When he does get home to his house in California in the hills overlooking Sunset Blvd. (where he's lived for the past 30 years), he rarely leaves. When he turns on the radio, Woody would rather listen to an all-news station.

Road manager and trumpet section veteran Bill Byrne strolls toward the bus as it is about to leave for a shopping center in Calumet City, on the far southern edge of Chicago. "How long has the band been out on this tour?" Byrne smiles. "If you really want to know, I guess you could say Woody's been on the road for 40 years."

That's one way to look at it, like it's been one continuous tour since 1936. Except for a seven month break in 1947, Woody has been out there playing somewhere for four decades. Now in November '76 he'll celebrate his 40th anniversary: Public Television has taped a 90 minute special to air during the anniversary month; a concert is scheduled for November 20 in Carnegie Hall with as many of the notable Woody Herman alums as can be rounded up; *Newsweek* is doing a story; and RCA (which recently obtained written permission

from Decca, Columbia, and Capitol to use Woody Herman air checks from 1936 to 1948) is expected to issue a deluxe, six LP box set to coincide with the PBS special.

When the band arrives at the shopping center, a sizable crowd has already assembled, seated in row after row of folding chairs spread out on the blacktop parking lot. Sax section leader Frank Tiberi, who has been with Woody the longest and as a result occupies the coveted right front hand seat on the bus, is first out the door. He has his tenor out and is working on an exercise. "Even when the band stops for lunch, I'm outside the bus working on something," he'll say later. "When it becomes monotonous is when you really have it under your belt. I think the problem with most jazz musicians is when they feel something is monotonous they disregard it. But that's the time they can most utilize it."

Bass trombonist Vaughn Weister carries his copy of *Air Combat* with him as he disembarks. Weister is one of the more fanatical members of the Woody Herman Air Force. The band is bananas about airplanes; they build models and stuff their suitcases with them; they go to museums to look at aircraft; they scan the skies and airfields; they talk about fire power and weight versus thrust. Oddly, half the band hates to fly.

In an evening concert like this, outside in a shopping mall parking lot, the band is certain of one thing, they won't be able to hear themselves.

Woody arrives in his Corvette about ten minutes before the concert is scheduled to start. He walks to the side of the stage where the band members are already set up and warming up. He is crisply dressed, wearing a bush jacket type outfit. Although slightly stooped, he carries his 63 years well. His attitude is tough and businesslike. He's going to be in command of the band and audience. Woody Herman is, above all, a showman.



"Cut!" The instruments are silent. "Ladies and gentlemen, WOODY HERMAN AND HIS THUNDERING HERD!" The band has already begun Herman's walk-on blues; he moves briskly to the front of the stage, takes up his clarinet and rides over the band.

The first tune is usually *Four Brothers*, written in 1947 by Jimmy Giuffrè for saxophonists Stan Getz, Zoot Sims, Herbie Stewart, and baritone saxophonist Serge Chaloff in Herman's second Herd. It's a pivotal piece, historically symbolic of a crucial change in Herman's sound and direction. It is also a tune that's played every night along with *Wood-*

*chopper's Ball* (his earliest hit dating from 1937), *Caldonia*, *Early Autumn* and *Laura*. In a sense, the concert covers 40 years of Woody's music, including Herman standards that people have come to hear, as well as newer things like Chick Corea's *Spain* and *La Fiesta*, Joe

***"I owe Woody a great deal for whatever success and name value I have. He really featured me and brought me to the attention of the public alongside Stan Getz, Zoot Sims and all those other stars.***

***"I must add that I feel in love with Woody even more, years later, after I had started my own big band, and realized how much trouble we must have caused him when we were kids. As a leader myself, I really could appreciate what he had gone through.***

***"In the band I was on, Woody actually gave up all kinds of money that he could have made doing one night stands because he preferred to show the band off in night clubs—he was very proud of the band and often took a financial beating. I really respect a man who would make that kind of sacrifice. And of course, in all the years he has led a band, Woody has never had a bad group and has always kept that knack for finding the best young soloists."*** —terry gibbs

Farrell's *Penny Arcade*, and John Coltrane's *Giant Steps*.

In those 40 years Woody Herman has received two gold records and several Grammys. The list of musicians that have performed in the various Herds reads like a who's who in jazz: Dave Tough, Bill Harris, Chubby Jackson, Dizzy Gillespie, Gene Ammons, Urbie Green, Getz, Sims, Al Cohn, Bill Chase, Sal Nistico, Bill Perkins, Richie Kamuca, Flip Phillips, Red Norvo, Pete and Conti Condoli, Neal Hefti, Lon Lamond, Shorty Rogers, Jake Hanna, Nat Pierce, Ernie Royal, Lou Levy, Terry Gibbs, Bobby Jones, and, on at least one occasion, Charlie Parker.

The concert is over in an hour and Woody moves into the everpresent and persistent but respectful crowd of autograph seekers (who are waving everything from record albums to matchbook covers), well-wishers, and nostalgia buffs. Woody dislikes nostalgia. He takes his time with the fans and then finally, with police helping him through the crowd, climbs back into his Corvette. After a few words with road manager Byrne, he heads to the hotel.

"This has been my way of life for years. Other people enjoy certain things, I enjoy mostly what I do," he says the next day in a hotel suite he is about to vacate in favor of more comfortable, less funky surroundings. He's been traveling long enough to know what hotels he likes. He doesn't like this one.

"There are some nights I don't enjoy it at all. But looking back over the past 40 years, I can say I've had more good nights than I've had bad nights. I figure that's respectable, decent. See, I've been able to do what I've wanted to do and not too many people can say that, and in that respect I've been pretty fortunate. . . . I feel older for other reasons, like when I get up in the morning and you don't know if you are going to make it. That's when you know you're old.

"The only people I really resent are the ones I talk to at least once or twice or maybe 100 times a day, the ones who take it upon themselves to offer this great bit of information: they tell me that they haven't seen or heard my band since 1941 or '45 or '47. This is the height of identity for them, that they've

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***"I was 16 when I first joined the band, on my summer vacation for high school. I could just barely read music, but when I told Woody, he said not to worry. He let me play a couple of choruses on Woodchopper's Ball and he said, 'You're playing good enough, you can learn to read later on.' I hated to go back to high school that fall, but my folks and Woody felt it was best for me. He said a chair was open for me any time.***

***"I joined the band again about a year later, as soon as I got out of high school, stayed for seven or eight months and then was drafted into the Army. Again Woody said he would have a place for me whenever I got back, and sure enough, when I was discharged I went back with the band. So he's a man of his word. Always was.***

***"He's always liked young people and, without letting them take over the band, let them set the trend for it, and that's why he has always had such exciting bands. And he's never lost sight of that attitude."***

—conte candoli

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managed to stay away all these years and now they're happy that they finally showed up.

"Of course, I've got a lot of stale answers for them, like I'm glad I didn't wait for your phone call—all the standard nothings. You know, we've played every night *somewhere* for 40 years, and it's things like this that will make you feel pretty scrubby. The average person will ask how can you put up with all those miles every day, living out of a suitcase? It's the only way I have ever really known since I was a little kid; it's more normal for me to be on the road than it is to be at home."

**W**oody Herman was born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, on May 16, 1913. Although not professional entertainers, his mother and father encouraged Woody toward the entertainment field. In those days it was vaudeville. Herman started out in Milwaukee doing a song and dance act. At age nine he went on tour of the Midwest with a group of kids that traveled a theater circuit, performing prologues to films like Booth Tarkington's *School Day* and *Penrod*.

"When I started there really wasn't too music to hear. I played saxophone solos, little technical wizardry kinds of things. When I was around 12 or 13 I started to listen to a few records, like some of the early Red Nichols, Memphis Five music, the dixieland-type groups. I had a record of Ellington's, it was an eight-piece group called the Washingtonians. That impressed me very much because they sounded like a jungle band, man."

By his freshman year at St. John's Cathedral High School, Herman was working professionally in a ballroom at a Milwaukee road house. Most of the band members were from Chicago and were fairly sophisticated musi-

cians for about 1928 or '29. But the real importance of that experience for Woody was that the house band played opposite bands from throughout the country like the Kansas City Night Hawks, Coon Sanders, and Paul Whiteman.

"Because there wasn't that much recorded music around, to play against bands like that and to be part of that scene was pretty heavy at 14 or 15."

Since the young musician often worked at the road house until four a.m. and then had to make it to school for an eight o'clock class, the academic side of his life was something of a hassle. If Woody wasn't "missing in action" he was being bounced out of classes for nodding out on his desk. When he wasn't dozing, he was getting tossed out for looking at brochures from places like MCA, the agency that booked all the bands.

"They'd have big pictures of all the bands in uniform and I was terribly impressed—that had to be what I wanted to do. I always liked to look at the cat who was dressed sort of like the executive officer, the guy in charge. So I never really had any other plans but to be a bandleader. What a drag." Woody laughed. "Well, if you get hooked that early what are you going to do?"

Woody might have had a rougher time in high school had it not been for a nun named Sister Fabian who would regularly intercede on his behalf, telling the other nuns that she'd had a talk with young Woody and that he'd be alright. She realized he was going to be a musician, that was it, and it wasn't going to change. They remained great friends for years, with Woody coming back to St. John's 25 years after his departure to help raise money for a new gymnasium, music rooms and a li-

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***"I was playing with Charlie Barnett's band in 1943 when Chubby Jackson and Frances Wayne left Charlie to join Woody Herman. Woody told them he was looking for a pianist who could also do some writing; they recommended me and about a month later I joined Woody.***

***"I played in the band for about a year, but then he had the radio series, sponsored by Wildroot, and they needed so many new arrangements that I just concentrated on writing. Incidentally, the first arrangement I did for Woody was also the first one I had done for Charlie—Happiness Is Just A Thing Called Joe. Frances had been singing it with Charlie's band, so Woody asked me to make that arrangement for him. Charlie never forgave me for that!***

***"You know what I think of Woody. There's just nobody in the world like him. I'll never forget what he put up with from us—I guess that's why we worked the hardest for him. He was one of a kind, a wonderful leader and the older I get the more I appreciate him.***

***"Even though I left the band many years ago, I kept on writing for Woody off and on over a span of at least 20 years. In all my career I've never had a happier association."***

—ralph burns

brary. Herman also established a Sister Fabian Scholarship Fund to help youngsters with their music education. Today Woody's interest in young musicians is relentless.

During his last year in school, Woody Herman left Milwaukee and went on the road with the Isham Jones band headed for the West Coast and San Francisco. He thought that's where the movies were. But there weren't even any palm trees.

Within five years Herman was leading The Band That Plays the Blues. One of the things that kept the unit going in the beginning was a recording contract with Decca. The band was like a Decca house band, and at the start they had little choice in material. "Decca was giving us hits that were already hits by somebody else, but it kept us alive. Eventually, when we proved we could sell some records, they allowed us to do some of our own things, and that's really when we got into more blues. . . . Much later on, whenever we would reach a dull period in sales I would throw in a couple of vocals and it would sell," Woody said with amused modesty. "Which tells you something about an audience and what the hell they know or don't know. I think I was an adequate vocalist but that was all."

Adequate, perhaps, but Herman was a superb phraser and a good blues shouter. He also was, and still is, a fine alto sax player whose singing style is very close to that of Johnny Hodges.

Like most bands of that period, Woody's bands played a lot of theaters. "During the war years," the bandleader recalls, "you'd maybe do ten weeks in one theater in New York, working five, six, or seven shows, depending on business. You'd go on for the first time at like 9:15 in the morning and finish well after midnight. You couldn't make it, you'd walk around dazed for weeks. By the last show things were usually a little dubious; I remember I had a girl trumpet player in the early '40s, we had a lot of guys coming in and out because of the war, so she'd start on fifth trumpet for the first show and by the last show the other cats were so stoned and out of it, she'd be playing lead. She saved me on many occasions." Woody's good humor filled the room.

The Band That Plays The Blues, no longer a cooperative because of the war and the constant change in personnel, remained musically about the same until 1944. "The first transition period started right before we left Decca. That was the time the writing was changing, and the band had a more Dukish feeling. It was still a wartime thing, but instead of getting terrible replacements I was fortunate enough to choose rather well, bringing in Dave Tough, Chubby Jackson, Bill Harris, and Pete Condoli, and later his brother Conti. In other words, the players were changing the band, and I was going along with what they were saying in their music. Wherever it was going on, it felt good to me, so I said why not?"

"At the beginning of 1944 I latched onto Ralph Burns, Chubby Jackson and the guys who worked with him when he was with Charlie Barnett's band." Burns would be the most important of Woody's early arrangers, and the one the others are still measured by.

"He did his first chart for me when he was 18, it's still in the book and up until a few years ago we played it regularly. It was *I Got The World On A String*. He knew how to turn people's heads and get them to listen; he had a natural facility, he just felt it naturally."

Over the years, Woody Herman has always

looked to the members of his band for writing. In this way he feels he gets material tailored to the band's personnel—an arranger within the band knows the musicians' strengths and styles. Herman rarely uses outside arrangers, and even then it's someone who has at least been through one of the Herds. Herman acts as final editor.

"That's my only claim to fame," says Woody, "and then it's usually a question of

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***"I left Horace Heidt to join Woody in California in February of 1944. I left for a while to get my Local 47 card, then rejoined the band and stayed until early '46.***

***"Woody's was the first band where I had a chance to make a name for myself as trumpeter, as arranger, and later as husband of a singer—Frances Wayne and I, who had met on Barnet's band, were married in the fall of '45. Being with Woody was a unique experience; nobody wanted to leave—in fact, a lot of us turned down offers from other bands at more money. There was a spirit, a unity, that made that band the giant it was; there was a love beyond the point of professionalism for everything it represented.***

***"I was responsible for a lot of the head arrangements; a trumpet solo of mine, after a few weeks, would be picked up and played in unison by the other trumpets; or Woody would be looking for a riff and he'd call on me for one of those things. Between the heads and the fully written out arrangements, I was responsible for Caldonia, Apple Honey, the collaboration with Ralph Burns on Happiness Is Just A Thing Called Joe; also Let It Snow, Wildroot, The Good Earth, Northwest Passage and later on, when he had the Capitol band, Tenderly.***

***"I played with the band again in the early 1950s at Bop City, and that was my first chance at conducting because Woody had me come out and conduct for Sarah Vaughan. I have a lot to thank him for. I see the band almost every time it's in town."*** —neal hefti

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improving the chart by lengthening something or shortening something or deciding that the whole construction can be handled in a better or easier way. I just suggest, that's all. If a cat says, hey, I don't want that, then I say fine, we won't play it. Right. It's very simple." Woody grinned. "I can say in all truthfulness that there have been very few occasions in my life that anyone has hassled me about it—I've always been encouraged. Ralph Burns used to say, with almost everything he brought in, if there's anything you want to change please do. In other words, that was his open kind of attitude. There are many things I didn't try to change because there was no need to, but on occasion I'd make suggestions and maybe they helped. I'm sure there are some writers who think I really interfered, but they didn't let me know at the time."

Tenor saxophonist Gary Anderson settled into a bus seat. He is a Berkeley graduate who's been with Woody for three years and is

the present band's principal arranger.

"This band doesn't have a lot of spaces for extended solos," he said as the bus was leaving the second shopping center concert. "Most of the tunes are structured to be about three or four minutes, and that's sort of a drag if you want to be a soloist. But I have accepted the role of a big band horn player, that you're never going to get enough space to play so why worry about it."

The present band is well balanced, Anderson feels, with everyone capable of handling solos. "I've been asked to write charts for other bands, and they'll say something like this guy is the jazz player in the trumpet section. But we're not structured that way. The difference with bands like Buddy Rich's and Maynard's is that the leader is such an important part of the sound. But with Woody he puts his horns down on a lot of tunes and doesn't even play. So in a sense we can sound like anybody depending on what direction the band wants to take, whether it's one of Coltrane's tunes or a Chick Corea tune or a Carole King song. When he puts his horns down we sound like our generation.

"Woody doesn't write in the sense of getting a pencil out and putting it on paper," Anderson said about Herman, the editor. "Also he doesn't really dictate everything I write. I write a chart usually without him even knowing I'm doing it—every once in a while he'll ask me to do a specific tune, but 90 percent of the time I just do something and put it in the book. As soon as I feel there is an opportunity to rehearse—if it needs rehearsing—I ask for a rehearsal, and it's not even necessary for Woody to be there. Then I'll present it to him on a simple job like a dance or a night club, and he'll either like it and we'll use it, or he'll suggest some changes, which he does quite often, or he'll say it doesn't fit into the material we are doing. At a rehearsal if he is there he might take the introduction out or put the introduction in the middle or change this soloist or bring the backgrounds in sooner or take the backgrounds out completely.

"He's done a lot of that with charts I've done, he does it with Alan Broadbent's charts, and I'm sure he did it with Ralph Burns 30 years ago. Woody doesn't put the pencil to paper, but my arrangements have his influence by the time they are finished.

"I can argue with him and I have. I can't remember exactly what it was, but it was on Leon Russell's *Super Star*, where Woody suggested I completely change a particular section. I was adamant, I just said no, that we should do it the way I wrote it. He said try it my way, we did, and I still didn't like it. So we went back to the original way I wrote it. You can argue with Woody, but most of the time he's right."

Often Herman makes suggestions long after the band has been playing a chart regularly. This happened on Anderson's arrangement of

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***"Of course, it was the highlight of my life, pertaining to music, and to Neal! That's where I did some of my best work, in Woody's band with Neal. Without Woody Herman I would not have a lot of very fond memories, musically and personally and every possible way."***

—frances wayne

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*Spain*, where the bandleader decided to add an ensemble passage between two solos four

months after the Herd had already been playing the tune.

"He might think of something a year later," said Anderson. "That's why the book is so messed up, because we keep making changes in arrangements. And sometimes you forget to write it down, which makes it difficult for a new person to sight read the book."

Since the charts are usually written with specific players in mind, the continuing turn-

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***"That band could play anything. They were the best bunch of readers I have ever seen. You could place anything before them and they would play it right off. I mean, you had writers for that organization that knew that, and they would lay some heavy stuff on us. Take Ralph Burns. His arrangements, while not terribly complex, were alive with color. Every phrase had to be properly in its place or the chords would not flow. Ralph and I hit it off well. I admired his writing and he admired my playing. That makes for an excellent relationship. He wrote Early Autumn for me. It was my feature but the chords behind me became as important after awhile."*** —stan getz

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over presents a problem to a writer within the band. "We just changed lead trumpet players, and I just finished writing material thinking of the person who just left the band; I'm always nervous about people leaving. I think I'm more paranoid than Woody."

"20 years ago," said Woody, "it would scare me to death when a guy who had been there for a while was leaving, you'd say, jeez, how are we going to get along? Now I am to the point where I am looking forward to the next cat who comes in because maybe he'll be sayin' something we haven't heard. It all becomes part of the fulfillment and the enjoyment."

"If a guy splits, you know what happens?" asked Frank Tiberi later. "Woody doesn't play the chart, that's the truth. *Never Let Me Go* was written for Greg Herbert (Woody's principal tenor soloist for more than three years). So what we did with the chart after Greg left was that Woody played the front—the head—and I come in on the release. I took that part over, and I was very happy to get it—I stole the arrangement." He laughed. "I stole the chorus and I wouldn't let anybody get it because it's one of my favorites. That's what we do if someone is capable of handling a tune. I've seen him put many charts away for that one reason, the person it was written for is no longer in the band."

The total Woody Herman book contains about 65 to 70 tunes. Half of them are concert material and the other half dance material, with a number of arrangements doing double duty. During a two week period of club and concert dates the band will probably play about 30 different compositions.

A new musician joining the band may not officially meet Woody for some time. Anderson recalls it was three weeks before Woody finally introduced himself. "I don't know what his feelings are," Anderson said, "but I guess there must have been 9000 musicians go through this band, and he's seen everybody come and go. So how can he become attached to somebody in a month? It's sort of like being

# VON FREEMAN

## Underrated But Undaunted

by john b. litweiler

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"The invisible master of the tenor saxophone"—Terry Martin

"... the most original conception of the instrument to be heard since Coltrane"—Neil Tesser

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Von Freeman comes from a family full of music (father an amateur pianist, mother a church guitarist, younger brother George a popular jazz guitarist, older brother Bruz a busy California drummer, son Chico a skillful multi-woodwind man in New York loft circles) and has had a turbulent career full of storms and trials, but it is nonetheless a career that left no room for anything but music. He can now say, at age 54, that he never worked at anything in his life *but* music. His reputation is largely underground, but it's healthy—Nessa Records reports difficulty in keeping up with the demand for Von's *Have No Fear* LP (Nessa N-6), and they'll offer another Von LP in a few months.

