

MUSICIAN

PLAYER & LISTENER

NO 13, JULY-AUG. 15, 1978 \$1.00

Interview: Woody Shaw
Recalling Ralph J. Gleason
George Russell's Return



Tyner & Hubbard In Transition



Expanding the Boundaries of Creativity

New levels of musical imagination present themselves to the creative musician with the application of the MXR Digital Delay. The diverse effects offered by the Digital Delay, when used with individual instruments, vocals, PA and recording mixes, offer a whole new range of musical creativity.

The MXR Digital Delay gives the musician a tool for creative application that is unparalleled in versatility, precision and ease of operation. The MXR Digital Delay is designed for a wide variety of applications including; amplified musical instruments, vocals, PA and recording mixes. The basic unit delays a sound between 0.08 milliseconds and 320 milliseconds, fully variable while retaining the dynamic range of the program source. The delay range is expandable to 1280 milliseconds in increments of 320 milliseconds by means of up to three additional plug-in memory boards. These boards are available from MXR and may be installed by the user.

Effects that can be obtained with fixed time delays include echo, vocal doubling and hard reverb. The MXR Digital Delay contains sweep circuitry which allows additional effects such as flanging, vibrato, pitch bending and frequency modulation. The MXR Digital Delay is also capable of repeat hold (infinite non deteriorating regeneration).

Rack mountable for sound studio installation, it is also available with an optional road case for onstage use or location recording mixes.

MXR's Digital Delay can lead the way to new possibilities in creative sound at a price considerably lower than any comparable delay.

For more information see your MXR dealer. MXR Innovations, 247 N. Goodman St., Rochester, New York 14607, (716) 442-5320. Distributed in Canada by Yorkville Sound Ltd., 80 Midwest Road, Scarborough, Ontario.

MXR Professional Products Group



MUSICIAN

PLAYER & LISTENER

NO 13, JULY-AUG. 15, 1978 \$1.00



McCoy Tyner and **Freddie Hubbard**, originally from the same jazz generation, have gone in radically different directions in recent years. Now Tyner's new band is pushing him to new heights and Freddie is trying to get his feet back on the ground.



The word is that **George Russell's** new orchestra is the best thing to have happened to big bands in years. The great composer and theorist has come out of the conservatory and into the Vanguard. Gary Giddins reports.



Woody Shaw has been playing first rate trumpet for years, and now, after gigging with Dexter Gordon and recording for Columbia, he is in a commanding position on the scene. He talks here with Zan Stewart about his tastes and distastes and the future of the music.

Table of Contents

Columns

AM-FM/Joshua Baer	8
Jazz-Rocks/Bob Henschen	10
Latin/Max Salazar	13
Rhythm&Blues/Joe Scherzer	14

Departments

Letters	4
Record News	6
Record Reviews	32
Briefs	36
Best Buys	54

Features

Recalling Ralph J. Gleason/Len Lyons	16
Giants In Transition/Rafi Zabor	20
George Russell/Gary Giddins	26
Interview: Woody Shaw	28

Studios

Brass/Ted Curson	46
Contemporary Harmony/Ron Delp	47
Saxophone/Dave Liebman	50

Cover Photo by Tom Copi

Musician, Player and Listener is published eight times a year (every six weeks) by Amordian Press Inc., P.O. Box 1882, Boulder, Colo. 80306 (303) 443-5800. Musician, Player and Listener is a trademark of Amordian Press Inc. © 1978 by Musician, Player and Listener, all rights reserved. Application to mail with Second Class Permit is pending at Boulder, Colo. 80302. Subscriptions \$8.00 per year, \$15.00 for two years, \$22.00 for three years. Foreign subscriptions add \$1.00 per year. Manuscripts, and artwork are welcome, however, we assume no responsibility for their return though all due care will be exercised.

LETTERS

The Artists House piece was a fascinating look at what it takes to produce jazz commercially. I sincerely hope John Snyder can make it work, he has some of the most intriguing and individual artists alive in Ornette Coleman and Charlie Haden.
Ross Pelke
Los Angeles, CA

Ornette Coleman is completely bizarre and beautiful. Harmolodics all made sense after several rereads with *Dancing In Your Head* on. Electric guitars, who could imagine? But he's right on and always will be.
Nate Cole
Dallas, TX

Thank you for giving Ted Curson his long overdue recognition, I've always felt him to be an unsung great on trumpet. Who's going to record him, and when?
Bob Markel
Boston, MA

Thank you so much for the special Fusion issue. It cast much needed light on this little discussed subject from some of the inventors of fusion music. I especially enjoyed Chick's view of fusion music as being a logical further development of jazz, jazz being a fusion of musical elements/styles anyway. Keep up the good work.
Jeff Lorber
Portland, OR

Mr. Rafi Zabor certainly plays his prejudices, doesn't he? Can't the guy leave himself open to more than one possible style of music? Still and all, he writes okay. I'm awfully glad you can balance him with less mainline writers. But come on! More of Joshua Baer. can't you pay him enough for an entire article?
Lewis Bernard
San Luis Obispo, CA

Ed Nope. But watch for his upcoming novel. Winds.

Your new logo is outstanding. My hat is off to designer David Olin. It makes the transformation of your magazine complete. Keep up the stunning photography. It is an unexpected delight.
Herman Hazzard
Detroit, MI

I was sitting alone in my apartment on Avenue D, looking out into oblivion, thinking about John Coltrane. Then there was a knock at the door. A messenger (his clothes still dusting of Kansas) gave me a copy of the latest issue of *Musician* and left without speaking. I read it cover to cover, still thinking about Trane. Great. Does this happen often?
Renaldo Perrine
New York, NY

Ed: Depends on who you are.

Letter From the Publishers

The theme of this month's cover story addresses itself to several states of jazz at once. Rafi Zabor's *Giants In Transition* describes McCoy and Freddie, but thematically speaks to larger motions in the jazz cycle. Consider the major record companies' recent expeditions into the field, their interest in the artform as a marketable commodity, in smaller labels, in building artists rosters, in their awareness of the prestige factor of jazz releases. Consider the growing popularity of jazz in clubs and concerts, the vitality of jazz radio and the newly expressed puppy love of the national media. And consider the movements and new musical labels within the artform itself. While you may argue the success of some of this growth, it is a very healthy sign of life.

We're experiencing a spring bloom ourselves; our circulation has risen to 50,000 copies this issue, and we want to thank you for your enthusiastic support. At this rate, we may soon be able to present fabulous give-aways, all expense paid this and that, surveys, polls, games, pin-ups, fold-outs, etc., etc. Check in next issue for the Jazz Radio Special (more on pg. 6) and keep telling us what you'd like to see.



MUSICIAN

CLASS & STYLE

Publisher/Advertising

Gordon Baird

Executive Editor

Sam Holdsworth

Art Director

David Olin

Associate Editor

Hugh Cosman

Dist. Coordinator

Janis Stahlhut

Nat'l Sales Manager

James Lewis

Cont. Photographer

Herb Bauer

Contributors

Rafi Zabor, Joshua Baer, Len Lyons, Zan Stewart, Joe Scherzer, Ted Curson, Ornette Coleman, Ron Delp, Jamey Aebersold, Tom Lackner, Jonathan Baird, Veryl Oakland, Deborah Feingold, Bob Henschen

THE WAY IS CLEAR



CHARLIE PARKER The legendary Dial sessions, considered by many to have been the scene of Bird's hottest blowing, all available in *one place*. This stunning *limited edition* six-record set comes complete with 20-page booklet.



DAVID SANBORN The recording world's most in-demand altoist takes a break from polishing up other people's music to power his own record number four. If more passionate, heartfelt riffs exist than those that Sanborn has cooked up this time, they just ain't on this planet. Produced by John Simon.



FLORA PURIM Flora journeyed to L.A. for this one, where she teamed up with a shocking number of session greats. *down beat's* Number One female vocalist just about any year of the '70s takes on a bigger, brighter sound, but the accent remains decidedly Rio-markable. Produced by Bob Monaco & Airto Moreira.



RAHSAAN ROLAND KIRK A fine tribute to a man who overcame the odds to conquer every reed instrument extant, plus a few of his own design. Kirk never called his music jazz and a couple of Gershwin selections on this LP prove his affinity for classic composition of all kinds. The music rings out with the indomitable spirit of Rahsaan Roland Kirk. Produced by Joel Dorn.



BILL EVANS The master at work like never before. The most lucid piano in town appears this time out in a highly conversational mood. Ready to be awestruck? This is it, a one-man tour de force. Produced by Helen Keane.



CHARLIE PARKER A two-record set featuring the best of the aforementioned six-pack. Every trill is guaranteed state-of-the-art action. A must for any serious music fan.

ON WARNER BROS. RECORDS & TAPES



RECORD NEWS

New York — This has been an active spring in the record business as one major label changed owners and two others have announced subsidiaries.

By Bob Ford
United Artists Records has been sold by the Transamerica Corporation to Artie Mogull and Jerry Rubinstein. Mogull has been President of UA for the last two years and Rubinstein was most recently the chairman of ABC Records, a giant that floundered under his leadership. The reported sale price was \$30 million and it was put up by **EMI**, the international record and electronics conglomerate that also owns Capitol. EMI will now distribute UA and its subsidiaries **Blue Note**, **Roadshow**, and **ChiSound**, world wide. Not included in the sale was **Jet** (Electric Light Orchestra) Records. They will no longer be affiliated with UA and are currently shopping for a new deal. CBS seems to be the front runner. Transamerica acquired United Artists 11 years ago and is divesting itself of just the record arm; the film and music publishing portions are remaining intact. Mogull will now be Chairman of UA Records in charge of creative aspects, while Rubinstein will be

president in charge of business affairs.

MCA Incorporated has announced that it is forming a new label to be based in New York and run by former **CBS** Veeep Ron Alexenburg. The label, which as of this writing does not have a name or an artist roster, will be completely autonomous from MCA in Los Angeles. For the last two years Alexenburg, who is 34, ran the Epic/Portrait and associated labels for CBS. He was considered to be one of the corporation's brightest stars . . . his services did not come cheap.

Arista Records has announced that it too is forming a new label, **Novus**, which will feature some of the most progressive musicians in jazz. The artist roster includes Muhal Richard Abrams, Warren Bernhardt, Air, Oliver Lake, Baird HERSHEY, and the Year of the Ear Band. This new label comes on the heels of the expiration of Arista's three year deal with the **Freedom Jazz** label, which is not likely to be renewed. Steve Backer, who handles jazz for Arista, does not expect to burn up the charts with this new label, but he feels strongly that this type of music must

be documented. "We feel that we are treating progressive jazz as high art and we are realistic about the profit potential of these records," says Backer.

The final critically assailed tour of Return to Forever has been recorded and will be released as a four record boxed set by **Columbia** . . . When Wing's "With a Little Luck" reached #1, it broke an unprecedented streak of 21 weeks of chart domination by the **RSO** label (Player, Bee Gees, Yvonne Elliman) . . . Gladys Knight is suing **Buddah** to get out of her contract. She's claiming that Buddah is insolvent, has debts of almost \$6 million, and insufficient income to cover the markers . . . Rumours persist that Cavallo/Ruffalo . . . Management will be starting their own label. Among the acts represented by C/R are Earth, Wind and Fire, Weather Report and Little Feat. CBS would distribute . . . Former **MGM** Prexy Mike Curb is campaigning very hard for the Lieutenant Governorship of California. Curb, who now has a production deal with Warner's, was instrumental in taking MGM from being a viable major recording force to a now almost completely ex-

tinct non-entity. Since record company president and Lieutenant Governor are basically administrative jobs, California voters should take note . . . The legendary Apollo Theater has reopened in Harlem, Ralph MacDonald was the opening attraction.

The Newport Jazz Festival will return to New York despite efforts by festival promoter George Wein to take it elsewhere. Wein had planned to hold the '78 festival in Saratoga, New York but Schlitz Brewing, the major sponsor of Newport, said that it would not support any festival held outside of the city. This year's festival will nevertheless feature two twelve hour shows to be held at Saratoga, but the bulk of Newport's 30 events will be held in or around the apple. Highlights of this year's festival will be a first ever collaboration between Cecil Taylor and Ornette Coleman, and Chick Corea and Herbie Hancock appearing with large all-star bands. The Saratoga shows will feature George Benson, Chick Corea, Al Jarreau, Sonny Rollins, Herbie Hancock and others the first day, and a big band bash the second. The festival will run from June 23 to July 2.

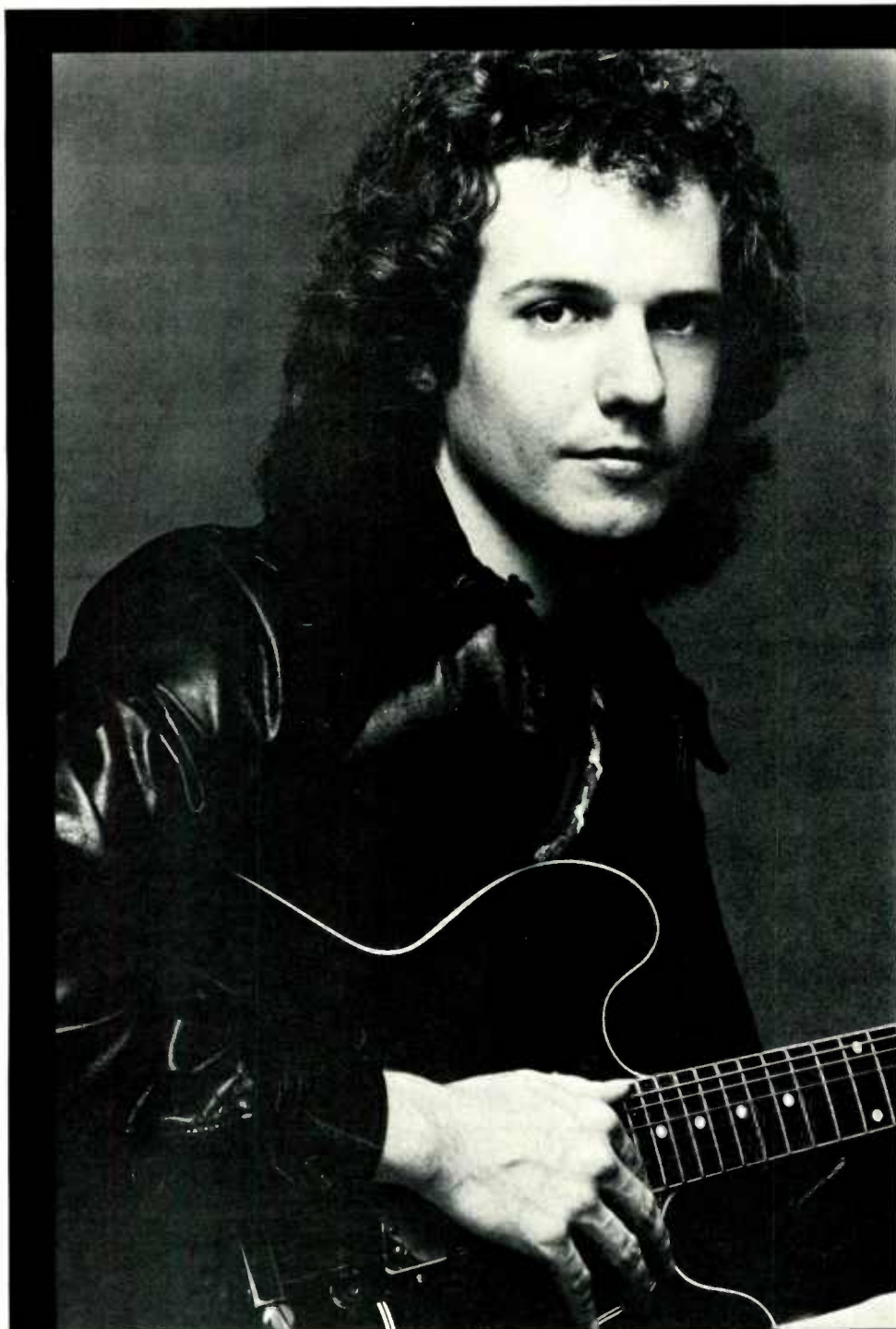
Next Month — Jazz Radio Special

The next issue of *Musician* will contain our first annual Jazz Radio Special. Not only is it our first, but the issue is an industry first as well. It will feature a fold out map showing graphically where jazz is to be found on the airwaves. And there'll be a companion guide telling when and what kind of jazz each station plays.

Never before has such a listing been made available. Period. Not even the broadcast industry — which manages to keep pretty close tabs on virtually every other aspect of their business — knew what was out there. Over two hundred and fifty stations were surveyed. The poll consisted of two parts, a jazz scheduling form and a playlist questionnaire. This method enabled us to provide unique information on both programming fronts: the quality as well as the quantity of jazz aired.

There'll be articles and features on jazz radio as well. Conrad Silvert will report on the KJAZ controversy in San Francisco. His Bay Area colleague, Len Lyons, will take a look at the highly successful National Public Radio "Jazz Alive" program. Harry Abraham, late of the all night jazz show on WHAM in Rochester, N.Y., has written the introduction. The host of the most listened-to jazz show in the world, Willis Conover, broadcasting over Voice of America, will be initiating a new section of *Musician* — an essay forum for various figures in the jazz world to speak their mind. Other Jazz Radio features will include profiles of commercial and non-commercial stations and programmers, an explanation of the Arbitron rating system, the record companies in radio and a host of other exclusive features.

**RITENOUR
NEEDS A TAN
YOU CAN HELP**



Since he was 15, Lee Ritenour has spent more hours as a number one session guitarist than almost anyone you care to name. So he hasn't seen much daylight. What he has seen is music and that's what comes through on his latest album. Pick-up a copy and help give Ritenour his place in the sun. You just might help change the course of contemporary music in the process.

RITENOUR

His fingers do the talking.
LEE RITENOUR. "THE CAPTAIN'S JOURNEY"
Available now on Elektra records and tapes.
Produced by Dave Grusin & Lee Ritenour.

V Jazz fusion
A DIVISION OF THE FUTURE

© 1978 Elektra/Asylum Records • A Warner Communications Co



The Radio Addict's Dream

Ill be frank with you, Mr. Baer," Dr. Scales told me. "You're barely a borderline media addict. We can't use you. Not now, at least. If your radio habit got worse . . . maybe . . ."

Like the circus, classified advertisements attract a strange group of people. Three weeks ago, I joined that strange group. I was browsing through the pages of an underground newspaper published in Santa Cruz, California, when the following classified advertisement jumped off the page and attacked my eyes:

Media Addicts!!!

Do you: Watch lots of TV? Read at least 6 newspapers each day? Subscribe to more than 10 weekly, bi-weekly or monthly magazines? Leave your radio on for weeks at a time? If you have answered yes to 2 or more of the above questions, you may be eligible to act as a paid participant in a scientific research program. Contact Dr. Paul Scales for details.

A telephone number and an address were listed. I dialed the number right away and, moments later, found myself speaking to Dr. Scales.

"We are basically an independent research facility," he explained. "We don't have a name yet; it's just me and my wife. What we're trying to do is investigate the subliminal impact of the media. We want to learn how, exactly, all this public information affects the individual's subconscious matrix. We've put together a group of exaggerated cases — people whose media diets are far above normal — and we've been analyzing their dreams since the first of this year. It's too soon to call the results conclusive, but they're still fascinating. Are you a media addict?"

I told Dr. Scales that I subscribed to 6 magazines, read two newspapers every day and listened to the radio whenever I was in my car.

"How about TV?"

"Not too much," I said. "I rented a set last October for the World Series but —"

"You rented a TV? You don't own one?"

"No," I told him, "I don't. But I did keep the set I rented all winter. I didn't return it after the Series was over. I kept watching it."

"What did you watch?"

"Football games."

"Nothing else? No movies or game shows or news?"

"Not really."

"I see," said Dr. Scales. He sounded slightly disappointed. "But you did say you listened to the radio quite often, didn't you?"

"Whenever I'm in my car," I told him. "As long as my engine's running, my radio's on."

"How many miles did you drive last year?"

"Over 30,000."

"Well, that's something," he said. There was a pause; then he continued. "I'll be frank with you, Mr. Baer. You're barely a borderline media addict. Your radio and magazine levels are above normal, but that's really not enough. It's my guess that you're on your way to becoming a radio addict but it sounds like a total media plunge is something you're afraid to take. Now, by contrast, the people we've gathered

for testing are all undeniable media addicts — there is no other way to describe them. They are committed to whatever you put in front of them. One of our cases has been watching between 7 and 12 hours of TV every day since she was 9 years old. Another case, an older gentleman, reads between 40,000 and 65,000 magazine-words a day. Obviously, we've had to restrict ourselves to the study of freaks — that's the only way you ever get the kind of sensational data that leads to research grants and, God willing, some government financing. What I'm trying to say is, we can't use you. Not now, at least. If your radio habit got worse . . . Maybe."

I asked Dr. Scales if he would mind my dropping by his office anyway. I told him I was interested in dreams and curious about what sort of dream a radio addict might have. To my surprise, he asked me to come by that afternoon.

Dr. Scales' office turned out to be an extra bedroom in a large Victorian house in Santa Cruz. The room had two beds, a desk and a wall of filing cabinets. Dr. Scales, a pleasant red-haired man in his early thirties, sat behind the desk. I sat on one of the beds.

"We have 52 participants," he began. "Every morning, each participant writes a synopsis of his or her dreams. Then, at night, just before they go to bed, they write down a summary of their media activity during the day. Sometimes I give individual participants specific assignments like, 'Watch at least 5 hours of TV,' or 'Read 3 newspapers before you go to bed.' Once a week, each participant drops off his or her records.

"We've been conducting this program for five months and we're just beginning to get a few distinct correlations between dream subject matter and specific media intensities. For instance, one of our participants has violent dreams after she watches television. She dreams of being raped, knifed, robbed, beaten up . . . But when she reads newspapers or maga-

continued on page 40

NEW! 22 Pole Carvin M22 Humbucker

- Sledgehammer Midrange delivered with Fatter & Punchier Tone Than Any Other Pickup Made!
- Extra Brilliance for Shimmering Chords & Slashing Solos!
- This is the Scorcher that Lets Them Know Who You Are!

Now for the first time you can bend your strings without sustain loss. The Carvin M22 offers the ultimate design which features 22 Adjustable Poles for increased output. Conventional 6 pole pickups suffer a 40% to 70% power loss between poles.

The M22 incorporates 3 Bar magnets totalling 2.4 oz. DiMarzio's Super Distortion has a single 1.2 oz. magnet and Gibson's Large Humbucker has a single .6 oz. magnet. Tests have also proven that the M22's Super Powerful magnetic field will not pull the lightest gauge strings out of tune or affect harmonics.

There's no hotter pickup than the M22—plus, the M22 doesn't lack highs like other hot pickups do. This is due to its Super magnetic field plus special wire on precision coils.

Shielded Coils are standard. You don't have to buy a shielding Kit as each M22 is wrapped with Copper Foil and Grounded.

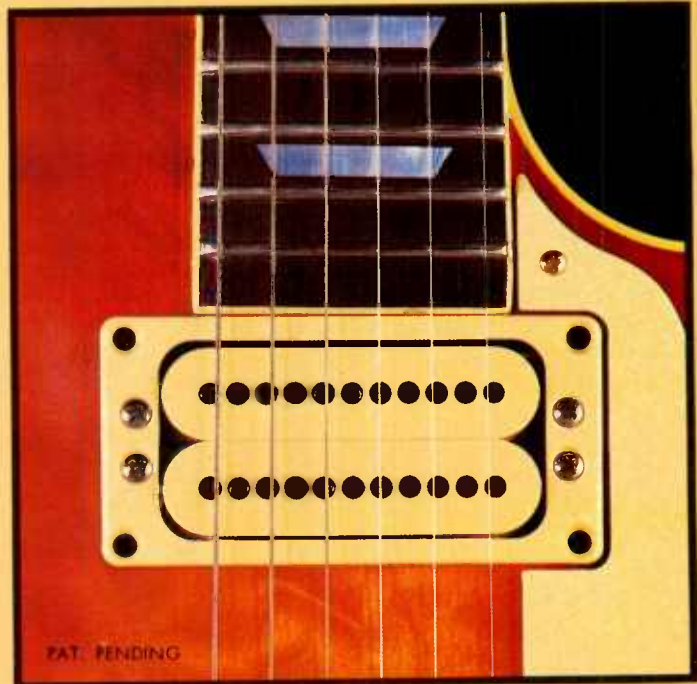
4 Wires for Dual-to-Single Coil & Phase Switching is standard. Circuit Diagrams are included for easy-to-follow instructions on all possible circuits.

Mounting Bezel has new improved design with 2 adjustment screws per side—eliminating rocking which is a common problem with Gibson bezels.

Dimensions are the same as Gibson's large humbucker, making it a direct bolt-in replacement. (3½" x 1¾"). Also, the M22 will accept the Gibson bezel.

The M22's COLOR matches the standard Gibson cream color.

10 Year Unconditional Guarantee



The **M22** \$49^{ea} Direct \$95 List

Available in 3 Models
 M22 w Cream Bezel
 M22 w Black Bezel
 M22B for Bass Guitar w Cream Bezel

PARTS AT REDUCED PRICES!



	Your Cost	List
Schaller M6 Chrome Gears	\$28.	\$43.
M6L Mini Gears	\$28.	\$43.
TB-6 Brass Bridge	\$21.	\$42.
GHS Strings 3 sets	\$10 or 10 sets \$30.	

Also: Wiring Kits, Switches, Jacks, Etc.

Write for the Complete Carvin Equipment Catalog Including Sound Systems, Mixers, Amps, & Guitars.

ORDER YOURS NOW C.O.D.!

