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MAY 13, 1971

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the first chorus

By **CHARLES SUBER**

SEVERAL WORDS ARE in order about combos and small jazz ensembles operating on the school music scene. Most of the words have to do with improvisation without which jazz is a wingless bird.

It is a hard to take fact that only recently—the last two or three years—that improvisation has been taught in or out of school. (The diminution of improvisation since the days of Scarlatti/Bach/Mozart is another subject for another day.) Too many educators, encouraged by school administrators, have neglected individual creativity in their anxiety to build musical edifices in their own image and honor. "My concert band", "my string program", and "my stage band" were, and are, statements about real feelings many educators have about school music. True enough, this self-serving attitude has produced some exciting and productive music, but at its best, it is a case of a well-designed, well-oiled machine turning out a good standard product from an obedient array of standardized component musicians. Jazz has a different imperative. There is still a discipline of harmonic design but the color and passion of the player's musical personality is paramount.

Given the circumstances under which jazz operates in schools, it is understandable why big bands have flourished while small ensembles scratch for nourishment. Union lines and brass-colored dynamics are not that dissimilar from concert and marching bands, and you can rehearse 20 or more players at one time. (The fact that meter and time may be conceptually different in jazz explains many of the rhythm section problems in school bands.) Who's got time to bother with a combo? (Or a percussion ensemble, jazz brass or woodwind choir, guitar ensemble, etc.). "... and whataya mean teach improvisation? I got to prepare 115 kids for the state contest!"

Things do improve when schools think of a jazz program rather than a *stage band* program which usually limits the music activity to big band performance. A jazz program means, and demands, lab band(s), small ensemble(s), arranging, and improvisation. That's when boys and girls begin to musically mature. And age is no limitation. Herb Wong has his kids (at Washington Elementary School, Berkeley, Cal.) improvising on real instruments at the hitherto-underestimated age of five. Clem DeRosa (of the New York DeRosas) proved years ago that sub-teen musicians take to improvisation easily when ear training is the early basis for musical study. Dave Baker (and Jamey Aebersold/Jerry Coker/John LaPorta/Phil Rizzo/et al) have proven that anyone who can read and breathe can be taught to improvise. Bob Share, of Berklee, puts it succinctly: "A person's ability to learn jazz (improvisation) is limited only by his capacity to accept teaching."

For those of you who feel stymied by your school administration, hearken to this bright bit of news. An investigator from the North Central Association (the accrediting agency for the Chicago area) found only one thing to criticize in his report on the music program of New Trier West High School (Northfield, Ill.). He felt that the improvisation class was so good that it should be open to more students than the present schedule allowed. So in September, Roger Mills, the originator of the school's jazz program, will have over 120 students enrolled in improvisation classes, five days a week, *for credit*.

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Coordinator for the regional CJFs. Charles Suber

Each regional CJF programs approximately 20 jazz/blues/ jazz-rock ensembles (band, combo, vocal) selected on the merit of a taped performance from applicants from junior and senior colleges, and universities. *These festivals include separate program for high school jazz ensembles and clinics.

Standard adjudication under the direction of the National Association of Jazz Educators. One band, one combo, and (at the discretion of the judges) one vocalist or vocal group are chosen to represent each regional CJF at the American College Jazz Festival. All expenses for these ensembles are paid for by the ACJF sponsors. The ACJF itself is non-competitive. However, scholarships and other awards are made to outstanding student musicians and arrangers.

For ticket information to all festivals use coupon

The 1971 Regional College Jazz Festivals:

- March 13** . . . Southwest College Jazz Festival
University of Texas (Austin)
- March 27-28** . . . Midwest College Jazz Festival*
Elmhurst College (Chicago, Ill.)
- April 2-3** . . . Southern College Jazz Festival*
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- April 3** . . . Pacific Coast College Jazz Festival
San Fernando Valley College
(Northridge, L.A., Calif.)
- April 16-18** . . . New England College Jazz Festival*
Quinnipiac College (Hamden, Conn.)
- April 23-24** . . . Inter-Mountain College Jazz Festival
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May 13, 1971

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Re: Letter by Miss Sally Wright
(db, March 4)

I've been a reader of *down beat* for a long time and feel that I would be a "jive cat" should I sit idly by mumbling, "Right on!—Off the 'Beat' ", while someone not quite sure of her musical facts and history ripped-off the magazine unjustly. Miss Sally Wright may be unaware that outside of "trade" publications most musicians, especially Black musicians, are hard pressed to find an appraisal of their work in print. *down beat* has consistently tried to keep us attuned to what the *young* "dynamite" artists and the *ancient* Cro-Magnons of the '30s and '40s are doing.

I don't question the *emotional* honesty of her reaction to Morgenstern's column. Where she failed to engage this reader was with her fuzzy logic and custom-tailored facts. Taking on *down beat*, editor Morgenstern, AND the broadcast industry is a tall order which calls for an intellect of similar dimension. As one of the "faceless" Black musicians, I welcome a defender—but only if, in defense of me, institutions and persons sympathetic to my cause are not smeared with the same brush as those which are not.

The measure of a magazine is not so much *when* it takes notice of an exceptional artist. There would be room for question *if* the magazine never bothered to do so.

What may seem "revolutionary" to Miss Wright may only seem "evolutionary" to an alert editorial staff. Does this position then place the magazines and writers on the ever-expanding list of racists? I'm not convinced that it does. I think Miss Wright is dead wrong, but I'm grateful for her concern.

Leo B. Porter

New York City, N.Y.

Sullivan Echoes

I'm writing concerning the appearance of Rahsaan, Archie (Shepp), Mingus, Roy Haynes, etc. on the *Ed Sullivan Show*.

It was a drag. First and most of all, the music was inferior because it was mixed up with too many dominant personalities. Second, it was a sellout on the parts of CBS and the performing artists. Everybody knows why they appeared on TV: because of the Jazz&Peoples' Movement. So CBS was obliging and got a bunch of jazz "greats" and put them on TV without any musical forethought. The artists had a chance to have at least four groups on CBS from the one group that did appear.

When will our great musicians realize

their worth and stop letting the man exploit them—not to speak of the music? Well, CBS did their part—our side flubbed.

I respect the musicians who appeared on that show, but you can count me as one who knows they didn't do s . . . but make some small amount of bread for a very few. Of CBS, I ask: was that the token show—our only choice?

Leroy Jenkins
AACM Violinist

New York City, N.Y.

Ego Trip

I've been very happy with the addition of rock music and the branches of it to your excellent publication, specifically, your Feb. 4 issue which informed me of Chase and their virtuosic director, Bill Chase.

I would also like to thank you for the New Products section and related articles on electronic knick-knacks.

Long live Mike Bourne. He writes with such depth, probably because he doesn't trip all over his own ego. He gives one interesting features and opinions which he doesn't try to force-feed the reader.

When my subscription finally runs out, I will be honored to subscribe once again, under one condition—that I'll be able to subscribe for a longer period.

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downbeat NEWS

SOUL AND BLUES LOOM BIG ON NEWPORT MENU

Soul, blues and big bands will be the main dishes on the 1971 Newport Jazz Festival menu, judging from the tentative program announced in early April.

Though everything at this point is subject to change, it is certain that the festival will be back on its traditional four-day schedule, running from Friday July 2 through Monday, July 5.

Friday evening will include pianists Eubie Blake and Willie (The Lion) Smith, the bands of Duke Ellington, Stan Kenton and Buddy Rich, and the Voices of East Harlem. Saturday afternoon promises Charles Mingus, Ornette Coleman, Lee Morgan, and the New York Bass Violin Choir directed by Bill Lee.

Saturday night offers Dionne Warwick, Mary Lou Williams, Dave Brubeck with Paul Desmond and Gerry Mulligan, and a jam session with Dizzy Gillespie, Freddie Hubbard, Cannonball Adderley, Gene Ammons, Sonny Stitt, Jimmy Smith and Herbie Mann.

Sunday afternoon's line up includes Aretha Franklin, Rahsaan Roland Kirk, King Curtis, and Les McCann, while the evening program will be the *Schlitz Salute to the Blues*, featuring B. B. King, Joe Turner, T-Bone Walker, Ray Charles, Cleanhead Vinson and the Allman Brothers Band.

In order to allow fans an early start for home on Monday, the day's program will begin at 4 p.m. and end at 10. The attractions will be Roberta Flack, Billy Eckstine, and the groups of Gillespie, Adderley, Hubbard and George Shearing.

Please bear in mind that this a tentative program, subject to change. For further information, including ticket prices and this year's special Greyhound package tours, write Newport Jazz Festival, P.O. Box 329, Newport, R.I. 02840.

FIRST EUROPEAN TOUR PLANNED FOR GIL EVANS

Strange as it may seem, Gil Evans has not as yet visited Europe or any other foreign shores, though his music has won him countless admirers throughout the world.

This situation is about to be remedied. Plans are under way for a European tour of a specially assembled Gil Evans Orchestra, consisting at least in part of U.S. musicians. The tour, presently planned for mid-June through July, is being organized and coordinated by the Netherlands Jazz Foundation.

In addition to concerts in the major European nations, performances in Spain, Ireland, Finland and Yugoslavia, plus possible visits to other Eastern European

countries and North Africa are on the agenda.

Evans recently signed with Capitol Records, and an album was in the process of



ANITA EVANS

preparation at this writing. Furthermore, the Berlin Jazz Festival is interested in obtaining Evans' services to lead its annual "dream band."

In all, 1971 looks like a promising year for the great composer-arranger.

PARTICIPANTS, GUESTS SET FOR ACJF IN MAY

Four jazz bands, four combos, and one vocalist have been chosen thus far from recently-held Regional College Jazz Festivals to perform at the 2nd Annual American College Jazz Festival May 14-16 at the Krannert Center for the Performing Arts on the campus of the University of Illinois (Urbana).

Representing the Southwest CJF: the big band from North Texas State Univ. (Denton); combo from Texas Southern Univ. Representing the Midwest CJF: big band from Wisconsin State Univ. (Eau Claire); combo from Malcolm X College (Chicago). From the Pacific Coast CJF: big band from the College of San Mateo (Cal.); combo from San Fernando Valley College (Northridge, Cal.); vocalist Antonio Arvonio, also from SFVC. Representing the Southern CJF: big band from State Univ. of New York, College at Fredonia; combo from Southern Univ. (Baton Rouge, La.)

In addition to the winners of the remaining three regional CJFs, five more college jazz ensembles will have been invited by April 30 to perform at the ACJF on the basis of their "current contribution to school jazz". Five top jazz performers—Clark Terry, Dizzy Gillespie, Bill Watrous, Al Cohn, and Bill Evans—will play with the invited bands. Also invited is Fred Hamilton of the Univ. of Northern Colo-

rado (Greeley). He will conduct one of the invited bands in a performance of his original jazz composition commissioned by the JFK Center. Hamilton was chosen as the outstanding student composer-arranger of the 1970 ACJF.

Three outstanding Illinois high school bands will also perform: Champaign Central, Herscher, and Notre Dame (Niles). The expenses of all participants are paid by the festival's sponsors, American Airlines and American Express. The ACJF is presented by the JFK Center and the Krannert Center in association with downbeat, with the cooperation of the American Federation of Musicians and the National Association of Jazz Educators. Willis Conover is the executive producer and emcee of the ACJF; Charles Suber is the coordinator for the regional CJFs.

N.Y.'S JAZZ ADVENTURES EXPANDS ACTIVITIES

Jazz Adventures, the young organization led by the enterprising businessman and ex-musician and singer Jack Tafoya, is making itself felt on the New York jazz scene.

In late March, after running successful Friday "Jazz at Noon" sessions for several months at the Downbeat restaurant, Tafoya moved his operations to the Martinique, a once well-known and ideally situated room at 57 W. 57th St. It has been rebubbed The Jazz Center, and Tafoya intends to make it just that.

He has already obtained the cooperation of Jazz Interactions, the N.Y. Hot Jazz Society, and the Duke Ellington Society, all of which will present their functions at the new location. In addition, he has expanded the weekly Jazz Adventures noon sessions to include Wednesdays as well as Fridays.

The latter are now devoted to big bands, and kicked off with Lew Anderson's 17-piecer on April 2, featuring trumpeter Danny Stiles and trombonist Bill Watrous. Next up was a Clark Terry-Phil Wilson unit, followed by Clem DeRosa's College All Stars with Marian McParland as guest artist, and Al Porcino's Band of the Century.

On Wednesday noon, singer Ona Truth was up first, followed by Maxine Sullivan, the guitar duo of George Barnes and Bucky Pizzarelli, and Balaban&Cats. Both on Fridays and Wednesdays, the Jazz Adventures Trio (Hal Galper, piano; Mike Moore, bass; Jimmy Madison, drums) also performs and/or accompanies.

Jazz Interactions was the first of the participating groups to use the Jazz Center—for their 6th anniversary celebration April 25. Scheduled to be on hand were Jaki Byard, Betty Carter, Chico Hamilton, Howard McGhee, Joe Carroll, Billy Taylor, Joe Lee Wilson, and, of course, JJ

president Joe Newman.

JI will also present Sunday jazz matinees from 5 to 9 p.m., beginning May 2 with the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra, followed by James Moody, Roy Haynes, Jerome Richardson, and Chico Hamilton. (The organization is also presenting a 15-week Young Musicians Clinic at the Clinton Youth and Family Center in Manhattan. For information, call 866-6416 or 582-2691.)

FINAL BAR

Two European jazz pioneers died recently. **Charles Remue**, 67, the Belgian clarinetist-saxophonist and bandleader died Feb. 5. He was the first Belgian to record jazz (with his Stompers in 1927) and

toured widely with such famous bands as the Savoy Orpheans and Bernard Ette.

Russian pianist-bandleader **Aleksandr Tsfasman**, who formed the Moscow Radio Jazz Band in 1926, died Feb. 23. His was the first band in the U.S.S.R. to introduce adaptations of American jazz, often copied from records. Popular in the '20s and '30s, Tsfasman was forced to disband in 1948 during Stalin's "anti-cosmopolitan" campaign. But after the dictator's death he was officially honored. Tsfasman also composed in a Gershwin vein and was an accomplished classical pianist.

POTPOURRI

The World's Greatest Jazz Band, with

its second Atlantic LP and recent gigs at the Navarre in Denver and the Frog& Nightgown in Raleigh under its belt, will be resident in Chicago throughout the merry month of May, initiating a new jazz policy at the Happy Medium in the Rush St. district.

Reedman **Robin Kenyatta** returned in late March from concerts in France, Germany, Italy, Denmark and Holland. In Europe, he led his **Free State Band**, including **Ambrose Jackson**, trumpet; **Steve Potts**, alto; **Siegfried Kessler**, piano; **Kent Carter**, bass, and **Jerome Cooper**, drums. Altoist **Roscoe Mitchell** appeared as guest artist.

Composer **Carla Bley** and librettist **Paul**



ROCK'S IN MY HEAD

By ALAN HEINEMAN

HAVE YOU MISSED ME? Say so, even if it isn't true.

What happened is, last June I split Cambridge, stopped off in Mansfield, Ohio to get married (my old lady's folks live there) and then Toni and I made it out to The City—San Francisco, for the uninitiated. In September I started teaching English full time at the U. of San Francisco.

I mention all this, admittedly self-indulgently, in order to explain why, except for a brief spurt in October, I haven't done any music writing in many months. And I tell you *that* in order to justify the following meditations. Because when one writes about something, one—or at least this one—sometimes gets too close to it. In my case, I don't think what ability I have to deal with individual performances suffers greatly, but I lose sight of, or confuse, What's Happening. Something appearing to be a trend turns out to be two albums coincidentally juxtaposed; conversely, a real trend or new direction becomes obscured by the welter of derivative, two-years-behind albums.

But anyway, now I've had seven months to listen to and think about music without feeling the urge to *produce*. Some isolated phenomena: the Beatles have self-destructed (in a number of ways) and all four ex-members have produced solo albums. Eric Clapton has played with 63 different bands. John Mayall has formed 64 different bands. Jack Bruce has played with Tony Williams. Elvin Jones has played with Insect Trust. Rock bands, following the leads of Chicago and BS&T, primarily, are playing around with jazz instrumentation and jazz riffs; jazz groups are recording rock tunes, *sometimes* in a rock bag, and a few, like Tony Williams, Miles, Horace Silver, Leon Thomas, are trying to make a new

popular music.

Some more general rock trends: seismic amplification is on the wane and acoustic instruments are coming back. Religion is very big lately; an awful lot of God-songs are being done, like Graham Bond's *Holy Magick* album, Norman Greenbaum's *Spirit in the Sky* and George Harrison's *My Sweet Lord*. (The latter a reworking of the Chiffons' *He's So Fine*, as I'm indebted to Ben Gerson of *Rolling Stone* for pointing out; I knew it was one of them Ur-Motown things, but couldn't place it.) Bands are breaking up regularly, and many musicians (Dave Mason, Leon Russell) are becoming studio players of quite another type than the term usually connotes. The rock festival is moribund; rock clubs in general are opening and closing with almost as much frequency as Jim Morrison's fly; the big rock acts are pricing themselves out of all but a few markets (sound familiar, jazzbuffs?), most of which are owned by Bill Graham.