America in general knows him anonymously, through records, work with some leading bluesmen, and as an entertainer in fashionable spas. There will be an appearance this fall on the PBS network's *Soundstage* TV show, but otherwise his natural habitat is Chicago, at occasional museum and university concerts, often in the glittery North Side night clubs.

Von is perhaps most at home, though, in South Side ghetto clubs, some large, most small, like the Enterprise, where handsomely dressed couples share tables with a bowling team or musicians waiting to sit in. Von, always without a microphone (unnecessary, with his big sound), begins early in the evening with his extended creations, usually playing over two hours non-stop before he lets the sitters-in play. Meanwhile he and pianist John Young have nodded or joked with dozens of entering customers ("Come right in, my darlings, you're just in time"), and by the time Von pauses for rest, the club is smoky and packed, the crowd noisy and appreciative, the two waitresses harassed.

16 □ down beat



HERB NOLAN

Von is unique in the sense that he survives on his own terms. If he remains in small clubs, it's his choice. "When you're attempting to be spontaneous, like jazz musicians try to do, it takes a certain warmth and love, and you feed off these things. If a musician is able to make you feel better, or at least more at ease with your world, to me that's the need for music. Unless you want march music, to make a guy go to war—I'm not too interested in that.

At age seven Von made his first horn by removing the arm from his father's Victrola and making holes in it. His father's reaction was similar to Von's own many years later when he awoke one night to discover his two sons jamming softly on his instruments in the basement ("They knew I'd kill them if I caught them"). Von's first sax was a C-melody, but teacher Captain Walter Dyett was quick to give him a clarinet. He formed a kids' backyard band that included James Scales, the distinctive altoist with Sun Ra in the '50s, and by his mid-teens Von was playing professionally with King Fleming's West Side band.

Only four years after his death Captain Dyett is already a Chicago legend. He began directing the band at Wendell Phillips High, where Nat King Cole was a student, but most of his legend derives from his decades at DuSable High. "Oh, he was great," Von says. "He had very strict rules. He kept his baton handy, and he'd hit you across the head with that thing. He formed a big band out of that school, and Gene Ammons and Bennie Green, the great trombone player, were in it. 'Course Johnny Griffin, John Gilmore and Clifford Jordan came up later with my brother George. Captain Dyett's discipline was perfect, and that's why I credit a lot of guys that came up, they can just about all play fairly well.

"For his jazz band, his writing was generally waltzes. Then he commissioned me to write arrangements, and I'll never forget that. See, when I went to Wilson Junior College they stole my clarinet, and the clarinet was on him. Of course, I was just a kid, age 16. I didn't have any money to pay anybody back for a clarinet. He told me to write 15 arrangements

for him, because I always did have a knack for arranging. When my brother Bruz went west with Herb Geller he took the first original I wrote for Dyett and arranged it—I still have the recording. I never did complete the 15, but I joined his alumni band when I got out of the service.

"One of the last times I saw him before he passed, he said, 'I want to invite you to one of our dances, and we'll play your arrangements. I still got them.'" Von left college to join Horace Henderson's Chicago band ("I think it was the summer of '40; he was playing some of his brother Fletcher's arrangements, and I was playing like Lester Young") on tenor and alto, then left Henderson to play from 1941 to '45 in a Navy band ("I played Coleman Hawkins' *Body and Soul* note for note every day for four years"). Musical change was in the air when Von returned to Chicago.

According to George Freeman, Von was playing at the session that produced *Charlie Parker/An Evening At Home With The Bird* (Savoy MG 12152), but he didn't join his two brothers and Parker on the LP. By '46 the three Freemans were working in the Pershing Hotel ballroom "with Bird, Diz, Roy Eldridge, Max Roach, Lester Young, anybody who was passing through. The pianist was Chris Anderson, who taught me a lot about harmony. He was playing like Bill Evans does today 30 years ago." When Von first heard Parker, he considered the great altoist an extension of Lester Young's thinking ("I heard Bird play like an angel..."). And around '48—Von is uncertain of the exact date—he began a three-year stint at the Club DeLisa, playing floor shows written and directed by Sun Ra.

Simultaneously, Ra was scoring for Fletcher Henderson at the DeLisa. "Sun Ra's always had his own groups, too, though, and he's always been light-years ahead of everyone else. He was so talented that he always played these percussive keyboards like the clavinet. Now this is the honest-to-goodness truth: he'd used to call me up and say, 'Von! Are you awake?,' used to be 4:00 in the morning, I'd say, 'Yeah, Sunny,' he'd say, 'I've got an idea,



I'd like you to hear it,' and he'd start playing this music, man. If he could have got some of that music in one of those monster films, that'd be enough.

"Now, everything that you see guys doing, that's why I'm so temperate when it comes to playing outside, 'cause I did that with Sunny years ago. Sunny had the bells, the different African instruments, the different apparel way back in the '40s, and he had John Gilmore and Pat Patrick when they were just kids. I use 'jazz' for want of a better term, but when I see a man who's playing jazz and he doesn't have discipline, he worries me. The music makes you use up so much of the energy within yourself that if you don't have discipline you don't know when or where to stop. Sun Ra always had his little lectures; he just wants you to live clean and think brotherly, the same thing Captain Dyett taught. The same thing you'd tell your children, because he'd look on everybody as one of his children.

"He had a way of arranging that I used to love. He'd write an arrangement, and you'd say, 'Sunny, I hear another note,' he'd say, 'Put that note in!' Well, you know, most guys who arrange, if you change a note they're ready to die. He wasn't like that at all. Or if you'd be playing something and hit a wrong note he might say, 'Wait a minute! Where'd you hear that? Put that in here!' So the man's always been advanced, and most of the guys around here who've ever played with him are better off."

The Freeman brothers' quintet began working together in the early '50s. Early on, their pianist was Ahmad Jamal, then new to Chicago. "He played with me for a year and a half. He was playing the same way then. One of the best bands I had was Bruz, George, Andrew Hill on piano and David Shipp on bass. I kept that little band together for two or three years. Actually, I was running the sessions at the Pershing with Malachi Favors on bass"—and Hill and Favors, both now wealthy with honors, were quite young then. August, 1954 found a singular recording date led by Hill, with Freeman, Favors, drummer Wilbur Campbell and altoist Pat Patrick. The result was a 78 with two sax solos, Patrick's *Down Pat* and Von's theme song *After Dark*. "Andrew Hill played very good organ, but they didn't know how to record organ in those days, so you can't hear it on the record. It's just the two saxophones anyway."

And it was in this period, with Von's family growing, that Von began supplementing his income by playing the strip shows in Calumet City, the gambling-and-sin town directly south of Chicago. "I worked there off and on for about 15 years, even while I was working here. I didn't really come out of there until I went with Milt Trenier, about '66. I was out there one night a week, sometimes a whole week. 'Cause I've always been very selective, and I am to this day—if I play with somebody and it makes me sick, I just can't play."

Von didn't mention it, but when strip shows had bands, a bit of improvisation by the players was common, and you might even hear a Charlie Parker tune among the standards. "All the bands had a piano player, a horn player, and a drummer, unless you went into a big-time spot that might have two horns. But never a bass player, except when Wilbur Ware came out occasionally to have fun. We played behind a curtain, and you might play *anything*. Those guys—some of the greatest guys I ever

met—played the correct chord changes, which to me is very important." The bands' repertoires were necessarily vast, and Von, whose search for fresh song lore began early in his career, credits Calumet City with adding hugely to his store of standard material.

But by 1960 the late promoter Al Smith was placing Von in blues bands for recording and touring, mostly in the Midwest—Jimmy Reed for two years, a year each with Gene Chandler (*Duke of Earl*) and Otis Rush. I recall Von once telling an audience how Reed had spent an afternoon with him expressing a desire to play jazz, then opened the evening's show with Ellington's *C Jam Blues*—in D natural. "I've heard some singers who could make women faint," says Von, "but Jimmy Reed was one of the few who could make men faint." Blues *per se*, however, was never a wholly satisfactory mode of expression for Von. "You can't grow in it. Every time I see a young guy who stays in it, he worries me. He's got the foundation, but he's got to learn these other things—this frees you."

Throughout the '50s Von had worked or jammed intermittently with Fred Anderson, tenorist, Muhal Richard Abrams, pianist, and Malachi Favors. He recalls these three and others discussing forming an AACM-like organization as early as the mid-'50s (Anderson and Favors corroborate this). But when Von was invited to become an AACM founding father in 1965, he declined. "I've always been

## SELECTED FREEMAN DISCOGRAPHY

### as a leader

DOIN' IT RIGHT NOW—Atlantic 1628  
HAVE NO FEAR (with John Young, David Shipp, Wilbur Campbell)—Nessa N6

### with George Freeman

BIRTH SIGN—Delmark 424  
NEW IMPROVED FUNK—Groove Merchant 519  
FRANTICDIAGNOSIS—Bam-boo GR 003

### with Dexter Gordon, Kenny Dorham, Philly Joe Jones, Lee Konitz, etc.

CHARLIE PARKER MEMORIAL CONCERT—Cadet 2CA-60002

more of a loner, and that's probably hurt me," Von muses. The point is interesting considering Von's regular insistence on a chordal basis for his music, and then his pride in son Chico's development as an avant-garde AACM saxist-bandleader ("We used to have these knock-down, drag-out fights about him playing rock"). "The AACM has done so much for South Side jazz. I don't read much about them, but they're beautiful."

In '66 Von joined Milt Trenier's Las Vegas-style lounge act, playing the major Nevada resorts, the Catskills, the Bahamas, Puerto Rico, "the high-club circuit. I learned a lot from Milt about show business. I used to sing with him, a lot of clowning really. I'm capable of putting down my horn and just running off at the mouth—actually, I wouldn't have to play." Despite the frantic pace of Trenier's show, there was room for serious improvisation by Von and guitarist Joe Diorio, another Chicagoan.

The three years with Trenier were the culmination of many intermittent periods as an entertainer, and Von's feelings about them are mixed. "I've done it all—sing, dance, walk bars, walk tables, get down on my knees and play, hit high notes all night, growl all night—you name it. That's why I can be so relaxed and encourage the young fellows: that's what they don't have to do, you see.

"If anything, it hurts your horn playing. I could have used that wasted time to study even more, because every time I sit down at that piano I learn something I need to know."

Which takes us to the present. Von's earliest tapes demonstrate a style quite inclined toward Lester Young, but as early as the groups with Hill and Favors, all possible elements had come together into a personal Von Freeman style. He became enthusiastic when I recalled Terry Martin's description of his method in the *Have No Fear* liners. "I've always had my own way of doing things, even when I was playing other people's music. I got a lot of Hawk in me, and Parker, and Sonny Stitt and Lester Young." He might appropriately have added others from Dexter Gordon to Coltrane, but all have been integrated into the Von Freeman style. Thus mixed together, they disappear individually to emerge as essential elements of a distinctive personal mode of expression.

On leaving Trenier in 1969, Von took a major step: he renounced invisibility. He formed his own quartet featuring pianist John Young, a man from Von's generation but far better known. Excepting brief periods, Young has remained with Von to the present. With his sons and daughters grown, or nearly, Von could afford to take chances. The originality that had emerged so often over three decades was to become the dominant force in his musical life.

"I must've played *Red Top* and *Flying Home* more than Gene Ammons and Illinois Jacquet. All this is all right, but eventually it's just going to beat you down. Everybody says, 'Well, where's Von Freeman?' the more you do it, the farther you get from your own identity. Of course I realize it's hard to play with your own identity, because nobody has anything to refer it to. Consequently, you have to make your own decision: I said, 'I'm going to find out about Von Freeman.'

"I was determined then just to go straight ahead and play. Prior to that I had always played what people wanted to hear, rock and roll, no matter what. For my type of musician, that was a mistake. I was always unhappy. For a poor man this takes a big decision, because you sure enough are going to get poor. I wavered once or twice when it got so hard out here, but basically I kept right at it. I can't even tell you what's number one now. If I hear number one and it moves me, I'll play it, but no more number one, two, three, four.

"When I formed this little band, we started at the Apartment Lounge on Mondays and Tuesdays, at a time when there was no jazz band nowhere. I'll never forget it—all night long I played whatever I wanted, and that's what I've been doing ever since, just like you see me now." Von was in his mid-40s when he made his move; his trepidation, then his joy, are wholly understandable.

Onstage, Von is a hearty, gregarious individual apart from his often-astonishing musical offerings. The thoughtful and generous aspects of his personality are not so immediately evident. For example, a by-product of his near-institution status is his role as a guide to young musicians.

It is difficult for younger players to find circumstances in which to test their musical ideas before an audience, and all the private or college training available can't replace stand-up playing as an education in improvis-

# ALBERT KING

## True To His Type Of The Blues

by chuck berg

Albert King emerged in the mid-'60s as one of the most influential voices on the blues scene. In a 1968 article for *Vogue*, rock critic Richard Goldstein wrote: "Bluesboppers everywhere are searching for a soul guru. And they have finally found him in Albert King." At about the same time, Albert Goldman wrote in the *New York Times* that King was "the greatest black musician of the decade." For *Life*, Goldman unhesitatingly called King "The Biggest, Baddest Bluesman." While unrestrained hyperbole like Goldman's needs tempering, it nonetheless proved of value in bringing King to the attention of new audiences.

The King style embraces both urban and country elements. Goldman, for instance, has spoken of King's "transmutation of country blues into city surrealism" and his blending of "the ancient Mississippi 'bottleneck' style (the fret finger sheathed with glass or metal tubing) and the sighing, swooning, psychedelic sound of the Hawaiian steel guitar." These characteristics are evident in such King classics as *Born Under A Bad Sign* (released in 1967 by Stax S723) and in his latest albums, *Truckload Of Lovin'* and *Albert* (both on the Utopia label). Of equal importance, however, is King's voice. His husky and smoky baritone conveys the worldly credibility necessary for the gamut of human emotions covered in his songs.

My interview was arranged by Peter Levinson, who is handling publicity and promotion for King's recording projects on Utopia. Since it was the last of a frantic tightly-packed four-day meet-the-media blitz, my appointment was an hour late. This gave me a chance to listen again to Albert's *Truckload Of Lovin'* and read the bio prepared by Utopia. I was then ushered into Levinson's comfortable conference room. Sitting in back of a large table was the imposing figure of Albert King. Even though the bio had mentioned that "at 6' 4" and 260 pounds he carries himself regally, like a true king," I hadn't quite prepared myself for the impact of his sheer massiveness.

After surviving Albert's vice-like handshake, I managed to set up the tape recorder. With a few preliminary questions about his date and place of birth—April 25, 1924 in Indianola, Mississippi—the King persona began to emerge.

Albert King is a man who has paid his dues several times over. Instead of bitterness, King radiates a mellow and sage nobility. Even though age and success have contributed to his easy-going demeanor, I came away feeling that King's relaxed philosophical stance is more a result of his coping with and surviving a lifetime of adversity and hard times.

With an unhurried Delta drawl that suggests



GIUSEPPE G. PINO

the lilt of his laid back blues delivery, Albert talked about early musical influences. "I didn't listen to nobody in the family. I always listened to the outsiders, people like Blind Lemon, Mercy D, Howlin' Wolf and Rice Miller. This went on through the years. Then later, after I really made up my mind that I really wanted to get into it, I didn't know which way to turn. So I happened to listen to T-Bone Walker and I really liked what he was doin'. I practiced and played and then said, well, I'll develop my own style. So I did the best I could. And here I am."

I asked Albert about the story which claims he made his first guitar at the age of ten. "Oh yeah, I made my own guitar. But I first had a string of wire runnin' up the side of the wall,

you know, in a country frame house. I nailed one end of the wire at the top and the other end at the bottom. I added a bottle and a brick. So by puttin' the bottle at the top, that would give you a nice clear ringin' sound. And the brick at the bottom kept it tight. I just played it. And I could vary the pitch by slidin' the brick and the bottle." After the excitement of that single vibrating string and his homemade cigar box guitar, Albert purchased his first store-bought guitar in the late '30s for \$1.25.

Since the subject was instruments, I inquired about Lucy, Albert's best gal. Lucy, of course, is King's flaming red, V-shaped guitar. "I got the very first Flyin' V that Gibson ever made." The original Lucy is about 15 years old. The newer version has been Albert's companion for five years. "It's made partially from the V except for the controls (since Albert picks with his right hand and chords with his left, the control knobs have been repositioned at what for a southpaw would be the bottom of the guitar). Also, the head is acoustic and my name is on the neck."

Turning from technical matters, I wanted to get Albert's opinion on the "blues" since the term is used in so many different ways. "Well, the blues. They named it blues because of this black feelin', a feelin' that makes you feel kinda sad or sorry about somethin' that happened to you, or somethin' you seen happen to your friend, or somethin' you seen happen that wasn't necessary. You know, like maybe a guy walks out in the street and blows all his money. And you say, 'What did he do that for. He's got a good home. He's done alright for himself. And then he starts off doing that.' Maybe later you go to an extreme. The guy lost his wife. He blew all his money. He blew his home that he worked a long time for. He's real pitiful and down to the mercies of the people. And I say, 'Well, that guy there, that shouldn't have happened. That was foolish and unnecessary.'

"Little things can make you have the blues. You don't have to be old to have the blues. You live and struggle. Even in *your* business you can have two or three blow-ups and you say, 'Why me!' And naturally you ain't got no up spirit. So you wanta hear some good blues music. But the blues, they're always there. As long as things go okay you don't think about 'em. But when you hit that rough spot, that's when they come around. So blues music is gonna be here a long time. As long as there's problems, there'll be blues."

As we talked further of the therapeutic powers of music, Albert discussed his approach to blues playing. "Take the music. It's very easy to put together. You take your time and play your licks in there like you want, and you express yourself through your guitar as well as your singin'. But you don't have to be in a hurry like rock 'n' roll.

"The kids that play rock 'n' roll, they have their problems and I figure it's their way of lettin' the steam off. But they do it in a hurry! Get up and go! But when they get through with

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**"My excitement days is all over. I ain't excited about nothin' no more. I wanta help some people if I can. Especially the poor people. I just want to do something good for somebody."**

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Tom Waits fourthcoming Album,  
he's got three others,  
on Asylum Records and Tapes.  
Nighthawks At The Diner 7E-2008  
The Heart Of A Saturday Night 7E-1015  
Closing Time SD-5061



“The album's called SMALL CHANGE. It's all about ambulance drivers, night watchmen, ticket takers, street sweepers, tattoo parlors, stage door jockeys, shoe string hotels from New York City to Chicago, Buffalo, Los Angeles, all the way from Tuxedo Junction to swing town. Did it in five nights on the corner of Selma and Cahuenga.” Recorded complete and direct to 2-track stereo tape.

Produced by Bones Howe for Mr. Bones Productions, Inc.



# RECORD REVIEWS

Ratings are:

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

## RAHSAAN ROLAND KIRK

**OTHER FOLKS' MUSIC**—Atlantic SD 1686; *Water For Robeson And Williams; That's All; Donna Lee; Simone; Anysha; Samba Kwa Mwanamke Mweusi; Arrival.*

Personnel: Kirk, tenor sax, flute, manzello, stritchaphone, Reed trumpet, harmonica and various miscellaneous instruments; Richard Williams, trumpet; Henry Matthias Pearson, bass; Hilton Ruiz, piano; Trudy Pitts, piano and electric piano; Roy Haynes, Sonny Brown, drums; Arthur Jenkins, Habao Texidor, percussion; Kermit Moore, cello; Gloria Agostini, harp.

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Recorded in June of 1975, this was Kirk's last project for Atlantic, following the highly conceptual *3-Sided Dream* and preceding Rahsaan's similarly programmatic *Return Of the 5,000 Lb. Man*. It's uncharacteristic of both; wondering why, I called *Music* producer Joel Dorn's office. Sources there unconvincingly explained "it was an album Rahsaan always wanted to make, since he'd always done so much of his own material." Whatever. More important is that *Music* is five star playing of *Bright Moments* brightness.

The title here is doubly appropriate. There is just one Kirk original; however, his usual instrumental pyrotechnics and theatrical genius also take a back seat, to top solo and ensemble work by the "other folks" on the date. A sole but unobtrusive exception is Kirk's *Water*, the album's opener. Sonorously backed by Moore and Agostini, Rahsaan plays classical harmonica in a gypsy-violin-like dirge, at first more reminiscent of Robeson's Russian residence than the Delta of bluesman Robert Pete Williams (also, taped words by Robeson open and close the piece). With the *feeling* of his assimilation of a white bluesology, Kirk of course expands the agenda of Black Classical Music.