Call TOLL-FREE 800-854-2235

(Callf. 714-747-1710)

"Money-Back Guarantee"

Try the M22 for 10 Days. If not convinced that it outperforms the other brands, Return It for your Full Refund.

PHONE ORDERS: To save Time and Money hassels, your order will be shipped COD for a total cost to you of \$49, including shipping. Personal checks will not be accepted by UPS—Cash Only. Pickups are sent within 48 hours. Includes Circuit Diagram & Allen wrench.



Carvin Dept. E-22, 1155 Industrial Ave., Escondido, Calif. 92025

JAZZ-ROCKS

Bob Henschen



The Electronic Future

Whether the electronic music of the future will be for people or strictly for the droids is a question that, if left to Kraftwerk and Eno & Fripp, could go either way.

"Repetition is the image of eternity in music," writes Michael Hoenig in liner notes to his *Departure From The Northern Wasteland* (Warner Bros.) "The music of the past justifies itself for its limitations . . . the music of the future is sparing itself this effort."

When forecasting tomorrow's musical directions, contemporary critics basically agree that electronics will play some sort of pivotal role. Not that strings, skins, and reeds are dead . . . acoustic instruments still offer tremendous opportunities for exploration, and some musicians will no doubt develop completely new, non-electric instruments. Airto goes all wobbly everytime someone slaps a new pair of sandals together . . .

In strictly commercial terms, electronics first burst into mass consciousness during the Sixties with Al Kooper playing Moog on *Super Session*, the Moody Blues learning how to pack and unpack their bulky, touring Mellotron, and Pink Floyd virtually inventing the word "space" for thousands of young listeners. A decade later, synthesizers and their kin pervade the art form, working their wonders for everyone from Captain & Tenille to Meco Monardo . . . whose *Close Encounters of Every Kind* has to represent some kind of 21st century saturation point.

Last year Ornette Coleman cut a bold album called *Dancing In Your Head* and had this to say: ". . . any person in today's music scene knows that rock, classical, folk and jazz are all yesterday's titles. I feel that the musical world is getting closer to being a singular expression, one with endless musical stories of mankind." Ornette wasn't talking about electronic music, but the theory applies. Non-ethnic future music belongs to the one thing

all cultures share in common . . . tomorrow . . . and there is concrete, vinyl evidence that electronic music speaks the global language.

Consider Isao Tomita overdubbing the great Western classics in his Tokyo studio. Or Jade Warrior, the English group, interpreting the Orient and its mystery on a myriad of instruments. Throughout Europe, each nation seems to be pushing its own version of the synthesized hero: Jean Michel Jarre, Vangelis, Bo Hansson, Patrick Moraz, Giorgio . . . the list goes on and on. We could spend pages in praise of English electro-rock groups like Genesis, Gong, Camel, Roxy Music, and so on. Rick Wakeman is playing his best in years (both solo on *Criminal Record* and with Yes), Be Bop Deluxe has thrown some switches on *Drastic Plastic*, and there's always the Floyd.

But leadership in "machine music" is now also coming from West Germany. Early Deutsche fusion groups were a little obvious in their derivation . . . and Triumvirat still does a perfect Emerson Lake & Palmer. But more recently, the German flair for precision engineering has fostered a near-clinical infatuation with electronic music in all of its technological wonder.

The first all-electronic German group to achieve more than closet notoriety was probably Tangerine Dream, led by Edgar Froese, Peter Baumann, Chris Franke and, in earlier times, Klaus Schulze and the aforementioned Hoenig. Tangerine Dream now matches their austere sound textures to William Friedkin scare flicks like "The Sorcerer," but their music does have it humane moments too . . . best heard on *Encore* (Virgin) or Baumann's *Romance 76* (Virgin).

The current wave of Kraut-rock, however, sped into view via the *Autobahn*; a group called Kraftwerk . . . German for "power plant." This all-machine foursome began in a homemade Dusseldorf studio called Kling-Klang, where they still record. Like junior scientists with massive Erector sets, Florian Schneider and Ralf Hutter built their own maze of sound termi-

nals, blinking oscillators, and panelboards. After the much-deserved acclaim given to *Autobahn*, Kraftwerk switched from Mercury's Vertigo label to Capitol, began singing in English, dropped the umlauts from their names, cut their hair studiously short, began spelling "Ralf" as "Ralph," and are making serious . . . sort of . . . inroads on the British and American pop scenes.

On one level, Kraftwerk's ongoing robot gimmick is a real riot. They feature predominantly sci-fi settings for "Endless Endless" or "Metropolis," insert humor into "Show Room Dummies" and "Franz Schubert," or invent artificial new tones for "Geiger Counter" and "Trans-Europe Express." In addition to Ralf and Florian, "percussionists" Karl Bartos and Wolfgang Flur lay down totally synthesized rhythm tracks on their own keyboards. Needless to say, Kraftwerk's music practically plays itself and, to every purist's chagrin, the group members sometimes desert the stage completely, allowing their programmable patterns to repeat over . . . and over . . . and over . . .

Despite Florian Schneider's statement that "Kraftwerk hasn't discovered disco; disco has discovered Kraftwerk . . ." the German syndrome has indeed emphasized the regularity of its pulse and found wide acceptance in the known pop world. Meco Monardo, whose #1 version of "Star Wars" represents some sort of saturation point, says ". . . I've listened to Kraftwerk's *Trans-Europe Express* a lot and . . . consider it one of the frontrunners in . . . electronic disco music." Donna Summers is equally adulatory, and produced her zappy "I Feel Love" in Germany with Kraftwerk-influenced Giorgio Moroder.

The Man-Machine (Capitol), Kraftwerk's newest album, is hypnotically danceable and strangely humorous, but will also be called mundane, cold, and unnatural. "We feel no disharmony with complex machinery in our art," maintains Hutter. "Instead, our concern is that what comes from our equipment of worthy of the technology

of the equipment itself." Still, the overly-simplistic and repetitive nature of this music may only satisfy the most droid-like of jazz and rock listeners.

Kraftwerk's influence, however, has sparked a new creative light in David Bowie. Living and recording in Berlin for over a year, Bowie has been filming "Just a Gigolo" with Marlene Dietrich and Kim Novak while painting and steeping himself in Teutonic Expressionism for his next film role as artist Egon Schiele in "Valley." Whatever one's gut reaction to Bowie's previous deco-rock incarnations as Ziggy Stardust and Aladdin Sane, you have to respect his new artistic bravura.

David used Kraftwerk's *Radio-Activity* as pre-concert music during his 1976 *Station To Station* tour, and has called Kraftwerk his favorite group on several occasions. He and Iggy Pop have appeared in a Kraftwerk promo film, and Bowie inked "V-2 Schneider" (Florian's nickname among friends) for his most recent RCA album *Heroes*. The entire second side of *Low* (a remarkable, underrated LP) was said to be inspired by Kraftwerk.

On each of these two LPs, Bowie performs one side of spacy vocals and a second . . . more interesting . . . side of moodily textured instrumentals. The latter, collaborated on by Roxy's electronic wizard Brian Eno and his King Crimson cronie Robert Fripp, represent some of the best electro-music going down. The composing is strong, futuristic, and at times frightening, but it is also imaginative and sadly beautiful . . . like the end of an era. Eno's influence clearly supercedes that of Kraftwerk . . . these are more colorful, even warmer, tapestries of unearthly sound.

In fact, David is so revved on his new music that he has managed to squeeze in a multi-continent tour between flicks. With Fripp & Eno unable to attend, the traveling group features dual electronic players Roger Powell (of Todd Rundgren's *Utopia*, formerly a workshop demonstrator for Moog) and Simon House of Hawkwind (whose current, hard-driving *Quark Strangeness And Charm* on Sire has its own nuclear explosiveness). The band also boasts two fine electric guitarists in Carlos Alomar and Adrian Belew (of Zappa's band).

It's an awesome assemblage of both man and machinery, and Bowie's playing plenty of "tomorrow" music along with a few of yesterday's ch-ch-changes. Check them out if they hit your town. David Bowie and his formidable cohorts may be playing the most pioneering electronic music of 1978. As for the future, there may be any number of *Heroes* out there, warming up their oscillators in the wings.

*Music without bass is
music without life.*
STANLEY CLARKE creates life.



STANLEY CLARKE
MODERN MAN
including
Rock 'N' Roll
Jelly
He Lives On
(Story About
The Last
Journey Of A
Warrior)
Got To Find
My Own Place
Dayride

"MODERN MAN"
The 1978 album from the
1977 Electric Bassist of the
Year (according to every known
readers' and critics' poll.)

On Nempereor Records and Tapes.

The Second Generation



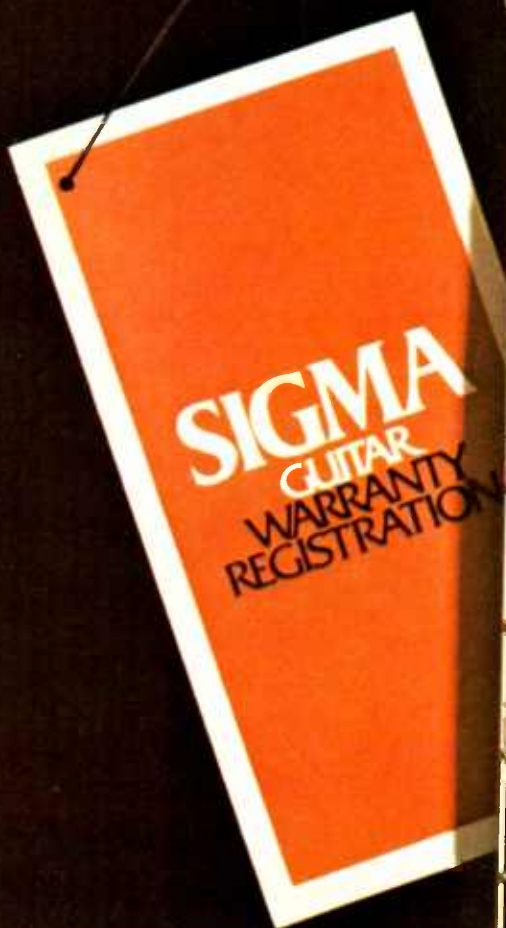
Almost 150 years have passed since the first Martin instruments saw the light of day. Today, the quality, care and tradition are still there in the modern day line of instruments. And now there are the Sigma Guitars. A Second Generation of Sigma Guitars inspired by the Martin attention to detail in construction and materials. Sigma guitars were designed by CF Martin personnel and each guitar must pass a rigid inspection by CF Martin people in Nazareth, Pa.

Sigma guitars are also warranted by the CF Martin Organisation . . . an important point when buying instruments from abroad.

Sigma Guitars, reasonably priced from \$99.50 to \$500.

SIGMA GUITARS

Sigma guitars, a Second Generation of quality instruments from CF Martin. Nazareth, Pennsylvania





VERYL OAKLAND

Appreciating Cal Tjader

Unlike so many others, the gentleman Tjader always shares the spotlight.

An unforgettable jam session took place on May 26, 1966. It was a few minutes after 1 p.m. when Cal Tjader and Eddie Palmieri huddled together in a recording studio and decided to wrap up their Verve LP *El Sonido Nuevo* (The New Soul Sound) with a "head arrangement" of Tito Puente's "Picadillo." The liner notes quoted Palmieri: "We just got together and took off." And they did . . . like lighting bolts. The listener can sense the charged atmosphere of the recording studio whenever he puts the record on. Tjader and Palmieri recorded one of the most moving, hair-raising "descargas" in the history of Latin Jazz. Months after the album was released, "Picadillo" was heard more often than "El Sonido Nuevo."

Ten years and 24 days later, on June 19, 1976, both Palmieri and Tjader showed that they were still capable of generating sizzling music. Neither bandleader looked like the bespectacled, well-dressed young collegians on the 1966 album cover. But even in their leisure clothing, their presence still commanded the respect they've earned over the years. When he spotted me backstage at NYC's Beacon Theatre, Tjader, relaxed in a dark print shirt, white trousers and black shoes, smiled and said, "Hi

Max, I hear there is a new sound in New York called 'Salsa'." He said it jokingly, but at the same time, he was letting off steam. He and many other established bandleaders have recorded and played Salsa for the last 25 years and very few people know it.

Tjader, who is of Swedish descent, is one of a few non-Latins to have built up a large Latin following. His sixty-plus albums during the last 24 years are musical excursions to Black and Spanish Harlem, South America, Mexico, Brazil, Cuba, the Caribbean, the South Pacific, and the Far East. Among the well-known jazz names on Tjader recordings are flautists Paul Horn and Jerome Richardson, pianists Clare Fisher and Vince Guaraldi. There's also Charlie Byrd, Airto, Gary McFarland and Stan Getz. The liner notes on his Latin LP's reveal the names of Eddie Cano, Armando Peraza, Chick Corea, Carlos "Patato" Valdes, Willie Bobo, Rolando Lozano, Jose "Chombo" Silva, and Mongo Santamaria. On his live recordings he always announces his sidemen's names. Their photos and brief backgrounds are on the majority of his albums. Wherever he plays, he always invites musicians in the audience to sit-in.

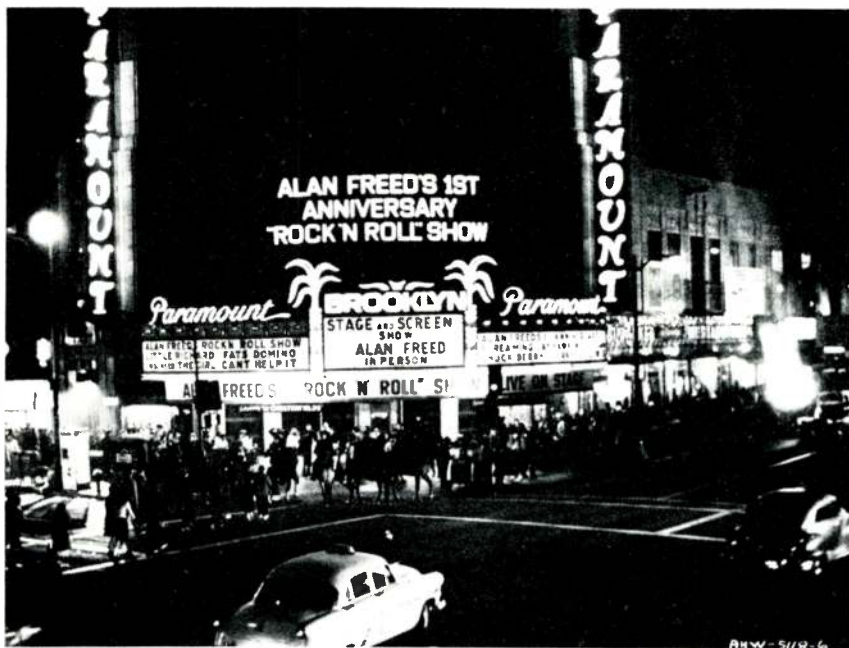
Callen Radcliffe Tjader, Jr., was born on July 16, 1925 in St. Louis, Missouri. During his pre-teen years he moved around quite a bit. He traveled the mid-west vaudeville circuit with his parents. His father was a tap dancer, his mother, Victoria, a concert pianist. "I remember my mother tutoring me on the piano while I watched my friends play softball on the field I saw through my window." In 1941, there was a nation-wide Gene Krupa drumming contest. Tjader entered the competition and drummed his way to the finals before bowing out on December 7, 1941. He enlisted in the U.S. Navy in 1943 and was assigned to the medical branch. As a member of a team of thirty medical corpsmen, he treated the wounded and evacuated casualties during the invasions of Saipan, Guam, Leyte, Louzon, and Okinawa. Shortly after his honorable discharge in April, 1946,

he enrolled at St. Jose State College, California, under the GI Bill of Rights. Two years later, a transfer to San Francisco State College resulted in his meeting alto-saxophonist Paul Desmond and pianist Dave Brubeck, who with other musicians, met on Saturdays at an experimental music workshop. From these meetings came the original Dave Brubeck Trio, for whom Tjader played drums and Ron Crotty bass. Tjader's first recordings were with this trio, which became a quartet when Desmond was added later. Tjader remained with Brubeck until he joined George Shearing's Quintet in January, 1953. It was while with Shearing at New York City's Birdland Club that Tjader witnessed something which changed the course of his career. Bassist Al McKibbon suggested to him he hear a new sound at a ballroom one block away. "While on a half-hour break," recalled Tjader, "Al and I entered the Palladium Ballroom through the service entrance on 53rd Street. The orchestras of Machito and Tito Puente were playing that evening . . . and they flipped me. I was knocked flat when I saw how Puente used vibes in Latin music."

In April, 1954, he left Shearing, formed his own quintet and debuted at San Francisco's Club Macumba. He created national attention with the tune "Lucero," his first recording as a bandleader for Fantasy Records. The following year his 78 RPM disc, "Wachi Wara," became a smash hit and made him one of the top five Latin jazz bandleaders. With each passing year, Tjader's popularity soared. *Soul Sauce*, his best selling LP to date, a 1964 Verve release, sold over 150,000 copies.

Toward the end of 1966, the Tjader-Palmieri LP exploded on the radio networks. The following year, they created a little blast with *Bamboleate*, an exciting, excellent Tico LP which didn't sell like their first one. If the tracks "Mi Montuno," "Resemblance," and the arousing Bossa-Nova, "Samba Do Sueno" had been given sufficient air play, the sales would have been dif-

continued on page 44



The Real Story of Alan Freed

American *Hot Wax* is a fictional treatment. The true story of Alan Freed's rise and fall is a classic story of fear, political persecution and racial prejudice.

Following the credits to "American Hot Wax" appear these words: "The persons and events in this film are fictitious. Any similarity to actual persons or events is unintentional."

Strange, isn't it, for a movie that purports to be the story of Alan Freed, the controversial 1950s dee-jay who re-named rhythm 'n blues and gave the world "rock 'n roll"?

Yet Paramount's disclaimer is essentially true. The only historically accurate part of "Hot Wax" is its music, which happens to be superb. The rest of the picture combines half-truths, total fiction and curious anachronisms. Too bad, because the real story of the late Alan Freed — his meteoric rise, the racially inspired persecution by the authorities, involvement in the payola scandal and his

subsequent fall from grace — would make a first-rate dramatic film. Instead we have a superficial "treatment."

Chronology is wildly distorted. The film concerns itself with the events leading up to and including Freed's "first anniversary" stage show at the Brooklyn Paramount in 1959. In reality, Freed's first anniversary as a New York disc jockey came in 1955. There are many more inconsistencies in "Hot Wax." For instance, Freed works at a non-existent WROL, attributes actual recordings to imaginary artists, and assembles a stage show that throws together real-life people and fictitious performers.

There is no mention of the fact that by 1959 Alan Freed was not only a disc jockey, but a movie "star," band leader, recording artist, song writer, record distributor and television emcee. And police and government officials, who posed a terrible threat to Freed, are reduced in the movie to the level of Keystone Kops.

Scriptwriter John Kaye explains: "All the characters are based on research I did and what really came down in New York in the 50s in the music business.

But I didn't want to over-research because I know rock 'n roll and I just wanted to get a sense of the period. There was a vibe that I remember and I figured if we could just capture that vibration and weave the characters together, we could have a shot at something interesting."

As a musical, "Hot Wax" is more than interesting. It offers predictable competent performances by rock 'n roll veterans Chuck Berry, Screamin' Jay Hawkins, Frankie Ford and Jerry Lee Lewis (although Jerry Lee seems a trifle lethargic), and some remarkable singing by a couple of fictitious R&B acts, the Chesterfields and the Delights. The Chesterfields are portrayed as a Frankie Lyman and the Teenagers-type group, rising from the streets to a featured spot in Freed's stage show. The quartet performs numerous acapella renditions of R&B classics, such as "When You Dance," "The ABC's of Love," "You Send Me" and "Get A Job." In the stage show, they sing "Why Do Fools Fall In Love," which the Teenagers popularized in 1956, and "That Is Rock and Roll." The latter two appear on A&M's fine soundtrack LP. Although the group was formed specifically for the movie, the Chesterfields are still together and have already recorded their first album.

A good musical, yes; drama, no. The life of Alan Freed deserves a serious film study, and I hope someday the right people will make it.

Alan Freed was born in Johnstown, Pa., on Oct. 15, 1922. After living in Oklahoma City and Alliance, Ohio, his family settled in Salem, Ohio. As a teenager, Freed organized a band called the Sultans of Swing, named after a famous Harlem ensemble. Upon graduation from Ohio State, he took a \$17-a-week job at WKST, a New Castle, Pa., radio station. He stayed six months, learning all aspects of the business. It was at WKST that Freed developed an interest in classical music — Wagner's "Ring" cycle remained a lifelong favorite.

In 1945, Freed went to work as a sports announcer at WAKR in Akron,

Ohio. He also began his disk jockey career there — through an accident. One night, on five minutes notice, he was asked to fill in for a dee-jay who hadn't shown up. He grabbed a random batch of records and began playing the ones that the engineer in the control room said were popular. His superiors at the station liked the job he did so much that he was given a full-time dee-jay spot.

In 1950, Freed became involved in his first legal battle — an omen, perhaps, of what was to befall him by the end of the decade. The action resulted from his attempt to leave WAKR for a better job. The WAKR contract prevented him from taking another area radio job for a year. Freed lost the court case and quit radio altogether, going to work instead for a Cleveland television station, WXEL.

A year and a half later, Freed landed a radio job with Cleveland's WJW. A local record store owner, noting that "race" records — rhythm & blues — were beginning to sell, encouraged Freed to play R&B on his show. Freed did just that; however, in an effort to expose the records to an integrated audience, he dubbed the music "rock 'n roll." The term was black street slang for sexual intercourse.

Freed at this time called himself Moondog, and affected black speech patterns while on the air. It was during this period that he also developed one of his trademarks — pounding out the

Not a word was raised against rock 'n roll," said Freed, "until I drew 30,000 persons, mostly all Negroes, to the Cleveland Arena.

beat on a telephone book.

In March 1952, Freed ran into some more trouble. A Moondog Ball he had staged at the Cleveland Arena caused a near riot and had to be called off. Not a man to be discouraged, the disk jockey abandoned the idea of holding dances, and instead launched a series of theatre-type rock 'n roll shows in the Cleveland area. There were a total of eight shows, and all were sellouts.

Bad luck struck again in April 1953. Freed fell asleep at the wheel of his car and was almost killed in the ensuing crash. Two days later his heart stopped beating and had to be started again with an injection of adrenalin.

But Freed was back on the air in five weeks, broadcasting his Moondog shows from a hospital bed. And throughout his slow convalescence at home, the dee-jay continued to do his show from a bedside chair.

After recovering, Alan Freed expanded his financial interests in the music business. In addition to broadcasting and promoting live shows, Freed began distributing records and writing rock 'n roll songs. Later, he'd be credited with penning, among many other songs, "Sincerely," and "Maybelline."

By mid-1954, Alan Freed and rock 'n roll were about to receive nationwide attention. Freed was offered a lucrative contract by a large New York radio station, WINS. His first Moondog show reached Big Apple listeners on Sept. 8, 1954. Although the program was well-received, it caused another legal flap. It seems there was another Moondog in New York, a well-known Times Square street singer, and Freed was enjoined from using his name (even street singers have lawyers). So he

went back to his own name and personality and called the show "Rock 'n Roll Party." Freed's deep, rapid-fire delivery was an immediate success.

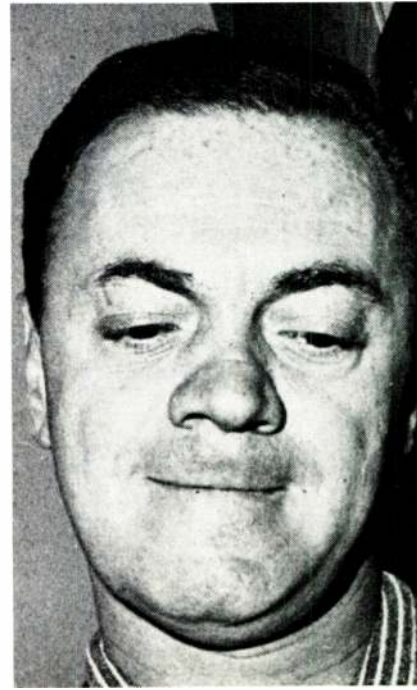
Two sellout dances were staged by Freed in January 1955 at the St. Nicholas Arena. The press began giving Freed and his music lots of publicity. Rock 'n Roll had arrived.

By 1956, Alan Freed was an international figure. Aside from his New York activities, Freed taped weekly shows for broadcast in Baltimore, St. Louis, and, via Radio Luxembourg, much of Europe. He also emceed a weekly program for the CBS radio network. He invested in two firms to handle music promotions and theatre productions. He formed a band and made records for the Coral label, and also appeared in several immensely popular motion pictures, including "Rock, Rock, Rock."

But Freed and rock 'n roll had their critics, to put it mildly. All over the country rock was being attacked by politicians, journalists, religious leaders — everyone who feared the effect of "jungle music" on white teenagers.

