

FEBRUAR 1975

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music magazine

down beat

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down beat

February 27, 1975

Vol. 42, No. 4

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Chet Baker is back.



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Chet Baker, welcome back.



The Artist's Choice

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World Radio History

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By Charles Suber

This issue deals with several aspects of "American music", including a searching dialogue on its nature and effect. This, and any, examination of American music phenomena makes at least two suppositions which pose as important questions relating to our general welfare: (1) What are the musics to which the label "Made—or assembled—in the U.S.A." can be applied? (2) Why is it important for American music to be so identified and analyzed? And why now?

Robert Palmer's provocative piece "What Is American Music?" sets the tone of the issue. It supplies some answers to Question #1 by, at least partially, discussing the musics of

rural and urban blues; jazz; religious expression; concert art à la Ives; anglo-folk à la Jimmie Rodgers; the theater à la Rodgers & Hammerstein; the avant-garde à la Cage; pop & rock à la you-name-it. Indigenous to his essay are major and minor sources directly traceable to the African mother-lode and inescapably intertwined with European cultural traditions. He also examines some of the effects of this American synthesis on non-American peoples.

The issue continues with words and music by and with some of the best American contemporary musicians: Muddy Waters, one of the living blues legends; Charlie Mingus, the giant jazz player and composer; and members of BS&T, the group for which "jazz-rock" was first coined. Prof Fowler scripts a not-so-imaginary scene between a traditional music educator and a music student who wants to

know what's happening. The issue climaxes with a How To featuring Charlie Parker.

Let's get back to Question #2: what's so important about American music?

For one thing, today's interpretation of the past has a great deal to do with artistic recognition and subsequent public support and acclaim. Chris White, head of The Institute of Jazz Studies, puts it this way: "Jazz has been kept separate from—but dependent upon—external systems that control it . . . (the jazz musician) is judged by standards and systems that do not apply to his music . . . We are not going to change the way things are until we, the musicians, begin to document an aesthetic system for our music . . . We, the makers of the music, have never really had a chance to make known what it is we and our music are about".

An oft-repeated axiom of this column is Whosoever defines, rules! Historians, journalists, and teachers do tend to define, write, and teach from the viewpoint of the ethnic majority. (History is re-written when minorities gain sufficient knowledge and power to assert their views.) And for a long, long time now the genteel establishment has determined what is serious music and the rewards flowing therefrom.

Neglect of native talent is not based only on ethnic differences. Charles Ives, a proper and wealthy New Englander, finished his Second Symphony in 1902, then waited 49 years for it to be performed by a symphonic orchestra!

A recent example of educational "benign neglect" was the last convention of the National Association of Jazz Educators. Three days and nights were filled with variations of stage band jazz—good but hardly adequate to the occasion. Scant attention was paid to combo playing or to individual improvisation, jazz's essential element; or to the blues on which so much of American music is based and derived. The convention's clinicians/performers were fine, but the absence of seminal jazz or blues players on the order of Gillespie, Rollins, Mulligan, Laws, Corea, Ron Carter, Ponty, et al, was sadly evident.

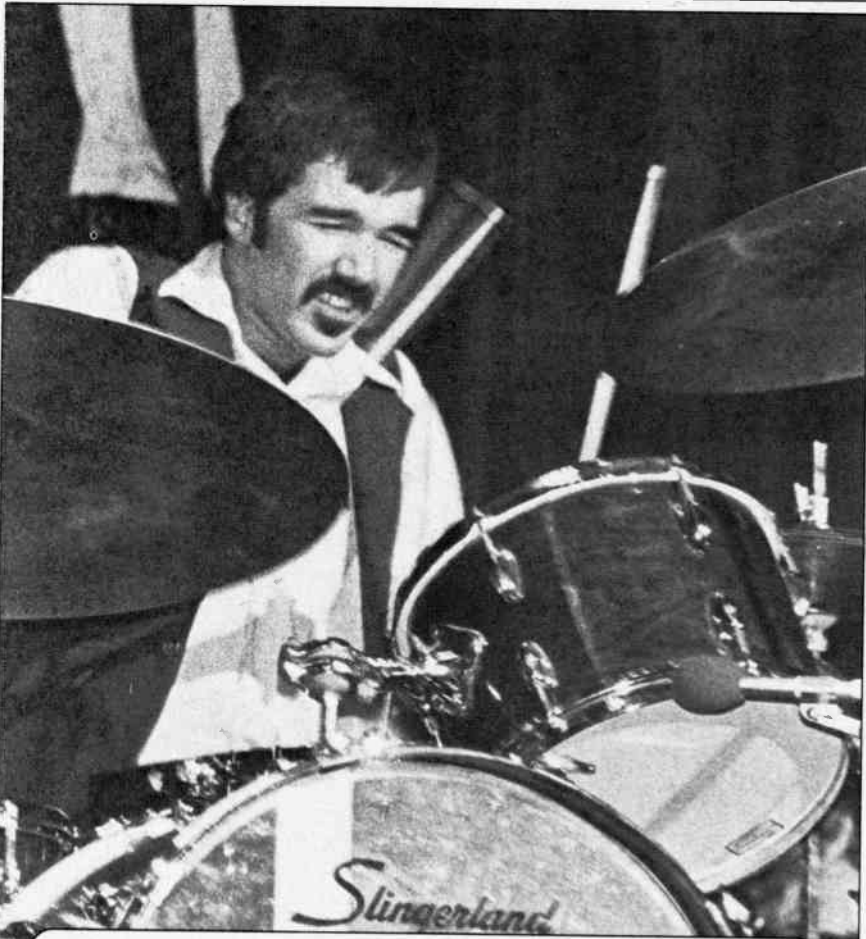
The neglect of who's really who in American music is not always benign, much of it is wilful. Those who subsidize our major and metropolitan symphony orchestras *want* to protect their social standing in the present by investing their tax-deductible money in their European past. Abetted by classical music critics, they *want* their music halls kept hallowed by serious musicians with lots of couth. Rather than allow living music into their domain, they prevail upon friends and associates on local and national arts councils to make up the annual deficits. Keep it in the club.

And then there are the Elder jazz critics who jealously and zealously guard jazz from foreign (electronic) and popular (blues) elements. Their professional status (in another medium, writing) is based on not allowing control (definitions) to be assumed by musicians.

But look out, friends and Elders, things are changing out of your sight, and more changes are coming.

Contemporary musicians—abetted by contemporary media—are learning to use their talents and their heritage to bring about changes. Changes, not destruction or replacement. It is hoped that the bicentennial year will mark a sharing of public music management, facilities, and funds for the American musics so respected by the whole world.

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Scattered Praise

I read your interview with Chicago today and was quite pleased. I am one of the biggest Chicago fans ever and thought it was about time the guys got to say their views. The press has been totally unfair and it's time somebody recognized that fact and did something constructive. You have my sincere congratulations and thanks.
Donna Schneider Woodmere, N.Y.

In my opinion, Joe Zawinul is *the* musician today as attested by his compositions, his orchestral style of playing, and the band of which he is a part. Due to *db's* asking intelligent, relevant questions we got to see into Zawinul's head, which is, like his music, in a beautiful place.

Congratulations on a great issue, Traffic. Tom Coster, Coryell—these are the musicians that are making it happen and so is *down beat*.
Bill Fitzgerald Chicago, Ill.

Critics Blitzed

After reading the Chicago interview, I can only sympathize with their disgust for the critics. From my observations, *down beat* initially writes a record review, *Rolling Stone* reads *down beat* and writes their review, and subsequently the *Los Angeles Times*, *New York Times*, *San Francisco Chronicle*, and *Chicago Tribune* all read *Rolling Stone* and write their reviews. Unfortunately, none of the critics ever heard the record, because the content of a *db* review is determined by the critic's need to score points with the public.
Don Davis Anaheim, Ca.

Tips On Thad

Thanks for the fine interview with Thad Jones. However, I heartily disagree with Thad's evaluation of his own playing. Far from being only competent, I have found him to be one of the most consistently creative improvisers, one who never disappoints.

Your writer's selected discography puzzles me, though. None of the records listed under the heading Soloist Period (covering Thad's small band dates in the '50s) are currently available, while the two sessions he did for Mingus' Debut label in the mid '50s are omitted, and they are still available, in New York anyway, on Fantasy 86004, *The Fabulous Thad Jones*. Also, anyone seriously interested in how his playing has developed should check out his more recent small band dates, specifically the Helen Merrill-Dick Katz Milestone LP's, MSP 9003 and MSP 9019, and the Dexter Gordon album *Ca'Purange*, Prestige PR 10951. All three contain superb solos on both cornet and flugelhorn.
Bill Moriarty Flushing, N.Y.

There are a few things that Thad and Arnold Smith were quite wrong about (*Thad Jones Conducts An Interview*, *db*, Dec. 5, '74) and I want to set the record straight.

The reed section was at its *best* with Marshall Royal and myself on altos, Frank Foster and Frank Wess on tenors, and Charlie Fowkes on baritone. Bill Graham took my place on second alto when I left.

Earlier, when Paul Quinichette had left, Ben Webster sat in for a while and then

came Frank Wess. A little later, Frank Foster replaced Lockjaw Davis. Wess moved to alto much later, and don't forget about Budd Johnson and Eric Dixon. Over the years "Jaws" was in the band and out of it.

I did *not* write more charts than Basie could use. In fact, he was always cursing me out for he felt that I wasn't writing *enough*.

Lastly, Neal Hefti wrote the most and made the most money.
Ernie Wilkins Copenhagen, Denmark

One Man's Trials

Three forms of exasperation, all contained in the Jan. 16 issue:

1) Four pages of Cro-Magnon utterances from the members of Chicago, repeating the "what the hell do the critics know" canards. Carry it further—"Like the millions have spoken. Where do these elitist snobs get off saying Nixon was a despicable man?"

2) Ray Townley, telling Joe Henderson that Pharoah Sanders is hung up on "screech patterns." One supposes that Arnold Schoenberg was hung up on chromaticism and Indian musicians are hung up on one chord.

3) The concluding line of Dr. Fowler's latest "How To"—or the inside secrets of making instant music. "A non-chord tone achieves its maximum effect when accented." Priceless.

Now I know why Cecil Taylor plays for hours at a clip—he has to play at least that long to counter-balance the mentality that makes the above exasperations possible.
James Roman Pemberton, N.J.



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Vitous



Mouzon

Bassist Miroslav Vitous is looking to form a new band. Miroslav is searching for a proficient keyboardist, one who plays synthesizer, acoustic and electric piano, organ, etc. He is also on the lookout for a drummer and one percussionist. All should possess experience in both jazz and rock. He is also interested in recruiting two female vocalists.

Vitous has constructed a double neck bass and guitar which took Rex Bogue a year to perfect. The custom-made instrument will be supplied with six synthesizers so that he will be able to play any instrument he wants via the guitar. Miroslav will be issuing an album in September and the band will hopefully begin gigging this fall.

Return To Forever's new album, *No Mystery*, is due out in late February. It was recorded at New York's Record Plant and was produced by Chick Corea.

Alphonse Mouzon is all set to release his third solo album for Blue Note. Entitled *Mind Transplant*, the personnel for the disc included Tommy Bolin, Jay Graydon, and Lee Ritenour, guitars; Jerry Peters, piano; Henry Davis, electric bass; and Mouzon, holding forth on vocals, drums, ARP 2600 synthesizer, electric piano, and Farfisa organ.

Al has plans to make a movie this summer with Peter Sellers for Warner Bros. Last October, he did an album with Dr. John called *Hollywood Be Thy Name*, producing one of the tracks. In addition to that, the stylish Mouzon will appear on Roberta Flack's *Feel Like Makin'*

Love session and on flutist Jeremy Steig's latest for Columbia. Al co-wrote two and wrote one for the Steig affair in addition to playing drums. Others on the set included Richard Beirach, piano; Johnny Winter, guitar; Anthony Jackson, bass; and Ray Mantilla, congas.

Mouzon has also spread the word on the new platter from Larry Coryell and The Eleventh House. Recorded at Electric Lady in New York, Coryell, Mike Lawrence, Mike Mandel, and Mouzon were aided by their new bassist, John Lee, Stanley Clarke's cousin. Coryell wrote four of the songs, with Alphonse penning three, one of which, *Some Greasy Stuff*, will be released as a single. Skip Drinkwater produced both albums.

John McLaughlin and the Mahavishnu Orchestra have recorded a new album to be tagged *Visions Of The Emerald Beyond*.

Weather Report, the **db** readers' choice for jazz group of '74, has just finished its fifth Columbia album. Recorded at Wally Heider's Studio in Los Angeles, Joe Zawinul says the album will contain several types of music, being funky and danceable as well as progressive.

The session included the band's Brazilian replacement for Dom Um Romao, percussionist Aly Rio Lima, who is in his early 20s and shows a striking resemblance to Dom both physically and musically. A session drummer was added to fill out the quintet format. Stateside gigs in February will be followed by an English tour and the release of the album in March.

Correct Data

The 12/19/74 issue of **db** carried a story concerning Don Schlitten and his dealings with Muse and Onyx Records. According to Schlitten's attorney, Nina Reid:

"Muse/Onyx Records is a totally misleading and meaningless term, as there is no such legal entity. There has never been any agreement between the two

companies. They are separate companies: Muse Records is a division of Blanchris Inc. and is owned by Joe Fields, while Onyx Records is a separate corporation. Don Schlitten is now and has always been President of Onyx. Joe Fields, as Secretary for Onyx, has in the past been in charge of domestic sales for that company."

8 □ down beat

New Releases

Arista Records, under its president Clive Davis, has announced that it will distribute **Alan Bates' Freedom Records**. The Freedom catalog is a comprehensive one, containing recordings by many of the major jazz artists of the last few decades.

The first eight releases on Freedom were issued late last month. They included *Silent Tongues*, **Cecil Taylor**, recorded in 1974; *Carnival*, **Randy Weston**, with **Billy Harper** on tenor sax; *Confluence*, a series of reed duets featuring **Gato Barbieri** and **Dollar Brand**; *Flexible Flier*, **Sheila Jordan**; *Vibrations*, **Albert Ayler**, featuring **Don Cherry**; *Paper Man* by the **Charles Tolliver All-Stars**, spotlighting **Herbie Hancock**, **Gary Bartz**, and **Ron Carter**; *Porto Nova*, **Marion Brown**; and *Ornette Coleman's Great London Concert*.

None of the recordings have previously been released in the States, with the Taylor, Weston discs being issued for the first time anywhere.

Arista has also issued *The First Minute Of A New Day*, the label's first album featuring vocalist/poet **Gil Scott-Heron** and his songwriting partner **Brian Jackson**.

Recent additions from Atlantic include the fourth album by England's **Roxy Music**, *Country Life*; a solo album by former **Soft Machine** **Robert Wyatt** tagged *Rock Bottom*; *You*, by the improvisatory rock unit **Gong**; and

Star's End by **David Bedford**.

A mammoth release by RCA spotlights *The Majesty Of God*, **Duke Ellington's** Third Sacred Concert; **Michel Legrand** recorded live at Jimmy's, aided by **Phil Woods**, **Ron Carter**, **Grady Tate**, and **George Davis**; *Flavours*, by Canadian rockers **The Guess Who**; guitarist **Mick Ronson's** *Play Don't Worry*; *There Are Fairies At The Bottom Of Our Garden*, by avant-gardist **Cathy Berberian**; the rerelease of **Sonny Rollins'** 1962 classic *The Bridge*, with backing from **Jim Hall** and **Bob Cranshaw**; and a pair of discs from **Flying Dutchman** including *Strike Up The Band* by **Bobby Hackett**, with **Zoot Sims** and **Bucky Pizzarelli** in support, and a live set from **Richard Groove Holmes**.

Latecomers from **Capitol** are headed by bluesman **Jimmy Witherspoon** and his *Love Is A Five-Letter Word*; a repackaging of **David Axelrod's** *Innocence*; and the third album from British rockers **Babe Ruth**.

The **Warner Bros. Machine** has cranked out the second album by British singer/songwriter **Leo Sayer** called *Just A Boy*; the fourth album by Oakland-based **Tower Of Power**, *Urban Renewal*; **Bonnie Bramlett's** **Capricorn** debut, *It's Time*; the return of soulshouter **Percy Sledge**, *I'll Be Your Everything*; and *Pinball*, a debut album by **Brian Protheroe**.

Fresh Blood



Mitchell

Charles Mitchell, **db's** new Assistant Editor, has been a contributor for over a year. A frustrated veteran of the Chicago girlie magazine wars, he also sputtered for a while on *American Eye*, an obscure, obnoxious music/satire tabloid that lasted three issues. Mitchell figures that Euripides, Merleau-Ponty, a few guys at Marvel Comics, and a whole lot of musicians have gotten it straight over the years, but not too many others. Musical hero: Eric Dolphy. Favorite pastimes: reading comic books, talking to the aging beauticians that call his late-night radio show on

the weekends, (Straight No Chaser, WNIB), and complaining about the above subjects.

In recent days our stalwart list of record reviewers has seen the addition of some new names and, with them, increased critical insight. Here are the facts and figures behind those seemingly anonymous names:

Bill Adler: Music Editor of the *Ann Arbor Sun*; Editor of the 1974 Ann Arbor Blues & Jazz Festival Program; disk-jockey on WCBN-FM (89.5), Ann Arbor, Tuesday afternoons from 3-7.

Howie Mandel: flutist, saxophonist and staff-member of the *Chicago Daily News*; experience in electronic synthesizer studios at Syracuse University, Mills College, and Chicago Musical College; has been known to hang out behind the counter at Bob Koester's Jazz Record Mart.

Ira Steingroot: published regularly in Berkeley's independent student paper, the *Daily Californian*, and the *San Francisco Chronicle*; did liner-notes for Prestige's recent twofer release of Sonny Stitt, *Genesis*.

Woody Springs Dutch Treat

Woody Herman has announced that he is offering his first overseas seminar program this summer in cooperation with the Hal Leonard Publishing Company and Concerts Abroad, Inc.

Herman's seminar programs in American high schools and colleges have been enormously successful in recent years, with the musicians that comprise his Young Thundering Herd offering instruction to band sections and individual students as well.

This positive response has en-

couraged Herman to try his seminar luck at Katwijk Aan Zee, Holland, a North Sea resort and fishing village. The seminar and week-long festival will be centered there before the band moves on to Germany and Belgium. The Festival/Seminar will take place the week of July 10-16, with the entire jaunt lasting from July 7-22. Further info is available by writing: Woody Herman International Seminar, 9 East 46th St., Suite 1212, New York, N.Y., 10017.

SHOWBOAT CRUISIN'

There is a sign hanging above an Irish tavern's dispensing counter that reads, "There are no strangers in this place, only friends that haven't met yet." That's the kind of atmosphere that pervaded Holland America's Showboat 2 cruise to the Caribbean. As promoted by Exprinter International, the SS Rotterdam (ranking anywhere from third to sixth afloat, depending upon who is asked), was chartered for seven days of sheer joy.



Hampton and Williams on board

This was the second in a series of jazz cruises that will be held aboard the Rotterdam. The first came in May, 1974 with Dizzy Gillespie, James Moody, Ella Fitzgerald, Ray Charles, Oscar Peterson, and Dakota Staton aboard. This season's began on December 7 amid 25 foot seas and 50 mph gales, but the ship couldn't match the musical fare for rocking. Count Basie and Lionel Hampton brought the bands, Basie hitting from Bermuda, our last port, and Hamp debarking at Nassau, our first. Julian "Cannonball" Adderley brought brother Nat, Hal Galper, Walter Booker and Roy McCurdy. Sarah Vaughan did her two sets and subbed two more for a missing performer, backed by Karl Schroeder, Frank Della Rosa, and Jimmy Cobb. Joe Williams did two perfunctory sets backed by the Adderley rhythm section, but was coaxed into a set on our last night at sea with his old boss, Basie. After receiving his *down beat* Critics Poll award, Joe and Bill blew *Everyday I Have The Blues*, *Going to Chicago Blues* and *Roll 'Em Pete*.

Cannon was easily the best on board. His commentary sparked his four sets, repeating nary a word and only two tunes, *Mercy*, *Mercy* and *Hi Fly*, which he uses as his theme. Nat had trouble the first afternoon. His cornet kept separating from his chops. He finally got into the groove by realizing he had better join the sway and dip when the ship did.

In addition, each day's program listed "scheduled jam sessions." Someone noted that that was like writing a head arrangement replete with ad lib solos. But we did manage three, two professional, one amateur. The former were kicked off by the members of Hampton's band, who had just been literally dragged from the stage, as the audience wouldn't allow them to quit; this session was held early on the dawn of their departure. And Al Grey and Jimmy Forrest, aboard with Basie, sparked a session that included fellow Basieites John Heard, bass, and Bob Mitchell, trumpet, Cobb and McCurdy, drums. The set lasted until Long Island hove into view off the port bow.

The cruise was relaxed, friendly, clubby and probably the most taped, photographed, and camaraderie-laden thing to hit the high seas since Long John Silver tried his hand with Jim Hawkins. There will be a Showboat 3 in June with Hampton and Gillespie repeating, and Earl "Fatha" Hines, Carmen McRae, and Mercer Ellington conducting the Duke Ellington Orchestra. Water wings are not required, but a large address book for new friends is recommended.

—arnold jay smith

potpourri

Jay Lasker has exited the presidency of **ABC Records** and has been replaced by **Jerry Rubinstein**. The new prez has handled business affairs for such people as **Joni Mitchell**, **Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young**, and **America** in the past.

The much-ballyhooed **Robert Stigwood Organization** theatrical production **Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band** has run into heavy hassles. Not only do ex-Beatles **George Harrison** and **Ringo Starr** want their tunes deleted from the play, but physical problems have plagued the cast and promised record company money has not been forthcoming.

1974 found **Warner-Elektra-Atlantic** leading the record pack in racking up gold albums. The **WEA** gang brought home a weighty 50 albums that sold over a million dollars worth, with its closest competitor being **Columbia**, second with a distant 21 certifiables.

The **Allman Brothers Band** received the outstanding Community Organization Award for 1974 from the Georgia Department of Corrections in honor of the group's "assisting the department in its efforts to improve the social readjustment of offenders."

Good time rockers **Commander Cody and his Lost Planet Airmen** have been signed by **Warner Bros.**, ending their long-association with **Famous Music** and **Paramount Records**.

Pioneer electric bassist **Monk Montgomery** recently had his live concert at a park in South Africa recorded by **CBS Records**.

A movie based on the life of singer/pianist **Nat King Cole** is set to be produced in Los Angeles this year. **Maria Cole**, the widow of the singer, will work in close collaboration with scriptwriters.

Surprisingly enough, the state of **Missouri** has suddenly become a hotbed for jazz festivals. Late February through April finds no less than seven fests scheduled. The lineup includes: Feb. 22, **The Battlefield Festival**, Missouri State University, Springfield; Feb. 22, **Central Methodist College**, Fayette; March 1, **7th Annual Phi Mu Alpha Fest**, Northeast Missouri State U., Kirksville; March 8, **4th Annual Public School Fest**, Springfield; March 15, **Lebanon Jazz Fest**, Lebanon; March 21-22, **Missouri U. Fest**, Columbia; April 19, **Drury College Fest**, Springfield.

All events are being conducted in conjunction with the

National Association of Jazz Educators.