Which expansion—as it includes reinterpretation—brings me to the rest of this record: about 45 minutes of rich and varied tribute to post-bop (i.e. the kind of music Philly Joe Jones recently told **db** he goes to Boomer's to hear whenever he comes to New York). Now, things are not always played straight within this scheme, but such is just Kirk's familiar interpretive slant. For example, *That's All* features his unduly sober Reed trumpet, Williams' gravelly, Jonah Jonesish regular trumpet, and Pitts' carefully swinging but oddly ring-modulated Rhodes. A laid-back aura results, and climaxes in a draggy distortion recalling *Killer Joe*. This lampooning has a point, though, when you consider both *All*'s basic lag and the solemnity of its usual interpretations; Kirk and company are both respecting and illuminating an old chestnut. (Stanley Crouch's liner notes, in explaining why Rahsaan has been known to play while spinning a bass on his head, are helpful here.)

20 □ down beat

Similarly, Kirk's *St. Thomas* treatment of *Donna Lee* exuberantly reflects upon the strength of its changes. Thus, Kirk proves a teacher, *qua* one who makes new, reflective connections for even the initiated; through four other tracks of increasing modernity, *Other Folks' Music* continues its refreshing look at a lot of music made since 52nd Street.

—rozek

## THE REVOLUTIONARY ENSEMBLE

**THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC**—Horizon SP-708: *New York; Trio For Trio; Chinese Rock; The People's Republic; Ponderous Planets.*

Personnel: Leroy Jenkins, violin, viola, vocal, thumb piano, claves, recorder, small gong; Sirone, bass, trombone, vocal, bells, shaker, wood block, large gong; Jerome Cooper, drums, bugle, piano, vocal, balafon, temple blocks, wood block, gong, bell gong, saw, tympani.

\*\*\*\*\*

Like other avant-garde groups that refuse to musically sell out, the Revolutionary Ensemble's appearance on a major label will not substantially affect their semi-annual royalty checks. But it does, happily, make their unique ensemble sounds available to those who have been unable to obtain the group's small label releases. *People's Republic* also marks their first recording in a professional studio and, as such, presents each member's instruments with full tonal richness and distinguishing clarity, something not present on their past recordings.

Leroy Jenkins is perhaps the most underrated violinist in music today. While people with far less ability on the instrument—Coleman, White, Harris, for instance—have grabbed many of the laurels, Jenkins has slowly developed into one of the most versatile, tonally sweet, and technically adept players on the scene. His role is one of understatement and therein may lie his obscurity. People want fire from the violin these days, while Jenkins offers them subtlety and searching substance, as is abundantly clear in his opening composition, the classically-tinged *New York*.

Ironically, the same could be said for Sirone and Cooper, but why bother? The point is that these three musicians have organized a style of free form energy that is totally singular. Spiritually acknowledging the groundwork laid in ensemble playing by the Chicago AACM in the '60s, they have formed a telepathically tight trio that develops its themes and executes its solos within the traditional concepts of ensemble playing. (The only other current groups that have taken the ensemble heritage seriously and worked it successfully into their music have been the Art Ensemble of Chicago and the various Charles Mingus groups.)

Jenkins offers two "tunes," Sirone one and Cooper two. I find Cooper's writing the freshest. His *Ponderous Planets* offers a wide range of styles before finally settling into a segment that swings fiercely in its restrained and angular approach to the melody. Jenkins soars in melodic abandon, employing more vibrato than is his norm. This brief two-minute or so finale is alone worth the price of the album.

—townley

## NORMAN CONNORS

**YOU ARE MY STARSHIP**—Buddah BDS 5655: *We Both Need Each Other; Beicha By Golly Wow; Bubbles; You Are My Starship; Just Imagine; So Much Love; The Creator Has A Master Plan.*

Personnel: Connors, drums, timpani, vocals (track 7); Michael Henderson, bass and vocals; Phyllis Hyman, vocals; Anthony Jackson, bass (tracks 2, 3 and 5); Larry McRae, bass (track 7); Gary Bartz, alto and soprano saxes; Carter Jefferson, tenor and soprano saxes; Shunzo Ono, trumpet; Tom Scott, melodica; Earl McIntyre, trombone; Art Webb, flutes; Keith Loving, guitar; Lee Ritenour, guitar (track 1); Onaje Allan Gumbs, electric piano and string ARP; Hubert Eaves, acoustic piano and harpsichord; Ian Underwood, Minimoog and string ARP; Don Alias, congas and percussion; Neil Clarke, percussion and congas; Tasha Thomas, Maeretha Stewart and Sharon Redd, background vocals.

\*\*\*

In what sense can *You Are My Starship* be considered the work of, or even representative of, Norman Connors? With one lamentable exception (*So Much Love*), Connors neither writes, sings, nor arranges the material here, and the perfunctory style of drumming he proffers throughout could just as easily and distinctively be the work of a drum machine. A brightly capable and wieldy drummer, Connors has resigned himself to playing the most pallid, formulized brand of soul imaginable. It doesn't even muster the energy to rise to the failure of funk-jazz, instead languishing in a syrupy mess of romantic, swollen sensitivity.

But as much as Connors' starstruck, wishful reverie is at fault for this waste, bassist-compatrist Michael Henderson—who, like cousin-in-spirit Miroslav Vitous, has traded his resplendent wings for funky Earth Shoes—must share the blame, indulging his own dreams as a silky, soulful balladeer. Henderson's tragic flaw lies in his confusion of sensuous vocal posturing as a reasonable substitute for the unaffected sensuality of mannerists like Marvin Gaye and Smokey Robinson, and a fostering of pointlessly inane lyrics (from *We Both Need Each Other*: "Baby, we're moving too fast/Don't you want some wine in your glass?"). Co-vocalist Phyllis Hyman's efforts are similarly magisterial and humorless. Occasionally some sound musical imagination steals through the din, generally under the aegis of Gary Bartz's alto and soprano saxophone, notably on *Bubbles*, Pharoah Sanders' *The Creator Has A Master Plan*, and the title cut.

It's a sad state of affairs when so much of the talent and musical progress of the last decade is reduced to a parlance of conversational, pedestrian cliché; sadder still when insightful and once-promising talents like Norman Connors and Michael Henderson peddle capitulation as the new currency.

—gilmore

## KARLHEINZ STOCKHAUSEN

**CEYLON/BIRD OF PASSAGE**—Chrysalis 1110: *Ceylon; Bird Of Passage.*

Personnel: Track 1—Harold Boje, Electronium; Peter Eotvos, camel bells, triangles, synthesizer; Aloys Kontarsky, modulated piano; Joachim Trist, tam tam; Karlheinz Stockhausen, kandy drum; Tim Souster, sound projection. Track 2—Markus Stockhausen, trumpet, electric trumpet, fluegelhorn; Harold Boje, Electronium; Aloys Kontarsky, piano; John Miller, trumpet; Karlheinz Stockhausen, chromatic rin, lotus flute, Indian bells, bird whistle, voice.

\*\*\*

Chrysalis, the same record company which brings you Jethro Tull and Robin Trower, has plucked this highly legendary avant garde classical composer from the dusty shelves of graduate school music libraries right into the "Miscellaneous S" classification at the local record rack. Obviously, there was a feeling that something in Stockhausen's dodecaphony would be marketable on a wide basis, perhaps as a step up from Pink Floyd.

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Previous compositions by the 48-year-old German genius would have lent credibility to such an effort. The landmark *Gesang Der Junglinge*, a work which integrated vocal and electronic sounds to a more ornate degree than ever before, is palatable due to its superb interweaving of space, sound effects, percussion and silence. Ditto *Short Wave*, which, when adapted last year by the Subotnick-trained Negative Band, revealed itself as one of the most forlorn, eerie, electronic poems ever created, as the oscillating synthesizer peeps and croaks induced images of lonesome radio waves navigating through the ionosphere.

Now that he has been courted by a successful label, one could have half expected some decline in the quality of Stockhausen's work. In this respect, however, there are surprises. No, he hasn't opted for a more commercial approach; the material is as oblique as ever. Yet the main failing here is a lack of focus.

There are definite structural failings here. Whereas Stockhausen's best work, however chaotic, has been marked with a subtle, yet omnipresent sense of tension, of impending climax, of instruments headed towards an impending break with sanity, on these cuts we find seemingly random modulations, chants, and generally aimless noise.

Ostensibly patterned after "important Hindu ceremonies" in Ceylon, the adaptations hearken back to the Nonesuch Explorer series of monk chants, madrigals, and other religious rites that form an often-overlooked part of the catalog. The frequent chants on both tracks here might be liturgically valid transpositions of Hindu services, but when the aimless sounds of Webernian trumpet, coarse-voiced Electroniums and prepared piano are added, it sounds too much like a European musician-tourist who falls in love with the "natives" and tries to cop a few licks.

Obviously, Sri Lankan holy music and futuristic tone rows are like gasoline and water; they just plain don't mix. —shaw

## PHIL WOODS

PHIL WOODS AND HIS EUROPEAN RHYTHM MACHINE—Inner City IC 1002: *Chromatic Banana*; *Ultimate Choice*; *The Last Page/Sans Melodie*; *A Look Back*; *The Day When The World*.

Personnel: Woods, alto sax, clarinet, Varitone, English recorder, percussion; Gordon Beck, keyboards, percussion; Henri Texier, acoustic bass, flutes, percussion, voice; Daniel Humair, drums.

Phil Woods is one of the monsters in the pantheon of contemporary saxists. But like so many other fine artists, the inevitably nefarious mechanics of the marketplace have often forced him to the fringes of the music biz. In 1968, for example, Woods—after productive stints with Dizzy Gillespie, Benny Goodman, Quincy Jones and Oliver Nelson, plus a long string of successful New York studio gigs—packed horns and family and headed for Paris. This led to the establishment of the European Rhythm Machine and one of the richest phases in Woods' still developing career.

Recorded in 1970, this disc, like the previously released *At The Frankfurt Jazz Festival* (Embryo SD 530) catches Woods and the European Rhythm Machine in top form. The empathic interplay between the four musicians reveals an unusually deep level of collaboration. The original compositions of Woods and Beck, while extremely challenging, are performed with confidence and abandon. The improvisations are bold and explosive. And the overall structure of each essay,

while having coherent shape and forward momentum, allows for much spontaneous composition. This is driving, swinging, inventive music of unqualified excellence.

Among the outstanding moments: the altoist's volcanic upheavals in Beck's *Ultimate Choice*; Woods' bucolic English recorder utterances amidst the primordial percussion colors of Beck's haunting *A Look Back*; the discreet use of clarinet generated Varitone octaves on Beck's *Sans Melodie*; the saxophonist's plaintive urgency in his beautiful ballad *The Last Page*; Beck's alternating fluid lines and pointillistic jabs during his flexibly pulsed *Ultimate Choice*; Texier's vocalized doubling of his bass solo on Woods' slippery *Chromatic Banana*; and Humair's crisp cymbal and drum intro to *Ultimate Choice*.

Aside from containing music of strength and integrity, *Phil Woods And His European Rhythm Machine* is a reminder of the direction Woods must travel if he hopes to continue making significant contributions to the ongoing evolution of contemporary music. While his recent efforts have their diverting moments, it is the territory staked during his European tenure that holds the real promise of brighter things to come. —berg

## GERRY MULLIGAN/ ENRICO INTRA

GERRY MULLIGAN MEETS ENRICO INTRA—Pausa 7010: *Nuova Civiltà*; *Fertile Land*; *Rio One*; *Champoluc*.

Personnel: Intra, piano, leader; Mulligan, baritone, soprano sax; Giancarlo Barigozzi, sax, flute; Pino Presti, bassoon; Sergio Farina, guitar; unidentified bass, electric bass; Tullio de Piscopo, percussion; unidentified string section on tracks 1 and 4.

\*\*\* 1/2

Is it a string section that makes those held chords, or is it one of those electronic contraptions? Nat Hentoff's liners don't say, probably because nobody had the courtesy to give him the full personnel data (is it Mulligan improvising multi-tracked soprano in *Nuova*, *Champoluc*, or both, and what sax does Barigozzi play?) This is one time when the listener can agree with the liner superlatives, though: something good did happen to Mulligan in Italy. Never a dependable melodic improviser, his work over the years has substituted nervous habits for authentic structure, lending an often cute or lick-mongering atmosphere to his music. But in two baritone solos in *Nuova* (all of side one) and a *Rio* solo, he is suddenly the master of himself and all about him. It's a pleasure to hear.

Intra has a murky, indecisive musical personality rather akin to Keith Jarrett's. They share an inclination toward oh-so-precious timing of rests between phrases, accents on strong beats, vaguely pretty tunefulness without melody, and even a bit of cocktail funk and "outside" cocktail improvisation. The tempos he chooses for his three works combine with depressing harmonic settings (mostly key, not chord, changes) and distant-type themes for a sensation of sinking in quicksand. The only lively piece is Mulligan's samba *Rio*, and except for that piece the guitarist sinks in rock clichés. The bassist and semi-rock drummer are called upon to do little, the others less (if it is Mulligan playing soprano in those two improvised bits).

In the Intra pieces Mulligan doesn't completely avoid sentimentality, but this time it's not an unpleasant quality. His phrasing is measured, and the pacing of his simple lines in his second *Nuova* solo allows a typical, herky-

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jerky phrase from an earlier Mulligan to enter a transitional passage without disruption. Even so, the first thing you notice is his tone: he's achieved a warm sound, now, and a control that frees the lyricism so frequently hidden in the past. Notice how in held notes his sound seems to expand or contract with a new depth and resonance. It's still a swing style, as his opening solo makes clear, but with a fresh sense of being at ease with his art, willing to let it flow gracefully and naturally. The structure of that first solo is solid, and a mellow sensibility is revealed—this is truly a new Mulligan.

He plays the *Rio* theme with real feeling, and the ideas in solo come with admirable purity and poise; his straightahead personality is like pre-dawn air in midsummer. His *Fertile* solo is attractive, too, but he still sometimes noodles like Rollins behind others'

solos, with less purpose, and if it's Mulligan double-tracked on soprano in *Nouva* with his baritone (short soprano phrases, trills) in an "outside" sequence, then double-tracked on baritone with the guitar, it's self-indulgence. There's multi-tracked baritone with guitar and soprano (Mulligan?) in *Champoluc*, too, all fluff. Incidentally, the woodwinds' sound in the final theme of *Rio* is very attractive.

Though I labor the LP's flaws, the fact of Mulligan's self-revelation remains. In fact I might recommend this set without reservation if I didn't suspect, with Hentoff, that the best is yet to come. —litweiler

## ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL

WHEELIN' AND DEALIN'—Capitol ST-11546: *Route 66*; *Miles And Miles Of Texas*; *The Trouble With Lovin' Today*; *Shout Wa Hey*; *Blues For Dixie*; *Cajun Stripper*; *If I Can't Love You*; *Lost Mind*; *They Raided*

*The Joint*; *We've Gone As Far As We Can Go*.

Personnel: Ray Benson, vocals, lead guitar; Chris O'Connell, vocals, rhythm guitar; Link Davis, Jr., tenor and alto saxes, fiddle; Floyd Domino, piano, organ; Tony Garnier, upright and Fender bass; Scott Hennige, drums; Danny Levin, fiddle, electric mandolin; Bill Mabry, fiddle; Lucky Oceans, pedal steel and lap steel guitars; Leroy Preston, vocals, rhythm guitar; Arnett Cobb, sax (track 9); Johnny Gimble, fiddle, electric mandolin; Linda Hargrove, rhythm guitar (track 10); Bucky Meadows, guitar (track 2); Tiny Moore, electric mandolin (track 5); Eldon Shamblin, rhythm guitar (track 5); Denis Solee, alto, tenor and baritone saxes; Joel Sonnier, accordion, (track 6).

★ ★ ★ 1/2

The Sleepers have hit upon a fine formula for their LPs—they offer a couple of favorite oldies, a sincere, countryesque ballad or two, a little boogie, and something from one of their more esoteric influences. Their clean singing and restrained, colorful arrangements communicate directly; there's no guessing that fancy studio techniques have hyped up their efforts. The result is eclectic, modern, electric folk music, all sounding slightly aged, like good booze tastes. The music is not quite removed by era or distance from the open-minded audience they seek.

In this, their fourth album, *Route* and Percy Mayfield's *Mind* are the familiar faves. *Texas*, *Shout* and *Dixie* recall Bob Wills (Shamblin, making a guest appearance, was sideman to the founder of Western Swing); *Trouble* and *We've Gone* are the pained ballads—the latter by Linda Hargrove, who has been opening shows for the band. *Cajun* is a spicy fais do-do number, authored by Doug Kershaw. *Raided* is slightly reminiscent of an Annie Ross narrative.

Benson has a comfortable, natural voice, a baritone cowpoker compared to Preston's tenser, higher style. Chris delivers her lyrics lightly, without decoration. And the band is tight, with Lucky's pedal steel work continuing to improve, and Mabry sawing off some imaginative fiddle licks. Not only are they entertaining, in the process *Asleep At The Wheel* has revived an accidentally forgotten subset of American music. Roll on! —mandel

## ANDREW HILL

LIVE AT MONTREUX—Arista-Freedom AL 1023: *Snake Hip Waltz*; *Neferthis*; *Come Sunday*; *Relativity*.

★ ★ ★ 1/2

Andrew Hill's *Live At Montreux* is a disturbing album. While I have no doubts about Hill's considerable talents and musical intelligence, I find this 1975 solo piano venture rambling, repetitious and remote, but yet provocative.

Discounting such mainstream elements as a strong rhythmic pulse and a fixed harmonic structure, Hill's approach involves the construction of large mosaics consisting of minute musical modules. This type of open-ended episodic form makes great demands of both artist and audience.

The 19 minute *Relativity* is the most successful of Hill's compositions. An apparent attempt to trace connections between the nodal points of the history of jazz piano, Hill freely splatters his large canvas with daubs of stride, ragtime, blues, boogie, swing, bop and beyond. Liberating time, Hill darts among the musics of the past, present and future. The cascade of musical molecules forms a structure which compresses time and history into a state of simultaneity, a condition of virtual presence where all musics exist in a perpetual now.

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The lack of traditional binding elements works in *Relativity*, since the composition's undergirding structure derives from an epic pointillism made up of familiar colors. We know of stride, of ragtime, of blues. We therefore connect Hill's carefully selected stimuli and compose our own histories of jazz.

Hill's other compositions are not as accessible. Lacking readily identifiable components and failing to generate a sense of development or forward motion, *Snake Hip Waltz* and *Nefertitis* are highly static and idiosyncratic expeditions.

Therefore, this album also illustrates the dangers of extended solo piano projects. Hill could have benefited from collaboration with musicians like Ted Curson, Robin Kenyatta, Cecil McBee and Barry Altschul, who helped make his previous Arista release, *Spiral*, a more consistently interesting enterprise. —berg

## AL JARREAU

GLOW—Reprise MS 2248: *Rainbow In Your Eyes; Your Song; Aqua De Beber; Have You Seen The Child; Hold On Me; Fire And Rain; Somebody's Watching You; Milwaukee; Glow.*

Personnel: Jarreau, vocals; Tom Canning, electric piano; Joe Corroero, drums; Wilton Felder, Willie Weeks, Paul Stallworth, bass; Larry Carlton, guitar; Larry Nash, synthesizer and string ensemble; Joe Sample, acoustic piano, organ; Steve Forman, Ralph McDonald, percussion.

\*\*\*

Stardom can't be too far off for Jarreau. He has talent to burn, but his problem on LP thus far has been what he's burned it on. Neither of his first two albums have been able to communicate the warm, lithe excitement of his in-person performances. His debut disc, *We Got By*, was a funky, loose, spotty collection of all

original material. *Glow* has a bit lush production sound, but while Al's own tunes here don't hit the lows of the previous recording, neither is there anything of his as fine here as *We Got By*, *Spirit*, or *You Won't See Me*, the standouts from the first release.

Moreover, his choices from the current pop repertoire are only occasionally appropriate for his admittedly impressive inventory of vocal effects. I don't get the feeling, amidst all the embellishment, that Jarreau really cares about the lyrics to James Taylor's *Fire And Rain* and Elton John's *Your Song*, which are trivial selections to begin with. On the other hand, Sly Stone's *Somebody's Watching You* works rather well. Like any vocalist fresh to the scene who has unique phrasing and scatting powers, Al hasn't quite figured out where they do and don't work—where to let 'em loose and where to sing it straight. It's a hit or miss proposition at this stage.

