

# ANN ARBOR BLUES FESTIVAL

Friday, August 7 / 6:30 p.m.

Roosevelt Sykes  
Bukka White  
Mighty Joe Young  
Jimmy Dawkin  
John Lee Hooker  
Howlin' Wolf

Saturday, August 8 / noon

Harvey Hill  
Lazy Bill Lucas  
Juke Boy Bonner  
Luther Allison  
Fred McDowell  
Albert King

Saturday, August 8 / 6:30 p.m.

Robert Pete Williams  
Johnny Shine  
with Sunnyland Slim  
Johnny Young  
Joe Turner  
with T-Bone Walker  
Eddie Vinson  
Bobby Bland

Sunday, August 9 / noon

John Jackson  
Little Brother Montgomery  
Cary Bell  
Buddy Guy  
Lonnie Johnson  
Otis Rush

Sunday, August 9 / 6:30 p.m.

Mance Lipscomb  
Little Joe Blue  
Lowell Fulsom  
Big Mama Thornton  
Junior Parker  
Son House

## Advance Ticket Price

\$10 series ticket (five concerts)  
\$2.50 Friday night  
\$5.00 all day Saturday or Sunday

Make check or money order to:

**Ann Arbor Blues Festival**  
University of Michigan Union  
Ann Arbor, Michigan 48104

only 15,000 tickets are available.

Remember those Hollywood movies where the hero had to play in a jazz (swing?) band for a living, but always worked on his "concerto" during the breaks and after the gig when the other cats in the band were out balling? He always got the girl, of course, and in the end his magnum opus was performed at Carnegie Hall and his old mother would cry while thousands cheered.

Well, that's exactly the kind of concerto this is, except there's more of it (the movies didn't have 27:42 to spare on the music, which was usually by Leith Stevens anyway).

I'm a very eclectic listener. I love all kinds of jazz from New Orleans to New Music; I love all kinds of blues; I love all kinds of classical music from Vivaldi to Berg. I love Gershwin, too, and good rock and good popular songs. The only music I truly dislike is a certain kind in a category all by itself. Call it Muzak music, if you will; manufactured, pretentious, and intrinsically void of originality or feeling.

I don't want to heap abuse on this piece: it's better than most of the kind. If you like second-hand Gershwin, frequent and predictable climaxes, themes that sound vaguely familiar, grand-gesture flourishes (pianistic and orchestral) borrowed from the late romantics, and a few blues licks and rock rhythms thrown in to make it contemporary, you'll love this. If you cried along with the hero's mom in those old movies, this is for you.

To each his own. I've got the Dick Hyman I want on some side he made with Roy Eldridge and Zoot Sims almost 20 years ago, and I'll always remember him on a strange set out in the New York mountains one night with Tony Scott in the mid-'60s, when he played his toches off. This Dick Hyman I'd rather forget.

The very impressed liner notes say that the composer was a bit miffed after the session. "After all the time and effort I spent getting the rest of the concerto down on paper," he is quoted, "I received the most congratulations from the other musicians for those three cadenzas—which I just played off the top of my head." There's a message there. Take it from the top, Dick. —*Morgenstern*

## ERIC KLOSS

TO HEAR IS TO SEE—Prestige 7689: *To Hear Is To See; The Kingdom Within; Stone Groove; Children of the Morning; Cynara*.

Personnel: Kloss; alto, tenor saxophone; Chick Corea, electric piano; Dave Holland, bass; Jack DeJohnette, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Kloss is a remarkable musician to whom the phrase "young veteran" can be aptly applied. Backed by Miles Davis' rhythm section in a set of often unusually-structured originals, he comes off as a vigorous, inventive, and most facile performer on both alto and tenor.

One of the primary characteristics of his playing here is a sort of relaxed yet tense and often humorous approach to improvisation with the outside door left ajar. Many of his best moments result from the catalytic contributions of Corea and DeJohnette. But then, who could fail to be spurred by the electricity they generate?

*Children* finds Kloss' alto sounding re-

markably like Bunky Green. His multinode solo, though, is strictly his own invention, and though complex, hangs together beautifully. Corea plays a provocative electric piano solo and Kloss returns with a feverish postscript.

Kloss overdubs his original tenor line one third below for an interesting touch on *Cynara*—one that perhaps should be considered more often on one-hornman dates—but only if the harmonic potential of the material is enhanced. I'm partial to Corea's acoustic piano work—he seems more melodically oriented. But the electric piano has enormous potential in the new music and Corea is perhaps its best exponent. Though he holds my interest on whichever instrument he's using, all factors considered, his *Cynara* solo is his best of the LP.

DeJohnette has exceptional ears and is able to engender much excitement while negotiating the odd meters (7/4, 5/4) on several of the tracks. Holland is brilliant throughout, through perhaps a bit under-recorded.