A **Duke Ellington Memorial Concert** will be given on February 25 in Kansas City. The **K. C. Philharmonic** will be conducted by trumpeter **Maurice Peress** and will be held in the city's Music Hall. The program will be repeated at the Hall on the 26th and at the Plaza Theater on the 27th. An added attraction at all performances will be the **Modern Jazz Quartet**, which recently "disbanded" and now only accepts infrequent gigs.

In what may turn out to be a devastating head-on collision, country-western singer **Marty Robbins** has persuaded a flock of **NASCAR** stock car drivers to record a country music album. The album will be called **NASCAR Goes Country** and is described as a "serious effort to produce a quality product."

Good ole boys already committed to warbleize include **David Pearson**, **Cale Yarborough**, **Buddy Baker**, **Bobby Allison**, and **Darrell Waltrip**. Selections will mostly be country standards, with Pearson slated to try *Hot Rod Lincoln* and *Maybellene*, Allison *These Boots Were Made For Walkin'*, and, perhaps most interestingly of all, Baker to do something called *Lord, Mr. Ford*.

At press time, a label for the venture had not been located.

How's this for a title—*You Can Make Me Dance, Sing, Or Anything (Even Take The Dog For A Walk, Mend A Fuse, Fold Away The Ironing Board, Or Any Other Domestic Shortcomings)*. That's the long-winded handle for the new single by the British group **Faces**.

The photography of pianist **Les McCann** will be on exhibit throughout the month of March at the **Studio Museum of Harlem** in New York.

Jazz Crusader trombonist **Wayne Henderson** will produce a new group called **Pleasure**.

For the first time in over two years, British drummer **Ginger Baker** has formed his own group. The group is called the **Baker-Gurvitz Army**, after the brother combination of **Adrien Gurvitz** on lead guitar and **Paul Gurvitz** on bass. An album consists of four original compositions by Adrien and four more in collaboration with Baker. Personal appearances in Europe will be followed by British and American tours.

**Bill Watrous,
distinguished
Jazz Artist,
plays the Bach
Stradivarius
Trombone**



Elkhart, Indiana



What Is American Music?

by bob palmer

Michael Tilson Thomas is the young American conductor who directs the Buffalo Philharmonic and the New York Philharmonic's Young People's Concerts. I was interviewing him last summer and the conversation naturally turned to what it is that makes American music . . . American. Thomas suggested that "we have a musical culture forming now in this country which is made up like our social culture, of all these different elements." Then he thought some more and added, "and there's this interesting sense of non-proprietaryness."

"Well," he said, "somebody asked me the other day what's really important to me about Charles Ives. There are a lot of things, of course. He used quarter-tones and polyrhythms before any other Western composer. But there's something else about Ives, and Carl Ruggles, that whole New England crowd. Not only were they far out ahead of everybody else, doing these various things, but the European composers who did the same things instantly transformed them into systems, into schools, into methods. Ives and those people just did these things to get across what they had to get across at a particular moment; then they went on to something else. Ives must have said something like, 'The next thing I want to get across is this, and it seems to call for quarter-tones.' So he wrote these quarter-tone pieces which are among the best ever written. Then he said, 'I need polyrhythms here,' and he just did it. That's a very American way of doing."

American music is non-proprietary, then, in that American composers (and performers) innovate and then move on. They don't, as Thomas later remarked, "ask themselves how much more mileage they can get" out of their creations. Certainly Ives' successors in the so-called American Experimental Tradition were as suspicious of schools and methods as the grand old man of modernism himself. This quite untraditional tradition is not, wrote Peter Yates in his *Twentieth Century Music*, "a concerted tradition like the Germanic but a widely dispersed and weed-like growth of fresh ideas in new soil. One country's weeds may in another country become hothouse or ornamental plants, being cultivated there to greater or more prolific beauty, though they are not natural to the climate." Thus, during the first half of this century, Edgar Varese and Stefan Wolpe became "American" composers and contributed to the non-proprietary experimental climate with their own innovations.

In at least one sense, however, American music is proprietary. Despite the generally open-minded attitudes of composers and musicians, our concepts of musical worth remain essentially European. "Serious" composition is the only accepted, accredited kind of composition, a proprietary attitude which leaves many of our most vital musical traditions out in the cold. It can be argued, of course, that distinctions between "jazz" and "classical"

music have been breaking down at an ever-accelerating pace during the past decade; that a number of governmental and private funding agencies are recognizing composers in a variety of non-European idioms through continuing programs of grants and fellowships; that in some of our more enlightened musical arenas—lower Manhattan, certain universities—musicians educated in Afro-American and European traditions are composing and performing each others' music.

Nevertheless, the gap is far from closed. There is not yet a coherent program for funding such cultural institutions as the late Duke Ellington's orchestra, while most of our metropolitan philharmonic orchestras would be foundering without just such subsidies. Dr. Donald Byrd former chairman of the Jazz Studies Department at Howard University, and renowned trumpeter and composer, remarked not long ago that "I want to document black music on the same level as they establish Stravinsky. In other words, I want to deal with James Brown like you would deal with, like, Prokofiev." Educational programs all over the country are beginning to "deal" with the major figures of jazz history in this manner, but in terms of academic prestige and impact in the larger cultural sphere they are, as yet, relatively negligible.

The interests of young American musicians on the "serious" or "classical" side indicate a change. Steve Reich, the composer whose *Drumming* was recently recorded by Deutsche Grammophon, has studied with Ghanaian master drummers and brought West African rhythmic usages into the concert hall. Michael Tilson Thomas is also interested in rhythmic aspects of black music. "I was influenced," he says, "by Chuck Berry and James Brown and the whole black music experience, in the sense of total steadiness and total drive and the smallest rhythmic unit being what drives the music, the pulse being a kind of organizing statement going on above that." But, to return to Byrd's idea for a moment, has anyone really dealt with James Brown in a musicological manner? Has Chuck Berry's contribution to American music been analyzed as a musical phenomenon?

These are not rhetorical questions. There simply is no recognized frame of reference for evaluating the Afro-American musical continuum in relation to the world of "serious" music, a world whose criteria are still more or less European and more or less elitist and exclusive. Jazz may be halfway in the door, in academia and in the milieu of state-supported culture, but what about the blues or rhythm and blues? Can they be dismissed as mere popular music when, in the West African traditions from which they ultimately derive, all music is popular insofar as it is potentially communal and participative?

The European musical heritage is assumed to have "progressed"

through the interaction of a handful of unusually gifted individuals with a finite body of musical lore, to have responded primarily to the demands of genius on the one hand and the abilities of performers on the other. In the Afro-American continuum, music responds more or less democratically to social and even political forces. The Ghanaian musicologist Nketia, in his *The Music of Africa*, describes a process in which "an approach to the practice of music as a form of social activity in community life is generally evident Moreover, because of the close integration of music and social life, it is inevitable that changes in the way of life of an African society—in its institutions, political organization, and aspects of economic life or religious practice—should lead to corresponding changes in aspects of musical practice or in the organization of performances." And since, in addition to being "popular" enough to involve and respond to entire communities, African music is "artistic" enough to have baffled European experts in transcription until the invention of phonography, European distinctions between art and popular music would seem to be singularly inapplicable to it. The situation is similar with respect to Afro-American music.

BEFORE WE CAN DEFINE American music, then, we need a set of procedures which will allow us to evaluate Charles Ives and James Brown. The pop/art dichotomy will not serve, but other equally European ideals may have to. For, as Dr. Byrd recently pointed out, "there are certain procedures, certain ways of studying and classifying things which are almost universally accepted. One of the stumbling blocks teachers and students of black music have faced is relating to some of these ways of studying and classifying. If your research methods are slipshod and your findings are demonstrably biased, the academic establishment can and will refuse to take you seriously. So first we need to establish our field in academic terms."

This approach will mean going against the non-proprietary American grain and attempting to materialize some kind of classifiable "order" out of the apparent chaos of American folk and popular musics. It will mean, among many other things, studying "schools" of Afro-American music. Fortunately, many of these schools have been documented, and in many cases the method and manner of documentation have been well organized and academically acceptable. Many of the researchers have not themselves been academics; many have not been Americans. But a body of knowledge does exist and, in a very real sense, a working definition of American music awaits its codification.

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American Music:
a Brown C

There's A Mingus Among Us

by john b. litweiler

The music of Charles Mingus played a vital role in my first discovery of the wonders and mysteries of jazz. His Atlantic records were new, and already creating something of a sensation back then. The very first Mingus I heard, in fact, was the tempo-less bass solo that opens the Atlantic *Haitian Fight Song*, with those brilliantly-struck notes—so different from anything any other bassist has played—and that fearsome bass melody announcing apocalypse. The ensemble playing that followed this introduction was equally thrilling, with shots, shouts and cries crashing within the theme, and all sorts of multiple- and stop-time ideas from the rhythm section. The piece rides on waves of turbulence.

I quickly uncovered the Mingus-McLean-Montrose *Pithecanthropus Erectus*. Mingus still considers it a major milestone, and that particular performance, with its tonal perfection, still seems one of the most challenging and perfectly realized of modern performances. That it combined tonal, modal and atonal sections in a flowing manner—several years before the explorations of Coleman, Miles and Coltrane—remains less important than the agonized unity of perception and execution by the reeds, and the beautiful, amazing theme. After these early excavations, there were more to come for me: the astonishing debut of Eric Dolphy, the daring of big band works, the freshness of new compositions, and eventually the increasing reassessment of tradition.

The day Mingus and I met to talk was impossibly warm and bright for late-autumn Chicago. The streets were overflowing with human bodies and, as we walked along Lake Michigan, salmon were evident everywhere, scurrying to their winter grounds. By and large, Mingus' mood did not fit the day.

Two years ago, the last Mingus interview **down beat** printed included the remark that he couldn't say much because he was working on a book. This time he again prefaced by saying, "I'm doing another book *right now*—that's why it's difficult to talk to you. A whole lot of *Beneath The Underdog*, was edited out—a lot of stories in there weren't used. I wrote a thousand pages, and they only used 300. The rest of it's lost, and so I'm dictating it again."

Dictations notwithstanding, I began to search out some background. Leonard Feather asserts that Mingus once played with the bands of Louis Armstrong and Kid Ory; I reckoned that Mingus must have been pretty young at the time. "Yeah, I was pretty young. Armstrong had a big band when I was with him. I was with him just a little while, about two or three months. We went north, to Port Angeles, Washington, then to Canada, across the river. It was on the ferry boat going to Canada that somebody said we were going to the South, and I gave them my views. I wasn't going to take any shit from anybody in the 12 □ down beat

South. So Louis decided that it was best that I leave the band. I could have stayed longer; he figured I wouldn't come back.

"I was with Louis after John Simmons and Sid Catlett left. Playing with Kid Ory came much later. I played in Barney Bigard's band, and Kid Ory was in that band. Bigard brought Kid Ory up out of the mothballs, and then Kid Ory got a band *after* that, after Barney Bigard left California. I was never in Kid Ory's band.

"I hardly played one year with Lionel Hampton. I wrote a lot of arrangements for him, but I took them back when I left; he never paid me. That's why he's a millionaire. I had a copyright on *Mingus Fingus* myself, I copyrighted it in California, but his wife said they wouldn't record it unless I assigned it to their publishing firm. A lot of people do that.

"I only played in small groups with Fats Navarro in Lionel Hampton's small band. When we played on stage, he brought a small band out. Me and Fats used to go jamming after we got off the job, though. He knew where he was going, he knew all the places where they had jam sessions. He used to go to some Puerto Rican places, some Cuban clubs, too, and sit in with the Cuban bands. He knew all the Cuban tunes, he enjoyed that. He could play anything he wanted to play. He had a big soul, a *fat* soul. I know Fats and Miles and Dizzy used to love each other, they used to kiss each other." Fats emerges as probably the most vigorous of Mingus' portraits in *Beneath The Underdog*. "I got him," Mingus says, "I captured him there."

By the '50s, Mingus was dividing his time between playing primarily with the unique vibes-piano-bass trio of Red Norvo, composing on his own, and working on original material with similarly-minded, daring young musicians. "The Jazz Composers Workshop was a whole group of guys who wrote music, and a big band to play it. Teo Macero was playing more avant-garde than than musicians do now. The record was just a small group out of that big band. I liked the way John LaPorta played clarinet better than his alto playing." LaPorta, Macero, and George Barrow appear on the Mingus sextet side of the Jazz Composers Workshop record. "I had (trombonist) Eddie Bert and George Barrow in my first band; George Barrow was a good tenor player."

A conflict with Red Norvo led to another early-'50s venture, the unexpected founding of Debut Records. During its brief existence, Debut kept a remarkably high standard of musical quality. The Parker-Gillespie-etc. Massey Hall concert was the label's most famous release, but there was an unusual series of Parker night club performances as well. Miles Davis and Max Roach were among the Debut artists, and Thad Jones made his first (some argue his best) dates as leader for the label. There were also strong Mingus group recordings; and he and Roach—the label's partners for awhile—managed to appear on the greater number of Debut sessions.

"It began on a claim of \$500 I got from Red Norvo; from that I made my first record." Debut was not a large-scale operation (20 or 30 records), not even on the scale of



its then-budding LP competitors: Blue Note, Prestige, Savoy, and Riverside. Eventually, money problems caused its failure. Discussion of Debut is difficult for Mingus, partly because of the label's disposal. "I gave the tapes to my wife because I couldn't afford it sticking in my side. I wasn't working every day. She married the guy who took over Fantasy Records, then. Jimmy Knepper had a whole suitcase full of Charlie Parker tapes; they only used one-tenth of them. They have a lot of other good music that they should put out."

THE CONVERSATION turned to the many musicians who have toiled under the Mingus baton over the years, some—and one in particular—radically innovative. "I knew Eric Dolphy in California, before he played with me. He was quiet. Didn't say anything, hardly. Very sensitive. Very alert—his eyes were very alert. Very kind, very thoughtful of other people. I don't think he thought he was great; I don't think he was aware of how good he was. He talked about God—that seemed to be his only subject. I remember when we were in Europe. He and John Coltrane were eating honey, I think it was a vegetarian diet, and trying to find the Lord." Was this when he and Coltrane were working together? "No, this is when Dolphy was in my band."

A remark about the influence of Ornette Coleman and Eric Dolphy on today's jazz found an angry response: "How can you talk about Ornette Coleman and Eric Dolphy? Eric Dolphy was a master musician. Ornette Coleman can only play in the key of C. Ornette Coleman doesn't have any color in his music. Jazz is supposed to have a *tradition*. I don't hear any tradition in Ornette. I don't hear any Parker in his playing. Now, I like the *songs* he writes—he writes good songs. But he never could be the player Eric Dolphy was."

We talked about others who'd helped realize Mingus' music over the years. "I was working in a club, and the drummer we had, Willie Jones, couldn't play the fast tempos. In between shows, Lou Donaldson told me there was a drummer standing outside who could play anything. It was Dannie Richmond; I had him play the next set, and that started it." Richmond remained with Mingus for nearly all of the following 17 years, to provide one of the most musically stimulating and long-lasting associations in jazz, with the alternating fire and humor of each man perfectly complementing the other.

"Jaki Byard is a great piano player—he can do anything. Charles McPherson was with me quite a while, off and on. Bobby Jones was never in my band. Bobby Jones came up and told me all he needed was a dollar a day, something like that, and he said he just wanted to play in my band. He forced himself in my band. I would never have hired Bobby, he's not my style of tenor player. I told him I could only get enough money for five pieces, but he said he wanted to go in the band, and he would work cheap. He read good, so I took him. Then after he stayed in the band awhile, he got to Europe and started talking about how I was underpaying him—and I could barely make the transportation.

"I haven't worked with Jimmy Knepper in ten years. I think Jimmy Knepper is probably the greatest trombone player who ever lived. He's very underrated. I know what he can do, man. He can conform to any kind of music. He can play classical music, he can read it exactly the way it's written; he's the greatest reader I know on trombone."

One particular collaboration outside Mingus' own bands stands out. The Ellington-Mingus-Roach *Money Jungle* was one of Duke's very few dates without horns, and was widely applauded when it first appeared. "Duke just wanted to do a date with us. I got a call from the record company, and then we went by to meet with Duke at his office and discussed what we wanted to do. That date, incidentally, is what ruined my date at Town Hall. I was busy writing for Town Hall, and the same company I was recording it for set the Duke date up just in time to interrupt my writing and set me back.

"The music wasn't copied. I had plenty of music, man, but I was writing new music. It was the promoter's fault, the a&r man, whatever his name is. He begged me to do Duke's date; I told him I couldn't do it, I'd be behind in my music for my own date. They ought to have done just the big band date." That Town Hall concert, by one of the largest groups Mingus has ever directed, was widely billed to be one of the most important events of 1962. It ended up as an open rehearsal, with copyists busy onstage while the orchestra played for a surprised audience, to say the least.

OUR PERSONNEL DIALOGUE turned to a discussion of brass. "I don't find that many great trumpet players, man. Most trumpet players can't play, at least the ones I can afford. They don't move, they're not flexible, they don't have enough range, they're not all Jon Faddises or Dizzy Gillespies." *The time I met Gene Shaw, he said he'd have enjoyed playing with you again.* "Oh, yeah, man, I wish I could have got him. I dig trumpet like that. All the good trumpet players, like Marcus Belgrave, they won't travel. I can't get good trumpet players. If I had Marcus Belgrave, I'd have the greatest band going. I saw him in Detroit, but I can't afford him, the kind of money I make."

Was Jon Faddis with you regularly? "No. He made some records, the ones at Philharmonic Hall, with Jug. Then he went to Europe with me. The company didn't get a good balance on that, man. That would have been a great record. The concert was very successful." *Had you played with Ammons before that?* "No, only jamming. Fats used to go around where he was playing; that's how I first met Gene."

What do you look for in a musician who plays in your band? "Well, nowadays I don't care how a guy solos, because I can't get blamed for the solos. If they get a good tone and can read . . . 'cause the approach to solos is so different, now. Most of the kids think they're



playing avant-garde. I don't compare the bands I've had: they're all different. This band now plays different kind of solos—or they *think* they do. I don't listen to music in clubs. I don't even own a record player, right now. All these young musicians think they're playing avant-garde, when I was playing one-chord 20, 25 years ago. There's a tenor player I like very much, Sam Rivers. I haven't heard his band, I heard him: he played in my band one time, and I liked his playing. I haven't heard him since then. I used to play avant-garde bass when nobody else did; now I play 4/4 because none of the other bass players do."

Do you think the economic situation for jazz musicians has improved or worsened since you started leading groups? "I don't know, man. I notice that Thad Jones takes a band on the road, has a valet and all that, to set the music stands up. I can't get enough money to have a valet to help carry the musicians' instruments around. Me and Dannie do all that work. Unless I pay my sidemen more—maybe his sidemen work cheaper. I fly everywhere I go: it cost me a thousand dollars to come out here, over a thousand dollars worth of tickets, with the whole tour from Madison, Wisconsin to here to Pittsburgh, then back to New York.

"I worked in Madison four nights. They do very good business there—packed every night. Better than Chicago. We did very well here last time. Maybe the customers are worried about money. It's a depression, isn't it?

"I'm making a lot of gigs now, because Dannie Richmond wants to make money. But I love to compose, I love to write music. I got

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SELECTED MINGUS DISCOGRAPHY

Small Groups

JAZZ COMPOSERS WORKSHOP—Savoy 12059
MINGUS (with Bert, Barrow, Roach)—Prestige 24010 (2 LPs)
PITHECANTHROPUS ERECTUS (with Jackie McLean, J.R. Montrose)—Atlantic 1237
THE CLOWN (with Knepper, Shafi Hadi)—Atlantic 1260
TIJUANA MOODS (with Shaw, Knepper, Hadi)—RCA Victor LSP-2533
PRESENTS THE CHARLES MINGUS QUARTET FEATURING ERIC DOLPHY—Barnaby Z 30561
GREAT CONCERT (with Dolphy)—Prestige 34001 (3 LPs)
WONDERLAND—United Artists 5637
MINGUS MOVES (with Adams, Pullen)—Atlantic 1653

Medium Groups

BLUES & ROOTS—Atlantic 1305
OH YEAH—Atlantic 1377
BETTER GIT IT IN YOUR SOUL—Columbia 30628 (2 LPs)

Big Bands

TOWN HALL CONCERT—Solid State 18024
LET MY CHILDREN HEAR MUSIC—Columbia KC-31039
MINGUS AND FRIENDS IN CONCERT—Columbia KG-31614

Ellington-Mingus-Roach

MONEY JUNGLE—United Artists 5632

Collections

THE ART OF CHARLES MINGUS—Atlantic 2-302 (2 LPs)
REEVALUATIONS—THE IMPULSE YEARS—Impulse 9234

B(lood), S(weat), & T(homas)

by charles mitchell



WADENIUS—McCLURE—CLAYTON-THOMAS

PHOTOS: LINDA WING



BARGERON



COLOMBY



WILLIS



KLATKA



TILLMAN

We live in the age of instant institutions, especially in the pop music realm, where the hyperactive energy of the entertainment industry fuels ever more insane media blitzes. Groups rise, make their marks, and fade into legend, obscurity, or pale shadows of their former selves, all in the blinking of a TV tube's electric eye, or perhaps in the time of 33 1/3 revolutions of a turntable.

Most of the groups that exploded the pop vocabulary from 1966-69 in an incredible renaissance of rock wonder have faded away to varying degrees; the majority have died altogether, some have remained in an uncertain limbo.

What are these groups waiting for? New-found commercial glory, perhaps? A new combination of old elements that will ignite a fresh musical spark? Or mere nostalgic recreations of the good-old-days that really aren't so old at all?

During the past year, we've witnessed an astonishing number of comeback and reunion tours by commercially successful rock artists of the late-'60s: John Kay and Steppenwolf; Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young; Eric Clapton; and others. It's a pretty safe bet that the list will continue to grow in '75, and will contain the name of one of the most formidable groups from the renaissance period, that of Blood, Sweat & Tears.

BS&T is one of the latest bands to transfuse old blood into a lagging new format in hopes of again rising to creative and commercial heights. Begun in late '67 as a rehearsal band by keyboardist/composer/vocalist Al Kooper and guitarist Steve Katz (refugees from an even earlier renaissance group, the Blues Project, a band that resurfaced briefly last year), BS&T was both ahead of its time and above temporal limitations. It was the first to successfully wed a brassy big band sound with the popular blues-based rock of the day without compromising either. Kooper's departure after the first album (*Child Is Father To The Man*) led to the hiring of Canadian David Clayton-Thomas, a husky, good-natured vocalist and charismatic personality who inspired the band to phenomenal success with their second release (*Blood, Sweat & Tears*). During 1969 and '70, BS&T reigned supreme throughout the jazz-rock world.

But success on such a massive scale led to confused directions and music that was often pretentious and overbearing. As a result, the public soon grew tired of the band and, in turn, the unit no longer believed in its own creations. In 1971, Clayton-Thomas was the first in a series of defections. Eventually, only drummer Colomby and trombonist/tubaist Dave Barger remained. By last spring, the band had evolved to its present personnel of Colomby, Barger, Tony Klatka (trumpet), Bill Tillman (reeds), Ron McClure (bass), George Wadenius (guitar), and Larry Willis (keyboards). Jerry Fisher was Clayton-Thomas' replacement, joined for a brief time by Jerry LaCroix of Edgar Winter's White Trash. Then Fisher and LaCroix departed. Despite the lack of a vocalist and the lowest public profile in its history, the band managed to sign for a two-week engagement at Chicago's prestigious nightspot, Mister Kelly's, for a \$50,000 guarantee, the highest the club had ever paid.