Even the name bands, the groups that have it made—in most cases, deservedly—are looking for something new. The last two Grateful Dead albums have been tight and countryish, in direct contrast to the freewheeling near-formlessness of the San Francisco sound they helped create. Jack Casady and Jorma Kaukonen have spun Hot Tuna (originally Hot Shit, but RCA wouldn't go for it) off of the Airplane. Creedence is experimenting, trying saxes, organ, and other sounds than the razor-sharp rock of their first five albums. The Who, having broken valuable ground with *Tommy*, is getting something else ready. Dylan is recording one saccharine cut after another in the name, one assumes, of contentment, fulfillment, the end of the quest. Perhaps the motorcycle accident did more damage than we realized.

From all of which, I'm afraid, I draw the conclusion that rock is in a period of doldrums. Pundits have been postulating that since *Sgt. Pepper*, really, and I've disagreed, until now. But I can't help feeling that, given the current economic situation, in and out of music, the groups at the bottom of the heap aren't in a position to make a significant breakthrough, and the ones at the top seem for the moment to be stuck. Some of their experiments have produced fine

music, but the shape of the whole hasn't been altered significantly.

Raw energy seems to have been taken to its logical extreme. Eclecticism hasn't found new media to draw on. The most successful merger has been with folk music, and here, perhaps, we have a clue: it is the folk tradition which has been easiest to learn, musically simple as it is. The other borrowings—jazz, classical, Indian, what have you—have been surface borrowings. The *sound* of the raga has appeared, but the young musicians were too impatient to study it, get inside it, absorb the tradition, and so "raga-rock" vanished quickly. Jon Lord of Deep Purple tried to fuse the classical tradition with rock in his *Concerto for Group and Orchestra*, but Lord is simply not sufficiently competent as a classical composer to bring it off. And most rock players fooling with jazz don't even know what Bird knew 30 years ago, much less what Ornette, Trane and others have done with the bop idiom more recently. A horn player can sound like Trane, Kirk, Sanders, but only for short bursts, since he is unlikely to have assimilated the implicit body of knowledge behind those sounds.

Now, wait, before you dip your pens in poisoned ink. I am *not* saying that jazz musicians are better than their rock counterparts, nor that jazz is superior to rock. What I am saying is that if rock musicians are going in a jazz direction, they've got to woodshed—individually and, maybe more important, collectively. Likewise for the classical bag, or any other medium.

Nor am I saying that rock is dead; only that it's temporarily stagnant. Innovations may be just around the corner, as may the refinement I have suggested the need for in the foregoing. For that matter, both consolidation and exploration may occur simultaneously. In the meantime, there will be lots of good listening, because there are lots of good players.

But making music is like taking dope: you can't get something put into your head that wasn't there to begin with, albeit in altered or suppressed form. The muses are unpredictable and can't be summoned on demand, but neither will they descend to those who haven't prepared the way.



Haines have completed an opera, *Escalator Over The Hill (A Chronotransduction)*. The large-scale work, eventually intended for stage production, was written over a period of three years. The Jazz Composers Orchestra Assoc. has begun a recording project, planned as a three-record set, for its own JCOA label. Jack Bruce has the major role, underground film star Viva will do the speaking parts, and other singers include Sheila Jordan, Steve Ferguson, and Miss Bley herself. The orchestra will include soloist Don Cherry, Roswell Rudd, John McLaughlin, and Gato Barbieri. Portions of the work have already been recorded during the past few

months, but the project may grind to a temporary halt for lack of funds. The JCOA is tax-exempt, and interested would-be patrons may contact the organization at 261 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10007.

The career of veteran bluesman Muddy Waters, temporarily sidetracked by injuries suffered in an automobile accident from which he is now fully recovered, is reaching new audiences with a series of major club and college dates. During March, he appeared at Toronto's Colonial House, Boston's Jazz Workshop, and New York's Gaslight Club, also taping for the

David Frost Show. On May 31, he opens a three-week stand at Chicago's Mr. Kelly's.

Paul Horn is presenting "A Symposium of Music and Life" in two sessions (June 16-22 and June 23-29) at the Shawningan Inn, 35 miles north of Victoria, B.C., Canada. The flutist-multi reedman-composer calls the symposium "a program of music and philosophy for the advancement of the young musicians and searcher." There will be individual instruction, lectures, workshops, and concerts. For information, write Symposium, 3682½ Fredonia Dr., Hollywood, Calif. 90028.

Mad Dogs & Englishmen: Takes You Where The Music Is

JOE COCKER/MAD DOGS&ENGLISHMEN might as well be called *Cocker & Company Takes A Trip*. The film is a 114-minute epic of the 1970 Joe Cocker cross-country U.S. tour, featuring a traveling entourage of 42 musicians, singers, assorted wives and old ladies, children, and one spotted mongrel.

Leon Russell, the enigmatic pianist, guitarist, arranger, bandleader, and writer of Cocker's hit, *Delta Lady*, organized the peripatetic rock circus, which included singers Rita Coolidge (the original Delta Lady; her first album has just been released on A&M) and Claudia Linnear; horn players, and Chris Stainton, the sole remaining member from Cocker's former back-up group, The Grease Band. Assembled shortly before the tour was to begin, the congregation lived together, performed, and created general havoc and much music for 57 memorable days before it disbanded last May.

Mad Dogs&Englishmen should perhaps be viewed as an exhibit of life styles within the rock world—cinema verite rides again, or *The Inquiring Photographer Calls on Language, Truth and Logic in a Rock Commune*. "Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents an A&M film in association with Creative Film Associates," credits the large and impressively designed program (titled *The Program*) handed out at the screening. Produced by Harry Marks, Pierre Adidge (of the recently completed Creedence Clearwater and Mason Williams specials) and Robert Abel (Executive Producer; Jerry Moss), the film was directed by Adidge and photography director David Myers.

Just getting the credits together is a major hassle. Essentially, however, this may be considered a Pierre Adidge venture.

The group of musicians and friends got together to make music with Cocker, "the rotating rocker" from Sheffield, England, who has become one of the most recognized and successful rock artists in the world—without exaggeration.

That Cocker has power is indisputable. His music is one great revival meeting, and his fans are converts galvanized by the presence of this spasmodic white man's Ray Charles with a working man's blues-bottom soul. He isn't pretty and doesn't

try to be. He wails, struts, storms, preaches, and he sings his guts out. He moves like a 90-year-old man injected with electricity, in something like a permanent state of shock.

His eyes pop when he reaches a high note, and there are times when he resembles the comic Popeye, bulging muscles and all. He plays an invisible guitar. He plays things as he sees them, which is not always as they are, but it doesn't matter. He gets the music's message across vocally, and the camera transcends the image. Multiple visuals, special effects, and four-track stereo sound pound home the rock circus theme.

Cocker had a rock band in the early



'60s, and a record. Neither happened. Lennon and McCartney's *With A Little Help From My Friends* touched gold for Cocker in the spring of 1969, and an album followed. That summer was Woodstock and the debut of Cocker's raunchy back-up group, The Grease Band. Woodstock was the real opener, with a made-to-order audience of 500,000 potential record-buyers and movie-goers.

You don't find out who Joe Cocker is in this movie. *Mad Dogs&Englishmen* doesn't

provide any significant insights into Cocker himself. The man remains a mystery, despite his physical presence front and center throughout much of the film. Cocker is a talented but hopped-up paradox, an artist who demands maximum performance from himself on stage, but whose individual character seems to disappear when the camera drops in on his off or backstage existence.

The film itself spreads good vibes and will generate smiles and a certain amount of *deja vu* for youth-oriented audiences and also for industry buffs. A&M released the original soundtrack from the film six months ago, and it won an almost instant Gold Record.

Director Adidge recognized boxoffice bullion in the Cocker mystique during rehearsals, and starting with a core group of five cameramen who followed the tour with light 16mm equipment, he added five more for the overwrought Fillmore East and Santa Monica Civic Auditorium concerts.

Adidge and crew caught Cocker and Co. rehearsing, relaxing, jamming, goofing, and in performance. They found a bizarre world, but also sought and found human elements within the unreal life. The film shows Cocker's music as a collective activity, with the musicians working together rather than coming on as soloists or ego-trippers. It provides the obligatory probe of life on the road: Jive reporters attempting hipness and failing; Smitty the roadie managing to order 30-odd meals in a Holiday Inn-type setting; Smitty reciting *The Face On The Bar-room Floor* at a gigantic picnic in the Oklahoma woods (very pastoral, very beautiful feast), and so forth.

The film makes it because it spreads happiness rather than probing reality. It shows you the good parts, and that is what the public wants to see. The bleak moments must have wound up on the cutting room floor. It isn't *Let It Be*, which is all right; fine. As a film it goes beyond the telling and takes you to where the music is.

If you're into Joe Cocker and Leon Russell, this movie is for you. If not . . . well, there's always *The Music Lovers*—if your stomach can take it.

—Linda Solomon

CHARLES MINGUS: CHANGED MAN?

AS A "CAULDRON OF EMOTIONS"—which an American critic once called him—Charles Mingus, a true giant of jazz, seemed to have gone a little off the boil. He sat in the restaurant in London's St. Martin's Lane like a sagging buddha, contemplating half a lobster with a certain mournful enthusiasm and looking tired and resigned—a million moods away from Mingus the *enfant terrible* of the '50s, the man who was so frequently at the center of controversy.

And when this great man said softly, with deep melancholy, that fighting to get just appreciation and acknowledgement for black creativity was "a waste of time", the sadness in the atmosphere was almost oppressive.

When a man like Mingus stops fighting thinking people everywhere have cause to reflect on the agony and fearfulness of a cultural burden massive enough to sap even his seemingly unquenchable spirit.

Mingus today seems a weary man, a sad man, a lonely man—and, I feel, a disillusioned man. In his colorful career as a musician, composer and bandleader, he has fought with great conviction and tenacity for a better deal for the black artist and has constantly condemned racial injustice. (And this without bigotry, because he has used many white musicians including Jimmy Knepper, Bill Evans and, currently, Bobby Jones in his bands.)

But now, it seems, he has come to terms with the realization that a change of face is a matter of a moment, but a change of heart can take several lifetimes.

Amid all this despondency, however, there is a brighter side—represented by Mingus' own music, which was acknowledged by many critics during the band's recent European and Japanese trips, as some of the most vital and rewarding small group jazz to be heard anywhere.

In a career spanning more than 30 years, Mingus, now 48, has made a major contribution to the evolution of jazz. His music, a personal, earthy and colorful compound of such disparate influences as Duke Ellington, Charlie Parker, Art Tatum, gospel songs and modern European musical forms, is powerfully emotional and richly varied.

Mingus makes dramatic use of vocal cries, dissonance, and tempo and time signature changes. If his music today sounds pretty orthodox, it is almost certainly because the ear of the jazz public has become more adjusted to free music.

Mingus recalls: "Barry Ulanov used to call me avant-garde 25 years ago."

Certainly Mingus has explored music with the same courage and spirit he has shown in defending the cause of the black artist—but, not unnaturally, his music has flourished while his political and social initiatives have constantly run up against an unyielding wall of prejudice or indifference.

His attempts to launch a record label giving black artists a fair deal were soon frustrated, as was his endeavor in 1960 to establish a rival annual jazz festival at Newport.

He even abandoned music once to work

in the post office, but the advent of Charlie Parker brought him eagerly back.

If you ask him whether he is disillusioned with the music business he replies: "It is not a business, it is a racket" and that tells it all.

But, if nothing else, Mingus' Debut record company was responsible for one of the most remarkable recordings in the history of jazz—the *Jazz at Massey Hall* concert in May 1953 which featured Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, Max Roach, Bud Powell and Mingus. That recording is a milestone.

Recalling it, Mingus says: "That concert was recorded on professional equipment—not an ordinary home tape recorder, as some people have suggested. But we didn't have the best engineer. I intended to keep the master tape for ten years and then sell it for \$25,000 but the record was put on Debut.

"The Massey Hall gig was mine—a guy wrote from Toronto asking me to bring a

say his music lives on. When you're dead, you're dead.

"He made a big contribution. But so did Harry Carney and J. J. (Johnson) and Fats Navarro and Freddie Webster and Thad Jones . . ."

The lobster now in ruins, Mingus began to attack apple pie and custard with rare vigor and called for a second pint of lager and lime.

After a short hiatus, I asked him for his views on pop music. Perhaps predictably, he was devastatingly antagonistic: "I don't pay any attention to pop and rock. I just don't think about it. It just makes no impression on me at all," he said.

His preferred listening today is Duke Ellington and Beethoven string quartets, and when you ask him who he particularly digs in jazz he looks a little baleful and says: "I don't call my music jazz. Jazz has come to mean the music of second-class citizenship. It means nigger music. Jazz is a word which separates the black musician



band up so I got the musicians together. It was the only time that band ever played together although I played with Bird afterwards in Boston. Each guy asked for the amount of bread he needed, and the highest paid guy was Bird. I don't know how much Bud got paid, but I don't suppose he saw the money.

"I also remember complaining to Dizzy that there were no bass solos on any of the numbers, and he got wild and violent."

Mingus paused, registered some pain at recalling the past, took another hefty swig from a glass of lager beer and lime and got on with his meal.

Interviewing him is not the easiest task in the world, since he is manifestly reluctant to elaborate on his answers to questions and, when he does, his comments are often barely audible.

Although he acknowledges Parker's overall contribution to music, Mingus says he was not influenced by Bird. "Maybe, like me, he listened to Tatum," he says. "I never tried to imitate Bird. And I wouldn't

from the money. I just play and dig music. Good music."

And that doesn't permit compromise. Going through a short list of musicians and their work evoked some terse and surprising replies.

Miles?

"The stuff he's doing now is bullshit."

John Lewis?

"Yeah, maybe if he writes something, but I've had enough of the small group."

Bill Evans?

"He was in my band 15 years ago with Knepper and Clarence Shaw and Shafi Hadi. We made some sides for Bethlehem, including *Celia*." But Mingus offered no evaluation.

"What do you think of Thelonious Monk?", I asked.

"I never think of Monk. Or, maybe now and again he crosses my mind", he said, for the first time with the slightest trace of a smile. "I like his playing. I worked with him, Bird and Roy Haynes at the

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Pharoah Sanders: "I Play For The Creator"

by Jane Welch

ON AN EARLY SPRING afternoon in New York City Pharoah Sanders sat under the picture he had painted of his wife Thembi and talked seriously about many things. He had recently moved into the upper West Side town house—a tastefully reconverted brownstone. Surrounded by his paintings, his records and his instruments from all over the world, he brooded about his temporary state of inactivity. He has one of the hottest new combos around but happened to have had this particular week off. He said that he felt better when he worked more—he gets inspiration from the changing audiences.

"Even when I was working with John (Coltrane) I had to keep *doing* something when he wasn't working, so I had my combo even then. Sonny Sharrock, Dave Burrell, Henry Grimes, Roger Blank and I would get together and play somewhere to keep the music going," he pointed out. A totally musical person, Sanders is just not happy unless he is active musically. The leader of the group many feel is the most exciting avant-garde combo around today seemed restless. As he spoke, he unconsciously picked up his soprano sax (an instrument he has been playing and mastering more and more lately) and fingered it abstractedly. He mused:

"There's all kinds of music . . . In my music I try to see nothing but colors . . . Some people say strings are the most spiritual of instruments, but I don't say that. Everything is music."

The Pharoah Sanders combo has been evolving for several years. The leader likes changes—changes of mood, tempo, and even players. Unlike most combo leaders today, he invites sitting in on occasion.

"I don't program the music," he said. "I sometimes can't think of anything to play, so I start anywhere and let the energy take me where it wants to go. It's a *feeling* that you get. I like to give people something fresh every time. I like a lot of changes—I never know what's going to happen. I might start playing bells. And the people enjoy being in the music too—everything together while it's happening.

If you have witnessed audiences sharing Sanders' musical experiences, you will have seen the communion of spirit he can achieve. Some people mistakenly say that Sanders' combo followers are a "cult" who consider the music a religious experience—strange mystics into some supernatural bag. I suppose some people said this sort of thing about Charlie Parker's fans when he first started revolutionizing the concepts of jazz improvisation. Sanders has something new all right, but there is nothing strange about a leader who, as he says himself, "plays for everybody. I don't exclude anybody. If anybody wants to get into it, the music is there for the reaching. And many do reach.

Some lovers of the more traditional forms of jazz say they cannot understand the vigorous, often raw and dissonant free music that is the trademark of the Pharoah Sanders group.

Sanders has a theory about the people who say they don't comprehend what he's doing. "Many people have a *fear* of my music—they say they can't understand it.

My music has nothing that they can't understand if they can understand themselves. If they can't understand themselves, then they can't get to the music," he says.

Most evenings, Pharoah is playing freely from what he calls "from high energy." He plays as the spirit moves him and demands that same level of energy from his sidemen plus the discipline of being able to shift and move with him to take the music wherever it wants to go.