In the final analysis, this is a probing, high-intensity session with remarkable group empathy and a fair share of good solos. —*Scantor*

## JOHN MURTAUGH

BLUES CURRENT—Polydor 24-4016: *Blues Current; Blues for Dreaming; The Sine Wave's Connected to the Pulse Wave; Good Old Fashioned Electronic Synthesizer Blues; Travelin' Man; Ramblin'; The Floater; Slinky; All Day Saturday; Moon Rock*.

Personnel: Murtaugh, Moog synthesizer; Herbie Hancock, piano; Gerry Jemmott, electric bass; Bernard Purdie, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

The Moog, like any technological invention, is per se neither good nor evil. So far, it has largely been utilized in a noncreative manner—as a sort of musical jest or torture machine, depending on your point of view. (*Switched-On Bach*, its biggest success to date, for example, is humorous in small doses but excruciating to the ear for more than a few minutes; in neither instance can it be taken seriously as music. Other examples of this genre are even worse. If, for instance, you hate a Mozart lover [or any person of musical sensitivity], expose him to the Moog version of *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik*—an item that would truly be an outrage were it not so idiotic-sounding.)

I have not heard all the experiments using the Moog conducted up to now—only most of what's been put on record. From this limited perspective, I can say without hesitation that this album is the first application of the device that I have found enjoyable to hear—other than some tapes of Moog with jazz orchestra by the gifted Chicago pianist-arranger Keith Droste.

Murtaugh, once a very capable jazz tenor saxophonist (older readers may recall a Bethlehem LP, *Bobby Scott and Two Horns*, on which he was prominently featured), has for some time been a successful composer of TV music of all sorts, from jingles to documentary scores. His work in these areas has been first-rate, though by its very nature transitory and often uncredited.

Here—as composer, programmer and performer—he applies considerable skill and imagination to the Moog problem.

With good judgment, he has backed up his inventions for the synthesizer with an all-human rhythm section of high caliber. This somehow makes the Moog sound less depersonalized. Furthermore, except for occasional special effects, Murtaugh uses his new medium with consistent good taste. Humor, an almost irresistible temptation, appears in places, but it is never grotesque. And he plays with a lot of other moods, never overdoing the effects.

Most interestingly, he achieves a great deal of variety, both in sounds and textures, without distorting or caricaturing aural norms. Murtaugh will use the Moog as a single-line horn, as an organ-like instrument, in simulation of human voices (eerie but quite attractive—remember the Theremin?), orchestrally, rhythmically, melodically. Others, to be sure, have done this, but the synthesizer has nearly incalculable possibilities, and Murtaugh's ways sound different.

There is something unique on every track. Some of the music has a genuine jazz-r&b feeling (Murtaugh can improvise, and he can write lines and think up voicings), some of it is more in a mood-music vein (*All Day Saturday* reminds me of Les Baxter's *Music from the Moon*, a big item in its day, which even got play from the hippest jazz disc jockeys . . . so it's not a putdown).

I particularly liked *Good Old*, etc., which features Hancock in a funky Peterson-cum-Garner blues groove I didn't know he had in him, and those eerie-pretty "choral" sounds; the swinging guitar-like Moog work on *Moon Rock*; the "ensemble" sounds and sustained mood on *Dreaming*; the sometimes Wes Montgomery-like lines on *Ramblin'*, and the fine drumming of Purdie throughout.

All things considered, this album is a pleasant surprise. I do not believe nor hope that the Moog and similar inventions will replace traditional instruments and/or the human voice as prime conveyors of musical sounds. In essence, these devices are to music what the computer is to thought; i.e., machines that can do amazing things when properly programmed, but machines nonetheless. Perhaps the Moog will go the way of the glass harmonica and Theremin, but perhaps the space age demands totally new sounds. If so, the Moog may just be the beginning of a new musical era—one I'll fortunately be too old to adjust to.

But as a welcome example of what can be done by an imaginative man with what is basically a machine, in a manner always musical, this album is highly recommended. —Morgenstern

## CLIFFORD THORNTON

FREEDOM & UNITY—Third World 9636: *Free Huey*; 15th Floor; *Miss Oula*; *Kevin* (the theme); *Exosphere*; *Uburu*; *O' "C.T."*; *The Wake*.

Personnel: Thornton, valve trombone; Joe McPhee, trumpeter (Tracks 1, 7, 8); Edward Avent, cornet (Tracks 1, 8); Sonny King, alto saxophone; Karl Berger, vibraharp; Don Moore, bass; Jimmy Garrison, bass (Tracks 1, 7, 8); Tyrone Cobb, bass (Tracks 1, 8); Harold (Nunding) Avent, percussion.

Rating: ★★★★★

KETCHAOUA—Byg 529.323: *Ketchaoua*; *Pan African Festival*; *Brotherhood*; *Speak with Your Echo* (And Call This Dialog).

Personnel: Thornton, cornet, African drums; Grachan Moncur III, trombone, bells (Tracks 1, 2); Archie Shepp, soprano saxophone, lyre (Tracks 1, 2); Dave Burrell, piano, metal chain (Tracks 1, 2); Bob Guerin, bass; Sunny Murray, drums (Tracks 1, 2); Earl Freeman, percussion, African flute, bass; Claude Delcloo, drums (Track 3).

