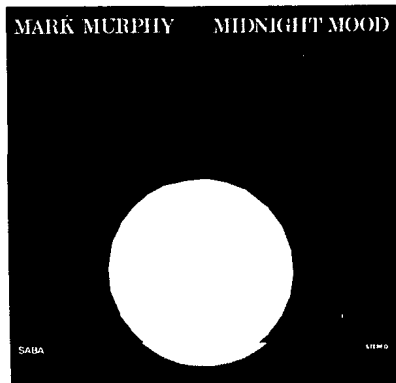


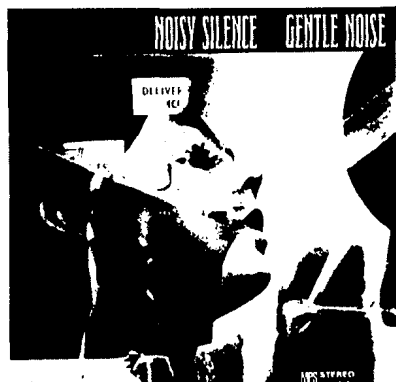
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cal in effect, but the method was pretty much one of intuitively combining already existing things).

In such an environment, talented musicians like Bradford and Carter could emulate their idols (Fats Navarro and James Moody, I would guess) and, as they matured, extend their initial inspirations into novel areas. And feedback enters once again when Carter and Bradford were influenced in the '60s by Coleman's fully developed music.

The result is that this group sounds quite fresh and new; not because they are using new musical materials, but because, like Coleman, they legitimately tap jazz roots and bring forth new relations between familiar things.

You can hear this in Bradford, especially. His melodies are nowhere near as radical in design as Dizzy Gillespie's or Roy Eldridge's, and, in fact, he has a taste for melodic symmetry that is reminiscent of Buck Clayton. But, given a relatively free harmonic foundation, he strings together his melodies in a continuous skein, without the need to return to home base.

One of Bradford's notable qualities, shared by Don Cherry, is the sense of forward movement his music conveys—at up tempo he gobbles up time like a hungry puppy. He is consistently inspired here, and his solos on *Call*, *Second Set*, and *Domino* (where he elaborates a fragment from *Raincheck* which is imbedded in Carter's theme) are delightfully straightforward, optimistic improvisations.

Carter is a less satisfying soloist—at up tempo his melodic flow frequently dries up and he worries a motif to no particular end. I think he might be more comfortable playing on changes. Still, his melodies are individual, and, like all members of this group, his is an honest music—free from the affected hysteria which sometimes plagues the avant garde.

Williamson is a refreshing bassist who plays a strong supportive role rather than running all over his instrument. He takes the primary rhythmic responsibility, booming out deep counterlines and pedal points. Freeman, staying mostly on cymbals, supplies color and the needed rhythmic edge.

The Carter-Bradford Quartet is a group of mature men making satisfying, non-faddist music. They deserve your attention.

—Kart

## King Curtis

INSTANT GROOVE — Atco 33-293: *Instant Groove; Hey Joe; Foot Pattin'; Wichita Lineman; Games People Play; Sing a Simple Song; The Weight; La Jeanne; Little Green Apples; Somewhere; Hold Me Tight; Hey Jude.*

Personnel: Curtis, soprano, alto and tenor saxophones, guitar; Duane Allman, guitar; others unidentified.

Rating: ★★½

Some moments of very nice listening. Won't blow your head off, or make you want to dance, unless you're already in the mood, but it's fun to listen to.

Curtis is an uneven soloist. He does some interesting things with tenor on *Hey Joe* and with soprano on *La Jeanne*, except that on the latter, which demands at least a bow to the lush nature of the original, he refuses to hold a note without bending or slurring. The rest of the solos are for

the most part routine.

There are two really fine arrangements; *Games* and *Pattin'*, the latter a blues that changes keys about 407 times, which tends to keep your ears open, then settles in to provide Curtis with the kind of earthy background in which he is at his best.

Some of the other charts, however, display an abysmal lack of taste. *Somewhere* (which it takes guts to perform as a saxophone solo anyway, given Cannonball's definitive treatment of it) is set to an annoying ricky-tick rhythm which vitiates the tune's lyricism. *Hold Me Tight* is real cutesie. And where Arif Mardin came up with the brilliant idea of routing *Jude* as a Latin number is a real puzzle.

In general, the album is good clean fun. No real reason to criticize it; no real reason to buy it.