Since 1969 Pharoah's group has usually included Lonnie Liston Smith on piano, Cecil McBee on bass and Clifford Jarvis on drums, along with one or two additional percussionists, such as Lawrence Killian on congas and Nat Bettis on congas and bilophones. Percussionists Chief Bey and Tony Wiley have also played with Sanders recently. All these men add color and strength to the group.

Smith and Sanders are very compatible and often work together on arrangements. Percussively attacking the piano and often plucking the strings and shouting into the instruments, Smith brings a whole new dimension to it. He is a highly intelligent musician, always ready to experiment.

Of Jarvis, Sanders says he likes his dynamics. During his association with the group, Jarvis has evolved with it and now plays its music as a way of life. "He has the balance and he has the other thing too," Sanders says.

McBee, Sanders feels, is an ideal bassist who enjoys playing at the high level the leader requires. At various times, bassists Stafford James, Jimmy Garrison and Norris Jones have also worked with the group, and Pharoah pays them the highest compliment: "They are all great leaders—it's my privilege to be working with them. When

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VERYL OAKLAND

STAN GETZ IN LONDON:

"Very Like A Miracle . . ."

by Benny Green

IT IS SAID THAT while the Duke of Marlborough was busy inventing the 18th century by winning the great military set pieces on the Continent, the English villager, insulated by time and distance from the awareness that his own future was being resolved, went blithely about his business, and only heard about the victories months after the dust had settled on the battlefields. For a long time the London jazz fancier was in the identical position, relying for his opinions on albums that were always at least a year old by the time they reached him, and always aware of slight misgivings as to his own grasp of the way jazz events were unfolding.

In this context I can recall a down beat critic once dismissing a book of mine on the grounds that I had never lived in New York. Well, all that has changed. We are all New Yorkers now. For several years American musicians have been streaming into London, and it is quite true to say that any American critic who wants to know how Stan Getz is shaping up on the stand these days has to go to a Londoner to find out. Getz has worked at Ronnie Scott's Club three times in the last three years, and during that time appears to have gone through what the Victorians used to call

a spiritual crisis. On the face of it, the confusion of his 1969 visit, when he abandoned his own style in favour of the groupings of the avant garde, was purely a question of musical tactics. I believe, however, that it was something quite different. When he arrived at Scott's for that 1969 engagement, Getz was 42 years old and was, I think, experiencing the first, extremely disconcerting intimations of the artistic menopause which afflicts so many creators moving into their middle 40s.

When it comes to the antics of the Free Form brigade, Londoners are in a very fortunate position to judge. Insulated like that 18th century villager from those social, political and economic factors which have brought forth new styles and attitudes, they can afford to assess the music purely on its own merits and, being therefore undisturbed by any fear of being called reactionaries, can even discover that art committed to a good cause is not necessarily good art. This is why Londoners will often give the thumbs-down sign to the kind of solos which sound like fugitives from a Bennett Cerf anthology. That Getz, one of the supreme masters of form in improvisation, should have felt himself impelled to fling himself into the deep and muddy waters of formlessness

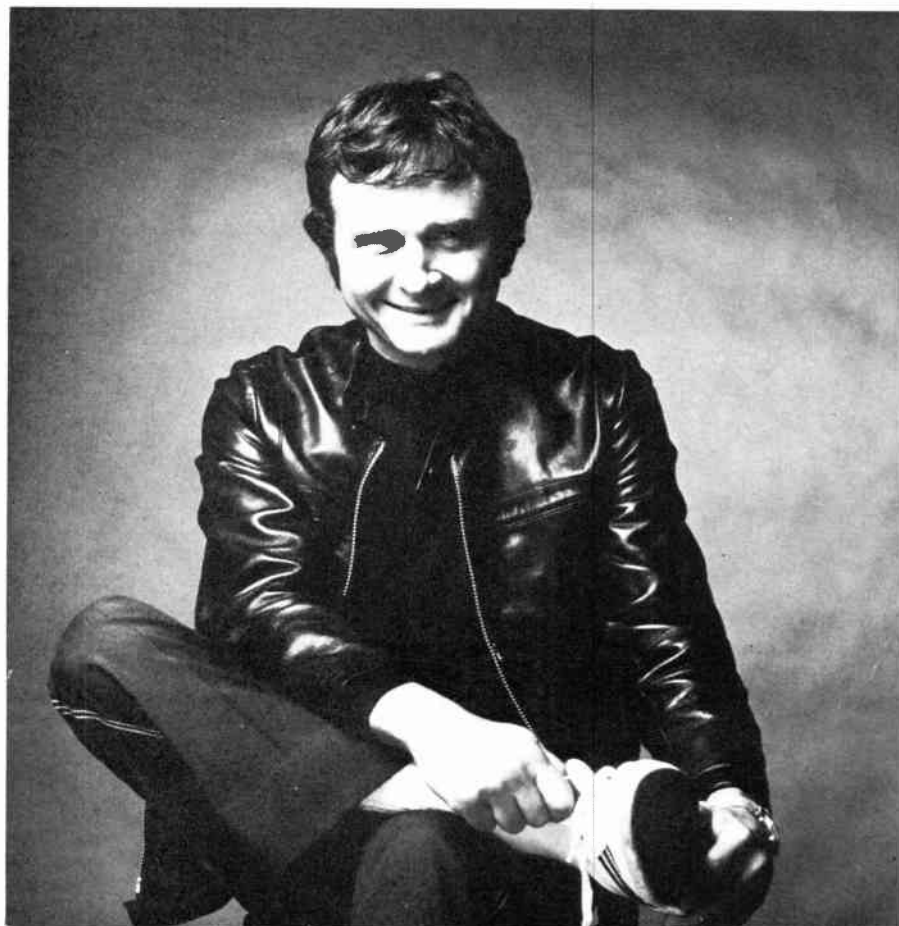
seemed to me one of the most depressing jazz events of the last ten years.

In 1970 Getz returned, and according to what is sometimes laughingly known as critical opinion, showed that he was over the hill. Admittedly the list of excuses was almost comically impressive. He was harassed by the after-effects of pneumonia, a broken foot collected while skiing, and two semi-paralyzed fingers. But for me his brief season was a tremendous relief. In spite of the fact that his embouchure had quite clearly disappeared for the moment, there was no question that apart from the physical struggles a much more important mental one had recently been concluded with himself. The curiosity about avant-garde methods now having been gratified, there was no longer any trace of it in what Getz played. It was true that even in attempting a familiar theme like *Sweet Georgia Brown*, Getz was still not quite able to get the engines working. But there were the occasional passages, sometimes of no more than three or four bars duration, where the wonderful poise and command showed through.

In any case, broken feet eventually mend; semi-paralyzed fingers regain their flexibility; the after-effects of pneumonia are seldom permanent. As for the vanishing embouchure, I had lost my own too many times and found it again not to know that 30 minutes long-note practice every day for a fortnight can work miracles of reconstruction. I looked forward to Getz's next visit to London, should it ever be arranged, with some optimism.

It should perhaps be pointed out at this stage that Getz occupies a special, perhaps unique status in the London jazz world. He had first come to Scott's back in the early 1960s and played then with such staggering brilliance and compassion night after night that the town was stunned. Nor were we merely being provincial in reacting this fulsome way, because, having already enjoyed players like Zoot Sims and Sonny Stitt and Al Cohn and Lucky Thompson and Dexter Gordon and Roland Kirk and Johnny Griffin, any traces of provincialism had long since evaporated.

There was one other very important factor worth mentioning about Getz's 1969-70 experiences in London. He had at all times seemed slightly disconcerted with his own rhythm sections. He and they never quite seemed to get inside each other's minds, with the result that there were moments when they seemed to be thinking of different things. There was the occasional telltale switch of personnel, and a sense among audiences





René Thomas



Bernard Lubat

PHOTOS BY VALERIE WILMER

that the magic formula was not going to be stumbled on this time round. I thought that if Getz got a mind to regaining his peak condition, and then found the rhythm section of his desire, we might all be in for some good jazz hunting if he returned to London.

Quite apart from the fact that it was the most remarkable comeback ever seen in London jazz circles, Getz's 1971 visit, this March, was a crushing argument in favor of the theory that jazz is after all an art form. What was it that patrons heard when they entered Scott's during Getz's recent stay there?

First, they experienced a tone so fine, so pure—I almost said beautiful, before remembering that such a word is out of favor in the jazz world at the moment—that even had Getz played only long notes the effect would have been benign. They heard, or at least I did, the most consummate technical command of my entire experience, with the solo lines running from bottom Bb to the fake-finger heights of top As and Cs. But much more important, they heard melodic invention of the very highest class.

After all these years, one hardly has to labor the point that Getz in full command is one of the definitive jazz experiences. Fundamentally he remains what he always has been, a disciple of Lester Young who has slowly moved out of the shadow of that father-figure until eventually he has achieved the expression of himself. In his visits to London in the early '60s he was quoting verbatim from Lester, as if by instinct, several times a night. To put it another way, Getz—like Lester—is not a modern in the sense that he would put harmonic abstruseness before melodic coherence. His harmonic pedigree is in fact there for all to see who feel like taking the trouble. When he goes for the third of the chord, thus announcing the tonality of the harmony he is expressing and also hinting at the way he intends resolving it, he is nailing his stylistic classicism to the mast in unmistakable terms.

For all its urban sprawl, London remains a small town so far as jazz is

concerned. Its grapevine is thick and immensely efficient, and the word very soon spread that Getz was pulling rabbits out of the hat nightly at Scott's. Every musician in town dashed there, only to find that the general public, for once putting its money on a winner, had got there first. As the days went by, seats became harder to get, then standing room became difficult to stake out, and finally people were reduced to standing in the street outside and catching what nuances they could.

On my third visit, I stood just behind



PETER TIBBIT

Eddy Louiss

Getz, within two yards of him, during a version of *I Remember Clifford*, which he presented as a *sotto voce* exercise. Many of his most ravishing effects were thrown away with apparent unconcern, and through dynamics so muted that if anyone so much as clinked a wine glass the effect was lost altogether. The chords of Benny Golson's song were linked by the most fragile, subtle bridges, built by fingers which no more than fluttered across the keys and yet produced notes as clearly defined as those in any classic solo anyone would care to name.

What had happened to Getz that he

should perform this remarkable about-face? For one thing, he has always been a musician with an intensely romantic conception of his own work, and for a year before returning to Scott's this March, he had been in actual physical training. Even during his engagement, he was to be found running for 20 minutes each morning across the plebeian plains of Hyde Park, although by this time it was clear to all, including Getz himself, that the trick had already been successfully accomplished. He looked at least ten years younger than his age and was so clearly on top of his material that he was regularly attempting the technically impossible and pulling it off. In my opinion, he was now playing better than at any previous stage in his career.

There is one other key factor, the same one which influenced Getz during '69 and '70, only this time it was working for instead of against him. For the first two or three nights at Scott's he had played in front of a British rhythm section and blown standards. Then his French partners had arrived and taken over, at which time the repertoire had changed almost exclusively to compositions from group members.

René Thomas, Eddy Louiss and Bernard Lubat had at last provided Getz with what I think he must have been seeking for a long time, a rhythm section wholly committed to the conspiracy of Getz's style. In fact, the cohesion of rhythm section and soloist being such a nebulous process, I feel obliged to report the occurrence of something very like a miracle at Scott's in March.

The new Getz Quartet, that corporate entity with eight hands, four heads and one musical heart, is already, after only a few engagements over a three-month period, perhaps the best group of its kind anywhere in the world today.

Certainly, if the Getz Quartet reaches the U.S. in the form which London has just enjoyed, I have a feeling that even the most dedicated Getzophiles are in for a sweet surprise. And when they have savored it full, it will remain only for a Londoner to say I told you so. **ES**

GRADY TATE: HE'D RATHER SING

by Elliot Meadow

"I PLAY DRUMS NOW BECAUSE I have to. It's not what I'd rather be doing. I'd prefer to be singing or acting."

That comment is rather startling, as it comes from one of the most able and versatile drummers in music today. It was difficult, or so it seemed, during the mid and late sixties to pick up an album that wasn't enhanced by Grady Tate's clean, tight playing. He played it all, from big bands to trio settings, plus everything in between. Of late Tate has been concentrating on his singing career and from what has been heard so far, he is as imposing a singer as he is a drummer.

playing a musical instrument. The musicians I saw worked during the day at the cleaners and had a little gig at night that paid them about \$15. I certainly didn't know anything about studio work. I really started with Wild Bill Davis in 1959. Prior to that I had been teaching school in Washington, D.C. There was a saxophonist there, Herschel McGuiness, and he had heard that Bill was getting rid of his sax player. Bill was in Washington at the time, so Herschel decided to go down and audition for the gig and he asked me to go along. We went down and Herschel asked Bill if I could sit in and play one.

cool; when did he want me to hit? He told me right away—that night. I remember that I didn't call the school, nothing, I just ran out to a pawn shop and bought a set of drums for \$125. I used these drums for four years, literally a practice set. That's how badly I wanted to play and didn't know it! I stayed with Bill from 1959 to 1963."

I asked Tate how he had first managed to break into the lucrative studio scene.

"That was a direct result of Jerome Richardson and Quincy Jones," he answered. "It came about through Wild Bill having a gig in Baltimore. He needed another sax player, so he called Jerome, who decided to take the two-week gig as an opportunity to get away from the studios and stretch out. Apparently, he liked my drumming and asked me if I would play in his group. He had 11 weeks work lined up at places like the old Jazz Gallery and the Five Spot. I jumped at the chance. At the time I didn't know that Jerome and Quincy were very tight."

"Anyway, Jerome had Quincy come down to hear me play and Quincy also seemed to like what he heard. He had a six-week gig with his band plus Billy Eckstine and Freda Payne and asked me if I would do the gig. Now I hadn't done any reading for about six or seven years and I had very little big band experience, but I said I'd do it though I was scared to death. Apparently it came off OK. But the thing that really launched me was the fact that in the band out of 17 players at least 13 were contractors."

"Now, from their knowledge of what I could do, I started getting called for gigs. At first it was three dates a week; then it developed into three a day. In playing those dates, the thing that gave me the most pleasure was being able to adequately acclimate myself to any specific musical area and to the particular job at hand authentically. I really started playing drums at 27, which is late, but as a result of being (I hope) a fairly mature individual, I chose to run the gamut of music and fortunately was able to do that. One of the problems today with drummers is that they tend to specialize. A cat is either totally free or he's a trio drummer or a big band timekeeper. It makes it almost impossible to find a substitute that you can recommend, not knowing what the gig calls for in front. One exception I must mention is Mickey Roker. He can play it all. He is my favorite drummer. We worked together with Peggy Lee and that was a ball."

Mention of Peggy Lee led to a question about Tate's association with the singer. It was Miss Lee who really let him be heard as a singer by very graciously giving him a spot in her show.

"You know, that was not only a great thing Peggy did for me, it was also unprecedented," was his response. "Singers are a funny lot. The stage is all theirs, and as a result, quite often they don't want anything that has the remotest chance of upstaging them. That's why the music is geared just so, the lights just so. But Peggy is a beautiful lady. You know, she has never gotten off the big band bus. She

/Continued on page 29



VERLY OAKLAND

There is about the man a lack of pretension, an affability and interest in other people that makes him easy to approach. Our conversations concerning his past, present and future involvements were full of good humor and offered a candid insight into a mature, caring human being.

In answer to my question as to how he had started playing, Tate remembered: "I had never considered drumming as a livelihood. I had played, like many kids do, in the high school band; I also played in the service. Don't get me wrong, I loved playing; it's just that in my home town of Durham, N.C., I wasn't aware of the money that could be derived from

I really hadn't played in about four years before that and I had a ball. I really wasn't looking for a gig; at least, I thought I wasn't."

"We heard nothing that night, but the next morning, as I was getting ready to go to school, the phone rang. It was Bill, and he said he was letting his drummer go and would I like to play with him. I told him I would love to. Then he asked me what my price was. Now, like the old movie line, I said 'make me an offer', as I really didn't know what to ask for. Bill said a bill and a half, and man, that stopped me cold. I didn't think I could get that much. Naturally I said that was

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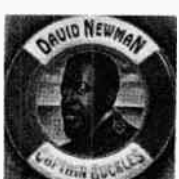
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CANNONBALL ADDERLEY

THE PRICE YOU GOT TO PAY TO BE FREE—Capitol SWBB-636: *Soul Virgin*; *Rumpelstiltskin*; *Inquisition*; *Devastatement*; *Pra Dizer Adeus* (To Say Goodbye); *The Price You Got To Pay To Be Free*; *Some Time Ago*; *Exquisition*; *Painted Desert*; *Directions*; *Down in Black Bottom*; 1-2-3-GO-O-O-O!; *Lonesome Strangers*; *Get Up Off Your Knees*; *Wild-Cat Pee*; *Alto Sex*; *Bridges*; *Out and In*; *Together*; *The Scene*.