Shortly after the deal was pacted, David Clayton-Thomas announced he was rejoining and the Mister Kelly's gig became a two-week "reunion," although David had never sung with five of the current band's seven members. Crowds were SRO every night and enthusiastic beyond anyone's expectations.

This interview captures the new BS&T in the initial stage of what looks to be a very strong, healthy period. How long it'll last is anybody's guess; but indications from the stage, the only place where it counts, are more than promising.

The conversations flowed from a round-table discussion (literally conducted over a round table) between Colomby, Barger, Klatka and myself. We were later joined by *db's* Ray Townley, and shortly after that by Clayton-Thomas. While the members of the band were obviously concerned with the image this conversation would project, frankness and candor were hardly at a premium. So here are four skilled, articulate professionals who appear to have had superstar status virtually thrust upon them and then snatched away just as suddenly and unexpectedly. At the moment they are searching for the right musical combination, one that they can personally respect as well as one that will reach listeners both new and old. The chops are there, if the chemistry can get it together.

Mitchell: To begin with, since each of you came into the band at different stages of its development, I'd like to get your impressions of the band's directions during its lifetime, starting with Tony and working back to Bobby, the only original member of the group.

Klatka: My first impression of the band when I started listening to it several years ago was that, despite the fact that I dug it, it seemed to be trying to sound like a big band. It wasn't, of course—it was an eight-piece band with a vocalist. I thought if you were going to have a big band, it should have about ten horns. When the band called me up a year ago, they told me that I'd be the only trumpet. I said that I wasn't a lead trumpet player, so they weren't going to get that sound they used to have. They said, "That's cool." So we changed a lot of things down to just three horns, something like Art Blakey's old Jazz Messengers. It's gone pretty much in that direction, plus with Ron McClure on bass, we've really become a group of jazz players.

Mitchell: Do the charts leave room for more improvisation?

Klatka: They're much looser, and the voicings are a little bit more "out" than they used to be, in comparison to some of the older charts that we still play. But we're leaving a lot of room just to make up stuff on the bandstand. With just three horns, it's a lot easier to do that. Sometimes we come up with stuff that's just amazing, and it's much more fun.

Mitchell: How do you relate to BS&T, coming from Woody Herman's big band?

Klatka: It's a whole different experience, but I think I like it more. The only thing I do miss is writing for that many pieces, since I went to school specifically to learn how to write for large ensembles. I learned all these great voicings that I can't use here. But you don't get as much freedom in the big band as I'm enjoying in BS&T.

Bargeron: I came into the band in 1970, and as a result had experience with the "super-successful band" and then all the ensuing versions. Unlike Tony, I never heard the group as an imitation big band. It was more of a hybrid form all by itself. The four horns could never have made even a halfway viable representation of a large unit. I suppose that, harmony-wise, we had all the elements. I imagine that you could get four horn players to pretty much represent all the sections of a big jazz band. You could get some of the voicings, maybe. But I just saw it as a new kind of small format. As we've replaced each member over the years, I must say that his replacement has been of the same quality or better than the last. What we have now is a band that I'm very proud of at this point.

Mitchell: Do you agree with Tony about the way the band has loosened up?

Bargeron: Yes. Of course, we're going to have to go through a period of getting to know each other again, to see how David fits in to what we're doing now. You know, he's really a great vocalist. From my experience with him in the other version of the band, I know that he really carries the whole ball, just as one singer. I'm looking forward to having that again. We just have to come up with the material that shows us in a new light and shows our singer off.

Colomby: Originally, at its inception, the band was a rehearsal band formed by Al Kooper—a combination of ideas of the people that were around at the time. We were going to experiment with a kind of music that we all had thought about to that time. The idea, as far as the sound of the horn section

went, would be unique insofar as each person would carry his own microphone. You'd hear all the voicings uniquely in the horn section, and that made for a sound that was a little different than was around at the time. Each guy was heard clearly. We had no visions of success, no master plan as to what we expected to have happen. It was really a rehearsal band at the beginning, but it evolved into what we have today.

It's a more contemporary sound now, because the guys in the band are being influenced by Chick Corea, Herbie Hancock, and all the other people that are making major statements now. Our direction has been natural, plotted by the times.

Mitchell: With that in mind, let's talk about the re-introduction of David Clayton-Thomas into the band. I'm concerned about whether it's a matter of fitting David into the concept you're now working with, or changing what the band's doing to adapt to David's style. It's the re-introduction, after all, of a strong personality into the band.

Colomby: For years, the average listener identified the sound of Blood, Sweat & Tears with David Clayton-Thomas. Most people are unable to know who's playing by just hearing the sound of the instrument, unless they're very well-versed in the music. They need a human voice. Now, we've had some excellent vocalists, but audiences seemed to relate to David's voice in a special way. At the time David left the band, there were already ten other bands on the scene playing the same type of music we were. Because the audience

"Suppose this band went out there without me to play just an instrumental set. They would be playing jazz just as far out as you would want to go."

—Clayton-Thomas

could no longer identify us by David's voice, we were thrown into the pot of jazz-rock-brass bands. No matter how interesting we tried to make the music, audiences were still waiting to hear David Clayton-Thomas. Now that he's back with us, we will still be doing some of the material we developed without him, but it definitely will take a new form. And I think it'll be better for everyone concerned—it'll help us immeasurably.

Bargeron: To really zero in on the answer to your question, I think at this point we have a clean slate to work with. Now for this gig (at Mister Kelly's) we have a reunion going on. It's necessary to do a lot of our old material from David's first years with the band. This makes a very solid statement that we're back together again. But we've got a singer who is aching with the rest of us to do some new things.

Colomby: There's a new spirit, too . . .

Bargeron: Very true. And the chemistry, head-wise, is really at a high point.

Townley: I had heard that the band was pressured into dropping Jerry Fisher in favor of a stronger commercial vocalist.

Bargeron: Not true! Jerry left of his own volition. We're very good friends. It's something like what happened to David when he left the band. I realize there were other pressures on David, but he had a very definite idea of the kind of music he wanted to sing, a direction which this band, by and large, was not providing at the time. Jerry, by the same token, seems to have that going at this point. He has a very definite idea of the kind of thing he

wants to do. Now this band is very catholic in its tastes, so if an artist is into narrowing his bag down to a very specific type of musical style, it's eventually going to get to be a drag having to spread yourself out and try to please everybody all the time. The guy out front has to go in a lot of directions.

Mitchell: About your other singer, Jerry La-Croix?

Bargeron: We spent a few months with La-Croix, did the record (*Mirror Image*) we went on tour, and that was it. He wanted to sing the blues, and he's awful good at it. Now he's singing with Rare Earth.

Townley: Were you satisfied with the finished product of *Mirror Image*?

Colomby: Yes, under the circumstances it was recorded, which were of a band that was floating aimlessly. I was trying desperately to keep things together because I felt musically the band still hadn't gotten its rocks off. We started off by getting songs and hearing tunes by our producer (Henry Crosby). Side two, however, is a suite and is the truest example of our present influences—Herbie Hancock and Chick Corea. We wanted to make a contemporary statement, without copying and without relying on old Blood, Sweat & Tears material. But there was no way it was going to be successful; there was no way you could edit it down to be a single. In concert, it was the point in our show that we always waited for.

(At this point, David Clayton-Thomas entered the room, a tall and imposing figure, Levi-chic to his floppy newsboy cap, with a lovely lady, similarly attired, similarly tall and imposing.)

Mitchell: I suppose the obvious question to ask you is, "How does it feel to come back?"

Clayton-Thomas: So far, it's been an absolute joy. Of course, it's only been four days, but it keeps getting better every night. And the spirit of the band is getting higher every night. It feels very positive.

Mitchell: Are you going to be writing for the band?

Clayton-Thomas: I'm doing a tremendous amount of writing, not just for the band, but for other people. So it's not the case that I'll be limited exclusively to what I write for the band. Billy Preston just produced one of my tunes for the Blackberries, for instance. I may write ten to 15 tunes over a period of time, and out of those, the band may decide to do four or five. The rest will go elsewhere.

Townley: David, why do you think your particular vocal style seems better enhanced when in the BS&T setting than when you've attempted other things?

Clayton-Thomas: Because Blood, Sweat & Tears as a concept preceded all of its labels. We had a certain type of sound because Dick Halligan played horn a certain way, because Bobby Colomby played drums a certain way, because I sang a certain way, and so forth. We strived to make that combination work. That later became labeled as jazz-rock. With an instrument as dominant as the human voice, it's difficult for even the strongest singer to try and reproduce hits that have sold millions of records.

Mitchell: How much of the future live performances will be devoted to the "classic" hits of your past? Are you going to try and hit the audiences with a totally new thing once it all comes together?

Clayton-Thomas: No, we're not going to come out and say, "New band, fresh material, everything new," because as long as there's the name "Blood, Sweat & Tears" outside on the marquee, there are going to be people



EARLY BLOOD

paying their hard-earned dollars to come in and hear *Spinning Wheel*, *You've Made Me So Very Happy*, *And When I Die*, and maybe *Hi-De-Ho*. We will probably carry those tunes till the end of our days just as Ellington carried *A-Train*. Duke still instituted new charts, wrote new pieces, and so do we.

Colomby: We've always had a philosophy of trying to record music we *enjoy* playing. Stuff we have fun with, like *Spain*. Now that's obviously been done beautifully by Chick Corea, but we have such a ball with it that it's irresistible. When we get an album's worth of music that we really believe in, that's the direction we'll be going in. We can't go wrong that way. And I'm not talking about success; I'm talking about self-esteem. Then you know you're doing the right thing.

Clayton-Thomas: Tony has a tune of mine that he's charting right now. I've also got another idea for a version of Sonny Rollins' *St. Thomas*. It's a gorgeously adaptable melody for lyric. The creative ideas are taking a lot of different angles.

Townley: With each member of the band a strong soloist, and David such a powerful vocalist, it seems as if it would be difficult to come up with charts that give enough space for everyone to be adequately heard.

Colomby: It never is, though, because it depends on an overview of what the band can do and the individual's role in the group, how it fits into that overview. Some tunes we do have space for a lot of solos, some things don't need as many.

Barger: In our group, the guy that originally comes up with the arrangement will come out and play it first, and from then on it's up for suggestions and criticism by the rest of the band.

Clayton-Thomas: I move horn figures around worse than anyone. I'm also hell on the rhythm section, because if I hear a certain way of phrasing a song that sounds good, pieces have to be moved, altered, and cut. It's usually done the way I want it.

Barger: We try to arrange all the material to maximum effectiveness, so each piece and each musician can be heard to best advantage. You don't get a whole night of flute when you see us, or a whole night of vocals for that matter. If we can highlight each person's special capability at the proper time, then we're doing something.

Colomby: That's the essence. A song is sung, and then it's framed in a certain light. It's the same with solos. You don't just throw in a solo because a certain cat hasn't played that evening. You try and *install* a solo because that is the right place for it to be, to enhance the whole composition, and improve the whole band's reading of it.

Mitchell: What was your reaction when you found out that David was returning to the band, and you had less than a week to get it together for your reunion opening? How did it come together?

Colomby: In a frenzy, man. Fortunately, the whole band knew all the tunes and charts, except *Johnny Porter* (a new tune worked out only a week before the interview), so it was just a matter of getting David worked in. That's tough enough, believe me. For a vocal performer it's much more difficult, because not only does he have to learn a tune and an approach to the tune; but he has to learn the *performance* of the tune. It's not as simple as just playing some notes. He has to learn the point of a number and figure out how to get it across to the audience.

Clayton-Thomas: The toughest part for me has been my chops. They went through some really serious changes when I returned to the band. It all has to do with singing *with* a horn section rather than *against* it. I've heard a lot of blues-rock oriented singers blow their brains out trying to sing against a section. In *Blood, Sweat & Tears*, all three horns are miked and everybody's a hard blower. Poor Jerry Fisher did himself some physical damage that took months to recover from because he didn't sing like a jazz singer. He sang like a blues-type singer—long phrases, constantly trying to mouth *on top* of the horns, instead of interjecting his phrases *with* the horns. I don't have to sing that hard in this band. It's finding the holes, finding the cracks to put that phrasing in. The first three nights were hell, because I was bumping into horn section all over the place. I had to belt twice as hard to get on top of the section instead of letting them carry me there. It takes a while to get used to pacing yourself through a repertoire: where you have to sing hard, where you have to lay back and let a natural, easy voice do the same amount of work.

Mitchell: This band reached such a commercial peak in 1969-'70—concerts, singles, and album sales—that it became an American popular musical institution. How did the tapering off of the band's popularity in the early '70s affect the personnel and consequently the music itself?

Colomby: We sometimes made a lot of mistakes as a result of it. We started to do a lot of things that we didn't believe in hoping to regain the charts and commercial success.

Mitchell: Specifically?

Colomby: Well, I can't name specific songs, but it was just stuff in general that we had no faith in. This may seem ironic, but it's fortunate that we didn't succeed with that stuff, because otherwise we would have been stuck with playing material that we hated.

Clayton-Thomas: When we finished *BS&T 4*, Bobby and I both agreed that it was marshmallow music. It wasn't what we really believed in.

Colomby: When David left, we felt we could take one of two approaches. Either we could play stuff that we dug, of totally no interest to the audience . . . See, it's different, I know Dave Barger. I know his family, his children, he's a friend of mine, and fellow musician. If he's playing a solo, he could play anything he wants and, odds are, I would dig it, just because I know him. But audiences don't know him. There's no guarantee that if we play a horn figure that we like, the audience will be able to relate to it. But now we have the chance to play in front of people before we record. We can eliminate things that are just self-indulgent. It's got to communicate.

Mitchell: Tony, you're coming out from Woody's big band environment. Do you feel pressured to write more commercially, out of a rock bag? Or are you adapting to the new style naturally?

Klatka: It comes naturally. I've always enjoyed writing funky stuff. A couple of things I wrote for Woody were really funky music, recorded but never released. I grew up in the age of rock 'n' roll too, even though I was supposed to be a "jazz" musician. I just write the way I want to write.

Mitchell: Producers will sometimes tell you that recorded music is to be considered a very special kind of music, different from that which is played under live circumstances. What's the process that *BS&T* goes through in recordings? How does it get together? What do you feel you can accomplish on a recording that you can't accomplish live?

Colomby: Nothing. The last thing we have ever wanted to do in the studio is to lay stuff down that we couldn't do live. Part of the band's success was that when people heard the record, they'd hear the same thing when they caught us live and vice versa.

Barger: As far as making music live, *New Blood* was recorded live in the studio, with very few overdubs. It took a lot of work on Bobby's part—he was producer for that particular album—to get a clean sound with everybody leaking into everybody else's microphone. But it's still my wish to find some way to record the band as a whole group at once. On *New Blood* we even had Jerry Fisher, the singer, in the studio with us.

Townley: Let's go back a bit in time to when Al Kooper left the band and David joined. There was this whole controversy going on, particularly in New York, over which band was better.

Colomby: Sides were taken after our success with the second band. Let me explain what happened. When Al left, the band was really written off by everybody. Finished! My idea was that we hadn't started to realize the potential of the band. The first album was not, for all intensive purposes, a major album. It was not that successful.

We heard David sing in a club called The Scene in New York and we were very impressed. He joined the band and we went in and cut an album, which was the most confused state of affairs ever. Not one tune had an even slight relationship to another. We just did music we liked without any thought of success.

But when we had all that success with the second album, then the first album sold. Then it became . . . the hip thing to do was not to rally behind the obviously successful album, but to rally behind something that was more

AFRO MUD: A Personalized History of the Blues

"A young guy who wanted to learn to play, he could go and see different people. It wasn't like it is here in Chicago; here you have to be old enough to get in a night club. It's different from back home, because we had those country—what we called—suppers. Then there were juke houses, which is what some people called them—taverns. Young kids, boys and girls, and older people—everybody went to those places. There wasn't no such thing as you couldn't get in. You used to take up a guitar and you sit down and play for a house of people, without any electric. They danced . . . it was the two-step, waltz, Charleston, Black Bottom, and the slow dance that's always been."

From its earliest days, the hectic, vital, postwar Chicago blues scene was dominated by one towering figure: Muddy Waters. It was he who led the way—in style, sound, repertoire, instrumentation, in every way—first as a greatly popular club performer from the mid-1940s on and, a few years later, as the most influential recording artist in the new amplified blues idiom. In the years 1948-55, he put forth for definition the fundamental approaches and usages of modern blues in a remarkable series of ground-breaking records. In the years since, the style Waters delineated has been extended, fragmented, elaborated, and otherwise commercialized; but the fundamental, earthy, vital, and powerful sound of the postwar blues as defined by Muddy and his bandsmen has yet to be excelled, or even equalled. It's no accident that the Rolling Stones chose their name from one of Waters' finest early recordings; the choice was merely prophetic, for Muddy and his music keep sailing on.

He was born McKinley Morganfield (Muddy Waters is a nickname given him in childhood) in the tiny hamlet of Rolling Fork, Miss., in 1915. Muddy was raised by his maternal grandmother in Clarksdale, a small town 100 miles to the north. He was heir to a powerful and well defined musical tradition—the harsh, potent, introspective blues of the Mississippi River Delta bottomlands. Employing the standard 12-bar blues form familiar to most Americans, the great Delta singers like Charlie Patton, Son House, Willie Brown, and (especially in Waters' case) the awesomely gifted Robert Johnson developed an extraordinarily forceful and emotionally penetrating manner of singing and playing blues unique to the Mississippi region.

Growing to manhood in the heart of the region that had spawned and nurtured this magnificent music, Waters was drawn early to its stark, telling force and expressive power. He had been working as a farm laborer for several years when he took up the harmonica at 13. Muddy recalled, "I was messing around with the harmonica ever since I got large enough to say 'Santy Claus, bring me a harp.' . . . But I was 13 before I got a real good note out of it, before I started getting into the way of playing blues on harp. I started blowing and I learned how to blow a few things on

that, and I got to be pretty good with that. No one showed me nothing; I got it myself."

Four years later, he made the switch to guitar. He was taught the rudiments of the instrument and the region's characteristic way of using it by a close friend, Scott Bohanna (or Bowhandle), who was a year or two older than Muddy. Shortly thereafter, Waters recalled, "I got to be a better guitar player than he was. In a year's time I could beat him playing. Bottleneck style 'most all the time. You see, I was digging Son House and Robert Johnson. I saw House in person and I did get to see Robert play a few times, but I was digging his records too—because he used a very nice slide."

These two, Son House and Robert Johnson, were the undisputed masters of the region's characteristic "bottleneck" style of guitar accompaniment. (The method is so termed because the neck of a glass bottle is slipped over a finger of the guitarist's left, or "fretting," hand and slid over the strings of the instrument, producing a whining, keening sound much like a cry when the strings are struck by the right hand.) With this technique, the Delta bluesman could utilize the guitar as a perfect extension of his voice, the sliding bottleneck matching the dips, slurs, sliding notes, and all the tonal ambiguity of the voice as it is used in singing blues.

Describing these early experiences, Waters told blues researcher Paul Oliver: "Seems like everybody could play some kind of instrument, and there were so many fellers playin' in the jukes 'round Clarksdale, I can't remember them all. But the best we had to my ideas was Sonny House. He came from a plantation east of Clarksdale, Marks or Lambert way I think (Note: House was born in Lyon, Miss.) . . . He used to have a neck of a bottle over his finger, little finger, touch the strings with that and make them sing. That's where I got the idea from. You break it off, hold it in a flame until it melts and gets smooth. He made some good records, you know, Sonny, but to my ideas he never did sound so good on record as he did when you heard him. Then of course there was Robert, Robert Johnson. He used to work the jukes. I don't know what sort of work he did. He always had a guitar with him whenever I saw him around. I never did talk to him much. He was the kind of guy you wanted to listen to, get ideas from."

Within a year, Waters had mastered the bottleneck and the jagged, pulsating rhythms of Delta guitar. He had learned to sing powerfully and expressively in the tightly constricted, pain-filled manner that characterized the best Delta singers. By the time a team of Library of Congress field collectors headed by Alan Lomax visited and recorded Waters for the Library's folksong archives in 1941 (they returned the following year to record him further), he had several years' playing experience behind him. "We played all around our little town," the singer recalled. "We played all the different things around—Saturday night suppers and Sunday afternoon get-togethers, even played for white get-togethers, picnics and such. It was a cotton farming area and, working out on a farm, you don't have too many 'cabaret nights'. Saturday night is your big night. I worked on the farms, I worked in the city, and I worked all around."

Providing the musical impetus for dancers

by pete welding



GEORGE GILMORE (WASHINGTON BLUES FESTIVAL, 1970)

at rough-and-tumble back country dances, in juke joints, and at picnics and houseparties had sharpened the young bluesman's vocal and instrumental abilities to a keen, incisive edge. 14 recordings were made by the Library of Congress field team—four performances by the Son Sims Four, a country string band of which Waters was a regular member, and 10 Waters solo performances, of which four have second guitar in accompaniment to his strong lead. These discs reveal a performer whose singing and playing (while obviously, but not slavishly, modeled on Robert Johnson) are strong, individualistic, marvelously detailed and mutually complementary. *I Be's Troubled, You Got to Take Sick and Die Some of These Days*, two versions of *Country Blues* (based on Johnson's *Walking Blues*), *Why Don't You Live So God Can Use You?*, *I Be Bound to Write to You* and *You're Gonna Miss Me When I'm Dead and Gone* very clearly reveal the dominance of Johnson's music on Muddy's; but just as clearly, the recordings show the strikingly distinctive power of the young Waters, both as singer and as master of Delta bottleneck guitar.

The following year, Muddy put the Delta behind him forever. He moved to Chicago in 1943 and has never looked back. "I wanted to get out of Mississippi in the worst way," he told Peter Guralnick. "Go back?! What I want to go back for? They had such as my mother and the older people brainwashed that people can't make it too good in the city.

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Peter Welding, owner and operator of Testa-ment Records, was Assistant Editor of down beat from 1962-66. A veteran of three years graduate study in ethnomusicology at UCLA, he has also been associated with the a&r departments of Playboy and Epic Records.

But I figured if anyone else was living in the city, I could make it there too." Very much in his mind was the idea of making it through his music, for, as he explained, "I always thought of myself as a musician. The jobs I had back in Clarksdale and so forth, they were just temporary things. If I wasn't a good musician then, I felt that sooner or later I would be a good musician. I felt it in me. A little later I moved to Chicago. I was thinking to myself that I could do better in a big city. With my singing and the type of guitar I was playing, in my mind I thought I could do better. I could make more money, and then I would have more opportunities to get into the big record field."

But it was not as easy in the Windy City as the young bluesman had imagined. It was the middle of the war, and though times were flush and there was a great deal of money to be earned in the defense industries, the winds of change were blowing uncertainly through the music world. The Petrillo ban on recording was resulting in the decline in influence of the big bands, a tendency that was to accelerate sharply as the 1940s advanced. The antics of the beboppers were beginning to command attention in the press; and the emergence of that revolutionary and uncompromising music signaled the mood of restless discontent that was in the air.

On another level, the blues were at a crossroads, though few knew it at the time. The vigorous, country-based blues that Chicago had refined, polished and institutionalized since the 1920s, when the city had been established as the most influential blues recording center, had been progressively emasculated. The guts were gone. The once forceful, highly individualized blues had been diluted by large record firms to glossy, mechanistic self-parody and tasteless double-entendre. The blues that Waters found on his arrival as a well-turned and sophisticated as it often was empty of genuine emotion.

