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Drummer McDonald, whom I first encountered with Lee Konitz and who's currently with Jeremy and the Satyrs, contributes tastily (nice brush work on *Rain Child*) and swingingly, and even his "outside" work on *Garlic* is thoughtfully controlled.

I'd stack this group up against any of similar instrumentation; with their rendition of John Lewis' *Skating in Central Park* they are contending on tough territory, but the claim is well staked out.

The sole reservation with a group of this kind is that it might succumb to the restrictions of a kind of chamber jazz bag. Some occasional unfettered stretching out, which rarely occurs on this album, should alleviate that, and further collaboration, which hopefully is in the cards, should bring further excellence. How refreshingly this music falls on the ear after too much exposure to the maxi-decibel distortions of our electronic brigades! —Morgenstern

### Houston Person

**TRUST IN ME**—Prestige 7548: *One Mint Julep; Trust in Me; Hey There; My Little Suede Shoes; That Old Black Magic; Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child; The Second Time Around.*

Personnel: Person, tenor saxophone; Cedar Walton, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Lenny McBrowne, drums; Ralph Dorsey, conga drums.

Rating: ★★ ★ 1/2

Styles come and go, but certain basic ways of playing the music, once established, happily remain. They do so, one suspects, because the players who practice them feel comfortable and right within them, and because they are indeed basic, in the essential sense.

One of these basic ways of playing established itself as a mainstream after bebop had ceased to be regarded as revolutionary, but it existed both before and during the bop era. It generally involves a saxophonist—a tenorman, mostly, though there can be additional horns—and a rhythm section. Both major components swing. The repertoire consists of standards old and new; a mess of blues at various tempos and with different dance beats, and jazz originals from the late '40s-on timespan. The melody is always stated to establish a point of departure, and a tap-your-foot-shake-your-head beat is never absent. Sometimes an organ may be involved.

This music has been, still is, and more than likely will continue to be one of the most viable types of jazz, providing bread-and-butter jobs for many musicians, both of national (or international) and purely regional repute. It encompasses players whose reputations were established as far back as the dawn of swing, ex-beboppers, would-be new thingers (a few), borderline rhythm-and-blues players, and newcomers.

Person is of the latter—relatively speaking. He's been around long enough to have been in the Army with Leo Wright, Eddie Harris, Don Ellis, and pianist Cedar Walton, who's with him here; and to have spent three years touring and recording with organist Johnny (Hammond) Smith, and another three fronting his own group in New England.

This is his second straight-ahead jazz album as a leader, and it shows increased confidence and presence over the first,

which was far from unimpressive. His approach to playing resembles Gene Ammons', with touches of classic Rollins here and there (particularly in his wry, terse way of stating themes), and he is strong without being swaggering, which many lesser tenors tend to be when given their own head.

He has a knack for choosing his material intelligently: good r&b tunes (*Julep; Trust*); quality pops of not-too distant vintage (*Hey There; Around*); seldom-done Birdlore (*Suede Shoes*), and basic soul (*Child*). He does little things with each tune that reveal thought and planning, but these routines are fitting—not cute. And he is just as honest in his playing, which is free from phony effects and never meretricious.

Person is backed by some of Prestige's best house men, plus ringer Dorsey, whose congas are not intrusive, though they add most to *Shoes*, which is home territory (there's a nice solo here).

Walton, Chambers, and McBrowne would be hard to top as a section for this kind of groove (though they are far from being restricted to it alone). They are paragons of togetherness and other rhythmic virtues, and they support. The pianist has several fine solos; his most impressive to these ears being the exploratory one on *Child*. Chambers is a prime example of the fickleness of the jazz public. When with Miles Davis, he was enormously popular; today, he's often overlooked when the bass honor roll is called. Ironically, he has grown in the intervening years and is a joy to hear and (I'd venture) a gas to play with. McBrowne never has had due recognition, but increasing exposure should bring this about. He is one of the steadiest and most musical drummers on the set these days.

Person is at his best on *Magic*, where he digs in, and on *Child*, which he turns into a deep-blue sermon of considerable weight. *Julep* is also in there, and while I'm no dancer, it had me doing some stepping. *Trust* is a mite too fast to bring out the genuine lyricism of the melody (Hawk did this tune up just right on a Prestige album of a decade ago, *Stasch*). But in general, no complaints.

Richard Alderson's engineering is a gas, producing one of the most natural-sounding, crisp, and well-balanced jazz sounds imaginable. The rating would be higher if Person were not so promising. He didn't blow it all on this one, and neither did we. He's a comer. —Morgenstern

### Tony Scott

**MUSIC FOR YOGA MEDITATION AND OTHER JOYS**—Verve V6-8742: *Prahna—Life Force; Shiva—The Third Eye; Samadhi—Ultimate Bliss; Hare Hare—Sun and Moon; Kundalina—Serpent Power; Sanyasa—Highest Chakra; Triveni—Sacred Knot; Shanti—Peace.*

Personnel: Scott, clarinet; others unidentified.

Rating: ★ 1/2

These selections have more in common with Indian music than jazz. Scott plays within the context of a small Indian ensemble and appears to be attempting to emulate Indian improvisers.

About all he has accomplished, however, is to make an album of bland mood music. Compared to good Indian music, this stuff is elementary. The performers play in a very subdued manner. Maybe their work