Personnel: Nat Adderley, Sr., cornet, vocal; Adderley, alto and soprano saxophones; Joe Zawinul, keyboards; Nat Adderley, Jr., piano, guitar, vocal; Walter Booker, bass, guitar; Bob West, bass; Roy McCurdy, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

Politics is no excuse for tiresome music. Yet the two focal songs on this new double album offer little else. Written and performed by Nat Adderley Jr., both the title cut and the final concert piece, *Together*, present dull clichés dully sung: "right on" rhetoric amid the plainest funky jazz. To me, boredom such as this is made no less than that by the guise of the militant, the pacifist, or whatever's shakin'. Perhaps if the talented 15-year-old Nat Jr. had mixed a bit more logos with his abundant ethos and pathos, I might have better appreciated his ditties—but I doubt it. And so much for sociological music criticism!

Elsewhere, the album contains the usual dynamic presence and performing of Cannonball and cohorts, including several surprising vocals. Cannon's singing on *Bridges* is not so sweet, but is nonetheless lyrical and quite charming. Even more, the vocal spots by Nat Sr. are spunky absolute, with cornet-bright soul phrasing on *Down in Black Bottom* and rough delicacy on two ballads, *Stranger* and *Adeus*.

Still, the instrumental samplings of the ensemble remain the Adderley forte, particularly the cooking on *Rumpelstiltskin*. Nat Sr. proves his special brass dimensions on the varied tempos and colors on *Inquisition* and *Devastatement*, on both notably underscored by the rhythm section. Likewise, Cannon's soprano on *Some Time* becomes especially silken, just as his alto overall involves as always a unique mastery of potent tensions with the most bubbly exuberance.

And although no one piece leaps from the repertoire à la the varied Adderley hits of the past, all four sides do contain uniformly exciting sounds, all that much more together through the sensitive motions of the two bassists and drummer McCurdy. Finally, not to overlook Joe Zawinul, I can only conclude with little else but praise, for as a composer, an accompanist, and a solo artist Zawinul creates a sense of constant catalytic energy that is seldom equalled.

Somewhat less well recorded than previous dates, *The Price You Got To Pay to Be Free* offers instead the most important element of the band: their immediate

communion through music with the people who share their intense love. And love, that human passion so ruined by pop cultural exploitation, is as ever the stuff of the music of Cannonball Adderley.

—Bourne

THE CANNONBALL ADDERLEY QUINTET & ORCHESTRA—Capitol ST-484: *Experience in E*; *Tensity*; *Dialogues for Jazz Quintet and Orchestra*.

Personnel: Nat Adderley, cornet; Adderley, alto and soprano saxophones; Joe Zawinul, keyboards; Walter Booker, bass; Roy McCurdy, drums; unidentified orchestra; William Fischer, conductor.

Rating: ★★ ★ ★

Cannonball has more often than not placed himself in musical situations of a loose, free-blowing nature (which is not to be taken to mean that such situations are necessarily "lightheaded"). But here, perhaps for the first time, we are fortunate to find his responding to stimulating, sensitive, imaginative writing.

Clearly the writing is as responsible for the success of this date as is the exhilarating playing of the leader. Then, it is not only a question of "writing" but also of the fresh concepts employed. The intriguing use of both orchestral and purely "sound" effects proves many things to the perceptive listener. One obvious suggestion is that the work of the second wave (post-Coltrane-Coleman era) of Vanguard players has not gone unappreciated. At one point in Lalo Schiffrin's *Dialogues* there is a sequence of collective improvisation startling for its quality of controlled freedom. (*Experience* is by Zawinul; *Tensity* by David Axelrod.)

There has never been any doubt that Cannonball can delight his listeners, but in this album he surpasses himself and we are all the beneficiaries. The orchestra is unidentified (a drag), but the rhythm section is excellent throughout. The bassist is particularly outstanding. The single deficit in most of Adderley's bands has been this insistence to use brother Nat who, while a competent musician and trumpeter, has never displayed much individuality or originality. One would think that by now his debt to Miles had been paid and that he would have found himself.

In any case, those who have tended to deprecate Cannonball as not having fulfilled his potential should be put on alert; this is evidence of his resurgence. We have only to hope that this date marks a real creative turning point for him and not simply an experimental situation.

If we are reminded of what was once called "Third Stream" music, then we must concede that this album represents the further extension and the raising to a new level of those compositional concepts.

—Cole

BALLIN' JACK

BALLIN' JACK—Columbia C30344: *Found a Child*; *Super Highway*; *Festival*; *Telephone*; *Only a Tear*; *Never Let 'Em Say*; *Street People*; *Carnival*; *Ballin' the Jack*; *Hold On*.

Personnel: Jim Walters, trumpet, flugelhorn, vocal; Tim McFarland, trombone, piano, vocal; Jim Coile, reeds, flute, vocal; Glenn Thomas, guitar, vocal; Luther Rabb, bass, vocals; Ronnie Hammon, drums, percussion, vocal.

Rating: ★★ ½

COLD BLOOD

SISYPHUS—San Francisco SD 205: *Shop Talk*; *Funky on My Back*; *Your Good Things*; *Understanding*; *I Can't Stay*; *Too Many People*.

Personnel: Larry Jonutz, trumpet, trombone; Mic Gillette, trumpet, flugelhorn, trombone; Danny Hull, tenor saxophone, flute; Raul Matute, organ, piano; Larry Field, guitar; Rod Ellicott, bass, percussion; Sandy McKee, drums, percussion, vocals; Lydia Pense, vocal; Chepito Areas, congas, timbales (tracks 1, 2); Porter Sisters, vocal (track 1).

Rating: ★★ ★

Both of these albums feature strong if not always special big band rock. The difference is mainly that Ballin' Jack is tastier and jazzier, while Cold Blood is rougher and funkier.

I first heard Ballin' Jack at the Fillmore, playing lead-in to Santana and the Voices of East Harlem. Ballin' Jack was far more exciting than either—but as they weren't star time they received far less attention than they deserved.

Overall, their charts are well-blended with quite precise accents, although too often sounding a la Chicago. Inasmuch as live they proved more spontaneous than the tightly-arranged character of this LP, I would have dug hearing more cooking. As it is, the only blowing comes on *Festival* (trombone and flute solos above an ensemble figure) and *Carnival* (more flute). The musicians all play well enough, except that their vocal corps is uniformly lackluster and that so many similar classy riffs and licks tire me.

Again, if Ballin' Jack recorded less like Chicago, as so many Columbia groups do lately, I might predict for them a better future. Several of the songs, like *Telephone* and *Found a Child*, have the stuff of singles hits. But without a more original showing on subsequent albums, Ballin' Jack will seem much too much just another rock big band.

I was likewise unimpressed by the first Cold Blood album, but now at least am pleased by the second. Very much into soul, the charts are well wrought if somewhat conventional, and at least feature quite an energetic flavor throughout. Both *Shop Talk* and *Funky on My Back* burn much hot Latin grease, just as the three last songs, particularly *Too Many People*, all rock with meaty ensembles and solos.

But *Your Good Thing* is my favorite: an ultra-sensual performance of the Mabel John ballad, with the spirit of singers

Lydia Pense and the Porter Sisters all out. In this respect, Cold Blood might be compared to Ten-Wheel Drive, but are much more open (if not as well-arranged than that group).

Still, little about Cold Blood is surprising enough or that distinct to separate them very much from the big rock band horde. Cold Blood, like Ballin' Jack, may be engaging yet are a bit too usual to earn eminence.

—Bourne

GARY BURTON & KEITH JARRETT

GARY BURTON & KEITH JARRETT—Atlantic SD 1577: *Grow Your Own*; *Moonchild*; *In Your Quiet Place*; *Como En Vietnam*; *Fortune Smiles*; *The Raven Speaks*.

Personnel: Burton, vibraharp; Jarrett, piano, electric piano, soprano sax; Sam Brown, guitar; Steve Swallow, bass; Bill Goodwin, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Remembering the Burton-Carla Bley recording of *A Genuine Tong Funeral*, it would seem as though the vibist's best recordings are made in conjunction with pianist-composers from the avant-garde wing.

It is to the credit of Atlantic that Jarrett and Burton are not only given equal billing



but also share the album cover photo, for this is as much a Jarrett album as a Burton one. Except for Swallow's *Como En Vietnam*, all the pieces were composed by Jarrett, who continues to show the provocative, explosive writing talent that has been evident since his first own album, *Life Between The Exit Signs*. The pieces Jarrett has written here can stand as compositions yet serve as an excellent basis for free improvisation.

My personal favorite is the contemplative *In Your Quiet Place*. It opens with the melody stated by Burton with sensitive comping and countermelody by the composer. The feeling and mood of the melody suggest the soft warmth of Bach's *Air For the G String* as well as the middle Beethoven piano sonatas and the best of Antonio Carlos Jobim.

This comfortable, shoes-off feeling soon is contrasted with measures of swirling propulsiveness. This is a chart well worthy of investigation by other artists, and should Jarrett's current employer, Miles Davis, try it we would truly have a classic performance. But then we already do.

Swallow's *Vietnam* is a Latin swinger, moving along jauntily with blowing space for all. Jarrett amazes both on piano and soprano. Guitarist Brown takes the funky route. The versatile Burton has a solo that includes examples of his single-note, octave and chordal techniques. Underneath it all, Swallow plays the most unbelievable bass lines, and drummer Goodwin keeps driving.

It goes to show what can happen when giants meet. The record really deserves ten stars: five for the writing and five for the playing.

—Klee

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JOHN COLTRANE

THE COLTRANE LEGACY—Atlantic SD 1553: 26-2; *Original Untitled Ballad*; *Untitled Original*; *Centerpiece*; *Stairway to the Stars*; *Blues Legacy*.

Personnel: (Tracks 1, 3) Coltrane, tenor and soprano saxophones; McCoy Tyner, piano; Steve Davis, bass; Elvin Jones, drums. Track 2: Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; Coltrane; Eric Dolphy, flute; Tyner; Art Davis, bass; Jones. Tracks 4-6: Milt Jackson, vibraphone; Coltrane, tenor saxophone; Hank Jones, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Connie Kay, drums.

Rating: ★★½

There is some interesting Coltrane on these previously unissued tracks from 1959 through 1961, but on the balance this album ranks somewhere near the bottom of his extensive recorded output.

26-2 is Charlie Parker's *Confirmation*, modified slightly to suit Coltrane's harmonic tastes. By this time (1960), it was becoming rare for Coltrane to improvise on a harmonic pattern of this density and since *Confirmation* is an excellent piece the result is worthwhile—in retrospect it seems a nostalgic salute to a world he would soon abandon. *Untitled Original* is also good—intense soprano on a typical Coltrane tune of the era.

The remaining tracks are for scholars and votaries. The ones with Milt Jackson are extremely lethargic (although the album that came from the rest of that session, *Bags and Trane*, is good) and *Original Untitled Ballad* contains probably the worst soprano solo Coltrane ever recorded. There are at least twenty-five Coltrane albums that are superior to this collection and I hope that unsuspecting listeners will not be gulled by the album title into taking this gruel for the true legacy of a great artist. —Kart

CHICO HAMILTON

EL EXIGENTE—Flying Dutchman FDS-135: *Maybe Tomorrow*, *Never* (a suite); *As I Open My Eyes*; *I Came and Saw the Beauty of Your Love*; *How 'Bout Bobby?*; *Stomp, Stomp, Stomp*; *Swingin' on a Sitar*; *Up Front What Counts*; *On the Trail* (from *Grand Canyon Suite*); *Seat Belt*; *Volvo's*; *Gonna Get Some Right Now*.

Personnel: Arnie Lawrence, electric alto saxophone; Bob Mann, guitar; Steve Swallow, bass; Hamilton, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

I would be sorely pressed to name other recent albums (or groups) as musically invigorating and downright enjoyable as this latest by Chico Hamilton. The natural electric currents in the playing, the evocative colors, the lyrical and swinging rhythms: all are special elements of the current Hamilton quartet.

Surely the expertise of the players individually is fantastic, but becomes even more so in synthesis. The collective conscious, as it were, is intense from the start, and we can hear the four players listen to each other and commune. In one perspective, this must be the ultimate organic music, for the two sides seem truly one long spontaneous composition: an intimate and immediate thrust of thought and action in perpetual motion.

Textures and paces, tastes of varied genres, all kinds of structures naturally evolve in the ensemble rather than fitting into any plain sequence. Much of this may be tangibly sensed in the always adventurous impetus of Hamilton himself. Yet

I suspect that little of this dynamic stature would have occurred had not his three co-creators been equally sympathetic.

Too much cannot be said about Hamilton and Swallow: Both are true proteans on their instruments, and together become one of the most melodic of all rhythm sections. Mann and Lawrence fit especially well, since both play with the same passionate spirit and grace that is the germ of this music.

Lawrence particularly moves me, not only in his wit and his power (plus sounds from his electric alto I have never heard before) but overall by his offering (and if this sounds sentimental, I don't care) such wondrous heart.

Energy as this created by these four artists is beauty absolute. And so to me, *El Exigente* proves a classic recording: the singing of the godlike in man.

—Bourne

EARL HINES

EARL HINES AT HOME—Delmark DS 212: *You Are Too Beautiful*; *Love At Night Is Out Of Sight*; *It Happens To Be Me*; *Minor Nothing*; *Moon Mare*; *You'll Never Know*; *The Cannery Walk*.

Personnel: Hines, piano (vocal on track 3).

Rating: ★★★★★

This ranks with the best of the several solo albums Hines has made since his "rediscovery" in 1964. But the circumstances of its recording—at home, on his prized Steinway—resulted in a more relaxed and introspective approach than the pianist usually takes in the studio or on the stand. Showman that he is, Hines has his crowd-pleasing tricks, but they are set aside here, and he goes for himself.

There's some successful risk-taking on several of the pieces, Hines pushing rhythmic figures along until they're on the verge of throwing the performances drastically out of balance, then gleefully pulling back just in time. He also uses false endings to great dramatic effect, often employing unexpected harmonic devices.

Beautiful, *Minor*, *Moon*, and *Cannery* are swingers, full of exuberance. After a smoky, misterioso first chorus, the tempo doubles on *Minor* and Hines embellishes with some of his incredibly fast and articulate runs. The amazing independence of his hands is particularly evident on this track, one of his very best recorded performances.

Love At Night and *You'll Never Know* are pleasant ballads. *It Happens* is a gorgeous love song recorded by Nat Cole years ago and revived here by Hines, with a breathtaking piano solo between vocal sections.

During the 36 minutes of this recital, the experienced listener is likely to find himself reminded of Bud Powell, Ray Bryant, Milt Buckner, Erroll Garner, Fats Waller, Nat Cole, Dave Brubeck, Teddy Wilson, and a number of other pianists. Each of them owes a great deal to Hines, and he has in turn kept his ears and mind open and absorbed much from the men who built on his foundation.

Listening to Earl Hines is a lesson in living jazz piano jazz history. —Ramsey

BERT JANSCH

JACK ORION—Vanguard VSR-6544: *The Waggoner's Lad*; *Black Water Side*; *The First Time I Ever Saw Your Face*; *900 Miles*; *The Gardener*; *Pretty Polly*; *Mottamun Town*; *Henry Martin*; *Jack Orion*.

Personnel: Jansch, guitar, banjo, vocal; John Renbourn, guitar.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

PENTANGLE

CRUEL SISTER—Reprise 6430: *A Maid That's Deep in Love*; *When I was In My Prime*; *Lord Franklin*; *Cruel Sister*; *Jack Orion*.

Personnel: Jacqui McShee, vocal; Bert Jansch, guitar, dulcimer, recorder, concertina, vocal; John Renbourn, guitars, sitar, recorder, vocal; Danny Thompson, bass; Terry Cox; drums, dulcitone, percussion, vocal.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

JOHN RENBOURN

THE LADY AND THE UNICORN—Reprise 6407: *Trotto*; *Saltarello*; *Lamento di Tristan*; *La Rotta*; *Veri Floris*; *Triple Ballade*; *Bransle Gay*; *Bransle de Bourgoyne*; *Alman*; *Melancholy Galiard*; *Sarabande*; *The Lady and the Unicorn*; *My Johnny Was a Shoemaker*; *Western Wynde*; *Scarborough Fair*.

Personnel: Renbourn, guitars, sitar; Tony Roberts, Ray Warleigh, flutes; Lee Nicholson, concertina; Dave Swarbrick, violin; Don Harper, viola; Terry Cox, hand drums, glockenspiel.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

In my ethnic impotence, being a Wasp and therefore deprived of a true culture, the nearest I touch roots at all is in reading the plays of Sean O'Casey and listening to the somewhat Anglo-Saxon pop music of British "folk/rock" ensembles like Fairport Convention and Pentangle. Very simply, the special nature of both is



their assimilation of the myriad melodic and rhythmic European traditions rather than the cursory although sometimes inventive picking techniques of most American folk artists. Pentangle, and particularly guitarist Jansch and Renbourn, are excellent musicians, and again unlike the Americans, they never presume that lyrics are pre-eminent.