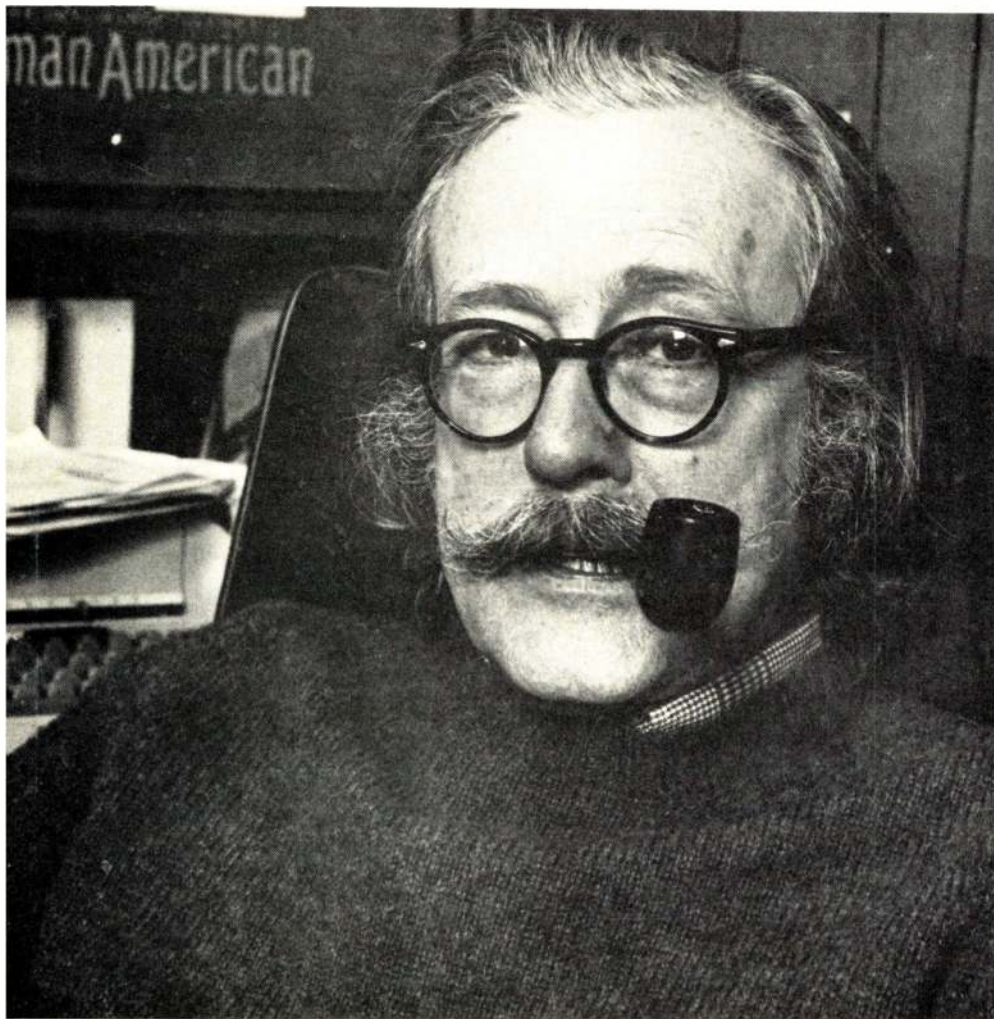
Despite the ill winds, 1957 was a banner year for rock 'n roll. Freed himself observed: "Our present top 60 best-selling records have 40 or more out-and-out rock 'n roll tunes among them. This past year saw such highly rated TV shows as Ed Sullivan and Steve Allen using as many as three to five rock 'n roll artists on many of their shows. The movie industry has discovered rock 'n roll, as their box offices jingle a happy tune to its melodies, even though most movie reviewers rap the product. Reviewing rock 'n roll for 1957, there is just one
continued on page 44

UPI



RECALLING RALPH J. GLEASON

RJG's critical view of music encompassed the real world of politics, economics, racial prejudices and individual heroics.



PHIL BHAY

There is an axiom most of us come across in our cynical student days which appears to bifurcate the universe rather neatly. It goes like this: Those who can, do; those who can't, teach. In the arts things are never quite so neat. In fact there is a strange limbo reserved for those who neither do nor teach. They are a motley and fascinating group, held in reverence by some, in disdain by others, but usually never given a second thought. They seem destined to understand, to appreciate, and above all to translate the language of art, in one way or another, into the language of thought.

In a word, they are critics.

In the case of jazz music, my own field, they are as often as not viewed with one eyebrow raised. In part this may be because jazz is not quite highbrow music (but it is, almost). Mostly it is a reflection of creeping skepticism. The most interesting reaction to a jazz critic's work can often be described as calcified ambivalence.

Record companies are a perfect example. They spend tens of thousands of dollars to ship review copies of albums to any critic or reviewer with an established by-line. When the pub-

lished opinion is favorable, they will send these encomiums in their next promo mailing. The larger companies also maintain budgets to fly critics to interview their artists, including car and hotel, if they think the press generated will be worth it. But the private views of company executives are often incongruous with this treatment, sometimes to a comical extent. Lester Konig, President of the small jazz label, Contemporary Records, once told me: "What ----- magazine thinks of my records doesn't mean **** to me." He was neither sour grapes nor being flippant. He was seriously arguing that the critics' opinions were of virtually no relevance. And I have heard that view echoed by high level executives in two other companies (though never uttered quite so succinctly).

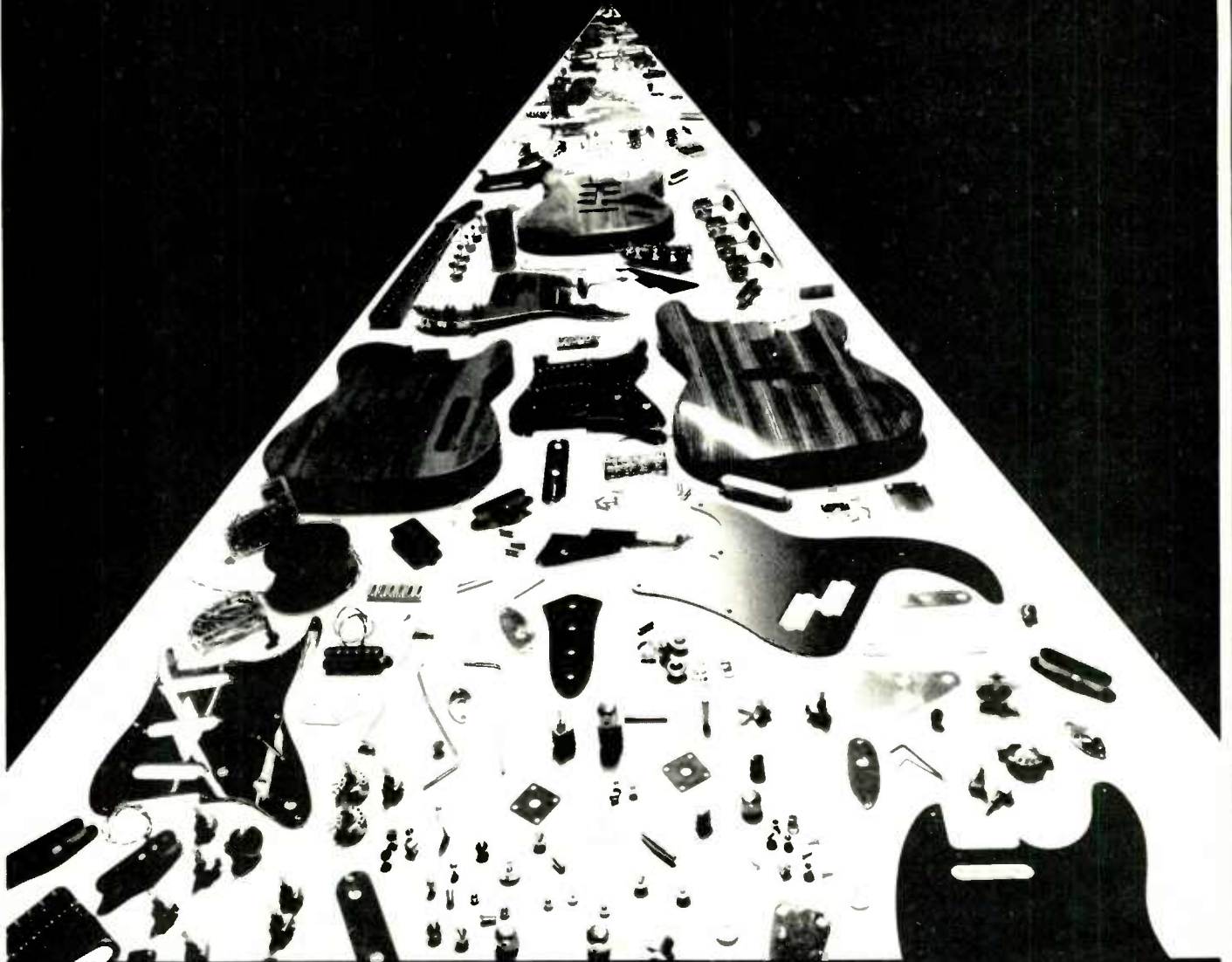
This raises the question of what a jazz critic is supposed to be doing in the first place. Since jazz is an art form, distinctively American but of worldwide interest, the critic is hopefully engaged in something more than panning a record or parroting the remarks of his latest idol. With this seriousness in mind, the present piece of writing is dedicated to Ralph J. Gleason.

RJG (as he often signed himself) was our first historical critic; it is tempting to say "European" in style. Music for him did not simply exist on record, on stage or in popular gossip columns. It lived in the real world of politics, economics, racial prejudices and individual heroics. In fact his last work was a collection of writings called *Celebrating the Duke . . . & Other Heroes*. Gleason was the only jazz critic I'd ever heard of when I tossed my pen into the ring four years ago. Perhaps because we lived in the same town we were bound to fall into a guru/young upstart relationship. I took him for my mentor, a fact which he obliquely acknowledged with a sharp tongue and a soft heart.

We first met in the executive wing of Fantasy Records, where he was a Vice President in charge of jazz releases. Toying with a pipe, he leaned back in his office chair. Typically, he was dressed in a brightly colored shirt and a loose fitting sweater. Like an Ivy League professor, Gleason often managed to be both casual and proper simultaneously. He seemed amused by my fumbling. On one of my first freelance assignments, I was setting up my new cassette recorder to interview him as the producer of *Payday*, a critically acclaimed film about a country and western singer. When we finally began, jazz cropped up first, especially the group Weather Report. He thought they were on the verge of discovering themselves (this was 1974) though they had not yet jelled. Then came *Payday*, which he was proud of for its social realism, a quality he valued in criticism as well.

See us at the Chicago NAMM show booth 4186

SCHECTER GUITAR RESEARCH



our parts go on and on...

DISTRIBUTED BY:



ISA

INTERNATIONAL SALES ASSOCIATES

POST OFFICE BOX 9783 NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CA 91609 [213] 782-3202

For Our All New Complete 20 Page Catalog Send One Dollar For Postage & Handling. See Your Dealer Or Guitar Repair Shop.

His opinion was that there were jazz ages springing up like flowers in a graveyard, unaffected by the demise of record labels or nightclubs.

Finally, we came on his newly acquired taste for country music.

I came home in high spirits, until the playback revealed a totally blank tape. The story was never written, and I assumed that when Ralph found out, it would be the end of our auspicious rapport. Not so. In fact the same thing had happened to him years ago, and the incident caused nothing more than a few chuckles.

Gleason properly identified jazz as black American music of a seriousness and importance unsurpassed by any other contemporary art form. Yet his range of interests was broad. He was possibly the first critic to insist upon the value and social significance of rock. He championed the causes of Lenny Bruce, Bob Dylan, and Miles Davis when they had few other friends in the press. Aside from his twenty-five years as a San Francisco *Chronicle* columnist, he helped to build his own monument in American journalism by co-founding *Rolling Stone*. According to the magazine's editor, Jann Wenner, RJG's article, "Like a Rolling Stone," which appeared in the *American Scholar*, "became the philosophical and cultural base on which *Rolling Stone* still operates."

When the Modern Jazz Quartet disbanded later in 1974, I wrote an article for the *Chronicle* based on an interview with Milt Jackson, who had precipitated the split. The piece angered Gleason. He called me into his office and reprimanded me with his own credo: you have a responsibility to your readers to find out the whole truth, all the perspectives. (His regular column in *Rolling Stone* was called "Perspectives.") Why hadn't I called the other members of the Quartet in New York to verify Jackson's side of the story? The answer was simply that I couldn't afford the calls, but it seemed like such a weak excuse that I didn't dare say so. Ralph gave me the number of a willing liaison and — as if he'd been reading my mind — invited me to use his phone. The Quartet's views turned out to be in enormous conflict, and my story on the break-up appeared two weeks later in *Rolling Stone*. It was my first national story.

In the midst of my next piece for *Rolling Stone*, I phoned Ralph to confirm my theory that commercial trends proved jazz suffered a slump in the late fifties. That conversation reduced three days of writing to a heap of ashes in the fireplace. His opinion was that there were jazz ages springing up here and

there, sometimes like flowers in a graveyard, unaffected by the demise of record labels or night clubs. He thought of the late fifties as a jazz age whether or not the Miles Davis/John Coltrane Quintet could find a solvent club to play in. He thought that the bebop era of the forties was a *golden* age, though few record distributors had ever heard of Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, or Bud Powell. As for the Jazz Age fabricated by F. Scott Fitzgerald's famous essay, Gleason thought it was jive. "You know what he thought it (jazz) was, don't you?" he once asked me. "Paul Whiteman."

In RJG's view, *Whiteman* is almost a symbolic name for the injustices black music and black musicians have endured. In "Jazz: Black Art/American Art" (the first selection in *Celebrating the Duke* . . .) he makes bitter irony of the fact that not only Whiteman, but the Benny Goodman, Glenn Miller, and Tommy Dorsey bands often made fortunes on the music of black composers and arrangers who died broke and obscure. This essay won ASCAP's Deems Taylor Award, the *grand prix* of music criticism, which Ralph won again in '73 for his essay on Louis Armstrong and in '75 for his eulogy to Duke Ellington. Central to the historical ironies he called attention to is the following paragraph from the same essay: "Louis Armstrong, who was the sensation of London in 1932 in his first appearance at the Palladium there, who played before royalty in England and Italy, was a guest of honor at a special reception at the Palace of Fine Arts in Brussels, played for the League of Nations Delegates in Geneva, went back home to New Orleans after his European triumph. Following a huge street parade and reunions with childhood friends, Armstrong and his band were to play in the Suburban Gardens and to broadcast from there, one of the first black bands to do so. As the white announcer began to introduce Armstrong, he suddenly turned away and said, 'I haven't got the heart to introduce that nigger.' Louis knew he was home."

RJG frequently alluded to Duke Ellington's dictum: Don't analyze; listen. But as a critic, he was capable of both. He was also capable of excess. When he liked what he heard, he could be as gushing and uncritical as a cub reporter. As a writer, he sometimes had a pound of love for every ounce of discipline.

In applying for the jazz editorship of a fledgling magazine, I showed Ralph my scrapbook with faint hopes of soliciting a

recommendation. He did write a letter for me, and I sent a copy of it along with my application. I got the job in record time, though unfortunately the magazine folded almost as fast. Yet Ralph's letter, his praise, the unexpected pleasure of doing something he liked, can still warm my heart in the presence of a cold, impersonal rejection slip.

Now that my experience with criticism has passed the point of the neophyte, I've been forced to draw some conclusions of my own. One of them is that music is a language with its own rules, exceptions, and poetic innovations. It is not a so-called "natural" language, because words and concepts are unnecessary for understanding it. Nor is it a "symbolic" language like mathematics, in which the symbols stand for concepts translatable into words. It is a language of pure sound; and if the sound speaks the language, it becomes meaningful. The critic's task is to elucidate its meaning, to enhance or denigrate it, to transform it, however indirectly, into thoughts.

The best way to do this, as RJG did, is to get to know the musician and his or her milieu. Usually, the job is done superficially, by recording the musicians' statements and printing them. What we need to do is challenge these statements, probe them, discover their contextual significance in that particular musician's life. This takes time, time to get acquainted and time for research. The marketplace simply doesn't pay jazz critics enough to make this possible, until the critic has been in business long enough to know and study a few musicians over several years.

Occasionally, criticism itself becomes an art form and can also be read as history, biography, or social commentary. My favorite examples are several essays in Ralph Ellison's *Shadow and Act*, Alan Lomax's *Mister Jelly Roll* (which has been bought for filming by the producer of "Bound For Glory"), and Leroi Jones' book, *Black Music*. Gleason's own earlier books were *The Jefferson Airplane and the San Francisco Sound*, a documentary of rock in the sixties and a collection of essays on jazz, *Jam Session*.

On another trip to Fantasy Records I found the building nearly deserted. There was no activity except for the colored lights dancing across the abandoned switchboard. I wandered through the empty corridors until I met a production assistant sitting alone in the snack bar. She seemed surprised that I hadn't heard. Gleason, 58 years old, temperate, fastidious about his health, and a diabetic, had died that morning of a heart attack.

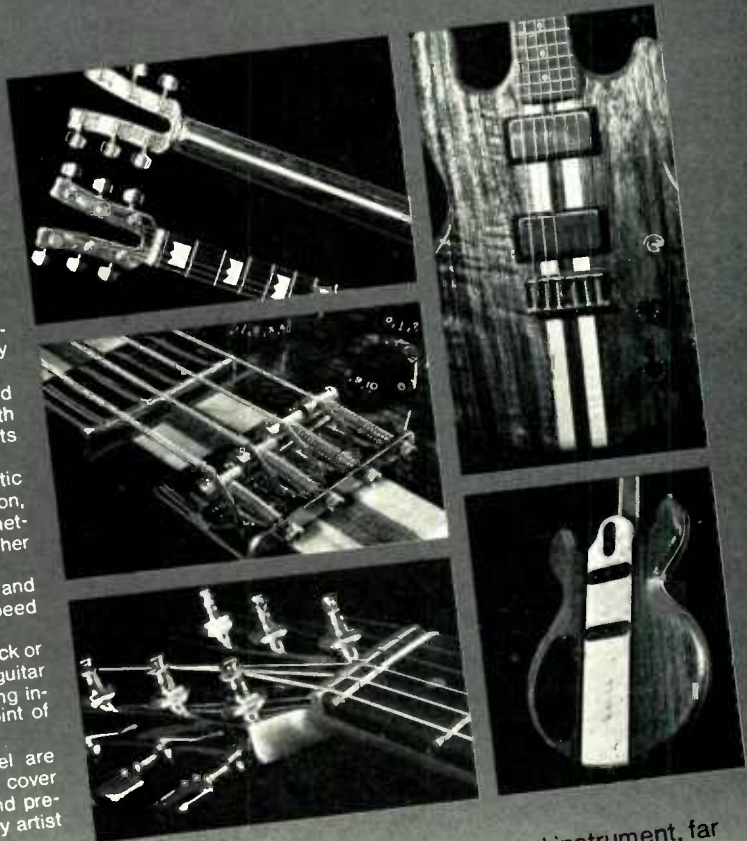
It was two years ago this month.

I went to a jazz concert which I had agreed to review for a local newspaper. It seemed the right thing to do.

You say "they" don't make them the way they used to.

You're right... Kramer makes them better!

- No gimmicks, no shortcuts — just the finest instruments we can build. Power-Forged, aluminum "T-neck" (pat. pending) and ebonol fingerboard guarantees no warping or twisting. Select wood inlays in the back of our neck combine the strength of forged aluminum with the warmth of wood for playing ease and comfort.
- Kramer guitars feature Schaller machines positioned to let you tune into perfect pitch quickly and easily.
- All Kramer bodies are made with fancy-grade figured maple and American black walnut, and are finished with our brilliant DIAMOND-COAT (TM) that both protects and enhances.
- Kramer pickups have an extremely strong magnetic field to achieve excellent response with low distortion, low noise and great sustain. Along with our tonal network, it is possible to get the sound of virtually any other guitar or Kramer's own great sound.
- Our adjustable bridge enables an artist to correct and set the action and intonation of his instrument. Speed knobs are standard on all models.
- Aluminum nut enhances sustain and will not crack or break. Zero fret design guarantees every Kramer guitar the best action possible and assures open string intonation accuracy by eliminating the wrong point of contact through nut wear.
- Custom-tooled aluminum and stainless steel are used for all inlays, hardware, nuts, bridges and cover plates. All models have adjustable pickups and precision body contouring designed to make every artist completely comfortable with his instrument.



At Kramer, we have one purpose, one goal: to offer the serious musician a quality-crafted instrument, far surpassing those on the market, at a reasonable price. No other fretted instrument manufactured has the playability, the versatility of sound, the quality of electronics, the precise intonation, the amazing sustain and a clean, functional design. Ask well-known artists like Dave Hope of Kansas, Toy Caldwell of Marshall Tucker, Hank Williams Jr., The Lenny White Group, The Oak Ridge Boys and many more.

Each of our eight models goes through numerous inspections at every stage of manufacturing, the last being a trained professional playing each instrument to check out every detail before it leaves our plant. And we back each model with Kramer's solid warranty.

Machines never replace people at Kramer! Each instrument is virtually handmade with the pride of old world luthiers, coupled with technologies and advances of today. Kramer is not 'just another guitar', but a hard worked dream of many people to achieve the ultimate in guitar manufacturing.

At Kramer, quality is not just a word.
It's a must!



Kramer

For information contact:



International Distributing

1111 Green Grove Road • Neptune, New Jersey 07753
201-922-8600



GIANTS

IN TRANSITION



PHOTOS BY TOM COPI

McCoy Tyner

Freddie Hubbard

I've always found the jazz audience to be a warm and innately generous group of people, but too often it is usual with us, as with the rest of the culture, to regard our artists as conveniences, as sources of pleasure to be praised when they function properly and blamed when they do not. The artists we love best we confine to a sort of stellar ghetto, in which they are expected to have only artistic problems and never personal ones. (An artistic problem is one that disturbs our enjoyment of their art.) The artist is misunderstood not because he lives in a higher world, an idea which his audience is willing to accept, but because he lives in this one. That the jazz artist is able to raise up his testament in the milieu that America has provided for it often amazes me. That some artists are able to keep their art completely alive for the space of a lifetime I sometimes find miraculous. For even a relatively successful artist — and in the jazz world there are only relatively successful artists — life can be difficult and ambiguous enough to obscure the very thing in himself that has made his art possible. There are some musicians who recreate themselves continually and are able to realize the possibilities of an essentially spiritual vocation in a highly materialistic milieu. Some adopt a kind of protective coloring (humor, showmanship, charm, hostility, cool) and others lose something of value in the struggle. There are some fortunate souls who are so constructed that they are virtually invulnerable. Praise and blame are easy. The first thing we owe an artist who has pleased us is thanks, and the second is understanding, if and when we can manage it.

By Rafi Zabor
World Radio History

McCOY IS IN THE HOUSE



JOHN BALKIN

The first time I ever saw McCoy Tyner was with the John Coltrane Quartet, quite young behind the Birdland piano as he played long and perfectly shaped solos while Elvin Jones cursed and thrashed behind his drums and Coltrane waited quietly offstage for the music to reach a high enough pitch for him to enter it at full cry. In the years that followed, McCoy Tyner became the one musician for whom I would always drop everything and go to see. Once, in the lean years after Coltrane's death, I went to a place on Utica Avenue in Brooklyn with disco decor, no bandstand and no audience, to watch him lead a very young quartet through two difficult sets. That was a long time ago, and in the nine or ten years since he has become one of the few jazz musicians to have uncompromisingly pursued the dictates of his art and become a commercial success at the same time. Perhaps in part due to the strength of Coltrane's example, he has constantly grown and changed. For the past two years he has led a good sextet that I have gone to hear a number of times and always enjoyed. Recently I heard that George Adams, formerly with Mingus, had replaced Ron Bridgewater on tenor and was shaking the band up with his more overtly avant garde playing. I was more than interested to hear what was going on but wasn't sure I'd have the chance. Then the Blue Note reopened here in Boulder and McCoy Tyner came to town. Life in Colorado was getting interesting again.

Now that I've heard the band I think that McCoy Tyner's music has reached greater heights and depths than ever. Certainly Adams is part of the reason; the chances he takes as an improviser are encouraging everyone else in the band to take more of their own. Tyner's usual reedmen, good as they have been, have most often been influenced by the classic elements of Coltrane's style: his tone, his time, his modality and the overall shape of his phrasing. Adams has also been influenced by the intensity that made John Coltrane almost terrifying to watch. Tyner's band is an ideal setting for Adams to play in. It is one of the few bands strong enough to really hold him when he goes over the top. He played superbly all night long, and the band was with him all the way.

Another reason for the change is the new drummer in the band. Tyner has always had trouble finding drummers strong enough to play with him. For the first time in a few years he has found one. Son Ship, twenty-five years old and formerly with Charles Lloyd, plays a sprawling miscellany of drums with 'The Heavenly Father Loves Thee' inscribed on the bass head. He plays powerfully enough to shake the walls, has remarkable technique and listens well. Unlike most of the current superdrummers that have

appeared in Tony Williams' wake, he never drowns out the rest of the band. He had been with Tyner a month and a half when I heard him. With Ship, bassist Charles Fambrough, the excellent Guillermo Franco on percussion, and himself on piano, Tyner has what may be the strongest rhythm section around. It is pushing him on to new heights; I've heard McCoy Tyner many times, but I have never heard him play better than he played that night at the Blue Note.

The band came onstage to a standing ovation and played 'Festival in Bahia.' The first word I find written in my notes for the evening, in capitals, is COLTRANE, not that the performance sounded unusually like one of his but because it was perhaps the first piece of music I had heard since his death that had the same kind of weight to it, the same specific gravity. I noticed also that Tyner had acquired a look that Coltrane had had too, not, thank God, the look of someone doomed, but that of a man who, in the realm of the arts, has attained his full station. John Coltrane was one of the greatest religious musicians the West has seen. McCoy Tyner's music, which follows from Coltrane's, is itself becoming more spiritually articulate. As the night progressed, I found myself marveling that you could come off the street into a nightclub, pay at the door, order a drink, examine the crowd and then hear such a great statement made by men onstage, playing for wages . . . The sextet played a stirring version of 'The Greeting' and then Tyner played 'Naima' alone. I piled up adjectives in my notes: wonderful, orchestral, sublime . . . Reminding us of the true magnitude of things is one of the real functions of art, but to be present when it happens is always to be taken by surprise . . . The band reassembled and played a churchy anthem I'd never heard before. I was struck by how odd it was, given the magnificence of the music and the intensity of the audience's appreciation, that the musicians continued to stand facing us under the proscenium and that the audience continued to sit in its place and listen, as though nothing had happened, nothing changed . . . The set ended. The band made its exit until the clamoring of the crowd brought Tyner, Fambrough and Ship back up for an encore. They played 'Moment's Notice,' jubilantly despite exhaustion, then left the stage again to another standing ovation while the management emptied the club.

