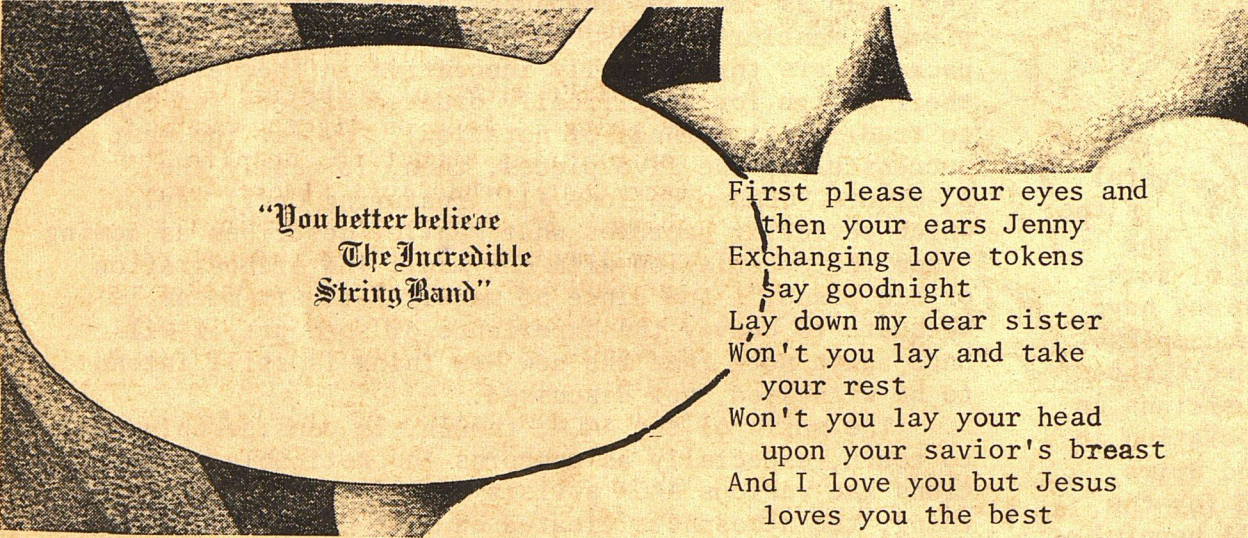


does not even deserve to be a witness; and, of course, these unenlightened are the vast majority. Not that I condemn this latter for an overall aesthetic inadequacy, on the contrary, I realize there are many listeners who have paid the new New Thing its dues and come away unimpressed. But clearly any audience willing to allow bubblegum and Muzak to characterize its musical environment would not seem properly prepared (involved) for an art music as important and demanding as this. And so the battle rages.....

Mike Mantler's JCOA 1001 & 1002 is available for \$12 from the Jazz Composer's Orchestra Association Inc., 261 Broadway, New York, NY 10007 (or at Discount Records for about \$9.50), as well as information concerning membership in the program. Other AACM sides, including Anthony Braxton's *Three Compositions* and Roscoe Mitchell's *Sound* on Delmark and Lester Bowie's *Numbers 1 & 2* and Mitchell's *Congliptious* on Nessa are available at Discount Records. If you have any aesthetic character at all, choose any one and let beauty happen to you. If you don't have the balls to at least try, you deserve quick



By BERNIE MADURA

Robin Williamson and Mike Heron, *The Incredible String Band*, are absolutely unique; they have no point of reference in pop music; they don't sound like anybody else. It's frustrating to try to describe their sound; their music -- guitar, gimbri, whistle, pan pipe, piano, oud, mandolin, jew's harp, chanai, water harp, harmonica, sitar, hammer dulcimer, flute organ, and harpsichord -- is a collage of constantly changing rhythms and scales, kind of like the background music for a cosmic playpen. They do all their own arrangements; on their third album, *Hangman's Beautiful Daughter*, the lyrics are a mixture of A.A. Milne, Wordsworth, and St. John of the Cross. All I can do is quote some of their lyrics, and suggest what I think they're doing. The longest song on *Hangman's Beautiful Daughter*, "A Very Cellular Song" (12:55), begins:

Winter was cold and the clothing was thin  
But the gentle shepherd calls the tune  
Oh dear mother what shall I do

Five minutes later, after you've been picked up and put in a green world of bushes and vines and pomegranates, a small voice whispers:

Amoebas are very small  
and then Heron and Williamson, in Harmony:

Oh ah ee oo there's absolutely no strife  
living the timeless life  
I don't need a wife  
living the timeless life  
If I need a friend I just give a wriggle  
Split right down the middle  
And when I look there's two of me  
Both as handsome as can be  
Oh here we go slithering, here we go slithering and squelching on

Now there are two albums, *The Big Huge* and *Wee Tam*, which came out simultaneously about four weeks ago. The lyrics have progressed (regressed?) from Wordsworth to Blake. Some of the titles are "Job's Tears," "Puppies," "Beyond the See," and

ear amputation, babycakes!!

\* \* \* \* \*

AND P.S. -- MJQ SOUL from THE BEATLES

The art music John Lewis creates with the Modern Jazz Quartet is a curious fusion of black roots with European sophistication, and until recently their emphasis has always been toward the latter, especially with noticeable influence from Baroque and Spanish and English classical. Now, however, with the release of their first set for Apple, *Under the Jasmin Tree*, the MJQ turns toward a lighter groove of swing as each of the four Lewis originals gets to a smooth blues cookery, particularly in the very mean vibes of Milt Jackson. For those uninitiated in the beauty of Lewis and his cohorts, then, the new side can be a relaxed first impression, while for MJQ freaks, *Under the Jasmin Tree* should be a mellow change of pace. Dig it if you have a mind....

"Air"; the songs are full of a visionary, religious, childlike symbolism. Listening to these albums on a Sunday morning is better for the soul than making the trek to church. The last line on *Wee Tam* is "I ain't got no home in this world anymore." And they don't.

*The Big Huge* is even farther out; the first cut, "Maya," is a long fable:

The great man, the great man,  
historians his memory  
Artists his senses, thinkers his brain,  
Labourers his growth  
Explorers his limbs  
And soldiers his death each second  
And mystics his rebirth each second  
Businessmen his nervous system  
Ho-hustle men his stomach  
Astrologers his balance  
Lovers his loins  
His skin it is all patchy  
But soon will reach one glowing hue  
God is his soul  
Infinity his goal  
The mystery his source  
And civilization he leaves behind  
Opinions are his fingernails

Maya Maya  
All this world is but a play  
Be thou the joyful player

Okay? Who else is like this? Little Richard? What these two men are doing is consciously, knowingly regressing into innocence. They heard the bard say "The Child is father of the Man" and they believed it. Get all three of these records; this isn't a barefoot-Gibran-incense-Maharishi type mysticism; it's the real thing.

#### FREE HUEY POSTERS

CHICAGO (LNS) -- A "free Huey Now!" poster has been published by SDS and can be obtained for \$1 from the SDS National Office, 1608 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill., 60612.

The poster shows a black militant resisting police force, with a quotation from Huey P. Newton, Minister of Defense of the Black Panther Party.

"The blood, sweat, tears and suffering of Black people are the foundation of the wealth and power of the United States of America. We were forced to build America, and if forced to, we will tear it down. The immediate result of this destruction will be suffering and bloodshed. But the end result will be perpetual peace for all mankind."



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