Unfortunately, neither of these three new albums is especially fantastic. Yet each is good and offers the fine expressions that make the unique synthesis in Pentangle. Jansch's solo date is perhaps the least appealing to me, likely because it features more conventional ballad styles and no rhythm section. However, the pieces nonetheless move, notably on the cooking banjo/guitar counterpoints of *The Waggoner's Lad*.

And thus the musical perspective of Jansch and Renbourn can be heard more as sensitive or even at times full-swinging colors rather than mere background to vocals or any showtime gymnastics à la Roy Clark. And though Jansch certainly sings in a pleasant voice, overall it is such instrumental elements that are most interesting.

Both the Jansch and the Pentangle album features an extended performance of

the traditional ballad *Jack Orion*, and both highlight each respective album. But the Pentangle adaptation is by far the better, for instead of the constant and soon somewhat tiring, droning Jansch arrangement, Pentangle offers a much more lyrical attitude. Augmented by electric guitar, bass, and percussion, the vocal is likewise expanded into harmonics with Jacqui McShee, plus several rhythmic variants and instrumental solo moments by the ensemble. Cox' chime-like dulcitone and two duets by Renbourn and Jansch (first on recorders and later on electric and acoustic guitars) prove especially charming, particularly as one realizes the distant historical precedents of this nonetheless contemporary music. Elsewhere, *Cruel Sister* features more lovely troubadour songs, notably an unaccompanied vocal by Jacqui McShee on the mournful *When I was in My Prime*, but the four are seldom equal to the lyrical scope of their *Jack Orion*.

Finally, the Renbourn solo date is a college of classical European folk and art pieces played gracefully in a quasi-antiquarian context by a varied ensemble of traditional instruments. I cannot recommend any more peaceful music, for the taste of Renbourn, as with all his co-creators in Pentangle, is for the simplest and most sublime beauty. Ultimately, such "folk" music as made by Pentangle has nothing to do at all with the "folk" music of Joan Baez, Bob Dylan, and so forth—and that for me is brilliance enow.

—Bourne

ELVIN JONES

COALITION—Blue Note 84361: *Shinjitu*; *Yesterday*; *5/4 Thing*; *Ural Stradania*; *Simone*.

Personnel: Frank Foster, alto and tenor saxophones, bass clarinet; George Coleman, tenor saxophone; Wilbur Little, bass; Jones, drums; Candido, conga drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

"Coalition: the union of things separate into a single body or group." Webster by way of Leonard Feather.

By the definition furnished by Feather in his notes, this album is a coalition indeed. Coleman, the brilliant ex-Miles Davis tenor virtuoso; Foster, the veteran tenorist-arranger of the Count Basie Band; Wilbur Little, onetime section-mate of Elvin in J. J. Johnson's band and now one of the better up-and-coming young bass players; Candido, who has played conga with Dizzy Gillespie and Stan Kenton's big band, to mention a few; and on drums, the winner and still champion: Elvin Jones, of the famous Jones Brothers. An unlikely combination? But combine they do, and in some of the heaviest swinging music I've heard lately.

Although it is not a new idea, the use of two saxophones as a front line as opposed to reed and brass is novel enough to be interesting in and of itself. Even more so since Coleman is of the contemporary school and Foster is firmly rooted in the mainstream of jazz. (Foster's bass clarinet is an added plus, enriching the sonic palette of the group.)

Elvin's wife, Keiko, contributed *Shinjitu*, one of the most interesting attempts

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we've heard at combining Eastern and Western musics. *Yesterdays*, the old Jerome Kern standard Major Holley used to play with Roland Kirk's band, must have a singular attraction for bass players. Wilbur Little turns in the finest of his many solos on this LP here. Foster's tune, *Simone*, is a true jazz waltz—truly jazz and truly a waltz. And beautiful.

In fact, the whole record is beautiful; a fine blowing session with plenty of space for everybody to stretch out. The two tenors and the drummers interact with each other rather than trying to cut each other.

The album is yet another example of the fine record sessions produced for Blue Note by the late Francis Wolff. It is, however, a record of a band in flux. There have been changes since this LP was recorded, and there will be other changes. Yet we can be glad to have this record of Elvin to freeze certain moments in time for all time. —Klee

OREGON JAZZ BAND

EUPHONIC DROMOMANIA—OJB 1003: *The Torch* (Kansas City Torch): *Exactly Like You*; Medley: *Thanks For the Memory/Sentimental and Melancholy/Music, Maestro, Please/Sugar*; *Auntie Skinner's Chicken Dinners*; *Tiger Rag*; *San*; *Lulu's Back in Town*; *Body and Soul*; *It's a Sin to Tell a Lie*; *Blues with Joey*; *San Antonio Rose*.

Personnel: Bill Borchert, trumpet; Joe Ingram, cornet, valve trombone; Phil Brandt, trombone; Brian Shanley, Charley Hawkes, clarinet, saxes; Walt Hill, saxes; Chuck Ruff, piano; Dennie Barger, guitar; Darrel Langevin, banjo; Dave Gentry, Lionel Newton, Gordon Warner, Carl Butte, bass; Neil Hart, Hill, drums; Langevin; Newton, Hart, vocals.

ENJOY YOURSELF—OJB 1004: *Enjoy Yourself*; *Tishomingo Blues*; *I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter*; Harry Warren Medley: *I Had The Craziest Dream/You're My Everything/Serenade in Blue*; *You Can Depend On Me*; *St. Louis Blues*; *Oregon State Penitentiary Blues*; *One Hour (If I Could Be With You)*; *Kansas City*; *Can't We Talk It Over?*; *Easter Parade*; *Don't Take Your Love From Me*; *Milenburg Joys*.

Personnel: Borchert, Don McDonald, trumpets; Brandt, Rex Allen, trombone; Shanley, clarinet, saxes; Hill, saxes; Ruff, piano; Barger, guitar; Emma Moss, banjo; Newton, Charley Ahrens, bass; Hart, Allen, drums; Hart, Newton, Borchert, Bill Bacin, vocals.

Rating: 12 six-packs

The OJB is a sometime affair, a platoon of congenial gents who reunite—the band was somewhat more active in the early '60s—occasionally to play for the hell of it in a recording studio.

As an Act Doctor they are blessed to have clarinetist Shanley, who served a couple of years with Bob Scobey in the late '50s, and remains one of the last surviving exponents of the Albert system. Shanley arranged and directed both sessions, and without him the results doubtless would have been far less successful. He loves and understands the work of Edmond Hall, and shows it.

Ingram is a good journeyman cornetist, who was busy with the Webfoot Jazz Band in Portland some 20 years ago; Brandt plays some rough-house Teagarden, and Ruff, Berger and the various bassists get through the changes capably. Hart adequately keeps time without displaying a trace of dynamics, thought, invention, adventure, or swing.

Well, after all, these records aren't in the Great Marketplace, and weren't intended to be, hence the rating. If it's

your nature to be tantalized by little-known musicians playing mostly seldom-heard tunes, (well, *several* of them are anyway) in the jam-Dixieland format, and if you've ever been struck by lightning while eating a cheese sandwich on Arbor Day, this brace of albums will be right down your teacup.

Information on the OJB comes from 1451 Mission Ave., Carmichael, Cal., 95608. Also available are some 45s and a seven-inch LP under the title of the Delta Moonlighters (Shanley's on it, too).

—Jones

rock briefs

GIVEN THE FUTILITY of attempting to cover the entire rock scene, do justice to all artists, and write pithy, succinct LP summaries in the Briefs tradition, here are a few more quick glances at current marketplace items good and bad.

Deep Purple, *In Rock* (Warner Bros. 1877): The music on this album is that sort I despise, and is also no exception: throbbing pseudo-violent "heavy" rock, rampant with overt volume and coarser passions, and featuring little invention—yet one may indeed shake one's butt to the incessant din, especially to such snappy-titled tunes like *Hard Lovin' Man* and *Speed King* and the penultimate *Blood-sucker*.

Poco (Epic BN 26522): A vast quantity of my friends enjoy this album, which is



not a critical pronouncement, but a quotation of peer effect: that Poco is pleasant to witness—especially the harmonies and casual beat on *Hurry Up* and *You Better Think Twice*, and the loose instrumental carnival on most of the second side. And I admit that initially Poco seemed to me as if the prototype of tiresome country/rock fusions. Where I now recognize a more spirited and charming air than the wave of ricky-tick pseudo-c&w they outshine—so that the new album now concludes my perspective: realizing in Poco no spectacular music, no brilliant historic influence, no superstar pretensions, but in-

stead an elemental joy from song through song, and a saving grace of uncommon innocence.

Blue Mink, *Real Mink* (Philips PHS 600-339): Beside two silken love ballads, *You Walked Away* and *Can You Feel It, Baby*, both delicious vehicles for lead singer Madeline Bell, no other song on the LP is particularly notable: just plain plain.

Al Kooper, *Easy Does It* (Columbia G 30031): What has ever struck me about Al Kooper is how tremendously adequate his music has been: never exceptional, never particularly horrid, only competent, rather self-indulgent, even vain, yet amiably dull. And the new double album is a labor to witness, with generally clever charts, that wistful voice, okay piano, and only a few casual delights (two sparky originals, *She Gets Me Where I Live* and *Sad, Sad Sunshine*)—so that, as with his last three solo LPs, I must return to the first BS&T date and my Blues Project albums to hear Kooper pre-headswell.

The Beach Boys, *Sunflower* (Brother/Reprise 6382): Certainly a shock to one who hated the whole surf era, but this new Beach Boys album is wondrous not so separate from the style of old, yet the soda pop has fermented to now and then sparkling burgundy. Famous wispy rhythms, predictable smooth harmonies and bop-bops, the mandatory Brian Wilson falsetto, and those familiar goodtime topics abound in such blooms as *Deirdre*, *Slip on Through*, *Tears in the Morning*, and *All I Wanna Do* to ultimately prove how timeless gentle music may be—a harkening to when our nerves seemed more at peace.

Thunderclap Newman, *Hollywood Dream* (Track SD 8264): Mainly, this seems a novelty side, with easy instrumental play and amusing patter songs about Hollywood and such, but little to merit repeated listening. *Something in the Air* is sort of cute, and has already been featured in two film soundtracks, but hardly carries the date.

Sir Douglas Quintet, *1 + 1 + 1 = 4* (Philips PHS 600-344): Prior to the country/rock boom and afterward, Sir Douglas has consistently made the best (and too often most unnoticed) down-home funk. The new LP now continues with even greater punch, as the band proves if not always brilliant at least always swinging, with a comfortable atmosphere as if friends getting stoned and playing whatever feels good—so that the album is far more a captured mood than a mere collection of songs.

Chicken Shack, *Accept* (Blue Horizon BH 4809): The first official press party I attended featured Chicken Shack with chicken and liquor, which might have proven mellow had the band proven as good as the culinary bribe. But Chicken Shack, despite the reportage of their Fillmore ovations, could create little more than supremely ordinary electrified blues/rock, with the focus far too much on showtime guitarist Stan Webb, who even walked among the crowd: a stage tactic quite effective with boppers but somewhat boorish to anyone with taste or the least concerned with hearing music. And the LP, sans prancing, is no better.

—Mike Bourne

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blindfold test ted curson

by Leonard Feather

The name of Ted Curson is internationally known, particularly if one is referring to such nations as Denmark, Finland, Rumania, Poland, Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia. Back home in the U.S.A., his talents are much less fully appreciated.

Born in 1935 in Philadelphia, Curson gained early encouragement from Miles Davis. After working with Red Garland, Cecil Taylor and Philly Joe Jones, he played alongside Eric Dolphy in the memorable 1959-60 Charles Mingus combo.

A visit to Europe in 1960 with Mingus led to his semi-permanent residence overseas. His intense, highly personal trumpet style has been prominently displayed at clubs and concerts in the above-named countries.

After simultaneously maintaining homes in Jersey City, N.J., where his family lives, and in Aarhus, Denmark, Curson recently returned to this country and announced his intention of trying to stay here. The Blindfold Test, his first, was conducted just before he left for Berkeley, Cal., to offer a college lecture as a representative of Yamaha trumpets.



1. JACKIE McLEAN. *Demon's Dance* (from *Demon's Dance*, Blue Note). McLean, composer, alto saxophone; Woody Shaw, trumpet.

At first it sort of shook me, it almost sounded like a Czechoslovakian group, but I knew it was Jackie McLean and probably Woody Shaw. I didn't particularly like it.

I've heard Woody Shaw around Paris before he came back to New York, and he was playing very nice trumpet. But I think he's wasting his time imitating Freddie Hubbard because he doesn't really have the chops for that. And the strength of Freddie's playing is to play the high notes, the fast things, and if you don't put that in it really doesn't make it. Woody is a very talented trumpet player, so why waste time copying Freddie, why not just do his own thing? I believe in playing your own thing even if it stinks.

Jackie sounded good; he didn't sound out of tune like he usually plays. He's the only guy who plays out of tune who plays good! The theme didn't get me, it was kind of stiff and didn't particularly say anything.

I expect from American groups to lead the European groups, and the European groups now, particularly in Poland, are much further ahead—structure-wise. What happened is they've sort of missed the bebop period. They jumped from Dixieland to free jazz; because of the second World War, they weren't allowed to hear. So if you're going to be a New York hippie, an innovator, then you have to be ahead of the other cats. I'd rate that three—because of Jackie McLean.

2. GIORGIO AZZOLINI. *The Stroller* (from *Tribute to Someone, Ciao*). Franco Ambrosetti, trumpet; Gato Barbieri, tenor saxophone; Pocho Gatti, piano; Lionello Bionda, drums; Benny Golson, composer.

That's nice. That's Booker Ervin on tenor . . . that's my man. The trumpet player could be Carmell Jones or maybe Tommy Turrentine. I wasn't too sure. The

drummer was excellent; it might have been Alan Dawson.

That's an excellent record, but I've heard Booker play much better. I'd say for Booker Ervin, however, four stars.

(LATER: *Gato? I worked with him on a movie score! I never heard him play like that.*)

3. DONALD BYRD. *Estavanico* (from *Electric Byrd*, Blue Note). Byrd, composer, trumpet.

It sounds like Gil Evans. He's a guy I like very much; he's very underrated. It sounds like—not Miles—maybe Johnny Coles. I didn't particularly like it. It's too long, it didn't say anything. But I love Gil, and I feel that he should have got much more recognition. I don't pretend to know this jazz business, because every year I'm in it, I know less about it. But for Gil Evans, I'd give him five stars.

There was too much electronics on this; I don't go for that too much. I'm afraid automation is going to take over next. I'm one of these guys, I like to hear them swing. I've done a lot of free jazz, experimental things, but I think that's been overdone too. Experiments should be kept in your living room.

4. WINGY MANONE. *Blue Lou* (RCA) Manone, trumpet; Chu Berry, tenor saxophone; Gus Fetterer, clarinet; Buck Scott, trombone. Recorded 1939.

I don't know who that was, but I liked the clarinet player, the trumpet player and the trombone was nice. It was very nice, I liked it; I'd say about three and a half stars. I don't have any idea who it was, but it sounded like it was made maybe in the '30s.

5. NAT ADDERLEY. *Early Chanson* (from *You, Baby, A & M*). Joe Zawinul, composer; Adderley, cornet; Bill Fischer, arranger.

That was beautiful, and I'm a romantic, so that hit me right. I have no idea who it is, but the arranger's a gas. I'd say that's about a four-star rating. I'd like to hear some more of that record sometime;

it was beautiful, relaxing. The voicing was nice. That's the most refreshing thing I've heard today.

6. ART BLAKEY. *Roots & Herbs* (from *Roots & Herbs*, Blue Note). Lee Morgan, trumpet; Wayne Shorter, tenor saxophone, composer; Blakey, drums. Recorded 1961.

That's going to get a low rating. I know who it is, it's Lee Morgan. That kind of music almost makes me want to cry, because if I'm going to stay in America, I'm going to have to do the same thing . . . try to get on the charts and play a lot of jive.

This guy has had so many recording sessions and, as far as I'm concerned, so many opportunities, I think he should try to do something else. I know everybody needs the bread, but I think it's a waste of time to make another rock date. At least it sounds like a rock date to me; it's geared for the charts, or they wouldn't have that cat playing the shuffle.

I've heard him do better in that vein, like his *Sidewinder*. Incidentally, he's one of my favorite trumpet players, along with Kenny Dorham, old Dizzy Gillespie, old Miles Davis . . . the reason I say old is because of the older records and not the newer records. I like Lee much more than, say, Freddie Hubbard. But I don't particularly like the idea that every time he makes a record he has to make that.

I liked the saxophone player, because he knew he had to play that kind of thing, but he sort of broke out and played his own thing anyway; he didn't particularly care. It might be Wayne Shorter, and the drums sounded like it might be Mickey Roker . . . it sounded like a North Philly record date I'd say that's about two-and-a-half stars.