But he's getting there. Obvious ability like Jarreau's only comes along once in a while, and can't be contained for long by mediocre settings. —mitchell

## ALICE COLTRANE

ETERNITY—Warner Bros. BS 2916: *Spiritual Eternal; Wisdom Eye; Los Caballos; On Supreme; Morning Worship; Spring Rites From "Rite Of Spring."*

Personnel: Coltrane, organ, harp, Fender Rhodes, and percussion; Paul Hubinon and Oscar Brashear, trumpet (tracks 1 and 6); Marilyn and Alan Robinson, Vince Derosa, and Arte Maebae, French horns; Charlie Loper and George Bohanon, trombones; Tommy Johnson, tuba; Louise Di Tullio, piccolo; Fred Jackson and Hubert Laws, flutes; Jerome Richardson, alto and soprano saxes; Gene Cipriano and John Ellis, oboe; Ernie Watts, English horn; Jackie Kelso and Terry Harrington, tenor saxes and clarinets; Julian Spear, bass clarinet; Don Christlieb and Jack Marsh, bassoons; Jo Ann Caldwell, con-

trabassoon; Murray Adler, Sid Sharp, Gordon Mar-ron, Bill Kurasch, Nathan Kaproff and Polly Sweeney, violins; Rollice Dale, Mike Nowack and Pamela Goldsmith, violas; Ray Kelley, Anne Goodman, and Jackie Lustgarten, cellos; Charlie Haden, bass; Ben Riley, drums; Armando Peraza, congas; Ed Michel, wind chimes; Paul Vorwerk, William Yeomans, Edward Cansino, Susan Judy, Jean Packer and Deborah Coomer, vocals (track 4); unnamed "Friend," timbales.

\*\*\*

If, two years ago, anyone might have suggested that Alice Coltrane would leave Impulse, the label of which her husband was such an integral part, and settle for Warner Bros., I would simply have scoffed. But here she is, and the artistic freedom Warners has seemingly granted her—their *signing* her for that matter—is encouraging. Although for some critics Alice is a spoiler (she certainly has never demonstrated the capacity for organic creativity that John did), she still stands for a serenity and spirit of aspiration that should, at the least, be granted a fair hearing.

*Eternity* attempts to proclaim Alice's modernity while maintaining all cosmic truths to be self-evident. A difficult task at best, and one that she fails to impart with a sense of unity. In *Eternity*, the parts are greater than the whole.

On the bluesy and quasi-funky experiments (*Los Caballos* and *Spiritual Eternal*), Alice only teasingly comes to terms with her material, making it hard to divine her original intentions. *Spiritual Eternal* is a wonderful idea, a slow, swinging blues with every progression and harmonic line outlined in fine detail by an orchestra, and overlaid with Alice's familiar organ romps. In the end, however, the power is muted; the orchestra is secondary, and the one-dimensional organ

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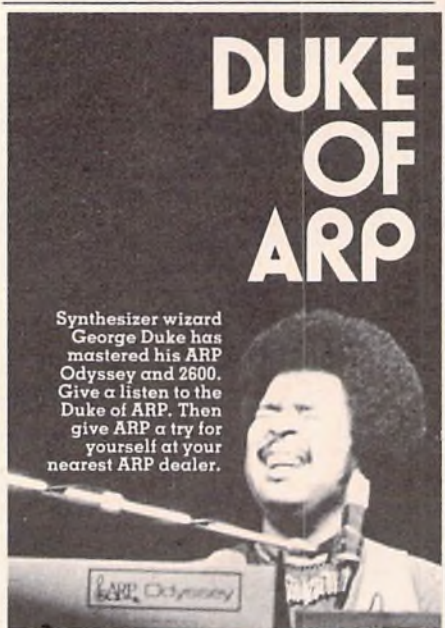
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sound is insubstantial. *Los Caballos* fares better as Alice expounds splendidly over a tight rhythmic network, though one has to strain to distinguish the presence of Ben Riley and Charlie Haden, the mix being so uneven. Perhaps strangest of all is *Om Supreme* (with Alice on Fender Rhodes, where her sonority differs too little from organ to merit the switch), which offers a Gregorian chorus reciting some obdurate litany about California, Brahma Loka, Turiya Loka, etc. It's all very smooth, but it's also rather emotionless, devoid of the warmth one expects a spiritual incantation to generate.

I've never doubted Alice Coltrane's conviction, nor her ability to light a melodious fire, but I do question her insistence that everything be permeated with cosmic significance. With a little more musical clarity and less metaphysical obscurity, Alice could become a respectable force in '70s jazz, rather than merely the respected courier of a proud surname. —gilmore

### CLARE FISCHER

CLARE FISCHER AND THE YAMAHA QUARTET/T'DA-A-A-A—Revelation 23: *Soon; 'Round Midnight; Lennie's Pennies; Blues In F; Crystal Sunrise.*

Personnel: Fischer, organ; Gary Foster, alto, soprano saxes; Andy Simpkins, bass; Larry Bunker, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

Recorded in 1972, this might appear to be a routine organ quartet date. But with a talented composer-arranger like Fischer nothing is quite routine.

First, Fischer reveals in his concise liner notes that he is a frustrated jazz pipe organist. For that reason, he is playing the EX-42 Yamaha electric organ on this LP, an instrument with a sound that approximates that of a pipe organ. With an instrument capable of sounding different than a conventional organ, Fischer treats some familiar music in unconventional but musically imaginative ways. For example, on pieces like Gershwin's *Soon*, Tristano's *Pennies* or his own *Blues In F*, Clare chooses to avoid "standard" chord progressions and harmonies in favor of chording that sounds slightly off. He calls it "wrong voicing", with chords going in a different direction against the melody. The result is some intriguing listening, with Fischer taking unexpected liberties with the material.

Foster plays a Desmond-like alto and a warm, sensitive soprano, providing a strong complementary voice against the full "pipe" organ sound. Bassist Simpkins and veteran percussionist Bunker add perceptive rhythmic support.

Throughout the recording, Fischer demonstrates that his relentless musical mind is continually probing the form and structure of his material, all while maintaining a swinging, melodic presence. —nolan

### ANTONIO CARLOS JOBIM

URUBU—Warner Brothers BS 2928: *Bôto (Porpoise); Ligia; Correnteza (The Stream); Angela; Saudade Do Brazil; Valse; Arquitetura de Morar (Architecture To Live); O Homem (Man).*

Personnel: Side One (1-4)—Jobim, piano; Ron Carter, bass; João Palma, drums; Ray Armando, percussion; Jobim, Miucha, vocals; Sides One and Two—Claus Ogerman, arranger/conductor; members of orchestra not identified.

★ ★ ★

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guese). On side one of *Urubu*, Brazilian composer/singer Jobim draws us close with bitter-sweet love stories sung in Portuguese. The lithe, liquid musicality of his native tongue combined with a rather flat and languid voice quality suggest a melancholy and vulnerable worldliness that is irresistibly charming.

The translated lyrics are printed on the back of the jacket and provide further clues to Jobim's essence. *Boto* includes rich anthropomorphic dream imagery in which crabs talk and parrots argue. *Ligia* is the internal dialogue of an older man debating on whether or not to become involved with a young and exotic temptress. *Correnteza* is a meditative daydream on the quixotic nature of romance, while *Angela* deals with love's inevitable pain. For each tune, Claus Ogerman has created a shimmering set of complementary tones and colors.

Side two is given over to Ogerman's masterly tonal sketches. Blending the understated folkishness of bossa-accented melodies with the full range of European orchestral techniques, Ogerman has mounted a grand romantic musical tribute to Brazil. His lush, dramatic textures conjure up the swashbuckling era of Errol Flynn and Tyrone Power. In this context, Ogerman's work falls within the distinguished tradition of such film composing greats as Max Steiner, Hugo Friedhofer and Elmer Bernstein. —berg

## LEE RITENOUR

**FIRST COURSE**—Epic PE 33947: *A Little Bit Of This And A Little Bit Of That*; *Sweet Syncopation*; *Theme From Three Days Of The Condor*; *Fatback*; *Memories Past*; *Caterpillar*; *Canticle For The Universe*; *Wild Rice*; *Ohla Maria (Amparo)*.

**Personnel:** Ritenour, electric and classical guitar; Dave Grusin, acoustic and electric piano, Clavinet, organ, and synthesizers; Harvey Mason, drums and percussion; Bill Dickinson, bass; Jerry Steinholtz, congas and percussion; Jerry Peters, acoustic piano, Clavinet, and synthesizers; Larry Nash, electric piano and Clavinet; Michael Omartian, Clavinet; Patrice Rushen, Clavinet; Ian Underwood, synthesizer programming; Chuck Rainey, bass; Louis Johnson, bass; Ed Greene, drums; Tom Scott, tenor sax and Lyricon; Jerome Richardson, baritone sax; Chuck Findley, trumpet; Frank Rosolino, trombone; Ernie Watts, tenor sax.

\*\*\*

Why is it that "studio musicians," left to their own proclivities, almost invariably opt for playing funk? Could it be that funk has become the common denominator of our times? That ubiquitous, stodgy chock-wock-wick-wick rhythmic riff abounds everywhere one turns these days, from the supposedly fertile fields of jazz and rock to the narrowing turf of soul and disco. Even old musical standards and the classical stable are subject to the cry of "Let's get funky!" (the '70s equivalent to the demand for "boogie," trading the banal for the stupid), and the drift shows nothing but signs of piling higher and higher. So far, only the country and folk idioms remain unfunkified. So far. (Joan Baez is, after all, awfully fond these days of showing just how badly she can hustle.)

As a jazz form, funk—locked into its narrow conception of rhythm, phrasing and dynamics as indivisible and inflexible elements—is something less than fruitful, neither a breeding ground for distinctively memorable melodies nor malleable moods. The exceptions (Herbie Hancock, in the beginning; David Sanborn; New York Mary; Pat Martino) use the rhythmic structure as a reliable resolution device, over which they stretch out and create long and thoughtfully independent lines of improvisation. Guitarist Lee Ritenour submits willingly enough to the familiar funk

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cliché framework, but employs it as a gambit for concocting magnificent and flawless solos, so flawless that some may find their content and execution dispassionate.

Indeed, if not for Ritenour's solos, *First Course*, with its competent but lazy arrangements, uniform textures, and faceless supportive musicianship, would be immediately forgettable. Like his kindred spirit, Larry Carlton, Ritenour approaches soloing from the angles of contour and finesse, shaping notes into smooth envelopes with an even attack and decay, building complex, bluesy minor-key melodic lines that rely on an internal and deftly realized tension for their dynamism. Each side closes in a change of pace fashion, with pseudo-classical statements, exercises more in technique than imagination, allusions more than declarations.

Ritenour's urbane precision and even-tempered style are exactly the sort that so many critics despise, espousing, instead, the "dirty," emotional school of guitar. Slop is fine, but God help us the day we unthinkingly forswear refinement. With so much funk afloat, we need all the subtlety we can find. —gilmore

**WAXING ON . . .**

It was the best of times. It was the worst of times. And if you doubt it, RCA/Bluebird has provided us with the evidence in *all* its uncompromising completeness. Namely the comprehensive reissue treatment extended to Fletcher Henderson, Benny Goodman and Artie Shaw, among others, in a batch of twofers covering everything within the control of RCA.

Complete reissues have a way of putting things in perspective. When you hear the masterpieces side by side with the mishaps, you realize that even the greatest of legends weren't musical gods secure in their artistic heavens but working musicians fighting to make a career. The Henderson album is far from ideal, as Stanley Dance frankly acknowledges in his sound notes. Four periods are covered: 1927, 1931/32, 1934 and 1936, chronologically close perhaps, but each a distinct era. The three cuts from '27 are hot, frantic, jerky and dated. Big band jazz was still a puffed up version of the New Orleans style. Nobody seemed to know how to end a solo without a two bar break. By '31/32 the rhythm section had smoothed out under the superb and gentle hand of Walter Johnson, and Coleman Hawkins and Rex Stewart were mature musicians. The band swung without stuttering. But a hoard of dreadful vocalists seriously compromised Henderson's standards. By 1934 the tuba was gone, making way for a modern rhythm sound. Red Allen was the most innovative trumpet in jazz. And Hawkins was peaking. *Hocus Pocus* is a near perfect example of everything that was great about the band. By 1936 Henderson led the greatest unit of his career. Sid Catlett and Israel Crosby were the ultimate pre-Basie rhythm section. And Roy Eldridge and Chu Berry were among the greatest horns of their generation. Roy is electrifying on *Jangled Nerves*. *Always Be In Love With You* is a definitive Henderson chart, a more than satisfactory conclusion to Henderson's Victor period.

As this is being written, RCA is three volumes into its Benny Goodman complete edition. Volume one has the first tentative 1935

sides, which hit their stride with *Dear Old Southland*. There's also the classic *Sometimes I'm Happy*, arguably the greatest single contribution Fletcher Henderson made to 20th century American music. The first trio date with Teddy Wilson and Gene Krupa virtually defines the character of chamber jazz for a generation. And Jess Stacy adds an interlude of introspection in the midst of a hard driving *Mad House* (two versions).

By a coincidence of chronology, volume two happens to embrace a particularly stimulating period. *Buddah*, *Christopher Columbus*, *Anything For You* and *I Found A New Baby* are prime Henderson. *Walk Jennie Walk* was a brisk favorite of Gene Krupa's. *House Hop* and *Swingtime In The Rockies* (recorded in 1933 by Hines as *Take It Easy*) are crisp Jimmy Mundy charts. There are also more trios (*China Boy* and *Nobody's Sweetheart*) and the famous small band versions of *Swing Is Here* and *Gabriel Likes My Music* in which Krupa, Roy Eldridge and Chu Berry go off like a fistful of firecrackers.

The first Quartets (*Moonglow*, *Dinah*) are on volume three. *St. Louis Blues*, *Love Me Or Leave Me*, *Bugle Call Rag* (two versions), *Jam Session* and a couple of Ella Fitzgerald vocals are other high spots. There are also plenty of less interesting, more routinely commercial pop tunes scattered among the gems. But very few outright mishaps (*Taint No Use* could be one). Helen Ward was a light and highly listenable singer who wears well. But most important, Goodman had the good sense and taste never to use male crooner types. His early Victors stand up very nicely indeed. And more than a few remain towering big band and small group masterpieces 40 years later.

Artie Shaw was perhaps swing's greatest master of even-handed good taste. His instrumental formula was simple and direct. His reeds sounded rich, clean and clear at moderate tempos and could bite with sharp teeth when the heat was on. The voicings and counterpoint between brass and saxes were uncomplicated and inherently swinging. His soloists (George Arus, Bernie Previn and Georgie Auld) never set the world on fire, but they probably seemed to at the time that Buddy Rich occupied the rhythm section. And as for commercial material, no one picked it or played it as well as Shaw. There's not a bad side to be found on the RCA set. Helen Forest handles 12 of the 14 vocals with timeless, updated aplomb. Billie Holiday and Tony Pastor are in their prime on the other two. There may be no great cuts here. But again, no bad ones.

Paralleling the time period of the Victors are two Jazz Guild LPs covering broadcasts of the *Melody And Madness* program Shaw was doing at the time. The sound is excellent. Some numbers heard as original recordings on the RCA set are duplicated here (*Indian Love Call*, *Non Stop Flight*, *Back Bay*, etc.), but a lot more are "new." Volume two covers the Buddy Rich period in all its explosiveness. His choked cymbals and edgy rim shots sting the band to its best. As of now, the collection of airshots issued many years ago by Victor remain definitive late '30s Shaw, but judging from cuts like *Prosschai* here and the fact that six more volumes are on their way (with an 8-minute epic version of *Diga Diga Doo*), the Jazz Guilds may be tomorrow's key Shaw collection.

Gene Krupa's band was about two years old at the time the Joyce LP material was record-

ed off the air. Sound quality is excellent and the band sounds fresh, professional and jaunty on numbers like *Foo For Two*, *In The Mood* and *Ta-Ra*, although it's clear that Gene had met his match as a big band drummer in Rich. Unfortunately, the LP is poorly edited. There are seven routine pop ballads, five by the cheerful Irene Day and two by a typical Ray Eberle type. At best, you'll get standard swing era fare. At worst, boring pop puff.

Among the better Joyces is the Charlie Barnet set. Although side one (the 1946 band) has little to recommend it, the 1947 ensemble of side two is an earpopper. A youthful Clark Terry and Jimmy Nottingham go at each other with technique and hair trigger imaginations on *Sergeant Was Shy* and *Atlantic Jump*. Terry particularly plays with razor edged articulation as he skids over the rhythm section with almost arrogant abandon.

Jazz is by its very nature hopelessly enmeshed in the cult of personality, it being a performing art and all that. That fact may doom from the start an honest and intelligent effort by English bandleader Alan Cohen to produce a definitive *Black Brown And Beige*, the 45 minute composition Duke Ellington premiered at Carnegie Hall in 1943, but never satisfactorily recorded. To be sure, the massive bulk of Harry Carney is missing from John Warren's baritone (he might have come closer to the Carney sound had he cheated and used a bass sax), and the translucency of Hodges eludes Olaf Vas' soprano on *Come Sunday*. Yet this is a successful and recommended recording. The reason centers on the content and structure of the composition itself, particularly how the *Come Sunday* theme is developed, shaped, reworked and woven throughout the piece, not that it necessarily comes close to imitating the mid-'40s Ellington sound (which it doesn't). *BB&B* is a compelling composition apart from who performs it. It's stronger than the cult of personality. And this LP is evidence of that fact.

When Ellington died, Ellington LPs started pouring onto the market and have yet to stop. It was a pattern one might also have expected upon Louis Armstrong's death. But it didn't happen. There was a brief spurt, and that was that. A couple were good. Most were not. The Fairmont release is a case in point, two LPs covering a routine 1957 concert by what was then a coasting combo. Clarinetist Ed Hall is the only yeast in the musical dough. He is on fire in *Miss* and *Georgia Brown*. *Tenderly*, *Never Walk Alone* and *La Vein Rose* are promising in their potential for spectacular Louis, but should be sued for breach of promise. The remainder is inconsequential.

Louis *In Philadelphia* is a gem. With Earl Hines, Sid Catlett and Jack Teagarden on hand, this was certainly the most exciting ensemble Armstrong ever headed, including the Hot Sevens of the '20s. The Sevens were alive with the curiosity of innovation. The first All-Stars of the late '40s possessed the sure-handed certainty of experience. Titles like *King Porter Stomp*, *Milenberg Joys* and *Little White Lies* are rarely heard. And even where the basic solo concepts are established, Armstrong and the others play with flair, spunk, bite and swagger. The same can be said of the French RCA which supplements the meager Town Hall Concert program long available. Why it took 25 years for these extra eight tracks to materialize is not explained. Nor is it explained why these were recorded May 17, 1947, while the previously issued concert ex-

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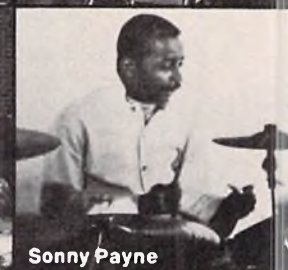
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cerpts were recorded April 24, 1947. Were there two TH concerts? Or one extremely long one? Perhaps it's a typo. With an elegantly lazy *Sweethearts On Parade* and a mighty *Anything But Love* and not a single bar less than good, this too is prime Louis. And no Velma Middleton.

There's some prime Buddy Tate on MJR 8127. Side one is Tate's working Celebrity Club band. The ensembles are nice and *Bottle It* swings hard. Everett Barksdale's guitar adds an unwelcome twang, and the vocalizing on *Walk That Walk* is intrusive. Side two is a particularly bright meeting of former Basie men Buck Clayton, Dickie Wells, Earle Warren and Jo Jones, whose artistry is so deft it would make exciting listening by itself. Clayton is on top of his form in *Moon Eyes* and *Rompin'*. Both sessions are from 1958.

The *Texas Twister* I.P., recorded recently, is notable for the return to active duty of Paul Quinichette. But even with Tate, this rarely makes it above the routine. Tate sings on four of the eight sides, for one. The fact that he's recorded since 1931 without ever doing a vocal makes this a special occasion, according to the liner notes. Although one would think that if anyone's recorded for 45 years without singing, there must be a reason for it!