"The big men around town singing the blues," Muddy recalled, mentioning several of the more authentic practitioners of the hard-core blues to be heard in wartime Chicago, "were Tampa Red, Big Maceo, Memphis Slim and Sonny Boy Williamson—not Rice Miller, I mean the one that got killed. The original Sonny Boy it was. . . . I worked on the West Side in a few taverns, and I played houseparties too. I worked for a while with Eddie Boyd. He was here when I came and we is off-cousins, Eddie and myself. But he couldn't stand my playing because he wanted me to play like Johnny Moore, which I wasn't able to play. He wanted it to be a kind of sweet blues."

During the war years, a great wave of northward migration had brought thousands of blacks from the rural South to staff the war industries in the urban centers: the steel mills of Gary, the automotive plants of Detroit,

and the hundreds of heavy and light industries in the Chicago area. So vast was this northward wave, in fact, that almost 50% of the total movement of southern blacks to the North in the century's first half took place during the years 1940 to 1947.

With few exceptions, there was little with which they could identify in most of the blues releases the major record firms dispensed with monotonous regularity through the mid-1940s. Slowly, the big companies lost ground. They had completely misjudged the new blues audience—if in fact they even knew of its existence. They had failed to take into account its new mood of restlessness and aggressiveness. As the war ended and the country began to return to the business of peacetime, the large recording monopoly was effectively at an end, at least as far as the black record-buying public was concerned.

The postwar years saw the emergence of a new blues style that more accurately mirrored the quick, exciting tempo of life in the urban North, a music that was as harsh and pungent and ruthless as life in the teeming black ghettos of Chicago, Gary, Detroit, Flint, Indianapolis. Producing the new blues records were a host of small, independent record firms, many of them black-owned or at least black-oriented: Chess, King, Savoy, Modern, Vee-Jay, Fire, Excello, Duke and hundreds of others.

Spearheading the new blues was Waters. He had persevered with his music. After several years of playing to slowly increasing au-

"The postwar years saw the emergence of a new blues style that more accurately mirrored the quick, exciting tempo of life in the urban North."

diences, first at houseparties and later in small dingy taverns dotted throughout Chicago's huge, sprawling South and West Side black-belt slums, he had begun to record. (Ironically enough, it was for Columbia Records that he had made his first recordings as a Chicago bluesman—three sides cut in 1947, with a five-piece band—in a style midway between the popular jump-blues of the wartime period and the true postwar idiom that he was to forge a scant year or so later. Unfortunately, the performances were not issued, nor were those of Johnny Shines and Homer Harris recorded at the same time.) Working as a truck driver, Waters had managed to persuade the operators of Aristocrat—later Chess—Records, a small, independent Chicago firm, to record him. After several exploratory recordings made in the company of pianist Sunnyland Slim and bassist Ernest "Big" Crawford which made absolutely no impression on the record-buying public, Waters suddenly scored with a single. *Feel Like Goin' Home* and *Can't Be Satisfied* (Aristocrat 1305) is the record with which the history of the modern blues properly begins. There were earlier recordings by amplified bluesmen, to be sure—Johnny Young, Little Walter, Othum Brown and Johnny Williams—but the age of the postwar blues is properly ushered in with this 1948 Waters release, an over-night sensation and a huge hit.

The two performers were in pure Delta style, Muddy's stirring, emotive singing underlined by stinging bottleneck guitar (now electrically amplified in line with current postwar practice) and the striding, percussive

"slap" bass of Crawford. Trading on the success of this record, Waters over the next few years gathered around him a group of like-minded, country-reared musicians.

The characteristic sound Waters and his band projected was loud and brutal, with all the instruments save drums electrically amplified almost to the threshold of pain. The beat was slowed down and heavily emphasized, particularly at first, when Waters utilized such naive drummers as "Baby Face" Leroy Foster and Elgin Evans. The standard instrumentation was guitar, acoustic bass, harmonica and drums, with piano and electric bass added later. The music was hard, mean and magnificent, and the band generated a blistering undertow of rhythmic power that swept all before it in a tumbling rush of sound.

Over the surging insistence of the group, Waters' dark-hued voice chanted the Mississippi blues of his boyhood; in his singing could be heard echoes of the great Delta singers he so admired. Johnson's music, especially, is at the root of so much of Waters' early commercial recordings: *I Can't Be Satisfied*, *Rollin' Stone*, *Walkin' Blues*, *Feel Like Goin' Home*, *Kind Hearted Woman*, and numerous others. But even if the source of the music is not specifically Johnson, it is ultimately based in the traditional blues of his native Mississippi Delta, always the linchpin of Waters' approach to music. "What it was that made our records different," Muddy said of these early efforts, "we would set down and we kept that Mississippi sound. We didn't do it exactly like the older fellows—just with no beat to it. We put the beat with it, put a little drive to it. It's like, I would say—when Blind Lemon Jefferson and them was making records, back then they changed [chords or phrases] whenever they get ready. We went to putting time with the stuff. I think Tampa Red, Maceo and them, they were very 'timed-up' people too. We went to putting time to our lowdown Mississippi blues. We put a pretty good group together because we learned the beat, learned what the people's moving off of. Even if it's the blues, we still had to drive behind it."

Following his earliest recordings, made primarily of traditional Mississippi material and his adaptations, often recorded in the company of Big Crawford, Muddy broadened the traditional base of his music to incorporate new instrumental sounds and textures. Memorable among these early experiments were the remarkable trio recordings with Little Walter on harmonica and Crawford on bass in support of his incisive amplified bottleneck guitar: *You're Gonna Need My Help*, *Louisiana Blues*, *Long Distance Call*, *Howlin' Wolf* and *Too Young to Know*, all dating from 1950 or early '51 and all justly praised masterpieces of the postwar blues. Similar to these, but substituting Elgin Evans' tough drumming for Crawford's slap-bass is the 1951 trio performance *She Moves Me*. Likewise dating from this period are another set of trio recordings, this time featuring two guitars and either bass or drums—*Honey Bee* and *Still A Fool*, the latter a reworking of the traditional piece *Two Trains Running*. Both date from 1951 and feature Little Walter as a marvelously responsive second guitarist. On all of these is to be found Waters' truly gorgeous sounding bottleneck guitar.

With the addition of pianist Otis Spann late in 1951, the modern blues band format and sound was fully settled, documented in such Waters band performances as *I Just Want to Make Love to You*, *Hoochie Coochie Man* and *I Want You to Love Me* (1953), *I'm Ready*

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SELECTED WATERS DISCOGRAPHY

DOWN ON STOVALL'S PLANTATION: THE CELEBRATED 1941-42 LIBRARY OF CONGRESS RECORDINGS—Testament T 2210
MCKINLEY MORGANFIELD A.K.A. MUDDY WATERS—Chess 60006
THE REAL FOLK BLUES—Chess 1501
MORE REAL FOLK BLUES—Chess 1511
MUDDY WATERS "LIVE"—Chess 50012
SAIL ON—Chess 1539

RECORD REVIEWS

Ratings are:

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

MILES DAVIS

GET UP WITH IT—Columbia KG 33236: *He Loved Him Madly*; *Maiysha*; *Honky Tonk*; *Rated X*; *Calypso Frelimo*; *Red China Blues*; *Mtume*; *Billy Preston*.

Personnel: Davis, electric piano, organ, trumpet (all tracks); Michael Henderson, bass (all tracks); Reggie Lucas, guitar (all tracks except 3 and 6); Pete Cosey, guitar (tracks 1, 2, 5, and 6 only); Dominique Gaumont, guitar (tracks 1 and 2 only); David Liebman, flute (tracks 1 and 5 only); Sonny Fortune, soprano sax (track 2 only); John Stubblefield, soprano sax (track 5 only); Carlos Garnett, soprano sax (track 8 only); Cedric Lawson, piano (track 4 only); Al Foster, drums (all tracks except 3); Mtume, conga drums, African percussion (all tracks except 3); Badal Roy, tabla (tracks 4 and 8 only); Khalil Balakrishna, sitar (tracks 4 and 8 only). *Track 3 only*: Keith Jarrett, electric keyboards; Steve Grossman, soprano sax; Airtio Moreira, percussion; Jack De Johnette, drums; Herbie Hancock, electric piano; John McLaughlin, guitar. *Track 6 only*: Bernard Purdie, drums; Cornell Dupree, guitar; Wally Chambers, harmonica, unidentified horn section.

Is this the '70s answer to Duke Ellington's jungle band? The rhythms are certainly hot enough; and in some cases (the steaming *Rated X*, for example), they tell the whole story of the music. Miles has made innovations in every area of contemporary music: harmonic, melodic, coloristic, and now rhythmic. *Get Up With It*, Davis' most diverse, coherent LP statement since 1971's *Live/Evil*, explodes the possibilities of fusion rhythms first suggested as far back as Tony Williams' tenure with the band. By and large, the album is a wailing, boiling, invigorating torrent of body pulse.

As he has for several years now, Miles uses the rock-steady figures of Michael Henderson as the static base around which percussionists Foster and Mtume construct an intricate latticework. This is a true dialogue of the drums; each percussionist (and this goes for Badal Roy on two of the earlier recordings here, also) carries countermelodies in his playing, as well as rhythmic figures. These are talking drums in the most basic, African-rooted sense.

Miles' electric piano and organ playing provides color, tone, and a limited harmonic direction. As one might expect, his keyboards sound like no one else's: the playing is devoid of pyrotechnics, providing the bare essentials with nothing out of place. One suspects that Miles has been playing keyboards longer than he's been recording them, and his mature, very personal style acutely reflects his own musical mind.

The guitars phrase, bicker, comment, and fall back to riff-chants in the background. During the latter part of *Calypso Frelimo*, they contribute almost choral sub-textures beneath the trumpet solo. Cosey and Lucas seem to be able to do it all, from abstract blues lines in the quiet spaces to churning rhythm blankets in the wilder ensembles. Cosey, in particular, is possessed of a thick, ringing sound that works well in the echo-

chamber that Miles and Teo Macero seem to favor in places. Lucas is more angular and rambling, but certainly no less accomplished.

Miles plays more horn here than we've heard in a while. He's more into vocalization on the trumpet than ever, the wah-wah now completely incorporated into the way he hears the music. His solos are all variations on blues concepts: lean, economical, always burning fiercely. It's a basic voicing, yet linearly abstract. It exposes the chant-like, field-holler texture of the music. And it speaks from a frankly black perspective.

We can assume that the humor of the rhythm and blues number, *Red China Blues*, will be lost on those whose repeated cries of "sell-out" (ringing abrasively for several years now) drown out the funky good-time projections of the Sonny Boy Williamson-styled harmonica and tight brass arrangement. There are the moody, ominous, mournful feelings created by the 30 minute-plus tribute to Duke, *He Loved Him Madly*. Particularly beautiful colors by Liebman's flute here. *Maiysha*: a basically dreamy, "island/exotic" soulchord suspended to form the basis for the piece, sounding like a mutant Earth, Wind, and Fire gestated on Saturn. Miles' horn blows a light, sweet melody with little improvisation, before the piece harshly and abruptly ends as a jagged blues in Milesian trumpet frenzy. *Honky Tonk*, an earlier recording (one would guess from the *Live/Evil* period), sets the direction for the newer music. It provides both recent history and musical parallels: one discovers Miles' keyboard directions from the experiments of Keith; the guitar progression from McLaughlin to Cosey, Lucas, and Gaumont; and the colors of Airtio predicting the equally unique drum commentary of Mtume.

But as the true statement of this particular phase of Miles music in culmination, *Calypso Frelimo* deserves as much intensive listening as any piece he's done in 25 years. It explores both the roiling, Afro-space, electronic-tribal cauldron of rhythmic fire, and the abstract blues-hollers in one piece of staggering length and sustained drive and fire. Though this review has focused on the individual components, the final strength of this music lies in its total power. For the first time, Miles Davis has forged a music of collective intensity and ensemble unity, rather than stellar individuals in orbit around Miles' sun. It represents yet another new direction; and as one hears the complex, soulful music on *Get Up With It*, one is already aware that Miles is gone, moving in sonic territories that we, as yet, can not hear.

—mitchell

SONNY ROLLINS

THE CUTTING EDGE—Milestone 9059: *The Cutting Edge*; *To a Wild Rose*; *First Moves*; *A House Is Not A Home*; *Swing Low Sweet Chariot*.

Personnel: Rollins, tenor saxophone; Stanley Cowell, piano; Masuo, guitar; Bob Cranshaw, electric bass; David Lee, drums; Mtume, congas, percussion; Rufus Harley, bagpipes (track 5).

***** 1/2

Apparently it doesn't even help Milestone to record Rollins live (this is from last year's Montreux festival), for this is their third disappointing Rollins record in a row: as with the previous set, only one track raises the collection above the ordinary. For the listener, it's definitely a help to forget that the tenor saxophonist here is the outstanding club performer of our time, as well as all of his past recorded glories. Instead, imagine you're listening to an unfamiliar player who's just learning the Rollins style.

Cutting and *First* have him improvising on

the rhythmic character of the themes, the latter a very good Rollins tune. *Cutting* has a goodly number of nice ideas scattered throughout the preoccupied solo, and part of the problem with his earthbound playing may be the overloaded rhythm section. Increasingly over the years Rollins' best has been predicated on his breaking with set time (and his most imaginative breaks with harmonic changes have followed). The rock beat of these two tracks is so insistent that the conventional playing—they are Rollins' own conventions, but conventions nonetheless—may have been psychologically inescapable. A jazz rhythm section accompaniment, by definition a freer sort of music, may help open up the improvising in such pieces.

Yet the comparatively straightforward accompaniment in *House* doesn't help: Rollins' solo takes the unremarkable song at almost face value, while the piano solo has uninteresting rhapsodic intentions. Rollins does lend character to the reading of *Rose*, and if it's balladic, it's still more attractive than MacDowell's benighted sentimentality. The best part, though, and the most significant moment on the record, is when Rollins plays the song unaccompanied, breaking time, dissecting the theme, lightly embellishing it, adding cadenzas and bits of extraneous material—it's not quite the spiritual freedom he often proves in his a cappella works, but it's certainly engaging.

His improvisation on the drone that opens *Chariot* occasionally shows signs of wanting to become the same (little quirky phrases, a snatch of *Oleo*), but that opening section passes quickly, and Harley, Rollins, Masuo and Cranshaw present a series of solos all about the same ordinary quality. It's mainly a funk piece, and in this as well as the two jazz-rock items there's a sneaky latter-day feeling of Rollins working over jazz's fashionable derriere-garde. There's also the sneaky feeling of a producer's hand in this album's choices: this is the third Milestone collection of all-new Rollins material, yet it's hard to imagine a live Rollins performance these days without some familiar tunes included. Newness is the great bugaboo of contemporary jazz record production.

Everyone, it seems, has solutions to Rollins' current recording malaise, most of them beginning with his rhythm section problems. The best we can say is that, one more time, this ain't the Sonny Rollins record we've been awaiting for so long. —litweiler

PHAROAH SANDERS

LOVE IN US ALL—Impulse ASD-9280: *Love is Everywhere*; *To John*.

Personnel: Sanders, tenor & soprano saxes; no others listed.

★ 1/2

GATO BARBIERI

CHAPTER THREE—VIVA EMILIANO ZAPATA—Impulse 9279: *Milonga Triste*; *Lluvia Azul*; *El Sublime*; *La Podrida*; *Cuando Vuelva A Tu Lado*; *Viva Emiliano Zapata*.

Personnel: Barbieri, tenor sax; Victor Paz, Bob McCoy, Randy Brecker, Alan Rubin, trumpet & fluegelhorn; Ray Alonge, Jimmy Buffington, French horn; Buddy Morrow, trombone; Alan Raph, bass trombone; Howard Johnson, tuba, fluegelhorn, bass clarinet & baritone sax; Seldon Powell, piccolo, flute, alto flute, alto & baritone sax; Eddie Martinez, piano & Fender Rhodes electric piano; George Davis, electric & acoustic guitar; Paul Metzke, electric guitar; Ron Carter, bass and Fender bass; Grady Tate, drums; Ray Armando, Luis Mangual, Ray Mantilla, Portinho, Latin percussion. Orchestra arranged & conducted by Chico O'Farrill.

The New Wave of horn players blossomed
February 27 □ 19

"The surest way I know to get your song heard by someone in the music business is also the easiest."

Paul Williams

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Songs are judged on originality, music composition, and lyrical content when applicable. Elaborate instrumentation, vocal arrangement, or production have no bearing on the judging. And because the songwriters' names are secret until the semi-finals, the song is all that counts.

Why is the 1975 American Song Festival different?

You retain all rights to your song. The royalties and benefits are all yours.

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You'll be competing for cash plus many extra merchandise prizes.

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★ The winner of the Bicentennial competition will receive \$1,776. Semi-finalists will receive valuable merchandise prizes.

★ The 36 quarter-finalists (three from each amateur and professional category) will each receive \$500 and advance to the semi-finals.

★ The 12 semi-finalists (an amateur and professional winner from each category) will each receive an additional \$5,000 and the opportunity to win the Grand Prize.

★ The "Best Song of the Festival" will win an additional Grand Prize of \$25,000 for a total of \$30,500 plus a Yamaha grand piano.

The Finals.

Final judging will be celebrated with gala festivities, capped by an awards program televised internationally from Hollywood, California.

The winning songwriters will appear on this special, and their songs will be performed by top recording stars, and included on the 1975 Festival LP.

Entry Procedure

1. Record the song on a cassette only. Start recording at the beginning of the cassette and rewind before submitting. Only one song per cassette, please. (Use any type of cassette. The ASF recommends the Realistic Supertape® cassette available at participating Radio Shack stores.)
2. Complete the attached entry form, paying particular attention to the following:
A. Your Social Security Number. This is important because in using the number instead of a name, the identity of the composer is kept secret. Write your number on your cassette on both sides with a ball point pen.
(Note: If you do not have a Social Security Number, use the number of a member of your household. If there is none, the American Song Festival will assign

you an ASF number and we will notify you of the number upon receipt of your cassette and entry form.)

B. Write the title of your song on the cassette on the side on which you recorded your song.

C. To enter more than one song, obtain another entry form or produce a reasonable copy for each entry.

D. **Song Categories**—You must designate at least one category in which the song is to be judged. The fee for entering each song in one category is \$10.85 (\$13.85 outside the U.S. and Canada). To enter your song in *additional categories*, indicate so on the entry form and enclose an additional \$7.25 for each added category. You do not have to send in another cassette.

Enclose an additional \$7.25 if you select the Judges' Decision Option. (Allowing the judges to place your song in another category that, in their opinion will give the song its best opportunity.)

3. Wrap your check or money order and entry form around each cassette. Secure the package firmly with rubber bands or string wrapped both directions.

Mail in a strong envelope or box to:
THE AMERICAN SONG FESTIVAL
P.O. Box 57, Hollywood, CA 90028

4. **Mail Your Songs Early!** We are accepting entries now. By mailing early it will be processed immediately. Your official receipt will be the official *Songwriter's Handbook* and a confirmation of your

songwriter's identification number. If you want acknowledgement of additional entries, send your entry by registered mail, *return receipt requested*.

5. **Copyrighting your song.** It is not necessary to copyright your song when entering the competition.

*Promotional consideration for this recommendation has been provided.

Rules and Regulations

1. Competition is open to any person except employees of the American Song Festival, Inc. (ASF, Inc.), or their relatives, or agents appointed by the ASF, Inc.

2. Each entry shall be wholly original and shall not constitute an infringement of copyright or an invasion of the rights of any third party. Each entrant shall, by this entry, indemnify and hold the ASF, Inc., its agents, licensees and assigns harmless from and against any claims inconsistent with the foregoing.

3. No musical composition may be entered that has been recorded or printed and released or disseminated for commercial sale in any medium in the United States prior to October 1, 1975, or the public announcement of the quarter-finalists, whichever occurs first. All winners will be notified and all prizes awarded no later than 12/31/75. Prizes will be paid to songwriter named in item 1 of official entry form.

4. An entry fee of \$10.85, an accurately completed entry form, and a cassette with only one song recorded on it shall be submitted for each entry. Entry fee is \$13.85 outside of the United States and Canada. Any number of songs may be entered by an individual provided that each cassette is accompanied by a separate entry form and entry fee.

5. The entrant must designate at least one category in which he wants his song to compete. Any song may be entered in additional category competitions by so designating on the entry form and including an additional fee of \$7.25 for each such additional category. Such additional category may be left to the judges' choice by selecting the "Judges' Decision Option" which permits the judges to place the song in the category in which in their opinion it is best suited.

6. The ASF, Inc., its licensees and assigns shall have the right to cause any song to be arranged, orchestrated and performed publicly in connection with activities of ASF, Inc., at no cost to the entrant. Entrant, if requested, will issue or cause to be issued to the ASF, Inc. and its licensees and assigns a license to mechanically reproduce the song on an original sound track album of the ASF in consideration of a payment to the copyright proprietor per record sold, calculated at the applicable rate set forth in the U.S. Copyright Act and will also issue or cause to be issued a license permitting the song to be recorded and synchronized and performed with a film or videotape account of the ASF for use in any medium for a fee of \$1.00 paid by ASF.

7. All materials submitted in connection with entries shall become the sole property of ASF, Inc., and no materials shall be returned to the entrant. The ASF, Inc., shall exercise reasonable care in the handling of materials but assumes no responsibility of any kind for loss or damage to such entry materials prior to receipt by the ASF, Inc.

8. Each entry shall be judged on the basis of originality, quality of musical composition, and lyrical content if applicable. All decisions of the screening panels and judges shall be final and binding upon the ASF, Inc., and all entrants.

9. Cassettes with more than one song on them, cartidges, records, reel-to-reel tapes, or lead sheets are improper submissions and will invalidate the entry.

10. Entry forms will be made available by public distribution and the ASF, Inc. will mail entry forms until May 1, 1975. Recorded cassettes and accompanying material must be postmarked by June 3, 1975. ASF, Inc., reserves the right to extend these dates in the event of interruption of postal services, national emergency, or Act of God.

11. A professional is anyone who: (a) is or has been a member of a performing rights organization such as ASCAP, BMI, SESAC or their foreign counterparts; or (b) is or has been a member of the AF of M, AFTRA, or AGVA or any one of their foreign counterparts; or (c) has had a musical composition written in whole or in part by him recorded and released or disseminated commercially in any medium or printed and distributed for sale. All others are amateurs.

12. ASF, Inc. reserves the right to refer entries from areas outside of the U.S. and its territories and possessions to its sub-licensees in such areas and to refuse receipt of entries from such areas.

Official Entry Form SEPARATE ENTRY FORM NEEDED FOR EACH SONG

DB

1. **SONGWRITER**
(Print name) _____

AGE _____ M _____ F _____

2. Social Security Number _____
(For identification only)

3. **ADDRESS**

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

PHONE: Home _____ Office _____

4. **DIVISION:** Amateur _____ Professional* _____
*For definition see Rules and Regulations #11.

5. **TITLE OF SONG** _____

6. **CATEGORY:** You *must* designate at least one category.

ENTRY FEE \$10.85 (outside U.S. and Canada \$13.85)

ROCK ☐ EASY LISTENING/MIDDLE OF THE ROAD ☐

COUNTRY ☐ SOUL OR RHYTHM & BLUES ☐

FOLK ☐ GOSPEL OR RELIGIOUS ☐

BICENTENNIAL COMPETITION ☐ (Note: This category is separate from the rest of the competition and has its own prizes.)

IMPORTANT: Songs often fit more than one category. You may have your song judged and compete in more than one category by indicating below the additional category or categories you want, and adding \$7.25 for each additional category.