When I said "rock" I meant that shuffle beat, the boogaloo, the back beat from Amos Milburn to Little Richard; I just put it all in one pigeon-hole and call it rock.



caught in the act

Carmen McRae

Rainbow Grill, New York City

Personnel: Miss McRae, vocal; Nat Pierce, piano; Paul West, bass; Mickey Roker, drums.

You set out to dig Carmen McRae with expectations of good things to come, of a tune-up that will be provocative as well as professional. Ironically, although in her favor, such a prejudice places a heavy burden on the performer; a mind made up is easily disappointed. Yet there was no let-down at the Rainbow Grill the night I attended.

Opening her program with a graciously romping *I Love The Life I Live*, Miss McRae made it very plain that she does. What she did not make evident was that she was setting us up for a change of pace, pulling the rhythmic rug out from under us.

Back-to-back ballads were unraveled by the vocalist as she demonstrated again—for me, at least—that no one understands a lyric and can fill out that lyric more fully and fluently than she. Of course, the vocal chords are only part of her attack. In the framework of a ballad, especially, Miss McRae becomes more than a singer. She delves into the realm of the actress, using her hands, face and body with taste and control. Never overdoing the dramatics, she fashions just the right concentration of tone and torso.

In the *Sound of Silence*, the lyrics seemed to roll off her tongue like soft, smooth grapes: A cluster of them, one at a time. And every so often she would catch one of those grapes—those phrases—in her jaw and clamp her teeth on it, and that momentary hardness bruising the soft surrounding sounds made the juice of the phrase ooze out, creating a sweet and lasting effect.

Her vocal viewpoint shifted in *Dindi*, though this number also moved at a slow tempo. Still pensive, she pieced together the lyric with a delicateness that made me think of lace. The effect was enhanced by some clean weaving on the bass from Paul West.

Another example of how Miss McRae personalizes a song—gives it her own imprint—came in *The Folks Who Live On The Hill*. The Kern-Hammerstein standard was handled with the care of someone who has deep respect for the material, as she virtually built that “house on a hilltop high” out of nimble phrasing.

Her closing of the tune amounted to a vocal climbing of the hill, beginning down in the diaphragm and ending in the head, as her voice rose higher and higher until it diminished and disappeared, presumably



VERYL OAKLAND

Carmen McRae: Queen of the ballad

somewhere on the other side of the hill. (The Rainbow Grill is a rotunda for the calm and collected, but the patrons hung their cool out to dry, for a few moments with long applause and loud bravos at the conclusion of this number.)

Straight-ahead jazz got into the act too, as it must if you know Carmen McRae's feelings about the finer things. Her hot, up-tempo *I Cried For You* filled the room with echoes of great singers of the past, at the same time adding something new to the history of the song. The rhythmic rap between the singer and drummer Mickey Roker was titillating, a delight of precision, and made this standard the best upbeat offering of the entire set for me.

As Miss McRae is wont to do when she is feeling good about the setting, the audience and herself, she began to talk between numbers. Part of it was the act, part of it was the rap. Perhaps the best received piece of the evening was introduced by one such monolog. The title song from her new Atlantic album, *Just A Little Lovin'*, was interspersed with a humorous tale that brought the audience very much into the picture. They loved it.

Next, a Latin beat was served up, giving the trio—and especially Nat Pierce, the fine pianist—a chance to step out in front

a yard or two. Pierce's sharpness was complemented by crisp contributions from West and Roker. Miss McRae caught up with them, and all four danced through the piece like a quartet of children playing in the park.

Later in the set Miss McRae paid tribute to the Beatles with a medley of their originals, a selection that constituted a wide spectrum of musical ideas and approaches. Except for *Here, There and Everywhere*, which she handled with delicious tenderness, the enjoined tunes did not come across so well as the rest of the set. The material was well chosen and spliced, but empathy seemed to be lacking.

A country&western jazz thing, *The Ballad of Thelonious Monk*, which casts the great pianist in the role of cowboy, filled the evening's quote for charming absurdity. Miss McRae made it clear before embarking on it that the song did not really have much to do with Monk or his way of life. It was strictly sophisticated entertainment fare; good fun rather than serious vocalizing, and this was accented by a flick of the hips at the conclusion.

By popular demand—a demand probably unpopular with Miss McRae by now—she sang *Alfie*. It's not that she doesn't dig the song; undoubtedly she does. But

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as an artist she naturally wants to spread out, try new scenes, work out new dreams. Even so, she proved once again that she has a patent on this ballad—not to mention plenty of others.

Glancing back over these and other numbers she sang, one is reminded that Miss McRae spans a broad range of material in each confrontation with the audience. And the trio of Pierce, West and Röker was neatly attuned to the demanding task of pulling it all together and, more important, of adding a dimension to the set. Between sets work by the trio further revealed their togetherness.

Carmen McRae is a first-rate singer in all styles, tempos, disciplines. But it is as a balladeer that she achieves pre-eminence.

Indeed, to me she is the current queen of the ballad, and the circular, intimate Rainbow Grill compliments her style beautifully—or at least part of it. The other part is much closer to earth—spatially and spiritually. Perhaps what she dug most about the room is that the audiences come to listen.

Though the night began with a thick cloud cover, denying the listeners the 65th floor-view of stars and city for which the Grill is famous, Carmen McRae took care of the weather with a performance that seemed to chase those clouds away. By the second set, the lights of the city were blinking below as advertised, but the stars above seemed no brighter than Carmen herself.

—Thomas Tolnay

Roberta Flack/Leon Thomas/Taj Mahal Fillmore East, New York City

Leon Thomas can be a pretty succinct phrasemaker. I believe his comments in refusing an encore were something to the effect that still to come were

*Taj Mahal, who throws 'em
up against the wall
and*

*Roberta Flack, who sets 'em up
and brings 'em back*

Roberta Flack has the ability, shared by only a few performers (most notably Pete Seeger) to be able to play an audience as though it were an instrument. True, she began on safe, Fillmore East ground, with Laura Nyro's *Save The Country* and touched all bases in a program that included Billie Holiday's *God Bless The Child*.

By the time she got to her hit recording of *Reverend Lee* she had everybody going, and after her two encores, Taj Mahal, who usually has a very easy time at this house, knew that he was in trouble.

All the more amazing, since after hearing her records I was ready to simply write her off as another singer out of Nina Si-

mone. Live, however, she is a dynamic personality and comes across without the self-conscious theatrical business that the Simones and the Belafontes seem to need to perform before an audience. Miss Flack just sits at the piano and communicates with you. She received fine backing from her sidemen.

Like Leon Thomas who preceded her, she appeals to the militants. Rather than showing us anything new, Thomas concentrated on expanding material he had already performed in concert and recorded into new experiences on familiar texts. *The Journey, I Am*, and *Come Along* were each developed to their fullest. The singer drew good audience response, though not so much in applause as in participation.

As for Taj Mahal, his set was similar in repertoire and performance to his Fillmore performance several weeks before which has already been reviewed in these pages. He too was well received, but this was Roberta Flack's night, and nobody took it away from her. It was an impressive Fillmore debut for an artist who, I hope, will become a regular at this popular spot.

—Joe H. Klee



Roberta Flack: A dynamic personality

TATE

(Continued from page 18)

is first and foremost a musician and because of that she wants everything to enhance the whole of her show. She wants the band to be the best, the charts to be as hip as possible. I have a great deal of love for Peggy. She is a beautiful, beautiful person.

"The way the singing thing came about was that after each night's show we would congregate in Peggy's suite. One night she decided she wanted all of us to sing with her. By us, I mean the guys in the band, the guys she calls her 'jewels.' She seemed to like my voice and said that there should be a place for me on the stage and that she would present me. And that's exactly what she did. It's funny, my first singing engagement was at the Copa, so where do you go from there? It's like starting at the top."

I was surprised that Tate had gone back on the road, even with a Peggy Lee, considering the security he had on the New York studio scene.

"It really wasn't a case of going back out," he explained. "I did her engagements in and around New York, dates like the Copa or the Waldorf, so these would be two-week gigs during which I was still at home. The dates I did on the road were ones that I wanted to do, like Puerto Rico or Miami. That became a combination job and vacation. That's what enticed me to go out. I never spent more

than two or three weeks on the road as such."

Where did things go from there as far as the singing was concerned?

"I had decided that I wanted to sing about two years prior to my first recording. Ben Tucker and I went in and did some demos. We hustled them around to different companies and they said that the sound was nice but as far as they were concerned they didn't feel that there was a market for the kind of things we had done. What angered me was the fact that the companies also told us that they didn't think it was soulful enough. If I had been easily disillusioned, that would have done it, but my contention was that you don't tell me where my soul is at. Soul is a very, very personal thing and this is my soul. Now, whether you dig it or not is another thing. The fact is: if I'm going to sing, this is the way I'm going to sound."

"The real break came through my association with Gary McFarland. I had played on a lot of Gary's things and he was looking for a different kind of sound for a commercial he was doing. He knew I sang and one afternoon he asked me what my range was and what kind of sound did I have on mike so I let him hear the demos. We were at my house at the time and he asked if he could use the phone. I said sure, and he called his manager, Norman Schwartz, telling him to draw up a contract as a singer was about to sign for their record label. That was it."

In the Tate voice, a great deal of authority and conviction is to be heard, as well as an emotional quality. Whatever the particular emotion happens to be—love, sadness, joy—it is vividly expressed.

"As crazy as this may sound," Tate pointed out, "I can sit down and look at a game show on television and see someone win a prize and the joy this person shows. Well, if I don't have a towel handy, I'm in a world of trouble, because I know I'm gonna cry. If I go to a movie, rather than conceal the tears by putting my hand over my face, I will pull out my handkerchief and shake it so that it opens properly, and wipe my eyes; you dig? I'm not afraid of my emotions, I let them be seen."

"Now, in the case of my singing, I'm relating an experience, telling a story. I choose my material carefully because I will not sing anything I can't identify with. I'm out here not so much to sing as to interpret, and I'm talking about love 'cause I've got no time for a whole lot of anger and a whole lot of meanness, because all that does is drag me down."

"I feel that as a singer, I'm ready. I have just signed with John Levy and he is a very shrewd man. I don't think he would have taken an interest in me unless he felt that I could do something as a singer. I'm going to do everything I have to, and I'm ready to sacrifice what has to be in order to do this thing."

Presuming that things go well, and Tate finds himself back on the road, who would he take with him as a backup

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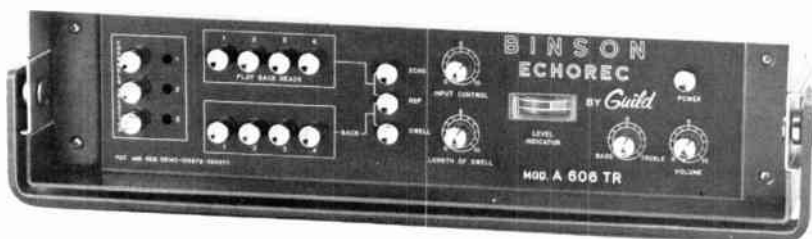
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group?

"Well, the cats I would like to take with me I'm sure couldn't go on the road because they are secure here in New York, but if I could I would most definitely want Bernard Purdie with me for this 'now' sound. He really makes it, plus he is the kind of guy who can inspire you. Then Chuck Rainey, who is like the boss of the Fender bass. The piano player would be Harold Wheeler. Harold provides you with a blanket to lie on. You can do whatever you choose and he will lay it there behind you. If I could take one other man with me to fill out the color that is needed, it would be Eric Gale. Yeah, that would be something!"

I suggested that if his career as a sing-

er really took off, we would be losing a great and influential drummer, one who would be hard to replace.

"You know, that's been said about a great many people," Tate replied. "But I really don't believe that it's true. I mean, that they might be irreplaceable. There are people who are accustomed to the way I play, but there are young kids who are coming up who will step right in and take over. That's no problem. We are expendable, all of us.

"The mere fact that I am choosing to switch to singing might cause some cats to say that I can do both, but I really don't want to play anymore. I feel I'm extremely limited as a drummer. I honestly think I have said about all I can say on

drums. I'm not as inventive as a lot of cats like Purdie or Jack De Johnette or Elvin or Max, cats like that. Granted, I've enjoyed every moment of it, but each time I play I really have to think about what I am doing and having to come up with something. I don't like being under that kind of pressure. At the moment I don't feel comfortable when I'm playing. Fortunately, I have been extremely lucky to have received the kind of acclaim that I have.

"I remember I was in Europe with Ella two or three years ago and we arrived in France. We got off the plane and there were fans of Ella's, people who just enveloped her. I saw this group of people coming toward me and I was ready to run! Then I saw a sign which read 'Welcome, Grady Tate' and this was quite unbelievable. They were fans of mine! I really have been most taken aback at the attention I have received as a drummer. I think they are all nuts!"

I noted above how friendly and open Grady Tate is, and mention of this led him to make some pertinent observations.

"There is nothing more objectionable to me than to meet a fellow musician who shows you that he is all-deserving, that he is the most wonderful thing to hit the face of the earth. Who is a musician, what is he as opposed to a brick mason or a carpenter? It just so happens that he might make a little more money, if he is lucky. It doesn't make him any better at his craft. This whole attitude has destroyed more potentially talented people than it's helped. You get so great, man, that nobody can stand you and then you can't stand yourself. Unfortunately, during this period, we are so involved with our anger and frustrations, so much so that it carries over into our work and indeed over into the things we would like to have most beautiful.

"As a result, things might have beauty overtones, but the basis seems to be anger. To really get your thing to mellow, you have to look at the cat standing next to you, the cat you are also depending on to make your thing happen. You have got to look at that cat and feel a great amount of love. You've got to be able to smile at him before your thing will come off as a smile. The hardest thing in the world is to make drums come off as a smile, and to say 'I love you' on drums is virtually impossible."

As to the future, drumming, singing, whatever, how does it look?

"Well, I don't know what I'm really reaching for. I set attainable goals for myself. These are the things I know I can get to, and then I set the unattainable goals, the things that keep me striving. I am sure, though, that if tomorrow I became a singer in demand, then the next day I would want to move on to something else, say acting. If that also worked out, then I would want to go in another direction. I know that I just can't remain in one little niche. Like I dig the four different seasons. I dig heavy topcoats and by the same token I like shorts, sunglasses and a little tennis. If I am going to be confined to one specific area, I'll be in a world of trouble!"

1971 Program

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MINGUS

(Continued from page 14)

Open Door in the early '50s."

Ornette Coleman?

"He ain't working that much. When it comes to free music, I have a record on Candid which is complete freedom. *Mingus, Mingus, Mingus*, with Eric Dolphy, Ted Curson and Danny Richmond."

Freddie Hubbard?

"Never heard him".

More silence as Mingus puts away the rest of the apple pie and calls for more lager.

I risked a question about his reputation as a sore-headed bear on the stand, and asked why Jaki Byard had sworn at one time never to work with him again.

"I'm not hard to get along with," he said. "The reason Jaki got mad was because on that European trip with Eric we had a television show scheduled in Liège, Belgium. It was in the contract as part of the deal but Jaki wanted extra money. He was on salary and I had to tell him that the TV money just paid our trip over. I could do nothing. That's why he got sore."

Mingus sighed a mighty sigh, drained his glass, and sat back in his seat. And then—for the first time in the interview—he volunteered a comment, clearly expecting that it would terminate the interview.

"The book I started 20 years ago says everything I want to say. It's coming out in April". This will be his autobiography, *Beneath the Underdog*, published by Knopf.

As we waited for the bill, I suggested he seemed more relaxed than most people gave him credit for, and he answered: "Not relaxed; just tired. I quit after Monterey in 1969—everybody should retire sometime. But I don't have enough to live on—otherwise I wouldn't still be playing. I had to come back just to make a living."

He said he had written a couple of hundred tunes which should be bringing him money, "but they haven't been handled right." Now he wants to write for a symphony orchestra. "Most of the things I've written are not what I really want to do. When I write what I really want to write, nobody can play it."

It is difficult to believe, as Mingus insists, that he gets little pleasure from his playing and none at all from the acclaim it has received. But he claims he would be just as happy playing with no audience ("I could work out new tunes") and even says he is tempted sometimes to go back to work in the post office. ("I enjoyed working with those sacks—the exercise was good.") And again comes that flicker of a tongue-in-cheek smile.

He doesn't feel the music business has been good to him and feels racial discrimination will never improve. "They'll never open up the studios to black musicians," he said.

He attributes the decline of the jazz club scene to the fact that the owners and promoters wanted to take all the money and exploit the black musicians.

When I suggested that certain musicians might sometimes have been at fault, arriving late or being high on the stand, Mingus' "No" was quite emphatic, brooking no argument.

"The audiences like it that way because

that's what jazz is. I remember Monk came into the Jazz Gallery one night an hour-and-a-half late and the people stood up and applauded him. They're not bitter. That's the kind of thing they expect from time to time."

On the subject of the narcotics scourge that hit so many of his contemporaries, Mingus said he didn't know why they got hooked. ("Bird didn't play as good when he was high.") But then he added, "Nine out of ten doctors are junkies. Musicians rank about ninth on the list, yet they're always the scapegoats."