Quinichette shines his brightest with Brooks Kerr on HL-106. There's a calculated clumsiness to his attack. Long, skidding phrases break up into stuttering fragments that bounce along for a bar on the pulse, suddenly puff into billowing plumes, arch, and then disappear. *Three Little Words* has the functional simplicity of stainless steel, and *Sunday* is a study in ascending tension and release. Pianist Kerr plays solos full of simple but direct ideas, generating memorable riffs rather than just running chords. Catch his second chorus on *Lady Be Good*—particularly the release. Sam Woodyard and Gene Ramey make a superior rhythm section, and Annie Hurwitz is very much at home on a Billie-style chorus in *Pen-nies From Heaven*. —mcdonough

Fletcher Henderson, *The Complete* (RCA AXM2 5507):\*\*\*\*

Benny Goodman, *The Complete, Vol. 1* (RCA AXM2 5505):\*\*\*½

Benny Goodman, *The Complete, Vol. 2* (RCA AXM2 5515):\*\*\*\*½

Benny Goodman, *The Complete, Vol. 3* (RCA AXM2 5532):\*\*\*\*

Artie Shaw, *The Complete, Vol. 1* (RCA AXM2 5517):\*\*\*½

Artie Shaw, *Melody In Madness, Vol. 1* (Jazz Guild 1001):\*\*\*½

Artie Shaw, *Melody In Madness, Vol. 2* (Jazz Guild 1003):\*\*\*\*

Gene Krupa, *One Night Stand* (Joyce LP 1029):\*\*

Charlie Barnet, *One Night Stand* (Joyce LP 1031):\*\*\*½

Alan Cohen Band, *Black, Brown & Beige* (Monmouth Evergreen MES 7077):\*\*\*½

Louis Armstrong, *On The Road* (Fairmont FA 1005/6):\*\*

Louis Armstrong, *In Philadelphia 1948/49* (Jazz Archives JA 20):\*\*\*\*½

Louis Armstrong, *Town Hall Concert/The Unissued Part* (French RCA FXM1 7142):\*\*\*\*\*

Buddy Tate, *Swinging Like Tate* (Master Jazz Recordings MJR 8127):\*\*\*\*

Buddy Tate, *Texas Twister* (Master Jazz Recordings MJR 8128):\*\*

Brooks Kerr/Paul Quinichette, *Prevue* (Famous Door HL-106):\*\*\*\*½

# BLINDFOLD TEST



## Bobby Colomby

by leonard feather

Bobby Colomby grew up as a member of a jazz-loving family. His elder brothers, Jules and Harry, were both involved in the music as promoters or managers. Guided by their record collections, he dug Diz and Bird, started playing drums at 14, and began an intensive study of Max Roach (one of whose drum sets he acquired), Philly Joe Jones and Elvin Jones.

It was in rock that he played his first jobs, though he continued listening mainly to jazz records. In 1965, after a series of uninspiring experiences, he joined a blues band called the Blue Seeds in which he found a more mature level of musicianship. But it was not until late 1967 that he found his niche, in a rehearsal band organized with Al Kooper and Steve Katz, in which the regular rock rhythm section was augmented by four horns.

Blood, Sweat & Tears went through some heavy changes. Kooper split by the time the first LP came out; his replacement, David Clayton-Thomas, helped establish the band as a pioneering example of jazz/rock put to musically and commercially effective use. With Clayton-Thomas back after a three years absence, BS&T has enjoyed a resurgence after a fallow period. Colomby, who still records with the band but sends other drummers out on the road, is the only remaining instrumentalist of the original personnel.

Colomby was blindfold tested just once before (db, 3/16/72). He was given no information about the records played.

**1. DAVID LIEBMAN/RICHARD BEIRACH.** *October 10th* (from *Forgotten Fantasies*, Horizon). Liebman, soprano sax; Beirach, piano, composer.

A perfect piano player for the piece, but I don't know who he was; he played it perfectly. The saxophone player sounded very influenced by Trane—and there are many of those unfortunately . . . or fortunately, when you think about it. My guess would be Dave Liebman. I have no idea who could be playing piano—it could be Jan Hammer . . . it could be a lot of people. I couldn't tell by the touch. But it was lovely. Beautiful.

The piece was very well done. I appreciate things when they don't have to be overdone. That could have been orchestrated as well, but it wasn't, and it sounded very full. I enjoyed it very much. There was a McCoy Tyner song from an album, I think it was called *Sunser*—it was that kind of constant introduction. This also had some flavors of *Naima*. But I have no idea who wrote it. It's a guess on Liebman; or it could have been Steve Grossman. Four and a half. It was gorgeous.

**2. MAX ROACH/CLIFFORD BROWN.** *Daahoud* (from *Daahoud*, Mainstream). Roach, drums; Brown, trumpet, composer; Harold Land, tenor sax.

**Feather:** From the very second bar you were singing along with this, note for note, so it's obviously no stranger to you.

**Colomby:** No, I'm a bebop fan from way back. Unfortunately I don't know the titles of many of the bebop tunes. It sounded like Brownie. He has a slight vibrato when he plays those incredible sweeping lines—a beautiful vibrato. He's able to make a fast phrase sound like a ballad phrase—he's so sensitive. The drummer was probably Max Roach, since they played together a lot. Max is a drummer, if you ever watch him play—from his

waist up he's home watching TV. A lot of drummers make things look a lot harder than they are, but Max looks like he's watching television! But what's so frightening is his time is so good, you could set your clocks to it—he's so perfect. He has incredible time, and he can do that with any tempo. A slow ballad or a very fast tune, he handles them all with ease. He's a beautiful drummer. And musical.

I don't know who the saxophone player was, I'm sorry to say. It could have been a lot of different people. It was a little flat as well, but that's a product of the times, I guess. But it could have been Harold Land—but Harold Land doesn't normally play flat; in fact he never plays flat. As far as a rating, this is beyond rating. It's perfect. That's what we're all doing nowadays—what that has set up for us; so it's five. It has to be.

**3. RONNIE LAWS.** *Fever* (from *Fever*, Blue Note). Laws, tenor sax.

It had a talking box, it had everything! Strings! Everything! That sounds like a producer said "O.K. Ronnie, you learn this song *Fever* by Thursday—here's the old version by Peggy Lee. Take it home and learn those changes in this key, and what's going to happen is that on Monday we're going to do all of your rhythm dates, on Tuesday we're going to do some of the overdubs—all the string parts and the girls, and on Wednesday we'll listen and see if there's anything that we missed. And on Thursday you come in and play your saxophone."

I like this, to be perfectly honest with you. I appreciate things for the attempt at commerciality if they do it in a classy way—if they're good string parts and if all the girls are singing in tune, and it's a good groove, then who am I to knock it?

I know who this is because I read *Billboard* and there's been some ads for Ronnie Laws and the album called *Fever*, so it's a good guess. I don't know how many other people have cut this tune this year. Unfortunately it gives me no indication of

how Ronnie Laws really can play, because he's playing that kind of honky-tonk style like Dave Sanborn—whom I adore—so I'm biased in that respect. That's who I'd rather hear play it. But it sounds like he can play. I give him three stars and the record four—but aesthetically, zero.

**4. THELONIOUS MONK.** *We See* (from *Monk*, Prestige). Monk, piano; Art Blakey, drums; Ray Copeland, trumpet; Frank Foster, tenor sax; Curly Russell, bass.

This is Thelonious Monk. His music to me is very personal. Whatever he plays—it could be a standard or one of his incredible compositions—all of them have been great, he puts his own stamp on it. It becomes a Monk tune. On an instrument that so many people play—look in the union book—he absolutely has captured his own style, and no one has been able to come close to being that innovative on that instrument. So he, to me, is one of the two or three great all-time musicians—and for a reason, not just by his reputation. His music has meant a lot to me. I learned how to play the drums by playing with his music. I know songs that he forgot he wrote.

My brother was his manager for many years and I was the original Monk groupie. I was always sitting around saying "Yeah T, whatever you say!" He'd say "Go in there and get me a glass of . . ." and I'd say "Yes sir! On the double!" I just love his music.

Art Blakey was playing the drums. As usual, I don't know the name of the composition. Art Blakey—if you view him with an analysis that is purely technical, you will not be knocked out. But if you play an instrument and you get the great opportunity to play with him, you find out he's one of the best drummers you could possibly play with. He makes a band sound great. He's band-oriented, so that's the reason why, when you think of Horace Silver or Freddie Hubbard and Wayne Shorter and Curtis Fuller and Cedar Walton, etc., they've all played with Art Blakey. There's a reason—not just because he hired them. It's because he's fun to play with.

The rest of the musicians I don't know. The saxophone player who took the last solo was sensational. I don't know who he was. Ray Copeland, I think, was the trumpet player because I know he was on the sessions with him. Monk surprisingly didn't use a trumpet that much in his small group things, and it's a shame in a way, because that extra harmony would have sounded nice on a lot of his tunes. Five stars. It has to be.

**5. ANTHONY BRAXTON.** *Side One, Cut One* (from *Creative Orchestra Music 1976*, Arista). Braxton, alto sax; Cecil Bridgewater, trumpet.

How can I explain this? In recording, it is a very old sounding recording. In the rhythm section there's an old style bebop kind of bounce feeling. The arranging . . . see, there's a fine line between avant garde and sloppiness.

**Feather:** There's also an overlap.

**Colomby:** Which I think we've just come upon here. There was some very interesting playing on this. I'm a melody man myself. I like to hear nice melodies and changes, although I can appreciate some of the more modern sounds if they have something to do with melody.

I'm going to guess by omission on this. The only act that is around now that I have heard nothing of is Anthony Braxton—and I've heard him described this way. But it could be anyone. But it's not my favorite kind of music.

There's a trumpet player by the name of Mike Lawrence, a sensational trumpet player who has been playing this style lately, and it's almost a shame, since he's such a great player. But that's just a guess.

It's hard to rate. I'd give it three for effort, because it's hard to do music like this. It's a lot of music to rehearse. db

# Profile

## ROBERT ROCKWELL

by bob protzman



HERB NOLAN

**R**obert Rockwell III has some modest and, most people would agree, praiseworthy goals as a musician—to remain creative and to reach a wider audience.

Other musicians and Rockwell's audiences seem to concur that he is achieving his first goal, and the second objective appears to be within reach now that the saxophonist and other members of the Twin Cities-based group, Natural Life, have signed an agreement for national distribution of their recordings.

Rockwell, at 30, seems ready to greet new listeners, and he is readying a new recording that he is confident will be worthy of being heard by new and bigger audiences. Geography may be the only roadblock. Rockwell wants to remain in Minneapolis. "I've been to the coasts and I don't care for the way you have to live," he says. Natural Life has had difficulty getting a recording contract apparently mostly because the group's music doesn't fit neatly into any category. "Some companies say we're not far-out enough; others say we're too deeply into jazz," shrugs Rockwell. He and Natural Life have not sat around, fingers crossed, waiting for a big break, however. They have established their own record company (Celebration Records, Bloomington, Minn. 55420) for which the group has produced two albums, the most recent being *Unnamed Lands* and *Natural Life I*. As a leader, Rockwell has done one LP, *Androids*.

Natural Life works every Thursday through Saturday in the Longhorn Eating Emporium and Saloon, a downtown Minneapolis club that features big name jazz once or twice monthly, usually for five-night runs. The group also had provided the opening act for touring groups in Twin Cities concert halls—for McCoy Tyner in the St. Paul Civic Center Theatre and Deodato and Woody Herman in Minneapolis' Orchestra Hall. More and more out-of-state club and college and university dates are coming their way also. And now they have a national recording distribution arrangement with ASI Records Inc., Minneapolis, certainly a major step in the two-year history of Natural Life.

Natural Life is important to Rockwell and vice versa, of course. The group was formed a couple years ago while Rockwell was home, supposedly on vacation, after having spent four years jobbing in Las Vegas or on the road with an assortment of people, including singer Tom Jones. "I decided I was going to play my own music. It was a big deci-

sion and I gave up good bread in making it. But I told myself that's why I started to play music in the first place. The money I made in Vegas has allowed me to do what I'm now doing," he says. He acknowledged that it was unusual to save money as a Vegas musician but said the more he saw guys living high out there, the more determined he became to put something away. "Natural Life was a big change for everyone. Almost from the start we did our own music and set goals, and it's worked out so far. We were more of a jam session band at first in the Poodle (a Minneapolis bar which eventually burned down and was owned by the Blumenthal family who now operate the Longhorn), but we got more into an organized thing when we moved to the Downtowner Motel (a spot with weekend jazz until it was taken over by a church group). We've dropped a lot of funk now to play more harmonically. The music, we feel, comes to us naturally. . . a lot of harmonics that we feel no one else is playing. I think highly of all the guys (Mike Elliott, guitar; Bobby Peterson, at one time with Buddy Rich, piano; Willard O. (Billy) Peterson, bass; and Paul Lagos, drums) or I wouldn't be playing with them," says Rockwell. He is especially high in his praise of bassist Billy Peterson. "He's one of the greatest playing today. He's also a great composer and when his new LP comes out, people are going to be amazed. He's been an inspiration to me." The whole band is looking forward to the fact that the Blumenthals are going to put a grand piano in the Longhorn. "Most of our tunes are written for an acoustic piano and don't sound as good as they should on electric," says Rockwell.

In conversation with Rockwell you soon notice that he is generous with praise for famous and not-so-famous musicians and rarely is critical. He'll bite his tongue before he'll lash out, but in gestures and attitude, he makes it clear that he has no respect for the musicians and groups who play far beneath their abilities or who fail to create or be original, and that list includes a lot of big names. Of drummer Eric Gravatt (now with McCoy Tyner) with whom he played for about a year in Natural Life, Rockwell says, "I learned a lot about African music from him. He was an inspiration." Much of the music that will be in Rockwell's forthcoming album was inspired by Gravatt when the drummer was living with Rockwell in the spring and summer of 1975. Cf fellow Twin Citian Bobby Lyle (now with Ronnie Laws and Pressure and formerly with Sly and the Family Stone), Rockwell says, "That's another player who should be mentioned in this piece. He's the greatest anywhere, bar none. If people could hear what he really can play." Rockwell also praises Dave Karr, a saxophonist-flutist who once was the towering figure among horn players on the Twin Cities scene and who now produces, composes, and plays commercials for Sound 80, a recording studio in Minneapolis.

Rockwell was born in Miami, Okla., but was brought to Minneapolis as an infant. He started playing clarinet at the age of 10 in a school music program and recalls, "It was easy right away for me, and fun too. I practiced all the time." He heard his first jazz at 13 and claims he told himself, "That's it, that's what I want to do." He says Gerry Mulligan was the first jazz musician he heard who interested him, so his first sax was a baritone. "Then I heard Dexter Gordon and John Coltrane and Sonny Rollins and got a tenor. I used to listen to records after school every day and every hour I could. They belonged to a friend's older sister." He also got some early theory lessons (9th grade), and in high school in the early 1960s played in small groups, mostly rock 'n' roll. After high school in 1963 he went on the road with a rock 'n' roll band and traveled to all sorts of points west. "But I got tired of that. I wanted to become a better player. Up to that point everything came to me by osmosis. I hadn't practiced. So I started woodshedding—seven or eight hours a day. I copied all Gene Am-

mons' and Sonny Stitt's solos, as well as those of Gordon and Coltrane (He feels, by the way, that Coltrane's sound comes from Gordon. "That's something to think about," he says). Then he decided he wanted to play bop, so he went into the Minneapolis strip joints along Hennepin Avenue, the only place then where jazz musicians could work regularly. There, with such musicians as Lyle, Bobby Crea (a saxophonist who has been with Buddy Rich and a number of other big bands), Hubert Eaves, and others, Rockwell says, "We played whatever we wanted—originals, Hancock's *Whiteyean Isles*, all of Miles' things and so on." Illustrative of life in the strip joints, however, is Rockwell's horror story about a woman threatening to take a machete to him because he wasn't playing something she could dance to. It's a joke among local jazzmen about the difficulties the strippers had working to jazz.

It was at that point that Rockwell started thinking of more money and taking less shit from people, as he puts it. "I started working on my doubles. Took up oboe, picked up my reading, and started playing shows at the Minnesota State Fair and elsewhere." He joined Lyle and they worked a black club in St. Paul (no longer a jazz spot) seven nights a week, plus a matinee. It was then that he learned some things from Twin Cities bop trumpeter Sam Bivins and a former Twin Citian, organist-pianist Frank Edwards. "Playing with Frank really was a popping scene. People would go crazy. I miss that kind of response that we used to get from all-black audiences. When the music is right, they respond with dancing and clapping and whatever." As far as his bop experiences go, Rockwell says proudly, "We still practice be-bop . . . playing tunes in every key and a lot of chord changes."

Rockwell left the Twin Cities and headed for Las Vegas in 1969, and has mostly good words about the whole scene there. "It was like going to school; in fact, better in a way because of the opportunity to play with experienced musicians. I played 16 hours a day, in big bands, rehearsal bands, small groups, everything. I can't say enough good things about all the musicians there. Although the rumors are that it was cutthroat out there, I found the musicians gentlemanly and willing to help." He stayed there until coming home "on vacation" in 1973, and here he remains.

Where is Rockwell's thinking now? "I believe in originality, but also in coming from the past," he says. He has what he says is an unusual saxophone (a Couf tenor) and mouthpiece (Strathorn) which he says is "big, powerful, and at the same time, clean." His mouthpieces are custom-made and he says he's one of the first to play that brand. "I'm trying to offer something that's not a copy," he says. "I don't think the public should be catered to. I think they should open their ears and try to learn and understand what the musicians are saying. The audience has to be a little more intelligent, able to listen."

Interestingly, Rockwell's major influence has been the approach used by Miles Davis, rather than other saxophonists. "I have no influences now. I think I have my own style now," he says. He says he is impressed, though, with Benny Maupin's *Jewel* and the *Lotus* LP and Keith Jarrett and Jan Garbarek on another ECM album, *Luminescence*.

Ironically, Rockwell and his colleagues in Natural Life are at least partly responsible for the Longhorn's name jazz policy, yet they've lost some work because of it. "Some of the acts bring our business way up, some drop it down afterward, so I think it evens out. But we have lost work because of the big names," he says.

Rockwell is a perfectionist in his personal as well as musical life. Being something of a health nut, he doesn't believe that booze and drugs and music mix well. "Any group's only as good as the weakest man. It takes only one dude . . ." he says. Possessor of a fine tan in the early spring, Rockwell got that from bicycling. He biked all winter and does 100 miles (count 'em!) on his day off, pedaling into Wisconsin and back for seven or eight hours in his spare time when he's not writing or practicing. He'd like to become a competitive racer but doesn't like to talk about it much. "I do it mostly just to work out," he says. There will be



something in his future album about the great black bike racer, Major Taylor, a turn of the 20th century world champion, Rockwell says.

About that album and the new distribution arrangement, Rockwell says, "We still have control over what we make and we have the option of re-

leasing something even if they don't want to because they feel it lacks commercial potential."

In other words, Rockwell will have his creativity intact. "Our product will not be diluted and we can retain the musical standards we feel we've set for ourselves," he summarizes. **db**

# caught...

Goodman: Comfort and Command

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## BENNY GOODMAN

Meadowbrook Festival  
Rochester, Michigan

Ravinia Festival  
Highland Park, Illinois

**Personnel:** Goodman, clarinet; Warren Vache, cornet; Buddy Tate (Ravinia), tenor sax; Peter Appleyard, vibes; Tom Fay, piano; Mike Moore, bass; Connie Kay, drums.

There aren't many musicians who after 50 years of recording can still be considered going strong artistically. Hines is one. Armstrong wasn't. Duke was. Basie is in his own orderly way. And so is Benny Goodman, the only charter member of the down beat poll winners who is still winning them.

Benny doesn't get off on talking about his past. His present is too interesting. But he's still a product of his experiences. So his repertoire is built on staples—*Sweet Georgia, That's a Plenty, Honeysuckle Rose* and so on. When he does a new tune, it most likely bears the pedigree of Broadway. *Have You Met My Wife* is a fragile cloud of cut crystal phrasing. And *Send in the Clowns* was performed by Goodman before Judy Collins.

But titles aren't the issue. Content is. And like Basie, who remains creative within the framework of a tiny repertoire (the blues and *I Got Rhythm* it seems), Goodman is forever carving new and sometimes startling forms from the rock of *Avalon* and *I Found A New Baby*. There is the comfort and command that comes from familiarity but still a sense of discovery. These tunes are to Goodman what landscapes were to Van Gogh.