ROCK ☐ EASY LISTENING/MIDDLE OF THE ROAD ☐

COUNTRY ☐ SOUL OR RHYTHM & BLUES ☐

FOLK ☐ GOSPEL OR RELIGIOUS ☐

JUDGES' DECISION OPTION ☐ (The judges will place your song in the category which, in their opinion, is most appropriate.)

FIRST CATEGORY \$10.85 (Outside U.S. and Canada \$13.85.) \$ _____

EXTRA CATEGORIES OR JUDGES' DECISION OPTION
@ \$7.25 x _____ = \$ _____

Total Fee Enclosed \$ _____

7. Did you collaborate in the writing of this composition?
Yes _____ No _____

Collaborators' names _____

8. If the song is owned or entered by other than songwriter named in #1 above, identify the owner or entrant below (please print):

NAME _____


ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Relation to songwriter: _____

I hereby certify that I have read and agree to be bound by the rules and regulations of the American Song Festival which are incorporated herein by reference and that the information contained in the entry form is true and accurate.

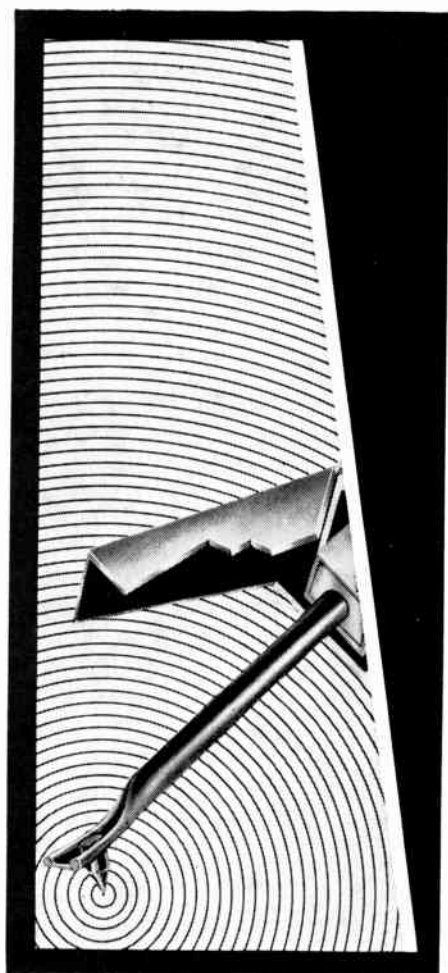
SIGNED _____ DATE _____

Send entry to:  THE AMERICAN SONG FESTIVAL
P.O. Box 57
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like psychedelic mushrooms during and after the reign of John Coltrane and Ornette Coleman in the early- and mid-'60s. Coltrane was a particular inspiration for many players (and listeners) because both his musical and "extra-musical" activities meshed in a never-ending effort to discover and express what he conceived of as a "force for unity."

Pharoah Sanders and Gato Barbieri are probably the best known *New Wave* reedmen active today. Both continue to concentrate on what Coltrane referred to as the "power horn"—the tenor (which isn't nearly as fashionable these days as the soprano) and each maintains a spiritual or political integrity which insures their continued high stature as "musicians of value" to the ever-expanding musical community.

Pharoah, of course, is the direct lineal descendant of Coltrane. He joined Trane's unit in mid-1965 and performed with them until John's death in July of '67. To a large extent, Pharoah's recorded work since then has been an extension of the ideas that the Coltrane units began to sketch out in *A Love Supreme*, *Meditations*, and *Cosmic Music*.

The quality of Pharoah's work has been consistently high both on record and in performance. He often alternates Eden-evoking lyricism with torch mouthed screaming, and his ensembles are fertile training grounds for young, high talents. All of which, when considered, makes *Love In Us All* a disappointment and a puzzling one at that.

First of all, there are no credits anywhere on the album. Secondly, this disc sounds as if it were recorded deep in someone's burned-out basement. It's been years since I've heard such a poor quality recording released on a major label. Thirdly, side one, *Love is Everywhere*, which Pharoah does regularly in concert in foot-stomping style, is here a crudely-spliced, 20-minute exercise in rhythmic entropy where Pharoah is heard just once, very briefly, on soprano sax. To be just, side 2, *To John*, is music high as an elephant's eye, as Pharoah, an anonymous trumpet player, and another anonymous tenor player all conspire to make this an intensely gratifying tribute.

In sum, though, the whole affair stinks. It's no secret that Pharoah has been dissatisfied with Impulse for awhile now (indeed, I spoke to him a year ago and he seemed pretty depressed about the entire music business scene) and it appears as if on *Love Pharoah* has relinquished whatever artistic control over his material he had. Pharoah? Impulse? What's the story?

Gato has been busy for many albums now integrating the folk melodies and rhythmic structures of Argentina, his homeland, with his *New Wave* high-energy improvisations. In addition, he makes no distinction between his music and his politics and has long supported Third World liberation struggles. *Viva Emiliano Zapata* continues to embody these two central concerns. And due to the presence of one Chico O'Farrill, this is Gato's most exciting effort in years. (For all his fire there is a sameness about Gato's improvisations and methods of ensemble organization, and his most imaginative playing in recent years has been on other folks' dates—on the Jazz Composers Orchestra's *Chronotransduction Escalator Over The Hill* and on Carla Bley's *Tropic Appetites*.)

The resurrection of O'Farrill, who arranged and conducted the big band heard with Gato, is cause for rejoicing. Originally from Cuba, he first came to public attention in the late-'40s as the major architect of Dizzy Gillespie's big band Afro-Cuban forays. If O'Farrill's conception hasn't

changed much in the intervening years, it certainly hasn't aged badly either. Precise brass blasts ride along on waves of sweaty, happy, Latin dance rhythms and Gato is given ample room to curse or coo as he pleases. And through the magic of modern studio techniques you hear the strength and sassiness of a truly cooking big band as rarely before. What a blessing!

There aren't any particular cuts that succeed significantly better than any other. *Chapter 3* flows along two sides of wax with uninterrupted good vibes. Gato's playing, though predictable, sounds so right in this context you just have to enjoy it. Viva Gato Barbieri y Chico O'Farrill!

—adler

PATRICE RUSHEN

PRELUSSION—Prestige (Fantasy) P-10089: *Shortie's Portion*; 7/73: *Haw-Right Now*; *Traverse*; *Buttered Popcorn*.

Personnel: Rushen, acoustic and electric piano, clavinet, ARP synthesizers; George Bohanon, trombone; Oscar Brashear, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Hadley Caliman, flute, alto flute, soprano sax; Joe Henderson, tenor sax; Ndugu, drums; Tony Dumas, bass, "blitz" bass; Kenneth Nash, percussion.

★ ★ ★

That this finely-crafted collection of music was created by someone only 20-years-old makes it even the more impressive. Ms. Rushen, currently a student at the University of Southern California, debuts here as a talented pianist, composer, and arranger, with a clear sense of musical purpose and enviable keyboard technique.

The first side of this release might well be dedicated to Herbie Hancock: both *Shortie's Portion* and 7/73 are strongly reminiscent of Hancock's musical direction in the late '60s. *Portion*, a crisp tune, in both texture and mood is quite similar to Hancock's *Riot*. Henderson, this album's guest artist, performs up to his usual high standards, and Oscar Brashear offers a driving, if somewhat blaring, trumpet solo. Rushen has no trouble keeping up with either of these soloists. The second composition, 7/73, could have been inspired by Hancock's *I Have A Dream*, for it is similarly lyrical and open-textured.

Also present are two light-weight funk pieces, *Haw-Right Now* and *Buttered Popcorn*. The former, a Freddie Hubbardish tune, has another powerhouse solo by Henderson. The latter highlights Rushen's synthesizer work which is competent but somewhat predictable.

Traverse, after beginning with a Keith Jarrett-like solo piano introduction, moves into an excellent walking groove, and gives us about 11 minutes of spirited piano improvisation, backed by the sensitive bass and drums work of Ndugu and Dumas (they, incidentally, play impeccably throughout).

Ms. Rushen is obviously someone to watch. *Prelude* strikingly demonstrates that she has mastered several important musical idioms of the last decade. It remains for her to discover her own unique voice. When she does, she'll have everybody scared.

—balleras

MODERN JAZZ QUARTET

IN MEMORIAM—Little David (Warner Bros.) 3001: *In Memoriam—First Movement, Second Movement*; Jazz *Ostinato*; *Adagio from "Concierto de Aranjuez"* (J. Rodrigo).

Personnel: Milt Jackson, vibraphone; John Lewis, piano; Percy Heath, bass; Connie Kay, percussion; Orchestra conducted by Maurice Peress.

See below

In a way it's unfortunate that this album should memorialize the MJQ's passing. Not that its characteristic virtues are absent from this recording: they're there all right but have been submerged in, and subsumed to Lewis' needs as composer of a concertino. *In Memo-*

riam merely uses the quartet as a small instrumental grouping whose solo passages alternate and contrast with those of the larger string orchestra. In those solo segments there are marvelous bursts of playing from Jackson, whose darting quicksilver work utterly thrills, as well as some quietly breathtaking Lewis piano that, in its airy, sinewy lyricism, reminds us anew of just how distinctive and truly inventive a jazz musician he is.

While one would not for a minute deny the vitality and validity of the quartet's music, the same cannot always be said of its efforts in larger forms, as evidenced in particular by the two Lewis compositions here. Each is meticulously crafted, as might be expected of him, with deliciously sensitive, skillful orchestrations that strike a nice balance between the written and the improvised, and thus allow the quartet's members to be themselves, often for extended stretches. They rise to the occasion splendidly, particularly Jackson and Lewis.

It is the orchestral side of the collaboration that is to my mind deficient, for the orchestra is used merely to provide a backdrop to the group or soloist. There is no real meaningful interactivity that I can hear, no play of opposing or contrasting forces, no give-and-take of any substantial nature between solo and orchestral elements in the music. There is a genuinely dynamic interplay within the quartet but there is nothing corresponding to this in the deployment of the orchestra; its role is almost totally subsidiary in that it provides only a lush curtain of color.

Consequently, it's unfortunate that this particular program should stand as the group's recorded swan song, for the tendency towards the "legitimate" has been allowed untrammelled dominance. Most likely, however, this is of small consequence for, while this may be its last recording as a working unit, I imagine we've not yet heard the last of the Modern Jazz Quartet.

—welding

JOHN COATES, JR.

THE JAZZ PIANO OF JOHN COATES, JR.—Omnisound N 1004: *Love Is Enough*; *Tune No. 4*; *A Minor Waltz*; *Deep Strings*; *Yesterday*; *Little Rock Getaway*.

Personnel: Coates, piano; DeWitt Kay, bass; Glen Davis, drums.

★ ★ ★

RONNIE HOOPES

RESPECT FOR A GREAT TRADITION—Revelation 21: *Moose The Mooch*; *In Your Own Sweet Way*; *Circularity*; *This Thing*; *Night Song*; *You And The Night And The Music*; *I Will Say Goodbye*; *Stella By Starlight*.

Personnel: Hoopes, piano; Pat (Putter) Smith, bass; Bill Moser, drums.

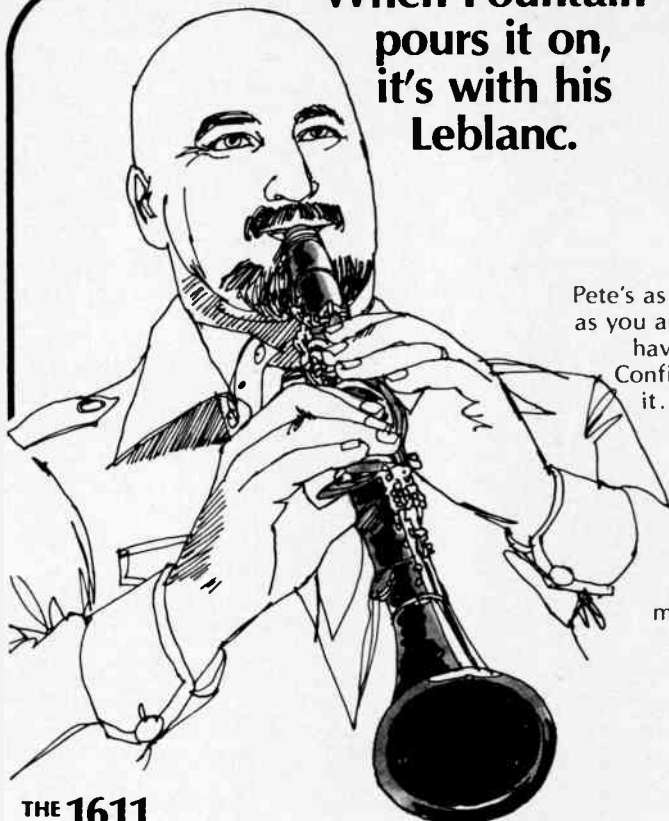
★ ★ ★ ½

Here are two pianists in their 30s: one (Hoopes) never recorded before, neither relying on playing to make a living (Coates works for a music publisher; Hoopes teaches), both certainly as equipped as many a full-time pro.

There the similarities end. Coates (his one prior album was made for Savoy in 1956, when he was 17) is a flashy, facile player, technically very impressive, fun to listen to, but (at least on this evidence) rather surfer in his approach to music. Hoopes, a solid but unspectacular technician, is sober, intensely musical, and always probing.

Only the last two tracks on Coates' albums are not originals, but he isn't a particularly original composer. All the pieces, however, serve him well as points of departure for eager improvisatory forays that cover the range of pianistic devices. He is lively, even

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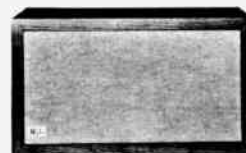
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inventive, and I'm sure that his solid musicianship, crisp touch, and rhythmic drive make him a valuable component in a rhythm section. In the company of one or two strong hornmen, I'm sure he would have impressed me more than on his own for almost 40 minutes.

Bass and drums, the former of the Fender variety, are adequate in support, and the live recording is first-rate—one of the best sounding piano records in recent memory. Those who respond to flash and dash will gobble this up.

If it were not for a strange hesitation that prevents Hoopes and his rhythm team from really getting together, his album would easily merit four stars. This is a serious musician with something of his own to say. As the title of the album indicates, Hoopes is not a breaker of new paths, yet his investigations of well-traveled roads are far from predictable.

Tristano seems a major influence here (something not unexpected in a Revelation discovery); Hoopes' outright bow to the master, *This Thing*, is based on love in more ways than one. A most appealing piece is his own *Circularity*, an unsentimental but very moving ballad statement. His other composition, *Night Song*, is also pleasing. *Moose* is a bit too cautious in tempo to catch fire. Clarity of musical thought seems Hoopes' main virtue.

Bassist Smith (younger brother of Carson Smith of Mulligan Quartet fame) sounds fine in solo, and Moser, if at times overly busy, also impresses as a competent and alert musician. But as a trio, the individual talents fail to jell. Maybe what Hoopes needs is a Tristano-like format: straight, even timekeeping, with brushes favored. Anyway, he is a rewarding acquaintance, and one looks forward to hearing more from Ronnie Hoopes.

—morgenstern.

STAN KENTON

STAN KENTON PLAYS CHICAGO—Creative World ST 1072: *Canon*; *Mother*; *Once Upon A Time*; *Free*; *Alone*; *Inner Crisis*; *First Child*; *Rise And Fall Of A Short Fugue*.

Personnel: John Harner, Dave Zeagler, Mike Barrowman, Mike Snustead, Kevin Jordan, trumpets; Dick Shearer, Lloyd Spoon, Brett Stamps, Bill Hartman, trombones; Mike Wallace, tuba; Tony Campise, Rich Condit, Greg Smith, Dick Wilkie, Roy Reynolds, saxes; Kenton, piano; Mike Ross, bass; Peter Erskine, drums; Ramon Lopez, percussion.

★ ★ ★

Kenton has come forth with another striking and painstaking piece of big band craftsmanship in what is partially a salute to Blood, Sweat and Tears, and Chicago. It is hard to imagine a group of 17 superb musicians surpassing the standards of quality that Kenton has reached with this ensemble. So why will I probably never listen to it again after I finish this review?

For one thing, I don't believe it swings. It concertises, but it doesn't really swing. It explodes with sound and fury. But it doesn't swing. It challenges. But it doesn't swing. Perhaps that's not its intent. It's dealing, after all, with rock, and rock never swung in any real jazz sense. Yet, Kenton's band is a jazz ensemble, so one might expect more of a jazz feeling.

For another thing, there is nothing truly distinctive about the band. As one of the bare handful of ensembles occupying the pantheon of orchestral excellence today, it seems to have lost its identity somewhere. It sounds like an outstanding studio band playing another pretentious, overweighted, with-it arrangement. This is the risk a man like Kenton (or Herman or Rich in his band days) runs, a man who's always looking to tomorrow and

unwilling to make a large investment in an identifiable tradition (Duke, Basie, Harry James).

Canon is an impressive opening coda that goes nowhere in particular. Then there's *Mother*, all things considered, the best chart of the LP. There's some exciting dueling between Shearer and Stamps and some engaging work from the reed section, although brief. It's one of the few points in the program, in fact, where one realizes there is a reed section in the band. *Once Upon A Time* is spare and moody, featuring a whiff of Kenton before building up to a brassy climax. Drummer Erskine is heavily featured on *Free*, although the mix lets him dominate the band throughout most of the LP. *Fugue* opens with an ominous bass chord that could have rumbled from the pen of Bernard Herrmann. Campise's solo is a honking free-blowing mish-mash undoubtedly portraying the "fall" of the piece.

Although the band is capable of anything, the soloists, most of whom have probably matured under rock influences, seem to have lost touch with such qualities as subtlety, nuance, swing and form. —mcdonough

PETER DEAN

FOUR OR FIVE TIMES—Buddah BDS5613: *Four Or Five Times*; *If I Could Be With You*; *Rhythm In My Nursery Rhymes*; *Now, Baby*; *Brokenhearted*; *My Gal Is Good For Nothin' But Love*; *Someday You'll Be Sorry*; *Don't Let Me Be Lonely Tonight*; *How Come You Do Me Like You Do*; *One More Time*; *Rain*; *I Don't Know Enough About You*; *So The Bluebirds And The Blackbirds Got Together*.

Personnel: Dean, vocals, ukulele; Buddy Weed, piano; Ronnie Zito, drums; Bob Wilber, soprano sax; Joe Wilder, trumpet; George DuVivier, bass; Milt Hinton, bass (tracks 2, 3, 5, 9); Carly Simon, vocals (tracks 1, 13); Hy White, guitar, ukulele.

★ ★ ★

Peter Dean is a parlor entertainer who's made good. A long-time personal manager (of such clients as Peggy Lee), he has finally come into his own with a sound, and an approach, unique to the '70s.

Dean is no Mario Lanza, nor does he pretend to be. His voice is reminiscent of Cliff "Ukulele Ike" Edwards, especially when he does his kazoo-like muted-trumpet sound. Sometimes he has to strain for notes, but again, vocal perfection is not the idea. Peter Dean is just having a good time, singing kinky old-time songs with bright rhythm accompaniment, and he's inviting us to share in the fun with him.

The songs—ah, the songs!—include such timeless ditties as *Rhythm In My Nursery Rhymes*, *My Gal Is Good For Nothin' But Love*, *Rain*, and *So The Bluebirds And The Blackbirds Got Together*. A few brand-new numbers seem quite out of place, but Dean does a nice job on James Taylor's *Don't Let Me Be Lonely Tonight*, apparently a friendly nod toward the husband of his niece Carly Simon, who joins him for vocals on two selections. There's another friendly gesture toward Peggy Lee with the inclusion of her song *I Don't Know Enough About You*.

The musical accompaniment is supremely tasty throughout the album. Arranger-pianist Buddy Weed maintains a lightness and zest that never wear thin; his wrapup for *Rhythm In My Nursery Rhymes* is special fun. And while all the musicians make expert contributions, I can't resist singling out Milt Hinton's wonderful bass solo on *How Come You Do Me Like You Do*.

The word "nostalgia" is greatly overused these days, but I think it applies to Peter Dean, who creates such a warm feeling for a time when jazz usually meant happy music. *Four Or Five Times* is happy indeed, all the way through. —maltin

SHORT SHOTS

AL GREEN

EXPLORES YOUR MIND—Hi (London) SHL 32087: *Sha-La-La*; *Take Me To The River*; *God Blessed Our Love*; *The City*; *One Night Stand*; *I'm Hooked On You*; *Stay With Me Forever*; *Hangin' On*; *School Days*.

★ ★ ★

In a few short years, Al Green has become one of the biggest-selling singles artists of all time. He has accomplished this feat with the aid of astute, ultra-conservative guidance from producer Willie Mitchell, who has seen to it that Green never swayed from the sound of such early biggies as *Let's Stay Together* and *Tired Of Being Alone*.

This taut muzzle has effectively concealed whether Green is actually capable of expanding his perimeters. And although the last year has been far from a flop for Al, it seems that the mania for Green slicksoulese is rapidly lessening. After a listen to *Explores Your Mind*, it is little wonder that the enthusiasm of his masses may be on the wane.

There's evidently a ton of funk residing in the ranks of the backup musicians on this disc, but for all the leeway they're given, Green might as well be gigging with Mantovani. The suffocating supper club cum heartthrob takes have received the ultimate process job, Green's falsetto coo caterwauling through the made-to-order charts.

The most redeeming factor of *Take Me To The River* is the spoken tribute to Junior Parker (really, the resemblance ends there), with only *School Days* and *One Nite Stand* possessing much of a concerted punch. As far as the other cuts go, a paltry uniformity denuded of all electricity pervades.

One wonders if Green will ever escape from this musical box canyon or whether he will continue to warble onward to obscurity by concocting further platters of formula tripe. —hohman

MOACIR SANTOS

SAUDADE—Blue Note (U.A.) BN-LA260-G: *Early Morning Love*; *A Saudade Matta A Gente*; *Off And On*; *The City Of LA*; *Suk Cha*; *Kathy*; *Happy-Happy*; *Amphibious*; *This Life*; *What's My Name*.

Personnel: Moacir Santos, alto & baritone sax; Jerome Richardson, soprano, alto, tenor, baritone saxes, flute and alto flute; Ray Pizzi, bassoon, alto, tenor saxes, flute and piccolo; Steve Huffsteter, trumpet and fluegelhorn; Sidney Muldrow, French horn; Benny Powell, trombone; Morris Repass, bass trombone; Lee Ritenour, el. and acoustic guitar; Mark Levine, el. and acoustic piano; John Heard, ac. & el. bass; Harvey Mason, drums; Carmelo Garcia, congas, perc.; Myuto Correa, congas, perc.

★ ★ ★

This is Santos' second album for Blue Note, and a tasty surprise it is. Santos hails from Pernambuco, Brazil and settled here some ten years ago. I mention this because Brazil is the key to his music. How we don't know more about his music, considering its availability and his arrival here during the Bossa Nova craze, is surprising.

It would be unfair and misleading, however, to dismiss Santos' music as just more Bossa Nova—indeed, it is more than that. Santos says "Afro-Brazilian Soul," which is a more accurate description.

Although Moacir plays alto and baritone sax, even to the point of contributing a couple of arranged "solos" on the baritone, the brilliance here is the eight Santos originals, and ten Santos arrangements. The beauty is that while all the arrangements fall within the Bossa groove, they allow ample space for solo improvisation, most note-

worthy by reedist Ray Pizzi.