As we walked out into the London dusk I asked whom he would choose if he could put together an ideal band. His choices were mildly surprising.

"I'd pick Ernie Royal, Jerome Richard-

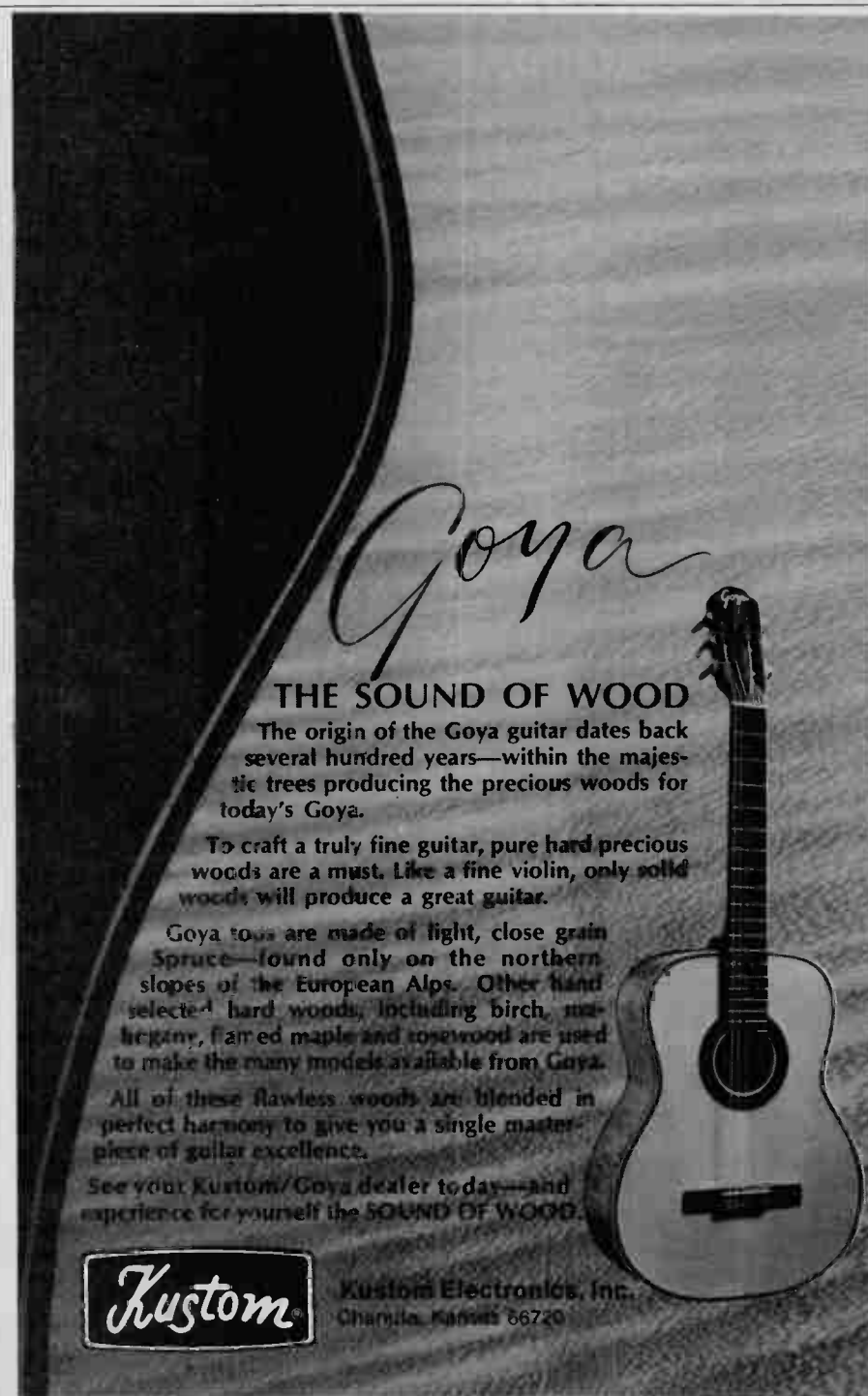
son, Jaki Byard and . . . it would have to be Danny Richmond. Elvin (Jones) and Max (Roach) couldn't—or wouldn't—play my music."

Until he gets the chance to record with that dream group, he considers his most satisfying album *The Black Saints and the Sinner Lady* on Impulse.

We reached his hotel. Mingus shook hands absently and his broad back disappeared through the door—a man as wide as a coal barge, and still intimidating as an interview prospect.

But—though you may choke on the cliché—beneath the gruff and truculent exterior is the spirit of a gentle and sensitive man, a man who has given a great deal more to music than music has given back to him.

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SANDERS

(Continued from page 15)

I first started playing I never dreamed of working with such great people." From those earlier days, he also fondly remembers his musical association with Sun Ra and, of course, Coltrane. In turn, he now encourages new talent. Recently, the gifted young trumpeter Marvin Patterson worked with him on a club date. It wasn't just that Patterson played trumpet well (which he did), it was the feeling he evoked. It reminded Sanders of the way he himself plays tenor.

You can find Pharoah Sanders' records on the Impulse label. One of his long-time fans has described the chronology of his albums thusly: "*Tauhid* and *Karma* are the beginning of the search. *Jewels of Thought* is the spirit, and *Summum Umyum Bukman* (*Deaf, Dumb & Blind*) is really getting inside it all." He had also heard an advance copy of Sanders' new album, *Thembi* (due for spring release) and added: "*Thembi* is exploded truth!" After hearing the track *Red, Black and Green* from *Thembi*, I find that description very apt.

Though Sanders is pleased enough with making records and having people hear them, he really prefers to play for live audiences who *listen*. "I would like people to hear me *now*, not just on records," he says. Unlike some modern jazzmen, he is not adverse to traveling. "If business conditions are right," he says, "I'd take the group to Europe, India, Africa—even as far as Japan." And, of course, like all the new musicians, he likes playing college concerts because "the conditions are better and the audiences warmer and quieter. There's no bottles, no cash registers, no loud talking. In a club, sometimes many people don't come to *listen*—so many other things are going on. You must *listen* to the music."

Thembi Sanders, a bright, until very recently a student herself, explained: "Students are eager to welcome you, not on the basis of business but purely on the basis of appreciation." It was *Thembi* who gave one of the best descriptions of her husband's art when she said: "Pharoah's music is a way of cutting across the field of music as a *whole*—it is not compartmentalized. He plays for everybody. He doesn't *separate* the music."

Sanders further explained his group's music: "We all try to play from high energy. We look at music spiritually—where it's all coming *from*—not by theory or styles, just the *high energy*. We can feel church, rock, African—anything we want to feel. I can feel anything I want to feel while I'm playing. What comes to me is truth. The music takes in everything, so I cannot say we play to a small audience. I am very aware of what I'm doing to get the effect. Some people don't like to have experiences like our music, but I don't like a one-sided approach to music. It just is. I try to expand the territory of music so that when it leaves the club or concert hall it goes into the universal. I play for the Creator. And my music talks for me."

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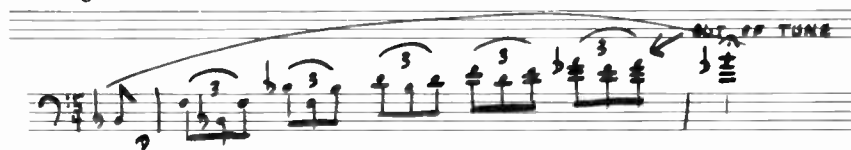
THE FOLLOWING EXERCISES are all slurring exercises to be played at a volume of *piano* with a good steady air stream from the diaphragm. You should learn to "ride the air-stream" with the basic shape of the center of your chops moving slightly as if saying "i" for the lower and "e" for the higher notes with the corners of the mouth down. These settings are very subtle. The distance in settings from low B-flat to high B-flat is probably about a 32nd of an inch. Imagine how close low B-flat and middle F are. Play these exercises slowly and be sure there is a good "centered" sound to every note. Start very slowly, gradually building in speed as your confidence grows.



In playing the following pedal slurs, be sure the mouthpiece is centered properly—using the same "i-e" motion as before.



This last example is a general flexibility exercise. Start slowly and increase speed as confidence grows.



(continued overleaf)

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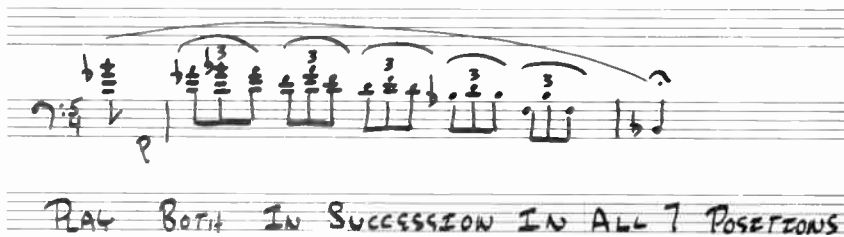
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If you have an "upstream"-type embouchure, some of these exercises may be very difficult. That being the case, you should consult Dr. Donald Reinhardt in Philadelphia or read his book, *The Pivot System*. Secondly, many additional exercises can be found in *Practice With The Experts*, edited by Paul Tanner and published by Leeds Music. I strongly suggest you buy the book and follow Mr. Tanner's excellent directions as stated in the supplement.

strictly ad lib

New York: The Village Gate initiated a new policy on the last weekend in March with Herbie Mann and Ayr, the rock group Floating Opera, and guitarist Sonny Sharrock, who remained for a two-week stand March 30-April 10. Meanwhile, at Top of the Gate, vibist Vera Auer's group was followed by the Mel Lewis Quartet (Thad Jones; Roland Hanna; Richard Davis), on hand through May 2. Scheduled next: Mose Allison (May 4-23) . . . Trumpeter Joe Thomas, with wife Babe Matthews on vocals, made one of his too-rare appearances at the McAlpin in March, leading Bud Blacklock, piano; Al Hall, bass, and Gene Brooks, drums . . . Slugs' wound up March with Jeremy Steig's group and followed up with one-week stands by assorted heavyweights: Milt Jackson, Yusef Lateef, and McCoy Tyner . . . Duke Ellington and his orchestra were heard in concert April 11 at Philharmonic Hall . . . *Jazz Adventures'* final stand at the Downbeat (see news story) featured Chico Hamilton with reedman Mark Cohen, guitarist Lance Gumnerson, and bassist Vic Gaskin . . . The JPJ Quartet (Budd Johnson, tenor, soprano; Dill Jones, piano; Bill Pemberton, bass; Oliver Jackson, drums) did a week's return engagement at the Half Note, followed by Zoot Sims with regulars Ross Tompkins, Victor Sproles, and Mousey Alexander. Jimmy Rushing continues as added weekend attraction, and on weeknights the talented Judy Canterino sits in for a song or two . . . The groups of Freddie Hubbard and George Benson; Pucho and the Latin Soul Brothers, and singer Betty Carter entertained at the Riverside Plaza April 23. Miss Carter also did a concert at Cami Hall March 27 . . . Dewey Redman's March concert at the Peace Church on Washington Sq. had Chris Capers, trumpet; Richard Davis, bass, and Eddie Moore, drums—a different personnel from that originally announced. On April 7, violinist LeRoy Jenkins led his Revolutionary Quartet (Ricardo Gautrau, guitar; Sirone, bass; Frank Clayton, drums) at the church . . . Ex-Ellington vocalist Betty Roché was feted by the Duke Ellington Society and also performed at Jazz Vespers at St. Peter's Church, where another recent guest was down beat contributor Joe Klee, who

sings his own songs, accompanying himself on guitar . . . NYU's Loeb Student Center had spring jazz sounds provided by Joe Farrell, reeds; Warren Chiasson, vibes; Richard Davis, bass, and Sonny Brown, drums (March 18) and Carlos Garnett, tenor, leading Kiane Ziwadi, trombone, euphonium; Kalik Al-Raouf, soprano; Ron Burton, piano; Stafford James, Hakim Jami, basses, and Norman Connors, drums, plus the four-voice Garnett Singers. The group also played at the Brooklyn MUSE . . . Pianist Don Friedman, with Chuck Wayne, guitar, and Joe Williams, bass, plays nightly except Sunday at the Tail of the Fox, 53rd St. between Lexington and Third Aves. . . The 360-Degree Music Experience Trio (Dave Burrell, piano; Vic Gaskin, bass; Beaver Harris, drums) plays nightly except Monday at the Champagne Room, 241 E. 14th. Burrell is also the proud father of a baby boy, born March 23 . . . Trumpeter Cal Massey's Jazz Revue at the East Village "In" featured a cast including Archie Shepp, James Spaulding, Hal Galper, Hakim Jami, Art Lewis, vocalist Lorraine Blakey and The Youngbloods. Sun Ra holds forth at the club Sundays and Mondays . . . Trumpeter Teddy Daniel, with Arthur Jones, Norris Jones and Rashied Ali, concertized at Wagner College April 3 . . . A benefit for Soho Documentary Films at the Film-makers Cinematheque featured Steven Inkwhite Tintweiss, bass, melodica, voice; James DuBoise, trumpet, flute, mellophone, voice; Jimmy Hahn, oboe, organ, percussion, and Bill Mintz, drums, plus We Two (DuBoise and Harold Smith, drums), singer-guitarist Judy Stewart, accompanied by Tom Moore, flute and cello; and the South Manhattan Quintet (John Marshall, trumpet; Danny Carter, alto; Steve Coughlin, tenor; Roberto Barsi, bass, and Smith, drums) . . . Reedman Dave Liebman's group performed at WBAT's Free Music Store . . . James Spaulding, Hakim Jami, and Michael Shepherd performed at Manhattan Community College . . . Jami and Shepherd were also heard with the New World Ensemble at Unity House in Brooklyn, including Youseff Yancy, trumpets; Vittie Gory, tenor, flute, soprano . . . The late clarinetist Hank D'Amico was the subject of a lecture-discussion in the Aesthetic Realism series at Terrain Gallery. D'Amico's widow spoke, and records were played . . . Bassist David Izenzon introduced his

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new concept, **Jazz&Movement**, in a concert at the 92nd St. YMHA April 25. A dancer was included in the program . . . Violinist **John Blair** filled in for **Mary Lou Williams**, who took three weeks off from her Cookery gig to record a double album for Halcyon. Blair, who also sings, was on hand March 29-April 19, with **Sammy Price's** Texas piano doing the Sunday music from 7 to midnight . . . Trumpeter **Benny Ventura** and clarinetist **Sal Pace** were among recent guests at the Balaban&Cats Sunday sessions at Your Father's Mustache . . . Thursday night jazz concerts at the Brooklyn MUSE in April featured **Sam Rivers**, **Clifford Thornton**, **Janice Jarrett**, and the **Jimmy Heath-Curtis Fuller Quintet**.