Goodman prefers to run a loose ship. Solo sequences are concocted on the run, and riffs have a way of springing to life from nowhere in the middle of a solo. As ensembles, Goodman's groups leave a lot to be desired. They have a workhorse sound without real cohesiveness or cultivation. Their saving grace is that they're not intended to be anything more than what they are. They provide an even-handed adequacy.

Goodman keeps them that way, I suppose, in order to preserve potential—to keep musical options open from chorus to chorus. His willingness to rely on the stimulation of the moment rather than the security of routine is refreshing. It certainly keeps the other musicians on their toes. In fact, sometimes you get the feeling that more emotional energy is spent psyching out the vibes of the leader than concentrating on music. In any case, the capacity for surprise is constantly there. And the



BOB SHELLI

exceptional can always lie just beyond the next bar. Goodman has kept his integrity as an improviser.

Warren Vache on cornet was the other front line horn at Meadowbrook. An admirer of Armstrong but hardly an imitator, he has subtlety, a way with a phrase, better than average ideas and clarity, and the ability to pour it on when it counts. His feature tune at both concerts, *You Took Advantage of Me*, nicely showcased the quieter elements of his playing at moderate tempo.

Buddy Tate made it a three horn lineup at Ravinia, where he swung with broad strut and swagger. His rugged tone is uncharacteristic of past Goodman tenors, but his he-man attack was right at home in the group's more aggressive moments. Bassist Mike Moore imparted a dark somberness to *Come Sunday*. After a peppy but standardized *Fascinatin' Rhythm*, vibist Peter Appleyard found himself confronted with a standing ovation and demands for an encore. He seemed taken by surprise judging by the length of his deliberations over the second number. "You know another tune, don't ya," quipped Goodman. A very engaging *After You've Gone* followed. Appleyard is an excellent musician who seems more than content to limit his role in jazz to that of a surrogate Lionel Hampton. Connie Kay was discreetly unobtrusive save for a powerful display on *Sing Sing Sing*.

—john mcdonough

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## HANNA/MRAZ/ BRIDGEWATER

Hopper's, New York City

**Personnel:** Roland Hanna, piano; George Mraz, bass; Dee Dee Bridgewater, vocals.

This was a trio date. Make no mistake about it, it was not Dee Dee Bridgewater with sidemen Roland Hanna and George Mraz. Hanna and Mraz opened each set as the starring duo, got into their numbers, and rightfully deserved the spotlight.

Roland's interpretation of *Billie's Bounce* was taken at a medium-fast tempo with interpolations of virtuosity that only he is capable of. His technique made this Charlie Parker classic into a new piece entirely. Roland seems to warm up *before* he gets into the club. He practices at home most of the afternoon, whether he is writing, transcribing Debussy, or merely exercising. This makes for an even performance with no "just warming up" cop-outs.

*Allemande* from the *Child of Gemini Suite* continued with the dynamics that color every Hanna outing. He takes his piano through extremes in volume the way some orators drop from a fever pitch to a whisper.

Composer Hanna's *El Toro and the Geisha* and *Mediterranean Seascape* are masterpieces in the classic sense of the word. *El Toro* is based on the tale of the same name and is in a Hungarian mode with Spanish overtones. It is practically a classical piece with an Eastern pentatonic base not unlike the scale used on a koto played by a Flamenco oriented artist. Mraz was pizzicato behind Roland but arco during his solo.

*Seascape*, first heard on the New York Jazz Quartet recording on CTI, was magnificently conceived. The second chorus was a light bossa tempo, and Roland really dug in on this one. He ran the gamut from block chords to runs. The left hand knocked out the chords while the right hand never stopped inventing. Then, the piece moved into a Spanish march with a Vince Guaraldi "Charlie Brown" feeling—light, but serious. The march tempo took over but succumbed to a swinging 4/4 in the right hand as the left stayed sentinal. A masterpiece.

Dee Dee joined the duo after her stint as Glinda, the good witch from some compass point, in *The Wiz*, her Tony award winner. She opened with Chick Corea's *Sea Journey*, not an easy tune to play let alone sing. In her hands, the tune had a distinctly African feel, and it was immediately noticeable that her stylings were in the Sarah Vaughan vein. She rode with and above the chords, playing with the changes whenever she could. She interjected nuances like an instrumentalist, twisting and slurring bars at will. It's also a pleasure to see her share the "trio" format, allowing room for solo space by Mraz and Hanna.

I have heard *Here's That Rainy Day* by just about every type of singer imaginable, from the choreographed Shirley Bassey to the lithe Frank Sinatra, but no one has done it in as down a tempo as Ms. Bridgewater. After what passed for the bridge they brightened it up . . . to at least a whole note per bar! George chose to syncopate rather than try to insinuate a beat. The effect was a laid back feeling. In the meantime, the piano was gradually doubling the tempo into a quasi bolero and then slowly down again.

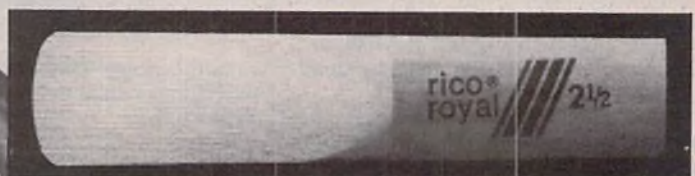
In *Mr. Bojangles*, Dee Dee extended the line adding extra bars before the refrain the first time around. Here, again, it was the Sassy influence as she did the same thing to the final "Mister-r-r-r-r . . .", carrying it over into the concluding word, "dance." Nobody took the last chorus—Dee Dee scatted it out, Roland played fills and George comped, evoking a sort of let-the-notes-fall-where-they-may feeling.

The next two numbers pointed up something that may be puzzling a number of us who are watching Ms. Bridgewater's career with interest and curiosity. *Feel Like Making Love* was more hype than hip, indicating that perhaps she wants to make a chanteuse of herself, more of a nightclub act than an inventive vocalist. She showed off some of her upper octave range and got down with some "soulful" intonations, more forced than natural. *Home*, that little bit of pathos that Stephanie Mills (Dorothy in *The Wiz*) sings to close the show, fared no better as a solo vehicle for Dee Dee than it did for Stephanie.

But then the multi-faceted singer turned our heads again as she performed the Bobby Hutcherson-Doug Carn composition *Little Bee*. On Mongo's *Afro Blue*, the trio did a long abstract, sans words, before the familiar tempo and melody hit. Hanna's piano was in full control—his break was not played with the melody but in the manner of inverting the chords and working them into the line.

Dee Dee worked a blues into one of the sets: an impromptu opus which Roland dubbed *Dee Dee's Blues*. It was an indication of the kind of musicianship that is natural to her. Couple this with the arrival of her first solo offering and we may see the emergence of a singer that

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—arnold jay smith

## HANNIBAL

The Kitchen, New York City

**Personnel:** Hannibal (Marvin Peterson), trumpet, koto; Enrico Rava, Charles Sullivan, trumpets; Michael Gibbs, Roswell Rudd, trombones; Joe Daley, tuba; Ken McIntyre, Pat Patrick, Richard Peck, tenor saxes, flutes; Dave Burrell, piano; Ron McClure, bass; Freddie Waits, drums.

The Kitchen is a loft in New York's Soho district, with everyone seated on wooden chairs, or the floor. The Kitchen concert with Hannibal was the first in a series by The Jazz Composers Orchestra, an almost overt alternative to the Newport Jazz Festival. Newport never seems to offer enough of the "New" music—and that's what The JCOA is about.

Hannibal's music was so new that it wasn't exactly finished. It was more of a work-in-progress making it all the more exciting for the audience. Hannibal prefaced the happening: "I'm not quite sure yet how to start this piece." But with a prelude on the koto, with flutes and bells sounding, it started.

Hannibal titled the piece *A Study in Sound and Motion*, and that's what it was from the first, fragments of winds and rhythms serving as a prelude to swirls of sounds and solos. Dave Burrell was in a fury, Freddie Waits played a whirlwind, making the energy awesome at times. An "intuitive musical style," Hannibal called it. The music happens as the players will it, almost as if the music itself wills it. "I don't like to stop people when they're playing," Hannibal said. "It's like



VERYL OAKLAND

stopping them when they're making love, you know." And the players were often that ecstatic, what Hannibal thinks of as "the good ingredients for this cake, or whatever we're baking."

The first half of the *Study* climaxed in a march and ended with the players just breathing "sounds of life." The second half began with bursts, Hannibal pointing for certain "ingredients" to happen. Enrico Rava was blistering, going higher and higher. Roswell Rudd was rambunctious, more down-to-earth. Through it all, Burrell and Waits were ferocious, sometimes into an avant boogaloo, sometimes just explosive.

Hannibal never exactly conducted—except as a conductor of the musical electricity—but more often was laughing and jumping about whenever pleased, which was often. And the climax of it all was Hannibal himself, one of the truly new voices on trumpet, a limber musical acrobat at once sinuous and sensuous.

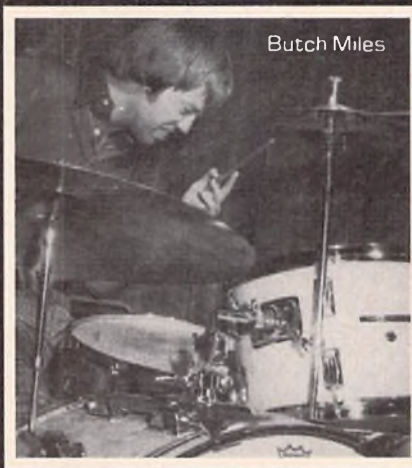
—michael bourne

# ON THE PEARL BEAT

## Pearl drives the big bands

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ing. Young musicians hear of Von's reputation, discover that he's always ready to let them sit in with his group and to talk about music with them. "The more you try different things, the more people want you to try," he says. "Then when you look back and sum it up, it doesn't mean anything. I told my son, 'Try to find Chico now. Nobody's going to recognize you for it. If guys standing next to you play like Coltrane, Sonny Rollins, Sonny Stitt, James Moody, they're going to listen to those guys long before they listen to you. But you got to understand that you're doing something they're not: you're building yourself.'

"For every guy who's trying to play his own thing there must be a thousand who're trying

to play like Coltrane or Sonny Rollins. But they're never going to touch Sonny doing Sonny's thing no way—it's a big waste. I tell a young man, 'If you're a true jazz musician, you've got to play your own thing. That's the only way you're going to get any satisfaction out of it.'"

But Von modifies and amplifies his point, making along the way a crucial statement about the creative process. "I know it's very hard to play what you hear. Most people play what comes out of their horns—very few are playing what they want to play. I think Louis Armstrong did it, and Bird and Prez, and at one time Roy Eldridge did it, and I think my brother George and Wilbur Ware did too. A really heavy jazzman wants to express his thoughts, but on his instrument. This is an art that's only given to a few, and it's something

you have to really study, work, and sweat, and fight, and cry to get."

Von's particular instrument of expression is an old Martin sax equipped with a 2½ Rico reed and a No. 5 Otto Link mouthpiece. "I've been through 30 or 40 of those Links—bumping them, getting them stolen. Just last week Chico sent me a new Five from New York.

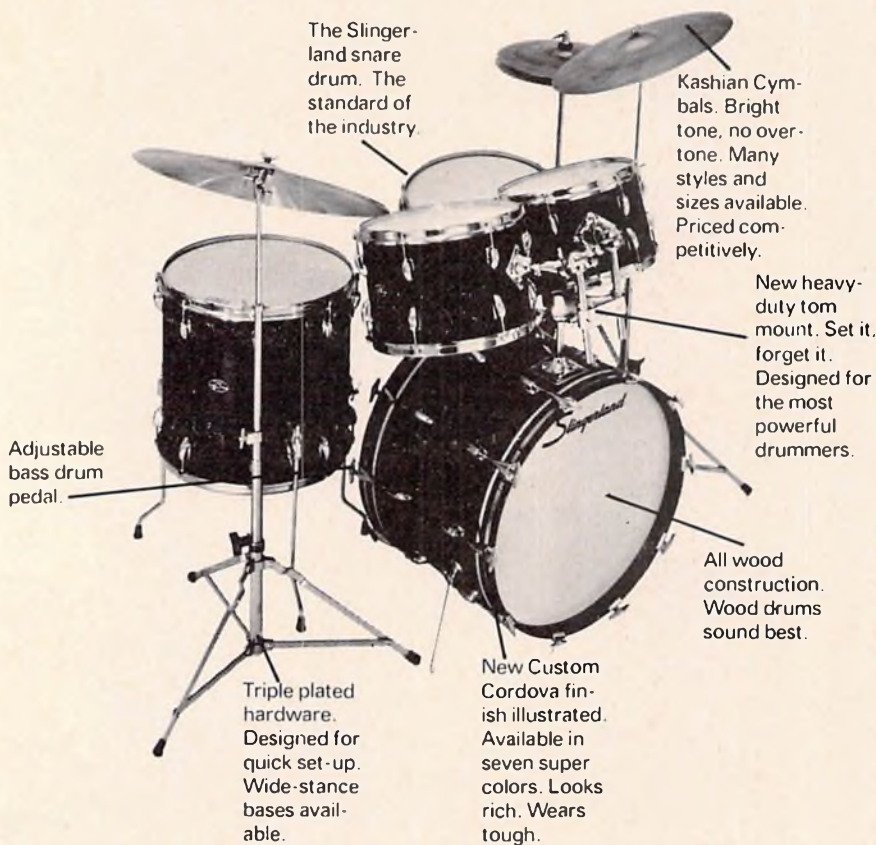
"But sometimes on records, I wonder if I was able to get what I was really thinking? Sometimes it might be only eight bars or a chorus, then that thing would escape me. Not that anything I've had to say is earth-shaking, but some of these hard numbers, there's so many beautiful ways to play, and you know you're missing them. People might say, 'You're playing nice,' but they have no idea what you had in mind. I heard a radio transcription that said Beethoven wrote this little part (*hums a snatch of the Fifth Symphony*) eight times before he got it right. Now, maybe you or I would have been satisfied with the first seven versions."

Yet I recall Von, many times, achieving an exalted state of creation. "If the Creator sends me something, I'll work with it. That's something I can't force myself to do." What is the difference between invention and creation? "Inventing is when you just use your tools. Every musician has chord patterns he's run a million times. But when you create, you might run anything, and when it ends even you might not know where you started, because you're playing on a higher plane. Creating comes from the Creator. I know when the Creator has His arms around me I can play anything I want to play. When that leaves, just like everybody else, I have to resort to the devices I know and the knowledge I have—that's inventing."

Is there a distinctive Chicago tenor saxophone style, notably unique in the mainstream of jazz or even recognizable next to regional styles evolved in Detroit, Philadelphia, Texas and so on? Von believes so. Gene Ammons may have been the best known Chicago tenorist, but similarities of repertoire, tempo choices, and, frequently, even methods of improvisational development appear again and again in Chicago music. I suspect Lester Young had an extraordinary impact on two generations of Chicago musicians; critic Dan Morgenstern and others point to the all-pervasive influence of Chicago blues. Von Freeman says, "We're all out of this same bag, out of this ghetto here on the South Side. All of us got the same conception. The popular tunes, any of us might have made popular. People here like this (*pats a medium-fast tempo on his knee*), and if you can't keep that tempo you can't keep a gig. It's that simple."

Von recalls some two dozen Chicago tenor-men as he talks. Most are all but forgotten, or locked into day gigs, emerging only at sessions. Von, Griffin, Jordan, Sun Ra's men, and few others have persisted with dignity intact. "The guys here just grow older and more bitter. Of course, you can't play jazz music bitter, at least not the way I perceive it. If I get evil or upset, I might as well not play. Of course, I've been doing it so long that I can do it under those conditions. But since I'm not making any money I surely want to enjoy it. That would be adding insult to injury, sitting up there not making any money and being disgusted also. That's why I got some of the best musicians in town, and I play as long or as short as I want. These are the things that take the place of making money."

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the coach of a football team; he knows everybody is going to leave eventually, nobody is going to be on the band until the last gig, whatever that might be. Since I've been on we've had four lead trumpet players and four different drummers, which are the most important chairs as far as the sound and feeling of the band are concerned, and there have been half a dozen bass players. Almost every time it has been good, but it's always different. So the cats come on and it takes a long time to get to know Woody, I don't care who you are. Maybe it's better that way, I don't know."

"The musicians I see now," said Woody, "have been exposed to more, and they've had guidance at the very early levels which wasn't available years ago. A young man can learn more in two semesters than it would take us years to find out. It's a different system, a different world. They don't have the detours because they already know that shit. That's why

*"I was there toward the end of the First Herd (1946). The rhythm was Jimmy Rowles, Don Lammond and Joe Mondragon. Flip Phillips was still with the band. Bill Harris was in the trombone section and Sonny Berman was on trumpet. I thought it was one of the best rhythm sections ever, even better than when Chubby Jackson and Davey Tough were there. After me there was no guitar; in fact, Woody disbanded and he thought about becoming a disc jockey. Of all the tunes, I loved the performance of Summer Sequence; there was a guitar spot written in and I had a lot to do with it. I was only 22 at the time. Woody was a marvelous leader and as fine a person as well."*

—chuck wayne

I think we've got a healthier, cleaner bunch of young cats in music today. You almost have to be straight to play the music today, it's too hard...."

The fall of 1946: Woody Herman meets Igor Stravinsky. A mutual friend of Woody's, a bass player who went to work for some major song publishers, was transferred to California and became acquainted with Stravinsky: "Well, this guy took it upon himself to take our records up to the old man's house," remembered Herman with amusement. "And he'd point out what the trumpets were doing, you know, and evidently after a few vodkas and some wine, Stravinsky decided that it was pretty good.

"The first thing I heard was that he had been in touch with one of the band's lawyers and had said Stravinsky might be interested in writing something for the band. I said yeah, sure, you bet," Woody's voice recalling his skepticism. "It was too unbelievable. The next thing I knew I got a wire from Stravinsky saying he had been working on this piece and it would be his Christmas present to the band and me because he enjoyed our musicianship, or something, and he hoped to have it before Christmas, could he visit and rehearse it with us?

"Sure enough, I guess it was around October or November, he was starting a conducting tour, when he showed up in New York with

the score. We were playing the Paramount Theater, five or six shows a day, and between shows we'd go up to an indoor rehearsal room on the roof. We felt a little plebeian, like some of the cats didn't read too good—including me. But the man had the patience of Job, he would hum the part to you, whistle it to you, stand over and count it out with you, and when we'd finish an hour's session because it was time to go back to the pit, he would say, 'Ah, you are a good band.' He was having a ball with it, and I am sure some of that was

*"I was with Woody during '48 and '49, but I wrote Four Brothers in '47 before I came with them. It wasn't recorded until '48. It changed his band around. It was Gene Roland who discovered the sound of the four tenors at Nola Studios in New York. He came out west where we had a band consisting of Stan Getz, Zoot Sims, Herbie Steward and myself. They all joined Woody Herman except me. The sax section then was normal—two, two and one—and when I was asked to write something, I dashed Four Brothers off, calling it Four Mothers.*

*"It wasn't an easy piece to learn and when the recording ban happened, they had to record everything in the book. It took 22 takes. I was with Jimmy Dorsey at the time, but I replaced Zoot Sims with Woody later. At that time Sam Marowitz was a fifth reed, on alto. Gene Ammons replaced Stan Getz later. Woody was so fantastic to work with. He really understood the creative musician and did his best to encourage it. He knew how to run a band. He proved it; he's still running one. It was a high point in my life. Don Lammond was a key spark to the sound that the Second Herd got, crisp. Getz was central to that sound. Oscar Pettiford was on bass. Chubby Jackson's sound on the five string bass contributed a great deal to the First Herd. Arrangers Ralph Burns and Neal Hefti contributed pieces, especially Let It Snow by Hefti. Al Cohn's Music For Dancers was one of my favorites. Stravinsky had a lot to do with the band. Hefti's intro and ending to Let It Snow were precursors to extended classical jazz and Stravinsky was classical, period. The band not only played his Ebony Concerto written for Woody, but played Petroushka, as well."*

—jimmy giuffre

due to the enthusiasm of the guys in working so hard and wanting to play it.

"I'll never forget he had added a horn, harp and percussion to our band, and they were naturally people from the New York Philharmonic. The horn man was a typical commercial symphony player: What time is it? When does the session start? That type. Finally he said, 'Mr. Stravinsky, on bar such and such do you want the G flat to sound like an F sharp, or something like that.'" Woody put on his best Russian accent. "The old man said, 'Let me hear the part'—by himself—and he had more open bars than he did playing bars. Stravinsky made him count the whole goddamn



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thing; he counted for ten minutes and our guys were hysterical trying to keep from cracking up and this guy was turning blue. So the old man knew what to do when a cat came on too heavy.