Personally, I would have preferred even more of the improvising voice, certainly the structure could contain it; but even in its controlled amount this still remains 35-minutes of attractive music. —rusch

STANLEY TURRENTINE

PIECES OF DREAMS—Fantasy F 9465: *Pieces Of Dreams; I Know It's You; Deep In Love; Midnight And You; Evil; Blanket On The Beach; I'm In Love.*

★ ★ ★

The truly distinctive quality *Dreams* boasts is Stanley Turrentine. The patented tenor sound and phrasing are uniquely his own and there is no one whose tone is quite like his. This is a big production album, complete with strings and voices (even seagull and ocean sound effects on *Beach*), arranged and conducted by Gene Page who concentrates on adding a variety of colors to the Turrentine sound. But the result is like eating chocolate cake with hot Texas chili. The strings are often tepid and overly lush, there is very little improvising, and most of the time there is too much production. I suppose this is a formula album designed for broad popular consumption, and although it may not be memorable, it's nice listening. —nolan

CAL TJADER

PUTTIN' IT TOGETHER—Fantasy F-9463: *The Prophet; A Time For Love; Mambo Inn And Theme; Amazonas; Manuel Deeghit.*

★ ★ ★ ★

Cal Tjader's music has always been his own brand of lightly-swinging jazz blended with Afro-Cuban and Latin rhythms, and over the years he's continued to maintain a wide and loyal audience. *Puttin' It Together*, recorded live two years ago at Howard Rumsey's Concerts By The Sea, is an easy listening performance. Even though Tjader's overall sound hasn't changed much, the feeling generated by his younger sidemen is equal to the times. Mike Wolff's electric piano is properly funky while guitarist Bob Redfield adds some electric rock licks, particularly on the album's long track *Manuel Deeghit*.

Tjader's vibes playing is consistently fine throughout and his rhythm section anchored to John Heard's solid acoustic bass is strong and often exciting. —nolan

BADEN POWELL

ESTUDOS—BASF/MPS MC-29194: *Escosta Pra Vê Se Dã; Pra Vater; Serenata Do Adeus; Tapiitaiara; Valsa Sem Nome; E' Isso Ai; Chão De Estrêlas; Crepusculo; Tema Triste; Baixo De Pau (Un Abraco Ernesto; Último Pôrto.*

★ ★ ★ ★

Bossa Nova is far too narrow a term to describe the scope of Powell's music. True, two of this guitarist's compositions here fall into that familiar Brazilian rhythm popularized a decade ago by Getz, Gilberto, and Jobim. But far more interesting are Powell's unconventional pieces.

Pai, for example, is a fast two-beat samba, recalling the raw, passionate Brazilian folk music many first encountered in the score of *Black Orpheus*. While Powell's playing lacks the utter power and frenzy of, say, Gato Barbieri, he nevertheless has a noticeable bent toward this direction.

His work is concurrently lyrical, and present here are several fine rhapsodic solo guitar pieces. *Pra Valer* is like a ballad by Jobim, with the lushest chords imaginable. Rich harmonies are also found on *Crepusculo*. Here, as on *Pai*, Powell sings in a haunting, ethereal voice.

This is intricate, quietly passionate music. —balleras

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Horace Silver



NIMA

by Leonard Feather

blindfold

test

Since Horace Silver's last previous Blindfold Test (db 4/8/65) there have been numerous changes in both his musical and geographical directions. Prompted in part by critics' complaints that his quintet recordings were in something of a rut, he decided a few years ago to steer a new course. Developing his talent as a lyricist, he released a series of three albums under the general title *The United States of Mind*. These reflected his philosophy on such matters as self-awareness, self-control and self-realization.

Silver found that the new dimension to his work, in addition to providing him with a personal fulfillment, enabled him to reach a wider public, simultaneously retaining part of the basic character of his group. He has continued to write lyrics frequently, but uses the instrumental repertoire on most of his night club dates.

The second decision involved a geographical move. After a burglary at his Manhattan apartment, Silver and his wife hastened their plans to leave for California. With their three-year-old son, they now live in Rancho Palos Verdes, with a terrace overlooking the Pacific Ocean, a situation Horace finds very stimulating creatively.

This Blindfold Test was his sixth over a 17-year period (the first appeared in db 8/22/57, when he was a virtual newcomer as a leader). He was given no information about the records played.

1. MARY LOU WILLIAMS. *Olinga* (from *Zoning*, Mary Records). Williams, piano; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Mickey Roker, drums; Dizzy Gillespie, composer.

I don't have the slightest clue as to who that was. As far as the performance is concerned, it was a very fine performance . . . good musicians, and it's a nice track. Good Fender bass player, nice piano player . . . they were together, things sounded nice. I didn't recognize the composition.

I'd give it three stars. It's a good record; I wouldn't say it was something I'd rush out to buy immediately, but it's very well performed.

2. PAUL BLEY. *Closer* (from *Open, to Love*, ECM Records). Bley, solo piano.

You got me again! I'm embarrassed. I don't know who that is, but I'll take a wild guess and say it could possibly be Keith Jarrett, simply because I know he's into something of a similar bag.

In reviewing that, I'd have to do it on two levels: first, for its musicianship, I would give it three stars. Now, for my personal taste, I would give it two. It was a bit boring; however, I was listening to the musicianship of the pianist. It's evident that

he can play.

Feather: It was Paul Bley.

Silver: Oh, yes. Well, if you were to get into some kind of nostalgic mood where you had complete quiet and concentration and you could picture things in your mind, imagine things . . . if you listen to it with that in mind, that you're imagining something, say a picture in your mind, you could get something out of it. But you don't get into that state of mind every day.

3. BILL EVANS. *Israel* (from *Trio '65*, Verve). Evans, piano; Chuck Israels, bass; Larry Bunker, drums; John Carisi, composer.

Leonard, you finally played something by someone whom I recognize! My hat goes off to one of the jazz world's truly great stylists, Mr. Bill Evans. There's no mistaking that—definite stylist, beautiful musician, beautiful person. I believe the name of the composition is *Israel*.

I'm not sure of the bass player. I know Scott LaFaro played with Bill for a while, but I don't think that was him. That could be Eddie Gomez . . . and for quite a while throughout the record I wasn't sure who the drummer was until it came to the solo part. That's got to be Philly Joe Jones.

I really can relate to that, I dig it very much. Not only beautiful musicianship, a beautiful tune . . . what can I say? He's an in-depth musician, I've always admired his playing. He's got great technique; his harmonic knowledge . . . everything. And Philly Joe Jones, he's one of the master drummers of that time. He came into a club we were playing in Philadelphia about eight or nine months ago and sat in the last tune on the last set with us; he just set the band on fire . . . the band just took off and floated in the air musically. Everyone in the audience was up on their chairs . . . he's just fantastic.

I'll give that one four stars.

4. JIMMY ROWLES. *Lotus Blossom-Prelude To A Kiss* (from *Jimmy Rowles, Halcyon*). *Lotus Blossom* composer Strayhorn-Ellington; *Prelude* composer Ellington.

That was very beautiful. That was a medley of two tunes; the second tune, of course, I recognized—*Prelude to a Kiss*, Duke Ellington's composition. The first tune, I don't know whether it was a Duke Ellington composition or not, but it was a very beautiful tune, and very beautifully played . . . both of them.

That's a very fine pianist, beautiful touch. There were moments there that made me think it could possibly be Oscar Peterson; but then I hesitate to say Oscar Peterson because I feel that if it was he, he would have a tendency to play more runs, flowery-type things.

I would give that four stars.

5. MILES DAVIS. *Red China Blues* (from *Get Up With It*, Columbia).

I'm not absolutely positive, but that possibly might be Miles Davis playing trumpet with the wah-wah pedal. We all know Miles is a giant and a genius, one of the greatest musicians of our time, and he has a very keen awareness of being on top of the situation at all times—commercially and everything. He has fused the rock rhythm with, in my opinion, an avant garde-type solo work on the top . . . with the rock beat on the bottom. The rock beat is there throughout everything he's playing now, so it gives it a certain commerciality, a certain danceability that the people can relate to. But what he's doing on top is out; I don't think the people can really relate to that at all. But it doesn't matter to them, as long as they can feel the pulse, to dance and move their bodies to it. What he's playing on top doesn't make any difference. So he's smart enough to realize that, and I give him credit for it.

It ain't my particular cup of tea, to tell the truth. I wouldn't venture forth to buy it. I doubt if it was given to me that I'd play it. I'd keep it, but probably wouldn't play it that much. He might say the same thing of my new material! We all have to open our minds, stretch forth, take chances and venture out musically to try to arrive at something new and different, and he's doing it—and I give him credit for that.

As far as his personal ability and musical genius is concerned, I have to give him five stars. But as far as that record is concerned, I'd have to give it three.

6. PATRICE RUSHEN. *Puttered Bopcorn* (from *Prelusion*, Prestige). Ms. Rushen, keyboard, composer.

I'm stumped again; I don't know who that is. It's a sort of attempt at a fusion between jazz and rock, I'd say. It's not a bad attempt; I've heard better. I would say on the basis of musicianship, I'd give it three stars.

Feather: It's Patrice Rushen.

Silver: I've met this young lady. She's very fine and sincere. And she's only 20 years old. Taking that into consideration, I would just like to add that for her age and for the time she's been in music, this is quite an attempt, quite a beautiful thing. Now, I listened to it as if it was someone older, not realizing it was a young person. I don't want to cop out on my three-star rating, but I think she's a person who has great potential, and I think she's going to go places.

db

Profile

EMMETT CHAPMAN

by lee underwood

The *What's My Line* panel simply could not guess what Emmett Chapman's electric Stick was all about. They were stumped.

Is it wood? Is it electrical? Yes. Does it produce something? Yes. Something invisible? Yes. Is it sound? Yes.

Then they goofed: Does it shoot little puffs of chalk-like smoke? No. Are you an athlete?

"They got everything," Emmett chuckled, "but they couldn't figure out the Chapman Stick is a musical instrument. I won a prize, a drawing-set that my kids are using, and they paid me some money for performing *Yesterdays* by the Beatles."

From the *What's My Line* studios, bearded Emmett Chapman, 38, zipped across Manhattan to the Museum of Modern Art, where he performed his own music in concert for 1800 people, some of whom had already listened to the visiting Californian perform at the Two Saints club (the old Five Spot), others of whom had only heard about his phenomenal new ten-string electric Stick.

The Chapman Stick is just that: a Macassar Ebony length of wood some three feet long, with ten strings, 26 frets, a belt-hook attachment, Grover heads, and two Humbucking pickups mounted in a removable fixture. It is run through a customized Shaller wah-wah pedal (which centralizes fuzz tone, wah-wah, volume control, tone separation, reverb, vibrato, and phase-shifter) into a stereophonic amplifier system which separates the bass from the treble strings (range: almost the entire keyboard—from Bb below the low bass E, to D above the guitar's high C#).

Tuned in ascending fourths and descending fifths, and played with both hands rubbing and tapping the strings on the fingerboard (not picking or plucking), the Chapman Stick has become touted as the most viable and exciting instrumental innovation since guitarist Charlie Christian first plugged into the Hoover Dam through a barroom wall-socket. Little puffs of chalk-like smoke indeed!

That recent trip to New York (combined with two previous journeys) marked the beginning of national recognition for the L.A. born inventor/composer/performer, and, now, private California manufacturer.

He not only appeared on *What's My Line*, performed the Museum concert, and gigged at the Two Saints, but he played on BBC, WBAL, and WVRV radio, and landed a clinic and direct sales outlet contract with Sam Ash Music. At this writing, 300 people have already enrolled for his January demonstration and seminar on Long Island.

He also received definite recording offers from Impulse and Vanguard, and wound up with a feature news story in *down beat* (Nov. 21, '74). Nearly 30 orders arrived for the \$550 hand-made instrument, definite or prospective buyers including Joe Zawinul of Weather Report, pop artist Todd Rundgren, composer Gil Evans, keyboardist Jan Hammer, singer Ursula Dudziak, and musi-

cian/composer Michal Urbaniak. Chapman has even been approached to build one of his Sticks to display as a sculpture in the Museum of Modern Art!

Some four years ago, Emmett Chapman totally upstaged Barney Kessel at L.A.'s now defunct jazz club, Shelly's Manne Hole. After that, he played for a year with singer/composer Tim Buckley during Buckley's perhaps most excitingly innovative and creative period, the year immediately following the critically-acclaimed *Star-sailor* album (Warner Bros., WS 1881). "Buckley is in a class by himself," Chapman says. "He can do things that other vocalists just can't do in terms of preconceived melodies, improvised lines, and dazzling vocal effects. I would like very much to record a side or two with Tim's voice and conception adding the vocal dimension to what I do."

John Coltrane and Mahavishnu John McLaughlin's first Orchestra were the most exciting groups he has ever heard, for "they were so masterful, playing in unison, reflecting, echoing, contrasting, playing incredibly high-energy music. I listen with two heads—one for enjoyment, the other to *rape*. I've never been able to copy lines and turn them into licks, but I do get involved with the conceptual approach, the mood of a piece. I get it on the feeling level, then put my own system to work. Coltrane's *Greensleeves*, for instance, is not all chaos and disorder like some people think. It's much more like Scottish woods and highlands. I've written a piece called *Bells* with that mood in mind. That's what I mean by influence.

"Composition to me is history. It's what has by chance developed and occurred when I've gotten together with other musicians, with 'separate forces.' All my compositions have developed out of remembering those things, just because they were important events."

Emmett composes actual thematic "heads" that lead into improvisation, but after those themes have been stated and the piece is underway, he likes to "improvise compositionally, to control and structure the development, especially through my own bass lines. As things become more and more unknown, I constantly texture and organize, completely changing the face of the music at all times. I can help set up the dialogues between instruments, set up a solo by another instrument, or intrude on his solo and play along with him, creating new textures and modulations that are both smooth and internally logical."

Chapman is "in love with the cello, violin, and viola, just because of their sensuous sounds." At the same time, he is interested in synthesizers, although he feels that the keyboard *per se* is arbitrary. "It could be in other forms, too. A lot of 'human engineering' has to happen to develop the synthesizer: hand-held devices, joy-sticks, swivels, whatever. My favorite thing as a performer is to play with a musician who can perform live



with a synthesizer."

Because of the Stick's two-handed power and its varied and novel sounds, many rock groups have approached Emmett, "but I would inevitably be relegated to playing either rhythm or lead, when the outstanding thing about the Stick is that it's a complete orchestra in itself. I can state the bass rhythms, state the chords like a rhythm guitar, and independently state all the melodies as well. With just a drummer, I can do what a whole group can do."

At present, Chapman is completing an instruction manual for the Stick, composing music, practicing, and rehearsing with two percussionists, Sam Johnson and Stars Lockett, and guitarist/violinist Art Johnson. "I ultimately want a fifth musician," Emmett explains, "only he will be a lightman using hand-held lights. We will create a total environment. He will use spotlights—beam-lights—that will snoot all over the stage and the audience. Maybe foil or mosaic mirrors too, and strobe lights with color-wheels and variable settings, throwing the beams, not just at the screen in back of us, but all over everybody."

"With the Stick, the rhythms, the Moog, and the beam-lights over the audience, everybody will be included—it will be a complete world of the present moment."

Once a month Emmett performs with Les DeMerle's group, Transfusion, at the Cellar, 102 S. Vermont, L.A., and, of course, his trips to New York to perform and demonstrate are becoming more and more frequent as he rapidly ascends from the status of eccentric inventor to the status of noted innovator and musician. **db**

LIN BIVIANO

by eric nemeyer

Trumpeter Lin Biviano, who has put in stints with Maynard Ferguson, Buddy Rich, and most recently with Count Basie on a European tour, is gifted with a super pair of chops. This was brought to the public's attention when he was featured on Rich's *Something*. In fact, I mentioned to Lin that several friends had asked me when the new *Something* album by Ferguson would be available.

Biviano was flattered by this. But, of course, he points out that he doesn't seek to copy anyone.

He started as a jazz player, not a lead player. That is one of the things he is trying to emphasize now that he's getting his own band together.

The band is composed of Wayne Naus, Danny Conn, Greg Hopkins, and John De Flon on trumpets. Of De Flon, Lin says, "He's got tapes of everything. He's always taping. He's got a fantastic collection of live tapes. Any kind of tape related to jazz that you want he has—Elvin with Buddy's band, Rick Kiefer, Maynard and Charlie Barnet, and more. Sometimes he even sells them on the gig." Lin has two trombones in the band, Rick Culver and Keith O'Quinn. The saxes are Bobby Malick (from Philly), Ralph Olson, Robby Robinson, and Joe Calo. The rhythm section is Randy Jones, drums; Rick Appleman (chairman of the Bass Dept. at Berklee); and Pete Jackson, who has replaced the original pianist, Barry

Kyner.

Lin first thought of having his own band when he was 17. "Really! I've been toying with the idea for 11 years. I had a band when I was in high school at Upper Darby (Philadelphia). It was a big band and it was groovy. But as much as I toyed with the idea, it was something about which I said to myself, 'Someday. Much sooner than that I wanted to go on the road with the name bands.'"

There were rumors that Biviano was organizing a band in autumn of 1973. But then the energy crisis manifested itself. "Putting a big band together is a very huge financial undertaking. The economic thing was very bad as I left Maynard last Christmas. I couldn't get a bus for less than \$250 a day. A few days later Buddy called me back. And after weighing the alternatives I accepted. It only lasted three months, though. be-

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cause in March he said, "Okay fellas, this is it! Two weeks notice." Bang! There we were in N.Y., high and dry.

"During April and May, I did everything one must do to organize a band. I contacted John La Barbera, who is a marvelous arranger. He's written some vital things for the band. When I organized the band, I called guys that I had played with before. I knew their abilities and personalities. Certainly musicianship comes first, but after that you want guys that get along because you virtually live together on the road. When we were with Buddy, there was absolute silence on the bus with him there. I don't want that. Buddy's a fantastic drummer. But his personality is that of, well . . . Buddy Rich. But, one thing about Buddy, he offered me the opportunity to be heard."

Since Lin had played the gamut of big band books around, I asked whether the band would take on the character of any one band in particular. Or would it be a synthesis of the best elements from all the different bands? "Exactly. After hearing Don Ellis, who is one of the geniuses of our time, and playing with all the others, and



ERIC NEMEYER

knowing in the back of my mind what I wanted all along, it was like mixing a martini. The things that rubbed off from the other bands coupled with my ideas—shake them up and pour them out. Of course, it wasn't that simple. You see, the easiest thing to do would be to play somebody else's established library. But that would defeat the purpose of getting the band together."

Would there be a lot of odd time charts in the book? "Well, some. Why should I go the direction of someone who has mastered that. I simply want to play them more often. A lot of things we play now, I've written. It's like Thad and Mel's band. If you have your own band and you're fortunate enough to be able to compose and arrange, well *nobody can really write for your band like you can*. People can come close, very close. Like John La Barbera, Pete Jackson, Greg Hopkins, we've all been together for some time. They know what I want. And I'm very emphatic about having new material. Hank Levy is also writing for us. You need fresh things all the time to keep the band alive. Of everyone in the band, I get bored the fastest."

Considering Lin's wide range on the horn, it would seem that most of the charts would be written with that in mind. "Actually, no! There's a lot of fluegelhorn in the book for me to play. When I put the band together, I had been playing lead for so many years that no one knew I could play jazz. But I can. I originally started out to be a jazz player. I wanted to get away from the lead thing for a while. For the first time in my career, I'm able to play as much jazz as I want."

"When I was with Buddy, everything was loud, high and fast. With Basie I really experienced dynamics. The first note in *Shiny Stocking* may be FFF, but the second note comes right down to an mp. So in my band I'm looking for dynamic variety. We're still in the experimental stages, but we have two criterion by which to judge the material: how the audience likes it and how the band members like it. If the guys in the band don't dig it, they won't give it their all."

You would imagine that Lin's major influence on the horn would be Maynard. "I've been influenced in different areas so I have to break it down. In jazz, Hubbard, Brownie, Morgan, Thad, Diz . . . Now you mention Maynard. I like him for his sound and his ability to play in the upper register. I like Miles. The first jazz records I bought were his."

As with every instrumentalist, there is never a time when practice is completely abandoned. "I practice more now. Any musician feels bad if he misses a day's practice. It's a habit that's ingrained in you. For me, I don't mean practicing to see how high I can play. I play things with the goal of mastering the whole instrument in mind. I transcribe solos by Brown, Hubbard, etc. That's so great for your ear. Once you've copied them, you can see all the things that are slipped in and out. Andrew White is great at that. So's Dave Baker."

As far as recording goes, Lin points out that they auditioned for RCA in August, with some favorable reaction in the executive department. Also, when the band was in Dayton, Dick Shearer came out and made a sample recording of the band with a little cassette machine. Lin's agent, Willard Alexander, informed Lin that Creative World was interested in the type of music the band is doing. More definite information will be forthcoming as plans are finalized.

Just what kind of a band is it that he's trying to record now? "People ask me if it's a bebop band because our break tune is Jimmy Heath's CTA and Greg Hopkins has written a tune called *This One's For Brownie*. Some guys call us a renegade Bebop Band. Like Diz's, we're a little bit loose and play bop figures. But it's not healthy to stay in one bag and we're not going to. If you stay in one bag, it's often because of some greater influence, like money. I may be too idealistic in saying that now. But I don't like too many outside things stifling my creativity or the band's. But, like I say, I hope I'm not too idealistic."

"I don't want to feel I have to play a certain type of music. If I play a tune by Stevie Wonder, Roberta Flack, or the Jackson Five, you can bet that those are great charts and they're fun to play. One should be able to play any type of music as long as it's good and musical. After all, you know the public is getting a lot hipper."

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An example of an area of music which awaits integration into American history, an area which is of overwhelming importance if we are eventually to arrive at an estimate of how much and in what ways our music has been influenced by that of Africa, is that of black fife-and-drum music. Folklorist Alan Lomax stumbled on a living, breathing example of it in Sledge, Mississippi, in 1940, while recording for the Library of Congress. The band he recorded, which consisted of a home-made cane fife, a bass drum and two snares, played stark, plaintive versions of turn-of-the-century popular songs and a European-sounding *Death March*, and it was generally assumed that the group represented a survival of the European fife-and-drum tradition by way of military bands. On returning to northwestern Mississippi in 1959, Lomax heard and recorded a much more African-sounding fife-and-drum band which performed Afro-American folk and minstrel songs replete with wordless vocal moans, "hot" rhythms and cross-accents, and a degree of improvisation. Further research in the area by David Evans and George Mitchell turned up a thriving black fife-and-drum tradition, apparently of long standing, which was the "blackest" of all. Much of the material was constructed from one-measure phrases, the rhythms were even hotter, there was more improvisation, and the melodic material was blues and holler-related and primarily pentatonic. The music of the Como, Mississippi Fife and Drum Band proved to be the most West African *sounding* folk music ever recorded in the United States.

The old arguments about African vs. European influence in Afro-American folk music need not concern us here. What is important is that an entire tradition, which can be studied as a series of regional schools with certain features in common, has yet to be placed within the context of American music as a whole. How did this tradition relate to the African heritage on the one hand and to rural brass bands and early jazz on the other? How did it relate to the blues socially, historically, rhythmically, melodically? Another line of approach would be to study the music from a performance point of view. Musicologist, saxophonist, and composer Marion Brown, who is adept at the manufacture of bamboo and cane flutes, hopes to study the construction of cane fifes in Mississippi, or Georgia, so as to preserve the physical culture aspects of the tradition. The Center for Southern Folklore has preserved Mississippi fife making and some of the social situations in which the music is performed on film.