—Heineman

## Paul Desmond

SUMMERTIME—A&M SP 3015: *Samba (Struttin') With Some Barbecue; Olvidar; Ob-la-di, Ob-lada; Emily; Someday My Prince Will Come; Autumn Leaves; Where Is Love?; Lady in Cement; North by Northeast; Summertime.*

Collective Personnel: Joe Shepley, Burt Collins, Marvin Stamm, Joe Eckert, trumpet, flugelhorn; Urbie Green, Wayne Andre, J. J. Johnson, Kai Winding, Paul Falise, Bill Watrous, trombone; Ray Alonge, Jimmy Buffington, Tony Miranda, French horn; Desmond, alto saxophone; George Marge, Bob Tricario, woodwinds; Herbie Hancock, piano; Joe Beck, Jay Berliner, Eumir Deodato, Bucky Pizzarelli, guitar; Ron Carter, Frank Bruno, bass; Joe Venuto, marimba; Mike Mainieri, vibes; Leo Morris, Airtio Moreira, drums; Jack Jennings, percussion; Don Sebesky, arranger.

Rating: ★★★★★

Desmond's first recorded outing since leaving Brubeck was worth waiting for. During his long tenure with the pianist, Desmond often recorded on his own, but rarely have his talents been more tellingly displayed.

The personnel listed above looks gigantic, but represents six different sessions; in fact, Don Sebesky's scoring is discrete, and for long stretches, Desmond is backed by rhythm only, often in a bossa nova groove.

Varied and often interesting material, a recording quality that beautifully captures and projects the altoist's sound, and the sympathetic backing he receives—from Hancock, Carter and Beck in particular—help carry the album, but it is Desmond's consistent excellence that holds it up.

Much of the critical praise Desmond has received was given in the manner of a backhanded compliment; the ploy was to praise Desmond at Brubeck's expense. This was unfair to both. Desmond wasn't just mainly responsible for the musical interest the famous quartet held for anti-Brubeckians. He was and is a very personal player of great sensitivity and musicality, with a rare sense of form and structure, and a real melodic gift.

Desmond is too honest a player to be tempted by the relatively "commercial" setting he receives here. Some might consider his lyricism soft, but it isn't; though he is a gentle musician, his work has the inner strength that marks the genuine jazzman. His distinctive sound has mellowed and ripened, as has his conception, and his playing here has a firmness and sureness that mark a new-found maturity.

My favorite tracks are *Love* and *Emily*

for ballad beauty; the Beatles' *Ob-la-di* for humor and swing (an apt quote from *Hey Jude* and a fleeting glimpse of Pete Brown are added attractions); *North* for blues feeling (it ends with *Audrey*, another Desmond original), and, best of all, *Barbecue*. The Armstrong classic is ideally suited for bossa nova treatment, and the lovely and still fresh melody gives Desmond something to play on.

"Louis Armstrong might have to listen twice to recognize (his tune), which he wrote way back in 1941," says the liner note. It was way, way back in 1927, chum, the tune is credited to Lil Armstrong, and Pops would know it after two measures. And like it for Desmond's graceful melodic flow. He might also enjoy the way Hancock picks up on Desmond's last solo phrase and builds his statement from it.

*Barbecue* is easy to like. In fact, so's the entire album. Good music often is.

—Morgenstern

### Lou Donaldson

**SAY IT LOUD!**—Blue Note BST 84299: *Say It Loud I'm Black and I'm Proud*; *Summertime*; *Caravan*; *Snake Bone*; *Brother Soul*.

Personnel: Blue Mitchell, trumpet; Lou Donaldson, Varitone alto saxophone; Jimmy Ponder, guitar; Charles Earland, organ; Leo Morris, drums.

Rating: ★★

While I subscribe heartily to the sentiments expressed by Donaldson and freres on the title tune, I cannot work up the same enthusiasm for the music.

Well played? Sure. Who would expect less of Donaldson, Mitchell and Co.? It's just that it lacks that extra—or, really, innate—bounce, move, zip, inspired play, whatever, that marks the superior performance.

For example: *Say It Loud*. It's a medium-slow lope through the blues. The opening choruses are ensemble, vocally and instrumentally. The group kicks off by shouting James Brown's exhortation, then settles into a togetherness blowing groove. The effect is indeed groovy, with horns and guitar given just the right substance and nuance by Earland.