"The rehearsing went on for two days and the really funny thing about it was when we'd go to the pit—you know down into the basement, get into the pit and fly up to stage level, all that shit—he'd be going next door to Sardi's for a little caviar and vodka. Everything was beautiful. Then he'd come back, 'Ach, now we go again', and we're dragging our asses out of the pit. Finally somebody had the balls—I didn't—to say the fellows are tired, they have to play shows. You know, he didn't know what the hell we were doing; then he went down and caught the show."

Stravinsky's *Ebony Concerto* was performed by the Woody Herman band a month later under the baton of a Philharmonic assistant conductor, Stravinsky having already gone on tour. "It was probably the highest point in my musical career because of the great honor, the warmth of doing the piece and working with someone as kind and patient as he was."

Within two years the band had gone through a major musical evolution, becoming the Second Herd—the Four Brothers band. "I blew a lot of money with that band, about \$175,000 which I couldn't recoup. That was a lot of money to me. Yet it was a great band, and today I think it was an important one historically in what we were doing musically. It was the bop era and we took advantage of it. But commercially as far as selling it, it was

very difficult. We ran into a lot of opposition from people who madly loved the '45 and '46 band, and who hated what we were doing in '48 and '49.

"I think what we were doing was trying to take advantage of the music the young composers like Charlie Parker and Dizzy were coming up with. It was new music and I wanted to be involved, but a lot of jazz enthusiasts could not make the transition from just a swinging driving band to another point of sophistication. We were using different harmonies and a much more subtle approach."

The Four Brothers band firmly established the mellow, three tenor, one baritone sound that remains today. "The sound of three tenors and a baritone is restrictive," observed Anderson. "It has a constant mellowness, which is a good thing, but not all the time. Actually, we function more as soloists than as a sax section, which has a lot to do with the way the band is miked and having to perform live all the time. It's different if you are writing for a rehearsal band or in a studio situation. But if you're playing in a parking lot. . . . I can't write intricate woodwind parts, for example, because you have problems getting the sound out. I write a lot of unison things and double many parts so you'll be sure you are going to be heard."

As section leader, Frank Tiberi often finds himself parts that were written with an alto in mind, since the alto is usually the lead horn in a saxophone section. "The band was originally written for the Four Brothers sound so we have that sound. But writers today write lead parts for an alto and it's a little difficult to try and get an alto sound out of tenor. Many

charts are written very high and I think a lot of them should require an alto. Of course Woody handles a great deal of the alto parts, particularly the beautiful lush things, but on fast tunes it's usually handled by the tenor."

"There was a whole lot of America that wasn't ready for what the Four Brothers band was doing—as I found out," continued Woody. "You take one giant step forward and then go back 18." Herman let out a slight sigh. "I guess my one quality is I am terribly stubborn, and if somebody says you can't do that it's like waving a red flag in front of me.

"There was another low period in the early '50s, and we got so desperate we started our own record company—that's a point of desperation—it was the Mars label. That way we

*"It was a long time ago. I was on the band for 15 months, replacing Herbie Steward, so I didn't make the Four Brothers recording. It was the first time Zoot and I ever worked together. And the leadership of Woody was great. Stan had the most to play, Zoot had some, and I had a little. We were on the road a lot of the time. That was a traveling band alright. We were pretty young then; I was 23. You can take a lot more when you're young. We played arrangements, mostly by Ralph Burns, although we'd play an occasional head arrangement. Jimmy Giuffre started writing a few things and I did, too. Imagine, Woody was maybe 35 at the time, not much older than the guys in the band. We thought that he was a pretty old guy. Now I think he was pretty young. He is definitely the boss when he's up there. He controls what the band plays. When you are on the road doing one-nighters, everything becomes fused into one whole. You can't remember all the little specifics. It all runs together."* —al coh

were able to keep something going and show people we had other thoughts and ideas. I think some of it lives on rather well and some of it was nothin'. Urbie Green, Carl Fontana, and Bill Perkins came up through that band, so we were saying something. Life is forever like that, a giant step forward and then back in line."

Woody's next most visible period was during the early '60s with what might be called the '63 band. It included Bill Chase, Sal Nistico, Jake Hanna, Nat Pierce, Bobby Jones and Phil Wilson. "All we were doing with that band was getting a good level of everything we had done. In other words, we weren't coming up with anything brand new or moving ahead very fast, but we did have a marvelous vehicle to show what we *could* do. It was a fantastically good, swinging, hard-ass band. We were just polishing a lot of good music, making it as good as we possibly could with excellent players.

"After that band reached its best point, or climax, I was hellbent again on experimentation because I felt the jazz-rock thing was beginning with people like Miles Davis. I wanted to know what we could do about it—that's what started that—what we are playing now evolved out of that period. I'm trying to keep my ear to the ground and if there is something going I'd like to find out about it."

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"The band's direction? It's pretty hard for a band to just abruptly change," said Tiberi, "but the latest direction is best symbolized by Lyle Mays' arrangement of *Penny Arcade*, which is a really hot, James Brown, fatback rock thing. He'll accept these things, and I think we'll continue to go into tonality charts that require a soloist to express some superimposed chords and apply some of the new ideas being heard. Generally, Woody will request material that is substantial and straightahead, I don't think he's ready for any wild, free form sketches."

"I've had a great deal of luck by having the right people help me do the things I like to do. You have to have that in life," Woody stated, more comfortable after a hotel change. "The only complaints I have are the ones that hinder our progress. God damn it, I still get very upset about the record industry, the television industry, and, even worse, the radio industry—they won't give us a break."

"There could be a whole new future for bands if we could get the media interested in investing a certain amount of money in build-

***"The whole band was a great experience for me. The saxes got the attention because of Four Brothers. But they (everybody) were all such great musicians. We read pretty well, but we still had to rehearse, just like any other band. Woody was great to work for. I had a good time with the band. We worked hard, a lot of one-nighters."***

—zoot sims

ing new bands with young people with new ideas. What's been happening is that the high schools' and colleges' heavy involvement in jazz is creating a sophisticated audience that will be the best in the world in a few years; for the first time an audience will really know what they are listening to and why they are listening to it. It just isn't some form of amusement.

"When we do private parties with an age group that's closer to mine, 90 percent of what they will ask for, other than *Woodchopper's Ball*, is something that is identified with some other band; they don't know which band did what to whom. Not that I expect them to, but that's what it always was with that audience, it was amusement, nothing more or less, there wasn't anything serious there at all. Yet they are the expounders of the theory and the slop verbiage that asks whatever happened to good music? I try to remind them that so much of that 'good' music they believe in so firmly was garbage. They say, 'The music of the '30s, wasn't that wonderful?' The music of the '30s? In 1931 the number one song in America on the sheets and everything was a tune called *When The Bloom Is On The Sage*, and that was one of the worst pieces of shit that was ever identified with American music. They're not kidding me, because I was there. Of course there were a lot of great composers around, as there are today, and there was and still is a lot of slop, so what's the big deal?"

"There is a brilliant future for bands," Woody continued, "if we can get financial and other kinds of help from the record industry first, then radio and television. It's a combination of all three. They invest money in a lot of projects but thus far they have been pretty deaf to the big band sound."

"It's all there, I don't think big bands have

to be a dying proposition, I don't buy it and I won't accept it. If it does happen, it will be because we were defeated, but I don't think the young people coming up are going to put up with it. There is a great deal of involvement on their part and I think the record industry is stupid for ignoring it—they're very short-sighted.

"We received two gold records over a period of 40 years, right? So our batting average is not that great," Woody added as an afterthought. "But the point is, I make mention of the fact to remind people that the reason for a gold record is that the performance sold a lot of copies. It has nothing to do with the quality. I remind audiences of this and then I do *Laura* (the first gold record). Actually, I don't think *Laura* ever did sell a million in the initial pressing, and I'll tell you why. It was wartime and I don't think there was that much shellac available. So there are games played everyday."

"As far as big bands are concerned, the potential is there. But to get somebody to accept it or buy it is something else. The reason they buy me is they *know* me—not because they know anything about the groove we're into, or what I've been into for the past 40 years. . . . Music is just background for the majority of people."

Gary Anderson turned slightly in his seat to peer out the window as the bus neared the hotel: "I'm glad Woody's not doing what some bands are doing and getting into disco things just to sell records. I am glad he is trying to maintain a certain standard in what he's doing musically. Disco wouldn't work with a band like this. What happens is you gain an unfaithful audience that just wants to hear some false product that was created in a studio and not the other stuff you have to offer; it just creates a fight on stage. What good is that? I'd rather have 100 people who want to hear what we are playing than 1000 who just want to hear one tune that was pushed on the radio."

"You know," said Anderson, "there is a lot of blues in this band, every key is covered. Somebody told me once that when you come on the band the first thing that will happen is Woody will count off a fast blues in a very strange key and have you solo until you have exhausted all your ideas. It isn't true, but I was so paranoid I kept asking people when's he going to call this fast blues. Then I'd go home and practice all the keys everyday. . . ."

Woody laughed and laughed when he heard Anderson's story. "Some guy started some shit, you know how that goes." He paused, "It probably came from Joe Venuti." db

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all that up-and-go stuff, the problem still remains. The problem is still there.

"Not that the blues is rid of the problem. The problem's still the same, you know. But it gives you time to sit back so you can get an idea to help solve your problem. It might be a blues or a ballad, as long as it's slow and easy on the ear so that you can think. Also, the person sittin' next to you might be sayin' something that you can get an idea from. But if the music's too loud, or in too big a hurry, you say 'hold it.'"

Getting back to his own intentions, Albert said: "I've been tryin' to get the music so it can get through to the people. I like the song to be interestin'. I like the lyrics to be interestin', I like *how* I sing the song to be interestin'. A lot of people say, 'Well, what kind of blues do you play?' Some people claim it's a modern kind of blues. But I always wonder what that is!"

When I suggested that Albert's best work had a timeless quality that people would still be responding to, even 200 years in the future, Albert's mood became somber. "It's a pure shame I won't be somewhere listenin'. If I do be here a hundred years from now, I wouldn't even know what's goin' on. I'd be so old I couldn't realize it. But that time's comin' for everybody. You start to realize that time's slippin' out from under me here! Gotta do somethin'. Gotta station me somewhere and do somethin' that I can depend on. Hmmm-mm. Yeah, it's somethin' to think about. But it's nothin' to worry about. It's goin' to come. You can't get out of your life to save your life.

Yeah, now is the time for me to be worryin' about something to do *now*. Somethin' that's good, that might help somebody. That's all I'm interested in now."

This led to a consideration of younger players who seem capable of carrying on the blues tradition. "Right now there's just so much confusion with all the youngsters fightin' to get into the top bracket. I thought at one time the Allman Brothers were goin' to hang in there and do some real fine stuff. I thought at one time Blood Sweat and Tears was goin' to hang in there and do some real fine stuff. And Elvin Bishop. Thought he was goin' to do somethin' but I haven't heard nothin' from him lately. And Mike Bloomfield. . . .

"But Mike, you have to consider him because he's come back again. Got himself all straightened out and everythin', and he's doin' real well. And Paul Butterfield. He's a beautiful player. Beautiful person. Real good harp player. But I just got lost from him. I don't know where he's at. And James Cotton. I don't know what happened to him. Good harp player. I gotta go check up on some of these guys to see what's goin' on. Now these guys, they can do it if they want to. But you can't guarantee that they'll do it, you know. All you can do is hope."

I next asked Albert about the pressure facing musicians to use the latest musical fads in order to appeal to wider audiences. "Yeah, that's no good. Lots of 'em have tried to make it and they want to make it the straight way. Then when they couldn't, they turn over and do different things and get on that dope and stuff. Somebody works on the weak side of 'em and say 'You do this and I'll do that.' Me? That never woulda happened to me because I back

up in a minute. When it don't sound right or it don't feel right, I'll tell ya, wait till next time.

"My excitement days is all over. I ain't excited about nothin' no more. I wanta help some people if I can. Especially the poor people. I just want to do something good for somebody, you know. Don't matter what color he is or who they are. If they can't make it or need a lift, even a small lift, that small lift might help make it easier. So as long as I can do that, I'm happy and satisfied.

"I like to play for kids, you know. I love it. My first trip to California with Bill Graham (in 1965) was where I really found out that this is what I want to do. I wanta play for the kids. It's the kids that inspired me to go ahead. The truth is that I was ready to give music up and go into the truckin' business. I was workin' hard to get me some money to buy some trucks. But playin' Fillmore was the biggest turnin' point of my life.

"The kids were so nice. I love 'em to death. They just made me feel like playin', man. I never had so many people as were out there stand up and make me work. Applause. Standing ovation. They appreciated what I was doin' and that's what made me know this is where I want to be. I thought if they like it, I'm goin' to give 'em more of it. So, I said well let me get my heels clicking and get into it."

Albert then explained how he had met up with rock impresario Bill Graham. "I was playin' in a little club in East St. Louis from 2 to 6. I'd just finished a gig in St. Louis from 9 to 1, same night. Before that I'd finished one from 4 to 8, the same day. So when I got to the East St. Louis club there were two hippies sittin' in there. They made themselves acquainted and one guy said 'I'm Paul and this is



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Bill.' They stayed for the rest of the night. Talked. Had a few beers. A few of the girls that I knew went over and kept them company. Had kind of a little light party. And they said give me your name and address and phone number and we'll get a gig together for you in San Francisco. I said okay, but didn't pay 'em no mind. So 'bout three or four weeks later on a Sunday mornin' my phone rang. And a guy says 'Albert,' and I say 'yeah,' and he says, 'This is Bill.' I said 'Bill who?' And he said, "Remember those two hippies that stayed up with you in East St. Louis?" It turned out they had a three day gig for me. He said to send a contract. So I had my wife type up a contract. They erased the \$500 and put \$1000 down there and sent a cashier's check for \$1000. They also paid for my travel expenses. So I knew they were serious.

"I got together a group that could make the trip and we took off. And when we got there the show lineup was Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin and Big Brother and the Holding Company. Janis was singin' with them then and I knew Jimi from Tennessee.

"Well, we started off at the old Fillmore. That wouldn't hold all the people. We had to move over to Winterland which is right across the highway. But there were still too many people. So after three days, they held us over for two more days. And on the last day there was just as many people there tryin' to get in as there was the first day. So I went out for three days and ended up stayin' for three weeks. More money than I ever made in my life. Over 7000 dollars. So then I played around there in St. Louis for a while, back to playin' gigs. Then I decided this is not the place for me. It's not my crowd."

Since that eventful summer of 1965, Albert has mostly confined his playing to college concerts, name clubs and festivals. With all the traveling that such a schedule entails, I inquired about keeping a steady band together. "Last week I had to turn down a tour of Australia with Leon Russell. He wanted me to go but he didn't want me to take my band. I can't give a good performance without my band. They know what I'm doin', you know. And when I do my show, they know all my moves. They mean everything to me.

"If I can't please the kids then I'm no good. I might want to go back but if I don't have my band and it don't sound right, then they might not have me back. If I don't do a good job the first time, there might not be a second. I have to have my band. Can't go without my band. Don't make sense, you know."

I next asked Albert if his music had changed over the years. "It had to. I play a kind of modern blues and I wanta keep up with what's happenin' now. I still wanta keep the old feeling of the blues but I want it modern. So I have to mix it up and I guess you could call that brightening up the blues."

Our conversation then turned to the range of material that King has recorded. I asked specifically about Albert's ability to take other composers' songs and make them sound like his own. "If their songs have a good feel to 'em, I'll do 'em. Then my producer will get an arranger to arrange around it. So that puts it in a different bracket from like the old style I used to play, the old Muddy Waters style, the old Howlin' Wolf style.

"It's been said that the blues would never make the Top 100. Well, I wanted the blues to be able to get up as high as any other tune. So

in order to do that you have to have somethin' in there that's goin' to sell to everybody. There's got to be somethin' in it that will stick in the mind. It's got to have a chance to just go right on up the chart. There's got to be somethin' in it like semi-rock or semi-disco. But it can still be the blues."

When I asked Albert about his future plans he said: "I'm goin' to stay right here with Utopia and RCA until I retire." When I expressed disbelief at the mention of retirement, Albert explained, "I'm tired. I want to enjoy some of what I've done. When I retire I'm not gonna quit working on records. I wanta build me a house in Mississippi and I wanta put a recordin' studio in. If you got your own studio, I can think of a lot of things you could do. Maybe a hit tune will come up to you in your sleep. Maybe you dreamed about it and if you got your own studio you can just wake up and call the engineer and say, 'Come down here right away,' and then get in there and just do it and just start playin'."

In wrapping up our dialogue, I asked Albert about his latest Utopia album, which is tagged *Albert King*. "You gotta hear it. It's got some great band things. Great horn tracks and lines. Woo! Wait'll you hear it! You just give a listen to it. It's good. Everything is precise. Everything is interestin'. Every verse, every lick, every horn line, everything!"

Caught up in his own enthusiasm, Albert departed with these words: "Okay, young fella, you just tell 'em if they wanta slow down they can. But I'm not goin' to." Interspersed with his easy self-deprecating laughter, Albert issued a final mock-serious promise: "I'm not goin' to slow down. I'm goin' to keep on goin'!"



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## HOW TO look at the Lyricon

by Dr. William L. Fowler

"On the Lyricon, you have radically different sounds instantly at your command. It's really geared for live performance." Tom Scott

Sensitive ears, controlled embouchures, intensive practice—these seem to be enough for acoustic flutists to find nightingales in their silver pipes. In their search for super-sound, acoustic woodwinders may not require prior comprehension of the whys of Helmholtz resonances, standing waves, and the like. Apparently acoustic instrument expression comes not so much from knowing why an instrument works as from knowing how to work that instrument. Now there's the Lyricon, an electronic woodwind whose tonal varieties might surpass those of any Bird City wherein dwell canaries and crows, larks and macaws, thrushes and parrots, as well as whole nightingale families. To transform electronic circuits into living sound, must the Lyricon player first comprehend the whys of switches and transducers? No more than the traditional instrumentalist need know the scientific of acoustics.

Roger Noble and Willaim Bernardi, the Lyricon co-inventors, anticipated possible performance difficulties. Like a pair of modern Boehms, they eliminated awkward player-control by building cooperating convenience features into both their instrument and its computerized control console. One knob on the console, for example, can transpose the basic fingering pattern on the instrument to other keys. No need to know why—knowing how far to twist is enough! For the player, turning that one knob equals reaching for an alto sax, a tenor, a bass flute, an English horn, or any other transposing instrument. Through Noble and Bernardi's careful planning of player-control processes, what could have been bewildering became simple and practical. Consequently, the Lyricon constitutes a natural double for woodwind players in search of a synthesizer. For them, here's the gist of the Lyricon story.

On the short instrument body, keyed something like a Boehm system clarinet and mouth-pieced like a tenor sax, separate transducers respond individually to changes in wind pressure and lip pressure. The wind transducer controls general attack, timbre and dynamics, while the lip transducer independently alters tone color and pitch. By combining these controls, the player can achieve any degree of expressive nuance. Scoops, bends, slurs, staccatos, crescendos, diminuendos, and vibrato all lie in the performer's lips and lungs as fingers on keys project the melodic line.

That should be enough of an intro. Let Noble and Bernardi now develop the theme:

"We recognized from the start that our research must concentrate on human interface control systems (how the human body engages and controls a physical system) rather than the more esoteric area of the electronic sound generating systems. Although the Lyricon is totally electronic, its philosophy is based on acoustic principles—the same principles by which any of the classic woodwinds, strings, brass or percussion instruments operate. The five essential components of any sound that exists in nature are: attack, pitch, timbre, loudness, and decay. The quality and character of any musical sound, there, is wholly determined by these five components. In order to properly translate the ideas and feelings of a musician accurately, a musical instrument must have control, to some degree, over all these components. An acoustic instrument is basically a highly sensitive and articulate control system coupled to a human player who is capable of transmitting highly subtle degrees of control into the acoustic sound generating system. The complexity lies not with the acoustic body of the instrument, but with the ability of the instrument to interface and relate to the player.

"The development of the computer console was achieved simultaneously with the design of the Lyricon control system. The console was given the task of taking these various and complex control signals generated by the player through the Lyricon control system and converting them to the complex tonal variations and character that the player intended. In order to design the console, it was again necessary to understand the highly complex workings of the conventional acoustic instruments and convert these highly subjective acoustic factors into definitive terms which could then be adapted to electronic techniques. In many cases it was necessary to invent new circuits in order to accomplish this end. The Lyricon computer console is, in essence, an electronic analog model that contains the necessary elements or "building blocks" of sound. Enabling the player to control the inner mechanisms of the computer console without having to understand necessarily the nature of its operation gives the player the ability to recreate a musical sound through the use of his own natural facilities.