The rural blues is a musical genre which has been studied much more intensively than fife-and-drum music, but again a number of very basic questions about it have yet to be answered. The first dated reference to a music which is demonstrably blues is from 1903; it is W.C. Handy's frequently quoted account of hearing a guitarist playing slide guitar with a knife and singing in a metrically free manner about a railroad junction "where the Southern cross the Dog." No less an authority than Harold Courlander supposed in his *Negro Folk Music U.S.A.* that "something closely akin to blues was . . . sung in the towns and on the plantations in antebellum days," but the current consensus among blues researchers is that the blues as a distinctive genre, performed for the most part by soloists singing and playing their own accompaniment on stringed instruments, was not heard

anywhere in the South much earlier than the 1890s or early 1900s. Furry Lewis and a few other "songsters" with repertoires which apparently predate the blues are still active.

Surely, one would think, it is too late to research questions like the probable date of origin of the blues, which must in any case have developed as an extension of prior forms in different areas at different times. It is possible, however, to find out a great deal more about the so-called "classic" period of the blues, the 1920s and early 1930s, as the case of bluesman Robert Johnson attests. Johnson's art is widely held to represent a crucial transition from rural to urban blues styles; he was the major direct influence on the postwar electric blues of Elmore James, Johnny Shines, Howlin' Wolf, Muddy Waters, and other Chicago-based performers. Until this year almost nothing was known about his life and career and there were no photographs nor even any vivid descriptions of what he looked like; he was a mystery man, known only for his gripping recordings and for his exceedingly important influence on American music and, through groups like the Rolling Stones, on the popular music of the world. But a young blues researcher named Steve LaVere, by dint of perseverance and hard work and strictly on his own recognition, succeeded in tracking down Johnson's family, a surviving wife, and several photographs, and then proceeded to turn up a number of hitherto unknown recordings, alternate takes which offered the first real perspective on the process of Johnson's music.

We now know enough about the blues to pinpoint various critically important schools. The Bentonia, Mississippi school produced only one "name" artist, Skip James, but was responsible for a melodically, harmonically, and rhythmically sophisticated and unique variety of country blues. Tommy Johnson and other 1920s bluesmen from the Jackson area contributed far more to the ongoing blues tradition, while Charlie Patton and Son House and Robert Johnson comprise a distinct Delta lineage which survives in the work of their pupils, including Roebuck Staples. The Texas school (metrically free, in contrast to the more rigorously structured Mississippi styles), Georgia school (extremely lyrical blues, 12-string guitars), and many others have been preserved on 78 rpm records, most of which are now available on re-issue LPs. These local cultures can be more sensibly isolated and studied as schools than can an arbitrary grouping of dissimilar New England composers centering around Ives.

Once these various blues and songster and fife-and-drum schools are duly noted and their characteristics recorded in an academically acceptable manner, American music scholars will be in a better position to understand how and to what extent white and black folk and popular music drew on one another. And the combined stream, more clearly defined, will be available for comparison with more self-consciously "artistic" American music. We will be able to say with greater authority, if not with outright certainty, how the hymns and dance tunes which figure so prominently in Ives' compositions relate to distinctly American influences. There has been a suspicion abroad for some time that only American conductors and orchestra musicians can "really" perform Ives. Certainly the magnificent Pierre Boulez, directing the New York Philharmonic's mini-festival around Ives last fall, failed to "swing" Ives' orchestral works as Michael Tilson Thomas and Leonard Bernstein did the preceding



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summer at the Ives Centennial concert in Danbury, Connecticut. By studying the interaction of various European- and African-derived strains in America's musical history we may some day be able to explain why this should be so.

WE CAN GAUGE the impact of music emanating from America on the world at large much more accurately. In the world of art music deriving from European traditions that impact is immense, more so than at any time in American history. For one thing, the contributions of Charles Ives and of his father George are only now being recognized worldwide. The elder Ives, a Connecticut bandmaster, was a pragmatic experimenter whose many tests of music's resources encouraged his son in innovative pursuits. George Ives experimented with quarter-tones before Charles. In fact, he developed a veritable arsenal of tunings using violin strings and tuned glasses, and (in his best-known exploit) deployed elements of his band at opposite ends of a green or square and had them march toward him playing different tunes, the basis for Charles Ives' later use of colliding sound masses. Interestingly enough, George Ives was also a friend of Stephen Foster, the American composer who was more responsible than any other 19th century figure for writing down, and therefore "legitimizing," Euro- and Afro-American folk song strains.

It was left to the younger Ives to employ these various influences he had inherited in orchestral compositions which are now recognized around the world as the first instances in modern concert music of the use of what

Yates calls "the entire field of sound, bringing into relationship and contrast correct intonation, dissonance and discordance, microtonal intervals, and noise." When broken down into parts, Ives' great cataclysms of sound often consist of American barn dance fiddle tunes, patriotic anthems, ragtime, psalms and hymns of all denominations, minstrel songs, and popular piano sheet music, all in "common" or vernacular idioms but combined so as to produce clusters which still sound futuristic.

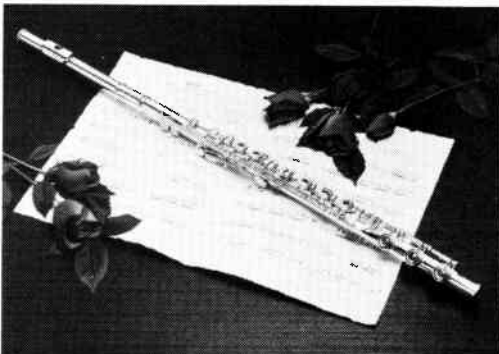
The influence of the American experimenters following Ives—Ruggles, Henry Cowell, Lou Harrison, Elliott Carter, and Harry Partch, to name a disparate few—has also been felt abroad, but the most widely-discussed American composer of our own time is a maverick even by their self-sufficient standards. John Cage collaborated with Harrison and William Russell (later a dedicated New Orleans jazz archivist) in creating a new kind of percussion orchestra and a new percussion literature during the late 1930s and, in 1939, realized the first major electronic composition, his *Imaginary Landscape No. 1*. During the '40s, Cage began substituting various systems of fixed pitches for the 12-tone scale, an approach which culminated in such bewitching pieces as *Music for Marcel Duchamp*, scored for a prepared piano invented by the composer. He had established an enviable reputation as an original when, in 1952, he proposed the celebrated (or infamous) 4'33", which consists of four-minutes and 33-seconds during which the performers sit and do nothing. Whatever occurs in the "silence" constitutes the composition. Cage's music for radios from the same period is another application of in-

determinacy, or chance, an idea which Cage developed after studying Zen and which has now, largely through his example, permeated theater, dance, and other arts. Yates is not exaggerating when he states flatly that Cage is "the most influential composer, worldwide, of his generation."


Cage's interest in the music, philosophy, and religions of Asia is not unique; it is evidence of an enduring strain in American music. The Canadian-born composer Colin McPhee contributed to the vogue for Japanese *gamelan* music among Western composers and performers; Debussy and Ravel had been influenced by *gamelan* music during the preceding century but McPhee's exhaustive book *Music in Java* touched off a chain of events of which Cage's percussion music was only one consequence. Henry Cowell, whose early piano pieces included tone clusters to be played by fists and forearms and spawned an entirely new approach to the keyboard, used Oriental instruments and idioms in his later compositions, as did Harrison. During the '60s, a new, post-Cage school of American composers began to be heard. LaMonte Young, Terry Riley, Steve Reich, and Philip Glass have been touched deeply by non-Western music but have chosen to develop along very different paths. Young's *Dream House* presentations and *The Well-Tuned Piano* deal with the most basic and profound pitch relationships known to man, those of the harmonic series. Reich's *Drumming* constitutes a completely original approach to percussion, an approach which adapts the phasing effects common to electronic music as a means of organically shifting combination-rhythms and sonorities within repeating patterns.

"Jazz," an Afro-American art music with varying stylistic boundaries in which improvisation is usually very important, has been at least as imitated, and certainly more widely heard abroad, than the compositions of Ives and Cage, Young and Reich. Seizing on the music's proven power to win friends and influence people where musicians working in European-derived idioms fear to tread, the U.S. State Department has been exporting bands led by Dizzy Gillespie, Randy Weston, Louis Armstrong, and other jazzmen to the Third World for years. Film clips showing the honors heaped on Armstrong in Ghana, the attention lavished on Gillespie in Pakistan, the apparently endless round of embassy parties given Weston's group in country after African country, are evidence that the combination of improvisation, kinetic rhythm, and personal, emotionally-inflected instrumental sonorities communicates directly to people of many different cultures. Another variety of evidence is the internationalization of jazz. The King of Thailand is a jazz saxophonist, Manu Dibango from The Republic of Cameroon plays like a Texas tenorman, and European-born musicians like Josef Zawinul, John McLaughlin, Jean-Luc Ponty, and Jan Hammer are among the music's most popular practitioners in America. "Serious" composers have been affected by jazz, from Darius Milhaud and *La Creation du Monde* to Milton Babbitt's *All Set*, and beyond. It has been suggested that Cage's music of indeterminacy owes a great deal to jazz as well. In both, certain elements and outlines are established beforehand but the shape and most of the content of any given performance are determined by various temporal, physical, and psychological variables. *Who* is playing becomes as important as what is being played.

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seems to contain within itself a paradox—the most influential of *all* American musics, and the least studied, is pop/rock, in which the identity of the player is eclipsed by his electronically projected image and the primary motive force is technology. One searches in vain through the record shops of Tangier, Morocco for recordings of the most widespread forms of traditional Moroccan music.

Most of the sounds American composer Aaron Copland marvelled at when he visited the country with his student Paul Bowles are to be found nowhere on disc. The best that can be hoped for in most Tangier record shops is Santana; the more usual fare is second- and third-hand imitations of American rock music rendered blandly by Spanish or French or local youngsters. In Indonesia, according to an article in *The New York Times*, the village *gamelans* which once constituted a popular alternative to the rather more static traditions of the court orchestras are disappearing, to be replaced by portable sound systems broadcasting recordings of the music or, much more frequently, of rock.

This process is occurring worldwide and has led Alan Lomax, the late Curt Sachs, and other eminent observers to conclude that the marvelous variety of traditional musics to be found on every continent will in most cases survive another generation at best. The situation is particularly ironic in view of the fact that American composers of all stripes are drawing on the wealth of ethnic musics while this wealth is being depleted, and replaced by first- and second-hand American pop music, in the countries where it originated and grew. It is not at all difficult to envision a near future in which the only *gamelan* orchestras and African royal drum ensembles will be staffed by graduates of Wesleyan University and

UCLA.

Many American musicians are turning to relatively exotic source materials because the regional cultures which once produced so much that was distinctive in American music have all but disappeared. Even in New Orleans, a regional center which has given up both original jazz and much that was original in rock and roll, musicians complain that they have to reproduce the Top 40 hits they hear on the radio, and as exactly as possible, in order to work regularly, and that younger musicians who are growing to maturity there are stylistically oriented toward the media, and not at all interested in the indigenous musical traditions around them. The complaint is an old one, of course, and there are notable exceptions to this triumph of technology almost everywhere, but they only prove the general rule that electronic media play havoc with traditional oral cultures.

Just how basic this effect is to human nature is illustrated by an incident from closer to home which Edmund Carpenter relates in his *Oh! What a Blow That Phantom Gave Me*. It seems a poet acquaintance of his had tried in vain to make his friends sit still for readings, only to be met with fidgeting, coughing fits, laughter, and outright ridicule. He then hit on the idea of putting his recitations on tape and found that people would sit quietly and listen attentively to recordings of the same poems. Similarly, a live performance by an American artist or group offers listeners in Africa or Asia the opportunity to judge the music and the musicians on their own merits. The same performance, coming to the same listener as a radio or television broadcast, seems so much more potent and *real* that familiar, traditional music will have little chance of competing with it.

Black American musicians were among the first "humanizers of technology" for musical purposes. Charlie Christian developed the capabilities of the electric guitar almost singlehanded, but a more far-reaching technological revolution was effected by those originally rural bluesmen who moved to the city during the '30s and '40s and used electricity to amplify their incredibly emotive expressive techniques, their sliding, whining, moaning, voice-like guitar and harmonica inflections. It was their music which was imitated by white southern performers (Elvis Presley consciously tried to reproduce the rhythm and spirit of blues vocals by Arthur Crudup and other black recording artists) and thence by white English performers and became the most massively popular and profitable form of music in the history of the world. Now American musicians, black and white, are humanizing the impact of electronic media in the Third World by jamming and/or studying with traditional or folk musicians on every continent, and by this example encouraging the preservation of musics which are different from their own. But the voice of the media is still a great deal stronger and more penetrating. American pop/rock, for good or ill, is effectively the paramount component in any definition of American music which seeks to account for its influence in the world.

MANY OTHER THREADS make up the fabric of our music. The English ballads and Morris dances and other recreational and narrative forms the early settlers brought with them got mixed up with African stringed instruments like the banjo and the resulting combination proved resilient enough to nurture the larger-than-life talents of Jimmie

continued on next page

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AMERICAN

continued from previous page

Rodgers and a Hank Williams. Out West, the Spanish music of the conquistadors' descendants, and the English-cum-African mountain music, and the jazz, and the Rodgers and Williams songs that spoke for and to the disadvantaged white lower-classes as surely as the blues spoke for the black, fused in varying combinations and resulted in western swing, a direct ancestor of country and western music and Tex-Mex rock and roll. How about what happened to European hymns when ecstatic American revivalists got hold of them during the Great Awakening of the early-19th century and sang and stomped and transformed them into gospels and spirituals? How about Cole Porter and Rodgers and Hart and Hammerstein and the other tunesmiths and lyricists whose creations have introduced American music to millions of moviegoers around the world? How about the functional social music that once accompanied harvesting and sewing bees in this country and the ecstatic trance music of the Shakers of New England?

The list could go on and on. Not all the music is "good," by any definition. But all of it is American. Is it non-proprietary? Often. Is it improvisational? Sometimes. Is it individualistic? Yes, but not always. If, as the musicologist Francois-Joseph Fétis proposed, the history of music is the history of mankind, then the history of American music is the history of America, no more and no less. The only definition of American music that will stick is that it's music made by Americans. db

MINGUS

continued from page 13

to play music. I'd like to add a trumpet to this band. If I worked with a large band, I'd have a small band in it, as I have done on my records. I wouldn't enjoy a large band—I like to solo a little bit. I'd like to have a bigger band than I got, though, to play my arrangements. I could make it with four, three or four horns.

"Did you hear any of the new things the band is doing, any of my new compositions? I did one for Ellington." I heard that, *Duke Ellington's Sound Of Love*, and several pieces from the recent Atlantic album. *Is Opus 3 a deliberate update of Pithecanthropus Erectus?* "Yes. I rewrote it because my life has changed since then." *Can the soloist play as long as he chooses in each sequence?* "He has a musical cue, like a conductor does it. The drummer does it: on the record, piano does it.

"I have a new Atlantic record coming out—it's a concert at Carnegie Hall, last year. The first half of the concert I did some new music with Jon Faddis and my band, but they didn't record that. The second half was just jamming, I was calling it a 'Battle Of Saxes.' John Handy, Charlie McPherson, Roland Kirk, George Adams, Bunny Bluiitt, and Jon Faddis. We did Ellington's tunes, *Perdido* and *C-Jam Blues* . . ."

MINGUS' CURRENT GROUP—Adams, tenor; Bluiitt, baritone and clarinet; Pullen, piano; Richmond, drums—plays with a fire that has occasionally been absent from some other recent Mingus bands. The music is a mixture of new and recent works, including the Ellington dedication (on which Mingus plays a lovely ballad solo) and an Adams piece, and familiar Mingus works, mostly re-

BS&T

continued from page 16

of an underdog. And the first album was it. **Mitchell:** What about the comparison between your band and Chicago?

Colombo: I happen to really like the band. But for purposes of comparison, you could do just as well comparing us to Steely Dan, Traffic, or Sly. We're totally different bands. The fact that they have a similar instrumentation is the reason for all these comparisons. I think their approach to horn playing is the reason for all these comparisons. I think their approach to horn playing is more of a unison ensemble concept than ours. Their vocals are three and four-part harmony—they're marvelous singers. They write pleasant, really nice songs. If you're talking about them as a jazz band, which no one should be, then I don't believe they stack up.

Townley: In a recent interview I did with Joe Henderson (*db*, Jan. 16) we spoke about his brief stint with the band. He said that BS&T encountered some negative vibes, especially from blacks, because you were known as a "jazz" group of sorts and were making quite a bit of bread, yet you didn't have any heavy soloists in the band.

Clayton-Thomas: (*irritated side comment*) Meanwhile, they were lined up on Bleecker Street to get work as our opening act.

Townley: I'm just curious to know if people actually did vent any of this hostility directly on the band.

Bargeron: I heard some of that.

Clayton-Thomas: Most of those vibes are so jive that most good jazz musicians wouldn't have the gall to say them to other musicians'

quests from the audience. Adams is a wild player, within the post-Coltrane context but an original. Bluiitt's baritone, while more boppish, has an unusually strong sound, exhibiting a rare control in the higher registers. (Note: Bluiitt is no longer with the group; he has been replaced by Jack Walrath's trumpet.) Pullen has lived, and creates, several lifetimes of jazz piano; he is the most rewarding of these three. Richmond is consistently amazing, perhaps even more volatile than Mingus, and his art is the element that binds the group into a unity. A totally involved performer, Danny keeps a verbal commentary running throughout his performances that, while inaudible to the audience, sometimes cracks up his mates on the stage.

Mingus' playing is as exciting as expected. There are the personal set pieces with tempo variation and bass line variation, and during Richmond's *Opus 3* solo he may suddenly interrupt with a strong bass phrase, a challenge to duel. A nutty series of exchanges between the two may follow, culminating in Mingus playing a particularly insulting phrase and Richmond cat calling obscenely. Despite the fire and seriousness in most of the shows, Mingus' dominant musical impression is usually optimistic and expansive.

It's true, as Mingus says, that his art to a large extent—perhaps as much as Miles'—predicted the course of jazz for the last decade and a half. His music is as volatile as ever, and Mingus the man is as strong-willed and fully individualistic as he was in his youthful prime. Hearing him is nothing like rediscovering a legend. The music is alive, as much a reflection and assessment of the present as one man's statement can ever hope to be. db

faces.

Townley: Joe wasn't saying this himself, he was just mentioning that it was a problem.

Bargeron: I wasn't with the band at the time, but I did hear that from certain sectors. People are just naturally jealous, though. Here you have a band that puts the elements of two musical worlds together in a way that, up until a while ago, was never done before. If you've got the good sense to come up with the combination and you come up with a hit—well, you're gonna get nailed.

Klatka: By the time this band was going great, I was still with Woody. I'd occasionally run into some older, bebop cats who'd get jealous and dragged, naturally, because some other cats were making some bread. But music is music, as I see it, so why not hit all of it? If one guy wants to be so steadfast in his ways that he says he wants bebop, bebop all the time and to hell with everything else, then I think that's sort of a jive lick. But I know people like that—rock 'n' rollers who feel the same way about *their* music.

Clayton-Thomas: We all have had experience with most of the great musicians who are considered the "established" jazz artists. Each of us has worked in a band or at least sat in on many occasions. We all have that capability; we're just taking it in a little different direction. In a lot of ways, actually, this band is actually hampered by a singer, because the presence of a vocal part forces parameters on the music—limits the freedom of the instrumentalists. Those would not exist if there wasn't a particular structure to follow called song.

Mitchell: It's a limit.

Clayton-Thomas: That's right. Suppose this

band went out there without me to play just an instrumental set. They would be playing jazz just as far out as you would want to go. It's the presence of a singer that forces them to play songs. Here, it seems to be a happy marriage.

Townley: Bobby, why are you the ostensible link that has held together all the different configurations of BS&T? Why have you elected to be that rather than at some point say, I want to pursue a solo career?

Colombo: Because I am not a soloist. I am not a soloist! I don't have that kind of ego—I don't mean "ego" in a bad sense—I just don't have that kind of nature. I would rather be a part of something I believed in, then be the only person really involved. I bounce off other people, I get ideas from other people, I don't like to be the main man, that's not my style. And then if I did embark on a solo career, I wouldn't have anything to say, really. Alright, there's a possibility that I could sell a few albums. I've been asked about it. But take a person like Billy Cobham. That cat has been writing for years, he had a whole conception long before he went solo. All he had to do was get the go ahead from a company and he was off and running. I wouldn't know where to begin. Know what I would do? It would be like a jazz anthology. I would get all my favorite jazz tunes together; I'd get all my favorite musicians together and it would be like a kid in a toy shop. I'd get a chance to play with all my idols and I wouldn't even solo. I would just play time behind them and get gassed out hearing them play.

Townley: Let's talk about your drumming. What kind of style do you feel you play?

Colombo: I never listened to rock 'n' roll. I

was heavily influenced by Monk and Miles. Heavily! I mean this was in the early- and mid-'60s. Guys like Philly Joe Jones, Ben Riley, Frankie Dunlop and Tony Williams. Those are the people I listen to all the time. As well as, obviously, Max Roach and Elvin.

I didn't know how to play rock 'n' roll because I never listened to it at that time. So, all I did was get together with a group that played music as I heard it. I had no one really to copy and imitate as far as my style of music. I think what I'm doing now is playing a rock version of what Philly Joe and all these people would have done in the same circumstances.

Townley: Bobby, you made an interesting statement about the db Readers Poll the other day.

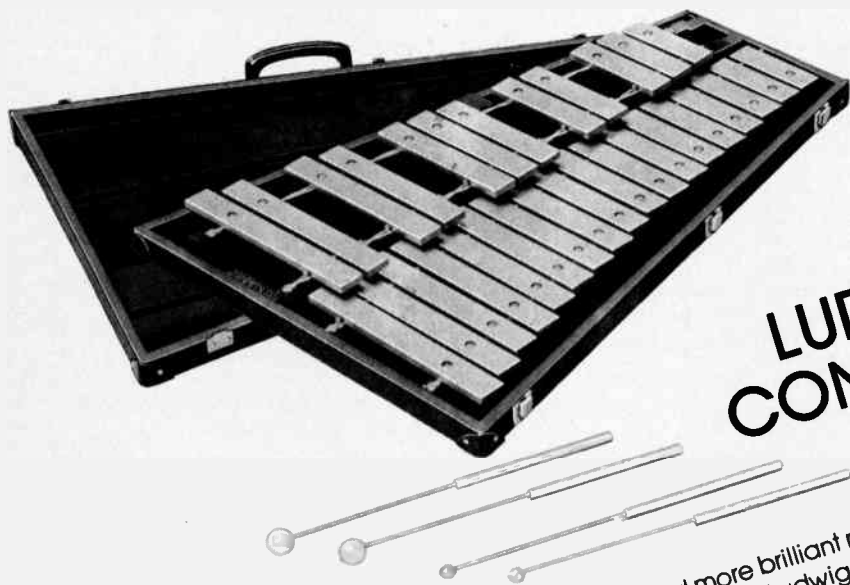
Colombo: Yeah, I said that when I placed high in the drum category a few years ago, that's when I stopped taking those polls seriously. Because all the guys that I had imitated, that I respected, that I learned music from, were all way beneath me in the polls, or even didn't show up. When I made that discovery, I knew it was a matter of who gets the most exposure. I used to really follow that stuff, but when I saw myself highly rated, I was very disappointed.