Los Angeles: There's another Lighthouse in the Southland, flashing a syncopated beacon—but it's not close enough to the original **John Levine-Howard Rumsey** Lighthouse in Hermosa Beach to matter. The newer one is **Tom Ham's** Lighthouse, on Harbor Island in San Diego, and the Sunday jazz concerts are being produced by San Diego's number one champion of jazz, **Lola Ward**. The series began with **Shelly Manne's** combo and continued with **Gene Russell's** trio. With Gene, on piano, were **Leroy Vinnegar**, bass; **Steve Clover**, drums, and **Fran Carol**, vocals. Russell's combo is now regularly ensconced at the Melody Room on the Sunset Strip each Monday. Gene's regular bassist, **Wilfred Middlebrook**, is

on that gig. Recent sitters-in at the Melody Room: **Eldee Young** and **Red Holt**, who had Monday off from their gig at Shelly's Manne-Hole . . . Speaking of Mondays at the Manne-Hole, **Les De Merle's** 12-piece jazz-rock band, **Transfusion**, continues to be the attraction. **Herbie Hancock** followed **Young-Holt Unlimited** . . . **Gabor Szabor** followed **Cal Tjader** at the Lighthouse, and Gabor was followed by another Lighthouse favorite, **Willie Bobo** . . . Donte's ushered in what it considers the real New Year's—that is the Persian New Year. That's because one third of the triumvirate that owns Donte's **Sunny McKay**, is from Iran . . . On the subject of Easterners, an interesting concert had been scheduled for the Music Center: "A Concert of Fathers and Sons," featuring sitarists **Ravi Shankar** and his son **Shnbo**, but the elder Shankar came down with the flu and the concert was cancelled without an alternate date chosen . . . **Sammy Davis, Jr.** not only closed at the Now Grove, but also closed the Now Grove. The club will enjoy a summer-long hiatus and reopen, hopefully, in the fall . . . **Frankie Ortega** is currently at the Golden Rainbow Inn, in Tarzana . . . **Al Cecchi** and his Trio are backing the singers at the Club John in Los Angeles . . . **Della Reese** follows **Sarah Vanghan** into the Westside Room April 27. **Lou Rawls** opens there May 25 . . . **Cat Stevens** followed **Melanie** into the Troubadour . . . The Left Bank, alternating **Jimmy Rowles** with **Joe Pass**, recently mixed things up with **Cat Anderson's** Quartet . . . **Lennie Blinn** is now at the Red Log, in Westwood, near the UCLA campus . . . **Ruth Olay**, who came to Ye Little Club in Beverly Hills for a four-week gig is now an indefinite fixture there . . . **John Mayall** has been making the rounds with his drum-less quartet (featuring **Don Sugar-cane Harris** on electric violin) in a "farewell tour of his **USA Union Band**." First stop was the Whisky A GoGo, then came the Long Beach Auditorium, along with **Mike Bloomfield** . . . Right after the Long Beach gig, Bloomfield went into the Ash Grove for three nights, following **John Hammond** . . . **Santana** and **Buddy Miles** shared the vastness of the Forum in Inglewood . . . **Chicago** filled it all by themselves for a one-nighter . . . The Santa Monica Civic booked three rock groups for successive one-nighters: **Johnny Winter**, **The Kinks**, and **The Youngbloods** . . . **Gladys Knight** and the Pips had a busy weekend locally, working Disneyland on a Saturday night, and sharing the Long Beach Arena with the **Chambers Brothers** on Sunday night . . . The rock opera **Tommy**, by **The Who**, was finally given a legitimate, fully-staged performance by the Associated Students of USC (University of Southern California.) The opera, which had only been done in concert by the British group, was performed five times at USC . . . The **Tony Ortega Jazz Ensemble** (Ortega, reeds, flute; **Mona Orbeck**, vibes, piano; **Reggie Johnson**, bass; **Mel Lee**, drums) appeared at Cal State at Los Angeles . . . **Chuck Glave** fronted a quintet called **Explosion** for a one-night blast in San Francisco at the Bach Dancing and Dynamite Society. Per-

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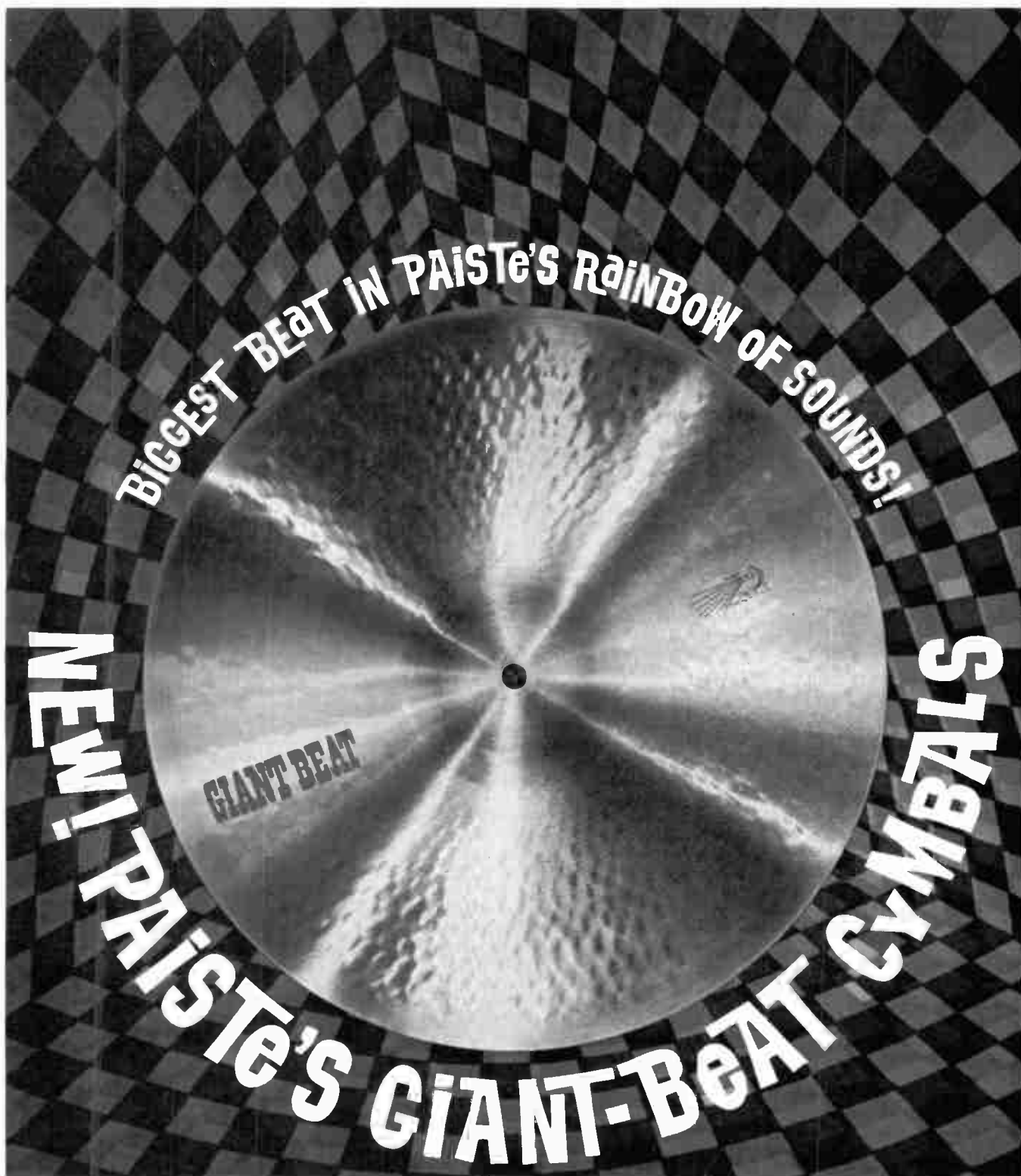
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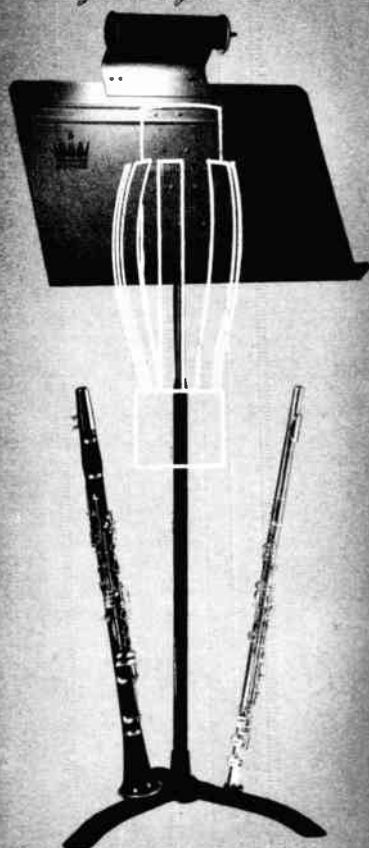
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Chicago: Big name jazz in Chicago continues to flourish on a hit-and-miss, comedy-of-errors basis. Bill Evans, scheduled for a Modern Jazz Showcase session at the North Park Hotel March 21, played briefly during the Sunday afternoon segment but those who came to dig the longer evening session were turned away. Seems the room was pre-empted for a fund-raising, corn beef and cabbage dinner for local Democrats. The following week, the MJS attraction, Al Cohn and Zoot Sims, played to meager crowds at the Wise Fools Pub but loyalists who came to dig found the stand more often vacant than occupied . . . On the brighter side, **The World's Greatest Jazz Band** is set for their first Chicago appearance May 4. They begin a three-week stand at the Happy Medium, which is also the site for future concerts sponsored by the **Jazz Institute of Chicago**. The current WGJB lineup: Yank Lawson, Billy Butterfield, trumpets; Ed Hubble, Vic Dickenson, trombones; Bob Wilber, clarinet, soprano sax; Bud Freeman, tenor sax; Ralph Sutton, piano; Bobby Haggart, bass, and Gus Johnson, drums . . . Bass trumpeter Cy Touff's group at the Jazz Brunch at Mister Kelly's on a recent Sunday consisted of house pianist Larry Novak, bassist Jim Atlas, and drummer Marty Clausen. **Franz Jackson's Entertainers**, featuring vocalist Jeanne Carroll, was the April brunch attraction . . . Bluesman Junior Wells played Pepper's recently . . . Trumpeter Nappy Trottier returned to Chicago after spending the winter in Arizona. He's currently working with Don Gibson and the Ragtimers every Sunday at the Village Tavern in Long Grove . . . The South Side Community Arts Center was the site of a recent Sunday concert featuring Beau Bailey, trombone; Edwin Daugherty, alto sax; Richard Abrams, piano; Pete Cosey, bass, and Steve McCall, drums . . . The same group, with Reggie Willis on bass instead of Cosey, and Gordon Emmanuel added a one-nighter at The Strip, 2547 E. 75th St. . . . Tenorist Tommy Madman Jones worked a weekend at the Apartment . . . Clarence Wheeler & The Enforcers are back at Lurlean's . . . Tenorist Joe Daly, along with trumpeter Bobby Lewis, bassist Rufus Reid and drummer Hal Russell, played a concert at Triton College financed by student union funds and a contribution by the school's English department . . . Pianist Ken Chaney is working the Nightingale on Friday and Saturday with bassist John Whitfield and drummer Arlington Davis. Tuesday finds him at the Pumpkin with Frank Gordon, trumpet, flugelhorn; Steve Galloway, trombone; Richard Brown, tenor sax, and the weekend rhythm section.

San Francisco: Herbie Hancock's Sextet (Ed Henderson, trumpet; Julian Priester, trombone; Benny Maupin, reeds; Buster Williams, bass; Billy Hart, drums) played the Both/And for three weeks with Freddie Hubbard's Quintet joining them

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for one week. With Hubbard were Junior Cook, tenor sax; Joe Bonner, piano; Mickey Bass, bass, and Louis Hayes, drums. Lee Morgan's group (Billy Harper, tenor sax; Harold Mahern, piano; Jymie Merrit, bass; Mickey Roker, drums) followed with a two-weeker . . . Hugh Masakela and the Union of South Africa were at the Harding Theater for two nights . . . Gabor Szabo did two weeks at El Matador with Wolfgang Melz, bass; John Dentz, drums, and Mailto Rodrigues, conga. Vocalist Chris Connor was also in for a week with pianist Max Seiler, bassist Reggie Johnson, and drummer Ray Fisher backing . . . Set to follow was the Oscar Peterson Trio . . . Ella Fitzgerald followed Mel Torme into the Fairmont Hotel's Venetian Room. Her accompanying trio: Tommy Flanagan, piano; Frank De La Rosa, bass, and Ed Thigpen, drums . . . Aretha Franklin was at Fillmore West for three nights. King Curtis and the Kingpins and Throne of Blood also appeared. Ray Charles was a surprise guest at Aretha's Sunday evening performance . . . Woody Herman's band drew such crowds during their two-weeker in March at the Claremont Hotel in Berkeley that the hotel is pressing on with its big band policy (Count Basie and Stan Kenton have been in) and has a mixed bag schedule: Don Ellis, Buddy Rich, Kenton, and Guy Lombardo and Lawrence Welk. The Herd recorded for Fantasy during its Claremont stay and played a concert at Chabot College with the San Leandro High School Jazz Lab Band under the direction of Joe Zawistowski. The concert was a benefit affair to enable the band to travel to this year's Montreaux Jazz Festival as performers . . . Bennie Wallace, tenor sax; Dave Creamer, guitar; Mike Wilcox, bass, and Phil Johnson, drums, played the Jazz Workshop recently . . . Ex-Woody Herman drummer-vibist Gus Cousineau's rehearsal band has a few upcoming gigs for the S.F. Parks & Recreation Dept. Personnel: Bill Tacke, Stan Sarotan, Bill Catalano, Terry Ross, Zane Woodworth, Ernie Teguroa, trumpets; Joe Disch, Roy Stefani, Ted Rodney, Jerry Butzen, Ernie Derudoni, trombones; Bob Davidson, Al Walcott, Dick Castel, Bob Stowell, Jim Lomba, reeds; Tony Kay, guitar; John Marabuta, piano; Ron Cody, bass; Bob Romeriz, drums . . . Mandrake's featured the Denny Zeitlin Trio (Mel Graves, bass; George Marsh, drums), Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee, and Mose Allison's Trio in March . . . Bola Sete, with bassist Jone Marino, drummer Rene De Mesquita, and congaist Mailto Correa, played the Old Town Theater at Los Garos March 15-20. Herbie Hancock's Sextet worked there March 23-28 . . . Pianist-flutist Dick Turner's Trio (Dalton Dillingham, bass; Dick Saltzman, drums), regulars at the Mark Hopkins Hotel, played several gigs at the Club San Francisco in February and March . . . Earl Hines' group (Bobby Mitchell, trumpet; Junior Simmons, guitar; Larry Richardson, bass; Tony Johnson, drums) played benefit concerts for the local Maritime Museum March 18-21, 25-28 aboard the Balclutha, a Cape Horn

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clipper turned showboat . . . Clarence Wheeler & The Enforcers (Stanley Covington, trumpet; Wheeler, tenor sax; Sonny Burke, organ; George Hughes, drums) recently closed a month's stay at Jack's of Sutter Street . . . John Handy, with Ali Akbar Khan on sarod and accompanying Indian musicians, did a concert at the Harding Theatre March 26-27 on a *Soul and Improvisation* program.

Philadelphia: Organist-singer Trudy Pitts and drummer Mr. C. did three days at the Seafare Cafe, which currently has a jazz policy. Also booked are organist Shirley Scott with reedman Danny Turner and drummer Bobby Durham . . . Barren's New Art Cartel was the featured attraction at Gino's Empty Fox Hole, a non-alcoholic club in West Philadelphia . . . Singer Billy Paul subbed for ailing vocalist Sharon Scott at the First Nighter Jazz Room . . . Brandi's Wharf catered to capacity crowds for a one-night appearance by Duke Ellington. Buddy Rich followed with a one-week stand and Woody Herman did three nights . . . Veteran jazz disc jockey Perry Johnson left WRTI-FM after two years of service. The Temple University graduate was soon to be found further down the FM Band on WDAS-FM . . . Hall of Jazz Productions presented its second concert to capacity crowds. Stanley Turrentine, Joe Farrell, pianist Eddie Green, and local singer-teacher Blanche Carter were featured . . . Nina Simone was booked into the Academy of Music for an early April concert . . . Alice Coltrane, the Lloyd McNeal Quartet, reedman Byard Lancaster and The New Black Edition pleased capacity crowds at Philadelphia's Community College's second *Black Extravaganza*. The hall was donated by St. Joseph College, and all proceeds went to the Community College Black Student League Scholarship Fund . . . Reedman-brothers Carl and Earl Grubbs and their Visitors did three days at Gino's Empty Fox Hole . . . The First Nighter Jazz Room featured singer Irene Reid and tenorist Joe Thomas' group, with Charles Davis on soprano and baritone . . . Shirley Scott and her trio, tenorist Bootsie Barnes, and vocalist Evelyn Sims drew the best crowds since the Seafare initiated its three-day jazz policy . . . Chicago and

Richie Havens were two major recent Spectrum events . . . Female disc jockey Candy Lynn has joined the staff of Philadelphia's only jazz station, WRTI-FM. She will be featuring vocal jazz.

Syracuse-Rochester: Thelonious Monk did two concerts to good crowds at Crouse Auditorium on the Syracuse University campus March 19. This was his first local appearance in several years . . . The MJQ appeared at the Regent in February . . . Mose Allison did a concert for a small but most appreciative audience at Fayetteville-Manlius High School March 6. The school has booked Eddie Condon for April 30 and the group is expected to include Wild Bill Davison, Bob Wilber, Johnny Mince, Jack Lesberg, and Cliff Leeman . . . Chuck Berry headlined a "Rock&Roll Revival" show at the Onondaga County War Memorial in March . . . Clarinetist Jack Maheu and the current edition of his Salt Lake Six are at the King's Den in Rochester, where they have been held over for at least another month. The group includes Smokey Stover, trumpet; Dave Stout, trombone; John Ulrich, piano; Barney Mallon, bass, and drummer Danny D'Imperio, a Rochester native who was with Buddy DeFranco's Glenn Miller Band when it recorded for Paramount in concert in London . . . Maheu's former partner in the SCS, Will Alger, is doing weekend gigs in Lockport . . . DeFranco has the Miller band booked for a number of appearances in this area after their return from Europe. They will do two concerts in Utica, one in Rome, one in Auburn and also play in Rochester. There is a possibility of an extended tour of Australia for the band . . . Three Rivers Inn has Fran Jeffries in for 10 days starting April 29 and Doc Severinsen booked for May 21-23 . . . Jim Nistico has a jazz-rock group now in its eighth month at the Soo-Lin. In addition to the leader's tenor sax, the group has Bob Price, organ, and drummer Vic Zipeto. Sal Travis does the vocals. Zipeto also holds down the drum spot in the studio band for *The Gang Show* on WSYR radio-TV . . . The Three Musketeers in North Syracuse had Dixieland for six weeks . . . Dick Ames and the Dixie Dandies moved on to Stampalis's Restaurant, and the Soda Ash Six continue at Song Mountain.

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