"It was necessary to design a completely new fingering system for the Lyricon since the generation of sound did not depend on the properties inherent in an acoustic horn. Yet, for practical reasons as well as ease of learning, the fingering system had to be of a conventional nature (compatible with the Boehm system of fingering). After much experimentation, we conceived the idea of an augmenting sharps and flats system of fingering logic that, in addition to being compatible with the conventional Boehm system, was unique in its own right. With the Lyricon fingering technique, the player has at his disposal an unusually flexible fingering logic system that enables him to execute easily musical passages that would be considered difficult if not impossible on conventional acoustic instruments. Designed in this fashion, the Lyricon can be played by anyone familiar with woodwinds almost immediately, even though this player may have no knowledge of the inner workings of the device."

Tom Scott concurs: "What the guys have done is actually study acoustic instruments and their characteristics and try to design an instrument which reflects those characteristics. It feels very much like I'm playing an acoustic instrument."

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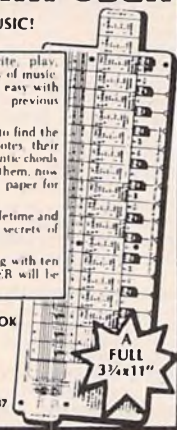
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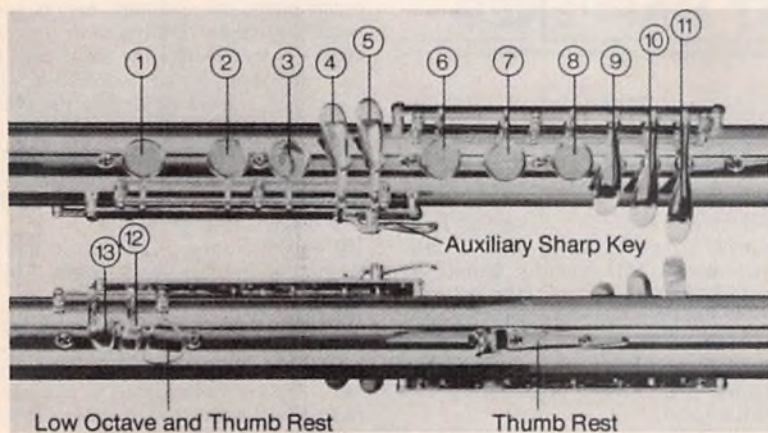
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THUMB (R)	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•
LEFT HAND FINGERS	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•
RIGHT HAND FINGERS	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•

MIDDLE REGISTER (MODIFIED BOEHM SYSTEM)

	D <sup>4</sup>	D <sup>#</sup> E <sup>b</sup>	E <sup>4</sup> F <sup>b</sup>	E <sup>#</sup> F <sup>#</sup>	F <sup>#</sup> G <sup>b</sup>	G <sup>4</sup>	G <sup>#</sup> A <sup>b</sup>	A <sup>4</sup>	A <sup>#</sup> B <sup>b</sup>	B <sup>4</sup> C <sup>b</sup>	B <sup>#</sup> C <sup>#</sup>	C <sup>#</sup> D <sup>b</sup>
THUMB (L)	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
LEFT HAND FINGERS	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•
RIGHT HAND FINGERS	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•

8va .....

UPPER REGISTER (MODIFIED BOEHM SYSTEM)

	D <sup>4</sup>	D <sup>#</sup> E <sup>b</sup>	E <sup>4</sup> F <sup>b</sup>	E <sup>#</sup> F <sup>#</sup>	F <sup>#</sup> G <sup>b</sup>	G <sup>4</sup>	G <sup>#</sup> A <sup>b</sup>	A <sup>4</sup>	A <sup>#</sup> B <sup>b</sup>	B <sup>4</sup> C <sup>b</sup>	B <sup>#</sup> C <sup>#</sup>	C <sup>#</sup> D <sup>b</sup>	D <sup>4</sup>	D <sup>#</sup> E <sup>b</sup>
THUMB (L)	12	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2
LEFT HAND FINGERS	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•
RIGHT HAND FINGERS	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•



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NEW YORK

New York University (Loeb Student Center): Highlights in Jazz w/Art Farmer, Roland Hanna, Frank Wess, Paul Jeffrey Octet (10/20).

Carnegie Hall: Bill Withers (10/23); The Paul Whiteman Concert (10/29); Jon Lucien (10/30).

Fisher Hall: ECM Jazz Artists (10/20); Tower of Power (10/22).

Bottom Line: Mose Allison and Stuff w/Gordon Edwards, Cornell Dupree, Steve Gadd, Eric Gale, Christopher Parker, Richard Tee (10/21-24); Jimmy Buffet (10/25-26); Ry Cooder (10/27-28).

Bemelman's Bar (Hotel Carlyle): Marian McPartland.

Le Petit Cafe (Sherry Netherland Hotel): Hank Jones.

Cookery: Mary Lou Williams (thru 11/4); Dick Hyman (Sun.).

Damian's Jazz Club (Bronx): Open jam session (Nightly); Mary Connelly Quintet (Mon. and Tues.); Harry Shields and Bones of Contention (Wed.); Peter Ponzol & Pyramid (Thurs.); Lou Romana Trio (Fri. and Sat.); Kenny Kirkwood Trio (Sun.).

Folk City: Albert Dailey & Friends (Sun. 4-8PM).

Arthur's: Mabel Godwin, piano.

Blue Moon II (Lake Ronkonkoma, L.I.): Mickey Sheen and his famous contemporary jazz all stars (Tues.-Sun.).

Club Sanno: YoHo Music presents "Jazz In A Japanese Garden" (Sat. eves.).

P.S. 77: Bucky Pizzarelli (Mon., Thurs.-Sat.).

Westchester Premier Theatre (Tarrytown, N.Y.): The Spinners/Della Reese (thru 10/24); Ella Fitzgerald, Count Basie, Oscar Peterson and Joe Pass (11/3-7).

Memorial West United Presbyterian Church (Newark, N.J.): Jazz Vespers (5 PM Sun.).

Ethical Humanist Society (Garden City, L.I.): International Art of Jazz presents Roland Hanna and the New York Jazz Quartet featuring Frank Wess (10/24).

All's Alley: Rashied Ali and guests.

Sonny's Place (Seaford, L.I.): Arnie Lawrence (10/22-23); Taft Jordan (10/29-30).

Fearn's Harness Shop (Roslyn, L.I.): Jeff Cohen and Bill Miller (Thurs.).

The West End: Phil Schaap presents: Franc Williams Swing Four (Mon. & Tues.); Harold Ashby Quartet (Wed.); Swing to Bop Quintet (Thurs. &

Fri.); Two Tenor Boogie (Sat. & Sun.).

Central Presbyterian Church (St. Peters): Jazz Vespers; Paul Deneka (10/24, 5PM).

Chalet Restaurant (Roslyn, L.I.): Alan Palansker and Bill Miller (Fri. & Sat.).

Tramps: Patti Wicks (Sat.).

Backstage: Patti Wicks (Mon., Tues., Thurs., Fri. 6-8); (Wed. & Sat. 7-9).

C. W. Post College (Greenville, L.I.): Ragtime concert featuring Joe "Fingers" Carr, Dick Hyman, Neville Dickie, Dick Wellstood, The St. Louis Ragtimers, Bob Sealey and Dave Jason (10/30).

Hotel Biltmore (Grand Ballroom): Overseas Press Club presents Cab Calloway w/Milt Hinton, Doc Cheatham, Cozy Cole, Eddie Barefield and Hank Jones (10/27).

Empire Room (Waldorf-Astoria): Peggy Lee (thru 10/23); Chita Rivera (opens 10/26).

Cleo's: Mabel Mercer (thru 10/31).

Cafe Carlyle (Hotel Carlyle): Bobby Short.

Michael's Pub: Earl Hines (thru 10/31).

Gulliver's (West Paterson, N.J.): Helen Humes w/Major Holley Trio (10/22-23); Gerry Niewood (10/29-30); Dennis Quinn (10/25); Jack Leone/Mike Grady (11/1); Mack Goldsberry and the Jazz Explosion (10/27); Dick Wellstood (10/19, 21, 24, 26 & 28).

Village Gate: Charles Mingus (thru 10/31).

Columbia University (Ferris Booth Hall): The New Music Orchestra/Charles Tyler (10/30).

Sweet Basil: Junior Mance/Marty Rivera (10/21-24); Lisle Atkinson/Jimmy Ponder (10/27-31); Dick Hyman (11/2-7); Woodwind Quartet featuring Paul McCandless (Sun. in Nov.).

East Third Street Bilingual Workshop: Olu Dara (10/22-23); Frank Lowe (10/29-30).

Creative Music Studio (Woodstock, N.Y.): Fall session of workshops, listening, performing personal communication (thru 12/13).

Town Hall: Interludes at 5:45 PM with Gretchen Wyler (10/27); Allan Jones (11/3); Concerts For Kids: Charles Mingus and Josh White, Jr. (11/6).

The Kitchen: Organic Music Theatre w/Don Cherry (10/21-24); Oliver Lake (10/30); Jim Fulkerson (10/31).

Storville: Dexter Gordon w/ Woody Shaw & Horace Parlan (10/20-21).

Barbara's: Art Blakey, Jr. (Mon. & Thurs.); Jeff Hittman (Sun.).

Bradley's: Jimmy Rowles.

Eddie Condon's: Red Balaban & Cats.

Crawdaddy: Sammy Price.

Gaslight Club: Sam Ullano.

Gregory's: Brooks Karr Trio w/ Sonny Greer, Russell Procope & Alicia Sherman, vocals (Wed.-Sun.); Warren Chiasson Trio w/ Chuck Wayne & Jack Six (Mon.-Tues.); Wilber Little & Walter Davis, Jr. replace Wayne & Six (Sun. 6-9PM).

It's A Small World (Harrison, N.J.): Mack Golds-

bury Quartet & Bob Mikula (Mon.); Harry Leahy & Roy Cummings (Tues.); Jimmy DeAngelis & Pat Mahoney (Wed.); Bill Cody Ensemble w/ Eddie Crawford (Thurs.); Small World Jazz Ensemble w/ Goldsbury (Fri.); Van Dixon (Sat.).

**Jazzmania Society:** Jazzmania Allstars.  
**Bar None:** Dardenelle at the piano.  
**Jim Smith's Village Corner:** Lance Hayward (Mon., Tues., Thurs., Sun.).

**Jimmy Ryan's:** Roy Eldridge (Mon.-Sat.); Max Kaminsky (Sun.).

**Village Vanguard:** Billy Harper (10/19-24); Dexter Gordon (10/26-31); Joe Farrell (opens 10/2); Gil Evans Orchestra (Mons. thru 10/18).

## LOS ANGELES

**Concerts By The Sea:** Norman Connors (10/12-24); Laurindo Almeida/Baroque Jazz Ensemble (10/26-28); closed—(annual vacation) (10/29-11/7).

**Lighthouse:** Cedar Walton (10/21-31).  
**U.C.L.A. (Royce Hall):** Joe Pass (10/30).  
**El Camino College:** L.A. Four (10/30).

**Pilgrimage Theatre:** Devorah & Julius Ivory (10/24); Dave Mackay Trio (10/31).

**Queen Mary (Long Beach):** United Jazz Clubs Bicentennial Celebration (10/31).

**Donte's:** Jazz all week; details 769-1566.  
**The Cellar:** Les De Merle & Transfusion (Mon.); details 487-0419.

**Sand Dance (Long Beach):** Jazz Thurs.-Sat.; details 438-2026.

**Parisian Room:** Top name jazz all week; details 936-0678.

**Baked Potato:** Seawind (Mon. & Tues.); Don Randi (Wed.-Sat.).

**Hungry Joe's:** Orange County Rhythm Machine (Mon.); Various Artists (Tues.-Sun.).

**Troubador:** Occasional jazz; details 276-6168.

**King Arthur's Restaurant:** Big bands every Fri. & Sat.; details 347-3338.

**Studio Cafe (Balboa):** Illiad (Wed. & Thurs.); Storyville (Fri. & Sat.); Jam session (Sun. 12-6 PM).

**Memory Lane:** O. C. Smith.

**Eagle Rock High School:** Concerts (2nd Sun. of month).

**Roxy:** Occasional Jazz; details 878-2222.  
**Jimmy Smith's Supper Club:** Jimmy Smith Trio & special guests (Thurs.-Sat.); Jam session (Mon.).

**Azz Izz (Venice):** Jazz nightly; details 399-9567.

**Come Back Inn (Venice):** Various jazz groups (Tues.-Sun.).

**Sneaky Pete's (Hollywood):** Dave Mackay Trio.  
**Irish Knight (Toluca Lake):** Jazz nightly; details 845-2727.

## CHICAGO

**Jazz Showcase:** Barney Kessel and Herb Ellis (10/20-24); Nat Adderley (10/27-31); In November Leon Thomas, Dexter Gordon, Louis Hayes and Woody Shaw; call 337-1000 for details.

**Amazingrace:** Persuasions (10/22-24); name jazz and contemporary music regularly; call 328-2489 for details.

**Ratso's:** Name jazz and contemporary music nightly; call 935-1505 for details.

**Orphan's:** Synthesis (Mon.); Ears (Tues.); Joe Daley Jazz Quorum (Wed.).

**Transitions East:** Muhil Richard Abrams Big Band (Mon.).

**Enterprise Lounge:** Von Freeman (Mon.).

**Ivanhoe:** Name jazz and contemporary music regularly; call 929-1777 for details.

**Wise Fools Pub:** Dave Remington Big Band (Mon.).

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## SAN DIEGO

**Crossroads:** The Group (Fri.-Sat.).

**Oceanus (La Jolla):** Joe Marillo Quartet (Wed.-Sun.); Guy Richards (Mon.-Tues.).

**Jose Murphy's:** Stream (Sun.).

**Palais 500:** Dick Braun Big Band (Tues.-Sat.).

**Albatross (Del Mar):** Nova (Sun.-Wed.); Island (Thurs.-Sat.).

**Mississippi Room:** Bob Hinkle Trio (Tues.-Sat.); Jackson Pierce (Sun.-Mon.).

**Le Cote d'Azur:** Island (Mon.-Wed.).

**Culpeppers (San Carlos):** Mark Augustin (Thurs.-Sun.).

**John Bull (National City):** Rubaiyat (Wed.-Sat.).

**Convention Center:** Manhattan Transfer w/ Martin Mull (10/1); The Crusaders w/ John Klemmer (10/2); Lou Rawls (10/23); Tower of Power (Nov.).

**Straithead Sound:** call 465-9997.

**Cafe Del Rey Moro (Balboa Park):** Orange Music (Weds.-Sun.).

**Joe's Fish Market (Escondido):** Rich Hunt (Weds.-Sun.); Storm (Thurs.-Sat.).

**Back Door:** John Hartford (10/15).

**Sportsman:** Jazz jam (Sun., 2:30-7:30).

**Chuck's Steak House (La Jolla):** Zzaj (Thurs.-Sun.).

**Safety:** Gentlemen's Quarterly (regs.); Jazz jam (Sun., 4:30 PM).

## BUFFALO

**Anchor Bar:** Johnny Gibson Trio every Fri., Sat., Sun.

**Traffamadore Cafe:** Live jazz Wed., Fri., Sat., Sonny Fortune (Oct. 15, 16, 17); Dexter Gordon (Nov. 19, 20, 21).



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**St. George's Table:** Jazz, weekends.

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**Uptown:** *Nancy Wilson* (10/27-30).

**John Knox Village:** *Art Smith's K.C. Jazz Band* (10/17).

**Top of the Crown:** *Means/DeVan Trio*.

**Papa Nick's:** *Roy Searcy*.

**Alameda Plaza Roof:** *Frank Smith Trio*.

**Friends of Jazz Concert Series:** Call 361-5200.

**Pandora's Box:** Saturday session (4-7 PM).

**DETROIT**

**Baker's Keyboard:** *Yusef Lateef* (10/14-24); *Ron Carter* (10/27-31); *Les McCann* (11/5-14); *Kenny Burrell* (11/19-28).

**db's Club** (Hyatt Regency): *Four Freshmen* (11/4-13); *Buddy Greco* (11/15-20); *Stan Getz* (11/22-27).

**Bruno's:** *Detroit Blues Band* with *Garfield* (Fri.-Sat.).

**Club Mozambique:** Name Jazz and Blues Artists.

**Raven Gallery:** *Gove* (10/5-17); *Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee* (10/19-24); *Claudia Schmidt* and *Steve Wade* (10/26-11/7); *Chad Mitchell* (11/9-21).

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**The Agora New World Of Jazz:** Jazz on Tuesday Nights, 8 & 11 PM shows; *Tim Weisberg* (10/26); *Shawn Phillips* (11/2); *Thad Jones/Mel Lewis Orchestra*, and *New York Mary* (11/9); *Brian Auger* and *L.A. Express* (11/16).

**Front Row Theatre**, (Highland Heights): *Manhattan Transfer* (10/21).

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## SOUND IS ROUND

The musical sounds you listen to are in fact concentric waveforms similar to the impression you get as an object is dropped into water. The rings displayed on the surface are visual images of the way sound waves travel. Because sound is round we felt it was quite obvious to use a sphere to project and reinforce the sound wave. So, using this application, we designed the **soundsphere**. The **soundsphere** loudspeaker enclosure allows you to actually feel the difference. Dispersion characteristics as well as efficiency vs. fidelity problems are vastly improved. In the past, just about all loudspeaker enclosures offered one plane of sound coming from a box, whether we talk of your present home stereo speakers or the conventional and out of date "black boxes" used for professional sound. Either way, the result was sound coming from a box and sounding like a box. The **soundsphere** is a magnificent conception; its shape suggests a resolve.



As the bass and midrange transducers pump their response into the two reflector dishes, the sound wave is propelled around the sphere, which houses the transducers, thus creating a cleaner, more accurate and highly dispersed sound.

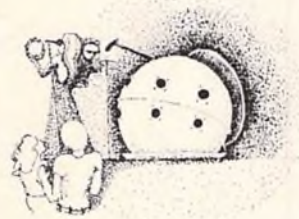
## MORE WITH LESS



Truly, your ears get more with less. Functionalism and utility are unique benefits of the **soundsphere**. Economy of space and amplifier power used to attain desired levels of distortion-free sound are examples. Weight and size are always significant, especially if you're on the road. You'll really appreciate the amount of level with two **soundspheres**, instead of three or four conventional boxes and large heavy horns for your P.A.. The **soundsphere 27** measures 32" high x 34" wide and weighs 68 pounds.

SONIC SYSTEMS, INC.

576 Post Road  
Darien, Connecticut USA 06820



The **soundsphere** is a full range loudspeaker enclosure that will fulfill any mission from club, restaurant, or disco, to concert stage and even stadiums. The enclosure works so well that the **soundsphere** handles 250/350 watts RMS without doubling up or breaking up in any way, although the actual transducer we've employed may have a maximum stated power handling capacity of only 150 watts RMS. We realize that how loud a speaker plays is not the total measure. Highlighting the **soundsphere's** economic and functional design, less amplifier power is necessary to produce desired levels for P.A. use, musical instruments and home entertainment. Each component works less and realizes more. Superior dispersion allows for less level resulting in a clean full sound, without distortion, reducing listener fatigue.

Nothing forces customers away from a club or disco faster than loud, distorted music. With the **soundsphere**, headaches and irritability are eliminated. Those vital psycho-acoustic benefits are the continued economic application of the "sphere". The **soundsphere** can deliver 360° of dispersion in low and mid-range and well over 200° in high end.

Don't just take our word for it. Less McCann has been using our enclosure almost since its beginning. The word is out. Stop listening to "square" music. Remember, sound is round, you'll feel the difference. Feel for yourself. Drop us a line or just ask your nearest professional instrument dealer or other fine audio supplier about the revolutionary

## soundsphere





In the past, there has been some debate over which clarinet was the best. Now that's changing. Because of the Selmer (Paris) 10G. And because of the people who are playing it. People like Pasquale Cardillo. Anthony Gigliotti. Louis Paul. David Shifrin. And many other professionals who depend on the music they make. They wouldn't play anything else.



**Selmer**  
The Selmer Company  
P.O. Box 310  
Elkhart, IN 46514