Clayton-Thomas: Did Jack Bruce best Eddie Gomez again this year?

Bargeron: Garnett Brown came as a very pleasant surprise to me.

Colombo: The magazine must have covered the right people this year, though, because I really agree with the polls. If the polls this year are a reflection of what the readers want to start hearing more of, I'm very pleased.

db



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HOW TO

avoid flunking out as a teacher of American Music

by Dr. William L. Fowler

"Only students really know how good a teacher is." Ray Wong, Univ. of Utah, 1972

All around they're cropping up, those attempts to update American education: ethnic studies, life-experience credit, preparation to adjust to unknown disciplines in a future that seems to rush at us out of control.

Music education, too, caught in the thrust of self-examination the approaching Bicentennial imposes, must now deal not only with America's own diversified musical heritage but also with musical experimentation among American youth. And as American music becomes valid curriculum material, our teachers, however comfortable they may have been in merely passing European tradition to their students, must also demonstrate expertise in subject matter they heretofore might have scorned as non-art.

For those fearful of future flunking as a teacher, here is a tableau of avoidable pitfalls:

Scene I—The beginning theory class:

Student: I wrote a song last night. Want to look at it?

Teacher: You won't be able to compose anything worth looking at until you have completed Harmony I and II, 16th and 18th Century Counterpoint, and Form and Analysis.

Scene II—The history of American music class:

S: Who were some top American composers?

T: Well, there was MacDowell, who studied ten years in Germany. Liszt liked his compositions. They sound something like Brahms. Then there was Gershwin, who always wanted to study with Ravel, and who wrote an opera. And there's William Grant Still, now living, but good anyway. He studied with Chadwick and Varese and wrote a real symphony, even if it did call for a banjo in the orchestra.

S: Wasn't Ellington one of the best composers?

T: No, he was one of the best songwriters.

S: How about Charles Ives? Was he a good composer?

T: Not bad: he wrote five symphonies. But the most important thing about him is that he was a millionaire.

Scene III—The private lesson:

S: My last teacher told me to drop my jaw for low notes.

T: Forget whatever he told you: your embouchure is all wrong! And I suppose he picked out that terrible mouthpiece you're using.

Scene IV—The stage band rehearsal:

S: I worked out my own jazz trumpet solo for the concert.

T: Play the solo that's cued in. You can't make up anything as good as the arranger did.

S: But my brothers will be there, and they always improvise.

T: But they have a talent for that sort of thing.

Scene V—The choral rehearsal:

S: Could we try out this new arrangement I wrote?

T: Not enough time. We have to get the Festival pieces ready. We want to show the other schools that I know how to make a chorus sound perfect.

Scene VI—The office:

S: Why did you fail me in orchestra this term?

T: Your record indicates five absences.

S: I wanted to come, but my Mom was sick, so I had to take care of my little sister.

T: I make the rules around here!

Scene VII—Out in the hall:

S: All us kids have been wondering about that photo on the bandroom wall. Who are those people with you?

T: Glad you noticed! That was at the Paris meetings of the UNESCO International Rostrum of Composers in 1961. I was there, as you could guess, to address my colleagues on the attitudes of American youngsters toward the importance of recognition of their individual teachers in the world of academia.

S: Wow!

T: Ah, yes, the others . . . On my far left is Igor Jaschakovski. You'll recall that he revealed *Sumer is a-cumin in* as a clever forgery. To my immediate left is Vladameer van Beet, who showed that Rachmaninoff was of Dutch descent.

S: Oh.

T: To continue, you have recognized me in the middle. Then to my immediate right is Count Estrohazy, whose research indicates that the male gene transmits musical talent from progenor to progene. You know, of course, that Bach's prodigy came from his male progenitors.

S: Zzzz . . .

Seven deadly pitfalls for unwary teachers: illogical assumptions, imposed value judgments, degradation of other teachers, comparison of peer talent, use of students for personal aggrandizement, authoritarianism, and egotism.

Avoidance of such sins could minimize teacher flunk-outs as music education moves into its new world of America's Third Century. db

WATERS

continued from page 18

(1954), *Just to Be with You* (1956) and a host of others. These and like songs spoke of elemental things: life and death, anguish, joy, sadness, and primarily of the emotional polarities of love. Gone were the romantic insipidities of the Tin Pany Alley-influenced city blues, to be replaced by a frank and brutal honesty, if not outright cynicism, about the pleasures and frustrations of physical love. This was an attitude much closer to

the actual feelings and behavior of those to whom Waters (and his chief song writer, bassist Willie Dixon) was singing.

The years after the war were uncertain and confused times at best, and Waters' recordings were among the few touchstones of reality offered blacks by the recording industry. With these songs, at least, they could identify; Waters was singing to and for them. The songs and the style accurately reflected the harsh, fast, often brutal life of the ghetto, a life where hunger and death were never far away and where pleasure was quickly, and of-

NOW'S THE TIME

from the album, *The Charlie Parker Story #2* (Verve MGV 8001). Annotated and Transcribed by Harry Miedema (excerpted from *Jazz Styles & Analysis: Alto Saxophone*, now in preparation by down beat/Music Workshop Publications.)

Points of Interest:

1. Melodic motives which have become cliches since Parker's time (e.g., A 1-2, B 1-2, B 3-4, etc.)
2. Basic blues nature of solo due to turns, bends, falloffs, slides, vibrato.
3. Skillful use of doubletime, not abused.
4. Superb and varied use of rhythm.
5. Development of melodic fragments (e.g., C 1-5, D 1-5).
6. Use of chromatic alterations for tension.

Moderate \square F_7

The musical score is a handwritten transcription of Charlie Parker's solo on 'Now's the Time'. It is written on ten staves, organized into two columns of five staves each. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Moderate'. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, accidentals, and dynamic markings. Chord symbols are written above the staves, including F7, Bb7, Gm7, C7, Am7, D7, and Ab7. There are also handwritten annotations like '3' and '3-' indicating triplets or other rhythmic patterns. The score is a transcription of a solo, showing melodic development and chromatic alterations.

ten perilously, seized. With its heavy, powerful rhythm, shrill electrified instrumentation, and dark, declamatory vocal style, Waters' music was perfect for temporarily dancing away the stark realities of ghetto life.

Through the 50s, he solidified and extended his initial success with a brilliant series of recordings that rapidly established the Waters approach as the dominant postwar blues style. Countless groups began to emulate its brusque, rude force and thrilling sonorities. Members of Waters' various bands—guitarist

Jimmy Rogers, harmonica players Little Walter, Junior Wells and Johnny Cotton, pianist Otis Spann—left to strike out with bands of their own, spreading the Waters gospel further. The newer generation of bluesmen have taken Waters' approach as their birthright: Jimmy Reed, Eddie Taylor, Magic Sam, Big or Shakey Walter Horton, Otis Rush, J. B. Hutto, Snooky Pryor, Floyd Jones, John Brim, Bill Lucas, Willie Mabon, J. B. Lenoir and scores of others in Chicago; Eddie Kirkland, Baby Boy Warren, Washboard Willie, Dr. Ross and others in Detroit; Lightnin' Slim, Lazy Lester, Lonesome Sundown, Slim Harpo and all the other southern

artists recording for Excello.

The blues of postwar Chicago remain the pacesetters. Muddy Waters and his intimate followers had definitively limned the contours of the style and it was they who extended and reworked the idiom. The music's greatest achievements were those shaped wholly in Chicago; and the entire period—the late 1940s and early '50s—was one of stylistic consolidation and experimentation, within a time of great excitement and musical ferment. All of Waters' great recordings had been made by 1956, and the revolution he initiated eight years earlier had won all its aims. By the mid-'50s, the style he forged was virtually unchallenged in its domination of the black record market. The new music had been the making of a number of record labels—Chess and Vee-Jay in Chicago, Excello in Nashville, Modern in Los Angeles and Duke in Houston were among the most important, though there were others as well—and their emergence as important new outlets for the music of America's black subculture saw the pattern of record distribution, formerly monopolized by a few major firms, enter a revolutionary new phase. The music was actively promoted over the large black radio stations that increasingly had served the needs of the subculture since the onset of World War II. And the stage was set for the music's next development, rock and roll.

All thanks largely to one man, Muddy Waters, who continues to give pleasure to thousands upon thousands of blues lovers the world over. **db**

CITY SCENE New York

And still they proliferate. New clubs, or old ones that put their pianos to use: Sally's in the Hotel Sheraton (formerly the Klip Joint) has the **George James Quartet**... The Cookery has **Ellis Larkins** and **Helen Humes**... Look for Eddie Condon's to reopen soon... Michael's Pub has friends joining **Bobby Hackett** thru February... February 23 it's **Two Generations of Brubeck** at Lincoln Center's **Great Performers of Jazz** series at Fisher Hall... February 16 at Fisher will see **Queen** and the 17th, **Smokey Robinson**... The New York Jazz Museum continues to SRO the crowds as a fire marshal forbade entry to the throng outside recently. The resulting change in policy provides for three shows at 3, 4, and 5 p.m. **Al Cohn** is in on Feb. 23... Jazz Interactions' big band celebration continues at the Riverboat with **Maynard Ferguson** February 17... **Shades-of-Ella Fitzgerald**-department: The NFE Theatre (stands for New Fillmore East) will host a talent show every Tuesday featuring up to six bands. In place of the applause meter will be a live audience equipped with response cards. Write for info to 105 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10003. You'll need a studio-quality tape... Broadway pit bands again are alive with jazz and folk. To wit: *The Wiz* at the Majestic, (soulful Wizard of Oz, that) features **Dee Dee Bridgewater** on the stage with **Dave Du Temple**, bass; **Steve Furtado**, **Charles Sullivan** and **Richard Williams**, trumpets; **Dave Tofani**, saxophone; **Jack Jeffers**, trombone. *Shenandoah*, at the Alvin, has **Richard Hayman**, assistant con-



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shows at Marshmallows, Ridgewood. Look for **Mercer Ellington's**, **Glenn Miller's**, **Buddy Rich's** and **Count Basie's** respective aggregations . . . **Kalaparusha Ara Difda** (tenor, clarinet) will appear at Studio Rivbea with **Jim Emery**, guitar, and **Jerome Cooper**, drums Feb. 14-15 . . . JAZZLINE answers all your "who and where" questions. 212-421-3592.

BOSTON

"And a little child shall lead them" certainly applies to the broadcasting of jazz on radio around Boston. With major output from Boston University and Harvard's FM spots, enlightened youth forges ahead while the stodgy commercialites drag their heels. Output for WBUR (90.9 FM) will be greatly increased, due to hard fund-raising activities with a spinathon, air auction, and big jazz benefit concert. These events netted over \$20,000 for a better antenna. This contraption (operative in the Spring) will enhance the air power of the following schedule: **Tony Cennamo** (6-11 weekdays), **Steve Elman** (10 p.m.-2 a.m., Sat.-Mon.), **Charlie Perkins** (Tues., same time), **Wylie Rollins** (Wed.-Fri., same time) . . . A clutch of undergraduates coordinated by student music director **Howard Marchbanks** puts lots of jazz on the airwaves at WHRB (95.3 FM). Regular times are 8-10 a.m., 5:30-8 p.m., and Saturday 10 p.m.-3 a.m. . . . WGBH-FM (89.7) slices their thin wedge when **Ray Smith** presents trad jazz Thursdays from 9:30-11 p.m., rebroadcast on Sunday afternoons from 2:30-4. **Greg Fitzgerald** handles **Radio Free Jazz** Thursday and Friday nights from 11:30 until signoff (about 1:30 a.m.). On Fridays, the show is preceded by **Jazz Performance** (often live) at 9:30 p.m. . . . **Wylie Rollins** has also managed to ease his **Nusoundz** into WCRB's rather staid format at 102.5 from 1-8 a.m. on Sundays . . . **Dennis**

Burke of the new magazine *Jazz New England* claims that a yet-to-be-named AM commercial station will be programming 20 hours of jazz by March, with more to follow if response is good . . . *Two Generations of Brubeck*, with guest horns **Paul Desmond** and **Gerry Mulligan**, will play at Symphony Hall Feb. 22 as part of the Boston University Celebrity Series . . .

BALTIMORE

The big business of presenting live music continues to thrive in the Baltimore-Washington area. **Kinky Friedman** plays D.C.'s Cellar Door February 13 thru 16, while **Rod Stewart and the Faces** have been signed to the cavernous Capitol Center in Largo, Md. for the 15th. On February 16, The Left Bank Jazz Society presents **The Duke Ellington Orchestra** under the direction of **Mercer Ellington** at the Famous Ballroom. At Largo again, **Sammy Davis Jr.** will headline a benefit on the 17th. **The Stan Kenton Orchestra** appears at the Famous Ballroom on February 23, while the suburban Painter's Mill Music Fair brings **Bruce Springsteen** and **David Bromberg** to Baltimore on the same night. First rate reggae music will be featured the week of February 25 thru March 3 when **Bob Marley and the Wailers** come to the Cellar Door.

Philadelphia

The Stokesay Castle in Reading has apparently taken up the big-band slack left by the famous Sunnybrook Dance Hall in Pottstown. **Stan Kenton** returns to Stokesay on February 21 . . . Bassist **Jymie Merritt**, currently with the **Bruce Mills Trio**, also heads up an organization called **The Forerunners**, a non-profit group which has been in existence since 1963. They publish a newsletter by the same name which is available free by writing

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The Forerunners, P.O. Box 9451, Phila., Pa. 19139. The newsletter will keep you posted about where The Forerunners will be appearing for concerts and workshops . . . Catalysts **Sherman Ferguson** (drums), **Eddie Greene** (piano), **Tyrone Brown** (bass) are all teaching workshops and privately in the Model Cities Program in North Philly, sponsored by the government. Those living in the Model Cities area are entitled to free lessons and those who live outside can reap the benefits of the talents involved in the program for a nominal sum of \$2.00. The program has helped many underprivileged youngsters in developing skills in the arts, and has already brought forth several notable talents already . . . The New Foxhole Cafe (formerly Gino's Empty Foxhole), Philadelphia's only non-commercial jazz club, reopened with **The Grand Prix** including **Philly Joe Jones**, **Hank Mobley**, and **Charles Fareroud** on bass. Scheduled for February is **Dave Liebman's** Lookout Farm. The Foxhole operates in the lower level of Hamilton Village Hall behind the Episcopal Church at 3916 Locust Walk . . . Electric Factory Concerts presents **Rod Stewart** at the Spectrum on Feb. 21; **Roxy Music** at the Irvine Auditorium Feb. 18, followed by **John Mayall** and **Keef Hartley** 2/22 . . . **Queen** is at Cafe Erlanger on Feb. 23 . . . **Manhattan Transfer** will be at the Bijou on February 12, followed by **The Wailers**, who are the number 1 Reggae group from Jamaica.

CHICAGO

Triangle Productions, which had such a fabulous success with **Herbie Hancock, Return To Forever**, and **Bobbi Humphrey** in concert last fall, has set two-thirds of the same line-up to go at Arie Crown Theater March 29-30. To round out the bill, they'll substitute **Miles Davis** for **Return To Forever** this time around. If all goes well, a monster couple of evenings are in order . . . Amazingrace, the folk-oriented club at the corner of Chicago and Main in Evanston, has branched out to feature **Tim Weisberg** Feb. 11-12 and **Eddie Harris** the week following. The club will feature a heavy-pop folk bill of **Randy Newman** and **Ry Cooder** also in February. Check the local papers . . . **Joe Segal's** revitalized Jazz Medium at Rush and Delaware brings together **Zoot Sims** and **Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis** for the first time Feb. 12-16. The club will feature

the **Clark Terry Big Band** on two nights Feb. 22-23, **Johnny Hammond** is in Feb 26-Mar. 2, and **Grover Washington Jr.** holds down the fort Mar. 5-9. **Rahsaan Roland Kirk** and **Dizzy Gillespie** will follow Grover into the club . . . Poor Richard's in Skokie will feature **Chicago Slim's Blues Band** Feb. 21-22, **Redwood Landing** Feb. 28 and March 1, with the country-rock of **Rio Grande** in Mar. 7-8 . . . Heavy rock jocks will go for **Queen, Mahogany Rush**, and **Kansas** March 8 at the Aragon Ballroom . . . Ratso's on Lincoln Avenue cooks ahead with the likes of **Judy Roberts, Oscar Brown Jr., Hermes**, and **Phil Upchurch-Tennyson Stevens**. The club recently brought **Natural Life**, the stunning electric combo featuring **Robert Rockwell** on reeds, **Mike Elliott** on guitar, and **Eric Gravatt** on drums, down from Minneapolis. It's to be hoped that they return soon . . . A bit further south in Lincoln, the Bulls features one of the strongest recent configurations, **Orbit**. Also check out the Brazilian-flavored **All Of Us** at the same spot on different nights.

KANSAS CITY

New York critics had glowing reactions to a recent screening of rushes from the forthcoming film history of Kansas City Jazz, "The Last of the Blue Devils," starring **Count Basie, Joe Turner, Jay McShann**, and many major figures still living here. Attorney **Bruce Ricker** wrote and directed the feature-length film, now being edited . . . "Jazz-a-Rama 75" will showcase seventeen local groups in a six-hour benefit for the Mutual Musicians Foundation, set for February 16 at the Trade Mart Ballroom . . . The Topeka Jazz Workshop subscription series will feature **Dizzy Gillespie** on February 16 at Washburn University's White Concert Hall . . . On the club scene, local favorites are **Frank Smith** at the Alameda Plaza, **Baby Lovett** at Huck Finns, **Betty Miller** and **Milt Abel** at the Plaza III, **Pete Eye** at Capt. Jeremiah Tuttle's, and **Gary Sivils** at the Playboy Club. Late arrivals and new combinations worth seeking out include the **Means-DeVan Trio** at the Red Velvet Swing, **Bill Drybread** and **Vince Bilardo** with **Bill Trumbauer** at the Fabulous Forties, and **Jim Buckley** at Pat O'Briens . . . Kansas City lost its finest young tenor player when **Mike White** turned to politics, and was elected Jackson County Executive.

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24, Albuquerque, N.M.
28, Tucson, Ariz.

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Feb. 14, Delta College Detroit, Michigan

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Feb. 14, University of Southwest Louisiana Lafayette, La.
15, Lone Star Opera House Dallas, Texas

ERROL GARNER

Feb. 17-
Mar. 3, Mister Kelly's Chicago, Ill.
10-24, Hyatt Regency Hotel Atlanta, Georgia
Apr. 8-
21, English Concert Tour

ELVIN JONES

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Mar. 4-16, Keystone Korner San Francisco, Calif.

RANDY NEWMAN

Feb. 14, University of Georgia Athens, Ga.
16, Auditorium Raleigh, N.C.
19-20, Amazingrace Evanston, Ill.
21, Performing Arts Center Milwaukee, Wisc.
22, Princeton University Princeton, N.J.
25, Northern Kentucky State College, Highland Heights, Kentucky
26, Charleston Municipal Auditorium, Charleston, S.C.

ZOOT SIMS

March 3-
15, Toronto, Canada
18-23, Cape Cod, Mass.
April 14-
19, Washington, D.C.
25, Amarillo, Texas

SUPERSAX

Feb. 14, Foothill College San Francisco, Ca.
Mar. 1, Chaffey College Alta Loma, Ca.
21, Orange Coast College Costa Mesa, Ca.

JERRY JEFF WALKER

Feb. 17, Celebrity Theater Nashville, Tenn.
21, University of Arkansas Fayetteville, Ark.

TIM WEISBERG

Feb. 15, Screening Room Chase Park Plaza St. Louis, Mo.
16, Vanderbilt University Nashville, Tenn.
19, University of Minnesota Minneapolis, Minn.
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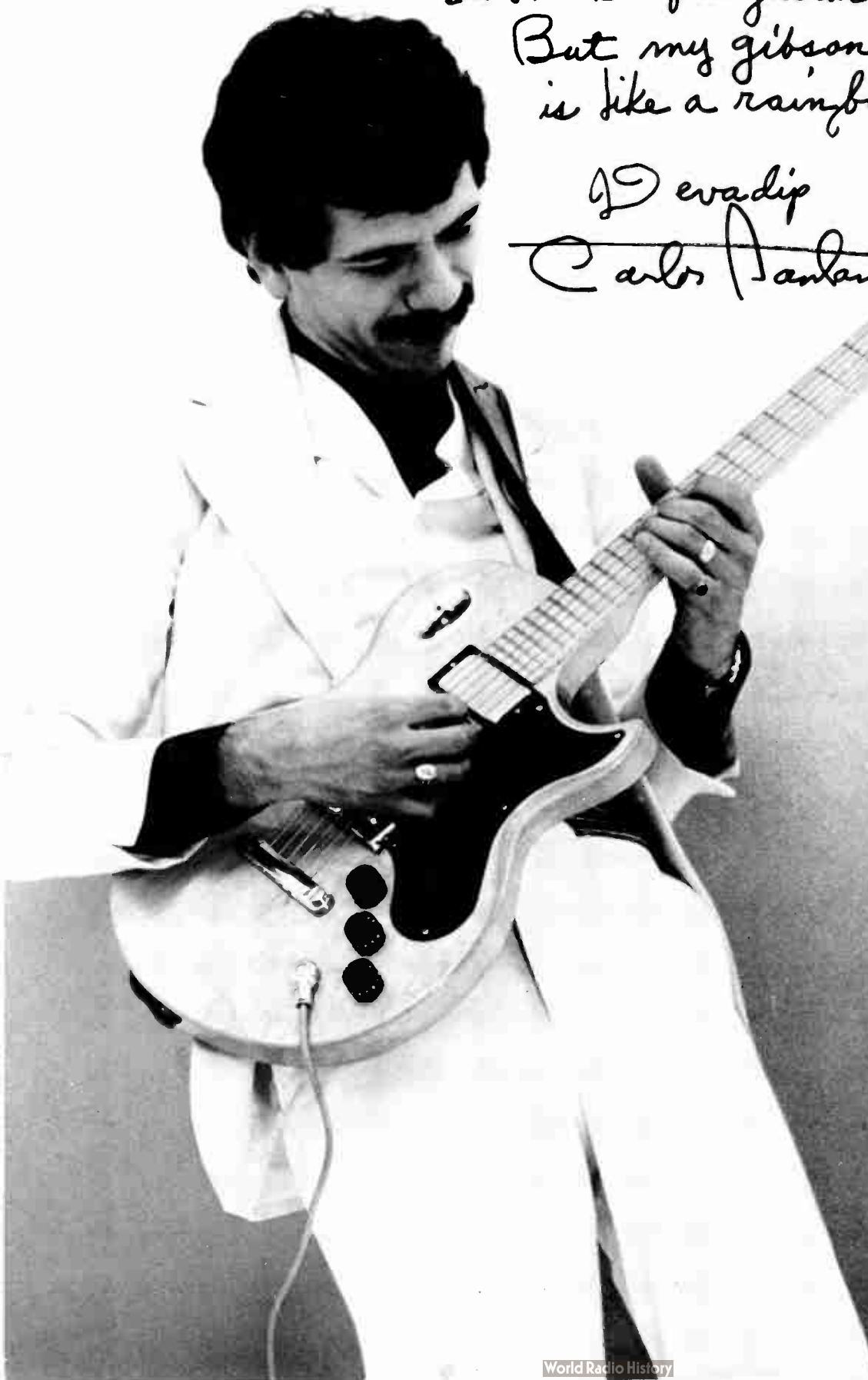
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