I went back to speak with Tyner but stayed for only a couple of minutes, knowing how tired he was. Not only had he put everything into the music, but his plane had arrived late and he was due to fly out the next morning. We talked about religion instead of music. I mentioned that I had

TOM COPI



George Adams on tenor

found the same quality of prayer in Turkish dervish music as there had been in Coltrane's. 'That's it,' Tyner told me, 'it's the same prayer. I travelled all over the world with John and people would come up and say, I hear this in your music, I hear that, but what it really is is the same prayer. It's something universal.' Son Ship came in to get some rest and I left. The audience had meanwhile come in for the second 'show,' as they call it here, a show. Show? McCoy Tyner and his Showmen? I don't understand anything west of the Mississippi except maybe Hawaii . . .

Tyner and his showmen came out for the second set to another standing ovation. Once seated at the piano, Tyner looked across at the equally exhausted Son Ship and wryly grinned; the artist as sacrificial lamb, they love us. The sextet played a long exalted turbulent song and then Tyner and George Adams played a duet on 'My One and Only Love' for almost half an hour. Adams was tortured and rhapsodic by turns. Tyner went from grand pianism to convoluted bitonal fugues: from Art Tatum to Cecil Taylor. He absorbs influences the way one ought to: wholly, without ever losing his own voice to them. Tyner had invented and developed a classic piano style after his first few years with John Coltrane, as either memory or the Impulse recordings will confirm, and he could have, as most musicians do who get that far, rested there, his reputation secure. But Tyner chose, or the intensity of his personal quest made him choose, to explode that style, to give it up in the pursuit of something greater, for a purchase on some weightier and more dangerous truths. The basic contours of that original style of his remain: the wonderful, solid chords in the left hand, the modal harmony based on fourths, the clear and sculpted melodies in the right hand, the sense of spirit-

ual travail; but all these things have been filled past bursting with a tremendous energy. The melodies lie shattered and broken, the chords come down like thunder, and the harmonies break with tonality and scatter as if before something more powerful. Tyner's music has become oceanic and more highly spiritualized, a fuller articulation of that unique and multiform prayer we spoke about between sets. Tyner himself has certainly become one of the master improvisers in his company, if he is not one already. The duet was followed by a gruelling, extremely fast 'Fly with the Wind.' After an impassioned solo by Joe Ford, who is keeping pace with the changes that Tyner and the band are going through, Tyner took over for the rest of the tune. He played furiously for about twenty minutes, with and without the rhythm section's support, brilliantly, powerfully, completely at the peak of his form, polyphonic mazes and pure aural glory, somehow coming up with the energy for it, Son Ship matching him with remarkable drumming until the end. When the storm was over so was the set. The encore this time was 'Naima,' even more open and elegiac than the last time, more Tatumesque, filled with skipping children's songs, and several extended cadenzas almost Rollinsish in their ease. That ended the night. The club emptied, people shaking their heads and blinking, and Tyner waited for Son Ship to dismantle his sprawl of drums so that they could all get back to the hotel and maybe sleep.

Son Ship told me about his first night with the band a month and a half back in San Francisco. 'It was so beautiful up onstand I just couldn't believe it. After it was over I went home, went upstairs and turned on the light. Then I sat down and just cried and cried . . .'

THE DISCONTENT OF A CHAMPION

It was also with the greatest anticipation that I went to see Freddie Hubbard when he came to town. The week before I had read in *Billboard* his declaration that he would have no more to do with crossover and was going back to straight jazz, the music that he loved. It was heartening to hear him say so. Of all the misbegotten crossings over of the last decade, Hubbard's had been the saddest precisely because it had seemed the least intentional. Men like Herbie Hancock made their own decisions, or had appeared to, however little one agreed with them, but there was something haphazard in Hubbard's crossing of the great water between art and commerce and one had seen him, first at CTI and later at Columbia, allowing himself to be manipulated by others. In the process, something had gone out of his music, and it was a shame: Freddie Hubbard was the trumpet champ of his generation, the man who had come along in the earliest Sixties and forged what was to become the mainstream trumpet style of his time. He had played with uncommon brilliance in every musical context the period had had to offer and was imitated so widely that until Jon Faddis turned up playing like Dizzy Gillespie it seemed that a trumpet player in the modern mainstream had no other option. He was a musician of real stature, and he had not so much declined as an improviser as given up the struggle of becoming a great one. It was as if he was afflicted with amnesia. For a man who played with Coltrane, Dolphy, Blakey and Rollins to be turning out bubblegum like *Bundle of Joy* was inexplicable and depressing, one of the stranger spectacles of our time. And now, as *Billboard* announced, this disheartening trend was to be reversed. Certainly there had been signs of the change for those who could read them: his triumph at Newport '76, his appearance on the VSOP albums and others with Mel Lewis and Bobby Hutcherson. If he was not completely at the top of his form, he was at least reaching for it. During the same period, however, he had released the two most commercial records of his career. It was puzzling. I looked for-



TOM COPI

ward to being unpuzzled at the Blue Note.

The rhythm section came out first and played an up tempo 'Now's the Time.' Pianist Stu Goldberg's technique was good, and Larry Klein and Harry Blazer played adequately on bass and drums respectively, but the performance was all surface and no depth, quite strident, without any real progression to it. I was amazed that this was Freddie Hubbard's rhythm section. They were not at all capable of playing jazz on his level. I wondered what he was doing with them when there were more suitable and expert musicians out of work all around the country. Then Hubbard came out along with tenorist Hadley Calliman and played 'Rainy Day Song.' My first impression was that despite all the imitators, no one really sounds like him. His sound is fuller, larger, and he has tremendous heart, even playing over hip, funky riffs like this one. The second tune was 'One of a Kind,' familiar from the most recent VSOP album and

not a riff tune. Hubbard's solo would have been excellent if he had had a chance to build it, but the rhythm section — presumably used to music based on perpetual climax and not progression — brought the music to a peak almost immediately, forcing Hubbard to do the same. From that point on his solo was a miscellany of his pet phrases, double-time runs and high notes. It was a noble effort. He kept trying to play his way out of the box that the rhythm section had put him in, but there was nowhere for him to go. And that was the way it went for the rest of the night, despite a felt performance on flugelhorn of 'Here's that Rainy Day.' I watched Hubbard grow progressively more discontented, less with the rhythm section than with the kind of music he had come to make, sometimes jiving the audience, sometimes approaching the trumpet as if it were an opponent rather than a collaborator, weaving, bobbing, throwing off a run and then frowning at it sourly. Trumpeters are natural ironists, but Hubbard is a man impatient of his ironies and on the lookout for something else, palpably hurt as an artist by the choices he has made, a very restless man. The main thing he was trying to do was get through the night.

I went back to speak with him between sets. He spoke of his move back to straight jazz not as a *fait accompli* but as something still in the works. 'Most of the guys I grew up with in New York,' he told me, 'like Herbie and Wayne had gone into some kind of a funk thing, so everybody expected me to do it too. Guy says get some arrangements behind you and you can still play, but see, it's not that easy. I found myself being dissatisfied with my own playing. I'd still like to play a couple of funk things, because I feel it now, but to *have* to play it to draw people . . . I don't want to be remembered, or thought of, as a hitmaker. I want to make some good quality music, some good jazz music that's progressed with the years. With all the experience that I've had, for me to be playing funny stuff, people look at me like I'm nuts . . . I've started playing colleges now, and they come up and ask me, When are you gonna start playing again? It seems weird to me that at my age, I'm 39, I have to say "Fine, now I'm gonna go ahead and do what I want to do."

'There's such a difference between L.A. and New York . . . I'm living in the Hollywood Hills. It's nice, beautiful, a house on the hill, a Mercedes and all that, I use it as a rest home when I get off the road, but that doesn't mean that much to me anymore. It seems as though I'm gearing myself for New York again. I think it's going to go back that way, because trying to get on TV and all that stuff, it's not worth it to me . . .'

I asked him if he intended to keep the same kind of rhythm section with him. He told me that he was thinking of going to New York to find some new people. 'There's no place to jam in L.A. so you can't hear what people are doing. It's a fixed situation there, and predominantly funk.' His present rhythm section was excited to be playing jazz for a living, he told me, and they were young, so they overdid it . . . Talking about New York got us onto the subject of his early years there and the kind of music he made then. About the music he had only the best to say, but, as with every musician I've spoken with on the subject, he spoke of the early Sixties, which listeners regard as a peak period for jazz, as a very hard time in which there was almost no work to be had. But hadn't he, I asked him, gone to the top very fast? 'It wasn't easy, I wasn't working too much. I was jamming a lot, playing with Eric (Dolphy), John Coltrane, Sonny Rollins, Hank Mobley, Kenny Dorham, but I wasn't working. I was playing every day, playing *hard music*, and, you know, hard music doesn't happen that often today . . . I starved for a year and a half. I lived with Slide Hampton in Harlem. That was an experience. Then I got hooked up with this lady, she was thirty nine and I was twenty, and she saved me. Millie. Her name's Millie, Millie

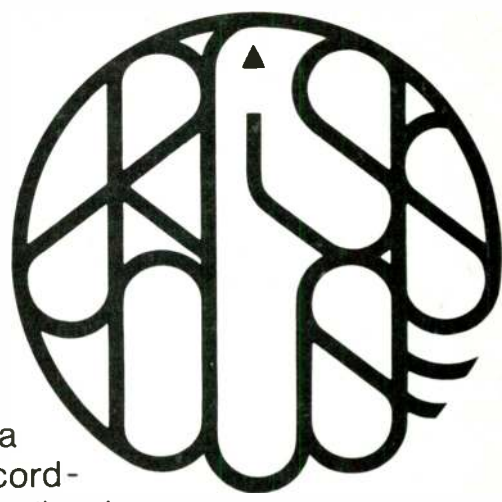
Jenkins. If it wasn't for her I would have had to go back to Indianapolis . . . But I was able to play with top guys right away and they were able to show me some things . . .' Nica de Koenigswater had taken him uptown to his first jam session, where he had played with Bud Powell, Ted Curson and Hank Mobley. 'I find myself trying to get back into that, swing, playing together, but it'll never really be like that again, something changed. Everybody's into their own trip.'

We talked about all the different kinds of music he had been able to play, from hard bop to free jazz. 'But my heart was really into playing with Sonny Rollins and Coltrane. I like tunes with some kind of form. Sonny Rollins. That's my man. That's my idol.' Hubbard suddenly sat up. ' — See, that's what confuses me about people. When I was playing that kind of music I was trying my best, some of the stuff I fitted and some of it I didn't, but people waited until Eric died and then they came to me and said, Wow, what was it like to play with Eric, but they didn't know that Eric was starving to death. He was destitute, I had to lend him money all the time. Why does everybody wait until people die before they say, He's great. I don't want to wait till I die.'

Hubbard knows exactly how hard the game can be, how loving one's loving fans really are, and how hard it is to get up and provide art for them every night. There are many potent reasons for taking the lure of stardom. But onstand for the second set, Hubbard demonstrated again his restlessness and deep discontent with what stardom had brought him, fighting the music, trying to dig deeper into it and then breaking off the attempt to dance sardonically to the funk riffs like one of the Spinners, smiling at me over his horn at his drummer's fashionable licks and sometimes at his own; he was a man with not enough room to move, not enough space to stretch his eagle wings. Cramped as he was (in two senses: Boulder was doing to his guts what it does to the guts of many of its distinguished visitors, undoing them), still it must be said that none of his imitators has really ever come close to him. Hubbard is one of the true jazz voices. He has left his personal mark on the music and it would not be the same without him. Toward the end of the night — after Hadley Calliman had done a beautiful and loving version of '*Round Midnight*' — Hubbard gathered all his energy and tried to blow the obstacles away on a fast '*Impressions*' and a long intense '*Windjammer*' . . . He played brilliantly for the first few choruses of each, but then his solos lost their shape and he threw phrase after phrase into them to fill the gap. Whether it was the rhythm section, indigestion, or what he had grown used to I cannot say. I look forward to hearing whatever new band he can assemble in New York, and to his new record featuring Jack deJohnette, Kenny Barron and, he assured me, enough hard jazz to satisfy his critics and himself. Meanwhile, I feel Hubbard's discomfort acutely. Once you have come to view your art as a commodity it is very difficult to view it as anything else, and there is little in the world to help you in the attempt, not the round of clubs, concerts and hungry audiences, nor your tired body, the miles you travel and the habits of thought you have acquired in the anonymous drift of the years. Art is a higher thing than these, and for this reason it is rare and precious, and can be frail. It requires more than most of us can manage, and the thanks that the world can offer can never be knowledgeable enough to be adequate or to help. Freddie Hubbard is a real artist, and although he has some difficult struggles ahead of him and inside of him if he is to regain the artistic stature that is rightfully his, what he has already done indicates that he has the stuff inside to get through. His art can even be enriched by the knowledge of his own fallibility. The difficult decision he has made, and his willingness to travel the difficult course ahead of him, are genuine cause for celebration in these strange and ambiguous years. He

continued on page 42

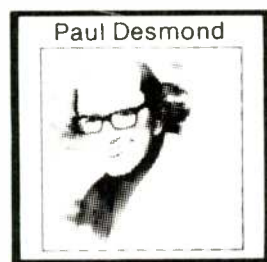
ARTISTS HOUSE



ARTISTS HOUSE is dedicated to presenting new, uniquely packaged recordings by great artists at their creative best. We offer an excellent pressing in a plastic lined inner sleeve and a gatefold jacket with an 8 page information booklet. These recordings are artist owned and directed. The price is low and our mail order service is fast. We need your business and thank you very much for your order.



AH1



AH2



AH3



AH4



AH5

PLEASE SEND \$7.00 each (includes postage and handling) for the following records (regular \$7.98 list price). Included with every record is a **FREE** 8 page booklet containing:

- *transcribed solos*
- *lead sheets*
- *discographies*
- *photos*
- *artist & critic notes*

	Ornette Coleman	
	Paul Desmond	
	Thad Jones/Mel Lewis	
	Charlie Haden/Hampton Hawes	
	Jim Hall/Red Mitchell	

Sub-total	
less \$5.00 SPECIAL OFFER	
N.Y. Residents add 8% tax	
TOTAL	

Order by Mail or Telephone

Convenient. Order at your convenience. We are as near as your phone.
212-594-9435

Fast Service. Orders received by 3:00 pm are shipped the next workday.

Our Pledge of Quality. To give you the very best records you can buy. Satisfaction guaranteed.

SPECIAL OFFER
\$5.00 OFF
if you buy 5 or more LPs

Foreign orders add \$1.00 per record.

METHOD OF PAYMENT

- check (U.S. funds)
- cash (it's legal)
- Mastercharge
- Visa (BankAmericard)

Credit Card Number:

Expiration date: _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

ARTISTS HOUSE
40 W. 37 ST.
N.Y., N.Y.
10018

Customer's Signature: _____

Send no records but send next catalog

GEORGE RUSSELL'S RETURN

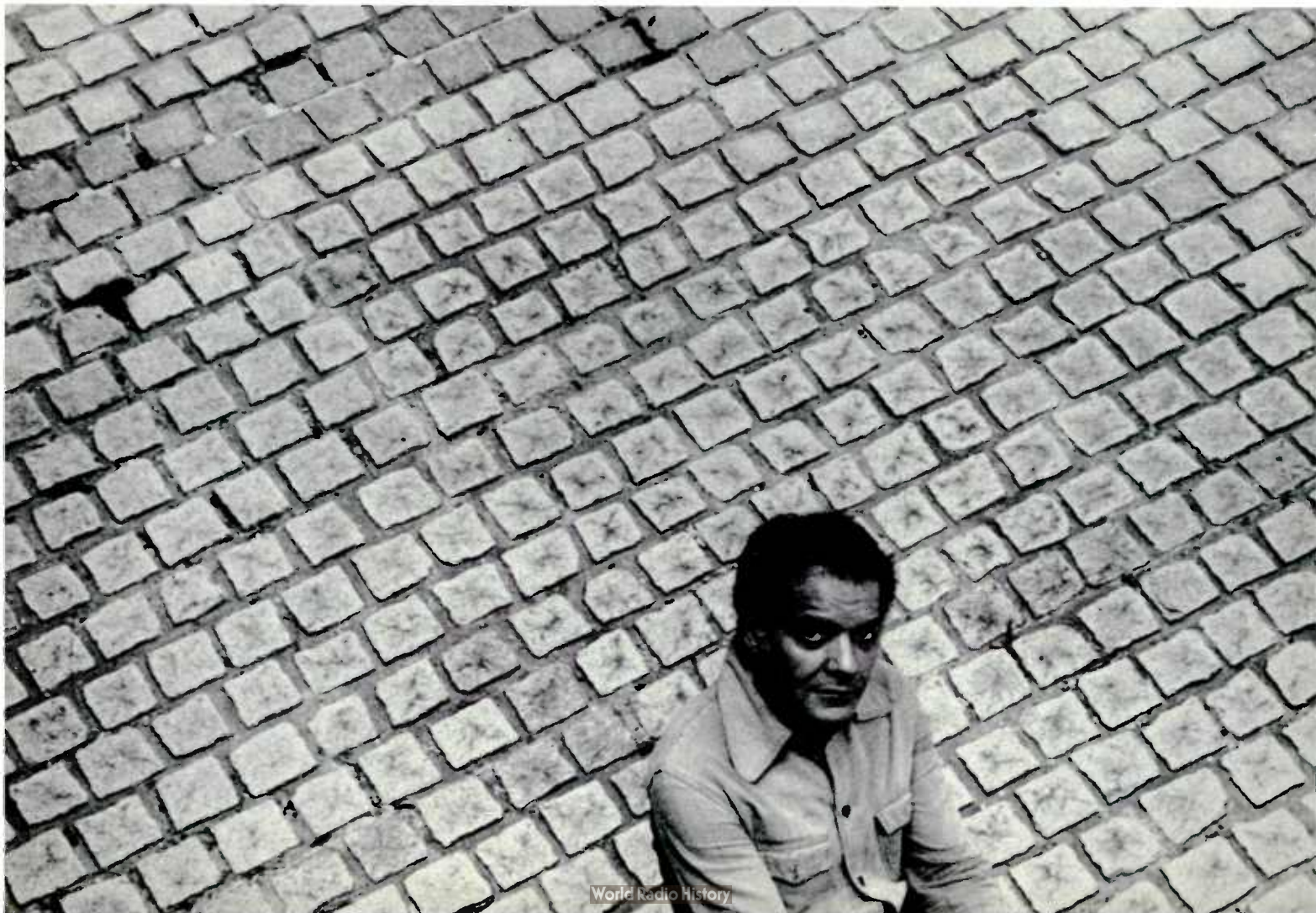
The records don't prepare you for the experience of the music live . . . Russell is a great composer; his themes are luminescent and they fully engage heart, mind and body.

By Gary Giddins

The past few months have found New York so rich with music that there is a tendency to fear the bubble will burst, or that it is simply illusory. In a way it is illusory, considering the poverty of documentation by record companies, radio, and the national press, but the situation is fated to improve. With hundreds of miles of tape in private hands (a bootlegger's wet dream) and the legit basement labels maintaining a resolute toehold, the big guns appear ready to succumb. ECM, now distributed by Warners, is set to record the Art Ensemble of Chicago (it will be the first AEC LP in five years); Columbia has signed Arthur Blythe and the Heath Brothers; Arista (or an incredible simulation) has new music in the can by Air, Muhal Richard Abrams, and Oliver Lake; RCA will record Jackie McLean; and Lionel Hampton has started his own label, Who's Who in Jazz, to keep tabs on the mainstream. Can Capitol and MCA be far behind? Well, probably. We're still talking about straws, not miracles.

The point is that America is not bereft of talent in this enfeebled decade, just insensitive to it. Locally at least — and I'm certain this is true wherever the music has a chance to be heard — the audience is growing. Amazingly, not a single jazz club has closed in the last month (Stryker's is merely moving downtown), and several new ones appear to be doing well.

The presence of George Russell and his 17-piece orchestra at the Village Vanguard for a month of Mondays is particular cause for joy, not only for the quality of the music and the infrequency of his visits, but for what the band confirms about the general state of musicianship. Most of the members are young; many are his students. Russell, of course, is a distinguished teacher both in the classroom (at the New England Conservatory) and through his Lydian Chromatic Concept of Tonal Organization, and his



proteges, disciples, and transient band members constitute a small army of the best musicians of the past 20-plus years. Yet it is also true that his music is unusually difficult to play, and that even some of the celebrated virtuosos who've joined him on records and in concert have been hard put to invest it with the visceral immediacy it requires. The Vanguard band, after only six rehearsals (as Russell admiringly noted), performed the Russell repertoire with a precision, energy, and commitment that was startling.

I attended one of those rehearsals a week before he opened to get a glimpse of his procedure. He was taking the orchestra through sections of his *Electronic Sonata for Souls Loved by Nature*, without the prepared tape that gives the piece its electronic status. The lengthy and complex piece is divided into events (subdivided into cycles) that Russell signals by holding up cards, with the sheet music combining orthodox notation and verbal instruction. At one point a saxophonist realized he had played the wrong set of instructions, and Russell jokingly assured him that no one could tell. The atmosphere was relaxed and convivial, though one musician told me afterward that Russell has a way of keeping you on your toes with off-handed criticisms just when you think you've gotten something down. A week later I encountered him at Blue Hawaii, where Jaki Byard was performing. Since both men are associated with the New England Conservatory and were surrounded by former and present students, Byard noted from the stand that the audience looked like a Cambridge reunion. I asked Russell (who calls Byard "the greatest pianist around") about his recent activities and learned that he has been busy preparing another volume on the Lydian Chromatic Concept. "My first priority is always the Lydian concept, it's an idea in constant growth. It's the first theoretical concept to come from jazz so it's about law: my music is an expression of that law. For example, if it's jazz it's got to swing."

The Lydian Chromatic Concept is both a musicological system that converts chords to scales (or modes) and a philosophical text that provides the musician or reader (the musically literate listener can profit from a perusal of the theory) with a logical basis for accepting the widest possible potential of music. As such, the text, originally published in 1953, introduced an all-embracing, self-sustaining system of modality into jazz (Miles Davis' *Kind of Blue*, with John Coltrane and Bill Evans, was the first widely known expression) while conserving the integrity of jazz as an indigenous music. It does not impose rules, but it does state laws that encourage swing, blues tonality, and improvisation. Russell calls himself "a philosopher using music as an activator."

It's probably true that every period of radical evolution in art contains the seeds of its own destruction. This was certainly true of the incredible ferment in jazz during the '40s, when the chordal brilliance of Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie prevented even sympathetic observers from comprehending the anti-chordal implications of Russell's modal writing on Gillespie's "Cubana Be/Cubana Bop" recordings, or of Charles Mingus' "Mingus Fingers" and Gil Evans' arrangements for Claude Thornhill, or of Lennie Tristano's completely improvised "Intuition." One recalls that Thelonius Monk's rhythmic displacements, clattering minor seconds, and use of space were considered the work of a charlatan, while Russell's most ambitious piece of the period, "A Bird in Igor's Yard" for Buddy DeFranco's big band, was suppressed by Capitol until 1972. Russell began theorizing as a result of a comment made to him by Miles Davis. "Miles said in 1944 that he wanted to learn all the changes and I reasoned that he might try to find the closest scale for every chord." Shortly thereafter Russell became ill with tuberculosis, and while bedridden worked out the Lydian concept.

Russell's thinking has taken a crucial turnaround in one area. In the '40s, he worked as a drummer (with Benny Carter among others; Charlie Parker once offered him a

job with his band), but his orientation as a composer seemed much affected by Europe. "A Bird in Igor's Yard" was an attempt to show how Stravinsky might be useful to a Charlie Parker. "At that time I thought there were things happening in European music that jazz could conceivably be influenced by without borrowing directly. I no longer feel that way. With innovators like Coltrane, the music has been raised to a new level which can't be helped by Europe at the present. They're listening to us. We have amazing technical resources that don't come from Europe, that are instinctively ours, but our own jazz people often don't know who we are." Somewhat more personally, he continued: "My music has simply been about my essence — which is rooted in the black experience in music, and beyond that the laws of the Lydian Chromatic Concept." I asked him what he listens to now. "I don't listen to music much. I'm interested in disco because it's basic, it gets your feet moving, and I like to boogie. Music must be physical as well as emotional and intellectual."

For the Vanguard engagement, Russell is presenting a series of retrospectives; each set contains works from the years 1947, when his first modal piece "Cubana Be" was presented at Carnegie Hall, through 1969, when *The Electronic Sonata* debuted. One set included both of those pieces along with "All About Rosie," while another ranged from "Ezz-thetic" to "Manhattan-Rico" and "East Side Medley" ("Autumn in New York"/"How About You") to "Listen to the Silence." Russell is a great composer. His themes are luminescent, and they fully engage heart, mind, and body. The orchestra played the music so forcefully and with such abandon that Russell actually did boogie. Except for one passage when he sat at the electric piano, he confined his participation to conducting, often from the hip, with an understated resemblance to Dizzy Gillespie's conducting style. The impact of his works depends on the exacting rhythmic and structural transitions; these reflect Russell's training as a drummer, but also the accomplishment of his musicians. Warren Smith's drumming, in tandem with percussionist Olerio Lima, was uncannily exact, and Cameron Brown's bass vamps and walks lift the orchestra while tying it to the earth. Goetz Taingerding and Kikushi Masabumi were notable on acoustic and electric keyboards, but the most impressive soloists were in the horn section. Some of them I'd heard before, a few on several occasions, but never as impressively. Stanton Davis, playing trumpet and flugelhorn, and Terumasa Hino, on trumpet and cornet, brought an electrifying pulse to the music, both in the ensembles and their starkly effective solos. The power and barking brassiness of Janice Robinson's trombone was a revelation on "Ezz-thetics," and the tenor saxophone solos by Ricky Ford and Bob Handlin were provocative, direct, and deeply satisfying.