Rating: ★★★★★

I was ill-equipped to write about jazz when I first started doing so, about 19 years ago. My listening experience totaled a mere four years, and most of what I had heard was either recorded or—my home then being Copenhagen—the efforts of fumbling European imitators. What I wrote then hopefully is lost forever.

Even, now, after years of extensive listening, producing a good number of albums, and committing to paper reams of my own personal thoughts and opinions on the subject, I fully realize that I never shall know it all. I also know that those jazz writers who preceded me and whose words were gospel to me knew much less than I thought they did.

For more than five decades, jazz performers have struggled for recognition of their artistic achievements. Some, who have forsaken art for commercialism, have reaped substantial monetary rewards, but few have been able to make more than an adequate living without submitting to the temptations of mercantilism.

Jazz has reached a stage of the development where it no longer is to be regarded as night-club music. Though many of us always have taken it seriously, it also has its lighter side, a side that has given it relatively broad appeal in the past.

In these days, when there is little to be happy about, jazz has become more serious than ever. Its younger players are seeking to express truth in their music, and truth often scares those who would rather dream.

To use a hackneyed phrase, they are telling it like it is and not like it was in the past, when the black man's song and dance gained him surface acceptance. Yes, let's not forget that it is essentially the black man's music.

Today's jazz, and by that I mean the so-called avant-garde, is still a vital music which must not be ignored. It is about as popular as Schubert string quartets, but, in spite of its greater relevance and the fact that it is indigenous to this country, it does not enjoy the subsidy that is keeping the music of Schubert and Beethoven alive.

The ludicrousness of our government sending string quartets overseas to play European music as part of the cultural exchange program, while exponents of contemporary U.S. music remain largely unrecognized in their own country, is obvious.

The fact that one of these Clifford Thornton albums appears on a small, private label, while the other is available only overseas further underlines this neglect.

Here is one situation that the jazz writer could help to correct. He can do his part, first of all by listening with an open mind, and secondly—and I think this will come naturally if he truly listens—by using whatever powers of persuasion he has to get the major companies to record and promote new jazz.

The current success of Miles Davis' *Bitches Brew* album might help open doors. It proves that jazz—even new jazz—is sal-

able when given the proper promotion. Jazz has not died nor is it dying. It merely has been given a back seat, not just by the public but by some of the same men who depend on it to reach their current positions—the writers, promoters, and record company executives.

To those db readers whose ears have caught up with the times, I need say no more than that Thornton has two new albums on which he has chosen his company well.

To the uninitiated, or the doubters, I recommend both albums highly. This music—black, beautiful, and full of vernal fire—blooms into an experience in *Freedom & Unity* and becomes an adventure in *Ketchaoua*. It is now music with roots in the black man's deep past.

When Sonny King leaps out of the 15th Floor ensemble to dance in your head, it is as enjoyable an experience as any I have found surrounding a faded Gennett or Dial label. McPhee does not speak the language of Louis Armstrong or Dizzy Gillespie—and well he shouldn't—but his statements are equally valid and, at this time, more relevant.

The fragile, brooding beauty of *Miss Oula*, the shifting moods of *Free Huey*, and the various solo flights in *Exosphere* communicate as much to me as Lester Young did leaping in on that '39 Vocalion or Bix Beiderbecke soaring over his gang's ensemble.

As for *Ketchaoua*, it simply has to be one of the finest albums in the last year. Words are inadequate to describe its high merits in detail, and I shall not attempt to do so. At this writing it is not available in this country, but I hope that it comes to the attention of a local label and that it eventually will be given proper distribution.

In the meantime, I suppose it can be ordered from one of those overseas dealers who specializes in mail orders. The *Freedom & Unity* album is available from Third World Records, Inc., c/o Thornton, 109 Broadway, Brooklyn, N.Y., 11211, and the price is \$4.95. —Albertson

## CAL TJADER

CAL TJADER PLUGS IN—Skye Sk-10: *Alozo*; *Lady Madonna*; *Nica's Dream*; *Spooky*; *St. Croix*; *Tra-la-la Song*; *Morning Mist*; *Get Out of My Way*.

Personnel: Tjader, vibes; Al Zulaica, Fender piano; Jim McCabe, Fender bass; Armando Peraza; congas; John Rae, percussion.

Rating: ★★★★★

While styles change (usually for the worse) and musicians change (usually to keep pace with the worsening styles), Cal Tjader just keeps rolling along: a monument to consistency. So now he's plugged in, and now some of the unsubtleties of rock can be heard, but whatever he plays—on record or live—you can always depend on the following trademarks: a light touch; a polite penchant for swinging; and above all, tastefulness. These traits can be applied to Cal specifically, and to the various combos he's fronted down through the years.

Why then just four stars in the midst of so many encomiums? Well much as I love Cal and much as I dig his creations, he seems to be consistent about one other element: he never excites. He is merely very good without igniting that spark that sepa-