But it continues for too damned long. Monotony sets in. Solos by Donaldson, Mitchell and Ponder offer some relief; but the rigid, repetitive underscore by Earland and Morris drags the ear away. These solos are well-crafted interludes by musicians who know where they're at. If excerpted from this particular setting, they would sound better than they do.

Yet, the point is that they really *can't* be excerpted because they are not isolates created in a vacuum but are part of, integral to and, indeed, suggested by a whole; and if they were part of any other whole, they would be conceived differently. So you've got to take it like it is. Or leave it.

So, that's how the album stacks to me: Poor? No. Really ear-grabbing? Not to me. But good, solid fair? Yeah. Two stars.

—Nelsen

### Bill Evans

**WHAT'S NEW**—Verve 6-8777: *Straight, No Chaser*; *Lover Man*; *What's New?*; *Autumn Leaves*; *Time Out for Chris*; *Spartacus Love Theme*; *So What?*

Personnel: Jeremy Steig, flute; Evans, piano; Eddie Gomez, bass; Marty Morell, drums.

Rating: ★★½

There is a fetchingly unpretentious air

about these performances, but given the sometimes muddled results, one wonders if a soloist, even of Steig's great talent, can be meaningfully grafted onto such a gemlike entity as the Evans trio. True, every-one solos well within the context of the instrumentation and literature, but the accompaniment for Steig sometimes gets out of hand and reaches up and over the flutist to such a point that it is difficult to tell just who is soloing. This unfortunate phenomenon is especially disconcerting on the title tune and *Spartacus*: Evans seems unable to resist accompanying Steig with single lines played in the same octave in which Steig is playing. This also seems to affect the flutist, who plays with more cohesion and fire when Evans lays out or confines himself to chord punctuations, as on *So What?*

When the musicians aren't fighting each other, however, they play some fine music.

Evans is in excellent form, soloing vigorously with that clear sense of development that makes his music such a joy to behold. Of exceptional quality are his improvisations on *Straight* (including an unaccompanied two choruses of single-note construction that leap like grasshoppers at the listener) *Leaves*, *So What?*, and his marvelously musical introduction to *What's New?* Steig is best on *Straight*, *Lover Man* (in which he overcomes Evans' accompaniment), and *So What?* When he's right, his work displays an irresistible passion and lyricism. He could cut down on the sound effects, though.

Gomez, of course, is the most compatible bassist Evans has had since Scott LaFaro, as his solos and section work amply prove once again on this record. Morell fits in the group better than some drummers Evans has used in recent years; his playing behind Steig on *So What?* is quite strong and good and quite different from what one has come to expect from Evans' percussionists.

—DeMicheal

### Lionel Hampton

**STIPPIN' OUT, VOL. 1** (1942-1945)—Decca DL 79244: *Royal Family*; *I Can't Believe That You're in Love with Me*; *Blues in the News*; *Exactly like You*; *In the Bag*; *Loose Wig*; *Chop-Chop*; *Flying Home No. 2*; *Million Dollar Smile*; *The Lamplighter*; *Overtime*; *Tempo's Boogie*; *Dublin with Dublin*; *Ribs and Hot Sauce*.

Collective Personnel: Karl George, Ernie Royal, Joe Newman, Lamar Wright, Cat Anderson, Roy McCoy, Joe Morris, Snooky Young, Dave Page, Wendell Culley, trumpets; Fred Beckett, Sonny Craven, Harry Sloan, Al Hayes, Mitchell Wood, Vernon Porter, Andrew Penn, Allen Durham, trombones; Marshall Royal, Dexter Gordon, Illinois Jacquet, Jack McVea, Earl Bostic, Gus Evans, Al Sears, Arnett Cobb, Herbie Fields, Charlie Fowlkes, George Dorsey, Fred Simon, Ray Perrv, alto saxophone, violin; Milt Buckner, John Mehagan, piano; Irving Ashby, Eric Miller, Billy Mackel, guitar; Vernon Alley, Wendell Marshall, Vernon King, Charlie Harris, Ted Sinclair, bass; George Jenkins, Fred Radcliff, George Jones, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

This long overdue collection should remind a lot of listeners who have fallen into the almost reflex reaction of putting down any orchestra led by Hampton that he has often led bands to be reckoned with. Eight of the 14 tracks presented here soundly establish that point (some better than others, of course), while the remaining six find Hampton recalling the small-group setting in which he made his first marks with Benny Goodman and in which he worked so brilliantly on the Victor series of the late '30s.



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