Above all one was conscious throughout of the range of colors and rhythms. It has often been said of modal music that it is harmonically bleak, but these orchestrations were dazzling in their command of the tonal spectrum. The records don't prepare you for the experience of the music live, especially at the Vanguard, where the proximity of the stage sets your table hopping. Hearing "Ezz-thetics" shouted by the orchestra spoils you for the sextet version he recorded for Riverside; this is even more true of *Electronic Sonata*. The music is more earthy now, more devoutly celebrational than before. Russell told me, "All my works are major. I don't write minor works"; hearing a handful of them intoned afresh, I was delighted to amend some of my earlier reservations about them. The happy sonorities, dramatic rhythms, expressive instrumental techniques, and integrity of the melodies combine irresistably. Indeed Russell's music is so straightforward in its appeal, you wonder what debt it could owe an idea so seemingly arcane as the Lydian Chromatic Concept of Tonal Organization. Fortunately, you don't have to mind the concept — that's the musician's problem. You can just sit there and boogie.

WOODY SHAW ARRIVES

By Zan Stewart

It looks as though Woody Shaw is about to make it in the music business without having compromised his music. He has been one of the most consistently fine trumpeters on the scene since coming to national prominence with Horace Silver's band in 1965. He has spent the intervening years working in a variety of musical situations, always refining and developing his art. Recently, he has made a series of fine albums on the Muse label, and the Woody Shaw Concert Ensemble, based on a quintet of Shaw, reedman Carter Jefferson, pianist Onaje Alan Gumbs, bassist Clint Houston and drummer Victor Lewis, has emerged one of the most interesting straight jazz bands working today. His recent work with Dexter Gordon has led to a contract with Columbia records. His first album for Columbia, *Rosewood* is out this month (see review in this issue) and it will almost certainly help him to reach a wider audience than he has before.

This interview took place recently in California, and it is interesting to notice the cross-references between it and the pieces on McCoy Tyner and Freddie Hubbard (and Art Blakey) elsewhere in this issue. Shaw speaks of the embattled Hubbard, who has been a major influence on his style, with undisguised affection throughout. He would no doubt be gratified to learn what Hubbard tells people these days when they ask him who is really doing something on the trumpet. He replies without hesitation, 'Woody Shaw.'

VERYL OAKLAND



"People are out there starving to hear this stuff. This is the music I was raised on and I refuse to believe it's dead. Guys like Chick and Herbie and Freddie, what are they thinking about. All this music that I know they know, don't they want to let that out?"

Stewart: *How does playing with Dexter Gordon compare to playing with your own band?*

Shaw: He's made me more conscious of melody. I'm a harmonist. I like intricate harmony . . . Working with Dexter is like a delicacy for me. I never got a chance to play with John Coltrane and I played only briefly with Eric Dolphy. Playing with Dexter now is like playing with Charlie Parker and all those guys in one. The direction of my own band is a little more personal. I'm doing things I've wanted to do for a long time, and I think that the timing is just right.

As a top trumpeter, do you feel a lot of responsibility for what you put out? I remember that the last time you were in town with Louis Hayes you announced that the band was there to play some real jazz. You sounded serious.

Well, speaking in terms of the trumpet, you know that when a young guy comes up he has his heroes. I grew up listening to Clifford Brown, Freddie Hubbard, Lee Morgan, Booker Little and Donald Byrd, I listened to everybody. And when I grew up all these people just disappeared. I feel that I have a responsibility to keep the tradition of modern jazz trumpet in the fore. I haven't been hearing a lot of it the past few years. When I lived in California from '72 to '75 I checked the scene out and I thought, 'Nobody's playing straight ahead.' I understand that there was a new movement in the music but I just couldn't go for it. Fusion seems like a hybrid form of jazz to me. Sell records, make money — which is cool, now. It's just not what I want to do. I used to talk with McCoy Tyner, he was one of my heroes, a lasting hero, and he used to say, 'Just go straight ahead and believe in the music. You'll reap the benefits in the end.' And he was right.

Have you heard his band lately?

No, I haven't. He finally got a good band, has he?

Oh, man . . . But to go on from here, what went through your mind when you got the call to put this album, Rosewood, together for Columbia?

This move with Columbia has been in progress for a year now. First they signed Dexter, and they'd been listening to the records I did for Muse, *Love Dance*, the Live in Berlin album. I also got a very high recommendation from Miles Davis. I dedicated the album to Miles . . . I wanted to do an album that would satisfy Columbia — they bought me out from Muse, and that involved a lot of money — but at the same time still maintain my own identity. I've been thinking about it for a year now. The biggest thrill has been to get exactly who I wanted, to take my time in the studio and do the record. A company like Muse doesn't have that kind of budget.

How long did it take you to cut Love Dance?

One day, with some overdubs. I was lucky to get some musicians who were compatible with me. I have a certain few young musicians I really like to play with now. I'm seeking an identity, not just as a trumpeter but as a leader. I'd like to get a distinct sound, like Miles Davis and John Coltrane had, groups like that. You have to know who you want to play with. I can depend on the band I have now to interpret my music with a certain consistency. The more we play together the tighter we're getting and the more of an identity we have.

You were with Louis Hayes for about two years. Why did that break up?

We had a good band — Junior Cook, Louis Hayes, Stafford James and Ronnie Matthews, I love all those guys, but I'm 33 years old now and I think it's time I form my own direction. I was sacrificing my own personal gigs to keep the band working. Elvin Jones sat in with us one night at Concerts by the Sea and I quit the band that night.

Oh, you talked to him about it?

No, we just played, and it was a revelation. That's the direction I come out of, Coltrane and Miles Davis. I think that's why some people think I'm older than I really am. I think we have enough rock fusion *per se*, and it's in-

teresting that I'm starting to move upward now, playing straight ahead. What convinced me to do this was seeing my idol Freddie Hubbard. I could sense that Freddie wasn't happy. I've been watching him all these years, I've known him since I was about 18. I sat down and talked with him one night and he told me he wanted a big Rolls Royce. And I said, then I'll do it, I'll go straight ahead.

Is Freddie still your idol?

Most definitely. He's a brilliant trumpet player, that's not to be denied, but he got caught up in some ropes that he didn't really want to get caught up in.

Now he wants to get back, but a year ago he told me how much he wanted to cross over. Freddie needs a lot of love right now. I think he's really hurting . . . He got a chance for a TV gig and didn't show up for it.

Freddie Hubbard can do anything he wants to do.

Except, it seems right now, be Freddie Hubbard. He seems to have a lot of trouble doing that.

Exactly.

I'm a firm believer in exactly what you're doing, which is following some sort of a vision not based on commercialism. And there is room for that.

Yeah, people are out there starving to hear this stuff. It's funny, when we play the Vanguard with Dexter, Dexter sees people that he hasn't seen in 30 years. From the bebop days. They've been waiting to hear somebody. The tradition of Art Blakey, Horace Silver, Max Roach, McCoy Tyner, Andrew Hill, Jackie McLean . . . this is the music I was raised on and I refuse to believe that it is dead. I think what we need now are some new leaders.

They're starting to come out from people like you and McCoy, but I'm thinking about leaders on the scale of Bird and Trane . . .

Bird and Trane still live. They will for a long time. They're like figureheads, idols. We haven't had anybody like that since the death of John Coltrane, since the disappearance of Miles Davis.

Are you in touch with Miles?

I get messages from him. The drummer, Al Foster, he's always giving me messages. I say, 'Will you please tell Miles I'd like to see him.' I was supposed to see him last week. He's recording a new album, he's getting ready to come back, so watch out! I saw a picture of Miles and he looks good, he looks very good . . . We were talking about figureheads. A lot of heroes I once liked, they're all fat and rich. And they ain't playing no more music. I mean, not jazz. So I said to Dexter Gordon a few years ago, 'You know, you gotta come home, the scene is getting ready to blossom, I can feel it.' He became an overnight star, but he was there all the time. That's what we need right now. And I want to be distinguished from the rest.

I think you are already. You don't feel that?

Definitely. Anybody who knows Woody Shaw knows that I'm very distinguished. And outspoken.

I mean as a trumpet virtuoso.

I feel I'm getting there. There's still a lot that I want to learn . . . I look at the people that make albums, Jimmy Owens, Richard Williams, Blue Mitchell — Blue is the most impressive to me. I really dig Blue Mitchell. He's the one. *Blue is singing.*

Yessir! I heard him in New York recently with Bob Berg, Sam Jones, Al Foster, Ronnie Matthews, and they killed me. I haven't heard Blue play like that since Horace Silver. He played better. So how come a virtuoso like Freddie Hubbard can't come up with a hip band? I used to see him at Slug's and the Vanguard and hold my mouth open in awe. Guys like Herbie and Chick and Freddie and a few others who have attained their financial security, what are they thinking about? All this music that I know they know, don't they want to let that out?

What do you think of the VSOP thing?

I think it was a very good idea, had it lasted a little longer.

It was a business venture. I liked the first record best . . . Business, big business. I think it's time that the jazz musicians start getting into business and cooperative relationships with record companies . . . Dexter and I have been very fortunate to have a fine manager, Maxine Gregg, Ms. Management. She makes it a lot easier. I'm very well represented. I can just think about my band, which is basically all I want to think about. I have a deep respect for the public. They have come to listen to you and I think that you should give them your all.

You once said that Trane expanded your harmonic thought beyond intervals of fifths. Can you expound on that?

Well, the trumpet is limited to three valves, and after Clifford Brown we really got in a rut, because he had played everything. Although Freddie Hubbard and all those guys I named are master trumpeters, during the Sixties the saxophone really came to the fore. That was due to the things that Trane was doing on the instrument. He did things that nobody else had ever thought of before. And I feel pretty much that way about myself. Nobody was playing pentatonic scales on the trumpet. Nobody was playing polytonality and what not. It's not that I deliberately try to be different, it's just something that grew on me. I've always wanted to play like a saxophone, like the concept of a saxophone. And I've always studied with saxophonists and pianists. I never studied that much with trumpet players. I had a good legit teacher, but Trane, really, he touched me; I was thrilled to find out that he was born sixteen miles from where I was. He was born in Hamlet, N.C. and I was born in Lawrenceburg. My uncle knew Coltrane's people so I felt like I knew him. I just wondered, 'How come nobody ever thought to play like that on trumpet?' And I don't think in terms of intervals. I hear that way.

Speaking of tunes, are you thinking about another record date already?

Yes, I am. We're supposed to record in May. I haven't decided exactly what it is I want to do, but every time I listen to the new *Rosewood* record I think I might just keep it going in the same direction. I'm thinking of featuring the quintet a little more, the inner part of the band.

What do you think about when you're writing?

I like changes and intricate harmony. I used to write tunes with a lot of changes, a lot of notes, but I'm trying to simplify my writing now. When we did the *Rosewood* album I listened to the larger ensemble things and said, 'Wow, we've got to play something simple.' It almost killed me to write something simple like 'Rahsaan's Run,' which is a minor blues, and 'Theme for Maxine,' which is an AABB waltz. It was hard. I can sit down at the piano and write out a bunch of hip, slick tunes, but I'd like to play some bebop too. We've gotten away from bebop, and I think it's very important for younger musicians coming up to learn about Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, the Monk. Bebop is difficult to play. It's like learning Bach or Beethoven. To me, it's a lot like 20th century classical music.

Who do you listen to?

I listen to Bartok of course. Kodaly. Ernest Bloch, Messaien, I listen to all of them. I like Hindemith because he uses a lot of fourths and fifths in his orchestration. I try not to limit my conception. I think that's pretty much why I can handle a given musical situation pretty well. Not that I studied so much formally, but because I leave my mind open. I listen to all the funk records that come out. I might not like them, but I like to stay abreast and be aware. The whole key is being aware of what's happening.

Do you have any stories from your Horace Silver days?

I don't have any stories, but Horace was a good experience for me. He taught me a lot about basics. You have to interpret Horace's music; discipline, it was a good experience for me. Horace and Art Blakey. Art taught me about dynamics, about not blowing my chops out before the end of the night. Which I was doing when I joined his band. 'Where



VERYL OAKLAND

I try not to limit my conception . . . I listen to Bartok, Ernest Bloch . . . and funk; you've got to stay abreast and be aware of what's happening.

you going, man? You gonna blow your chops out before you're thirty. Man, tell a story and lay back, then when you hear the roll, open up.' That's the truth. He taught me about dynamics and he taught me how to play a ballad. He made me play a ballad when I didn't want to play a ballad. He would put me on the spot. You know, he loves trumpet players, and he's had the best. So between up-tempo numbers he asks me, 'How your chops feeling?' and I say, 'Oh, a little tired.' And he says, 'Okay, now, ladies and gentlemen, we're going to feature our trumpet player, playing a ballad . . .'

What about Eric Dolphy?

I knew Eric for about a year. I was very young when I met him, about 18. He used to fascinate me. I never believed so much could come out of an instrument. Although he was a free player his music always had structure and form and changes. He knew what he was doing, and his tunes are hard. I got used to playing different intervals, and harmonically I started hearing another way, being able to superimpose another key, maybe three or four keys away, and come back and resolve it. The thing is, you have to come back and resolve it down to the root. But back to what's going on today, you know, I have to admit that the musicians who are involved in fusion have helped jazz a lot in certain ways. There is a larger audience, and there are more places to play.

I have to say it's true. Somebody gets hooked on George Benson or Freddie Hubbard and they're going to go right down the line and look at all of his records.

But you see what happens? They go back and check on the whole scope of his music and then they say, 'What is he playing this shit for?' I have a following of young people I've taught in clinics around the country, and they want to hear me play. If I went and made a fusion record they'd hate my guts. I don't care what label I'm with, Columbia, Warner Brothers or what, I am not playing that kind of music, man. I owe it to myself and my audience. If they want to offer me a million dollars I wouldn't take it. I don't want to be rich. Once you start attaining that kind of lifestyle you've got to do a lot to maintain it.

There's a lot to be said for happiness.

Peace of mind, I'll take that.

When you're ready to go places in music you're ready for Peavey.

Because Peavey gear is designed and built to perform under even the most extreme road conditions. In fact, there's not another line of sound gear made that's more roadworthy. That's why touring professionals the world over depend on Peavey's performance and reliability on the road.

Solid construction, innovative engineering, quality components and care make Peavey...We're ready when you are.



Peavey Electronics Corporation
711 A Street / Meridian, Mississippi 39301

I'm ready. Send me a free
copy of the "Peavey Papers"

3

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Duke Jordan — Duke's Delight, Inner City IC 2046.

Jordan, piano; Charlie Rouse, tenor; Richard Williams, trumpet; Sam Jones, bass; Al Foster, drums.

Delight is a diamond in the rough, totally unblemished yet hard to recognize. It doesn't jump out and grab you. Instead, if you give it a chance, it persuades you from the inside, just by being. It's a peaceful together jazz album, the kind we don't often see, a disc that offers simple melody and invention rendered by some of the real heavyweights of the jazz thing.

Briefly, Duke Jordan was Charlie Parker's pianist during late 40's and early 50's; Rouse worked with Monk for a decade; Williams is a New York journeyman, lately playing the jazz chair with Gil Evans; Foster is Miles' drummer; and Sam Jones is everybody's favorite, having bolstered the bands of Cannonball, Oscar Peterson and Cedar Walton.

Two tunes stick out in my mind, "Sultry Eve," and "Undecided Lady." Both are taken medium slow, have gorgeous, smooth melodies, and contain superb improvisations from the compatriots. "Eve" has Williams out first, moving in a bristling double-time, notes cascading down, arpeggiating up. He sings a song from the heart. Rouse, too, takes advantage of the moderate tempo to solo rapidly, with strong rhythmic figures, ebbing and flowing through the bars. Jordan is the last to play, and his portion is strong yet intricate. "Lady" opens with a piano intro utilizing octaves for ringing effect. Williams again solos first, muted this time, and again he rushes and slows with the oozing tempo. His lines are so pretty, so well-formed. Rouse is a rugged individualist, with a sort of airy tone that is brusquely warm. Jordan plays a logical, subtly smoking chorus. As they are throughout the disc, the team of Foster and Jones are the epitome of support.

Other tunes include the medium-up title track, the ballad "Tall Grass," and a solo version of the Duke's "Solitude." A nice program.

Space limits this rave. "Duke's De-

light" has been my delight. It's a knockout and recommended absolutely. — *Zan Stewart*

Carla Bley—European Tour '77. Watt 8. *Carla Bley, organ, tenor sax; Michael Mantler, tpt; Roswell Rudd, tbn; John Clark, french horn; Bob Stewart, tuba; Gary Windo, Elton Dean, saxophones; Terry Adams, piano; Hugh Hopper, bass; Andrew Cyrille, drums.*

Michael Mantler — *Movies*. Watt 7. *Michael Mantler, trumpet; Carla Bley, Larry Coryell, Steve Swallow, Tony Williams.*

European Tour is the best big band album we are likely to get this year, and Mantler's *Movies* is probably the most intelligently done fusion, if we must call it that, since *Mysterious Traveller*, and all kinds of listeners ought to be able to enjoy both of them.

Carla Bley has assembled a fine band. The brass-heavy ensemble sound, spiked by Mantler's clear trumpet, Rudd's magnificent braying on trombone, the gritty reeds, Bley's odd and humorous Hammond, is like that of no other group anywhere. Like the bumblebee, it ought not to fly but it does. In the music, comedy and seriousness mix as freely as they do in Shakespeare, and moments of real and unaffected beauty emerge at surprising moments from the multiple ironies of the orchestration. The music swings freely between fusion, the avant garde, Kurt Weill parodies, drunken hotel bands and the asylum. Side one presents two blowing vehicles with interesting orchestral interludes in them, and side two contains two orchestral pieces with solo interludes. The crazed ballroom band is unleashed for a few minutes on "Drinking Music," full of bathos, Weill pastiches, whinnies and farts. This is followed by a nineteen minute salad of national anthems and other patriotic songs. One might object that it is too easy but there are a number of stunning moments amid the laughter, for instance *Deutschland Uber Alles* coming up dirgelike behind Elton Dean's shrieking alto, or Roswell Rudd's entrance soon after, or the out chorus powered by Clark's horn. The normal side of the

record is as interesting: "Rose and Sad Song," which opens the album, is alternately parodic and affecting, and "Wrong Key Donkey" sounds like a George Russell piece until it opens up.

Mantler's *Movies* presents eight thematically linked pieces, each of which has a distinct mood, a particular emotional focus (hence the title?). While Bley plays with sentiment, sometimes burlesquing it and sometimes expressing it directly, Mantler's music breathes a different and cooler air. The eight compositions are consistently interesting and personal — Mantler's harmonies are his own — and the ensemble plays beautifully. Of the instrumentalists, Mantler himself is perhaps the least widely known, but it is his steely trumpet playing that dominates the ensemble sound and establishes the emotional climate of the music. To my knowledge he has never before put his own playing so far forward. I hope he does it again. Williams is typically excellent — it's a pleasure to hear him recording regularly again — and Coryell and Swallow could not be better. Carla Bley plays some unison lines on tenor, but her most significant contribution is her wise and subtle use of synthesizer to enlarge the music's space and give it greater dimension and reach. This is intense, stellar music. Miss it at your own risk, particularly if you're into fusion: this is some of the most interesting work being done in the idiom. Certainly it is superior to the more commercial releases around. These records ought to be available in shops but if you can't find them, order direct from New Music Distribution Service, 6 West 95th St., New York, N.Y. 10025. — r.z.

John McLaughlin — Electric Guitarist, Columbia JC 35326.

McLaughlin, guitars; Billy Cobham, Tony Williams, drums; Chick Corea, Patrice Rushen, keyboards; Stanley Clarke, bass; others.

McLaughlin's first solo project in many years, discounting the Mahavishnu Orchestra and Shakti, reveals the guitarist to be continually eclectic as well as electric. A different group is used on each track so that each has a

personal sound and feel. John has picked the players with thought as to their strengths in particular genres, thus Corea and Clarke play the up-tempo Coltrane-esque "Do You Hear?," with its multitude of changes, while Carlos Santana fits naturally into a Latin groove on "Friendship." The diversity of the album furnishes a good deal of its appeal.

The opener, "New York on My Mind," reminds one of the powerful Mahavishnu band, and includes former members Cobham and violinist Jerry Goodman. "N.Y." has a very elaborate and elusive rhythmic structure and is played at a medium-slow tempo, allowing for complex double-time figures from the guitar-piano-violin front line. Cobham excels on this kind of quiet explosive stuff, at times boiling underneath, then cooling to a relative simmer in a hurry. Vigorous solos from Goodman and McLaughlin enhance this animate piece. Another high point is the glowing "Every Tear from Every Eye," a work of sensitivity, with solos of restrained intensity delivered by altoist David Sanborn and keyboardist Rushen. Other material includes a silly funk piece with Williams and Jack Bruce and a solo rendition of "My Foolish Heart" from John.

It's a pleasure to hear such a well-balanced contemporary set. McLaughlin has been off hard at work and those who had temporarily forgotten his presence as a preeminent guitarist and composer will certainly perk up their ears with the arrival of this zesty and entertaining set. — Zan Stewart

Charlie Parker — The Very Best of Bird, Warner Brothers 2WB 3198.

With this release of Parker's Dial recordings the basics of a Charlie Parker collection have been made generally available on two two-record sets (the other is *The Savoy Recordings — The Master Takes*) that are not likely to go out of print for some time. (Applause.) Bird's association with Ross Russell's Dial label began with his trip to California in 1946, included the notorious 'Lover Man' date, after which Bird set fire to his hotel room and ran naked into the street, was resumed after his release from Camarillo seven months later and continued until the end of 1947 in New York. Some of Parker's greatest recordings were made for Dial, and this is an essential set. The funny thing about this release, though, is that Warner's has also put together a sumptuous six record set of the Dial recordings, arranged consecutively and including alternate takes. This is an even more essential set, but Warners made only 4,000 of them, and of these only 1,200 have remained in America as a special collectors' edition. (Finders keepers). By now they realize the error of their

ways: the commercial climate is such that they could have sold a respectable number of these sets at a list price of \$34.95, made a profit on them and ingratiated themselves still more effectively with the jazz public. The demand for the collector's edition is enormous and there are not enough of them to go around. Three takes of 'Bird of Paradise', two of which are masterpieces; two takes of 'Embraceable You,' two of which are masterpieces; two takes of 'The Hymn,' ditto — to mention only the results of one record session.

The farthest the commercial double set goes in this direction is the inclusion of 'The Famous Alto Break,' an

incomplete take of 'Night in Tunisia.' What we should all do is buy the double set and clamor loudly enough for them to release the rest of it, which for the moment they do not plan to do. — r.z.

Toshiko Akiyoshi-Lew Tabackin Big Band — Insights, RCA AFL 1-2678. Soloists: Tabackin, tenor, flute; Dick Spencer, alto; Bill Reichenbach, trombone; Bill Perkins, baritone; Bobby Shew and Steve Huffstetter, trumpets. All compositions and arrangements by Akiyoshi.

Insights contains the most powerful work yet from this burgeoning West Coast all-star ensemble. There is 'Studio J,' a mellow swinger, 'Trans-

REMO, INC. 12804 RAYMER ST., NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. 91605
Support the American Music Conference

let's
be practical

When you buy a Conga Drum you want • The best possible sound • Greatest durability • A company behind it with a reputation for service.

You get all three with LP®. The drum used and endorsed by the leaders, in 3 sizes and available in 16 beautiful finishes! Send 50¢ for complete LP® catalog.

LATIN PERCUSSION
P.O. BOX 88 • DEPT. M • PALISADES PARK, N.J. • 07650



science,' a sumptuous ballad excursion for the resonant baritone of Perkins, and 'Sumie,' one of Akiyoshi's earlier works, here devoted to Tabackin's flute artistry. But the album's worth is on the other side, the side you'd only hear on non-commercial radio. The 'Minamata' suite runs almost 22 minutes and contains Akiyoshi's most stunning writing to date. It opens with 13 year old Michiru Mariano's innocent voice, leading into a two part interlude between Tabackin and Mike Price, the latter on D trumpet, followed by a sensually quiet fluegelhorn passage from Shew, over sustained chords from reeds and brass. 'Minamata' is a beautifully serene place. But the story of this sleepy Japanese fishing village where a chemical plant is built, and the eventual pollution that takes lives and ruins the village, does not remain serene, either in real life or in this musical portrait. A long up-tempo section follows with seething solos from Tabackin's tenor, Spencer's alto, Reichenbach's trombone and Tabackin again. Strong playing all the way. The work closes with a Noh drummer, recorded in Japan by Akiyoshi, reciting the same words with which young Mariano opened the work. A consummate performance by a towering ensemble. — Zan Stewart.

Eight From Savoy

The Savoy reissues continue and they are welcome, a number of them particularly so. John Coltrane and Wilbur Harden's *Gold Coast* (SJL 1115) is the other half of the 1958 date released as *Dial Africa*. It features Coltrane at his most incisive and compact but, the album is relatively low-keyed. The rhythm section seems a bit staid and

Curtis Fuller is uncharacteristically hesitant. Harden is a satisfying soloist here. So is Tommy Flanagan, but it is the searing voice of Coltrane that dominates the album, as you might expect. Whenever he emerges it's like daybreak. Wilbur Harden is also present on Yusef Lateef's 1957 double set *Gong* (Savoy 2226), a satisfying collection from the days when Lateef used to pack his band into a station wagon and drive from Detroit to Rudy Van Gelder's place in Jersey to make a record or two over the weekend. Lateef's big-toned mainstream tenor sound dominates the album, though there are also some fine flute cuts and a couple of dives into exotica. This is a very good album, infinitely preferable to Lateef's newest on CTI.

You would have thought they could come up with another title for *The Bebop Boys* (SJL 2225), a good two record collection of bop dates featuring among others Dizzy Gillespie, James Moody, Sonny Stitt, Leo Parker, Babs Gonzales, Kenny Dorham and Joe Newman. These discs demonstrate the vitality of the bop years as well as the fact that not every bop record session produced a string of masterpieces. Of particular interest to this listener are three cuts by Dizzy Gillespie's former big band under the leadership of its arranger Gil Fuller. Available nowhere else, they are superb. Milt Jackson's *Opus de Jazz* (SJL 1116) was a hit for Bags in 1955. Justifiably. It is a blowing date with Frank Wess, Hank Jones and Kenny Clarke on board, and everyone is at the top of his form. Highly recommended. The recorded sound is fine.

Star Eyes by Donald Byrd and John Jenkins (SJL 1114) is a fairly standard and endearing hard bop date from 1957. Jenkins was a good Birdolator, and the date is enlivened by the fine work of Curtis Fuller, Tommy Flanagan and Doug Watkins. Good listening.

The Greatest Group of Them All by the Ravens (SJL 2227) is third in the Roots of Rock and Roll Series. This double set is notable chiefly for the good bass lead of Jimmy Ricks, who led the band.

The Individualism of Pee Wee Russell (SJL 2228) is undeniable. These sides were recorded live at Storyville (Boston) in 1952 and are worth owning for Russell's work and for that of the young Ruby Braff. They produce a certain glow. So *Rare* by George Shearing (SJL 1117) presents Shearing's first record dates in America. Side one features a trio and side two the first recording in the quintet format that Shearing was to make famous in the Fifties. The first four albums in this release are highly recommended. The others will please fans of the artists in question. — r.z.

THE PIANO REVOLUTION GOES ON

1976: NovaLine 64 Knocked 'em Over!

1977: NovaLine 88 Wiped 'em Out!

1978: **Concertouch!**

Extends Touch Dynamics—pp to ff



STILL:

- 45 lbs
- True Piano Sound
- No Tuning Ever
- Self Contained
- 64 or 88 Notes

NAMM Booth 1096

NovaLine INC. PO Box 574 Norwood, MA 02062 (617) 826-8127

The Tower of Power album that goes all the way!



"We Came to Play." The winning new sound of Tower of Power.
Produced by Steve Cropper, on Columbia Records and Tapes.



JAZZ-BRIEFS

Rahsaan Roland Kirk — The Vibration Continues, A Retrospective of the Years 1968-1976, Atlantic SD 2-1003. Few anthologies are ever adequate, and representing a musician as multiform as Kirk in one is an impossible task. That said, this double set is a good document for those who do not own the original albums. There are any number of classic cuts here and only one or two throwaways. Kirk became at once popular and ignored by insisting on his own insights and explorations, regardless of fashion and the anti-fashion of the avant garde. His innovations were apparent always; his inventions lie deeper and will grow progressively better appreciated with the years. He was too impassioned and direct for most people. Expressionists often are. We lost a man of real heart. If you're not sure about buying this album, pick up the albums "Other Folks' Music" and "The Return of the 5000 Pound Man" instead. — r.z.

Lew Tabackin — Tabackin, Inner City 1038. This 1974 studio date from Japan features Tabackin in a trio with Bob Daugherty on bass and Bill Goodwin on drums. The album is a love letter to Sonny Rollins, who effectively owns this instrumentation and from whose work in the late Fifties Tabackin's playing here is virtually indistinguishable. There are also two flute cuts, and the best thing on the album is an unaccompanied 'Ghost of a Chance,' dedicated to Chu Berry. Tabackin is vigorous throughout, and never short of ideas. But the ideas are Sonny's. — r.z.

George Duke — Don't Let Go, Epic JE 35366. I like George Duke's latest couple of records. He openly admits to exploring the musical realms of popdom and his lyrics are suitably syrupy to be slurped up easily by young listeners (the idea is to aim for the young pop fan, average age 12). But even jazz fans can find a measure of satisfaction here. 'Yeah, We Going' has some wordless vocals over a grooving rhythmic background. 'The Future' shows George still can handle subtle synthesizer effects, and the title tune has some tongue-bending lyrics

over cooking rhythmic center. All in all, pretty good. 'Don't Let Go' is a pop-soul songbook, but, happily, an unpretentious one. — z.s.

Stan Getz — Focus, Verve VE-1-2528. Look what's back. The album has taken the years well. Eddie Sauter's unconventional and sometimes Stravinskian string charts retain their freshness and Getz seems more uncannily inventive than ever fitting his improvisations into them. He seems freed in some essential way, able to do things he had only dreamed of doing before. The album would be a classic of its kind, if it had a kind. 'Night Rider' and 'I'm Late, I'm Late' still stand out, but so does everything else on the album, with remarkably few lapses (some of them in the conducting). A unique and wonderful album, maybe the finest thing that Getz has ever done. — r.z.

Air — Air Time, nesa n-12. Air is one of the best contemporary New Music bands and this is their first release on an American label. Each of the three men in the band — Henry Threadgill on reeds, flutes and hubcaps, Fred Hopkins on bass and Steve McCall on drums — are among the finest musicians to have emerged on their instruments in recent years, and the ensemble is so finely balanced between them that the music never resolves into the standard reed-and-rhythm figuration and always develops unexpected dimension and depth. I find Hopkins particularly stunning on this recording. Threadgill's writing and playing are innately fiery and refined. McCall is the first great drummer to come along in years with a non-ego-centric style, and his ballad "I'll Be Right Here Waiting" is a highlight of the album. The recorded sound could not be better. This album will repay repeated hearing handsomely. — r.z.

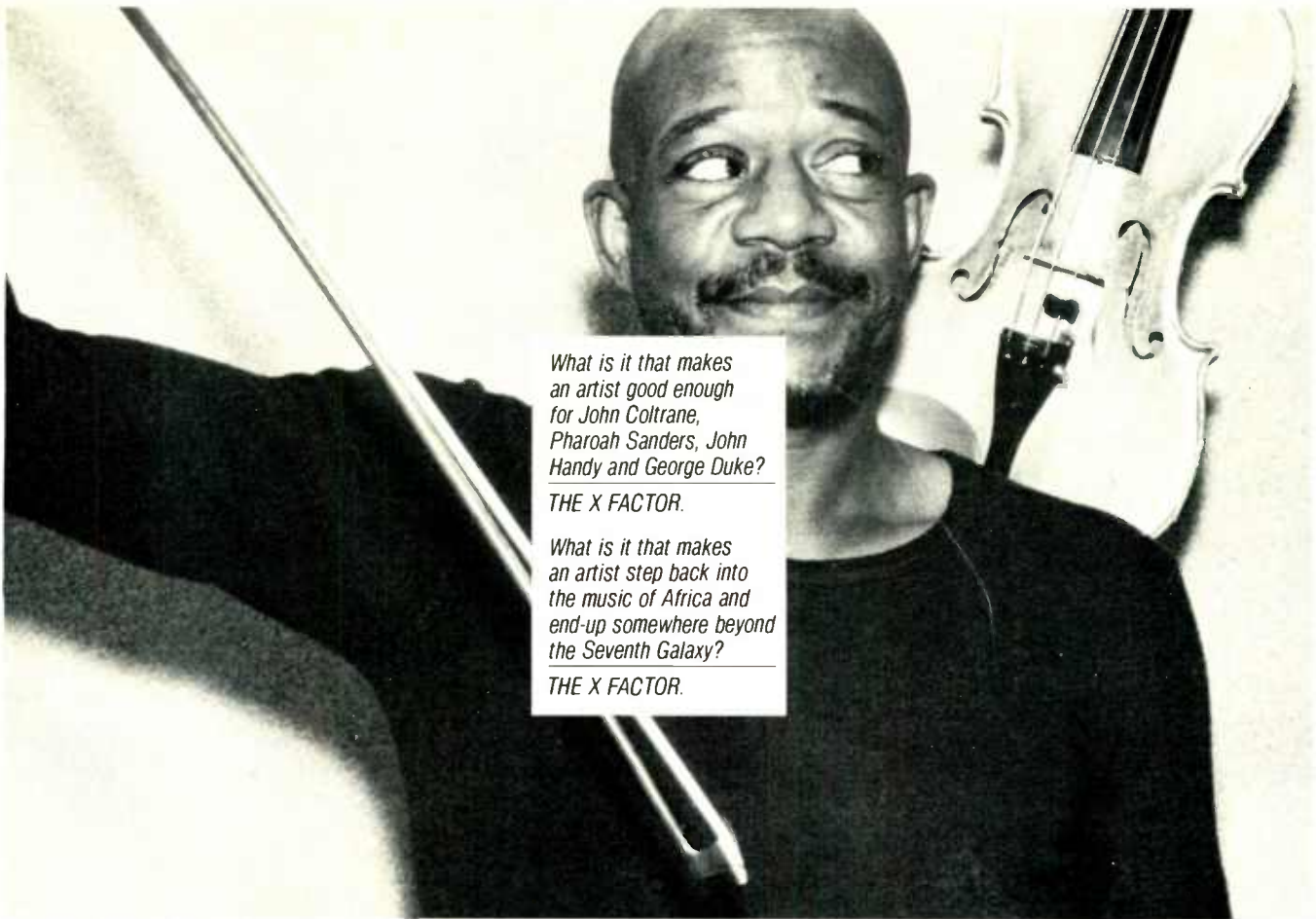
Horace Silver — Silver N' Percussion, Blue Note BN-LA853-H. The word for Horace Silver is reliability. This gentleman always delivers. There are few artists for whom it can be said all their recorded works are never less than good, and Silver is one of the chosen few. Using the African and

American Indian peoples as a thematic basis for his compositions, (i.e., 'The Sun God of the Masai' and 'The Idols of the Incas'), Horace has crafted six very listenable melodies, with light percussion backgrounds, on which Harrell, Schneider and Silver himself solo creatively. The last cut, 'The Mohican and the Great Spirit,' belongs in the collection of tunes known as Silver classics. — z.s.

Hubert Laws — "Say It With Silence," Col JC 35022. Hubert put this family affair together himself and it's kind of OK, but that's about it. There's a lack of a particular statement in the work, as if Laws wanted to hit all the musical bases, i.e. rock, pop, soul, even a bit of jazz, without committing to any of them. So we get a lackadaisical pastiche, an inoffensive yet unstimulating potpourri from the eminent flutist. 'The Baron' cooks a little but is soon boring, while the title track is overladen with wispy flutes. Sample's 'It Happens Every Day' is the disc's high point, with sustained performances from Hubert and Joe. — z.s.

Zbigniew Namyslovski — Namyslovski, Inner City 1048. My God, the music world can't be said to be short of talent, especially in these soaring seventies, when every other album seems to have some sort of merit. Like "Namyslovski." Those familiar with the work of violinist Michal Urbaniak will have heard this rather remarkable altoist's driving performances but, given his own date, the reed player and composer really lets his colors fly. There's 'Hobble,' an electric trek into jazz rock; 'Ballada,' which is searingly stunning; and 'Tango,' a tour de force for the band in that particular metric construction. A winning debut effort. — z.s.

Ben Webster — Did You Call?, nesa n-8. I may have enjoyed this record more than any other released this month. If you want to know what mastery sounds like, go no farther. This was Webster's last studio date, November 1972, before his death ten months later. Every note is the result of a lifetime's creativity and distillation, there for all to hear. Tete Montoliu



What is it that makes an artist good enough for John Coltrane, Pharoah Sanders, John Handy and George Duke?

THE X FACTOR.

What is it that makes an artist step back into the music of Africa and end-up somewhere beyond the Seventh Galaxy?

THE X FACTOR.

MICHAEL WHITE + A CONSTELLATION OF STARS = THE X FACTOR



MICHAEL WHITE
the X factor

THE X FACTOR.

An album by Michael White on Elektra records and tapes. Produced by George Duke.

Vazzfusion
A DIVISION OF THE FUTURE. 

© 1978 Elektra Asylum Records • A Warner Communications Co

is featured on piano. The recording is fine. — r.z.

Woody Shaw — Rosewood, Columbia JC 35309. This is a fine album, demonstrating Shaw's continuing excellence as an instrumentalist and band leader and the continuing vitality of the hard bop heritage. The liner notes do not identify the musicians who augment the basic quintet of Shaw, Carter Jefferson, Onaje Alan Gumbs, Clint Houston and Victor Lewis — though Joe Henderson sits in and plays well, and a liner photo picks out trombonist Steve Turre — and the playing is marginally less heated than on Shaw's last few releases for Muse. This may be due in part to the large studio in which Columbia apparently recorded this date. The sound is clear

and crisp but lacks the body of the best and most faithful jazz recordings. A minor criticism. Shaw is a dedicated and talented musician who continues to make all the right choices and continues to grow, and this is one of the best albums of recent months. — r.z.

Be Bop Deluxe — Drastic Plastic, Harvest SW-11750. Hard English rock gets harder on this LP, as leader Bill Nelson takes a drastic, almost New Wave stance. More important is an extensive use of electronics, with much-respected guitarist Nelson doubling on panelboards, drummer Simon Fox using tape loop percussion, and keyboarder Andy Clark handling even more. This is razor-edged Deluxe, not for the timid or unadventurous. — b.h.

Stanley Clarke — Modern Man, Columbia JZ 35303. I must be slow, but I still don't understand by what process a musician of Clarke's gifts comes to put out meretricious twaddle like this. Life has been a bit strange for all of us, I know, but there are limits. This, gentlemen, is dreck. Hail space warriors, and, like, farewell. — r.z.

John Handy — Where Go the Boats, Warner BSK 3170. Most fuzak is monolithically consistent, but there are so many kinds of bad music on this album I'm confused. Perhaps Handy is troubled by dreams of artistry. Whenever he plays a little sax he shows himself capable of it, but he spends most of his time on this album doing things so far beneath his dignity I would have thought they'd be invisible. If you don't know where the boats go, don't ask me. — r.z.

U.K. — U.K., Polydor, PD-1-6146. This new band can rival England's other premier jazz-rock supergroup, Brand X. U.K. is comprised of singer-bassist John Wetton (Family, King Crimson, Uriah Heep), drummer Bill Bruford (original Yes, King Crimson), violin-keyboardist Eddie Jobson (Curved Air, Roxy Music, Frank Zappa Band), and guitarist Allan Holdsworth (Soft Machine, Tony Williams Lifetime). Side one's song cycle "In The Dead Of Night" demonstrates strong electronics, and Jobson looms awesome on the synthesized orchestrations of "Alaska." Bruford is a tremendous fusion percussionist, and the sometimes disappointing Holdsworth is back in top form. So long as Wetton avoids the Greg Lake sound, and he usually does, U.K. has an exciting future . . . and a sizzling good present. — b.h.

Etta Jones — My Mother's Eyes, Muse MR 5145. Let's go on record with the facts: Ms. Jones is a jazz singer who is completely adaptable to the commercial medium when necessary. Now this record has some commercial moments but it's really what should be considered jazz vocalizing. Take Etta's steaming version of Bacharach-David's "This Girl's in Love with You." Sonny Phillips lays down a three-chord rhythmic pattern underneath and we're off. This usually pablumy work becomes a jazz opus. The lady also heats up "The Way You Look Tonight" and "You Do Something to Me," although the latter has too much echo. Etta has a full, sensuous, strong voice, and she doesn't need the added affectations of electronics. Three ballads fill out the date, "Gloomy Sunday," "Don't Misunderstand," and "My Mother's Eyes," all delivered with assurance, feeling and believability.

Herbie Mann — Brazil — Once Again, Atlantic SD 16169. Herbie Mann certainly knows how to make good com-

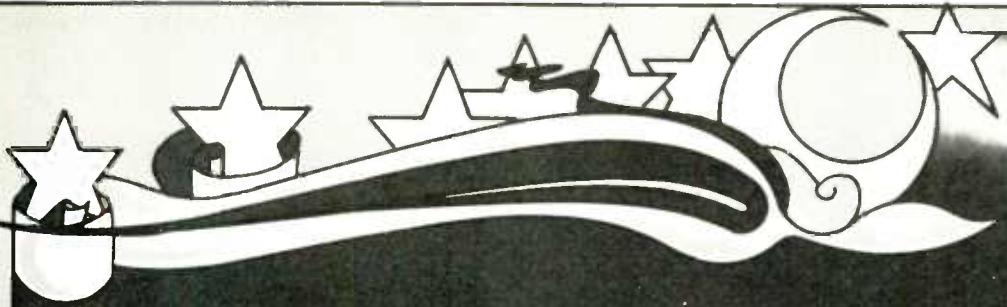
NEWS BULLETIN: NEW ONE-THIRD OCTAVE GRAPHIC EQUALIZER AND STEREO AMPLIFIER FROM NEPTUNE ASTOUNDS EARTHLINGS.



The down-to-earth price tags will pop your eyes. So will the space age design and engineering built solidly into Neptune's new one-third octave graphic equalizer and stereo amp. Portability and power for the serious music man. The kind of pro-sound equipment you want on your side. You've got to catch our act at your nearest Neptune dealer. Make contact with Neptune for sound that's far out.

NEP ELECTRONICS
TUNE INCORPORATED

934 N.E. 25th Ave. Portland, OR 97232
Telephone (503) 232-4445



Cobham and Tama-Magic



Billy Cobham...the state of the playing art in drumming. Tama...the state of the art in percussion products Billy and Tama together...the magical combination.

"Before I found Tama, most of my equipment was custom made. I was amazed to find that there was really a drum company who made products designed for the touring drummer. Tama Drums and hardware are twice as strong as anything the industry has to offer and the sound projects better than anything I've heard. You owe it to yourself as a player to consider Tama before you get your next set."

The Strongest New Name In Drums



Tama, P.O. Box 469, Cornwells Heights, PA 19020 ★ Tama, P.O. Box 2009, Idaho Falls, ID 83401

Great cymbals are made, not manufactured.

The one thing that mass production cannot produce is greatness. That's why no cymbal with the Zildjian name on it will ever be stamped out of sheet metal.

Like the Zildjian cymbals played by 17th Century musicians, the Zildjian cymbal you play is formed by hand from our secret alloy. The metal is melted, rolled, and tempered by artisans who have an average of 20 years' experience.

You don't have to be a cymbal maker to hear the greatness that is the end product of this process. Your musician's ear will easily perceive it.

To begin with, you will notice that the



Zildjian cymbal has extraordinary cutting power, while all other cymbals fall off prematurely. The difference is in the alloy formula and special metal-forging techniques we use.

You will also notice that while the mass-produced cymbals exhibit rigorous uniformity, the Zildjian cymbals forego the industrialist's standards in favor of the artist's. Each Zildjian cymbal speaks with an individual voice. This means

you are able to choose a sound that is suitable to your personal taste and style of playing.

You will not be the first musician to play your Zildjian cymbal. All Zildjians are played and evaluated by our staff of seven drummers before they are allowed to leave our aging vaults.

So when you select a cymbal, take your time, and choose carefully.

When you buy a Zildjian, you're not just getting an instrument. You're buying art.



Zildjian

Avedis Zildjian Company, Cymbal Makers Since 1623. Longwater Drive, Norwell, Mass. 02061 USA

mercial albums. He does it here the way he's always done it — tight charts and a lot of rhythm, well-played, which is in general a lot better than the way they do it now. If that's him on the cover, he's changed a lot. — r.z.

Roscoe Mitchell — Nonaah, nessa n-9/10. This is some of the most uncompromising music I have ever heard. On this recording the Art Ensemble's tallest altoist obsesses himself with repetition and expansion. On one of several versions of the title tune he plays a festival audience to a standstill with seven or eight minutes of one thorny phrase. There's something unnerving about it, like a man blowing up the railroads. There is a variety of music and instrumentation on this double set, though half of it is solo saxophone. Beyond mere anger and modernism, this is flesh. — r.z.

Marty Grosz/Wayne Wright — Let Your Fingers Do the Walking, Aviva 6000. These acoustic guitar duets, which rely on the tradition of rhythm-and-solos rather than multivirtuosic blending, are infinitely preferable to the duets Larry Coryell and compadres have been recording lately. Grosz takes the chords and Wright the single lines. The music is warm, good humored and assured, and if the album has a fault it's that fifteen short tunes serve the music less well than ten slightly longer ones might have done. That's hardly a fault at all. (Aviva P.O. Box 156; Hicksville NY; 11802).

Keith Jarrett — Bop-Be, Impulse IA 9334. I like Jarrett best when he is least out to create deathless masterpieces, so this album suits me. It's a blowing date and a bit vagrant: there are no recording dates, the cover has a miscellaneous look to it, and Charlie Haden's name is misspelled consistently. Meanwhile, Jarrett's quartet of eccentrics play heads and solos, a Haden hymn, and a trio version of Alec Wilder's 'Blackberry Winter.' Jarrett fine, Redman fine, Haden and Motian both fine. It was a strange band while it lasted. This is one of its more casual and enjoyable albums. — r.z.

Radio cont. from pg. 8

zines instead, her dreams lose their violent nature and assume intricate, highly structured plots. She also remembers her post-magazine and post-newspaper dreams two or three times as well as her post-TV dreams."

I asked Dr. Scales about radio. What was a typical radio addict's dream?

"Radio is the wild card," he laughed. "We can't figure radio out. Our TV-addicts' dreams are all so similar, they could have easily come from the same dreamer. And our magazine and newspaper addicts all share what you might call 'the observer's standpoint' in relation to their dreams: they stand back and watch; the dream's action

Everything You Need to be a Star.

And How to Put it All Together.

Nowadays you gotta be an engineer to master all the tricks of Electronic Circuitry, like our six salespeople, each of whom have a degree in music and also know the inputs and the outputs of your art.

Sure, some store *may* match our selection (but we doubt that), some store *may* match our price, (ditto), but *no* store can match our advice (and we'll guarantee that!)

Luck, talent, and Hanich Music . . . Give us a call.



Hanich Music

WE SHIP EVERYWHERE!

235 North Azusa Avenue, West Covina, CA 91791 213/966-1781

The Lyricon Sets Tom Scott Free!

You can't bend, twist, chill, hold and decay notes the way Tom Scott does unless you play the instrument Tom Scott plays. The Lyricon. There's nothing else like it in the world. For your copy of the Lyricon Owners Manual, send 50¢ to Ampeg, Department P, P. O. Box 2232, Fort Wayne, Indiana 46801.



rarely includes them. But the only dream tendencies we've been able to tie-in to radio are vague qualities like brighter colors, more social situations and multitudes of unrecognizable faces. The radio addict's dream is generally more relaxed, more trusting than the TV-addict's dream. My theory about the brighter colors is that, because he pays so much attention to a non-visual media, the radio addict has to compensate for the visual poverty of his waking hours by having unusually vivid dreams. But that's just a theory."

I suggested to Dr. Scales that radio was more compassionate and personal toward its audience than television, magazines and newspapers are toward theirs, and that this might explain the relaxed, trusting nature of the radio addict's dreams.

"It could be you're right," he said. "The human voice has a decidedly calming effect on people, that's for sure. When I started this project, I thought we'd find that radio addicts had the shortest attention spans and the most haphazard dreams because, you know, radio changes every few seconds. There's very little continuity, whether it's an all-news, top-40 or talk-show format. But, it turns out that our radio addicts have the longest attention spans, the calmest dreams and the best dream-recall abilities of all our participants. That's got to have something to do with the reassuring power of the human voice."

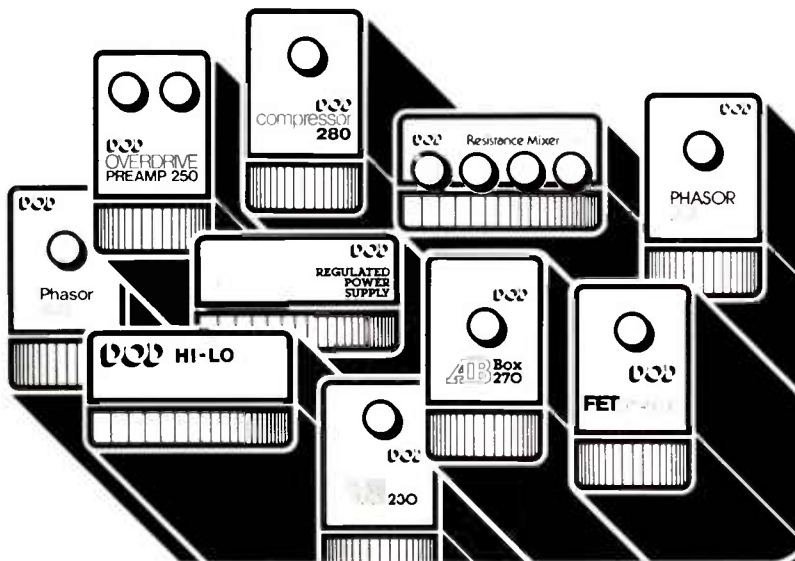
While Dr. Scales would be the first to point out that his results are premature, it was hard to go away from his office without feeling that radio, somehow, has a special positive influence on its audience which television, magazines and newspapers cannot approximate. Driving home that evening, I listened to my usual stations with renewed appreciation. I listened to the voices and let their qualities relax my psyche. That night, I dreamt about banquets, flamingos, champagne glasses and a small hotel at the edge of a beach, flanked by tall palm trees. I woke up the next morning, refreshed and excited, and I stayed that way for the rest of the day. Dr. Scales, I'm sure, would agree with me: I had been graced with a radio addict's dream.

Hubbard cont. from pg. 24

belongs in the company of men like McCoy Tyner, and he knows it. Right now, the surest sign of his artistry is the suffering that his exile from it is causing him. A hack wouldn't even feel a breeze. (Advance word on the new album is encouraging: I've heard from a reliable source that it is the best work Hubbard has done in a dozen years.) Coda: One week later, Hubbard's old boss Art Blakey came to town. He is not a giant in transition, he is a giant

Dependable Performers

DOD Electronics Co., 2895 So. West Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah 84115. 801-485-8534



Melodipro, 64E Ebony • 64 notes • 37¾" high • 43¼" wide • 24" deep



AMPLIFIED SOUND

FROM A COMPACT PIANO

... and built to take it!

Factory installed Helpinstill sensors pick up real string sounds you can adjust to whatever volume you need or want. Plugs into a guitar amp or other sound equipment with a high impedance input.

Weighing less than 325 lbs., the Melodipro is built to work and travel. No nonsense black finish, cut out handles, heavy double casters . . . made to go on and off stage, in and out of vans, and on and off trucks.

Take off and go . . . plug in and play as loud as you want

For more information contact your dealer or

AEOLIAN Corporation

2718 Pershing, Memphis, TN 38112

eternal. Although his style has been fixed for at least twenty years, there is the joy of discovery in every note he plays. 'You say you've seen a lot of musicians getting tired out?' he asked me. 'Which ones, you tell me which ones. If they're getting worn out they ought to be writing insurance policies for a living . . . Me, I'm having a ball.'

Tjader cont. from pg. 13

ferent. *Solar Heat* is one of his most artistic works — a musical mental trip to the Torrid Zone.

"The highlight of my career," said Tjader, "took place at the 1965 Monterey Jazz Festival, when Dizzy Gillespie and Armando Peraza sat-in with my group and we drove a sea of people wild with a 20-minute version of *Wachi Wara*. When you are doing your own montuno and the people respond enthusiastically, this is when playing music is rewarding."

Freed cont. from pg. 15

conclusion: This provocative musical phenomenon, despite what its critics

would have you believe, is here to stay. It's being integrated into America's musical scene. In fact it's become bigger than all of us. What more can I say?"

In 1958, the government began its campaign against Alan Freed. The first battlefield was Boston. Freed's "Big Beat" stage show got rowdy and he was arrested for inciting a riot. New Haven and Newark immediately banned scheduled "Big Beat" shows. Freed fought the charge for two years, at a cost of \$30,000, before it was dropped.

That same year, 1958, Freed quit WINS because he felt the station hadn't backed him during the Boston difficulty. He went to work for another New York radio station, WABC. He also started a dance program on WNEW-TV, appeared in more movies, and continued to host live theater shows. A typical stage production, held in March 1958 at the Brooklyn Paramount, included the following acts: Jerry Lee Lewis, Buddy Holly, Chuck Berry, Frankie Lymon, the Diamonds, Danny and the Juniors, the Chantels, Screamin' Jay Hawkins, the Pastels and Sam (The Man) Taylor.

Freed rightfully leveled charges of "racial bias" against those who insisted that rock 'n roll promoted juvenile delinquency. "Not a word was raised against rock 'n roll," he said, "until I drew 30,000 persons — mostly all Negroes — to the Cleveland Arena."

Somewhere around the summer of 1959 the government decided to use the growing "payola" issue (triggered in part by television's quiz show scandal) as a means of stopping "The Pied Piper of Rock 'n Roll." Payola, the practice of accepting money in exchange for playing certain records over the air, was an established way of doing business at that time. No one has even claimed otherwise.

But in the fall of 1959, with the payola investigation making headlines around the world, Freed was asked by WABC to sign a statement denying that he had ever received payola. He refused and was fired. He did sign such a denial at the request of WNEW, but he lost his TV show anyway.

Freed worked briefly at radio stations in Los Angeles, Miami and San Francisco before moving to Palm Springs. He became increasingly moody and drank more than ever. In 1961, he attempted a New York comeback with a twist show at the fashionable Camelot supper club. However, the club was closed down after two weeks for selling liquor to minors.

As a result of congressional and grand jury investigations, Alan Freed was charged with commercial bribery in accepting about \$30,000 from seven record companies. He pleaded guilty to two charges in December 1962 and

received a \$300 fine and a six-month suspended sentence. (The Federal Communications Commission found at least 255 dee-jays in 56 cities had been taking cash for pushing records. Not a single station lost its license and most disc jockeys got off without penalty. Some 103 complaints were brought against record companies, but no firm was even prosecuted. Besides Freed, seven dee-jays were charged. Of these, three were fined or given suspended sentences. Charges against the other four were dismissed.) Freed's fine might as well have been 3 million dollars; he was broke.

On March 16, 1963, Freed was indicted by a Federal grand jury on charges of evading \$37,920 in income tax for 1957 through 1959. The government said the counts stemmed from the former disc jockey's failure to report payola earnings. Ironically, the music that Freed had popularized — race, rhythm 'n blues, rock 'n roll, whatever you want to call it — had pretty much faded by that time. His indictment came less than a year before the Beatles' first American tour.

On March 19, 1963, Freed's lawyer paid off the \$300 fine, and a bench warrant for his arrest was dismissed.

That same day Freed told a reporter in a telephone interview from Palm Springs: "I think payola is just as prevalent in the business today . . . It was going on in the days of Victor Herbert . . . No one ever paid me to play a specific phonograph record. But I would never do it again. I've made too much money the other way. There's no need to get involved."

Freed said he was bankrupt — a sharp contrast to the extravagant lifestyle he'd been accustomed to — and had just been hired as A&R man at a record company. "I have no plans for going back to radio or TV. As a matter of fact, if you can help me get a job on the air I'd appreciate it."

The reporter asked if Freed still heard from his fans. "Listen, they're not kids anymore," he replied. "They're grown up, for the most part."


Alan Freed entered Desert Hospital in Palm Springs around Jan. 1, 1965, suffering from uremia, a kidney ailment. He died on Jan. 20 at the age of 42. Some of his friends attributed his death to a "broken heart and too much whiskey." He left his third wife, Inga, and four children.

Freed's death was played up big in the press, and a few papers belatedly recognized the fact that he'd been "the patsy, and the scapegoat."

Morris Levy, a friend and business partner, said of Freed: "He had a lot of character, that guy. I used to tell him, 'Get a tent, go into religion, be an evangelist or something.' He could sell anything."

The Ultimate Bongo

The Bongo of the Stars Understated Elegance

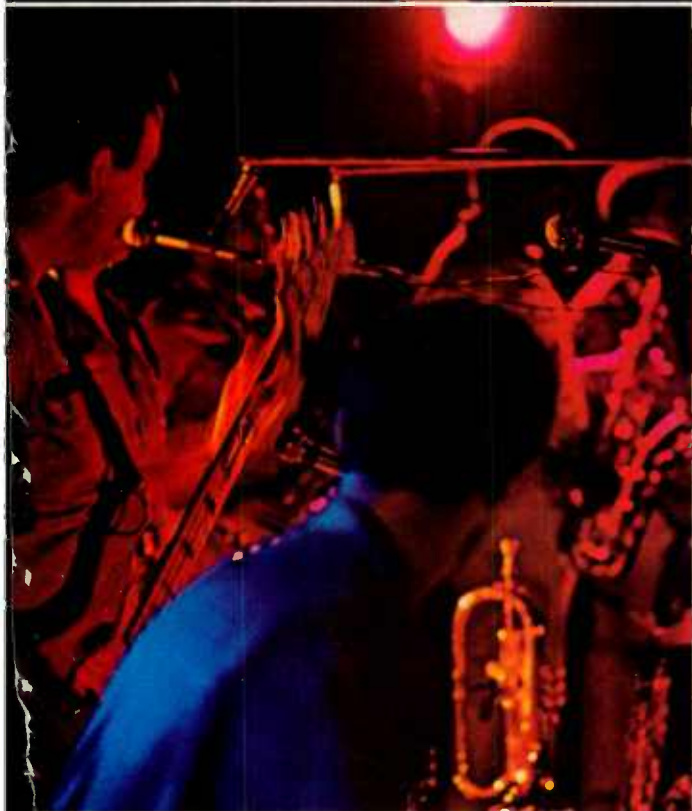


The **LP** Bongo...
A CLASSIC

Unchanged in years and with good reason.
The professional standard the World over.

Send 50¢ for catalog

Trust the leader®
LATIN PERCUSSION Inc.
P.O. BOX 88 • DEPT. M • PALISADES PARK, N.J. 07650



What would you like to play for your country?

The mission is music—for our soldiers everywhere—across America, Europe, the Pacific. The music ranges from the classics, to the standards, to the sounds of today. The training is dynamic—at the Armed Forces School of Music—for the finest instrumentalists possible. The benefits are all there—good pay, medical and dental care, and the opportunity to continue your education.

To get more specific, return this postcard or write: The Commandant, Army Element, School of Music, Norfolk, VA 23521.

**Join the people
who've joined the Army.**

World Radio History



Long Tones and Octaves

Last month I covered the first steps in a trumpet player's daily exercise program as I see it. As you may recall, these were (1) two or three minutes on the mouthpiece alone, (2) a pedal tones exercise, and (3) another setting-up exercise. Now I'd like to move on to long tones and octaves. The point of this work is to broaden your sound over the entire instrument and to build a stronger embouchure, one you can depend on. Your aims include training your ear so you can hear the intervals. Try to hear the notes in tune before you play them.

My first exercise is not as easy as it looks because you're dealing with two octaves instead of the usual one. Do not be in a hurry to pass by the first two notes. The idea is to play both notes without removing the mouthpiece from your lips.

Hold the G Flat for four slow counts. Without removing the mouthpiece from your lips, breathe cool air through the sides of your mouth. Then go for the next note — G Flat again but two octaves higher. Try to hear the note before you play it; it's very easy to miss that second note.

Exercise #2

Take the mouthpiece from your lips and rest for four slow counts. Don't move on until you're perfected the first two bars. There's no hurry; you can practice these exercises the rest of your life. They aren't something you can practice and leave behind. Just when you're not expecting it, something like this will pop up in an arrangement you are playing.

Now, here's an exercise involving diatonic scales in combination with long tones and an interval of one octave. (See exercise #2 below.)

Play the first note, take a big breath, and play the whole sequence of notes that follows, holding the top note as long as possible. After you perfect the first two bars, take a short rest before going into the next key. Make sure you include this particular exercise in your daily practice.

Trumpet Nostalgia

The first exercise presented above was given to me by the late, great Bill Massey, a trumpeter who played with Sonny Stitt and Gene Ammons many years ago. We used to call him Soldier, because he always dressed in his uniform from the Second World War. If you can possibly pick up an old record on Prestige called *Wonderful* by Stitt and Ammons, you can hear Bill Massey and the results of practicing those long tones and intervals!

When I was invited to play with Cecil Taylor back in the late Fifties, I was glad I had practiced these things because his music was loaded with all kinds of tricky intervals. I had just come from playing with a Latin band (in New York, led by Alfredo) and Cecil's music was a definite challenge. In the band with me were Bill Barron on sax, Rudy Collins on drums, and Buell Neidlinger of the Boston Symphony on bass. We were all new to this kind of music. I liked the music very much because it made me call upon everything I knew, and then some! You can hear us on Cecil Taylor in *Transition*, The Blue Note Re-issue Series, BN-LA458-H2.

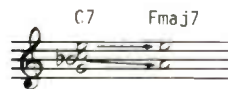
Good luck with these exercises. Next time, I'll deal with practicing intervals, chords, diatonic chords, and other tricky modern fill-ins.

In my last article I stressed the importance of the dominant 7th chord (V7) through its function as a V/II. Remember that the V7 chord is the strongest type of chord, causing the most harmonic motion and allowing for the greatest amount of melodic and harmonic tension (9ths, 11th, 13ths).

The dominant 7th chord contains the interval of a *tritone* (+4th or °5th) between the 3rd and 7th degrees. It is the resolution of the notes of the tritone which give the chord its strong harmonic motion. In traditional harmony the resolution explained: the 7th of the dom7 resolves down a half step to the 3rd of the I chord; the 3rd of the dom7 resolves up a half-step to the root of the I chord.



... which is valid, as long as V7 is followed by a major triad (I). However, in contemporary music, and jazz in particular, the I chord is most often maj7, so the 7th of the dom7 moves down a half step, but the 3rd remains as a common tone:



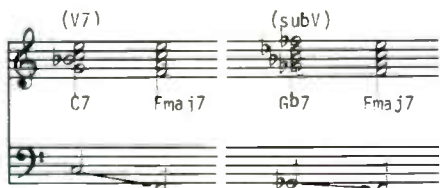
As V/V or V/II, there are other resolutions:



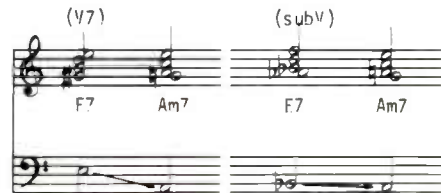
The real point is that the tritone of the dom7 is the primary reason for that chord's strong harmonic motion. Remember that the V7 chord usually resolves to the chord built a P5th below. For example, C7 to Fmaj7, C7 to F7 or C7 to Fm7.

The *SUBSTITUTE V7* chord — or *subV* — is also dominant, but resolves down by half-step. In traditional harmony, the subV is called an *augmented 6th chord*. The aug. 6th chord terminology is valid from an 18th century standpoint, but not always so in contemporary music.

The easiest and most practical way of thinking of the subV chord is that it is built on the note a half-step above the target chord (chord it is moving to). For example, the V7 of F is C7 ... the subV7 of F is Gb7:



V7 of Am7 is E7 ... subV7 of Am7 is Bb7:



And so on. The tritone of a V7 and its substitute is the same. For example, C7 and Gb7:



This fact gives the technique its common term: *tritone substitution*.

USES OF THE subV CHORD

A) the subV chord can be used in place of a regular V7.

For example:

F: Imaj7	VIm7	IIIm7	V7	Imaj7
Fmaj7	Dm7	Gm7	C7	Fmaj7
F: Imj7	VIm7	IIIm7	subV7	Imaj7
Fmaj7	Dm7	Gm7	Gb7	Fmaj7

B) or as a substitute for V/II:

F: Imaj7	V/II	IIIm7	V7	Imaj7
Fmaj7	D7	Gm7	C7	Fmaj7
F: Imaj7	subV/II	IIIm7	V7	Imaj7
Fmaj7	Ab7	Gm7	C7	Fmaj7

C) or as a substitute for V/V:

F: Imaj7	VIm7	V/V	V7	Imaj7
Fmaj7	Dm7	G7	C7	Fmaj7
F: Imaj7	VIm7	subV/V	V7	Imaj7
Fmaj7	Dm7	Db7	C7	Fmaj7

D) or subV's all the way:

F: Imaj7	subV/V	subV/V	subV	Imaj7
Fmaj7	Ab7	G7	Gb7	Fmaj7

E) subV can be used along with V7 for harmonic variety:

F: Imaj7	VIm7	IIIm7	V7	Imaj7
Fmaj7	Dm7	Gm7	C7	Fmaj7
F: Imaj7	VIm7	IIIm7	V7 subV	Imaj7
Fmaj7	Dm7	Gm7	C7 Gb7	Fmaj7

F) In intros, vamps, or "noodling" progressions, subV chords can be added to provide more harmonic motion and more harmonic interest due to the addition of more tones not within the "real" key. Play the following standard I-VI-II-V progression, then the second progression which includes subV of each chord:

Fmaj7	Dm7	Gm7	C7	Fmaj7
subV	subV	subV	subV	
Fmaj7 (Eb7)	Dm7 (Ab7)	Gm7 (Db7)	C7 (Gb7)	Fmaj7

G) SubV's can be added to harmonize certain melody notes to create more harmonic motion. For example:



In many cases, the subV chord will have to be altered to fit the melody note of the moment. For example, a Gb7 chord, as subV of F, could be: Gb9, Gb7(#9), Gb7 (B13) or Gb13 . . . or any combination. Whenever you use a subV chord, try to include the 9th (or #9th).

Following is a portion of a jazz standard *All The Things You Are*. The original chords are in large type with some added subV's in parentheses. Play the tune first with the original changes, then with the subV's and see just how much motion the subV chords add:



Look through sheet music and find songs with subV chords built into the original progression. A few of the more common ones are *Girl From Ipanema*, *Satin Doll*, *Our Day Will Come* and *This Masquerade*.

NEXT MONTH: More Tensions



Fake Books & Music FREE Big Catalog

Jazz — Pop — Improvising — Combos,
Etc. Greatest & Biggest Collection of
Best Music Books Ever Published!
Imperial, Box 66-TM, N.Y., N.Y. 10022

Coming Next Issue: Jazz Radio Special,
Ralph Humphrey on Drums
and the new Guitar Clinic.

ROSS

MUSICAL PRODUCTS

Made in U.S.A.




SUGGESTED LIST
\$299.95

- SPECIFICATIONS -

Gain	Unity
Dynamic Range	80 dB
Bandwidth, dry	20 kHz
Input Impedance	500 kohms
Maximum Input level	2.5 V peak
Signal recycle	Variable from 0-100%
Delay time	Variable from 25-500 msec
Output Impedance [all outputs]	100 ohms
Power requirements	105-125 V a.c., 50-60 Hz, 15 mA
Bandwidth, delay	Variable from 1-10 kHz, dependant on delay setting

KEAS ELECTRONICS, INC.

210 W. MAIN • CHANUTE, KANSAS • 66720
316-431-0400



PLAY BEYOND YOUR MEANS.

Now play the kind of guitar you thought you could never afford — the Jacaranda Rosewood Dreadnought from Hohner's Limited Edition Guitar Collection.

It's a professional hand-crafted instrument. Carefully designed for playability and superior tone. It has the unmistakable look, feel, and sound of really expensive guitars. Yet it costs far less.

This handsome Dreadnought has specially designed bracings for maximum tone response.

Gold-plated Schaller machine heads. And a fine-grained, solid spruce top for pure, clear, true resonance. From the classic beauty of its rich rosewood back and sides to the abalone shell inlay, everything about this guitar says quality.

Check out Hohner's complete line of guitars at your nearest music store — you'll find one that's priced just right for you.

Because with Hohner, playing beyond your means is no longer beyond your grasp.

**WHEN YOU'RE LOOKING FOR THAT BIG BREAK,
HOHNER CAN BE INSTRUMENTAL.**

HOHNER 

M. Hohner Inc., Hicksville, N.Y. Hohner Canada Inc., Don Mills, Ontario



Saxophone/Dave Liebman

Mouthpieces

Mouthpieces and reeds

There are many misconceptions about mouthpieces and reeds that make the subject a difficult one. In my own evolution as a saxophonist I went through several stages regarding them. In the case of mouthpieces, I went from close openings at the beginning to very large openings later, thinking that this would give me a "bigger" sound. Then I went down to middle sizes. Now I've gone back up again, though not as far as before. With reeds, I tried all types and strengths, often buying a number of different brands and constantly switching from one to the other. After fifteen years of playing I've come to realize that most of the problems were self-imposed, and that a seasoned player can pretty well reproduce his own sound regardless of the mouthpiece and reed setup. This is not to say that I don't have my own preference as far as the actual physical feeling in my throat and embouchure is concerned, but only that the sound comes out the same most of the time. I attribute this to the overtone exercise set out in an earlier article (Musician #12) and to how deeply ingrained the image of producing each note is in me.

Aesthetics

I have already used several terms that need some clarification: "big" sound, dark or bright tone. There is an inherent problem in discussing these concepts because they are quite subjective and personal, like the terms "consonance" and "dissonance." What is bright to one person may seem dark to another. All the same. I think most musicians could come to a general agreement as to what these terms mean. A big sound, for example, is not necessarily the loudest sound, as some students make the mistake of thinking. A big sound is one that has a direct, compact core, something like a laser beam effect, rather than a spreading, conical dispersion. This big sound that I'm referring to might not sound that loud to the player himself, but someone listening from a distance will find it louder than the other kind. The same will hold true for a microphone. It's a question of a centered tone.

Along the same line of reasoning or aesthetic judgment, a bright sound is one that has more highs than lows, is brittle, cutting, and may be piercing. A dark tone is rounder, less edgy, and deeper. The effect of a dark sound is more legato than pointed.

Different kinds of music require different tones. The tone should enhance the music being played, in combination, of course, with the phrasing and articulation needed to bring off the musical idea.

My Own Aesthetic and Set-up

I have tried to speak as generally as possible so far, but now I'll describe my own requirements and setup so you can see what kind of thinking goes into achieving a sound. First, I'm a jazz soloist, so my entire way of thinking has been geared towards creating a personal sound. My first and most lasting model was John Coltrane, through all his various stages. Coltrane's sound was constantly changing, from his Miles' days through

the mid-Sixties quartet to the free form playing of his last years. In each period he had a sound that seemed broader and deeper than in the previous phase. We know that Trane was a mouthpiece fanatic, as was Pharoah Sanders, but basically he used Otto Links metal mouthpieces, though I heard that at the end he even used Berg Larsen hard rubber. The fact is that Trane had such command of the saxophone that he probably could have gotten his sound on any mouthpiece. One of Trane's contributions was his hard-edged, very centered tone. This was the sound I tried to emulate. My interpretation of Trane's sound was that it was dark, though I've seen much print stating that it was bright (again, it's quite subjective).

So my evolution went as follows: a) My beginning years (as is usually the case) were spent on stock-type rubber and plastic mouthpieces, Martin and Brillhart. These are easier to control and better for beginners than metal. They blend more, are easier to play in tune, and are simpler to control, presenting fewer problems than metal mouthpieces. The same is true of the openings, which in the beginning were close. b) As I got more into jazz and Coltrane, I switched to metal for more projection and harder edge, but thought that a big opening was needed to get a big sound. (I've discussed this misconception already) The result was that I got a big, raucous sound and had to work too hard (blowing and chops) to get it. I was wasting energy with too large a chamber and opening, energy that would have been better spent on a centered tone. I used a Link 10 and a Lawton 9. c) Finally I started messing with a Link hard rubber no. 8 in an attempt to come down in opening size, but still desired the harder, metal mouthpiece sound. Finally, Steve Grossman (fellow saxophonist with Elvin Jones) gave me an old Otto Link which had a smaller opening and lower baffle. At first I couldn't get a sound out of it. I was so used to a spreading sound that I was "backing up" on the airflow (like choking the mouthpiece). After I realized that the overtone method was meant to free my throat (earlier article) the sound started to flow with an old Link no. 4! I also became aware of the fact that a lower baffle usually meant a darker, richer, and less strident tone. Since that time (1970 or so) I have, with a few exceptions, played on different style Otto Links which usually have had in common a medium size opening, a fairly large chamber and a low baffle.

To summarize my aesthetic on tone: I like a dark, round-edged, centered tone, with more lows than highs. I like just enough resistance to make me put effort into producing the sound. (This is a question of tip opening, lay, chamber size, and of course reeds). I like to use one mouthpiece for all musical situations, be it a funk tune or a ballad, so versatility is required.

General Information: Joe Henderson uses Selmer mouthpieces. Wayne Shorter uses hard rubber, open Links. Mike Brecken and Steve Grossman use Links or Dutcoffs (similar to Links). Sonny Rollins has in the last few years often played on a Berg or Guy Hawkins. *Nota Bene:* with all great saxophonists: To Each His Own!



JAZZ AIDS

by Jamey Aebersold and Others

NEW ITEMS

- LISTENING TO JAZZ by Jerry Coker. New paperback \$3.45
- THE ARTISTRY OF JOE HENDERSON. 7 original songs and transcribed solos from 2 classic Blue Note albums. Excellent book in BB key. \$4.95
- CANNONBALL ADDERLEY'S COMPLETE JAZZ FAKE BOOK. 152 songs made famous by Cannonball's group, in concert key. \$6.95
- PATTERNS for IMPROVISATION by Oliver Nelson. Treble clef book of 81 different patterns & songs. \$8.00
- ENCYCLOPEDIA of IMPROVISATIONAL RHYTHMS & PATTERNS. Treble clef. Good sight reading book. \$15.00
- DAVID BAKER COMBO SERIES scored for trpt., alto, tenor, bone rhy. Write for list. \$7.00 ea. arr.
- JAZZ IMPROVISING for the ROCK/BLUES GUITARIST by Paul Lucas. Melodic jazz soloing book. \$5.95
- MONK MONTGOMERY ELECTRIC BASS METHOD edited by David Baker. Wealth of material for constructing bass lines. \$16.00
- FIVE TROMBONE ARRANGEMENTS with rhythm sections. 9 New original charts from Nashville by Barry McDonald et al. Write for catalog and prices
- LOOKOUT FARM—A case study of improvisation for small jazz groups. By Dave Liebman & group. Two sound sheets and transcribed solos. Excellent book! \$9.95
- WEATHER REPORT book. Contains BIRDLAND HARLEQUIN HAYONA THE JUGGLER PALLADIUM A REMARK YOU MADE RUMBA MAMA & TEEN TOWN Concert key and tenor/soprano part. \$6.95
- THE BRECKER BROS. 18 tunes in sketch score form—concert key. Includes *Some Skunk Funk* & *Sneakin' Up Behind You*. \$6.95
- CHUCK MANGIONE. 8 tunes in sketch score form—concert key. Includes *Bellavia*, *Chase the Clouds Away*. Soft cover. \$5.95
- TEXTBOOK of DRUM SET EXERCISES. 25 charts of different phases of jazz drumming. Complete notation. \$3.95
- A MUSIC NOTATION PRIMER—MUSIC CALLIGRAPHY by Glen Rose. Shows how to copy music. \$4.00
- WES MONTGOMERY JAZZ GUITAR SOLOS off record. 22 transcribed solos. \$5.95
- TECHNIQUES & THEORY for POP KEYBOARD PLAYERS by Preston Keys. Thorough book for intermediate to advanced players. \$5.95
- DAVID BAKER ADVANCED EAR TRAINING BOOK with CASSETTE. \$12.00
- TAKE THE LEAD by Stan Seckler. A basic manual for Lead Altoist in jazz band. \$5.00
- THE SAURUS of SCALES & MELODIC PATTERNS by N. Slonimsky. Large hardbound book. 243 pages. Treble & bass clef exercises. \$25.00
- INTERPRETING POPULAR MUSIC at the KEYBOARD by Jeri Southern. Excellent book. spiral bound. \$9.95
- CHARLIE CHRISTIAN GUITAR SOLOS. 12 solos taken off record. \$3.50
- NEW CONCEPTS in LINEAR IMPROVISATION by Ray Riker. Textbook method of studying scales & chords. Treble clef. \$7.95
- WORKBOOK for NEW CONCEPTS in LINEAR IMPROVISATION. Cassette practice tape. Workbook has chord progressions in concert key for the practice tape. \$9.95
- ED THIGPEN—RHYTHM ANALYSIS & BASIC COORDINATION for DRUMS. Good primer book. \$4.95
- AUTOBIOGRAPHY of a YOGI by Paramahansa Yogananda. Paperback of life as it really is. \$1.95

- IMPROVISING JAZZ by Jerry Coker (paperback). Excellent introduction to jazz theory. \$2.95
- THE JAZZ IDIOM by Jerry Coker (paperback). A must for teachers! This book can give you a boost once you've begun to improvise. \$2.45
- PATTERNS for JAZZ by Jerry Coker et al. Excellent book for daily practice. Treble clef. Teaches you to play in all keys and really helps develop your ears! \$14.00
- SCALES for JAZZ IMPROVISATION by Dan Haerle. Dan takes 21 scales and shows how to use them and transposes them in all twelve keys in treble & bass clef. \$6.95
- JAZZ TRUMPET TECHNIQUES by John McNeil. Special book designed to help solve certain problem areas of jazz trumpet playing. A much needed book. \$2.95
- PENTATONIC SCALES for JAZZ IMPROVISATION by Ray Riker. Study of Pentatonic scales in modern jazz complete with many exercises and licks. Six portions of transcribed solos by C. Corea, H. Hancock, J. Farrell, J. Henderson, K. Jarrett and W. Shorter. \$7.95
- TECHNIQUE DEVELOPMENT in FOURTHS by Ray Riker. An advanced book of the treatment of fourths in modern jazz. Loads of exercises and patterns with chord symbols for direct application in playing situations. \$6.95
- LYDIAN CHROMATIC CONCEPT by George Russell. An advanced book dealing with the application of scales & melodic concepts used by the jazz masters. \$26.50
- CHARLIE PARKER ORIGINALS in CONCERT KEY. A book of 30 songs written by the great Charlie Parker. Concert key only. \$2.95
- HUGE JUMBO JAZZ FAKE BOOK by Bill Lee. 1,002 jazz songs in concert key with chord symbols and words. 70 songs by H. Silver, 20 by S. Rollins, 20 by M. Davis, 32 by Duke and many, many more. \$19.95
- BIRD LIVES by Ross Russell. Hardbound reading book of the life of Charlie Parker. Outstanding book with an inside view of Bird's life. \$10.95
- CHASIN' THE TRANE by J. C. Thomas. Hardbound book of the music and mystique of the late John Coltrane. \$7.95
- THE ART of MUSIC COPYING by Clinton Roemer. The music copyist Bible for composer, arranger, student, teacher. Large paperback. \$11.95
- STANDARDIZED CHORD SYMBOL NOTATION by C. Roemer & Carl Brandt. A uniform system for the music profession. Paperback. \$3.95

- THE PROFESSIONAL ARRANGER & COMPOSER by Russ Garcia. One of the countries standard text for big band writing. \$7.95
- THE JAZZ CLINICIANS QUARTET "PLAY for YOU!" featuring Jamey Aebersold, alto and tenor; Dan Haerle, piano; Rufus Reid, bass and Charlie Craig, drums. An album showcasing these outstanding musicians/clinicians. Chord progressions and two solos provided. \$5.95
- DIFFERENT DRUMMERS by Billy Mintz. A unique, in depth study into the styles of the great drummers of our time. And an important instruction record. \$4.95

COMBO ARRANGEMENTS

- COMBO ARRANGEMENTS by JAMEY AEBERSOLD. Scored for trpt., alto, tenor (bone opt.) and rhythm section. Each arrangement \$4.00
 - Horizontal—Modal Blues
 - Bossa Nova De Jazz
 - Surprise—Easy Jazz Rock
 - Blue Note—Med Tempo Jazz
 - Beatitude—Latin Rock
 - Hot Shot—Easy Rock
- DAN HAERLE JAZZ-ROCK COMBO SERIES. 12 combo arrangements scored for trpt., tenor, alto, bone, and rhythm section. Write for catalog. \$5.00 ea. arr.
- SUPER SAX ARRANGEMENTS off record. 7 charts of advanced difficulty. Original Charlie Parker solos transcribed and scored for 5 saxes, trpt. (bone opt.) and rhythm. Each arrangement \$10.00
 - Be Bop
 - Cool Blues
 - A Night in Tunisia
 - Lover Man
 - Salt Peanuts
 - Groovin' High
 - Blue 'N' Boogie
- JOHN COLTRANE ARRANGEMENTS transcribed from original Blue Note recordings. Blue Train, Moments Notice, Lazy Bird and Locomotion. Scored for Trpt., Tenor, Bone and rhythm. All four arrangements in transcribed solo's only. \$8.50
- HORACE SILVER. Combo arrangements off record. *Doodie in Ceylan*, *In The Preacher* & *Room 608*. Scored for Trpt., Tenor and 3 rhythm. All four for only. \$5.00
- 4 NEW HORACE SILVER COMBO CHARTS taken off record. *Song for My Father*, *To Whom It May Concern*, *Intensive* & *Out of the Night Came You*. Scored for trpt., tenor & 3 rhythm. Each arr. is \$5.00

JAZZ SOLOS—TRANSCRIPTIONS

- 28 MODERN JAZZ TRUMPET SOLOS transcribed by Ken Stone and edited by Jamey Aebersold. Brand New. An outstanding collection of modern jazz trumpet solos by 15 jazz greats. Solos are in Bb key with chord symbols above each measure. Solos by Miles Davis, Clifford Brown, Dizzy Gillespie, Freddie Hubbard, Fats Navarro, K. Dorham, B. Little, C. Baker, Lee Morgan, A. Farmer, R. Brecker, B. Mitchell, C. Terry, T. Harrell & W. Shaw. \$4.95
- CHARLIE PARKER SOLOS for Bb and C keys. Different solos than the above. Nine solos transcribed off records, with piano accompaniment. \$3.95
- DIZZY GILLESPIE SOLOS for Bb and C keys. 14 transcribed solo's off records. By Dizzy with piano accomp. \$4.95
- LOUIS ARMSTRONG SOLOS in Bb key only. 20 beautiful solos by Louie exactly as on records. \$3.95
- JAZZ STYLES & ANALYSIS for TROMBONE by David Baker. History of the trombone via trans. solos. 157 solos in bass clef off records by known trombonists. \$15.00
- JAZZ STYLES & ANALYSIS for ALTO SAX by Harry Miedma and David Baker. 125 transcribed and annotated solos by 103 famous alto saxophonists. \$12.50

BASS BOOKS

- THE EVOLVING BASSIST by Rufus Reid. An indispensable aid to developing a total musical concept for jazz and symphonic bass players. Spiral bound and full of tips to better bass playing. \$12.50
- EVOLVING UPWARD. Bass Book II by Rufus Reid. BRAND NEW! Shows how to approach and execute in thumb position for acoustic bass. Descriptive photos and concise exercises teach the entire fingerboard as well as the high register. \$7.50
- NO NONSENSE ELECTRIC BASS by Joe Cacibauda. This book is a beginning method book for the students who may not always have a teacher to consult. Covers tuning, picking, music notations, counting rhythms, etc. \$4.95
- WALKING ON CHORDS FOR STRING BASS by Richard Davis. 20 bass lines with chord symbols just as Richard would walk them. \$5.00

DAVID BAKER BOOKS

- JAZZ IMPROVISATION by David Baker. A practical theory book aimed at performance. Comprehensive method of study for jazz players. Spiral bound. \$15.00
- ARRANGING & COMPOSING for the SMALL ENSEMBLE by David Baker. Shows how to arrange & compose for jazz, rhythm & blues & rock for the combo. \$15.00
- ADVANCED IMPROVISATION with 90' cassette. Rhythm section by David Baker. A challenge for any advanced player. Songs on cassette written in book in concert key with chord symbols. Spiral bound. \$25.00
- JAZZ IMPROVISATION for STRINGS VOL. 1 by D. Baker. Comprehensive method of jazz study for Violin & Viola. Spiral bound. \$12.50
- JAZZ IMPROVISATION for STRINGS VOL. 2 by D. Baker. Same as above. For Cello & Bass. \$12.50
- EAR TRAINING for JAZZ MUSICIANS book with 2 cassettes by D. Baker. Designed to aid the jazz player in improving his hearing, his recall and his ability to respond rapidly to musical stimulus. A must for everyone! Spiral bound. \$20.00
- CONTEMPORARY TECHNIQUES for TROMBONE by D. Baker. An excellent method of study for any trombonist. Sometimes called the Arban book for bone. \$25.00

PIANO BOOKS

- Six books of piano solos and songs by four all time jazz piano greats. Most all solos and songs are written for two hands with chord symbols just as the masters play them.
 - CHICK COREA: 16 tunes including *Spain*, *500 Miles High*, *La Fiesta* and *You're Everything*. \$6.95
 - BILL EVANS #1: 6 transcribed songs—Interplay, *Time Remembered*, *Very Early*, etc. \$2.95
 - BILL EVANS #2: 5 transcribed solos and 1 song—*Funny Man*, *Orbit*, etc. \$3.95
 - BILL EVANS #3: 5 transcribed solos and 15 songs off records—*Peris*, *Scopie*, *Elsa*, *Peace Piece*, etc. \$3.95
 - HERBIE HANCOCK. Over 45 of his greatest hits such as *Cantaloup Island*, *Maiden Voyage*, *Toys*, *One Finger Snap*, *Watermelon Man*, *Chameleon*, etc. \$7.50
 - HORACE SILVER: 53 transcribed songs exactly as recorded by Horace. Sister *Sadie*, *Nicky's Dream*, *Nutville*, *Silver's Serenade*, *Strollin'*, *Tokyo Blues*, etc. \$6.95
 - THE ERROLL GARNER SONGBOOK. 21 songs based on recorded versions. Just like Erroll plays. Two hands. \$6.95

- JAZZ ROCK VOICINGS for the CONTEMPORARY KEYBOARD PLAYER by Dan Haerle. A must for any keyboard player who needs new voicings! An important, intermediate method includes voicings, principles of chord function, substitutions, melody harmonization by one of our leading jazz educators. \$4.95
- A STUDY in FOURTHS by Walter Bishop, Jr. New book dealing with the interval of the perfect fourth in jazz. Includes 5 originals for two hands. Taken off record. \$4.50

A NEW APPROACH to JAZZ IMPROVISATION

by Jamey Aebersold
\$8.95 per volume (includes LP & Booklet)
A series of books & LP stereo records which allow you to learn to improvise at your own pace. Can also be used for classroom teaching. Each volume contains a stereo record and accompanying booklet. Booklet includes parts FOR ALL INSTRUMENTS: treble & bass clef. Bb & Eb parts in each book. Special stereo separation for rhythm section players. Left channel has Bass & Drums, right channel has Piano & Drums. The back up rhythm section on records is outstanding! Makes you want to play. The most widely used improvisation method on the market.

- VOLUME 1 "A NEW APPROACH". Beg. Int. level. Contains Dorian, minor triads, Blues in F & Bb, 24 measure song, Cadences, Cycle of 3rds, 7ths & one II-V7 track. Scales are written in measures and chord tones are notated. Chapters on: *Melody*, *Blues*, *Scale*, *Time*, *Modes*, *Exercises*, *Chords*.
- VOLUME 2 "NOTHIN' BUT BLUES". Beg. Int. level. 11 different Blues in various keys and tempos. This volume is truly fun to play with! Rhythm section on LP groove! Scales and chord tones are written.
- VOLUME 3 "THE II-V7 I PROGRESSION". Int. level. Probably the most important musical sequence in modern jazz. A must for all jazz players! Supplement includes 11 pages of II-V7 exercises to be applied with LP 8 tracks to improvise with and practice on all keys.
- VOLUME 4 "MOVIN' ON!". Int. Adv. level. A Challenging collection of Aebersold & Dan Haerle tunes. Book contains melodies and needed scales/chords for all instruments. Only for the brave!
- VOLUME 5 "TIME TO PLAY MUSIC!". Int. level. Similar to Vol. 4 except the songs are much easier. *Modal Voyage*, *Killer Pete*, *Groovin'*, etc. Next logical Vol. after Vol. 1 or 3. Lots of variety.
- VOLUME 6 "ALL BIRD!". Adv. level. 10 songs written by Charlie Parker. Ron Carter, bass, Kenny Barron, piano, Ben Riley on drums. Record has excellent Bop feel! Best way to learn these famous tunes. *Now's the Time*, *Yardbird Suite*, *Donna Lee*, *Confirmation*, *Billie's Bounce*, *Dewey Square*, *My Little Suede Shoes*, *Thriving on a Riff*, *Ominithology* & *Scrapelle* from the *Apple*.
- VOLUME 7 "MILES DAVIS". Eight classics written by Miles Davis. Int. Adv. level. Unique way to learn 8 of the most popular songs of the Fifties... *Four, Tune Up*, *Vierd Blues*, *The Theme*, *Solar*, *Dig*, *Milestones* (old Milestones), *Serpent's Tooth*.
- VOLUME 8 "SONNY ROLLINS". Nine classic jazz originals written by Sonny Rollins. Int. Adv. level. Contains 8 of Rollins' most famous tunes, in their original keys... *Dooy*, *St. Thomas* (latin, then swing), *Blue Seven*, *Valse Hot* (one of the first 3/4 jazz tunes), *Tenor Madness*, *Solid*, *Pent Up House*, *Atrigun*, *Oleo*.
- VOLUME 9 "WOODY SHAW". Eight jazz originals written by Woody Shaw. Int. Adv. level. Rhythm section is currently with Woody Shaw and their familiarity with the songs makes it easier for you to play. Includes *Little Red's Fantasy*, *Katrina Ballerina*, *Blues for Wood*, *Moontane*, *In Case You Haven't Heard*, *Tomorrow's Destiny*, *Beyond All Limits* (Bossa Nova, slow), *Beyond All Limits* (Swing, up tempo).
- VOLUME 10 "DAVID BAKER". Eight beautiful originals by David Baker. Int. Adv. level. One of the most prolific composers in jazz today. Tunes offer a wide variety of styles and tempos. Includes *Aulif*, *Le Roi*, *Kentucky Oysters*, *Passion*, *Black Thursday*, *Bossa Belle*, *Soleil d'Altamira*, *Le Miroir Noir*.

TO ORDER

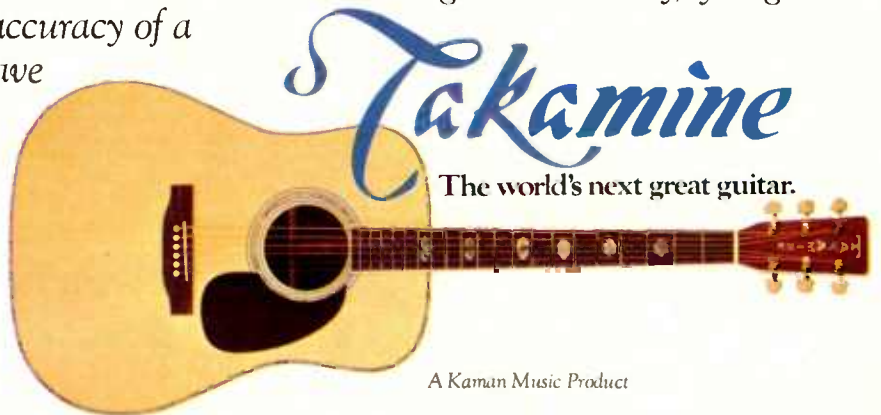
Send check or M.O. Free postage in the USA for 3 or more items; add 50¢ postage for 1 or 2 items. Canada add \$1.75 per record; 50¢ for books. Foreign add \$2.00 for one book & LP set; 60¢ each additional set. No C.O.D. USA funds only.

JAMEY AEBERSOLD 1211-v AEBERSOLD DR., NEW ALBANY, IN 47150



Before you buy any dreadnaught guitar, play and price a Takamine.

You can spend a lot of money on a traditional dreadnaught guitar. Or, you can spend a whole lot less for a Takamine that looks and sounds just as good. Takamine buys the same choice ebony, mahogany, rosewood and spruce that other guitar makers buy. Takamine matches, prepares and assembles these woods with the same strict standards. And, Takamine uses the bracing patterns and construction methods that have been proven in years of use. A Takamine guitar has all the elegance and hand-built quality of the finest traditional guitars. Because Takamine builds their guitars this way, you get the full, rich tone and the playing accuracy of a much more costly guitar. We have even added subtle refinements like an adjustable tension rod to the traditional design. When you buy a Takamine guitar, you're buying a premium instrument—in sound, in appearance but not in price.



The world's next great guitar.

A Kaman Music Product

For a complete catalog of Takamine guitars, send \$1.00 to: Takamine, Dept. M, Box 592, Bloomfield, CT 06002.

“The Sansui AU-717 is a superb amplifier. We like it with no ifs, ands, or buts.” (Julian Hirsch)
It offers “as much circuitry sophistication and control flexibility as any two-piece amplifying system.”

(Len Feldman)



Everyone says great things about the new Sansui AU-717, but the experts say it best.

The Sansui AU-717 DC integrated amplifier is “Sansui’s finest It incorporates a fully direct-coupled power amplifier section whose frequency response varies less than +0, -3dB from 0Hz (D.C.) to 200 kHz. The amplifier’s power rating is 85 watts per channel (min, RMS) from 20 to 20,000Hz into 8-ohm loads, with less than 0.025 per cent total harmonic distortion If any amplifier is free of Transient Intermodulation Distortion (TIM) or any other slew-rate induced distortion, it is this one The slew rate ... was the fastest we have measured on any amplifier, an impressive 60 V/usec.

“The preamplifier section of the AU-717 has very impressive specifications for frequency response, equalization accuracy, and noise levels ... The AU-717 has dual power supplies, including separate power transformers, for its two channels ...



Julian D. Hirsch, Contributing Editor Stereo Review

[and] exceptionally comprehensive tape-recording and monitoring facilities Good human engineering separates this unit from some otherwise fine products....

“The Sansui AU-717 is a superb amplifier. We like it with

no ifs, ands, or buts.” [Reprinted in part from Julian Hirsch’s test report in *Stereo Review*, February, 1978.]

“One clear advantage of DC design is apparent. Even at the low 20Hz extreme, the amplifier delivers a full 92 watts — the same value obtained for midfrequency



Leonard Feldman, Contributing Editor Radio-Electronics

power — compared with its 85 watt rating into 8 ohms....

“The equalization characteristic of the preamplifier was one of the most precise we have ever measured, with the deviation from

the standard RIAA playback curve never exceeding more than 0.1dB.....

“Sansui claims that this unit has reduced transient intermodulation distortion — a direct result of the DC design, and, indeed, the model AU-717 delivered sound as transparent and clean as any we have heard from an integrated amplifier....

“... worth serious consideration — even by those who prefer separate amplifiers and preamplifiers.” [Reprinted in part from Len Feldman’s test report in *Radio-Electronics*, January, 1978.]

Listen to the superb sound of the Sansui AU-717 at your Sansui dealer today. And be sure to ask him for a demonstration of the matching TU-717 super-tuner.

SANSUI ELECTRONICS CORP.

Woodside, New York 11377 • Gardena, California 90247 • SANSUI ELECTRIC CO., LTD., Tokyo, Japan
 SANSUI AUDIO EUROPE S.A., Antwerp, Belgium • In Canada Electronic Distributors





Best buys



The **DOD** Noise Gate 230 is designed to attenuate all signals below its threshold and only lets those signals through that exceed the threshold level, much as a squelch on a CB would. No pops or clicks; DOD, 2895 S.W. Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah 84115.

M. Hohner has debuted their Clavinet/Pianet Combination Keyboard and the results are very exciting. A portable, electro-mechanical keyboard with 60 keys and a tonal range ex-

tending five full octaves, the C/P Combination "splits" its keyboard so that the player can try a Clav top with Pianet bass or Pianet top with Clav bass or varieties of com-

binations that would make even Rene Richards jealous. The Combination Keyboard is destined to follow in the Clav D6's footsteps; a charttopper for years.

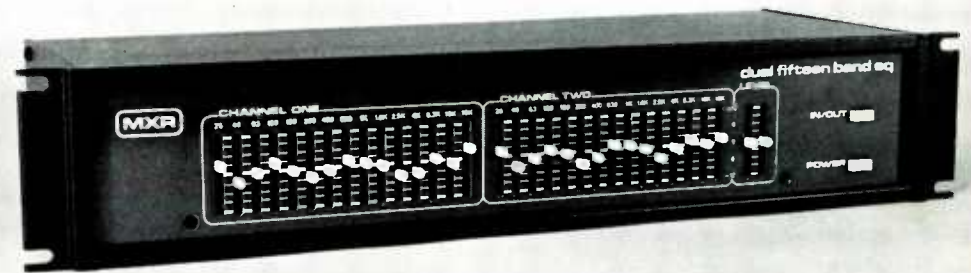


Hitmaker Bud Ross is back, electronics fans! You might remember him for his #1 single, the Kustom Amplifier '60? Now he's on the charts again with this **Ross Electronics** 10-Band Graphic Equalizer and if you contact them at 210 W. Main, Chanute, Kansas 66720, they'll tell you all about their line.



Other interesting developments: **Fender** has debuted their Studio Bass Amplifier which bridges the needs of stage and studio, plus equalization, tone and presence controls and the Fender tube sound. Fender has also announced a power boost in

MXR has added the Thirty-One Band Equalizer and the Dual Fifteen Band Equalizer to their professional products line. Both units feature level controls, front panel bypass and power switches, standard 19" rack mount, 12 dB boost and cut on all controls and active balanced inputs. The two are quite reasonably priced and are tough enough for the rigors of the road. MXR, 247 N. Goodman St., Rochester, N.Y. 14607.



Kramer Guitars introduces the DMZ Custom Series just in time for NAMM! The series is noted for its versatility of sound for each guitar, with some models equipped with up to 8-way tonal choices.

The DMZ features the Kramer forged aluminum neck, Ebony boards, one-of-a-kind DiMarzio pickups, Schallers and Kramer playability. BKL, 1111 Green Grove Rd., Neptune, N.J. 07753.



their Twin Reverb Amp. The C.B.S. workhorse is now increased in power to 135 Watts RMS (297 Watts peak). **Ovation** brings us The Tuner, a battery powered electric or acoustic guitar tuner. Using a stroboscopic light source and a visual "tuning window,"

The Tuner retails for only \$34.95 and is designed to be used anywhere, anytime. Finally, the **Dyna-Might** EV III caught our attention: a "studio monitor" quality design, the DM EV III, is ideal for keyboards or P.A. monitoring, can handle 200 Watts

RMS and includes a latch-on front cover which gives it "kick-down-the-stairs" toughness. Dyna-Might Prods., 2914 Sexton Dr., Springfield, MO. 65807 are designed tough for real-life use. Check out their catalogue.



For years, the greatest names in brass have turned to Bach for the finest in quality crafted instruments. The new 50B3 in-line rotor trombone is a superb example why. Visit your dealer and put this new Vincent Bach Stradivarius to the test. You may discover talent you never thought you had.

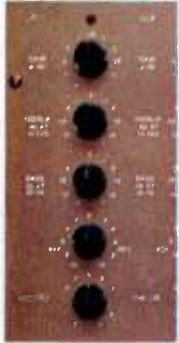


Fender's new MA 6 Sound System. You're gonna hear a lot from it.

Fender's new MA 6 offers amazing sensitivity and 200 watts RMS power to really give you a leg up in the music world. Without putting the arm on your wallet.

Individual channel, pre-fader monitoring.

Now you can get a separate monitor mix totally unaffected by changes in the



main mix. Follow your vocals or instrumentals through the monitors while your audience hears the whole show... because the MA 6 lets you monitor each of its 6 channels individually—which monitor sends ahead of volume and tone controls to minimize feedback.

No overloading.

Distortion? Forget guesswork. An LED overload indicator for each channel warns you when your input's too hot.



Effects anyone? Fender designed one of the most versatile special effects capabilities ever into the MA 6. Your gig opens with the trumpeting of elephants? Then add a tape recorder for a touch of the wild. You can take advantage of Fender's foot-operated long-spring type reverb, too. And you can patch any amplifier directly into the MA 6 console or mike your amps as well as your voices—for even more power.



What goes in must come out.

That's why Fender integrated the MA 6 console with two efficient Thiele-aligned speakers that maximize frequency response and band-width. Translation: audiences hear *all* of your music.

So now what? So mix your next set with an MA 6 at your authorized Fender® dealer. With this kind of performance and this kind of value, you're gonna love what you hear.

Fender®
MADE IN U.S.A.



© 1978 CBS Inc